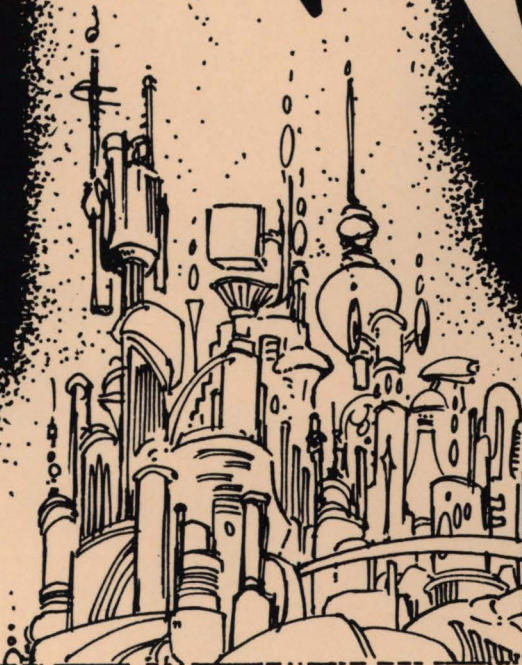


# MOSCON

XLVII

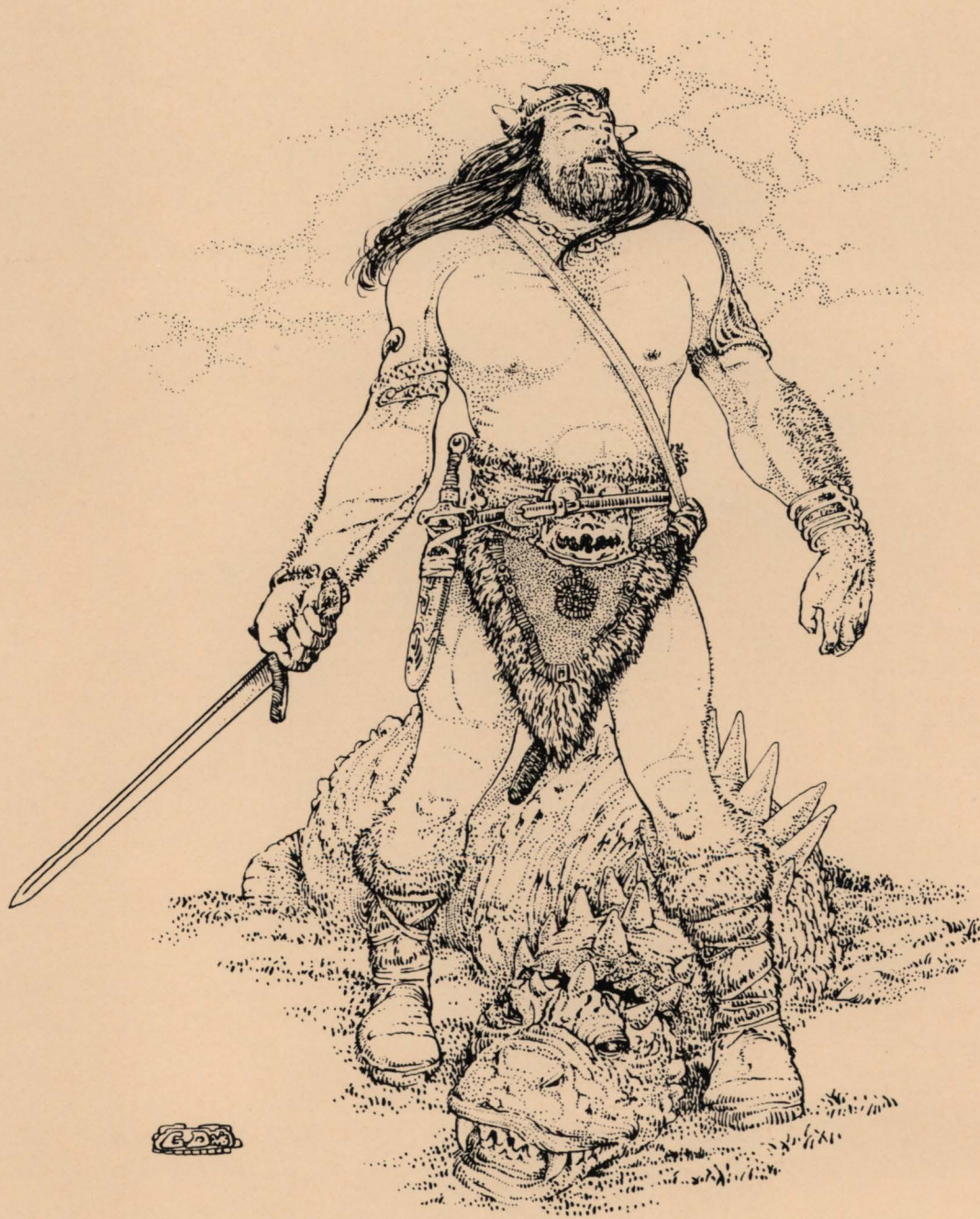
September 15-17, 1995



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# MosCon XVII

September 15-17, 1995

**Mel Gilden, Phil Foglio, Dr. James C. Glass**

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| The ConCom is: Chair — <i>Donna Baily</i> ; Vice-Chair — <i>Lou Ann Lomax</i> ; Treasurer — <i>Vicki Mitchell</i> ; Operations — <i>Mike Finkbiner</i> ; Security — <i>Austin Wilmerding</i> ; Hospitality — <i>Charlie Bales</i> ; Registration — <i>Vicki Mitchell, Ruth Home</i> ; Membership — <i>Vicki Mitchell</i> ; Programming — <i>Liz Wilmerding, Susan Meyer</i> ; Art Show — <i>June and Allen Westenbarger</i> ; Hotel Liaison — <i>Donna Baily</i> ; Dealers — <i>Lou Ann Lomax</i> ; Masquerade — <i>Lisa Satterlund</i> ; Dances — <i>Donna Baily</i> ; Japanimé — <i>Scott and Andrew LaRoy</i> ; Advertising — <i>Jon Gustafson</i> ; Progress Reports — <i>Jon Gustafson</i> ; Program/Souvenir Book — <i>Jon Gustafson, Fat Puppy Press</i> . And many thanks to all those selfless volunteers who give of their time to help us run MosCon. |      |
| All of the artwork in this book (with the exceptions of the cover and the Foglio self-portrait) comes from a soon-to-be-released CD-ROM of science fiction and fantasy art entitled <i>From Atlantis to the Stars: The ASFA Fantasy and Science Fiction Art Disc</i> , from Chestnut CDs. Look for it in your favorite computer store or computer supply catalog by late 1995 (and if you don't see it, angrily demand that they order it!).   |      |
| Because of the excerpt from <i>The Tides of Tiber</i> , this edition of the MosCon XVII Program/Souvenir Book is strictly limited to <b>400</b> copies <i>only</i> . For members and others, additional copies may be purchased for \$5.00 (plus \$1.00 postage and handling) from MosCon, P.O. Box 9622, Moscow, ID 83843.  |      |
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| <b>ART CREDITS</b>   |      |
| Alicia Austin — 2, 4, 25, 29, 43   |      |
| Gary Davis — Inside front cover  |      |
| Phil Foglio — 5  |      |
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| Monika Livingstone — 2   |      |
| Ross Mathis — 4, 14, 26, 33, 36, 40, 46, 47  |      |
| Randy Mohr — Inside back cover   |      |

## The Chair's Message by Donna Bailly

**W**elcome to MosCon 17! What does this mean to most of us? It means that for these three days we're among a bunch of people, of Science Fiction fans, where we feel free to let our hair down or our fangs hang out.

From the Opening Ceremonies on Friday to the last ebb of the convention at the Dead Cow Party, we are with a group who understand the way we talk, the why of our becoming Klingon or a member of the undead for at least these few hours.

With the mundane world becoming so stressful and intrusive, it is therapeutic to get into a heated argument over the relative merits of the space station of *Babylon 5* vs. *Deep Space 9*, *Hitchhiker's Guide's* radio version vs. the TV series. Neither of these are really important to the mundane world and would be considered silly by most. Their importance is in the fun we have dealing with such things, in realising that the joy we experienced in childhood with the make-believe and fantastical things of life can still be ours, if only for this time.

MosCon has always been rather laid-back, even among science-fiction conventions. We celebrate the meeting of friends, the sharing of ideas, and the selling of art. (Had to get that one in. We are an art convention.) We work through the year at providing a place and atmosphere conducive to all of this. We don't get paid for it, we don't get medals, but we do get our kudos and pat-yourself-on-the-backs when we see our convention members enjoying themselves and having a good time. Now go and have a great weekend!



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## A Message from the Editor by Jon Gustafson

**H**ere we have the seventeenth(!) edition of the MosCon Program/Souvenir Book. It is, in my somewhat less than humble opinion, the best one ever produced (not counting MosCon X's, of course, which really doesn't count). In these pages are some 30,000 words of fiction and articles, including a sneak preview of a section from Buzz Aldrin and John Barnes' forthcoming science fiction novel, *The Tides of Tiber* (Warner, 1996). That inclusion *alone* will make this particular book a collector's item, and we also have works by Jim Glass, Jeff Carlson, Garth Spencer, Cyn Mason, and George Barr. It goes to show what a small con can do if it puts its collective mind to it.

It also, once again, points out the weaknesses of many of the larger science fiction conventions and the groups that put them on. I have, in past Mos-Con Program/Souvenir Books, challenged other cons to do as much for their members as Mos-Con does for its members. It is, unfortunately, becoming *boring* as virtually no other convention in this country even seems to be trying. While I can understand the smaller cons (say, those with memberships less than 700) not trying, the fact the larger and more prestigious cons don't seem to be trying is disappointing, to say the least.

I have now edited two Worldcon Program/Souvenir Books (MagiCon [1992] and ConAdian [1994]), both of which have gained considerable praise (which tickles me, of course) because I added fiction and articles to the usual stuff. I have also done the same for the 1993 Seattle Westercon book. Despite

this, the larger cons (including other Worldcons and Westercons) have continued to sit on their collective thumbs. For a group of fans who like to think they are superior, they are definitely being inferior.

I would like to personally thank Julia Lacquement this year for *once again* doing the designs for the volunteer buttons. She did them at the last minute because Kaja Foglio, who was going to do them, became ill and was not able to. Julia has done the volunteer button illustrations five or six times in the past ten years, usually because the artist we had asked to do them could not, for some reason, finish the task. She is also responsible for the nice artwork that appears on the nametag this year. Thank you, Julia.



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# Mel Gilden

## Author Guest of Honor

### DER MEL

by Barbara Hambly

The name is Gilden. Mel Gilden.

When interviewed at the age of 4 in a supermarket in Chicago, Mel responded to the question "And what would you like to be when you grow up, sonny?" with a prompt and unequivocal, "A spaceman." This surprised no one in his family (his mother was with him at the time of the interview): Mel's family was the first one in their Chicago neighborhood to have a television set, and Mel started watching at the age of three. His lifelong interest in *Star Trek* is only the extension of a fascination born of *Space Patrol* and *Rocky Jones, Space Ranger* — he's one of the few fellow *Rocky Jones* fans I've met.

I first met him as the host — with Mike Hodel — of Science Fiction Radio's *Hour 25*; it meant he always had someplace else to be Friday nights. Everyone always wondered how he stayed awake for the show, since Mel has always been an early riser and an early — er — setter. He managed heroically, and to this day, though he quit the show in the mid-eighties, one can still hear the echoes of a radio announcer in his voice: he plays with inflections, makes quips and puns, does wonderful imitations of everyone from Humphrey Bogart to Groucho Marx, and can quote entire screenplays from loving memory. (Get him on *The Music Man* sometime.)

Mel and I more or less got to know each other while working in the salt mines of small-time animation

scripts in the '80s, writing what amounted to 22-minute commercials for whatever cybernetic vehicles Mattel or Kenner or whoever was trying to market at 65 episodes per season. I recall Mel sneering at me for doing *Jayce and the Wheeled Warriors* about giant vines growing between planets in violation of every law of celestial mechanics, but I still rib him about his *Mask Force* episode concerning giant caterpillars as big as schoolbuses, a serious violation of the square-cube law and every canon of good taste in literature. The checks all cleared the bank, which is the important thing. And we both moved on to better things.

It takes a special talent to write for kids, and Mel is one of the few people I know who can move easily between kids' writing and adult SF.

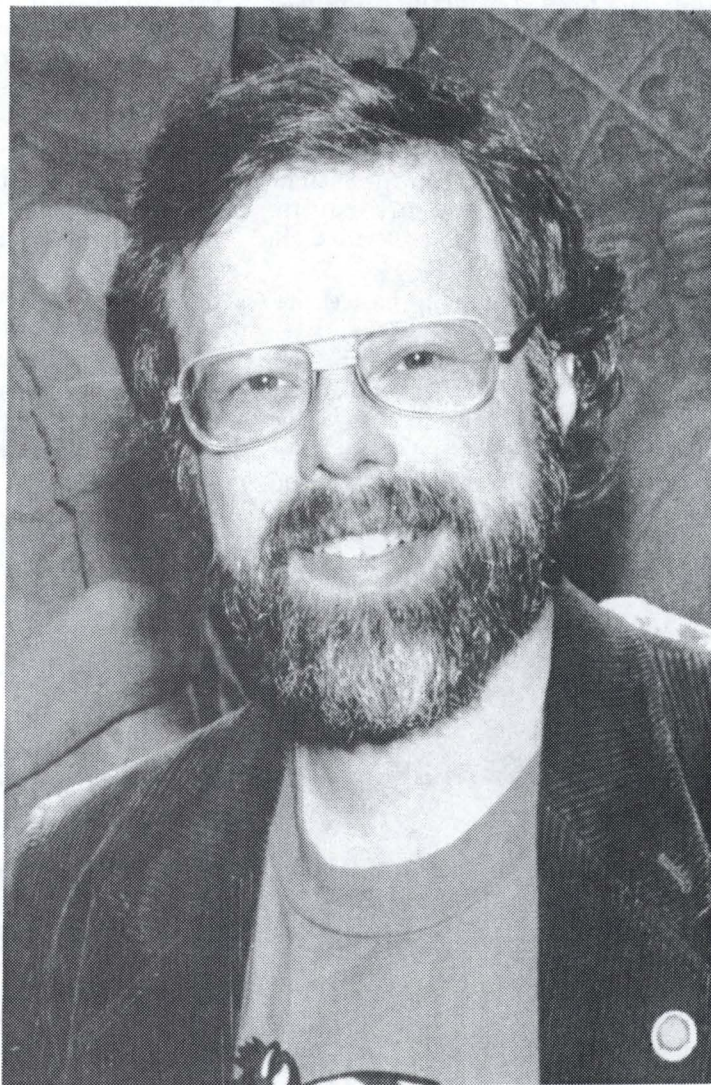


Photo © 1995 by Burt Brown

*The Return of Captain Conquor* and *The Pumpkins of Time* are slightly daffy excursions into the realm of kid-hood, and Mel's P.S. 13 series — including such titles as *M is for Monster*, *Z is for Zombie*, *Troll Patrol* and

*Pet of Frankenstein* — have garnered him fan letters from all over the country.

His favorite fan letter came not from this series, but from one of the 11 novelizations of *Beverly Hills, 90210* which he did to pay his rent (admittedly a big step up from caterpillars as big as schoolbusses): "Dear Mr. Gilden, I really loved your book about *Beverly Hills, 90210*. The part I liked best was the picture of Luke Perry." Thanks, kid.

After his success with the *90210* novelizations, Mel had an article written about him in the German equivalent of *People* magazine; his friends have nicknamed him "Der Mel" ever since. He's also occasionally known as "Ensign Gilden," the rank he would hold on the *Enterprise* if he'd been born in the 23rd Century instead of the mid-20th (though with his luck they'd just put him in a red shirt and send him down to the planet). His cats — Roget and Miriam Webster — call him (in cat-language, of course) "That guy with the opposable thumb who can work the can-opener."

But that's what cats call everyone.

I've always assumed that he was asked to do the *90210* novelizations on the strength of one of the best portrayals of Los Angeles I've ever encountered in science fiction writing,

the wonderfully loony *Surfing Sam-urai Robots*. This, and its two sequels, are the tale of a four-foot-tall alien, Zoot Marlowe, passing himself off as a hardboiled detective in a slightly-future L.A. "because an alien's gotta do what an alien's gotta do." Mel's native ear for language has gotten the Chandler prose down pat, and the image of Zoot wading out of the ocean where he's parked his spaceship and convincing the gang of surfers he meets that he's actually from Bay City and his appearance is due to a terrible accident with toxic waste and nasal spray is one I treasure.

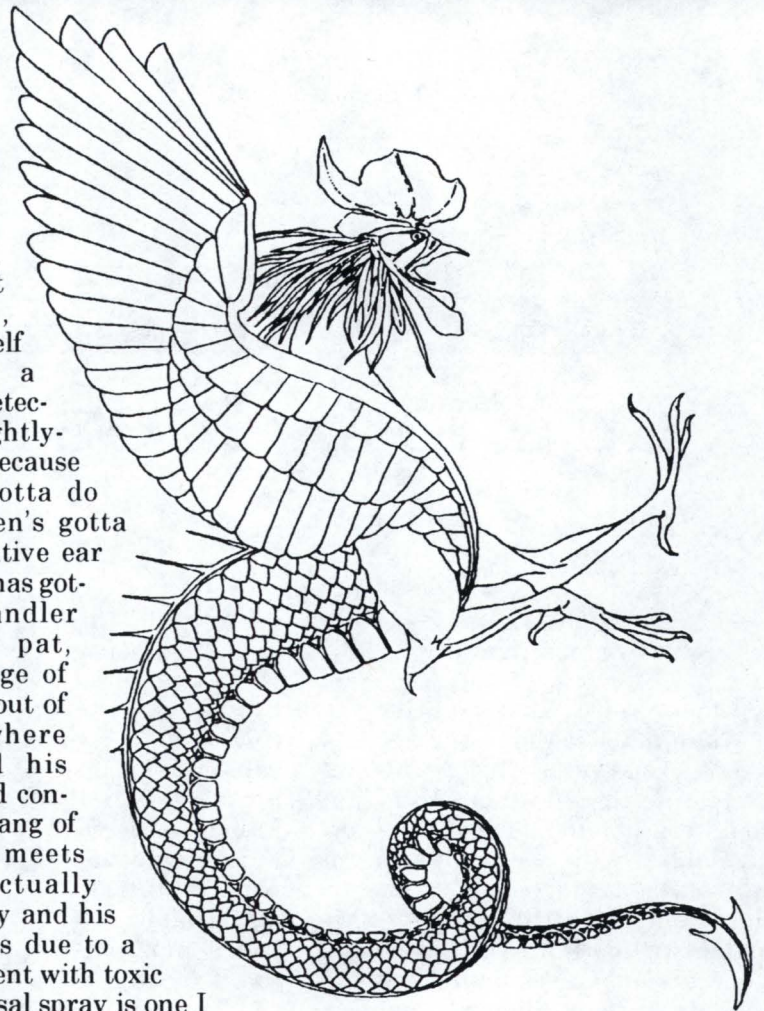
Mel has done other novelizations — notably of the Disney screenplay for their new live-action version of *The Jungle Book*, which Mel did in his best Kipling style — and two very fine *Star Trek* novels, *Boogeymen* (certainly the best *Next Generation* novel I've read) and *The Starship Trap*.

His bibliography of short fiction stretches back to his Clarion days in the early '70s — he was in the same class with Octavia Butler, Vonda McIntyre, George Alec Effinger and Arthur Byron Cover, among others. I think it says a great deal for Mel's pleasant and easygo-

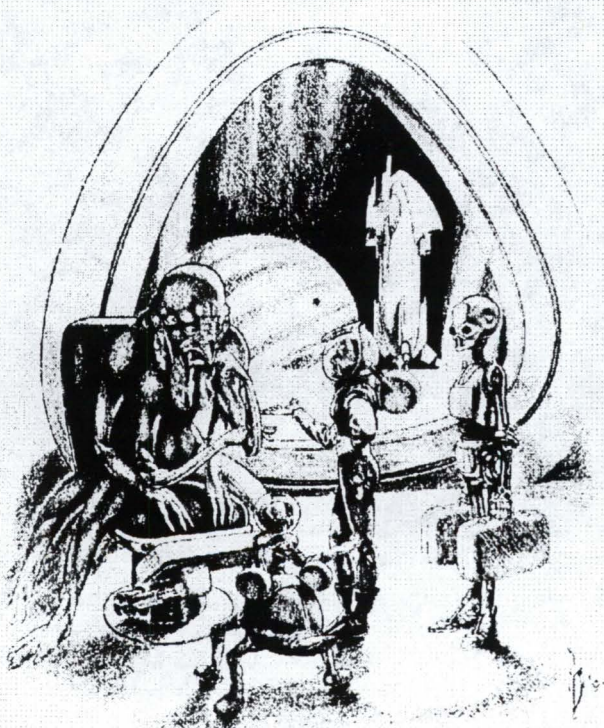
ing personality that all of the aforesaid are delighted to hear of his current success.

Because Mel is a nice guy. One friend says of him, "He writes exactly like he talks," and this is true: friendly, chatty, clever, goofy, with a deep streak of human understanding. His apartment is a vast clutter of movie memorabilia, books on the weirdest possible topics, videotapes of James Bond films, ray-guns, *Star Trek* toys, and pictures of the *U.S.S. Enterprise*. Mel is a mall-crawler and an indefatigable interviewer, a left-over from his radio days: There's a story that once Mel was having dinner in a Los Angeles restaurant he had never entered before in his life. When the waiter appeared Mel said to him, "So, how's your screenplay?" and got a brief rundown on the status of that total stranger's pitches to Paramount and Warner's, and what the waiter's agent had said.

Only in L.A. And only with Mel.



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# Phil Foglio

## Artist Guest of Honor

Phil Foglio

by Phil and Kaja Foglio

Philip Peter Foglio was born at 12:34 am on the first of May, 1956, an ordinary baby. It was only through the slight drunkenness of the Third Initiate of the Fourth Mystery of the Eighteenth volume of the Twenty-Fourth book of the Three thousand, nine hundred and Eighty-Three secrets of the eighth dynasty of King Wolehwaminga the Twenty-third of ancient Sumer and the Archbishop of He Who Crushes Planets Like They Were Beer Cans that the Archbishop's pet stoat was able to pursue a beetle across a carefully laid location spell which covered the floor, scuffing the sand and thus comprimising the Orange Circle of Time.

Due to this error, the robed figures that crept into the maternity ward late night did not leave with the newly reincarnated spirit of the Grand High Priest of the Cult of the Green Cheese Apocalypse; they left with Phil.

Raised as a centuries-old high priest in a huge network of caverns winding underneath the suburb of Hartsdale, New York, Phil was a lonely child, and not at all convinced that the world was fated to end in a final great fondue party, to which he was expected to bring the pot.

His only real friend was the "Sacred 'Gator of Havarti," a small lizardesque creature named "Winslow." Both were unwilling holy objects of the cult, and the bond that grew between them was unbreakable.

In 1974 Phil escaped to Chicago, Winslow under one arm and the caverns in flames. Realizing their mistake, the cult sent its top assassins in pursuit, but it was too late. Phil had disguised himself as a student at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, and Winslow has assumed the guise of a sofa cushion.

Graduating with a BFA in cartooning, he began his association with Science Fiction fandom, winning Best Fan Artist Hugos in 1977 and 1978.

As his name spread, it became more difficult to avoid the deadly fondue forks of the green cheese assassins, and finally it was necessary to leave Chicago entirely. Thinking that it would be the last place that they would look, he returned to New York City, where he produced the *What's New* comic strip for *Dragon Magazine*, his *Buck Godot* graphic novels, and the comic adaptation of Robert Asprin's *Mythadventures*. Life was quiet for a time, but Phil soon found out that he had been wrong. New York hadn't been the last place the cultists had looked, but it had been the second. A quick exit was again necessary. In a burst of unoriginal thinking, he returned to Chicago, where he wrote *Illegal Aliens* with Nick Pollotta.

It was in Chicago that he started his own comic company, Palliard Press, with bookstore owner Greg Ketter. The company began publishing *XXXenophile*, a humorous, Politically Correct, SF and Fantasy Adult Comic. During this time, Phil also wrote and illustrated *Angel and the Ape* for DC Comics.



*A highly unrealistic — and yet, somehow, amazingly accurate — portrait of the Artist (who many people have trouble believing in the existence of anyway)*

The cultists found him again fairly soon, and this time Phil knew that he couldn't go back to New York. Instead, he ran in the other direction, and lay low in Seattle, where by happy chance he met Kaja Murphy, the inventor of the Transdeluxe Discabogatron™, a machine guaranteed to keep mystical cultist assassins at a distance. The two fell madly in love and are now married. Phil is no longer plagued by attempts on his life. He has been able to produce the *What's New Collection*, several new issues of *XXXenophile*, and *Stanley and the Monster* for DC Comics, all in relative peace, and is planning new issues of *Buck Godot* for the near future, as well as the forthcoming *XXXenophile Trading Card Game*.

Winslow's career as a sofa cushion has been successful beyond his wildest dreams.

# Dr. James C. Glass

## Scientist Guest of Honor

**Jim Glass:  
An Appreciation**  
by John Dalmás

James Glass was born in Long Beach, California, and attended public school there. A childhood reader of SF, he received his first personal rejection letter at age 13, from *F&SF*. His first con was Westercon 5, in San Diego (1952; the GoH was Ray Bradbury), and he published a fanzine from 1952 to 1954. Those are fannish credentials that may predate those of anyone else here.

Not satisfied with fiction alone, Jim majored in physics at UC Berkeley, then went to work at Lawrence Berkeley on Project Sherwood, on controlled fusion — specifically on a magnetic-mirror confinement system. From there he went to Rocketdyne, and later Electric Propulsion Associates, working on ion engines, arc jets, and colloidal propulsion engines.

This was followed by grad school at the University of Nevada Reno. In 1968, with his PhD in hand, he accepted a professorship at North Dakota State University, and continued there until 1988. (He is no longer fond of cold winters.) For 15 of those 20 years he was in administration. He spent 1977-78 in West Germany, as a guest scientist at the *Kernforschungsanlage* (their federal nuclear research institute) at Jülich.

In 1988, he sold his snowshoes and battery-heated long underwear, and left Fargo, North Dakota, for the banana belt (Spokane). He served as professor and Dean of Science, Mathematics, and Technology at Eastern Washington University until 1994, when he quit the aggravation and 70-hour weeks of deanship and became, simply, Herr Doktor Professor

James C. Glass.

Back to a culture closer to our hearts, the young James Glass had dropped out of fandom when he began his grapple with college math and sciences at UCB. It was not until 1982 that he rejoined our happy clan, reading SF and attending ValleyCons at Fargo. At about the same time he began writing SF again.

In 1985, he married Gail Hanson, another fan (a *Trekker* and a *Beauty and the Beast* fan). Together they attend a lot of cons in the Northwest, particularly since he turned in his dean's hat. Gail, who is very convivial (pun intended), can usually be found in any costuming activities the con provides. Both are inveterate party-goers.

His first short story sale was to *Aboriginal*. Shortly afterward, the distinguished referees of the Writers of the Future contest selected his short story, "Georgi," first as a quarterly winner, then as the best contest story of 1991. It was published in *Writers of the Future, Volume 7*. That short story earned him more money than many novels bring.

He has since sold more than 20 other short stories and novelets (to *Zero Gravity Freefall*, *Talebones*, *Figment*, and several others, including a story in the MosCon XVII Program/Souvenir Book and a recent sale to *Analog*). Two novels are out to market (from the Virginia Kidd Agency) and he is about 90,000 words into a large and powerful novel, *Shanji*, that I am eager to see a draft of. Two other books, *Toth* and *Visions*, are now out on audio-tape from Books in Motion





# Other Professional Guests

## EILEEN E. BRADY

by *Eileen Brady*

Eileen Brady had the enjoyable opportunity to do the 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*.

Since leaving Los Angeles, Eileen continues to do occasional research for motion pictures and television and works at the Science and Engineering Library at WSU. During her free time, she writes screenplays, novels, and works on *American Television Series: 1935-1985*, a five-volume encyclopedia. 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 true giants of science fiction, in spite of his relatively limited production of novels. These include such classics as *Who?*, *The Falling Torch*, *Rogue Moon*, *Michaelmas*, *The Amsirs and the Iron Thorn*, *False Night*, *Man of Earth*, *Some Will Not Die*, and *Hard Landing*, which has been nominated for several awards. He has also had three short story collections published: *The Unexpected Dimension*, *Budrys' Inferno*, and *Blood & Burning*. He is also the editor and publisher of a new SF magazine, *Tomorrow*.

Budrys is one of the foremost critics in our 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 most of the WotF writers' workshops since then), and for the Moscow Moffia Writers' Program.

## BRIEF BIOSKETCH OF JOHN DALMAS

by *John Dalmás*

John has had several careers (not counting military service, 1944-46). The first was itinerant laborer, primarily merchant seaman and logger, and lasted only a few years. Next, after college, came 2½ years as a district forester in charge of timber sale preparation and forest planting. Then, after grad school, came 17 years as a research ecologist, specializing in high elevation forests of the Rocky Mountains (primarily Colorado and the American southwest). After that came several years as a casual laborer and free-lance editor in L.A., while trying to break into screenplay writing. Finally he settled into writing SF, mainly novels, and seems likely to remain a novelist till time to cash it all in and recycle or whatever. So far he's had 20 novels, assorted short fiction, and a collection published. Four more novels are partially sketched out. His current project is a non-fiction book on the forest controversies: *War for the Woods: Resolving the Issues*. Ask him about it.

## M.J. ENGH

by *M.J. Engh*

M(ary) J(ane) Engh is the author of *Arslan*, *Wheel of the Winds*, *The House in the Snow*, and *Rainbow Man*, plus occasional novellas (including one in the new *Rat Tales* anthology), short stories, poems, and articles, published hither and yon. She is into history, religion, evolutionary biology, the craft of writing, gardening, and cats. She was born in

southern Illinois a long time ago, and after trying Chicago, the Phillipines, Japan, and Oklahoma (more or less in that order), she is now a convinced resident of the Palouse. She lives in the middle of large garden in Garfield, Washington.

## KAJA FOGLIO

by *Jon Gustafson*

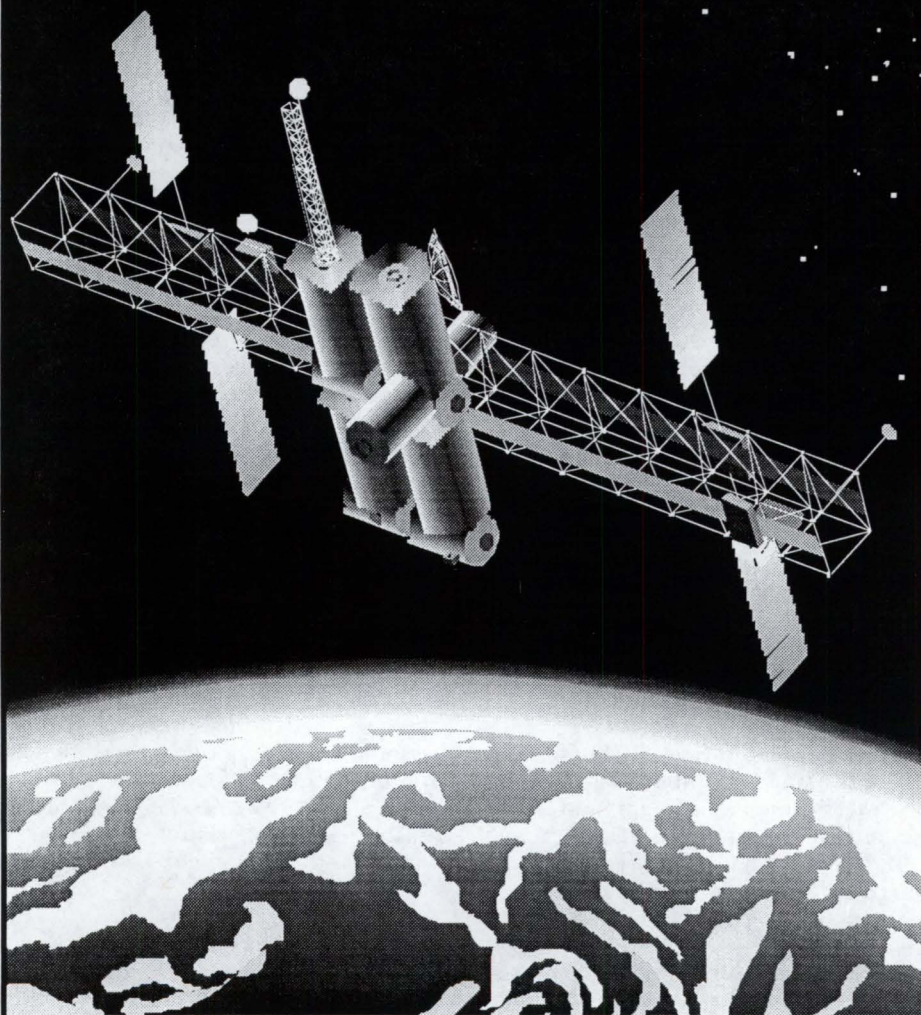
Kaja (pronounced *Kaya*) is married to our Artist Guest of Honor, Phil Foglio, whom she aids in his work, and is a professional artist in her own right. She has created paintings for the popular card game, *Magic: The Gathering*, and her art is seen at many Northwest SF conventions. She is also a delightful person, which never hurts.

## JON GUSTAFSON

by *Jon Gustafson*

Jon has been involved in Sf since pre-hysterical days. He entered fandom in 1973, when he met Steve Fahnstark. Most, if not all, of Inland Empire fandom and six conventions stemmed eventually from that fateful meeting. He has been interested in SF art and writing from the early 1950s, both in print and the visual media. He has sold one book, *Chroma: The Art of Alex Schomburg*, several short stories, and over 225 articles (two to the prestigious SF magazine, *Starlog*). He has also edited several anthologies, including the recently released *Rat Tales*, and was the editor of the new *SFFWA Handbook*. He was one of the founders of PESFA (the Palouse Empire SF Association), the Moscow Moffia, ASFA (the Association of Science Fiction and Fantasy Artists, of which he is serving his third term as Mountain Director), MosCon, and JMG Appraisals. He is now the publisher of *Focus on Security*, and is currently assembling a 1,000-image CD-ROM for an East Coast company. He is married to best-selling author V.E. (Vicki) Mitchell.

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**BARB HENDEE**

by Barb Hendee

Barb Hendee's fiction has been published in *Realms of Infamy* (TSR), *Year's Best Horror Stories* (Daw), *Young Blood* (Zebra), *Ghost Tide* (Revenant Books), *Rat Tales* (Pulphouse), *Cemetery Dance*, *Deathrealm*, and other places. She has a Master's degree in Composition and Rhetoric and is currently teaching composition at the University of Idaho. She lives in Moscow with her husband (J.C.), daughter (Jaclyn), and two cheerful cats who absolutely despise each other.

**J.C. HENDEE**

by J.C. Hendee

J.C. has sold fiction, poetry, art, and non-fiction to such markets as *Midnight Zoo*, *Deathrealm*, *Amazing Experiences*, the new *Rat Tales* anthology, the MagiCon Program Book (1992 Worldcon), *GWN Magazine*, *Hardware*, *Star\*-Line*, *Novel and Short Story Writer's Market*, *Guidelines Magazine*, *The Poetic Knight*, *Leading Edge*, *Not One of Us*, *MZ Calendar 1992*, the MosCon XIV Program Book, *Dragonfang*, *Paradise Creek Journal*, and *Fugue*. He was the editor and publisher (with his wife, Barb) of *Figment: Tales from the Imagination*. In his spare time, he aids Jon Gustafson in the SF art CD-ROM project. He likes archaic weapons, SF/F art, animated films, sleeping (which he does little enough of), and eating at least once a week.

**Dr. JULIE LUTZ**

by Julie Lutz

Dr. Julie Lutz is Professor of Astronomy, Chair of the Department of Pure and Applied Mathematics, and Director of the Program in Astronomy at WSU. Her research area is stellar evolu-

tion, specifically observations and analyses of planetary nebulae. Her favorite instrument is the 3.5 meter telescope at the Apache Point observatory in New Mexico; she often uses it through the Remote Observing Room at WSU.

Dr. Lutz is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and a past President of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. She has been the recipient of many awards and accolades she suspects she didn't deserve (evidently, you can fool all of the people *some* of the time!) and was the Scientist Guest of Honor at MosCon X.

In her spare(?) time, Dr. Lutz enjoys petting her kitty, Achenar (other cats have been named Alcor, Mizar, Deneb, Altair, Pollux, Castor... you get the idea), fishing, hiking, gardening, and watching with amusement as her daughters and their husbands raise her three grandchildren.

**V.E. (VICKI) MITCHELL**

by Jon Gustafson

Vicki has been involved in PESFA at MosCon since the early days, and has worked on the con in many guises, including one stint as Chair. Most years she is involved being the Treasurer, and is one of the main reasons that MosCon can afford to do the things it does (like the superb Program/Souvenir Books). She has been involved with costuming for years and has won several awards. She is a *New York Times* best-selling author and has four *Star Trek* novels on the shelves right now (*Enemy Unseen*, *Imbalance*, *Windows on a Lost World*, and *Atlantis Station*). She also sold an alternate-Earth novella to *Amazing*, a short story to the *Rat Tales* anthology, and has just sold another short story, "Ekaterin," to an upcoming anthology. She has two

completed novels and several outlines currently making the rounds of the publishers. She is married to least-selling author Jon Gustafson and is owned by a gigantic and silly dog, Mica.

**PATRICK J. SWENSON**

by Patrick Swenson

Patrick J. Swenson is the editor and publisher of the new small press magazine, *Talebones: Fiction on the Dark Edge*, which will debut in October. Patrick's short fiction has appeared in *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*, *Figment*, *Northwest Writers*, and other small press magazines. He is a graduate of the Clarion West Writer's Workshop, and is a member of the Fairwood Writers Group in Kent, Washington. While he teaches English and Creative Writing at a Seattle high school to pay the bills, he has also worked as a musician in a 17-piece Big Band and as a bellman at a major hotel by the Seattle-Tacoma airport. When you see him, please don't ask him to carry your luggage.

**DAVID WEBER**

by Jon Gustafson

David Weber is one of those hot new prospects that you have always heard about but never met. You know, the instant success story, the one that took ten or twenty years to happen. His novels include *Starfire Universe* (with Steve White), *Insurrection*, *Crusade*, *The Dahak Universe*, *Mutineer's Moon*, *The Armageddon Inheritance*, *Heirs of Empire*, the "Honor Harrington" universe, *On Basilisk Station*, *The Honor of the Queen*, *The Short Victorious War*, *Field of Dishonor*, and *Flag in Exile*, among others. He will also be the Author Guest of Honor at next year's MosCon.

MosCon XVII would like to thank Steve Jackson and Steve Jackson Games, Inc., for providing prizes for the *GURPS IOU* game that will be run this weekend.

Steve Jackson has been writing games since 1977 and he founded his own company in 1980. His game designs include *Ogre*, *G.E.V.*, *Illuminati* (an award-winning game based on the *Illuminatus!* trilogy by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson), *Illuminati: New World Order* (a trading card version), *Car Wars* (the classic highway destruction game), and, of course, *GURPS* (the Generic Universal Role Playing System). Steve's company also publishes *Pyramid* magazine, which is dedicated to gaming in general, not just games by Steve Jackson Games.

*GURPS IOU* (Illuminati University) is illustrated by Phil and Kaja Foglio, our Artist Guest of Honor and his wife. One of the prizes in the role-playing game will be a copy of the book autographed by the artists. We'll also be handing out a copy of the basic rules for *GURPS*, and a copy of *GURPS Cyberpunk* (the infamous book that panicked the CIA into raiding Jackson's offices illegally). *GURPS IOU* is about college life, at a school with every imaginable type of student (some not even human). The official school language is full of PC terms (i.e.: There are no Freshmen at IOU, there are Freshthings). So have fun — and remember, *it's just a game!*

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# THE TIDES OF TIBER

by Buzz Aldrin and John Barnes

## Introduction

The following is an excerpt from the forthcoming, highly anticipated novel from Buzz Aldrin and John Barnes, *The Tides of Tiber* (Warner Aspect, 1996). Buzz is, as you all had better remember, one of the very few men to ever set foot on the Moon; he and Neil Armstrong were, indeed, the first two to land there. John is an acknowledged writer of "hard" science fiction with several excellent novels to his credit, including *Mother of Storms*.

The novel features a race of humanoid aliens who live on a planet orbiting a gas giant (called Sosahy) in the Alpha Centauri system. Their planet, Nisu, is going to be devastated in coming years by the Intruder, a wandering giant planet which is captured and pulled apart by the Centauri stars. The resulting debris caused by the disintegration of the Intruder will scour Nisu of life.

The aliens must reach the nearby stars, even though they are not really ready to do so, or face extinction; they decide to make a try for the nearest star, our Sun (called Zekoim by the aliens). The first expedition reaches our sun and Earth (Setepos) about 9,000 years ago and is never heard from again. This section of the novel is about the efforts of the second expedition to our sun, which, because of the length of time the journey takes, is manned partly by children.

Wherever we went in Shulath there would be protests, some from the Egalitarians, some from religious groups, many from philosophical groups whose positions nobody could understand. All the Shulathians would shout and holler until the Imperial Guard would move quietly forward, and then most of them would get quiet and a few would get arrested.

We stood there quietly and nodded at the right times, and we made sure that we only answered questions that our adult teachers repeated to us, because there were a lot of people shouting questions and comments, and if we appeared to pay attention to them it might accidentally have political effects, or even cause a court case. I remember that once as we were getting back into the aircraft, Kekox muttered that he'd never seen so many people trying to get children to say something inappropriate. Poiparesis muttered back, "Don't forget, we have twenty-seven percent of the population and ninety-eight percent of the lawyers over here."

The last three days in Shulath were different. We had finally looked at all the important monuments of the exploration, settlement, and Conquest; now we flew to Mount Mebapasus, the high mountain near the equator, to visit the observatory complex. The pressurized buildings, where they kept the computers and the radio telescope controls, were huge. Hundreds of astronomers worked there. Most of them tracked

stray bodies kicked loose by the Intruder; we would be meeting with a very special group that did something else — it was a meeting that we were all looking forward to.

First, however, we put on squeeze suits and oxygen masks and climbed the long stone stairway, all the way up to the Old Observatory, the 220-year-old building with its great telescope chamber. The old-fashioned telescope, with its oxygen hood surrounding the base so that the astronomers could breathe and work without wearing masks, stood gleaming and silent. It was no longer used, but its brass case was polished, its mountings were kept perfectly lubricated, and had there been occasion, it might have been put back into service at any time.

"This is where it all started," Poiparesis said to us, as we all crowded into the oxygen hood. "Right on this site, right through this eyepiece. The Observatory was first proposed hundreds of years before, at the time the telescope was invented, because even then everyone understood that if you could get above most of the air, you could see much better. But it took them a very long time to get around to building here — there were so many scientific questions and so many questions about who should pay so much, and of course technology kept improving, and every time it did the whole Observatory had to be re-planned.

"They did build it. They had to use pack animals in oxygen masks to haul things up, but they managed. The first oxygen systems up here

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were electrolysis systems — they'd bring ice up on a rope, thaw it out, and decompose it with electricity. The whole operation was powered by the big windmill you can see down the slope."

Mejox, sitting beside me, made a little noise of impatience. "But we know all that."

Poiparesis laughed. "True. I'm just always astonished to know that they built this before they had workable aircraft or decent engines. But the important thing, of course, is that almost exactly a hundred years ago, three astronomers — a Palathian and two Shulathians — announced that they had seen the incoming rogue planet, as big as Sosahy, and that they expected it to have a close encounter with Zoiroy [*The other Centauri sun — Ed.*]."

I knew the story well from the history books, so I listened with only half an ear. Instead I put my imagination into thinking about this place in those days. The Observatory had almost been closed down; a telescope simply couldn't see far enough to see anything very interesting, at least not in the immediate neighborhood. After a hundred years there had been little to examine once the initial surveys were completed of Zoiroy, its planet Sahmahkouy, and the moons Poumox, Toupox, and Kahrekeif. Twice they had observed large comets, and of course they had established that most stars were double, like our own, and that the nearest star, Zekoim, was almost a twin for our sun, though it was thought at the time that there could be no life there, since most of the theories said a single star would never develop planets big enough to support life. But all of this had been in the early decades; then the paucity of things to look at or search for had begun to make the enormous expense of the Observatory, up here beyond ninety-five percent of the atmosphere, seem like a waste of money. There had been many suits in the General Court to have the Observatory funds allocated to other purposes.

So on the night of the great discovery, the three astronomers, in their awkward old-fashioned heavy squeeze suits, had been gathered around under the oxygen hood, where the pressure was brought up to just a comfortable level for breathing the pure oxygen without a mask.

They had been conducting a search for cometoids, balls of ice that might some day fall into our solar system to become comets, in the wide belt far beyond our double stars; they had found two, and already been denounced in the General Court for "coming up with two snowballs in all the vast reaches of space." One of them wrote in his diary that if they had two more successes like those, the Mount Mebapasus Observatory would be closed down for certain.

I often wondered, because it never said in the history books, how many times they re-checked their work before reporting it. The comparison photos must have told the tale the first time they pointed their telescope in that direction; how many times did they check before they got the nerve to report the results? Did they debate among themselves what the best way to publish it would be, how to make the most modest claims without causing their work to be ignored?

They must have known that no matter how many times they re-checked or how careful they were, there would be a storm of protest, and sure enough, they were right. Debate raged in the General Court for three years, until the incoming body became visible to the naked eye; then by order of the Emperor, the three astronomers were given the funds they needed to build a second observatory on the peak, from which they would be able to obtain a more precise notion of what the Intruder, as it was now known, would do.

There were more delays because in those days there were no aircraft that could reach the top of the mountain, so an electric monorail had to be built first, and no one had ever built generators or motors so powerful before. By the time that they were ready, it was less than half a year until the Intruder's encounter with Zoiroy was due.

The uproar they had caused by finding the intruder was nothing compared to the uproar they caused when they arrived at their conclusion: the intruder would interact with Zoiroy, then pass close to the sun, and thus end up in permanent orbit around the double system. Moreover, it would make a very close pass by Sosahy — and therefore by our world — on its way back out into orbit.

There was more uproar, but by now there were many observatories and astronomers ready to confirm their work. At first, it was thought that there might be a spectacular display in the sky; then that the Intruder might actually crash into the sun (and there was some fear that the explosion might be dangerous to us in a variety of ways), and then briefly the concern that the intruder would actually collide with Sosahy.

None of that happened, exactly.

They had all been surprised at the effect when the Intruder passed close to the Sun; it was only years afterwards, well into Reconstruction, that the mathematics was worked out. The closer a body comes to a large mass, like the sun, the stronger the tidal effects — and the more difference in tidal effect there is from one side of the body to the other. In a close pass at the sun the Intruder was subjected to tremendous and differing tidal forces on near and far parts of it. More than that, the Intruder itself had formed in the dark and cold between the stars, at low temperatures for the most part and without much centrifugal force, and thus it had no metal core like Sosahy; there were rocks, chunks of iron, partly-digested bits of whole worlds all the way through its scarred body, and the whole thing was very loosely held together by metallic hydrogen, which broke down rapidly as soon as the outer layers began to strip away.

The Intruder shattered into billions of pieces of all sizes, scattering into a great cloud. Thus, although the dense central part of the cloud missed our world by a wide margin, the debris — abundant even in the thin edges of the cloud, the biggest pieces the size of mountains, most boulder-sized or smaller — had sprayed our world, and Sosahy, in what the history books called the First Bombardment.

The First Bombardment had been bad enough; one out of eight people worldwide killed, and Shulath wrecked. The Second Bombardment, fifteen years from now, might not even produce any important impacts at all, because in the dance of the sun with Zoiroy, Zoiroy would be in position to take the brunt. But the Third Bombardment would finish off Nisu. One hundred and twenty-some years in the future, there would be nothing

left of us — unless some of us, somehow, could be somewhere else.

I couldn't help wondering, as we stood there in the old Observatory, in our squeeze suits, under the old oxygen hood, just as the astronomers had once stood there, if the scientists up here that night so long ago had had any inkling, or even the faintest suspicion, that they might be finding the end of the world. For a class project I had read all about them, and looked at old motion images of them, now grainy and off-color, and no one had mentioned any doubts they might have had. Perhaps they had not had any; but I doubted that very much.

In the next three days, we would be visiting all the places where the First Bombardment had torn into our world. Though Sosahy, with its bigger disk and much greater gravity, had taken the brunt — astronomers in Palath observed five thousand huge explosions on the gas giant in a matter of hours — there had still been plenty left for Nisu, and almost all of that had hit outward-facing Shulath. More than a hundred sizable bodies had struck Shulath, some of them leaving craters bigger than small islands.

Shulath had been wrecked, more than if we had been conquered all over again. Nineteen populated islands were wiped from the face of the world, by direct hits, by the volcanos that followed in the wake of some impacts, or by erosion from huge tsunamis; in those nineteen places nothing stood above water anymore. Fully a hundred islands remained above the water (at least in part) but lost their entire populations. Seven new islands — including the great Ring Island south of the Windwards — formed in the aftermath.

And all of that had been just a glancing blow. Most of the Intruder was still out there, now expanded into a huge cloud of rocks, dust, balls of ice, and all sorts of junk, in a 108-year orbit that we had now measured with the greatest precision. The main body

was spread wide now, stretching across four times the distance from Sosahy to the sun; beyond it there was a thin scattering of matter. When the intruder swept through again, fifteen years from now, it would pass near Zoiroy. The center of the main body would be far away from us. Some smaller stray rocks might fall, perhaps. Sosahy might flash with three or four explosions — it could be expected to take fifty hits for every hit our world got. The Intruder might well have dragged in some comets or other bodies with it. If we were very unlucky we might get one large hit. But for the most part, we would be at a safe distance. (Actually *we* — the crew of the *Wahkohpem Zomos* — would be halfway to Setepos, and about as safe from all this as one could be).

But then, 108 years later, when the Intruder returned again, the positions of the sun, Sosahy, and the world in their orbits would put us squarely in the center of the path of the Intruder's dense middle. The best estimate was that our world would take seven hundred times the number of hits we had taken the last

that had thrown up the Ring Island. Moreover, with around 40,000 impacts on the gas giant we circled, so much material would spray out of Sosahy that new rings and moons might form, some of which would fall onto our world later. And the Intruder by then might have kicked as many as twenty comets into orbits that would bring them down into our part of the double star system.

Even if there had been a hope of surviving the catastrophe of the Third Bombardment at all, every 216 years afterward, for at least five thousand years, the Intruder would strike again. Civilization was doomed, even in Palath; nothing could survive under the icy clouds, or in an atmosphere poisoned by huge volcanic eruptions, or under any of the thousands of other possible consequences.

The First Bombardment had killed one out of every eight people alive when it hit, and had been the most revolutionary event at least since the voyage of *Wahkohpem*. It had led to the Great Rescue and to Reconstruction, as millions of Palathians had volunteered years of time and effort to save what was left of Shulath. Indirectly the First Bombardment had led to the abolition of slavery, home rule for Shulath, and at least some measure of equality. And the scientific effort to understand what had happened — and to do something about it — had brought about the scientific renaissance that had taken us from the crude aircraft, computers, radios, and electric monorails of that time to voyages into deep space and antimatter energy.

But no matter how big it had all been, it was dwarfed by what was coming. Colossal as the effects had been, the First Bombardment had been no more than a little warning tap, a little shake to get us to wake up, get out of bed, get moving. Whole lands thrown under the ocean, chains of islands reared up, great volcanoes that still thundered a hundred years later,



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time — between seven and eight thousand blows. At least twenty of them would be bigger than the ones



smashed cities and scoured coasts, all that was not the main blow, but the merest touch of the Intruder's finger.

But for all that, it was part of Nisu's future, not mine. I would be away during the Second Bombardment and dead before the Third. And thus I was a lot more interested in what waited for us later that afternoon, in the screening room of the Mount Mebapasus Observatory — the newly compiled, first up-close images from a near flyby of Setepos, the new world we would be traveling to.

I don't know if the adults also felt the same way, or realized that we were bored, or perhaps the schedule was just that way anyway. After a while of having us all fidget around the old telescope, we were allowed to go down the mountain and into the main building, get out of squeeze suits, and sit down to wait for the presentation.

They took a long time in setting up, and we had to listen to several people talk about how they had gotten the flyby probe up to speed, about the poor quality of some of the pictures — about everything, except showing us pictures of where we were going. I fidgeted and squirmed, trying to behave myself, and Mejox — who wasn't trying at all — practically bounced straight out of his seat.

The adults weren't trying to control us, either, which meant they were just as impatient as we were.

Finally the astronomers admitted they might be ready, dimmed the lights, and began to show the pictures. The first pictures were familiar ones, from the long distance fast flybys that had gone through that system just a few years before, showing us the basic information: eight planets, one double cometoid, and one belt of asteroids circling a single lone sun. Two of the planets had some potential for our survival there: the third and the fourth from the sun. The third one from the sun, which they had named Setepos, was one-fifth closer to Zekoim than we were to our own sun, but because that sun was cooler than ours, they actually got 14% less light than Shulath did, or 2% less than Palath.

Setepos had considerably more surface area, with a surface gravity somewhat less than ours. The atmosphere instruments on that first

probe had detected water vapor, a temperature not too different from our own, a surface pressure like ours — and, most importantly, free nitrogen and oxygen. "Nitrogen and oxygen, at those temperatures, in the presence of water, would react with any number of things in the rocks and soil, and quickly leave the atmosphere." the science lecturer said, quite unnecessarily, since all of us had been over this many times. I thought Otuz would interrupt to tell him so, but Osepok put her hand on Otuz's shoulder before she could speak.

The science lecturer went on — so the only possible conclusion is that something is continuously liberating the oxygen and nitrogen, and that something is almost certainly living things. It's a living world. at least a little like our own."

It took twenty-eight days for us to fall into our close approach to the Sun. In a sense, those twenty-eight days were the first "normal" ones in our lives — if "normal" means "the way things are supposed to be for most of your life." Seventy years in all — twenty-four on the out voyage, five exploring Setepos. and forty-one on the return trip — would be spent in the ship, with only ourselves for company. This was our first taste of our daily routine.

Not surprisingly, Otuz and I adapted to it better than Mejox and Priekahm. We tended to like studying and reading anyway, so now that we didn't have to stand in front of people and cameras all the time, and could spend a whole day concentrating, we were at no loss for amusement. Often, after a brief conversation with whichever adult was relevant to the subject, Otuz and I would simply tackle something we both wanted to learn, and would spend most of the rest of the day in companionable silence, working in the labs, running computer simulations, or assembling and reading a group of documents. Usually, late in the day, Kekox would have to remind us that we needed to put in our time in the gym and then get dressed for the short presentation that we radioed back to Nisu every day.

Meanwhile Mejox and Priekahm worked out extra sessions in the gym, played make-believe games, and did assigned homework under

the supervision of one or more adults. They didn't seem to be able to take off for a day and work on something just because it was interesting. More and more, Mejox spent his time studying history with Kekox, doing the bare minimum in science, math, and arts; I could hardly have condemned him for it since I spent most of my time in math and science, only doing enough history to stay out of trouble. Once, I overheard Kekox and Soikenn discussing it; as always, I listened in — adults got very weird about being overheard, so I was careful to stay out of sight, but after all those four people ran our universe and we tried to know what they were thinking whenever we could.

I didn't know why they thought our specialization was so interesting, but after worrying about it for several minutes, they both seemed to agree that we would outgrow this phase, and take a "more balanced" approach later. "It doesn't matter much what the order is as long as they learn," Soikenn said.

Kekox sighed. "I guess it's not so much the over-concentration that worries me as the reasons for it," he said. "I wish I could get Mejox to quit thinking about what he'll need when he's Emperor, or about all this romantic adventure stuff he's going to do on Setepos and how it will look to the people at home. We had an expression in the Imperial Guard about not planning the victory parade until you've been to the battle, and it seems to me that's just what he's doing."

Soikenn laughed. "Where I come from we call that 'accepting the prize before you do the experiment.' He's young, Kekox, it's still more than twenty years before he even hits puberty. No doubt he'll have other annoying habits in the future, and lose some of the ones he has now. You have to let kids be kids."

Kekox grunted. "Yeah. The trouble is some people have let the last couple of Emperors *be* kids. It would be a great joke on everybody if Otuz ended up as Empress."

"She's brilliant," Soikenn pointed out, "and she does her work. She'd probably be as good at that as she is at everything else."

"She'd get all the decisions made before noon so she could have the afternoon to read. And they'd be good decisions. Oh, well, all of us will be

dead before we see any of it happen."

"Now there's a cheerful thought," Poiparesis said, joining them.

"Kekox is trying to stop the crumbling of civilization," Soikenn said. "Practically all by himself."

"So the subject is Mejox." Poiparesis said.

Both of them laughed, and the subject changed to trivia, and then to those inscrutable jokes about sex that adults liked. It sounded like the interesting part was over, so I got up and casually walked past the door. Kekox was muttering something in hushed tones.

I was almost out of earshot when I heard Poiparesis say, "Well, it's a risk that no one thought of. But they're all twenty years from mating. For right now there's no harm in their all just being friends. And it happens that our two serious students are Otuz and Zahmekoses, which sort of leaves the other two at loose ends."

I froze and leaned back against the wall. It had never occurred to me that things might be that way, that Otuz and I might be excluding Mejox, but as soon as it was mentioned I could see a dozen ways I had done it — I was interested in things that he wasn't, I pushed on in academic stuff faster than he could go, and I was often off by myself.

Well, I could fix some of this. I had gotten to enjoy my freedom to learn as fast as I could, and I wasn't going to pretend anymore that he was the smarter one — he himself wouldn't have believed it — but I could make some time for him, be a better friend...I turned, headed the other way, and nearly collided with the Captain.

Very softly, she said, "What are they talking about in there?"

"Mejox," I said. I couldn't have lied to the Captain to save my life, and just then that was what I thought was at stake.

She gave me a strange little smile. "Of course. It would be. Has it occurred to you that if you do anything about what you hear, they will know you listened?"

I gulped. "I wasn't going to —"

"That's right, you're not going to. Mejox Roupox is your friend. He's not your job. He needs to find his own way through life. You've done nothing wrong and you've consistently been a better friend to him than he deserves. Keep being his

friend — but if we catch you making yourself his slave, both of you will be sorry."

That made me so angry I actually talked back to the Captain. "I'm not *anyone's* slave," I said.

Her hands landed lightly on my shoulders. She drew a long breath. "No," she said at last, "You're right. There are no slaves anymore." Then she smiled very slightly and added. "But it's very clear to me that you're Poiparesis's student."

I didn't know what she meant by that, but she let me go, so I tried not to worry about it — I already had enough to worry about.

All the training in the world could not have prepared us for what it was like to round the Sun. This time we had no choice about where to be — acceleration webbing couldn't possibly have held us against the accelerations we would be taking. Furthermore, passing so close to the sun, most of the ship itself was going to be uninhabitable; only life support, the ship's farm, some delicate scientific equipment, and the crew shelter on the inner Deck could be kept at a comfortable temperature; the rest would get hot enough to sear flesh, and was being filled with an inert-gas atmosphere to keep flammable objects from exploding.

As Poiparesis was strapping us in, he went over his explanation again. "Understand this is the most danger we will all ever be in, at least until it's time for the return flight. And—" he turned to Priekahm, who seemed about to complain again, "—we do have to make this close pass at the Sun, and then another one at Zoiroy. Almost one-fifth of our total speed is going to come from doing this, and the only way to get such a big boost is to go in very close, where our light sail can do the most good. So we have to do this, and it is going to be very uncomfortable, and if anything goes wrong with the cooling and energy dissipation systems, we are all going to burn. That's just the way it is."

I imagined Priekahm was still pouting, but I couldn't see her. I had stretched out and was snugged far down in my own acceleration couch.

The couches had been designed to fit our bodies exactly, and to support specific bones and internal organs; we had all just had an incredibly uncomfortable procedure to fill our

bowels and body cavities with support foam. The fact that Soikenn had administered it, and had been very gentle and sympathetic, hardly compensated for having needles jabbed into us and being squirted full of foam.

Once we were all in position on the couches, the mouthpieces that would protect our teeth and tongues went in next. If anyone was going to whine or complain, the chance had gone by.

"Now," Poiparesis said, "last review. The ship will be running robotically for about a fifth of a day. The worst will be over after the first tenth of a day, but do not try to get out of your couches until you're allowed to. Remember that although you can lift several times your body weight with your thigh and hip muscles, most of your body is too delicate to take so much force.

"I'm afraid the only amusement we can offer you is the screen over your couches, which will be showing you some scenes from outside. You'll miss the most dramatic part anyway, first of all because you'll probably black out — I sort of hope so, because that's about the most comfortable thing that can happen — and secondly because even if you do manage to stay awake, your eyes will distort under the force of the acceleration.

"I'm afraid during the high acceleration you will be just about as alone as you'll ever have to be — even though the rest of us are only a body-length away, no one will be able to reach you.

"I know you'll all be brave about it, and if it's any consolation, the pass at Zoiroy will be much more gentle than this one. And remember that everyone back on Nisu is holding their breath right now; if billions of prayers to the Creator and to Mother Sea can do us any good, we have them. Now I have to get to work on securing the adult crew and myself: I'm sorry I can't be with you right up to when the acceleration starts. If I have any advice at all, it's to try to sleep through the whole thing. Think about squeezing that anesthesia button. See you for our next meal."

Then he passed out of sight from my acceleration couch. The internal support foam felt like the worst case of constipation I'd ever had in my life and I couldn't imagine how Poipar-

esis was enduring having to walk and move, filled with it, while he got the adults secured.

He had told us many times that we ought to just sleep through it. Even now I had only to extend one finger toward the anesthesia button by my left side, and I would be knocked unconscious within a minute or so. At peak acceleration, the brief period when we would be pulling more than twenty times the force of gravity, I would not be able to move that finger, so if I found I really couldn't stand it, it would be too late then.

But none of us had had any patience for the idea of going through the most dangerous part of the voyage — and the part that only two people, the test crew of Steraz and Baibarenes, had been through before — asleep in bed. Or at least that's what we all said. It suddenly occurred to me that Poiparesis had rigged things so that if one of us decided to be unconscious, none of the others need ever know.

The air pressure was steadily rising in the room, and the balance organ in my forehead was hurting, so I snorted hard to clear it. I could feel all of my hearts pounding, and there was an unpleasant gurgle from my blood mixer; I shook myself and the sloshy gurgle subsided. I could hear the others snorting and sloshing, and the sound was so funny I began to giggle, snort, and slosh as loudly as I could. Pretty soon we were all giving a whole concert with our internal organs, and then Poiparesis said, "All right, everyone, we all know what noises you can make, now stop that!"

We subsided into occasional giggles, and now and then Mejox would softly snort, which would send us all off into laughter again. I don't know if Poiparesis was too busy to do anything about it, or had decided to let us get our high spirits out of our systems.

At last we heard the Captain's voice, from her couch. "All right, everyone, let me just remind you all that I expect everyone to bear up well, but courage has nothing to do with this — it's out of our control — and all we have to do is survive. I know you'll bear it with patience. I have complete confidence in you, as does everyone back home on Nisu. And now I'll put in my mouthpiece

before Poiparesis comes around and makes me do it. Good luck!"

Long ages crept by and I watched my screen. I itched in a couple of places, and quickly scratched those, always watching the clock on the screen to make sure that it wasn't too close to sail deployment. Poiparesis had told us that if we got a hand trapped under ourselves, very likely we would break every bone in that hand and in our wrists, and give ourselves deep bruises in whatever flesh lay across the hand.

Time crawled by slowly. The screen showed the sun bloated and swollen, almost as large as Sosahy seen from Nisu's surface; the filters over the cameras meant we were seeing less than one ten-millionth of the actual brightness outside, and yet the screen was becoming uncomfortably bright to look at.

If we had tried to use a rocket, to have made the trip to Setepos and returned within our lifetime would have taken a vastly larger ship that would have had to be almost all antimatter. As it was we had burned virtually all the antimatter of Nisu, nine years of production, in our booster at takeoff, and the speed it had gotten us up to would have taken tens of thousands of years to get us to Setepos. We needed more power than all of Nisu produced in a year, and we needed it early in the trip so that we could travel as much of it as possible at high speed.

The solution was a light sail — a huge, flat parachute made of a super-thin weave of beryllium and boron, only about three hundred atoms thick.

Light exerts pressure. Ordinarily the pressure is so slight we don't feel it, but if it's exerted by a really bright light on a really large surface, it adds up.

The sail for the *Wahkopem Zomos* was wider across than the Ring Island, and all the billions of people on Nisu lying down on it wouldn't have covered a twentieth of its surface area. But I had held scraps of the sail material in my hand, and they were so light that they couldn't be felt. In essence the sail was one big beryllium-boron molecule, the individual atoms woven in an intricate matrix that was stronger than any other material (except for the spun-diamond shroudlines that held it to our ship) and yet so thin that if you put a

sheet of it next to the ceiling in an ordinary room and let it drop, its air resistance was so much greater than its weight that it might spend an eightday spiralling down to the floor.

We would use this wisp of a sail first to catch the fury of the sun, kicking us up to fourteen times our current speed, and then to pick up another kick in our close pass by Zoirony, so that as we left the system we would be moving at over twenty times our present speed. We would move onto the beam of the giant laser that had been built in solar orbit, and that would speed us up until at peak we were moving at four-tenths the speed of light, just about eighteen years from now. All of the energy required to reach such a tremendous speed — ninety times what the whole world of Nisu used in a year — would be caught and handled by that thin film of woven atoms.

The clock crawled downward. Air pressure in the compartment was now eight times the normal pressure on Nisu's surface — pressure we would need so that our lungs could fill with air under the high accelerations pressing down on our chests. The outside temperature on the ship was just below the point where we would have begun to glow cherry red, and the antenna of our re-radiation system, which carried heat from the ship surface into a high-temperature collection system and then got rid of the energy as short-wavelength electromagnetic radiation, was glowing a strange deep violet color whenever the camera looked at it; most of the energy was now radiating away as ultraviolet light.

Still the compartment was growing warmer and warmer, even though we were in one of the coolest parts of the ship.

I was afraid to scratch, and one of my legs was itching fiercely. I watched the last thin wedge of remaining time, a mere thousandth of a day, vanish from the dial.

The view shifted to the forward camera. A streak shot out in front of the ship — the rocket to deploy our sail. Then a long silvery strand, pointing straight ahead, became visible — this was the sail itself, not yet unfolded, looking like an ultrafine wire reaching into infinity. A fiftieth of a day crept by as it spun out from the spool on which it was wound. The distant glare of the rocket motor

dwindled to nothing, and still the sail kept streaking out in front of us.

Finally a large white lump — the nuclear-fusion charge at the base of the furled sail — shot out into space, taking only a ten-thousandth of a day to zip out to infinity and reminding us just how fast the rocket still pulling the sail was going. After the charge, the shroud lines — hundreds of strings of spun diamond — followed the same line out into space. These were transparent, so that rather than shining in the sun like the sail they glimmered and flickered. The shroud lines were so fine, yet so strong, that they would cut right through steel with a touch — the winches on which they were wound had to be jacketed with woven spun-diamond. All of this took a long time. I could probably have scratched, I told myself, if I had realized how long the sail would take to deploy, but it was certainly too late now.

I thought I couldn't endure watching the glistening stream pour into black space for one instant longer. It went on, flickering white-hot once it cleared the ship's shadow and moved into the three-million-times normal sunlight, far out in front of the ship so that we seemed to be on a thin line to infinity. Time crawled by. A brilliant white silent flash, like a sudden star, announced that the little nuclear-fusion charge had been set off to deploy the sail.

The bright star in the viewscreen widened into circle, swelling quickly. The nuclear-fusion charge had been reflected from the inside mirror surface of the sail, and the pressure of its light shoved the sail open at enormous speed. As I stared up at the viewscreen, the sail spread across it, over and over, a dozen times in the space of a single breath as the view kept scaling up to get the whole sail onto the screen. Each time it scaled up it darkened, as the filters compensated for the more and more intense light being reflected back toward us.

The couch swung on its pivot and settled with my back pointing toward the rear of the ship, as "down" changed all but instantly from outward to rearward. The screen scaled up twice more and became stable. I felt a low vibration through my back as the blast of sunlight caught the open sail and flung it wide open, the shroud lines yanking the ship closer

to it.

I thought of squeezing the button for anesthesia, but I wanted to know what this would be like —

Acceleration rammed me deep into the couch and kept increasing. Too late. I could no longer lift my hand. The force pulled my face backwards, my lips sliding over my mouthguard. I breathed slowly and deeply as we had been told.

I felt as if I were pressed between blocks of stone. I fought for breath; even with the added pressure it took great effort to force my chest to expand. My eyes began to ache, I had trouble blinking to relieve their dryness, and it was getting dark around the edges of my vision. The mouthpiece felt like a giant piece of lead jammed into my jaws. I thought about how hard it was to breathe, and then couldn't focus enough attention even for that.

The world became dark gray, and then sank to black.

At first all I knew was that I was beginning to dream again. I dreamed I lay on my back, and Mejox was piling rocks on top of my chest. I couldn't breathe and I couldn't cry out to him to stop. I looked up at his face and saw that he himself seemed to be in agony, that he didn't want to do this to me, that it was all a mistake —

First dim gray. Then shapes. I began to be able to think, a little, and though my eyes ached and I was troubled by abrupt flashes of light (they said those would happen from the stresses on the vision center in the brain), I was able to see the screen and its clock a little. I had been unconscious for more than a twentieth of a day. I was still almost nine times as heavy as normal, and it wouldn't be safe to move, but I seemed to be all right, though I felt as if I had been beaten all over with a heavy stick and then rolled under a huge wheel. But I could breathe, and think.

The velocity gauge showed that we had multiplied our speed by a factor of ten, and it was still rising. I lay back and thought, *the worst is over*. Now all it would take would be patience.

It took a lot of patience. For the next tenth of a day, there was nothing to see but the pictures of the sail and the sun behind us. The sun, mer-

cifully, was shrinking, and the sail was growing less bright, but though that was good, it was hardly enough to keep a person amused for the long time I lay there, still weighing too much to safely move, listening to the soft hiss as cabin pressure was gradually brought down to normal levels.

When acceleration was down to four times normal gravity, Poiparesis's voice said. "Do not try to sit up. but you can now remove your mouthpieces if you like."

My arm, four times its normal weight, at first seemed impossible to lift, but with an effort I raised it.

"Don't forget," Poiparesis added, "the relation between weight and inertia is different. Things are hard to lift but they still have the same momentum you're used to."

As I reached into my mouth, my hand seemed to jump forward and slap me in the face. I fumbled for the mouthpiece and pulled it out. It stank of stale saliva, and I tried to lightly toss it down to the end of the couch. Instead it bounced awkwardly off my leg.

I let my arm sink beside me and breathed the comfortable cabin air; outside temperature had dropped almost back to normal, internal cooling had taken hold, and from the other numbers crawling across the screen it appeared that the ship had come through unharmed.

"All right," Poiparesis said, "now that we've all breathed — how is everyone?"

"Fine here," the Captain said.

"Fine," Poiparesis said, and Soikenn said. "Sore, but nothing serious."

"I'm all right," I said.

"Me too," Priekahm added, and then Otuz asked "Does being really bored count as damage?"

Poiparesis laughed. "If it does, we're all dead. Mejox, are you all right?"

The answer was just slow enough in coming so that I dreaded it before I heard it. "Uh, uh..."

"Are you all right?" Poiparesis repeated.

Mejox's voice was strained and unhappy. "I got, uh, caught trying to scratch, just when the charge went off. I thought I could do it and my leg itched so much —"

"Mother Sea's blood," Poiparesis said, softly. I had never heard him

swear before. "Is there any bleeding?"

"Not that I can tell. Can I try to rub my head and look?"

"Very slowly," Poiparesis said. "Come up slowly, take one look, *gently* bring your head back to the couch, and then tell us what you saw."

There was a long moment while we all worried, and then Mejox said, "I am not bleeding, but there's a great big lump on the side of my thigh, and it hurts too much to try to move my hand out from under myself. I'm sorry, Poiparesis, I didn't mean to break the rules but I thought —"

Poiparesis sighed. "I'm not worried about the rules, I'm worried about your condition. I bet it must hurt a lot."

"Yeah," Mejox said. There was a trace of a sniffle in his voice.

"I'm going over to him," Kekox said.

"No, you're not." Captain Osepok's voice was absolutely firm. "You could easily break your spine doing that."

"But —"

"No buts," Soikenn said. "Mejox is a big kid and he's hurt but he's not dying. Mejox, it's going to be at least a twentieth of a day before we can get to you, and a lot longer than that before we can do much for you. That's a long time to lie there in pain. I think you'd better just give yourself a shot of anesthesia. Can you reach the button?"

"Yeah. It's the other hand that got hurt." There was a long pause, and when he spoke again it was slurred. "I didn't mean to break the rules!"

"That doesn't matter now. Poiparesis said, gently. "Is the anesthesia helping?"

"Some. I still hurt."

"If you want to give yourself a double shot, the control system won't let you overdose. Go ahead and do that. It really would be common sense."

Mejox sighed. "I know, but I'm scared, and I hate to quit talking to all of you and be all alone again. It was really scary before I could take out the mouthpiece."

"It must have been," Poiparesis said sympathetically. "Really, just give it two good squeezes and I'll keep talking to you till you fall asleep. Then when you wake up your

hand will be splinted, that internal hemorrhage in your leg will be drained, and you'll have all that uncomfortable internal support foam out of you. Just give it two more squeezes, and keep talking to us, and it'll be just like falling asleep after you're tucked in."

"That is, if we tucked you in by piling rocks on your chest," Otuz added.

Mejox made a little noise that might have been a laugh. "All right, I guess that's common sense. Squeezing the button now...it really does hurt."

"Of course it does," Poiparesis said. "Having your hand crushed hurts. So does internal bleeding. You're dealing with it really well."

"Yeah," Mejox said. "Kekox, what do they do about these in the Imperial Guard?"

"We saw off the leg and use it to beat the patient to death," Kekox said.

It was so unexpected that we all laughed, even Mejox. The old Imperial Guard added, "Mejox, you don't have to prove how brave you are to all of us. Save being brave for when you have to use it. For right now just make yourself comfortable and we'll have you mostly fixed when you wake up."

"Is it going to be safe for me to make the pass by Zoiroy?" Mejox asked.

"The cast will be stronger than the bone, so it should be," Poiparesis said.

"Besides, it's not like you can get out and walk," Otuz added.

"Guess not." We heard a long sigh from him. "I'm getting really sleepy now. I really was scared, you know, when I first came out of blackout and started to feel the pain. And I'm still really sorry about breaking a rule."

"Anybody would be scared," Poiparesis assured him. "And you can stop worrying about the rules. Now go to sleep."

He didn't answer. We lay on our couches for another third of a day; Kekox told a couple of stories, and Poiparesis sang for us, and we made up games in our heads, but it was still a long dull time, and we were all worried about Mejox.

Finally, when the acceleration was down to little more than double normal gravity, and the sun in the screens was still huge but no longer

the all-devouring ball of fire it had been, Soikenn and Kekox very carefully climbed from their couches and moved over to look at Mejox. "Crushed hand and a hematoma, just as we thought," Soikenn said.

"Will he be all right?" Kekox asked.

"He's going to be fine. And he's a brave kid. That must have hurt a lot more than he was letting us know."

"He did directly do what we told him not to do."

"Yeah, that's Mejox. But I bet he's acquired a new respect for rules and advice."

When the acceleration had come down still further, they moved him onto a cart and took him down to the Outer Deck. With only eight people, none of whom were expected to be sick very often, we didn't have a sick bay or infirmary, but three of the rooms could be converted to emergency surgical spaces. The gravity was still too high for them to do any surgery on Mejox, but they could get the room set up.

Meanwhile the rest of us were left with just our thoughts for company.

"You all can sit up," Poiparesis said, "but we don't need any more injuries, so I suggest you *just* sit. Your portable terminals are by your couches, so you can read, do homework, or play games, but I really don't think anyone should get up and walk who doesn't have to. I'm going down to the Outer Deck also, to see if I can help. I'm afraid we may have to wait till we're back to much lower accelerations before we can do anything much for Mejox. One more failure of planning — we never thought we might need to do surgery while accelerating. It's a good thing his hemorrhage wasn't worse. Anyway, *don't* add to our troubles by moving around and getting hurt."

"I'll keep an eye on them," Captain Osepok said. "There's not really any use for me in the cockpit till it's time for course correction and furling the sail."

"Thanks," Poiparesis said. He climbed slowly and carefully to the door — the direction of down was still almost ninety degrees from what we were used to — and went out.

"Is Mejox really going to be all right?" Priekahm asked.

"Well, Soikenn is about as good a doctor as you can be without doing it full time," the Captain said, "and

Kekox has seen a lot of injuries. And they both seemed worried but they didn't act like it was anything that they couldn't handle. It should be all right. Would you all like to get that foam out of yourselves? You won't need it any more, not till we make our close pass at Zoiroy."

She wasn't as gentle as Soikenn, maybe because of the high gravity, so the needles and tubes hurt more going in, but she was efficient, and it felt good to have all that filler removed. As soon as it was out, we all noticed that we were exhausted, and ended up stretching back out on the couches to sleep. Priekahm and I slept right through Mejox's operation, a fifth of a day later, and only heard about it over the first meal after we were allowed to move around again. But Otuz said that even though she was awake, they wouldn't let her watch. "They said it might upset me and I said how can anyone get upset watching people stick knives into Mejox."

"That isn't funny," I said. "He was really hurt." We were sitting in the Common Dining Area, still working on that huge meal. Not having eaten for a full day gives you an appetite.

"That's what Soikenn said. Nobody has a sense of humor anymore. But I just gave him a lot of my blood to replace what he lost, so I figure if he's going to get the blood, the jokes come with it."

"I just hope he's all right," Priekahm said.

"I do too," Otuz said. "But all the adults say that —"

Poiparesis leaned in the doorway and said, "You all have a friend who'd like to see you." It took only a couple of breaths before we were gathered around Mejox in the improvised surgery.

"Hi," Mejox said. "Hope I didn't scare anybody too badly. I feel really stupid, but I'm glad to be here. And thanks for your blood, Otuz."

She was so startled at his being polite that she barely gasped out a "You're welcome."

Five days later we were all piled together at the entry to the cockpit to watch Captain Osepok furl the sail. By now we were almost four times as far from the Sun as Sosahy and Nisu were, plunging on toward Zoiroy. The acceleration from the sail fell off with the square of our distance, so it

was now only one one-thousandth of a normal gravity; we would need to have the sail furl again when we passed by the smaller star, so that we could unfurl it as we were moving away and thus receive another big kick along our trajectory.

It turned out to be just about the dullest thing we had ever watched; the robot winches slowly wound in the cable, and since the sail they were winding up was the area of a large island back in Shulath, or of a province in Palath, that took a very long time. Nor could we escape from watching the process. Captain Osepok pointed out that we would next get to see this several years from now — then many years after that — and then finally we would have to do it ourselves.

"If you're only going to get to see it three times," she said, "and the whole success of the mission depends on you doing it right as long as seventy years from now, I think just maybe you had better not miss chances to watch."

So we watched cable strain on readouts, and looked at what radar was showing us about how the sail folded in front of us, and spent a long, boring day before finally the ship was ballistic again, and we were headed for our close approach to Zoiroy. It wasn't till shortly before bedtime that Otuz muttered to me, "Did you notice Mejox?"

"What about him?"

"When have you ever seen him sit still for so much boredom?"

"He has to sit still — his hand's in a cast and his leg's sore."

"You know what I mean. He didn't make any trouble."

"I'd think you'd be glad."

"Oh, I am. And when I spied on the adults earlier this evening, they were all really happy about it too. But it sure isn't much like him. I suppose getting hurt and not being able to do anything about it must have made an impression on him."

Something about the incident did seem to change Mejox for the better. Certainly he became quieter and politer. I spent a lot of time coaching him on math, and within a day or two I felt that we were as good a pair of friends as ever.

Twelve days later we were in final approach to Zoiroy. I don't know what the others did, but I squeezed

the button for anesthesia. It was only going to be eight gravities, and Zoiroy was a much smaller star than the sun, but I had seen everything of close approaches that I wanted to see.

By the time I was out of anesthesia, Captain Osepok had jettisoned the extra part of the sail that we would not need, maneuvered us onto the laser beam that we would ride for the next few years, and headed us out into the dark reaches of interstellar space. We had raced across our solar system, from the sun to Zoiroy, in just sixty days — a distance that the first expedition to Kahrekeif, the one Kekox had been on, had taken two years, just under a thousand days.

With the laser pushing us, we would reach the great cloud of cometoids which marked the outer boundary of our solar system in just about a year — and beyond them, then, we would voyage for more than twenty more years.

I made a game of it to myself: going around the equator of Nisu was a long way — we had spent days doing it on the final tour. And Nisu's orbit around Sosahy was forty times that far. And the distance from Nisu to the sun was one hundred times as far as *that*. And the distance from the sun to Zoiroy was about thirteen times as far as *that*, at the time we went. So we had already gone 52,000 times as far as it was around Nisu, and we had done it in only sixty days, and with the push from the laser beam we would eventually be moving at seven times our present speed...

And it would still take twenty-three and one quarter years, nine eighdays, and three and two fifths days, in all, from the moment of our launch until we entered orbit around Setepos, to get there.

When I thought about how fast we were moving and yet how immense the distances were, I would end up staring out a viewport at the endless blackness between the stars, until one of the other children would sneak up on me and startle me. After a while I lost the habit of looking out viewports at all, or even of thinking of us as moving. The world was our little metal torus, in the middle of a void dark and empty beyond imagining.

# MATRIX DREAMS

by James C. Glass

Gordon Raskin settled himself in a reclining chair before the Kunitso 5000 and jacked in. A long hallway appeared before him, white-tiled floor and walls glowing in comforting light green. Ahead of him was a door marked WAITING ROOM. He reached out a hand more slender than his own and opened the door to find the construct waiting for him on a white angora couch. "Hello, John," he said.

"Is it time, Doctor Raskin?" asked John.

"Yes, it is. Are you ready?"

"Oh yes. I've been looking forward to working with you again."

"Then let us begin," said Gordon.

The woman slouching in a wheelchair in his waiting room was still pretty, despite her recent ordeal. Shoulders hunched, she stared down at bandaged wrists crossed tensely in her lap. Beneath the bandages six carefully stitched slashes were beginning to heal, remnants of a serious attempt to end a life of only thirty-two years.

"Good morning, Meg," said Gordon brightly. "Ready to do some real work today?"

Megan Oslar did not look up. "I couldn't sleep last night. I don't think I'm up to this today."

"Well, it's your choice, but I think we need to move ahead as quickly as possible. Where's David?"

She looked up at him with light blue eyes in a delicately-boned face. "He had to go to work. I don't know why he bothers with me anymore."

"I think it's because he's fond of

you, Meg. It shows in his eyes when he's with you."

"Well then he's crazy, too." She looked down again. "I seem to attract crazy men."

"Like John," said Gordon.

"Yes — like John." She looked up again, with tears in her eyes. "I will try again, you know. You can't keep me here forever. and sooner or later I'll —"

"— join a seriously ill, suicidal husband in his grave. Is that what you really want, Meg?" asked Gordon.

"Why not? I killed him."

"He killed himself. You didn't pull the trigger, and neither did I. I worked with John for three years, but his illness was too advanced. I did what I could, but it wasn't enough and I own no guilt for that. Neither do you. Will you let me help you?"

Tears were streaming down her face. "If it will get me out of here, then go ahead. I don't care anymore."

Gordon wheeled her down a short hallway to the Virtual Therapy lab and closed the door behind them. An air-conditioner hummed in the cramped, dimly-lit space, a salty odor coming from the stacks of biochip modules forming the parallel processing network of the Kunitso 5000. Walls and ceilings were acoustically insulated with white polyfoam and there was a chill in the room. Gordon turned off the air-conditioner as Megan got out of the wheelchair and settled herself into one of two recliner chairs before the keyboard of the Kunitso. Each chair was equipped with input gloves.

boots, bust box and body blanket. Megan pulled the bust box down to her shoulders, inserted hands and feet as Gordon smoothed the body blanket over her, pressing gently to meet the contours of her chest and legs. "Okay?" he asked. "No discomfort?"

"No," said Megan, voice muffled by the bust box.

"Relax, then, while I get myself ready."

He sat down on the adjoining chair so she could hear the fabric crunch under his weight and imagine him settling himself as she had done. She would not see him lift the flap of white hair and plas-flesh at the base of his skull to patch in directly to the matrix, a sight he had learned early in his long career was horribly disturbing to patients. "Ready, now," he said. "Let's take a little tour of the matrix."

Gordon's fingers played the keyboard. He sat on the edge of the chair and closed his eyes. "Here we go — together, this time."

They were standing on a sidewalk before a wooden house painted white with terra-cotta trim. Flower beds fronted the house and the lawn was neatly clipped.

"That's my house," said Megan, turning to look at him. "Doctor Raskin? You — you look different."

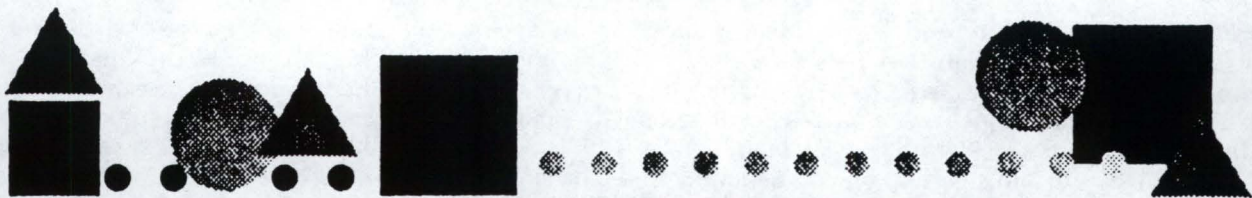
Gordon laughed. "About fifteen years different. I've taken some liberties with the program, a little therapy for myself, you might say. Shall we look around inside?"

Megan nodded, they went up the walkway to the porch and climbed three steps.

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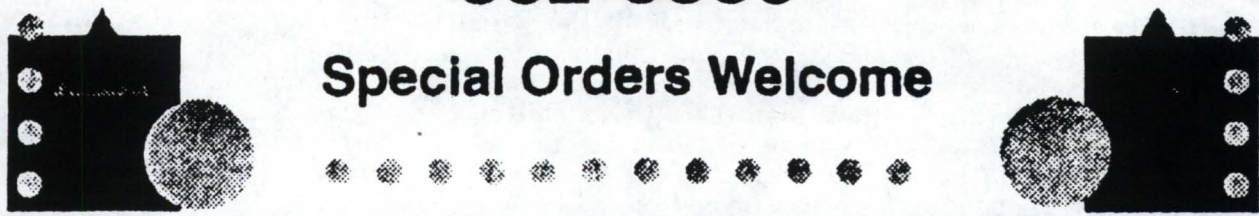
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"Muffin!" cried Megan.

A dark grey cat, tail raised, pranced up to Megan and mewed for attention.

"I think she wants to be held," said Gordon.

Haltingly, Megan reached down, then swept the cat into her arms, holding it close. "Hello. Muffin," she said, and the cat purred. "I can even feel her warmth."

Gordon smiled. "Shall we go inside?" He opened the door for her and followed her into a room with thick, white carpet and furniture upholstered in vine tendrils and colorful flowers. There was a fireplace, paintings, and shelves of knick-knacks lining the walls. Megan looked around in wonderment. "It's all here," she said. "Even my frogs." Still holding Muffin, she reached out and touched a tiny glass figurine on a crowded shelf.

They strolled through the house: a dining room with crystal chandelier, a dimly-lit study smelling of leather, the bedroom with brass bed and oak furnishings, a digital kitchen in white. When they reached the back of the house Muffin suddenly squirmed and Megan put her down, the cat trotting down a hall and around a corner ahead of them. They passed a mirror and Megan was startled.

"That's me?"

"Yes," said Gordon, his image appearing beside hers. "No tricks, Megan. That's what you look like to me, David, everyone who knows you. You're a very attractive woman, you know. I don't look bad myself, come to think of it. Hi there, handsome." Gordon licked a finger, ran it over a dark eyebrow and Megan smiled. "Lovely," he said. "Lovely and young, with everything in the world to live for."

Gordon took her by the elbow and they started down the hall again. Suddenly, Megan froze in place.

"Can we leave. now? We've seen everything and I'm getting tired."

"Well — there's the sunroom yet."

"I've closed it off. There's nothing to see there, and —"

"I've opened it again, Megan. What are you afraid of?"

"It's where John spent all his time. It's where he..." Her voice cracked.

"That's in the past, Megan. Nothing can hurt you in there. Nothing."

He grasped her arm warmly, urged her ahead and around a corner. The back door to the house was directly ahead and halfway along the hall, to the left, a glass double-door, one ajar. Muffin sat in front of the doors, mewing at them. She squeezed through the narrow opening and out of their view.

As they approached the doors Megan grabbed his arm and held on tightly.

"Please — please, I'd like to go back. I don't want to go in there."

"Trust me, Meg. I'm with you all the way and you're never alone. Never. These are electric dreams, Meg, matrix dreams and dreams can be good. Dreams help us sort things out, get new perspectives, solve problems. We're here to solve a problem, so let's do it. No more pleasant games, but real work."

Gordon reached for the double doors, Meg leaning away from him, eyes wide. He pushed the doors open and guided her inside a bright room lit by sunlight streaming through two large windows facing east and south. Beyond the east window were vine-covered fir trees and undergrowth spotted with red and yellow flowers. A bird darted past the window, hurrying south. Packed bookshelves lined the third wall and before these was an oak desk. A handsome man in his thirties sat behind the desk, holding Muffin to his chest with one hand, the cat purring loudly, eyes closed.

"Hello. Meg." said the man. "I've been looking forward to seeing you again."

Megan screamed — and bounced off walls in her flight down the hallway.

"Oh, dear," said the man

Gordon looked up at the ceiling. "Pause!" he said.

Gordon jacked out.

Meg had freed one hand and was tearing at the bust box, her shrieks of terror continuous. The lab door flew open and Nora, his nurse, stepped inside.

"One cee-cee of Phanistine-two-fifty STAT," he ordered, and Nora fled from the room. He grabbed Meg's hand and held tightly, sliding the bust-box up so she could see him.

"There we are, real-time, no dreams. I'm here, Meg. I'm here. Take it easy. It's all right, nothing can hurt you."

She was crying softly, pitifully, when Nora came back with a syringe and gave her an injection. Gordon all the time talking in soothing tones, holding her firmly. In a moment the hysteria was gone, her breath coming in little hiccups.

"How could you do that to me?" she said. "You said you wanted to help. You said —"

"I said we needed to get to work and that's what we were doing. All right, I didn't warn you we'd be meeting John in the matrix, but if I had warned you, you wouldn't have made the trip! The things you have to work out have to be worked out with John, Meg. I can't do it for you, and either can the sim you just ran away from. You have to take an active part and as soon as you're rested a little we're going back in there. Okay? You with me on this?"

"He was so real," said Megan. "It — it frightened me."

"I understand. He *is* John, really, the product of three years of interviewing, a sum of all the rational moments when I could really get him to talk. All the feelings, memories good and bad are there. Beneath the illness he was a good man. Meg, I want you to talk to him, tell him what you feel, what has happened to you. He's a construct of a man you once loved, a man who loved you back and then put you through hell. Talk to him about it, Meg. Talk to the rational, loving John you didn't have the last three years of your married life. Do it for yourself!"

Her breathing had slowed. She sniffed and looked at him solemnly. "In a few minutes, if you'll wait with me. I'm just now relaxing a little."

"Okay, I'm sitting right here until you're ready." Gordon squeezed her hand, and she sighed.

Ten minutes later they re-entered the matrix.

They were in front of her house again and went inside without a word. Muffin trotted ahead of them, down the hall and around the corner to the sunroom where someone was whistling a tune by Bach. Gordon opened the glass doors and ushered Megan inside to face the sim now perched on the edge of the desk, smiling. "Hello again," he said. "Hope you can stay a little longer this time." He laughed a rich sound, eyes twinkling.

Megan swallowed hard. "Hello —"

John," she said.

"Ah, that's my girl," said John. "A bit strange, all of this, but I'm as real as you want me to be, and you — well, you look real to me — just the way I remember — when I was remembering things, that is." His laugh seemed nervous this time, movement jerky as he shrugged his shoulders. "Well, would you like to talk to me now, or some other time? Gordon can stay if he likes, but I'd prefer to at least feel as if we're alone. By the way, doctor, your new persona is quite flattering."

"Thank you," said Gordon. "Meg, if it's okay with you I'll sit out on the porch and just listen. I can see and hear everything from there and you need to go one-on-one with John." Her hand was trembling when he squeezed it.

Gordon backed out of the room, around a corner a step to the door construct which led to nothing but white light. He outlined a box shape by the door, fingered a sequence of four numbers with one hand and a ledge appeared, on which he sat to listen.

There was a pause, then John said, "This is a bit frightening, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Megan, "it is. What are we supposed to do now?"

"Talk," said John. "Get to know each other again, remember some good things, then find out what really happened to me that night."

"You know about me, what — what I tried to do?"

"Yes. That's the problem we're here to solve, but not too quickly. Tell me, Meg, do you remember the good times we had before — well, before the illness first showed itself?"

Another pause, then Megan said, "Yes. I remember some things, but they seem a long time ago."

"Tell me about the good memories, Meg, and I'll tell you mine. Good things before the bad."

Gordon leaned forward as they began to talk, slowly at first, then early memories of courtship and marriage coming forth in a rush. Soft talk, and he could feel the smiles, hear Meg laugh at a joke they shared. For nearly an hour they went on like that, Gordon feeling a little guilty, an eavesdropper peering into private lives. The program seemed to be proceeding without flaw until suddenly the sim's voice

seemed to fade and he heard Megan gasp.

"Oh, no," she said. "No!"

Gordon jumped to the room. Meg had backed up to the door, hands covering her face, staring at the construct now slouched in the chair, chin down on its chest.

"No, no, no..." cried Meg, and the sun-lit garden beyond the window flickered wildly, replaced by blackness rolling in like fog, swirling, something huge and winged swirling with it, striking the window, then gone. Gordon reached for Megan, but her image dissolved before his eyes, her terrified face the last part of her to disappear.

Gordon sighed. "I think you're doing creative things with the program again, John," he said.

The construct's chin didn't move from his chest. "Trust me," said John.

Megan sat on the edge of the recliner, feet dangling above the floor, fingers twisting together in her lap. She had spent the previous night sedated and restrained in bed, nurses scurrying twice to answer her screams in a restless sleep. Gordon took her hand.

"You're a courageous woman, Meg. If you want to wait some more, I understand."

"No," she said, and the fire in her eyes encouraged him. "It was real, the way it really was, one minute lively and charming, the next totally withdrawn. I just wasn't expecting it — in there."

"It surprised me, too," said Gordon, "but it isn't the first time. The sim is taking a direction I haven't programmed, Meg. It's functioning like any good AI system should, synthesizing, adjusting to new input. I don't know what to expect when we go in there again. Do you remember saying something special before John changed character?"

"Yes," said Megan instantly. "I had just said I wished we'd had children. It was as if I'd struck him dumb. He folded up, went into his shell — just like he used to. He never could talk about having children, even when we were first married, before — before things started getting bad. I don't think he wanted to be a father."

Gordon patted her hand and smiled. Despite a horrible night of

tortured sleep she was alert, a little angry, no longer withdrawn. Finally there was a will to fight, perhaps even a will to live.

"Ask him about that, Megan. Have the courage to wait out his response, no matter what. He's trying to tell us something in a way I've had no part in determining. Let it happen. I'll be right there with you."

Megan sighed, her lips pressed together in a thin line. "Let's do it, then," she said grimly.

Gordon prepared her for entry to the matrix, and jacked himself in —

— to find them standing exactly where they had left the sunroom, light dim, swirling inky mist beyond the east window. John was where they had left him, slouched in the chair behind the desk, chin on chest. He raised his head slowly and Gordon felt Megan huddle close, grasping his arm with two hands and holding on. John's eyes were dark hollows in a sallow face, his voice a monotone, without emotion.

"There was a question to be answered," said John. "A question about children, I believe."

"I only said I wished we'd had children," said Megan softly. "I didn't intend for you to —"

"The window looks into my soul. Search for the things hiding there and you'll understand. You'll understand my illness, my death, all of it."

Gordon stared at the window and saw nothing but swirling mist. But something else had been there before, hitting the glass, trying to get through to them.

"There's nothing there but fog, John," he said.

"Listen — and watch," said the sim. "Both of you."

Nothing was there.

"Meg?" said John.

"Yes?"

"That night you first said you loved me, I was frightened — terrified, really. I was frightened about what could happen to you — I wanted to run away, but — but Meg, I wanted you so badly — I loved you so *much*. You brought the first real joy into my life."

Beyond the window the fog evaporated, sunlit trees and flowers appearing again, birds flitting to and fro. The constructs of a man and woman, without faces, appeared beneath the trees, pressed together in



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an embrace.

"I was selfish," said John. "I thought that having you, loving you would change me — wipe out the past. I was wrong, Meg, horribly wrong. My parents were too strong, the thing inside me too — too horrible to pass on. I couldn't tell you about it because I was afraid of losing you. You were so young and full of love and you wanted a child I couldn't give you and couldn't — no, *wouldn't* explain why. It was cruel."

"Your parents were dead, John. How could they influence you? Why couldn't you talk to your wife?" said Megan angrily. "I went through hell with you! I have a right to *know!*"

The trees, flowers, the embracing couple outside the window were dissolving into shimmering pixels like crystals of snow, a grey fog swirling in to replace them. The light in the room dimmed. John looked down at his hands, twisting nervously in his lap.

"Doctor Raskin," he said softly, "you once said you'd like to get into my head, and I told you no, you wouldn't like it in there. Do you remember that?"

"Yes," said Gordon, "and you wouldn't talk about your parents. I had to get that from medical records." *I think I know where you're going with this.*

John looked up, a cadaverous grin on his face. "Ah, there you are. I'm the simulacrum of John as you understood him, as you entered him in the matrix, but there's more to it than that, so much more to be found from the subtleties and innuendos of the conversations. You are limited, Doctor Raskin; the matrix is not. I've put it all together for you and it's out there now, beyond the window, waiting to show itself. Do you dare to look

at it, either of you? Do you dare to get into my head?"

"I need to know why you killed yourself," said Megan softly. "I need to know if I had anything to do with it."

John gave her a questioning look. "Let us begin," he said, and Gordon frowned.

The fog outside was now a black, suffocating mass sliding across the window, eddies appearing in bizarre shapes and hurrying on. Within the inky cloud something glowing green took form, moved towards them, swaying, then jerking in sudden, random spasms. Gordon felt Megan lean close, grasping his hand in an iron grip. The figure approaching the window was a man, eyes bulging from a bloated face, tongue lolling, and around his neck was a noose of fine wire, the end stretching out of sight above the window. The wire had cut deep into an artery and blood was spewing forth, splattering the window as the man fought, hands clawing at metal buried in flesh. His strangled cry echoed dully in the room.

"Help me! Get me down!"

A violent convulsion, blood erupting from his mouth and streaming down the window.

Megan groaned, her image beginning to break up.

"No!" shouted Gordon. "Matrix dreams, Megan. Stay with it this time! John's father was a paranoid schizophrenic who committed suicide when his son was only four years old. You found him like that, didn't you John? You found him near death and you couldn't help him, couldn't lift his weight or move that oil drum he'd jumped from in the basement!"

John smiled.

The man who had been John's father spasmed and bled at the end of his metal tether and behind him a new image was forming: a child, a boy, arms stretched above his head, held there by cords reaching out of sight, the child struggling, kicking his feet and screaming, "Mommy, mommy! Noooo, mommy!" A bat-winged creature hurled itself at him,

striking again and again, leaving bloody tears on his face and body, flying close to the window one time and giving them a horrible grin.

It had the head of a woman.

Gordon squeezed Megan's hand tightly as she groaned again.

"Also in the record! You were five, your mother had no history of mental illness, but one morning she tied you to a light fixture in the kitchen and turned on the gas for the stove before she —"

One final apparition was forming in the swirling cloud outside while the dying man danced and the child struggled, cries mingling together. The apparition was an obese woman staggering towards them, a huge knife in one hand. Her head hung to one side at a peculiar angle, nearly severed from her neck by a single stroke of the razor-sharp blade. She held the blade out before her, grinning crazily, saying, "Come with meeee... Come with mommiii..."

The woman slammed against the window, attacking the glass, clawing and striking, the blade shrieking against the barrier before her intended victims. Gordon's ears were bursting from Megan's shrill screams as she clung solidly to him with claws that bit hard. The apparition slid down the window and out of sight, leaving behind a trail of red gore.

"The neighbors heard his screams," shouted Gordon. "They broke in and found his mother lying below his feet in a pool of blood. She had taken her own life and would have taken his as well if —"

"John! What's *that* for?!"

The construct was smiling at them, a snub-nose revolver cocked and pressed against his own right temple.

"No!" screamed Megan, sprinting forward.

The gun's hammer fell — and there was a sharp click.

"Bang," said John.

"Damn you!" Megan knocked the gun away furiously and grabbed John by the shoulders, shaking him. "I want to know about that last night! What were you thinking that last night?"

"You've just seen it," said John, sitting up, alert again, and outside the window the flowers and trees had suddenly returned with a flood of light. "My nightmare was continu-



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ous at the end."

"That night!" screamed Megan. "I came back from mother's house and told you I couldn't take it any more! I told you I was filing for a *divorce*! You just sat there while I packed and left! You didn't even ask me to stay!"

John shook his head, looking confused.

"He doesn't remember that, Meg," said Gordon softly. "The nightmare had consumed him totally by that time, and also the next morning when he came in for his last session with me. What we just saw beyond the window is from that last session, just before John went home and shot himself, only an hour before you returned and found him."

"Oh, God," sobbed Megan, "you didn't know — and I just told you —"

"Matrix dreams, Meg," said Gordon. "John is dead."

Megan leaned over the sim, her hands on his shoulders. "But I came back to tell you I'd decided to stay — to help you fight this thing. I couldn't leave you..."

Megan burst into tears.

John stood up, hugged her. "Oh, Meg, dear Meg, willing to sacrifice her happiness for a man who'd been dead since childhood, locked in a dream of horror and blood. You would have stayed with that man.

Isn't she wonderful, Doctor Raskin?"

"Yes, she is," said Gordon. "She's an extraordinary person."

John held Meg at arm's length. "But you were wrong to come back. There was only one way out for both of us and I took it. I made the choice, and I stand by it, and now I want you to make a choice. I want you to get on with your life, find what or who you want and grab on tight. *Do it, Meg.*" He shook her gently, then pulled her close again, his voice a near whisper.

"I'm only a construct, Meg, a simulacrum of a sick man who loved you deeply, but couldn't show it, and I'm thinking — I'm thinking about how wonderful it would be to be real with you."

"End," said Gordon, and he jacked out.

Megan was crying as he removed the bust box. They talked for a while, and then she brushed away her tears and hugged him tightly. He wheeled her down to the waiting room where David was waiting. As the young man stood up, looking worried, Megan leapt from the wheelchair and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, David!" she cried, crushing him to her. "David, David — take me home."

She was released from the hospi-

tal at noon.

Gordon returned to the Virtual Therapy Lab after lunch, carrying a thick file under one arm. He placed the file next to the keyboard, and jacked in.

John was waiting for him on the couch in the waiting room, looking up from a magazine when Gordon entered.

"Where's Megan?" he asked.

"Getting on with her life like you told her to do," said Gordon, smiling.

"It worked out, then? I played the part well?"

"You did a fine job, John. You saved another human life today. Thank you."

"And now?"

"I have someone new for you, a young man whose father died in a plane crash. They have an old hurt between them that needs to be mended. You will be Arthur Hoyle, the father."

"So — disassembly, and rebirth. Will I know you, Doctor Raskin?"

Gordon chuckled. "You always ask that and you always know me, John. I'm a part of you."

"Good. I really enjoy working with you, Doctor Raskin, but this next assignment — will it be soon?"

"I'll begin assembly in about one hour real time. That's a long time in the matrix, John."

"I don't mind, Doctor Raskin. I have some dreams of my own to experience while I'm waiting."

Gordon gestured with his hand, the blue wall opposite him brightening to a dazzling glow, then disappearing to reveal a wide hallway beyond and at the end of the hall, silhouetted in bright light, was the figure of a woman.

"Goodbye, Doctor Raskin," said John. He got up from the couch and walked quickly into the hallway.

"Goodbye, John — and tell Meg hello for me."

Gordon jacked out.

He settled himself before the keyboard of the Kunitso 5000, opened the manila file he'd placed there and studied its contents for over an hour. And when he'd decided on what would be the most meaningful therapy scenario he pulled his chair closer, his fingers poised over the keyboard.

"Now — let us begin," he said.

# LITTLE RUNAWAY

by Cyn Mason

A trail of small footprints led down to the water's edge, the surf relentlessly wiping them away. Marga scanned the beach anxiously from the yard, then tossed her trowel aside and got up, dusting the potting soil from her hands. She walked with her determined stride to the water, wading out to chest deep, then swimming to where the bottom dropped off precipitously. She took a series of deep breaths, treading water, inflating her lungs to the utmost capacity, until her body told her she was ready to dive. Then down, down, as the light changed and dimmed, turning her long tanned arms and legs bleached white, cooling to blue-green, then olive and grass and stipples of night black, still swimming down. False red light danced in her eyes, obscuring her vision, as the webs spread between her fingers and toes and the tail sprouted from her warted green ass, while the spikes popped out along her spine and the teeth altered the fundamental shape of her generous mouth. Barnacles attached themselves to her thick rough hide as she grew, her hair falling away to kelp, as she finally began to arch upward once more.

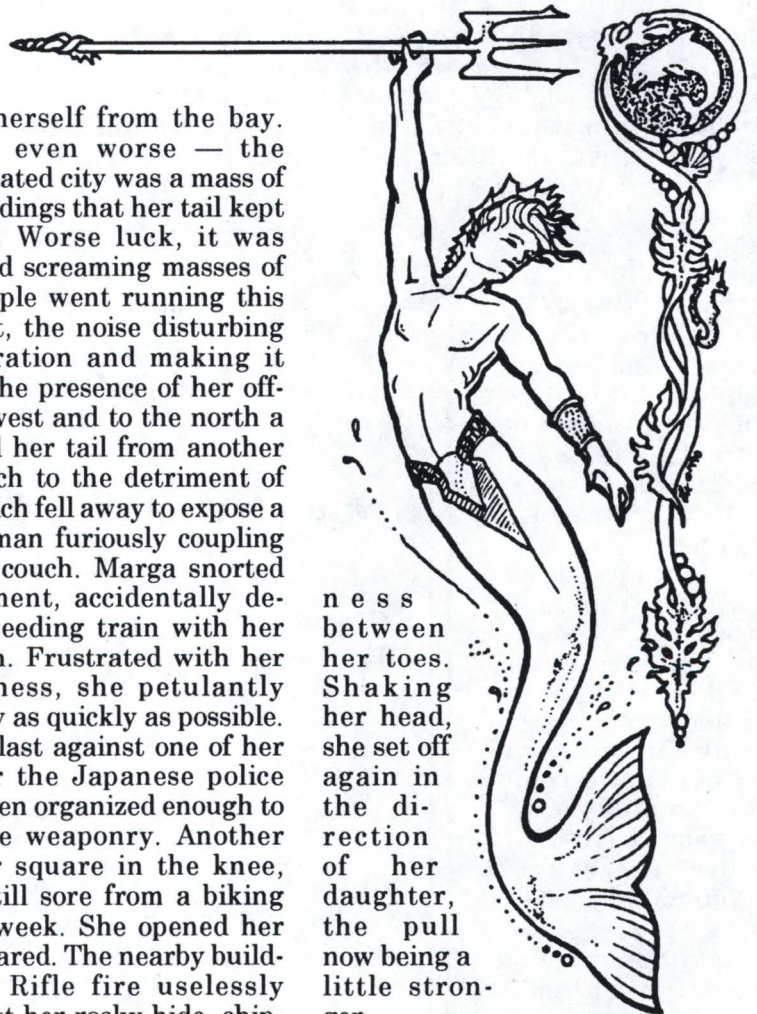
She came up in Tokyo harbor, her glowing eyes barely above the waterline, her internal instincts pulling her to the west. Her tail propelled her toward shore until the water got too shallow and she had to start wading. The supporting water pulled at her vast bulk as she awkwardly stumbled out, inadvertently breaking several cargo ships and swamping an entire fishing fleet as she fi-

nally freed herself from the bay. Ashore was even worse — the densely populated city was a mass of tall office buildings that her tail kept catching on. Worse luck, it was lunchtime and screaming masses of Japanese people went running this way and that, the noise disturbing her concentration and making it hard to feel the presence of her offspring, now west and to the north a bit. She freed her tail from another building, much to the detriment of the walls, which fell away to expose a man and woman furiously coupling on a leather couch. Marga snorted with amusement, accidentally destroying a speeding train with her atomic breath. Frustrated with her own clumsiness, she petulantly stomped away as quickly as possible.

A rocket blast against one of her legs told her the Japanese police force had gotten organized enough to bring out the weaponry. Another blast hit her square in the knee, which was still sore from a biking mishap last week. She opened her mouth and roared. The nearby buildings shook. Rifle fire uselessly rattled against her rocky hide, chipping loose a barnacle or two, but doing little else. Then a missile hit right against her nose, dazzling her eyes with the blast and bruising her snout quite painfully. She roared again and staggered, crunching several police vehicles underfoot. She was unable to resist a certain guilty pleasure at the feel of squishing soft-

ness between her toes. Shaking her head, she set off again in the direction of her daughter, the pull now being a little stronger.

She was relieved to reach the relative openness of the suburbs, where she could make better speed with less obstructions. Despite occasional snags when her tail got caught or a suicidal group of law enforcement attacked, she was soon able to get to more open country. Her daughter was very close now. She



roared out a call to her.

The answering call came from a lake beside a small forest. On the shores of the lake her child was playing with a ten-year old boy. Marga stomped one foot and called sternly to her. Her child looked to her playmate. He saw Marga standing there in all her parental authority and decided discretion was the better part of valor. As he ran off into the woods, the child came shamefacedly to her mother, dragging her little tail dispiritedly.

A shiny black tentacle, dripping with ink, snaked out of the lake and fastened around the child's ankle, pulling her backwards towards the water. Roaring with alarm now, Marga blasted her atomic breath at the tentacle. It recoiled, then snapped toward Marga herself as a squidlike, cyclopean creature thrust itself from the lake, shooting through the air to wrap dozens of slimy arms around her. Marga fell to the ground under the onslaught of the thing, bellowing with fury. She rolled, trying to crush it under her own gigantic mass, but it had wrapped one tentacle around a cliffside and was braced for her.

A huge beak bit down on her shoulder, breaking the skin and causing dark blood to gush out. She screamed aloud in pain, then blasted the atomic breath full into the face of her attacker. It screamed back, but held on. To her horror, she could feel a clublike tentacle probing her gargantuan green thighs, trying to find the armored opening between them. She roared again, this time in sheer anger, and bit the face above the beak savagely clinging to her shoulder. She could feel cold ichor pouring out through her

jaws, but continued to grind her teeth inexorably into it.

Suddenly the tentacle anchoring their straining bodies was torn loose, and as she rolled over onto her enemy she had a momentary glimpse of her daughter, small jaws dripping black blood, standing at the cliffside. Then she was atop the creature and crushing him mercilessly. As the squid-thing squirmed under her armored fists, she drew back and gave him a sustained blast of atomic breath. It frantically squirmed, throwing itself back into the lake, leaving several ripped-away tentacles behind.

Marga breathed deeply, and belated a triumphant roar of victory in the rush of hot blood. A smaller voice joined itself to hers. Then she became aware that she was sore almost everywhere and her shoulder still oozed blood. Her child was standing beside her, looking anxiously up into her face. Marga caught her up in her

arms, holding her tightly, and leaped up into the air. Using the atomic breath as a jet, she flew them both back to the sea by the most direct route, landing, when her atomic breath ran out, in deep antediluvian waters with a splash that created tsunami waves. Together, she and her daughter dived, swimming deeper and deeper, as colors changed and so did they.

A tall, dark-haired woman, her shoulder bleeding slightly from a scrape, such as you might get from a rock in heavy surf, and a nine-year old girl, her blonde hair wet to her skull, waded wearily in from the water and collapsed on the sun-warmed sand. They both breathed heavily, the child coughing and spitting up seawater. The little girl warily eyed her mother.

Marga looked at her only child sternly. "Young lady," she said, her voice brooking no opposition, "you're grounded."

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# AN INCOMPLETE CANADIAN FANHISTORY

by Garth Spencer

## The Dark Backward and Abysm of Time

Fans appeared in Canada as early as anywhere else; there are letters and mentions of Canadians in pulps and fanzines in the mid-1930s; but Canadian fans were few and far between until the 40s. Most early Canadian fanactivity on record occurred in Toronto. A loose group of fanzine fans formed in the late 40s there, and became known as the Derelicts: Beat fans, jazz fans and fanzine editors such as Joseph "Beak" Taylor, Ed McKeown, John Millard and Don Hutchison.

### Torcon (I)

Taylor, Millard and McKeown bid for the 6th Worldcon to be held in Toronto. The 6th Worldcon was held in Toronto July 3-5, 1948. Guest of Honour was Robert Bloch, Fan Guest of Honour was Bob Tucker. Attendance was something under 200.

Taral Wayne of Toronto has pointed out that there was some fanpublishing, but not a lot of fanactivity in Canada, from the early 1950s to the early 1960s. He does detail some fanzine titles produced by Norm and Gina Clarke, such as *Honque* and *Queebshots*.

### The Ontario SF Club

Several Toronto fans met each other at the St. Louis Worldcon in 1966, and decided to form the Ontario SF Club. This became a centre of fanactivity and fostered a number of institutions which continue in Toronto to this day. OSFiC's first convention, Fan Fair I, was held in

tents on Markham Street in 1969, with GoH Roger Zelazny. Don Hutchison reappeared and contributed some reviews to OSFiC zines. Derek Carter and the now-famous Alicia Austin became well-known artists in Toronto at this time, Austin working with Rosemary Ulyot on the fanzine *Kevas & Trillium*. Alicia Austin left Toronto in 1970. By the early 70s, as Taral saw it, OSFiC



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was essentially a show dominated by Mike Glicksohn, Peter Gill and Gordon van Toen, and a number of new OSFiC members were sitting "in confused silence" at the back of club meetings. These younger members formed a subgroup, the "new Derelicts."

### The B.C. SF Association

In 1969 a number of students at the University of British Columbia formed an SF club, which evolved into the B.C. SF Association. In later years BCSFA produced *BCSFazine*, a monthly mimeographed clubzine, and began V-Con in 1971. BCSFA members founded BCA PA (an amateur publishing association), and produced a number of fanzines in the 70s, including *Amor de Cosmos* (Susan Wood) and *Love Makes the World Go Awry* (Fran Skene).

There were other SF groups at this time, in Kingston and Ottawa and Guelph (Ontario) and in Halifax (on the East Coast), but they seem to have been small and transitory.

### Susan Wood (1948-1980)

Susan Wood encountered SF fandom while studying at Carleton University in Ottawa in the 60s. Wood subsequently met Mike Glicksohn at Boskone IV in 1969. Wood and Glicksohn married in 1970, and started publishing Glicksohn's *Energumen* together until 1973. *Energumen* won a fanzine Hugo award in 1973, at Torcon II. Wood and Glicksohn were co-FanGoHs at 1975 at Aussiecon I, and in 1977 Dr. Wood tied Glicksohn for the "Best Fan Writer" Hugo.

### Torcon II (Worldcon 1973)

Worldcon 31, a.k.a. Torcon II, was held Sept. 1-3, 1973 in Toronto. Three Torcon 1 veterans attended, John Millard, Don Hutchison and GoH Robert Bloch. The FanGoH was William Rotsler. Attendance is variously reported as over 2000, or even over 2900. This has been described

as "the last fannish Worldcon." Susan Wood received the "Best Fan Writer" Hugo Award; *Energumen* received the "Best Fanzine" Hugo. As Taral Wayne remembers it, OSFiC fanzine and convention activities now passed into the hands of the younger generation, largely identified as new Derelicts. They were later responsible for an efflorescence of mid-1970s fanzines, including Taral's *Synapse* and *DNQ*.

### Millennium

Some Toronto comics and media fans felt their interests were not being served, either by Ad Astra or by OSFiC. This inspired Millennium, which was held in June 1983. The upshot was a great entertainment for a surprising number of fans, and a lot of grief for the con committee. Lloyd Penney's article on Millennium, in *Maple Leaf Rag* in 1986, details the problems the concomm encountered. Most of the problems were created by a hotel (the Skyline Hotel) that decided, pretty arbitrarily, to make everything difficult for the convention.

### The OSFiC Goes Away

Taral Wayne describes the OSFiC members at this time as centring on Bee Stuckless, Paul Taylor, Simon Claughton, Kathryn Grimbley-Bethke, Do-Ming Lum, and remaining members of the new Derelicts group. Bee Stuckless sent out a circular in 1984 announcing the dissolution of OSFiC. This was forced by the decrease in membership and attendance, in meeting quality and the interest displayed in executive positions. As Taral described the Toronto scene (in a sort of obituary for OSFiC), institutions and activities that started under OSFiC's roof assumed an independent existence and no longer needed the club's shelter. Today, Toronto has a profusion of *Star Trek* clubs, and at least two cons: Ad Astra, the annual summer con, and Toronto Trek, a convention started by Star Trek Toronto.

### Canadian APAs

The earliest Canadian APA on record is *CANADAPA*, founded by the OSFiC contributor Vaughn Fraser in June 1972, while he was studying at York University in Toronto. Vaughn's aim was to provide a forum for Canadian fans, but

as Taral Wayne describes it, *CANADAPA* was eventually taken over by with media- and comics fans. The APA folded in the winter of 1984. At some point in the 70s Vaughn Fraser moved to Richmond, B.C. He later co-chaired V-Con 11.

### Meanwhile, Back in Vancouver

The current U.B.C. club, UBC-SFS, was founded in 1973 or 1974 and almost immediately started publishing a fanzine, titled *Horizons SF* in 1980. The Society's membership rose as high as 150 in 1992 and 1993. With its 1992-93 revenues, and under editors like David New, *Horizons SF* became a small-press market for SF. In fact, David won an Aurora Award in 1992 for his editorship.

Susan Wood moved to Vancouver in 1976, taking a teaching position in U.B.C.'s English Department. She first made contact with BCSFA at V-Con 3, and subsequently worked on a number of V-Cons. After 1975, Dr. Wood's fanwriting and fanactivity diminished. Her SFnal writing was mostly book reviews in *Algol* (an SF magazine since survived by *SF Chronicle*), a fanzine review column in *Amazing* (in which Robert Runté discovered fandom) and the *Pacific Northwest Review of Books* (founded by John Berry and Loren MacGregor). Most of her fannish energy went to *A Women's Apa*, which was founded upon a suggestion of hers; and she also founded "A Room of Our Own," a series of informal feminist programs at many Northwest and World SF conventions. More and more, her sercon material drew her toward professional SF.

### Winnipeg

In 1975 or so, a loosely-organized group of friends started fanpublishing in Winnipeg. Members have since moved on to Minneapolis (Garth Danielson), Edmonton (Randy Reichardt), or professional writing (Steve George, now a horror writer). Since the early 1980s Winnipeg has been the home of Star Trek Winnipeg, which in 1984 founded the annual Keycon. Another Manitoba convention recently

started up in Brandon, Manitoba.

### The Milieu in Quebec (SFFQ)

A quebecois student, Norbert Spehner, started meeting other quebecois SF fans in 1973. In 1974 he founded *Requiem*, a francophone SF revue, later retitled *Solaris*. In 1977 *Requiem* launched Le Prix Dagon for French-language genre fiction; the first winner was Quebec author Daniel Sernine. These were the first visible signs of a new circle of francophone SF and fantasy fans in Quebec, who were prepared to write and publish their own fiction, rather than wait five years for translated SF. *Solaris* became a continuing small-press French-language fiction market, a critical forum, and occasionally a place to find publishing news. In 1980, *Solaris* gained competition from *Imagine...*, and later from a host of other small-press magazines. Also in 1980, the first French-language SF convention was held, Boreal, which became the perambulating provincial francophone convention. As described by Luc Pomerleau in 1985, the milieu in Quebec seems to have been focused on writing, editing and publishing, far more than anglophone fandom in the rest of North America. When I observed it myself once in the mid-1980s, Boreal was far more of a professional conference than a fannish convention.

### Canadian SF

It was curious to find many continuing French-language SF and





fantasy magazines in Quebec, and several continuing lines of SF and fantasy from small publishers, when there was little SF published in the rest of Canada. It seemed that in English Canada, until quite recently, there was no such thing as indigenous, regular genre fiction publishing; SF and fantasy books were occasional efforts by one or another regional publisher, and rarely attempted twice. But people kept trying. Lesley Choyce, owner/editor of Pottersfield Press in the Maritimes, published *Visions from the Edge* in 1981 - an anthology of, not Canadian, but Maritimes SF. Also, John Robert Colombo in Toronto published *Friendly Aliens* that year. Small-press or newsstand magazines for genre fiction have appeared occasionally in Canada. Until the mid-1980s, they seemed not to continue very long. *Stardust*, started in Toronto in 1976 by Forrest Fusco Jr., contained SF, reviews, letters and illustrations, and ran irregularly. A gentleman named John Bell, in Halifax, started the magazine *Borealis*, last published in 1979. *Dark Fantasy*, a well-respected small-press magazine, folded when comic artist Gene Day died in 1982. A separate article detailing the history of Canadian semiprozines has been published. Mark Shainblum, who tried to start an independent comic, reports that distribution in Canada is a big problem for small independent periodicals.

#### Westercon 30 (1977, Vancouver)

In 1977 BCSFA members hosted Westercon 30 instead of holding V-Con. Westercon, a perambulating convention for Western North America, had grown perhaps more than any other convention besides Worldcon. This con was a different experience for different people; some out-of-town visitors later described it as "a one-and-a-half-day convention crammed into four days"; for local fans it was the biggest SF con held in Vancouver to date. Curiously, quite a number of conventions in the Pacific Northwest region started in the year or two following Westercon 30. This includes NonCon (Alberta), MosCon (Idaho), Spokon (Spokane, now discontinued), Vikingcon (Bellingham, possibly discontinued), Norwescon (Seattle) and OryCon (Portland). One suspects a connection.

#### The Edmonton SF and Comic Art Society

ESFCAS, founded in 1976 by students at the University of Alberta, underwent enormous growth after 1977 or '78. To a great extent this is attributed to an influx of not only college-age men but college-age women into the club. At one point, ESFCAS membership topped 300. ESFCAS in the late 70s to mid-80s was a centre of fannish activity, producing a score of fanzines and several APAs, and holding two meetings weekly for a time. NonCon was conceived in 1978 as an Alberta regional convention, and has been hosted in Calgary, Red Deer and Banff, as well as Edmonton. In the late 70s Edmonton fandom was well-known for fanzines such as *Neology* (the entertaining ESFCAS clubzine), *The Monthly Monthly* (edited in turn by members of an editorial collective), *New Canadian Fandom*, and many personalzines. Rob and Derek McCulloch set up APAs for *Star Trek*, comics and even James Bond fans.

#### The Ottawa SF Society

The Ottawa SF Society was founded in 1977. After 1978, OSFS started holding Maplecon, which was one of the longest-running Canadian conventions. In recent years Maplecon has shifted dates, has been retitled ConCinnity, and has shared Ottawa with some other, more recently-founded conventions. Can\*-Con, which is explicitly devoted to Canadian speculative fiction, hosted the Canadian SF and Fantasy Awards this spring (1995).

#### New Canadian Fandom (1981-1985)

Robert Runté, in Edmonton, had established a Canadian fan news column in *Neology* ("Skywriting"), and in 1981 he spun it off into a separate, semi-quarterly fanzine: *New Canadian Fandom*, published with the aid of Michael Hall. Robert was concerned to establish that there was a Canadian regional fandom. In 1981 there were clubs in Victoria, Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Halifax, Toronto, Ottawa and Guelph, but they weren't always aware of each other; it was often easier for them to trade zines and attend cons south of the border than in neighbouring provinces. Robert also wanted to advertise that there were

Canadian SF and fantasy authors (some fans didn't believe they existed), and to promote them effectively. Thus *NCF* found itself frequently concerned with the Canadian SF and Fantasy Awards.

#### Calgary

Calgary fandom can be traced back ultimately to DEC, a group founded in 1978, which hosted NonCons 4 and 6. Some former members of DEC started holding occasional ONOCons (February relaxicons) in 1985, and staffed NonCons 11 and 16. Differences over policy at NonCon 6 led to a committee split and an efflorescence of special-interest Calgary conventions, each held by a separate interest group, starting with Con-Version in 1984.

#### Early 80s Victoria Fandom

The SF Association of Victoria, founded in 1975, shared about 50 members with two other clubs (there were a lot of dual memberships). The UVic SF group was essentially a daughter group to SFAV, and the other club in town at that time was a *Star Trek* club, grandiosely called the United Federation of Canadian Star Trekkers. The clubs held parties and mall displays, and eventually hosted two one-day minicons at the University of Victoria, in 1981 and 1982, drawing under 500 people. Robert Runté, Guest of Honour at the second minicon, seemed to have a good time, and he later talked about Victoria maybe hosting a V-Con one day.

#### Halcon & The Canadian SF and Fantasy Award

In 1979 or so, some teachers in the Halifax area with an interest in SF talked about setting up a Canadian SF and fantasy award. The upshot was that the first CSFFA was awarded at Halcon 3 (March 1980) to A.E. van Vogt, for his lifetime contributions to Canadian SF, and was presented by Spider Robinson. (You may not know that Mr. van Vogt came from Manitoba, and wrote his first 600,000 words of published fiction before he moved to the U.S. in 1946.) Communication breakdowns and delays beset the award through the first five years. Founders John Bell and Bob Atkinson sent out their original CSFFA rules around the country, but they seemed to disap-

pear — apparently the Haligonians didn't actually have the names of the main people to contact. The initial plan was that the honour of hosting the CSFFAs (along with the title "Convention") would rotate among several Canadian conventions. As reported by a visiting Edmonton fan at Halcon 4, the Haligonians seemed to have generated some, ah, unique ideas for their fan activity. Limiting convention attendees to one panel and one film show, and not advertising where the consuite was, on the one hand. Dictating who had to bestow a Canadian SF award, on the other. This sort of thing could be attributed to lack of regular contact with out-of-town fandom. (Montreal and Ottawa are about two days' drive from Halifax. Even going to Boston conventions is a major expedition.)

Susan Wood died in November 1980 in Vancouver. William Gibson, now a Big Name SF author, was a member of her writing workshops. Jerry Kaufman of Seattle writes that, by the time of her death, Dr. Wood was on the verge of a professional editing career; she had co-edited a volume of heroic fantasy, *Ama-zons*, and edited a collection of Ursula LeGuin's non-fiction, *The Language of the Night*.

The second Convention was V-Con 9, in May 1981, where Susan Wood was posthumously awarded the Canadian SF and Fantasy Award. Mike Glicksohn published the last *Energumen*, a memorial issue, in 1981. Susan Wood received her fourth Hugo, posthumously, at the 1981 Worldcon.

### Social Engineering

By Sept. 1983, ESFCAS was in an unrealized crisis. ESFCAS meetings seemed boring to some, or cliquish to new members; to some Third Worlders (the newer fans), the Old Guard seemed inclined to freeze them out. To club execs, it seemed that some of the Old Guard (e.g. from the NonCon 7 concon) had deserted them; and at the same time, according to the cry of it, many Third Worlders just sat back, and waited for things to be done for them. Robert Runté writes: "Basically, I found myself president of a club with fewer than ten active members and about another 80-90 non-attending fellow travellers. ...Since I didn't have a real newsletter editor, I invented

one, and 'he' put out an issue which gave the impression that ESFCAS was alive and well and worth coming back to. I am happy to say that it worked. The week after *Neology* came out, I got 60 rather than 6 people out to the meeting: I put the issue out to coincide with the opening of University so we got quite a few new recruits that evening; and all the old-timers showed up to find out what the controversy in the newsletter was all about. The old guard wandered around asking all the new recruits, 'Are you John Wellington?' and the new recruits kept saying, 'Hey, what a big club you've got here!...' (*New Canadian Fandom #7*)

### Constellation Con '83 (Victoria)

In March of 1982 a *Star Wars* fan in Victoria proposed to set up "the con" for 1983 and wanted to talk the clubs into helping her. It developed that Constellation Con '83 expected to draw 1500 people or more to a four-day event in Victoria, occupying two expensive hotels, the Empress and the Harbour Towers, and billing ten professional guests on the same weekend as Rain. Whenever fans in the existing clubs tried to establish what capital Constellation Con was operating from, or what their budget was, the concon talked faster about their big name guests and the size of the con and its special events. It seemed that they expected to get their capital from their preregistered memberships, and expected a sufficiently grandiose hard-sell to drum up a lot of memberships. What eventually happened was a one-day event in a Jaycee Hall, which drew about 100 people, and still charged \$25 memberships (rather high for Northwest cons at the time, except Norwescon). No conventions were attempted in Victoria for some years after that.

New arrangements for the CSFFAs were established in 1986, at the V-Con 14/Convention 6 business meeting. The new plan was to divide up the award into separate categories, and to put the Convention up for bids, from Eastern or Western Canadian conventions in alternate years. The awards, formerly called "Caspers," were renamed "Auroras." Occasionally bugs still have to be worked out.

A Canadian Unity Fan Fund had

been held once, bringing Michael Hall from Edmonton to a Torque (convention) in Toronto; now it was revived by Ad Astra 7/Convention 7 in 1987. The new plan was to bring a well-known fan from the other side of Canada to the current Convention site. Awareness, participation and nomination for the Fund has become erratic again in the last couple of years. Linda Ross-Mansfield, has announced in *BCSFazine* this year that the Fund is still in operation, and solicits participation.

### Worldcon '89 at Myles' House

Some friends in the Victoria *Star Trek* club, principally Karl Johanson and John Herbert, started up a fan-nish hoax: a bid to hold a really big Worldcon in Sidney, B.C. — well, just outside of Sidney, B.C. — in somebody's home, in fact. In the home of Myles Bos (a refugee from the Constellation Con committee). Karl and John and E.B. Klassen and artist Dan Cawsey had fun making up press releases with grandiose promises about all the big names and neat stuff that Mylescon would offer ...like tours of the nearby schoolyard and gravel pit and Myles' sister's Duran Duran museum, and we won a second tent in a raffle so we can have another track of programming, etc., etc. Mylescon parties were a great hit at a number of conventions, and artist Dan Cawsey made Myles a well-known figure abroad. Mylescon won 9 whole votes at the Worldcon site selection, so the committee announced that all cons in the world in 1989 were part of Mylescon, a nuclear-free zone.

### Maple Leaf Rag (1983-1987)

In 1983 a Victoria fan got restless after a few months' delay in the production of *NCF*, and he started his own Canadian news fanzine: *Maple Leaf Rag*. Initially a crude and naïve production, *MLR* gradually extended its coverage and circulation, and became a regular bimonthly newszine for Canadian fans. Robert Runté gladly passed on the newszine function to *MLR*, turning *NCF* into a genzine until 1985, and Michael Hall presently assisted in *MLR* production and distribution. One of my initial purposes for *MLR* was to establish the existence of Canadian fandom, which some fans didn't believe in; to raise the mutual awareness of

good fannish practices, in managing clubs or in publishing zines or in holding conventions; to improve communication. I suppose now this was like ordering back the tide, fandom was simply too large and divisive, even in Canada. Regardless, in 1985-86 I was recruited to assist in CSFFA balloting for V-Con 14. I had to step down after the nominee selection, as I became one of the nominees!

### The Bunch of Seven

There is an opinion floating around that the natural life cycle of the fan includes a metamorphosis into a pro writer. As it happens, several well-known SF and fantasy authors from Canada were members of the Bunch of Seven writers' group in Toronto, founded in 1985: S.M. Stirling, Karen Wehrstein, Tanya Huff, et al. Some, but not all of them were previously SF and fantasy fans. (The name is a takeoff on the Group of Seven, classic central-Canadian artists.)

### Halcon 10

Halcon 10 (1987) was the last Halcon. David "Murdoch" Malinski (now in Winnipeg) reported that the room parties and costume contest apparently got out of hand, with police and dogs and all sorts. Wayne Chisholm (now in Vancouver), who was another member, reports the last Halcon got a lot of members in their late teens. One apparently freaked out on something Saturday night, while in one of the elevators near the 12th floor (nowhere near the con, actually); nevertheless, when the cops came, the con took the brunt of the hotel's reaction. The surviving local cons rule that beach-legal costumes are mandatory. (Murdoch notes that he has his information second-hand.) In the aftermath of Halcon 10 appeared several SF-oid clubs and three cons. Halcon is survived by Novacon (held the first weekend in November). Wayne Chisholm roughly estimates Novacon's regular attendance at between 400 and 500 people.

### MLR (1988-1989)

Michael Skeet launched the semi-quarterly *MLR* (not a contraction but the proper title) in the winter of 1987/88, after *Maple Leaf Rag*

folded. Skeet, a practising journalist, focused more effectively than the *Rag* on stories in progress and issues affecting Canadian fans, either locally or nation-wide. A controversy arose when Skeet was covering an



altercation centering on PineKone II. The overt issue, as far as out-of-towners were aware, was that this convention had lost serious money and the chair had to pay off the debts, for the second time running.

It took months for a different story to be told. As Ottawa fans saw it, the PineKone chair had insisted on creating financial problems, but he later took responsibility for them; the remaining problem really was to keep the peace in Ottawa, let a bad business lie. Out-of-towners were allowed to think for a long time that Ottawa fans had created a mess, and then tried to pretend it didn't happen. Michael Skeet took a lot of criticism for covering some fan news, in good faith. The upshot was that he discontinued *MLR* after 1989.

### Xeno-File

Ron Currie's rather slim, photocopied zine, *XenoFile* (sponsored by the Con-Version SF Society) took on the newszine function, after a lapse of three or four months. This coverage amounted to a page or two each issue of news rounded up from various places around the country.

### Con-TRACT (1989-Present)

John Mansfield founded *Con-TRACT*, a bimonthly listing of Canadian conventions, when he was still living and working in Edmonton. (The zine now comes from Winnipeg.) From the outset *Con-TRACT* was avowedly aimed at serving concons and dealers/hucksters. As it worked out, *Con-TRACT* often in-

cluded non-fannish news of interest to dealers. From the first, as space permitted, *Con-TRACT* included short con reports and opinion/editorial articles after the convention listing.

### Under the Ozone Hole (Victoria, 1992-Present)

*Under the Ozone Hole*, the semi-quarterly genzine, was founded by Karl Johanson and John Herbert (the Mylescon '89 bid principals). *UTOH* has carried some SF news and Canadian news every issue. *UTOH* is a cleanly-produced, DTP-generated, photocopied genzine. The text is good-humoured and rather light reading. As John put it: "We're here to have fun, to celebrate the nuttiness that is fandom, and invite others to join in the merriment." (*Under the Ozone Hole* 1, August 1992) About the time its second issue came out, *UTOH* won the 1993 Aurora Award for best fanzine: "They attribute [this] to having the sent the zine to people such as Robert Runté," writes Andrew Murdoch (from Victoria). *UTOH* also won 1994 and 1995 Auroras.

### Saskatchewan

It might appear that fan groups in Canada were either out West or out East, with a distinct gap in the middle Prairies. About 1985, though, Saskatchewan did boast an SCA-like group with branches in Yorkton and other prairie communities, inspired by the elven characters in *Elquest* and *Lord of the Rings*. Dave Panchyk founded the Speculative Fiction Society in Regina in 1987. The Speculative Fiction Society produced three issues of the clubzine *Spiritian*, held a very small con (Combine 0), and vanished when Panchyk moved to Edmonton in the early 90s. John Mansfield's *Con-TRACT* has periodically listed a gaming convention called Wizard's Challenge in Regina, once titled NoPrairCon (May 1993).

### ConText

By 1989 Edmonton-area fans had come up with a new concept: a limited-attendance, special-interest SF convention, specifically for SF writers and readers and fanzine fans. The first ConText was held in the

summer of 1989 in Edmonton, and was a social success. The second, in 1991, was also a success for its purposes; but both ConTexts took a financial loss. The series has not been continued. Nevertheless, we can attribute to ConText '89 and '91 the founding of *On Spec*, Canada's oldest continuing speculative-fiction magazine, and SF Canada, the national SF writers' organization.

### Banffcon '89

Deloris Booker, of Alberta fandom, and Beth Finkbiner (now Miller) of Moscow fandom, got together and proposed to combine their cons into Banffcon '89. Banff International '89 was held at the Banff Parks Lodge on Oct. 6-8, October 1989. GoHs included Brian Aldiss, Vincent di Fate and Mike Glicksohn. Moscow fandom held a relaxicon, Zero G, in August, rather than their usual MosCon. Because Banffcon's committee was drawn from two nations and its GoH from a third, an international theme was promoted. This resulted in the Friday "diplomatic reception," with tuxedos and a ballroom setup and a Strauss waltz. The next Banffcon is being held this fall.

### The Secret Life of Robert Runté

Adam Charlesworth, a student



then editing *Neology*, instigated the "Secret Life of Robert Runté" biography contest with the Winter 89/90 issue. To start with, "John Constantine" (a pseudonym) argued that Runté was an alien in disguise. A creative biography contest ensued. Dave Panchyk, of Regina fandom, won the contest in the March 1990 issue. His story claimed that Runté was a Vietnam survivor and a Company assassin, who could eat Navy Seals for lunch. Other letters that issue claimed the "Runté entity" was worshipped by a secret cult.

Despite such signs of life, Edmonton fandom became a lot less active in the next few years. Former ESFCAS members have apparently either gafiated, or moved on to professional SF writing and editing.

### The U.S.S. Resolution and I-Con (Victoria)

In 1985 another *Star Trek* club was founded in Victoria, the U.S.S. *Resolution*. The original head of the *Resolution*, Terry Wyatt, doubled as secretary and editor of *Atavachron*, the U.S.S. *Resolution's* clubzine/fictionzine. About the time that the *Resolution* leadership was assumed by others, Terry Wyatt also started a short-lived convention, I-Con. The first I-Con was held August 3-5, 1990 at the new Ramada Inn. Author GoH was Michael Coney; Artist GoH was Donna (The Desert Peach) Barr; TM was Nichelle ("Uhura") Nichols. This first-time con featured multi-track programming, 24-hour gaming, an artshow, a dealers' room, two 24-hour video tracks, a Diplomatic Reception and two dances. Memberships were \$30 up to the door. I-Con 2 was held October 1991 in a different hotel, the Harbour Towers. GoHs were Spider and Jeanne Robinson; Art GoH was William R. Warren Jr.; Fan GoH was Lita Smith-Gharet. Memberships were again \$30 up to the door. I-Con 3 was held over from October 1992 to October 1993, then finally cancelled due to lack of advance memberships.

### Westercon 44 (1991, Vancouver)

The 1991 Westercon, with GoHs such as C.J. Cherryh, Jerry Kaufman, and Suzanne Tompkins, drew over 2000 people to Vancouver. This was an ambiguous experience for the hosting committee. On the one hand, some 2000 people enjoyed themselves. On the other hand, as it later developed, the convention took a five-figure loss, not a five-figure profit as expected. The con had some difficulties outside their control. For one thing, Canadian customs laws were changing about this time, due to the implementation of the Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement. But it seems to be agreed that unnecessary expenses and obstructions were created within the committee.

### NonCon 15 in Vancouver

For a lark, some twentysomething fans at NonCon 14 made up a Vancouver NonCon bid for 1992. To their surprise, they won. NonCon 15 was held at Totem Residence at the University of British Columbia in October 1992. The guest of honour, of course, was Robert Runté. For holding this event, the chair, Adam Charlesworth (now living in Vancouver) won an Aurora award for Fannish Achievement. A full-sized V-Con (attendance up to 800, that is) was put off for a year, and a relaxicon, V-Con 19.5, was held May 1992. V-Con 20 was held at U.B.C. in May 1993. Because attendance was marginally under breakeven, BCSFA members had to suspend V-Con until May 1996.

### ConAdian (Worldcon 52)

Winnipeg hosted the 52nd Worldcon in September 1994 at the Winnipeg Convention Centre. GoH was Anne McCaffrey; ArtGoH was George Barr; FanGoH was Robert Runté; and Toastmaster was Barry B. Longyear. This year's attendance was about 3600, low for Worldcons but the biggest event in Manitoba that year, drawing favourable media notice. The 1994 Convention coincided with this Worldcon. This year's Convention was Can\*Con, held in May 1995 in Ottawa. (Some Vancouver fans only received nominating ballots for the 1995 Auroras a few days before the extended deadline.) Next year's Convention will be held July 1996, at next year's ConVersion in Calgary.

# FELLOW TRAVELERS

by Jeff Carlson

The UNSS *Heinlein* leapt out of subspace on the wrong side of the Sun, too close to Jupiter, immersed in dispersing particle-clouds of her own life: air, water, fuel and blood. No communications were given to history. *Heinlein* spewed her reserves of gases and liquids into space, then died.

"Where did we get this tape?" Director Rhett demanded of the junior techs surrounding him, not looking away from the high-placed display screen. An acid sea of coffee filled his stomach; its tides strained through his veins. "Run it again."

"Ceres Base transmitted the recording to us, sir. They received it from a Belt astronomer who's been studying the Jovian moons. Uh, apparently it's almost a hundred and twenty hours old. The Belter had most of her cameras on automatic and didn't view them until she went into C Town for resupply."

A young man of forty-seven, second generation Lunar native, Lawrence Rhett stood well over two meters, a full head taller than the Terran and Martian juniors. Freshly wakened, he was unshaven and barefoot. Short blond hair lay flat against one side of his head and burst wildly outward from the other. Red pajama bottoms showed beneath his lab coat.

Rhett's long-fingered hands had shrunk into fists.

Upon the wall, United Nations Science Ship *Heinlein* captured glittering shards of sunlight with her fatal exhalations. Eleven young lives, now ghosts who crowded Rhett's heart. *Why did you come back ahead*

*of schedule?* he wondered. *What killed you and your transponder? And if you reached the gravity well of Alpha Centauri A and then returned to us, as you obviously did, how could you have missed the Sun's well?* Jupiter's mass might, in theory — in thinly stretched theory — confound a misprogrammed homing device, but at present Jupiter is anywhere except between the Sun and Centauri A...

Nearly all Light Project personnel had gathered inside Project Center, filling the wide observation deck and sunken operations floor, crowding the techs who sat before low consoles. Arguments and isolated remarks rose to the high ceiling and became one unintelligible echo.

Bald, one-eyed Chilukuri hustled through the crowd of white lab coats; the goggles he wore in defense of his remaining eye resembled the cyclopean scanner of an evil robot from an old space opera. In lieu of greeting, Chilukuri said, "You heard?"

Rhett jabbed a hand toward the wall-displays and nodded. He envied his friend's habitual calm. And found it maddening.

"There's more," Chilukuri said, pulling a microputer from his coat pocket. His fingers danced across its board. On the display-wall, a lower screen produced a diagram of the orbital paths of Jupiter's many moons. A bright blue dot labeled *Heinlein* lay inside the smallest moon-orbit.

Rhett cursed: "Lucifer."

Chilukuri nodded. "Even fifty hours ago... Well, we'll never pull her free of Jupiter now."

Rhett keyed his shoulder-mike

and said, "Comm, this is the Director. Tell Ceres Base we want every long-range probe they've got and we want them launched immediately. If they argue have them— No, I'll talk to them now." Rhett hurried from the operations floor, flowing as only a native could in the minimal Lunar gravity. Newcomers were often issued magnetic sandals; Rhett bounded up the stairwell connecting the operations floor to the observation deck in one practiced leap.

In Communications, Rhett spoke quickly into a microphone, then played his message back to make certain it covered all the important details. The asteroid Ceres, like Jupiter, currently lay on the far side of the Sun. Relay satellites made communications possible but the time-lag was nearly four hours. Plus four more before they'd receive Ceres' response.

"Director?" Across the room, an operator waved. "Sorry, sir. Grand Councilor Weemsly on line for you."

Rhett grimaced. Weemsly, damn her parents' half-wit genes, would find this disaster the perfect opportunity to slash Light Project's budget, perhaps even remove Rhett from his position. They tangled each time Weemsly intruded upon his authority or disputed Project findings to gain the public eye. "Put her on," Rhett said. He combed a handful of fingers through his wild hair but did not even attempt a polite smile.

Sandra T. Weemsly's face filled the viewscreen, smooth, flawless, a dome-city dweller who obviously hadn't accumulated many hours out in Terra's harsh poisoned air or raw



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sunlight. Why did the ugly, hungry people vote for her?

"Was your launch premature, Director?" Weemsly demanded. "Circuses intended to justify your bloated budget? Some of our brightest Guards crewed that vessel."

"Councilor, the ship's hull appears to have been opened by an external force. We don't know how or why."

"And what *do* you know?"

Feeling red heat in his cheeks and neck, Rhett said, "Five days ago, six ahead of schedule, *Heinlein* extracted from subspace through Jupiter's gravity well with multiple hull breaches. The crew are almost certainly dead, the central computer is not responding to queries, and I'm afraid retrieving the *Heinlein's* remains is impossible."

"What? Why is that?"

Rhett heard the press release she'd begun composing as easily as if he were inside her head: 'Billions of credits, millions of labor-hours and eleven heroic lives, lost in pursuit of a scientific fantasy while our suffering peoples remain in dire need of blah blah blah...' How could she accuse him of playing circus-master? Rhett said, "Tugboats will never reach *Heinlein* before Jupiter takes her down. I've requested probe launches from Ceres Base so we can learn as much as possible."

"Director," Weemsly said, "a Council subcommittee meets tonight at oh-eight hundred Greenwich. You

will be present by holoprojection."

Twenty minutes later, Rhett stood alone at the small blister-window set in one wall of his office. Before him stretched lunar fields where long intriguing crops of shadows grew when there was sunlight. Often he'd surveyed the living collage while mulling over technical or administrative snags. And private troubles, when he'd still allowed interpersonal relations to consume a portion of his time and energy. Ultimately, neither of his ex-wives had been complex enough to compete with the intricacies of running the Project.

Rhett had pursued both women when they left, wooed them back again...but neither had returned to him more than twice.

Terra hung three-quarters full, cloud-white and ocean-blue masking her inoperable cancer of pollution and overcrowding. Ores from Mercury and the Belt, gigantic farms on Mars and here upon Luna — none of these were enough. Until scientists perfected the unlikely art of atmosphere creation or until the U.N. mastered the even less likely task of population control, humanity's only options were a skylless existence inside constructs or the colonization of hospitable alien lands, lands that Light Project could provide. Amphibians had crawled up from the sea; mankind's task and destiny were similar.

Rhett smiled thinly, grimly. Subspace technology worked. The principle was sound. He'd be successful to spite Terra and her selfish, short-sighted hordes... Yet alongside his fierce desire for glory dwelled a softer pride; he was part of a team, though distanced by his role as Director. Someday, perhaps soon, Lawrence Rhett hoped to integrate himself into a tight, tiny colony of fellow travelers. He hoped to find peace beyond the desperately greedy clutch of Terran bureaucracies.

How in cold void had *Heinlein* appeared so far off course?

Rhett sat down. Green lines sur-

rounded the chair, marking the borders of the holoprojection field. He donned his VR helmet. By an artistic trick he would appear bare-headed to the people on Terra. "Ready," he said, and seemed to teleport.

The Grand Council subcommittee encircled a table laden with water glasses and microputers. Even seated, Rhett loomed above them. He knew his image must strike them as wisp-slim and weirdly elongated; they were fleshy dumplings, compacted by Terra's gravity. "Council," he said, and the brown Australian rep jumped and then glanced with embarrassment at his companions. Rhett concealed a grin, cherishing its warmth.

"Director," Weemsly said, "what progress have you made?"

"Little or none. Tomorrow we'll receive reports from the two Ceres probes but until then —"

Southern South America jumped in: "I understand that the ternary system of Alpha Centauri might have had adverse effects, Director, that the gravity wells of Centauri A and its binary could have strained the *Heinlein* in unexpected ways during extraction, or that the dwarf companion Centauri C created its own tidal effect." The man rubbed briskly at his mustache. "Perhaps the *Heinlein* was structurally weakened during extraction into the Centauri system and then opened during reinsertion, dying as they reached us?"

"Not one drone was ever affected in that manner."

West Europe, an artificial beauty like Weemsly, said, "There are other G- and K-class stars, Director, ones without companions. Why didn't you send *Heinlein* to any of them if there was concern about the multiple wells at Alpha Centauri?"

"My budget affords limited energy sources," Rhett said. "The farther the target star, the greater the cost, and extra expenditures would quickly diminish our over-all number of missions. The multiple well theory is just a theory, with evidence against it. And the Centauri system is only four and a half light-years distant. Colonist vessels driven by fusion jets could reach Alpha Centauri in fifty years ship's time, should Light Project verify the presence of a habitable planet but otherwise fail."

Weemsly began to speak, and

Rhett mentally kicked himself for stopping with the word 'fail,' but West Europe overrode them both: "You seem to have been rather prepared for defeat."

"Only hedging my bets, Councilor," Rhett answered. "The sole purpose of Light Project is the colonization of alien planets, is it not? Our very charter is 'Take The Stars.'"

Late the next day, newsies and VIPs increased the din permeating Project Center, pestering busy techs and blocking throughways. Rhett would have kept them out if he thought he could risk the appearance of having something to hide.

Underlings and co-workers, grouped round each of Rhett's department heads like the galaxies of a common universe; Chilukuri and his physiology/psychology teams down on the operations floor; Martenn with her subguidance people at the far end of the observation deck; Admiral Ochinee with the logistics group and her military contingent, a gathering of blue jumpsuits amidst the white-coated crowd. Conversation quieted as probe findings appeared, marching in black across the central screen. Each stream of words drew a general murmur and louder argumentative comments from the team most concerned. *Heinlein* had over twice the rad-count expected. Her central computer wasn't all dead, and transferred the remnants of its logs through the first probe.

Silence blanketed Project Center as new data came upon the screen, silence disturbed only by the metallic chime of shuffling feet clad in magnetic sandals and the dual bip bip bip confirming channels between the relay satellites and the two Ceres probes. Rhett had always marveled at and reveled in the unity of Project personnel during live operations, the hive-mind created by collective focus upon the wall-displays. At the moment they shared incredulity mingled with fear.

The screen read: "Torpedo count; two primed; ten reserve."

*Heinlein* had not been armed when she left the system.

The second probe must have malfunctioned while scanning, Rhett thought, or while transmitting what it had scanned. Or the ship they'd found actually belonged to someone else — maybe a ghost scout left over

from the Belt War, never mind that the computer responded to *Heinlein* codes or that the *Heinlein* hull was of unique design. Electromagnetized computers act funny, and there just wasn't much left of that hull.

"Lightbearer," Rhett cursed. He'd expended probes on the wrong ship. Yet the Belter's tape clearly showed a ship extract from subspace, spewing its internals — a process that must have begun immediately before its near-instantaneous journey — and aside from two dozen drones, not all of which had been recovered but only a special few of which had held atmospheres or fluids other than reaction mass, *Heinlein* was the only artifact that Light Project had shunted through subspace.

The tape was a hoax, he decided, the *Heinlein* lost or even still in Alpha Centauri, now slightly overdue. Certain religious sects believed interstellar travel was evil... Rhett pulled out his microputer and traced a notation to have the Belter found and re-interviewed. His pathetic last directive, perhaps.

But another disquieting silence brought Rhett's head up.

Beneath lists of specific hull damage and terminated support systems were the words: "Damage caused by gigawatt laser fire."

After several moments, Lawrence Rhett suddenly wore the tremulous smile of a condemned man receiving his pardon.

"Councilor Weemsly," Rhett said to the viewscreen, the buoyant relief within him weighted by guilt at his selfish feelings of alleviation, and by murmuring fear, "the UNSS *Heinlein* was destroyed by extrasolar hostiles."

"Aliens? Centaurians? What evidence do you have of that?"

"The ship's hull was opened by laser-cannon."

"Humans have laser weapons."

"Not in Alpha Centauri, Councilor, and not this powerful by several orders of magnitude."

"None of your drones found signs of intelligent life."

"No," Rhett agreed, "and there are other discrepancies that I don't know enough about to explain at the moment. But that ship was burned by laser technology humanity does not have."

#

Worry and bewilderment lined the faces of Rhett's department heads as they filed into the conference room. White walls, white ceiling, brown table, brown chairs — there had never been anything in here to distract them from their celebrations. Now two strangers joined them, blue-uniformed companions of Admiral Ochinee. Rhett began quickly: "One: *Heinlein* must have been gone longer than can be accounted for."

"If the Ceres probes did not malfunction," Martenn said, "that is not the *Heinlein*. Even given the extra air, water and food they would've needed while retrofitting their probe deployment apparatus and manufacturing the torpedoes, where did the fusionables come from? The *Heinlein* could never have performed mining and processing operations."

"As I recall," Admiral Ochinee said, "the Outer Axis destroyer *Arafura* escaped the Third Battle for Deimos using warheads made from the cores of their fusion jets."

"The *Heinlein* was not a warship," Martenn said, her face pale. Rhett studied her with some concern. He'd heard Martenn raise her voice before, but only to underlings.

"The origin of the torpedoes doesn't bother me so much as the time differential," Chilukuri said mildly. "Retrofitting their ship would have required months at the least, yet they returned ahead of schedule." Chilukuri nodded to himself, and his goggles flashed with reflections of the ceiling lights. "Of course, we don't really have any practical experience with —"

"Every drone we've shunted returned exactly as planned," Martenn objected.

"Mechanical clocks," Chilukuri said, unperturbed. "Mechanical clocks, doctor."

"Subspace is fact," Martenn said, coughing the words out, "not an idea affected by whatever is traveling through it."

"Two," Rhett intervened. "*Heinlein* was fired on by extrasolar hostiles who ignored all of our drones, perhaps due to size or the lack of higher lifeforms."

One of Admiral Ochinee's companions said, "There were some drones that did not return, correct?"

Rhett nodded. "Many years ago. Early tests. I would attribute their

disappearance to mechanical difficulties."

A man in military blues stepped through the door. "Excuse me, sir. We've decoded what's left of the *Heinlein* data-banks."

"Then it's really her," Rhett murmured, and Martenn stared at the man. Chilukuri only nodded to himself again.

From the personal log of UNSS *Heinlein* Fusion Jet Technician Ludmilla Barkovich:

...[det]ected two inner planets around Centauri A, safe and stable inside the elliptic of companion star [B]...second inner plane[t]...d blue... [atmos]phere possibly compatible — [eighty-seven percent probability, when correlated, Barkovich is speculating the second planet has an oxygen atmosphere]... [Th]ey were waiting for us. They had seen us extrac[t]...and boosted. We can... [JU]piter, should they follow our insertion, launching three torpedoes in successive traje[ctories]...

Rhett almost got motion sickness from the choppy sentences.

He shut down his office console, walked to the door and paced out onto the observation deck. Most of the personnel he could see sat blinking at terminals covered with a scattering of symbols such as he had been reading. There were no discussions, few notes fingered into microputers, no customary on-going parade past the coffee/tea taps. Even the wall-displays seemed possessed by a sluggishness, presenting hull-dissection diagrams for minutes on end without fast-flashing.

There was cause for celebration in the confirmation of drone reports that Centauri A not only possessed a planetary system but that the second planet could likely support human life. How he wished *Heinlein* had merely died instead of bequeathing Light Project the dual riddle of the origins of their torpedoes and the laser fire. Rhett would be an old man at the end of a lengthy interstellar journey by fusion jet; he'd see another star system only if these puzzles were solved.

Two weeks passed. No aliens appeared in-system. Regardless, the Grand Council promised to quadruple Light Project's budget.

StarGuard Command talked of shunting battle fleets to deal with the Centaurians, but Rhett convinced them further tests were necessary due to the time discrepancy. Meanwhile, Battleships *Arizona* and *Vishoek*, several heavy cruisers and their support craft jetted into defensive positions inside the orbit of Mercury.

Rhett sensed a collective relief at the Project's return to familiar quiet. The wall-displays held no mysteries or threats; upon the central screen, UNSS *Defiance* and her support craft were neatly labeled beacons, preparatory to well-insertion. A heavily-armed scout craft originally designed for swift maneuvering, crewed only by a brave Lieutenant Gousha, the *Defiance* would shunt to Centauri A and then return as soon as possible, wide-scanning all the while. The real launch responsibilities belonged to personnel aboard the support craft, of course. At a distance of almost eight light-minutes, Project Center performed a back-up, monitoring role. Before Rhett filled the position of Director there had been talk of relocating to Mercury so that Project Center could play an essential role throughout the process, but until Mercury was more than a frontier mining society Light Project would remain on Luna.

"What in void is that?" a man shouted from the operations floor. A new beacon blinked upon the central screen, and a woman's muted voice chattered: "StarGuard, StarGuard, we have an intruder, do you register same? StarGuard..."

Alongside the new beacon appeared the words; Transponder signal UNSS *Heinlein*.

They indefinitely postponed insertion of the *Defiance*.

*Heinlein* drifted, oblivious to queries. Tugboats raced toward her even as high-gee probes scanned her and sent back their findings. Her hull was intact, though highly radioactive. She was opened while still in transit toward Luna. The crew's silence had not been due to failed equipment; they were all dead.

Their logs and data-banks were intact.

Recorded on the bridge of the UNSS *Heinlein*:

1ST ASTROGATOR NAKAI: Cap-

tain, I have an unidentified artifact on my scopes!

CMDR. HULCE: Artifact, are you — Where?

1ST ASTROGATOR NAKAI: They came out of Centauri B. There. They must have subspace technology similar to ours.

2ND ASTROGATOR ZAHAROFF: I'd say they have exactly the same technology. Look at their extraction signature.

COMM. OFFICER EBERHARDT: I'm receiving a wide-spectrum radio broadcast, captain. It does not appear to be specifically directed at us. Lucifer! It's...

CMDR. HULCE: Play it over the speakers. George? George, play it over the speakers.

COMM. OFFICER EBERHARDT: It's in Standard.

INCOMING BROADCAST: — peace, in the name of all humanity. This is Commander Hulce of the UNSS *Heinlein*...

(break)

OUTGOING BROADCAST: This is Commander Hulce, UNSS *Heinlein*, of the United Nations Solar Federation. We arrived within this system via subspace approximately twenty-four hours ago. We witnessed your extraction from the gravity well of Centauri B and have been monitoring your transmissions and probes. Uh, we believe — That is, we don't understand —

INCOMING: What sort of trick is this?

OUTGOING: We seem to have been affected by a time warp or some other phenomenon. *Heinlein*, this is the *Heinlein*, of the United Nations Solar Feder—

INCOMING: We claim this system and surrounding spaces.

OUTGOING: We are from the year twenty-one zero seven.

INCOMING: I don't know how you stole our technology, you Outie bastard, but this system and surrounding spaces are now territory of the United Nations Terran Alliance...

White walls, white ceiling, expressionless faces and stunned, drifting eyes. Chairs squeaked and printouts rustled as they sat fidgeting at the conference table.

As near as could be determined, *Heinlein-2*, the first to appear, the lasered hulk lost to Jupiter, had



killed everyone aboard the original *Heinlein* with a neutron bombardment. The real *Heinlein*, the ghost ship just recovered, had taken so long to find its way onto an insertion path back to the Sun because its automatic homing device wasn't very bright.

Who or what had lasered *Heinlein-2*?

*Heinlein-2* apparently came from a world — a history — wherein the Outer Axis powers never surrendered, wherein the Belt War never ended. Presumably *Heinlein-2* had extracted through Jupiter's gravity well so that the alien hostile, should it follow, would have to fight its way through the enemy Outies before turning its attention to the Terran Alliance...but what had J-tech Barkovich, a Martian, been doing aboard an Alliance vessel? Three other crewmembers were also of Outer Axis descent.

Barely disturbing the room's utter quiet, Chilukuri said, "The multiple wells of Alpha Centauri appear to have acted as a prism, duplicating the *Heinlein* crew and their ship."

Had they been juniors trading idle fictions over ale and Nix in the Project lounge, Rhett imagined Chilukuri might have received enthusiastic replies. They just stared at him.

Martenn blurted, "Preposterous."

"Is it? *Something* is happening," Chilukuri said. "We have no previous experience whatsoever regarding the possible effects of subspace on the human psyche. I can't think of another reason why this did not occur with our drones, especially those on which we placed animal lifeforms. Not even the chimpanzees."

"You're enjoying this," Rhett said, mystified, frowning.

Chilukuri said, "I propose that there is a third *Heinlein* yet to show itself, one for each well of the Centauri ternary."

"Preposterous," Martenn said again.

Admiral Ochinee said, "And of what, exactly, would the duplicate ship and its crew be composed?"

Chilukuri fingered his bald scalp. "Interstellar dust and gases, perhaps. The same substances as you and I."

"I believe transmutation was discovered near the end of the fourteenth century," Admiral Ochinee

said. "Sack and grain do not by magic become mice."

"Yet there the *Heinlein* is. Again."

"But with a different past," Ochinee said. "I agree that something totally beyond our previous experience is occurring. Maybe we opened a gateway between alternate universes. Maybe —"

Alarms interrupted her.

*Heinlein* leapt out of subspace inside the orbit of Mercury, wearing an unusual skirt of scanning devices and — according to StarGuard scannings — carrying numerous fusion warheads. The hull design was easily identifiable...but the crew weren't speaking Standard. Nobody knew what they were speaking. Project Center's computer suggested Portuguese as the most likely language root, but this gibberish was nothing known to contemporary civilization. Nor did the crew respond to the names Hulce, Eberhardt, Nakai, though the frightened face accompanying their transmissions was that of Commander Hulce.

Rhett had local professors on their way to Project Center, linguists on priority shuttles boosting up from Terra. He also told Star Guard to stop harassing *Heinlein-3*. These familiar strangers were skittish enough without probes buzzing about.

"I hope to Lucifer this is your third and last ship," Rhett told Chilukuri, thinking: *There are no aliens to keep me from Alpha Centauri. Can we learn to shunt without prismsing ourselves or whatever is happening?*

A replay of *Heinlein-3*'s last broadcast filled the central screen. Terry Hulce's narrow brown eyes flickered beneath red forelocks, and his voice was clipped and menacing.

Who do they think we are, Rhett wondered, to respond in this manner? The lag-time infuriated him.

"*Heinlein-3* has been boosting," the overheads reported in a toneless female voice. "*Heinlein-3* has been boosting. Projections indicate Terra is her destination."

Broadcasting, on all frequencies, music that would later be tentatively identified as their Federal Anthem, *Heinlein-3* stroked the *Arizona* with parallel lasers while firing a torpedo barrage. Swarms of anti-missile missiles from the *Arizona* and heavy

cruisers *Gorbachev* and *Sprague* stopped most of the torpedoes, but *Gorbachev* lost its eyes to *Heinlein-3* lasers and immediately afterward took two torpedoes amidships.

Through Project Center overheads, blending with the voices of the *Arizona* bridge crew, came the song of *Heinlein-3* — rumpeta tum rumpeta! — marching drums accompanied by one blating trumpet and high electric violins.

Stop! Rhett thought. The poor, stupid, terrified fools. Would the captain of the *Arizona* obey orders not to defend his ship and his crew?

— rumpeta rumpeta tum tum tum! —

A new beacon appeared upon the central screen: Transponder signal UNSS *Heinlein*.

Rhett said, "Oh, void! Tag the newcomer '4' and —"

*Heinlein-3* died between the lasers and torpedoes of the *Sprague* and the *Arizona*.

*Heinlein-4* leapt out of subspace inside the orbit of Mercury and found herself on the fringes of battle. Their nerves thoroughly frayed after sleepless nightmare weeks spent computing a course back to the Sun from the star Lalande 211Z5, panic spread like AIDS-Mutated through the crew of *Heinlein-4* as the battle's victors jettied toward them, the *Sprague* trailing particle-streams from punctured compartments. Sending queries to Light Project and lengthy self-identifications to the nearing battlecraft, *Heinlein-4* boosted at an awesome twelve gravities.

Scout craft limped after her, the *Arizona* and *Sprague* left behind like civilian slowboats.

Admiral Ochinee murmured, "We must have that technology..."

No one at Project Center was sure where 4 was headed. As it turned out, Commander Hulce of the *Heinlein-4* wasn't certain himself. In his past, humanity had built emplacements as far out as Saturn's rings; this Hulce had no idea from which direction intercepts might be sent, or what shape they might take, and be maintained communications with Light Project all through his flight. Conversations with "his" mother on Terra and the "relatives" of other *Heinlein* crews were the deciding factor. *Heinlein-4* had passed

the Belt by this time but warily returned, Communications Officer Eberhardt and one of the science staff under sedation.

*Heinlein-5* leapt out of subspace inside the orbit of Mercury...

White walls, white ceiling — the conference room had become Chilukuri's chapel. Each day he preached and pondered, obviously more pleased with questions than answers. Each day the frown clinging to Rhett's face grew heavier, as did the dread that poisoned his heart. Rhett knew well enough how the earthworm Council would react to the *Heinlein* phenomenon: burrow their heads, cover their asses, hide and pretend it had never happened. They would force everyone else to hide and pretend as well.

Rhett and his department heads rose from their chairs as Grand Councilor Weemsly and two aides entered the room, uncertain on their feet, magnetic slippers whispering clang dang tang.

"Sit, sit," Weemsly said, following her own instructions with obvious relief. Long days of horror and helplessness had left Weemsly's perfect face ugly, exhausted.

A beaten woman, Rhett mused, daring to entertain the hope that Weemsly might follow his suggestions eagerly. How I wish I had tamed her arrogance, he thought.

For a full week, no more duplicate ships had appeared. In the preceding days, however, five more crewed duplicates and another ghost had returned to the solar system. After extracting through the well of Centauri C, *Heinlein-6* had witnessed *Heinlein-2's* bombardment of the original *Heinlein* and sped to the *Heinlein's* defense. Too late. Defeated but still intact, 2 had escaped 6 through the well of Centauri A, receiving fatal burns as she began her insertion toward Jupiter...

Rhett keyed his microputer and holographic charts sprang up from the conference table. He said, "You'll notice, Councilor, that duplicate ships returned to us only from the eleven nearest stars. Eleven ships, eleven original crew."

"Why," Weemsly said slowly, "didn't each duplicate create eleven more of themselves when they shunted back to us?"

"We don't know. We have theories

involving charged particle fields that the original ship lost in the act of prismsing, making the effect a 'once only.' Or perhaps the duplicate crewmembers are not as human as they seem and lack whatever the original crew added to the equation. Obviously an entire progression did not occur, or we would literally be out of elbow room."

"What makes you think there aren't more still out there?"

"Calculating an insertion path only requires so long, Councilor. That the duplicates returned to us more or less as a group shows clearly that they needed two weeks and no more."

Weemsly said, "This...disaster... has become public knowledge. I attribute that to leaks from your Center here."

"Thousands of Guards have also been involved," Rhett said, wearing his expressionless face of stone.

"Public reaction is somewhat surprising," Weemsly continued. "Much of Terra simply goes about its business. But the people of Mercury and Mars have demanded immediate closure of the Project. I and the Grand Council are in total agreement."

"What! How can we determine what's happened without further testing? The duplicates pose no threat to —"

"No threat? Director, reality is no longer a certain —"

"We're on the brink of success! We can 'Take The Stars.' There is an hospitable planet orbiting Centauri A. We... We could use convicts for our testing if that's what —"

"You blind, damned fool," Weemsly said. "If it were my decision I'd raze your Center and bury it forever. They came back with superior weapons and jets. Lucifer only knows what might find us next. Open your eyes, man. They came back with entirely different histories. There will be no more crewed launches through subspace."

Two years later, the seven Ludmilla Barkovichs lived in seclusion outside Hermes City, Mercury, with a collection of Jake Emericks and Yen Cho Nakais. The George Eberhardts were in mental institutions or intensive therapy, and one had taken his life. More than half of the Teresa Vacarros and Michael Goes had married each other (every

one of these unions between crewmates), and all but one of the Michele Zaharoffs shared a homosexual group marriage on Mars. The Terry Hulces were remarkably hostile towards one another. Indeed, one Hulce had stalked and strangled two of himself before his capture.

The vast webs of choice and chance represented by each duplicate *Heinlein* appeared not so vast after all; nature had proved stronger than nurture.

Though exhausted by intensive physical training and his agricultural studies, Rhett sometimes woke at night, his thoughts drawn into the vast chasm of possibilities. Would the Grand Council pass laws requiring humanity's greatest minds to be prismsed? Should the effect be used to multiply material goods? Could madmen create duplicate battlefleets and armies? Today's children would think nothing of fusion jets giving twelve gravities, nor of the sophisticated steroids and intricate acceleration couches that kept those aboard from becoming jelly. Already Star Guard had become accustomed to accounting for science fictions such as cloaking devices and death-rays.

Rhett was personally grateful there had been no *Heinleins* crewed by reptilian descendants of the dinosaurs.

*Startaker*, powered by fusion jets capable of attaining near light-speed in a matter of days, left her construction station in orbit around Luna and began her short, four and a half year journey to Alpha Centauri.

Drone supply ships shunted through subspace awaited her.

Aboard *Startaker*, an incessantly grinning colonist named Lawrence Rhett chattered with his shipmates.



# ART AND THE PENIS

by George Barr

The male nude, in painting and sculpture, is less generally seen than the female nude but is still a time-honored, respectable subject. The ancient Greeks lavished considerable effort on their depictions of the idealized male form. Their works are considered beautiful, and reproductions of them are perfectly acceptable as decor in any home or public building. Everyone has seen the Belvedere *Apollo*, Praxiteles' statue of *Hermes* and *Eros*, and the graceful *Discobolus*. No one who pretends to a knowledge of art would dare deny familiarity with them.

Equally acceptable and revered are the heroic sculptures and frescos of Michaelangelo. His *David* is, perhaps, the best known sculpture in the world, rivaled only by the *Venus de Milo*, the bust of Nefretiti, the Statue of Liberty, Mount Rushmore, the Sphinx, and Rodin's *The Thinker*...another male nude.

Doesn't it seem just slightly odd that a fully detailed copy of *David*, standing openly on a coffee table in a living room, would offend almost no one, while a photograph of a real man in the exact same pose, hung on a living room wall, would cause general shock in almost everyone?

An artist can paint or sculpt a male nude and his motives are generally unquestioned. But let him photograph one and he is wide open for accusations of being a pornographer and a pervert.

The more you think about it logically, the odder that dichotomy gets...the more illogical it becomes.

Consider what is required to take

a photograph; basically, someone has to press a button on a camera.

Granted, a good photographer usually does a lot more, but that instant push of the button is all that is required to get an image onto film. The person behind the camera might conceivably concentrate on a pose, an expression, a color balance, a lighting effect...any number of concerns. He or she might not even glance at the pubic area. The photographer doesn't have to; the image still gets on the film regardless of whether or not the person pressing the button has examined his subject in detail.

In that photograph, if it's in focus, every hair, every wrinkle, every vein shows up though the photographer might truly never have looked at anything more than his model's face. His attention to those details is not a requirement of the medium. He points the camera at his subject, adjusts the lens, and pushes the button: the rest happens automatically.

Conversely, in order to paint or sculpt a male nude the artist must study those details. A penis doesn't simply appear on a canvas or a statue just because the artist decides to do a male nude. That artist looks, examines, and makes decisions: how big it will be, what color, how it will be positioned, how well it will be lighted, how much detail will be included. Every single aspect of that anatomical detail is the result of a conscious decision on the part of the artist. It won't paint or sculpt itself.

So who has the greater interest in showing the world a penis...the photographer who pushes a button, or

the artist who examines and creates?

Why is the latter — the result of the painter's or sculptor's deliberate intent — considered socially acceptable, while the former — the automatic result of clicking a camera — is considered indecent? More important: why is the one person considered an artist, while the other is branded a pornographer, when the one's interest in his subject is moot and the other's undeniable? physique of a Greek god or a Michaelangelo Adam, no man — ever — envied them their masculine equipment.

Most of the artists have been male, creating for a male audience. Whatever their own interests and inclinations, they've known that men are not in general attracted to penises. Most men, if queried on the subject...if even willing to reply to the question — would offer the opinion that, on the rare occasion they thought about it at all, they considered penises to be ugly. They don't display their own, and have no interest in looking at others'. Few men — even if startled by the lack of endowment on a painting or a sculpture — would dare say out loud, "Why didn't they give him a little bigger penis?" In actual fact, they'd prefer not being asked. Men aren't comfortable discussing the subject.

Artists, hoping for the greatest acceptance for what they create, tend to minimize what they believe their customers are not interested in seeing. I believe that over the centuries it became a sort of self-perpetuating convention in art. The "idealized" male form came to have a

rather unreal and somewhat stylized handsome face, an athletic physique, and very little to distract one from the appreciation of those qualities. A man could be seen to appreciate such a work of art without that appreciation being questioned. It was safe to commission, to buy, to display, to comment about favorably. Nudes of women were very often — almost usually — sensuous and seductive. Male nudes were athletic, occasionally weary, occasionally dead, but almost never seductive.

I think there's another reason why that image — of a man so selectively heroic — has persisted as long as it has:

Prior to today's atmosphere of liberation for women, wives were expected to be virgins when they married. A woman's own husband was presumed to be her sole experience with sex. She was not supposed to be familiar with male anatomy: its dimensions nor its potential. A man could wed safely assured that, however much she might have been forewarned by a motherly discourse on the facts of married life, very probably the only human penis his bride

had ever seen was on a baby brother or a work of art.

Those works of art — so anatomically precise, so detailed — were representations of ideal form, the distillation of all that was perfect and desirable in manhood.

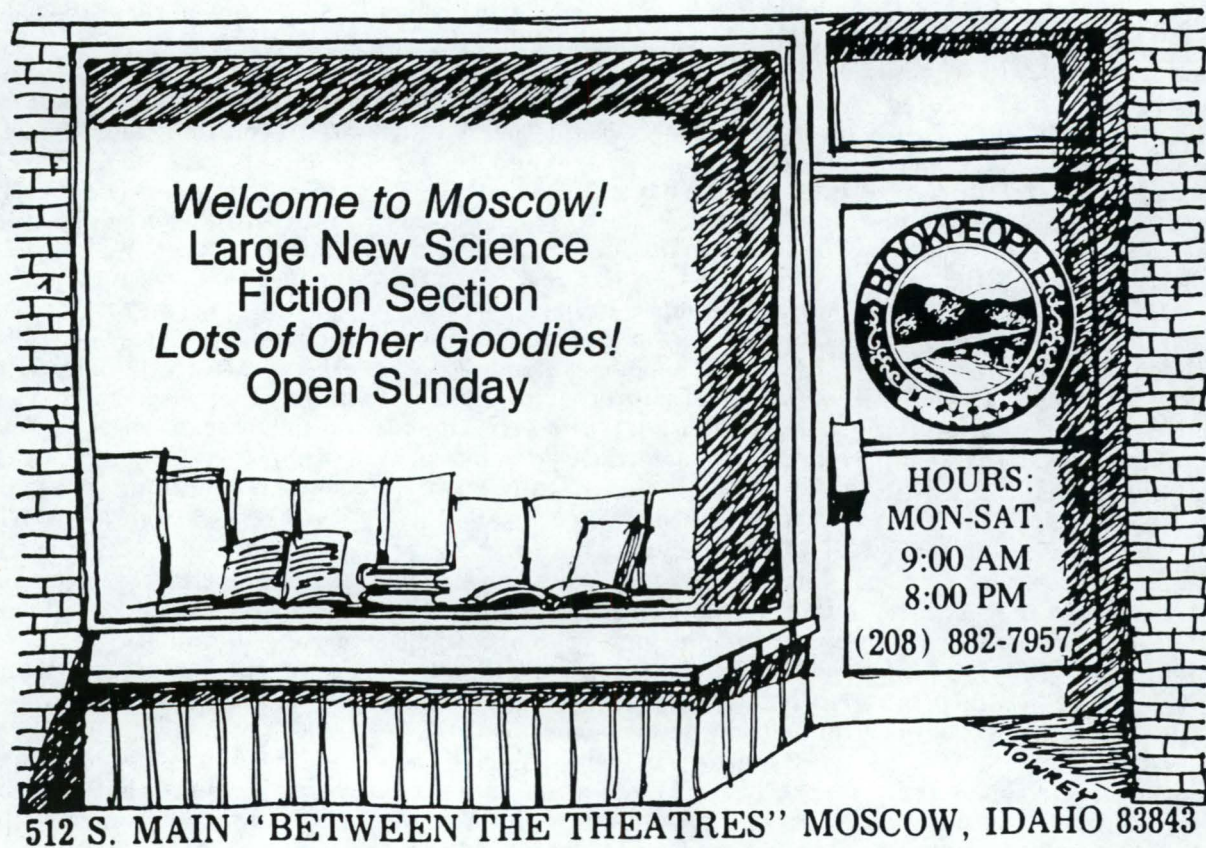
However much less of a physique her bridegroom possessed, she'd soon have realized that — so far as masculinity was concerned — she'd married a veritable superman. How fortunate wives must have felt believing that all other women's husbands were endowed with boiled shrimp and Vienna sausage. How smug husbands must have been to know they were so much more than their brides had ever anticipated.

Women have complained for a generation that they cannot compete with the centerfold perfection of the models in such publications as *Playboy*. Men are now experiencing the same thing. That is the perfectly logical and inevitable explanation for why — though *Playboy* has long been acceptable on most coffee tables — *Playgirl* is damned by a large majority of men as pure pornography. They even reassure themselves with

the self-serving rumor that the magazine is really only purchased by homosexuals. Women, they choose to believe, aren't actually interested in such things. It's not what a man has, they say with a smirk, but how he uses it.

I think the majority desperately hopes that's true, that women are content to believe Michaelangelo's *David* is endowed the way most men are. Him, they can compete with; *Playgirl*, never.

When more women are involved in painting, more women are running galleries, and — most importantly — more women are buying what they like rather than what they've been told all their lives that they're *supposed* to like, I expect to see a change in the idealized male form. I also expect that the products of figure and physique photographers are going to be a lot less socially unacceptable than they have been since the first photo of a normally endowed man let women see that their husbands were not as wondrously blessed as they'd supposed.



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

# From the ConCom

## PROGRAMMING EVENTS

by *Susan J. Meyer and  
Liz Wilmerding*

This year's programming events, highlighted below, are listed alphabetically under each day for your convenience. Please check your "Pocket Program" for details of times, locations, guest speakers *and any other pertinent information.*

*Friday, September 15th*

### AUTHORS AND THEIR PETS or THE CAT TOOK OVER MY WORK

Invite your pet into your lap when you're at your computer and you won't get much work done. So... what's the solution? Have you tried writing them into your work? Do they help or hinder the creative process? At what point does your pet become a character in your work? (Maybe as a bribe to get out of the way?) Some authors share their experiences. Bring your own anecdotes.

### DANCE

We have the place and a DJ to play the music, so bring yourself in and have a great time!

### GAMING

Come one, come all and bring your boards, cards or whatever you need to have a good time! We'll provide the room and you can game away the day! We'd like to see more gamers involved in PESFA and MosCon in the future, so let's start here.

### JAPANIMÉ

Some friends of ours want to share their addiction...ah...love of Japanese animation and have volunteered their room for this event. Come join the growing number of fans of this genre.

### OPENING CEREMONIES

The Chair of this year's MosCon — Donna Bailly — will introduce our Guests of Honor and tell you what a year the ComCon has had. There are a few pointers everyone should come and absorb, so all attendees will be well equipped for a great MosCon!

### READINGS

Many of our authors are scheduled, just check your "Pocket Program" for details of who and when.

### SCIENCE FICTION TO SCIENCE FACT

or

### WHAT CAME FIRST: THE CHICKEN OR THE EGG?

What technologies or inventions, if any, have developed from science fiction? What role does science fiction and science fact play in the process? How is science fact used in fiction?



when does science fiction become fact? Bring your examples from books or the screen and toss them in the discussion!

*Saturday, September 16th*

### ALTERNATIVE PROPULSION

### SYSTEMS

or

### "STAR COLONY TRAVEL: A REALITY CHECK"

Jim Glass speaks about how our current propulsion systems could take us to the stars today.

### THE CAPTURE

This is a slide show presented by Phil and Kaja Foglio. They say it involves fans, the Bermuda Triangle and aliens. Interesting, huh?

### CON-FUSION 101

Panelists will tell you what "cons" are and how to get the most out of your experience. Bring your questions and ask our seasoned oracles for their wisdom, (or any interesting stories they're willing to share...off the record, of course!!)

### COSTUMING WORKSHOP

How do you make your own unique creation? Where do you start and with what? Gail Glass and Vicki Mitchell will point you in the right direction. Bring your questions and tips. (Run in conjunction with the MAKEUP WORKSHOP.)

### THE CRAFT OF WRITING

**Part One** — THE MECHANICS OF BECOMING A PROFESSIONAL — Finding an agent or an editor and selling your work. The advantages and drawbacks to becoming your own desktop publisher; and dealing with big publishing houses vs small and alternative press. And what about taxes, residuals, copyrights...?

**Part Two** — THE CRAFT OF CREATIVITY — How to develop publishable writing skills and style. Coping with criticism — what is good criticism and what is negative comment. How does a writer take a good idea to a completed manuscript?

### FUNNY SLIPPER DANCE

We have the place and a DJ to play the music, so bring yourself in and have a great time! Did we mention no dance floor...so we got creative,

(what else are we here for anyway!) and someone suggested pulling out those funny, fuzzy animal slippers. So now we see how creative you are...have fun!

### GAMING

Come one, come all and bring your boards, cards or whatever you need to have a good time! We'll provide the room and you can game away the day! We'd like to see more gamers involved in PESFA and MosCon in the future, so let's start here.

### THE HUBBLE TELESCOPE

What have we learned from the Hubble Telescope? How will this new knowledge effect science and science fiction? Julie Lutz will present this panel and she intends to include a slide show and some of the latest information she's gathered including, hopefully, why the Hubble Telescope says the Universe is younger than its oldest stars.

### INTERVIEW WITH MEL GILDEN

Author guest of honor, Mel Gilden, will be interviewed by Barb Hendee.

### JAPANIMÉ

Some friends of ours want to share their addiction...ah...love of Japanese animation and have volunteered their room for this event. Come join the growing number of fans of this genre.

### MAKEUP WORKSHOP

How do you make your own unique creation? Where do you start and with what? Richard Taflinger and Bill McLaskey, theatre pros on the subject, will point you in the right direction. Bring your questions and makeup for hands on help. (Run in conjunction with the COSTUMING WORKSHOP.)

### MASQUERADE

Participants will parade creations for all the world to see! Come and cheer them on!

### MEET OUR GUESTS

A special session for those of you who have volunteered your time to make this convention a success. Thank you!!

### PUBLISHING YOUR ART

Tips and techniques to get your art

noticed, published and sold. What options exist for the creative artist? Self promotion and career development explored. This panel will be presented by Phil and Kaja Foglio, with Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk and Jon Gustafson.

### READINGS

Many of our authors are scheduled, just check your "Pocket Program" for details of who and when.

### TIME TRAVEL TIPS

Let's say you have this time machine. Okay. Let's say you are about to take a trip. Create a survival guide — what would you need to bring to cope if you were thrown backwards or forwards in time? Consider differences in language, technology, belief systems, etc.

### Sunday, September 17th

### ART AUCTION

Bid on the art you can't live without. But, be warned, auctions are contagious, so bring your checkbook! Also, some non-art items (a little bird mentioned chocolate, cookies and book galleys) will be auctioned to help offset the cost of this year's MosCon.

### BRUNCH

Buy your tickets and attend! Donna Bailly will present acknowledgements as well as toasts to absent friends. Our guests of honor will share parting shots and we will present awards for our miniature contest.

### JAPANIMÉ

Some friends of ours want to share their addiction...ah...love of Japanese animation and have volunteered their room for this event. Come join the growing number of fans of this genre.

### REGISTRATION

You, too, can plan a year in advance, at least. Buy your membership early for next year's MosCon. The MosCon 18 Con Com started its work last February and already it looks like it will be a terrific Convention! MosCon 18's guest of honor will be David Weber! Come join us for this one! (And, oh, what a price break we offer if you sign up now!)

### WESTERCON BID '99

Any individuals from Inland Empire conventions (MosCon InCon, MisCon or RadCon) are encouraged to attend this meeting and support the proposed bid for Westercon in Spokane in 1999.

## UPCOMING MOSCON XVIII

by Austin Wilmerding, Chair

Here's a sneak preview of MosCon XVIII that will be held in September 1996. David Weber will be our Guest of Honor and we are looking forward to hosting him. We have put together a team and are beginning to plan an exciting full-sized convention with lots of events.

Ideas currently being kicked around are a Cross Time Military Ball, come as your favorite persona, multi-track programming, Science Guest of Honor, Artist Guest of Honor, Banquet and many of the other traditional MosCon events. To this mix we want to add organized gaming and filking. We are also open to suggestions as long as the space is available and there is somebody to implement the idea.

A quick bio of our Guest to Be is appropriate so you can read up on his works by the time MosCon XVIII gets here. To date David Weber has written:

*Starfire Universe* (with Steve White)

*Insurrection* (1990)

*Crusade* (1992)

*The Dahak Universe*

*Mutineer's Moon* (1992)

*The Armageddon Inheritance* (1993)

*Heirs of Empire* (March, 1996)

*The Honor Harrington Universe*

*On Basilisk Station* (April, 1993)

*The Honor of the Queen* (June, 1993)

*The Short Victorious War* (April, 1994)

*Field of Dishonor* (October, 1994)

*Flag in Exile* (August, 1995; a month early. Lucky us!)

### Others:

*Path of the Fury* (1991)

*Oath of Swords* (January 1995)

*Bolos Book 3: The Triumphant*  
(with Linda Evans, August 1995!)

War Games in the "Starfire" System from Task Force Games.

*Empires* (1976)

*The Gorm-Khanate War* (1978)

*Starfire* (1992)

*Imperial Starfire* (1993)

*The Stars at War* (1993)

*Crusade* (1994)

Of course by the time you have read and played these he'll have written more.

David Weber attended Clemson University and Warren Wilson College and pursued graduate work in history at Appalachian State University. B.A. from WWC with a major in history and minors in English, Literature, Political Science, and Comparative Religion (he had a lots of hours). He did not complete his Master thesis from ASU because a) he discovered roughly 50% of all tenured history teaching positions were

held by people 40 or younger (which suggested major job competition) and b) he got caught up running Weber Associates, a small PR firm, full time.

He's been writing since 5th grade (Poetry and short stories) and began writing advertising and PR copy at age 16. Aside from short stints of blue-collar work while putting himself through college he has always supported himself as a writer and/or typesetter/paste-up artist.

Both his science fiction and fantasy writing creates consistent, coherent worlds where the technological boundaries magical or mechanical are known and have limitations. His characters "...have to solve their problems within the limits of their technological capabilities rather than counting on a last-minute 'god weapon' to save their buns just as the 'final, irresistible attack' comes in on them. I insist upon this for two main reasons: (1) it is truer to reality, and

(2) it requires a writer to write better stuff."

#### Hobbies of David Weber:

Historical, Sci-fi, and role-playing war games.

Handgun and rifle marksmanship  
Model and miniatures building/  
painting/collecting

Bad Puns

Now that you have had a glimpse of who our Guest of Honor is we hope you'll join us for a great convention next year.

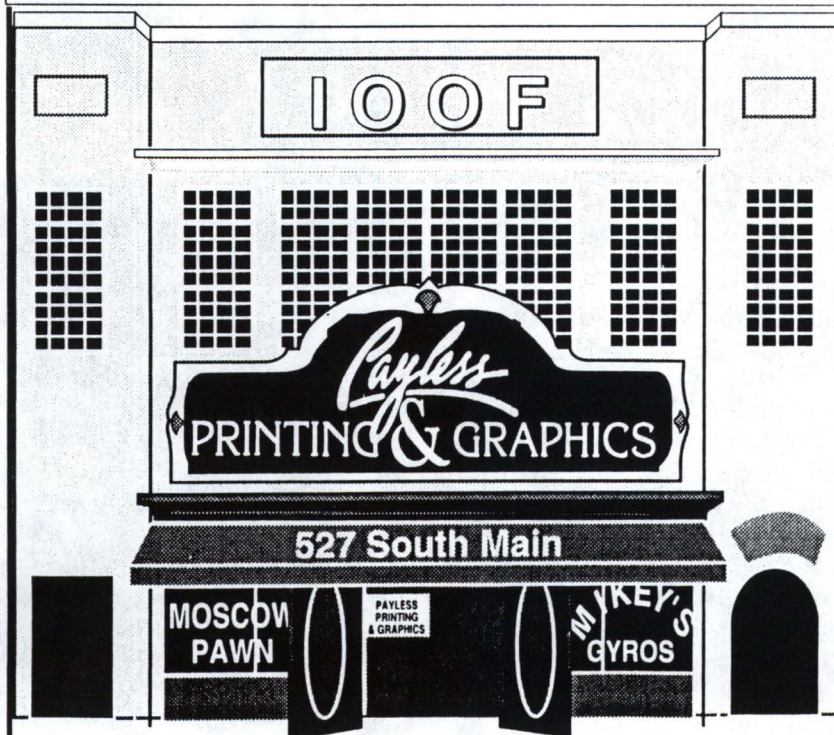
## Art Show

by Allen and June Westenbarger

The Art Show is located in Paradise Creek Room 3 and has some new elements this year. Along with the usual hanging art display we have opened a print shop and are hosting a miniature figure display and contest. We are awarding prizes for the

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best miniatures in eight categories and ribbons for the best hanging art in the show. Results will be tallied and announced at the brunch on Sunday and posted outside the auction room (Paradise Creek Room 1).

The hanging art show features the work of our Artist Guest of Honor Phil Foglio. We are also honored to have the art of Kaja Foglio. In addition, we are pleased to have the works of many fine artists including Robert Ashton, Betty Bigelow (a.k.a. Rena Bassilvergoran), Yvonne Bowhay, Lynne Fahnestalk, Ruth Frey, Bobbi Grende, Julia Lacquement, Monika Livingstone, Ellisa Mitchell, Betsy Mott, Mary Hanson-Roberts, Mark Roland, and Ledon Sacksteder among others. Please fill out a fan's choice ballot when you stop by!

The annual art auction will be on Sunday starting at 1 p.m. and the rules for bidding are posted in the art show room. You must be a member of MosCon XVII to purchase or bid but viewing is open to the public. So don't leave until you've seen the auction — there are always some real bargains!

The print shop is new this year and will have prints from a number of limited edition runs. Prints are an inexpensive way to get your favorite art into your own home. All prints are matted and shrink wrapped for your convenience. You will be able to purchase prints throughout the con at the art show security desk. Copies are limited so first come, first served!

MosCon is pleased to announce its first miniature figure display and competition! Eight categories including military both historical and SF, fantasy, realistic animals, dragons, general science fiction, and beginners will be judged by two local miniature figure experts. Fan's choice is

the eighth category and ballots will be tallied by brunch on Sunday. First and second prizes will be awarded in all eight categories. Prizes have been donated from Hodgins Drug store in Moscow (don't be fooled by the name — they have a fabulous selection of craft supplies, games, models, etc.) and Book World in the Palouse Empire Mall.

As always, please leave all bags and purses at the security desk by the door. Thank you for your cooperation and we hope you enjoy the show!

#### Art Show hours:

*Friday* — 3-6pm

*Saturday* — 10am-5pm

*Sunday* — 9am-11pm (for last minute bids...then closed in preparation for the auction)

## Gaming at MosCon

by Allen Westernbarger

This year we have responded to suggestions and tried to accommodate gamers both of the Magic card variety and of the board game variety. Room 131 has been provided, complete with tables, for your use. It is a private room, so please respect it as such. There should be a sign on the door indicating its availability. When you game elsewhere, please stay off the stairs and out of the halls to cooperate with hotel fire rules.

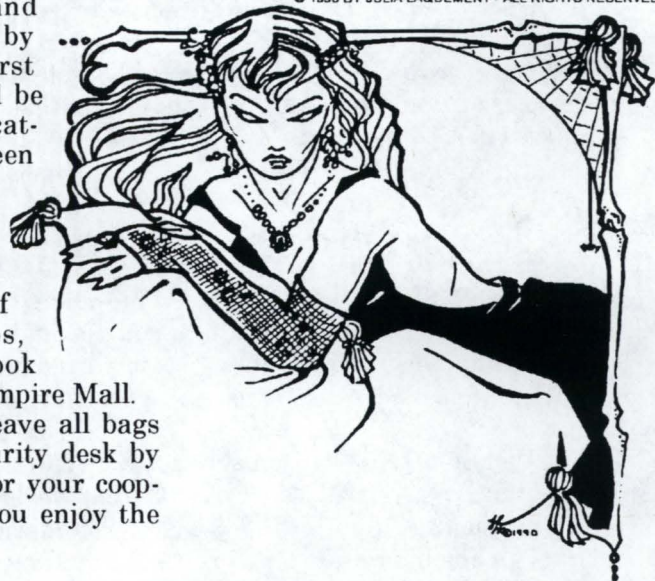
Room 131 hours:

*Friday*: 3:30 - 7pm

*Saturday*: 10am - 7pm

The Illuminati University will be holding classes on Friday and Saturday this year at MosCon. Creatures of all shapes, sizes, etc., etc. attend this school at the center of the universe. We'll be working hard to entertain you with this live action roleplaying game, based on *GURPS IOU* (Illuminati University), which is published by Steve Jackson Games Inc., and features illustrations by MosCon's artist GoH's Phil and Kaja Foglio. There will be two sessions of

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the game, one on Friday, and one on Saturday. I'm thinking small (20 people per session) groups to maintain my sanity (what's left of it, that is). Characters will be Freshthings at the University or faculty. We're still working out all the details, and trying to shmooze some prizes too! So come on out and experience the strangest university this side of Cygnus. Illuminati University!

Sincerely, Allen Westernbarger —  
Dean of Admission and Financial Aides.

## Dealers

by Lou Ann Lomax

This year's dealers will be:

**Lucky 7 Traders** — owned by Shari Harper of Spokane. She has a variety of goodies.

**Charae Crystals** — some of you may remember Char and Ray from last year. Char specializes in crystal, but also has other jewelry-type goodies.

**Quicksilver Fantasies** — many of you are probably familiar with Pat and her goodies. For those of you unfamiliar with her, Pat carries prints of Betsy Mott's paintings, some jewelry, books, music, and other oddments.

**Bookpeople** — known locally as the bookstore between the theaters, Bookpeople is owned by long-time MosCon supporter Bob Green. He carries books, magazines, music, calendars, and other goodies.

**Dragon Tales** — I expect Roberta Rice will have mostly books.



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Dealer's Room hours will be:

*Friday* — 10am to 1pm — set up for Dealers and their helpers ONLY  
1pm to 5pm — Open to public  
*Saturday* — 10am to 5pm — Open  
*Sunday* — 10am to 4pm — Open

Any changes will be posted on the door or near it.

Please come and look around. I doubt you'll be disappointed, whether you buy or just browse.

## Hospitality

by *Charlie Bales*

Come join Staff Captain Black in Ten Forward (Hospitality) for not so in-depth sci-fi related conversations and replicated food. For those who feel the urge to ignite themselves, the fire extinguishing program has been turned off in the Holodeck right next door.

## Operations, Security, and General Hotel Info

by *Austin Wilmerding*

### New Hotel and New Location:

MosCon is being held in a new hotel and for the first time ever in Pullman and we would like to establish a good relationship with both the Quality Inn and the Pullman Community. Your cooperation in this is greatly appreciated.

### Food and Beverages:

"Discover the Palouse" is a guide usually provided in your hotel room and lists the areas resurants and attractions. If you want suggestions or recommendations ask a concom person! A number of in-town restaurants also deliver and this may be a good option for those who are less mobile.

Currently Pete's Bar and Grill is the closest resturant and is only recommended for lunch and until the dining room closes at 9:00pm. Pete's bar is a local college hangout and appropriate mundane dress is strongly recommended.

### Costumes:

The hotel has asked that appropriate attire be worn at all times, this translates to clothing mandatory in the public areas especially the spa, pool, and sauna. In consideration of other guests of the hotel please wear a cape or cloak over revealing costumes or bathing suits when traveling the hallways to and from events or the pool area.

### Alcohol:

Washington State Alchohol policies will be strictly enforced by both MosCon and the hotel. The most relevent parts of the Revised Washington Code (RWC) are: it is illegal to serve alcohol to minors at any time and the open container law. The open container law means that you cannot be in a public or common area with an open alcholic beverage. MosCon will cooperate fully with the hotel and police in enforcement of RWC. PLEASE DO NOT BRING OPEN CONTAINERS OF ALCOHOL INTO THE PUBLIC OR COMMON AREAS OF THE HOTEL OR OUTSIDE. WE WILL HAVE TO INSIST THAT YOU RETURN TO YOUR ROOM OR PRIVATE PARTY AREA TO FINISH YOUR BEVERAGE.

Also, there is a rumor that there will be a Washington State Liquor Board inspector roaming the hotel this weekend. We cannot confirm or deny this rumor.

### Children:

Children viewing the art show shall be accompanied by an adult and shall act in an appropriate manner.

### Swiming pool, Spa and Sauna:

These are public areas and swimsuits are mandatory. We are cooperating with the hotel on this point.

### Security:

The hotel will be full this weekend and it is important that popular areas not become congested. Please adjourn to guest rooms or hospitality when ever possible. If a crowd develops, especially in the lobby area of the hotel, try and move on to alleviate the situation. The lobby area's ambiance hopefully can be maintained as an area to meet and catch up with friends, one on one, over coffee. The Hospitality room one floor

up is available for larger gatherings. The hotel has informed us that the front desk needs to be ready for any hotel patron that might come through the front door and we wish to accomodate them.

### Weapons Policy:

If it's drawn, it's gone (and will be returned to you at the end of the con).

### Room Parties:

Please post our room party form next to your door during the party.

### Quiet Area:

The hotel has set aside the pool end of the hotel as a quiet area. At night, when we're using the pool, please try and keep the noise to a minimum. In addition, there may be some non-convention guests such as Horizon Airlines pilots or stewards. Please keep noise to a minimum after 11pm.

### Pets:

Please make the appropriate arrangements with the hotel for personal pets.

### Art Show and Dealers Room:

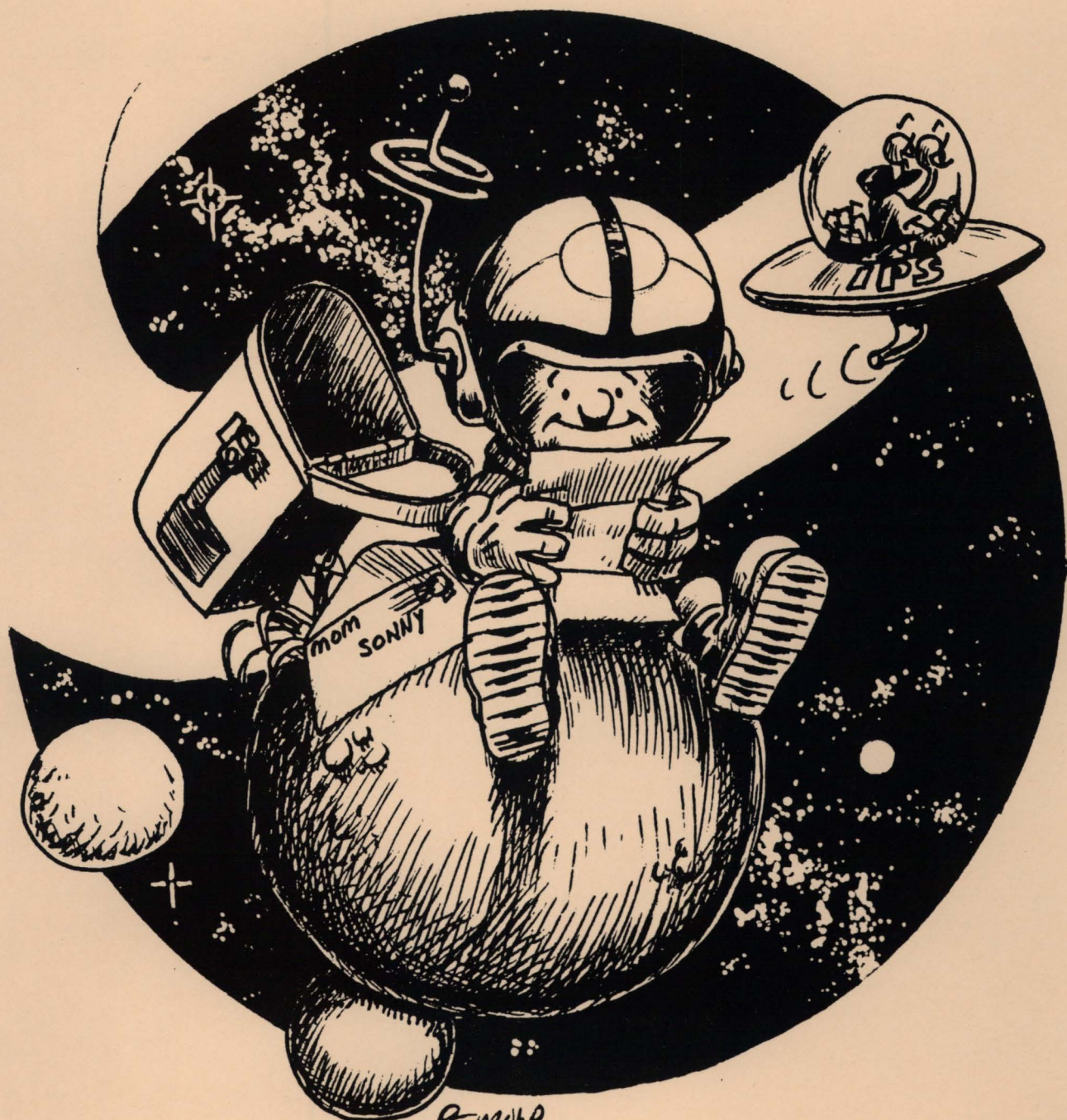
The art show and dealers room are open to the public but may contain material that might be offensive to some people.

### Smoking:

Please smoke only in the designated areas provided by the hotel. MosCon has rented a room right next to hospitality that will be available for smokers.



# Autograph Page



R-MUR

