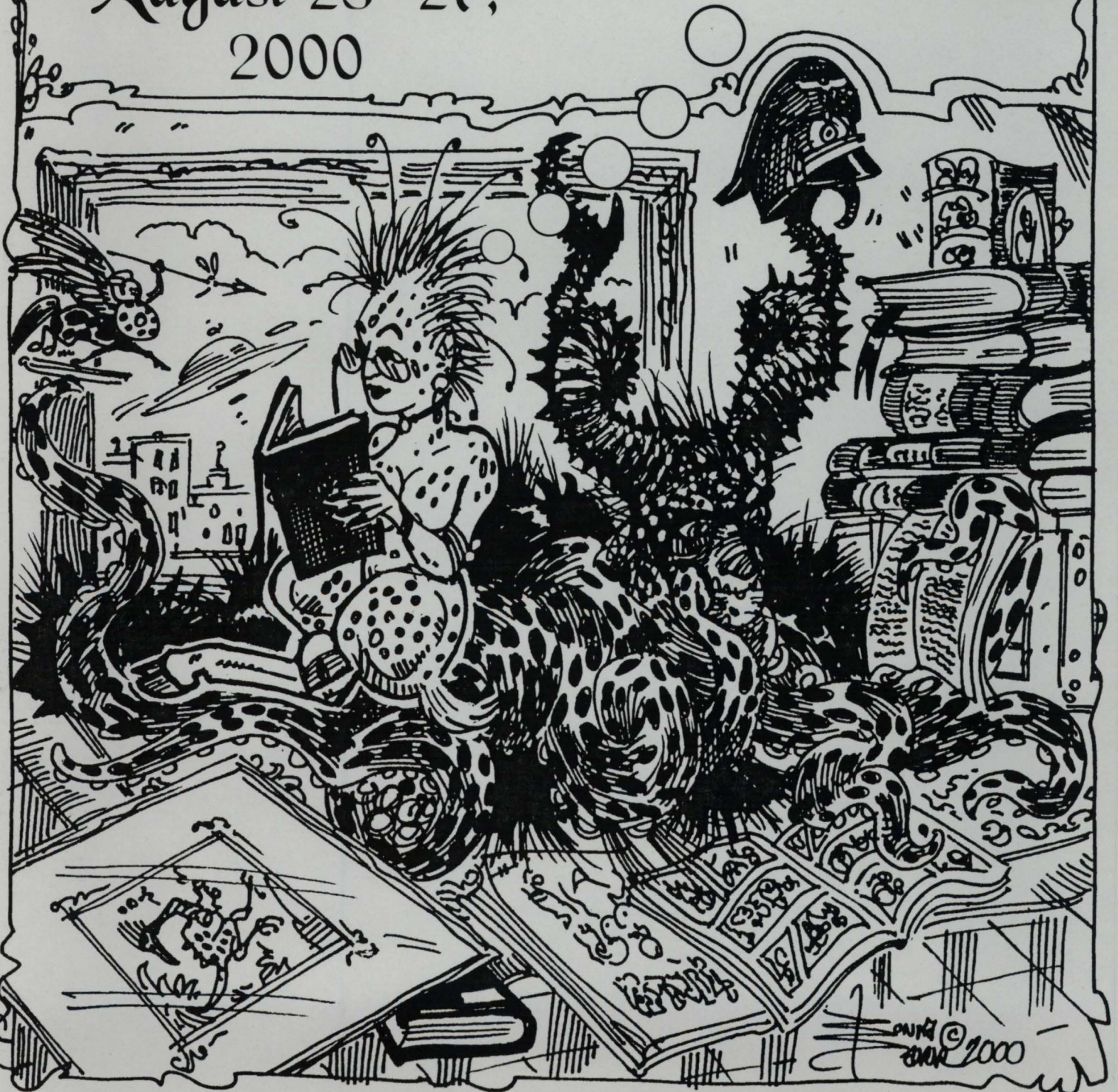


MosCon XXIV

August 25-27,
2000

*It's great they lock up
the dealer's room and art show
at night — then we can all come
down from the paintings and
read the books!*



MOSCON XXII

August 25-27, 2000

Frank M. Robinson
Author Guest

Donna Barr
Artist Guest

Dr. Thor Osborn
Scientist Guest

Julia Lacquement
Special Guest

Tim Hammell
Fan Guest

This program book includes art from any of the following: Jon Gustafson's art CDs — *Atlantis to the Stars, Dragons & Dinosaurs, The Stars and Beyond, Rockets & Robots, and Fevered Dreams*; and designs from *CELTIC DESIGNS CD-ROM AND BOOK: 96 DIFFERENT COPYRIGHT-FREE DESIGNS*.

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Chairman's Message

By Jon Gustafson

MosCon XXII. Our 22nd year of this most singular convention. It hardly seems possible that we've been pulling off this feat for 22(!) years.

But 22 years it is, and this is the fourth time I've been its Chairman ... which is almost as amazing (at least, from my point of view). The fourth time as scapegoat, our official title for the Chair. The fourth time at running this minor madhouse.

And, by golly, it can still be fun!

Oh, we've had our little problems this year, as some of you have no doubt heard. But then, what group of volunteers hasn't had a problem or two while working on a thing as complex and organic as a science fiction convention? The problems came and the problems left and MosCon XXII continued on.

This con, the last of the old millenium MosCons, promises to be one of the best ever. This is partially due to our excellent roster of Guests of Honor.

Our Author GoH, Frank M. Robinson, has been writing science fiction, adventure, and non-fiction books for more than 40 years and is one of the most charming men you will ever meet. Donna Barr, our Artist GoH, is equally charming in her

own special and feisty way, and is an artist of considerable note and skill. Our fan GoH, Canadian Tim Hammell, is also an artist of merit, with many pro sales under his belt and a long history of service to the Canadian fannish community.

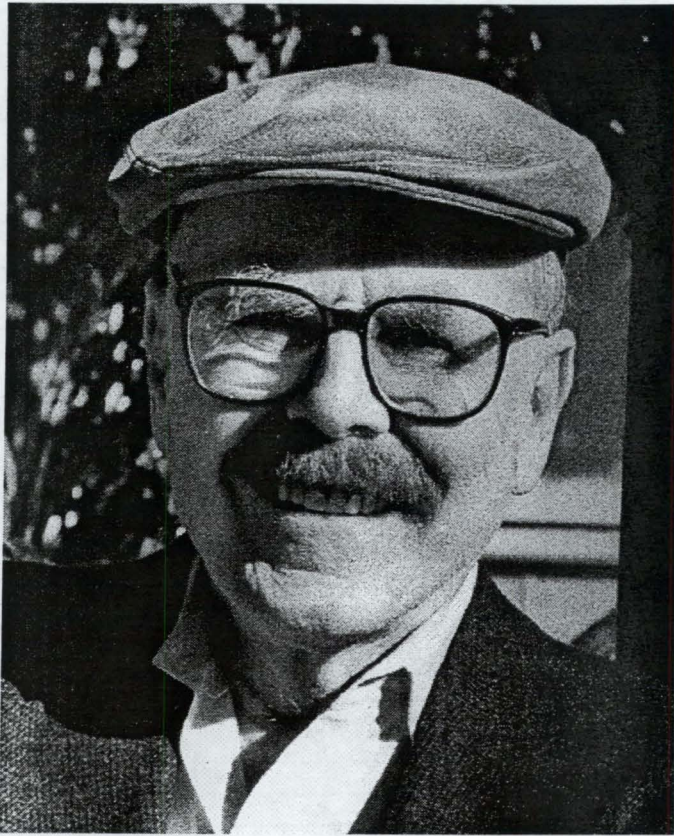
Thor Osborn, our Scientist GoH, is working on the cutting edge of micro-electronics and a fascinating person to talk to, as I'm sure you will discover. And last, but far from least, our Special GoH Julia Lacquement is one of those rare individuals who is proficient in whatever she chooses to do ... although she chooses to primarily do art.

The other reason this particular MosCon promises to be one of the best ever is because of the superb band of people who have volunteered their time and energy to help put on this con. From the department heads to the gophers, this is one of the best groups to ever run the madhouse I've ever had the pleasure to work with.

Enjoy this convention, won't you? Enjoy the panels, the art show, the animé and video rooms, hospitality, the late night swims, gaming, and the quiet and interesting camaraderie for which MosCon is so justly famous. Have a great time ... I know I will.

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Frank M. Robinson

Author Guest of Honor

by Vincent DiFate

I believe that I met Frank Robinson for the first time at a Kubla Khan in Nashville nearly 30 years ago. You know how such things go: you attend a convention and have the time of your life, the memory of it lingers sharp and precise in the mind for a week or so, then it all softens to a warm blur of fond memories of which only the highlights remain clear. I was an emerging talent in the SF art field at the time and Frank, even then, was something of a celebrated Grand Old Man of the genre with a long and successful career under his belt as both an editor and an author. He couldn't have been much older than in his mid-40s at the time. Frank was generous to a fault to everyone with whom he came in contact. He was decent and well meaning and tireless in giving help and advice to the group of adoring fans and aspiring writers who followed him around throughout the convention. He was also remarkably humble and self-deprecating when speaking of his many literary accomplishments. I liked Frank from the start and we just hit it off.

At the time Frank's writing career had gotten its second wind and his collaborations with Tom Scortia on a series of near future disaster novels were climbing the best-seller lists and paving the way for a later generation of books that we now call techno-thrillers. The first of the collaborations with Scortia, *The Glass Inferno*, would be melded with Richard Martin Stern's novel, *The Tower*, to form the basis for Irwin Allen's blockbuster motion picture, *The Towering Inferno*, which in 1974 was one of the most successful feature films ever made. This dynamic duo of disaster would go on to write a string of hit novels that would include *The Prometheus Crisis* (1975), *The Nightmare Factor* (1978), *The Gold Crew* (1980 — this became a TV movie for NBC entitled, *The Fifth Missile*) and, finally, *Blow Out!* (1987), which Frank completed after Tom Scortia passed away in 1986. In between all of this, Frank took a "break" to write, with John Levin, a well-received political thriller entitled *The Great Divide* in 1982.

But long before there was a Frank Robinson, collaborator, there was a Frank Robinson, solo author who had been quite successful at creating a number of thoughtful, well-crafted short stories for magazines such as *Astounding Science Fiction*, *Galaxy* and the king of the slicks, *Playboy*. Early in his writing career, Frank was one of the rare few genre writers, like Bradbury, Bester, Heinlein, and Clarke, to get his stories into the slick magazines that formerly wouldn't even give science fiction a second glance. He also wrote one of the most well regarded science fiction novels of the 1950s, the ESP thriller *The Power* (1956). The legendary science fiction film producer George Pal made *The Power* into the proverbial major motion picture in 1967. It's an interesting little film with a growing cult following, but Frank's novel is many times better. You should read it if you haven't already.

From the late 1950s until the mid-1970s, Frank, for reasons I'll never know or fully understand, turned his back on his writing career to become an editor. He'd gotten a degree in Physics from Beloit College in Michigan and an MS in Journalism at Northwestern University. In the late 1950s he parlayed his knowledge of science into a stint as editor of *Science Digest*.

From there he went to the men's slick magazines in the 1960s where science fiction was beginning to have a substantial presence. He had been the fiction editor at

Playboy in 1973 for four years when the call came from Scortia to work on *The Glass Tower*.

During his nearly twenty-year tenure as an editor, Frank developed the reputation of being one of the best story doctors in the business and, in the process, won the respect and admiration of just about everyone in the genre. That's no easy task, especially when being an editor sometimes means having to turn down stories from people with whom you have a friendship. Yet, in all these years of being around science fiction people, and thus a witness to all their jealousies and prejudices, I've never heard anyone say an unkind word about Frank. In fact, mention of his name usually brings on a warm smile, a knowing nod, and words of praise and fond remembrance.

Yep, Frank's a very special guy. One of the finest you're ever likely to meet. He may also be one of the most skillful writers that there ever was in our genre. He is a master storyteller of the first rank whose prose style is seamless and whose stories, character-driven and rooted in the "soft" sciences, are sophisticated, compassionate and deeply humanistic. To my way of thinking, he's one of the giant talents of SF - one who has somehow resisted the celebrity status he so richly deserves, yet who is known to an inner circle of fans and writers for the fidelity of his craftsmanship and the mature elegance of his personal vision.

In Frank's newly burgeoning second writing career, he has authored one of the best recent novels of science fiction, *The Dark Beyond the Stars*, which I had the pleasure of reading in manuscript prior to its publication in 1991. I was also fortunate enough to have been among those mentioned in its dedication. In 1995 came another collaboration, this time with Paul Hull, on a novel entitled, *Death of a Marionette*. It was followed in 1999 by another solo venture; a well-crafted thriller entitled, *Waiting*. And in a personal exploration of his roots as a fan, Frank also wrote and edited, with Lawrence Davidson, what is undeniably the very best book on the pulp era ever created, *Pulp Culture: The Art of Fiction Magazines* (1998). Published by Collectors Press, it is a feast for the eye as well as a loving homage to an era when fiction was king. The following year Frank embarked on another venture to do tribute to the subject he has so dearly loved throughout his life. *Science Fiction of the 20th Century* is one of the best books ever written about science fiction and it ambitiously takes on, not merely the literature of SF, but the art and film of the genre, too.

In a great single-author collection entitled *A Life in the Day of ...: Odysseys of the Imagination in Other Worlds than Ours*, Frank, in his afterward, sums up what most of us feel in our hearts about the grand literature that we have come together to celebrate at this convention. On being a science fiction reader, Frank states: "You were one of those people who believed in that Buck Rogers' "junk" and you spent too many days indoors reading when you should've been outdoors playing.

"But there was a flip side to that coin, and there still is. We believe passionately in The Future. We lived for it, we speculated about it, some of us wrote about it.

"And maybe that's the real contribution of science fiction, over and above offering a few hours of enjoyable reading.

"We believe in the future.

"We really think there's going to be one."

Having been a convention guest of honor often enough in my time, I understand fully that the real reason the rest of you are here is to party and to have a good time comparing ideas and opinions on an art form that's greater than the sum of its many parts. Having a guest of honor is often mainly a matter of tradition. But Frank, as I say, is a very special case, a very special guy, and a very special talent. Had he chosen to take another course in his life, the literature and love of science fiction would have been far less than it is. Thank God that there's a Frank Robinson and that, after half a century of being one of the best that ever was, he is just now nearing the peak of his form.





Donna Barr

Artist Guest of Honor

Since 1986, Donna Barr has been a constant, energetic and respected presence in drawn-book publishing. Her award-winning acclaimed *THE DESERT PEACH* and *STINZ* enjoy a loyal, worldwide audience.

THE DESERT PEACH is The Desert Fox's Gay Brother, and is about Love, Honor, Death and Tea. It does to World War Two what needs to be done. *STINZ* is about a black centaur stallion who is nobody's one-trick pony; it is really about all us two-leggers. Both books have been recognized as masterful portrayals of the outsider's view. Her military themes are firmly supported by her own three-year service in the US Army.

Her awards include San Diego ComiCon International's "Inkpot," Cartoonists Northwest's "Toonie," and the Washington Press Association's Communicator Of Excellence for Fiction.

Since 1997, her work has been published by her own company, A Fine Line Press. She is excited by the way the New Economy on the Internet is making it possible to distribute books to readers worldwide, while skirting the ponderous and out-of-date returns system, and dispense with many unnecessary middlemen, including agents.

She has been called "charming and witty," and is always glad to see her many readers. She has taught, lectured and spoken from Paris to San Diego, and appeared on radio and television.

Donna lives in Bremerton, Washington, with her husband, Dan, a gang of spoiled cats, and Kitsap County's largest Deodar Fir.

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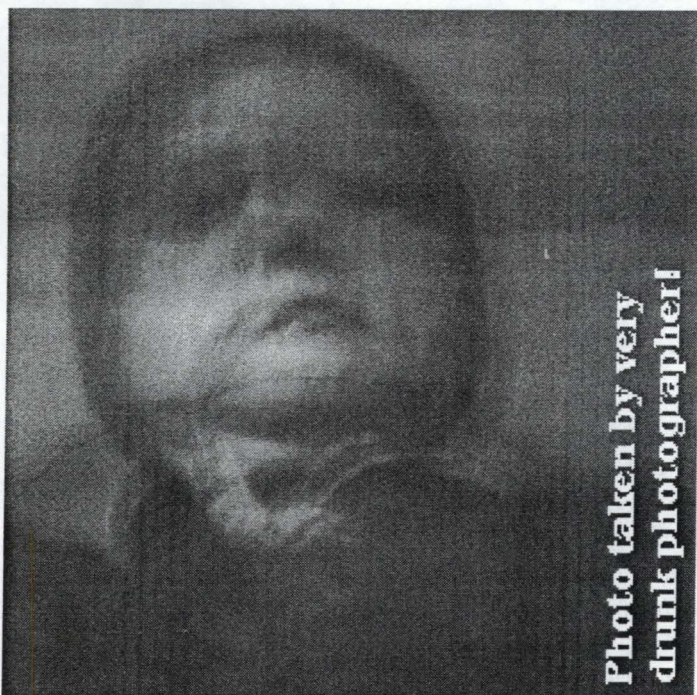
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Tim Hammell

Artist Guest of Honor

Subject was born 1952 in Calgary, Alberta, the third son of four males from typical 1950's parents — mother, Margaret, and father, Allan. Father was in the Air Force and mother read *Weird Tales* and other Tales magazines, no doubt instilling a similar liking for the genres within the developing person.

When young traveled all over Europe, Yukon, Canada. Most memorable highlight — causing an uproar in the Paris street by walking over the grave of the Unknown Soldier (well, the fire bowl was cool to a five year old). Escaped capture by the gendarmes.

Most traumatic event — breaking right leg under a kid load steel platform of several hundred pounds, trying to walk home on it, having it broken again by doctor at hospital to correct a bad setting by intern.

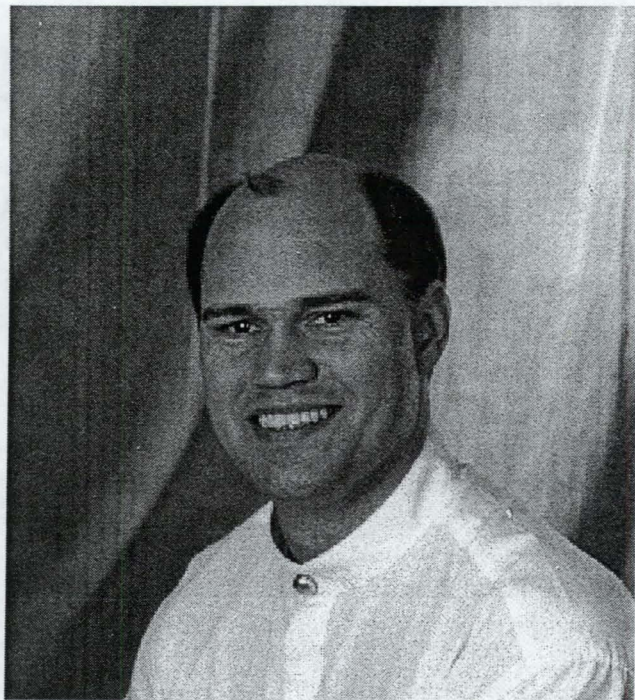
Artistic leanings came from unknown source but *always* drawing, from the time he was a very young boy engraving Woody Woodpecker portraits into his dresser bureau. Both parents were more than supportive of the direction he had chosen. Took of course all the art

courses offered and wished he didn't have to waste time with the others. He created art all through school, even in the margins of his notebooks (which in particular ticked off the math teacher, who hoped he'd wind up on the street trying to sell art). Graduated high school and went to art school for five years, studying graphic design and painting and sculpting. Most memorable highlight — bucked the system and graduated with mostly SF-related projects and illustrations.

He came along at just the right convergence of technology with media and in the early sixties, and spent as many hours as he could watching SF on TV and at the Saturday matinees in the local theater. Being moved so often as a result of his father's transfers to new stations, Tim found it difficult to make friends and found a lot of companionship in the characters of films from the German-to-the-1950's B-movies. These themes and images have formed the thematic undercurrent of a lot of his illustration and fine art. Being an artist he's always created his own worlds, ranging from the far-distant past to the far-distant future. Very often he's blended the two visions together.

After attending his first con in 1971, Tim found his artwork starting to appear in numerous fan and semi prozines of the period. His art has appeared in such publications as *On Spec*, *Airbrush Action*, *Cinefantastique*, *Legends of the V-Twin Harley Calendar*, *The 48th Annual Salon book of the Professional Photographers of Canada* and its accompanying cross-Canada traveling exhibition. Many of his paintings are held in private collections all over western Canada and US. In his professional life he's won awards from the Professional Photographers of Canada for his work on many private photographic collaborations.

Art philosophy: Overidngly art must evoke any emotional response from the viewer. It should have mystery and awe even if the subject matter is mundane. Art is created in the brain; the tools used to express it are relatively unimportant. Accidents and imperfections are to be treasured as motes of random forces and humanity held within a controlled creation. Working in the mundane gallery he's found that art philosophies are as varied as the techniques of painting and as varied as the artists' personalities.



Dr. Thor Osborn Scientist Guest of Honor

Like many aspiring young technology buffs, Thor Osborn nearly burned down, blew up, or otherwise rendered uninhabitable his parents' home on numerous occasions. Hydrogen makes a beautiful plume of flame upon ignition — especially when mixed with pure oxygen. Homemade black powder doesn't work nearly as well as **Star Trek** would have you believe, but the burning molten sulfur residue clings tenaciously to its target. Noxious odors notwithstanding, the accumulation of silver from used photographic fixer solution was a success, but ten dollars worth of crudely purified metal failed to justify the weeks of pounding headaches caused by continuous emission of swamp-gas by-products into a confined living space.

Following this dubious attempt at a normal childhood, Thor entered Washington State University. Four years later, he graduated first in his class with a degree in electrical engineering. He attributes his academic success to below-average partying — a deficit he hopes to correct over time. During an internship at Eldec he realized that the world of electrical engineering was going digital, and would soon become incredibly boring. Resolving to avoid boredom at all costs, he embarked on a doctoral program in bioengineering at the University of Washington, where he learned fear and

loathing, and the value of color slides. For six years he toiled on an under-funded project with little apparent merit while he developed a keen sense of Archibald's maxim: "graduate school is a series of diminishing expectations." After six years of mostly wasted time, he earned his Ph.D. for developing a micro-machined support structure for artificial cell membranes, and a reliable process for making those membranes — a method that had eluded thousands of chemists over the past 75 years.

After "gradual school," life got much more entertaining, as he parleyed his micro-machining experience into jobs in the emerging field of micro-electromechanical systems (MEMS) making tiny silicon-based machines. Following stints at AlliedSignal and Motorola developing MEMS-based accelerometers for navigation systems (to help missiles kill people) and airbag crash detectors (to keep people from killing themselves) he made his way into engineering management. He is presently working a truly science-fiction-come-to-life job at Microvision, a Seattle firm developing screenless, high-contrast, day-bright video displays using MEMS devices to scan a laser beam directly into the eye.

Recently, he married the lovely, vivacious and talented Julia Lacquement, in a direct attempt to continue avoiding boredom. It has been extremely successful. Thor has interests in alternative medicine, nanotechnology, and the social consequences of scientific development.





Julia Lacquement

Special Guest of Honor

Julia Lacquement is a premiere watercolorist with a flair for color and design. She received her formal training in Canada before coming to the U.S. to pursue a career in comics, science fiction, and fantasy art. Tending toward fantasy themes, she has also painted botanicals, nudes, horror and Asian-influenced pieces. Exhibiting for more than a decade at SF conventions, she has won repeated awards for Best of Class, Show, Color & Humor. Her work may be found in numerous publications, CD-ROMs, and on T-shirts. She is now juggling more traditional gallery works into her schedule. Passionate about wanting to do it all, Julia also does jewelry, sculpture, and fashion design.

In developing her designs, she draws upon her Celtic heritage, scrupulous research, and vivid imagination to create art that is not merely pretty to look at but richly woven with symbolism. Just ask her, and she will explain all the things hidden within the artwork, endlessly....

Julia was born in Northern Alberta, and spent much of her childhood there, where summers are hot and short, and winters are long and cold. One of her fondest childhood memories is of a picnic she had with a black bear. Fortunately for her, for her many good friends, and for the world of art, the bear had already located an

ample supply of tasty grubs, and was not interested in her or her trail mix. From a very young age, Julia demonstrated exceptional artistic talents, well ahead of her peers. Coming from a family of exceptionally talented artisans and craftsmen, however, her prodigious abilities were viewed by them as rather normal and something of a distraction from the scientific studies she was constantly coaxed to pursue instead. A dutiful child, she did her best to excel in the sciences, although she took art classes whenever possible. Upon entering the University of British Columbia she had earned scholarships in mathematics, physics, biology, and chemistry. Naturally, she made the only rational choice and dropped out of her scientifically focused curriculum to pursue the arts, much to her parents' chagrin.

Julia moved from Vancouver, British Columbia to Seattle in 1984 with the intention of making her way as a science fiction and fantasy poster artist. Thus began a series of detours. One of her first jobs in Seattle was as an indoors mural painter for well-heeled clients and their children. This job went well until she sustained a concussion returning from a trip to negotiate the commission of "Green Arrow — The Longbow Hunters" with Mike Grell. This turn of events could have proven disastrous, but soon she was working with Grell on "John Sable, Freelance". This effort was very well received by First Comics, and led to a 12-year-long career in the comics industry as a colorist, color artist, and occasional cover artist.

During this time she became known for speed in an industry where a missed deadline could cost the publisher many thousands of dollars, all the while building a reputation for excellence regarding historical accuracy, the use of color, and painterly skill. She broke new ground as the first color artist ever to receive royalties for her work on Longbow Hunters, and was the first to consistently paint between the panels, taking comics up another notch as an art form. She was also the first color artist to paint directly on the original pencil art, expediting the creative process and yielding a higher-quality and more painterly book without the characteristic heavy black lines. Truly earning the title of Color Artist (as opposed to Colorist), she "pumped up" the work by painting in freehand details and background features to give the finished pages more visual depth than the comics world had ever seen before. Her penchant for excellence contributed to a Harvey award for Berni Wrightson's "Captain Stern", among other individual and team awards from the comics industry.

Throughout her years in comics, and to this day, Julia has been a fixture on the northwest convention circuit. The comics industry taught blinding speed and the ability to work under grueling deadlines. It also - and the importance of this is not to be overlooked - paid the rent.

But while as a color artist she was unsurpassed in her ability to make other artists' black and white art more appealing, it was nevertheless stifling to her own creative spirit. Occasional commissions helped her to develop her drawing talent. Her works have appeared in books, magazines, games, marketing brochures, and business signs. But whenever possible, she would paint her own works for the convention circuit to satisfy a gnawing, burning urge to express the visions of her own imagination.

In 1997, Julia quit her last job in comics to paint her own works exclusively. Although she has not closed the door on possible future contracts if the job were sufficiently interesting, she greatly enjoys the freedom to work on her own designs.

As with most artists, Julia has taken benefit from the inspiration of those who went before. Her favorite era is Art Nouveau, and with that the influence of Alphonse Mucha almost goes without saying. Other key influences include Kay Nielsen, Arthur Rackham, Brian Froud, and the turning leaves of Autumn in her native Alberta.

Almost all of Julia's paintings have been made with watercolors and acrylic inks, but always using watercolor technique. Watercolor is generally recognized by serious artists as the most difficult technique to master, and is usually taught in the fourth year of art school after students have developed a firm foundation in other techniques. In true watercolor paintings the brightest white comes from the paper. It is for this reason that watercolor is so challenging. Any significant error stains the paper and irrevocably destroys the artist's intent, whereas mistakes in oils can simply be scraped off or painted over. Thus, the watercolorist must think many moves ahead, much like a chess master. Nevertheless, Julia has focused her efforts in that field, and is one of the premier talents in the northwest for true transparent watercolors, whether within the science fiction community or in the art community at-large. A purist, she disdains even the use of gouache, a more forgiving but less vibrant medium in which watercolors are blended with white pigments. Nor will she use any but the highest quality light-fast paints and acid-free papers and mounting materials.

Every painting she makes is intended to last a century or more with proper care.

Julia has many fond memories of MosCons past, and is proud to be this year's Special Guest of Honor.



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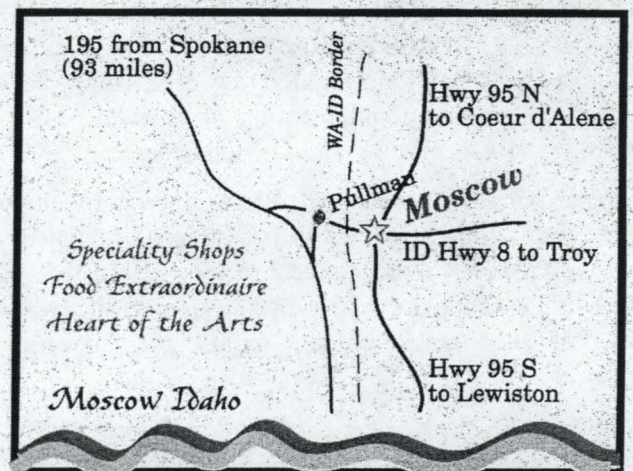
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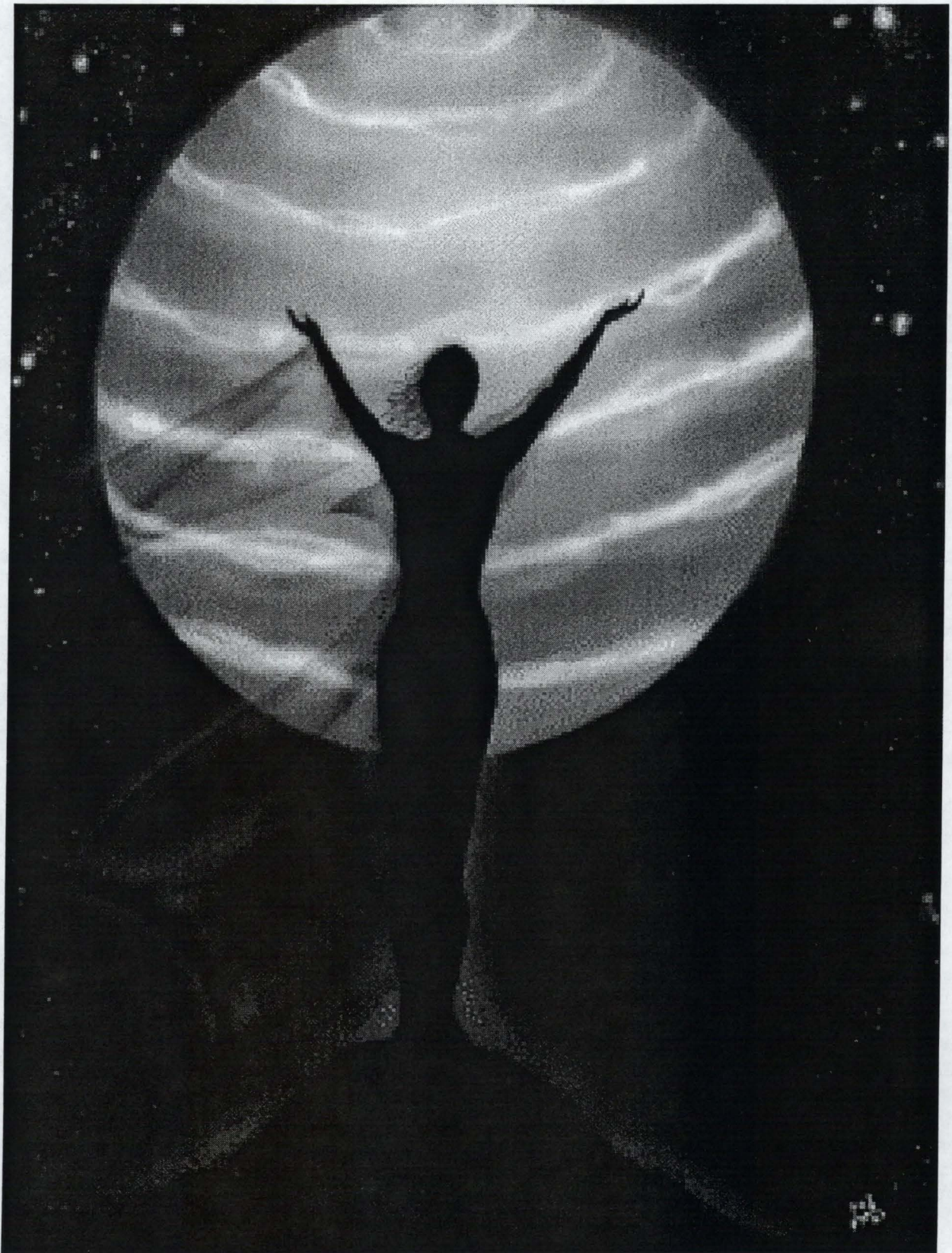
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Our Other Professional Guests



Betty Bigelow

by Dave Bigelow

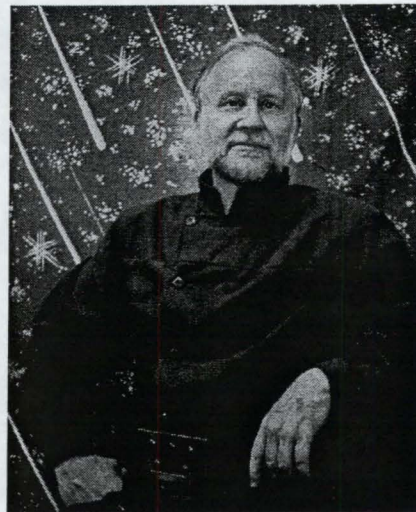
Betty Bigelow is an artist, a costumer, a dancer, and a Klingon.

Her nom-de-paintbrush is Rena Bassilvergoran. Mostly self-taught, she has worked in pen and ink, acrylic, 3-D ceramic and polymer clay sculptures, and water color. Her pieces have gathered many awards at convention art shows, and have appeared in fanzines locally and internationally.

As a costumer, she has won scads of awards at science fiction costume events. Her latest and continuing projects are the Klingon costumes she and Dave wear, usually on Saturdays at conventions. These require skills in latex appliance construction (for the foreheads — you wouldn't want to see the kitchen afterwards), makeup (four hours in makeup, just to wander around on Saturdays!) and language (Klingon, of course). So she is well qualified to bear the title of coordinator of the Seattle Klingon Diplomatic Corps, Fashion Animal Division. She is Artistic Director of the Shahrazad Middle Eastern Dance Ensemble, and has studied Belly Dance, Flamenco, and Middle Eastern Ethnic Dance for 27 years.

As a fan, she usually describes herself as 119 years old and counting.

She and husband David, with their friends in the Seattle Klingon Diplomatic Corps — Fashion Animal Division (SKDC-FAD) have produced quite a few masquerade half-time entertainments, in which singing and dancing Klingons do such things as maintain the proud tradition of the Klingon Tribble-Stomping Dance. Betty sometimes gives workshops on Klingon language and theatrical make-up techniques through the King County Library system.

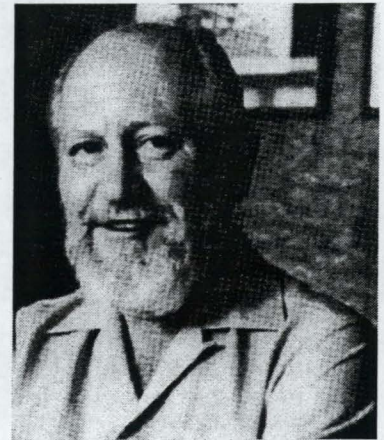


Dave Bigelow

Dave Bigelow builds electrical control panels for a living. His time-consuming hobbies include music (occasionally singing and dancing in costume event half-time shows), writing science-fiction short stories (very occasionally published), and being married to Betty Bigelow, who dresses him up as the Klingon Koltar and uses a cattle prod and chocolate to entice him to dance. She likes the effect so much they've been doing it for years.

David belongs to the Seattle writer's group known as "the Ink Slingers", and had a story in the 1994 WORLDCON (Manitoba) program book. He grew up in Olympia, living in the House built by his great-grandfather (check out the Bigelow Family Museum website). As a

member of the Society for Creative Anachronism, he became the first Laurel of the then Principality of An Tir for his musical talents and teaching.



F.M. Busby

F.M. Busby and his wife Elinor live in Seattle with their two cats, the calico Molly Dodd and '98-model tuxedo Jeffrey. His eighteen published novels include eight in the universe of RISSA KERGUELEN, three in that of CAGE A MAN, and another three in the SLOW FREIGHT grouping. Solo books are *All These Earths*, *The Breeds of Man*, *The Singularity Project*, and *Islands of Tomorrow*. Of more than forty shorter works, three have appeared in BEST OF YEAR anthologies; twenty are gathered into his collection *Getting Home*.

Growing up in the Palouse, Buz attended WSU and graduated before it got the "U", studying physics and electrical engineering, which help him keep his numbers straight. What with two vacations financed by the Army, it took him nine years, after which he moved to Seattle to engineer communications with the Alaska Comm System and to get married and settle down. In 1970 he opted for early retirement and began writing SF. Buz was Author Guest of Honor at MOSCON IV.

In the Army and later he spent considerable time in Alaska, including a year in the Aleutians, and swears his tales of Amchitka weather are simple truth. His interests include aerospace, unusual gadgetry of 'most any kind, dogs, cats, and people, not necessarily in that order.



John Dalmas

My life has been a learning process. As a child I lived with several families, twice in boarding houses. As a young man, I mostly went where I wanted, did what I wanted, and enjoyed the experience. My adult life has taken me through several phases: soldier (1944-45), when I served as a parachute infantryman; smoke-jumper; merchant seaman; logger; docks worker. I've hitchhiked and ridden buses, and once hopped a freight train from Missoula to Minneapolis, for economy and for the experience.

Eventually I began college on the GI Bill, discovered parties, and had a ball. I was active in the college monthly magazine and dramatics. After graduating with honors, I worked two-plus years as a district forester, dis-covering professional responsibility. I enjoyed the hell out of it, especially two winters spent on snowshoes cruising timber.

Intrigued by ecological problems in forestry, I began work on an

eventual doctorate in ecology and was hired by the Forest Service as a research ecologist for the next 17 years, mostly in high-elevation forests in Colorado and the Southwest. While earning a reputation in my field, I learned about the gap between theory and reality. Mostly, I enjoyed my research career.

At the same time, I discovered an ability to write professionally—technical papers *and* science fiction. I sold some stories, notably "The Yngling."

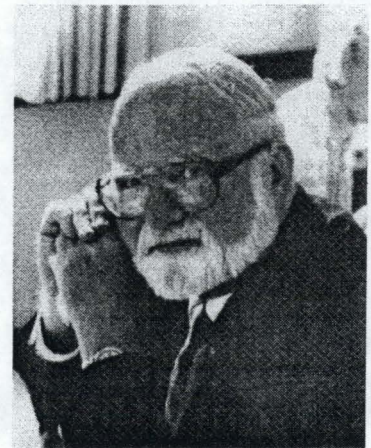
In 1977 I quit my government job and went to Hollywood "to make my fortune as a screen writer." Meanwhile I worked as a casual laborer for moving companies, and as a free-lance editor, all the while hustling screenplay scripts and treatments. For several months I worked as a secretary for a small film-production company. I also set type, worked for a gardening firm, cleaned professional buildings, etc., during that period. Those years were extremely interesting and enjoyable.

During an employment drought, I wrote and sold another novel. Since 1984 I've been a full-time writer. I have 21 novels published—most recently *The Bavarian Gate*—along with assorted short fiction and a collection. I've finished writing a 22nd novel, the last of the Regiment series, *The Three-Cornered War*, which will be coming out from Baen Books in December. A third FARSIDE novel has been sold and drafted.



M.J. Engh

M.J. Engh is the author of *Arslan*, *Wheel of the Winds*, *The House in the Snow*, and *Rainbow Man*, plus occasional novellas (including a contribution to a *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 Philippines, Japan, and Oklahoma (more or less in that order), she is now a convinced resident of the Palouse. She lives in the middle of a large garden in Garfield, Washington.



James C. Glass

Jim Glass was born in Long Beach, CA in 1937. He received his first personal rejection letter at age 13 from Fantasy & Science Fiction. His first con was WESTERCON 5 (1952) and he published a fanzine from 1952 to 1954. Jim majored in physics at the University of California, Berkeley, on a football scholarship. He worked at Lawrence Berkeley on controlled fusion, then at Rocketdyne and later Electric Propulsion Associates on ion engines, arc jets, and colloidal propulsion engines. He received his Ph.D. from the University of Nevada, Reno, and in 1968 began a 20-year stint on the faculty of North Dakota State. He spent 1977-78 in West Germany as a guest scientist at the Kernforschungsanlage (nuclear research institute) at Jülich.

In 1982 he started writing SF again, as well as attending VALLEYCONS at Fargo. In 1985 he married Gail Hansen, another fan. In 1988 they sold their snowshoes and battery-heated long-johns, and left Fargo for the banana belt, Spokane. Jim became professor of physics and dean of science and mathematics at Eastern Washington University. He recently escaped from his administrative position and is looking forward to retiring so he can write full-time.

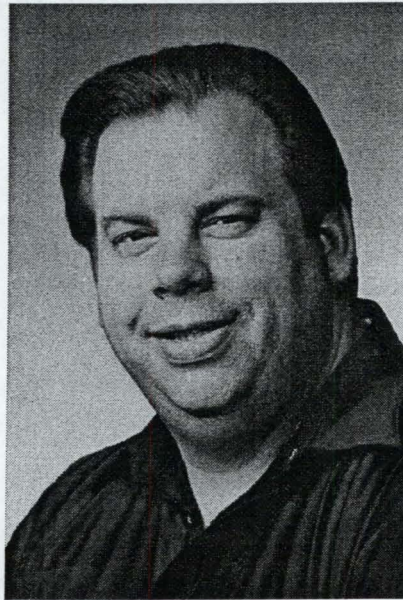
Jim Glass's first short story sale was to *Aboriginal*. In 1991 his short story "Georgi" won the grand prize in the annual Writers of the Future contest and was published in *Writers of the Future*, Volume 7. He has since sold more than 20 stories to magazines, including *Analog*, *Aboriginal*, and *Pulphouse*. His novel *Shanji* is scheduled for publication in February 1999 by Baen Books. Two other novels, *Toth* and *Visions*, are available on audio-tape from Books in Motion. His most recent short fiction sale is *Shadows*, in *Analog*.

Jon Gustafson

Jon Gustafson has been involved with science fiction and fandom for over 20 years, primarily in the Northwest. He attended his first convention in 1975 has attended over 130 cons since.

He has two Bachelor's degrees, one in Fine Arts and the other in Education. He has worked as a teacher, medical illustrator, secretary, field hand, store manager, bus driver, publisher, and many other unrelated jobs. He is now primarily an editor and an art appraiser.

Active in Northwest convention activities, he ran programming for NORWESCON 6, was the Art Show Director for the 1984 Portland WESTERCON, has been an Art Show judge for many cons, and edited the Program Book for the 1993 Seattle WESTERCON. He also edited the 1992 MAGICON (WORLD CON) Program



Book, which was called (by people other than himself, even) the best WORLDCON Program Book ever created, and the 1994 Winnipeg WORLDCON Program Book, called by Algis Budrys the best convention Program Book ever produced. He chaired MOSCONS 3, 4, and 7 (and has worked in one capacity or another on all MOSCONS). He was Fan Guest of Honor at seven Northwest conventions (V-CON 9, SPOKON 1, VIKING-CON 9, NORWESCON 10, CON-VERSION 5; ZERO-G, and RADCON 1A) and was the Toastmaster at NONCON 5.

He was one of the founding members of many organizations, including ASFA (The Association of Science Fiction/Fantasy Artists), the Northwest Convention Lodge, PESFA (The Palouse Empire Science Fiction Association), MOSCON, the Moscow Moffia Writers' Program, Writers' Bloc, and J. Martin & Associates Literary Agency. In 1983, he started JMG Appraisals, the first professional SF/F art and book appraisal service in North America. Very active in the SF art field, he was the Mountain Director for ASFA from 1986-1988, 1990-1992, 1994-1996, and was just re-elected for his fourth term.

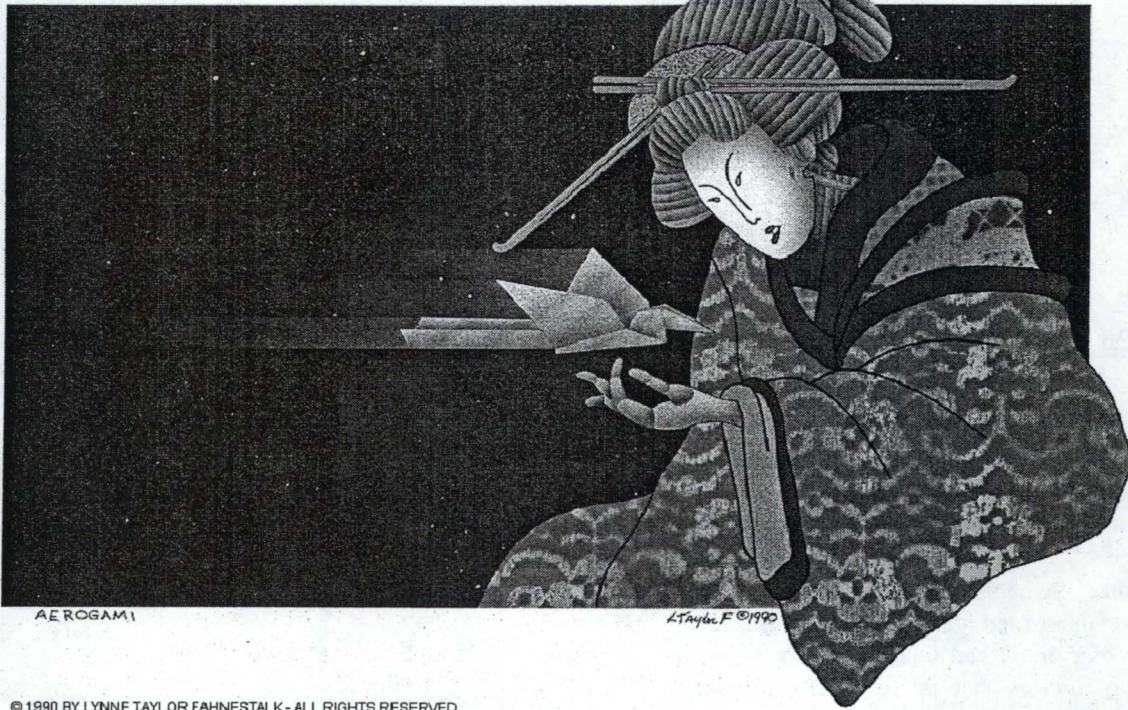
He entered fan publishing in 1974 by writing a column of art critique for Dick Geis' Hugo-winning magazine,

Science Fiction Review. Soon after, he was co-editing *New Venture* with Steve Fahnestalk. He also wrote a short-lived column on SF art for Mike Glycer's *File 770* and a biography of Jack Gaughan for *Locus*. In 1981, he began writing a book review column for NWSFS' magazine, *Westwind*, which continued (with the occasional break) until 1994. In 1976, he entered pro publishing by writing a history of SF art for Brian Ash's *The Visual Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* (1979; a Hugo-winner) and added 30 more bios for the updated, award-winning version of that book (1994). He also wrote two articles for the 1979 *Starlog Science Fiction Yearbook*, edited by Gerrold & Truesdale. He wrote 28 artist biographies for James Gunn's *New Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* (Viking 1988) and edited a large, new fiction anthology titled *Rat Tales* (Pulphouse Press 1994).

In 1986, his first work of fiction appeared in the best-selling *Writers of the Future, Volume II* anthology, and some of his other fiction appeared in the legendary *The Moscow Moffia Presents Rat Tales* anthology and in *Figment*. His first book was a biography is — *CHROMA: THE ART OF ALEX SCHOMBURG*.

He has sold over 225 articles and several short stories in the past 20 years. He has written columns on SF for *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*, *Figment*, and the new *Science Fiction Review*. He was a contributing editor for *Pulphouse Magazine* and was recently chosen by SFWA to edit the 1995 edition of the *SFWA Handbook*.

Jon has recently set his sights on newer technologies. He has spent the last years editing a series of SF/F art CD-ROMs: *Atlantis to the Stars*; *Dragons & Dinosaurs*; *Rockets & Robots*; *Sci-Fi Fantasy 2000*; and *Fevered Dreams*. He has done a CD-ROM archive of MOSCON's first twenty years. He is married to best-selling author V.E. (Vicki) Mitchell.



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V.E. Mitchell

by Jon Gustafson

Vicki Mitchell has been involved in science fiction for over 18 years. She joined PESFA (the Palouse Empire Science Fiction Association) in 1977 and soon became one of the core members of the group. She was one of the founding members of MOSCON, Writer's Bloc, the Moscow Moffia Writers' Program, and J. Martin & Associates Literary Agency.



She has been Treasurer of MOSCONS 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9, 15, 16, and

17; the Membership Chair for MOSCON 3; Art Show Director for MOSCONS 4 and 13; and Chairman of MOSCON 10. She and MJ Engh ably programmed MOSCON 20. Any blades that are drawn in public places will be held by security until the end of the CON. She was the Assistant Art Show Director for the 1984 Portland WESTERCON and ran the BANFFCON Art Show. Well known in costuming circles, she has won prizes for her costumes at many Northwest conventions. She was the Author Guest of Honor at RADCON 1B and two Calgary Star Trek cons.

She has four college degrees, including an MS in Geology and an MBA, and is currently working on her fifth, a Ph.D. in Geology. She works full-time as a geologist for the Idaho Geological Survey.

Vicki has been writing for as long as she can remember. In 1986, she won the national *Amazing Stories* Calendar Story Contest and sold a short story to a mainstream anthology. In 1987, she had a story appear in the legendary *The Moscow Moffia Presents Rat Tales* anthology, and had a different "Rats" story accepted for the 1994 *Rat Tales* anthology from Pulphouse Publishing.

Her first novel, *Enemy Unseen*, (a STAR TREK novel from Pocket Books,

which has also appeared in British and German versions), appeared in 1990 and spent three weeks on the *New York Times* Bestseller list. Her second novel, *Imbalance* (a STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION novel), came out from Pocket Books in June, 1992. Her third STAR TREK book, *Windows On a Lost World*, appeared in June, 1993, and is still selling very well. It has also appeared in an audio-tape version read by Walter Koenig. Her fourth STAR TREK book, *Atlantis Station*, was a young-adult book set in the STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION "Academy" series; it reached the bookstores in August 1994.

Her books have been translated into German and Japanese. She also sold a novella to *Amazing Stories*, which came out in May and June, 1992. In 1996, Vicki sold two more media tie-in novels, one entitled *Pool Party Panic!* for the TV series *The Secret World of Alex Mack*, and one for *Are You Afraid of the Dark?*; both shows appear on the Nickelodeon network.

She continues to work on novels, short stories, articles, and her Ph.D. dissertation in geology. She is married to Jon Gustafson and is owned by an excessively silly dog named Shilo.

Programming

(It's rare to have times & places for programming before printing the Program Book. Remember that there can be changes: for the final word on times & places, check your Pocket Programs.)

Friday, August 25, 2000

12:00 PM

Dealer's Room & Art Show Open
Pool Suite: Hospitality Opens

2:00 PM

Washington Room: Symbols & Icons. This is a serious discussion on symbols and icons, their use, misuse and abuse. If words can cut and images disturb us, what about everyday images that are taken for granted? Taken out of context, one sign isn't like another. *Panelist: Tim Hammell.*

Palouse Room: The Effects of Fire on the Environment: whether it's a wildfire or a high-rise, a home or field-burning, how does the news media affect and change Americans' perception of fire. *Panelist: John Dalmas*

Empire Room: Reading: Jim Glass

3:00 PM

Washington Room: Copyright & the Internet: if it's on-line, is it Fair Game? With the advent of the Internet, a debate about intellectual property has arisen. Is there adequate protection in place or does more need to be done? *Panelists: Thor Osborn, Donna Barr*

Palouse Room: Character Plot, Inspiration & Development: Where do those ideas come from? How can you make them work for you? *Panelists: Jim Glass, Frank Robinson, Vicki Mitchell*

Empire Room: Reading: Roberta Gregory

4:00 PM

Washington Room: Give Me Liberty! In a small group, ideas are sometimes viewed as poisonous. How do you fight hidden bigotry? How do you sweep the bigotry from your own mind? *Panelists: Roberta Gregory, Donna Barr*

Palouse Room: SF Pictionary: pit your wits! *Mediator: Tim Hammell*

Empire Room: Writer's Workshop begins. Closed Session. 2 Hours. *Pro Participants: F.M. Busby, Jim Glass, M.J. Engh, John Dalmas*

Coffeeklatch: An hour with *Thor Osborn & Julia Laquement*

5:00 PM

Washington Room: Costuming on the Cheap for the Frugal Fan: how to get the most for your buck, and have fun doing it. *Panelists: Gail Glass, Melissa Quinn, Linda Cronquist*

Palouse Room: Reading: Donna Barr

5:30 PM — Dealer's Room Closes

6:00 PM — Washington & Palouse Rooms: Banquet Preparation

7:00 PM

Washington & Palouse Rooms: MosCon XXII Opening Banquet

Idaho Room: Gaming Opens

2:00 AM — Hospitality Closes

Saturday, August 26, 2000

8:00 AM — Idaho Room: Gaming Opens (unless or until otherwise noted)

9:00 AM

Pool Suite: Hospitality Opens
Dealer's Room & Art Show Open

10:00 AM

Washington Room: MosCon Annual Meeting
Dealer's Room & Art Show Open

11:00 AM

Washington Room: MosCon Annual Meeting, continued
Palouse Room: SF Disasters We've Known: A Discussion and Vote on the top 10 worst disasters drawn from books, movies and television. *Mediator: Tim Hammell*

Empire Room: For the Kids & the Young at Heart: Cartooning with *Roberta Gregory (& friends)*

12:00 PM

Washington Room: How NOT to get Published: A sometimes funny, sometimes serious look at things that a beginning writer or artist should be aware of. *Panelists: Jim Glass, Donna Barr, M.J. Engh*

Palouse Room: Transition: what happens when a novel is translated into a movie? What are some of the pitfalls? What is the process by which this happens? *Panelists: Frank Robinson, John Dalmas*

Empire Room: For the Kids & the Young at Heart: Mask Workshop with *Linda Cronquist*

1:00 PM

Washington Room: Overkill: How much research is too much? Conversely, what does the aspiring writer or artist need to be aware of? *Panelists: Frank Robinson, Jim Glass, M. J. Engh*

(Saturday, August 26, 2000, continued)**Palouse Room: Julia's Rubber-stamp Workshop:**

Limited to 30 participants, 10 years and up; 3 hours. Learn the techniques of one of the hottest new hobbies around, featuring art stamps, multi-colored ink pads and raised embossing! Make your own bookmarks and cards.

Empire Room: Reading: F.M. "Buz" Busby

Coffeeklatch: An hour with *Tim Hammell*

Courtyard: WSU Robotics Club Presentation.

Demonstrators: Mark Fuller & Heidi Hegewald.

2:00 PM**Washington Room: Thor Osborn's Demo:**

Dr. Osborn will discuss his company's display technology and how it fits into the field of information display. There will be a video presentation: this will include a demonstration panel for attendees to try out the display. 2 hours.

Empire Room: Tim's Trading Card Workshop:

Tim will show his trading card collection; then you'll have a chance to make up your own trading card and swap (if you like). 2 hours.

2:30 PM

Courtyard: Martial Arts Demonstration with John Adams (*Northwest Kyokushinkai*). It has nothing to do with the Force; come see what puts the "Martial" and "Arts" in the Martial Arts!

3:00 PM

Coffeeklatch: An Hour with *Donna Barr*.

4:00 PM

Washington Room: Anime 101: What is Anime? More than just Pokemon and Sailor Moon, anime tackles everything from serious social and historical issues to humor, SF, Fantasy, Historical Fiction and Horror. *Panelists: Andy Quinn (Team Sakura) & {Robert and Donna Y. of Odyssey Video}.*

Palouse Room: For the Kids: Face-painting with *Julia & Linda Cronquist*.

Empire Room: What's New in Science: Genetics. The Human Genome Project has accomplished its goal of mapping the human genetic code. Dolly the Sheep is no longer alone. What are the medical and scientific ethics that geneticists face now? **Panelists: Jim Glass, John Dalmas, Thor Osborn**

Coffeeklatch: An Hour with *Frank Robinson*.

5:00 PM

Washington Room: Costuming Design: Animé-style. Professional costumer Melissa Quinn shows you how to design and create your own costumes. *Panelist: Melissa Quinn*

Palouse Room: Artist Jam: We'll provide our artists with papers and pens and let them loose. *Panelists: Roberta Gregory, Donna Barr, Tim Hammell...and whoever wishes to join in!*

Empire Room: Reading: John Dalmas

5:30 PM — Dealer's Room and Art Show Close

6:00 PM

Palouse Room: What's New in NW Fandom: Books, Movies, Comics & Cons: So, what is new? What's in the works? Let's swap and talk story! *Mediator: Roberta Gregory*

Empire Room: Reading: Vicki Mitchell

7:00 PM

Washington Room & #2: Masquerade Set-up & Pre-Judging

8:00 PM - 10:00 PM

Washington Room & #2: MosCon XXII Masquerade!

2:00 AM — Pool Suite: Hospitality Closes

Sunday, August 27, 2000**9:00 AM**

Pool Suite: Hospitality Opens

Idaho Room: Gaming Opens

10:00 - 11:50 AM

Washington Room & #2: Annual MosCon XXII Sunday Brunch

12:00 PM

Washington Room: Censorship, Self-Censorship & You: Where to Draw the Line? As a writer or artist, do you work with what's comfortable for you, or do you push the envelope? When, where and how is it appropriate? How does a reader deal with these issues? *Panelists: Roberta Gregory, F.M. Busby, Julia Lacquement, Donna Barr*

Palouse Room: Reading: Frank Robinson

Empire Room: Thor Osborn's Demonstration (repeat):

Dr. Osborn will discuss his company's display technology, how it fits into the field of information display, and what his company does. There will be a video presentation: this will include a demonstration panel for attendees to try out the display. 2 hours.

1:00 PM

Washington Room & #2: MosCon XXII Art Auction Art Show Closed, except for Quick Sales

(Sunday, August 27, 2000, continued)

2:00 PM

Washington Room & #2: MosCon XXII Art Auction

Empire Room: Ethnocentricity & Chronocentricity: How can you write about other worlds when you're stuck in your 20th century head? Let's find out.... *Panelists: Donna Barr, John Dalmas, M.J. Engh, F.M. Busby*

3:00 PM — MosCon XXII Dead Cow Party!!!
Hospitality! See you next year!

5:00 PM — Dealer's Room Closes

FUNCTIONS

Masquerade

Yes, we're having one. Linda Cronquist, a veteran Historical & Fantasy costumer, will be running it with an eye toward creature comforts and fair competition within the divisions (Young Fan; Novice; Journeyman; etc.). She'll try hard to make sure the backstage area is comfortable for the contestants (water, chairs, minimal munchies and a repair kit). I also, for their pleasure and comfort, hope to have any young fans compete first. In many respects, it will be similar to those in years past. Look for signs for further information.

MosCon Water Follies

The Pool's available until the hotel closes it down.

Convention Meals

Two all-you-can-eat meals will be available during the convention for the year 2000: a Friday night dinner, and our traditional Sunday brunch.

Friday dinner is: Cheese Tortellini, Fettucini, Alfredo Sauce, Marinara Sauce with meatballs, a Relish Tray, a Tossed Green Salad with Assorted Dressings, a Potato Dish, a Fresh Fruit Salad, a Three Bean Salad, Bread Sticks, Coffee and Tea and an assortment of Desserts. The price is \$17.50 per person and will be well worth it.

Our Sunday brunch this year will again be the brunch buffet that has been so popular over the last few years. We will eat in the Silver Room. The price is \$15/buffet.



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Gaming

Welcome one and all the MOSCON's 5th year of gaming. As before, we have a really good space for you, and with any luck, games will be brought to fill it. Live-action role-playing games can, of course, run throughout the con in both time and space, but should start out here.

Returning this year will also be our multi-station computer network put on by Cara Plata, back from the West side to kick some gamey butt.

Historical miniatures should also be out in force. Remember, all the fun lies in the details, most of which have yet to be worked out. Improvise within the rules — enjoy!

Responsibilities of Directors

At our MosCon Business meeting this year we will, as usual, consider the bid(s) for next year's con and set about the serious business of electing a new Board of Directors. Judging from the depth of our own initial ignorance, the members of this year's Board have decided that MosCon will henceforth give fair warning to potential Board Members about some of the major elements of the serious side of serving on the Board. So here goes....

The Board of Directors is the governing body of Moscow Science Fiction Conventions, Inc., the organization that puts on MosCon. MSFC is a nonprofit corporation organized under U.S. and Idaho law. The directors, as a group and individually, bear final responsibility for everything the corporation does.

Directors are elected at the annual meeting of the membership. See your pocket program for time and room. By attending MosCon, you are a member, so please come to the meeting. Your attendance will qualify you for notification in the event that important MosCon matters come up and need to be dealt with before the next Con. At MosCon XXII, be prepared to consider votes on important amendments to the By-laws and Articles of Incorporation.

Any member of MSFC (that means you) can nominate any other for director. But before you nominate anyone, and especially before you accept a nomination yourself, read this description of the directors' responsibilities and liabilities.

New directors take office on October 1. If they think it necessary, they can appoint additional Board members up to a total of nine. The Director will elect four of their number as Chair, Vice-Chair, Secretary, and Treasurer, who are officers of both the Board and the corporation. The Board also reviews policies, makes general plans for the year, and decides how often to meet — usually quarterly or monthly, though the present Board has been meeting weekly to work on possible amendments. Special meetings may be called to deal with unexpected business.

Directors should be active members of MSFC. All directors should be prepared to join the Convention Committee and/or participate in other committees, task forces, or activities of the corporation.

If you become a director, either elected by the membership or appointed by the Board, you should aim to attend all Board meetings. If you have to miss one, you can give your proxy vote to another director in

writing, or by e-mail. Even if you miss meetings, it is your responsibility to keep up with all business being considered (the minutes come in handy for this). As our legal counsel puts it, "Ignorance is no excuse."

Each officer has specific duties: for instance, a basic duty of the Chair is to keep the corporation alive by filing an annual report form with the State of Idaho each year. The Secretary must keep minutes of all meetings; as a public corporation MSFC is required to make its minutes available to anyone who asks to see them. The Treasurer is responsible for MSFC's funds and supervises all of MosCon's financial transactions. Failure to fulfill such duties is negligence and can lead to removal from the Board.

Individual directors have no more power than other members of MSFC. They cannot speak with the authority of the Board except as specifically authorized by the Board as a whole. The By-Laws state: "It shall be the responsibility of the Board of Directors to formulate an official, unified opinion or position of the corporation when such is deemed necessary or desirable, and officers and individual directors shall refrain from implying any corporate opinion or position until such formal action has been taken by the Board."

Directors are responsible both to the membership and to the state and federal governments for diligently and prudently overseeing the corporation's activities. They should be loyal to the organization, acting in good faith and not allowing their personal interests to override their responsibilities as directors.

If MosCon and/or MSFC is ever sued for any reason, the assets of individual directors could be vulnerable once the corporation's assets are exhausted. So far as we know, a lawsuit is highly unlikely, but always possible in our litigious society.

Everyone involved in running MosCon and MSFC is an unpaid volunteer, usually overworked with job, school, family, business, and other cares. It behooves us all to treat each other with honesty, courtesy, understanding, and respect. This is especially true for directors, who undertake the job of representing the membership to the world at large.

Finally, directors must never lose sight of their basic duty to serve the membership of Moscow Science Fiction Conventions, Inc. and its mission, which is to promote the appreciation of science fiction and to provide a meeting ground for people with common interests in science fiction and related fields.

Still want to be a director? It can be fun, too!



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MOSCON House Rules

1. PLEASE, do NOT bring any food not purchased at The Best Western University Inn into the gaming area. There are a couple of restaurants and vending machines. We will be happy to help you sort them out.
2. The game master is the sole interpreter of the rules of the particular game he is running. Please do NOT appeal to the Registration Table or any of the volunteers helping us for rulings on game-related issues if the dice go against you, 'cause we DON'T know.
3. Rules Lawyers will be beaten to a pulp (in effigy) for a first offense! You are encouraged to help squelch this behavior. Please don't stain the carpet.
4. We encourage you to set up unscheduled games. Please go to the Registration Table or ask the Gaming Czar before using an open table. We want to make sure you have time to finish your game. It would be a real bummer to get all set up and find out the table was reserved for another game in 15 minutes.
5. Donations are not refundable (but they are tax deductible!).
6. PLEASE pick up after yourselves. Trash bags will be prominently displayed.
7. Do not disturb the other gamers. Loud, raucous or uncontrolled behavior can result in expulsion from this event. The *occasional* shout of joy or anguish is part of gaming and so should not be a problem.

8. Don't spook the mundanes. They don't know any better, especially on home-game weekends.
9. Costuming is encouraged. However if a weapon is part of your costume (and since this is a gaming event, it might just be possible), handle said weapon in a safe and responsible manner. **Real firearms are banned. Blade weapons that are drawn are gone till the end of the event. Toy weapons brandished like real weapons will be held till the end of the event as well. Improper weapons behavior is grounds for expulsion for a first offense!**

Badges and Access

All Events at MOSCON require the participants to display a membership badge. This includes but is not limited to Gaming Spaces, Panels, Dances, Readings, the Masquerade, Hospitality and all sanctioned MOSCON Events. The only exceptions to that policy are the Dealers Room and the Art Show, which may be visited by anybody. Anyone who does not have a badge will be asked to go get their badge or purchase one. If you have lost a badge, please tell us so we can help you replace it and so some one else does not take advantage of your pocket book!

Security Policies

The prime purpose of MOSCON is to have fun, so please do so. We do have a few rules that are designed primarily to keep us from losing the great support we are getting from this hotel and keeping the event safe. Please help us out. We are also looking for a few good beings to support us as security volunteers. Anybody who wishes to volunteer, please ask at registration or from one of those harried-looking people wearing headsets and wandering around.

Weapons Policies

MOSCON will peace-bond, & we do expect that all weapons and toys that look like weapons be handled in a safe and sane manner.

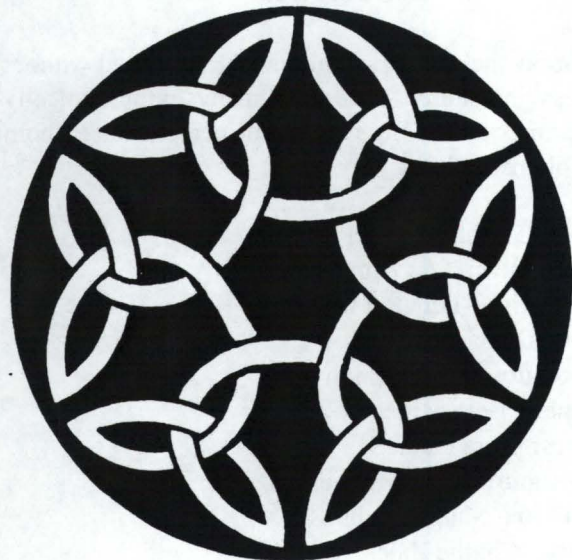
1. **There will be no real firearms allowed. Period.**
2. If you have a toy firearms that looks real, you might spook the security volunteers. Please show us anything questionable. We won't take it away or anything, but it keeps us from getting the jitters when we know its only a toy.
3. Blade weapons need not be peace-bonded but must be in a sheath or scabbard at all times. **Any blades that are drawn in public places will be held by security until the end of the CON.**
4. If your sheathed weapon has barbs or other pointy protrusions that could be a safety hazard, please be considerate and cover or remove them. Our primary

concern is children's eyesight, as most scabbards are about eye-level on a child. If you have any questions, please ask a security volunteer.

5. If you want to show somebody your new edged weapon, please do it in a private room or non-public space. Security volunteers will be happy to point out an appropriate space. They will probably want to see too!
6. **Brandishing or making threatening gestures with any weapon, real or plastic, is a serious offense and can be cause for expulsion from the CON.**

Party and Alcohol Policies

We at MOSCON want you to have parties and do fun stuff. In fact, we have high hopes of taking in some of that fun stuff ourselves. When you are over 21, that fun stuff often includes alcohol, and we understand that. Please use a little common sense in its use.



1. Please register all room parties at registration or with security. We don't intend to check up on you, but if somebody has a health problem or something at a party, we can respond faster if we know which rooms they are in.
2. Please, no open containers in the halls if these beverages contain ALCOHOL. This is a State Law, so help us out.
3. MOSCON does not condone the serving of alcohol to individuals under the age of 21. At official MOSCON functions (the Dance, the Masquerade, etc.) the hotel will be in charge of beverages, and they will check IDs.
4. Serving Alcohol at private room parties is the responsibility of the person who rented the room. Please make sure that you are only serving alcohol to people of the proper age. Serving alcohol to minors is a serious offense.

You are allowed to bring in your own alcoholic beverages to the Hospitality rooms. You are responsible for who gets what you bring. If you are underage, *don't even think about it.*

Hospitality

Charlie and Robert are captaining Hospitality with as many volunteers as can be shanghaied. Volunteering for Hospitality is a great way to meet all manner of sapient.

A place to rest, a place to meet, and best of all, a place to eat. Many delights have been contributed by generous local merchants, the better to tempt you to try their wares in their native habitats.

Dealers' Room

	<u>Friday</u>	<u>Saturday</u>	<u>Sunday</u>
Dealers ONLY	9 AM - 2 PM	8 AM - 9 AM	9 AM - 10 AM
Open to the Public	2 PM - 6 PM	9 AM - 6 PM	10 AM - 3 PM

Dragon Tales has calendars and the latest book titles. They can only be found by mail and at conventions.

Quicksilver Fantasies has an incredible selection of music, including folk & filk, vocals & instrumentals, with Dover paperbacks and jewelry among their wares.

Solstice Studios will display their ceramic treasures, (goblets, pendants, runestones, etc.) carved wooden boxes,

beadwork, leather and fur drawstring pouches, illuminari and unusual jewelry (including Bajoran ear cuffs).

Art at MOSCON

Art this year is being organized by *Diana Statt*, who will be extremely grateful to any volunteers.

Please feel free to bid according to the rules listed below. We also will have a print shop this year where everyone can buy their favorite prints on the spot.

We ask that you respect the artists and their artwork by not bringing in cameras, food, drink, or smoke. Also, please check large bags, packs, and coats that are not worn at the entrance to the show. You can reclaim them on your way out.

Finally, we are obliged to say that some people may find some of the art within the show offensive so please be warned.

Children must be accompanied by an adult.

Art Show Hours: Friday 2-6 PM, Saturday 10 AM-6 PM, Sunday 10 AM-12 noon. *After 12 the Art Show will be closed to bidding in order to prepare for the Auction.* The Art Show will be open again after the auction for last minute, after-auction purchases.

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

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

Please note: There will be other non-art items in the auction! All non-art proceeds go to MOSCON to pay our bills so we can do this again next year.

Payment: We will take **checks, money-orders, and cash.** Payment will be collected for auctioned items, single-bid items, and after-auction sales at the end of the auction until the art show closes.



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ConCom

A convention such as ours could not be produced without the selfless indentured efforts of many enthusiastically motivated masochists. Here's a list of perpetrators, whom you may blame or thank.

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Why Was He Born So Beautiful?

by Donna Barr

*Caveat: "DANGER! AUTHOR AT WORK: This is a treat you won't get to see again — a rough draft from a book tentatively titled **Bread and Swans**. Donna is presently hard at work on the final version, for possible publication in late 2000, or the middle of 2001. As soon as she has the novel the way she likes it, transformed to Pagemaker, and finds a POD house that will allow her 61 pages of drawn-book art for one of the chapters, she'll be offering this book at <http://www.stinz.com> and shops around the world."*

In 1917, Pfirsich Rommel thought he was tough.

High in the harsh, hardboned Italian alps, he strode down a shattered street in a deserted village. He was dirty but sleek in the grey uniform of a Fähnrich, and despite the bright autumn sunshine was wrapped up in a brand-new great-coat, its dusty skirts whirling fiercely around his neat booted legs. A cigarette was cocked up martially at one corner of his pretty mouth.

Dust rose from artillery explosions against the cliff-sides, and he consciously turned his head away from the noise of shells that couldn't quite lob up over the rocks to their targets.

"Erwin's been running around telling everybody in earshot that his baby brother's going to be an Offizier, just like him." Pfirsich ejected smoke in a sharp puff. "He hasn't won the Pour le Mérite, so he wants me to be a war-hero. He's unbearable now; he'll be worse with the Blue Max banging on a ribbon around his neck."

Pfirsich clambered over a shattered wall that had fallen across the road, and came to a sudden halt, and his eyes squinted closed in a moment of memory. He shook himself, and rubbed his gloved hands over his face. He stood up straight, and puffed manfully at his cigarette. He took a sudden violent spasm of coughing, and desperately pawed a grimy handkerchief from his breast pocket, tears tracking the patina of dirt he couldn't keep off his pink cheeks. He recovered at last and stood gasping and spitting, wiping his mouth with the handkerchief.

"Pfui!" he spat, at the cigarette in his free hand. "When are these nasty things going to stop surprising me? They're filthy, they don't calm my nerves" — He flicked the cigarette over the cliff — "and they stink."

He dusted the ashes from his uniform, wiped his grey gloves and wrinkled his nose. His nose felt crusted; it always seemed to be full of black snot, from the smoke

of campfires, and ill-clipped kerosene lanterns. He sniffed the tips of his gloves and grimaced.

"The coffin-nails aren't the only things that stink. These wool gloves are positively rancid." He sniffed the knuckles, then the bare inside of his wrist, fascinated by the reek. "When I was growing up, I always thought that adults — that they — na, that they stank." He sniffed his sleeve, in the crook of his elbow. "And men were the worst. They smell hot — musky, animal. Sweet and salty, like a tidepool. And cream. Seaweed and fresh goat cheese...."

He slapped his arm, raising a cloud of dust. "Well, I certainly smell like a man now! I don't believe I've had a bath in three weeks. But neither has anyone else, so I shouldn't feel I stand out." He scratched daintily under one arm. "I can endure the apish smell; I'm even growing accustomed to it. But I cannot get used to this intolerable itching!"

Looking over his shoulder, he assured himself no one would see him trying to scratch between his legs.

"Or to the intolerably private places it makes a body itch. If I suspected small animals, I would be tempted to SINGE them out of their strongholds. Pah! Ungeheure Ungeziefer!" I'd give my hope of salvation for a bath, but there's not a hatful of water to spare for it up here on these dry plateaus."

He left the trail and pushed through the trees, and peered down through the branches, at a powerful river boiling through the narrow canyon, far below.

"All the water is down there, in the river, with us holding this bank, and the Italians on the other. We've been ordered not to go near it alone before an attack, and so have they, and so here we both sit, in sight of a clear surging river — and all the water either of us can get has to be hauled up here in barrels. On muleback!"

He squealed and slapped the back of his neck, then examined what he'd caught in his fingers. He knew what it was — he'd caught them before, but he still winced when he saw it was a flea.

"All of us have fleas, Pffirsich," he said, using his fingernails to crack the obnoxious bug. "And the Austrians have fleas. The Italians are sitting over there with their own private insects."

He looked wistfully down at the river. "In this time and place, baths are an unpardonable luxury. But — if I don't get to bathe soon, the winter cold will set in; by spring I'll have to scrape my uniform off. God knows what I'll have to scrape from between my toes. And the summer weather has already been holding longer than it should. Erwin would be furious — and properly so. I have too many other duties to be wasting my time on mere cleanliness. If I were to get myself shot, he'd be within his rights to leave me in the river. With a boulder on top of me."

He peered down the trail. "I wonder if it would even be possible to get down to the river from here? Not that I think I could," he said, crawling under the branches. "Since it would be against orders, and I have no time, I wouldn't attempt it, even if it were possible."

He backed along under a dry crumbling overhang in the cliff-face. "Did we even know this overhang was here? I haven't seen it on any of the maps." He peeped out from under the overhang. "Keep back against this cliff wall, and the Italians wouldn't have a chance of seeing you."

Still under the overhang, he began inching his way along a very narrow crack in the cliff-face. "No wonder no one's been down here. You'd have to be light and strong, with tiny, narrow feet — wie eine Waldfee"

Like a woods-fairy, his own feet were tiny, but small-footed people seldom think about their feet.

The crack widened out into a natural path. The overhang lowered forming a partially open tunnel, or gallery. Pffirsich hunched over, lower and lower, until he had to crawl.

"If this gets any narrower, I won't be able to turn around. I'll have to back my way back out." As he crawled, the gallery grew darker. "It would be impossible to carry water this way except in canteens. The bucket brigade would have to run day and night in alternate directions."

He stopped foursquare, and stared like an interested pony. "Pffui. This is a tunnel, back into the mountain. No use my going any farther."

He crawled farther. "No... No, I hear water. In front of me, echoing."

The tunnel opened out above an underground pool, almost a small lake. It was lit by long fissures in the ceiling of the natural vault. A glittering waterfall crashed into it from another darker and more cavernous tunnel. Over the narrower expanse before the waterfall ranged a precarious natural stone bridge. It was eerie, beautiful, chilling. Pffirsich cringed in amazement. He slowly rose to his feet, looking down into the black lapping water.

"A pool — and deep. That waterfall's dug it out — and carved out the bridge, too. The thing's a natural pile-driver."

He looked up toward the ceiling. "I don't recall this stream on any of the maps. It must run underground right down from the heart of the glacier. Wff, no wonder it's so cold in here. I was only ordered to stay away from the river — but I wouldn't need orders to stay out of this. We can't afford any strain on our medical capabilities. Imagine the racket Erwin would raise if I caught pneumonia."

"Heilige Sankt Peter," he murmured, in sudden fearful awe. "Look at that. There's the best reason to stay out of it."

At its far end, the water discharged into a morning-glory whirlpool; a beam of light from the cracked ceiling illuminated the surrounding water, in contrast with the suction tunnel's perfectly glassy black sides.

"That's being sucked into another tunnel. And it's so deep it doesn't throw foam. That's a throat waiting to be fed." Pffirsich put his collar up around his chin. "I wonder what's on the other side of the bridge? It looks as though there's light over there."

He edged bravely but cautiously onto the bridge. "I will not crawl across. Erwin wouldn't." He tried not to look down into the evil black whirlpool.

"Erwin? Erwin wouldn't have the sense to crawl across. He'd march — head up, one two, one two. He thinks he's been put on earth to see what he can get away with."

Pffirsich sensibly crawled out onto the bridge, clutching hard with his fingers.

"It's no use showing off when there isn't even anybody to see you. Bravery you should save for when you need it."

The other side of the bridge led into a lit gallery. "The light's getting stronger; this gallery goes back outside."

The gallery widened into a protective overhang. Pffirsich, emerging into the sunlight, threw his hand up over his face. The shadows were very sharp, the harsh high-altitude autumn sun reflecting from the brilliant pale walls of the enclosing cliffs.

"Herrje, it's bright. It stabs like an arc lamp." He rubbed his shoulders, squinting around, and smiling. "But it's so nice and warm, after that icebox in there."

At his feet a trickle of clear water flowed between the stones. It was a bowl crevice, carved out by this stream when it fresheted in the spring.

"Such a tame little trickle," he thought, "compared to its big brother in the cave." He spotted a tiny pool glinting farther down the stream. "And here's a dear little pool in proportion to it — hardly bigger than a bathtub."

He was soon squatting over the pool, with one glove removed, slipping his fingers into the water.

"Ach, feel that. Sun-warmed; just like bath-water. There wouldn't be time to dry my uniform if I washed it, would there? Of course not. But I could wash my underwear and socks." He looked up toward the flesh-smooth limestone cliffs as though promising to them. "Just a quick dip. I'm needed elsewhere. I'll be dressed almost before I'm undressed."

In certain fastidious souls, the drive to decency can outstrip all discretion. Some people would insist on soap and showers in Hell. Some people, with the enemy possibly lining them up for sniping range, would still for the sake of cleanliness strip themselves naked under the gun. In a moment, Pffirsich was no longer a sturdy German Fährich, but just another endearing slender half-grown boy, his allegiance only to the sunshine on his back, busily scrubbing his soapy underwear and socks on a rock, his pale skin and golden hair gleaming in the hot white light.

"There! Now I know why old soldiers always carry a sliver of soap; you never know when the opportunity may present itself." He laid the wet undergarments out on a sun-baked rock, looking eagerly back over his shoulder at the water. "I won't bathe a moment longer than it takes for my underwear and socks to dry. As thin as they've become, I won't be a minute. And this scabrous handkerchief." He shook it out, grimacing.

He sat right down into the water with a happy gasp, and began scrubbing his hair, spitting soap, smug as a cat in the noonday sun. "Ptui! Better make sure I'm dried off afterwards; wouldn't want to go back into that ice-cave with a wet head."

Behind him, up the short trail into the cave gallery, a dark figure came tumbling into the cavern vault on the river, under the narrow bridge, and shot out over the waterfall, heavy military coat-tails flinging spray. In his moment in the air, he managed one high-pitched despairing cry.

Outside in the sunshine, the scream was translated into an unearthly echoing soulful scream. Pffirsich, startled out of his wits and most of his reassuring modern education, all the monsters back under the bed, jumped to his feet, flinging soapsuds from his hair, desperately trying to scrape the soap out of his eyes.

"Ein Gespenst!" he gasped.

"Ai—glrrg —uto!" gurgled the voice, now recognizably human in its distress.

Pffirsich grabbed for his gunbelt; that was no ghost. He scrambled naked into the gallery, still dripping globs of soapsuds, strapping on the gunbelt around his waist as he ran.

In the cave pool, clinging precariously to the stone bridge was a young soldier, his wet dark hair hanging in his face. He was struggling desperately to keep his head above water against the undertow.

"Oh Cara mia — no, no — NO!" he wailed.

Pffirsich ran thoughtlessly upright right out onto the bridge. "Hang on! Don't let go! It will pull you under."

The exhausted young man turned his eyes up toward Pffirsich. The naked boy came to a precarious stop above on the narrow bridge, and seen from below, shining pale gold in the beams of light, he became an unclothed, unhampered image of release and finality to the victim of the stream.

"An angel." thought the young soldier. "I'm dying." His head ducked under the water again. "He's come to fetch me. I'm dying."

He went all the way under, but for the last flying locks of his hair. Without thought for his own safety, clasped to the rock as much by the friction of his own bare skin as with the strength of his fingers and toes, Pffirsich thrust his arm into the water, grabbing after the

soldier. He reared back, hauling the drowning youth — who looked very surprised — by his hair up out of the pool.

“Hang on. Help me. Fight!”

He dragged the young man, who was weakly kicking in an attempt to assist, right up onto the bridge, where he drooped him across the narrow stone crawlway like a captured salmon. The boy couldn't even sit up, or make himself more secure, but only hung in shuddering exhaustion above the pool, kept there by little more than the weight of water in his clothes.

Pfirsich squatted over him, peering into his face.

“Are you all right? Did you follow me down here? It's against orders.”

The young man, lying on his back, gasped up at his rescuer, “Oh, thank God. Thank you. I was almost a goner!”

Then both of them said, “I don't understand you. Why don't I understand you?”

Then: “Lieber Dio mio Gott. You're one of them.”

“Don't try anything,” ordered Pfirsich, grabbing for his pistol. “I'm armed.”

The young Italian reached for him, and fainted.

* * *

The young soldier lay on his back, with his eyes closed, in the full sun. He opened his eyes, and he heard a voice say, “Are you all right? Do you speak German?”

He looked up to see a well-made, slender young blond, wearing nothing but a German pistol-belt, smoking a cigarette with a passably portrayed reserve.

“You look like you've been beaten half to death,” said Pfirsich. “You didn't come rolling down the underground stream, did you? You must have fallen in, where the stream runs above ground.”

“Excuse me?” said the young man.

He sat up and looked down at himself. The young German said, pointing: “Your clothes were wet, and cold as a shroud. That's them drying over there, in the sun.”

“Do you mean my clothes were wet?”

“You don't understand a word of German, do you?” Pfirsich slipped a pack out of his own uniform and offered it.

“Want one? Cigarette? Ah — Zigaretto?”

“Oh. Yes, please. That I understand.”

He took a cigarette, and lighting up, looked into Pfirsich's face, trying to smile in the most grateful manner.

He thought, “Ah, it's true. Look at the color of his eyes. They have eyes like little fallen bits of heaven. Isn't he pale, though? Like he's molded of fine milled soap. Don't they ever get any sun up there in the German lands?” He blushed. “Ah, Felice, they didn't tell you what to do if you met the enemy naked.”

He sat up, to cover himself. “Odd, I really do feel naked in front of him. I don't feel like this in front of the rest of the guys. But he's the enemy — and he's the one with the pistol. We're naked, he's armed, he could hurt me — it's like being a girl.”

Pfirsich was trying to look tough, but he was bothered.

“I've never seen one of them naked. I can't keep my eyes off his body; it's as though I'm looking for something that's different from us. You'd think I was looking at a girl. What great dark eyes; like a roe fawn. Is he as curious about me as I am about him?”

“He saved my life,” thought Felice. “And he didn't have to.”

Pfirsich thought, “Of course, I'll have to take him prisoner. This valley is the back door to our position, and he's seen it. But how am I going to explain where I got him? I'm not even supposed to be down here. Could I say I was making a reconnaissance detour? Ah! No you don't!”

Felice was reaching for Pfirsich's free hand, smiling nervously, making soothing, submissive gestures. “No no no no. I only want to thank you. You saved my life.”

Pfirsich frowned, confused, cautious, the pistol wavering around by his ear. “What's he want? He's courting me and cooing like a pigeon. I don't like it.”

Felice knelt up, carefully taking Pfirsich's hand. “Thank you. Thank you.”

See? I'm grateful. I take your hand.”

Pfirsich blushed. “What? Oh — you're thanking me. What a warm hand. I'd heard that southern people are warm.”

“I thank you, I'm grateful. But I won't be your prisoner. Do you understand?”

Pfirsich brought the pistol down upon him. "I don't speak Italian. What do you want? Stop it. You're making me very uncomfortable."

"I know where they send Italian freedom-fighters. Into the mountains, into Moldavia — to Fortress Spielberg. They work on your mind there; they take yourself from you. I won't go."

"I don't understand. Don't talk to me."

Felice made a sudden leap for the pistol, knocking Pfirsich over backwards into the pool. They landed in a leg-lined splash, and began to struggle in the shallow water, kicking and twisting.

"Laß das los! Nein!"

"Ma, Cretino! Give it to me!"

Four young hands trying to twist it into their grip and away from themselves sent the pistol spinning. It landed out in the sunshine in a puff of dust. Felice, snorting, wet black hair hanging in his face, lip bleeding, was trying to snake after it over the slippery wet margin of the pool.

Pfirsich grabbed him by the ankles. "Leave it alone!"

Felice made a vicious backhand grab at Pfirsich. "Let me go — Tuder!"

When he put his mind to it, Pfirsich could be a regular heroic little Siegfried. He grabbed Felice's clawing arm and flipped him right over onto his back. Then he sat on him, his hard little haunches driving the air out of Felice's hard little belly.

"You sneaking macaroni-hound." Pfirsich rose up and sat back down, like a lithe pink piledriver. "Give up!"

"Oww!" gasped Felice, and then, when he'd got his breath back, "Brutal German bastard."

Pfirsich grimly wrestled Felice down onto the edge of the pond; their faces were very close. Pfirsich grappled close on top of him, his legs wrapped around his body, to control him.

"Give up — you're my prisoner now, if you weren't before."

If they could have only seen themselves; wet, squirming, their infuriated pretty faces glaring in charming boyish hate at one another, pale furious Pfirsich gripping swarthy Felice's tender wrists over his dark gleaming head, Felice struggling fiercely and beautifully between the legs of his handsome captor.

Full of victory and malice and intimidation, Pfirsich thrust his face right down before Felice's, believing his mouth set like a fighting dog's, and unaware that all he was achieving was a little moist pink pout.

"Ha! Now what are you going to do?"

Unlike Pfirsich, Felice could see that pout, and his warlike urges to bruise and break and bring blood were distracted by such pink tempting lips. He thought himself more ferocious than his German captor, but he chose a childish weapon, from a childhood not far in his past. With his own softest weapon, made for the soft things of life, he kissed Pfirsich fiercely, right on the mouth.

"Take that, Tuder."

Pfirsich froze; he looked as though he'd been bitten. Kissing had been a means of teasing intimate intimidation when he was a child, a cousin to tickling, and could be just as intrusive. Had he been younger — only a little younger — he might have simply punched his antagonist in the face, and everyone would have gone home bawling and bruised, to be punished for fighting. Instead, he tried to sit up, so shaken he felt emptied. Felice wouldn't let him get away. Having found the enemy's weak spot, he gripped him in his arms and continued to pop kisses across the struggling German's face.

"Didn't expect that, hah!" thought Felice, and smacked him again.

"Don't! Don't!" sputtered Pfirsich, turning his face desperately right and left. Felice energetically kissed the squinting blond on the alternate presentation of his pure pale temples.

"Don't."

Pfirsich's struggles grew weaker, until he lay stiff and still, head bowed, eyes closed, an expression of pain on his face, as Felice pressed a firm kiss on his forehead.

"Don't," he begged.

Relaxing, he didn't protest as Felice, who had closed his eyes as well, breathed a tender kiss into his blond hair. Felice raised his hands and held the golden head to his face, softly speaking. Pfirsich leaned into his touch.

"Oh, don't you smell good..." murmured Felice.

A young boy isn't much different from a young girl; slender, sweet, warm-colored and tempting in his first endearing sexual bloom. Presented with only a pretty pink-nippled hairless breast, how does the hungry desiring young soul resist its perfect altar? Pfirsich,

eyes closed, lowered his head and gently kissed Felice's musky smooth bosom.

"It must be you," breathed Felice, sniffing in wonder. "No soap smells this good."

"I shouldn't do this," thought Pffirsich, and began to helplessly kiss the delicate olive throat. Felice as helplessly leaned back to receive it.

"Oh, you should stop..." said Felice.

Pffirsich brushed his lips along Felice's cheek. Neither of them had the power to open his eyes.

"Bello Tedesco. You should stop."

"I can't stop," whispered Pffirsich, who didn't need to understand his trembling enemy's language to know what he meant.

"Oh, your lovely wounded mouth..." Pffirsich's lips closed over his enemy's bleeding lips.

"Cara mia, if only you understood me..."

They put their arms around one another. Still neither of them dared open his eyes. They moved against one another, oblivious of everything but one another's bodies, Pffirsich's legs still wrapped around Felice's hips, still in a pressure of capture, but what sort of captivity was this?

"Oh, Gott, I've got to have you," thought Pffirsich, who had never had anyone in his life.

And then Felice threw back his head and Pffirsich gasped and stiffened. This was far more intrusive than any kiss. Felice arched in ecstasy, holding firmly to the gunbelt, while Pffirsich tried to pull up and away.

"No, no — don't! Get out!"

"Oh, bellissimo —"

The dark boy thrust up and savagely consolidated his capture. The blond boy, conquered, leaned back, no longer struggling, thighs tense, toes clenched, lips barely parted, surrendering. The dark boy raised a hand and began to gently rub one of his enemy's shining pink nipples.

"Bellissimo..."

Pffirsich arched back against Felice's hips, hands desperately gripping his beloved enemy's shoulders, face beatific.

"I love you. I love you!"

Both hands kneading Pffirsich's breast, Felice moaned, "Oh, bellissimo Tuder."

Digging his fingers into Pffirsich's hips, he writhed with his climax; Pffirsich drove his hand between his own legs, clutching himself, gasping, as he consummated an alliance with his conqueror.

Then they were still, exhausted, Felice lying with one arm over his eyes, the other thrown back over his head, Pffirsich still straddling him, head bowed, golden hair brushing over his eyes, hands limp across Felice's shuddering breast.

The poor kids didn't dare move. Pffirsich dazedly brought his hand up to his face, and stared at it in shock and repulsion. His teeth bared, he crept backwards off Felice into the shallow water, not daring to look at him, holding his hand out where he wouldn't have to look at it, either.

He squatted hunched in the water, nearly in tears, washing his hands like Lady Macbeth. All the black soaps of Spain could not cleanse this little soul. Behind him, Felice had sat up with his eyes still closed. Without looking at his recent conquest, the trembling Italian crept into the water, biting back his own tears. Each boy behaved as though the other didn't exist. The two of them sat, backs turned toward one another, at a considered distance, grimly washing everything they had. Then they both crept out of their opposite sides of the pool.

And to themselves they wept in their separate languages, "Oh, sordid! Sordid!"

Both of them dressed as quickly as possible, huddling on their clothes any which way, missing half the buttoning, Felice stuffing his socks into his pockets. Neither of them cared that their underwear and uniforms were still wet. Without looking up, eyes averted so obliquely that they kept falling over their own boots, they made the most desperately quick mutually-compacted retreat in history.

* * * *

Two German officers stood at the edge of a cliff. Between them, they were gripping a map. One was Oberleutnant Erwin Rommel, at his energetic apogee stabbing a gloved finger out over the chasm. Beside him, Fähnrich Rommel wasn't being much more than an inattentive map-edge-holder.

"You see that tongue of stone, Pffirsich? We'll haul six men and a machine-gun up there, if we have to fly!" Erwin slashed the air with his little hand. "We'll put the first bursts right over the top of their heads; they'll be

running in circles, scared witless! Why haul up enough ammunition to murder 'em, when we only need to make 'em hold up their hands and squeal, 'mika Froynta!' in bad German. We'll never need to harm 'em, we can just herd 'em out like cows. It will be fun!"

Pfirsich wasn't looking at the map; he was staring off over the chasm, towards the Italian side of the river.

"Pfirsich!" barked Erwin. "Pay attention! What's wrong with you, you stuffed dummy? You haven't said a word all afternoon." He grasped his brother's chin in his hand and peered sharply into his face. "You don't look right. You getting sick on me?"

Pfirsich reared back, eyes terrified and ill. "No, no. I'm fine." He jerked away his head and burst into tears. "I'm fine."

"Pfirsich? If you're sick, you'd better not try to hide it."

Pfirsich angrily wiped his face. "Don't pay any attention to me," he snuffled. "It's nerves."

"Oh. Scared, eh?"

Erwin roughly patted him on the shoulder; Pfirsich held himself very stiffly, as though barely enduring his touch. Erwin thought he recognized the frightened pride of the virgin soldier.

"I understand. First time I went into a fight, I hadn't slept in two days. And I had food poisoning. I kept fainting out of my saddle."

"I don't have your bad stomach," gritted Pfirsich.

"The first fight's hard. But if you worry about it too much, you'll make yourself even sicker, at the worst time to be sick."

"I'm not scared, Erwin. I'm — "Looking down at his brother's brave, simple, questioning face, he could only mutter, "Just nerves."

He pulled his freshly-washed handkerchief from his sleeve, neatly wiped his eyes and delicately blew his nose. Nice clean snot. Then he as neatly folded his handkerchief, carefully tucked it back into his sleeve, turned to his brother, who had been eyeing him, and said, in the most proper ladylike military manner, "Herr Oberleutnant."

Erwin cocked his head up at him.

Pfirsich took his side of the map. "Herr Oberleutnant was saying —?"

Erwin still didn't speak, and continued to look up at him. There had been some kind of disturbing change in his little brother, and he was beginning to think he didn't

like it. The next moment Pfirsich dropped his eyes and began to study the map.

Erwin thought, "What's happened to him? He's put up a wall."

Sharply he said, "Pfirsich! Look at me! What have you been up to?"

The boy looked up, and went white. "None of your business. And my name is 'Manfred.'

Erwin stiffened with indignation. "Bitte! Watch your tone, Fähnrich."

"'Manfred'," insisted the boy.

"One of your names is Manfred —"

"Well, that's the one I want you to use."

"But — the other name, it's our mother's favorite name," tendered the elder brother.

"I don't like it now."

"But why not?"

Pfirsich dropped his eyes back to the map. Erwin was insulted as an officer, but more than that, he was hurt and confused, even shaken.

"And there goes another wall," he thought. "It's slammed shut like it was journeled on hinges of steel. Against me! Something has happened to him. Mein, Gott, he doesn't even stand the same. And he's not going to tell me. Even a direct order couldn't get it out of him. I know him. The threat of torture couldn't make him tell what he didn't want to."

In Erwin's moment of disorientation, Pfirsich had regained his composure, and now stood as alert and proper as a well-trained secretary.

"Herr Oberleutnant? Could we continue?"

"Yes," said the Oberleutnant, recomposing himself and giving the map a sharp shake.

"Yes, of course."

* * * *

In an Italian stone trench, the boy Felice was sitting sadly on a firing step, hiding under his helmet, rifle clutched across his shoulder, staring at nothing.

He wouldn't look up; he knew that to look up was to see the other side of the river, where the Germans were. Where one German was. He put his head in his arms, and whispered, "Oh, mio bello, bello Tuder..."

Local Restaurant Guide

(332/334 = Pullman; 882/883 = Moscow)

- Appleby's**
Highway 8 &
Warbonnet Drive
Moscow ID
- Arby's**
• Wheatland Mall
Grand & Bishop
Blvd.
Pullman, WA
334-2729
• 317 S. Main
Moscow, ID
882-2301
• 150 Peterson Dr.
(closest to hotel)
Moscow, ID
882-4223
- Arirang Garden**
(Korean & Chinese)
905 E Main
Pullman, WA
332-7232
- Basilio's Italian Café**
337 E. Main
Pullman, WA
334-7663
- West 4th (in Moscow
Hotel) Moscow ID
892-3848
- Bonanza**
Palouse Mall
Moscow, ID
882-1336
- Branegan's Pizza**
1710 W. Pullman Rd.
Moscow, ID
882-1336
- The Breakfast Club**
501 S. Main (old
Nobby Inn location)
Moscow, ID
- The Broiler**
University Inn
Moscow, ID
- Casa de Oro**
415 S. Main
Moscow, ID
883-0536
- Chang Sing (Chinese)**
512 S Washington
Moscow, ID
882-1154
- Chinese Village**
Hwy 95 S (Lewiston
Highway)
Moscow, ID
882-2931
- The Cottage Café**
902 NE Colorado
Pullman, WA
332-6065
- Cougar Café**
1020 S Grand Ave.
Pullman, WA
332-1132
- Cougar Cottage**
NE 900 Colorado
Pullman, WA
332-1265
- Cougar Country**
N 760 Grand Ave.
Pullman, WA
332-7829
- Dairy Queen**
1485 S. Grand Ave
Pullman, WA
332-1611
- Denny's**
1170 Bishop Blvd
Pullman, WA
334-5339
- Devo's Burritos**
600 NE Colorado
Pullman, WA
- Domino's Pizza**
308 N. Main
Moscow, ID
882-1555
- Eastside Marketplace**
1400 block S. Blaine
& Troy Hwy
Moscow, ID
- El Mercado**
883-1169
- KFC**
882-8363
- Eastside Marketplace**
continued
- Mangia! Italian
Sandwiches**
882-4120
- Mongolian BBQ
Express**
882-7723
- Pizza Hut**
882-0444
- Winger's**
882-9797
- El Mercado**
Eastside Marketplace
Moscow, ID
883-1169
- The Emerald**
(Chinese)
Grand & Stadium Wy
Pullman, WA
334-5427
- Eric's Café**
Palouse Mall
Moscow, ID
883-0777
- Gambino's Italian**
308 W. 6th
Moscow, ID
882-4545
- Godfather's Pizza**
Grand & Stadium
Way
Pullman, WA
332-3706
- Hilltop (Steak House)**
Davis Way (Colfax
Hwy)
Pullman, WA
334-2555
- Jack In The Box**
710 W. Pullman Rd.
Moscow, ID
883-8212
- KFC**
Eastside Marketplace
Moscow, ID
882-8363
- Laura's Tea &
Treasure**
520 S. Main
Moscow, ID
882-0287
- Lotus (Chinese)**
E. 1005 Main
Pullman, WA
332-8270
- Mangia! Italian
Sandwiches**
882-4120
- Mark IV**
414 N. Main
Moscow, ID
882-7557
- McDonald's**
• Wheatland Mall
Pullman, WA
332-6725
• Stadium Way
Pullman, WA
• W. Pullman Rd
Moscow, ID
882-2900
• Troy Rd.
Moscow, ID
882-1953
- Mikey's Greek Gyros**
Purple Mall, Main
Street
(opp large theaters)
Moscow, ID
882-0780
- Mingles**
102 S. Main
Moscow, ID
882-2050
- Mongolian BBQ
Express**
Eastside Marketplace
Moscow, ID
882-7723
- New Garden**
400 S. Grand Ave
Pullman, WA
332-0728
- New Hong Kong Café**
214 S. Main
Moscow, ID
882-4598
- Old European
Waffles, Cakes &
Tea**
455 S. Grand Ave
Pullman, WA
334-6381
- Old Peking**
505 S. Main
Moscow, ID
883-0716
- Orange Julius**
Palouse Mall
Moscow, ID
882-5660
- Palouse Mall**
Moscow, ID
- Bonanza**
882-1336
- Eric's Café**
883-0777
- Orange Julius**
882-5660
- Sam's Subs**
882-7827
- Tater's**
882-4480
- Treaty Grounds**
882-3807
- The Pantry**
University Inn
Moscow, ID
- Papa Murphy's Take
'N Bake Pizza**
W. Pullman Rd.
Moscow, ID
882-9508
- Pete's Bar & Grill**
Johnson Avenue
Pullman, WA
334-4200
- Pizza Hut**
• Eastside Marketplace
Moscow, ID
882-0444

Pizza Hut

- Stadium Way Ext.
Pullman, WA
334-5161

Rathaus Pizza

215 N. Main
Moscow, ID
882-4633

Starbuck's

E. Main Pullman
(at Stadium Way)
Pullman, WA

Taco Time

530 E. Main
Pullman, WA
334-3212

Vox Coffeehouse

602 S. Main
Moscow, ID
882-7646

Pizza Perfection

- 428 W. 3rd
Moscow, ID
882-1111
- 1255 N. Grand Ave
Pullman, WA
332-2222

Sam's Subs

Palouse Mall
Moscow, ID
882-7827

Studio 7 (Vegetarian)

720 NE Thatuna
Pullman, WA
332-6863

• 401 W 6th
Moscow, ID
882-8226

Wendy's

W. Pullman Rd.
Moscow, ID
883-8112

Pizza Pipeline

- 630 E. Main
Pullman, WA
332-1111
- 517 S. Main
Moscow, ID
882-8808

Sella's Calzone & Pasta

1115 E. Main
Pullman, WA
334-1895

Subway

- 307 W 3rd
Moscow, ID
883-3481
- 460 E. Main
Pullman, WA
332-5906

Tater's

Palouse Mall
Moscow, ID
882-4480

Winger's

Eastside Marketplace
Moscow, ID
882-9797

Rancho Viejo

Grand & Paradise
Pullman, WA
33-4301

Shermer's

300 S. Grand
Pullman, WA
334-3822

Swilly's

200 NE Kamiaken
Pullman, WA
334-3395

Ted's Burgers

321 N. Main
Moscow, ID
882-4809

Zip's

W. Pullman Rd.
Moscow, ID
883-0678

The Small Place

247 E. Main
Pullman, WA
334-1110

Swilly's

200 NE Kamiaken
Pullman, WA
334-3395

Teriyaki Joe's

Stadium Way Ext.
Pullman, WA
332-1018

The Zoo

1000 NE Colorado
Pullman, WA
332-8114

Treaty Grounds

Palouse Mall
Moscow, ID
882-3807

MosCon XXII would like to thank the following Eastside Market Place Establishments for their tasteful support of Hospitality — and, if you've gotta have more, they've got it in store!

The Emerald Gourmet
Gourmet Supplies & Fine Coffee
1420 S. Blaine
882-4594

Mongolian BBQ
Express
1420 S. Blaine
882-7723

El Mercado
Family Mexican Restaurant & Cantina
1420 S. Blaine
883-1169

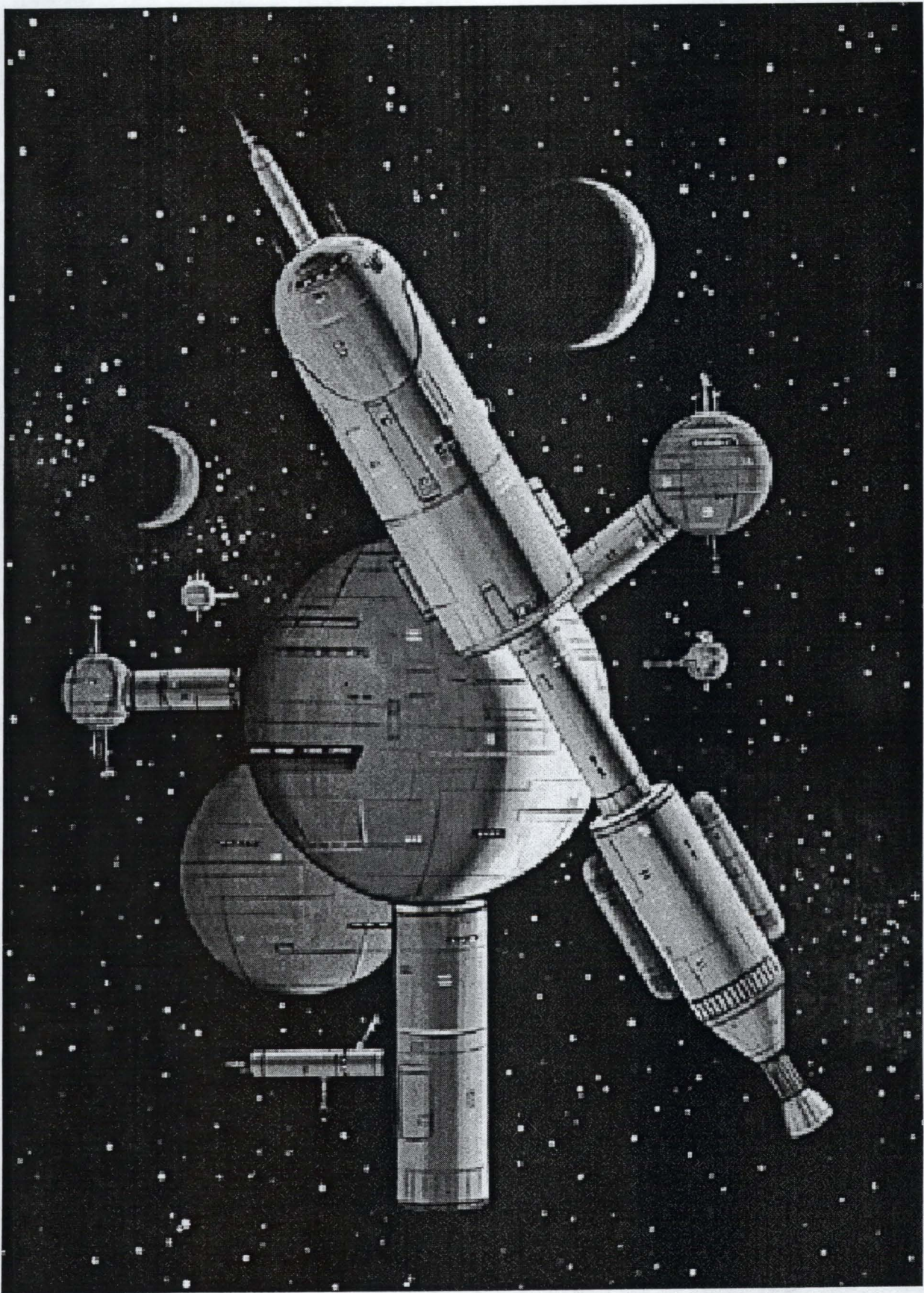
Mangia! Eastside Eatery
Italian Sandwiches
1420 S. Blaine, Moscow
882-4120

Winger's — An American Diner
1484 S. Blaine, Moscow
882-9797

Membership List

- | | | |
|------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| 00. E.E. "Doc" Smith | 34. David George | 69. Lela Dowling |
| 00A. Verna Smith Trestrail | 35. Keith Mears | 70. Mary Hanson-Roberts |
| 1. Frank M. Robinson, <i>Author GoH</i> | 36. Chris Eisee | 71. Dale Ziemianski |
| 2. Dr. Thor Osborn, <i>Scientist GoH</i> | 37. Ken Ames | 72. Jan Gephardt |
| 3. Donna Barr, <i>Artist GoH</i> | 38. Amy Twitchell | 73. L. Travis Gray |
| 4. Timm Hammell, <i>Fan GoH</i> | 39. Maelen | 74. Myron Molnau |
| 5. Jon Gustafson | 40. Steve Forty | 75. Katty Goz |
| 6. Beth Miller | 41. Charles O. Christenson | 76. Robert D'Bruce |
| 7. Mike Finkbiner | 42. Cara Plata | |
| 8. John Finkbiner | 43. Carol Daugherty | Other Honored Guests |
| 9. Vicki Mitchell | 44. Kintaj | G1. Julia Lacquement, <i>Special GoH</i> |
| 10. Captain Black | 45. Julie Zetterberg | G2. F.M. Busby |
| 11. Romanticiser | 46. J P Outrageous | G3. Elinor Busby |
| 12. Debbie Miller | 47. Tom Harwood | G4. John Dalmas |
| 13. Lou Ann Lomax | 48. Inzar | G5. M.J. Engh |
| 14. Theresa Fears | 49. Koltar | G6. Gail Glass |
| 15. Daniel Fears | 50. Ken McNamara | G7. James C. Glass |
| 16. Paula Mueller | 51. Shalinara of the Seven Sands | G8. Roberta Gregory |
| 17. Jim Mueller | 52. Robert Griffiths | |
| 18. Linda Cronquist | 53. Mystic-Denar | |
| 19. Phranque | 54. Gary Huffman | |
| 20. Donna Bailly | 55. Pam Luchini | |
| 21. Michaela Bailly | 56. Sierra Kaag | |
| 22. Rosella L. Miller | 57. Roger Burns | |
| 23. Susan Meyer | 58. Tamara Owens | |
| 24. Rick Sewell | 59. Mary Hart | |
| 25. Wesley Twitchell | 60. Rob Hamburg | |
| 26. Bea Taylor | 61. Pat Apodaca | |
| 27. Lisa Satterlund | 62. Roberta Rice | |
| 28. Janice Mears | 63. Mike Rice | |
| 29. Thom Walls | 64. Sally Connors | |
| 30. Bryan Barrett | 65. Theora Rice | |
| 31. Becky Fallis | 66. Albrecht Illustrations | |
| 32. Nels Satterlund | 67. Lee Seed | |
| 33. Lea George | 68. Eleanor Johnson | |

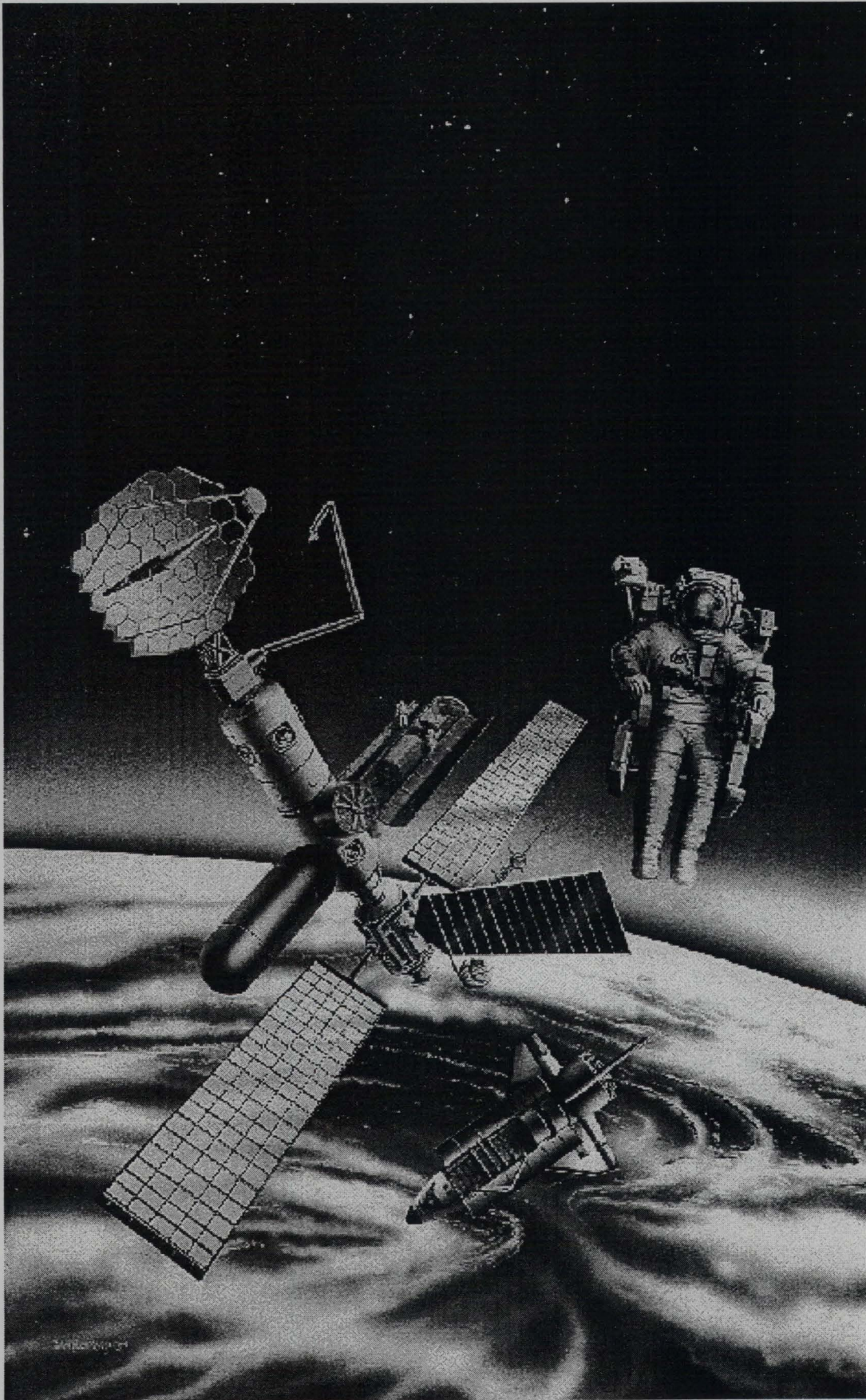




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