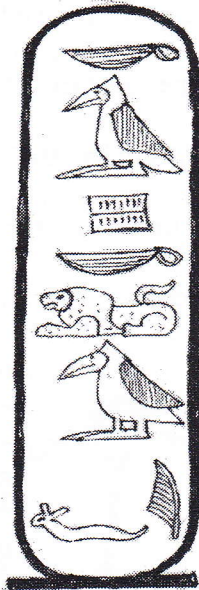


Capclave 2004 Program Book

The Washington Science Fiction Association
Presents

Capclave

2004



Adventures in SF

October 15-17, 2004
Tysons Corner Marriott
Vienna, VA

Capclave

2004

October 15-17, 2004
Tysons Corner Marriott
Vienna, VA

Featuring Our Guests of Honor

Author: Nick Pollotta

Artist: Butch Honeck

Fan: Dennis McCunney

Other Guests:

Catherine Asaro
Colleen Cahill
Scott Edelman
Alexis Gilliland
Hal Haag
John Henry
Scott Hofmann
Jim Kling
Elsbeth Kovar
Sam Lubell
Bob MacIntosh
Kathi Overton
John Pomeranz
Tom Schaad
Tom van Flander
Rich White
John C. Wright

Elaine Brennan
Brenda W. Clough
Andrew Fox
Lee Gilliland
David Hartwell
Inge Heyer
Judy Kindell
Eric Kotani
J. Lagi Lamplighter
Keith Lynch
Michael Nelson
Michael D. Pederson
Peggy Rae Sapienza
Hannah Shapiro
Bud Webster
Ted White
Mike Zipzer

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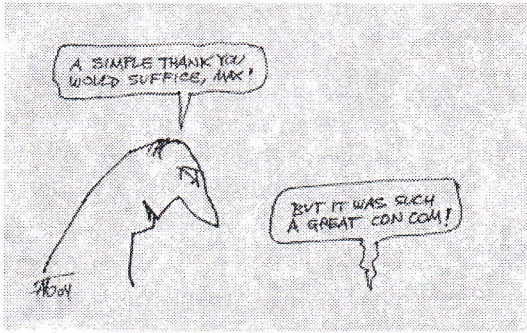
Capclave Comments from the Chair

Greetings and welcome to Capclave 2004, the same SF convention (under an assumed name) that the Washington Science Fiction Association has been running since 1958 on the assumption that people come to these things - and run them - in order to have fun. And whilst acknowledging that the guests (hereinafter referred to as the partyers of the first part) may have more fun than the ConCom (those people in the white shirts, hereinafter not referred to at all), Capclave is being run in the hope that EVERYONE has a good time. Why? If you need to ask, you're at the wrong convention.

Every day an adventure

- Lee Gilliland, Chair, Capclave 2004

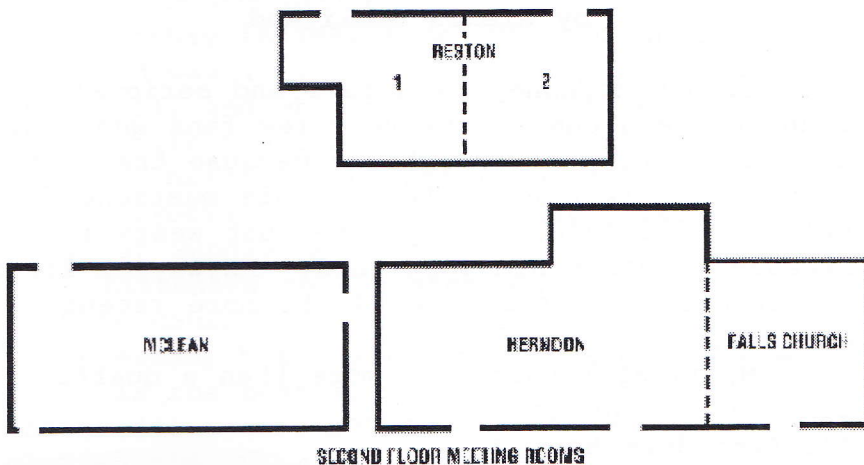




ConCom

Chair	Lee Gilliland
Treasurer	Bob MacIntosh
Programming	Scott Hofmann
Volunteers	Cathy Green
Registrar	Alexis Gilliland
Con Suite	Kat Morrison, Erica Ginter
Green Room/Con Ops	Tracy Kremer
Dealers' Room	Mike Walsh
Art Show	Judy Kindell
Program Book	Jim Kling
Hotel Liaison	Elizabeth Twitchell
Media Liaison	Nicki Lynch, Colleen Cahill
Movies	Charles Gilliland, James Uba
Webmaster	Keith Lynch





Errata

Virginia law prohibits open containers of alcohol in public places. Therefore, do not remove any open containers of alcohol from your room or the bar, or we will be forced to hunt you down, remove your internal organs, and mummify you. And really, we're busy enough as it is.

Please DO NOT heat food in the rooms. Rooms in most hotels are equipped with heat sensors and setting them off WILL set off the sprinkler system. Been there, done that, burned the t-shirt.



And speaking of t-shirts, if you have any problems, questions, or comments, please seek out those in a white t-shirt sporting an Egyptian Capclave logo - they are committee members.

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Dennis McCunney, an appreciation by Alexis Gilliland

Dennis McCunney is a tall and seriously lean man, and one of the very few fans who wears a suit and tie to conventions because the suit serves to bulk him up. Perhaps his mustache bulks up his face, or maybe he just wears it because it makes him look good. Anyway, I first encountered Dennis at one of the more recent Lunacons.

My first Lunacon was more than a quarter century ago, at the old Commodore Hotel, and he wasn't there, which is probably why the highlight of that con was finding a parking space in front of the hotel that was legal for the whole weekend.

Somebody's idea of what a con should be was a huckster room with a cash bar, and we stayed away from Lunacon for quite awhile after that.

When we resumed, Dennis was there, and though I am sure that Lunacon, like any convention, was the work of many hands, it is not unreasonable to give Dennis a share of the credit. Often he would sit with me in the bar, between interludes on his cellphone, and regale me with tales of the Lunarians, the small but contentious New York SF club of which he had been - for a time - a member, and how his efforts to create a lasting improvement in the arranging of Lunacon were like Sisyphus rolling his rock up the hill. He discussed the Lunarians together with their follies, fiascoes and ferocious fanfeuds, and perhaps a few other eff sounds as well.



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As he was often trying to see that Lunacon ran smoothly in real time, much of what was on his mind was in the nature of who had dropped what ball, and why, with luck, it could be remedied while the con was still running. His triumphs being in the nature of getting the pocket program there on Saturday afternoon instead of Sunday morning.

Listening to his stories, it was amazing that he could be as calm about the situation as he appeared, but his philosophy seemed to be: "What is the best that can be accomplished in these circumstances?" Acting on that philosophy enabled him to serve as a highly effective troubleshooter of Lunacons, to the point where he earned the title of "Mr. Lunacon," although it was never formally bestowed upon him. He worked on other conventions, of course, and it was always a pleasure to meet him at the Worldcon or elsewhere, especially when he wasn't tasked with some super-urgent business that should have been done last week.

In real - that is, mundane - life, he is an ubertechie, charged with making his company's computers perform in a commercially viable manner.

Butch Honeck

by Susan Honeck, his wife of 37 years

Butch was born November 5, 1940. His family grew to three sisters and six brothers. He left high school and joined the U.S. Navy, serving in the Pacific on the USS Grasp, between the Korean and Vietnam wars. When he returned home, he worked as a mechanic and body repairman. He has always been interested in machines and metalworking. For recreation, he rode and raced motorcycles, and spent his summers hiking, backpacking and mountain climbing. Although motorcycle racing and mountain climbing never brought

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a serious injury, in early 1972, Butch broke his leg in a skiing accident. While recovering from the injury, he began making small welded steel sculptures to pass the time.

In 1975, Butch began selling his sculptures at art shows. Selling his art motivated him to make more, and by the end of the summer, he realized it might be possible to make a living at home, doing something he enjoyed. As he progressed, his small sculptures evolved to larger assembled pieces. He found a market for his large sculpture in office decor for businesses. Eventually he was able to make sculpture his full-time business. He has earned his living solely from his art for the past thirty years, working at a studio in his home.

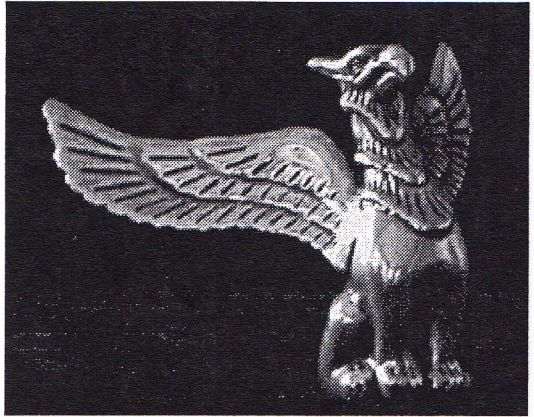
During the business recession of the late 1970's, Butch needed to find a new market for his sculpture. He was becoming frustrated by not being able to make some forms by welding things together. As a result, he learned the technique of lost wax casting. After reading about the process and talking to other sculptors, he built a foundry and taught himself the art. His fantasy-oriented designs started with inspiration and encouragement from a ceramic artist in Georgia who made dragons. A customer at the Rhinebeck Craft Show in New York introduced him to a new market: science fiction conventions. He attended his first Worldcon in Baltimore in 1983. Jim Henson bought some of the dragons. Butch was pumped!

Butch's style has evolved into a combination of fantasy with industry in larger sculptural works. These are created in bronze by making several different castings, which are then assembled into large, intricate completed works. The first piece of this nature is Noah's Ark, completed in the summer of 1993. It has extensive detail, including moving parts, and has won awards in several art shows. Henry's

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Dream, completed in the summer of 1996 is an abbreviated version of the 1913 Model T Ford assembly line. At Noreascon 4, the 62nd World Science Fiction Convention, his Magic Mountain won the Popular Choice 3-D award voted by the art show attendees. The same sculpture had won a Chesley Award in 1987! The sculpture hasn't lost its appeal to fans in 17 years!

Butch does some special order pieces on a commission basis, as well. He has a web site,



Honecksculpture.com, and he continues to travel to conventions, from Boston to San Diego, and Orlando to Seattle. He has successfully eliminated the need to do outdoor art fairs, which are popular venues for artists, but extremely difficult in terms of weather, time, and lack of electricity. He also creates a line of chromed specialty parts for motorcycles, which are sold by a vendor at cycle meets around the country.

Butch still finds fun in motorcycle riding. Now it includes his son, and the grandchildren, who ride their own dirt bikes on the trails of Northern Michigan. He also rides a street bike, customized with his own creations, including a chromed skeleton with lighted red eyes behind the seat.

Butch loves to meet fans and chat with them. New ideas for sculpture are sometimes gathered from those conversations. Butch has found his niche in the world creating fantasy sculpture in bronze. He likes to challenge him-

self when he creates, and the results of his efforts continue to be well-received by those who see them.

**An Interview with Capclave author Guest of Honor
Nick Pollotta
Interview by Jim Kling**

Capclave: How did you become a freemason?

Pollotta: I got into it through doing research for *That Darn Squid God!* When I was doing research on London in the 1880s, I ran across a reference to how all secret societies had been banned by Queen Victoria, apparently because she was worried about the revolutionists. I thought, 'That's interesting, I gotta put that in the book.' So I made freemasons the bad guys, and I started doing more research and realized that all they do is raise money for charity. In literature they're always the masterminds that are going to conquer the world. It's a strange way to conquer the world, by giving to orphans and widows. It sounded like a hell of a group to be in, and they're really nice guys. In my lodge in northern Illinois, half of the brothers are black, and the head of the lodge is openly gay. We don't care what your sexual orientation is, or what your skin color is. Are you a nice person? Do you believe in god? Then you can join.

In future books, I'm going to have positive freemason role models, to help make up for all of the bad press they have gotten.

Capclave: The twist ending seems to be a hallmark of yours. How did you come up with that approach to writing?

Pollotta: That comes from my training as a

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standup comic, where you're always delivering a punch line. If I'm watching a movie and I know half way through how it's going to turn out, I get bored. You need to have that twist at the end.

Capclave: Do you have a day job?

Pollotta: I'm a full-time writer. I gave up my day job quite awhile ago. About half of the books I write are fantasy and SF, but the big money comes from military thrillers, which I do under a wide assortment of names. I would have thought that the market for military thrillers would have gone soft after 9/11. I didn't think people would want to read about fictional terrorism when they had gotten a big fat dose of it in their backyard, but maybe it's the satisfaction of reading a novel where the CIA kicks the living shit out of terrorists, and we always win in the end. There is none of the politics, none of the bullshit - they're obviously evil people and I take them down in particularly grisly ways. And again, I have the twist endings.

Capclave: Where did your interest in SF come from?

Pollotta: It came from science. When I was young I desperately wanted to be a chemist and work on rockets for NASA. Unfortunately there are people who are tone deaf, and I'm just math deaf. I can't do higher math, so I can't be a structural engineer, and I can't do anything in the higher sciences. I tried to find something that would keep up my interest in science, and I stumbled across SF, and I found it more enticing. You can play with big concepts.

Capclave: What about your interest in military thrillers?

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Pollotta: My dad was in the navy and fought in World War II. My uncles were marines, and as a kid they would tell me their stories. My father had the best story: though he never saw combat, he used to work on a supply ship and it carried munitions and nothing but munitions. So the standing order was that as soon as you saw an enemy plane, you abandoned ship, otherwise you'd never get far enough away to survive the explosion. Four guys stayed onboard, the captain, the officer in charge of the engines, one bosun, and one poor sonofabitch who manned the twin 50 mms. That was my pop, the forward gunner's mate. He can't say how many times he was manning the guns and thinking 'okay, it's time to die.' But they were always our planes, our air cover was so good.

They became expert at abandoning ship. Who thought war would have a funny side? My uncles also told me about the funny stuff that happened in WWII.

I come from a long line of natural-born storytellers. My mom was an orphan, and my sister and I decided to trace her family history. We found out her family name was 'Scott.' We hired a genealogist and backtracked all the way to Sir Walter Scott. Years later, after I joined the freemasons, I was looking at the list of freemasons, and there's Uncle Wally.

So now I've got an old Scottish guy standing by me at the computer, going 'Do you call that a plot, laddie?'

Capclave: What were you doing before you became a full time writer, and how did you make that transition?

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Pollotta: I was a security courier, primarily subcontracting for Xerox. I was delivering confidential reports that they couldn't risk over phone, or fax, or mail. They would give me a sealed envelope, a picture of who to give it to, and a code word. A couple of times they tested me. A guy gave me the wrong code word and I turned around and walked out of the building. It paid great, but I couldn't have been more bored or miserable, because I wasn't writing. That's the song in my blood - I'm a novelist.

One day, I was trying to fight my way through a blizzard and got in a car accident. I limped my way back home in my battered car. The customers were screaming and the delivery people were screaming, and I thought, 'You know, I have enough money in the bank to live for a couple of years.' So I quit. I did it on a whim.

I chained myself to the desk and started writing. Luckily, I was good friends with Phil Foglio (I was in Philadelphia, he was living in Brooklyn) and he took me out for dinner one night. He asked me, 'are you going to write that novel about street gangs fighting aliens that you're always talking about?' A couple of years later, Phil and I had written the novel *Illegal Aliens*, and TSR snapped it up. [It was published in 1989]

Capclave: Tell me about your first sale.

Pollotta: My very first sale was about 12 gaming cartoons to Dragon magazine. It took me about a month to do a one-panel cartoon, at the end it took about a week - and it paid about \$35. TSR was delighted with my stuff, but I just couldn't even vaguely approach anything near a living wage, and it was an uphill battle all the way. I had developed the skills but I didn't have the

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talent - it was a difficult thing to master. But I am a natural wordsmith. I remember everything in my head as text. I finally said to myself, 'I can't do both, and I'm better at writing.'

Capclave: Most of your F&SF work has been published with small presses. How has that experience been for you?

Pollotta: I'm extremely happy with Wildside Press [which has published much of Pollotta's F&SF work]. They have good distribution and the sales have been very good. Unlike a lot of New York publishers, you have a lot of direct feedback. With *That Darn Squid God!* they had a particular piece of artwork they wanted to use for the cover. I bumped into Steve Fastner and Rich Larson at a convention. I saw their work at the art show, and I said 'These guys are pros, they should be doing covers.' It turns out they had done one cover for Harry Harrison. So I pitched them to Wildside, and they have done all of my Bureau 13 books. With a New York publisher, you turn in your book, you pick up your check, and that's the end of your involvement. Everything else is left up to the machine. I put a lot of sweat and blood into these books, so I like to be involved. With the military thrillers [which are published with New York publishing houses], I get no feedback - sometimes they change the titles without telling me.

Capclave: Your Bureau 13 novels have been your most successful SF books. Describe the premise behind them.

Pollotta: At the time, I was working on a supernatural action-adventure book. It was about a group of ghost hunters. I was pleased with it, but it was missing something. A friend asked if I had ever read the Bureau 13 role playing game

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book, which was created by Richard Tucholka. Bureau 13 is a covert branch of the FBI that is assigned to handle supernatural criminals. It's not illegal to be a vampire - if there's a vampire who owns a ranch and feeds off his cows, that's okay. But if the villagers start attacking him with torches, the Bureau 13 agent might be called in to defend him. I thought, 'Wow, that has comedic possibilities out the wazoo. In fact, I may have to expand my wazoo to handle it.'

I told him I'd like to write some books. Rich read my proposal and said, 'The novel rights are yours for a buck.' The new gaming manual [*Bureau 13 d20 manual*, Wildside Press, 2004] was written by Rich and myself. My favorite monster is the medusa oblongata, which is just the brain of the medusa. It slithers around mortuaries waiting for supermodels to die, and slithers into the brain. So the supermodel is alive, but it starts to turn green and get scales, and it has to kill other supermodels to retain its appearance.

Capclave: What are you working on now?

Pollotta: Right now I'm finishing up *Damned Nation*, which is about the origins of Bureau 13 in the civil war. There are monsters killing the wounded, just the wounded, from both sides. Lincoln assigns someone to handle it, and by the end of the book a fledgling version of Bureau 13 has been created.

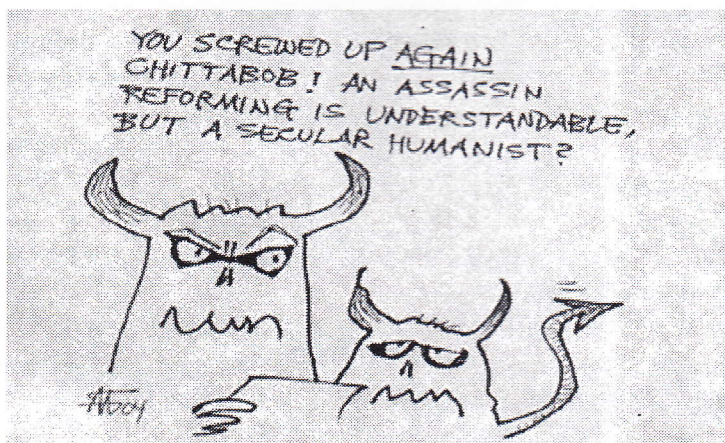
After that, I have lined up my first science fiction military novel, involving alien invaders in the 28th century, with big slam bang space battles. No monsters, no magic, not a lot of jokes. It doesn't have a title yet.

Capclave: Can you recommend some of your mili-

tary thrillers?

Pollotta: I've done some post-nuclear holocaust books, which are grim and gritty, no humor. The best one of those is *Zero City*, published as James Axler. You can go to my website (www.nickpollotta.com) and get that specific title.

Another one is *Stolen Arrows* [written as Don Pendelton], which has a bad title, but it's a good book. My title was *Project Aries*, which I much preferred. That one is part of the Mack Bolan series, which is the granddaddy of men's adventures. In the '70s and '80s, men's adventure was created because Don Pendelton came up with the character Mack Bolan, who was a sergeant in the army in Vietnam. He came back and ran up against the mafia, and used Vietnam tactics against them. Mack Bolan was a philosopher warrior, who realized he was doing evil things in the name of good, and that's a terribly fine line to walk. There's lots of pyrotechnic destruction, and lots of angst. I was a fan. I read the first 36 books and 10-15 years later I got to write one. It's like a *Star Trek* fan doing a *Star Trek* book.



Raw Terra

by Nick Pollotta

(Originally Published in the short story collection *Tequila Mockingbird*)

"Ladies and gentlemen, we're almost there!" Erik Kaye cried into his hand held mike, while hanging out the open window of the antique style train engine.

The cool Titan wind whipped his curly gray hair into a wild frenzy, totally unlike the usual neat perfection his billions of TriD viewers were familiar with, and for the first time in his life, Kaye didn't give a good goddamn. They were going to make it! This was the story of the year! Hell, the decade! If only he knew what it was.

Alongside him in the cabin was Dr. Alice Bentley, a pretty brunette in a lab jumpsuit typing madly on her wrist secretary with one hand, a computer stylus clamped tight between clenched teeth. Behind the scientist was Sergeant Vladimir Zane, a stout United Planets police officer nervously fondling his service laser, rigidly formal in his stark white uniform, the red and blue emblem of this independent colony emblazoned on a shoulder. Filling the fore of the open cabin was a rocky gray bipedal mountain, whose nimble alien hands frantically were working the controls of the rumbling steam engine. Birth name: (assorted grunts, snorts and a rude flatulent noise), social name: Rocky. Which was the equivalent of calling an Irishman 'Red' or an African pygmy 'Shorty'. Not quite exactly an insult, but hardly original thinking for the alien Choron.

Adjusting the gain on his transceiver, Erik sighed internally. These four were the only ones to brave this final leg of their perilous, historic journey. A mere four out of the trillions filling the Sol system. That didn't say much for the courage and dedication of the average UP citizen. Then again, it was sweeps week on the TriD, and saving the world was hardly a match for Nude Celebrity Mud Wrestling. Art will always triumph.

Rat-a-clack, rat-a-clack, the iron wheels of the environmentally correct locomotive clattered over every rail joint of the Earth sized moon of

Saturn as the convoy steadily built speed, biodegradable black smoke pouring from the tall fluted chimney. Filling the horizon overhead was the ringed glory of their gas giant mother world. On either side of the rattling train were the ragged cliffs of a low ravine, an arroyo actually, although few folk knew the word these days. But then, the shame of modern education was next week's story. The terraforming of Titan had started 100 years ago, and today was its ultimate culmination. If only they could crash this train into a toxin polluted lake before they were all killed by accidents or terrorists. Saturn, your vacation wonderland. Whee.

"Dr. Bentley, how's it going?" Kaye asked, holding a hand before the floating HoverCam before him to signal a break in the story flow.

Her long hair an auburn Medusa's nest, Alice glanced up from her wrist work. "Statistically, the events plaguing us have almost exceeded any possibility of random causation and risen to the mathematical point of certainty," she shouted.

In the far distance, something exploded in the gray sky with violent results above the mountainous Titan garbage dump.

"Yeah, well, statistics will only help you so much against anti-personnel Gotcha! missiles," Sgt. Zane remarked, flicking his gun safety off and on nervously.

A rocky smile from the inhuman pilot. "At least the protective umbrella from the Titan Defense Corp is still in operation. We're not dead yet, officer!"

"Ah, 'yet' being the operative word, citizen."

At their feet, the train engineer and chief technician of the scientific project snored peacefully on top of each other. Both of their PocketDocs had mysteriously given them a massive overdose of 'Don't Worry, Be Sleepy!' tranquilizers just as the train was going around Dead Man's Curve. They should have crashed, just another amazing coincidence in an endless stream of them. And they would have died, if not for the timely intervention of Rocky, a tourist who had inadvertently gotten on the wrong train.

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Plus the assistant train engineer had never showed up. All of the doors, windows and garbage chute of his home had become bizarrely jammed this morning, and after he managed to wiggle out the doggie door, his car wouldn't start from the relatively simple, but unsolvable, problem that its entire engine had been removed by thieves during the night.

Curls to the wind, Erik snorted. Thieves his butt! The reporter had no damn idea who their unseen enemy was, but they really gave a new definition to the word 'persistent'. And added a few lines to the description of ruthless. Webster and Roget would have been proud of them. Just before they shot the bastards. Whoever the nameless enemy was.

At the broom-handle throttle, cramped in the small, human-sized control booth, was their two meters of scaled alien muscle, living granite fingers nimbly operating the iron control rods and wheels with a surgeon's delicacy. Or more precisely, the knowledgeable touch of a being that loved machines.

Dressed only in a bulging tool belt and pre-space aviator scarf, the Choron tourist had been pressed into service as the improvised chauffeur of the 100 ton train by Bentley and Zane when the railroad engineers had resigned from the job by hitting the floor and snoring in stereo. Although not specifically interested in this human endeavor, saving a world was a noble deed! Besides, (assorted snorts, grunts and a rude flatulent noise) was getting paid by the hour for the task.

Jammed into the back of the cabin so it would have enough room for a good picture was a flying ceramic egg; aerials, antennae and an array of telephoto lenses covering the exposed surface. A 'Menkin' class HoverCam floated effortlessly above the shoulder of Erik like the hologram parrot of a cyborg pirate. The effect was augmented by the fact that one of the three lenses of the Toshiba camcorder was broken recently by shrapnel from an inexplicably exploding film vending machine and the TBBC news reporter had temporarily covered the cracked glass with a tiny eye-patch.

Why would anybody want to stop a reclamation project?

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"Gods above and below!" Rocky cursed, thumping on unbreakable gauges and thus proving the manufacturer's claim was correct. Inexorably the train began to slow.

"Oh, what now?" Dr. Bentley demanded, dropping her stylus.

The Choron turned to face the tiny human without bothering to move his shoulders. "The main drive rod appears to have disconnected itself. We're losing all motivational power!"

"What about using Scientology?" the Titan officer joked dryly.

"Ha. I laugh. You're fired," Alice snapped.

Wisely, Erik covered the built-in microphone on his camcorder as he spat twelve of the fourteen dirty words you still couldn't say on television. Even in the 24th century. Funny cops. Just what they needed.

Craning her neck out the window, Bentley could just see a dark flat mass ahead of them, and her nose hairs started to curl and burn. Without a doubt, the infamous Lake Underdunk. They were so close and yet so far.

"Ideas!" the scientist barked loudly, trying desperately not to breath. Phew, what a stink!

While the officer and the reporter scrunched their faces in thought, and then gagged as the smell of the lake hit them like a nasal injection of sewage, the alien brandished a wrench.

"I'll free the rear carriages," he said and charged off into the empty passenger compartment. "Momentum equals mass over gravity plus velocity."

True enough. "But who's going to drive this thing?" Erik demanded, gasping for air or any reasonable facsimile.

"Its a train on tracks," Sergeant Zane wheezed, arching an eyebrow. "Where's it going to go? Off for a pizza?"

Rat-a-clack. Rat-a-clack. Then from the rear of the train there came a metallic noise, half crunch, half snap and all loud. Instantly, the last two of the passenger compartments started to drag behind and the train drastically increased speed. The noise was repeated twice more, and in short order there was nothing remaining of the once mighty convoy but the environmentally safe, wood burning, steam locomotive and the stainless steel tanker car holding the

55,000 gallons of the mutant brew, Y.U.M. 123. Again, Dr. Bentley fumed over why would anybody want to destroy such a benign project?

Soon Rocky returned. The alien had encountered no problems disconnecting the rear carriages, as all of them were empty. The plush seats, massive buffet and robotic bar cold and untouched. Although he bitterly hated cowards, Kaye really couldn't blame the local politicians and bigwigs from passing on this trip. Amalgamated Water had been a horror from the word launch. Computers crashed, email lost, water pipes burst in the middle of conferences, power outages, diagnostic machinery miswired, chemicals improperly labeled, vicious pencil sharpeners which worked too damn well, and sub-zero bathrooms. Nothing violent, nothing direct. No single act that would plainly state outside interference, which was why Zane was the only cop they had as protection, only endless little problems which bled the hope and drive from the people involved as efficiently as...ah, disconnecting the drive rods of a steam locomotive.

Holding onto a stanchion, Erik stuck an Irish Coffee flavorstick into his mouth and sucked a dozen millimeters of color from the confection, as the HoverCam automatically fed a prerecorded commercial into the AV loop. Faintly he could hear himself saying "If it fits in the palm of your hand, is made of plastic, costs under ten dollars and breaks in a week, its another fine product from...The Gunderson Corporation!" Personally, he was impressed. Truth in advertising, what a wild concept.

Scanning the sky and the ravine around them, Zane loosened a collar button. "What's the status?" he barked in a military manner.

"We'll make it," Rocky said, throwing his wrench aside tiredly. "Although stopping may be an interesting procedure."

"Interesting, how?" Zane asked.

With a grating noise, an eyeridge was raised. "Don't crashes always make good TriD viewing?"

"Oh swell."

Continuing to build speed, the train crested the arroyo, and started hurtling down the tracks towards the horrible thick quagmire of Lake Underdunk. Officially the most polluted

body of water in the fourteen worlds of the Human Solar system according to the Ecological Survey of 2207. And considering Boston Harbor in America, the Chernobyl Chili Factory in Russia, the Bikini Atoll nuclear test Site, lower south Marsportville near the sulfur plant, along with most of the take-out restaurants in Bombay, India, that was really saying something.

With one silicate hand on the throttle, Rocky kicked open the firedoor and reached across the cabin to grab hold of a log in the aft tinderbox. But as the tree trunk passed in front of Sergeant Zane, the man went stiff.

"Hold it!" Zane shouted, his 1mm Bedlow laser pistol out of its shoulder holster and leveled at the lumbering leviathan.

Just to be polite, everybody else also froze motionless.

"I'm a cyborg," the officer enunciated slowly, his blue eyes narrowed to dark slits. "And this log throws a radar shadow."

"Impossible," Bentley snorted, crossing her arms. "Wood couldn't do that unless," her voice started to fail. "...there's something metallic inside."

Gingerly, the alien placed the innocent appearing log on the floor and Zane went to work with a Venus Army Knife. With a click, the rough wood broke in half, the two pieces separating with a hydraulic sigh, and laying on the floor was a nasty looking assortment of steel tubes, fiber optic cables, digital timer and four large blocks of a grayish clay compound. Nobody had any doubt as to what the infernal device was. It was classic. Prototypical of its kind.

"That's a bomb, isn't it," Rocky asked, nudging the explosive with a toe.

Flavorstick dropping from his mouth, Kaye pushed the alien back. "And its live!" he shouted in rising fear, as the internal indicators started winking and blinking wildly. Holy prack!

"Not anymore," Zane said calmly, ripping a red wire free from the technological spaghetti. In a sad ratcheting sound, the indicators turned off and the internal electrostatic supports of the device went limp.

While the rest in relief, Rocky quickly picked

the fifty-kilo charge up in a hand and heaved it over the side of the train doing his very best impersonation of Knute Rockne as the Statue of Liberty.

Arching into the distance, the log/bomb hit the middle of Lake Underdunk - with more of a sploot than a splash and disappeared instantly into the watery morass.

"Better," smiled the alien.

Alice cocked an eyebrow at the goliath technician. "Do you really think that was necessary?"

Was what she intended to ask, but before the words could leave her mouth the whole lake seemed to heave upwards, the putrid waters parting in a strident roar of hot gases and dead fish shotgunning into the air as if the world itself was vomiting. Smelled like it too. Whew!

Peeking out from behind the HoverCam, the scientist apologized for doubting the technician.

"Agreed," Zane said, his eyes glowing a faint blue as he stared real hard at everything. "Now we're safe."

"For the moment," Kaye noted, scanning the horizon with a pair of trinoculars. Ever since he had been on this damn story, somebody, or bodies, had been systematically trying to stop it. Now their efforts had escalated from slashing the tires on ground cars and stealing clothes to outright murder.

"Although we didn't include guardian in our original contract," Rocky said facing the tiny scientist. "And I do think we should renegotiate for that."

"My station will kick in an extra thousand for the exclusive rights to the bomb story," Kaye snapped impatiently.

A stalactite grin. "Done."

Geez, reluctantly the reporter was starting to get the feeling that somebody, somewhere, was probably paying the Choron to use gravity. He didn't do anything for free!

With a gratefully nod to Erik, Alice glanced backwards at the massive refrigerated tanker trailing behind them just to make sure it was still there, safe and secure. That precious tank was the total capital worth of her com-

pany, Enviro Inc.

For inside that container was a new form of artificial life, and one even more useful than the previously created Bacteria 1040, which specialized in eating income tax forms.

Environment Incorporated had long been bothered by the fact that when Humanity went into space, they left all of the garbage on Earth. As each colony matured, so did their pollution level. Thus, Enviro Inc. had created a sub-company, Amalgamated Water, and their brilliant staff in a sanitized space lab high above Jupiter spent the next two decades inventing Y.U.M. 123.

Y.U.M. was a genetically unstable organism with a total life span of six hours, and it ravenously ate anything suspended in the water that wasn't alive. How the technicians got the stuff to make this distinction between a sluggish fish and an oil slick was beyond even their normally lugubrious ability to explain. But she had seen the test, and the stuff worked. About all it didn't consume was concrete and steel. And thus was no danger to bridges, tunnels or floating boats. Although a scuba driver caught unawares might find himself suddenly stark naked, wearing only his air tank and a waterproof watch.

The end result was if Y.U.M. were introduced into a water system, like a polluted river, the water would be rendered clean, absolutely chemically clean, drinkable, without any damage to the fish or plants. Should any still be living in target cesspool.

The scientists at AmWa had started experimenting upon Kool-Aid, then beef stew, working their way up to raw bathroom sewage, and finally to industrial sludge. But the fluid contents of Underdunk - this was a sublime combination of all these with the muck of a swamp, the waste of a toxic chemical dump site and the dissolved inventory of a garbage heap! Even the field-testing in New Jersey hadn't prepared them for this.

"Plane," Sgt. Zane said, pointing towards the horizon.

Kaye pivoted and his HoverCam focused on the approaching speck. He had just found the correct focus when a dozen other specks rose from

the ground and the aerial dot blossomed into a quite spectacular fireball.

"Whew. Nice missile work," the alien commented.

"The gang at Titan Defense are masters of destruction," Sgt. Zane boasted proudly.

Erik grumped, "Your tax dollars at work. Maybe now the cops will believe us."

"I sure do," the officer stated.

"Why?" Dr. Bentley demanded petulantly. "Why would anybody not want a lake cleaned?"

Only the rat-a-clack of the train and the sounds of the syrupy water lapping sluggishly against the mottled beach answered her question.

"It'll make the property values go up," Rocky suggested shoving logs into the furnace, but only after Sergeant Zane had given him a nod for each one. "Perhaps the source of the attacks wanted them to go down so he could purchase the land cheaply."

"The government owns the property," Zane answered. "It's going to become a park. If this works."

"Yes, if!"

Rounding a bend in the tracks, the mixed crew could now plainly see their final destination. The infamous Lake Underdunk. There were no flies in the swampy air above the murky waterway because nobody made gas masks quite that tiny.

"So what's the plan?" Kaye asked, hoping the fumes wouldn't dissolve his camera.

Rigidly at attention, Sergeant Zane turned around from his saluting a passing Titan flag. They were now officially on government property. "As we pass by the lake, we open a series of nozzles and spray the entire eastern bank of the sludge pile."

"So stopping is not necessary?" Rocky asked curiously, rubbing his hands together and making a sound like sandpaper on a brick.

"Not until we want to get off."

Surreptitiously, the granite giant hid the broken brake wheel behind his back. "Sounds good!" As long as they didn't charge him for breakage. Even a locomotive probably came under the universal axiom, 'Nice to look at, nice to hold...' etc., etc.

"The Y.U.M. is at operational temperature!" Alice called, minutely adjusting gauges on the

tanker by tapping commands onto her wrist secretary. "In range in 35 seconds....twenty...ten... no!"

"What?" Kaye snapped, extending his mike.

Frantic tapping. "The release control is stuck!"

"Allow me," Rocky rumbled, and reaching for the emergency manual release handle set among the engine controls, the alien used fingertip pressure to shove the steel bar forward one single notch. The rod broke off completely, falling to the floor and shattering like glass. Which it was.

"Ghtqz! This is a real fifteen cent operation!" the huge alien cursed rudely. Or was the human phrase, nickel and dime? Well, whatever, it was definitely time for some change!

"Son of a prack!" Sgt. Zane cried furiously, the Titan agent drawing his Bedlow laser and pointing the weapon at the tanker.

"No!" Dr. Bentley cried out, stepping between him and the tanker. "At this range the Y.U.M. fumes would kill us before they disperse! Even with the wind factor!"

At those words, Kaye slumped. So, their unknown foe had succeeded. Amalgamated Water had spent every cent, pulled every string to get this one test into operation. Its failure meant an end to the whole operation. There was nothing more to be done. What a terrible end for the story.

"Do you mind?" Rocky asked, plucking the laser from the officer. As the startled humans watched, the alien bent ridiculously far out of the cabin and fired one long burst from the energy pistol at something far ahead of them.

"Thanks," the stone said tossing the weapon back.

"Hey, the power pack is empty!" Zane gasped in surprise.

"What did you do?" gasped Kaye, scanning with his trinoculars.

"I destroyed the Underdunk inlet bridge," Rocky replied calmly.

"What?" chorused the carbon based life-forms.

Below them the steaming mire of the horribly polluted basin flashed by like a vista from Hell.

An avalanche of a shrug. "If we can't reach

the lake properly, then we shall crash into it.

"

"We'll all die!"

"Nonsense," he snorted. "We will only be going fifty, sixty kilometers per hour." A short pause. "You humans can take a crash at that speed onto concrete without damage, can't you?"

Their horrified expressions told him different.

"Oops."

"How soon till the bridge!" Kaye demanded, making a fast duplicate of his video disks and tossing them overboard for safekeeping. The rainbow flats scattered to the wind, a few landed in the lake and started dissolving.

"Oh, right about, now," Sergeant Zane said in a falsely calm poker voice.

"Jump!" Dr. Bentley yelled, and she did.

It was death one way or the other, so having little choice in the manner, Kaye and the rest joined her. Hugging his HoverCam for protection, Erik followed suit, hoping and praying that his insurance premiums were paid in full. This was definitely going to hurt.

The fall was short, and ended in a hard squash as the ex-passengers landed squarely in a large drainage ditch full of what drainage ditches were usually full off.

"Crap!" sputtered the spattered Zane, waist deep in stinking brown goo, and everybody agreed. Yep, that's what it was, all right. Good ol' non-toxic nightsoil from Oberion City. What a relief!

Rocky pulled himself free from the pit his landing had rudely formed in the concrete embankment, and walked over to the edge to give a hand to the quagmired humans. Soon standing on the cracked but solid lee, their three Gunderson Corporation PocketDocs extended mechanical spider legs and scurried out of belt pouches to begin assorted repairs and start the cleaning process. Gagging and retching, the battered humans watched as the thundering train roared past them on the track atop the steel girder trestle.

Barreling by at ever increasing speed, the steam engine tilted over dangerously as it took a gentle curve in the track, and then leveled

out just in time to soar straight off the still glowing end of the ruined bridge.

For almost a full second, the chugging train was suspended in the air, then it began to arc downward, rapidly descend and then plummet like a lead safe full of dead bricks.

The engine broke apart from the woodbin, which came free from the tanker, and the three hit in a triad of meteoric impacts. A triangular geyser formed which made the precious bomb blast resemble a fishy fart. Sewage and biological toxins soared skyward forming for a brief moment a muddy mushroom cloud, the sight sending chills down everybody's spine.

In ragged stages, the aquatic undulations ceased, the aerial sludge rained back down into its steaming home and visibility returned. Roughly in the middle of the lake was the refrigerated tanker bobbing like a steel hot dog. Under the trinoculars, there appeared to not be even the smallest crack in its adamantine hull.

"The damn thing is still intact!" Kaye roared furiously, pulling out a handful of his curly hair.

"Yeah? Well, not anymore," Zane said, and the Bedlow was in his hand. The first shot merely cleansed the firing lenses in a harmless pyrotechnic display of lights. But the next emitted a shimmering beam of rainbow colors which stabbed out from the maw of the dire weapon and a neat line of puckered holes appeared in the resilient metal container, as if it was being attacked by a giant, invisible sewing machine. Wisps of steam rose into view from the punctures, and then a slick purplish fluid streamed out into the brownish-gray sludge of the lake.

Trying not to breathe deeply as the air made their lungs burn, the battered group waddled hopefully to the sticky beach for a better look. A minute passed. Another, and then another.

"Nothing is happening," Kaye commented, tucking away his fistful of hair into a pocket.

"Prack!" Dr. Bentley cursed, and she pulled a tiny vial of oily fluid from a pocket. "The activator!"

Recording everything, Erik lowered his mike and looked at the twenty meters of pungent chemical sewage that separated them from the sinking locomotive and surrendered. Whoever

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their unknown foe was had finally won. There was no way anybody could cross the morass of bio-toxins and survive. Not without spacesuits, which were hours away.

Both hands holding the vial to her heart, Dr. Bentley kicked one leg forward and lunged into a crouch, her right arm doing a hard fast whip forward.

The vial cannonballed towards the bubbling mess, and only a foot in front the vial dipped a bit and to the left, then crashed loudly on the metal hull. Like a glass comet, the tiny vial shattered into a million glistening pieces. Instantly, the purple goo underneath changed from white to brown, then green. Glorious green! Then everything sank from sight.

Standing on the beach, the group stared at the woman.

"A curve ball. Sorry. Old habit," Alice said sheepishly. "I was the relief pitcher for the Luna Miners during my college days for three years running."

Straightening his filthy clothes, Erik took a stance before the lake, as the HoverCam reached out a mechanical arm and combed his hair into place. It then powdered his nose, adjusted focus and then flashed the On-Air signal.

"So, ladies and gentlemen, this is it. We have finally reached Lake Underdunk in spite of colossal odds. For any new viewers who may have just tuned in, this is Erik Kaye for TBBC, reporting live from the independent moon, Titan. Long a haven for chemical research, industrial dumping, and nuclear storage, the people of Titan, like those on Earth, have only recently started the odious job of cleaning up their incredibly polluted environment."

A half-turn to the stage left to show his good side and display a section of the bubbling cess-pool. "And the scientists of Amalgamated Water have been plagued by mysterious problems from the very beginning. Missed shipments, mis-marked containers. Computer viruses, scrambled phone lines. Nothing violent, or overt. But a steady destruction of this totally innocuous project. Coincidence? No."

The anchor glanced over his shoulder at the smooth expanse of the dead lake.

"Due to their ever-growing population, Titan

Central has domed over this sight and is attempting to reclaim this lost bit of biology. A noble task. Exemplary! Only," his voice lowered dramatically. "Can it be done?"

Tense moments passed, as Dr. Bentley wiped her face clean with a pocket-handkerchief, and prayed. After twenty years of hard work, the incredible project was starting. Alice glanced at her watch. Correction, had started two minutes ago.

Standing on an old abandoned aircar engine, Zane pointed, "Look!"

"Wait a minute, I seem to see something happening," Kaye said for his blind or inattentive viewers.

Something was swirling below the slimy surface. A bubble rose to the syrupy surface of the lake, then a second, a third, a fourth. Then a series of bubbles, next the center began to furiously boil. As fast as it started, the process stopped, and a great calm engulfed the hundred domed hexacres of deep space refuse park.

Had the Y.U.M. worked? Was that it? A measly bubbling. A can of fizzy soda pop could have done better!

"Hey, I see something," Rocky said, his crystalline eyes extending on louvered stalks from inside his head. "The center of the lake...yes, it is...it's changing color."

"It's doing what?" Dr. Bentley demanded, pulling out a set of pocket trinoculars and dialing for computer enhancement.

Under the magnification, the blackish fluid now had a green area in the general vicinity of the crashed train. Was it an oil leak from the hydraulic system? Had the bar ruptured? Or... But as she watched, the green section turned aquamarine, dark blue, light blue and then clear. Perfectly clean water!

Dumbfounded by the extreme change, her wrist secretary ran a diagnostic on itself and sent an angry letter to the manufacturer for such obviously shoddy workmanship on its sensors.

Inch by inch, the circle expanded into the stygian, nigh impregnable, Underdunk, centuries of industrial pollution rendering it little more than a pool of mud.

Inexorably, the patch of clear water advanced

towards shore annihilating the unidentifiable muck. Not pushed forward, but extended. As the sluggish lake met the bubbling barrier all contaminants disappeared, and only impossibly pure water remained. The likes of which Humanity had not seen since dinosaurs trampled prehistoric Vikings taking a pee in a primordial stream.

Gradually coming into visibility, the bottom was an irregular expanse of rocks, and the occasional steam locomotive. Obviously its iron body was immune to the ravaging effects of the clean up.

Now in full operation, completely unleashed, and hungry as hell, the mutated microbes of Y.U.M. 123 tied tiny napkins about their throats and really went to lunch. Rapidly, the zone of clean water began spreading in every direction. Relentlessly it went into a true primordial feeding frenzy, the Y.U.M. ate everything not physiologically alive, thermally warm or chemically active in the abandoned lake.

Just then a gasping fish dove out of the mire and splashed happily into the cool blue. Amused, the observers smiled at each other. Life was indomitable. Even on Titan.

Filling half the sky, the ringed majesty of Saturn reflected like fresh diamonds off the sparkling lake within a lake. Unstoppable, the patch of shiny blue, heralded by its bubbling green cuff, raced off in every direction. In only minutes, the entire surface turned a beautiful deep azure blue. And the zone of visibility descended deeper and deeper into the murky lake with every passing second. Soon, more fish were exposed, along with a turtle and a very surprised looking octopus, which promptly swam away.

However, the surface color change did not stop as it reached the river feeding into the lake, and the grayish water of the contaminated tributary underwent the same incredible transformation as the microbes raced upriver, into a sewer pipe and out of the protective dome. The Y.U.M. had a lot to do in its remaining six hours, and every second of that was going to be spent feeding and breeding.

A soft wind blew over the sticky humans, and

it did not make them cringe. It smelled faintly of air conditioning. But fresh was the operative word. Clean and fresh.

"Holy Buddha, Mary and Zeus, it worked," Erik Kaye whispered, the filthy microphone dangling limply in his hands.

Polishing his laser, Sergeant Zane suddenly stopped and snapped his fingers for attention. The anchor looked, gasped, smiled and then resumed his more formal stance of a news reporter. Ah, now they had some answers.

Although the water of the lake was perfectly clear, the center of Underdunk was too deep to see. But lining the shoals and along the shallow banks leading to the shore was a forest of underwater skeletons, their feet in tubs of concrete. Over in a sandbar was a collection of automobiles with more skeletons handcuffed to the steering wheels. There were stacks of letters, piles of knives, and a small mountain of pistols. Everything was in remarkably good condition.

"And now we know why the project had secret enemies," Dr. Bentley announced, looking into the crystal clear expanse of the new water.

Near the bubbling locomotive on the bottom of the lake, resting on a bed of golden sand were boxes and file cabinets. Old and rusty but many, most, appeared still intact.

"Evidence," Kaye guessed out-loud for his unseen audience. "Most likely, organized crime has been using this place as a dumping site since time immemorial. Or at least since 2245 when the United Planets colonized Titan."

"And if this process works here, it'll work for anywhere. Even on Earth!"

"Or Choron," Rocky whispered. A clean Choron. Both of his brains boggled at the concept. What a wild notion. His children could actually go into either of the oceans and not explode. Wow.

"Honorable Dr. Bentley, old pal," the alien, began smoothly, retracting his eyestalks. "May I humbly ask for the formula of these amazing microbes to clean my own homeworld of our pollution?"

"Yeah?" the woman asked suspiciously. "And how much will you sell it to them for?"

The words burned like fire in his mind, but

summoning some secret hidden inner strength, he heroically said them anyway. "I...I shall not sell it."

"You? Do something for free? Ha!" Zane snorted.

The fresh lake air wafted over him and the alien happily filled his lung. Ah! "Doctor, there are some things even more important than..." Immediately, his throat constricted. No, he couldn't say it. What the hell, he'd give the Y.U.M. to his government as a charitable donation to lower his taxes. Ah, much better. To his race 'free' was the only four-letter 'f' word not used in polite company.

"Well, you have been instrumental in helping us complete the project," Bentley murmured. "So, yes, agreed. But no blackmarket reselling."

"Never!" the alien cried in horror. His honor was on the line here. Besides, there were witnesses, and a verbal contract was always as good as the police force which backed it up with guns.

Finished making a report to his superiors, Officer Zane released his collar button and smiled at the dirty group on the shore. "Tactical support groups from the local police, UP military and InterPlanPol will be here in six minutes. Even the president of Mars and his dog are coming. "

"This," he added unnecessarily, "is big!"

Bentley nodded. "Excellent. Thank you, officer."

"No problem, ma'am." Walking to the edge of the lake, Erik Kaye swabbed the toe of his boot in the water. Instantly the leather was washed clean and the polished removed. "And just consider what other criminal delights we will find at the bottom of the Hudson River in Newer York, the Thames River in England, the Rhine of Germany, or the sea of Japan?" Running a hand through his matted hair, the big officer smiled. "How much critical evidence in capital cases are we going to reclaim. And how much of this will be linked to organized crime?"

"Yes, indeed," Kaye said, swinging microphone and HoverCam to face the police officer. "Exactly how many unsolved crimes are about to become solved? How many murder raps cleared, innocent prisoners set free, and drug lords sent

to jail? What is your professional opinion, sergeant?"

The Titan officer grinned. "I think the warden at the United Planets penitentiary better dust off 'Sparky' the electric chair, because it's gonna get mighty busy real soon."

Finally understanding, Rocky pursed his forehead. Criminals had been disposing of evidence in the polluted water? Hmm, damn clever actually. "No wonder somebody tried so hard to stop us. Hell, every criminal organization probably wanted us dead."

Gleefully happy, Alice Bentley agreed. Although not designed for it, Y.U.M. was in the process of removing more than one type of human pollution.

"Ha-ha, we win!" she laughed, arms akimbo.

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The next day on Earth, a growing crowd of people waved and cheered on the Hudson River shoreline, a bold few even dove into the fantastically pure expanse of water filing the mouth of the river. Where sparkling waves lapped at the banks, trash was no longer visible, graffiti gone from rocks, wood pillions and ancient concrete embankments appeared new and strong. Even the ever-present, pungent cheese smell was thinning from the air. More than a few onlookers started hacking and choking at the invasion of oxygen to their weathered lungs. Immediately, their neighbors began selling cough drops.

Then arcing the horizon came dozens of horribly beweaponed United Planets Leviathan-class hovertanks. Maneuvering over the clear water, hatches slid open on the sides, and out dove hundreds of soldiers in armored spacesuits, which functioned perfectly well as diving suits. And had much better TV reception. Each trooper was carrying a very large wicker basket that was empty for the moment.

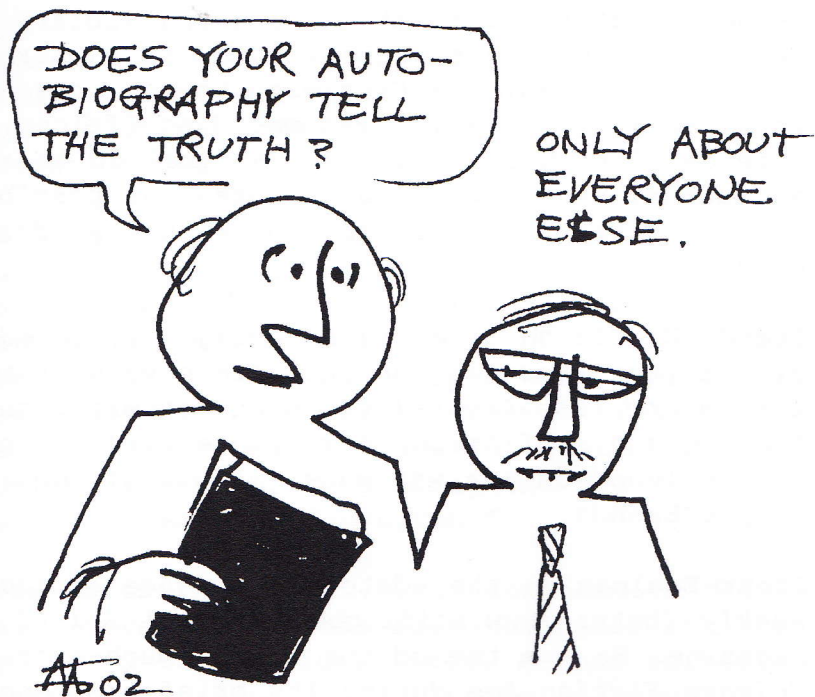
Meanwhile, in countless luxurious penthouses across Manhattan, groups of well-dressed gangsters started packing for Pluto - when suddenly an armada of police Tarantula helicopters lifted into view outside the windows, and from the front door there came a very official knock-knock.

Trapped, the crime lords slumped in resignation, some of them openly weeping. While out-

side the penthouse window could be seen a foaming green band racing up the Hudson river, eventually heading for the poisonous Finger Lakes, the undrinkable Niagara Falls, the toxic Great Lakes, the putrid Ohio River, even the deadly Mississippi. Across the world, the common folk cheered and danced, while numerous industrialists underwent desperate plastic surgery in their racing limos and more than one drug lord simply shot himself in the head to save the police the time and trouble of a trial. Unstoppable and uncaring of these antics, the microbes continued eating themselves to a glorious death across the entire world; South America, Australia, South Africa, Europe, Russia....

The terraforming of Earth had finally begun.

-THE END-



Program Participants

Catherine Asaro is the author of fourteen novels as well as short fiction (published and upcoming). Her stand-alone novel, *The Quantum Rose*, won the 2001 Nebula Award. She is a three-time winner of the Romantic Times BOOKClub award for "Best Science Fiction Novel" and has won numerous other distinctions, including the Sapphire and the AnLab. Her novella "Walk in Silence" (*Analog*, 4/2003) has earned her the Hugo Nomination for Best Novella 2004.

Elaine Brennan is a science fiction fan from Denver, Colorado and veteran of many a concon.

Colleen Cahill was born and raised in Central Pennsylvania by parents who were both voracious readers. Not surprisingly, she has a library science degree and practices this art in her day job at the Library of Congress, where among her other duties she is the Recommending Officer for Science Fiction and Fantasy. Her goal is to read as much science fiction and fantasy as possible and share the cream of the crop with Fast Forward viewers.

Brenda W. Clough lives in a cottage at the edge of a forest. Her fiction includes novels (*How Like A God*, *The Crystal Crown* and others), short fiction and nonfiction. A complete bibliography can be found on her web page, at www.sff.net/people/Brenda.

Scott Edelman is the editor of *Science Fiction Weekly* (<http://www.scifi.com/sfw>) and *Sci-Fi* magazine. He was the editor of the much-missed *Science Fiction Age* during its brief existence, and edited *Sci-Fi Entertainment/Magazine*, *Sci-Fi Flix*, and *Satellite ORBIT*. He worked as an as-

sistant editor and writer at Marvel Comics as well as a district manager for an imported beer company and a mortgage banker. He has written over 40 stories and a novel.

Andrew Fox is the author of *Fat White Vampire* and *Bride of the Fat White Vampire*.

Alexis Gilliland may be less permanent than the Appalachians, but he has been floating around the firmament of science fiction for mumble-mumble years, during which he has run cons, presided over WSFA meetings, published novels, drawn more cartoons than he can conveniently enumerate, and served as co-host for WSFA since the First Friday in November, 1967. Currently he is serving as registrar for the con.

Lee Gilliland, better known as the Easter Fish, is a long-time fan who has been in SF all of her life, and in the DC area for 20 years. She has worked on numerous conventions in various positions, most notably Con Suite. This is her first convention chairing solo.

Hal Haag discovered the science fiction convention world in 1984. He has been an attendee at most of the conventions on the East Coast. Hal started out in the best place to meet new people - Registration, and has helped with gaming, art show, costuming, and other functions. Lately, he has been combining his love for gaming and convention organizing by running the old Smofcon game "If I Ran The Z/o/o/Con."

David Hartwell is a Ph.D. in Comparative Medieval Literature who has been nominated for the Hugo Award twenty-eight times. He has edited a number of anthologies, including an annual *Year's Best SF* paperback series now in its tenth year and co-edits a *Year's Best Fantasy* both

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with Kathryn Cramer. He is the author of *Age of Wonders*, and is presently a senior editor at Tor/Forge Books and the publisher of *The New York Review of Science Fiction*.

John Henry's newest book is *Burden Of Proof*, the second volume in the first ever military legal sf series. The next volume in the series (*Rule Of Evidence*) is due out from ACE in March, 2005. John also has a story ("Mightier Than the Sword") in the upcoming *Turn the Other Chick* (the next in the Chicks in Chainmail anthology series), and has the short story "Small Moments In Time" in the December 2004 issue of *Analog*. He lives in Owings, Maryland with his lovely and long-suffering wife and three kids.

Inge Heyer was born and raised in Berlin, Germany. Following a life-long dream she studied martial arts and the Japanese language, and traveled extensively in Japan. After this two-year academic "detour" she decided to follow her interest in astronomy. Since 1992 Inge has been a data analyst at the Space Telescope Science Institute in Baltimore, working on images obtained by the Hubble Space Telescope's Wide-Field and Planetary Camera 2 (WFPC2) as well as the Advanced Camera for Surveys (ACS).

Scott Hofmann is a beer snob, science fiction and fantasy fan, and software engineer who has spent his career working in the visual simulation and electronic entertainment fields. He has worked on the games "The Elder Scrolls 3: Morrowind" for the PC and Xbox, "Dark Age of Camelot" for the PC, and its expansion packs "DAOC: Shrouded Isles," "DAOC: Foundations," "DAOC: Trials of Atlantis," "DAOC: New Frontiers," and the upcoming "DAOC: Catacombs." He is also active in the Washington Science Fiction Association and is the Program Director for

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Butch Honeck has been a sculptor for over thirty years. Butch has a website, honecksculpture.com, and he sells at conventions from Boston to San Diego, and from Orlando to Seattle. Dragons, wizards, fairies, miniature animals, and a variety of pendants are his subject matter. He also makes walking sticks, doorbells, and doorknockers. Butch makes a line of custom motorcycle parts that are sold by a vendor at motorcycle gatherings around the country.

Susan Honeck was born 2/13/46. She married Butch on 7/20/68 and was a seventh grade teacher for the first four years of their marriage. In 1972 their son Conan was born, and Susan stopped teaching to be a stay-at-home mom. Susan has assisted with Honeck Sculpture in the areas of designing, casting, finishing, selling, and in the office duties of running a business. She has a Masters Degree in Social Work, with a specialty in sex offender treatment. She currently has a private practice.

Judy Kindell was on the chairman's staff of the Worldcon Student Science Fiction and Fantasy Contest when it was established at the 56th worldcon (Bucconeer). She has coordinated subsequent contests.

Jim Kling is a freelance science writer based in Rockville, MD, with a focus on biotechnology and drug discovery, but with credits in magazines ranging from *Scientific American* to newsletters of the Harvard Business School. He wrote a science fiction story that was published in the scientific journal *Nature*. He is about to be married to Ivy Yap, who he met through WSFA, but who currently resides in her native Philippines pending the approval of her fiancé visa. Two

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weeks after this year's Capclave, he will travel to the Philippines for a wedding celebration.

Eric Kotani is a pen name used by an astrophysicist, Yoji Kondo, who has published seven novels, including "Legacy of Prometheus" with J. Maddox Roberts. He served as the director of a satellite observatory for fifteen years, and is now co-investigator of the Kepler Mission to detect Earth-like planets. He has held professorships at several universities, and has received a number of awards, including the NASA Medal for Exceptional Scientific Achievement and the Isaac Asimov Memorial Award. An asteroid has been named Yojikondo. He holds a sixth degree black belt in judo and in aikido.

Elsbeth Kovar has been working on conventions for about 15 years. In 2001 she helped start Capclave and, caught at a reckless moment, agreed to do facilities for the 2003 World Fantasy Convention. This year she was the Marriott liaison for the Worldcon, is finding a hotel for upcoming Capclaves, continuing her education in the meetings industry, and thinking about who she might invite to be Guests of Honor when she chairs the '06 Capclave.

L. Jagi Lamplighter has published several short stories in magazines and anthologies, as well as written numerous articles on Japanese animation. She has finished one novel and is working on a second. She lives in Centreville, VA, with her dashing husband, author John C. Wright, and their three darling boys; Orville, Roland Wilbur, and Justinian Oberon.

Samuel Lubell is president of the Washington Science Fiction Association. He served as secretary from 1997-2004 and edited the WSFA Journal. He also chaired Capclave 2003 and worked on the

newsletter or press office of several Worldcons. He writes reviews for *sfrevue*. In the real world, he works as an education policy analyst and ghostwriter. To keep the fun of this convention going all year-round, join WSFA. See <http://www.wsfa.org> for information about our meetings.

Keith Lynch has been going to Disclaves and Capclaves for over half his life, and also attends other cons in the DC area, plus Balticons and Worldcons. He's an amateur mathematician and scientist, and prefers to read the very hardest of hard SF - the stories that cause him to reach for his calculator and his CRC handbook. He is WSFA's secretary, the editor of the *WSFA Journal*, and the webmaster of WSFA and Capclave. He's a computer professional with over thirty years of experience, and is currently looking for work. He has been on the net for over a quarter century, and is active in the rec.arts.sf.fandom newsgroup. His personal website is <http://keithlynch.net/>.

Bob MacIntosh has been a member of WSFA since 1980 and has taken roles in WSFA's conventions since 1981, ranging everything from volunteer, to running the consuite, the art show, treasury, and chairing the 1996 Disclave and the 2001 Capclave. He has helped run a number of Worldcons, including acting as Chief Financial Officer for the 1998 Worldcon and doing Site Selection for the 2003 Worldcon. He has been an officer in WSFA since 1987 and is currently Treasurer for Life.

Dennis McCunney is a long time East Coast fan and con runner. He got started in fandom and con running with the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society and Philcon in the 1970s. Look for a tall, skinny chap with a suit and tie and a con

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badge. At one time or another, he's done most of the jobs on a con, including Chair. In recent years he has worked on Arisia, Lunacon, World Fantasy, and Worldcon. When he isn't doing fannish things, he spends too much time in front of a computer. In Real Life, he's a systems administrator for a medium large market research firm, responsible for just about anything with a wire leading to it. He resides in New York City.

Michael Nelson discovered fandom when he noticed something called "Convention Listings" in the back of an SF magazine and decided to attend something called a "World Science Fiction Convention" in 1980. He happened to arrive early at this "Noreascon 2" thing and decided to volunteer to help out. The rest - as THEY say - is history and has been slightly fictionalized in the Matrix trilogy.

Kathi Overton is a lifelong fan of science fiction and horror. She volunteers at conventions, puts together a Halloween "haunted house" for the neighborhood kids, and ekes out a living in the dark underbelly of the film & video industry. In addition, she volunteers as the Associate Producer on *Fast Forward: Contemporary Science Fiction*, a long-running cable TV show featuring interviews with genre authors, artists, editors and publishers. Much of her time is spent catering to the whims of four oversized cats who consent to share their house with her and her husband, John Pomeranz.

Michael D. Pederson is the publisher/editor/graphic designer responsible for the wildly successful semiprozine, *Nth Degree*. Mike began life as a semi-pro in 1988 when his SF short story, "Dust Storm," won first place in a local writing contest. In the 1990s he wrote and published the *Raven* comic book series and edited

and published *Scene*, a Virginia-based entertainment magazine. His costume presentation (Pre-Emptive Strike) won "Best in Class - Master Division" at the Millennium Philcon Masquerade and helped to re-invigorate Mike's interest in fandom. He is also an active member of the Washington Science Fiction Association and a less-than-active member of NESFA.

Nick Pollotta is a professional novelist specializing in Science Fiction, Humor, and Military/Thrillers, with over 70 books published worldwide (and more coming). Happily married, Nick resides in northern Illinois with his beautiful wife, Melissa, 14,000 books, three computers and two mutant cats who plan to conquer the world any day now.

John Pomeranz is a long-time fan and a former president of WSFA. He ran programming for *Bucconeer*, the 1998 Worldcon. In his non-fannish life, John is a nationally-recognized expert on the law governing tax-exempt organizations. www.bungalow.org

Peggy Rae Sapienza, former Worldcon Chairman (*Bucconeer*) and current North American agent for the 65th World Science Fiction Convention, *Nippon 2007*, enjoys reading, swimming and playing with her grandchildren in her copious spare time.

Tom Schaad is the producer and on-air host of the cable television talk show *Fast Forward*. He spent 20 years in the US Coast Guard, but he got better. He is a long time science fiction reader and fan who has been active in running conventions for many years. He has a special interest in Japanese anime.

Hannah Shapiro is a professional science fiction

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and fantasy illustrator. She has done covers for the Darkover books and for other sf books, as well as interiors for *Amazing Stories* and other magazines.

Michael Swanwick has received the Hugo, Nebula, Theodore Sturgeon, and World Fantasy Awards for his work.

Bud Webster published his first professional story a decade ago. Since then, he's won two Analog Analytical Laboratory Awards for best story (in 1994 and 1996), and his narrative science fictional hobo poem, "The Ballad of Kansas McGriff," took first place in the National Hobo Association's Music and Poetry Festival in 2000. He's also written non-fiction extensively, for *The New York Review of Science Fiction*, *Gale's Supernatural Fiction Writers*, *F&Sf*, and *DNA's Chronicle*. He lives in Richmond, Virginia, with a very patient Significant Other and two neurotic cats. But aren't they all?

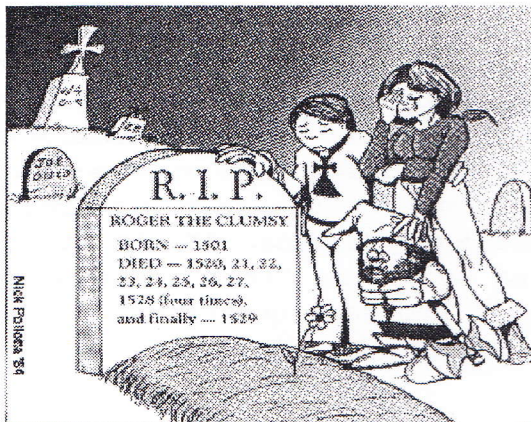
Rich White is a first-timer at Capclave, but he's an old-timer at Science Fiction/Fantasy and comic conventions. An independent comic book writer/publisher since 1992, Rich's first novel, *Gauntlet: Dark Legacy #1 'Paths of Evil'* was released in July 2004. It was published by ibooks, Inc, and is now in its third printing as one of the best-selling books for ibooks this year. After a 15-year stint in the military, he departed for the wilds of becoming a tech writer for a government contractor. Sometimes he thinks it was safer back in the military.
www.nightwolfgraphics.com

Ted White became a science fiction fan at the age of 13, and grew up to write and edit SF for a number of years. His first sales were to *Amazing* and *If* in 1962, and he has subsequently

published 18 books. He was Assistant Editor of *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction* for five years, and the editor of *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic* for the next ten years. Subsequently he edited *Heavy Metal*. He has also been a professional jazz critic and rock critic, a radio deejay and a recorded musician.

John C. Wright has published short stories in *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine*, in *Year's Best Annual #3* (David Hartwell, ed.) and in *William Hope Hodgson's Night Lands: Eternal Love* (Andy W. Robertson, ed.) His three novels of the Golden Oecumene have received critical praise. He is a retired attorney, newspaperman and newspaper editor. He presently lives in fairy-tale-like happiness with his wife, the authoress L. Jagi Lamplighter, and their three children; Orville, Wilbur and Just Wright.

Mike Zipzer has worked on conventions for more years than he cares to think about. When not reading, Mike watches a whole lot of TV and horror films, plays RPGs, and even finds time to work for a cellular phone company. Once, when some friends moved to the West Coast, he (along with Tom Schaad) helped pick up production of *Fast Forward* and he has been with it ever since.



Hours of operation

	Fri	Sat	Sun
Registration	4-9pm	9:30-6pm	con suite
Movies (Reston 1)	4-3:30am	9am-3am	9am-3pm
Art Show (Reston 2)	8-10pm	10am-10pm	10am-1pm
Dealers' Room (Herndon)	5-7pm	10am-6pm	10am-3pm
Gaming	5pm-	all day	to 3pm
Green Room	5pm-10pm	9:30am-7pm	10am-2pm
Con suite	6pm-12pm	10am-12am	10am-3pm
Filking (pool and consuite)	4pm-	tba	tba

After hours, registration in the con suite

Friday: Dealers' room and Art Show setup at 3pm

Sunday: Art Show. Sales and pickup only.

Program

(note, all events are 1 hour unless otherwise noted)

All panels in **McLean** unless otherwise noted

Friday

7 PM

Ask Ted White Anything

Ted White is a long-time science fiction author and fan with an encyclopedic knowledge of fanzines both current and historical. Alexis will interview Ted with the audience's help. Come and meet one of the people responsible for *Heavy Metal!* As moderator, Alexis will start the ball rolling by asking Ted a few questions about ye olde days. Audience questions are encouraged. *Ted White, Alexis Gilliland (M)*

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8 PM

Interesting Math

Mathematics isn't just tedious homework assignments involving multiplying fractions! Come and learn how mathematics is used in life, the universe, and everything. *Dennis McCunney (M), Keith Lynch, Scott Hofmann, Eric Kotani*

9 PM

WSFA 3rd Friday meeting

(In the con suite). Come and meet the members of the Washington Science Fiction Association at their regularly scheduled bimonthly meeting and discover who is responsible for Capclave. *Sam Lubell (WSFA President), Cathy Green (WSFA Vice-President)*

10 PM

GOH Reading

Capclave's Author Guest of Honor will read from his latest work *That Darn Squid God!* *Nick Pollotta*

Saturday

10 AM

New Writers Panel

What does it take to become a published author? Several recently published authors will talk about how they broke into the field. *John C. Wright, L. Jagi Lamplighter Wright, Rich White, Michael Pederson (M), Andrew Fox, John Henry*

11 AM

Strong Women in SF

Several award-winning authors and artists discuss the role of women as characters in SF stories and artwork and their role in fandom and professional writing. *David Hartwell (M), Brenda Clough, Catherine Asaro, Hannah Shapiro, Alexis Gilliland*

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12 PM

Hubble Slideshow

(note, this is a 2 hour panel). Inge Heyer, Senior Data Analyst at the Space Telescope Science Institute (the organization that operates the Hubble Space Telescope), will present a slideshow of images taken by Hubble displaying the wealth of objects in our universe. *Inge Heyer*

2 PM

Art GOH speech / demo

Capclave's Artist Guest of Honor will display and discuss his works. *Butch Honeck*

3 PM

NASA panel

Where should NASA and space exploration go from here? Meet some current and former NASA employees and professional astronomers who will discuss the current state of NASA and how space exploration will continue. *Jim Kling (M), Eric Kotani, Inge Heyer, Tom van Flander*

4 PM

GOH speech

Capclave's Author Guest of Honor will speak. *Nick Pollotta*

5 PM

No programming

6 PM

Student Award Ceremony

Come and meet the future of SF! Some of the semi-finalists, finalists and winners of the Seventh Annual Student SF & F Contest had the opportunity to attend Noreascon Four, the 62nd World Science Fiction Convention. Many of the students from the Washington metropolitan area, however, were not able to make this trip to Boston. Capclave will reprise the Awards Ceremony for those students. *Michael Swanwick, John Pomeranz, Peggy Rae Sapienza, Judy Kindell, Mike Nelson*

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7 PM - 8 PM

Dinner break

8 PM

Fast Forward panel

Find out about Fast Forward: Contemporary Science Fiction, a locally-produced television show that features in-depth interviews with professional writers, artists, editors, and filmmakers in the SF, Fantasy, and Horror genres. *Tom Schaad, Kathi Overton, Mike Zipzer, Colleen Cahill*

9 PM

DC3 Bid Discussion

Members of the Baltimore/Washington SF fan community are considering a bid to host the 2011 World Science Fiction Convention at the new Washington Convention Center. This will be an opportunity to join an open discussion of their plans. *Mike Nelson (M), Bob MacIntosh, Hal Haag, Elaine Brennan*

Kaffeeklatsches (Saturday - located in the pool area)

11 AM

Butch Honeck

12 PM

Nick Pollotta

1 PM

Catherine Asaro

2 PM

Brenda Clough

3 PM

Alexis Gilliland

4 PM

Bud Webster

5 PM

David Hartwell

6 PM

Scott Edelman

Sunday

11 AM **How to Run the Perfect Con**

Ever wonder "What Was the Committee Thinking???" when an obvious problem exists with the convention? Here's your chance to let some convention runners know what you would like to see at science fiction conventions, ask questions about why things were done the way they were, and/or offer your help for future conventions! *Dennis McCunney (M), Peggy Rae Sapienza, Michael Nelson, Elspeth Kovar, Hal Haag*

12 PM **No Kidding, I Saw It Happen!**

Come and learn about the history of SF and fandom from people who were there. *Alexis Gilliland (M), Dennis McCunney, Bud Webster, David Hartwell, Ted White*

1 PM **If I Ran the Zoo**

Want to work on conventions, or have you seen enough things over the years that could be done better but want to attend cons rather than run them? Teams get to compete on bidding for, planning, and running a World Science Fiction Convention all without having to throw a thousand parties, sweat over too many demands and too little money, or deal with actual boa constrictors in the lobby. *Hal Haag*

2 PM **Gripe Session**

Please tell us what worked and didn't work at Capclave this year. *Lee Gilliland, ConCom members, Michael Walsh (chair, Capclave '05), Elspeth Kovar (chair, Capclave '06)*

And They Lived Happily Ever After

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About the Washington Science Fiction Association

The Washington Science Fiction Association (WSFA), the people who put on the annual Capclave convention, meet in the Washington, DC area twice a month. At our meetings we plan Capclave and other activities and outings, hear the adventures of exciting committees, party with good food and drink, and yes, occasionally even talk about science fiction. And we always adjourn unanimously. Join WSFA and experience the fun of Capclave twice a month. For more information check our website at <http://www.wsfa.org>. For directions to our meetings contact the Gillilands at (703) 920-6087.

WSFA Officers

President	Sam Lubell
Vice President	Cathy Green
Treasurer	Bob Macintosh
Secretary	Keith Lynch
Trustees	Adrienne Ertman, Barry Newton, Steve Smith



Capclave

2005

October 14-16, 2005

Howard Waldrop
and
Patrick and Teresa Nielsen-Hayden

Location TBA
Capclave 2004 rate: \$25

(Please list memberships with different postal addresses on separate forms)

I am buying ___ Capclave 2005 memberships, at ___ each, for a total of \$ _____.

Name(s): _____

Address: _____

City, state, zip: _____

country: _____

E-Mail: _____

I am paying by: check/money order _____ MasterCard _____ Visa _____

Credit Card Number: _____

Expiration Date: _____

Name on Card: _____

Signature _____

Mail to: Capclave 2005 Registration, c/o Bob MacIntosh, 7113 Wayne Dr., Annandale, VA, 22003

<http://www.capclave.org>

email: Capclave05@wsfa.org