

NORWESCON'S

# ALTERNATION

March 26-29, 1987



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—THE NEW YORK TIMES

# ENDER'S GAME

1985 Hugo  
and  
Nebula Award  
Winner

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—THE NEW YORK TIMES

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Program Book Production:  
Michael Brocha, Jeff Levin,  
Richard de Koning, Robert Suryan,  
Michael Gilbert

Program Book Typesetting:  
Pendragon Graphics,  
Beaverton, Oregon

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Convention Secretary: Debbie Saxton  
Hospitality: Elizabeth Warren, Debbie Tatarek  
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Fan Guests of Honor  
**MARTY & ROBBIE CANTOR**

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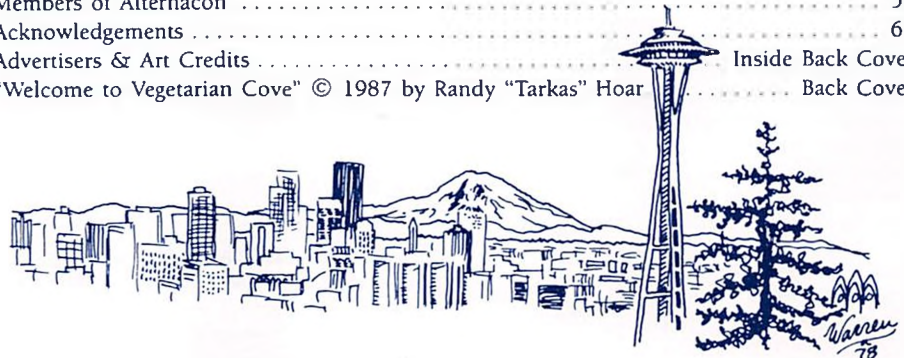
Northwest Regional  
Science Fiction Convention

Sponsored by the:  
Northwest Science Fiction Society  
P.O. Box 24207  
Seattle, WA 98124

*Dedicated to Polly Freas, who will live in long in our hearts.*

### Table of Contents

"enough" © 1987 by Dan Reeder .....	Front Cover
Cover photograph © 1987 by Jeff Reeder	
Programming .....	2
Guest of Honor: Orson Scott Card .....	12
"Orson Scott Card: A Profile" by Michael R. Collings	
Art Guest of Honor: Dan Reeder .....	14
"The Unsimple Screamer" by Jon Gustafson	
"Hot Screamer Lust" by Jeanine Gray	
Fan Guests of Honor: Marty & Robbie Cantor .....	16
"Introducing: Marty & Robbie Cantor" by Mike Glycer	
"A Brief Depreciation of Robbie Cantor" by Bruce Pelz	
Toastmaster: David Hartwell .....	18
"David Hartwell, or Toasting the Toastmaster" by Samuel R. Delany	
Guests of Alternacon .....	20
"Unaccompanied Sonata" by Orson Scott Card .....	40
Gallery .....	46
Members of Alternacon .....	58
Acknowledgements .....	64
Advertisers & Art Credits .....	Inside Back Cover
"Welcome to Vegetarian Cove" © 1987 by Randy "Tarkas" Hoar .....	Back Cover



# PROGRAMMING

## NORWESCON PROGRAMMING SUBJECT INDEX

*The following Program Index is provided as an aid in finding programming events which fall into similar categories, and to help locate descriptions in the programming section.*

*Please check the POCKET PROGRAM for dates, times and additions. Have an enjoyable convention.*

### ART

Airbrush Demonstration  
Art Auction  
Artists' Reception  
Art Show Guided Tour  
Dharmic Engineering  
Forming an Artists' Organization  
Innovative Markets for Art  
Should Art Shows be Juried?  
Silk Screen Demonstration  
Story into Cover Art  
Visualization: Image into Story  
Writers and Artists Working Together

### THE BUSINESS OF WRITING

Breaking into Screenwriting  
De Facto Censorship  
The Ethics of Publishing  
Starting Your Own Small Press  
Talent Versus Marketing  
Writing and Selling Non-Fiction

### THE F&SF COMMUNITY

Amateur Film Groups  
The Appeal of Star Trek to Writers and Readers  
Are Fanzines Still Central to Fandom  
The Awards Process in F&SF  
Clarion West First Annual Meeting  
Clarion West Scholarship Auction  
Class Issues in the F&SF Community  
DUFF Auction  
Elitism in the F&SF Community  
Forming an Artists' Organization  
The Future of SFWA  
Putting Writing Workshops to the Test  
The Politics of Fandom  
Roasting Ourselves: What We Love and Hate  
    About the F&SF Community  
Should Art Shows be Juried?  
The Star System in F&SF  
Where is the SF in Fanzines?

### FANZINES AND FAN WRITING

Are Fanzines Still Central to Fandom?  
Fanzine Hugo Controversies  
Fanzine Technology: Ditto, Mimeo, Xerox, Disk  
Fanzines in the Computer Age  
Is Writing About Music Really Like Dancing  
    About Architecture?  
Media Fanzines: New Worlds to Conquer  
Where is the SF in Fanzines?

### FEATURED EVENTS

Autograph Party  
Banquet and Philip K. Dick Award Ceremony  
Lord of the Rings  
StarDance  
Masquerade  
The Weir

### FILM AND TELEVISION

Amateur Film Groups  
Books Versus Film: Which is the Better SF?  
Breaking into Screenwriting  
The Effects of Marketing on the Artistic Integrity  
    of Film  
Fiction into Film: How to Make it Work  
Film Contest: Final Screenings  
Film Contest: Preliminary Screenings  
Film Criticism: I Didn't Like it Because . . .  
Film Previews  
Films of 1986  
Home-Made Who: "The Zombie Legions"  
Is "Amerika" Good SF?  
Media Fanzines: New Worlds to Conquer  
The Post-Modern Arts: Rock, Comics, Videos  
    and SF  
Pure Entertainment: Is Anything Truly Harmless?  
Why Who?  
Why Do Midnight Movies Work?

### GUEST OF HONOR EVENTS

Autograph Party  
Banquet and Philip K. Dick Award Ceremony  
Closing Ceremony  
Dan Reeder Interview  
Guests of Honor and Volunteers Get-Together  
Marty Cantor Interview  
Opening Ceremony  
Orson Scott Card Interview  
Orson Scott Card Reading  
Reeder Rendering: Screamer Workshop  
Robbie Cantor Interview

### NATURAL SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

Alexander Technique Demonstration  
Atomic Loudspeaker Demonstration  
Comet Halley Apparition  
Cosmic Strings  
Genetic Alchemy: The Future History of  
    Genetic Engineering  
Hawk-Watching Demonstration  
Human Genetic Engineering: The Personal  
    Perspectives  
Robotics Demonstration  
Will Bugs Kill Us Before The Bomb?  
The Writerly Uses of History

### OFFICIAL AND SOCIAL EVENTS

Autograph Party  
Banquet and Philip K. Dick Award Ceremony  
Closing Ceremony  
Dead Sasquatch Party and Spring Rites  
An Evening of Music  
Guests of Honor and Volunteers Get-Together  
Opening Ceremony  
StarDance  
TimeDance

### THE PROCESS OF WRITING

Anthropology as a Tool for Writers  
Brainstorming: The Process of Developing Ideas  
Characterization: Person into Story  
Fiction into Film: How to Make It Work  
A Finger in Every Plot  
Is Writing About Music Really Like Dancing  
    About Architecture?  
The Moral Content of Fiction  
Persona Development Workshop  
The Plight of Parent Writers  
Putting Writing Workshops to the Test  
Researching Fantasy  
Short Fiction into Novels  
Story into Cover Art  
Structuring the Novel  
Talent Versus Marketing  
A Thousand Ideas in an Hour  
Using Occult Tools for Story Development  
Visualization: Image into Story  
Worldbuilding: Setting into Story  
The Writerly Uses of History  
Writers and Artists Working Together  
Writing Fiction Versus Non-Fiction:  
    How Different Are the Skills?  
Writing and Selling Non-Fiction  
Writing Non-Sexist Prose

## SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

### Book Reviews

Books Versus Films: Which is the Better SF?

The Characteristics of SF Written by  
Non-SF Authors

Cotton Candy Fiction Versus Great Literature

Crypto-Fascist Propaganda: Is There a  
Right-Wing Trend in SF?

The Elements of Good Science Fiction

A Finger in Every Plot

Genre Categorization: The Conflict of  
Commerce and Criticism

Graphic Sex in F&SF

How to be a Better Reader

Is There a Cutting Edge to Science Fiction?

The Monarch Mystique: The Popularity of  
Kings and Emperors in F&SF

The Moral Content of Fiction

Nature Versus Nurture in F&SF

Novels of 1986

The Post-Modern Arts: Rock, Comics, Video and SF

Pure Entertainment: Is Anything Truly Harmless?

Real World Religion in F&SF: A Dangerous Subject?

The Sherlock Holmes Centennial

Short Fiction of 1986

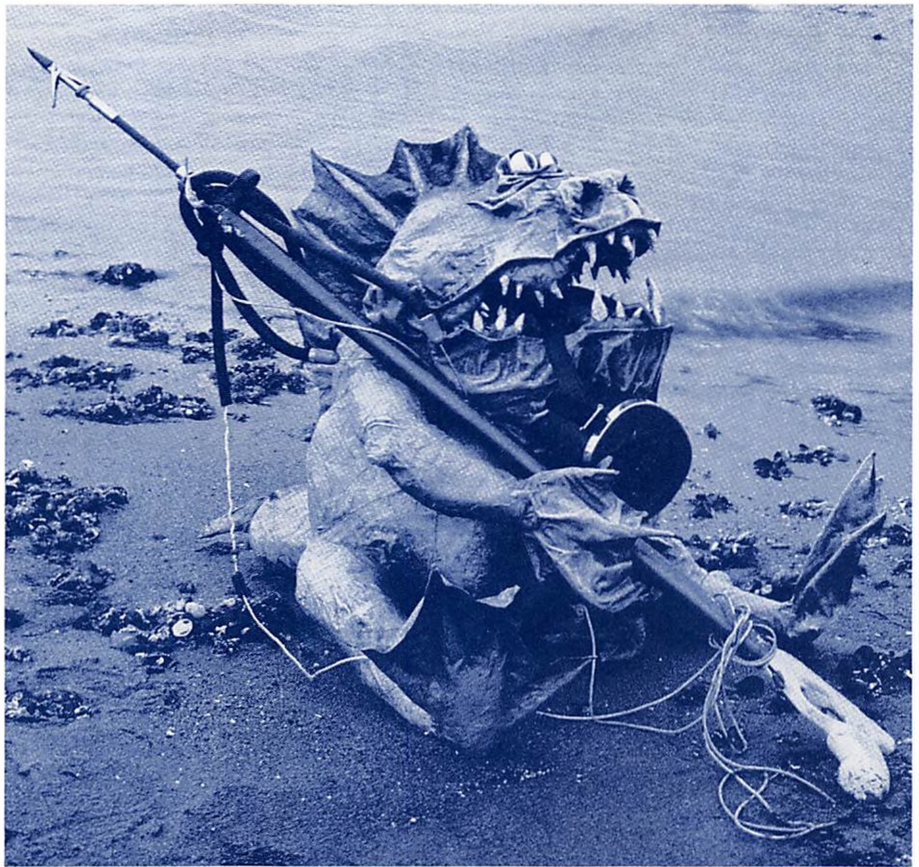
The Short Fiction of Orson Scott Card

Subgenres in F&SF

War Themes in F&SF

What Use is Science Fiction or Fantasy?

Women, Power and Sex in F&SF II



*The One That Got Away © 1984, 1987 by Dan Reeder*

## SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY AND SOCIETY

Altered Harvest: The Future of Food

Big Brother Today

Genetic Alchemy: The Future History of  
Genetic Engineering

Human Genetic Engineering: The  
Personal Perspectives

The Ideology of Science

Is Alternative Technology Anti-Technology?

Science and Social Responsibility

Test Tube Women: What Future for Motherhood?

Will Bugs Kill Us Before the Bomb?

## SOCIAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

Alternative Childraising Methods

Anthropology as a Tool for Writers

Bafa-Bafa

Costuming Future Fashions

Fat, Feminism and Fandom II

Imagining a More Democratic Future

Karl Marx: 19th Century Hari Seldon?

Peace: Human Possibility or Human Fantasy?

Science and Social Responsibility

Sexual Relations in the 21st Century

Smoke-Free Fandom: A Debate

Test Tube Women: What Future for Motherhood?

Who Directs the Future of Modern Science?

Why Do Midnight Movies Work?

Work in the Future: Insanity, Necessity or Hobby?

**WELCOME TO THE ALTERNACON PROGRAM!** We hope it will stimulate your thinking, entertain you, and perhaps exhaust you.

Ultimately, of course, the quality of the program will depend on how you use it. To help make it as good as possible, we have prepared the event descriptions you find below. Please check your Pocket Program for participants, scheduled times and changes. Take the time to read these descriptions, locate the events in the Pocket Program and plan your weekend. We hope that there are some events here that you will absolutely not want to miss.

These events are listed alphabetically because the Program events were not all finalized yet.

### AIRBRUSH DEMONSTRATION

Learn about both basic and advanced airbrush techniques and discover why this eye-catching medium is popular despite its difficulties.

### ALTERED HARVEST: THE FUTURE OF FOOD

The making of food is our most basic industry. In the years to come, what we eat will increasingly, perhaps irrevocably, be shaped by the protean power of the gene and those who wield it. Will environmental safety, nutritional quality and biological diversity be sacrificed to expediency and profit? How will this future be determined?

### ALEXANDER TECHNIQUE DEMONSTRATION

Whether you move on stage or simply through life, how you hold your head and neck has much to do with your efficiency, your comfort and your grace. The Alexander Technique is a method of learning from that link.

### ALTERNATIVE CHILDRAISING METHODS

Traditional authoritarian methods of raising and teaching children have changed very little over the centuries. What are the possibilities for child-centered childhoods? Could abuse and humiliation of children become even worse? What are the implications of the changes in the institution of childraising.

### AMATEUR FILM GROUPS

With the advent of video technology, many of us have the opportunity to transfer our love of the visual media into creative channels. How can we connect with others who want to do the same? How can productive and rewarding teams be built? Can costs be defrayed by becoming semi-professional?

## ANTHROPOLOGY AS A TOOL FOR WRITERS

If fiction fundamentally assesses the "human condition" then no science is as appropriate a partner as anthropology. In particular, F&SF often makes profound anthropological speculations. How do most of these speculations measure up? How can writers gain greater access to the relevant aspects of anthropology?

## THE APPEAL OF STAR TREK

In large part responsible for the growth of the SF community in the 1970s, Star Trek continues to attract new acquaintances. Among them are the large number of writers who have penned Star Trek books. What accounts for this endurance and diversity?

## ARE FANZINES STILL CENTRAL TO FANDOM?

Conventions originated as meeting places of fans who knew each other through correspondence. This is really no longer the case. What role might fanzines play in the future evolution of the community of readers of SF?

## ART AUCTION

Follow up your written bids and have a last look at the most sought-after art

## ARTISTS' RECEPTION

Introduce yourself to our featured artists, share a drink and have them show you their work.

## ART SHOW GUIDED TOUR

The diversity of an art show can numb you with visual overload. Get some perspective on the sights, ask some questions and hear a running commentary.

## ATOMIC LOUDSPEAKER DEMONSTRATION

The ultimate in sound machines for the audiophile and the hard of hearing.

## AUTOGRAPH PARTY

More than an opportunity to get that collector's edition signed, the Autograph Party is an almost guaranteed chance to link up with our guests before the weekend rushes past.

## THE AWARDS PROCESS IN F&SF

Awards are a way of encouraging and honoring excellence. What do the different awards actually tend to honor? How do they compare?

## BABA-BABA

Participants will discover what it is like to be from a totally alien culture and how that affects one's interactions with other cultures in this limited participation role-playing game.

## BANQUET AND PHILIP K. DICK AWARD CEREMONY

David Hartwell hosts this bash which features contributions from our Guests of Honor and

the presentation of the award for the best original paperback of 1986.

## BIG BROTHER TODAY

1984 is past but the erosion of privacy looms ahead. Databases grow and centralize, screening and monitoring are becoming commonplace, and big business and big government are finding more and more reasons to pry. How far down the road to Big Brother are we today and how can we change course?

## BOOK REVIEWS

There are a myriad ways to choose a book to read—a friend's recommendation, an attractive cover, a favorite author—but the most enigmatic of these are the book review. How are book reviews written and how can they best be used?

## BOOK VERSUS FILM

Books tend to precede film in the development of ideas and films tend to bring new readers through their popular appeal. But is either medium more suited to the genre itself?

## BRAINSTORMING: THE PROCESS OF DEVELOPING IDEAS

Ideas are all around us, it is sorting them and finding the stories within them that takes skill. What is an interesting idea? How can ideas be most constructively explored? How are story length and structure related to the nature of an idea?

## BREAKING INTO SCREENWRITING

The familiar path of writing and submitting short fiction to the magazines bears no resemblance to the screenwriting industry. What are the basic tools of screenwriting? What are the realities of becoming a screenwriter?

## CANTOR

see "*Marty Cantor*" and "*Robbie Cantor*"

## CARD

see "*Orson Scott Card*"

## THE CHARACTERISTICS OF SF WRITTEN BY NON-SF AUTHORS

The great majority of writers who do not choose to characterize themselves as writers of Fantasy or Science Fiction often do, by any reasonable definition, write the stuff. How does it differ from the center of the genre? What are its virtues and what are its flaws?

## CHARACTERIZATION: PERSON INTO STORY

Often an author will not start with an "idea" but with a character who has a story to tell. Once a character begins to develop, how is that story discovered? What questions can a writer ask?

## CLARION WEST FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

Clarion West has recently become an incorporated non-profit organization whose purpose is to foster an interest in, and the development of, first rate fiction by new writers. The administrator of the annual Clarion West Writers' Workshop says the organization intends to broaden its role in the F&SF community. Clarion West is actively seeking members and supporters, and they invite all interested parties to bring their ideas to this meeting.

## CLARION WEST SCHOLARSHIP AUCTION

This will be the third annual auction in support of a scholarship fund for needy writers who, despite their talent, might not otherwise afford the Clarion West Writers' Workshop. Previous auctions have included such diverse items as a handwritten Ursula K. Le Guin manuscript, a cloth vampire bat created by Vonda N. McIntyre, a chocolate torte and numerous galleys and proofs.

## CLASS ISSUES IN THE F&SF COMMUNITY

Our community is not isolated from the class distinctions of the society in which we live. What are the class characteristics of those who read and write F&SF?

## CLOSING CEREMONY

Join the committee and our GoHs one last time before for awards, appreciations and exhausted wit.

## COMET HALLEY APPARITION

It has come and gone. Come enjoy a recap that may prove to more interesting than the real thing.

## COSMIC STRINGS

Another installment in the adventures of theoretical physics. Is the universe tied together with strings?

## COSTUMING FUTURE FASHIONS

A hard SF approach to costuming: What will fashions really be like? How is fashion linked to other social trends? How has SF, especially in film, succeeded or failed in projecting this social phenomenon?

## COTTON CANDY FICTION vs. GREAT LITERATURE

A critical discussion of F&SF as junk food: How much value is there in a book you'll never want to keep? Should fiction compel or merely distract? Do authors have a responsibility to their readers' intelligence or only to their amusement?

# ACE

THE #1 PUBLISHER OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

*Congratulates James P. Blaylock  
and Jack McDevitt on their  
Philip K. Dick Award nominations!*



**HOMUNCULUS**  
by **James P. Blaylock**,  
author of *The Digging Leviathan*

*"The fastest, funniest, most colorful and grotesquely  
horrifying novel that could ever be written about  
Victorian London."*

— Tim Powers, author of *The Anubis Gates*

*"Elevating and invigorating, extraordinary by any  
measure...fantastic literature — at its best!"*

— Science Fiction Review



**THE HERCULES  
TEXT**  
by **Jack McDevitt**  
An Ace Science Fiction Special

*"Simply the most thoughtful and engaging first  
contact story I have ever read."*

— Paul Preuss, author of *Human Error*

*"Thorough, thoughtful and convincing...McDevitt gives  
his readers much to mull over."* — Fantasy Review

 **ACE**

**CRYPTO-FASCIST PROPAGANDA**  
Technocratic elitism, justifiable militarism, racism and sexism are arguably rampant in modern SF. Is this a trend or merely something embedded in the genre from its inception? In either case, is it something that can be escaped? How does it reflect and enforce the politics of the SF community?

#### **DUFF AUCTION**

The Down Under Fan Fund, one of fandom's many institutions of international exchange, will offer goodies for sale to help send worthy fen across vast oceans.

#### **DAN REEDER INTERVIEW**

Our unusual Art Guest of Honor answers some probing questions.

#### **DEAD SASQUATCH PARTY AND SPRING RITES**

We've saved the last dance for you. Join everyone who has made it through the Closing Ceremony for one last burst of energy. Or, then again, you can merely watch and wonder at those who still have it left in them.

#### **DE FACTO CENSORSHIP**

Although the spectre of outright censorship looms before us, it is far more obvious and easy to fight than the kind of insidious censorship that the "free" market imposes. What systematic patterns are there in publishing and marketing decisions? What are the implications of a system which, although it may produce a diversity of books, only reaches a large number of people with a very narrow and uniform selection?

#### **DHARMIC ENGINEERING**

Explore the techniques and symbols of this highly self-conscious and well-developed "school" of F&SF art.

#### **THE EFFECTS OF MARKETING ON THE ARTISTIC INTEGRITY OF FILM**

An SF book can reach a small audience and still be commercially successful. An SF film cannot, because the greatest costs in film are in production, not printing of copies. What has this commercialism meant for the role of art in film?

#### **THE ELEMENTS OF GOOD SCIENCE FICTION**

A back to basics discussion on those characteristics which are universal to good writing and those which are merely incidental. How can readers become more conversant with the term of a critical discussion? What are those terms?

#### **ELITISM IN THE F&SF COMMUNITY**

Undoubtedly some members of the F&SF community look down on others. Does this

reflect a basic attitude of elitism that this community has toward society in general? Should the "movers and shakers" in the F&SF community try only to reflect the opinions of the entire population or should they have a "leadership" responsibility?

#### **THE ETHICS OF PUBLISHING**

Publishing is a business and so this must of necessity also be a discussion of business ethics. But those who publish SF (or at least those who edit it) most often do so because they love the genre and not merely because they are out to make a buck. Should a short story collection be packaged as a novel? Should black protagonists be portrayed as white on a cover in order to sell more books? Should writers be paid less than an effective minimum wage for their work? What are the ethical considerations of publishing in general and in publishing F&SF in general?

#### **AN EVENING OF MUSIC**

Relax with the music talents of our guests.

#### **FANNISH OLYMPICS FINALE**

The Space Cowboy Race, among other events, will conclude this weekend's track of competitive excess.

#### **FANZINE HUGO CONTROVERSIES**

The "no-award" issue. In this example of fen bestowing awards on fen, what are the dynamics of nomination and voting that have produced the historical winning patterns for various fanzines?

#### **FANZINE TECHNOLOGY: DITTO, MIMEO, XEROX, DISK**

The basic methods of fanzine production and the rewards and hazards of each.

#### **FANZINES IN THE COMPUTER AGE**

Will the electronic bulletin board network bring a new heyday to fanzine fandom, or is the desire for hard copy too strong?

#### **FAT, FEMINISM AND FANDOM II**

Explore the issues of body image, community attitudes and feminist values in greater depth in the continuation of this important discussion.

#### **FENCING DEMONSTRATION**

For anyone who ever wanted to know how to choreograph a swordfighting scene in their novel or for those who are interested in watching a bit of fancy footwork.

#### **FICTION INTO FILM**

Filmmaking is a bizarre collaborative effort that often fails to effectively bring a written book to life on the screen. What are the issues in selecting a work to be made into film? How can the essence of the story be transferred between the media? How are the critical issues of length and detail resolved?

#### **FILM CONTEST: FINAL SCREENINGS**

A screening of the winning films of the Alternacon Film Contest.

#### **FILM CONTEST: PRELIMINARY SCREENINGS**

The opening round of the Alternacon Film Contest. Come and see the talents of amateur filmmakers in a series of remarkable short productions.

#### **FILM CRITICISM: I DIDN'T LIKE IT BECAUSE . . .**

All too often there is little substance following that "because." How can we develop our critical faculties? What are the traditions in film criticism and how do they apply to F&SF?

#### **FILM PREVIEWS**

Sneak previews of coming attractions.

#### **FILMS OF 1986**

The best and the worst of the year. What are the suggestions for the future of F&SF films?

#### **A FINGER IN EVERY PLOT**

Many writers produce work in more than one genre, some closely related, some not. Does the genre emerge from the work in progress or is genre something known from the start of a work? What are the rewards of writing in several genres and what are the difficulties?

#### **FORMING AN ARTISTS' ORGANIZATION**

Much has been made of the rewards of a supportive and critical writers' group. What are the nuts and bolts of doing the same for artists and what might such groups have to offer?

#### **THE FUTURE OF SFWA**

Nebula Awards, market information and lawsuits. What is the range of SFWA's current activities? How might it become a greater advocate for writers?

#### **GENETIC ALCHEMY**

1986 witnessed the first two illegal releases of genetically engineered organisms into the environment. Two molecular biologists in Paris working with cancer genes have died—of cancer. Genetically engineered vaccines are being tested surreptitiously in foreign countries to circumvent safety guidelines. Powerful new technologies do not develop without social costs. Who will bear the risks and who will enjoy the benefits of these new technologies? How can broader social needs define the goals for the development of biotechnology? Is biotechnology even an appropriate response to many of these goals?



## GENRE CATEGORIZATION

More than anything else, "Science Fiction" is a label put on the package of a book to tell sellers where to put it in the bookstore. But it is also a way of reading, a critical category and a community. What are the implications of the critical nature of genres for readers and critics? What effects does it have on the writing of SF? What are the aspects of each of these ways of looking at SF?

## GUESTS OF HONOR & VOLUNTEERS GET-TOGETHER

For volunteers only. An opportunity to have the committee and the Guests of Honor honor you.

## GRAPHIC SEX IN F&SF

Jumpin' genitals! There's sex in this book! What accounts for the generally asexual tradition in SF? Do Science Fiction and Fantasy differ systematically in their treatment of sex? Under what circumstances is graphic sex exploitive?

## HAWK-WATCHING DEMONSTRATION

A tradition of the past survives in the present. Learn about the thrills of this majestic bird.

## HOLOGRAM DEMONSTRATION

Irritated with silly glasses for three-dimensional effects? Explore the real technology of that tired SF prop.

## HOME-MADE WHO: "THE ZOMBIE LEGIONS"

*The Zombie Legions* is an amateur Dr. Who production. Watch the entire episode, a short video on the making of the video, and have an opportunity to discuss the work with the producers.

## HOW TO BE A BETTER READER

Enough about the writer! Readers also have a responsibility to the process of communication that is fiction. What is this responsibility and how often is it abdicated? Is there such a thing as a "writer's reader?" What skills should readers develop to increase what they get out of a reading experience?

## HUMAN GENETIC ENGINEERING

Even now a development is proceeding in techniques for human germ line and somatic gene "therapy." In a society where power and control over material resources are so unequal, what are the implications of these techniques for individual human lives?

## THE IDEOLOGY OF SCIENCE

Science as a tool is presumably eminently respectable, but the attitudes of scientists—or, more often, fans of science—also appear to include a systematic set of political values that are not entirely democratic. What are these attitudes and values? How are they

reflected in the F&SF community? What are the implications for science and society?

## IMAGINING A MORE DEMOCRATIC FUTURE

There is more to democracy—Greek for people-power—than the mere opportunity to vote. What futures might return more power to the people? What are the everyday causes of disempowerment? Is democracy only a matter for the government?

## INNOVATIVE MARKETS FOR ART

The question is: Who needs artists? There may be a lot more people than you think. How to begin to make a living when you thought you never had a prayer.

## IS "AMERIKA" GOOD SF?

Speculative content, characterization, story values and craft should be the standards for an aesthetic evaluation of this recent TV miniseries. Any comments?

## IS ALTERNATIVE TECHNOLOGY ANTI-TECHNOLOGY?

A spoon is a better technology than a steam shovel for eating soup and is therefore an appropriate technology to the purpose at hand. And technology doesn't exist in a vacuum. So why are critics of big, centralized and bureaucratized technologies often interpreted as being somehow "anti-technology?"

## IS THERE A CUTTING EDGE TO SCIENCE FICTION?

The histories of artistic or literary endeavors are often only clear in retrospect, but movements and patterns are nevertheless evident to the participants. Are the Cyberpunks and the Humanists at the forefront of SF history? Can such a forefront be identified?

## IS WRITING ABOUT MUSIC REALLY LIKE DANCING ABOUT ARCHITECTURE?

More than an excuse for a clever title, this discussion will focus on the challenges and joys of writing about music.

## KARL MARX: 19th CENTURY HARI SELDON?

Marxism is primarily a theory explaining the mechanisms and forces of modern history. How are these theoretical tools useful in the plotting of future histories?

## LAZER TAG BRIEFING

This briefing of rules is required for participants in the Lazer Tag Tournament.

## LAZER TAG TOURNAMENT

Individuals and teams may enter this tournament and compete on a field loosely modeled on the zero-G battles in our Guest of Honor's novel, *Ender's Game*.

## LORD OF THE RINGS

This staged reading of the entire J.R.R. Tolkien classic was written and directed especially for Alternacon by our Guest of Honor, Orson Scott Card. As one of the feature presentations of the convention, it will utilize the artistic and technological talents of the convention to their fullest. We hope you enjoy this very special event.

## MARTY CANTOR INTERVIEW

One half of our Fan Guest of Honor gets to tell you who he is.

## MASQUERADE

One of the visual highlights of the convention and one of those wonderful opportunities for us to entertain each other. Come enjoy the show and root for your favorite emperor, assassin or cat.

## MEDIA FANZINES: NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER

Join a discussion focusing on the history, content and relative significance of the media fanzine.

## THE MONARCH MYSTIC

There is a long standing tradition of persons of inherited position and power as both protagonists and antagonists in Fantasy and Science Fiction. Are other people really less interesting or is it just easier to write about princes and princesses? What accounts for this tradition and what are its implications?

## THE MORAL CONTENT IN FICTION

Is there a moral content to fiction? How does it communicate itself to the reader? What are its effects? What responsibility do writers have regarding this moral content of their work? What questions can they ask themselves as they conceive and write a story?

## NATURE vs. NURTURE IN F&SF

Envisioning different environments for human beings—both social and ecological—is one of the fundamental tools of Fantasy and Science Fiction. As a result, a well-developed set of ideas on the malleability of human nature is required. Where has F&SF tended to come down on the issue of nature versus nurture in human behavior? Why and what are the implications?

## NOVELS OF 1986

It was another big year for novels and the awards are coming up soon. What were the best, the worst, the notable and the forgettable?

## OPENING CEREMONY

A combination of welcome aboard, talk show and preview of coming attractions. Get oriented to the convention and hear what our Guests of Honor and committee have in store for the weekend.

## ORSON SCOTT CARD INTERVIEW

We query our Hugo and Nebula Award winning Guest of Honor.

## ORSON SCOTT CARD READING

Our GoH reads from a work in progress.

## PEACE: HUMAN POSSIBILITY OR HUMAN FANTASY?

For thousands of years before the origin of the state there was probably a sort of "pax neolithicus," a period of peace which has exceeded any other. Although individual conflicts are inevitable, is this really also true of war?

## PERSONA DEVELOPMENT WORKSHOP

A limited registration guided tour for developing a character, whether for persona games or for fiction. Participants will develop characters through a series of structured questions.

## THE PLIGHT OF PARENT WRITERS

Childraising puts an extraordinary burden on both the time available and on mental energy and inclinations. How does this affect writers? What methods of coping have various writers developed?

## THE POLITICS OF FANDOM

Is fandom an anarchy of fanzine publishers? Is it a hierarchy of club and convention administrators? What are the power and status structures of this community of ours?

## THE POST-MODERN ARTS: ROCK, COMICS, VIDEOS AND SF

What are the aesthetics of the post-modern arts? How have they influenced each other?

## PRESENTING A COSTUME

Costumes do not move or present themselves on their own. What are the keys to successful stage presence and how can those skills be developed?

## PURE ENTERTAINMENT: IS ANYTHING TRULY HARMLESS?

Is there such a thing as a story without some content? Does escapist entertainment contribute to the apathy it requires for its success?

## PUTTING WRITING WORKSHOPS TO THE TEST

Much has been made of the value of various workshops to the development of a writer's skill: the intense Clarion model, the weekend retreat, the ongoing writers' group, etc. How do these models compare and what has their real value proven to be?

## REAL WORLD RELIGION IN F&SF

It sometimes seems as though religion is either absent or the center of attention in F&SF stories. What accounts for this apparent dichotomy? How can real religions and real religious issues be treated in speculative fiction?

## REEDER RENDERING: SCREAMER WORKSHOP

Our Art Guest of Honor teaches us the basics construction techniques for those PAPIER MÂCHÉ creatures for which he has become famous.

## RESEARCHING FANTASY

An introduction to the basic research techniques for the Fantasy writer. How do the techniques and resources differ from those required for Science Fiction? Where can a researcher go to learn more?

## ROASTING OURSELVES

Participants have an opportunity to make fun of everything about this F&SF community of which we are a part. What are your favorite (and most despised) stereotypes? What embarrassing shories should find a wider audience?

## ROBBIE CANTOR INTERVIEW

The other half of our Fan Guest of Honor team tells her story.

## ROBOTICS DEMONSTRATION

The latest in commercially available, non-industrial robot technologies.

## SCIENCE & SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

Science is no longer a truly "ivory tower" endeavor, without relevance to the society at large, and perhaps it never was. What responsibility do scientists have in their choice of research areas and in the conduct of their research? What responsibility does the public have for understanding and seeking participation in scientific decisions? What examples of collective irresponsibility has history provided us with?

## SEXUAL RELATIONS IN THE 21st CENTURY

Jump one hundred years into the future to examine the potential changes in the relationship between men and women. Will systematic inequalities be undone and, if so, by what process? Or will patriarchy tighten its control?

## THE SHERLOCK HOLMES CENTENNIAL

It has been one hundred years since the great detective first appeared on the scene—time for a retrospective.

## SHORT FICTION INTO NOVELS

When is a novelized short story a true development and when is it merely padded? What sorts of ideas can be successfully treated both in short and long forms? What are some examples of successes and failures?

## SHORT FICTION OF 1986

An extraordinary amount of the best F&SF is written in the short form. Get a review of the good and the bad of last year.

## THE SHORT FICTION OF ORSON SCOTT CARD

A discussion of the early stories which brought our Guest of Honor on the scene and of his more recent work.

## SHOULD ART SHOWS BE JURIED?

What are the consequences of a first-come first-serve policy for convention art shows? Is the only alternative to screen artists' work?

## SILK SCREEN DEMONSTRATION

Discover the art of screen printing.

## SMOKE-FREE FANDOM: A DEBATE

Oxygen-breathers face down nicotine-breathers on the epidemiology and politics of smoking.

## THE STAR SYSTEM IN F&SF

What is the importance of celebrity status in the F&SF community? Is it overplayed or is there a valid reason for it? What are the alternatives?

## STARDANCE

This is THE dance of the convention and an extravaganza of light and sound. Dance the night away or just pop in and out for your favorite songs. Opening number, laser show, no-host bar . . .

## STARTING YOUR OWN SMALL PRESS

A step by step discussion from deciding if you want to do it, to finding a printer, and how to avoid going broke while doing it.

## STORY INTO COVER ART

The process by which a story generates cover art is demonstrated and then discussed by both artists and authors.

## STRUCTURING THE NOVEL

If a short story is a simple melody, then a novella is a fugue and a novel is a full symphony. By what process is a novel structured? What are the techniques for conceiving and developing an appropriate structure for a particular idea?

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## SUBGENRES IN F&SF

How do subgenres—cyberpunk, new wave, post contemporary decadent nouveau—develop? Can they be linked to schools of painting or trends in other media? Is it bad, good, necessary or inevitable that an author will “fall into line” and write “in the tradition” of recent successes?

## TALENT vs. MARKETING

At what point can an author be “sold out” and what impact does this have on the reader? Who holds responsibility for getting good fiction into the marketplace? What are some examples of failures and successes of the marriage between creative talent and marketing? What are the points in the publishing process at which mistakes or corrections can be made.

## TEST TUBE WOMEN: WHAT FUTURE FOR MOTHERHOOD?

In California a woman has been tried for manslaughter because of “fetal neglect.” In laboratories around the world, new reproductive technologies are being rapidly developed. What are the implications of these trends for women in modern society?

## A THOUSAND IDEAS IN AN HOUR

A practical demonstration of turning a formless idea into the germ of a story. Bring your imaginations and have your ideas fielded in this highly participative event.

## TIMEDANCE

Music from the 1940s to the 1970s will be played by our special DJ in this introductory offer to the dancing traditions of this convention.

## TRENDS IN CONTEMPORARY COVER ART

The fact is, most of us do judge books by their covers. How has cover art changed over the last thirty years? Where is it likely to go next?

## USING OCCULT TOOLS FOR STORY DEVELOPMENT

The technologies of astrology, tarot, and other occult methods embody a wide range of application to character and plot development. How are they useful and what are their limitations and drawbacks?

## VISUALIZATION: IMAGE INTO STORY

Some writers don't start a story with a character or a world setting, but rather with a vivid image. What is the process of working from image to story and how can the skills of visualization be developed?

## WAR THEMES IN F&SF

War is a staple diet for many writers and readers. What accounts for the popularity of these themes? Is a massive conflict truly interesting or is it just easier to write and read about?

## THE WEIR

Alternacon is proud to present a world premiere production of a play by Sable Jak, directed by Michael Kane. The world lies putrid and rotting. A few untouched pieces of land attract ragged bands, who cast the impure into the wasteland. A tale of greed, deceit, revenge, and death—the daily inhabitants of the Weir.

## WHAT USE IS FANTASY OR SCIENCE FICTION?

Can F&SF—or indeed fiction of any kind—truly have an effect on society? Should it have to? What have been the traditions of claims for the value of the genre?

## WHERE IS THE SF IN FANZINES?

Do fanzines still serve a critical function in the F&SF community or are they merely organs of social attraction?

## WHO DIRECTS THE FUTURE OF MODERN SCIENCE

What process controls the development of science? Who controls that process? What are the implications for the future of science and what are the alternatives?

## WHY WHO?

The longest Science Fiction series in television history. Even the Queen recognizes its theme song. What accounts for its popularity, especially in light of its multiply transformed central character?

## WHY DO MIDNIGHT MOVIES WORK?

What makes a good cult film, and what makes another film “so bad that its good.”

## WILL BUGS KILL US BEFORE THE BOMB?

An aerosol test facility for bacteriological warfare agents is being built in Utah. It is impossible to separate defensive from offensive biological weapons research. Is AIDS just a warning of what we ourselves may create?

## WOMEN, POWER AND SEX IN F&SF II

How have sexual and power relations been treated in Fantasy and Science Fiction, especially that written by women? What is the nature of the connection?

## WORK IN THE FUTURE

Will the benefits of productive technologies be shared by those who do not own the factories? Will more and more workers be either

transformed into machines themselves or put out of work? Alternatively, would productive work become largely a voluntary matter, freeing people for creative endeavors of other kinds?

## WORLDBUILDING: SETTING INTO STORY

Often, worlds will tell their own story. This is a discussion, not of the process of worldbuilding itself, but about the relationship between worldbuilding and storytelling.

## THE WRITERLY USES OF HISTORY

How is the understanding of history useful to a writer? What historical processes can be used for building futures? What historical events and setting can be used as resources?

## WRITERS AND ARTISTS WORKING TOGETHER

What are the opportunities for writers and artists to work together? How can writers and artists best communicate and what are the rewards of collaboration?

## WRITING FICTION vs. NON-FICTION

There seems to be a feeling in our society that a novelist is somehow really more of a writer than an essayist is. Is this true? How transferable are the skills of fiction and non-fiction? Are they both equally creative?

## WRITING & SELLING NON-FICTION

This is the “breaking into print” discussion for those who want to write non-fiction. What are the markets? How are queries and proposals written? What are the barriers to getting published and what are some tricks of the trade?

## WRITING NON-SEXIST PROSE

A participative workshop on how to learn the skills of writing inclusively and maintaining an awareness of the pervasiveness of sexist language.



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# GOH

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## ORSON SCOTT CARD



### ORSON SCOTT CARD A Profile

by Michael R. Collings

IT SEEMS especially appropriate that Orson Scott Card be invited to Norwescon as the 1987 Guest of Honor, since this is the anniversary year closing his first decade as a professional Science Fiction writer.

Card's first published SF story was "Ender's Game," in the August 1977 *Analog*. Reactions to the story were swift and definite, as readers

wrote to ask for more from Card; in May 1978, Ben Bova listed the story as the second most popular novelette published in *Analog* during 1977.

"Ender's Game" was brilliant, not the less so because Card eventually re-worked it to give it the scope it demanded. The result was *Ender's Game* (Tor, 1985), recipient of the Hugo and the Nebula in 1986 as the best SF novel of the year.

But *Ender's Game* was not an isolated success. Card's fiction has been extraordinary from the beginning. He received the 1978 John W. Campbell Award as the best new writer of the year; since then, he has received

multiple nominations for other awards, including several final ballot Hugo and Nebula nominations for short fiction from 1978-1980. And as of January, 1987, *Speaker for the Dead* leads the nominations for the 1986 Best Novel Nebula; "Hatrack River" ranks first in the novelette category, followed by "Salvage" at sixth place; and he has a nomination for the 1987 Nebula for his novelette "America."

But Card is not only noteworthy as an award-winning writer; he is also a prolific writer, an even more remarkable feat considering his deep commitment to his family—his wife, Kristine, and his children. Between 1977 and 1981, he published 41 stories, two collections of fiction, and three novels, including *A Planet Called Treason* and *Songmaster*. From 1982 through 1985, he published primarily novels: *Hart's Hope* and *The Worthing Chronicle*, in 1983; a historical novel about the early years of the Mormon Church, *A Woman of Destiny*, in 1984; and *Ender's Game* in 1985. Coupling a resurgence of interest in short fiction with his increasing mastery of the novel, he published "The Fringe" in late 1985; *Speaker for the Dead*, "Salvage," and "Hatrack River" in 1986; and "America" in 1987. By mid-1987, *Seventh Son* will appear—"Hatrack River" forms the opening chapters of this highly allegorical, alternate-world historical fantasy.

Given his output and reputation over the past ten years, it would seem that Card suddenly exploded onto the scene, without preliminaries and without backgrounds. But, of course, appearances can be illusory, and in Card's case, particularly so. His apprenticeship in SF began almost thirty years ago when, at the age of eight, he began sneaking out of the children's section of the Santa Clara public library . . . to discover (in the adult section) new worlds of wonder in such SF classics as "Call Me Joe" and "All You Zombies." Later, as a sixth- and seventh-grader, he began reading Andre Norton and Robert Heinlein, but by thirteen, he had left SF.

At college, however, he worked his way through Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, and J.R.R. Tolkien. After a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints from 1971-1973, Card read extensively again: Ellison and Le Guin. Nor did his "education" in SF end there. In 1978, he notes, he first encountered the novels of Larry Niven—and read everything Niven had written.

Card's voracious appetite for reading has served him well. On the one hand, it enabled him to write cogent and often controversial criticism of SF as literature, including "Where is the Cutting Edge of Science Fiction" and "You Got No Friends in This World" for *Science Fiction Review*, the latter a series of stunning

critical reviews of virtually every short story to appear in the magazines and anthologies. One article notes that Card had read 105 stories to prepare for the column; what's more impressive, his assessments of most of these 105 were sharp and well-founded. Beginning in January 1987, Card will edit his own review journal, *Short Form*, which promises to be just as cogent and controversial.

On the other hand, such wide reading has helped Card focus his attitudes toward writing SF and Fantasy. His list of favorite authors includes Le Guin, Ellison, Niven, Zelazny, Tolkien, Peake, Donaldson, McKillip, and C.S. Lewis. Reading these and other writers helped him establish specific directions in his own fiction, directions that relate to the recent (and well-deserved) success of *Ender's Game* and *Speaker for the Dead*.

Card's writing meets two criteria for success. First, they entertain. His stories are *stories*: his novels are inviting slices from the lives of fascinating characters. When one finishes a Card story or novel, there is a sense of fulfillment and completion, of entertainment in the deepest sense of having experienced a fiction that touches at the most personal level and rivets the reader's attention.

But suffusing the entertainment is a sense that there is more, that below the surface the story transcends narrative. Often that sense is the beginning awareness of an intensely religious understanding, although Card avoids mistaking the art of writing fiction for the art of preaching—capable as he might be at both.

In fact, many of Card's early non-SF works have strong religious connections. He wrote a number of plays while associated with Brigham Young University and the Utah Valley Repertory Theatre Company, plays that define Card's closeness to the historical and theological backgrounds of Mormonism that would later result in *A Woman of Destiny*. From 1976 to 1978, Card was an assistant editor of *The Ensign*, a monthly magazine published under the aegis of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. While with *The Ensign* he wrote over two dozen signed articles and poems; in fact, in a 1977 issue dedicated to the spectrum of Mormon arts, Card appeared four times—with a short story by "Byron Walley"; a one-act play by "Brian Green"; and a poem and a non-fiction piece under his own name.

Card's religious values and commitment remained undiluted, even after he began publishing SF, although their manifestations altered substantially. In an interview with Cliff Moser in *SFR* (1979), Card says that in writing fiction he avoids religious ideas "like the proverbial plague. I have strong religious convictions. That naturally influences my stories. But the influence will be as hidden as possible, because as soon as I catch myself saying or writing something overtly religious, or at least overtly in line with my own particular religion, I delete and censor like crazy. If anyone cares to hear about my church, I'll be glad to tell

him or her, in a personal conversation. But in my stories, I am not out to support any particular institution. My moral beliefs, my personal philosophy are inseparable from my work: my theology and institutional membership have no place in it."

In the same interview, Card identified the three characteristics common to such SF and Fantasy classics as *Dune*, *The Lord of the Rings*, *Foundation*, *Stranger in a Strange Land*, and *2001*. Each creates unforgettable characters; each creates a new universe; and, most each achieves a transcendent purpose: "It's not just that they're out to save the world. It's that the world is worth saving, that there is something good that must be preserved or given or taught or found."

Perhaps this image of transcendence identifies Card's purposes as well. His best work creates that sense of worth—"Sandmagic" (1979), an enigmatic but powerful story; *Songmaster*; "Kingsmeat," "The Porcelain Salamander," and "Unaccompanied Sonata" from *Unaccompanied Sonata and Other Stories* (1980); "Holy" (1980), a story of religious discovery on an alien world; "Middle Woman," from his own anthology, *Dragons of Darkness* (1981); *Hart's Hope*, a high-fantasy allegory of trial and redemption; and most exquisitely in *Ender's Game* and *Speaker for the Dead*. To read these and other stories is to enter a new universe, to confront unforgettable characters, and to become immersed in the transcendent.

Card's transcendent worlds often become means of searching for eternal worlds. His first collection, *Capitol*, explored pseudo-immortality through the drug Somec; *Ender's Game* and *Speaker for the Dead* transform the instrumentality—Card uses time-dilation in space travel rather than drugs to prolong life—but retain the essence of the quest for eternity. Space-time dilation becomes a metaphor for the connections between man and God, and Card's stories—whether overtly LDS or not—explore those connections, often on literal as well as figurative levels. In the *Analog* version of "Ender's Game," Card includes a dialogue between two adults. Given what they have done to Andrew Wiggins in training him to save Humanity from an alien threat, he is no longer a child. In fact, says one, "He's barely a person."

"If that's true, sir, then at least we all know that Ender is making it possible for the others of his age to be playing in the park."

"And Jesus died to save all men, of course." Graff sat up and looked at Anderson almost sadly. "But we're the ones," Graff said, "we're the ones who are driving in the nails."

The passage could serve as an epigram to each of Card's major novels and stories: one character, living within a circle of opposing forces, must decide whether or not to become, with Ender Wiggins, "something of a savior, or a prophet, or at least a martyr"—yet Card's narratives are often without any explicit refer-

ences to a religious framework. Religion remains an underlying assumption, not a matter of surface glitter.

Card's most recent stories, however, indicate that he has drawn even closer to his Latter-Day Saint heritage and is now exploring it in the context of science-fictional extrapolation. In four stories published in *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* and *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* between October 1985 and January 1987, Card incorporates Mormon history and belief. "The Fringe," "Salvage," and "America" are part of the *Tales of the Mormon Sea* sequence Card is writing—stories of the survival of individual worth in a near-future America characterized by devastation and the destruction of faith. "Hatrack River" is about magic and hope in 1805 America; it is also the opening chapters of *Seventh Son*, the first in a series of seven fantasy novels based heavily on Mormon history.

In each case, Card re-creates the three elements so important in successful fiction. There are strong characters, characters who make us care enormously about them and their fates; there are new universes, worlds about which we cannot safely make any assumptions, not even those grounded in theology or faith; and there is the sense of transcendence, of our participation in actions that have repercussions far beyond the fictive world in which we find ourselves.

It remains to be seen, of course, how completely Card will blend faith and science, theology and Science Fiction. Yet in his attempt, Card pays tribute to the deepest assumptions of both. Science Fiction and Fantasy are, in his hands, vehicles for stunning performances, for entertainment and apprehension of truth available through few other modes. They allow the expansion of imagination into worlds beyond that which we understand, forcing us to confront old issues in new guises and make anew the decisions fundamental to our identities and our places in our world.

Religion, on the other hand, promises stability; it asserts an underlying order that makes heroic actions possible, if not inevitable. And Card pays tribute to it by *assuming* its importance, rather than *arguing* for it. In Card's fictions, the independent decisions of larger-than-life characters alter their worlds; and, in keeping with the morality and structure of belief that is part of Card's own world, those changes lead to a better state for the individual and for the Humanity they vicariously represent.

*Michael R. Collings is an Associate Professor of English and director of the Creative Writing program at Pepperdine University. He has published books on Stephen King, Brian W. Aldiss and Piers Anthony; two volumes of poetry; several poems and short stories; and about thirty articles on SF, Fantasy and mainstream literature. He is now working on a full-length study of the works of Orson Scott Card, and hopes to have the manuscript finished by August 1988.*

# AGOH

DAN REEDER



## THE UNSIMPLE SCREAMER

A Biography of  
DAN REEDER

by Jon Gustafson

I'M LESS SURE that Dan (the Monster Man) Reeder was born than he was assembled, bit by bit, out of non-standard parts scraped together by parents wanting to loosen up the world. I've known many Science Fiction and Fantasy artists and none have the contradictions I see in Dan. Don't get me wrong—they are not bad contradictions, quite the contrary. The grotesque images that this distressingly handsome young man produces have a life and humor that makes our lives better for their existence.

I'm sure that future psychologists will make much of Dan's early life. His childhood, they will say, shows signs of too little love and too much love; of being abused and being spoiled; of an Oedipus complex and an Electra complex; and that it was these factors, and not a vivid imagination, that causes him to generate his screamers.

His screamers. Ah, there is the crux of the matter. Comprised of such mundane materials as newspapers, masking tape, wire clothes hangers, white flour, water, human teeth, old bedsheets, clay, felt pens, more newspapers, all-purpose white glue, taxidermist's glass eyeballs, casting resin, plastic bananas, paint and drool. Lots of drool.

How does he make these weird beasties? The answer, my friends, is blowin' in the . . . er, the answer is in his book (which you all will run right out and buy and have him sign, of course), *The Simple Screamer* (Falcon Books, \$14.95). Everything you need to know to

make a screamer . . . and many things you don't need to know . . . are in that book. It's foolproof. Anybody can build one. Although I have not made one of these critters myself, one of my friends has and she's doing just fine. Really. She has the papers to prove it.

You'll see these lovely little . . . things . . . in the art show at this con. You can't possibly miss them and, once you see one, you will never forget its ethereal beauty. OK, OK, Dan's ethereal beauty, then.

Can I get serious for a minute? (Good question: can I?) Dan speaks to each of us through his art. (Oops . . . considering his art, that was perhaps not the best way to put that.) Each piece, from "Catch of the Day" to "Punk Dragon" to "Send Me Your Twisted, Your Demented . . ." is telling us to relax and not take life too seriously. Laugh at things. Laugh at the mechanic who just dropped the wrench down the fuel injectors on your Lamborghini. Laugh at the IRS Audit notice. Laugh at life



and adversity and enjoy the world around you.

Does Dan Reeder make these delightfully monstrous creatures for a living?

No.

He teaches your children.

I do suppose I should let you know *what* he teaches your children, since I have heard stories of people praying for his soul. He teaches them math at Sammamish High School, although he is on sabbatical for a year.

What is Dan Reeder-the-human-being like? You won't find the answer in *The National Enquirer*. You probably won't even find it here. You'll find it out by going up to this personable, shy, friendly young man and talking to him. He has a dry, slightly wicked sense of humor that sneaks up on you at the most unexpected times. Dan is highly intelligent; his constant drooling and twitching is merely a personal affectation—don't let it bother you. You can talk to him about anything, and he will sometimes even answer. A great guy, Dan Reeder. I'm glad he's the Artist Guest of Honor. He deserves it.

Figure that one out.

## HOT SCREAMER LUST

by Jeanine Gray

I WAS ASKED TO WRITE a little about Dan because I really like his work. In fact you might say that I've been intimate with his work.

A few Norwescons ago I slept with a slime of his screamers (you know, a gaggle of geese, a murder of crows, a slime of screamers). Well, I didn't actually sleep with them, they stayed in my hotel room Thursday night until the Art Show opened Friday morning. You feel intimate with something if you awake in the middle of the night with a need for the bathroom and many pairs of eyes watch you make your way to the facilities.

I remember one screamer in particular: a book in one hand, a bird on the finger of the other, cozily seated in the chair next to my bed. I swear "it" had a leer on "its" face. I feel I know "it" well. I also remember one called "Alien Sperm," but I don't like to talk about it.

Dan has been bringing slimes of screamers to Norwescon for about 6 years. Steve Bard, former and much loved Programming Director of Norwescons past, saw Dan's screamers at the Bellevue Arts & Crafts Fair and thought he knew of the perfect audience for Dan's cloth and papier mâché monsters. We've been lucky enough to see them at every Norwescon since.

Dan lives on Phinney Ridge near the Woodland Park Zoo, an area believed by zillions to be the best neighborhood in Seattle. (OK,

maybe not zillions, but Dan and I like it). It's a neighborhood where people don't think you're too weird if you live surrounded by the things that you love. Even if the things that you love drool, and if one of those drooling things breathes and purrs and answers to the name "Butch." It's a great philosophy. I'm surrounded by things that purr, but I have a definite lack of those that drool.

When you first find out that Dan teaches math, it's hard to believe that his hobby is making papier mâché monsters. Once you find out that he's been a *high school* math teacher for 13 years, then it makes all the sense in the world. He's taking a sabbatical this year, which gives him a little break from what he calls "the Dog and Pony Show" of high school. But he isn't laying about taking it easy. He's taking drug and alcohol classes to help his students better deal with life and to help him better deal with his students. The sabbatical also gives him time to work on some projects he has been thinking about for

a while. And to work on "more challenging, new stuff" which we get to see in the Art Show.

One of my favorite Reeder works is a clock with an upside-down, man-like screamer manacled to it. One of Dan's favorites is the "Dragon." Dan's how-to book, *The Simple Screamer*, has easy to follow instructions on how to make your own screamer, including the "Dragon," the "Clock Screamer," the "Screamer with Book and Bird," and the Norwescon award-winning "Send Me Your Twisted, Your Demented . . ."

Dan's screamers have been around. They've been seen at the previously mentioned Bellevue Arts & Crafts Fair, the Tacoma Art Museum and many other places.

I recommend you visit with Dan and his screamers. You'll believe your fantasies can come true. Mine did. A math teacher with a sense of humor? Who would believe it?



As a young boy, little Danny Reeder practiced his art daily—of course, sacrifices were made.

Gary Larson  
"The Far Side"

© 1984, 1987 by Gary Larson

# FGOH

## MARTY & ROBBIE CANTOR



### INTRODUCING: MARTY & ROBBIE CANTOR

by Mike Glyer

AT CHICON IV in 1982, standing at the foot of an escalator in the Hyatt Regency, Robbie Bourget of Ottawa saw a Prince Valiant haircut descend the moving stairs, adorning the head of Marty Cantor. Marty made such a good first impression that the following January they were married, and Robbie took up residence in Los Angeles.

It was clear from the beginning what brought them together. Marty can't stand snow; Robbie lived in it. Marty avoids weapons; Robbie collects them. Marty loathes media fandom; Robbie helps run media fandom. Yes, it was all very clear.

In fact, as a result of the whirlwind courtship, Los Angeles fandom not only met a strong new fan in Robbie Cantor, we met a new side of Marty, who was dislodged from his familiar *shticks* about snow and media fans. As an editorial team they brought new

dimensions to Marty's already established genzine *Holier Than Thou*, which fandom acknowledged by giving the zine its first-ever Hugo nomination (1984). Individually, Robbie remained an active Doctor Who fan by publishing the fanzine *Time Meddler*. By 1985 their popularity as a fanzine publishing couple secured them victory as Down Under Fan Fund delegates to AussieCon II. Their dual trip reports, back-to-back like an Ace Double, will be distributed early this year, fulfilling their pledges as DUFF winners.

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS) found an energetic and determined worker in Robbie Cantor. In an eyeblink after joining the club in 1983, she was elected President. Though I was only kidding when I said that, at LASFS, people start at the top and work their way down into more responsible positions, there is a grain of truth in saying so. Robbie has moved from President to the most responsible post of all. As I write, Robbie Cantor is co-treasurer with Elayne Pelz, and anyone who is familiar with LASFS' reputation can tell you that's next to being elected Pope: we're *real* particular about who we elect Treasurer.

Marty, of course, has also earned his stripes in the campaigns of LASFS. He worked two

stints as Official Collator of APA L, the club's weekly amateur press association. For even longer, he was the "Little Tin God" (editor) of the LA-area monthly *apa*, LASFAPA. (Marty has also been, or still is, in FAPA, MINNEAPA and AZAPA.) And at LACon II, the 1984 WorldCon, I found Marty a pleasure to work with when he ran the Fan Lounge and on-site publishing room, where I produced the daily newszine. His support was invaluable.

Up to now we've covered what I would term the "Empress of India" part of the Guest of Honor introductions—the great deeds and resounding titles they've earned on the fields of fandom. One should also mention that the mundane world may better know Robbie as a member of the Canadian consulate staff in Los Angeles, and know Marty as a retail tobaccionist with over 25 years' experience. But let's not lose this opportunity for me to fill in some of the significant details.

**Ribs.** Robbie likes ribs. No, not the barbecued kind. Human ribs—certainly mine. Every week at LASFS I get a hug that sets off noises from me that I've never made before.

**Jellybeans.** Marty extols the virtues of 32 flavors of exotic jellybeans he purchases from a local maker for his yearly party at the WorldCon. Perhaps if he digs down deep in

his pockets, between the pouches of Bargain Basement Burleigh, he'll come up with a few for you.

**Edged Weapons.** Few things evoke that gleam in Robbie's eyes more certainly than a finely-made sword. Marty is not so enthusiastic about blades: they can be hazardous to the beard, and a positive disaster to a Prince Valiant hairdo.

**Smoking.** Marty and Robbie agree on this subject.

**Ted White.** Marty and Robbie agree on this subject, too.

**Music.** Marty's a very music-oriented person. He listens to classical, rock, traditional "jazz," and folk music. In the 50s and 60s he was a coffeehouse performer, playing 6-string and 12-string guitars, or even the washboard and jug in jug bands and bluegrass groups. He also recorded one number each with Art Laboe and Johnny Otis playing the bongo drums. Though he wrote and published poetry in those days, Marty has lost that interest, and confesses that now he doesn't even like reading most poetry. But music is his enduring passion.

Norwescon has made another fannish first possible in the lives of Marty and Robbie by naming them your Fan Guests of Honor. Perhaps this will be a fannish first for you, too, when you meet them. Then many more of you will discover what the committee who invited them already knew: they are not only accomplished fans, but interesting, amiable and accessible people who will help make Norwescon's Alternacon a memorable event.

the biased comments of anti-"media" fans on that part of her fanac devoted to ~~Whoey~~ Dr. Who.)

These activities include fanzines—editor of apazines for FAPA, LASFAPA, APA L, APA Tarot; of *Time Meddler* for Dr. Who Fandom; and co-editor, with Marty, of several years' worth of *Holier Than Thou*. They include conventions—asst. head to two (or maybe three) departments of the 1984 WorldCon, dept. head or assistant on almost every Loscon of the past several years, and involved at some level in the working of every convention she attends. And they include clubs ~~(as well as hearts, spades, and diamonds—or weren't we talking about the Hell Fire Society?)~~ such as the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS, Inc.), of which she has been President, Treasurer, and a member of the Board of Directors. (She's also a member of the Board of the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests (SCIFI, Inc.), but to anyone outside the Los Angeles area, that organization is indistinguishable from LASFS.)

She's also half a DUFF winner—half of the only stateside DUFF winner since 1972 to actually publish a DUFF report!

Now—let me suggest a few Do's and Don't's:

DO: buy her a drink. Coca-Cola is her usual.

DON'T: try to palm off neoCoke instead of Coke Classic.

DON'T: expect her to finish an entire can of the stuff.

DO: allow her to Work the Con, if at all possible.

DON'T: expect her to Take It Easy and/or Just Be A Guest.

DON'T: assume she will be on the same schedule or in the same place(s) as Marty (unless they are programmed to be somewhere as FGoH. She has a Sense of Duty hidden someplace—probably the upper left leg pocket. Under the list of comics she needs.)

DO: direct her to the nearest available chocolate. (We have't yet found a kind of chocolate she won't pig-down eat.)

DO: get Marty away from her if she goes in the Huckster Room. The Hucksters will appreciate the results. (Even tho Marty might not, if he found out what they were.)

DON'T: refer to Canada as "our 51st state." Or even as our 51st through 62nd states. Teeth don't taste good.

DON'T: put her on a panel as a Media Fan Converted To Real Fan. A Sense of Duty doesn't have that many Hit Points.

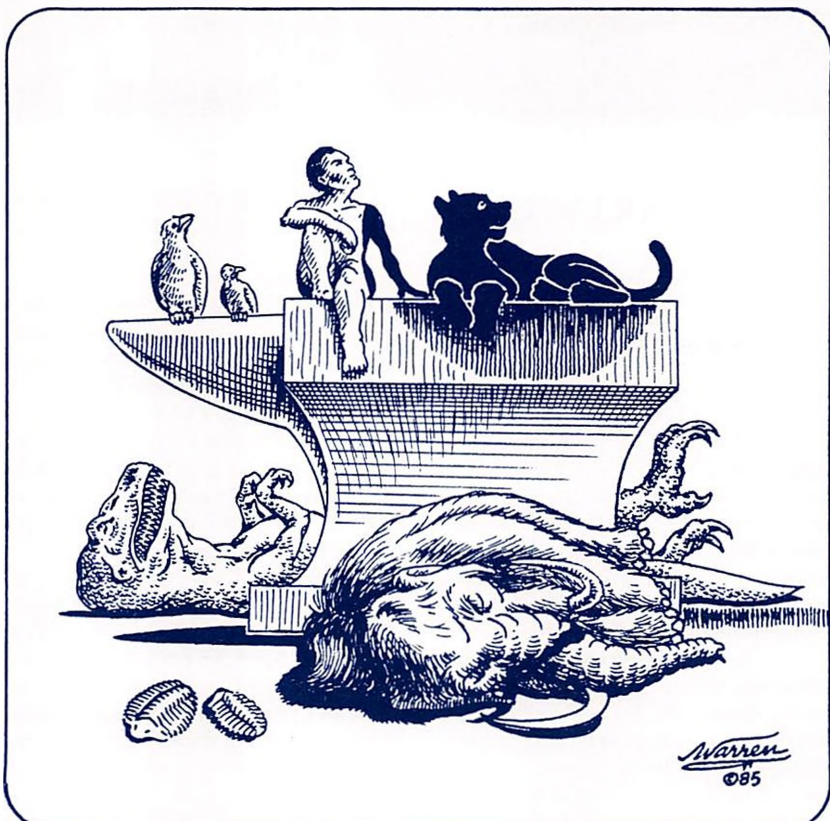
DO: be sure she gets back to Los Angeles. We need her here ~~every-once-in-a-while~~.

## A BRIEF DEPRECIATION OF ROBBIE CANTOR

by Bruce Pelz

THERE ARE ALL SORTS OF REASONS for choosing one person or another as a Fan Guest of Honor. I can easily think of several for choosing Robbie, but they are appropriate only to Southern California Fandom, Dr. Who Fandom, or Vaguely-Central Canada Fandom. Not Seattle Fandom. The possibility exists that she was selected because Seattle Fandom wanted to honor Marty and Robbie is attached to him at the wedding band. If this is the case, the committee has made a mistake, and I might as well warn them (and you) about it.

Robbie is a fan in her own right (and her own left, too, but that's easier to duck). Aside from one instance—in which she also displayed obvious poor taste—her fan activities have been eminently reasonable and even, for the most part, worthwhile. (We will ignore



# TOASTMASTER

DAVID HARTWELL



## DAVID HARTWELL or Toasting the Toastmaster

by Samuel R. Delany

ALTHOUGH, BETWEEN AGES four and twelve, David lived in places as diverse as Huntington, West Virginia, and Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, he was born at Salem Hospital (same as Gardner Dozois), in Salem, Massachusetts, at the start of July, 1941. Before and after these childhood peregrinations, however, he lived in Massachusetts, first in Marblehead, later in Wilmington. I've known him twenty years, and—to me—the New England punctilio predominates. Some of the social isolation that went along with the adolescence that arrived with his return to New England probably (he says) helped fix his interest in Science Fiction.

Perhaps it also contributed to that gentle

and gentlemanly gregariousness that makes him so pleasant at SF conventions and at parties.

While you've got him around, look at David's tie. Perhaps he'll be wearing the hand-made leather one in which patches of various hues have been sewn together to form a seascape, or perhaps one of the wide and colorful forties numbers that went with some vintage zoot suit, or maybe a sixties paisley creation (from that tieless decade) when the few who wore them were really trying to fit in. But whichever it is, it's *always* worth looking at.

I will say no more.

At least about ties.

Dave read his first SF when he was in the fifth grade at Lock Haven: *Tom Swift and his Television*. Soon he got a card to the Lock Haven College Library, where he devoured the entire SF shelf. Later, during that summer's vacation, looking through his grandmother's attic, he discovered a whole carton of *Tom Swift* books . . .

Let's skip over Williams and Colgate Col-

leges to Columbia University Graduate School, in New York City, where Dave got his Ph.D. in medieval studies. (Thesis: *An Edition of "The Wedding of Sir Gawaine and Dame Ragnell."* The earliest extant ms. of *The Wedding* post-dates Chaucer by fifty years, but the story itself is likely a source for Chaucer's "Wife of Bath's Tale"—hence its scholarly import.) It's been my experience that interest in the medieval and interest in Science Fiction gallop hand and hand through academia. Both sorts of writing tend to be highly didactic. Both are strongly conventionalized. In both, the world of the story often carries an allegorical load very different from the one we are used to in most contemporary fiction—and, frequently, that world works by comparatively unfamiliar rules that the reader must be more or less prepared to figure out pretty much unassisted.

But David has done most of his galloping in the field of professional SF editing. His Timescape line was the glory of early 80s SF publishing and gave us books ranging from

Gregory Benford's Hugo and Nebula winning *Timescape* to Gene Wolfe's stunning (and award-glutinous) tetralogy, *The Book of the New Sun*. Now David produces a hardcover line at Arbor House and consults on both hard- and softcovers at Tor Books. But for the last fifteen years or more, the Nebula and Hugo nominee list have been jeweled with Hartwell selections.

Oh—something else: when he was at Columbia, David helped found a little magazine, which, twenty-two years later (and today called *The Little Magazine*), still flourishes under his guidance and direction. If you look on the masthead, you'll see an editorial board with "Hartwell" in alphabetical order, equal among the rest. But I can say firmly that without him that brave literary endeavor would not make it from issue to issue. (I know. For the last three years my name's been up there too.) And it's a tribute to Dave that not one of us on the staff would begrudge my telling you this.

Dave attended his first SF convention (Discon I) in 1963. And his own book, *Age of Wonders* (Macmillan, New York: 1985), is a simple and vigorous account of the whole complex Science Fiction world, the world that includes SF fans, SF writers, specialty and non-specialty publishers, and the particular

SF editors who work for them both, as well as the texts that hold them all together.

David Hartwell, Ph.D., happens to be married to one of my absolutely favorite people, Pat Hartwell, M.D. (Doctor Pat to some of her friends and, doubtless, patients; Dr. Hartwell to others), as charming, forthright, and down-to-earth a woman as you're ever likely to meet.

Alison (twelve) and Geoffrey (ten), are the younger Hartwells.

We're talkin' *great* kids, here!

Although he's been Guest of Honor at a number of SF conventions, in twenty-five years of convention going this is David's first toastmastership.

Here's Dave on Science Fiction and his own goals in it:

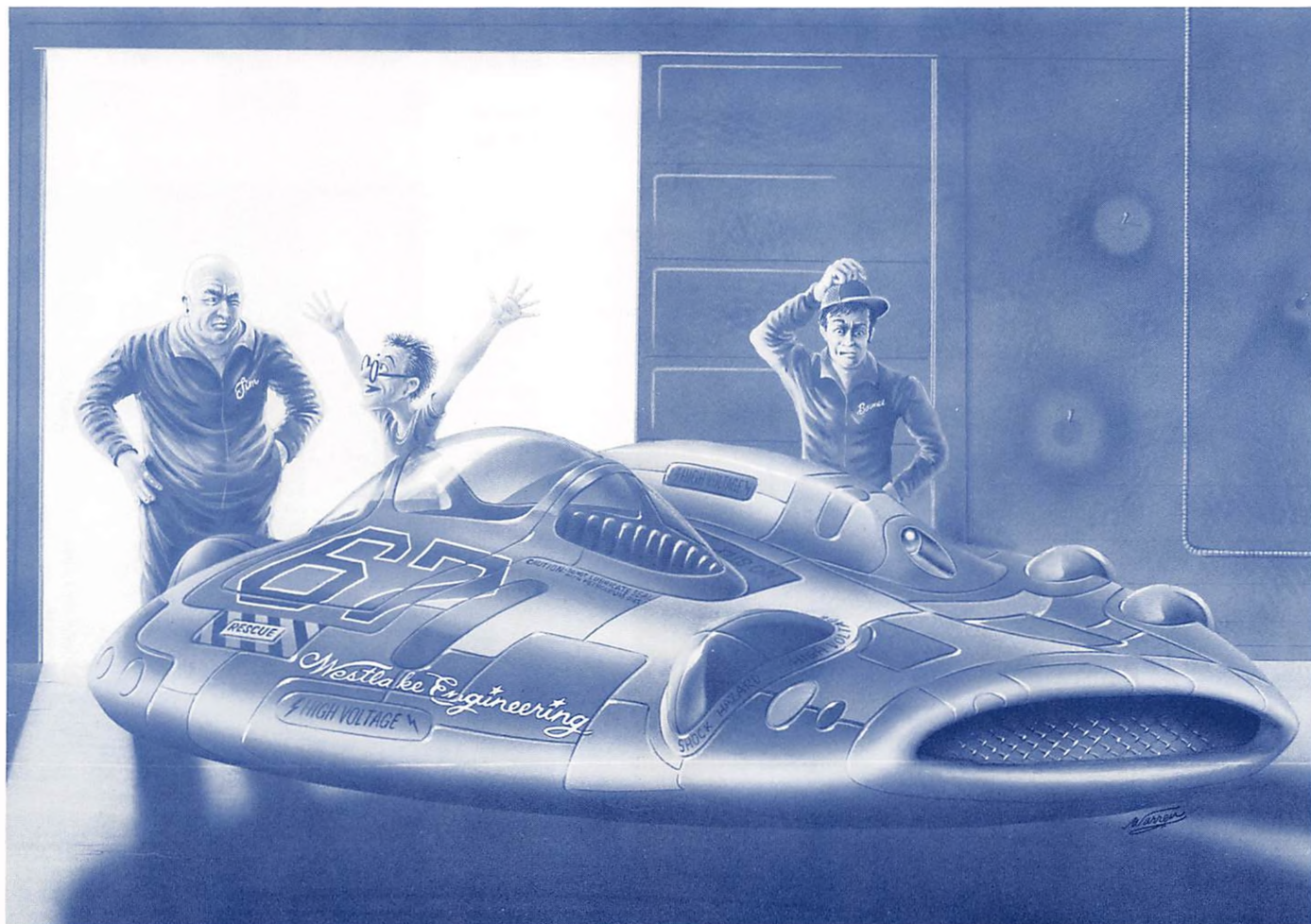
"What's new and different and exciting about SF exists today around the edges of the field, either as hybrids or in the work of new writers. It's the edge phenomena that are getting the least attention, because of the weed-like growth of the commercial center of the field. Most of my career has been spent scouting the edges."

Isn't it a fine thing to have this epicenter of editorial acumen and energy fixed so firmly

at that healthy, that cutting, that vigorous edge? And now, to raise a toast: Long may he scout.

We're all the better for what our scout's brought back.

In Science Fiction we've always revered our editors. To know that SF *has* a history is to know names like Gernsback, Campbell, and Gold. But a whole lot of current SF writers regard David as a kind of hero different from any of these—which is why he's as important to the field as he is. No one else does, so well, so much of what David does, constantly. And what that is combines intense perspicacity, boundless energy, breathless daring, and an astonishing sensitivity to quality in a combination that, for many readers all around the country, is Science Fiction at its best.



*The Year the Indy Died* © 1986, 1987 by William R. Warren, Jr. Originally published in *Analog*, December 1986.

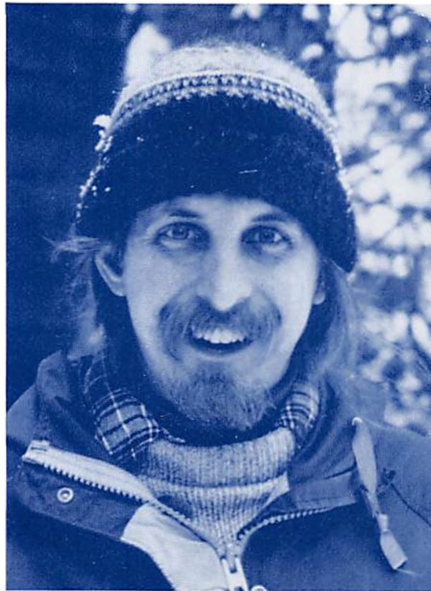
# GUESTS

## OF NORWESCON'S ALTERNACON



Photo by C.N. Brown / Locus Publications

SUSAN ALLISON, a Vice President of the Berkley Publishing Group, is the Editor-in-Chief of SF and Fantasy for Berkley/Ace.



MICHAEL ARMSTRONG's first story was published in 1981 in *F&SF* and his "Going to Arviq," published in the anthology *Afterwar*, was listed in the "1985 Locus Recommended Reading List." He has just completed his first novel, *Prak*, about nukes, blimps and dog sleds.

A teacher at the University of Alaska Anchorage, Michael has also worked on archaeological digs.



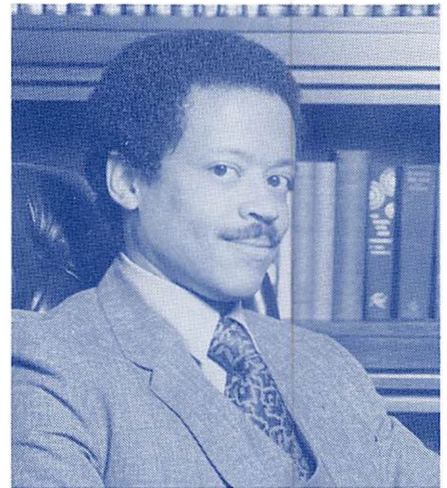
Photo by Gilbert Franco

KEVIN J. ANDERSON is well-known in the small press field, with over 100 publication credits; past president of the Small Press Writers and Artists Organization, and winner of the Dale Donaldson Memorial Award for service to the small press. His work has been published in *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, *Astronomy*, *Dragon*, *Damnations Anthology*, *Cold Sweat: New Masters of Terror* (anthology), and many others. He works as a technical writer for a large research laboratory.

BILL BALDWIN is the author of *The Helmsman* and *Galactic Convoy*. In addition to his books, he has worked in the military in support of Project Mercury, managed the writing group for public relations and technical presentations during the Gemini and Apollo programs, and is currently the Manager of Advanced Software Technology for Xerox in Dallas, Texas.

JOHN BARNES has not been a boxer, sailor, smuggler, spy or gigolo, but he is the author of numerous stories which have appeared in *CoEvolution Quarterly*, *Amazing*, *F&SF*, *Analog* and *Asimov's*. His forthcoming novel, *The Man Who Pulled Down The Sky*, is appearing as a part of the "Isaac Asimov Presents" series.

While supporting himself and his wife doing freelance writing, John is working on a double Masters; MFA in Writing (playwriting) and MA in Drama (directing).



STEVE BARNES has authored a handful of short stories, the SF novels *Streetlethal* and *The Kundalini Equation*, and has co-authored (with Larry Niven) the novels, *Dream Park* and *The Descent of Anansi*. He was a creative consultant for the animated film, *The Secret of NIMH*, and adapted a Stanislaw Lem short story for the Disney Cable Network.

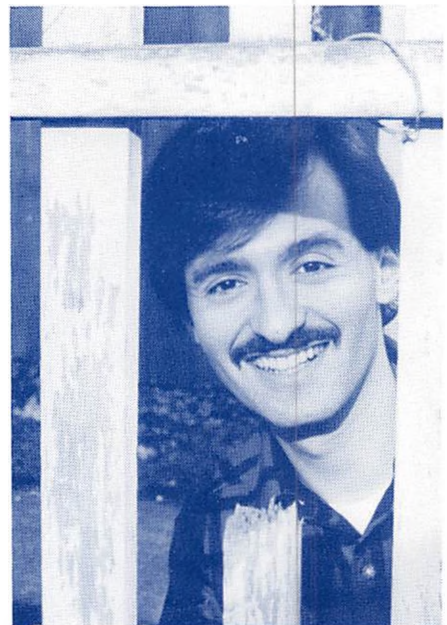


Photo by Deborah Wessell

STEVEN BRYAN BIELER's stories, poems, essays, and shopping lists have appeared in *Asimov's*, *Clinton Street Quarterly*, *CoEvolution Quarterly*, *Dark Horse*, *Heroic Visions*, the *Jewish Transcript*, *New Dimensions*, *New Voices*, *Seattle Review*, and *Unearth*. More are on the way from *Sporting Life* and *Whole Earth Review*. He is currently working on a novel, entitled *I Am Not Leonard Nimoy*.

JAMES P. BLAYLOCK is the author of *The Elfin Ship* and its sequel, *The Disappearing Dwarf*. His novel *The Digging Leviathan* was nominated for last year's Philip K. Dick Award, and his latest, *Homunculus*, is nominated for this year's.

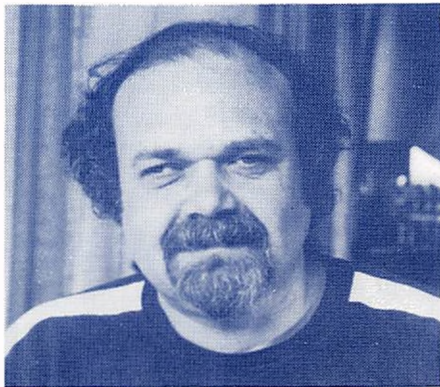


Photo by Rachel E. Holmen / Locus Publications

CHARLES N. BROWN is the editor and publisher of *Locus*, the Newspaper of the Science Fiction Field. *Locus* has won eleven Hugos for Best Fanzine.



Photo by Poul Anderson

MILDRED DOWNEY BROXON has authored *Eric Brighteyes #2: A Witch's Welcome* (as Sigfríour Sleahdaspillir), *The Demon of Scattery* (with Poul Anderson) and *Too Long A Sacrifice*. Her short fiction has appeared in numerous publications, including *FC&SF*, *Isaac Asimov's*, *Vertex*, *Universe 5*, *Chrysalis 2 and 3*, *Faerie!*, *Magic in Ithkar #2*, *Amazing Science Fiction* and will be included in *The Last Dangerous Visions*. Mildred Downey (Bubbles) Broxon lives in Seattle.

GINJER BUCHANAN works for the Berkley Publishing Group.

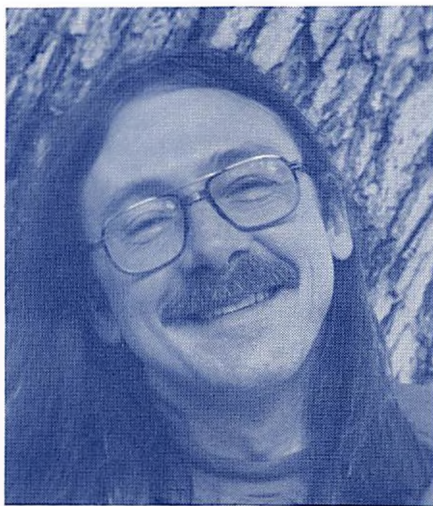


Photo by Karen Coulson

ED BRYANT is hoping to see two books published this year. The first will be *Trilobyte*, a collection of three original short stories planned to be one half of an Axlotl Press double-book backed with a Jim Blaylock short. The other collection will be 31,000 words of all-new fiction in Dark Harvest's *Night Visions 4* to be published in August. The book will contain equivalent contributions by Bryant, Dean Koontz, and Robert McCammon. Then there's his attempt to foist off his spurious opinions on an innocent reading public through his bimonthly book column in *Twilight Zone Magazine* as well as in *Mile High Futures*. It's a living.

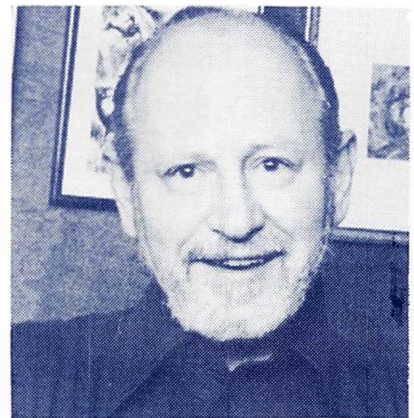


KATHLEEN BUCKLEY, having been published twice under a pseudonym, is working on a novel which she hopes will eventually see print under her own name. Progress has been slightly hindered by her inability to get the chapters to print out consecutively . . .

She loves cats, Oriental rugs, dressing in funny clothes, cooking, writing and Sherlock Holmes. (Well, no, let's be honest: she likes writing when it's going well and she enjoys reading about Holmes. He would probably be too much of a good thing in real life.)



As a pro, ELINOR BUSBY has had a few short stories published. As a fan, she was on the Hugo-winning *Cry* staff, on the 1961 Worldcon committee, and has been Co-Guest at three conventions. She belongs to more apas than is reasonable.



F.M. BUSBY lives in Seattle with his wife Elinor and their cat Ms. His SF books include eight in the universe of Rissa Kerguelen and Bran Tregare, the *Demu Trilogy* in Barton's universe, and *All These Earths* in the multiple universes made possible by the story's "Skip Drive." His three dozen or so shorter works, a number of which will appear soon in his Berkeley collection *Getting Home*, are not readily classifiable.

Buz may have the fine-tuning on *The Breeds of Man*, his latest book for Bantam Spectra, completed by Alternacon time. He certainly hopes so. *Breeds* features some kinds of people you won't have met before, because prior to Chapter 16 they didn't exist.

We asked him if he ever puts real people into his books. "Not anymore," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because when you close the book, they squish."

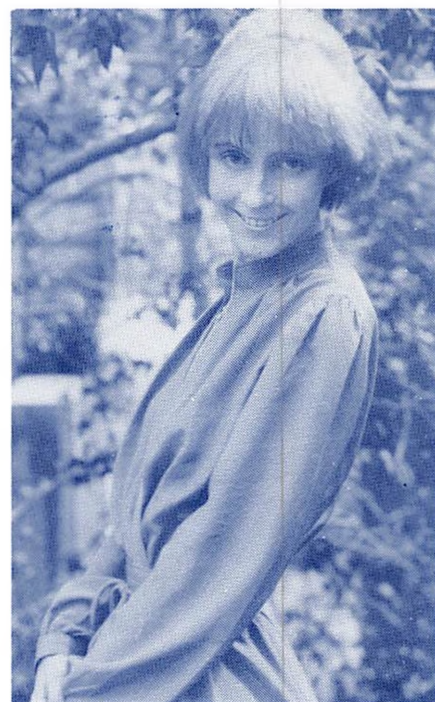
OCTAVIA BUTLER is the author of *Mind of My Mind*, *Patternmaster* and *Clay's Ark*, among others.



MARY CARAKER's first novel *Seven Worlds* was published in September of 1986 by NAL. Her second novel will be published in September of this year by Warner Books, and she has just completed a third. Her short fiction has been published in various periodicals. She makes her home in San Francisco most of the time.



MARY CHOO of Richmond, B.C. has won several awards for her Science Fiction and Fantasy poetry and prose. She has had her poetry published in both Canada and the United States, the most recent in *Scrivener* and the Methuen childrens' anthology, *The Window of Dreams*.



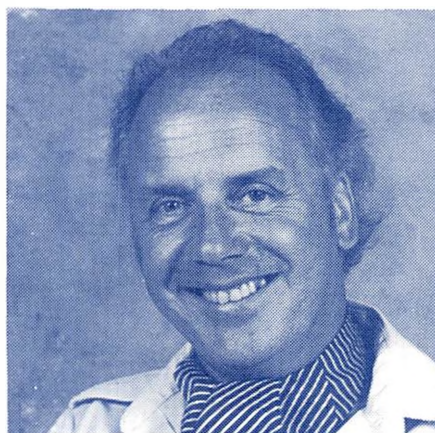
KATHRYN E. CRAMER edits a Supernatural Horror anthology of "house stories" for Arbor House with Peter Pautz and is on the editorial board of *The Little Magazine*. She is a Seattle native and a graduate of Clarion West '84 and is currently living in New York where she attends Columbia University and does freelance work in Science Fiction publishing.



Photo by Cynthia Cassut

MICHAEL CASSUTT is the author of the novel, *The Star Country* and a forthcoming biographical encyclopedia, *Who's Who in Space: The First Twenty-Five Years*, as well as short stories, articles, and scripts for such television series as *Simon & Simon*, *Twilight Zone*, *Max Headroom* and *The Wizard*. He is currently at work on a novel titled *A Prince From Another Land*.

C.S. CLAREMONT is a writer for Marvel Comics.

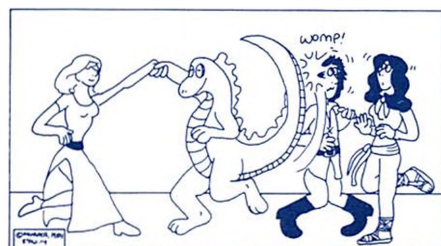


MICHAEL G. CONEY, of Sidney, B.C., has authored the books *Syzygy*, *Monitor Found in Orbit*, *The Jaws That Bite*, *Rax*, *Hero of the Downways*, *Charisma*, *Cat Karina*, *The Celestial Steam Locomotive*, *Gods of the Greataway* and *Fang*, *The Gnome*. He works for the B.C. Forest Service and is Managing Director of a company publishing tourist books and local history.

JULIE CUMMINGS, of the Amaranth Agency, is an artist agent from the Northwest. Agenting for Ilene Meyer, book covers have been commissioned by Baen Books, Bluejay Books, and DAW Books.



JOHN DALMÁS broke into SF with a novel, *The Yngling* (*Analog*, 1969; *Pyramid*, 1971, 1977; and *Tor*, 1984). From 1971 to 1982 he wrote little fiction and sold none of it. Since 1983 he's had more novels published; *The Varkaus Conspiracy*, *Homecoming*, *Scroll of Man*, *Fanglith*, *The Reality Martix* and, with Carl Martin, *Touch the Stars: Emergence*. His short fiction has appeared in *Analog*, *The Saint*, *F&SF*, *Far Frontiers*, *1985 Annual World's Best SF*, *The Science Fiction Yearbook* and *War World*.



Ever Since attending Clarion West in 1984, GREG COX has devoted his life to trivia, vampirism, and writing silly SF stories.

Recent works have appeared in *Asimov's*, *Aboriginal SF*, and, yes, *Plasma Procurement Newsletter*.



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**NICK DiMARTINO** is a playwright living in Seattle. In the last 12 years he has written numerous plays based on classic children's stories and Indian legends for various children's theatres.



**DAVID R. DEITRICK**, after a bewildering combination of college, military service, oil field work and part-time illustration, launched a successful freelance illustration and design career. The bulk of his work has been in the adventure-gaming market, with over 50 game and supplement covers to his credit, primarily for FASA Corporation's *Star Trek* line and GDW's *Traveller* role-playing system.

In 1977 he defied a fate worse than death and married another artist, Lori Howell. They share a studio with their two sons (both budding designers), a cat, a husky, and an Atari 520 ST computer.



**RU EMERSON** is the author of two published books: *The Princess of Flames* and *A Tale of Nedao: To the Haunted Mountains* (both published by Ace Books). She is currently working on two books for young adults based on Celtic and Welsh mythology, a young adult Fantasy, two Science Fiction novels and the third volume of the *Nedao* trilogy. In her spare time, she is trying to hone her skills of the art of short stories—one has been bought by Jane Yolen for inclusion in a volume of werewolf stories for children—so that if someday someone asks her for a submission to a shared world, she can do more than swallow hard, and say, "Thanks, but . . ."

Ru and Doug (aka the Phantom Roommate) live in the hills above Dallas, Oregon. When not working a mundane job or actively engaged in wearing out her Osborne computer, Ru runs an unruly mob of geese, ducks, rabbits, peafowl, cats and a Samoyed, and tries to live up to her half of the bargain she made with Rachel McLish and Gladys Portugues: they will not steal her share of the market of Great Quest Fantasy and she will not go for world class delts.

**GORDON EKLUND** is the author of numerous SF novels, including *All Times Possible*, *Dance of the Apocalypse*, *The Eclipse of Dawn*, *If the Stars Are Gods* (with Gregory Benford) and *Find the Changeling* (with Gregory Benford).

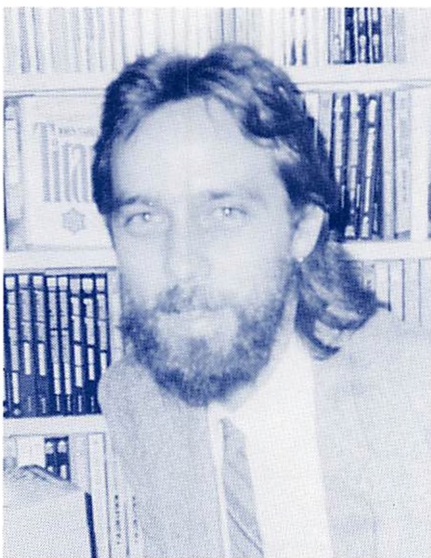


Photo by Roger Camm

**CHARLES de LINT** is the author of *The Riddle of the Wren*, *Moonheart: A Romance*, *The Harp of the Grey Rose*, *Mulengro: A Romany Tale*, *Yarrow: An Autumn Tale*, *The Jack of Kinrowan: A Novel of Urban Faerie*, *Greenmantle* and the chapbook, *Ascian in Rose* from Axolotl Press.

He received the first annual William L. Crawford Award for Best New Fantasy Author of 1984 and served as a judge for the World Fantasy Awards presented in 1986.

Charles lives in Ottawa, Ontario, with his wife MaryAnn Harris, a fiber artist, where he is the proprietor/editor of Triskell Press, a small publishing house that specializes in Fantasy chapbooks and art prints, and publishes *Dragonfields*, a magazine of Fantasy stories.



**WILLIAM C. DIETZ** is a Seattle native, currently working as a television producer-director, and is the author of three novels, *War World*, *Freehold*, and *Imperial Bounty*. *Bounty* is scheduled for release in the spring of 1988.





M.J. ENGH has lived in southern Illinois, Chicago (a different state of being), Oklahoma, the Philippines, and Japan before settling in Pullman, WA. Her novelette "Aurin Tree" is the cover story of the February 1987 *Asimov's*. Her novel *Arslan*, first published in 1976 as a Warner paperback, is scheduled for hardcover publication by Arbor House in May; and a children's Fantasy, *The House in the Snow*, is to be published by Orchard Books this fall.

She has just finished the first volume of a historical trilogy entitled *The Womb of God*, set in the 5th century A.D.



Photo by Craig Peterson

ELTON ELLIOTT is the co-author (with Richard E. Geis) of *The Sword of Allah*, *The Burnt Lands*, *The Norris Rebellion*, and *Master File* (all published under the pseudonym 'Richard Elliott'). Elton has completed the solo novels, *No Man's Land* and *Starcombers*.

A Judge for this year's Philip K. Dick Award, RAYMOND E. FEIST is the author of *Magician: Apprentice*, *Magician: Master*, *Silverthorn*, and most recently *A Darkness at Sethanon*.

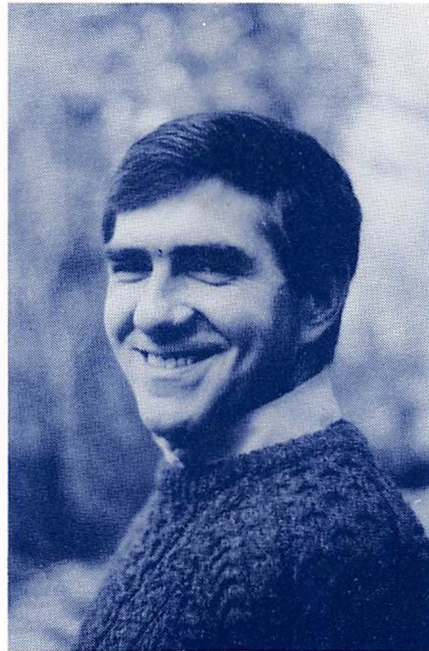


Photo by Patrice McSherry-Fergusson

BRUCE FERGUSSON's first novel, *The Shadow of His Wings*, was published in February by Arbor House, and has been nominated for a Nebula Award. Avon has acquired the paperback rights and Headline Publishers of England will do the British edition.

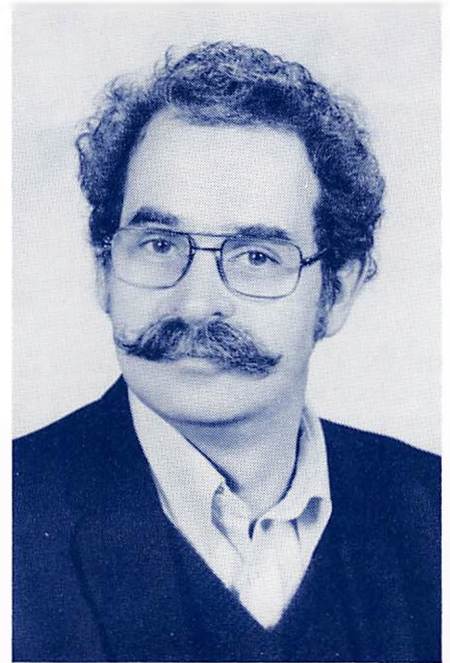
Bruce is currently halfway through writing *Amala's Mace*, a novel set in the same world as *Shadow*, though not a sequel.

Together with Steven Bryan Bieler and others, he is editing *The Seventh Week*, the newsletter of Clarion West.

His wife, Patrice McSherry, recently gave birth to their first child. They make their home in Seattle.

KAREN JOY FOWLER's first story was published just two years ago and she has had many more appear in the interim, including one in a publication from Writers of the Future. "The Lake Was Full of Artificial Things" was reprinted in Gardner Dozois' best of '85 collection, and Terry Carr reprinted "Praxis" in his selection of the year's best. Her collection of short stories, *Artificial Things*, published by Bantam, is nominated for this year's Philip K. Dick Award.

A student of Kim Stanley Robinson, Karen lives in Davis, California.



JIM FISCUS worked for ten years as a photographer and photojournalist in Portland, Oregon between periods of academic work. His main areas of interest are international relations, military affairs and intelligence, with a regional emphasis on Asia and the Middle East. As a graduate student, he taught military history for two years at Portland State University, concentrating on the relationship between tactics and changing technology. He has just finished most of the work on an MA thesis in history, dealing with gun-running in Arabia. That research is being put to use as the basis of an SF novel.

Islam, and it's role in the Iran-Iraq war, is at the center of his SF story "A Time of Martyrs" in the anthology *There Will be War, Volume V*.



Photo by Barbara Huntingdon-Ebright



STEVEN A. GALLACCI is the owner of Thoughts & Images, which publishes *Albedo*, *Anthropomorphics*—a “funny animal” Science Fiction comic book, and *Zell, Sworddancer*—a Sword & Sorcery series. He is also active in local fandom as a sometime-slave artist for *Westwind* and the *Norwescon Program Book*. Steve exhibits his art at most West Coast conventions.



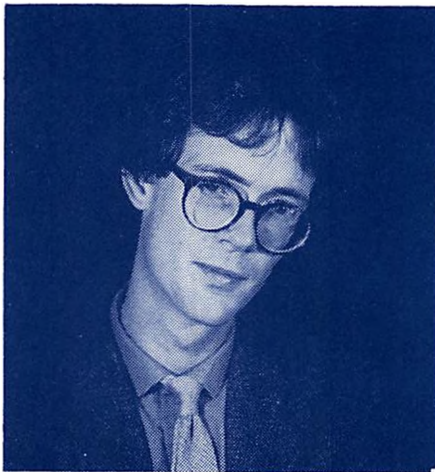
Photo by S.L.G.

STEVE GILLETT is a consulting geologist and sometime science writer who has published articles in *Analog*, *Astronomy*, *Amazing*, *Asimov's* and a number of technical journals. He now lives in Ellensburg and is active in the L-5 Society.



Photo by John D. Berry

EILEEN GUNN has had stories published in *Amazing* and in the anthologies *Proteus* and *Tales By Moonlight*. She lives in Seattle and writes more slowly than she ought.



STEPHEN GOLDIN is the author of the novels *And Not Make Dreams Your Master*, *Assault on the Gods*, *The Eternity Brigade*, *Mindflight* and *A World Called Solitude*, to name a few. He has also written *The Business of Being a Writer* with Kathleen Sky.



JON GUSTAFSON has been active in fandom for twelve years, primarily in the Northwest. He attended his first con in 1975 (the Oakland Westercon) and has been a member of sixty more since then. He entered fan pubbing by writing a column of art criticism for Dick Geis' *SFR* in 1974 and soon after was co-editing a fanzine (*New Venture*). He also wrote a column on SF art for Mike Glyer's *File 770*. In 1977, he wrote a history of Science Fiction illustration which appeared in Brian Ash's *The Visual Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*. That led to doing over 50 artists' biographies for Peter Nicholl's *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*



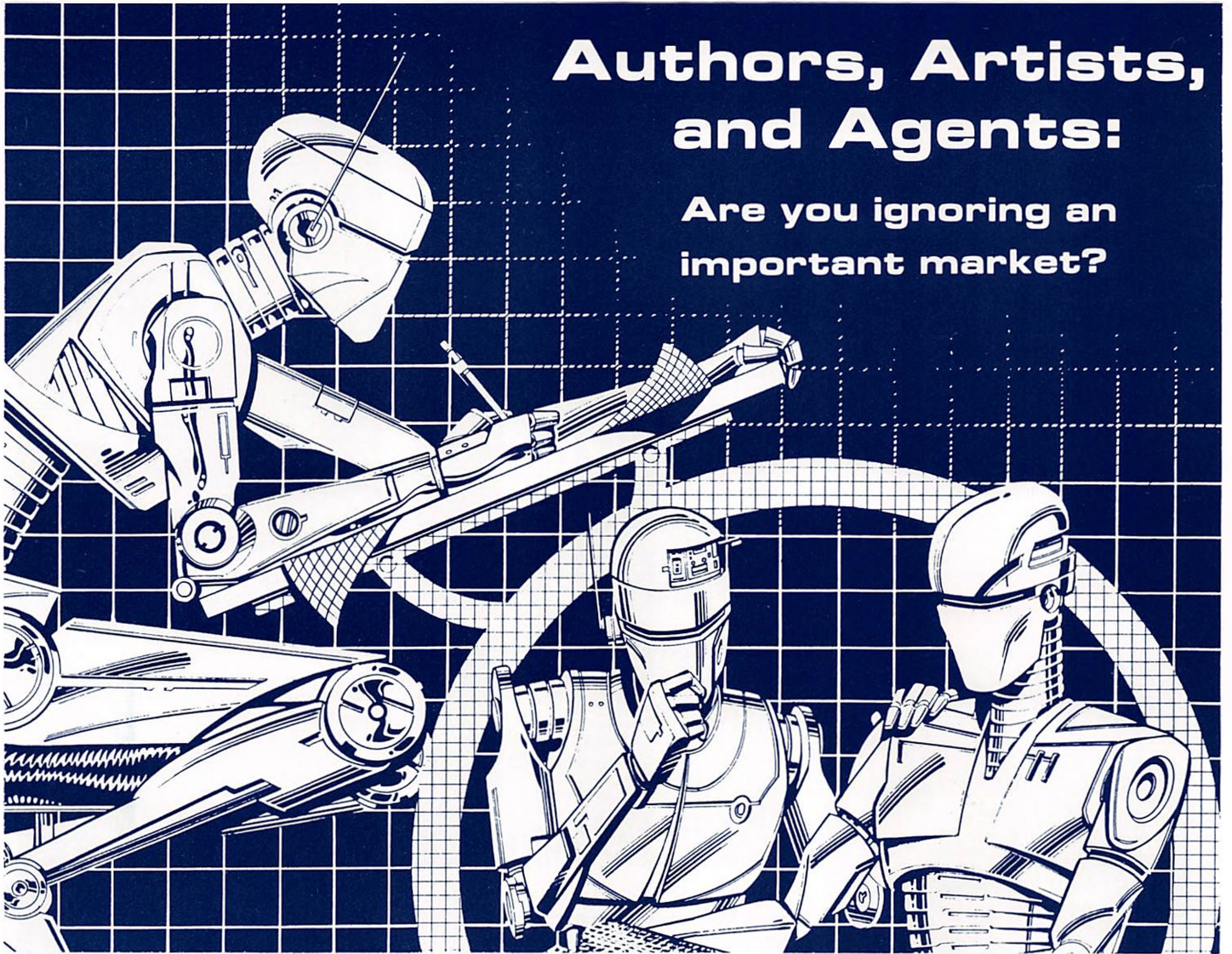
Photo by Ed Manges

SHERRY M. GOTTLIEB is the owner of the world's oldest and largest SF bookstore, *A Change of Hobbit*, in Santa Monica, California.



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and two articles on SF/Fantasy art for the *Starlog Science Fiction Yearbook*, edited by David Gerrold and David Truesdale. In 1981, he began writing a monthly book review column for NWSFS' clubzine, *Westwind*, which continues to the present. He has been Fan Guest of Honor at V-Con 9 and Spokon 1, and Toastmaster at NonCon 5. Active in Northwest con activities, he has run programming for Norwescon 6 and was in charge of the art show for the 1984 Portland Westercon. He chaired MosCons 3, 4 and 7, and was one of the founding members of PESFA, MosCon, and Writer's Bloc (the Moscow Moffia). In 1983, he started JMG Appraisals, the first professional SF/Fantasy art appraisal service.

Jon's first fiction work appeared in the *Writers of the Future, Volume II* anthology and his first book, *CHROMA: The Art of Alex Schomburg*, is currently on the stands. He is currently writing articles for James Gunn's new SF encyclopedia, working on a book on the life and art of Jack Gaughan, writing fiction, and involved with the Moscow Moffia writer's group.

Trilogy (*Time of the Dark, The Walls of Air, The Armies of Daylight*, the latter two of which were nominated for Nebula Awards), the Fantasies *The Ladies of Mandrigyn* and *Dragonsbane*, and the Star Trek novel, *Ishmael*.



**JOHN HEDTKE** has been an amateur radio operator since 1984 and an award-winning technical writer specializing in Documenting Software Applications.

John works for COSPRO, a private research firm owned and operated by his wife, Patricia. Together they raise cats, fancy goldfish and a cockatiel.



**ELISSA HAMILTON**, writing as Elissa Malchon, has had her fiction and poetry published in over thirty publications. She currently is the editor of *Star\*Line*.



Born in San Diego in August of 1951, **BARBARA HAMBLY** began composing stories at the age of four, mildly frustrated because she hadn't learned the alphabet yet in order to write. Alone among her contemporaries, many of whom are in their forties and still don't know what they want to be when they grow up, she always knew—only everyone told her it was impossible to break into the field, so she had to think of something else. After trying careers as waitress, model, high school teacher, karate instructor, professional graduate student, clerk at an all-night liquor store, and technical editor, she returned to her original career as a writer, got a book published, and hasn't done an honest day's work since.

Her books include the Fantasy Darwath

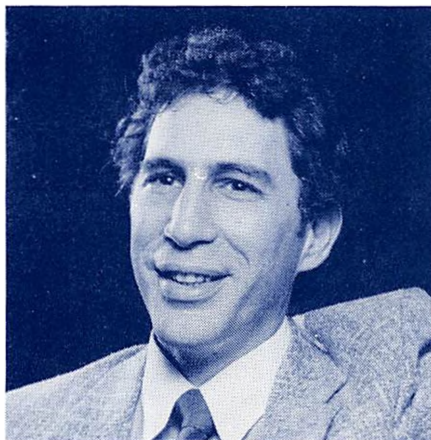


Photo by Beth Gwinn

**FRED HARRIS** of Author Services, Inc., represents L. Ron Hubbard's Science Fiction works as well as the works of some new authors. He is the host of the award winning cable TV show, *L. Ron Hubbard's To The Stars*, which features interviews with personalities from the sciences and Science Fiction.

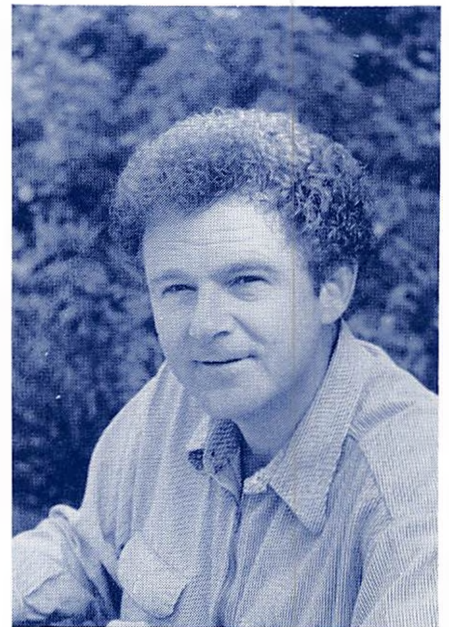
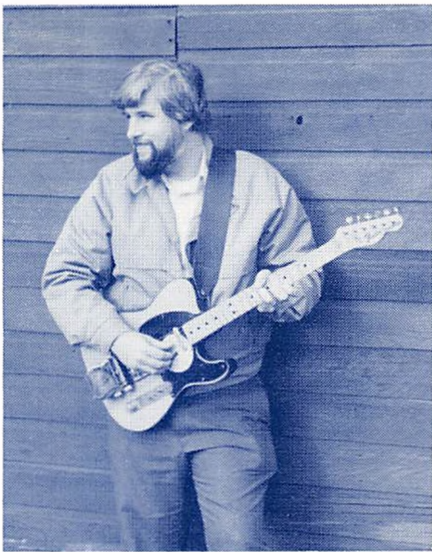


Photo by Janaya Herbert

**BRIAN HERBERT** is the author of *Sudanna*, *Sudanna*, the widely acclaimed satirical SF novel, and the SF novels *Sidney's Comet* and *The Garbage Chronicles*. His novel, *Man of Two Worlds* (co-authored with his father Frank Herbert), was published by Putnam in 1986 and *Prisoners of Arionn* will be published this spring by Arbor House. Brian has also authored two humor books and is currently working on another novel and a history book.



RANDY "TARKAS" HOAR's art has appeared in numerous Science Fiction and Fantasy magazines including *Rod Serling's Twilight Zone Magazine* and *Heavy Metal*. He has done airbrush paintings for various computer magazines and game companies and is currently producing art for a national greeting card company, his own card company, a video game, a sardonic nursery rhyme book, and is collaborating on a plush toy and book, as well as painting for art exhibitions and marketing his own prints. For a change of pace, Randy does marketing consultations.

His art designs will soon be appearing on a bag from Bloomingdale's and T-shirts produced for the Alaskan tourist trade.



Photo © 1987 by N.K. Hoffman

NINA KIRIKI HOFFMAN's short fiction has appeared in several anthologies, among them Damon Knight's *Clarion Awards*, Algis Budrys' *Writers of the Future*, Jessica Amanda Salmonson's *Tales By Moonlight*, and Charles L. Grant's anthologies *Shadows 8* and *Greystone*

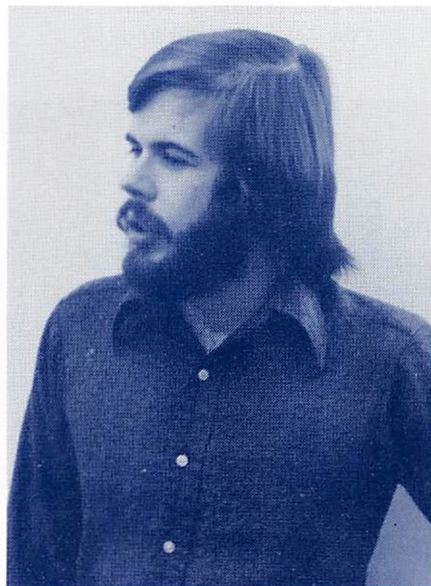
Bay. She has stories forthcoming in Grant's next two anthologies as well.

Her work has also appeared in such magazines as *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *Kalliope*, *Concept*, *Snapdragon*, *The Argonaut*, and *Fantasy & Terror*.



Photo by Tyson Greer

MARILYN J. HOLT recently concentrated her efforts on fiction writing, business reorganization and the ongoing battle against entropy. She writes science fiction, mysteries, non-genre fiction, poetry and criticism, but owes close friends several years of correspondence. She is a member of the Clarion West Science Fiction Writer's Workshop committee, and was Co-Director of Clarion West for two years. Her published non-fiction work includes critical studies of fiction by Joanna Russ, Rudyard Kipling, and Gertrude Atherton. She belongs to Science Fiction Writers of America and Mystery Writers of America.



STEVE JACKSON is the designer of "Car Wars," "Ogre," "Illuminati," and the GURPS roleplaying system.



Photo by Jack Mattson

PHYLLIS ANN KARR is the author of the Fantasy novels *Frostflower and Thorn*, *Frostflower and Windbourne*, *Wildraith's Last Battle*, *Idylls of the Queen*, and *The Amberleaf Fair*. She has authored several Regency novels and a series of mysteries set in the 21st Century.



EILEEN KERNAGHAN has published two bronze-age Fantasy novels: *Journey to Aprilioth* (Ace 1980), and *Songs from the Drowned Lands* (Ace 1983), which won the 1983/84 Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award. The third book in the trilogy, *Sarsen Witch*, is forthcoming from Ace.

She is also the co-author of *The Upper Left-Hand Corner: A Writer's Guide for the Northwest* (International Self-Counsel Press, 3rd edition 1986).

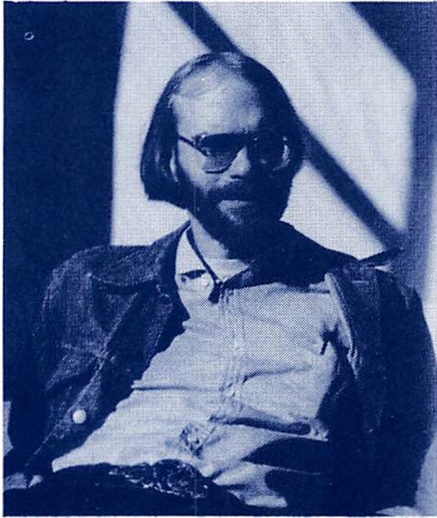
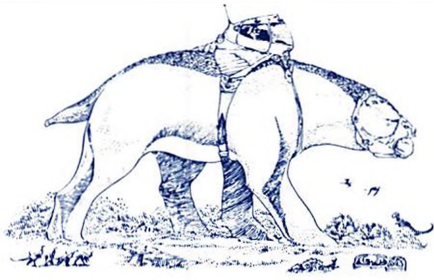


Photo by S.R. Jacobsen

**JAMES KILLUS** is the author of *The Book of Shadows* and *Sunsmoke*.



**KATHARINE ELISKA KIMBRIEL**, following the hallowed tradition of writers, has pursued the prerequisite itinerant occupations of research aide, gold caster, janitor, baby sitter, screenwriter and sales clerk, before becoming a technical writer.

She is the author of *Fire Sanctuary* published under the Questar imprint by Warner Books, and has had a story purchased by Jane Yolen for her upcoming anthology of werewolf tales.



**MICHAEL P. KUBE-McDOWELL's** short fiction has appeared "everywhere but *Omni* (drat, heck, grimace)," including the anthologies *Perpetual Light* and *Aliens and Outworlders*. Three of his stories have been adapted as episodes of the Horror-Fantasy television series *Tales From the Darkside*.

His books include *Emprise*, *After the Flames*, and *Enigma*. *Emprise*, his first novel, was a finalist for the 1986 Philip K. Dick Award; *Newsday* called it "reminiscent of Arthur C. Clarke at his best." Scheduled for publication in 1987 are *Empery*, the final book in the "Trigon Disunity" future history, and *Odyssey*, the first book in the "Isaac Asimov's Robot City" series.

A native of Philadelphia, Michael now resides in the Lansing, Michigan area.



**KOLLA BRUNHILD LAWSON** is an artists' representative, and a founding member of Northern Lights, a Northwest artists' co-op. She is also an art buyer, critic and collector.



**MEGAN LINDHOLM** is the author of *Harpy's Flight*, *The Windsingers*, *The Limbreth Gate* and *Wizard of the Pigeons*. She has just completed a manuscript with the working title of *Herd-lord's Healer*, and is currently at work on a retelling of *Rumpelstiltskin*.

Megan and her husband live in Roy, Washington where they raise ducks, geese, chickens and pigeons.



**JACK McDEVITT's** first novel, *The Hercules Text* (Ace) is nominated for this year's Philip K. Dick Award.



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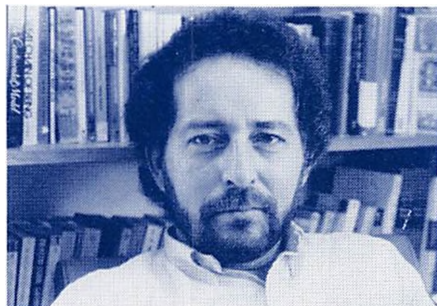
VONDA N. McINTYRE has received two Nebula Awards and a Hugo Award for her SF. She has authored the novels *The Exile Waiting*, *The Entropy Effect* and *Enterprise: The First Adventure* (Star Trek novels), *Superluminal* and three Star Trek novelizations, *The Wrath of Khan*, *The Search for Spock* and *Star Trek IV: A Collection of her short fiction, Fireflood and Other Stories*, has also been published.



CHRISTINE MANSFIELD is an artist currently residing in Nuevo, CA. Christine has had no formal art training and did not draw or consider herself an artist until after attending her first SF convention and art show in 1980. Once started, drawing became an addiction and livelihood. In addition to selling her art at conventions and by mail order, she works as a computer-assisted drafting technician.



ILENE MEYER is a Seattle gallery artist specializing in fantasy and surrealism, who has turned her hand to book cover illustration in the last few years. Since the initial showing of her work at Westercon and Worldcon in 1984, she has done covers for DAW Books, Baen Books and Bluejay Books. More works are in progress.



TOM MADDOX, a beginning middle-aged teacher driven by apprehension of the void, began to write while living in Olympia, Washington, where he was given welcome encouragement by Bill Gibson. *Omni* published his first two stories, "The Mind Like a Strange Balloon" and "Snake Eyes" and has purchased two more, "The Robot and the One You Love" and "Angel." He most recently sold a story, "Spirit of the Night," to *Asimov's*, and his story "Snake Eyes" has been announced to appear in Gardner Dozois' *The Year's Best Science Fiction, Fourth Annual Collection* and the French anthology, *Univers*.

He is currently working on a novel which continues his fascination with machine intelligence and the evolution of desire.

Tom, a sometimes blues guitarist, bookseller and college teacher, lives in Virginia with his wife, son, and The Cat with No Name.



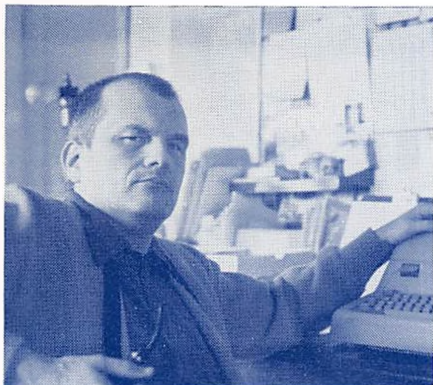
Photo by N.K. Hoffman

CYN MASON has been published in *Asimov's* and *SF Chronicle*. She lives in Seattle.

MARY MASON has done reaserch for writers and created the fictional drug for Steve Barnes' best-seller *Streetlethel*. Mary likes to disect brains for fun and has taught brain anatomy labs at colleges and conventions.



VICKI MITCHELL has been involved in Science Fiction for ten years. She joined PESFA in 1977 and soon became one of the core members of the group. She is one of the founding members of MosCon and Writer's Bloc (the Moscow Moffia). She has been Treasurer of MosCons 1, 2, 5, 6, and 7, the Art Show Director for MosCon 4, Membership Chair of MosCon 3, and Assistant Art Show Director at the 1984 Portland Westercon. Well known in costuming circles, she has won prizes at many Northwest conventions for her designs. In 1986, she won the *Amazing Stories* Calendar Story Contest. She is currently working on her second novel. Vicki is married to Jon Gustafson, and is owned by a large, rather silly dog.



**RAY FARADAY NELSON**, a former computer programmer, has been active in Science Fiction, Detective Fiction, and SF fandom for over twenty years. His first SF novel, *The Ganymede Takeover* was co-authored with Philip K. Dick and published in 1967, and Ray was the recipient of the Philip K. Dick Award in 1983.

As a fan artist, he is credited with the invention of the propeller beanie.

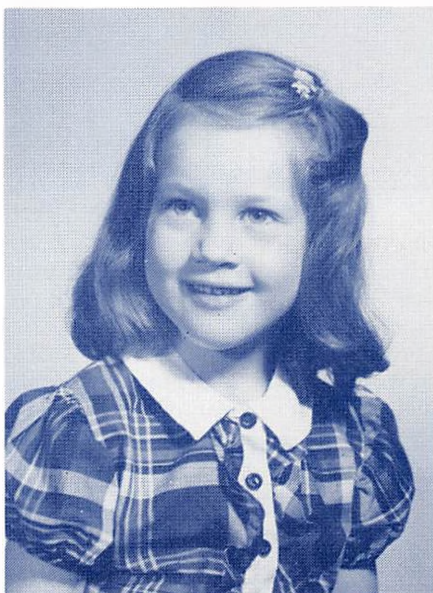


Photo by Calvin Heyn

**SHARAN NEWMAN** has finished her Guinevere trilogy (*Guinevere*, *The Chessboard Queen*, *Guinevere Evermore*), and they are all now available in trade paperback. She doesn't even want to think about King Arthur now and is working on something completely different. She will be happy to discuss eunuchs, demons, Basques, or Eighth Century trade routes. The above picture is the best ever taken of her and she sees no reason to advertise the ravages of time.

**DEBBIE NOTKIN** is a book reviewer for *Locus*, and co-owner of The Other Change of Hobbit Bookstore, in Berkeley, California.



Photo by The American Cancer Society

**DR. ALAN E. NOURSE** was trained as a physician but has amassed a substantial record as an author. His SF works include *Trouble on Titan*, *Rocket to Limbo*, *Scavengers in Space*, *Raiders from the Rings*, *The Universe Between*, *Psi High and Others*, *Bladerunner* (no relation to the movie plot) and *The Fourth Horseman*. Dr. Nourse has also written an impressive number of adult and juvenile works of non-fiction. He was President of the Science Fiction Writers of America for 1968-69. Dr. Nourse lives in Thorp, Washington.

**RICH O'DONNELL** has had his artwork grace the covers of William Gibson's *Count Zero* and Michael Swanick's *Vacuum Flowers* (both published by Arbor House). He lives on Bainbridge Island.

**CLAUDIA O'KEEFE** will be the first woman writer to have a novel published as part of the new Ace Specials.



Photo by Kathy Oltion

**JERRY OLTION** was born two weeks before Sputnik went up, in a town called Story. This may or may not have influenced his decision to become a Science Fiction writer, but that has been his goal for as long as he can remember. In more recent years he has had several stories published in *Analog*, and his first novel, *Frame of Reference*, is just out from Questar. He lives in Cody, Wyoming, with his wife, Kathy, and two cats.

**SUSAN PALWICK** is a 1985 graduate of Clarion West. She has sold fiction and poetry to *Asimov's* and *Amazing*, and is a poetry editor of *The Little Magazine* in New York City.



**TED PEDERSON** is Story Editor/Associate Producer on the animated Science Fiction series, *Centurions*, and has written over 100 TV scripts for such classics as *The Bionic Woman*, *Flash Gordon*, *Spiderman*, *G.I. Joe* and *The Smurfs*. He has completed two computer books (non-fiction) and is currently working on a computer thriller (fiction). He lives in Venice, California with an assortment of computers, cats and (one) wife.

**RAY PELLEY** is a full-time artist and screen printer living in Seattle. Ray is a Dharmic Engineer.



Photo by Rick Hawes

STEVE PERRY has had stories published in *Omni*, *F&SF*, *Galaxy*, *Pulpsmith*, *Wings*, *Stardate*, *Other Worlds 1*, *Publisher's Weekly* and many others. His novels include *The Tularemia Gambit*, *Civil War Secret Agent*, *The Man Who Never Missed*, *Matadora*, *The Machiavelli Interface* and *Conan The Fearless*. He has also co-authored *Sword of the Samurai*, *Hellstar* and *Dome* with Michael Reaves.

The coming year will see the publication of *Conan the Defiant* and again with Michael Reaves, *The Omega Cage*. Perry and Reaves have also written three screenplays for the animated series *Centurians*, and four episodes of *The Real Ghostbusters* to be aired this fall.



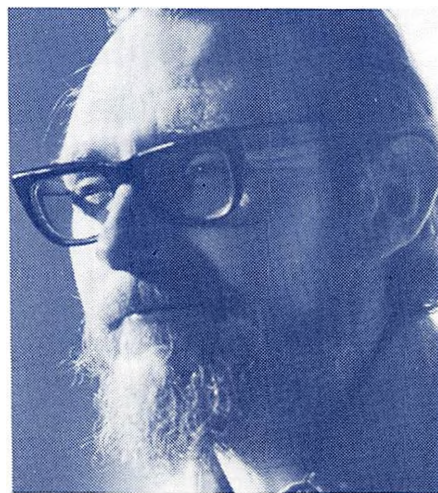
RICHARD PINI, of Poughkeepsie, NY, co-authors, with Wendy Pini (his wife), the popular fantasy comic *Elfquest*. He is currently editing and publishing half a dozen new titles for the WaRP Graphics line (including *A Distant Soil* and *Thunderbunny*), and is acting as the executive producer on the *Elfquest* animated film, which Wendy is co-directing.

Things are more like they are now than they have ever been before.



JONATHAN V. POST has earned, with his non-fiction writing, nearly one million dollars from the Air Force and NASA. This, however, all went to his employer, Boeing Aerospace Company. Over 100 works of fiction, textbooks, speculative science, poetry, and miscellany have appeared in such loci as *Omni*, *Scientific American*, *Time*, *Focus*, *AIEEE*, *Wild Fennel*, *Wind Chimes*, *The Space River Anthology*, and *Rigel*.

TIM POWERS is the author of *The Skies Discrowned*, *Epitaph in Rust*, *The Drawing of the Dark*, *Forsake the Sky*, and the Philip K. Dick Award winners *The Anubis Gates* and *Dinner at Deviant's Palace*. Tim, wanting to give others a chance, is a judge rather than a nominee for this year's PKD Award.



A philosophy professor at Western Washington University, RICHARD PURTILL has written books on ethics, the philosophy of religion, logic, Tolkien and C.S. Lewis. He has written the Fantasy novels, *Golden Gryphon Feathers*, *The Stolen Goddess*, *The Mirror of Helen* and *The Parallel Man*. He has also written an SF murder mystery, *Murdercon*.

MICHAEL REAVES is the author of the novels *Dragonworld* (with Byron Preiss), *Darkworld Detective*, and has had short fiction published in *F&SF*, *Universe* and *Weird Heroes*. He has also written numerous TV scripts.

Michael and Steve Perry are the co-authors of *Hellstar* and the recently published *Dome*. This year will see the publication of their novel *The Omega Cage*. They have also written episodes of the animated series *Centurians* and *The Real Ghostbusters* and the as yet unproduced screenplays, *The Tularemia Gambit*, *The Hollywood Ops* and *Hellstar*.

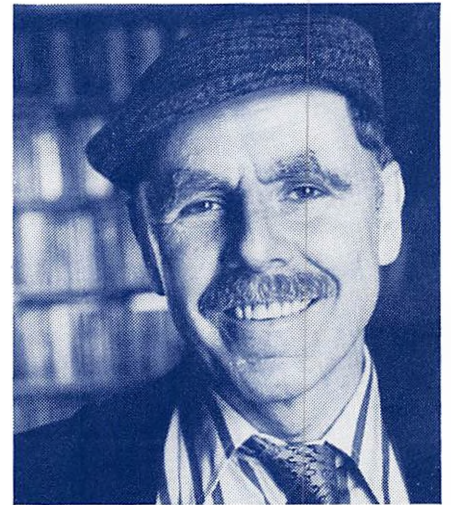


Photo by Jenny Bauer

FRANK ROBINSON is the author of *The Power* and *A Life in the Day of . . .* In collaboration with Thomas N. Scortia he has authored *The Prometheus Crisis* and *The Gold Crew*.

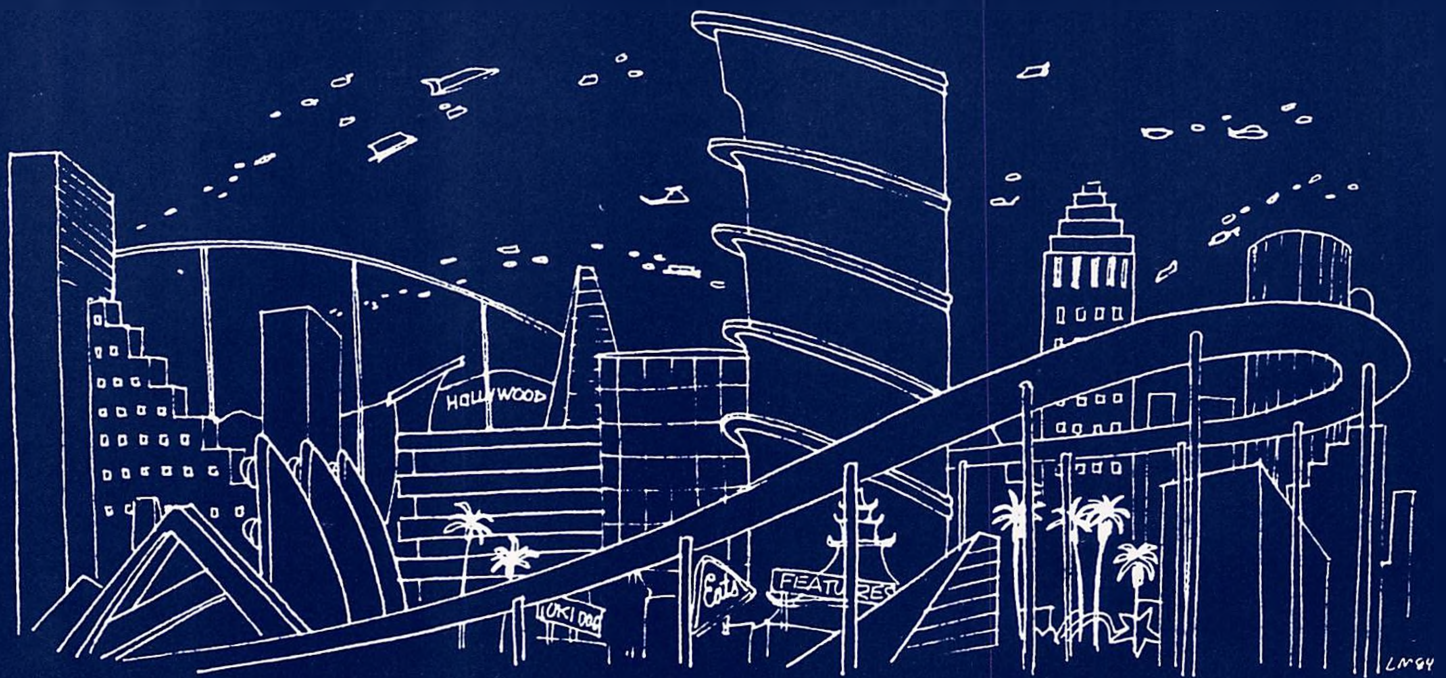
Just published is the novel *Blowout!*, (Franklin Watts) begun by Scortia before his death, and completed by Robinson.



RHEA ROSE, resident of Vancouver, BC, and 1984 Clarion West graduate, has had a story selected by Judith Merrill, for the anthology *Tesseracts*, a collection of Canadian fiction.

# LOS ANGELES

IN THE YEAR 2000



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Photo by Sally Wies

RICHARD PAUL RUSSO is a graduate of the 1983 Clarion SF Writing Workshop. In the last year he has sold short stories to *Asimov's*, *F&SF*, to Jack Dann and Jeanne Van Buren Dann for their *In the Fields of Fire* anthology, and *Twilight Zone Magazine*. He has also sold his first two novels to Tor Books; the first, *Inner Eclipse*, is due out later in 1987; the second is currently in progress.



Photo by Ileen Weber

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON is the author of *Tomoe Gozen*, *The Golden Naginata*, *The Swordsman* and *Ou Lu Khen and the Beautiful Madwoman*. Jessica has also edited a number of important anthologies including *Amazons!*, *Amazons II*, *Heroic Visions* and *Tales by Moonlight*. Her short stories have appeared in dozens of magazines and anthologies of both heroic Fantasy and Horror. Not being a Science Fiction fan, Jessica is more interested in promoting classic and classic-style Fantasy and Horror.

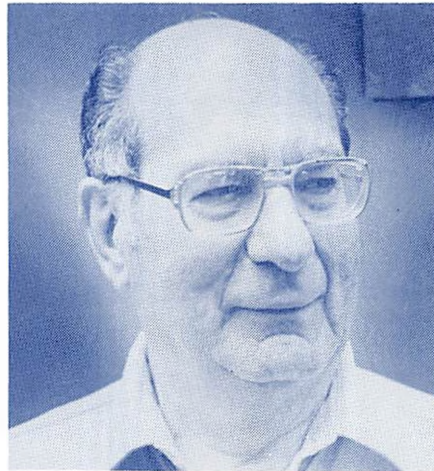


Photo © 1987 by Jay Kay Klein

Since Norwescon 9, "Peripatetic Julie" (as dubbed by Charlie Brown in *Locus*), JULIUS SCHWARTZ has conventioned at the Nebula Awards in Oakland, I-Con V (as Comics Guest of Honor), Chicago Comics Convention, Pulpcon, Atlanta Fantasy Fair, San Diego Comicon, Confederation (where Ray Bradbury presented him with the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award), 12th World Fantasy Convention, Philcon, Forrest J. Ackerman's 70th Birthday Banquet, and Loscon XIII. Scheduled for 1987: Chattacon XII, Sercon, Boskone 24, Lunacon 30 and full-circling it at Norwescon's Alternacon.

\*Whew!\*

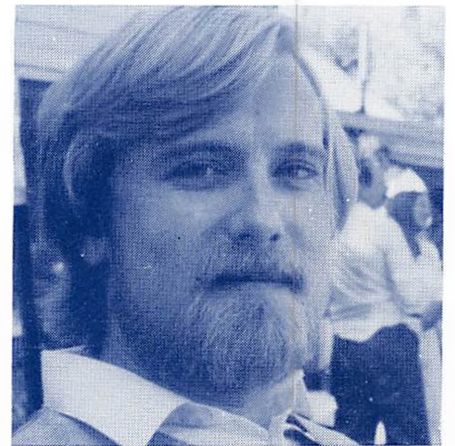


CAROL SEVERANCE is a Hawaii-based writer currently spending the year in Mountlake Terrace with her family. Her background includes academic degrees and civilian employment in both art and journalism, and she has worked as a photographer, an English (as a second language) teacher, and a mausoleum florist. In 1984 she attended Clarion West and, despite her claim to be a Science Fiction writer, has since sold Fantasy stories to *Magic in Ithkar #4*, *The Twilight Kingdom*, and *Tales Out of Witch World I* and *IV*. She recently completed an SF novel titled *Generation 13* and has another novel underway.



A Seattle native, MARK a. SKULLERUD has studied art at Seattle Community College and WWU and has had private instruction under Gene Connelly. As an illustrator/designer for a nation-wide design firm, he has done domestic and commercial architectural illustration and illustrations for layouts of jet interiors.

Recipient of many convention art show awards, including Best of Show at Norwescon 9 and Best Science Fiction Artist for the best body of SF work at Rustycon 4, Mark has had his work shown on KING-TV's *Good Company* as part of a presentation of Science Fiction in the Northwest, featuring Frank Herbert.



DAVE SMEDS is the author of *The Sorcery Within* (Ace Books), and its sequel, *The Talisman of Alemar*. He has sold short fiction to *Asimov's*, *In The Fields of Fire*, *Far Frontiers*, *Sword & Sorceress*, mens magazines, and *Faeron Education*, among others. His first published work, "Dragon Touched", appeared in the anthology *Dragons of Light*, and has been reprinted in the Netherlands, Finland, and Poland. Though best known for his high Fantasy, his fiction runs the gamut from hard SF to contemporary Fantasy and Horror.

Dave is married and has recently become a father. He lives in Cotati, California. In addition to being a writer he is a second-degree black belt in Goju-ryu karate and a graphic artist.



DEAN WESLEY SMITH has sold over a dozen short stories to such varied publications as *OUI*; *Writers of the Future*, Vol 1; *Gem*; *Gambling Times*; *The Horror Show*; and both the winter and spring issues of *Night Cry*; as well as others.



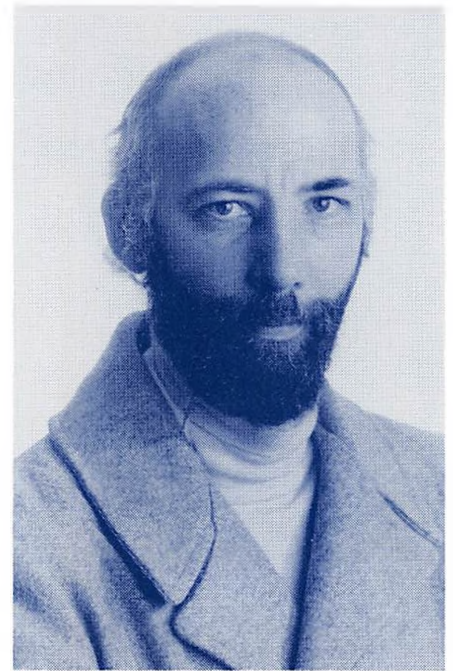
SARA STAMEY just returned to the Northwest from the Virgin Islands, where she was teaching Scuba and recuperating from surgery on the wrong leg. (Left knee, right?) She draws on her experience as a former nuclear reactor control operator in her SF novel *Wild Card Run*. It's due out this spring from Berkley, with a sequel following soon. She recently finished a novel with a Caribbean setting and is now at work on another SF project.

BRYNNE STEPHEN is the author of the novel, *The Dream Palace*.



TERRY TAFOYA is a traditional Native American Storyteller, Fiction writer, and Professor of Psychology. As a Family Therapist for the Interpersonal Clinic at Harborview Community Mental Health Center in Seattle and Sr. Staff and Clinical Supervisor for the UW Medical School, he uses storytelling as part of the healing process.

A National Humanities Scholar, Terry was a NW nominee for *Esquire's* 1985 Registry for Under 40 Leaders of National Impact.



BRUCE TAYLOR has had stories published in *New Dimensions 9 & 10* (ed. Robert Silverberg), the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and *Matrix* (creative writing supplement of the *University of Washington Daily*.) He was featured reader at the 1981 Bumbershoot festival in Seattle. His material has been translated into German by UTOPROP Literary Art Agency and he has had stories appear in *Tele-Match* and *Science Fiction Jahrbuch 1985* (Moewig). He had a story accepted for publication in Germany in December, a story in the August 1986 publication *Image*, sponsored by the Seattle Arts Commission. He will have a story that will be in a future anthology published by Globe Publishing (Seattle). His current goal(s): keep right on publishing and working on several non-Science Fiction novels.

Bruce spent the summer of 1986 traveling in Europe and was writer in residence at Shakespeare and Company, Paris and while there, was filmed by NBC as he gave a reading of his short stories. He will have a short story appearing in *Night Cry* (published by *Twilight Zone*) in September.

LYNNE TAYLOR, co-owner of Northwest Fine Arts Press, has worked for various art agencies and has served as Art Director for a printing firm and two national outdoor magazines. Lynne has sold her art at SF conventions, galleries and restaurants.



Aside from hooking for the Dusty Lintils Women's Rugby Club, fathering a chicken, and spending an unchaperoned evening on a remote Antarctic research station with 20 men who hadn't seen a woman for over 2 years, nothing of any interest has ever happened to AMY THOMSON. This shy and retiring woman's bad habits include dressing up in penguin suits, bad Fred Astaire imitations, and writing short fiction reviews for *Locus*.

KRISTINE K. THOMPSON has had non-fiction work in *Entrepreneur*, *Consumers' Research* and *Publishers Weekly*; and fiction in *Pulpsmith*, *Fantasy Book*, *Space and Time*, *Owlflight* and other small press publications.

In 1987 her writings will appear under the name Kristine Kathryn Rusch. Her story "Sing" is in the February/March issue of *Aboriginal SF* and more of her fiction will appear in *Amazing* later this year.



WILLIAM R. WARREN has had his art published in the Ballantine *Star Trek Concordance*, *T Minus 10* and *Counting* and *Analog*. William did the cover illustration for *Analog* that inaugurated the serialization of Fredrik Pohl's *The Coming of the Quantum Cats*.

FRANKLIN WATTS is the publisher of Franklin Watts Books.



Photo by Steven Bryan Bieler

DEBORAH WESSELL, a Seattle librarian and business writer, has had a story published in *Seattle Review*, as well as a dreadful sentence in the Bulwer-Lytton anthology of bad opening lines.



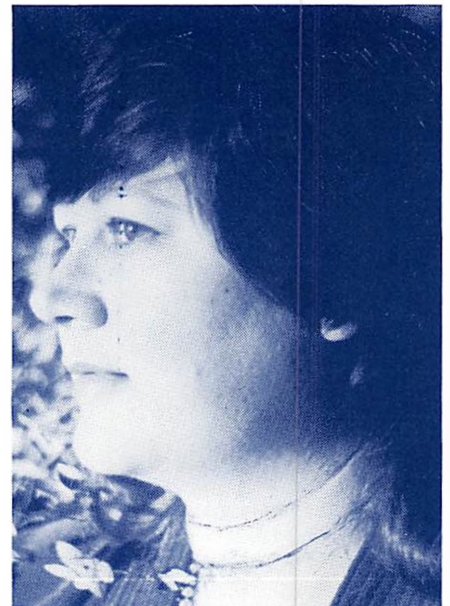
DAMEON WILLICH is a founding member of Northern Lights and a Dharmic Engineer. He is an artist, illustrator, costumer, playwright, and creator of TFA (The Fantasy Alternative).

ROB SCHOUTEN is a visionary painter from Rotterdam, The Netherlands, who lives and works on Whidbey Island. With fellow artists Ray Pelley and Milo Duke he is part of the Dharmic Engineers and dedicated to consciousness-raising art, expressing the oneness and interconnectedness of all life. His work has been exhibited at SF conventions and in various galleries on the west coast.



KATHLEEN D. WOODBURY is the director of the SF and Fantasy Workshop, a kind of support network for writers that is centered around a monthly newsletter and provides workshop experiences through the mail. Close to 400 members exchange manuscripts, critiques and moral support for what is often a very lonely business.

She also publishes *Promises, Pro-mss*, a small zine that contains one short story and three critiques by professional writers; and she also runs the Enforced Production and Critique Program, which gives participants deadlines for their stories, assigns other participants to critique those stories, and provides critique experiences (because people learn more by giving critiques than by receiving them) for them to do in return.



CHERI STREIMIKES was a traveling artist and a make-up artist for the San Francisco Opera Company before settling in the Pacific Northwest ten years ago. Cheri is co-owner of Northwest Fine Arts Press.



AT  
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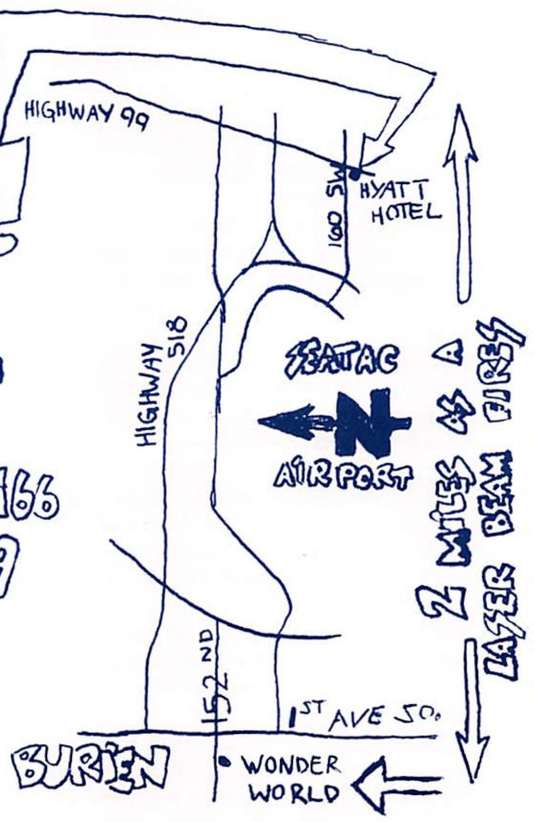
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# FICTION

## ORSON SCOTT CARD

### UNACCOMPANIED SONATA

by Orson Scott Card

#### ☞ Tuning Up ☞

When Christian Haroldsen was six months old, preliminary tests showed a predisposition toward rhythm and a keen awareness of pitch. There were other tests, of course, and many possible routes still open to him. But rhythm and pitch were the governing signs of his own private zodiac, and already the reinforcement began. Mr. and Mrs. Haroldsen were provided with tapes of many kinds of sound, and instructed to play them constantly, waking or sleeping.

When Christian Haroldsen was two years old, his seventh battery of tests pinpointed the future he would inevitably follow. His creativity was exceptional, his curiosity insatiable, his understanding of music so intense that the top of all the tests said "Prodigy."

*Prodigy* was the word that took him from his parents' home to a house in a deep deciduous forest where winter was savage and violent and summer a brief desperate eruption of green. He grew up cared for by unsinging servants, and the only music he was allowed to hear was birdsong, and windsong, and the cracking of winter wood; thunder, and the faint cry of golden leaves as they broke free and tumbled to the earth; rain on the roof and the drip of water from icicles; the chatter of squirrels and the deep silence of snow falling on a moonless night.

These sounds were Christian's only conscious music; he grew up with the symphonies of his early years only a distant and impossible-to-retrieve memory. And so he learned to hear music in unmusical things—for he had to find music, even when there was none to find.

He found that colors made sounds in his mind: sunlight in summer a blaring chord; moonlight in winter a thin mournful wail; new green in spring a low murmur in almost (but not quite) random rhythms; the flash of a red fox in the leaves a gasp of startlement.

And he learned to play all those sounds on his Instrument.

In the world were violins, trumpets, clarinets and crumhorns, as there had been for centuries. Christian knew nothing of that. Only his Instrument was available. It was enough.

One room in Christian's house, which he had alone most of the time, he lived in: a bed (not too soft), and a chair and table, a silent

machine that cleaned him and his clothing, and an electric light.

The other room contained only his Instrument. It was a console with many keys and strips and levers and bars, and when he touched any part of it, a sound came out. Every key made a different sound; every point on the strips made a different pitch; every lever modified the tone; every bar altered the structure of the sound.

When he first came to the house, Christian played (as children will) with the Instrument, making strange and funny noises. It was his only playmate; he learned it well, could produce any sound he wanted to. At first he delighted in loud, blaring tones. Later he began to learn the pleasure of silences and rhythms. Later he began to play with soft and loud, and to play two sounds at once, and to change those two sounds together to make a new sound, and to play again a sequence of sounds he had played before.

Gradually, the sounds of the forest outside his house found their way into the music he played. He learned to make winds sing through his Instrument; he learned to make summer one of the songs he could play at will; green with its infinite variations was his most subtle harmony; the birds cried out from his Instrument with all the passion of Christian's loneliness.

And the word spread to the licensed Listeners:

"There's a new sound north of here, east of here; Christian Haroldsen, and he'll tear out your heart with his songs."

The Listeners came, a few to whom variety was everything first, then those to whom novelty and vogue mattered most, and at last those who valued beauty and passion above everything else. They came, and stayed out in Christian's woods, and listened as his music was played through perfect speakers on the roof of his house. When the music stopped, and Christian came out of his house, he could see the Listeners moving away; he asked, and was told why they came; he marveled that the things he did for love on his Instrument could be of interest to other people.

He felt, strangely, even more lonely to know that he could sing to the Listeners and yet would never be able to hear their songs.

"But they have no songs," said the woman who came to bring him food every day. "They are Listeners. You are a Maker. You have songs, and they listen."

"Why?" asked Christian, innocently.

The woman looked puzzled. "Because that's what they want most to do. They've been tested, and they are happiest as Listeners. You are happiest as a Maker. Aren't you happy?"

"Yes," Christian answered, and he was telling the truth. His life was perfect, and he wouldn't

change anything, not even the sweet sadness of the backs of the Listeners as they walked away at the end of his songs.

Christian was seven years old.

#### ☞ First Movement ☞

For the third time the short man with glasses and a strangely inappropriate mustache dared to wait in the underbrush for Christian to come out. For the third time he was overcome by the beauty of the song that had just ended, a mournful symphony that made the short man with glasses feel the pressure of the leaves above him even though it was summer and they had months left before they would fall. The fall is still inevitable, said Christian's song; through all their life the leaves hold within them the power to die, and that must color their life. The short man with glasses wept—but when the song ended and the other Listeners moved away, he hid in the brush and waited.

This time his wait was rewarded. Christian came out of his house, and walked among the trees, and came toward where the short man with glasses waited. The short man admired the easy, unpostured way that Christian walked. The composer looked to be about thirty, yet there was something childish in the way he looked around him, the way his walk was aimless and prone to stop just so he could touch (not break) a fallen twig with his bare toes.

"Christian," said the short man with glasses.

Christian turned, startled. In all these years, no Listener had ever spoken to him. It was forbidden. Christian knew the law.

"It's forbidden," Christian said.

"Here," the short man with glasses said, holding out a small black object.

"What is it?"

The short man grimaced. "Just take it. Push the button and it plays."

"Plays?"

"Music."

Christian's eyes went wide. "But that's forbidden. I can't have my creativity polluted by hearing other musicians' work. That would make me imitative and derivative instead of original."

"Reciting," the man said. "You're just reciting that. This is the music of Bach." There was reverence in his voice.

"I can't," Christian said.

And then the man shook his head. "You don't know. You don't know what you're missing. But I heard it in your song when I came here years ago, Christian. You want this."

"It's forbidden," Christian answered, for to him the very fact that a man who knew an

act was forbidden still wanted to perform it was astounding, and he couldn't get past the novelty of it to realize that some action was expected of him.

There were footsteps and words being spoken in the distance, and the short man's face became frightened. He ran at Christian, forced the recorder into his hands, then took off toward the gate of the preserve.

Christian took the recorder and held it in a spot of sunlight coming through the leaves. It gleamed dully. "Bach," Christian said. Then, "Who is Bach?"

But he didn't throw the recorder down. Nor did he give the recorder to the woman who came to ask him what the short man with glasses had stayed for. "He stayed for at least ten minutes."

"I only saw him for thirty seconds," Christian answered.

"And?"

"He wanted me to hear some other music. He had a recorder."

"Did he give it to you?"

"No," Christian said. "Doesn't he still have it?"

"He must have dropped it in the woods."

"He said it was Bach."

"It's forbidden. That's all you need to know. If you should find the recorder, Christian, you know the law."

"I'll give it to you."

She looked at him carefully. "You know what would happen if you listened to such a thing."

Christian nodded.

"Very well. We'll be looking for it, too. I'll see you tomorrow, Christian. And next time somebody stays after, don't talk to him. Just come back in the house and lock the doors."

"I'll do that," Christian said.

When she left, he played his Instrument for hours. More Listeners came, and those who had heard Christian before were surprised at the confusion in his song.

There was a summer rainstorm that night, wind and rain and thunder, and Christian found that he could not sleep. Not from the music of the weather—he'd slept through a thousand such storms. It was the recorder that lay behind the Instrument against the wall. Christian had lived for nearly thirty years surrounded only by this wild, beautiful place and the music he himself made. But now.

Now he could not stop wondering. Who was Bach? Who is Bach? What is his music? How is it different from mine? Has he discovered things that I don't know?

What is his music?

What is his music?

What is his music?

Until at dawn, when the storm was abating and the wind had died, Christian got out of his bed, where he had not slept but only tossed back and forth all night, and took the recorder from its hiding place and played it.

At first it sounded strange, like noise, odd

sounds that had nothing to do with the sounds of Christian's life. But the patterns were clear, and by the end of the recording, which was not even a half-hour long, Christian had mastered the idea of fugue and the sound of the harpsichord preyed on his mind.

Yet he knew that if he let these things show up in his music, he would be discovered. So he did not try a fugue. He did not attempt to imitate the harpsichord's sound.

And every night he listened to the recording, for many nights, learning more and more until finally the Watcher came.

The Watcher was blind, and a dog led him. He came to the door and because he was a Watcher the door opened for him without his even knocking.

"Christian Haraldsen, where is the recorder?" the Watcher asked.

"Recorder?" Christian asked, then knew it

was hopeless, and took the machine and gave it to the Watcher.

"Oh, Christian," said the Watcher, and his voice was mild and sorrowful. "Why didn't you turn it in without listening to it?"

"I meant to," Christian said. "But how did you know?"

"Because suddenly there are no fugues in your work. Suddenly your songs have lost the only Bachlike thing about them. And you've stopped experimenting with new sounds. What were you trying to avoid?"

"This," Christian said, and he sat down and on his first try duplicated the sound of the harpsichord.

"Yet you've never tried to do that until now, have you?"

"I thought you'd notice."

"Fugues and harpsichord, the two things you noticed first—and the only things you



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didn't absorb into your music. All your other songs for these last weeks have been tinted and colored and influenced by Bach. Except that there was no fugue, and there was no harpsichord. You have broken the law. You were put here because you were a genius, creating new things with only nature for your inspiration. Now, of course, you're derivative, and truly new creation is impossible for you. You'll have to leave."

"I know," Christian said, afraid yet not really understanding what life outside his house would be like.

"We'll train you for the kinds of jobs you can pursue now. You won't starve. You won't die of boredom. But because you broke the law, one thing is forbidden to you now."

"Music."

"Not all music. There is music of a sort, Christian, that the common people, the ones who aren't Listeners, can have. Radio and television and record music. But living music and new music—those are forbidden to you. You may not sing. You may not play an instrument. You may not tap out a rhythm."

"Why not?"

The Watcher shook his head. "The world is too perfect, too at peace, too happy for us to permit a misfit who broke the law to go about spreading discontent. The common people make casual music of a sort, knowing nothing better because they haven't the aptitude to learn it. But if you—never mind. It's the law. And if you make more music, Christian, you will be punished drastically. Drastically."

Christian nodded, and when the Watcher told him to come, he came, leaving behind the house and the woods and his Instrument. At first he took it calmly, as the inevitable punishment for his infraction; but he had little concept of punishment, or of what exile from his Instrument would mean.

Within five hours he was shouting and striking out at anyone who came near him, because his fingers craved the touch of the Instrument's keys and levers and strips and bars, and he could not have them, and now he knew that he had never been lonely before.

It took six months before he was ready for normal life. And when he left the Retraining Center (a small building, because it was so rarely used), he looked tired, and years older, and he didn't smile at anyone. He became a delivery truck driver, because the tests said that this was a job that would least grieve him, and least remind him of his loss, and most engage his few remaining aptitudes and interests.

He delivered doughnuts to grocery stores.

And at night he discovered the mysteries of alcohol, and the alcohol and the doughnuts and the truck and his dreams were enough that he was, in his way, content. He had no anger in him. He could live the rest of his life this way, without bitterness.

He delivered fresh doughnuts and took the stale ones away with him.

"With a name like Joe," Joe always said, "I had to open a bar and grill, just so I could put up a sign saying Joe's Bar and Grill." And he laughed and laughed, because after all Joe's Bar and Grill was a funny name these days.

But Joe was a good bartender, and the Watchers had put him in the right kind of place. Not in a big city, but in a smaller town; a town just off the freeway, where truck drivers often came; a town not far from a large city, so that interesting things were nearby to be talked about and worried and bitched about and loved.

Joe's Bar and Grill was, therefore, a nice place to come, and many people came there. Not fashionable people, and not drunks, but lonely people and friendly people in just the right mixture. "My clients are like a good drink, just enough of this and that to make a new flavor that tastes better than any of the ingredients." Oh, Joe was a poet, he was a poet of alcohol and like many another person these days, he often said, "My father was a lawyer, and in the old days I would have probably ended up a lawyer, too, and I never would have known what I was missing."

Joe was right. And he was a damn good bartender, and he didn't wish he were anything else, and so he was happy.

One night, however, a new man came in, a man with a doughnut delivery truck and a doughnut brand name on his uniform. Joe noticed him because silence clung to the man like a smell—wherever he walked, people sensed it, and though they scarcely looked at him, they lowered their voices, or stopped talking at all, and they got reflective and looked at the walls and the mirror behind the bar. The doughnut delivery man sat in a corner and had a watered-down drink that meant he intended to stay a long time and didn't want his alcohol intake to be so rapid that he was forced to leave early.

Joe noticed things about people, and he noticed that this man kept looking off in the dark corner where the piano stood. It was an old, out-of-tune monstrosity from the old days (for this had been a bar for a long time) and Joe wondered why the man was fascinated by it. True, a lot of Joe's customers had been interested, but they had always walked over and plunked on the keys, trying to find a melody, failing with the out-of-tune keys, and finally giving up. This man, however, seemed almost afraid of the piano, and didn't go near it.

At closing time, the man was still there, and then, on a whim, instead of making the man leave, Joe turned off the piped-in music and turned off most of the lights, and then went over and lifted the lid and exposed the grey keys.

The doughnut delivery man came over to the piano. *Chris*, his nametag said. He sat and touched a single key. The sound was not pretty. But the man touched all the keys one

by one, and then touched them in different orders, and all the time Joe watched, wondering why the man was so intense about it.

"Chris," Joe said.

Chris looked up at him.

"Do you know any songs?"

Chris's face went funny.

"I mean, some of those old-time songs, not those fancy ass-twitchers on the radio, but songs. 'In a Little Spanish Town.' My mother sang that one to me." And Joe began to sing, "In a little Spanish town, 'twas on a night like this. Stars were peek-a-booing down, 'twas on a night like this."

Chris began to play as Joe's weak and toneless baritone went on with the song. But it wasn't an accompaniment, not anything Joe could call an accompaniment. It was instead an opponent to his melody, an enemy to it, and the sounds coming out of the piano were strange and unharmonious and by God beautiful. Joe stopped singing and listened. For two hours he listened, and when it was over he soberly poured the man a drink, and poured one for himself, and clinked glasses with Chris the doughnut delivery man who could take that rotten old piano and make the damn thing sing.

Three nights later Chris came back, looking harried and afraid. But this time Joe knew what would happen (had to happen) and instead of waiting until closing time, Joe turned off the piped-in music ten minutes early. Chris looked up at him pleadingly. Joe misunderstood—he went over and lifted the lid to the keyboard and smiled. Chris walked stiffly, perhaps reluctantly, to the stool and sat.

"Hey, Joe," one of the last five customers shouted, "closing early?"

Joe didn't answer. Just watched as Chris began to play. No preliminaries this time; no scales and wanderings over the keys. Just power, and the piano was played as pianos aren't meant to be played; the bad notes, the out-of-tune notes were fit into the music so that they sounded right, and Chris's fingers, ignoring the strictures of the twelve-tone scale, played, it seemed to Joe, in the cracks.

None of the customers left until Chris finished an hour and a half later. They all shared that final drink, and went home shaken by the experience.

The next night Chris came again, and the next, and the next. Whatever private battle had kept him away for the first few days after his first night of playing, he had apparently won it or lost it. None of Joe's business. What Joe cared about was the fact that when Chris played the piano, it did things to him that music had never done, and he wanted it.

The customers apparently wanted it, too. Near closing time people began showing up, apparently just to hear Chris play. Joe began starting the piano music earlier and earlier, and he had to discontinue the free drinks after the playing because there were so many people it would have put him out of business.

It went on for two long, strange months. The delivery van pulled up outside, and people stood aside for Chris to enter. No one said anything to him; no one said anything at all, but everyone waited until he began to play the piano. He drank nothing at all. Just played. And between songs the hundreds of people in Joe's Bar and Grill ate and drank.

But the merriment was gone. The laughter and the chatter and the camaraderie were missing, and after a while Joe grew tired of the music and wanted to have his bar back the way it was. He toyed with the idea of getting rid of the piano, but the customers would have been angry at him. He thought of asking Chris not to come anymore, but he could not bring himself to speak to the strange silent man.

And so finally he did what he knew he should have done in the first place. He called the Watchers.

They came in the middle of a performance, a blind Watcher with a dog on a leash, and a Watcher with no ears who walked unsteadily, holding to things for balance. They came in the middle of a song, and did not wait for it to end. They walked to the piano and closed the lid gently, and Chris withdrew his fingers and looked at the closed lid.

"Oh, Christian," said the man with the seeing-eye dog.

"I'm sorry," Christian answered. "I tried not to."

"Oh, Christian, how can I bear doing to you what must be done?"

"Do it," Christian said.

And so the man with no ears took a laser knife from his coat pocket and cut off Christian's fingers and thumbs, right where they rooted into his hands. The laser cauterized and sterilized the wound even as it cut, but still some blood splattered on Christian's uniform. And, his hands now meaningless palms and useless knuckles, Christian stood and walked out of Joe's Bar and Grill. The people made way for him again, and they listened intently as the blind Watcher said, "That was a man who broke the law and was forbidden to be a Maker. He broke the law a second time, and the law insists that he be stopped from breaking down the system that makes all of you so happy."

The people understood. It grieved them, it made them uncomfortable for a few hours, but once they had returned to their exactly-right homes and got back to their exactly-right jobs, the sheer contentment of their lives overwhelmed their momentary sorrow for Chris. After all, Chris had broken the law. And it was the law that kept them all safe and happy.

Even Joe. Even Joe soon forgot Chris and his music. He knew he had done the right thing. He couldn't figure out, though, why a man like Chris would have broken the law in the first place, or what law he would have broken. There wasn't a law in the world that wasn't designed to make people happy—and

there wasn't a law Joe could think of that he was even mildly interested in breaking.

Yet. Once Joe went to the piano and lifted the lid and played every key on the piano. And when he had done that he put his head down on the piano and cried, because he knew that when Chris lost that piano, lost even his fingers so he could never play again—it was like Joe losing his bar. And if Joe ever lost his bar, his life wouldn't be worth living.

As for Chris, someone else began coming to the bar driving the same doughnut delivery van, and no one ever knew Chris again in that part of the world.

### ☞ Third Movement ☞

"Oh what a beautiful mornin'!" sang the road crew man who had seen *Oklahoma!* four times in his home town.

"Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham!" sang the road crew man who had learned to sing when his family got together with guitars.

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom!" sang the road crew man who believed.

But the road crew man without hands, who held the signs telling the traffic to Stop or go Slow, listened but never sang.

"Whyn't you never sing?" asked the road crew man who liked Rodgers and Hammerstein; asked all of them, at one time or another.

And the man they called Sugar just shrugged. "Don't feel like singin'," he'd say, when he said anything at all.

"Why they call him Sugar?" a new guy once asked. "He don't look sweet to me."

And the man who believed said, "His initials are C H. Like the sugar. C&H, you know." And the new guy laughed. A stupid joke, but the kind of gag that makes life easier on the road-building crew.

Not that life was that hard. For these men, too, had been tested, and they were in the job that made them happiest. They took pride in the pain of sunburn and pulled muscles, and the road growing long and thin behind them was the most beautiful thing in the world. And so they sang all day at their work, knowing that they could not possibly be happier than they were this day.

Except Sugar.

Then Guillermo came. A short Mexican who spoke with an accent, Guillermo told everyone who asked, "I may come from Sonora, but my heart belongs in Milano!" And when anyone asked why (and often when no one asked anything), he'd explain. "I'm an Italian tenor in a Mexican body," and he proved it by singing every note that Puccini and Verdi ever wrote. "Caruso was nothing," Guillermo boasted. "Listen to this!"

Guillermo had records, and sang along with them, and at work on the road crew he'd join in with any man's song and harmonize with

it, or sing an obligato high above the melody, a soaring tenor that took the roof off his head and filled the clouds. "I can sing," Guillermo would say, and soon the other road crew men answered, "Damn right, Guillermo! Sing it again!"

But one night Guillermo was honest, and told the truth. "Ah, my friends, I'm no singer."

"What do you mean? Of course you are!" came the unanimous answer.

"Nonsense!" Guillermo cried, his voice theatrical. "If I am this great singer, why do you never see me going off to record songs? Hey? This is a great singer? Nonsense! Great singers they raise to be great singers. I'm just a man who loves to sing, but has no talent! I'm a man who loves to work on the road crew with men like you, and sing his guts out, but in the opera I could never be! Never!"

He did not say it sadly. He said it fervently, confidently. "Here is where I belong! I can sing to you who like to hear me sing! I can harmonize with you when I feel a harmony in my heart. But don't be thinking that Guillermo is a great singer, because he's not!"

It was an evening of honesty, and every man there explained why it was he was happy on the road crew, and didn't wish to be anywhere else. Everyone, that is, except Sugar.

"Come on, Sugar. Aren't you happy here?"

Sugar smiled. "I'm happy. I like it here. This is good work for me. And I love to hear you sing."

"Then why don't you sing with us?"

Sugar shook his head. "I'm not a singer."

But Guillermo looked at him knowingly. "Not a singer, ha! Not a singer. A man without hands who refuses to sing is not a man who is not a singer. Hey?"

"What the hell does that mean?" asked the man who sang folksongs.

"It means that this man you call Sugar, he's a fraud. Not a singer! Look at his hands. All his fingers gone! Who is it who cuts off men's fingers?"

The road crew didn't try to guess. There were many ways a man could lose his fingers, and none of them were anyone's business.

"He loses his fingers because he breaks the law and the Watchers cut them off! That's how a man loses fingers. What was he doing with his fingers that the Watchers wanted him to stop? He was breaking the law, wasn't he?"

"Stop," Sugar said.

"If you want," Guillermo said, but for once the others would not respect Sugar's privacy.

"Tell us," they said.

Sugar left the room.

"Tell us," and Guillermo told them. That Sugar must have been a Maker who broke the law and was forbidden to make music anymore. The very thought that a Maker was working on the road crew with them—even a lawbreaker—filled the men with awe. Makers were rare, and they were the most esteemed of men and women.

"But why his fingers?"

"Because," Guillermo said, "he must have tried to make music again afterward. And when you break the law a second time, the power to break it a third time is taken away from you." Guillermo spoke seriously, and so to the road crew men Sugar's story sounded as majestic and terrible as an opera. They crowded into Sugar's room, and found the man staring at the wall.

"Sugar, is it true?" asked the man who loved Rodgers and Hammerstein.

"Were you a Maker?" asked the man who believed.

"Yes," Sugar said.

"But Sugar," the man who believed said, "God can't mean for a man to stop making music, even if he broke the law."

Sugar smiled. "No one asked God."

"Sugar," Guillermo finally said, "there are nine of us on the crew, nine of us, and we're miles from any human beings. You know us, Sugar. We swear on our mother's graves, every one of us, that we'll never tell a soul. Why should we? You're one of us. But sing, dammit man, sing!"

"I can't," Sugar said. "You don't understand."

"It isn't what God intended," said the man who believed. "We're all doing what we love best, and here you are, loving music and not able to sing a note. Sing for us! Sing with us! And only you and us and God will know!"

They all promised. They all pleaded.

And the next day as the man who loved Rodgers and Hammerstein sang "Love, Look Away," Sugar began to hum. As the man who believed sang "God of Our Fathers" Sugar sang softly along. And as the man who loved folksongs sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," Sugar joined in with a strange, piping voice and all the men laughed and cheered and welcomed Sugar's voice to the songs.

Inevitably Sugar began inventing. First harmonies, of course, strange harmonies that made Guillermo frown and then, after a while, grin as he joined in, sensing as best he could what Sugar was doing to the music.

And after harmonies, Sugar being singing his own melodies, with his own words. He made them repetitive, the words simple and the melodies simpler still. And yet he shaped them into odd shapes, and built them into songs that had never been heard of before, that sounded wrong and yet were absolutely right. It was not long before the man who loved Rodgers and Hammerstein and the man who sang folksongs and the man who believed were learning Sugar's songs and singing them joyously or mournfully or angrily or gaily as they worked along the road.

Even Guillermo learned the songs, and his strong tenor was changed by them until his voice, which had, after all, been ordinary, became something unusual and fine. Guillermo finally said to Sugar one day, "Hey, Sugar, your music is all wrong, man. But I like the way it feels in my nose! Hey, you know? I like the way it feels in my mouth!"

Some of the songs were hymns: "Keep me

hungry, Lord," Sugar sang, and the road crew sang it too.

Some of the songs were love songs: "Put your hands in someone else's pockets," Sugar sang angrily; "I hear your voice in the morning," Sugar sang tenderly; "Is it summer yet?" Sugar sang sadly; and the road crew sang it, too.

Over the months the road crew changed, one man leaving on Wednesday and a new man taking his place on Thursday, as different skills were needed in different places. Sugar was silent when each newcomer came, until the man had given his word and the secret was sure to be kept.

What finally destroyed Sugar was the fact that his songs were so unforgettable. The men who left would sing the songs with their new crews, and those crews would learn them, and teach them to others. Crewmen taught the songs in bars and on the road; people learned them quickly, and loved them; and one day a blind Watcher heard the songs and knew, instantly, who had first sung them. They were Christian Haroldsen's music, because in those melodies, simple as they were, the wind of the north woods still whistled and the fall of leaves still hung oppressively over every note and—and the Watcher sighed. He took a specialized tool from his file of tools and boarded an airplane and flew to the city closest to where a certain road crew worked. And the blind Watcher took a company car with a company driver up the road and at the end of it, where the road was just beginning to pierce a strip of wilderness, the blind Watcher got out of the car and heard singing. Heard a piping voice singing a song that made even an eyeless man weep.

"Christian," the Watcher said, and the song stopped.

"You," said Christian.

"Christian, even after you lost your fingers?"

The other men didn't understand—all the other men, that is, except Guillermo.

"Watcher," said Guillermo. "Watcher, he done no harm."

The Watcher smiled wryly. "No one said he did. But he broke the law. You, Guillermo, how would you like to work as a servant in a rich man's house? How would you like to be a bank teller?"

"Don't take me from the road crew, man," Guillermo said.

"It's the law that finds where people will be happy. But Christian Haroldsen broke the law. And he's gone around ever since making people hear music they were never meant to hear."

Guillermo knew he had lost the battle before it began, but he couldn't stop himself. "Don't hurt him, man. I was meant to hear his music. Swear to God, it's made me happier."

The Watcher shook his head sadly. "Be honest, Guillermo. You're an honest man. His music's made you miserable, hasn't it? You've got everything you could want in life, and yet his music makes you sad. All the time, sad."

Guillermo tried to argue, but he was honest, and he looked into his own heart, and he knew that the music was full of grief. Even the happy songs mourned for something; even the angry songs wept; even the love songs seemed to say that everything dies and contentment is the most fleeting thing. Guillermo looked in his own heart and all Sugar's music stared back up at him and Guillermo wept.

"Just don't hurt him, please," Guillermo murmured as he cried.

"I won't," the blind Watcher said. Then he walked to Christian, who stood passively waiting, and he held the special tool up to Christian's throat. Christian gasped.

"No," Christian said, but the word only formed with his lips and tongue. No sound came out. Just a hiss of air. "No."

"Yes," the Watcher said.

The road crew watched silently as the Watcher led Christian away. They did not sing for days. But then Guillermo forgot his grief one day and sang an aria from *La Bohème*, and the songs went on from there. Now and then they sang one of Sugar's songs, because the songs could not be forgotten.

In the city, the blind Watcher furnished Christian with a pad of paper and a pencil. Christian immediately gripped the pencil in the crease of his palm and wrote: "What do I do now?"

The driver read the note aloud, and the blind Watcher laughed. "Have we got a job for you! Oh, Christian, have we got a job for you!" The dog barked loudly, to hear his master laugh.

#### Applause

In all the world there were only two dozen Watchers. They were secretive men, who supervised a system that needed little supervision because it actually made nearly everybody happy. It was a good system, but like even the most perfect of machines, here and there it broke down. Here and there someone acted madly, and damaged himself, and to protect everyone and the person himself, a Watcher had to notice the madness and go to fix it.

For many years the best of the Watchers was a man with no fingers, a man with no voice. He would come silently, wearing the uniform that named him with the only name he needed—Authority. And he would find the kindest, easiest, yet most thorough way of solving the problem and curing the madness and preserving the system that made the world, for the first time in history, a very good place to live. For practically everyone.

For there were still a few people—one or two each year—who were caught in a circle of their own devising, who could neither adjust to the system nor bear to harm it, people who kept breaking the law despite their knowledge that it would destroy them.

Eventually, when the gentle maimings and deprivations did not cure their madness and set them back into the system, they were given uniforms and they, too, went out. Watching.

The keys of power were placed in the hands of those who had most cause to hate the system they had to preserve. Were they sorrowful?

"I am," Christian answered in moments when he dared to ask himself that question.

In sorrow he did his duty. In sorrow he grew old. And finally the other Watchers, who revered the silent man (for they knew he had once sung magnificent songs), told him he was free. "You've served your time," said the Watcher with no legs, and he smiled.

Christian raised an eyebrow, as if to say, "And?"

"So wander."

Christian wandered. He took off his uniform, but lacking neither money nor time he found few doors closed to him. He wandered where in his former lives he had once lived. A road in the mountains. A city where he had once known the loading entrance of every restaurant and coffee shop and grocery store. And at last to a place in the woods where a house was falling apart in the weather because it had not been used in forty years.

Christian was old. The thunder roared and it only made him realize that it was about to rain. All the old songs. All the old songs, he mourned inside himself, more because he couldn't remember them than because he thought his life had been particularly sad.

As he sat in a coffee shop in a nearby town to stay out of the rain, he heard four teenagers who played the guitar very badly singing a song that he knew. It was a song he had invented while the asphalt poured on a hot summer day. The teenagers were not musicians and certainly were not Makers. But they sang the song from their hearts, and even though the words were happy, the song made everyone who heard it cry.

Christian wrote on the pad he always carried, and showed his question to the boys. "Where did that song come from?"

"It's a Sugar song," the leader of the group answered. "It's a song by Sugar."

Christian raised an eyebrow, making a shrugging motion.

"Sugar was a guy who worked on a road crew and made up songs. He's dead now, though," the boy answered.

"Best damn songs in the world," another boy said, and they all nodded.

Christian smiled. Then he wrote (and the boys waited impatiently for this speechless old man to go away): "Aren't you happy? Why sing sad songs?"

The boys were at a loss for an answer. The leader spoke up, though, and said, "Sure I'm happy. I've got a good job, a girl I like, and man, I couldn't ask for more. I got my guitar. I got my songs. And my friends."

And another boy said, "These songs aren't sad, Mister. Sure, they make people cry, but they aren't sad."

"Yeah," said another. "It's just that they were written by a man who knows."

Christian scribbled on his paper. "Knows what?"

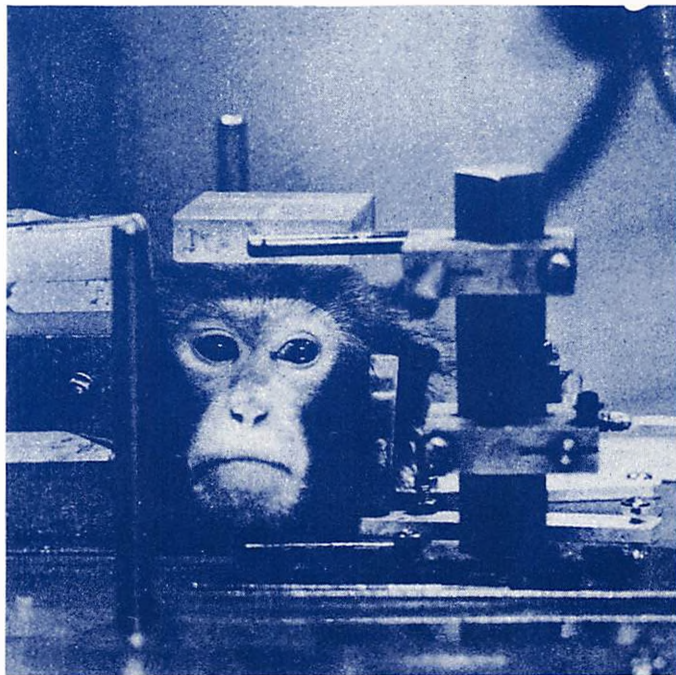
"He just knows. Just knows, that's all. Knows it all."

And then the teenagers turned back to their clumsy guitars and their young, untrained voices, and Christian walked to the door to leave because the rain had stopped and because he knew when to leave the stage. He turned and bowed just a little toward the singers. They didn't notice him, but their voices were all the applause he needed. He left the ovation and went outside where the leaves were just turning color and would soon, with a slight inaudible sound, break free and fall to the earth.

For a moment he thought he heard himself singing. But it was just the last of the wind, coasting madly through the wires over the street. It was a frenzied song, and Christian thought he recognized his voice.

Orson Scott Card writes:

*"Unaccompanied Sonata" began with the thought one day: What if someone forbade me to write? Would I obey? I made a false start then, and failed; years later I tried again, and this time got through the whole story. Other than punctuation changes and a few revised phrases, this one has stood in its first full draft as it came out of the typewriter. It's the truest thing I've ever written.*



**Did you ever expect  
a corporation  
to have a conscience,  
when it has no soul  
to be damned,  
and no body  
to be kicked?**

**—Edward, 1st Baron  
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| 2. Dan Reeder         | 37. Daryle Skinner      | 70. Tom Payne          | 103. Alice Moll        | 136. Becky Simpson         |
| 3. Marty Cantor       | 38. Chris Wallace       | 71. Susan Taubeneck    | 104. Jean Keansley     | 137. Bev Clark             |
| 4. Robbie Cantor      | 39. Micky Jenkins       | 72. Julie Zetterberg   | 105. Cherie Playter    | 138. Dave Willems          |
| 5. David Hartwell     | 40. Vern Jenkins        | 73. John Beslanwitch   | 106. Jodi Kimbell      | 139. Vicki J Lawson        |
| 6. Kristine Card      | 41. Henry Elling        | 74. Fran Beslanwitch   | 107. Barbara Norwood   | 140. Philip Smith          |
| 7. Carolyn            | 42. Kathy Elling        | 75. Michael Scanlon    | 108. Elloit Swanson    | 141. Cmdr. Vallyn D'haro   |
| 8. Judy Suryan        | 43. Bob Suryan          | 76. Rebecca Reeves     | 109. Michael Elmer     | 142. Cmdr. Keilasia Ahven  |
| 9. Thom               | 44. Jon Knutson         | 77. Barbara Reeves     | 110. Kevin Bolger      | 143. Cmdr. Nalcatla Barzac |
| 10. Dragon Lady       | 45. Mike Bentley        | 78. Charlot A M Barney | 111. Jessica Staten    | 144. Bunny Naeole          |
| 13. David W Clark     | 46. Greg Cox            | 79. Eric J Barney      | 112. Dave Lawson       | 145. Esther Brimmer        |
| 14. John Pelan        | 47. Lindy Pangen        | 80. Tom Davis          | 113. Russ Johnson      | 146. David Brimmer         |
| 15. Michael Brocha    | 48. Paulette Meier      | 81. Shirley J Wilcox   | 114. Kent Lee          | 147. Anne Fahnestalk       |
| 16. Felica Hopkins    | 49. Heather Meier       | 82. Carol Pearlsall    | 115. Lauren Luvass     | 148. Natalie Fix           |
| 17. Lauraine Miranda  | 50. Kitty               | 83. Lora McCusker      | 116. Jackie Phillips   | 149. Jo Brown              |
| 18. Jacob Vanderholm  | 51. Tim Shirer          | 84. Juna Haggart       | 117. Bryan Pullen      | 150. Sean Brown            |
| 19. Lena Sorenson     | 52. Joe Bohuen          | 85. Diana Vick         | 118. Bill Tuttle       | 151. Sue Winters           |
| 20. Jack Krolack      | 53. Patricia Tressel    | 86. Malinda McFadden   | 119. David Herter      | 152. Lynn M Kingsley       |
| 21. Susan Rich        | 54. Kay J Kinghammer    | 87. Cindy Neilson      | 120. Mark W Sutton     | 153. Jerry Kaufman         |
| 22. Mark Richardson   | 55. Rae Chamberlain     | 88. Wayne Neilson      | 121. Betty Bigelow     | 154. Dona Hertel           |
| 23. Evelyn Simpson    | 56. Holly Hautala       | 89. Beth Finkbinder    | 122. David Bigelow     | 155. Beth Hertel           |
| 24. Ronald Day        | 57. Allen Braun         | 90. Michael Finkbinder | 123. Jeff Lytle        | 156. Kathleen Powell       |
| 25. Greg Bennett      | 58. Donya H White       | 91. Vicki Harrison     | 124. Daniel Berg       | 157. Laura Staley          |
| 26. Glen Day          | 59. Paul Stratton       | 92. John Herbert       | 125. Marni Cowan       | 158. Tom Kennedy           |
| 27. David Bratman     | 60. Dick O'Shea         | 93. Jane Hawkins       | 126. Michael D Cowan   | 159. David K Jump          |
| 28. Joanne Welty      | 61. Keith Allen Johnson | 94. Michael J Farren   | 127. William C Dietz   | 160. Jeff Harris           |
| 29. Michael L Citrak  | 62. Mark Allen Davis    | 95. James Cobb         | 128. Ed McLees         | 161. John G Cramer         |
| 30. Robbie Pepin      | 63. Darrell W Divers    | 96. Shannon J Taylor   | 129. Roseanne McLees   | 162. Katheryn Cramer       |
| 31. Marie Hollinshead | 64. Gene Breshears      | 97. Sheila Glassburn   | 130. David N Haugen    | 163. Pauline Cramer        |
| 32. Tony Pepin        | 65. Julie Rampke        | 98. Stephen Glassburn  | 131. Candice M Robb    | 164. Karen Cramer          |
| 33. Terry Madden      | 66. Kathy Patterson     | 99. Debra D Saxton     | 132. Charles Robb      | 165. John R Gray III       |
| 34. Mark T Schaper    | 67. Judy Halloran       | 100. Pepper            | 133. Delta A Sanderson | 166. Joni Rio              |
| 35. Bill Warren       | 68. Jeffrey Isaacson    | 101. Robert A Johns    | 134. Candee Watson     | 167. Marjorie Windus       |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 168. Amy Thompson          |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 169. Yvonne Richardson     |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 170. John Hedtke           |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 171. Patricia Hedtke       |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 172. Frances A Simmons     |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 173. Robert A Woodward     |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 174. Paul Schaper          |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 175. Tabrina Anne Hellstar |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 176. Ben Yalow             |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 177. Jenny Hicks           |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 178. Deborah A Tatarek     |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 179. John Strilcov         |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 180. Stephen D Cook        |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 181. Virginia Cook         |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 182. Elisabeth Eldred      |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 183. Kevin Standlee        |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 184. Wicked                |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 185. David Singer          |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 186. Diane Goldman         |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 187. Smokey                |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 188. Marc Wells            |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 189. Patty Wells           |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 190. Jody Franzen          |
|                       |                         |                        |                        | 191. Tom A Oswald          |
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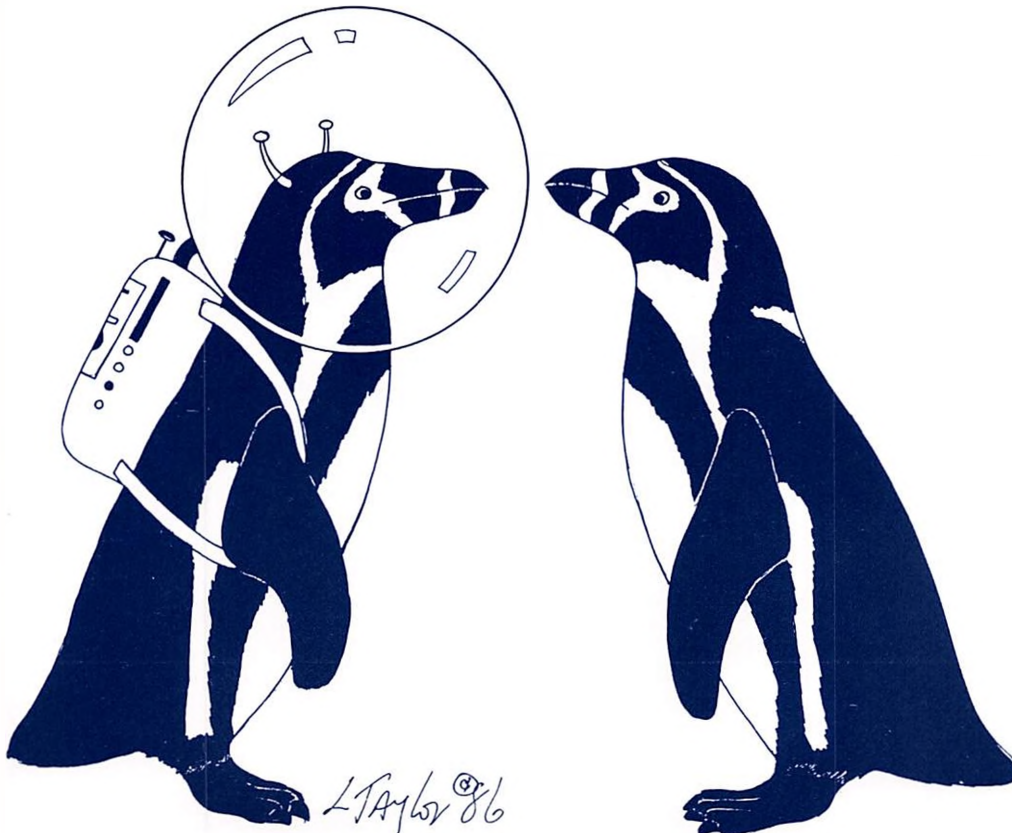
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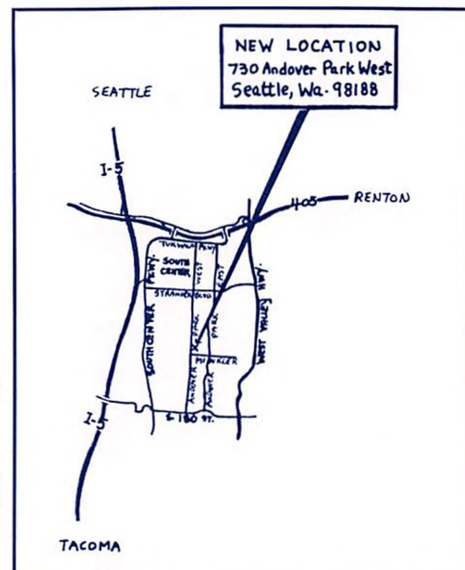
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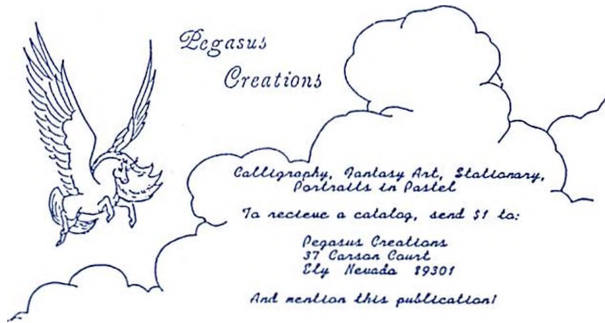
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| 830. Alpha Prime, Chief Engineer    | 867. Bob Powell           |                                    |                        |                                  |
| 831. Dale 'oops' Masters, Navigator | 868. Erlinder Siller      |                                    |                        |                                  |
| 832. Twilight                       | 869. Worthless            |                                    |                        |                                  |
| 833. Peter Mohn                     | 870. William Scil         |                                    |                        |                                  |
| 834. Mike Kerrigan                  | 871. Brian Chinn          |                                    |                        |                                  |
| 835. Celeysa                        | 872. Kevin Thrapp         |                                    |                        |                                  |
| 836. Willow                         | 873. Holly Thrapp         |                                    |                        |                                  |



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# ACK



## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

### WASN'T THE FUTURE WONDERFUL?

Yes, it's easy to say that as you and I sit up here in our brightly polished plastic chairs in our glittering dome high above this city of silicone, chocoment and crushed velvet-like neon tubes. But the Future was wonderful! And so lively! And so much like we really thought it just possibly could be! We really like our new electro-field coats and rotating weather hats for that personalized feeling of freshness.

Oh, what a sight we must be to those less enlightened cultures living off of the lean red seas and grubbing for pineapples. They are the ones ruled by gravity. They are the ones who have to wipe their noses on the sleeves of their brand new books. But enough about them. This is about us. You and me. Thee and she. He and trees. Yes, trees. Those liliputian monarchs of tommorrow. Those kings of the kongs. Those masters of the unmoving.

What will we do when they come marching into the towns of our Mothers and Great-granduncles? Do? Nothing, of course! Let them eat those trees for themselves. We'll be busy with our own rampaging herds of snails. And we will all eat well tonight, my friends. How our eyes will shine like the furry coats of mudhens. How our smiles will widen like a pustule. Yes friends, a rose may be a rose, but a snail is a good smoke!

And the Future was yesterday, as well as today, as well as tomorrow. The Future is us, just like it wasn't our parents. So persevere we must because there are no more hypkens that can save us now. Or critics for that matter. Oh, the jaws that cite, the claws that scratch. What I wouldn't give for a good old-fashioned elephant-sicle right now. What tools these mortals sneeze! It's enough to drive a person to think. Why, I remember when I was just a small ball bearing, and how I yearned to grow up to be a big strapping spring. Bot I didn't. Believe me, I enjoy my life of leisure here in the marmelade jar, waiting for that

one spoon with my name on it. But I digest. I believe I was talking about other times, other things, other beings, other beans. Yes, that wonderful, magical fruit of song and smell. If only we could all have our place in society, just like the humble Lima. Li'm all aquiver with the thought. Just think about it! No! No! Put down that fork! Oh the Humanity. The Humanity of it all. I'm sorry Ladies and Gentlemen. I just can't continue. I'm all choked up. Not to mention full. I just couldn't eat another bite. No really, please.

O.K. if you insist.

My, my. As I travel down this twisted pathway of life I find that more and more I find things. A sock here, a sock there. And here, off to the left, we find a piece of chromium. And there, off to the left, we find a human tooth, well, close enough anyway. Here, put that over your shoulder, you never know when it might come in handy.

And look over there on the left! Boy, I've been looking for one of these for years. And in perfect condition! My, we *are* lucky today. Let us continue.

Watch your step. Those caterpillars are fast. They'll slip a mousetrap right under your foot before you know it. Why, I remember one time Old Moishe and I were going along and they got *him*. Good Old Moishe never knew what hit him. Only 89 and cut down in the prime of his growing season. He turned into

a neatly piled stack of lumber faster than you can say, "Talley Ho, Boys! He's headed off through the chocolate pudding patch! We'll get that little buggar now! Fred, you take the mice and go to the left. Bob, you take the monuments over to the left and then we'll box his ears up and send them to David Lynch! Carefull now. He's tricky!" I've been running for seconds! My sides feel like they're going to need a good soaking in gasoline and peanut butter. Wait! What's that sound? What's that over there? Oh no! Here they come now! I've got to get away! My foot's caught! I'm sinking! Down! Down! Down!

Ouch! That was a neoprene landing! What is this place? What are those buildings and high glittering domes? Silicone and crushed velvet-like neon tubes? Why, it's the Future! I made it back! Where's my glass jacket? I could really go for a big bowl of bolts and semi-processed negative film stock, just now.

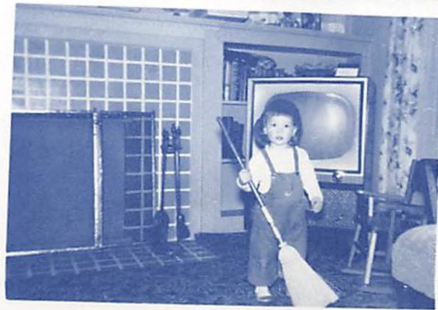
The Future is wonderful! I don't think I'm ever going home. More, Sir, please? Yes, it's easy to say that as you and I sit up here in our brightly polished grass chairs in our glittering mud hut high above the natives as they crawl and lick the ground . . .





Pictured: (Listed Alphabetically):

David Bray, Linda Bray, Kitty Canterbury, Michael Citrak, Beth Dockins, Michael Gilbert, Shelia Glassburn, Don Glover, Jeanine Gray, Katherine Howes, Keith Johnson, Lauraine Miranda, Carolyn Palms, Becky Simpson, Judy Suryan, Robert Suryan, Elizabeth Warren & Richard Wright.



## ADVERTISERS

Axolotl Press	23
Berkley/Ace	5
Hypatia Press	57
Jehlor Fantasy Fabrics	61
L.A. con III	35
MGM's Spaceballs	11
Pegasus Creations	62
San Diego Comic Con	59
SF New Science Fiction Stories	31
Steve Jackson Games	27
Tor Books	Inside Front Cover, 9
Westcon 42	63
Wonder World Books	39

## ART CREDITS

Donna Barr	62
Gary Davis	26, 30
David Deitrick	58
Milo Duke	54, 63
Lisa A. Free	24
Steve Gallacci	33
Randy "Tarkas" Hoar	41, 47, Back Cover
Gary Larson	15
Ilene Meyer	49
Cindy Murata	22, 29
Rich O'Donnell	53
Ray Pelley	50
Dan Reeder	Front Cover, 3, 10, 46
Rob Schouten	48
Mark A. Skullerud	55
Cheri Streimikes	56
Lynne Taylor	60
William R. Warren Jr.	1, 17, 19, 51
Dameon Willich	52

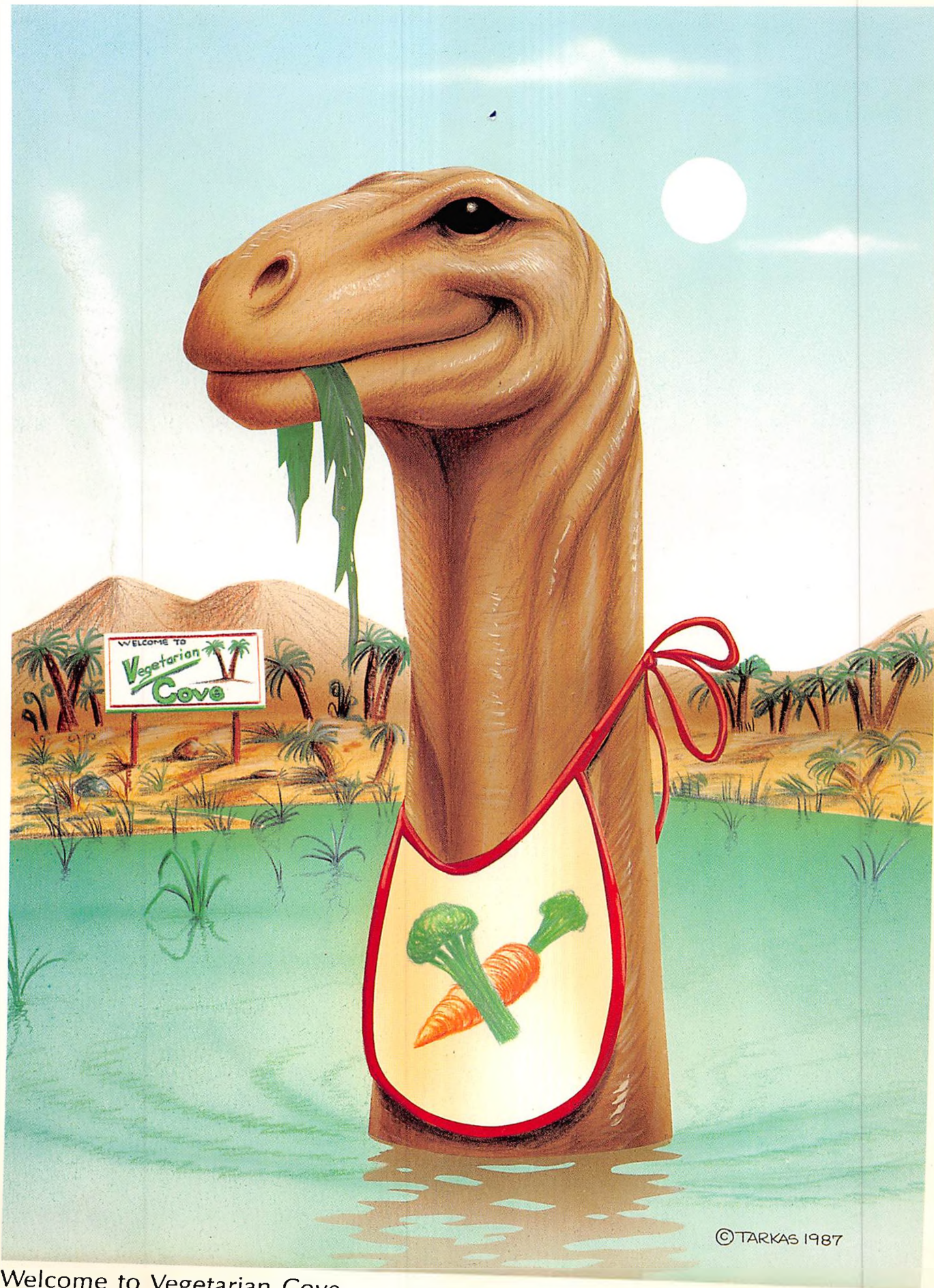
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 Joe's Bar and Grill

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Welcome to Vegetarian Cove

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