



# Coming This Summer From Twentieth Century Fox.

## BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA

Kurt Russell does battle in the imaginary world underneath Chinatown. John Carpenter ("Halloween," "The Thing") directed this action-adventure-comedy-kung-fu-monster-ghost-story, from a script by W.D. ("Buckaroo Banzai") Richter.

## A L I E N S

Sigourney Weaver returns as Warrant Officer Ripley, sole survivor of the spaceship Nostromo's encounter with a deadly extra-terrestrial, in this high-tension suspense-thriller, written and directed by James Cameron, the creator of "The Terminator." Watch out for that "s"!



David Cronenberg ("Scanners," "Videodrome") brings his unique touch to this new version of the 1958 horror classic. This time Jeff Goldblum is the unfortunate scientist whose molecules are scrambled with those of a common housefly.



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# NORWESCON 9

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 Jeff Levin, Andrea Levin,  
 Richard de Koning, Doug Booze,  
 Michael Citrak, Jody Franzen,  
 Don Glover, Tom Oswald,  
 Robert Suryan

**Program Book Typesetting:**  
 Pendragon Graphics,  
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Toastmaster  
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 Science Fiction Convention

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 P.O. Box 24207  
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*Dedicated to our many friends, family & heroes who have passed on this year.*

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# IN MEMORIAM

## THE CREW OF THE CHALLENGER

FRANCIS R. SCOBEE, commander of the flight, was on his second shuttle mission. Scobee was born and raised in Washington. He joined the Air Force where he became a jet pilot and flew in Vietnam and later attended Air Force Pilot School. Scobee was selected as an astronaut in 1979 and made his first space flight in 1984.

MIKE SMITH, Pilot, was born in Beauford N.C. and graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy. After Vietnam, Smith trained as a test pilot and was selected as an Astronaut in 1980. This was his first mission.

RONALD E. McNAIR, born in Lake City, S.C., received a Doctorate of Science Degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. McNair was doing research on lasers when he was selected as an astronaut in 1979 and made his first flight in 1984.

Air Force Lt. Col. ELLISON S. ONIZUKA was a former aerospace engineer and pilot born in Kealahou, Hawaii. Ellison earned two degrees from the University of Colorado and was selected as an astronaut in 1978. This was his second mission.

JUDY RESNIK was born and raised in Akron, Ohio. She was a classical Pianist and had earned a Doctorate in Electrical Engineering from the University of Maryland. Resnik was selected as an astronaut in 1978 and flew on Discovery in 1984.

GREGORY JARVIS, a Hughes Aircraft Company Engineer, was to conduct tests on the effects of weightlessness on fluid carried in tanks. He was born in Detroit and earned degrees from the State University of New York in Buffalo and from Northeastern University in Boston.

SHARON McAULIFFE was born in Framingham, Mass. and earned a Bachelor's degree from Framingham State College and a Masters Degree from Bowie State College in Bowie, MD. She was a Concord, N.H. High School Social Studies teacher.

Norwescon 8 Art Guest of Honor JACK GAUGHAN died July 21, 1985 in a hospital near his home in Rifton, New York, at the age of 54. Ailing in his later years, he suffered a stroke shortly before last year's convention, and was unable to attend.

Jack was a student of Hannes Bok. His art appeared in many SF/F publications, both professional and amateur; most notably on covers for Ace Books, DAW Books and *Galaxy Magazine*. Jack served as Art Director at *Galaxy*, for a while, and did many interiors for that magazine, especially during the late 60s and early 70s.

He won the Hugo for Best Professional Artist in 1967 and 1968.

Jack is survived by his wife, Phoebe. A book on his work and life is planned.

THEODORE STURGEON (1918-1985), a longtime favorite of Northwest fans, died in Oregon. Fondly remembered as Norwescon's first Guest of Honor, Ted's long career is well summed up by William R. Warren, Jr., "Ted was such a wellspring of fresh, cool water. He bubbled with experience and insight, he jested and japed, he played with the kids, he did mental acrobatics, he pawed everyone, and all the time he laughed and cavorted and tickled and oh, he carried on so. You want to find Ted? Follow the trail of people on a contact high. There he be."

Ted wrote a number of classic novels and short stories in the field, including *More Than Human*, *The Dreaming Jewels*, "Slow Sculpture," "The Silken Swift," and many more. Ted spent much of his writing time during his last years doing book reviews.

Ted's work earned him the International Fantasy Award, the Hugo and the Nebula Award. A new novel, *Godbody*, will be published shortly by Donald I. Fine.

DAVID CLEMENTS, 28 years old movie theatre manager, was shot and killed in a holdup attempt. David was active in Northwest fandom, hosting extraordinary parties at conventions and writing for the fan press.

Having a special interest in music, he served as a part-time DJ on KCMU, the University of Washington's "new music" radio station. Perhaps David was best known for his "Name-that-Tune" marathons, featuring hundreds of songs he had culled from the backwaters of pop.

NWSFS member MARTHA SANNEMAN died of cancer on September 26, 1985 in her hometown of Lynnwood, WA.

Martha was a longtime fan of science fiction and had been a member of NWSFS for many years. She was also an avid Norwescon goer and could often be found in Hospitality talking with friends.

L(AFAYETTE) RON(ALD) HUBBARD, (1911-1986), wrote science fiction and fantasy during the 'Golden Age.' He wrote the classic *Final Blackout*, as well as *Fear*, *Slaves of Sleep*, and others. In the late 40s and early 50s, he created Dianetics and Scientology and left the SF field. He recently returned to writing SF with *Battlefield Earth* and *Mission Earth*. He sponsored the magazine *To The Stars* and the "Writers of the Future" Contest.

A native of the northwest, FRANK HERBERT (1920-1986) is best remembered as the author of the *Dune* books, and *Under Pressure (Dragon in the Sea)*. Frank was a retired newspaperman, who had edited and written for papers in Washington, Oregon and California, as well as being a TV cameraman, radio news commentator and teacher of creative writing.

Frank had a deep concern for the welfare of the environment, which inspired not only his novel *Dune*, but also his involvements in the original "Earth Day" celebrations, and in creating a small community that experimented with alternative sources of energy and land use and planning.

JUDY-LYNN DEL REY, age 41, died on February 20, 1986, after being in a coma for 4 months. Judy-Lynn entered the science fiction field as an editorial assistant to Fred Pohl at *Galaxy Magazine* in 1965, and became associate editor in 1966, and managing editor in 1969 (replacing Lester del Rey).

She married Lester del Rey in 1971. She became the SF editor at Ballantine Books in 1973, and was so successful that she was made a Vice President of Ballantine, and then publisher of her own line, Del Rey Books, distributed by Ballantine/Random House, publishing science fiction and fantasy (the fantasy line is edited by her husband, Lester del Rey).

Largely because of Judy-Lynn and her Ballantine/Del Rey lines (the most commercially successful science fiction publishing venture of all-time), science fiction and fantasy have become major markets, with other publishers expanding their SF outputs, and authors receiving higher advances.

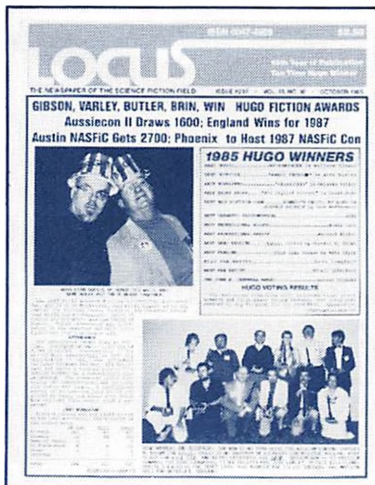
They will all be greatly missed.

*With Love, Ted*

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# PROGRAMMING



Moretta © 1983, 1986 by Michael Whelan. Cover for the book by Anne McCaffrey. Published by Del Rey/Ballantine Books.

## INTRODUCTION TO THE PROGRAM

The Norwescon Program can be regarded as a sort of "meta-convention"—that is, the raw materials out of which one can construct one's own convention. We hope that no one attending Norwescon will experience exactly the same con, but we do hope we've provided you with the opportunity to have the convention you want. Coordinated separates are in these days, after all . . .

The following schedule shows major programming events. Pay close attention to your Pocket Program, because changes will be noted there. For your convenience, we have compiled much of the programming into several categories at the end of the schedule. So, mix and match—and enjoy the con!

## THURSDAY, MARCH 20

### 2 PM

**REGISTRATION OPENS (Lobby)** Early registration for those wishing to avoid the late Thursday crush.

### 5 PM

**THE HISTORY OF NORTHWEST FANDOM (Mercury 13)** Greg Bennett and others. Where did Norwescon come from anyway? What came before? What else has been happening

here in the land of the wet? Enjoy a suitable introduction to the convention as we explore these and other questions. [See also: *The Business of Running a Con*, *Bennett Interview*]

**NORWESCON FILM FESTIVAL OPENS (Galaxy 3)** We offer for your enjoyment *Amblin* (Steven Spielberg's first film), *Peeping Tom*, *The Man in the White Suit*, *The Rocking Horse Winner*, *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, *Shock Treatment*, *Vincent*, Cartoons and TV episodes and the 30th Anniversary screening of *Forbidden Planet*.

### 6 PM

**HOSPITALITY OPENS (Apollo 3 & 4)** Start the party early with the "Dragon Lady" and her crew.

**FUTURE VICE (Mercury 13)** Sherry Gottlieb, N. Lee Wood, and others. Come partake in a lighthearted discussion of the various possible ways in which the human race may get in trouble in years to come. (No, not just the next three days.)

### 8 PM

**OPENING CEREMONY (Universe 1)** Norwescon Chair Robert Suryan and our Guests of Honor start the convention—officially, that is, since it actually started hours ago. Come and hear the introductions, a preview of the convention program and an "unexpected" visitor (just to show that we are far less serious than we seem).

### 9 PM

**COOKING IN SPACE (Mercury 13)** Cooky Oberg explains (if not quite demonstrates) the intriguing consequences of trying to stir-fry in zero-G.

**FORBIDDEN PLANET (Galaxy 3)** Norwescon is proud to host the 30th Anniversary Screening of this science fiction classic in 35mm. Enjoy!

**WARM-UP DANCE WITH LAUGHTER AND LOVE (Universe 2 & 3)** Join *Laughter and Love* for an evening of the traditional, the popular and the original—all for your dancing pleasure. Between sets (and late into the night) keep bopping to the tunes of times gone by.

## FRIDAY, MARCH 21

### 9 AM

**REGISTRATION OPENS (Lobby)** to catch all those early birds.

**HOSPITALITY OPENS (Apollo 3 & 4)** Hostess Elizabeth Warren and crew treat you to coffee and conversation.

**TECHNICAL INTEREST (COMPUTER) ROOM OPENS (Mercury 11)**

**JAPANESE ANIMATION VIDEOS BEGIN (Room 7120)**

### 10 AM

**ART SHOW OPEN FOR SET-UP (Saturn 1, 3 & 4)**

### 11 AM

**DEALER'S ROOM OPENS (Galaxy 1 & 2)** Come and get it!

**SHARED WORLDS (Mercury 7 & 8)** Michael Armstrong, Ginjer Buchanan and Caralyn Inks investigate the issues of "ownership of ideas, characters and settings" in this discussion of writing and organizing shared world stories and braided meganovels.

**PLANETOGRAPHY WORKSHOP (Mercury 13)** Bill Fawcett, John Cramer and others. This is the first section of our integrated set of world-building workshops. Please come help with the first step in the process of creating the settings for Sunday's story brainstorming by joining in this discussion intended to create a planet. The results of this meeting will be handed over to the Ecology Workshop

later in the day. [See also: *Terraforming, Ecology Workshop, SF Anthropology Workshop, Fantasy Anthropology Workshop, SF Story Brainstorm, Fantasy Story Brainstorm*]

**FILMS OF 1985** (Mercury 9 & 10) Which great movies did you miss? Which ones do you wish you had missed? What trends are there in SF films and what kind of a year was 1985? Panelists discuss their judgments of the best and the worst of the year.

**MARKETING ARTWORK** (Saturn 2) Kolla Lawson, Tarkas and others. From the perspectives of agents, artists and collectors, discover the do's and don'ts of promoting the sale of art. [See also: *Getting an Art Assignment*]

**HOW TO WRITE AN EFFECTIVE SEX SCENE** (Galaxy 3) John Gustafson, Don Baumgart, Norman Spinrad and N. Lee Wood. From the writer's perspective, sex scenes can be among the most powerful and the most difficult to write. What should a writer keep in mind in order to make such scenes serve the purposes of the story?

**A HONEYMOON IN ORBIT** (Universe 1) Spider & Jeanne Robinson, Mary Mason, Stephen Goldin. Bring your imagination and a saucy sense of humor to this brainstorming session of the ideal paradise in space. Ideas will be recorded and plans will be made.

**FOLKLORE OF THE SPACE AGE** (Universe 2) The great age of exploration of the 1500s witnessed the creation of an elaborate folklore: sea serpents, the Fountain of Youth and the Seven Cities of Cibola. The young space age has a similar body of myth and legend. Science Guest of Honor James Oberg explores the most popular stories, their origins and the nature of their appeal.

**12 NOON**

**THE STATE OF TAXES** (Mercury 7 & 8) A question and answer period on how you can stay out of federal prison. Keep up with the everchanging field of income taxes at a panel intended for the semi-self-employed writer or artist.

**COSTUME GALLERY OPENS** (Mercury 12)

**LINGUISTIC DETERMINISM** (Mercury 9 & 10) Ray Aldritch, Adrienne Martine-Barnes, John Etchemendy. Does your language control your thoughts and actions? Does your vocabulary limit what you are able to conceive? Is it possible to separate the influence of language from the influence of culture? Have fun asking these questions and others.

**LOVE, SEX & POWER IN SF/F BY WOMEN** (Galaxy 3) Barbara Hambly, Elizabeth Ann Scarborough and others. The issues of love, sex and power are all very closely related. How have women dealt with these issues in their fiction and what are the implications?

**IDEAS INTO STORIES** (Universe 1) Nancy Etchemendy, Walter Jon Williams, Robert Silverberg. Some writers start with a character, some start with an idea, some start with a scene or even just a notion. All of these can eventually evolve into stories. Panelists will discuss how this process differs from writer to writer.



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**THE ART OF FRANK KELLY FREAS** (Universe 2) A spectacular slide show from our Artist Guest of Honor. Come and drool!

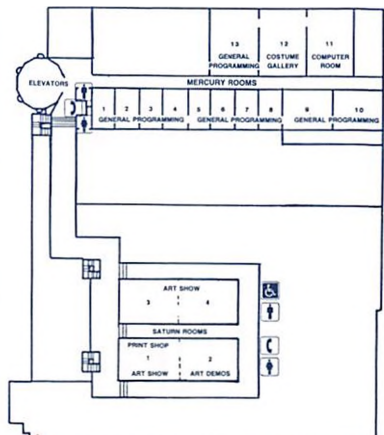
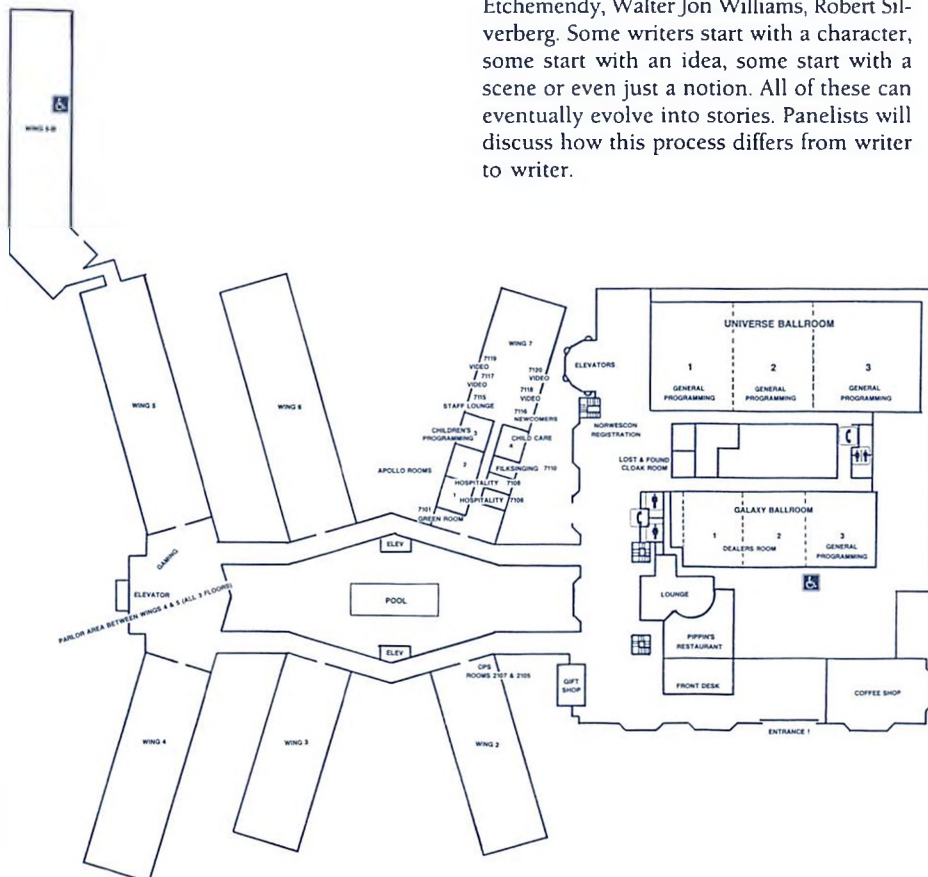
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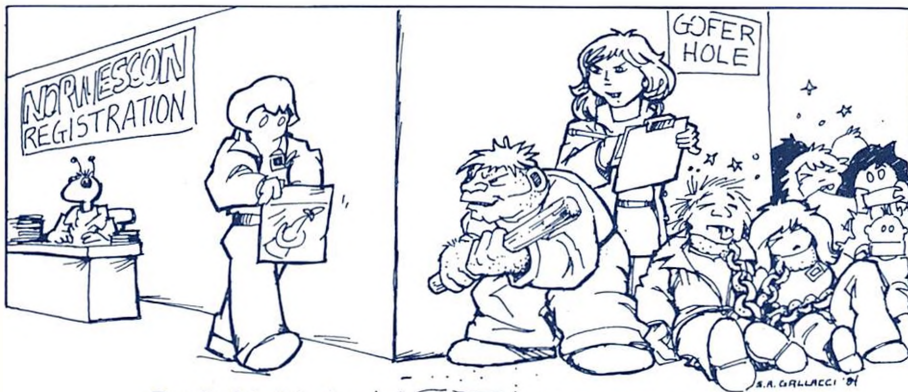
**BBS: ELECTRONIC FANDOM** (Mercury 7 & 8) Clifford Wind and others. Exploring the parallels between fanzines and electronic bulletin boards systems as well as those between fandom and the social networks that develop around those systems. Our intent is to introduce the members of these two communities to each other.

**MILITARISM & THE WARRIOR ETHIC IN SF/F** (Mercury 13) M.J. Engh and others. Some stories (and readers) demand action, but what is the appropriate form should that action take? What accounts for the popularity of warriors as protagonists and of militarism as a resolution of plot? [See also: *The Popularity of Imperialism*]

**THE AESTHETICS OF SCIENCE IN SF** (Mercury 9 & 10) Frank Catalano, David Hartwell, Kathryn Cramer, Greg Bear. SF can use science and technology as metaphor, to be manipulated as a rich source of imagery. Aesthetic considerations (such as symmetry) have always been important in science; are they important in science fiction?

**CHROMA: THE ART OF ALEX SCHOMBURG** (Saturn 2) Richard Pini, Alex Schomburg, Jon Gustafson. WaRP Graphics announces a new book—a tribute to a great master.





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**McCAFFREY READING** (Galaxy 3) Our Guest of Honor reads from her latest work.

**BRAIN DISECTION LAB** (Universe 1) Mary Mason teaches us the ins and outs of slicing and dicing sheep brains. Groups will share brains (sort of like sharing a toothbrush) and will follow Mary as she explores the cerebral terrain.

**TERRAFORMING: FACT & FICTION** (Universe 2) Grand Master Jack Williamson (the inventor of the term "terraforming") and Science Guest of Honor James Oberg (author of a major book on the subject) discuss the awesome technology that has become a staple of SF and which may have a real place in humanity's future.

## 2 PM

**BOOK COLLECTING** (Mercury 7 & 8) What distinguishes a person with a lot of books from a book collector? What are the rewards of book collecting and how can someone get into collecting without being overwhelmed?

**SPINOFFS: ANOTHER MEANS OF WRITER'S SURVIVAL** (Mercury 13) Bill Fawcett, Caralyn Inks, Kathy Selbert. Most writers need every source of income they can get, and games, toys, computers and the media can help. Panelists discuss what these options are and how to get into them.



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**NOVELS OF 1985** (Mercury 9 & 10) Algis Budrys, Donald Keller, Charles Brown and Steve Fahnstalk. Our panel reviews the best and the worst of the year and engages in the inevitable speculation about the upcoming awards. [See also: *Short Fiction of 1985*]

**ALIEN LANDSCAPES** (Saturn 2) Ray Aldritch presents a slideshow and fictional narration of his stained glass work.

**ART SHOW OPENS FOR VIEWING** (Saturn 1, 3 & 4) Come in and browse, place your bids, and buy a print.

**ROBINSON READING** (Galaxy 3) Our Toastmaster shares his latest work in progress.

**THE CREATIVE PROCESS** (Universe 1) William Warren, Robert Vardeman, Nancy Etchemendy, Joanne Forman and Nick DiMartino. An artist, a songwriter, a playwright and two very different authors discuss creativity and ask the question: what is it anyway? How does the process differ from discipline and, more importantly, how is it *similar*?

**THE FIFTH FORCE: HYPERCHARGE AND ANTIGRAVITY** (Universe 2) John Cramer explains the recent work indicating the possible presence of a repulsive gravity-like force that operates over distances of less than 400 meters.

**FILM PREVIEWS** (Universe 3) Major studios present their coming attractions.

## 3 PM

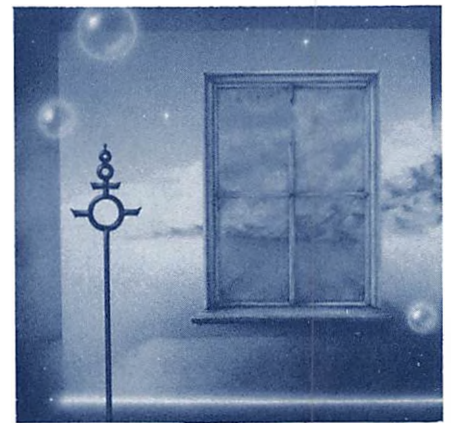
**BENNETT INTERVIEW** (Mercury 7 & 8) Find out more about our Fan Guest of Honor and how he got to *be* Fan Guest of Honor.

**THE EDUCATION OF A WRITER** (Mercury 13) Megan Lindholm, Vicki Mitchell, Marina Fitch and Clifford Wind. What would be the ideal education for an SF writer? Do great writers have anything in common in their educational background? Does being an English student make any difference?

**A MEETING OF WEYRS** (Mercury 9 & 10) Anne McCaffrey joins her fans from Ista, Telgar, High Reaches and other Weyrs in honoring John and Kathleen Kingslight, and to get acquainted. [See also: *Dragonsongs*]

**THE ARTIST'S LIFE** (Galaxy 3) Kelly & Polly Freas, Randy Hoar and others. Panelists compare their lifestyles and draw generalizations about what it means to be a professional artist.

**SYMPATHETIC VERSUS UNSYMPATHETIC CHARACTERS** (Universe 1) Frederik Pohl, Barbara Hambly, David Hartwell, Julian May and Steven Bryan Bieler. Why is "I couldn't identify with the main character" so often leveled as a major flaw of works of fiction? Do characters *have* to be sympathetic in order for a book to be good? An exciting panel pursues this controversy.



© 1986 by Ray Williams

## 4 PM

**LONG LOST HORROR** (Mercury 7 & 8) New horror is very popular but a great deal of classic work may be forgotten by most readers in the process of enjoying the new writers. What are some of the classics—both well-known and otherwise—that deserve to be kept alive and even fostered? [See also: *How is Horror Horrifying?*]

**ECOLOGY WORKSHOP** (Mercury 13) John Dalmas, Christine Mansfield and N. Lee Wood. Taking up where the Planetography Workshop left off—the task at hand is to create an ecosystem for our eventual story setting. How are various niches filled? How did intelligent life evolve? Or did it? Help create life at Norwescon by bringing your ideas to this event! Saturday's Anthropology Workshops will need something solid to work with. [See also: *The Biology of Imaginary Creatures*]

**THE GRAPHIC NOVEL** (Mercury 9 & 10) Julius Schwartz, Richard Pini and others. Merging art and text, the graphic novel is more than just an illustrated manuscript. Find how much more by talking with those who are producing them.

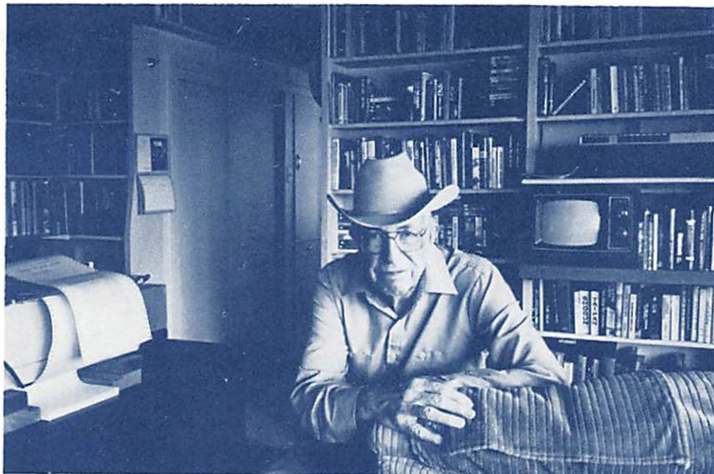


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**ART FOR NON-ARTISTS** (Saturn 2) What possibilities do accessible media such as computer graphics and rubber stamps provide to the neophyte? What potential do they hold for the established artist?

**CLARION WEST BENEFIT AUCTION** (Galaxy 3) Auctioneer Edward Bryant has everything under the sun up for grabs to the highest bidder: manuscripts, artwork, goodies and one-of-a-kind collectables. All proceeds go to the needs-based scholarship for the Clarion West Writers' Workshop. Even if you don't buy, come and bid occasionally, watch the show and enjoy the excitement.

**THE POPULARITY OF IMPERIALISM** (Universe 1) Bill Fawcett, Robert Sheckley, John Dalmás and others. Why *should* there still be imperialism in the year 2500 AD? Does it just provide an "exciting" setting [See also: *Militarism and the Warrior Ethic in SF/F*] or is there some reason to believe that humanity will not progress beyond the imperialist nature of so many of its cultures?

**DARKSPORT!** (Universe 2) Bob Young presents his version of Survival. Darksport is an indoor game played with infrared sensors. Find out how it works and enjoy a demonstration.

## 5 PM

**THE PRACTICE OF SONGWRITING** (Mercury 7 & 8) John & Kathleen Kingslight, Joanne Forman and Flip Breskin. What skills do you have to develop to be a good songwriter? What comes first: music or lyrics? How do different processes compare and what do they have to offer?

**THIS IS AMATEUR RADIO** (Mercury 9 & 10) Find out about amateur radio in this stimulating presentation. John Hedtke will discuss current developments in the field, including satellite communication, worldwide computer bulletin boards on the air and making phone calls from almost anywhere at no charge. A live contact with Roy Neal, NBC's Science Editor is scheduled and the audience will have the opportunity to ask him questions. The audience will also have the chance to call friends in the Seattle area and to talk to David Brin in San Diego, who, though he couldn't make it to the con this year, will be patched in at this demo.

**GETTING AN ART ASSIGNMENT** (Saturn 2) Kolla Lawson, William Warren and others. Panelists will discuss the actual process of securing an assignment, how to approach it methodically, what can be planned and what is simply serendipitous.

## 6 PM

**OBBERG INTERVIEW** (Mercury 7 & 8) Find out more about what makes our Science Guest of Honor tick.



© 1986 by C. Lee Healy

**THE PLEASURES AND PERILS OF SMALL PRESS** (Mercury 13) Steven Bryan Bieler, Donald Keller and Sansoucy Kathenor Walker. Many people can and do bypass the major publishing houses (and their need for large print runs) by establishing small presses. The possibilities are endless . . .

**DEVELOPING A PLOT** (Mercury 9 & 10) Jay Sheckley, Vicki Mitchell and Marilyn Holt. What is plot anyway? Where can one be stolen? How do original ones develop? Ideas can be fabulous, characters deep, settings vivid—but many a story has failed from a weak plot.

**DHARMIC ENGINEERING** (Saturn 2) Discover the Dharmic Engineers, their art, their symbols and their direction. Take a guided tour of the art show as you learn about a school of art with a center.

**THE MEANING & NATURE OF "PROGRESS"** (Galaxy 3) Joanna Russ, Dean Ing, Marian O. Nielsen, M.J. Engh and Kathryn A. Sinclair. "Progress is a very value-laden term. It is also a central theme of a great deal of science fiction. Does anyone really agree on a basic meaning? What does it mean to be "for progress" or "against progress"? Does the term assume that there is some inevitable human destiny? Explore these and other provocative questions.

## 7 PM

**NORWESCON FILM FESTIVAL BEGINS** (Galaxy 3) for the evening.

**WRITERS OF THE FUTURE RECEPTION** (Universe 1, 2 & 3) The entire convention membership is cordially invited to attend a reception hosted by the Writers of the Future Contest. Formal Dress is optional. The attending judges of the contest will honor the winners of 1985 and announce the publication of the second anthology. [See also: *Judging a Writing Contest*]

## 8 PM

**ARTIST'S RECEPTION** (Saturn 2) Come and meet artists, view art and maybe buy something for that bare spot.

## 9 PM

**THE TV CRITIQUE** (Mercury 13) Television's virtues and vices are probed by a distinguished panel. Has there ever been anything that's been *really* good?

**NORWESCON STARDANCE** (Universe 1, 2 & 3) Enjoy Norwescon's famed Stardance—the biggest party at the convention. Dance late into the night amidst extravagant light-, land- and soundscapes.

## 10 PM

**STARFARERS: THE EXCEPTION TO THE RULE?** (Mercury 13) Vonda McIntyre, Holly Hautala, Michael Scanlon and others. Was Starfarers the best SF show ever made for television? Will it ever receive the attention it deserves? Find out about Starfarers from this panel of devoted fans.

# SATURDAY, MARCH 22

## 9 AM

**REGISTRATION OPENS** (Lobby) To meet the hordes expected to arrive today!

**HOSPITALITY OPENS** (Apollo 3 & 4) Bright and early for a coffee pick-me-up—if you happen to be up bright and early, that is.

**TECHNICAL INTEREST (COMPUTER) ROOM OPENS** (Mercury 11)

## 10 AM

**ART SHOW OPENS** (Saturn 1, 3 & 4)

## 11 AM

**DEALER'S ROOM OPENS** (Galaxy 1 & 2) Take another look and see what you missed yesterday.

**COSTUME GALLERY OPENS** (Mercury 12)

## 11 AM

**THE ORIGINS OF THE FIRST WORLDCON** (Mercury 7 & 8) First Fan Julius Schwartz presents a slideshow of the fan meetings and personalities that led to the first World Science Fiction Convention.



**HOW IS HORROR HORRIFYING?** (Mercury 13) Sherry Gottlieb, David Hartwell, Kathryn Cramer and Edward Bryant. Where is modern horror going to? How does it function? Get into the nitty gritty of how horror scares people and what it can mean in the process of doing so.

**FANTASY ANTHROPOLOGY/SOCIOLOGY WORKSHOP** (Mercury 9 & 10) Adrienne Martine-Barnes, Steve Boyett and Ru Emerson. Here is where our world-building track gets interesting: It splits into two tracks—fantasy and science fiction. In *this* workshop the panelists—with the diligent help of the audience—have to create a culture and populate the ecosystem developed yesterday. Come create a fantasy setting for tomorrow's story brainstorm.

**ARTIST'S ONLY** (Saturn 2) Kelly Freas invites artists to come and talk . . .

**TECHNOLOGY AND VALUES** (Galaxy 3) Robert Vardeman, Scott Russell Sanders, Nancy Reynolds and Clare Bell. Technological decisions are often made in an environment that seems devoid of consideration of goals or the values being weighed. What are some examples of this? In what ways are technologies value laden? Sometimes it seems as though technology controls us, but if that's not the case, who controls technology? How can value decisions about technology best be made?

**THE ROMANTICISM OF SPACE** (Universe 1) Cooky Oberg, William Warren, Jerry Meredith and William Dietz. Space holds an attraction for many SF readers far in excess of the immediate practical ends that are claimed for it. Why is this? What does space provide that attracts so many to the Great Out There?

**JUDGING A WRITING CONTEST** (Universe 2) Algis Budrys, Robert Silverberg, Gene Wolfe, Jack Williamson, Anne McCaffrey, Stephen Goldin, Frederik Pohl and Larry Niven. This panel of distinguished judges of the Writers of the Future Contest for 1985 discuss what they think makes a good story and why.

## 12 NOON

**ROBINSON INTERVIEW** (Mercury 7 & 8) Dean Ing interrogates our Toastmasters.

**CHILDREN'S FICTION: CLASSIC VERSUS MODERN** (Mercury 13) Compare the traditional body of children's literature to that produced in modern times. Has it gotten better? Worse? Just different? How?

**AIRBRUSH TECHNIQUE** (Saturn 2) Randy "Tarkas" Hoar and Ray Williams. Watch the experts as they demonstrate basic and advanced techniques with this most versatile of tools.

**CREATING NEW FANTASY WORLDS** (Galaxy 3) Tim Powers, Elizabeth Ann Scarborough, M. Coleman Easton and Stephen Goldin. Fantasy stories that seem trite to some are breathtaking to others. When does an archetype become a stereotype and how can truly original settings and characters be discovered?

**DRAGONSONGS** (Universe 1) Anne McCaffrey and John & Kathleen Kingslight perform Joanne Forman's beautiful composition drawn from McCaffrey's classic work.

**THE SPACE STATION: YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW** (Universe 2) Greg Bennett presents the history and future of the U.S. space station and joins a panel for discussion and questions afterward.

**FILM PREVIEWS** (Universe 3) The studios continue to let us know what's coming soon in a theater near you.

## 1 PM

**GOLDEN AGE FANDOM** (Mercury 7 & 8) Julius Schwartz, William Coslet and others. How has fandom changed since the golden age? Come and find out from those who know.

**FUTURE MEDICINE: QUALITY OR QUANTITY?** (Mercury 13) Medicine costs. Even as technology makes the leading edge more effective, it continues to cost. What choices do we have to make in the future with regard to health care and what predictions can we make?

**SF ANTHROPOLOGY/SOCIOLOGY WORKSHOP** (Mercury 9 & 10) Michael Armstrong, Jerry Meredith, Mary Mason and Carol Severance. This workshop also proceeds from yesterday's Ecology Workshop. Create a culture—from a science fiction perspective—that belongs in the created ecosystem, and which can be used as a setting for story ideas tomorrow.

**FREAS INTERVIEW** (Saturn 2) William Warren helps us discover who Kelly and Polly Freas really are.

**HOW EDITORS DO THEIR JOB** (Galaxy 3) Susan Allison, David Hartwell, Beth Meacham and Shawna McCarthy. Jay Sheckley probes these editors for their opinions on everything from partial submissions to office power structures.

**THE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY OF WRITERS** (Universe 1) Frederik Pohl, Norman Spinrad, Dean Ing and Scott Russell Sanders. Writers have the power to reach an enormous number of people with their words. It could therefore be argued that they are accountable for the ethical content of their writing. Is there such a thing as a work that is actually ethically neutral? If not, then what responsibility does

a writer have to society? Science fiction and fantasy reaches more people every year. . . .

## 2 PM

**THE BIOLOGY OF IMAGINARY CREATURES** (Mercury 7 & 8) Sharon Baker, Christine Mansfield and others. How would a centaur actually work? What questions should writers ask before letting their imaginations run wild in the creation of alien lifeforms?

**THE SKILLS OF POETRY** (Mercury 13) John de Camp, Sansoucy Kathenor Walker, Susan Palwick and others. Poetry has always had a place in fantasy and it has a growing place in science fiction. Given that, what are the skills that writers can develop through poetry? What skills does poetry foster and require? How do the skills of prose compare and how might lessons translate back and forth?

**AIRBRUSH PAINTING: A SLIDESHOW** (Saturn 2) Martin Cameron proudly shows samples of his work.

**McCAFFREY INTERVIEW** (Galaxy 3) Sometimes all we can see is dragons. Elizabeth Ann Scarborough helps us discover more about our fabulous Guest of Honor.

**MODERN ARCHETYPES** (Universe 2) Beth Meacham, Susan Allison and Marilyn Holt. Some characters strike a chord in people and continue to have meaning long after their original context seems to have disappeared. What are some modern archetypes? Are there any that aren't just recycled versions of older models? Can an archetype become a cliché? Come put Luke Skywalker, Sherlock Holmes, Dracula and others to the test. [See also: *The Vampire, Holmes Again*]

**DIRECT SALE OF ART BEGINS** (Saturn 1, 3 & 4)

## 3 PM

**THE BUSINESS OF RUNNING A CONVENTION** (Mercury 7 & 8) Greg Bennett, Steve Bard and Jon Gustafson. Find out how all this happens, why it happens, what the do's and don'ts are, and the fact that no one agrees on any of the answers.



The Good Of Dayn III

**WRITING ABOUT SF** (Mercury 13) David Hartwell, Edward Bryant and Algis Budrys. There is a great deal of writing about SF: book reviews, criticism, historical analysis, etc. These prominent practitioners discuss what makes such writing good, bad or indifferent.

**THE COSTUMES OF JULIAN MAY** (Mercury 9 & 10) The Queen of the Rhinestones presents a slideshow of her dazzling work.

**IVORY CUTTING DEMONSTRATION** (Saturn 2) Lita Smith-Gharet demonstrates the techniques of working in this unusual medium.

**NORWESCON FILM CONTEST** (Galaxy 3) Amateur filmmakers compete with their most exciting new work.

**TECHNOLOGY: THE OPIATE OF THE INTELLECTUAL?** (Universe 1) Frank Catalano, Robert Sheckley, Greg Bear and Michael Gilbert. If religion is the opiate of the masses, then what is the opiate of the elite? Technology often *seems* to fit the bill. Do leaders use technological approaches to solve what are fundamentally social problems and to what extent does the mystique of technology contribute to this? Discuss these and other issues under this provocative heading. [See also: *Technology & Values*]

**PSEUDOSCIENCE IN ACTION!** (Universe 2) Reverend Chumley does the impossible while being hounded by a panel of expert witnesses. Has he got a nuclear power plant secreted in his shorts?

#### 4 PM

**THE EFFECTIVE USE OF TONE AND IMAGERY IN WRITING** (Mercury 7 & 8) Shawna McCarthy, Beth Meacham and Donald Keller. Among the most difficult of skills to master, control of tone and a fine sense for the selection of imagery are also among the most essential. Panelists discuss how different styles of writing succeed or fail; and how a writer should develop these skills.

**FEMALE HEROES AND A FEMALE GOD** (Mercury 13) . . . Why we need them, how to create them. Join Helen G. Farias (editor of the *Beltane Papers*, a journal of women's spirituality) and Rosana Blethern (co-author of a forthcoming collection of woman-centered folklore) for a lecture-panel-workshop for anyone interested in women in folklore and fantasy. There will be some history, slides, discussion of fictional characters such as Joanna Russ's Alyx, woman-centered folklore, a circle and more!

**SHORT FICTION OF 1985** (Mercury 9 & 10) Shawna McCarthy, Greg Cox, Amy Thomson and Jane Yolen. The worst, the best, and those destined for awards. [See also: *Novels of 1985*]

**THE ART OF BIDDING** (Saturn 2) Jon Gustafson, Kolla Lawson and Steve Fahnestalk. So what is it really worth? Get all the hot tips in preparation for Sunday's big auction.

#### 5 PM

**ELFQUEST APPRECIATION** (Mercury 7 & 8) Richard Pini opens this meeting with a brief discussion of where *Elfquest* is and where it is going.

**FRANK HERBERT AND DUNE** (Mercury 9 & 10) Brian Herbert introduces a special video presentation of interviews with the late Frank Herbert and the documentary, "The Making of Dune."

## PRO ETIQUETTE

by Stephen Goldin

*IN THIS ARTICLE, the word "Pro" shall mean any guest of the convention: writer, artist, panelist, and any other person with some degree of celebrity.*

#### AT THE MEET-THE-PROS PARTY

1. Offering to buy the Pro a drink or a meal is always in order.
2. This is a time for light conversation and general getting acquainted. Keep it light; make an appointment if you want a detailed philosophical discussion of the Pro's work.
3. Remember, other people may want a chance to meet and talk to this Pro, too. Don't monopolize his time.
4. This is a social occasion. Don't bring books or other items to be autographed. That's what autograph sessions are for. This is a time to talk to the Pro. The Pros are here to talk to you.
5. Most Pros have had their rabies shots and are safe to talk to, as long as you're polite. Don't be bashful. Compliments are *always* welcomed.

#### AT THE AUTOGRAPH SESSION

6. See Rule 1, above.
7. Remember, this is a signing session. If a Pro has a long line of people waiting for his signature, don't tie him up with conversation. That's what the Meet-the-Authors party is for.
8. Some Pros have short lines, or none at all, at autograph sessions; that's just the way it works. If that's the case, they may enjoy someone who'll stick around and talk with them. When in doubt, ask.
9. See Rule 2, above.
10. If you have more than five or so of the Pro's works to be autographed and there are people waiting in line behind you, get five done, then go back to the end of the line to have more done later.

#### AFTER PANELS

11. See Rule 1, above.
12. Panels are one of the few places where you can be sure of catching the Pro you're interested in. If you want to speak briefly with the Pro or get his autograph, wait until the panel is over. Then step out into the hall with him and conduct your business there so the next panel can get started.
13. See Rule 2, above.

**MAKING THE SIMPLE SCREAMER** (Galaxy 3) Dan Reeder demonstrates how to make lovely, demented creatures using your brother's teeth. This is always a crowd pleaser—not to be missed.

#### 5:30 PM

**NORWESCON AUTOGRAPH PARTY** (Universe 1 & 2) This is the party that everyone is invited to, and at which everyone can enjoy meeting new people. Every writer, artist, editor, agent, filmmaker or other guest will be in attendance—and so will the hotel's bartender. [Please see Stephen Goldin's article "Pro Etiquette"]

#### IN THE HALLWAYS

14. See Rules 1 & 2, above.
15. If you see a Pro you want to talk to, ask if he has a moment to talk. Don't delay him on his way to the rest room, a panel, or other appointment.
16. If the Pro is involved in another conversation, don't interrupt; wait quietly at the periphery until there's a break, then excuse yourself and ask if you could have a brief word with the Pro. If the answer is no, see Rule 2, above.

#### IN THE BAR OR RESTAURANT

17. If you see the Pro seated by himself, you may approach and ask politely whether he wants to be alone or whether he would like some company. Restaurants and bars are not the place for autographs; if that's your aim, ask when would be a convenient time to get one.
18. If the Pro is seated with a party of other people, don't interrupt. If you know one of the people in the group, you may ask that person whether he'd mind your joining them. If you don't know anyone in the group, see Rule 16, above.
19. Don't be a sponge. Pay for your fair share (rounds, meals, etc.). Many Pros are as broke as you are.

#### ROOM PARTIES

20. If you're giving a room party and would like a Pro to attend, give him a specific invitation. Many Pros would like to make the rounds of parties, and this makes them feel welcome.
21. If a Pro shows up at your party, he is fair game for discussions and autographs. After all, he came there of his own free will, and can leave whenever he wants. If you're a good host (see Rule 1, above), he might not want to.

#### IN GENERAL

22. See Rule 1, above.
23. Don't insult the Pro. If you have a low opinion of a given Pro, just ignore him. Life is too short to waste on negative things. There must be plenty of other people at the convention whose work you like; why else would you be here? Find them and let them know. See Rule 1, above.

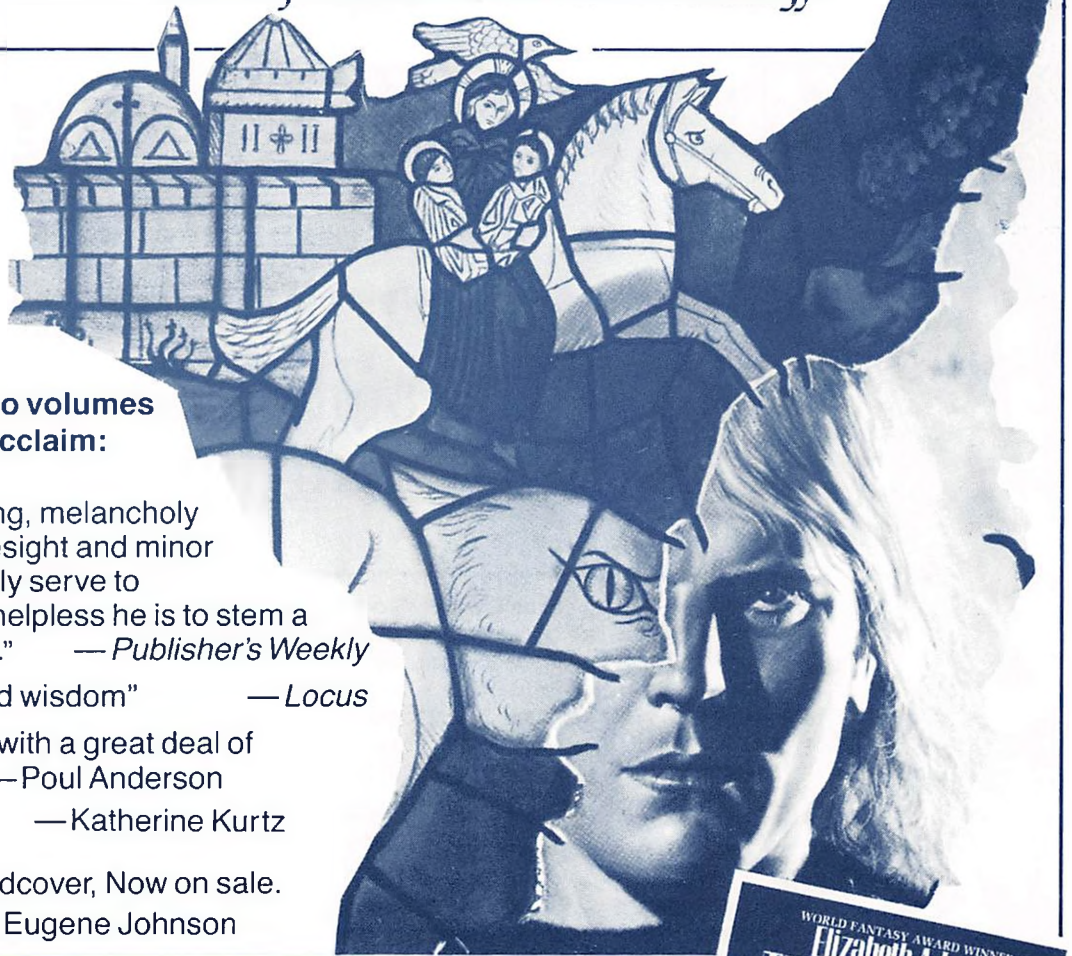
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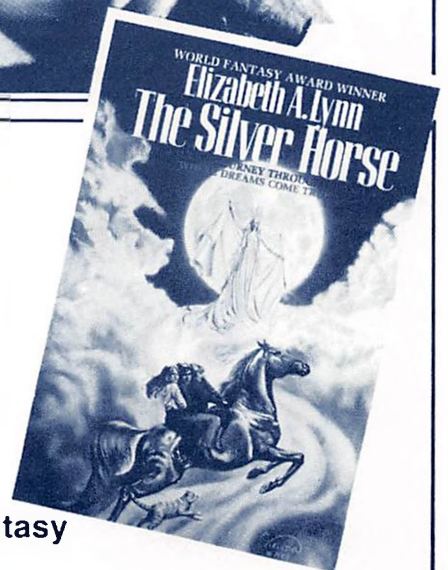
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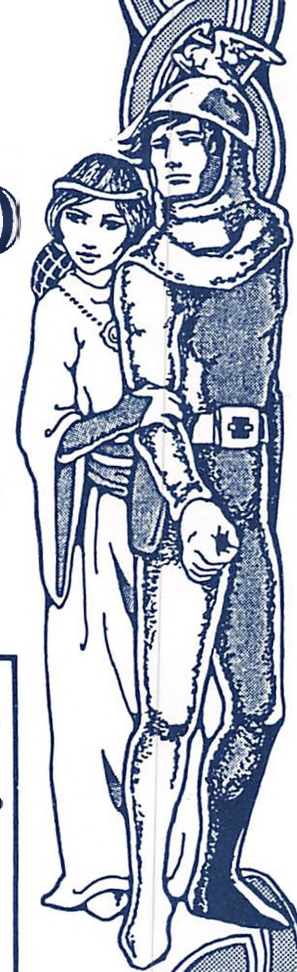
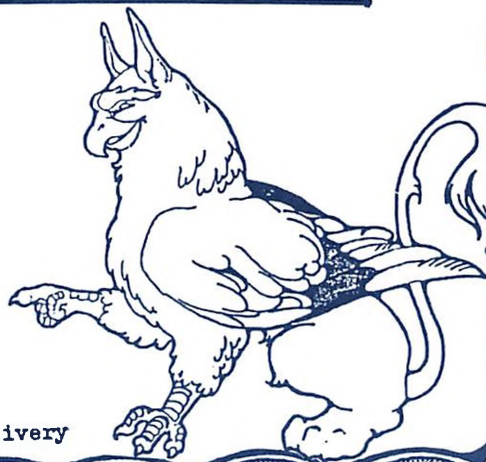
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## 7 PM

**SARATOGA MEETING** (Mercury 13) Robert Vardeman answers questions about the writing of Star Trek novels.

**AN EVENING OF STORY** (Galaxy 3) Michale Gabriel is an entrancing storyteller. You will not want to miss her! Stories by Jane Yolen and others will be brought to life in the telling and you will never forget the experience.

## 8:30 PM

**MASQUERADE OPENS FOR SEATING** (Universe 2 & 3)

## 9:00 PM

**FILM FESTIVAL CONTINUES** (Galaxy 3)

**MASQUERADE EXTRAVAGANZA** (Universe 2 & 3) Join our Master of Ceremonies Richard "Hatmaster" Clement and the Highliners in one of the highlights of the entire convention. We are proud to present a fast-paced evening of song, dance, costume and hats. Let us entertain you!

## 12:30 AM (Sunday)

**SCIENCE FICTION DOUBLE FEATURES** (Universe 2 & 3) Front row seats get turned into a dance floor and you can watch and/or boogie to the late night double feature picture show: *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and *Shock Treatment*.

# SUNDAY, MARCH 23

## 9 AM

**REGISTRATION OPENS** (Lobby) To catch any stragglers!

**HOSPITALITY OPENS** (Apollo 3 & 4) Come in to visit with the Hospitality staff. More coffee, more conversation, more relaxation.

**TECHNICAL INTEREST (COMPUTER) ROOM OPENS** (Mercury 11)

**COSTUME GALLERY OPENS** (Mercury 12)

## 10 AM

**ART SHOW OPENS** (Saturn 1, 3 & 4) for one hour only—for last minute bids!

**DEALER'S ROOM OPENS** (Galaxy 1 & 2) Last chance to buy that treasure before the dealers pack up and disappear for another year.

## 11 AM

**THE VAMPIRE** (Mercury 7 & 8) Greg Cox and others. What makes the vampire such a powerful character that writers have found such a wide use for it in fiction? What are the various manifestations of the vampire? Come share your favorite vampire stories.

**THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WRITER** (Mercury 13) Stephen Goldin, Elinor Wood and Martha Millard. There is inspiration, there is craft, but in this world there is also business. Explore the aspects of writing that are necessary to survival and may even help you prosper. [See also: *The State of Taxes*]

**ADAPTING REAL-WORLD MAGIC FOR FANTASY** (Mercury 9 & 10) Susan Palwick, Ellen Blancksher, John de Camp and M. Coleman Easton. From the simple "magic" of a smile to the practice of witches, what are the ways in which magic from this world can find its way productively into fictional works of the fantastic.

**ACRYLIC TECHNIQUE** (Saturn 2) Shaleen Crook presents and discusses her latest work.

**THE FORMS OF INTERSTELLAR CIVILIZATION** (Universe 2) Larry Niven, Jack Williamson, Grant Callin and Vernor Vinge. What forms of interstellar civilization have been postulated in fiction? What are the possibilities and which are the most probable?

**CREATIVE ANACHRONISM FAIR OPENS** (Universe 3) Dancers, merchants, and above all—a Tourney! The SCA presents a full day in another time. Come get in the mood and enjoy the Third Annual SCA/Norwescon Fighter's Tournament.

## 12 NOON

**GUEST OF HONOR BANQUET** (Universe 1) Be sure to get your ticket for the full course lunch if you want to attend. Enjoy speeches by all of our Guests of Honor and, of course, the pleasant conversation with those who'll share your table.

**COMPUTER SPECIAL EFFECTS** (Universe 2) Gordon Garb of Digital Productions shows off the potential of the technology which produced the special effects for *The Last Starfighter* and Mick Jagger's *Hard Woman* video.

## 1 PM

**NORWESCON FILM CONTEST CONCLUDES** (Galaxy 3)

## 2 PM

**"SEEING THINGS" APPRECIATION** (Mercury 7 & 8) Ryan K. Johnson, Terry Primrose and Jeff Harris. Now that you've seen it, what do you think of it?

**HOLMES AGAIN** (Mercury 13) Sherlock Holmes is very popular among SF fans. The character has been adapted, disguised, stolen and perpetuated. What makes Holmes so interesting?

**JUDGING THE "APPROPRIATENESS" OF CHILDREN'S FICTION** (Mercury 9 & 10) Nancy Etchemendy, Donna Davis, Nick DiMartino and Kathy Selbert. Clearly children's fiction is intended by many (among those who write it and those who choose it) to do more than "simply entertain." The panelists will discuss the recurring controversies and the examples of different concerns over the reading that children do.

**NORWESCON ART AUCTION** (Saturn 2) Practice the "Art of Bidding" and thereby procure your favorites!

**BUCKAROO BANZAI** (Galaxy 3) No matter where you go, there you are . . . Terry Erdmann shares anecdotes, film clips and fun.

**PHILIP K. DICK AWARD CEREMONY** (Universe 1) Algis Budrys, David Hartwell and the Judges of the Philip K. Dick Award will present a cash grant and scroll to the writer of the best SF paperback original of 1985. The nominees are *Saraband of Lost Time* (Avon) by Richard Grant, *The Timeservers* (Avon) by Russell Griffin, *Emprise* (Berkley) by Michael P. Kube-McDowell, *Dinner at Deviant's Palace* (Ace) by Tim Powers, *The Remaking of Sigmund Freud* (Del Rey) by Barry Malzberg, *Terrarium* (Tor) by Scott Russell Sanders and *Knight Moves* (Tor) by Walter Jon Williams.

**"MAN-MADE LANGUAGE:" SEXISM IN LANGUAGE AND COMMUNICATION** (Universe 2) Joanna Russ, M.J. Engh and others. Dale Spender has argued that it is in part through men's control of language and communication that women are subordinated. This goes far beyond the mere problem of pronouns. Discover some fundamental inequities, even in the art of conversation, at this provocative discussion. [See also: *Linguistic Determinism*]



The Good Ol' Days IV



*The Devil You Say* © 1986 by Kelly Freas  
from the story by Walter L. Kleine  
Astounding, September 1957

### 3 PM

**RESOURCES FOR WRITERS** (Mercury 7 & 8) Mary Mason, Ru Emerson and Don Baumgart. SF is an especially resource-dependent genre. What are some of the essential resources no writer should be without.

**PACKAGING FICTION** (Mercury 13) Jane Yolen, Sharan Newman and Ginjer Buchanan. Is it *really* a children's story? The words are the same, but the cover and the audience changes. What does all this mean?

**THE FUTURE OF WORK** (Mercury 9 & 10) Norman Spinrad, Steven Bryan Bieler and William Dietz. Very often speculations about the future focus on the consumption aspects of society. What about production? What will the impact of various technologies be on various jobs and on the labor market as a whole? Who will reap the benefits of increased efficiency? Will there be costs? "Work" is often regarded as a dirty word: will that get worse or better?

**WHAT MAKES A HERO** (Galaxy 3) Robert Silverberg, Jon Gustafson, Tatiana Keller. Is it simply making sacrifices for a "noble" cause or is there something deeper to heroism? It is certainly a function of public regard as to whether a person is a hero or a villain. How does real world heroism differ from that in fiction?

**SF STORY BRAINSTORM** (Universe 1) Anne McCaffrey, Frank Catalano and Greg Bear. Now we find out what kind of ideas can be developed out of the setting created in the SF Anthropology Workshop. Numerous stories are waiting to be told in any interesting setting. Which did you find most exciting in this one?

**FILM PREVIEWS** (Universe 2) There's even more to come? Yep!

### 4 PM

**ALL ABOUT FILM CONTESTS** Mark Schellberg, Ryan K. Johnson, Terry Erdmann and Jim Cobb. Film Contests are great egoboo for the winners, but do they really provide opportunity for them? Do they really demonstrate their talents?

**CONVENTION GRIPES AND COMPLIMENTS** (Mercury 13) The Con Com. This panel has it backwards: the panelists listen, you talk. What went right for you at the con? What went wrong? What suggestions do you have? We want your feedback!

**TIME TRAVEL: ALTERNATIVE MODELS** (Mercury 9 & 10) Richard Purtill, John Cramer and Larry Niven. Time travel is an SF staple and the ideas of how it would work are numerous. What are some of these ideas, which are the most interesting and which (if this makes any sense) are the most *realistic*?

**RICH AND POOR IN THE FUTURE** (Galaxy 3) Kim Nelson, Marian O. Nielsen and Vernor Vinge. Futuristic speculation can often ignore the facts of economics. Socioeconomic indicators suggest that things are *not* going to be getting any better. What sort of economic futures have people written about, what are we likely to see and what are the implications?

**FANTASY STORY BRAINSTORM** (Universe 1) Tim Powers, Steve Boyett and Peter Beagle. Develop the setting from the Fantasy Anthropology Workshop into story concepts. Although this world started out as the *same planet* as the SF Brainstorm, it has since become an alternate world. What story did you hope to see developed?

### 5 PM

**"DR. WHO" APPRECIATION** (Mercury 7 & 8) Ryan K. Johnson leads a discussion in anticipation of all-night Dr. Who.

**THE CLARION WORKSHOP EXPERIENCE** (Mercury 13) Michael Armstrong, Bruce Ferguson, Susan Palwick and others. Six weeks of intensive education about writing science fiction and fantasy. But how does it work?

**VOLUNTEERS — GoH GET-TOGETHER** (Mercury 9 & 10) A special opportunity for those who have volunteered their time to the convention to meet all of our Guests of Honor!

**PORTRAIT PAINTING BY KELLY FREAS** (Saturn 2) Do you want your portrait done by Kelly Freas? He will auction off that opportunity following the art auction!

**HISTORICAL REVISIONISM: FACT AND FICTION** (Galaxy 3) Sharan Newman, James Oberg, Jane Yolen and others. Changing history: politicians do it. Writers do it. Are the examples or responsibilities in any way analogous?

**THE NEW, NEW WAVE** (Universe 1) Susan Allison, William Gibson, Walter Jon Williams, Edward Bryant and Norman Spinrad. Is there a *new new wave* or is that just a panel title? What's a "cyberpunk"? Come try to sort out the myths and realities of trends in science fiction.

**FANNISH OLYMPICS** (Universe 2) Form your teams and get ready for the gruelling competition.

### 7 PM

**CLOSING CEREMONY** (Universe 1) Join our Guests of Honor in recapping the highlights of the convention, presenting awards, and—as a special event—recounting the memories of Frank Herbert and Theodore Sturgeon that we have shared during the weekend.

### 8 PM

**FILM FESTIVAL CONTINUES** (Galaxy 3)

**AN EVENING OF SONG** (Universe 1) Spider and Jeanne Robinson, John and Kathleen Kingslight, Peter Beagle, John Hedtke and many others. Relax with the talents of the most musical among us. An informal setting, a no-host bar and lots of catchy tunes.



## 9 PM

**COOL-DOWN DANCE** (Universe 3) For those who still have some energy left to burn, here are some of the favorite dance cuts from the last three days.

## MONDAY, MARCH 24

### 10:30 AM

**SURVIVOR'S BRUNCH** (Coffee Shop) Self-explanatory.



*Crystal Singer* © 1986 by Michael Whelan.

*The following lists are provided as an aid in finding programming events that fall into similar categories and to help locate descriptions in the programming section. Please check the Pocket Program to verify times and locations. Additional programming will be listed there.*

### WRITING PROGRAMS

#### The Practice of Writing

The Business of Being a Writer - Sunday 11 AM  
Clarion: The Workshop Experience - Sunday 5 PM  
The Creative Process - Friday 2 PM  
Developing a Plot - Friday 6 PM  
The Education of a Writer - Friday 3 PM  
Fantasy Story Brainstorm - Sunday 4 PM  
Historical Revisionism - Sunday 5 PM  
How to Write an Effective Sex Scene - Friday 11 AM  
Ideas into Stories - Friday Noon  
Militarism and the Warrior Ethic in SF/F - Friday 1 PM  
The Popularity of Imperialism - Friday 4 PM  
Resources for Writers - Sunday 3 PM  
Science Fiction Story Brainstorm - Sunday 3 PM  
The Skills of Poetry - Saturday 2 PM  
The Social Responsibility of Writers - Saturday 1 PM  
The State of Taxes - Friday Noon  
Spinoffs: Another Means of Survival - Friday 2 PM  
Tone and Imagery in Writing - Saturday 4 PM

### About the Written Word

Adapting Real-world Magic for Fantasy - Sunday 11 AM  
Book Collecting - Friday 2 PM  
Children's Fiction: Classic versus Modern - Saturday Noon  
Creating New Fantasy Worlds - Saturday Noon  
The Graphic Novel - Friday 4 PM  
How Editors Do Their Job - Saturday 1 PM  
How is Horror Horrifying - Saturday 11 AM  
Holmes Again - Sunday 2 PM  
Judging a Writing Contest - Saturday 11 AM  
Judging Children's Fiction - Sunday 2 PM  
Long Lost Horror - Friday 4 PM  
Love, Sex and Power by Women - Friday Noon  
Modern Archetypes - Saturday 2 PM  
The New, New Wave - Sunday 5 PM  
Novels of 1985 - Friday 2 PM  
Packaging Fiction - Sunday 3 PM  
Shared Worlds - Friday 11 AM  
Short Fiction of 1985 - Saturday 4 PM  
Sympathetic versus Unsympathetic Characters - Friday 3 PM  
The Vampire - Sunday 11 AM  
What Makes a Hero - Sunday 3 PM  
Writing About SF - Saturday 3 PM

### SCIENCE PROGRAMS

#### Science, Technology & Society

The Aesthetics of Science in SF - Friday 1 PM  
The Future of Work - Sunday 3 PM  
The Meaning and Nature of "Progress" - Friday 6 PM  
Technology and Values - Saturday 11 AM  
Technology: The Opiate of the Intellectual? - Saturday 3 PM

#### Worldbuilding

Ecology Workshop - Friday 4 PM  
Fantasy Anthropology/Sociology Workshop - Saturday 11 PM  
Planetography Workshop - Friday 11 AM  
SF Anthropology/Sociology Workshop - Saturday 1 PM

#### Physics and Space Sciences

The Fifth Force - Friday 2 PM  
Planetography Workshop - Friday 11 AM  
Terraforming: Fact and Fiction - Friday 1 PM  
Time Travel: Alternate Models - Sunday 4 PM  
The Space Station: Yesterday and Tomorrow - Saturday Noon

#### Linguistics and Social Sciences

Fantasy Anthropology/Sociology Workshop - Saturday 1 PM  
Female Heroes and a Female God - Saturday 4 PM  
The Forms of Interstellar Civilization - Sunday 11 AM  
Linguistic Determinism - Friday Noon  
Man-made Language/Sexism - Sunday 2 PM  
Rich and Poor in the Future - Sunday 4 PM  
SF Anthropology/Sociology Workshop - Saturday 1 PM

#### Biological Sciences

Biology of Imaginary Creatures - Saturday 2 PM  
Brain Dissection Lab - Friday 1 PM  
Future Medicine: Quality or Quantity - Saturday 1 PM

#### Technical Interest

Computer Special Effects - Sunday Noon  
This is Amateur Radio - Friday 5 PM

### ART PROGRAM

Acrylic Techniques - Sunday 11 AM  
Airbrush Slideshow - Saturday 2 PM  
Airbrush Techniques - Saturday Noon  
Alien Landscapes - Friday 2 PM  
Art Auction - Sunday 2 PM  
Art for Non-Artists - Friday 4 PM  
The Art of Bidding - Saturday 4 PM  
The Art of Frank Kelly Freas - Friday Noon  
The Artist's Life - Friday 3 PM  
Artists Only: A Talk with Kelly Freas - Saturday 11 AM  
Artists' Reception - Friday 8 PM  
Chroma: The Art of Alex Schomburg - Friday 1 PM  
The Costumes of Julian May - Saturday 3 PM  
The Creative Process - Friday 2 PM  
Dharmic Engineering - Friday 6 PM  
Freas Interview - Saturday 1 PM  
Getting an Art Assignment - Friday 5 PM  
The Graphic Novel - Friday 4 PM  
Making the Simple Screamer - Saturday 5 PM  
Ivory Cutting Demonstration - Saturday 3 PM  
Marketing Artwork - Friday 11 AM  
Portrait Painting by Kelly Freas - Sunday 5 PM  
The State of Taxes - Friday Noon

### MEDIA PROGRAM

#### Video

All-Night Avengers - Saturday Midnight  
All-Night Blake's 7 - Friday 7 PM  
All-Night Dr. Who - Sunday 6 PM  
All-Night Tri-pods - Thursday 7 PM  
Japanese Animation - Friday 9 AM to 6 PM, Saturday 9 AM to 6 PM, Sunday 9 AM to 5 PM  
Seeing Things - Saturday 7 PM to Midnight

#### Discussions, Panels & Presentations

All About Film Contests - Sunday 4 PM  
Buckaroo Banzai - Sunday 2 PM  
Computer Special Effects - Sunday Noon  
Dr. Who Appreciation - Sunday 5 PM  
Films of 1985 - Friday 11 AM  
The Norwescon Film Contest - Saturday 3 PM  
Saratoga Meeting (Star Trek) - Saturday 7 PM  
Seeing Things Appreciation - Sunday 2 PM  
Starfarers - Friday 10 PM  
The TV Critique - Friday 9 PM

### CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

*The Children's Programming is intended mainly for the younger, though anyone is welcome to participate. Priority will be given to children. All of the events are to be held Apollo Room 1, adjacent to Child Care. Please check the Pocket Program to verify times.*

Alice in Wonderland (movie) - Sunday 3 PM  
Create an Alien - Friday 2 PM  
The Dark Crystal (movie) - Saturday 10 AM  
Discovering the Planet Uranus and Halley's Comet - Friday 3 PM  
Dumbo the Flying Elephant (movie) - Friday 11 AM  
Games and Entertainment with Dino the Clown - Friday 5 PM, Saturday 5 PM  
Hero's Journey - part one Saturday 1 to 2:30 PM, part two 3 to 4:30 PM  
Mask Making Workshop - Sunday 10 AM - Noon, 1 to 3 PM  
Space Art - Friday 4 PM  
Young StoryTellers - Saturday 6 PM

# GOH

ANNE McCAFFREY



Anne McCaffrey

## ANNE MCCAFFREY

by Elizabeth Ann Scarborough

SHE'S AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN to her fans as the Dragonlady, but Anne McCaffrey is as different from the long-nailed, villainous female Fu Manchu of comic strip fame as her dragons are from the maiden-munching marauders of medieval infamy. Like her dragons, Anne is one of the good guys.

The most obvious good thing she's done for most of us is that she invented the dragons—those jewel-eyed Pernese dragons who heroically combat the burning threads menacing their planet and who have the sort of deep telepathic bond with their riders that everyone wishes they had with someone. She's also the creator of Helva, the singing space-ship, some rather charming dinosaurs,

and an exciting alternative occupation for failed opera singers. She has won both a Hugo and a Nebula and her work has repeatedly been on the New York Times best seller list.

Besides which, she is kind to animals, has been known to take in stray children, and is a source of encouragement and morale support to many new writers. Like me.

The first time she helped me, she didn't know me and had not read anything I'd written. Which was logical enough, because I'd only written one book at the time, my first, still unpublished. After waiting seven months for a publishers verdict, I fled my empty post office box in Fairbanks and flew to Kansas City to visit my parents during spring vacation from the University of Alaska. When I saw the notice in the Kansas City paper that the local library was having a signing party for Anne McCaffrey, I was so crazed with excitement my parents just about sent me back to

Alaska to cool off. I was undaunted. "There is a reason for this," I told them portentously. "There has to be a reason why my favorite author is here in Kansas City during the same week I'm here. It's an omen." They looked doubtful, but my mother drove me to the autograph party, nevertheless, and loaned me the money to buy a hardback copy of one of the dragon books for Anne to sign.

She looked pretty much like her oft-published self-description, "My eyes are green, my hair is silver and I freckle: the rest is still subject to change without notice." She tried to say a little something to each person there. I had hurriedly scrawled a hand-written note asking her all of the questions about writing and being a writer I had been dying to ask someone since I started my novel. I handed the note to her, and added that if she couldn't answer because she was too busy writing another book, I'd certainly understand. She smiled and admired my Eskimo snow-shirt and asked me about Alaska. I told her she had to come up and visit us sometime. She said she might. The next person in line shuffled nervously and I moved along, clutching my freshly signed book. I returned to my parents' house, ready to pounce on my Dad with an account of all the exciting details. Instead, he pounced on me, announcing that I had gotten a call from Alaska to tell me there was a letter from Bantam Books making me an offer on *Song of Sorcery*. After they scraped me off the ceiling, I tried to call Anne to tell her, and to thank her for being a harbinger of such happy news, but I didn't get to until a couple of years later when the Fairbanks Arts Association seconded my invitation to Anne to visit Alaska.

The plane trip to Fairbanks is not exactly restful. From Seattle it is a minimum of five hours and Anne had come from L.A. where she stopped on another of her marathon jaunts away from her home in Ireland. She must have felt somewhat daunted to see the entire population of the local Society for Creative Anachronism group fully garbed, waiting for her at the airport. But she looked delighted to see us, and amused, and stood for about twenty minutes answering questions.

"Why do all the dragons have names that end in 'th'?"

"Becaugh," Anne explained, "Dragonth lithp. I don't know why they lithp. They juth do."

I didn't have to worry about what I was going to say to her on the way to the hotel from the airport. I barely got a word in edgewise about how much I'd enjoyed *Crystal Singer* before she started telling me how much she enjoyed my books. I had asked Bantam to stop billing me as being "in the tradition of Anne McCaffrey and Ursula Le Guin," for

fear the comparison might offend the ladies to whom I was being compared. Anne's response to this fear was to ask Bantam to send her my next book so she could give it an endorsement for its jacket. Since then, I have often received letters from her saying, "Watch for such-and-such-a-book when it comes out! It's a knock-out!" Her enthusiastic comments crop up on the covers of previously unknown books by previously unknown writers with a frequency which is both generous and amazing—she actually seems to read as voraciously as all writers are supposed to, though she admits that like many of us, she too once had difficulty reading other peoples' work.

Nowadays, I suppose, she probably reads on planes a lot, since she travels frequently on business. Whether she's going to England to shop, to New York to her publishers, to California to the producers of the movie based on her dragon books, or to one or more cons scattered throughout the country, she always has to start with a transoceanic flight. She carries a portable electronic typewriter with her to work when she travels. Contrary to rumor, Dragonhold, her home in Ireland, is not a castle but a comfortable looking suburban cottage without a tower or turret on the place. In 1984 Anne was able to purchase 47 additional acres for her horse business—I have not heard how many equine residents call the expanded Dragonholdings their home, but the human ones include Anne's two adult offspring Gigi and Todd, her secretary, Jennifer, and her groom and long-time friend Derval. Derval was a partial inspiration for Menolly, the girl harper and dragonsinger.

Things have not always been so palatial around the McCaffrey household. Anne did not initially move to Ireland for the tax break, as is often assumed. When, shortly after her divorce, she transferred her mother and three children to the Emerald Isle, she didn't need a tax break. She didn't need it so badly that she worked part-time mucking out horse stalls to provide what her writing income didn't. What she did need was good schools for her kids and a mugger-free country environment, which she found in County Wicklow in the southern Irish countryside. She says her children, tired of the nourishing but monotonous income her writing and part-time jobs provided, once asked, "Mama, wouldn't it be nice if we could have pancakes sometime because we liked them?"

Pancake days have long since ended. Her writing has been growing in popularity with every passing year. Her first novel, *Restoree*, was a send-up of the silly and superficial portrayals of women in the SF novels of the 50's. McCaffrey heroines are real people, from their humor to their heroism. Many credit Anne with being the first science fiction writer to make emotion and integral element in the genre and for leading science fiction out of the robotic characterizations of earlier times.

Even her cyborgs are caring human beings.

Helva, *The Ship Who Sang*, is a tender and vulnerable lady despite her metal skin and computer-enhanced cerebrations. Anne wrote the first chapter in *The Ship Who Sang* (a collection of connected short stories) as a tribute to her father, a career military man who spent years overseas and died six months after rejoining his family. When Anne read the story to the Fairbanks audience, she and everyone else cried quietly as she ended the tale by singing Taps.

Music is a pervasive influence in Anne's work and in her life. Like her heroine Killashandra, she studied voice (for nine years) but learned that her voice was not quite up to the task. Unlike Killashandra, she did not drop out of the whole milieu, however, but turned to character acting, appearing in the first successful summer music circus in Lambersville, New Jersey, where she became intensely interested in the stage direction of opera and operetta, ending that phase of her experience with the stage direction of the American premiere of Carl Orff's *Ludus de Nato Infante Mirificus*, in which she also played a witch. It was during this stage in her life that she met the prototype for Masterharper Robinton, Frederick H. Robinson, her friend and vocal coach. Anne has also been known to use her vocal gifts to indulge in singing tourneys with Isaac Asimov at SFWA functions.

Music appears in her work not so much as entertainment, but as power. In the *The Ship Who Sang*, Kira, one of Helva's brawns, confesses to being a Dylanist, defining a Dylanist as "a social commentator, a protester, using music as a weapon, a stimulus." This definition immediately warmed the cockles of my folk-music-loving heart. The Harper Hall of Pern provides far more than ditties to the Dragonriders. Harpers are the teachers and political arbiters of Pern and Masterharper Robinton is a skilled diplomat, a wise and respected voice in Pernese government. The young dragonsinger Menolly, a girl initially prevented from being a harper not by her lack of talent but by sexism, contributes both problems and solutions to her planet's welfare when she impresses miniature dragons known as fire lizards and teaches them to sing. In *To Ride Pegasus*, one of Anne's earlier works about telepathy, another predominant element in her books, one of the most dangerous and most endangered characters is a singer who broadcasts her emotions in her songs and controls crowds with her voice. And of course, there's Killashandra, the *Crystal Singer*, whose voice is her fortune as she uses her perfect pitch to mine for minerals that power a galaxy.

In *The Ship Who Sang*, Helva is asked by a rude visitor to the school where she is learning to function as a "brain" whether or not the students at the school were taught to have a sense of humor. Helva responds that she and her classmates, all of whom suffer from birth defects that make their bodies essen-

tially useless, are imbued with "a sense of proportion, which is much the same thing." That line seems to me to pretty well sum up Helva's creator's general outlook—insightful, and with a wry, witty and sometimes bawdy perspective. Her stories make more fun of herself than anyone else: "I wrote my first novel in Latin class. I might have gotten an A had it been written in Latin."

Her literary efforts in English, however have more than made up for the forfeited A. She has published (at last count) twenty-four books, including science fiction, romantic mysteries, a cookbook and two anthologies, and roughly forty short stories and novellas. *The White Dragon*, *Dragondrums*, *Crystal Singer*, *Moreta*, *Dragonlady of Pern*, and *Killashandra* have been international bestsellers. She won the Hugo Award in 1968 for "Weyr Search," the opening chapter of the dragon books, a Nebula in 1969 for "Dragonrider." She won the E.E. "Doc" Smith award in 1975 and the Australian Ditmar Award for *The White Dragon* (set partially in a Pernese down-under) in 1979. *The White Dragon* won her a Gandalf in 1979 and the same book won her the Streza at Eurocon in the same year. She received Balrogs in 1980 for *Dragondrums* and for achievement in the field of science fiction. *Dragonsinger* won her an ALA Best Books for Young Adults award in 1977 and the same year she also won an ALA award for Notable Children's books for both *Dragonsong* and *Dragonsinger*. *Dragonsong* has also won awards from the Junior Literary Guild, the Hornbook Fanfare, and the Children's Book Showcase in 1977. A production of *Dragonsong* was performed by the Children's Adventure Theatre of Bethesda, Maryland (written and directed by Irene Elliott) in 1980. A speaking record from Caedmon includes the story *A Time When* in its entirety and a taped interview, *Flight with a Dragonlady*, is available from Hourglass Productions. Composer Joanne Forman has produced a songbook and tape of Pernese music. And a dragon movie is reportedly finally in the making.

I can only add to this impressive list of accomplishments that Anne McCaffrey can also wolf down moose spaghetti with the best of them and is, when the occasion arises, a very game dog-musher. She is adventurous, romantic, and heroic by nature as well as being talented and practical enough to make her dreams and adventures real, at least within the pages of her books. Still, I fully believe that if there were dragons who could go between and they needed someone to ride back and pick up a cure for a dread plague, Anne, like Moreta, is the kind of person who would do it.



# AGOH

KELLY FREAS



Kelly & Polly Freas. Photo © 1986 by Beth Gwinn

## FRANK KELLY FREAS

by William R. Warren, Jr.

I WAS WORKING on my latest assignment for *Analog* and feeling a little smug for having come this far in my career when the word came through. "We need a bio written for Kelly Freas in the program book, and Kelly suggested that you should do it." My smugness vanished in a flash.

Me? I was going to try to capture the Quintessential Master with words? On one or two pages? Godfrey Daniel, the man has written two books by himself and barely scratched the surface!

So there was only one thing for me to do. I set aside the comparatively simple assignment from Davis and set my mind to the Herculean feat of summarizing Frank Kelly Freas. A bit like holding a candle up to examine a sky-sweeping searchlight.

I considered the old familiar format so common in pb's: "Frank Kelly Freas was born in 1922 in upstate New York. He studied his craft at the Art Institute of Pittsburg, the Carnegie Institute, the Columbus School of Art . . ."

But no, that's dry, and it doesn't tell you anything you couldn't find in *Who's Who in the East*, *Who's Who in Art*, or any of dozens

of other textbooks in which he is discussed.

How about: "Kelly Freas used to paint nude cuties on the noses of bombers in World War II while serving in the U. S. Army Air Corps, and he used to live in Canada and Mexico, and now he lives in the Great Dismal Swamp . . ."

Or: "Frank Kelly Freas is the Dean of Science Fiction Art. He sold his first cover to *Weird Tales* in 1950 and was taken under the tutelage of John W. Campbell, Jr, to whom he sold his first *Astounding* cover in October, 1953 (Tom Godwin's story, "The Gulf Between," a painting later reworked for the jacket of the hit Queen album, *News of the World* in 1977). Since that time, he has worked for NASA during the Apollo-Soyuz Test Project, been commissioned by the crew of Skylab I to design their mission patch, helped design an amusement park ride called Magic Mountain, and walked off with more Hugo awards than anybody, and I mean anybody . . ."

Hoo boy. This stuff is all true, but it doesn't tell you anything about Kelly. Everybody with eyes knows Kelly Freas's work.

What to say to illuminate Frank Kelly Freas?

It was 1977, at the Olympic Hotel in Seattle, on the opening eve of the Puget Sound Star Trekkers' second convention, and a bunch of neophytes was trying to prepare for what was turning out to be a really huge event. As erstwhile Vice President of said bunch of neophytes, it was my job (among others) to see

to it that everyone else got their jobs done so Kitty Canterbury, the con chair, could do hers. One of the jobs that hadn't been finished yet was the collating and folding and stapling of the program books, still reeking the heady aromatics of fountain solution, wet ink, and that indescribable bouquet of "stuff just back from the printer."

In the hiatus between sending a gofer out for a sandwich and the arrival of that sandwich, I was keeping my mind off the icy breath of panic wafting over my shoulder by doing Something Productive, preferably something that didn't require a lot of thought. So there I was at a table in the operations suite where the program book stuff had been dumped, I was assembling the dismembered leaves of the program book; foosh-foosh-foosh, zip, crunch. Foosh-foosh-foosh, zip, crunch.

On one of my orbits of this table, someone who had been hanging around the suite must have decided that I was making him dizzy or seasick, and took pity on my vigil. Would I like a hand? he volunteered. Yes, thank you very much. And with the smooth economy of many years' practice, he fell in with me and the table picked up another satellite. Foosh (foosh) foosh (foosh) foosh (foosh) zip (zip) crunch (crunch).

We must have done over a hundred when Kitty breezed in on some errand or another, "William, when we assigned x-and-such, do you remember OH!" You have to have heard Kitty's "oh" at some time or other to realize how arresting it is, and it comes in degrees. This was easily a fifth-degree "oh," so I looked at her, only to see that both eyes and her mouth had become little 'O's too. That made an 8 on a scale of ten, and she was looking at my fellow satellite, whom I now looked at for the first time.

He was a distinguished elf with greying hair and gentlemanly sideburns, long teeth and a smile-squinty face, adorned with horn-rim spectacles over which peaked impishly arched eyebrows. Kitty erupted into excited babble with him, and I began to decide that this volunteer was someone, then Someone, then Someone Important. I also began to suspect that somehow or other I had committed a faux pas.

That was when Kitty asked me if I knew who this was, and so I was introduced to Frank Kelly Freas . . . our Artist Guest of Honor—on my own suggestion.

I would probably have succumbed to The Panic at that point if Kelly, as he continued to speak to Kitty, had not resumed orbiting the table. Foosh-foosh-foosh, zip, crunch. Kitty fell in with us, we jabbered as we worked, and in short order we had black fingers, sore

hands, and a stack of finished pb's.

Oh, did I mention that my main function at PSST-CON II was to assign the VIP escorts? You'll never guess to whom I had assigned myself for the entire weekend, and whom I followed around like a puppy dog, hanging on his every word.

And what words! Kelly completely changed my outlook on "professional secrets" that weekend. If he has any, anywhere, he's lavish enough with advice, anecdote, admonition and adventure that they'll never be missed. He told me how to make mountains with Saran Wrap, beaded curtains with nose oil, and stars with pocket change. Don't go freelance," he warned, "until you make more in your spare time than a job brings you full-time." I listened with rapt attention, and secretly swore to myself that someday I'd get even and teach Kelly something.

In the meantime, I soaked up Kelly's work, his vibrant and visceral stuff. People, everywhere people. Elegant, delicious women. Bold, delicious men. Wistfull, sensitive aliens. Dangerous, fearsome monsters. Every one of them expressive, alive, and motivated, wholly believable, and set against a background of stars flung upon a dynamic sky like coins tossed to beggars from the Creator's pockets (which, in fact, they are) or pieces of worlds around those stars. His scenes are exciting and evocative, moody or madcap, haunting or horrific, but never, thrice never anything less than the best he can do. Which is very good, indeed.

I won't say perfect, even if I mean it, because he'd take me to task for it if I did. Damn perfectionist.

Kelly's universe is filled with light, from below, behind, the sides, unexpected places where two-dimensional boards don't have places. Fugitives all, conspirators he knowingly harbors in shadows, in the pulse points of a dreadful weapon. These fugitives carry secrets, but like Kelly himself, they don't keep them. They reveal a whole world outside the boundaries of gutter and trim, never seen by engraver or lithographer or even the eye, but there nonetheless.

That light there, that comes from water somewhere over here. That warm glow is a fire off to the left somewhere. And that garish splash there . . . something over here is being dangerous and violent, and nothing like it exists on Earth. Not yet.

You find yourself looking out through a very small window into a very large, multifaceted, and fascinating world. The small window is rich in color and deliberation and detail and adventure, but the world Kelly creates with light just a little bit outside the frame is what makes *you* do the work, makes *you* think about what else there is in the scene. And like old-time radio, because you do that aspect of creation yourself, the universe you discover in his paintings will stay with you longer.

We haven't gotten to see as much of Kelly out in this neck of the woods as we would

like, but it is a mark of the man that much of this is due to his devotion to his lovely wife Polly. When she fell ill some years ago, he set aside everything else to unite with her in combatting her illness, and as often happens in such cases, the physician found healing as well. Polly didn't come to Seattle in 1977, the first chance I had to meet her was in Tulsa at Okon '82. She's a delight, and the two of them will invariably be found together, as a unit, as often as possible barring duties to the convention and pursuing the almost-mighty dollar. It was at Okon, by the way, that I began to keep my oath to get even. I'm still looking for a rubber-cement moon, Kelly.

But, (sigh), you just keep upping the ante. I'm keeping score, and I still owe you much.

Polly, if its any consolation, Elizabeth has been keeping an eye on your business-managing practices and has been emulating them. We're indebted to you, too, for showing how charming someone can be when they're being mercenary.

And finally . . . I read in Kelly's latest book, "A Separate Star," that he, like Rich Sternbach, wants my seat on the Shuttle.

Well, I suppose if I have to come in second to the likes of Frank Kelly Freas, I can be satisfied that I'm a success. Welcome to Seattle, Polly and Kelly. And don't be surprised to find a scrofulous, scruffy-looking nerf-herder puppy-dogging you through the halls of the Red Lion, ears nocked forward.



*The Big Front Yard* © 1977, 1986 by Kelly Freas. Cover for *Astounding Science Fiction*, October 1958. Reprinted in Frank Kelly Freas—*The Art of Science Fiction*.

# SGOH

## JAMES OBERG



James & Alcestis (Cooky) Oberg

### JAMES OBERG: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I'VE HAD THE GREAT GOOD FORTUNE to literally grow up with the Space Age, and its history is interwoven with my own life's story. From as early as I can remember I've been a space nut and a writer. And I expect to remain so for all the rest of my life.

I must have been nine or ten when my grandfather gave me his own copy of Jules Verne's *From The Earth To The Moon*, in an edition published soon after the turn of the century. Already I had told him, much to his surprise, that I did not want to grow up to be a fireman any more, but to be a space cadet like on television (the show first aired in 1952, I believe, when I was seven). And about the same time, Jack Williamson's comic strip "Beyond Mars" began appearing in a New York newspaper. That same year, a prescient and evocative program on moonflight was presented at the Hayden Planetarium in New York, and I was hooked.

So, well before Sputnik-1 (launched just a month prior my thirteenth birthday), I was a true believer in spaceflight. It was only a matter of the world catching up to the books

by Ley, von Braun, Clarke, and others which I read (and still have in my library). I recall the back cover of *Science Digest* in mid-1957, asking "Will The Russians Beat Us To The Moon?" and I recall the short story in *Boy's Life* that Fall about a secret Soviet satellite rushed into orbit to upstage Vanguard. I remember nation-wide attention to the first Atlas launching in June 1957, which blew up, but there was speculation for hours that this was only a cover story and the missile had actually vanished into outer space. The "Space Age" had been conceived and was actually in labor; the birth was imminent to those, like myself, who had vision to perceive it.

And of course it came. I saw the flashing light of Sputnik-2's booster as it crossed the dusk skies of Westchester County, just north of New York City. I heard the "beep-beep" on radio, and I collected the headlines and clippings.

If there is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to glory, as Shakespeare wrote, I had my surfboard ready. And in late 1957, the educational waves began to rise, with accelerated math and science courses appearing nationwide. School had usually bored me and my attention had wandered from immediate classroom activities (I'm still cursed with a wildly wandering attention

span), so my academic record up through the sixth grade wasn't all that spectacular. But the "sputnik revolution" gathered steam and I jumped aboard, eventually riding it for twelve years until, post-Apollo, it petered out. By then I had finished a three-year graduate program in astrodynamics at Northwestern University, funded by NASA, and was ready to pitch in.

But spaceflight wasn't ready to hire me by that point, with the post-Apollo slowdowns and dismemberments. That this retreat would happen was clear even by the mid-1960's, so I took a detour into the US Air Force, going through the AFROTC program while an undergraduate and getting an "educational delay" for graduate school. In January, 1970, when NASA wasn't hiring, I went on active duty at the Air Force Weapons Lab at Kirtland AFB, New Mexico, where I worked on design of air-to-air laser weapons and also did temporary duty on evaluation of the so-called "acquisitions," Soviet equipment which had come into our hands for inspection.

In New Mexico, my new wife, "Cooky" (formally, Alcestis), and I bought some horses and some Indian jewelry and enjoyed ourselves immensely. And I kept my eyes open for opportunities.

The first step came in 1972 when I was accepted for Defense Department position at the Computer Institute in Washington, DC, as a faculty member. While teaching, I learned more about computer systems and applications than I ever had as a student or as a narrowly-focussed engineer. And the Pentagon was only a local phone call away. I knew that the Air Force would soon be loaning a cadre of officers to NASA to support the space shuttle project, and I made sure that my credentials were in order and were on the proper desks. When the cadre was selected in the spring of 1975, my name was on the list, and I was the first of the twenty officers to arrive in Houston, within days of the completion of the Apollo-Soyuz project. It may not have been the main "wave," but it was a major new one, and I was riding it in the direction I had always wanted to go.

My first serious writing had been done in Washington, too. While corresponding with specialists on the Soviet space program (in particular, with Charles Sheldon of the Library of Congress), I had been encouraged to put my thoughts and evaluations down in more formal format than just letters. In April, 1973, I was invited to address a luncheon meeting of the American Astronautical Society, on the Soviet space program, and this became the first of what was to be an annual "Gagarin Lecture," now delivered here in Houston under the auspices of the American Institute

of Aeronautics and Astronautics. A newsman at the luncheon (he later briefly was President Ford's press secretary) liked the speech so much he asked for more, and so I sold my first article for pay, concerning the tenth anniversary of Valentina Tereshkova's space flight.

But my writing activities actually went way back, to Sunday School and the grade school papers and a scribbled novel and articles on my travels for local newspapers. I kept journals for many years. When I was about eleven I started to write a book on dinosaurs, and asked my mother to do the author's profile on the back jacket inside flap. I recall telling her it wouldn't be too long, I hadn't lived very long yet. But I kept writing, encouraged by inspiring high school English teachers who were not daunted by my cryptic handwriting.

So by the time Cooky and I were in Washington, I was ready for the big time. This involved priming the pump by giving away a lot of material, mostly to *Spaceflight* (by the British Interplanetary Society in London) and *Space World* (published by the well-known SF personality Ray Palmer from his base in rural Wisconsin). But I also began to get paid for pieces, mainly in *Astronomy*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *Analog* (the science FACT section), and *Science Digest*. And later, when some former editors from those zines went to work for Guccione's new *Omni*, I was brought on board immediately. I was in the first issue, the second, the third, and to date my by-line has appeared in about half of all issues. That tide, too, was one I managed to take at the crest and ride—I was fortunate to be at the right time and place, with the skills they needed.

And here in Texas (on 22 acres in rural Galveston County, southeast of Houston, around latitude 29.433 N, longitude 95.082 W) we've made our roots, had our kids, written our books, and been intimately involved in the long, painful birth, infancy and maturation of the world's first true spaceships. When after several years the Air Force personnel center's computers said it was time to transfer again, even though the tasks we were trained for had been delayed by schedule slips, I said my good-byes to blue suits (and the promised Major promotion) and told NASA I wanted to stay. They were still not hiring, but a contractor had job slots in my office, so suddenly I was a McDonnell-Douglas employee (they lost the contract in late 1985 so I'm now a Rockwell Space Operations Company employee.)

As an engineer in Mission Control, I was on console for the very first shuttle launch, Columbia's epochal flight on the twentieth anniversary of Gagarin's own flight. My specialty was on-orbit propulsion consumables budgeting, and I "watched the gas gauges" for the OMS/RCS systems, plotting future usages based on new experience and insights, versus pre-flight budgets. It worked fine. Later, I worked on development of procedures for

"formation flying" and for orbital rendezvous, a procedure I had done independent study in as an undergraduate almost twenty years before. When STS-7 flew around the SPAS sub-satellite in June 1983 (Sally Ride became the first American woman in space on that flight, almost twenty years to the day after Tereshkova's flight), I was on console at Mission Control. And later I wrote the books on crew procedures for rendezvous, in theory and practice. The local technical societies council voted me their "Technical Man of the Year" in 1984 for that kind of work (imagine, I was even getting paid for it!).

Other tides and themes have interwoven themselves in my life. While an undergraduate, I was a member of a "GE College Bowl" TV quiz team that won five straight games and retired undefeated, and I still am a master of spaceflight trivia (and sole keeper of some records such as who sat where in each shuttle mission, or how many people have actually gone into orbit, or similar historical nanodata). I've been involved in "debunking," first the unscientific claims of many ufo enthusiasts and promoters (as a Fellow of the skeptical "Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal," or CSICOP), and then similarly-crackpot propaganda on current international issues such as the KAL-007 airliner massacre (the spy-flight theories are BS). I've tried to encourage accurate and responsible debate on such timely topics as space weaponry (the leading "anti" partisans frequently resort, in my judgment, to gross inaccuracies and deceptions to promote their points of view). I've kept up my research into the Soviet space program and made some major contributions to Western understanding of it (and my articles have several times "goosed" official Soviet censors into releasing new data on key topics such as missing cosmonauts or the formerly secret Plesetsk space center). I've written THE non-fiction book on terraforming and organized formal colloquia on the topic (and have also had the privilege to be a founding member of the Colorado-based "Mars Underground," which in five short years has sparked the transformation of manned interplanetary flight from a closet perversion to a worldwide enthusiasm). My main "crackpot" advocacy has been for a Shuttle/Salyut joint orbital mission, and I've seen it grow from "a real dumb idea" in 1980 to one endorsed by the White House and awaiting final details to be worked out with the Soviets (I fully expect to work intimately with the project). I was a collegiate debater, and now I'm a public speaker on various topics, preferably for pay (in 1977-8 it was for glory, as a designated "distinguished lecturer" for the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics); I've also done TV shows, from *Merv Griffin* to *Good Morning America* to *Nightline*, with several PBS *Nova* shows as well.

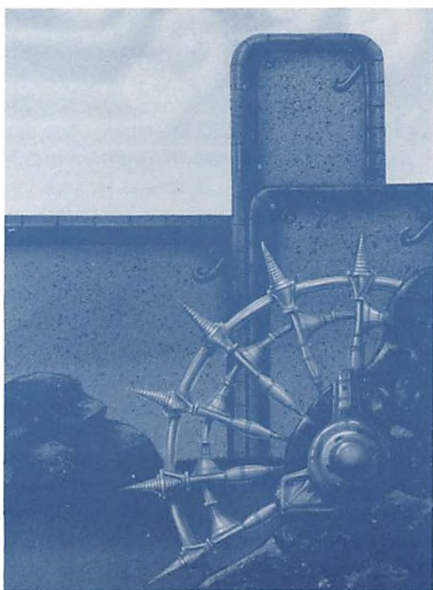
These topics are all exceptionally fun ones to be involved in. I'm encouraged to believe

that rational logic and careful research can produce useful results. And from such foundations, sound "imagin-eering" can expand mental horizons far into the future. These are bricks, large and small, in the edifice of the spaceflight movement.

It all ties together, with my grandfather's encouragement to believe in space travel (he must have, when he bought Verne's book), with the joint synergistic projects with my wife (our latest co-authored work, *Pioneering Space*, was an incredible high to produce), with the future for my sons (Greg was told that Voyager-2 was in flight since before he was born, yet only just now has reached Uranus; his reply was, "Why not build a light-speed engine?" which I told him was his job). And the greatest pleasure from my books is to repay to a new generation the inspiration I received from other, earlier books.

While interviewing a young job applicant in Houston, I asked him how he had gotten interested in spaceflight. He told me about his radio gear with which he tuned in to Russian satellites, and how, in high school, he had read a great article about "Backyard Space Trackers" which started him on that activity. "Was that the one in *Science Digest* that talked about those school-kids in England?" I asked. "Yeah!" he replied enthusiastically. "Did you read it, too?" With an immense flush of humor and pride, I laughed and answered, "No, I wrote it." We both enjoyed the moment (and our subsequent professional and personal friendship), and I've been amazed that the experience was far from unique. Amazed, and humbled, and deeply rewarded.

Ad Astra Per Aspera. Who promised us a rose garden, on Earth or in space? Nothing truly worthwhile comes easy, but that only makes the attainment all the more rewarding. I hope I've made (and will continue to make) my own contribution to the multi-planetary human destiny ahead of us.



# FGOH

## GREGORY R. BENNETT



*Greg Bennett*

### GREG BENNETT

by Judy Suryan

**MY HUSBAND ASKED ME** when it was that I first met Greg. I couldn't answer him. I couldn't remember. It seems as though I've always known Greg. So much has happened in my life during the last 10 years or so that details about my early beginnings in fandom tend to get a little foggy. All I know is that Greg Bennett is responsible for a good deal of what I'm doing today (including writing this bio!).

I can remember seeing "the Chairman" walking around at Norwescon 1 as I was working my security shift. I can remember seeing a very calm, easy going man with a smile on his face. He seemed to talk to everyone and everyone was glad to talk with him. It surprised me to find out (many years later) that Greg is basically a very shy person. Look-

ing back, it always seemed that there was a circle of fans surrounding him, and I still find that hard to imagine.

In 1978, while sitting on the living room floor of his Kirkland home, (known to all Northwest Fandom by then as the Greater Pocatello Spaceport—I have never found out the reason for that name—If you know, please tell me) the possibility of my becoming the head of gofers at NWC 2 was being discussed by "the family" not more than 10 feet away. Greg, sitting at the center of things, as usual, kept looking in my direction with that cheshire cat smile. I later found out that it meant "Gotcha!" It would probably be impossible to guess how many people in Northwest Fandom got their start with that smile.

You see, at this particular time in his life, Greg had a dream. He wanted a Worldcon in Seattle. Greg had an easy way of talking, persuading, conning and smoothing things out with that smile; and before you knew it, his dream was your dream.

Greg's start in fandom began in 1974 when he joined three Edgar Rice Burroughs fan clubs and started collecting books. The first convention he attended was MidAmeriCon, the 1976 Worldcon in Kansas City. This was the experience that started him planning for a Seattle Worldcon. With only Big MAC under his belt he had decided to take on a task that most longtime fans fear.

The beauty of the whole idea was that none of us had any idea what we were getting into back then. Ah! The innocence and ignorance of youth! What Greg did have was the ability to choose the right people as the foundation from which he built his house of fandom. A large number of those people he found within already existing groups in the Seattle area.

He started building his experience by starting the Northwest L-5 Society (that organization, now called Seattle L-5, chapters 1 & 2, was the first local L-5 chapter in the country). The flyers he left at MacDonald's Book Exchange caught the eye of some people planning a comics-oriented convention called SeaCon '76. In October of that year Greg met Jane Hawkins, an SF fan from the east coast, who missed contact with organized SF clubs. Greg boldly told her he would start one for her.

The Northwest Science Fiction Society was founded to be a vehicle from which a Worldcon committee would be formed. Leaflets were passed out at SeaCon. When about 30 people responded, Greg published a newsletter to announce the first meeting of NWSFS and speculations about what we might do with the club. Between Greg, Jane and Steve Bard (who showed up at the first meeting) the Worldcon Bid, NWSFS, and later Norwescon, began at the Bellevue Public Library in January 1977.

Greg earned a BS in Astronautical and Aeronautical Engineering from the University of Illinois in 1973. With sheepskin in hand, he moved to the Northwest—where he decided he wanted to live after reading an article about the World's Fair and Seattle in a 1961 Life magazine.

His education had been planned to enable him to get a job at Boeing. As it turned out, he did just that. This started him on his way to fulfilling his lifelong dream: space travel. In 1979 this dream came true when he was hired as Operation Supervisor for the Shuttle Provisions Simulator by the Singer-Link Co. For our armchair adventurer this was the next best thing to going into space.

He later took the job as Task Leader, Space Station Orbital Operations at the McDonnell-Douglas Astronautics Co. Since these job opportunities were for companies headquartered



in Texas, Greg made the difficult decision to leave Seattle and move to the Houston area.

Although he is not involved with any SF club in Texas (not to any great amount) he did travel there with all of his SF interests intact, including first and foremost, reading SF.

That long road started in the third grade with *Scavengers in Space* by Alan E. Nourse. Although he reads everything written by Heinlein, Chalker, Pournelle and Niven, he still thinks the greatest SF book of all time is *Star Smashers of the Galaxy Rangers*. (Go ahead, ask him about that one!)

He describes his wife Melva as "the cutest blonde on the planet, who had the misfortune of marrying me during one of her weak moments."

The events which led to my favorite memory

of Greg & Melva occurred only a few weeks before they moved from Seattle. Richard Wright had invited the Bennetts, Kennedy Poyser and me to his house for a "real southern-style dinner." All three of the guys were from the South, and were looking forward to this meal with great anticipation. Both Greg and Richard had spent a long time schooling themselves out of their accents. With Kennedy, however, there was no doubt what part of the country he was from. By the end of the evening (and a couple bottles of vino) the guys started returning to their old accents. Melva and I could close our eyes and not tell which one of the guys was talking. All of them had thick southern drawls, and as the night wore on, their accents were getting thicker.

Melva and I ate lightly of that meal. Both of us could not understand how anyone could

eat anything as disgusting as grits and greens. Neither one of us had ever lived any farther south than the southern border of King County. When we went into the kitchen to get the "pee-cahn pah," we put our heads together and came out chanting: "I don't like grits and I don't like greens . . . yuckiest things I've ever seen."

Oh, you may be wondering about the Worldcon bid. Greg moved to Texas between Norwescons 2 & 3, shortly after it was announced that we had lost the bid (thank heavens!).

Well Greg, even though that dream didn't come true, we hope what we have built on the foundations you set down (and this lil' ol' thin' called Norwescon) will at least, in part, make up for it.

By the way Greg, thanks for your dreams.



Pilot Light © 1986 by William R. Warren, Jr.

# TOASTMASTER

## SPIDER ROBINSON



Spider & Jeanne Robinson. Photo © 1986 by Jay Kay Klein

### SON-OF-THE- RED-BREASTED- NUISANCE

by John Varley

**YOUR FIRST QUESTION** probably has to do with his name. Was he born "Spider Robinson" or something else?

That's a tough question—and so are all the others. Real facts about "Spider" are hard to come by. Lessons learned early in life are the hardest to break, and interviewers approaching "Spider" soon find he will answer nothing until he's made his one free phone call to his lawyer.

But through diligent research and a few modest bribes I have unearthed a sketchy biography of this man known as "Spider," and I'd like to share some of the facts with you—at least the ones concerning which the statute

of limitations has expired.

The tiny kingdom of Freedonia lies wedged between Chile and Argentina. It is the only place in the world where Esperanto is the official language. There, on a date lost to history, in the capitol city of Hundofliki (in English, roughly, "Dogpatch"), a child was born to Jackie and Bill Rubekolofilo (roughly, "Son-of-the-red-breasted-nuisance"). Christened Juan Araneo Rubekolofilo, the child quickly picked up a nickname, "Sputinfaneto" (baby-who-spits-up-a-lot), even more quickly shortened to Sputter.

His childhood was pleasant, pastoral, bucolic. His father Bill was a penguin rancher, and his mother Jackie worked in the government office of Esperantization. Freedonia had been settled during the brief, almost unnoticed period of Basque Imperialism, so Jackie's days were spent turning Basque words into Esperanto words—no easy task, as she delighted in telling her family. Sputter's brothers and sisters—Wheezer, Froggy, Stymie, Darla, Alfalfa, Farina, Buckwheat, and Oatmeal—spent their time at the pointless, distasteful tasks familiar to all rural children, taking time out now and then to put on shows and make silent movies.

But Sputter was a rebellious youth. Old police blotters from Hundofliki tell the story: early arrests for breaking gumball machines, annoying the neighbors' sheep, slandering the State, unauthorized possession of a nuclear weapon, and punning in the forbidden Basque language culminated in a sensational trial on the charge of first-degree *anserohauto-ansero* (literally, goosing a goose, but more accurately "disgusting behavior with waterfowl"), the bird in this case being under age. Sputter was able to avoid prison through a linguistic technicality (something common in Freedonia at the time) by pointing out the correct charge should have been *pingvenoseksa*, "unnatural acts with a penguin." Since no one in Freedonia had the stomach to even write this word down, much less charge him with it, the case was dismissed. Thus, early in life, did Sputter learn the power of language.

Other demonstrations were soon to follow. Esperantization threw Freedonia into chaos. The economy was rocked when no one could decide on which word to use for "Farmer," a situation that threw thousands of honest Freedonian peasants into unemployment and created masses of refugees streaming into town searching for something to be. Sputter's brother Wheezer was shocked to learn that his own name, in Esperanto, meant "my bladder is about to burst," and his sister Darla disgraced when her name was translated as "she who pulled the train after the homecoming

game." That was nothing compared to Alfalfa, whose name would not translate at all, and who had to cease to exist. This would have been hard enough for the Rubekolofilo family, having their beloved Alfalfa gone, if he hadn't been so noisy about it. His moans of hunger kept them awake many a night.

Sputter rose to his brother's defense. He led marches through Hundofliki, carrying placards reading "SAVE \_\_\_\_\_." The government was thrown into disarray, and soon toppled. Sputter and his family were forced to seek asylum with the neighboring Argentines—who were shocked and dismayed to learn of Freedonia's existence in the first place. An invading army soon remedied that situation, and Freedonia slipped into the mists of history.

But not Sputter. He found work in a slot-machine factory and soon was losing all his wages testing the devices. (An interesting sidelight: Spider Robinson invented both the cherry and the sliced watermelon. Every time either one of them comes up in Reno, Vegas, or Atlantic City he gets a small royalty. Some years this adds up to as much as thirty dollars, Canadian.) He gathered his humble belongings—a set of lockpicks, a favorite blackjack, a month's receipts from the slot-machine company's safe—and boarded a tramp steamer, his departure unnoticed except by a flock of female penguins who wept disconsolately on the dock.

He spent three lonely months at Ellis Island—this despite the fact that the huge immigrant facility had been closed down for seven years. He later claimed the place reminded him of home, and so he was reluctant to leave it. Reports of wild parties, shipments of illegal contraband, loud guitar music, and hundreds of irate harbor seals around Ellis Island at this time are still being investigated, and probably have no basis in fact.

Sputter arrived in New York to a tumultuous ticker-tape parade. The parade was for John Glenn, but that didn't matter to the starry-eyed boy from the hinterlands. This was New York! The Big Apple (in Esperanto: *Grandegapomo!*) Here he would make a name for himself, here he would make his fortune!

Two years later he slipped over the border into Canada, intact but for a patch on the seat of his britches, which he left in a bloodhound's mouth.

How did this come to pass? Details are sketchy, and certain matters still in litigation cannot be discussed here due to a series of restraining orders. Also, the grand jury is still deliberating, and there is a chance that Governor Cuomo won't sign the extradition papers. Far be it from me to prejudice pending legal matters. So, circumspectly . . .

He quickly changed his name to the handle under which we all now know him. He purchased an accent in a shop on 42nd street. It sounds like The Bronx, but you figure it out. He went to work at the U.N., who hired him on the spot when he pointed out the vast

organization had no Basque-Esperanto simultaneous translators on its staff. The work was to Spider's liking. Since no one at the U.N. spoke either Basque or Esperanto there was scant need for his services. This left him with much time on his hands to pursue his other interests—most of which we will not discuss here, for reasons mentioned above.

But three of Spider's interests during this period bear mentioning. The first is his music. He began singing on the streets, guitar case open to receive the tips of appreciative New Yorkers. Before long he had earned four or five dollars, and was able to take his act into "beatnik" coffee houses, where musicians performed for no salary, for the sheer joy of their art. So meteoric was his rise in this career that in no time at all he had a busy schedule of performances in all the better burlesque houses, paying only nominal fees for his bookings.

The second was his interest in punning, which went from a mild affliction to a galloping pandemic during this period of his life. The less said about it, the better . . . but it is rumored that his flight to Canada was precipitated by a pun involving an Aardvark, a car park, and a card shark. Luckily, it is lost to history.

The third concerns what Spider always called his "weird stories." Back in Freedonia, perched on a rail above the penguin pens, he used to regale his brothers and sisters with odd little tales involving spaceships, ray guns, trips to the moon, and a bar where the strangest people were apt to drop in for a drink. Now, in New York, he got the idea of writing some of these stories on paper and sending them in to magazines and book publishers. They kept getting rejected, but Spider was undaunted. He wrote more, and kept sending them in. His friends told him to give up, that nothing would ever come of it. With fierce determination, Spider kept at it.

But his friends were right. Nothing ever came of it. Spider now lives in total obscurity in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he breeds penguins.

All lies, of course.

Last year, I was invited to be guest of honor at TusCon, in Arizona. Soon, as cons always do, they asked me to provide them with bio and biblio information. The prospect filled me with weariness. I have a ten-year-old bibliographical hand-out somewhere (I'll update it one of these days), but I can never find them. As to biographical information, I really don't like giving it out. It's a personal and illogical position, but there it is.

Then the TusCon people asked me who I'd like to write the bio page about me in the program book. I said, if he wasn't too busy, Spider Robinson would be perfect . . . and the whole scheme dawned on me. He could do it (if he had the time, and if he agreed to do it at all) only if he made up all the facts about me prior to the time of our first meeting. He could tell

the truth from then on—if he was so inclined—but he had to make up all the stuff like where born, where educated, names of children, etc.

See, though I count Spider as one of my best friends in the world, I really don't know much about him. Not much factual, anyway. I assumed he didn't know much about my life, either. So this way, he'd be spared the tedium of asking me questions I didn't much want to answer, and maybe everybody would get a giggle out of it. Judging from the reaction to his piece at Tuscon, it wasn't a bad idea.

And so now, for my sins . . . you guessed it. He gave me the same set of conditions for Norwescon, with the results you have just read.

They asked for two thousand words, and I'm getting close to that. And I haven't spent much time listing his books or praising his work, have I? And his books ought to be listed (let's hope someone else has been assigned the task of a bibliography, because you won't get one here). And as to praising him . . . for one thing, you got to figure he's pretty good, or why would Norwescon have flown him all the way from Halifax, at considerable expense, to be your toastmaster? Just from that you'd have to conclude he's one special Halifax (or should it be Halifaxion?). And you'd be right. If you haven't read *Night of Power*, or *Mind-killer*, or *Telempath*, then run, do not walk, to the dealers room and pick up copies. And if you haven't read the tales of Callahan's Place, what are you doing at a science fiction convention, anyhow? Well, maybe you're just starting out. But read them. I envy you.

(I'm only supposed to discuss Spider here, but it's impossible not to mention Jeanne. (I assume someone else is writing something about Jeanne—which is great, because I wouldn't want to do anything like the above foolishness, and I don't know if I have the words for a serious appreciation. And while Jeanne, like Spider, is someone I've only met for short periods of time over the years . . . well, they're both special friends. (And if you know one thing about Jeanne, it's that she's a dancer. And I've never seen her dance. So why do I feel like I've seen her dance?)))

And in the second place (there was a first place up there, somewhere), you don't get the number of Hugo and Nebula awards Spider has unless you're a damn good writer. He's a wonderful singer and songwriter and guitar player, too. And I almost forgot to mention *Stardance*, the most moving story I've read in many years, and maybe that's why I feel like I've seen Jeanne dance.

With all that going for him, the puns are a small price to pay.

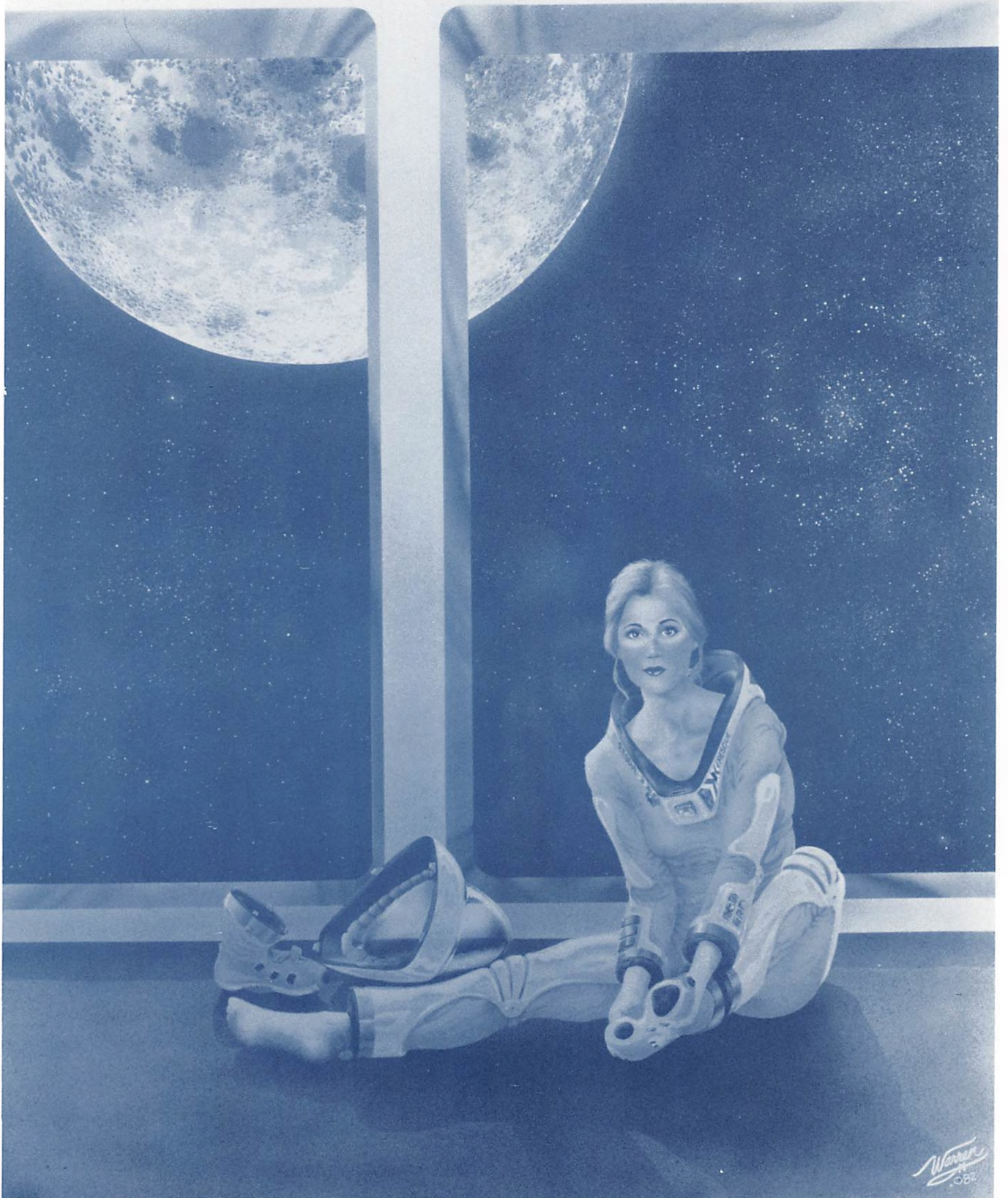
# GALLERY I

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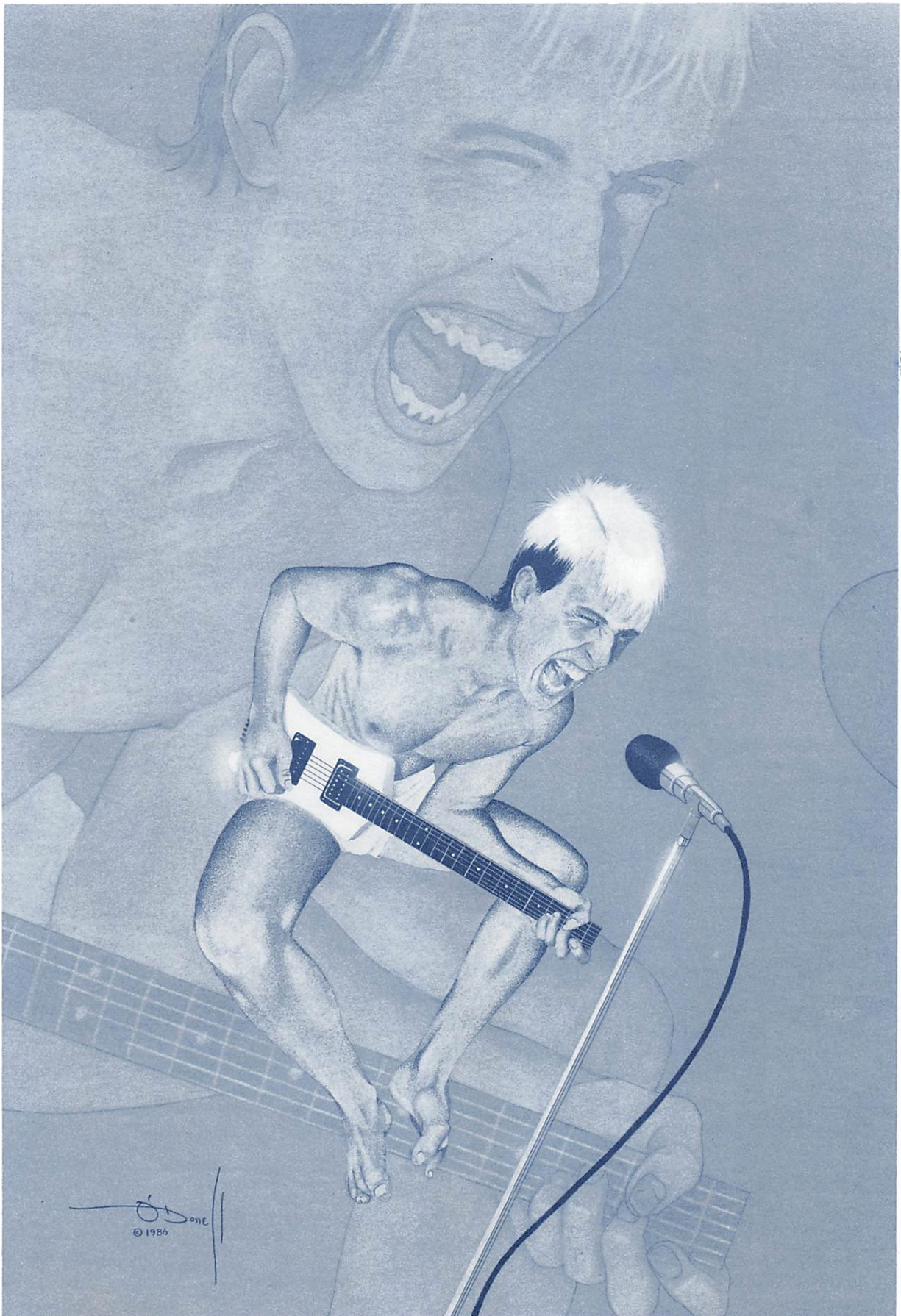
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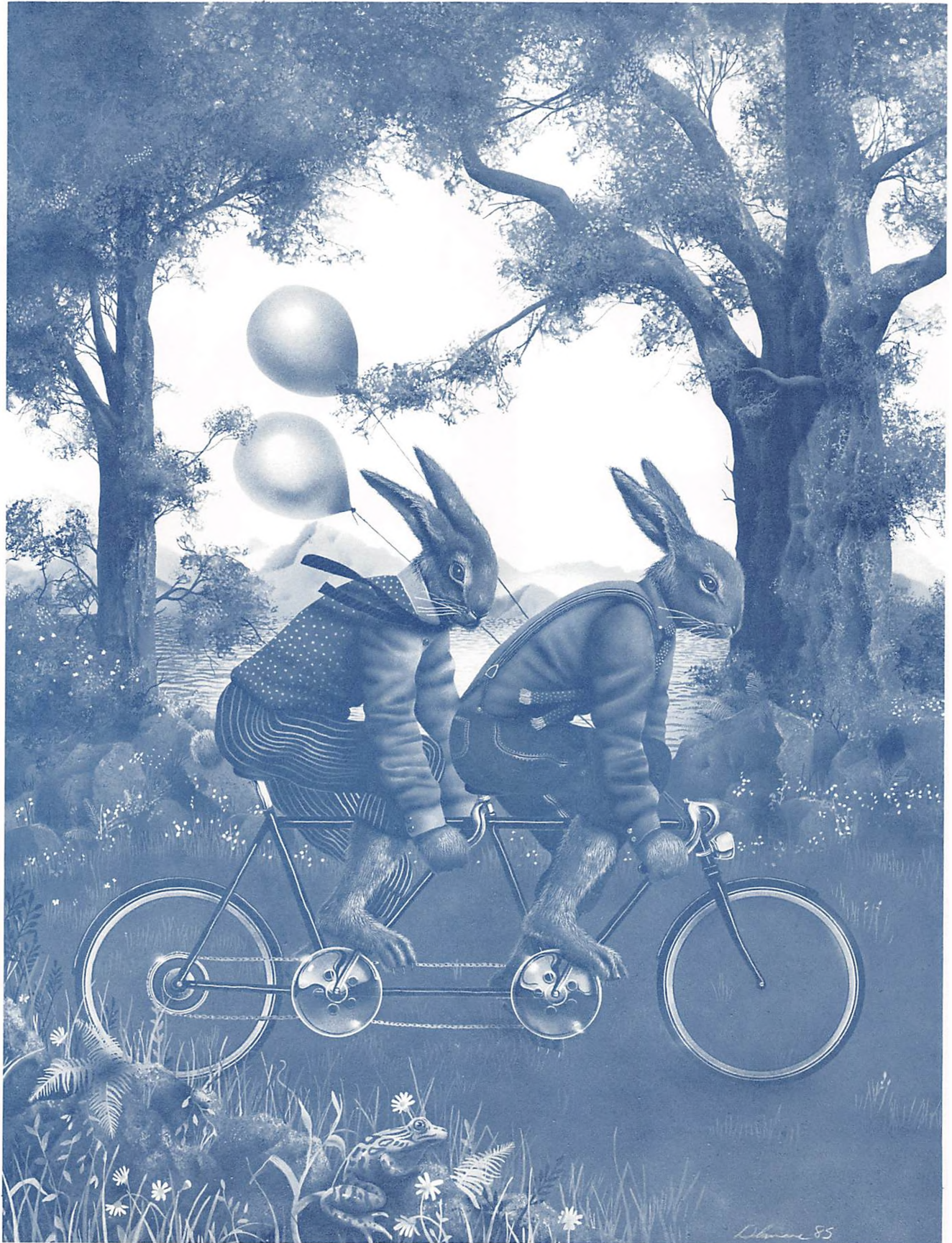
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# GUESTS

## OF NORWESCON



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.



DAWN ATKINS, formerly the managing editor of *Locus*, is currently a freelance writer in the bay area.



At only 20, JOHN ALVAREZ is taking to the art world with great success, appearing in national art shows and fine art galleries. Working in oil and watercolor, his art has been reproduced on collector plates, greeting cards, and buttons. John's work will be featured in an upcoming issue of *The Horror Show*.

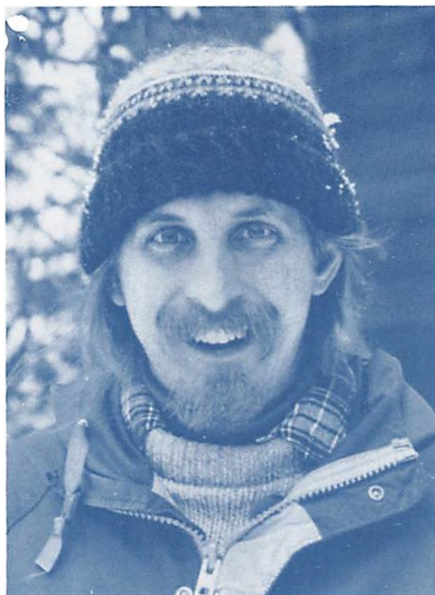


Photo by Helen Armstrong

MICHAEL ARMSTRONG's first story was published in 1981 in *F&SF* and his most recent, "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 Gordon Baker

SHARON BAKER is a Seattleite whose first novel, *Quarrelling, They Met the Dragon*, was published by Avon in October 1984. Several of her articles have appeared in *SF & Fantasy Workshop Newsletter*. She has sold two more novels to Avon: *Spring of the Twin Moons*, and *The Burning Tears of Sassurum*. These novels take place in the same universe as *Quarrelling* but they have a different set of main characters. Sharon also writes short stories and poetry but so far has only a collection of heartwarming rejection slips to show for it.

PETER S. BEAGLE is the author of the classic fantasies *A Fine & Private Place*, *The Last Unicorn*, and "Farrell & Lila the Werewolf." His other published works include the non-fiction works *I See By My Outfit* (which helped bring J.R.R. Tolkien to the attention of Ballantine Books) and *The Lady and Her Tiger*. Peter also writes poetry and plays the guitar. He has spent the last few years writing for television. He has recently moved to the Seattle area.

GREG BEAR, formerly known as an SF illustrator, is the author of *Hegira*, *Psychlone*, *Beyond Heaven's River*, *Strength of Stones*, *The Wind from a Burning Woman*, *Corona*, *The Infinity Concerto*, *Eon* and *Blood Music*.

The recent *Twilight Zone* episode, "Dead Run," was adapted from a short story by Greg.



Photo by M.C. Easton

CLARE BELL is the author of two recent novels, *Ratha's Creature* and *Clan Ground*, both published by Atheneum Argo. Her next novel will be *Tomorrow's Sphinx*, a story about intelligent cheetahs in past and future Egypt. *Ratha* won the International Reading Association's 1983 Children's Book Award and the PEN/Los Angeles Award for Writing for Young People, and is being adapted by CBS Television for their animated program *Story-break*. At present, she works as a test equipment engineer for a major computer company. Her other interests include paleontology and evolution, space exploration, and pen and ink drawing.

GREGORY BENFORD, Norwescon 8 Science Guest of Honor, is the author of *The Stars in Shroud*, *Jupiter Project*, *In the Ocean of Night*, *Shiva Descending* (with Bill Rotsler), *Find the Changling* (with Gordon Eklund), *Against Infinity*, *Across the Sea of Suns* and *Artifact*. His novel, *Timescape*, was awarded the 1980 Nebula Award, the 1981 British SF Association Award and the 1981 John W. Campbell Memorial Award.

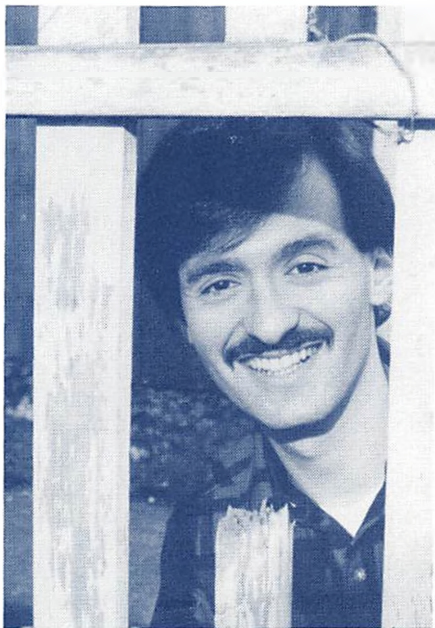


Photo by Deborah Wessell

STEVEN BRYAN BIELER began his Halley's Comet-like career in high school, as the chess columnist for the local newspaper. Later he wrote a humor column for the Northwest's *Jewish Transcript*. In the long ellipse between, his work appeared (or will appear) in *Asimov's*, *Clinton St. Quarterly*, *CoEvolution Quarterly*, *Dark Horse*, *Heroic Visions*, *New Dimensions*, *New Voices*, *The Last Dangerous Visions*, *The Seattle Review*, *The Sporting Life*, and *Unearth*. That ain't workin'. That's the way to do it.

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*, has just been released by Ace.

STEVE BOYETT is the author of the novels *Ariel* and the forthcoming *Architect of Sleep*.

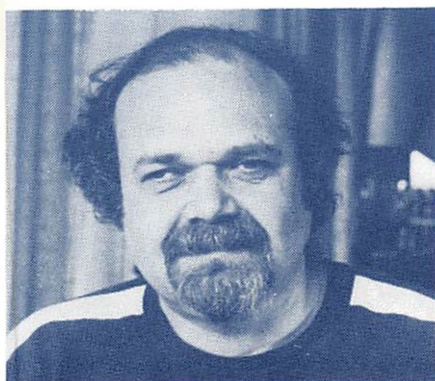


Photo by Rachel E. Holmen / Locus Publications

CHARLES N. BROWN is the editor and publisher of *Locus*, the newspaper of the science fiction field. *Locus* has won ten Hugos for Best Fanzine.



Photo by Poul Anderson

MILDRED DOWNEY BROXON has authored *Eric Brighteyes #2: A Witch's Welcome* (as Sigfrour Sleahdaspillir), *The Demon of Scatterry* (with Poul Anderson) and *Too Long A Sacrifice*. Her short fiction has appeared in numerous publications, including *F&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.

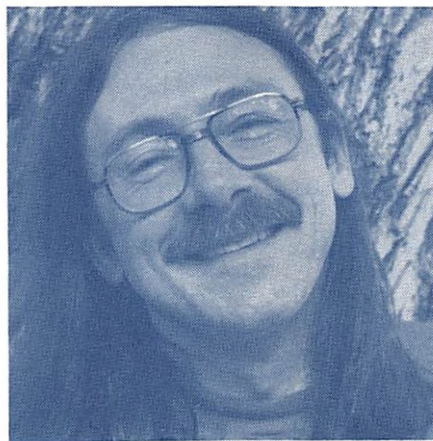


Photo by Karen Coulson

As many have long suspected, EDWARD BRYANT's personality is fragmenting. Is he a comics writer? *Epic* recently published his graphic horror story, "Predators," and he contributed four pages to *Marvel's Heroes for Hope* African relief comic. Is he a TV writer? *The Twilight Zone* hired him to write a script which hasn't been produced yet. Is he a horror writer? His dark fantasies will appear this year in such anthologies as *Masters of Darkness* and *The Cutting Edge*, and he's hard at work on writing one-third of *Night Visions IV*. Is he the sort of guy who'd join a shared-world anthology? His collaboration with Leanne C. Harper will appear this year in George R.R. Martin's *Wild Cards*. Is Bryant a humorist? *Omni* solicited a joke from him. Will he become rich and famous in 1986? Don't push it.



KATHLEEN BUCKLEY's first two (published) novels came out under the pseudonym "H.M. Major," for reasons immediately apparent to anyone who saw the covers. She has a novel making the rounds under her own name, and another which she is tidying up for submission. And there is a fantasy novel which is as yet only a gleam in the author's eye . . .

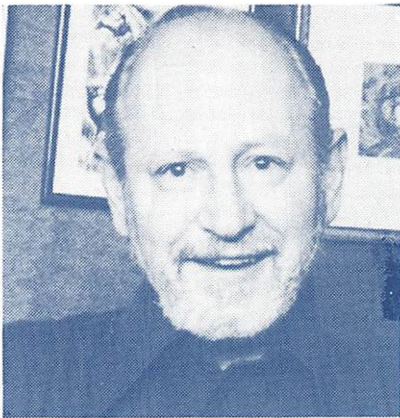
Ms. Buckley lives an untidy life in a small, unfinished house in Seattle, with a neurotic Siamese, piles of books and drawers full of hardware, lace, containers, leather scraps, paint, buttons, corks and mineral specimens which will all come in handy someday.



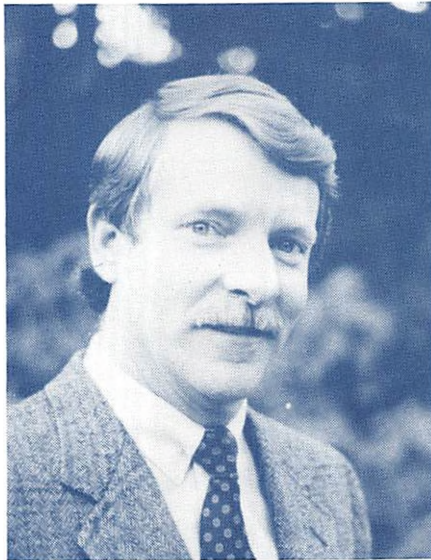
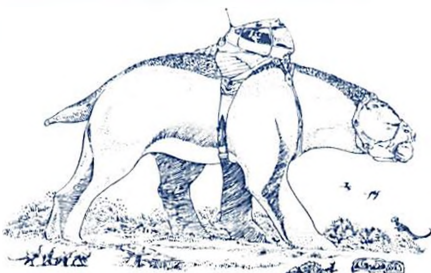
ALGIS BUDRYS is the author of over 200 pieces of fiction, including the novels *Michaelmas*, *Rouge Moon*, *The Falling Torch*, *Some Will Not Die* and *Who?* He has held several editorial positions in the SF field, has taught at Clarion, reviewed books for *F&SF*, and operated an advertising agency and a consulting firm. Most recently, he edited the anthology, *Writer's of the Future*, Vol III.



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 '61 Worldcon committee, and has been Co-Guest at three conventions. She belongs to more apas than is reasonable.



F.M. ("BUZ") BUSBY of Seattle is the author of numerous SF stories and a couple of fantasy stories. His published books include *The Demu Trilogy*, *Rissa Kerguelen*, *All These Earths*, *Zelda M'tana*, *Star Rebel*, *The Alien Debt*, *Rebel's Quest* and *The Long View: The Final Volume in the Saga of Rissa*. Forthcoming in August from Bantam Spectra is *Rebel's Seed*.

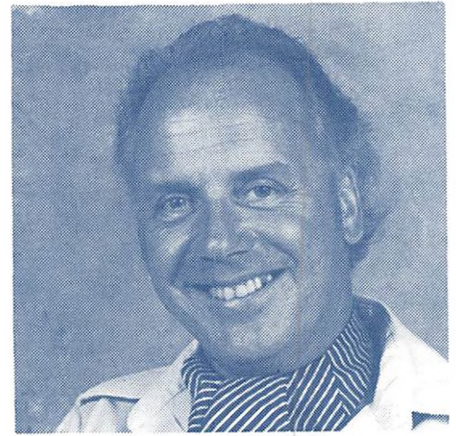


GRANT CALLIN was born three months before Pearl Harbor; the connection between these events remains obscure, since he was busily wetting diapers in Cleveland. Grant has earned an M.S. in space physics and a Ph.C. in physiology and biophysics and he currently works for Boeing on the Space Station program. He has had several stories published in *Analog* and his first novel, *SaturnAlia*, was released by Baen Books this year.

FRANK CATALANO has written over 100 published articles and stories, including sales to *Omni*, *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, *Analog*, *Writer's Digest*, *Rigel*; and columns in several magazines and newspapers. He also has worked for four years on SFWA's Nebula Award, two of them on the Nebula Jury. He currently writes columns for *Northwest Computer News* and *Associated Press Network News*, and works full time as Health/Science Reporter for KING-AM in Seattle. Among his vices: appearing on KING-TV's *Ballard Vice*.



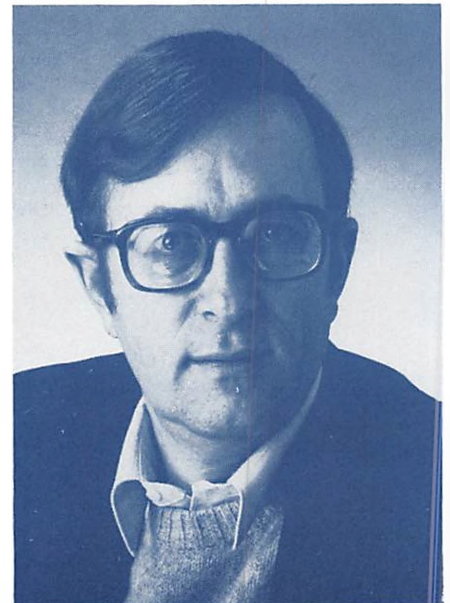
MONA CLEE is a Clarion East '83 grad. Her first story to be published will be in *Universe 15*. She has other stories forthcoming in *Afterlives*, *New Masters of Horror*, *More Damnations*, *Bare Essential* and *F&SF*.



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.

SUSAN COON is the author of *Rahne*, *Cassilee*, *The Virgin* and *Chiy-Une*.

GREG COX of Seattle has sold stories to *Amazing*, *Fantasy Book*, and *Mike Shayne Mystery Magazine*. He attended the Clarion West writing workshop in 1984 and is currently working on a non-fiction book of vampires when not working at the blood bank.



JOHN G. CRAMER, writer of the "Alternative View" column in *Analog*, is the author of many science-fact articles. He is Professor of Physics at the University of Washington, where he teaches and does basic research. John is also Director of the UW Nuclear Physics Laboratory



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**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.



**SHALEEN CROOK** is an artist of national reknown. She has won many awards and is beginning to explore the science fiction art field and publishing.

**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 DALMAS** 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 five more novels published: *The Varkaus Conspiracy*, *Homecoming*, *Scroll of Man*, *Fanglith* and, with Carl Martin, *Touch the Stars: Emergence*. Novels sold and awaiting publication are *The Walkaway Clause*, *The Reality Matrix* and, with Rod Martin, *The Playmaster*. At present he is working on a two-book contract with Baen Books. His short fiction has appeared or is scheduled to appear in *Analog*, *The Saint*, *F&SF*, *Far Frontiers*, 1985 *Annual World's Best SF*, *The Science Fiction Yearbook* and *War World*.

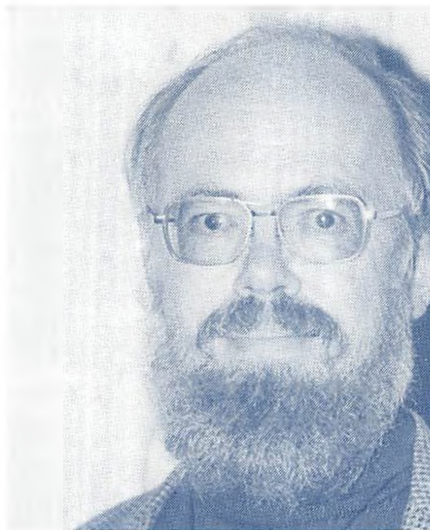


Photo by Rick Hawes

**JOHN DE CAMP**, alias The Wizard of Beans Hill, is a one-time Portland, Oregon poet. He's now writing science fiction.

He has had a story accepted by Cyn Mason for her *Wet Visions* anthology, a poem published by *Isaac Asimov's*, and published a book, *In the Shadow of Atlantis*. The latter is a poetic fantasy. As usual, he is working on a book and trying to sell another.

**WILLIAM C. DIETZ** has worked in various forms of communication since 1971. His first novel, *War World*, will be published in November by Berkley/Ace.



**TED DIKTY** began reading SF in 1929, published his first fanzine in 1939 and was co-editor of the first "Best SF of the Year" series, starting in 1949. He was a pioneer specialist book publisher, being co-founder of Carcosa House, Shasta Publishers and FAX Collectors Editions, Inc. Since 1977, he has published dozens of titles under his Starmont House imprint.



**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.



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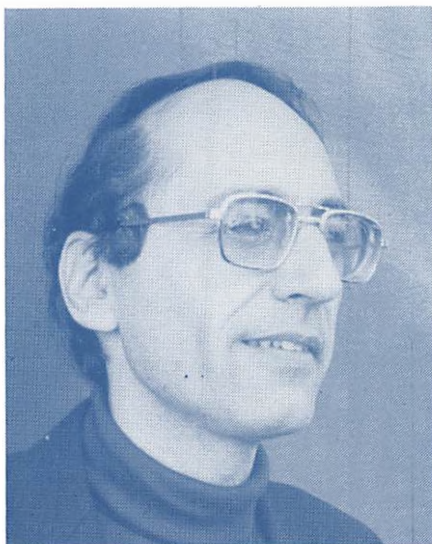


Photo by Clare Bell

M. COLEMAN EASTON's recent writing includes two novels that deal with unusual forms of magic. In *Masters of Glass*, a young woman enlists the powers of colored glass in a struggle with a renegade magician. In *Iskiir*, a former goat-herd and a potter's daughter pit their unorthodox talents against an ancient desert sorcery.

Easton's short stories, some of which were published under the byline "Coleman Brax," have been appearing since 1980 in *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* and in *Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. His "Impersonations" was adapted for the syndicated TV series *Tales from the Darkside*. A New Yorker by birth, Easton now resides in California's "Silicon Valley."

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).

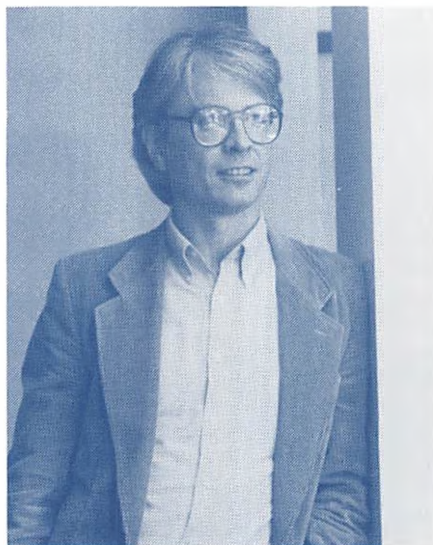
M.J. ENGH's novel *Arslan* is a political SF novel or an ecology novel depending on who you talk to. M.J. seems to think that it is about fathers and sons.

In 1982 she received a National Endowment for the Arts Creative Writing Fellowship Grant which allowed her to be able to spend seven months in Europe doing research. Spoiled by this, she resigned from the University of Washington Faculty to write full-time. She currently has two novels in progress.



Photo by Craig Peterson

ELTON ELLIOTT is the co-author (with Richard E. Geis) of *The Sword of Allah* and *The Burnt Lands*. They are working on their third book in the series, *The Norris Rebellion*. A separate novel written by the two, *Master File*, will be published by Ballantine/Fawcett late this year (all these titles are published under the pseudonym 'Richard Elliott'). Elton has completed the solo novels, *No Man's Land*, and *Starcombers*.



After a number of years in the Columbia Pictures Television Department, the Columbia Feature Film Story Department, and the Twentieth Century Fox Feature Production Division, TERRY J. ERDMANN currently serves as Fox's Science Fiction liaison. Terry spends a large portion of his time visiting SF cons with presentations of Twentieth Century Fox upcoming films, this year including *Highlander*, *The Manhattan Project*, *Big Trouble in Little China*, *Aliens* and *The Fly*. In addition, he is a director of the Buckaroo Banzai Institute.



Photo by John Etchemendy

NANCY ETCHEMENDY lives and works in Menlo Park, California, with her 1½ year-old son, Max, and her husband, John, a professor of philosophy at Stanford University. She has written three science fiction novels for young readers, *The Watchers of Space*, *Stranger from the Stars*, and *The Crystal City* (all published by Avon Books). Her short stories appear regularly in *F&SF* and in other magazines and anthologies. She attended the Clarion workshop in 1982.

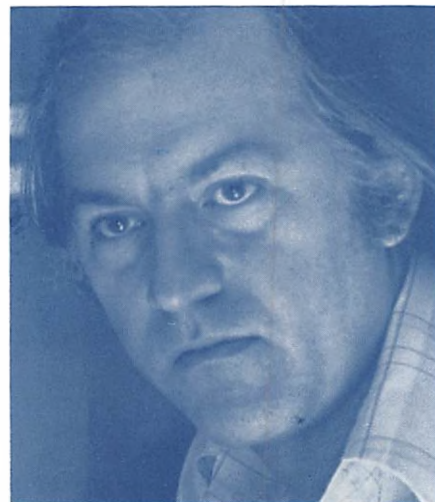


Photo by Brandon Burch

STEVE FAHNESTALK, of Pullman, WA, has published nonfiction in *Amazing* and *Starlog* and is currently working on a post-nuclear novel and a horror novel.

BILL FAWCETT is the author of the Swordquest series, published by Ace. He has had several of his boardgame designs published by Mayfair Games including those based upon C.J. Cherryh's *Company War*, Joe Haldeman's *Forever War*, David Drake's *Hammer's Slammers*, and others. He has also authored several Dungeons and Dragons modules and is involved with assisting writers in licensing their works for games and other products.



**BRUCE CHANDLER FERGUSSON's** first novel, *Lukan Barna*, will be published by Arbor House later this year. He is currently working on *Amala's Mace*, which is set in the same fantasy world. A novelette is due to appear in *Space and Time* in early 1987.

A graduate of Clarion West (1984), he has been a reporter for *The Hartford Times* and has essays and articles published in *The New York Times*, *Baltimore Sun* and *National Observer*.



Photo by Barbara Huntingdon-Ebright

**KAREN JOY FOWLER's** first story was published just one year ago and she has had six more appear in the interim, including one in a publication from *Writers of the Future*. "The Lake Was Full of Artificial Things" will be reprinted in Gardner Dozois' best of '85 collection, and Terry Carr will reprint "Praxis" in his selection of the year's best.

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

**JOANNE FORMAN** is an accomplished composer who, with the blessing and collaboration of Anne McCaffrey, has written the musical piece, *Dragonsongs*, based on the novels *Dragonsong* and *Dragonsinger*, by McCaffrey. *Dragonsongs* was premiered at the WorldCon in Baltimore and has been recorded with Anne McCaffrey reading the narration.

**MICHALE GABRIEL** is a gifted storyteller who has travelled throughout the United States and around the world from the Soviet Union to Mexico. She has received critical acclaim for her performing and teaching in public schools and seminars and conferences.

Michale has held the positions of Director of Children's Services and Library Programming in Southfield, Michigan and Developmental Director of the Henry M. Jackson School of International Studies at the University of Washington.

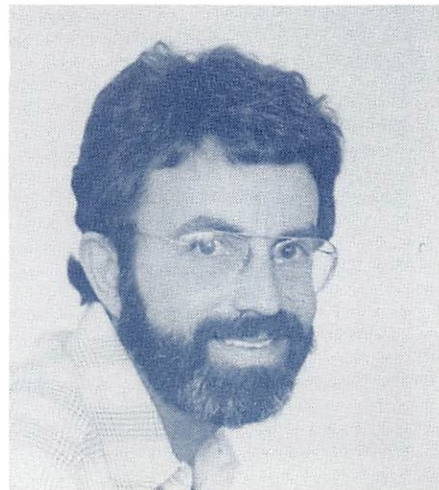
She is also the originator and founder of Young Storytellers For Peace/Storyteller International, an organization dedicated to fostering communication and trust through the oral art of storytelling among the people of the world.

Jane Yolen says of her, "Michale is story."



**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.

**GORDON GARB** is the Operations Manager for Digital Productions, which produced the *Hard Woman* video for Mick Jagger and special effects for *The Last Starfighter*.

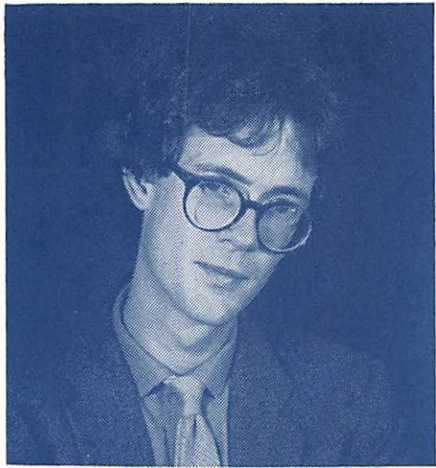


**SIDNEY GANIS**, Senior Vice President of Lucasfilm Ltd., has been with the Marin-based company since January 1979. Prior to joining Lucasfilm, Ganis was Vice President of Advertising for Warner Bros. Pictures, and held marketing positions at various other film companies.

Ganis has served as Executive Producer on a number of Lucasfilm documentary television productions, including *The Making of Raiders of the Lost Ark* which aired on PBS and won an Emmy Award in the category of Best Informational Special.



**MAUREEN GARRETT** is a publicist who has worked with Lucasfilm Ltd. since May 1979. Being part of the Marketing Team, she has coordinated the SF community publicity campaigns for *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Return of the Jedi*, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, *Labyrinth* and *Howard the Duck*. She is also the Director of the *Star Wars/Lucasfilm Fan Club* and is a star-crazed member of the *Skywalker Astronomy Club*.



**WILLIAM GIBSON** has had his short fiction published in *Omni*, *Shadows*, *Universe* and *Nebula Award Stories*. His first novel, *Neuromancer*, was awarded a Hugo, A Nebula, and the Philip K. Dick Award in 1985. Arbor House is publishing his next three books, *Count Zero*, *Burning Chrome* and *The Distancers*.

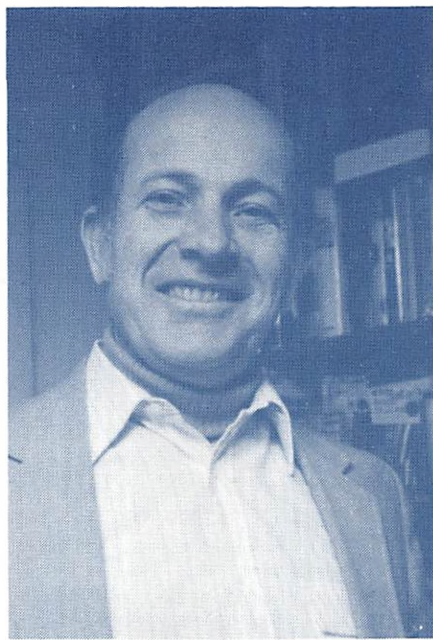


Photo by Dolly Gilliland

**ALEXIS A. GILLILAND**, Hugo winning fan artist, is also the author of *Revolution from Rosinante*, *The Pirates of Rosinante*, *Long Shot for Rosinante* and *The End of the Empire*.

Forthcoming from Bluejay Books is *Wizenbeak*.



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, CA.



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, WA, and is active in the L-5 Society.



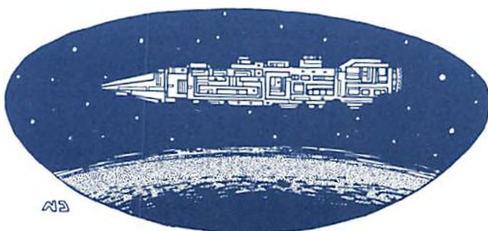
**JANET GLUCKMAN** is a journalist, fiction writer, lecturer, translator, editor, and literary consultant. She has written the novel *Rite of the Dragon* and is currently working on *Dance of the Python*, and is co-authoring a novella *Song of the Shofar*, novel *Child of the Light*, and a trilogy with George Guthridge. The first book of the trilogy is titled *Black Mandragora*.

Her co-authored science fiction storyline, *Tintype*, is being produced by NBC as a television movie and potential series.

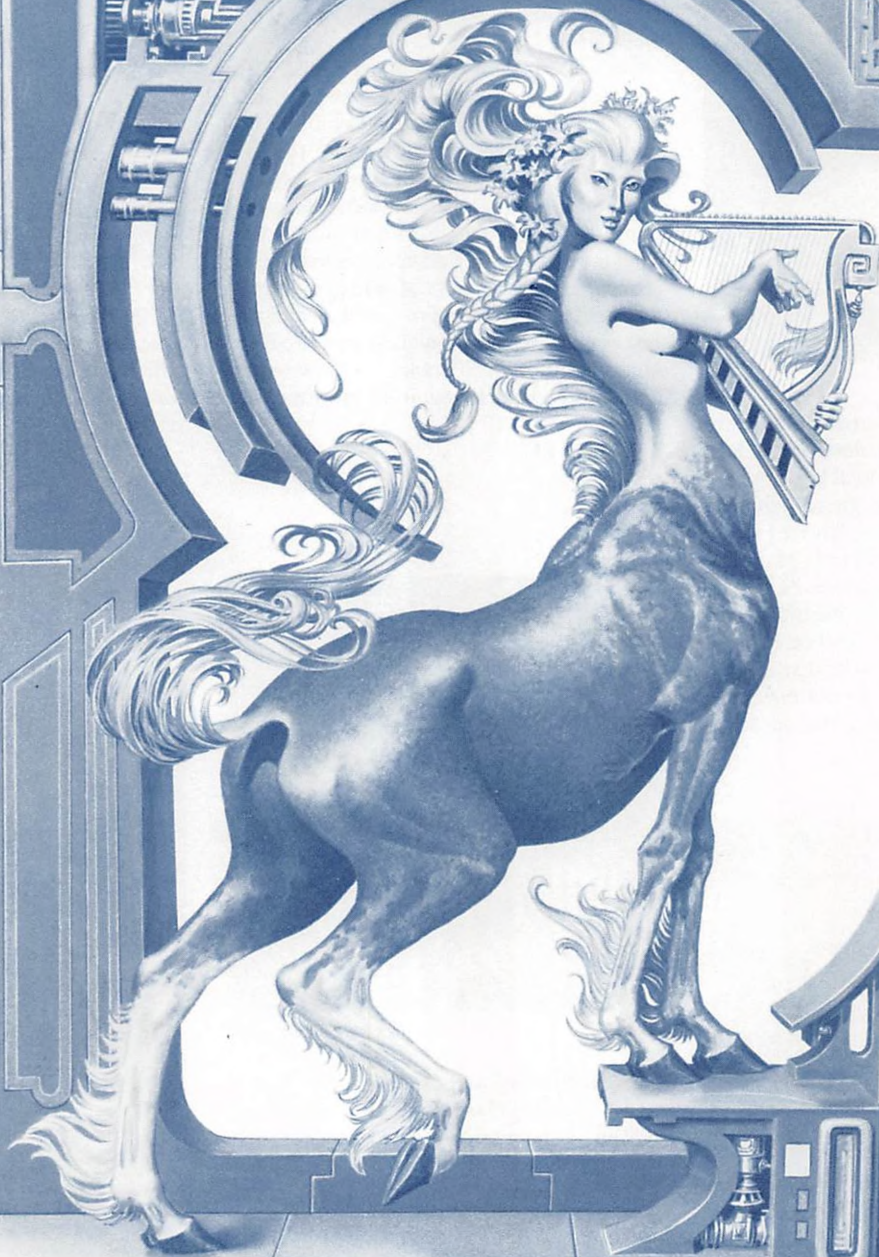
**STEPHEN GOLDIN** is the author of the novels *And Not Make Dreams Your Master*, *Assault on the Gods*, *The Eternity Brigade*, *Mindflight* and *A World Called Solitude*, to name a few. He has also written *The Business of Being a Writer* with Kathleen Sky. Stephen is currently working on an Arabian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



**LAURIE GOTTLIEB** has been a fantasy jeweler and sculptor for twenty-five years—selling in the science fiction universe for the last eleven. She has had shows at a number of galleries and was featured at the Earthlight Gallery. She has also lectured in the fields of jewelry and sculpture at the Museum of Natural History in New York City. Her studio, "Sign of the Unicorn" is located in San Francisco.



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JON GUSTAFSON has authored a column for the fanzine *Science Fiction Review* and has contributed to Brian Ash's *Visual Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, Nicholls' *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* and the *Starlog Science Fiction Yearbook*. He has been active in fandom for years and his book review column, "Serpent's Tooth," appears regularly in *Westwind*, the clubzine of the Northwest Science Fiction Society. Recently, he was a finalist in the Writers of the Future contest and his book on Alex Schomburg, *Chroma*, is due out soon from WaRP Graphics.



Born in San Diego in August of 1951, BARBARA HAMBY 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 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*. She has also written a historical whodunnit, *The Quirinal Hill Affair*, and a Star Trek novel, *Ishmael*. Upcoming from Del Rey are the sequel to *Ladies of Madrigyn*, tentatively titled *The Witches of Wenshar*, and the first volume of a two-book fantasy, *The Silicon Mage*. In addition to books, she now writes animation scripts for Saturday morning cartoons.

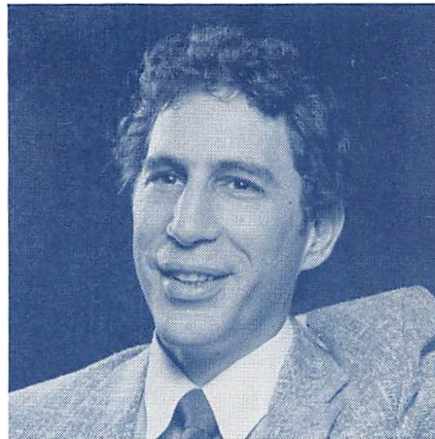


Photo by Beth Gwinn

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 also 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.

Mr. Harris is the Contest Administrator for the Writers of the Future Contest.

DAVID HARTWELL is a science fiction editor for Tor and Arbor House. He is the author of *Age of Wonders: Exploring the World of Science Fiction*, a recent non-fiction title. David also runs his own small publishing company, Dragon Press. He founded and edited the well-respected Timescape series.



JOHN HEDTKE has been an amateur radio operator for four years. He is also an award-winning technical writer; a banjo player and teacher; and is currently working on his first record album.

JIM HENSON is the creator of the Muppets, *Fraggle Rock* and *The Dark Crystal*.

He is also the Director of the new movie, *Labyrinth*, which is being produced by Henson Associates and Lucasfilm, Ltd.

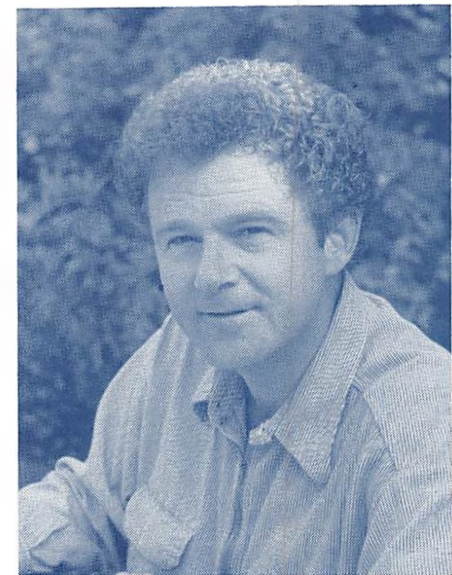


Photo by Janaya Herbert

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 most recent novel, *Man of Two Worlds* (co-authored with his father Frank Herbert), will be released by Putnam in May. Brian has also authored two humor books and is currently working on another novel.

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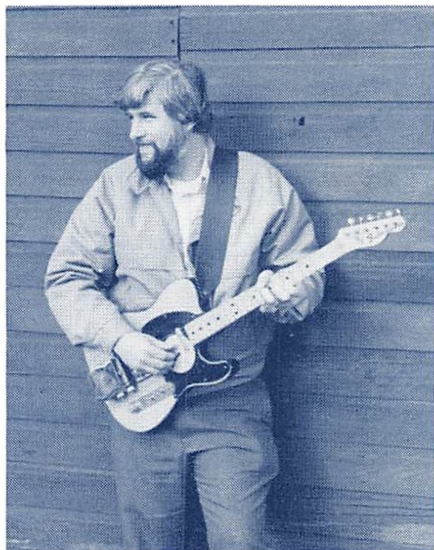
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THE HIGHLINERS are a dance group who will entertain us. They feature Robert Ackerman, Kurt Alakulippi, Christine Barns, Stephanie Bergman, Tracy Bassette, Andrea Butler, Stewart Fisher, Brenda Garcia, Brent Hester, Troy Hovde, Christine Hroncich, Renuka Kotelawala, Usha Kotelawala and Vickie Mitalis. Pat Butler is the Director, Andrea Butler is the Choreographer, Stewart Fisher is the Technical Director, Keith Johnson is the sound man, and Mark Fordham plays drums.



RANDY "TARKAS" HOAR's art has appeared in numerous SF 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, a video game, and a sardonic nursery rhyme book, as well as painting for art exhibitions and marketing his own prints. For a change of pace, Randy does marketing consultations.



Photo © 1986 by N.K. Hoffman

NINA KIRIKI HOFFMAN's short fiction has appeared in the anthologies *Tales by Moonlight*, *The Clarion Awards*, *Writers of the Future*, *Shadows 8* and *Greystone Bay*. It has also appeared in the magazines *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *Fantasy and Terror*, *Kalliope*, *Concept* and *Snapdragon*. She has a story in Cyn Mason's famous and forthcoming *Wet Visions*. Her housemates include Hildegarde, a cat, Elvira, a mannequin, and a chilling collection of small wind-up toys and dolls.



JAMES P. HOGAN is the author of *Inherit The Stars*, *The Genesis Machine*, *The Gentle Giants of Ganymede*, *The Two Faces of Tomorrow*, *Thrice Upon a Time*, *Giant's Star*, *Voyage From Yesteryear*, *Code of the Lifemaker* and *The Proteus Operation*. He has also written numerous pieces of short fiction and non-fiction. Mr. Hogan does not have cynicism towards the future, but believes in the power of reason and human creativity to continue building better tomorrows.



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.



Photo by Nell Caraway

DEAN ING's shorter work has appeared in *Analog*, *Road & Track*, *Omni*, *Far Frontiers*, *Survive* and several other magazines. He has written seven novels, some of which are *Systemic Shock*, *Single Combat* and *Wild Country* and has co-authored three non-fiction books on future technology. One of the six novels he completed for the late Mack Reynolds is currently slated to be a motion picture.

Dean's background includes work in the oil fields; development of racing cars and survivalist hardware; aerospace engineering; and a doctorate in behavioral science.

JOHN AND KATHLEEN KINGSLIGHT are professional musicians who tour the country. They will perform Joanne Forman's composition, *Dragonsongs*, on stage with Anne McCaffrey. They were the original performers of this piece.





**LAUGHTER AND LOVE** is Duane Worthington, Cyndie Sallee, and Lea Kendrick. These Seattle-based musicians have received favorable reviews in the *New Age*, *SF* and fantasy communities for their album of refreshing, positive music. Most recently they have appeared on the New York show *Reconnections* and the local radio program *Home Grown*.

**KOLLA LAWSON** is an artists' representative, and a founding member of Northern Lights, a Northwest artists' co-op.



**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 *Herdlord'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.



**SHAWNA McCARTHY**, formerly the editor of *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, is the Director of the Bantam Spectra science fiction line.



Photo © 1985 by Gary L. Benson

**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* (a Star Trek novel), *Superluminal* and two Star Trek movie novelizations, *The Wrath of Khan* and *The Search for Spock*. A collection of her short fiction, *Fireflood and Other Stories*, has also been published. Works in progress include *Chayandraith*, *Starfarers* and *Barbary*.

**ROBIN McKINLEY's** most recent book is an anthology she edited, titled *Imaginary Lands*, containing nine stories, one of them hers. Her last novel, *The Hero and the Crown*, earned her a Newberry Award. She is working on another novel now, to be set in a different country of *Hero's* world. She is also working on a retelling of *Robin Hood*, and on an oddment only because it won't leave her alone, although she is not sure it actually is anything. She is, however, not nearly as hard-working as this makes her sound.



Photo by Samantha Johns

**ADRIENNE MARTINE-BARNES**, author of *The Dragon Rises* and *The Fire Sword*, is a native Californian. Besides her literary efforts (which now include sequels to her two novels), she costumes, makes dolls and arranges cats.



**JULIAN MAY** is the author of *The Many-Colored Land*, *The Golden Torc*, *The Nonborn King*, *The Adversary*, and *A Pliocene Companion*, as well as a plethora of non-SF books. Upcoming from Houghton-Mifflin is *Intervention*, a vinculum between the Pliocene Quartet and the Milieu Trilogy.

MARY MASON is currently completing her degree in Psychology at Cal. State University in Sacramento and has taught brain anatomy labs at colleges and conventions. Mary does research for other writers and invented the fictional drug for Steve Barnes' best-seller, *Streetlethel*. She is currently working on a solo novel and a collaboration with her fiancé, Stephen Goldin.

BETH MEACHAM is the Editor-in-Chief of science fiction, fantasy and horror for Tor Books. She was previously with Berkley/Ace and with Ace books.



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

A professional writer for 15 years, GEORGIA M. MILLER, is a 1984 graduate of Clarion East. She is a member of SFWA, Writers' Connection and the Authors' Guild.

Georgia and her husband live in San Jose, California with their feline daughter, Elizabeth C. Miller.

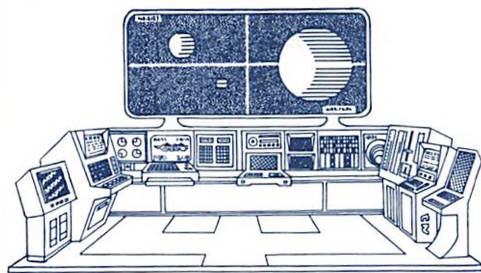


Photo by Calvin Heyn

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.



LARRY NIVEN is the winner of five Hugos and one Nebula Award. He is the author of the "Known Space" series which includes *Neutron Star*, *Tales of Known Space*, *World of Plavvs*, *Protector*, *A Gift from Earth*, *Ringworld* and *Ringworld Engineers*. With Jerry Pournelle, he authored *Lucifer's Hammer*, *The Mote in God's Eye*, *Inferno*, *Oath of Fealty* and *Footfalls*. With Steve Barnes, he authored *Dream Park* and *Decent of Anansi*. His more recent novels include *The Integral Trees* and *Limits*. Larry lives with his wife, Marilyn, in Tarzana, California.

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

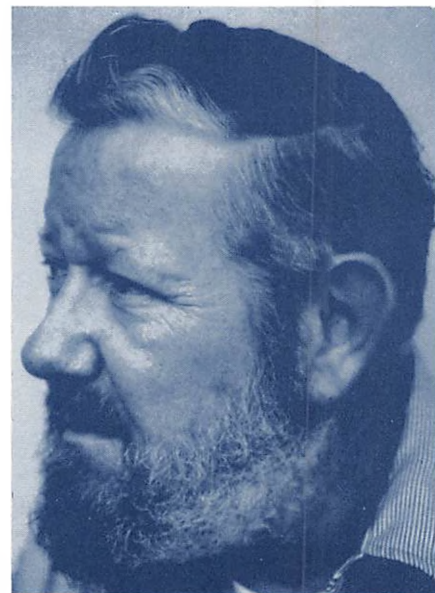


Photo by Irene Fury

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, most recently, *The Fourth Horseman*. Dr. Nourse has also written an impressive number of adult and juvenile works of nonfiction. He was president of the Science Fiction Writers of America for 1968-69. Dr. Nourse lives in Thorp, WA.

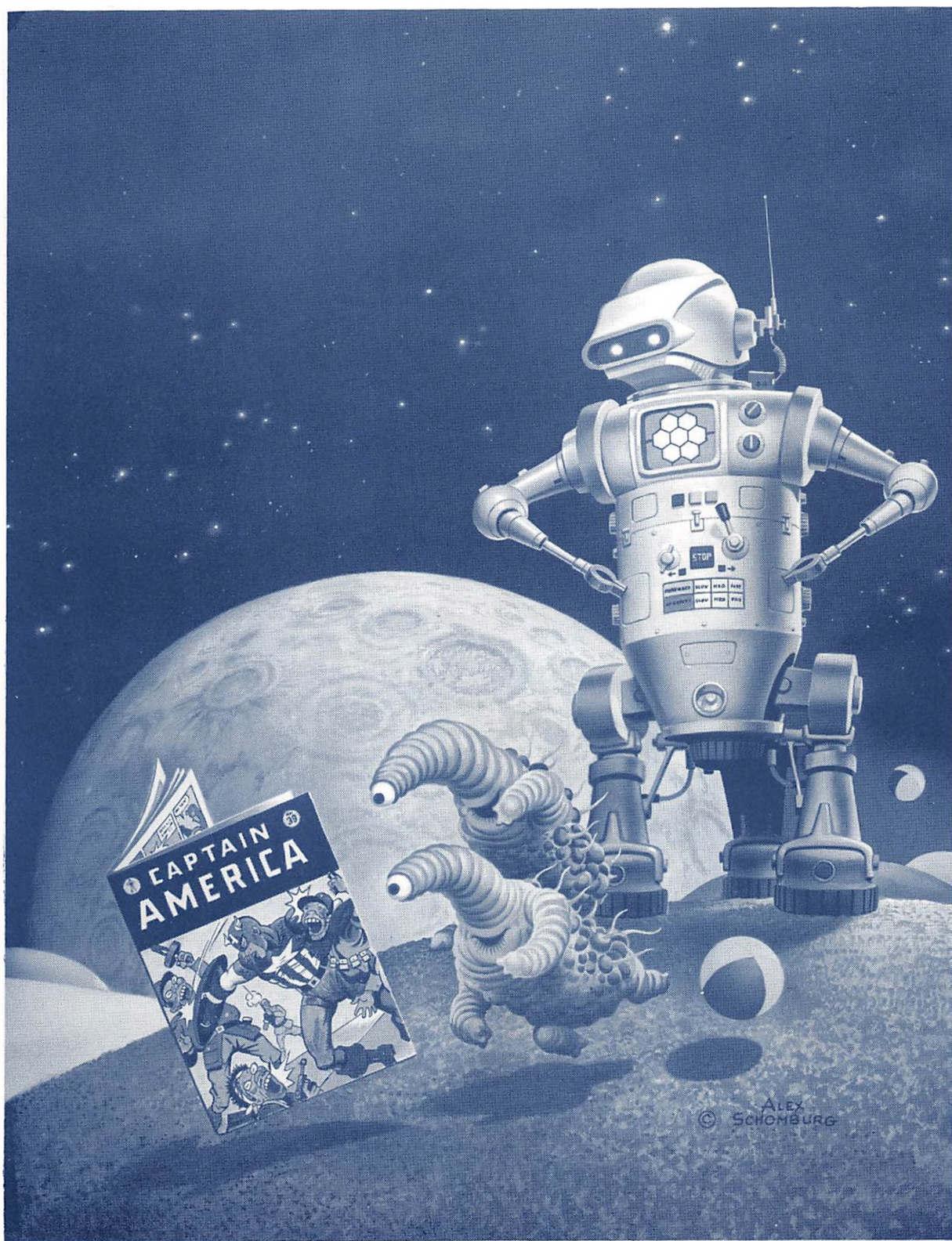


Photo by Kathy Olton

JERRY OLTION has had seven stories published in *Analog*, with an eighth due out any time now. He is nearing completion on his second novel, and has, at last count, 23,487 other projects going as well, including *The Beginner's Guide to Writing Science Fiction*. He lives in Cody, Wyoming, with his wife, Kathy, and cat Nova.

# C H R O M A

The Art of Alex Schomburg



Written by art historian Jon Gustafson, with introductions by Harlan Ellison, Stan Lee, and Kelly Freas, published by Father Tree Press (WaRP Graphics), *CHROMA* is a full-color celebration of one of the foremost talents in imaginative illustration. 112 pages long, *CHROMA* retails for \$12.95. **FOR NORWESCON ATTENDEES ONLY—don't miss your chance to own *CHROMA* for just \$10.00!** Further details will be available at the convention—see you there!

Richard Pini — Publisher

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* (coming to your area in September '86), 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.



Photo by Rick Hawes

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

The coming year will see the publication of *The Machiavelli Interface*, *Conan the Heroic*, and again with Michael Reaves, *Dome*. Perry and Reaves have also written two screenplays for the animated series *Centurions* which will be aired this Spring.



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*, *Myth Adventures*, *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.

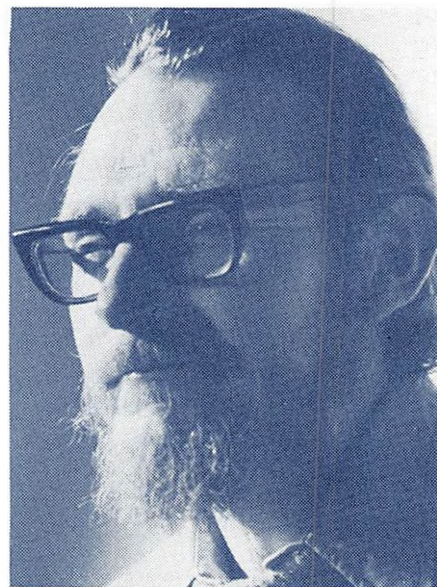
FREDERIK POHL, editor, literary agent, lecturer, writer and Hugo, Nebula, Locus, John W. Campbell and American Book Award winner has authored nearly 50 books. Among these are *The Space Merchants* (with C.M. Kornbluth), the "Starchild" trilogy (with Jack Williamson), the "Undersea" trilogy (with Jack Williamson), as well as *Farthest Star* and *Wall Around A Star* (with Jack Williamson). His solo efforts include *Gateway*, *Man Plus*, *Jem*, *Starburst* and more recently, *The Merchants' War*, *Pohlstars*, *Demon in the Skull*, *Beyond the Blue Event Horizon*, *Heechee Rendezvous*, *The Cool War*, *The Years of the City* and *Midas World*. He has also written *The Way the Future Was*, a memoir of his years in science fiction, which include the infamous "Futurians."

Bantam Spectra will be publishing *The Coming of the Quantum Cats*, previously serialized in *Analog*, in May.

TIM POWERS is the author of *The Skies Dis-crowned*, *Epitaph in Rust*, *The Drawing of the Dark*, the Philip K. Dick Award winner *The Anubis Gates*, *Dinner at Deviant's Palace*, nominated for the Philip K. Dick Award this year, and *Forsake the Sky*, which is forthcoming from Tor.

KENNEDY POYSER is an artists' agent, and a book and art dealer from Connecticut.

When he lived in the Northwest, Kennedy worked for many years on *Norwescon* and *NWSFS*. After moving east, he missed being involved with the convention, so he worked on publications for the 1982 World Fantasy Convention, and then he started *Hatcon*, a convention where publishers and editors are the Guests of Honor.



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 Fryphon Feathers*, *The Stolen Goddess*, *The Mirror of Helen* and *The Parallel Man*. He has also written an SF murder mystery, *Murdercon*.



DAN REEDER is a high school math teacher by day and monster-maker by night. His cloth and papier mâché monsters have been shown at the Bellevue Arts & Crafts Fair and the Tacoma Art Museum, among others. His book, *The Simple Screamer*, shows in detail how he makes these fabulous creations and how you can too. The book also includes many beautiful color plates showing the finished products of his labor.

Dan will once again be giving a demonstration of his art at the convention.

**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 forthcoming *Dome*. They have also written two episodes of the animated series *Centurians* and the as yet unproduced screenplays, *The Tularemia Gambit*, *The Hollywood Ops* and *Hellstar*.



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



Photo by Ileen Weber

**JOANNA RUSS** is the Nebula Award-winning author of such novels as *Picnic on Paradise*, *And Chaos Died*, *We Who Are About To*, *The Two of Them*, *The Female Man* and *Kittatinny*. Within the last year or so, she has had a spate of books issued: *Zanzibar Cat*, *Extra (Ordinary) People*, *How to Suppress Women's Writing*, *On Strike Against God*, and a reissue of *Alyx*. Joanna Russ is a professor of English at the University of Washington, Seattle, Washington.



Photo by Sally Wies

**RICHARD PAUL RUSSO** has had his short fiction published since 1979 and is a 1983 graduate of the Clarion Science Fiction Writing Workshop. He has won 3 literary awards for two non-SF stories and a play. He has just completed his first science fiction novel and will have stories appearing in *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine* and the anthology *In the Fields of Fire*, edited by Jack and Jeanne Dann.



Photo by Ileen Weber

**JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON** will be launching a new line of books through Scream/Dream Press called "Grim Maids." These are supernatural tales by women writers of the Popular Culture Era, beginning with *The Wind At Midnight: The Uncanny Stories of Georgia Wood Pangborn*, mother of Mary and Edgar Pangborn. Jessica has also edited a number of important anthologies of both horror and heroic fantasy. Her fifth novel, *Ou Lu Khen and the Beautiful Madwoman* was published by Ace Books this past year. She is currently working on her sixth novel, *The Last Vortex of Anthony Shriek*. Her short stories have appeared in dozens of magazines and anthologies and two collections are scheduled for 1986, one from Ace Books and one from W. Paul Ganley Books. Not a science fiction fan, she is mainly interested in fantasy and horror.



Arnold Schwarzenegger and Filmmaker/writer Paul Sammon on the set of *Conan The Destroyer* in Mexico City.

Filmmaker/writer **PAUL SAMMON**'s first feature length film is *P.P. - The Planetary Pal*, a parody of *E.T.* which he wrote/produced/directed. His latest short story was "In Late December, Before the Storm" and appeared in the February 1985 issue of *Twilight Zone Magazine*. His film journalism has appeared in *Omni*, *American Cinematographer*, *Cinefantastique* and many other publications; Mr. Sammon is also a contributing Editor to *Cineflex* magazine. He has also traveled to conventions around the country as a Special Promotional Representative for *Dune* and both *Conan* films.

**SCOTT RUSSELL SANDERS** has had short fiction published in *Omni*, *F&SF*, *New Dimensions*, *IASFM* and about a half dozen others. His novel *Terrarium*, published by Tor Books, is nominated for this year's Philip K. Dick Award.

Scott teaches Literature at Indiana University.



Photo by Mike McGee

**ELIZABETH ANN SCARBOROUGH** has lived in Fairbanks, Alaska for the past 12 years. In addition to her humorous Argonian fantasy series, she has written *The Harem of Aman Akbar*, a feminist satire in the Arabian Nights vein, and, to be published in June of '86, *The Drastic Dragon of Draco, Texas*, a combination fantasy and tall tale with which she hopes to win the Liar's Contest at the 4th Annual Terlingua Cookie Chill-off.

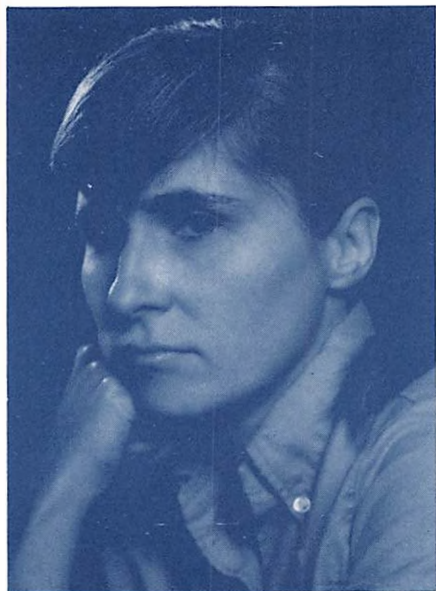


Photo by Helen Reynolds Portrait Studio

**JODY SCOTT**, a 1985 Nebula nominee and 1986 Guggenheim nominee is the author of *I, Vampire*, *Passing For Human*, *Starmasters*, the award-winning *Cure It With Honey*, *Down Will Come Baby*, and stories such as "Go for Baroque" (in *Best of Fantasy and Science Fiction*). Scott has two novels upcoming in 1986 from the Women's Press Ltd., London; the already acclaimed story *The American Book of the Dead* in *Afterlives* (Vintage/Random House)—plus stories in such publications as *Heroic Visions* #2 and others.



Artist **ALEX SCHOMBURG** did his first color magazine covers for Hugo Gernsback in 1925 and worked for him through 1965. He also illustrated SF pulp magazines and in the 1940s, 50s and 60s, he painted covers for *Amazing*, *Fantastic*, *F&SF*, *Future*, *Galaxy*, *Satellite* and *Wonder*. His work currently appears in today's digest SF magazines.

Alex is also known for his illustration during the Golden Age of comics, on such magazines as *Captain America* and the *Sub-Mariner*.

Mr. Schomburg and his art is the subject of the book *Chroma*, compiled by Jon Gustafson and to be published by WaRP Graphics



**JULIUS SCHWARTZ**, a man of steel, is also a man of many firsts. He founded the first SF fanzine, *The Time Traveler*, in 1932, was the first agent to specialize in SF, helped to organize the first SF WorldCon, and a member of first fandom. Julius is also the Senior Editor at DC Comics.



**KATHY SELBERT**, a native Southern Californian who spent eleven years in the Pacific Northwest before getting nostalgic for palm trees and sunshine, returned to Smogsville to write for the CBS Saturday morning animated series, *Dungeons and Dragons*. She is currently working as an executive secretary (a moderately honorable profession) at Marvel Productions Ltd. in Los Angeles while writing more animation scripts and short stories.



**CAROL SEVERENCE** is a Hawaii-based writer with a background in art and journalism. She attended Clarion West 1984 and has stories forthcoming in *To The Stars*, *Magic in Ithkar* #4, and *The Magic Kingdom*. She is currently working on two novels.

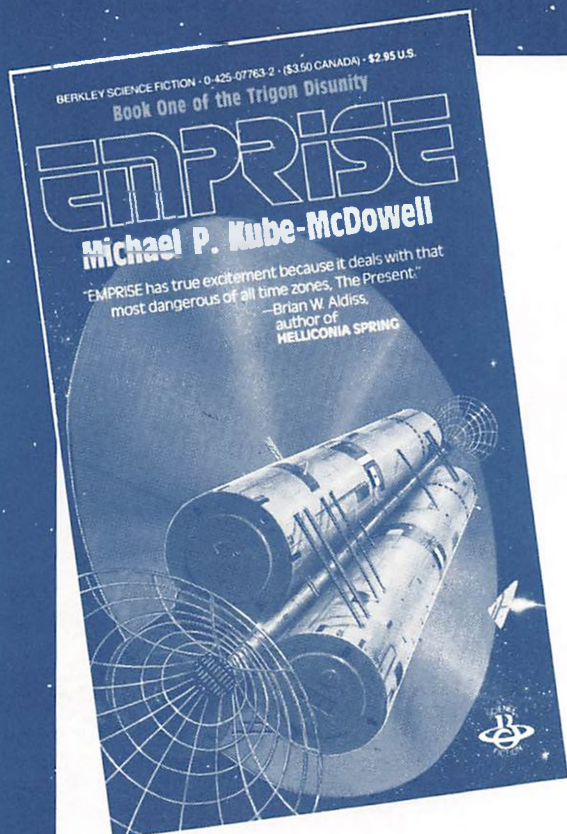


Photo by Rick Hawes

**JAY SHECKLEY** has had her short fiction published in *Rod Serling's Twilight Zone Magazine*, *Fantasy & Terror*, *PulpSmith*, *Night Cry*, *National Lampoon*, *Heavy Metal*, *Fling*, *Celeb*, *Gallery* and *East Village Eye*. She has a monster movie take-off forthcoming in *Stardate* and a German Language collection of her stories will be published shortly.



**ROBERT SHECKLEY** is best known for his SF short fiction, which has been collected in *Untouched by Human Hands*, *Can You Feel Anything When I Do This?*, *Citizen in Space*, *Store of Infinity*, *Pilgrimage to Earth*, and *The Robot Who Looked Like Me*. His novels include *Journey Beyond Tomorrow*, *Crompton Divided* and, most recently, *Dramocles*.



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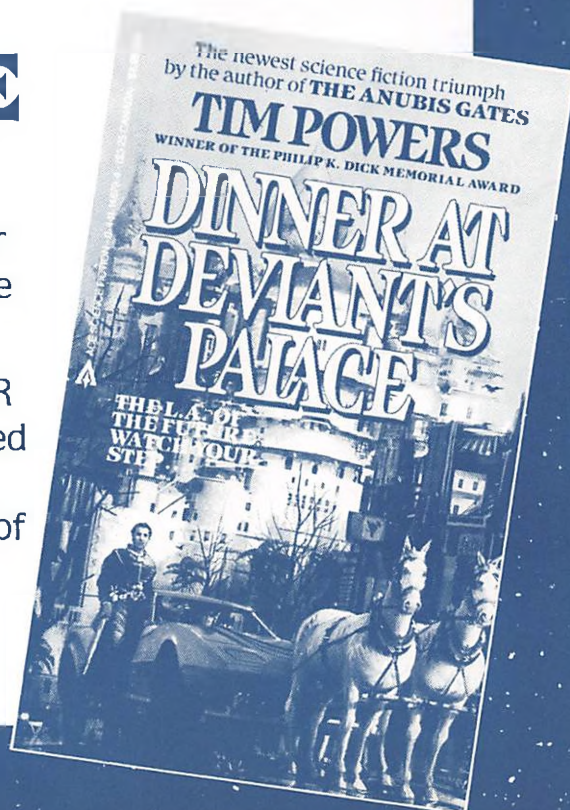
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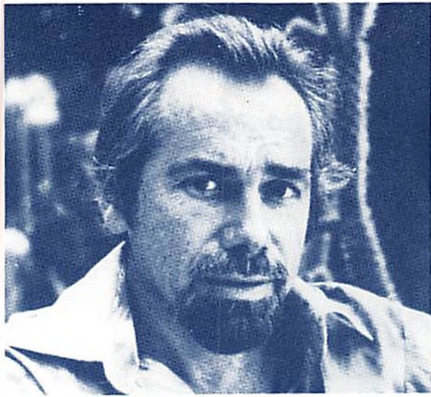
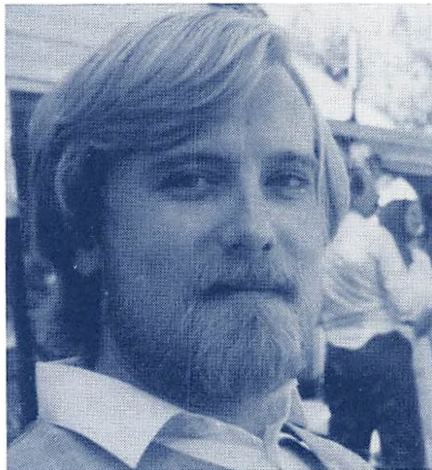


Photo by Susanne Lee Houfek

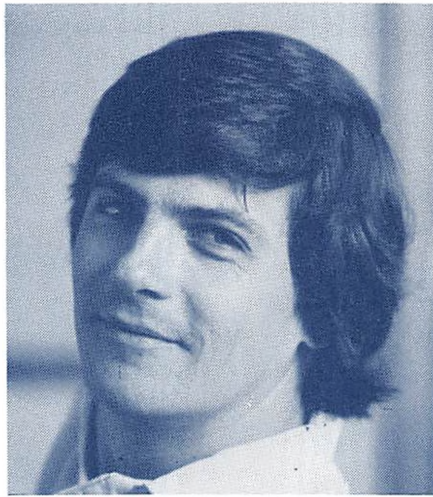
**ROBERT SILVERBERG**, after getting off to a slow start by winning the 1956 Hugo for "Most Promising New Author," has given us such notable works as *Son of Man*, *Nightwings*, *Thorns*, *The Man in the Maze*, *A Time of Changes*, *Downward to the Earth*, *Dying Inside*, *Gilgamesh the King*, *The Conglomeroid Cocktail Party*, *Lord of Darkness*, *Lord Valentine's Castle*, *Majipoor Chronicles* and *Valentine Pontifex*. He is also well-known as an editor of many titles, including *Nebula Awards* and the *New Dimensions* series.

His collection *Beyond the Safe Zone* is forthcoming from Donald I. Fine, as is *Master of Life & Death* from Tor.

Mr. Silverberg was the Toastmaster at Norwescon 8.



**DAVE SMEDS** is the author of *The Sorcery Within* (Ace Books), and has sold short fiction to *In The Fields of Fire*, *Far Frontiers*, 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. He is an active member of the Science Fiction Writers of America, and has also served as president of the Spellbinders, Inc., the Sonoma County SF group responsible for Octocon. He was publicity/publications chairman for Octocons 3 & 4.



**DEAN WESLEY SMITH** has sold over thirty poems and has had his stories appear in *The Clarion Awards*, *Gem*, *Oui* and *Writers of the Future*. He splits his time between Lincoln City, Oregon and Moscow, Idaho, where he is a member of the "Moscow Moffia."



As an ivory carver and scrimshaw artist, **LITA R. SMITH-GHARET** has produced many large and unusual pieces of rare sculpture for many private collections and major department stores. She has had many of her pieces reproduced in gem and mineral magazines.

Lita is also an artists' representative and operates the Steel Eagle Gallery.

**BRYNNE STEPHENS'** novel, *The Dream Palace*, was recently published by Baen Books.



**NORMAN SPINRAD's** magnum opus is always his most recent novel, at least by his lights, and the latest, *Child of Fortune*, certainly fits that bill. At 180,000 words, this is his longest piece of fiction and covers his widest scope of vision yet.

His novel about Adolph Hitler, *The Iron Dream*, is still on the index of banned books in West Germany, where it has recently been joined by *The Men in the Jungle*. The Costa-Gavras/Universal film of his novel *Bug Jack Barron* is still whirling around in machiavelian machinations between the Black Tower and the Left Bank.

**SARA STAMEY** wrote her first science fiction story (illustrated) at age six. She found it twenty years later and decided to see if she could do better. She's not sure yet. A former nuclear reactor control operator, Ms. Stamey now teaches Scuba in the caribbean when not pursuing that endless rewrite in Bellingham, WA.

Her first science fiction novel, *Homeworld Stranger*, is due out soon from Berkley Publishing. A sequel is also in the works.





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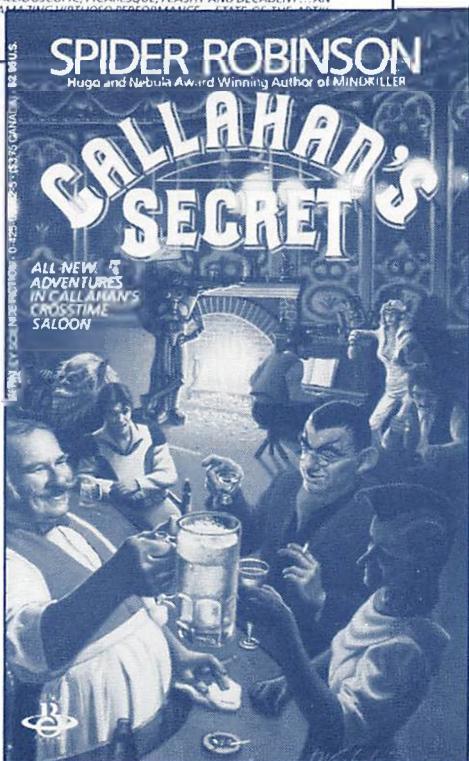
If you're looking for a good night out someplace where the beer is always cold, the times are always hot, and disco was dead to begin with, then belly up to the bar in Callahan's. Human or otherwise, hale and hearty, or down and out, you're always welcome. But remember—  
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**JULIE STEVENS** has sold stories to *The Best of Omni*, *Asimov's*, *Whispers*, and several Charles Grant horror anthologies. Her most recent work will appear in upcoming issues of *To the Stars*, and *F&SF*. She attended Clarion '80 and Haystack '81. She practices law in Coos Bay, Oregon.



Photo by Sue Langref

**J. T. STEWART** is an accomplished poetess. She has been a panel participant at the various cons taking place in the upper left hand corner of the map (Orycon, V-Con and Norwescon).

**ROB SWIGART's** novels include *Little America*, *A.K.A./A Cosmic Fable*, *The Time Trip*, and *The Book of Revelations*. His latest, *Vector*, will be published by Bluejay Books in June. His poems and stories have appeared in such magazines as *Atlantic Monthly*, *Penthouse*, *Fantasy Book*, *Poetry* etc; his articles and reviews have appeared in *California Living*, *West*, and the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He is currently developing a new narrative called *Portal* for personal computers (forthcoming from Activision) and writing a short story collection titled *Down Time*.



**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, had a story in February 1986 in the publication *Image*, sponsored by the Seattle Arts Commission. He will have a story that will be out in April 1986 in an anthology published by Globe Publishing (Seattle). His current goal(s): keep right on publishing and working on several non-science fiction novels.



Photo by Michael Kring

**ROBERT E. VARDEHAN** has had over a dozen short stories published in magazines and anthologies and is the author and co-author of over 20 novels including the War of Power series, the Cenotaph Road series, the Swords of Raemlyn series (with Geo. Proctor), the Jade Demons series and two Star Trek Books. There are three new series scheduled to be published by Berkley, Tor, and Avon during 1986 and 1987, as well as continuations of others.

**JOHN VARLEY** is the author of *Titan*, *Wizard*, *Demon*, *The Ophiuchi Hotline*, *Millennium*, and the short story collections *The Persistence of Vision* and *Picnic on Nearside*, as well as others. His most recent collection *Blue Champagne* was published by Dark Harvest.



**VERNOR VINGE** has sold five novels and about fifteen short stories. He is the author of two Hugo-nominated hard SF yarns: *True Names* (Bluejay Books) and *The Peace War* (Bluejay and Baen). His novel, *Marooned in Real Time*, will be serialized in *Analog* beginning with the May 1986 issue. *MiRT* is a sequel to *The Peace War*, but it is set farther in the future. He has a doctorate in math and teaches computer science in the Math Sciences Department of San Diego State University.

**PETER WALLIS** is an experienced teacher of elementary children, multi-arts specialist, workshop presenter and the creator of the "Hero's Journey" format in the NW, a three-hour learning program for children.



Photo by Wally Studios

**CARL J. WALUCONIS** (a.k.a. Wally Coins) is the author of *Whispers of Heavenly Death* and is currently working on an alternate universe novel.



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



**WENDY WEES** is a Seattle gallery artist and fantasy illustrator whose work has been featured by a variety of publishers. She is currently working on a children's book, *The Child That Loved a Grave: A Treasury of Little Ghosts*, and is illustrating Jessica Salmonson's forthcoming short story collection, *John Collier and Frederic Brown went Quarrelling Through My Head*.



Photo by Beth Gwinn

**SIMONE WELCH**, as Public Relations and Publicity Director for Bridge Publications, works on all aspects of the Writers of the Future books; publicizes the new writers and attends all of the major conventions where judges and writers from the contest and anthology appear. She is Algis Budrys' assistant for all editorial matters and organizer of the Writers of the Future Awards Celebration.

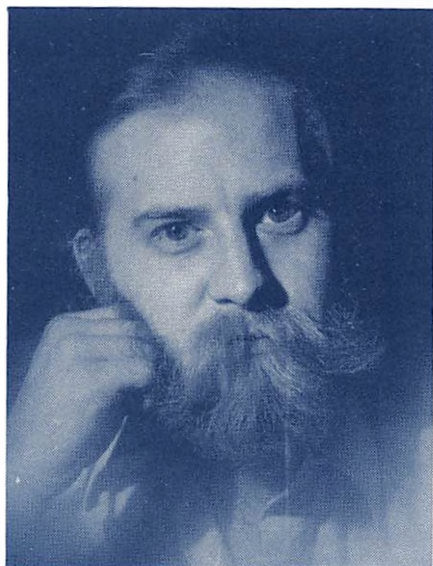


Photo by Steven Bryan Bieler

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



**MARK WILLARD** has had his science fiction book reviews published in *SF Review* and has contributed to *Writers of the 21st Century*, *Jack Vance*. In progress are works on Jack Vance and Poul Anderson. Mark graduated from Clarion East in 1983.



**RAY WILLIAMS** is an airbrush artist whose work has appeared in such magazines as *Dragon* and *Sorcerer's Apprentice*. In addition to doing art, he is the co-owner and Art Director for an art gallery, Artistic Innovations. He has been recently working with the airbrush as a cosmetic tool, doing body painting, makeup application and fingernail designs. He is now teaching classes in these techniques.

Ray has displayed his paintings at conventions around the country and has won many awards. He will be presenting an airbrush demonstration with Randy "Tarkas" Hoar at the convention on Saturday.

**WALTER JON WILLIAMS** is the author of *Ambassador of Progress* and *Knight Moves*. *Knight Moves* is a nominee for this year's Philip K. Dick Award. His novel *Hardwired* will be published in June by Tor Books and he has stories forthcoming in *Omni*, *IASFM* and *To the Stars*.



In 1928, at age twenty, JACK WILLIAMSON sold his first story to *Amazing Stories*. Since then he has written such classics as *Darker Than You Think*, *The Humanoids* and the "Legion of Space" series.

More recently he has authored *The Farthest Star* and *Wall Around a Star* (with Fred Pohl—they have written 8 books together!), *Lifeburst*, *The Queen of the Legion*, *The Humanoid Touch*, and an autobiography, *Wonder's Child: My Life in Science Fiction*.

Mr. Williamson received the Grand Master Award of the Science Fiction Writers of America in 1976.

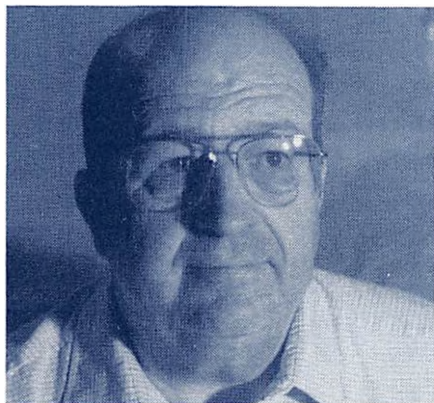


Photo by G.W.

GENE WOLFE is the author of *The Fifth Head of Cerberus*, *Free Live Free*, and other books. *Soldier of the Mist* will be issued by Tor Books this fall. He is at work on *The Urth of the New Sun*, a coda to *The Book of the New Sun* (the tetralogy begun with *The Shadow of the Torturer*). He was the Pro Guest of Honor at the 1985 Worldcon, and is a judge of the Writers of the Future Contest.



N. LEE WOOD is a 1985 graduate of Clarion West and has recently sold a story to Samuel R. Delany for an anthology for Warner Books. Her article on Clarion West was recently in *Locus* and she is currently working on a novel. She lives in Portland with her four feline housemates.

ELINOR WOOD is an authors' agent for the Spectrum literary agency.

#### WRITERS OF THE FUTURE

CAMILLA DECARNIN is the 1st place winner of the 1st quarter of the Writers of the Future Contest

HOWARD V. HENDRICK is the first place winner of the 3rd quarter of the Writers of the Future Contest.

BRIDGET McKENNA is the first place winner of the 4th quarter.

RAY ALDRIDGE  
DON BAUMGART  
LAURA E. CAMPBELL  
MARINA FITSCH  
JON GUSTAFSON  
SANSOUCY KATHENOR  
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KENNETH SCHULZE  
DENNIS SMIRL  
JAY SULLIVAN  
ROBERT TOUZALIN  
PARRIS JA YOUNG



Photo by Jim Heymen

JANE YOLEN is the author of over 80 books, the latest of which, *Merlin's Booke* (Steel-Dragon/Ace Fantasy), *The Lullaby Songbook* (Harcourt Brace), *Dragons & Dreams* (Harper) and *Commander Toad & the Intergalactic Spy* (Coward McCann) are all due out this spring.

MARK V. ZIESING has a bookstore in Willimantic, Connecticut. In the last couple of years he has also run a small publishing company, and has published new books by Gene Wolfe, A.A. Attanasio & Philip K. Dick.



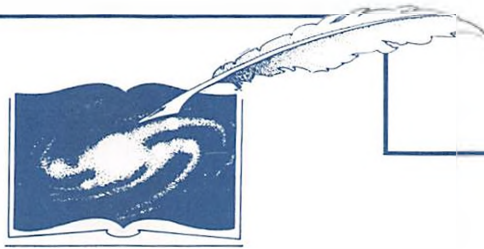
Photo by Judith Angel

PHIL YEH is an artist/writer and publisher with over 10 graphic novels to his credit. His most popular character, Frank the Unicorn, turned out to be popular enough to be elected Vice-President of the United States in *Mr. Frank Goes to Washington D.C.* Phil also publishes *Uncle Jam*, a free monthly paper in Southern California that covers science fiction, comics, and fantasy as well as other topics. He is also the publisher of Greg Rickman's successful non-fiction series on Philip K. Dick.



Photo by Morris Scott Dollens

PAUL EDWIN ZIMMER has studied the sword forms of Japan, China and Europe; he is well-known as a poet, who has excited audiences in Berkeley, Las Vegas and elsewhere. He is also the author of *Woman of the Elfmounds*, *The Lost Prince*, and *King Chondo's Ride*. Paul Zimmer lives at Greyhaven, in Berkeley, where he has just finished *Gathering of Heroes*, his new novel about Istban DiVega, which Berkley Books will publish in 1986.



## About L. RON HUBBARD'S Writers of the Future Contest

by *Algis Budrys*

The Writers of the Future contest substantially rewards at least twelve talented new speculative fiction writers each year. With no strings, every three months it confers prizes of \$500, \$750 and \$1,000 for short stories or novelettes. In addition, there's an annual Master Prize of \$4,000. All awards are symbolized by trophies or framed certificates, so there's something for the mantelpiece too.

There's also a Writers of the Future anthology, which I edit. (There was one last year, and there's another one just out as you read this.) It offers top rates for limited rights in the stories. These payments are in addition to any contest winnings. The anthology is distributed through top paperback book retailers everywhere, and is kept in print and on sale continually. All that's required to win or to be a finalist is a good new story, any kind of fantasy or science fiction, no more than 17,000 words long, by writers whose published fiction has been no more than three short stories or one novelette. Entry is free.

The contest deadlines in 1986 are March 31, June 30, and September 30, and there are First, Second and Third prizes for each three-month quarter. At the end of our year, a separate panel of judges awards a Master Prize to the best of the four quarterly winners. So one person will win a total of \$5,000. Judging panels include or have included Gregory Benford, Stephen Goldin, Frank Herbert, Anne McCaffrey, C.L. Moore, Larry Niven, Frederik Pohl, Robert Silverberg, Theodore Sturgeon, Jack Williamson, Gene Wolfe and Roger Zelazny, as well as me. Matters are administered so that the judges are totally independent and have the final say.

It seems hardly necessary to embellish the above facts with any enthusiastic adjectives. This contest was created and sponsored by L. Ron Hubbard and the project will continue in 1986 and try to do some realistic good for people whose talent earns them this consideration. For complete entry rules, and answers to any questions you might have, write to the address given below:

*Don't Delay! Send Your Entry To:*

Writers of the Future Contest  
2210 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 343  
Santa Monica, CA 90403

Or, you can find the rules—and examples of winning stories, plus informative essays by some of the judges—in either of the Writers of the Future anthologies. They're original paperbacks and cost \$3.95 each.

Good luck.

—*Algis Budrys*

# FICTION

## SPIDER & JEANNE ROBINSON

### STARDANCE

#### Chapter 4

by Spider & Jeanne Robinson

THE SENSATION OF FALLING that you get when you first enter zero gee is literal truth—but it fades rapidly as your body learns to treat it as illusion. Now, in zero gee for the last time, for the half hour or so before I would be back in Earth's gravitational field, I felt like I was falling. Plummeting into some bottomless gravity well, dragged down by the anvil that was my heart, the scraps of a dream that should have held me aloft fluttering overhead.

The *Champion* was three times the size of Carrington's yacht, which childishly pleased me until I recalled that he had summoned it here without paying for either fuel or crew. A guard at the airlock saluted as we entered. Cox led us aft to the compartment where we were to strap in. He noticed along the way that I used only my left hand to pull myself along, and when we stopped, he said, "Mr. Armstead, my late father also told me, 'Hit the soft parts with your hand. Hit the hard parts with a utensil.' Otherwise I can find no fault with your technique. I wish I could shake your hand."

I tried to smile, but I didn't have it in me. "I admire your taste in enemies, Major."

"A man can't ask for more. I'm afraid I can't spare time to have your hand looked at until we've grounded. We begin reentry immediately."

"Forget it. Get Shara down, fast and easy."

He bowed to Shara, did *not* tell her how deeply he was to et cetera, wished us all a comfortable journey, and left. We strapped into our acceleration couches to await ignition. There ensued a long and heavy silence, compounded of a mutual sadness that bravado could only have underlined. We did not look at each other, as though our combined sorrow might achieve some kind of critical mass. Grief struck us dumb, and I believe that remarkably little of it was self-pity.

But then a whole lot of time seemed to have gone by. Quite a bit of intercom chatter came faintly from the next compartment, but ours was not in circuit. At last we began to talk, desultorily, discussing the probable critical reaction to *Mass Is A Verb*, whether analysis was worthwhile or the theater really dead, anything at all except future plans. Eventually there was nothing else to talk about, so we shut up again. I guess I'd say we were in shock.

For some reason I came out of it first. "What

the hell is taking them so long?" I barked irritably.

Tom started to say something soothing, then glanced at his watch and yelped. "You're right. It's been over an hour."

I looked at the wall clock, got hopelessly confused until I realized it was on Greenwich time rather than Wall Street, and realized he was correct. "Chrissakes," I shouted, "the whole bloody *point* of this exercise is to protect Shara from overexposure to free fall! I'm going forward."

"Charlie, hold it." Tom, with two good hands, unstrapped faster than I. "Dammit, stay right there and cool off. I'll go find out what the holdup is."

He was back in a few minutes, and his face was slack. "We're not going anywhere. Cox has orders to sit tight."

"What? Tom, what the *hell* are you talking about?"

His voice was all funny. "Red fireflies. More like bees, actually. In a balloon."

He simply *could not* be joking, which meant he flat out *had* to have gone completely round the bend, which meant that somehow I had blundered into my favorite nightmare, where everyone but me goes crazy and begins gibbering at me. So I lowered my head like an enraged bull and charged out of the room so fast the door barely had time to get out of my way.

It just got worse. When I reached the door to the bridge I was going much too fast to be stopped by anything short of a body block, and the crewmen present were caught flat-footed. There was a brief flurry at the door, and then I was on the bridge, and then I decided that I had gone crazy too, which somehow made everything all right.

The forward wall of the bridge was one enormous video tank—and just enough off center to faintly irritate me, standing out against the black deep as clearly as cigarettes in a darkroom there truly did swarm a multitude of red fireflies.

The conviction of unreality made it okay. But then Cox snapped me back to reality with a bellowed, "*Off this bridge, Mister.*" If I'd been in a normal frame of mind it would have blown me out the door and into the farthest corner of the ship; in my current state it managed to jolt me into acceptance of the impossible situation. I shivered like a wet dog and turned to him.

"Major," I said desperately, "what is going on?"

As a king may be amused by an insolent varlet who refuses to kneel, he was bemused by the phenomenon of someone failing to obey him. It bought me an answer. "We are

confronting intelligent alien life," he said concisely. "I believe them to be sentient plasmooids."

I had never for a moment believed that the mysterious object which had been leap-frogging around the solar system since I came to Skyfac was *alive*. I tried to take it in, then abandoned the task and went back to my main priority. "I don't care if they're eight tiny reindeer; you've got to get this can back to Earth *now*."

"Sir, this vessel is on Emergency Red Alert and on Combat Standby. At this moment the suppers of everyone in North America are getting cold unnoticed. I will consider myself fortunate if I ever see Earth again. Now get off my bridge."

"But you don't *understand*. Shara's right on the edge: farting around like this'll kill her. That's what you came up here to prevent, dammit—"

"MISTER ARMSTEAD! This is a military vessel. We are facing more than fifty intelligent beings who appeared out of hyperspace near here twenty minutes ago, beings who therefore use a drive beyond my conception with no visible parts. If it makes you feel any better I am aware that I have a passenger aboard of greater intrinsic value to my species than this ship and everyone else aboard her, and if it is any comfort to you this knowledge already provides a distraction I need like an auxiliary anus, and I can no more leave this orbit than I can grow horns. Now will you get off this bridge or will you be dragged?"

I didn't get a chance to decide; they dragged me.

On the other hand, by the time I got back to our compartment, Cox had put our vid-phone screen in circuit with the tank in the bridge. Shara and Tom were studying it with rapt attention. Having nothing better to do, I did too.

Tom had been right. They *did* act more like bees, in the swarming rapidity of their movement. I couldn't get an accurate count: about fifty. And they *were* in a balloon—a faint, barely visible thing on the fine line between transparency and translucence. Though they darted like furious red gnats, it was only within the confines of the spheroid balloon—they never left it or seemed to touch its inner surface.

As I watched, the last of the adrenalin rinsed out of my kidneys, but it left a sense of frustrated urgency. I tried to grapple with the fact that these Space Commando special effects represented something that was—more important than Shara. It was a primevally disturbing notion, but I could not reject it.

In my mind were two voices, each hollering questions at the top of their lungs, each

ignoring the other's questions. One yelled: *Are those things friendly? Or hostile? Or do they even use those concepts? How big are they? How far away? From where?* The other voice was less ambitious, but just as loud; all it said, over and over again, was: *How much longer can Shara remain in free fall without dooming herself?*

Shara's voice was full of wonder. "They're . . . they're dancing."

I looked closer. If there was a pattern to the flies-on-garbage swarm they made, I couldn't detect it. "Looks random to me."

"Charlie, look. All that furious activity, and they never bump into each other or the walls of that envelope they're in. They must be in orbits as carefully choreographed as those of electrons."

"Do atoms dance?"

She gave me an odd look. "Don't they, Charlie?"

"Laser beam," Tom said.

We looked at him.

"Those things have to be plasmoids—the man I talked to said they show on deepspace radar. That means they're ionized gases of some kind—the kind of thing that used to cause UFO reports." He giggled, then caught himself. "If you could slice through that envelope with a laser, I'll bet you could deionize them pretty good—besides, that envelope has to hold their life support, whatever it is they metabolize."

I was dizzy. "Then we're not defenseless?"

"You're both talking like soldiers," Shara burst out. "I tell you, they're dancing. Dancers aren't fighters."

"Come on, Shara," I barked. "Even if those things happened to be remotely like us, that's not true. Tai chi, karate, kung fu—they're dance." I nodded to the screen. "All we know about these animated embers is that they travel interstellar space. That's enough to scare me."

"Charlie, look at them" she commanded.

I did.

By God, they didn't look threatening. And they did, the more I watched, seem to move in a dancelike way, whirling in mad adagios just too fast for the eye to follow. Not at all like conventional dance—more analogous to what Shara had begun with *Mass Is A Verb*. I found myself wanting to switch to another camera for contrast of perspective, and that made my mind start to wake up at last. Two ideas surfaced, the second one necessary in order to sell Cox the first.

"How far do you suppose we are from Skyfac?" I asked Tom.

He pursed his lips. "Not far. There hasn't been much more than maneuvering acceleration. The damned things were probably attracted to Skyfac in the first place—it must be the most easily visible sign of intelligent life in this system." He grimaced. "Maybe they don't use planets."

I reached forward and punched the audio circuit. "Major Cox."

"Get off this circuit."

"How would you like a closer view of those things?"

"We're staying put. Now stop jiggling my elbow and get off this circuit or I'll—"

"Will you listen to me? I have four mobile cameras in space, remote control, self-contained power and light, and better resolution than you've got. They were set up to tape Shara's next dance."

He shifted gears at once. "Can you patch them into my ship?"

"I think so. But I'll have to get back to the master board in Ring One."

"No good, then I can't tie myself to a top—what if I have to fight or run?"

"Major—how far a walk is it?"

It startled him a bit. "A couple of clicks, as the crow flies. But you're a groundlubber."

"I've been in free fall for most of two months. Give me a portable radar and I can ground on Phobos."

"Mmmmm. You're a civilian—but dammit, I need better video. Permission granted."

Now for the first idea. "Wait—one thing more. Shara and Tom must come with me."

"Nuts. This isn't a field trip."

"Major Cox—Shara must return to a gravity field as quickly as possible. Ring One'll do—in fact, it'd be ideal, if we enter through the 'spoke' in the center. She can descend very slowly and acclimatize gradually, the way a diver decompresses in stages, but in reverse. Tom will have to come along and stay with her—if she passes out and falls down the tube, she could break a leg even in one-sixth gee. Besides, he's better at EVA than either of us." He thought it over. "Go."

We went.

The trip back to Ring One was longer than any Shara or I had ever made, but under Tom's guidance we made it with minimal maneuvering. Ring, *Champion* and aliens formed an equiangular triangle about five or six clicks on a side. Seen in perspective, the aliens took up about twice as much volume as a sphere the diameter of Ring One—one hell of a big balloon. They did not pause or slacken in their mad gyration, but somehow they seemed to watch us cross the gap to Skyfac. I got the impression of a biologist studying the strange antics of a new species. We kept our suit radios off to avoid distraction, and it made me just a little bit more susceptible to suggestion.

I failed to even notice the absence of a local vertical. I was too busy.

I left Tom with Shara and dropped down the tube six rungs at a time. Carrington was waiting for me in the reception room, with two flunkies. It was plain to see that he was scared silly, and trying to cover it with anger. "God damn it, Armstead, those are my bloody cameras."

"Shut up, Carrington. If you put those cameras in the hands of the best technician available—me—and if I put their data in the hands of the best strategic mind in space—

Cox—we might be able to save your damned factory for you. And the human race for the rest of us." I moved forward, and he got out of my way. It figured. Putting all humanity in danger might just be bad PR.

After all the practicing I'd done it wasn't hard to direct four mobile cameras through space simultaneously by eye. The aliens ignored their approach. The Skyfac comm crew fed my signals to the *Champion*, and patched me in to Cox on audio. At his direction I bracketed the balloon with the cameras, shifting POV at his command. Space Command Headquarters must have recorded the video, but I couldn't hear their conversation with Cox, for which I was grateful. I gave him slow-motion replay, close-ups, splitscreen—everything at my disposal. The movements of individual fireflies did not appear particularly symmetrical, but patterns began to repeat. In slow motion they looked more than ever as though they were dancing, and although I couldn't be sure, it seemed to me that they were increasing their tempo. Somehow the dramatic tension of their dance began to build.

And then I shifted POV to the camera which included Skyfac in the background, and my heart turned to hard vacuum and I screamed in pure primal terror—halfway between Ring One and the swarm of aliens, coming up on them slowly but inexorably, was a p-suited figure that had to be Shara.

With theatrical timing, Tom appeared in the doorway beside me, leaning heavily on Harry Stein, his face drawn with pain. He stood on one foot, the other plainly broken.

"Guess I can't . . . go back to exhibition work . . . after all," he gasped. "Said . . . 'I'm sorry, Tom' . . . knew she was going to swing on me . . . wiped me out anyhow. Oh dammit, Charlie, I'm sorry." He sank into an empty chair.

Cox's voice came urgently. "What the hell is going on? Who is that?"

She had to be on our frequency. "Shara!" I screamed. "Get your ass back in here!"

"I can't, Charlie." Her voice was startlingly loud, and very calm. "Halfway down the tube my chest started to hurt like hell."

"Ms. Drummond," Cox rapped, "if you approach any closer to the aliens I will destroy you."

She laughed, a merry sound that froze my blood. "Bullshit, Major. You aren't about to get gay with laser beams near those things. Besides, you need me as much as you do Charlie."

"What do you mean?"

"These creatures communicate by dance. It's their equivalent of speech, a sophisticated kind of sign language, like hula."

"You can't know that."

"I feel it. I know it. Hell, how else do you communicate in airless space? Major Cox, I am the only qualified interpreter the human race has at the moment. Now will you kindly shut up so I can try to learn their language?"

"I have no authority to . . ."

I said an extraordinary thing. I should have been gibbering, pleading with Shara to come back, even racing for a p-suit to bring her back. Instead I said, "She's right. Shut up, Cox."

"But—"

"Damn you, *don't waste her last effort.*"

He shut up.

Panzella came in, shot Tom full of pain-killer, and set his ankle right there in the room, but I was oblivious. For over an hour I watched Shara watch the aliens. I watched them myself, in the silence of utter despair, and for the life of me I could not follow their dance. I strained my mind, trying to suck meaning from their crazy whirling, and failed. The best I could do to aid Shara was to record everything that happened, for a hypothetical posterity. Several times she cried out softly, small muffled exclamations, and I ached to call out to her in reply, but did not. With the last exclamation, she used her thrusters to bring her closer to the alien swarm, and hung there for a long time.

At last her voice came over the speaker, thick and slurred at first, as though she were talking in her sleep. "God Charlie. Strange. So strange. I'm beginning to read them."

"How?"

"Every time I begin to understand a part of the dance, it . . . it brings us closer. Not telepathy, exactly. I just . . . know them better. Maybe it is telepathy, I don't know. By dancing what they feel, they give it enough intensity to make me understand. I'm getting about one concept in three. It's stronger up close."

Cox's voice was gentle but firm. "What have you learned, Shara?"

"That Tom and Charlie were right. They are warlike. At least, there's a flavor of arrogance to them—a conviction of superiority. Their dance is a challenging, a dare. Tell Tom I think they *do* use planets."

"What?"

"I think at one stage of their development they're corporeal, planet-bound. Then when they have matured sufficiently, they . . . become these fireflies, like caterpillars becoming butterflies, and head out into space."

"Why?" from Cox.

"To find spawning grounds. They want Earth."

There was a silence lasting perhaps ten seconds. Then Cox spoke up quietly. "Back away, Shara. I'm going to see what lasers will do to them."

"No!" she cried, loud enough to make a really first-rate speaker distort.

"Shara, as Charlie pointed out to me, you are not only expendable, you are for all practical purposes expended."

"No!" This time it was me shouting.

"Major," Shara said urgently, "that's not the way. Believe me, they can dodge or withstand anything you or Earth can throw at them. I know."

"Hell and damnation, woman," Cox said. "What do you want me to do? Let them have the first shot? There are vessels from four

countries on their way right now, but they won't—"

"Major, wait. Give me time."

He began to swear, then cut off. "How much time?"

She made no direct reply. "If only this telepathy thing works in reverse . . . it must. I'm no more strange to them than they are to me. Probably less so: I get the idea they've been around. Charlie?"

"Yeah."

"This is a take."

I knew. I had known since I first saw her in open space on my monitor. And I knew what she needed now, from the faint trembling of her voice. It took everything I had, and I was only glad I had it to give. With extremely realistic good cheer, I said, "Break a leg, kid," and killed my mike before she could hear the sob that followed.

And she danced.

It began slowly, the equivalent of one-finger exercises, as she sought to establish a vocabulary of motion that the creatures could comprehend. *Can you see*, she seemed to say, *that this movement is a reaching, a yearning? Do you see that this is a spuming, this an unfolding, that a graduated elision of energy? Do you feel the ambiguity in the way I distort this arabesque, or that the tension can be resolved so?*

And it seemed that Shara was right, that they had infinitely more experience with disparate cultures than we, for they were superb linguists of motion. It occurred to me later that perhaps they had selected motion for communication because of its very universality. Man danced before he spoke. At any rate, as Shara's dance began to build, their own began to slow down perceptibly in speed and intensity, until at last they hung motionless in space, watching her.

Soon after that, Shara must have decided that she had sufficiently defined her terms. At least well enough for pidgin communication—for now she began to dance in earnest. Before she had used only her own muscles and the shifting masses of her limbs. Now she added thrusters, singly and in combination, moving within as well as in space. Her dance became a true dance: more than a collection of motions, a thing of substance and meaning. It was unquestionably the *Stardance*, just as she had prechoreographed it, as she had always intended to dance it. That it had something to say to utterly alien creatures, of man and his nature, was not at all a coincidence: it was the essential and ultimate statement of the greatest artist of her age, and it had something to say to God Himself.

The camera lights struck silver from her p-suit, gold from the twin air tanks on her shoulders. To and fro against the black backdrop of space, she wove the intricacies of her dance, a leisurely movement that seemed somehow to leave echoes behind it. And the meaning of those great loops and whirls became clear, drying my throat and clamping my teeth.

For her dance spoke of nothing more and nothing less than the tragedy of being alive, and being human. It spoke, most eloquently, of despair. It spoke of the cruel humor of limitless ambition yoked to limited ability, of eternal hope invested in an ephemeral lifetime, of the driving need to try to create an inexorably predetermined future. It spoke of fear, and of hunger, and, most clearly, of the basic loneliness and alienation of the human animal. It described the universe through the eyes of man: a hostile embodiment of entropy into which we are all thrown alone, forbidden by our nature to touch another mind save secondhand, by proxy. It spoke of the blind perversity which forces man to strive hugely for a peace which, once attained, becomes boredom. And it spoke of folly, of the terrible paradox by which man is capable simultaneously of reason and unreason, forever unable to cooperate even with himself.

It spoke of Shara and her life.

Again and again cyclical statements of hope began, only to collapse into confusion and ruin. Again and again cascades of energy strove for resolution, and found only frustration. All at once she launched into a pattern that seemed familiar, and in moments I recognized it: the closing movement of *Mass Is A Verb* recapitulated—not repeated but reprised, echoed, the Three Questions given a more terrible urgency by this new context. And as before, it segued into that final relentless contraction, that ultimate drawing inward of all energies. Her body became derelict, abandoned, drifting in space, the essence of her being withdrawn to her center and invisible. The quiescent aliens stirred for the first time.

And suddenly she exploded, blossoming from her contraction not as a spring uncoils, but as a flower bursts from a seed. The force of her release flung her through the void as though she were tossed, like a gull in a hurricane, by galactic winds. Her center appeared to hurl itself through space and time, yanking her body into a new dance.

And the new dance said. *This is what it is to be human: to see the essential existential futility of all action, all striving—and to act, to strive. This is what it is to be human: to reach forever beyond your grasp. This is what it is to be human: to live forever or die trying. This is what it is to be human: to perpetually ask the unanswerable questions, in the hope that the asking of them will somehow hasten the day when they will be answered. This is what it is to be human: to strive in the face of the certainty of failure.*

*This is what it is to be human: to persist.*

It said all this with a soaring series of cyclical movements that held all the rolling majesty of grand symphony, as uniquely different from each other as snowflakes, and as similar. And the new dance *laughed*, as much at tomorrow as at yesterday, and most of all at today.



*For this is what it means to be human: to laugh at what another would call tragedy.*

The aliens seemed to recoil from the ferocious energy, startled, awed, and perhaps a little frightened by Shara's indomitable spirit. They seemed to wait for her dance to wane, for her to exhaust herself, and, and her laughter sounded on my speaker as she redoubled her efforts, became a pinwheel, a catherine wheel. She changed the focus of her dance, began to dance *around* them, in pyrotechnic spatters of motion that came ever closer to the intangible spheroid which contained them. They cringed inward from her, huddling together in the center of the envelope, not so much physically threatened as cowed.

*This, said her body, is what it means to be human: to commit hara-kiri, with a smile, if it becomes needful.*

And before that terrible assurance, the aliens broke. Without warning fireflies and balloon vanished, gone, *elsewhere*.

I know that Cox and Tom were still alive, because I saw them afterwards, and that means they were probably saying and doing things in my hearing and presence, but I neither heard them nor saw them then; they were as dead to me as everything except Shara. I called out her name, and she approached the camera that was lit until I could

make out her face behind the plastic hood of her p-suit.

"We may be puny, Charlie," she puffed, gasping for breath. "But by Jesus we're tough."

"Shara—come in now."

"You know I can't."

"Carrington'll have to give you a free-fall place to live now."

"A life of exile? For what? To dance? Charlie, I haven't got anything more to say."

"Then I'll come out there."

"Don't be silly. Why? So you can hug a p-suit? Tenderly bump hoods one last time? Balls. It's a good exit so far—let's not blow it."

"Shara!" I broke completely, just caved in on myself and collapsed into great racking sobs.

"Charlie, listen now," She said softly, but with an urgency that reached me even in my despair. "Listen now, for I haven't much time. I have something to give you. I hoped you'd find it for yourself, but . . . will you listen?"

"Y—yes."

"Charlie, zero-gee dance is going to get awful popular all of a sudden. I've opened the door. But you know how fads are, they'll bitch it all up unless you move fast. I'm leaving it in your hands."

"What . . . what are you talking about?"

"About you, Charlie. You're going to dance again."

Oxygen starvation, I thought. But she can't be that low on air already. "Okay. Sure thing."

"For God's sake stop humoring me—I'm straight, I tell you. You'd have seen it yourself if you weren't so damned stupid. Don't you understand? *There's nothing wrong with your leg in free fall!*"

My jaw dropped.

"Do you hear me, Charlie? You can dance again!"

"No," I said, and searched for a reason why not. "I . . . you can't . . . it's . . . dammit, the leg's not strong enough for inside work."

"Forget for the moment that inside work'll be less than half of what you do. Forget it and remember that smack in the nose you gave Carrington. Charlie, when you leaped over the desk: *you pushed off with your right leg.*"

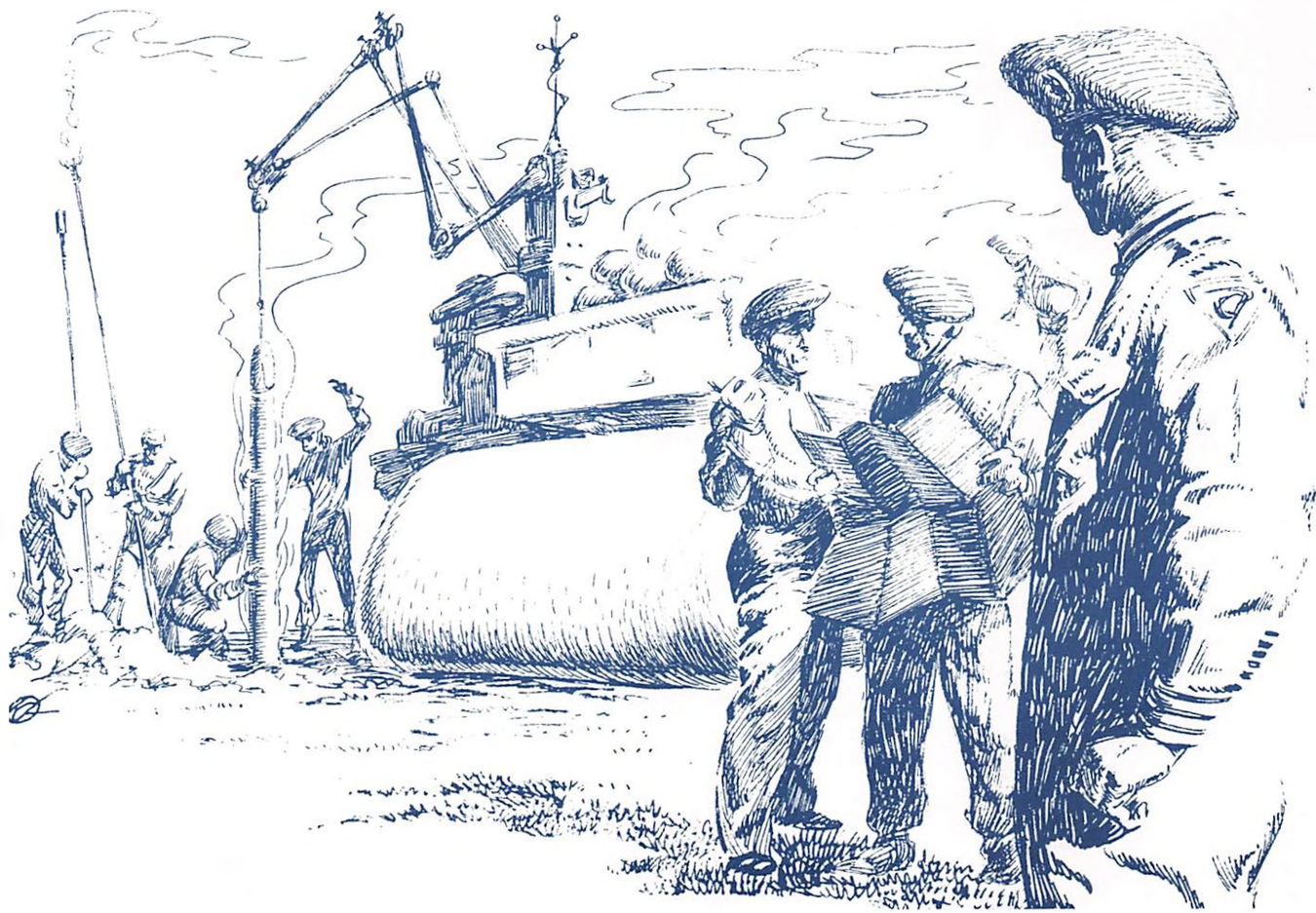
I sputtered for a while and shut up.

"There you go, Charlie. My farewell gift. You know I've never been in love with you . . . but you must know that I've always loved you. Still do."

"I love you, Shara."

"So long, Charlie. Do it right."

And all four thrusters went off at once. I watched her go down. A while after she was far to see, there was a long golden flame that arced above the face of the globe, waned, and then flared again as the airtanks went up.



# DEPARTMENTS



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## NORWESCON 9 MASQUERADE

The outrageously competent Masquerade Committee again engineers the presentation of the world renowned Norwescon Masquerade beginning at 9 PM Saturday night.

Our multi-talented Master of Ceremonies, Richard Clement, will introduce the contestants to you—the audience—and to the Masquerade Judges—headed by Richard Wright.

**Divisions**—Science Fiction, Fantasy, and World of Pern

**Categories**—Fantasy Theme, Character from a Book, Media Character, Humorous, Performance, World of Pern Performance

There are three place-awards for all categories, Medallions, certificates, goodies and cash; and one award each for Guest of Honor Favorite and Best of Show in each category.

You may sign up for the Masquerade at the Information Table until Saturday at 3:00 PM. After that you may still register at the Masquerade Office located in Universe 3 after

5:30 PM. Prejudging and walkthrough will be from 6:00 PM to 8:30 PM. Costumers maximum presentation time is 2 minutes—any exceptions must be prenegotiated with the Committee.

Our halftime entertainment is the crazy, fun and innovative dance group, the Highliners.

The best advice we can offer any contestant was contained in the mail back response to Masquerade inquiries: i.e. reprints of Rotsler & Trimble articles.

Take heed, be your usual wildly creative selves. We hope that everyone will enjoy this year's Masquerade and that it will help to inspire others to join in.

## COSTUME GALLERY

The Costume Gallery, capably administrated by Julie Zetterburg and Sue Taubeneck, is in Mercury Room 12, on the Second floor of the hotel. This year there is more room for you to ogle and AH! over more costumes. Some of the costumers will be on hand to answer your questions and/or help solve your costuming dilemmas. Come and see one of the things that makes fandom such a colorful and interesting hobby—the costumes. Photography is encouraged, but please no smoking, food, drink or touching.

## FILKSINGING ROOM

The Fannish FilkSinging Room is located next door to Hospitality, in room 7110. Come bring your guitars, flutes, harps and other music making instruments, your music, and words (along with a song in your hearts and on your lips). Even if you have none of the above, your enthusiasm and presence is enough to get you started. There is a sign-up board in the room to let others know when you are going to be there, ready, willing and able to sing.

Come join the fun with one of fandoms oldest traditions.

## MEDICAL

Keith Marshall heads the crew in the Medical Department. They are trained to handle any medical emergencies. With an expected attendance of between 2000 and 3000, it is a much needed addition to the Norwescon services. If you, a friend or fan become ill or injured, please contact the Norwescon Convention Services, Room 2106 as soon as possible and we will send help immediately. For less serious medical problems, come in to 2106 and you'll be helped there.

## COMPUTER ROOM

Norwescon 9's Computer Room will offer still *more* of the most asked-for demonstrations of the past eight years. In addition to larger displays by local area Amater Radio Operators (HAMs), presentations by various computer users groups, and games—including a multi-user planet colonization simulation, Norwescon will also offer two versions of the ever-popular on-line psychoanalytical program, both of which have been expanded to provided patients with analysis procedures and techniques used in the very latest of scientific experiments.

The Computer Room *has moved* from last year's location! It is now on the second floor of the hotel in Mercury Room #11. It is open from 9 AM to 6 PM on Friday and Saturday, and from 10 AM to 5 PM on Sunday. Come on in!

Technical Interest (Computer) Room: Have you ever wanted to chat with the astronauts or see what Voyager II is looking at right now? Anything you ever read about communication is probably being done today with Amateur Radio. See the Amateur Radio exhibit in Mercury 11 and learn how to do all this and more. A complete amateur radio station will be in operation throughout the convention. Stop in and find out how you can talk all over the world using a walkie-talkie.

## GAMING

Located on all three floors of the foyer between wings Four and Five, this year's Gaming Track is sure to please. There is something for everyone.

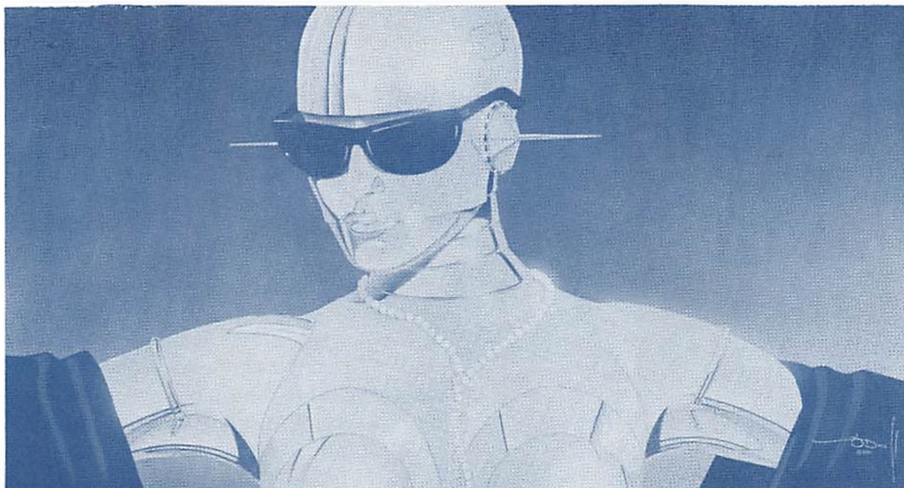
Tentitive events include panels, seminars, 8 Tournaments, and of course, lots of games. We have 25 Games Masters and Open Gaming is available 24 hours a day.

Shadowhawk is the Games Operational Director for the third year and can be found at the Games Information Table on the second floor from 10 AM through 9 PM to answer your questions during the convention. Don't forget to pick up your Games Program List while you are there. (Check the posted maps throughout the hotel for location).

Department Seconds:

Jeff T. Morovich, Tournament Coordinator  
D. J. Driscoll, Panel & Pro Coordinator  
T. Brian Wagner, Live Role Play Coordinator

Thank you for coming, we know you will have a good time.



*Sometimes Style is Everything © 1986 by Rich O'Donnell*

## ART SHOW & PRINT SHOP

This year the Norwescon Art Show is in the Saturn Rooms on the second floor of the hotel. Most art programming will be held in Saturn 2, with the Art Show proper in rooms 1, 3 & 4. You will be asked to check your parcels and cameras at the Art Show Registration Desk in Saturn 1 before entering the show.

Anyone, not just Norwescon Members, are allowed into the Art Show. There will be people there who are totally unfamiliar with SF conventions and should be treated courteously and helped to understand what this is all about.

This year is the first for a Print Shop at Norwescon. This means that there are multiple copies available of selected prints in the show. Those prints are hung throughout the show on an artist's panel and display a "Print Shop" tag next to them. The tag carries information as to the artist's name, title of print, medium that the print was produced in, the total number of copies made of that print, how many are available in the Print Shop, whether those copies are matted or not, and, of course, the price and the price of the display copy if that is different. The display copy may be higher priced because it is matted for display where the copies in the Print Shop are not, or because it is the last copy of that print that will be sold at the show.

At the bottom of the Print Shop notice is a print registration number. Please make a note of that number and bring it to the Art Show Registration Desk (located in Saturn 1) to purchase a copy of that print. Somebody will be there to help you and gladly collect your money. If you have any questions about the different types of prints or a specific print, somebody there can help you.

The Art Show also consists of original art and prints that are the only copy available through the show.

These pieces have an Art Show bidding

form next to them and are available by either written bid, direct sale, or both. Written bidding begins at the opening of the show and continues until 11 AM Sunday. Please print your name, nametag number and full-dollar bid on the form if you wish to purchase that piece. Do not put your name and bid on a piece if you are uncertain. **Third written bid sends a piece to auction.**

Direct Sale begins at 2 PM on Saturday. This is to allow most of the con-goers to get into the Art Show. The only instance where a piece is offered for Direct Sale and cannot be sold as such, is when it has also been offered for bids and there is a bid written. If you wish to purchase a piece by Direct Sale, come to the Art Show Registration Desk and somebody will sell that piece to you and mark it as sold. Direct Sale continues to 6 PM Sunday.

We do ask that all pieces remain hanging until 2 PM Sunday.

All buyers are asked to fill out a purchase agreement before placing bids on any art.

VISA and MASTERCARD may be used to purchase art and should be presented for clearance before the auction.

### ART SHOW HOURS ARE:

Friday - 2 PM to Midnight

Saturday - 10 AM to 10 PM

Sunday - 10 AM to 11 AM (Last chance for Written Bids)

3 PM to 6 PM (Art check-out and Direct Sales & print sales)

The Art Auction will be in Galaxy Ballroom 3, Sunday from 2 PM to 4 PM and the Artists Reception will be held in Saturn Room 2, Friday from 8 PM to Midnight.



## CLOAK ROOM & LOST AND FOUND

The Cloak Room and Lost & Found are in one room located off the main convention lobby in the Galaxy Ballroom hallway (across from the Dealers Room).

The Cloak Room is a free service provided by the convention for the use of convention members. It is intended for the temporary storage of parcels and coats, not as a substitute room or a food locker. Other arrangements should be made for the storage of large items, food, or items that may be needed often. We reserve the right to refuse to take in anything that is deemed inappropriate.

Norwescon 9 is not responsible for items left in the Cloak Room; however, every effort will be made to safeguard your possessions.

Please be sure to know the hours that your materials can be retrieved (see below).

Lost & Found articles should be taken to the Con Security Room or the front desk of the hotel when the convention Lost & Found is closed. If you should happen to lose something, remember to check with both the convention and the hotel.

After the convention, inquiries can be made at P.O. Box 24207, Seattle, WA 98124 or (206) 723-2101.

### CLOAK ROOM/LOST & FOUND HOURS:

Thursday - 3 PM to 6 PM, 7 PM to Midnight

Friday - 9:30 AM to 2:30 PM, 4 PM to 6 PM, 8 PM to 1:15 AM

Saturday - 9:30 AM to 2:30 PM,

4 PM to 8:45 PM, Midnight to 1:15 AM

Sunday - 11 AM to 5 PM, 6 PM to 10 PM

## BANQUET

This year the Banquet will be closed to all persons except those who are Banquet ticket holders and those who are nominated or winners of the awards that are presented at this time.

The Banquet will be held Sunday starting at approximately Noon. Tickets are \$8.75 per person and are expected to sell fast.

## FANNISH OLYMPICS

The lunatics are loose again. Yes, it's the Fannish Olympics. This year's contest features the following events: Scavenger Hunt, Team Oratory, Fannish Filk, Paper Collating, and the dreaded Pizza Eating.

There can be a maximum of 10 teams with five members on each team. All interested parties must meet Saturday at 11:00 AM in room 7110 for preliminary instructions. The actual event will occur Sunday afternoon. Door prizes will be awarded at that time. Sponsors include the Northwest Science Fiction Society, Classic Wax and Ross O'Neill.

## HOSPITALITY SUITE

There is good news for those of you whose feet still ache from the long hike to the Norwescon 8 Hospitality Suite. The suite has moved closer to the main function area. Now located in Apollo Rooms 3 & 4 and rooms 7115 & 7116 in Wing 7 of the Red Lion, it is much more accessible for that quick drop-in.

The hours of operation are the same as last year; from the excruciatingly painful hour of 9 AM or thereabouts, to the dead-beat, get-out-of-here-I-want-to-go-to-bed hour of 2 AM, we will happily serve you. The menu is mostly the same as last year, consisting of whatever is on sale, and whatever we feel like assembling. There is also a special drink of the night. Please be sure to bring your ID, as no one will be served without proper proof of legal drinking age. Be prepared to leave your car keys with us if you drink too much and don't have a room in the hotel. We all would get very depressed if you smashed yourself or someone else to pieces. Don't think that it can't happen to you!

And now a brief note from your hostess:  
Elizabeth "Dragon Lady" Warren

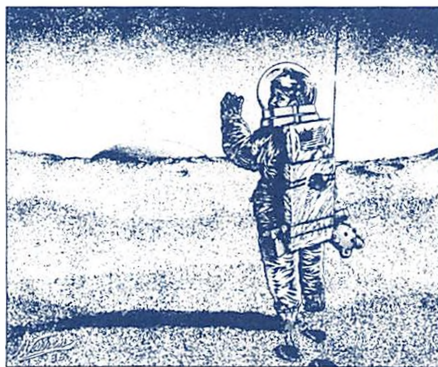
This is a subject that I really dislike mentioning, but it needs to be brought up.

We operate strictly on donations and rely on you to keep us open. Please don't become angry if we run out of beer and you have only put in your loose change and pocket lint for a night of drink. It is unfair for a small percentage of heavy contributors to pay the way for everyone. Please remember to throw in a little something (not too little, though) for each drink, can of pop, or edible that you take.

There is a Hospitality budget that gets us started in the beginning, but each day's donations determine what can be purchased for the next day. I don't like to beg, but I don't like to run a cheap party either.

If you want us to have something other than generic beer and generic potato chips, please put in a donation. We want everyone to be able to have what they want, and we will accept travelers checks. Hint, hint.

Thank you, and thank you for your support.



© 1986 by William R. Warren, Jr.

## CHILD CARE

This year the Child Care room is located in Apollo Room 1 in Wing 7.

While your children are in the Child Care room, we encourage you to check on them every two hours. We ask this because it will be very difficult for Child Care personnel to get hold of you for any reason. We have craft projects that your children will enjoy and that will keep them occupied. Projects include: building space ships out of collected material, dress-up costuming, and if you desire, we can take your children to Children's Programming if there are personnel available to do so.

The room is closed from 5 PM to 7 PM to encourage parents to spend the dinner hour with their children.

Lunch will be provided by the Child Care room, for an additional \$2.00 per child. Lunch menus are as follows: tuna, sliced ham, or peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, cheese slices, carrot slices, raisins and apple juice. Daytime snacks will be provided at no extra cost.

### CHILD CARE HOURS ARE:

Thursday - 7 PM to 1 AM  
Friday and Saturday - 9 AM to 5 PM and  
7 PM to 1 AM  
Sunday - 9 AM to 6 PM

## CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMING

Norwescon is offering a series of short programming events for those convention members who are 5-10 years old. These events are designed to teach children about the many aspects of science and science fiction.

Some of the planned activities are: gaming, storytelling, science fiction on the video, and science demonstrations.

Children will be supervised by responsible adults; however, these activities are not designed as babysitting services. Parents are encouraged to remain with their children and participate with them. Those parents who do choose to leave their children alone in the room must return periodically (once an hour) to see that everything is running smoothly.

## NEWCOMERS ROOM

Now that "V" has been cancelled, you can't find "Lost In Space" reruns anywhere and you're getting a little tired of science fiction that's all fluff and no substance, what's left? Fandom, of course! Drop by the Newcomers Room and find out about all the really exciting and interesting things fandom has to offer you. Christine Matson and company will be there, ready to introduce you to the many faces of fandom. If you're brand new to all this strangeness, they will be there with a smile, a place to sit and someone to talk to about the culture shock of conventions. Find out we are not so strange after all, but really a lot of fun!

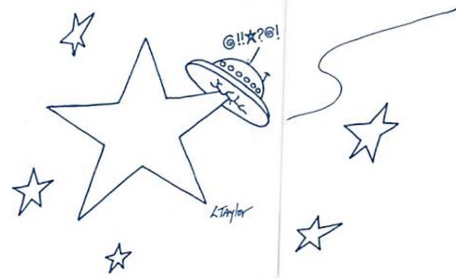
## COMMUNITY SERVICE DRIVE

During the days between Halloween and New Years—the "Holiday Season"—most everyone is filled with the spirit of giving. It is the time of year when local food banks fill with this spirit from groups and individuals.

Life goes on after January 1, but unfortunately, the giving spirit does not. Food bank supplies quickly dwindle and many of their doors are first to close.

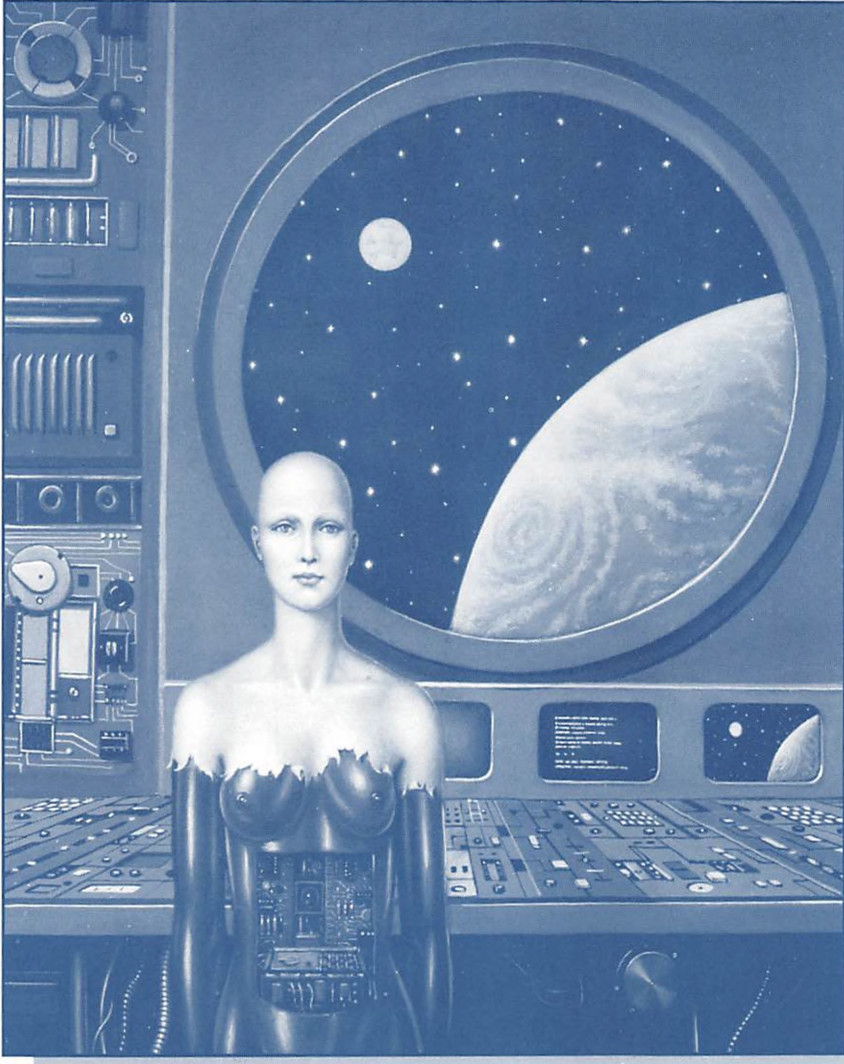
Let us, the Norwescon 9 Membership, show the local community that "fans" are aware that the problems of the the needy are year-long; that we may read about the future, and about other worlds, but we have not forgotten the problems of today on our own planet Earth. In the Red Lion Hotel convention lobby, during the 3½ days of Norwescon 9, there will be a large container (can) available for donations of nonperishable foodstuffs. We hope to see it overflowing with fandom's spirit of giving. With an attendance the size of ours, if everyone donated one or two (more if possible) items for the "can," we as a group would feed many of the local hungry in the month of April.

If you forgot to bring a donation with you, there are plenty of stores within walking distance of the Red Lion (ask at the Information Table) including one one across the street behind the Denny's. There is also a special can for cash donations near the food donations area. Just 25 or 50 cents can go a long way when multiplied by 2000 fans. Seattle's hungry need (and appreciate) your help. Thank you.



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# GALLERY II

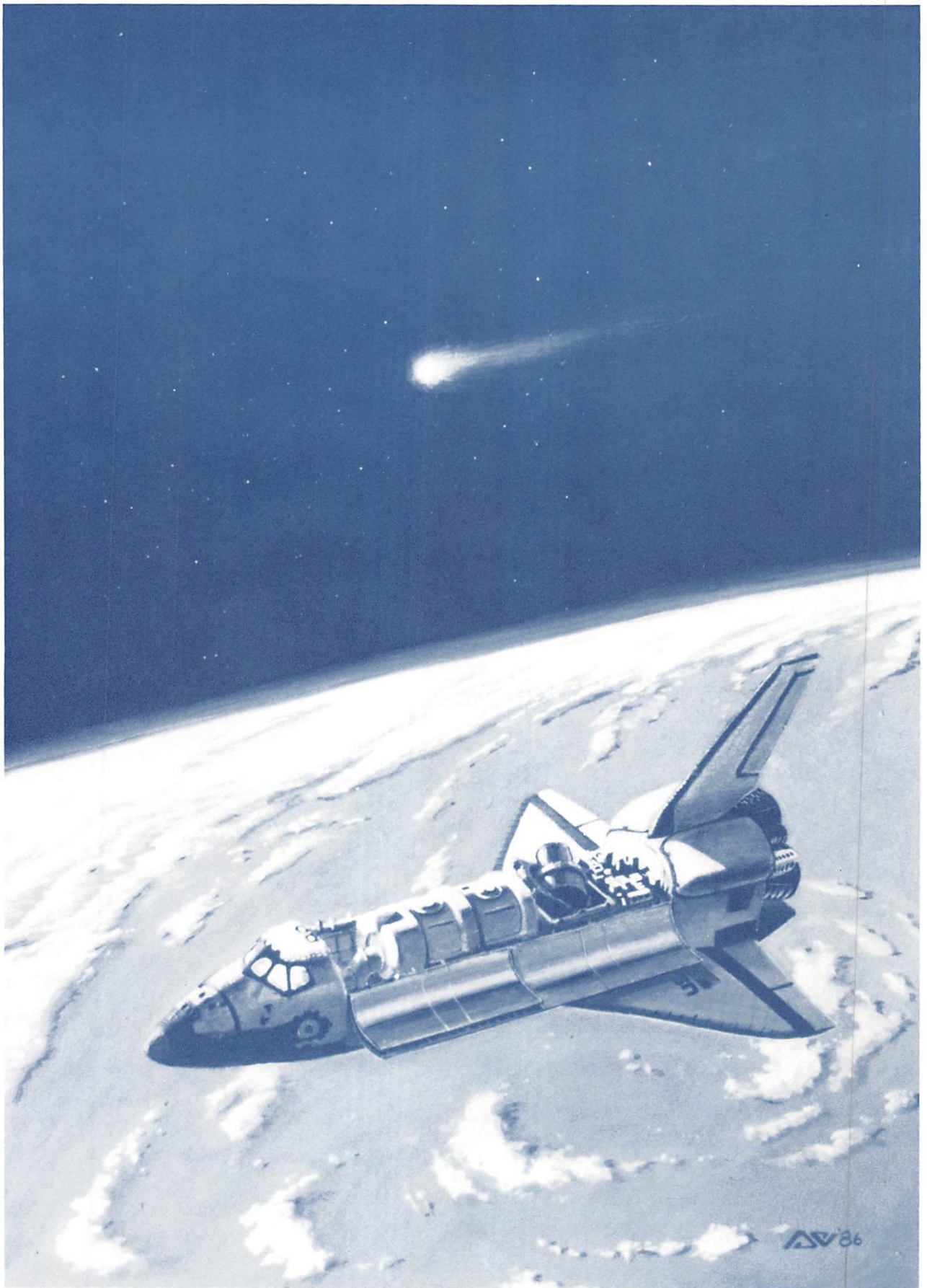
JIM BURNS



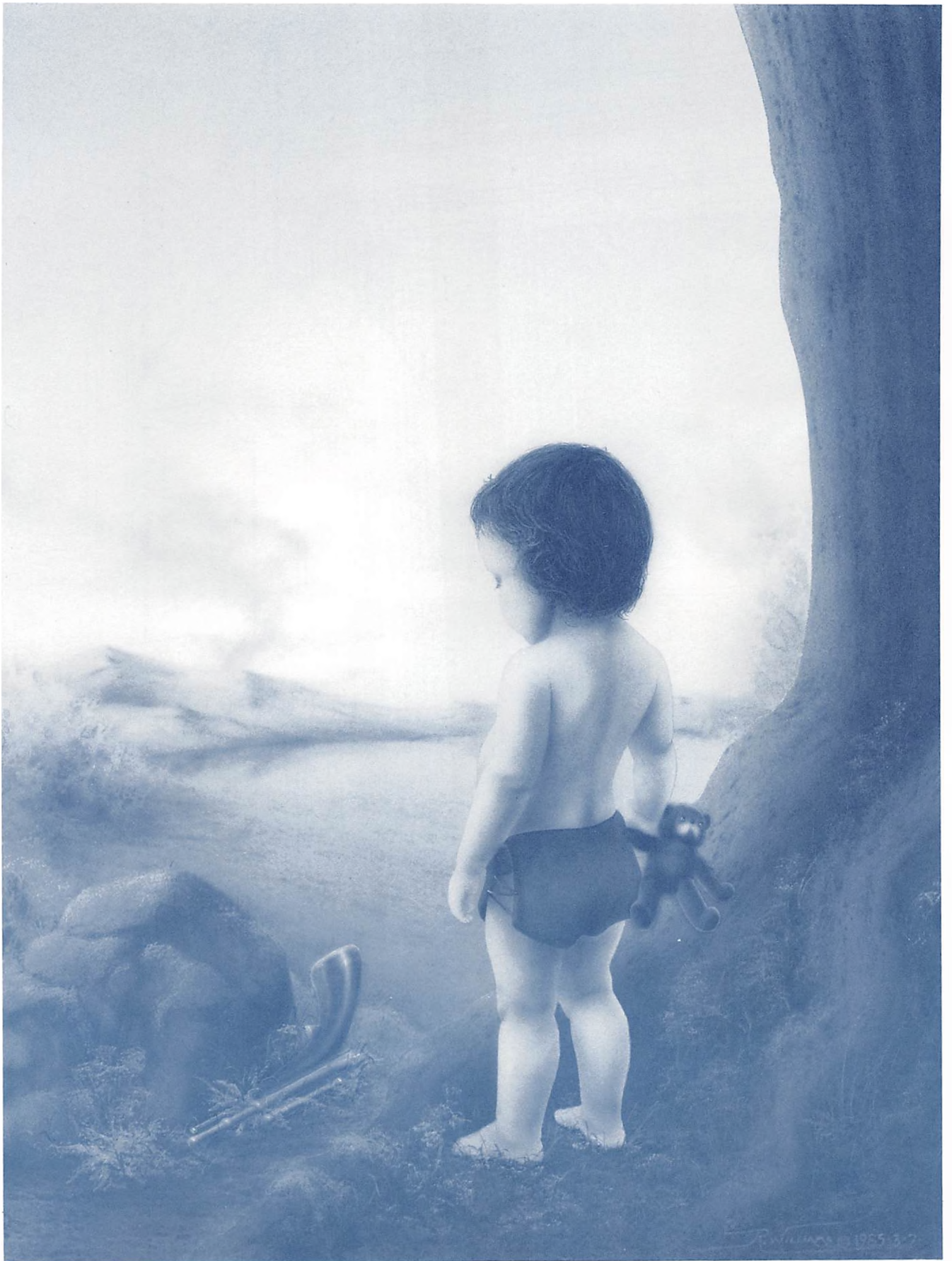
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# ARMAND CABRERA

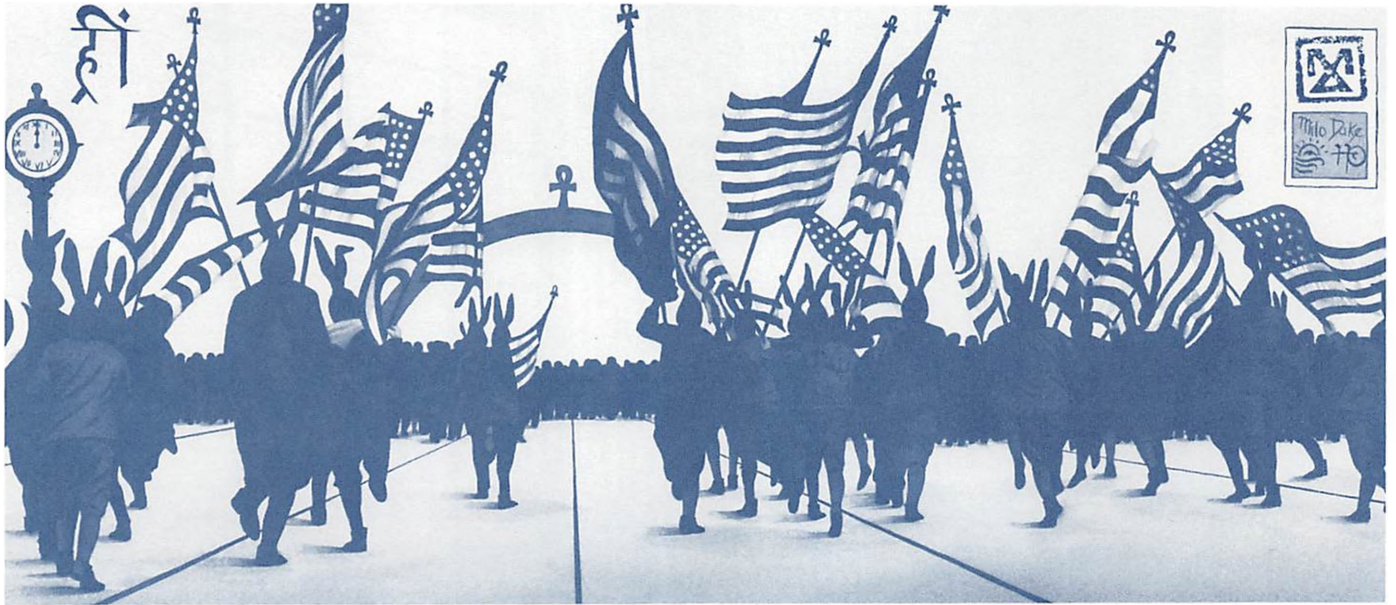




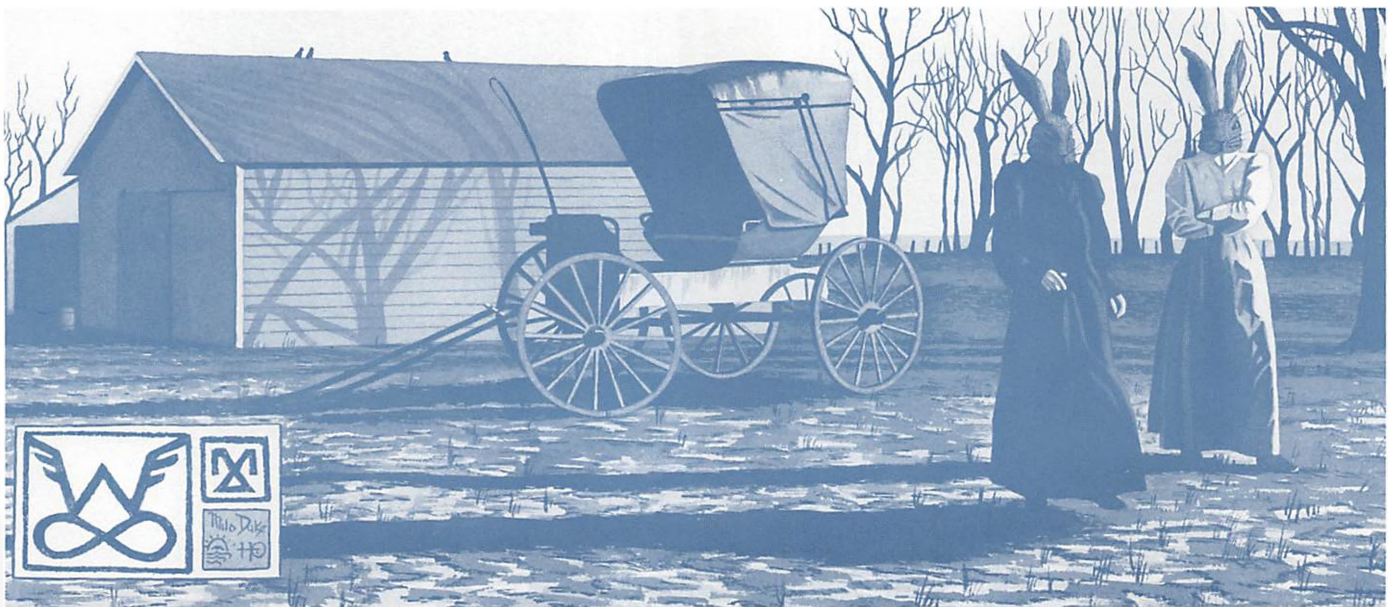


Dark Legacy © 1986 by Ray Williams





Yankee Doodle Bunnies © 1986 by Milo Duke



Pookahs on the Range © 1986 by Milo Duke



Rob Schouten '84

Cosmic Diviner © 1986 by Rob Schouten



The Mists of Charon © 1986 by Dameon Willich



Enas Yorl: Waiting for the Next One © 1986 by Tim Sale



Woolly Mammoth Leg Bone © 1986 by Lita R. Smith-Gharet







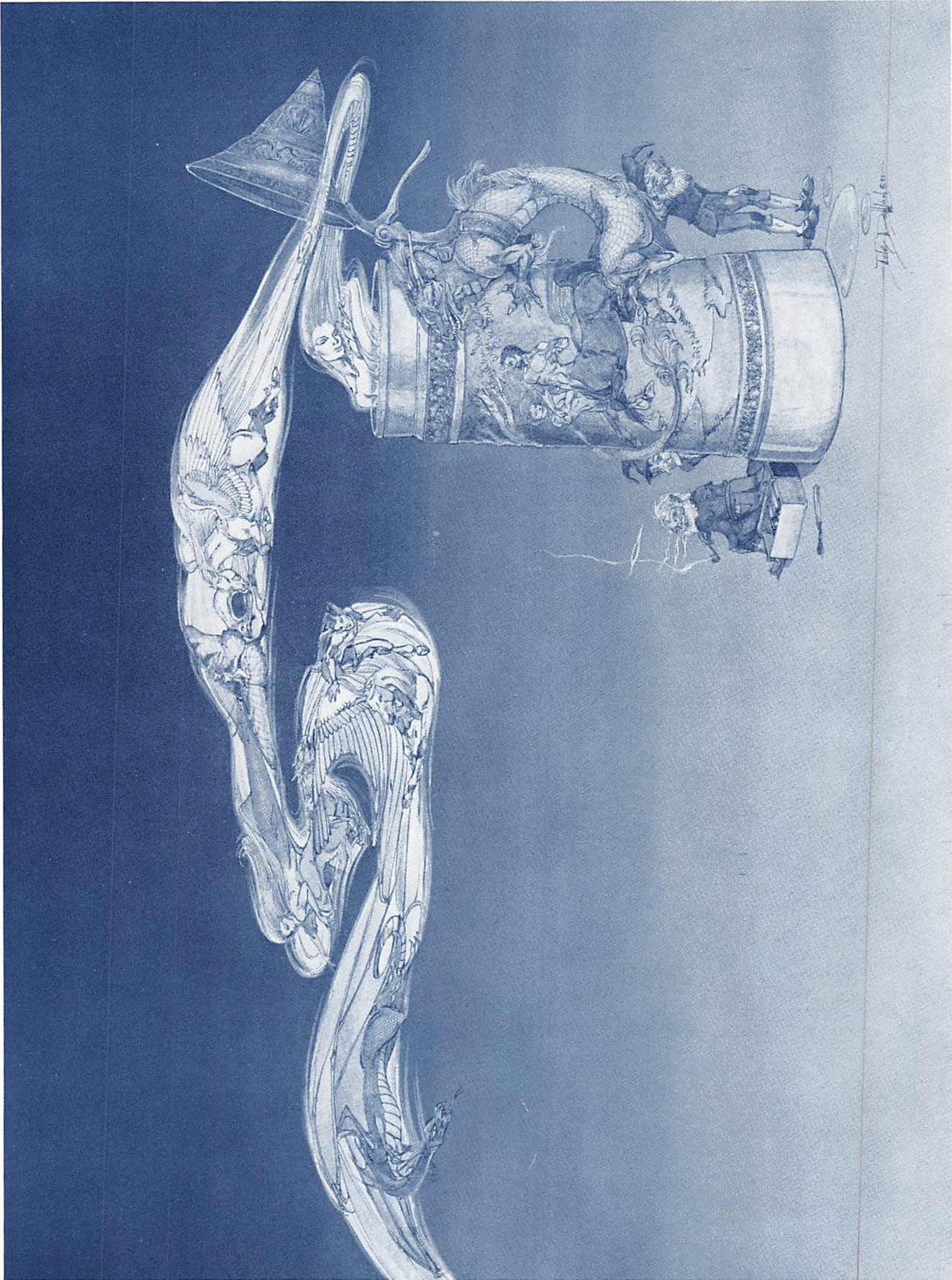
# MARK SKULLERUD



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LELA DOWLING





# FICTION

## JAMES OBERG

### WEATHERMAKER

by James Oberg

Earth, 2988 AD

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL DAY, thought the weathermaker as she gazed down at the still half-shadowed shoreline far below her gently bobbing habitat. She had just been discussing the weather with her husband and son across the breakfast table—and across two thousand miles of distance bridged by the viewscreen on one wall of her kitchen, since they weren't physically present this season. This is a good world, and we have the new earths to thank for that—that we never grow bored with the beauty we have stewarded here on Humanhome, since we know all too well how precious and how terrifyingly fragile such conditions truly are.

The woman grasped a small shiny sphere standing on a pole by the transparent south facing wall. Via neural induction she perceived the readings of her habitat's meteorological instruments as they scanned wavelengths denied human senses and interrogated remote measuring units placed along the coast two miles below. Viewing the clouds and the shoreline beneath her, she let her trained mind integrate the instrumental data and present it to her consciousness as if she had really seen and felt across the humanly unreachable spectra of radiations which bathed the scene.

The seawater's surface became a swirl of thermal patterns in colors she only really saw in dreams, tracing out the currents of the receding tide and the tell-tales of freshwater—both surface and subsurface—from the land. She felt the spray on her 'face' and measured the windspeed across the waves, computing and filing away conclusions about wavetop evaporation, salinity, and baywater oxygenation. The oysters are going to be exemplary this season, she mused. High above the surface she mentally peeled back layer upon layer of flowing air masses, each distinct to her in their motions, temperatures, humidity, and ionization and dust levels. The sea birds glistened like tiny sparks as they rode the thermals that nature gave them subtle senses to find, but which were as plain to the weathermaker as if they had been cast in stone. She watched—as she had watched every morning for weeks now—while the powerful predawn inversion layer at three thousand feet finally dissipated, freeing the way for more vigorous midmorning cumulus activity. Invisible denizen of the newsummer midair, she chuckled in recognition. You, nocturnal thermal, give way for the aerial creatures of the sunlight... A lingering thought sprang up... as you have done for eons, while we have watched—and from time to time, in our growing wisdom, meddled—for only centuries.

There was some pleasure in the realization that she would not need to call upon the coiled forces available to her vocation, waiting in genie-bottles on the shallow ocean bottoms and deep in space. It was not just the economy of it, although she was well aware of the parsimony

of her energy budget allotments. There is some significance in this day of days being naturally pleasant in our eyes—it must hint that we are finally and truly in rhythm with our world's own native cycles. She released the sphere and—blinded in all senses but her own eyes—still drank in the beauty of the scene.

Within a few hours she would leave here anchored aerostat and descend to the village at the river's first dam. A festival was in progress there, and over most of the northern continents. The celebration was variously attributed to the return of spring, to the resurrection of an ancient half-remembered demigod, to a millennium-old economic revolution, and to Earth's continued deliverance from eco-catastrophe. She knew all about the arrival of spring since she had had a hand in it, metaphorically and literally; she knew little of mythological demigods, except that none ever had half the powers she herself now possessed; she knew enough about economics not to have to depend on some long-dead strangers dogmatism and revelation. And she had studied in school all the terraforming techniques which had on four occasions in the past thousand years saved humanity from extinction or from eternal savagery following civilization's collapse.

There was the asteroid, she recalled, right at the end of the Cradle Ages when Earth's children had first timidly ventured beyond their planet's protective atmosphere. Then there had been the climatic perturbations associated with the solar cycle, then the interstellar dust, and lastly—only a century ago—the much-too-close Aquila supernova. And we're still here, Earth and her children, she concluded—happier, and more firmly entrenched than ever.

Far flung and scattered, late thirtieth century humankind was still exulting from the arrival of news a few years before that earthsprung people had reached Tau Ceti and had begun terraforming two extremely promising planets. The depressing news of two centuries before—when a dying lodge used the last of its energy to warn Earth that the Alpha Centauri system was uninhabitable—was forgotten.

The weathermaker's personal happiness was connected with her next baby. The embryo—a girl—was healthy, she had been told, and was ready to be implanted for her to carry to term, to deliver, and to nurse and train. So she would spend the next few years at the river village, caring for the child while studying, tutoring her two young students, touring several historical epochs which had always intrigued her, and composing a representation



of the colors and patterns she was immersed with in her profession. However precise were the electronic and neural communication channels which wove the whole world and its nearby islands into an exquisite multi-cultural patchwork tapestry, face-to-face discourse was still aesthetically superior.

I remember the forests and lakes of my own childhood—tall trees, icewater, and wood-smoke, she reminisced. I remember the kind parents, both human and automatae. And my father's long, nurturing visits. Her father was now two light-months above the Sun's north pole, although his image still talked to her from time to time in her parlor, transmitted and reconstructed across the bone-chilling distances. He would tell her of her younger siblings on the lodge, and of the kinds of worlds their great grandchildren would build around Eta Cassiopeia.

She would never be held by him again, so her choice was clear. Her first child—whom she had talked with over breakfast, although

he had been with his father half a continent away—had grown out of the traditional random father-mother genetic gamble that custom dictated. This new infant, however, need not risk her heritage since a pattern had been chosen for her, a pattern now unique in the Solar System with the departure of its current incarnation.

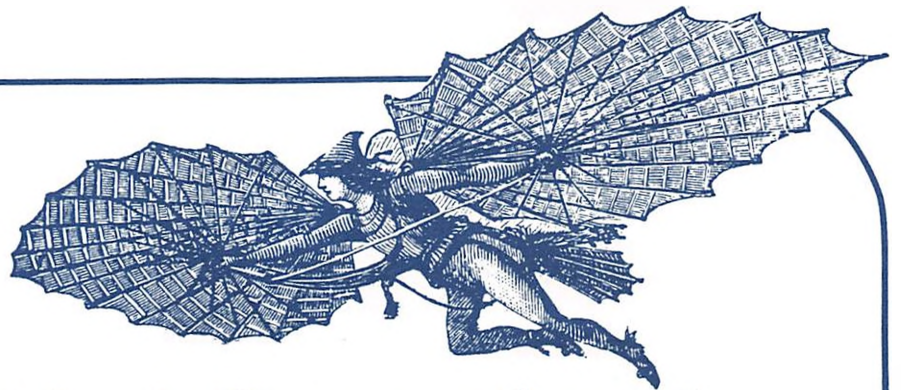
The weathermaker turned her attentions outward and dispelled her reverie. The shore was still there; the thermal, ridden by the sea birds, was still there too. I chose this world from many out of love and aesthetics, she realized, not because of lack of alternatives, or submission to accident. I was not born or raised on its surface, but I am one of its wandering children, returned. She thought of the two dozen worlds, the hundred shielded asteroids, the thousands of islands and uncountable lodges, hosting billions of people in this Solar System and a handful of thousands in or on route to a few other star systems.

An analogy occurred to her. I suppose I choose this baby for similar reasons.

The idea brought on a flush of exhilaration, as the two foci of her love—this tenderly tended planet which had shaped and been shaped by her consciousness, and this future human being conjured from the genetic pattern of her departed father but destined to be shaped by herself—merged in her mind, as they already had in her heart. From that thought, it was only a small inspiration to choose a language and then think of—and boldly shout to the world at her feet—the name she realized the child deserved to carry. Agatha Neia Gaia, cherished new earth, heiress of a millennium of multiplanetary human destiny, with yet another grander millennium's multi-stellar destiny ahead. She savored the thought.

Another beautiful day, the weathermaker thought again.

A great way  
to get high is



## V-CON 14 / Convention 6

the sixth national Canadian Science Fiction convention

**May 23-25, 1986**

Totem Residence, University of British Columbia

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**Toastmaster: Randy Reichardt Fan GoH: Mike & Beth Finkbiner**

**Artist GoH: Katherine Howes Special Guest: Eileen Kernaghan**

MEMBERSHIPS: \$15 to March 31, \$18 to May 15, \$20 at the door  
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# FILMS



Ring of Truth © 1986 by Ken Kelly

## FILM PROGRAM

### AMBLIN

Director: Steven Spielberg  
Cast: Pamela McMyler and Richard Levin.

24 min. - 1968

This, Steven Spielberg's first film, is about two young hitchhikers who make their way across the California desert to the Pacific Ocean. They meet, join forces, share experiences, make love and then part when she discovers that he is more establishment than he first seemed. The relationship of these two youngsters makes a charming, humorous and touching film that will be enjoyed by all ages. This movie has no spoken dialogue.

### PEEPING TOM

Producer and Director: Michael Powell  
Screenplay: Leo Marks  
Cast: Carl Boehm, Moira Shearer, Anna Massey, Maxine Audley, Brenda Bruce, Martin Miller.

109 min. - British - 1960

This sensational film—denounced in 1960—has developed a fervent following in recent years. The movie, a strong, sick story of a psychopathic murderer who photographs his victims at the moment of death, will evoke strong, and sometimes confusing, reactions. Very thought provoking.

### THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER

Director: Peter Medak  
Cast: Kenneth More

91 min. - 1976

D.H. Lawrence's classic tale of the uncanny. A little boy, Paul, becomes obsessed with a need to be lucky due to his family's lack of money. Paul journeys into a strange mystical world while riding his old rocking horse and begins to develop the ability to predict the winners of horse races. The story moves to a dramatic and tragic conclusion in a film you will remember for quite some time.

### THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

Producer: Michael White  
Director: Jim Sharman  
Music: Richard O'Brien  
Screenplay: Jim Sharman and Richard O'Brien  
Cast: Tim Curry, Susan Sarandon, Barry Bostwick, Richard O'Brien, Patricia Quinn, "Little" Nell Campbell.

100 min. - British - 1975

The outrageously kinky horror movie spoof, spiced with sex, transvestism, and rock music, about a "straight" couple stranded in an old dark house full of weirdos from planet Transylvania. The ultimate cult movie.

### SHOCK TREATMENT

Director: Jim Sharman  
Music: Richard Hartley and Richard O'Brien  
Screenplay: Richard O'Brien and Jim Sharman  
Cast: Jessica Harper, Cliff De Young, Richard O'Brien, Patricia Quinn, Charles Gray, "Little" Nell Campbell.

94 min. - 1981

This sequel to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* has Brad and Janet becoming contestants (or more appropriately prisoners) on a television game show.



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### THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT

Director: Alexander Mackendrick  
Cast: Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker, Michael Gough, Ernest Thesiger.

84 min. - British - 1952

In this classic British comedy, Alec Guinness is the inventor of a fabric that cannot wear out or be soiled. The ultimate fabric becomes the ultimate fear of garment manufacturers who attempt to buy the formula, and the glowing-white prototype suit, to prevent it from being reproduced.

### FORBIDDEN PLANET

Producer: Nicholas Mayfack  
Director: Fred McLeod Wilcox  
Screenplay: Cyril Hume  
Cast: Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, Leslie Nielsen, Warren Stevens, Jack Kelly

98 min. - 1956

To celebrate the 30th anniversary of this classic, MGM has provided Norwescon with a 35mm print.

A science fiction version of William Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, Commander Adams and fellow space travelers visit the planet Altair-4 where Dr. Morbius has built an empire for just himself, his daughter and the obedient Robby the Robot.

## AMATUER FILM CONTEST

The past 3 years of the Norwescon Film Contest have been highly successful, and this year is no exception. In addition to an increase in the amounts of cash awards, winners will also receive an exclusive screening at the new game park, *Darksport*.

Once again, awards will be given in 4 categories; 16mm, Super 8, Video and Best of Show. Honorable mentions will be awarded by the judges to those films deserving special mention.

The judging panel consists of four professionals in the film industry and a past Norwescon Film Contest Winner.



## MOVIE SNEAK PREVIEWS

### LABYRINTH

A Henson Associates/Lucasfilm Ltd. production, *Labyrinth* stars David Bowie as Jareth, the goblin king who creates a series of tests and trials that Sarah, played by Jennifer Connelly, must pass in order to save her younger brother. Bowie and Connelly are the film's only human stars, interacting with sophisticated devices—called super creatures—that stretch the boundaries of puppetry.

Jim Henson is the Director and George Lucas is the Executive Producer on this exciting fantasy. *Labyrinth* is being released by Tri-Star Films.

### INVADERS FROM MARS

Tobe Hooper's remake of the 1953 classic *Invaders from Mars* is an homage to William Cameron Menzies, the Director/Production Designer of the original.

"For the remake, we have retained a number of very specific images that made the original so memorable: the split-rail fence disappearing over the hillside, the sand vortex sucking its victims underground, the brain implant devices, and the basic plot line of a young boy whose adult security figures are all taken over by alien invaders, creating the ultimate paranoia wherein there is no one to turn to and no one to believe him."

*Invaders from Mars* stars Karen Beck, Hunter Carson, Laraine Newman, Timothy Bottoms, Louise Fletcher and Bud Cort. Jim Hunt, the juvenile lead in the original, appears as Police Chief Ward. The special effects are created by Academy Award winner John Dykstra for this film being released by Cannon Films this summer.



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### POLTERGEIST II: THE OTHER SIDE

Today, Cuesta Verde lies abandoned and overgrown with weeds, a place where only the sound of the wind can be heard. A scarred plot of land is all that remains of the Freeling home, which was destroyed in 1982 by one of the most violent episodes of psychic activity ever recorded. Steve and Diane Freeling, along with their children and dog have lived with Diane's mother ever since. Today their love grows stronger, secure in the knowledge that the nightmare has ended. Or has it? One night when Carole Ann picks up her toy telephone she makes a horrifying discovery—"They're BACK!"

Craig T. Nelson, Jobeth Williams, Heather O'Rourke and Oliver Robins return in their roles as the terrorized Freelings.

Scheduled for release in May.

### HOWARD THE DUCK

Based on the Marvel Comics character, *Howard the Duck* is the story of Howard, a resident of Duck World, who, while minding his own business, accidentally falls through a reality warp and lands in Cleveland, Ohio, Planet Earth. As might be expected, this hap- penstance is not to Howard's liking, and being the duck that he is, he tries to track down the "why" of his predicament and a way home.

*Howard the Duck* is directed by Willard Huyck and produced by Gloria Katz. George Lucas is the Executive Producer. The screenplay was written by Huyck and Katz. *Howard the Duck* will be released in the summer of '86 by Universal Pictures.



Sentenced to Prism © 1986 by Barclay Shaw.  
Cover for the book published by Del Rey/Ballantine Books.

# VIDEO



© 1986 by George Barr.

## VIDEO

The programming never stops on the 3-channel Norwescon Video Network. The movies, music videos and special events begin Thursday and continue until Monday morning. The programming is broadcast throughout the hotel on television channels 2, 3 and 6. For those of you who do not have a hotel room, there are three video viewing lounges in rooms 7117, 7119 and 7120.

On Friday evening, the opening of the Stardance will be broadcast live on channel 3, as will the Masquerade on Saturday evening. This will allow you to sit back and enjoy these well attended events from the spacious comfort of your room.

An additional lounge, room 7118, features all-night special presentations of some of your favorite programs. Thursday highlights the first Seattle screening of the series, *The Tripods*. Friday's feature is *Blake's 7*, Saturday we present *Seeing Things* and *The Avengers*, and Sunday is *Dr. Who* night.

During the day there are screenings of a variety of science fiction animation films in room 7118. There are presentations from the collection of Ron Andre; several animated features and shorts, with special emphasis on films from Japan. Though many of the films are in the Japanese language, *Galaxy 999* and *Phoenix 2772* will be presented in English. We are very proud to also present the animated SF classic from Czechoslovakia, *Fantastic Planet*.

## VIDEO LIST

### Q

Conan the Destroyer  
Ray Bradbury Theater: The Crowd  
Electric Dreams  
Runaway  
The Fog  
The Blob  
The Perils of Gwendolyn  
Dune  
Dreamscape  
Night of the Comet  
Blade Runner  
1984  
Gold Wing  
Hearts & Armour  
Battlestar Galactica  
Lord of the Rings  
Zombie  
Blood Beach  
Star Trek: The Corbomite Maneuver  
Dark Star  
Invincible Barbarian  
Attack of the Killer Tomatoes  
Ghoulies  
Top Secret  
Creepshow  
The Philadelphia Experiment  
Romancing the Stone  
Superman  
Superman II  
Superman III  
Supergirl  
Flash Gordon  
Ladyhawke  
Macross  
Crusher Joe  
Twice Upon a Time  
Star Trek: The Motion Picture  
Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan  
Star Trek III: The Search for Spock  
Star Wars  
The Empire Strikes Back  
The Return of the Jedi  
Gremlins  
Raiders of the Lost Ark  
Monty Python and the Holy Grail  
The Life of Brian  
The Meaning of Life  
Outland  
Face of Death  
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre  
Close Encounters of the Third Kind  
Cat People  
Altered States  
Saturday the 14th  
Space Flight  
Creation of the Universe  
Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy  
Day of the Dolphin

Flight of the Dragon  
Goldfinger  
The Last Starfighter  
Xtro  
The Golden Voyage of Sinbad  
Splash  
Yellow Beard  
The Wicker Man  
Freedom Force  
The Raven  
Fire & Ice  
Octopussy  
Ultraman  
Captain Future  
Space Keteers  
Space Angle  
The Adventures of Buckaroo Bonzai  
Android  
Terror in the Isles  
Terminator  
The Neverending Story  
Cloak & Dagger  
Creator  
Lifeforce  
My Science Project  
Explorers  
Red Sonja  
2020 Texas Gladiators  
Creature  
D.A.R.Y.L.  
Firestarter  
Conquest  
Endgame  
Metropolis  
Poltergeist  
Videodrome  
Phantasm  
Death Race 2000  
Damnation Alley  
An American Werewolf in London  
2010  
Stripes  
Barbarella  
Sorceress  
Galaxy of Terror  
Galaxy Express  
Impulse  
In the Company of Wolves  
TRON  
Scanners  
Slithis  
Horror Planet



1956

1986



CELEBRATES  
the  
30th ANNIVERSARY  
of



# FORBIDDEN PLANET

at  
NORWESCON

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COMING SOON FROM MGM

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**POLTERGEIST II**

THE OTHER SIDE

and

**SOLAR BABIES**

# FICTION

FRANK CATALANO



## THE CHRONICLES OF HARGROVE ELBERTSON

By Frank Catalano

*IT BEGAN IN A SMALL COMPUTER SHOP in Seattle's Ravenna District.*

Science writer Joel Davis and I were playing with an Osborne 1 computer that was on display, trying to decide if we would ever buy one of these neat new toys, when the entire concept of computer-aided writing gave us an idea. We bashed out most of it on the display model there in the store, and I then went home to finish it up on my medium-tech Smith Corona Electra 120.

Not content to let it die there, I took the initial idea Joel and I came up with and wrote two more short-stories about Hargrove Elbertson (whom, I might add, is based incredibly loosely but with great affection on a real figure, if only in name similarity).

"The Slipped-Disk Syndrome" initially appeared in *Westwind* in April/May 1982; "It Was A Dark and Stormy Night" will appear in the anthology of Northwest science fiction, *Wet Visions*; and "Fangs for the Memories" appears here for the first time.

So sit back and enjoy—or at least tolerate—this two-thirds of *The Chronicles of Hargrove Elbertson*.

## THE SLIPPED-DISK SYNDROME

By Frank Catalano and Joel Davis

*IT HAD BEEN A LONG NIGHT.* And day. And night.

Hargrove Elbertson sat at his Osborne 1, his hands lying limply on the keyboard, his head bowed, as if listening to the quiet whirring of the drives reading the Memorex disks. He had been at the computer playing with the Wordstar program for nearly two full days now, stopping just long enough to phone out for pizzas and make porcelain deposits of biologically processed pizza.

Elbertson was behind on the deadline.

As he sat there, listening to the disk drive whirring and the rain coming down on the roof of the custom-designed tract home, he vaguely remembered a promise to Vonda to have her over and check out the computer. She was the only real computer expert he knew—he'd bought the special Osborne system on her recommendation, and had even made the special design changes she'd suggested. When she called and heard that he was up against another deadline, she sounded somewhat concerned, and said she wanted to come over and check her modifications. He tried to remember if he'd consented or not.

Suddenly the house was in daylight.

Elbertson jumped up—not enough to be on his feet, but enough to knock the chair out from under him. His glassy-eyed stare at the five-inch monitor screen was replaced by one of surprise as he hit the floor.

"What the hell?" he exclaimed.

He untangled himself from the green secretary's chair and stood up. His attention was immediately grabbed by the small black box, hooked up with a network of cables to the Osborne's innards. It was the thing Vonda called the "random generator," a device she said would make him more creative in short stints at the computer. But now, after a long stint, the multi-colored lights on the box were no longer flashing on and off, but instead were solidly on and pulsing ominously.

And there was still the matter of the daylight, Elbertson reminded himself.

Despite all the strange things people had warned him about when he moved to Southern California, one of them was not sudden changes in sky brilliance. It didn't help Elbertson's state of mind to open the curtains on the sliding glass door leading to the patio, and see that the brightness persisted in all directions, as far as he could see.

It was, Elbertson realized, the sun. He didn't want to figure out what the sun was doing out at night.

His foggy reflections were interrupted by the slamming open of a door. Elbertson turned, and saw Vonda running toward him through the front hallway.

"Oh my God," she greeted him with, "How long has it been like this in here?"

Elbertson shook his head. "About five minutes, I think. Why? What's wrong?"

She pulled the curtain completely open. "Look for yourself."

Above them, they saw two brilliantly colored cigar-shaped craft pull away from them at right angles, then go speeding across the sky toward the horizon. Elbertson turned his gaze to the desert that was forming where his small fish pond had been in the backyard. Off in the distance of the rapidly-growing stretch of desert, the Eiffel Tower stood with a zeppelin discharging its passengers from a dock at the tip.

"Damn. Damn. Double-damn," Vonda swore. "I knew I may have made it too strong. And with all that time in operation . . ."

"What are you saying?" Elbertson asked.

She gestured toward the strange scene, a scene that kept changing slowly. Elbertson now noticed rapids beginning underneath the Eiffel Tower, with a space shuttle and crew shooting them.

"My random generator. It was designed for use in short bursts, to alter things slightly, temporarily, to give writers the creative bursts they

all love. But when you went on this writing binge, I never figured how that would affect the generator when it had access to all that fresh creative copy filed on all those disks in a high-powered computer. It's now fused in the "on" position, and is taking creative liberties with everything you've interacted with since it was turned on. Nothing around here is safe, now that my generator has access continuously to those memory disks."

"You mean . . ." Elbertson began, realization slowly dawning.

"Yes," Vonda said with a grim look on her face. "Are we real, or are we Memorex?"

## FANGS FOR THE MEMORIES

By Frank Catalano

IT WASN'T THE DESK CLERK'S FAULT—not really.

And deep down inside his writer's heart, Hargrove Elbertson knew that. But it didn't stop him.

"Changes!" Elbertson fumed. He clutched the small pink slip of paper in one hand like a dog getting a grip on a rag. "I leave a half-dozen unfinished projects to come to L.A. and that silly, moth-eaten, ignoramus wants changes!"

The clerk, momentary outlet for Elbertson's frustrations, was non-plussed. "Yes sir. And he said to call him immediately after you check into your room."

The man's lack of reaction appeared to have a calming effect on Elbertson. He silently picked up the room key and left the lobby of the Déjà Vu Motel. He thought it was strange it looked just like the one he stayed in back East.

Elbertson unlocked the room door. The inside of 203 was exactly as he had left it—three weeks ago in New York. There was the unmade bed, the bedspread hung over the desk chair, and . . . he squinted to see a bit better. Yes, there was a half-empty bottle of Babbling Brooklyn, a sparkling water taken right from the streets of the borough, sitting on its side on the small particle-board desk. He tilted his head. Even the right vintage. Tuesday.

It only took him a couple of minutes to unpack his briefcase, and to set up the portable computer. He dialed the number on the no longer fresh-looking pink slip the clerk had handed him as the computer display brought up the first page of his script.

"Damn it, no, Morrie." The words were the first ones out of Elbertson's mouth. The phone call was into its third minute. "Yes, yes, I know," he said resignedly. "You want me to say it again, I'll say it again. Yes, this is my first movie contract. Yes, I agreed to adapt the award-winning novel *Dreambunny* into a script for your studio. Yes, I agreed to all 'reasonable' changes. THIS IS NOT REASONABLE!" Steam began to rise from the mouthpiece.

Elbertson paused, as if for effect. "I don't care what the independents are doing. I don't care if horror is the hottest money-making trend you've got. This is a damn good story." He paused again. "What do you mean, 'You don't remember the storyline?'"

He quickly repeated it, telling him again about the young girl, the pet rabbit with fangs that was able to induce a dream-like, calming sleep and was wanted for medical research. And how in the end, it and other test rabbits at the government research clinic heroically rose up and escaped.

" . . . and I'm not interested in changing it, unless you want to go to the family market and call it something like *A Girl and Her Rabbit*." He stood defiantly, clutching the receiver. "So what do you think of that!" He listened some more. Then his eyes changed. He slumped into the tacky bamboo chair in front of the particle-board desk.

Morrie had him. Morrie had explained it to him simply, how it all was in the fine print of the contract . . . if Elbertson wouldn't write it, someone else would . . . and he wouldn't get paid.

With a feeling as though he'd been here all before, Elbertson put his fingers on the computer keyboard. Horror. Okay, the doctors would go rampant with nightmare bloodlust inspired by the cute furry bunny. He sighed, thinking maybe he could pick apart some other parts of the contract on minor points. He also started thinking about how to incorporate an axe into the plot.

At a fast clip, Elbertson began splitting hares.

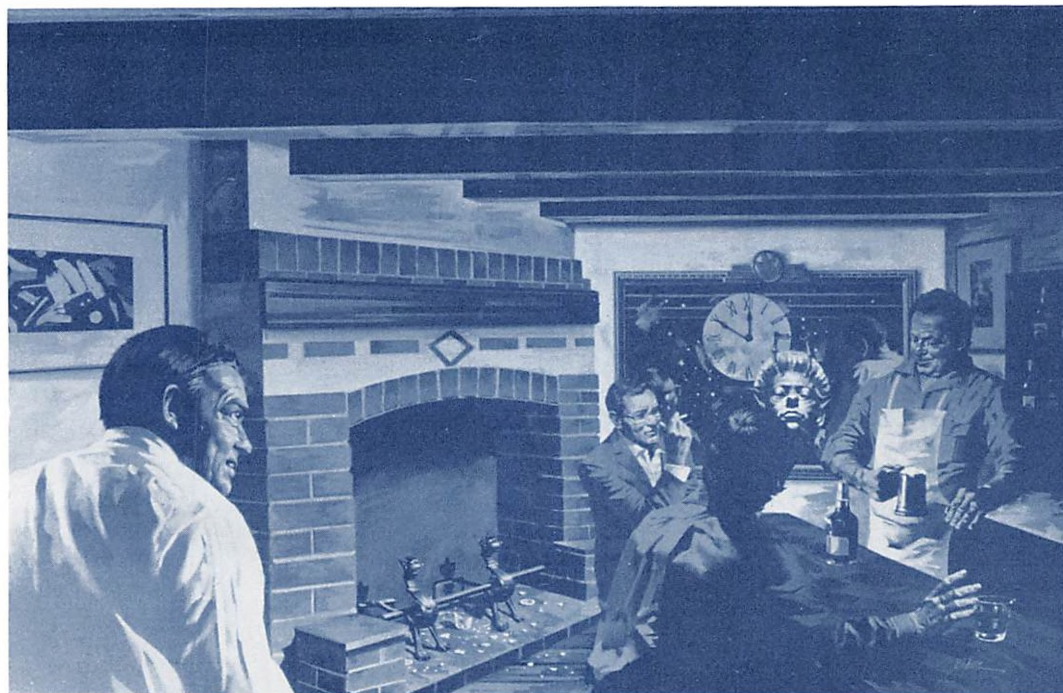
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# MEMBERS



Callahan's Crosstime Saloon © 1977, 1986 by Vincent Di Fate.  
Cover from the book by Spider Robinson, published by Ace Books.

- |                        |                               |                            |                           |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Anne McCaffrey      | 41. Maggie Nowakowska         | 81. Randall Robinson       | 121. Marjorie Windus      |
| 2. James Oberg         | 42. Susan R Matthews          | 82. Jackie Sherry          | 122. Mark Nerby           |
| 3. Kelly Freas         | 43. Bob                       | 83. R Gale Sherry          | 123. Signe Landon         |
| 4. Polly Freas         | 44. Esther Brimmer            | 84. Margaret Anderson      | 124. Mark T Schaper       |
| 5. Spider Robinson     | 45. Scott Scidmore            | 85. William Pellett        | 125. Traepischke Graves   |
| 6. Jeanne Robinson     | 46. Sam Emery                 | 86. Jeff Isaacson          | 126. Thomas S Whitmore    |
| 7. Carolyn             | 47. Kathryn Krauel            | 87. Michelle Roberts       | 127. Debbie Notkin        |
| 8. Judy                | 48. Dan Parry                 | 88. Jerry Chilson          | 128. David Clements       |
| 9. Thom                | 49. Kitty                     | 89. Lora McCusker          | 129. Ted Butler           |
| 10. Dragon Lady        | 50. Elizabeth S Thomas        | 90. Mike Healy             | 130. Bruce Thompson       |
| 11. Cooky Oberg        | 51. Linda M Keen              | 91. Jenny Hicks            | 131. Mary Jean Fjellestad |
| 12. Todd Johnson       | 52. Gerald L Keen             | 92. A L Goss               | 132. Ingrid Fjellestad    |
| 13. Richard            | 53. Pat Oros                  | 93. Mike Raabe             | 133. John R Gray III      |
| 14. Kathy Patterson    | 54. Brian M Sullivan          | 94. Michael G Nelson       | 134. David B Grimes       |
| 15. Michael Brocha     | 55. Sky E Gorman              | 95. Lather                 | 135. Bryce Walden         |
| 16. Felicia Hopkins    | 56. Mark C Pringle            | 96. Hellene Breccadelphine | 136. Becky Hensdell       |
| 17. Holly Hautala      | 57. Chris Rimple              | 97. Marci Malinowycz       | 137. John Strilcov        |
| 18. Rae Chamberlain    | 58. Bill H S Jensen           | 98. Scott Swanson          | 138. Joanne West          |
| 19. Pat Porter         | 59. Ann Fox                   | 99. Judy Swanson           | 139. Douglas Booze        |
| 20. William R Warren   | 60. D J Driscoll              | 100. Pepper                | 140. Jo Brown             |
| 21. Paul Schaper       | 61. Jeanne LC Stapleton       | 101. Dave Wilson           | 141. Sean Brown           |
| 22. Andromeda          | 62. Joy Lee Barnhart          | 102. Elisabeth Eldred      | 142. Elaine R Fiddler     |
| 23. Frank C Stevens    | 63. Guest of Joy Lee Barnhart | 103. Greg Gallacci         | 143. D Trent Lum          |
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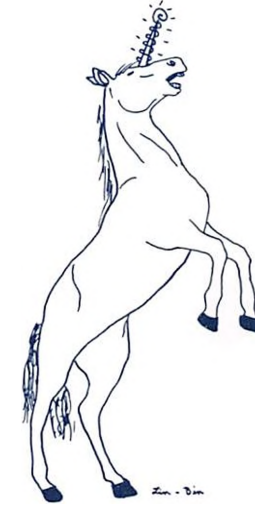
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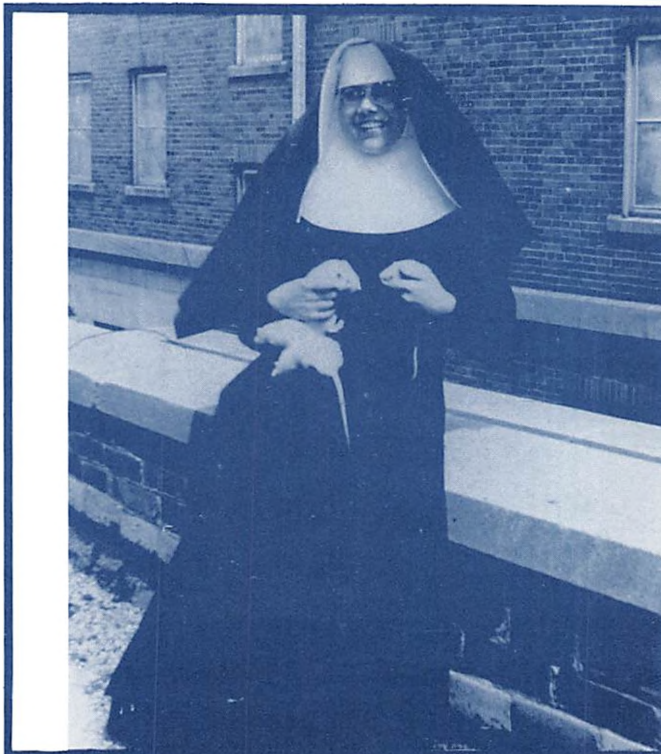
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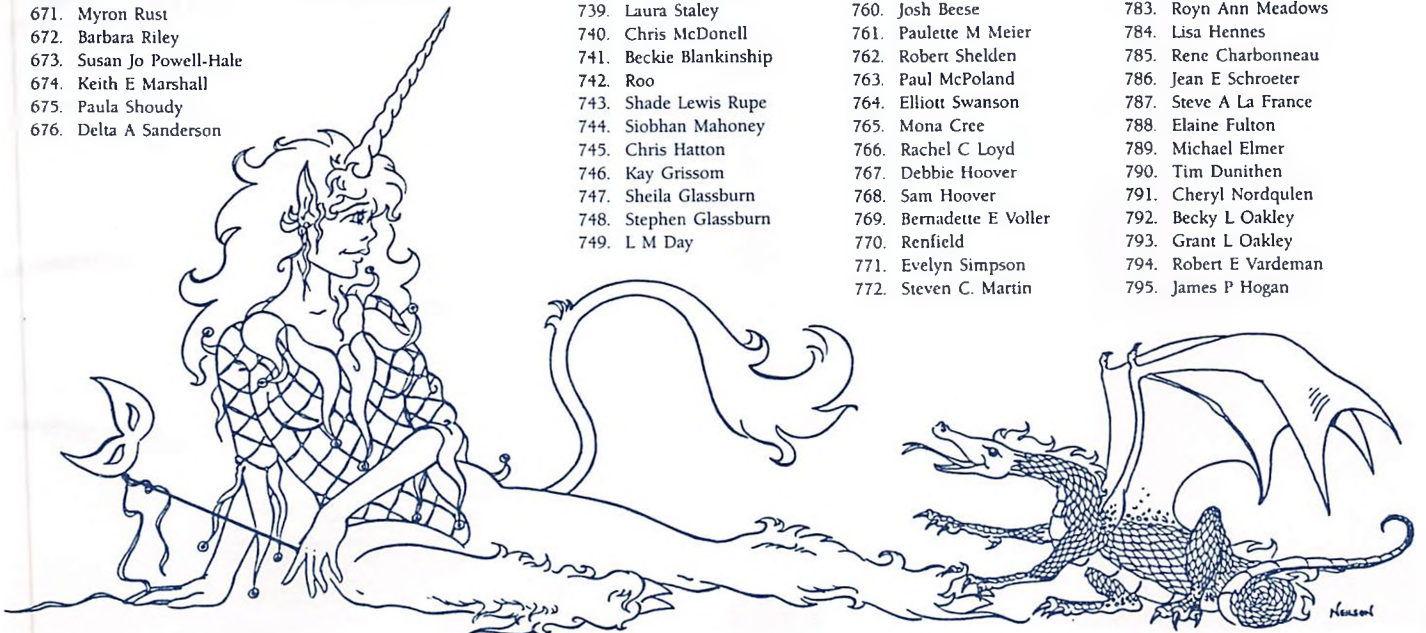
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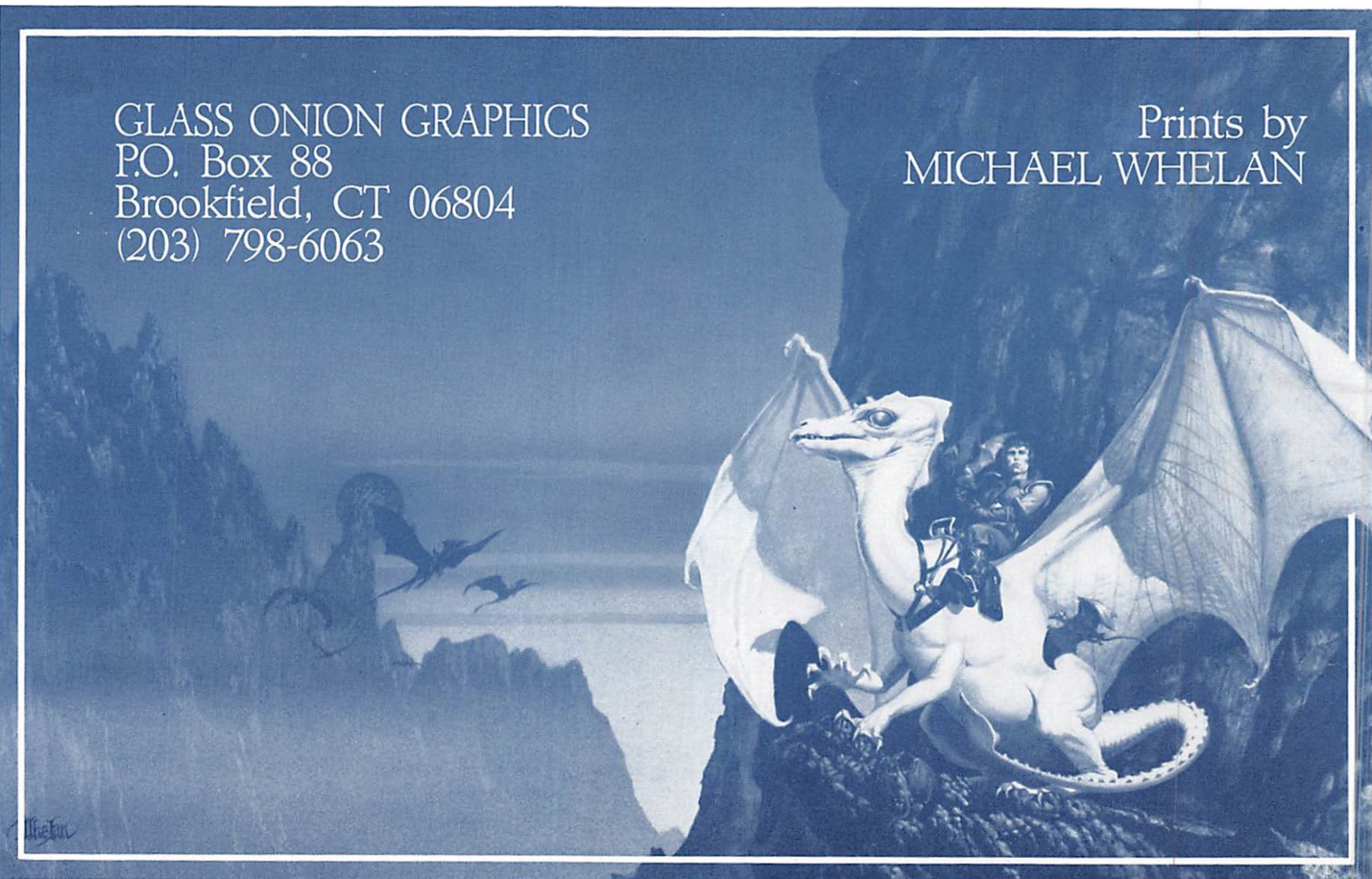
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# WANT TO PLAY A GAME?



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Opening Scenario: "The Training of Blue Phoenix Squadron."

# ACK

The planning and execution of a convention the size and scope of Norwescon is a hoary and daunting task.

Each year at the wrap-up meetings after the convention, the committee gets together to discuss what went right and wrong overall during the con and how to improve or avoid these things. And it is at this meeting that the inevitable question comes up. "Are you ready to do it again?" Needless to say, this is met with a variety of moans, complaints of physical ailments and catcalls.

That is a very good question. Of course we're ready to do it again. Every year brings another Norwescon. There *are* those few who felt that they have endured enough hardships for awhile, and feel that they have to either take a less important roll next year, or beg off completely. We can all understand and sympathize with that. Unfortunately that usually leaves the rest of the committee in a quandary as to who might be interested in filling that position. The way that its supposed to work, the retiring person has had somebody working with them that they feel that they can trust to give the loving care and nurturing that is needed in each department. But of course it doesn't always work that way. Sometimes enough is enough, and the bushes have to be beaten to draw out those unsuspecting volunteers.

The people pictured on this page are not the only people who work on Norwescon. Of course everyone is aware that there are security people and office people and hospitality people working at the con, but most don't realize the preparation done long before the convention ever comes about. The people pictured here head up major departments and are ultimately responsible for anything that happens, or doesn't happen, in their department. There is a vast network of people supporting the department heads that don't really get the exposure or recognition that they deserve. Without them, the whole structure would collapse.

There is always a desperate need for more people. People coming from other convention committees know this and many write to the con offering their

help. Others end up volunteering at the con itself, much to our gratitude. Its a big help, but what we really need is more local people to get involved earlier in the year, to help with the planning and work their way up into a position of responsibility. It's really easier done than it sounds. All we want is proof that you are a responsible, capable human being in our eyes, and your willingness to work as hard as the rest of the committee.

That leads into the next question of "Why do you do this?" That is probably a much harder and more complex question to answer.

Why put up with the lack of sleep, the missed meals, the long, grueling meetings, the differences in opinions and missing out on the things that you would much rather be doing? Everyone who has ever worked on an SF con has asked these questions of themselves.

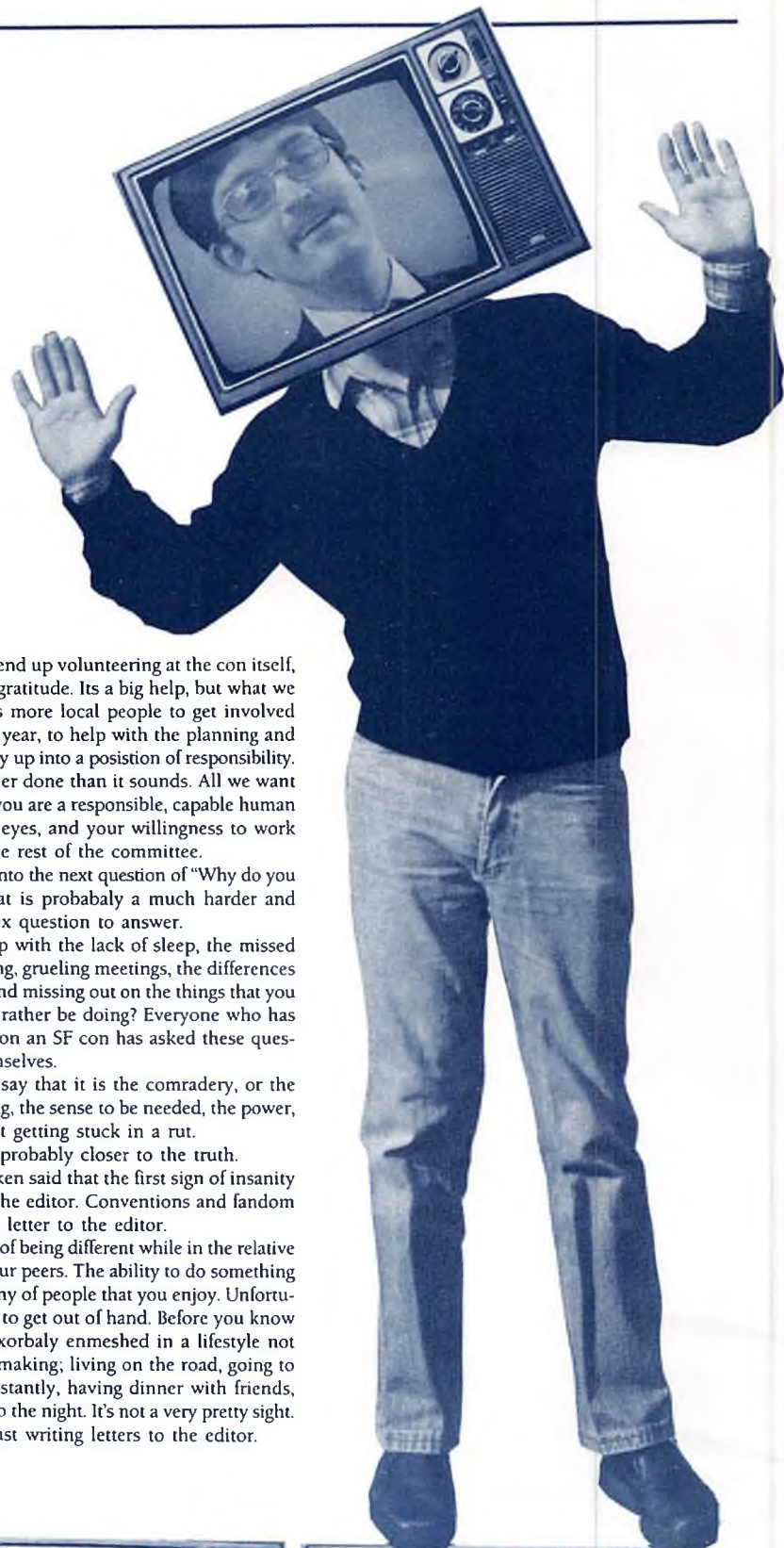
One could say that it is the comradery, or the need to belong, the sense to be needed, the power, or maybe just getting stuck in a rut.

Insanity is probably closer to the truth.

H. L. Mencken said that the first sign of insanity is a letter to the editor. Conventions and fandom are one huge letter to the editor.

It is a sense of being different while in the relative security of your peers. The ability to do something in the company of people that you enjoy. Unfortunately it tends to get out of hand. Before you know it, you're inexorably enmeshed in a lifestyle not of your own making; living on the road, going to meetings constantly, having dinner with friends, talking far into the night. It's not a very pretty sight.

We're all just writing letters to the editor.



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