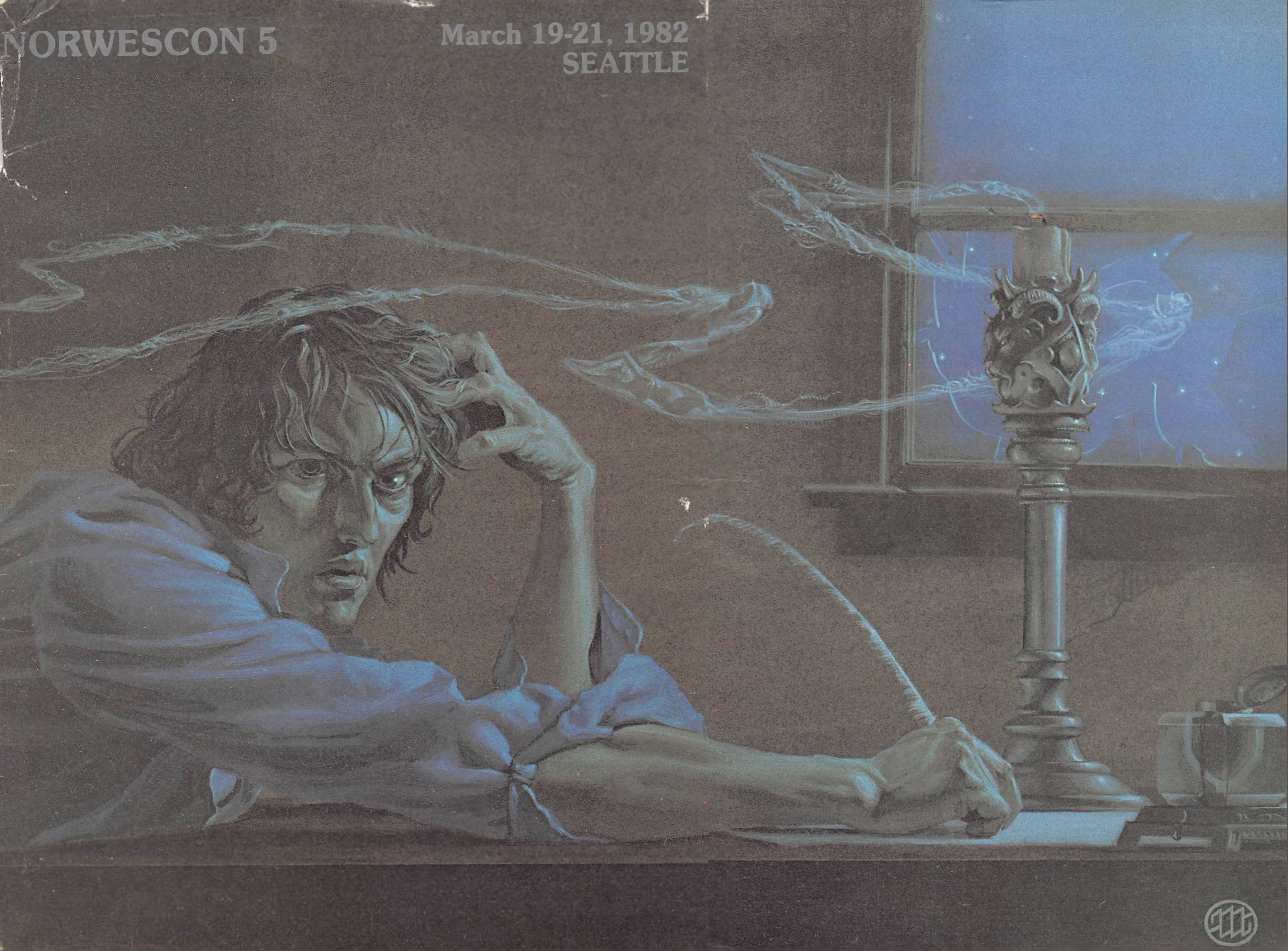
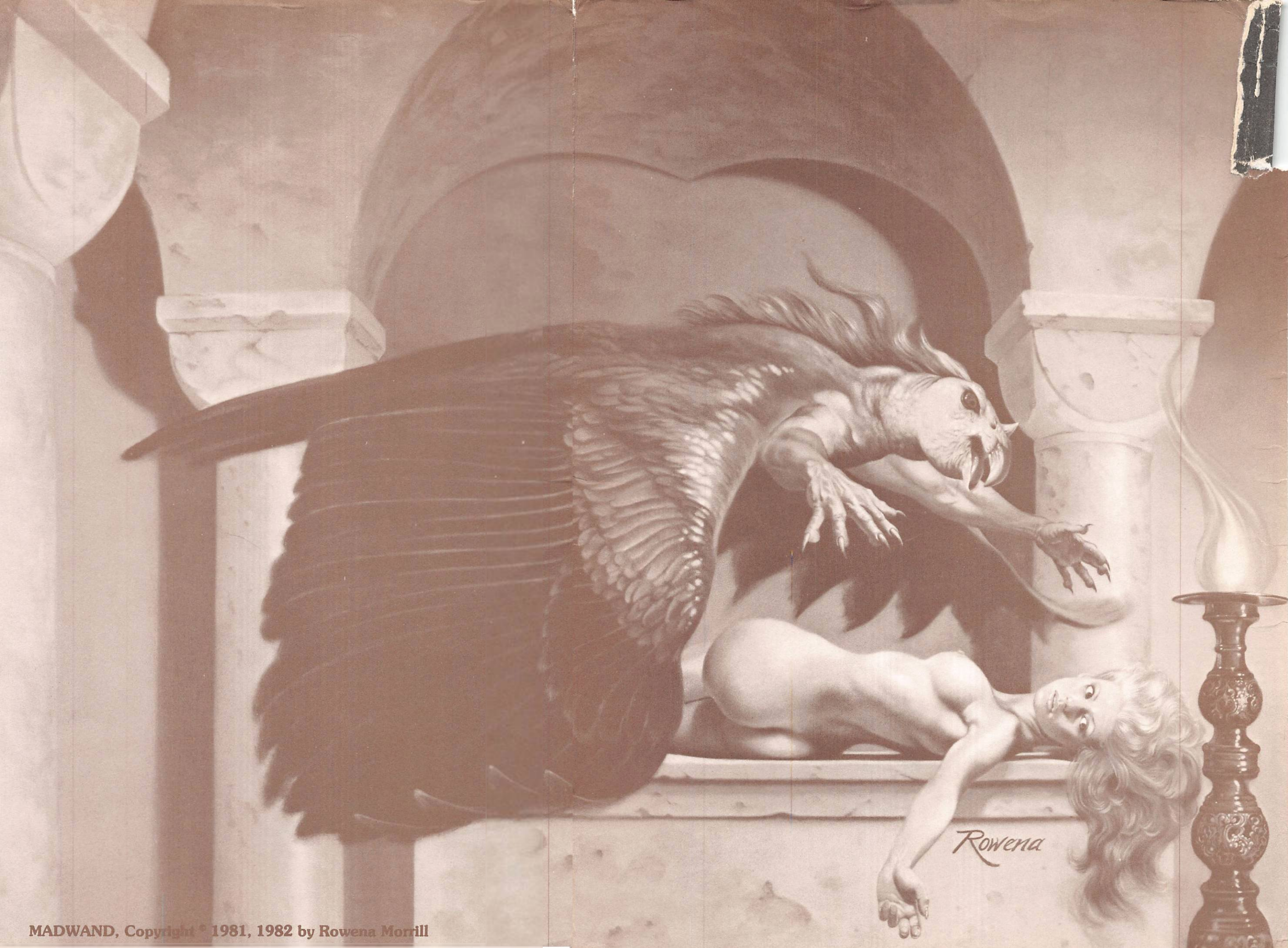


NORWESCON 5

March 19-21, 1982  
SEATTLE







Rowena



# NORWESCON 5

Fifth Annual Northwest Regional  
Science Fiction Convention

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

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Stephen Bard  
Michael Brocha  
Jeffrey Levin

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SEATTLE \* MARCH 18-21, 1982 \* AIRPORT HYATT HOTEL

Guest of Honor  
THOMAS M. DISCH

Artist Guest of Honor  
MICHAEL WHELAN

*Original Fiction and Poetry by:*  
Thomas M. Disch, John Sladek,  
& Ova Hamlet

*Original Articles by:*  
Bob Shaw & Frank Catalano

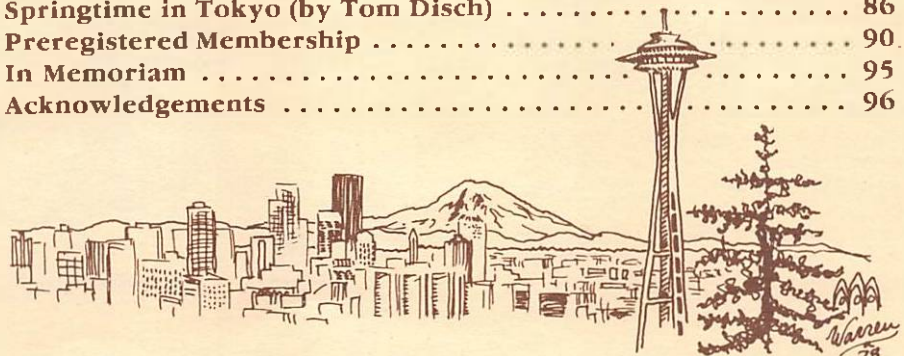
Fan Guest of Honor  
BOB SHAW

Toastmaster  
RICHARD A. LUPOFF

The Norwescon 5 Program Book  
is dedicated to the memory of  
William Broxon

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# Welcome to the Wonder Zone



## Art Credits

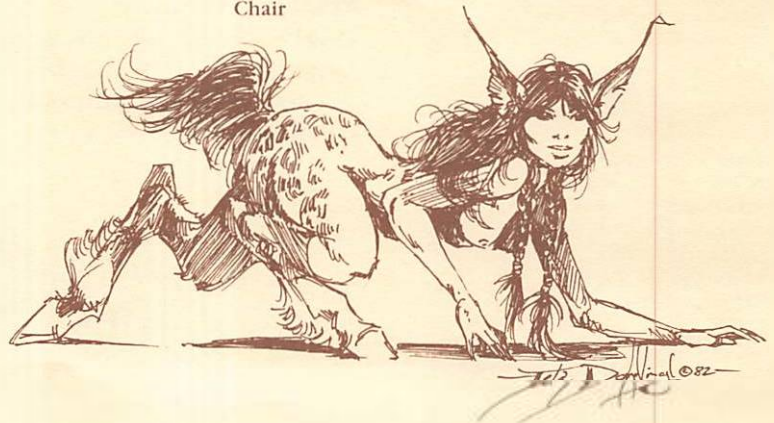
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Alfredo Alcalá — 6  
Alicia Austin — 72  
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William R. Warren, Jr. — 9, 24, 36, 44, 79, 94  
Michael R. Whelan — front cover, back cover,  
21, 23, 34, 56, 63, 94  
Ray Williams — 80  
M.K. Wren — 91

It seems to me that science fiction conventions are something of a microcosm of "the good life," with the dull or "mundane" parts expurgated. Actually, for many fans, most *all* of the time *between* conventions seems the veritable dregs of existence in comparison to the exquisitely distilled ambrosia of convention conviviality. After all, where else but at a science fiction convention can you all in one week-end meet dozens of your favorite writers, have your sensawonder titillated almost beyond endurance by science talks, author insights and art, start a new romance (or three), ferret out a few choice collectibles, chat with 27 of your dearest friends from all over the globe, and generally have the time of your life?!

We sincerely hope and strive that Norwescon 5 will be such a multifariously satiating experience. We trust that you'll

find no shortage of mindhogging and bending alternatives herein; something for everyone, everything for some. Brother, Sister, Welcome to the Wonder Zone. Enjoy!

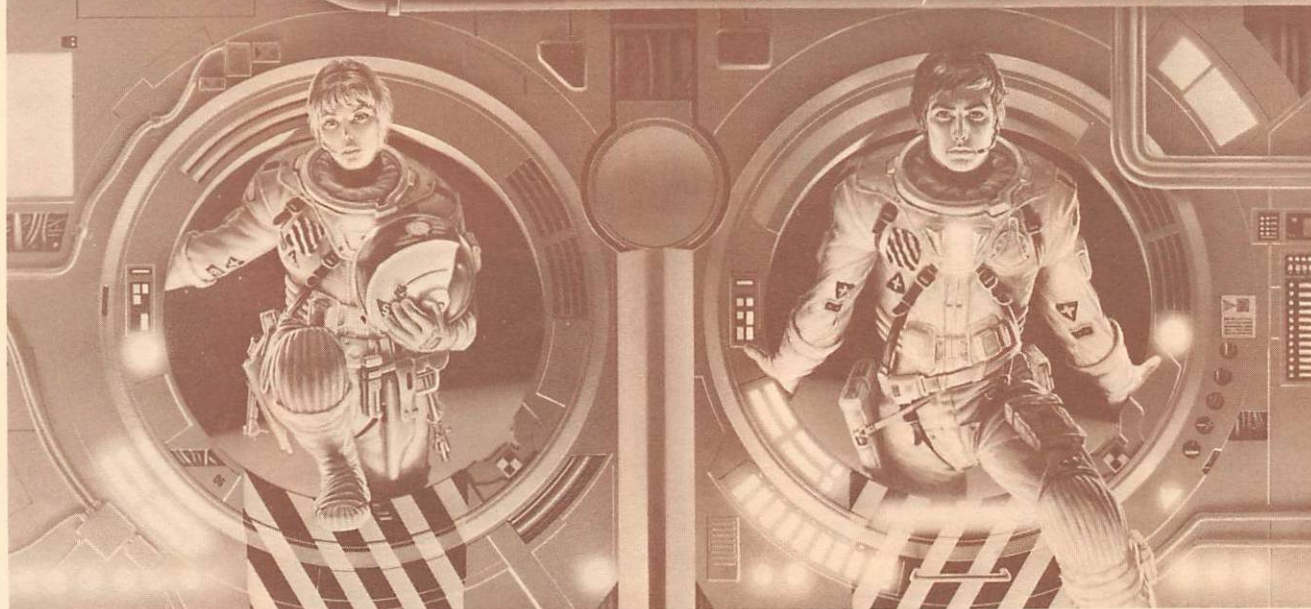
—Steve Bard  
Chair





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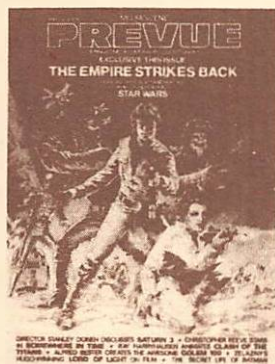
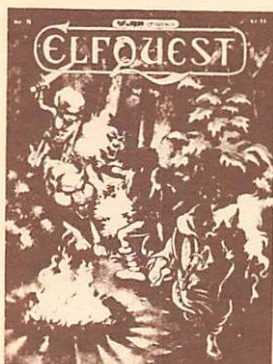


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WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH ROOM IN THIS AD TO TELL YOU ABOUT ALL OF THE FANTASTIC ITEMS THAT WE HAVE BROUGHT TO SELL AT NORWESCON 4. MANY OF THESE ITEMS HAVE BEEN HAND PICKED JUST FOR YOU, SO PLEASE COME TO OUR TABLES IN THE DEALERS ROOM AND SEE WHAT IT IS THAT WE ARE TALKING ABOUT, OR VISIT US AT OUR USUAL LOCATION  
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# Programming



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## Program Key:

The following schedule delineates major programming items only. Events run one hour in duration unless otherwise specified. The film schedule is shown on the pocket program and the video schedule is listed on its reverse. The many author's readings and interviews and news broadcasts are also listed only in the pocket program. Enjoy.

## Thursday, March 18

### 3 PM

**Registration Opens** (Lobby)  
Early registration for those wishing to avoid the Friday morning crush.

**The Hospitality Suite** (Governor's)  
commences being hospitable.

### 3 PM (thru 1 AM)

**Norwescon Film Festival**  
(Flight Lounge) Handpicked selection of films in 16mm featuring: *THX-1138*, *Rabid*, *The Corpse Grinders*, *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, *The Phantom of the Paradise* and the horror classic *The Old Dark House* (Out of circulation for 30 years!).

### 8 PM

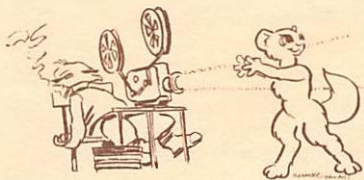
**Opening Ceremonies and GoH Interview** (Phoenix B & C)  
Toastmaster Richard A. Lupoff introduces Guests of Honor Thomas M. Disch, Bob Shaw and Michael Whelan; then interviews Tom Disch at length.

### 9 PM

**Practice Party** (Governor's Suite)  
Gala Opening Party in Hospitality Suite.

### 10 PM

**Dancing** to the lively sounds of the *Pro Jr.* band.





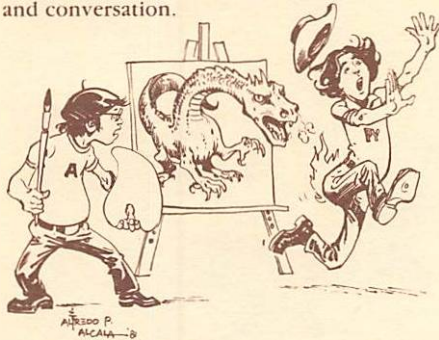
# Programming

Friday, March 19

8 AM

**Registration Opens** (Upper Lobby)  
Cheery, friendly faces prepare for the onslaught.

**Hospitality Suite opens**  
(Governor's) Hostess Elizabeth (Dragon Lady) Warren and crew treat you to coffee and conversation.



9 AM

**Art Show Opens** —Oohs and Aahhs—  
(Art Show check-in remains open for pre-registered-artists thru 11 AM).

10 AM

**"Neofan" Presentation**  
(Phoenix B & C) Everything you always wanted to know about clubs and cons and APAs and fanzines and gaffiation.

11 AM

**Dealer Room Opens** (Satellite)  
Slavering collectors stampede in as hucksters wring their hands and cackle evilly.  
**Spinoffs from Space** (Phoenix A)  
Linda Blanchard, Carl Case, Jon Post and Eric Vinicoff discuss the manifold ways in which space exploration has and will pay its own way.  
**Future Gaming** (Phoenix B & C)  
Role-playing and Persona-gamers discuss the state of the art and envision what's next.

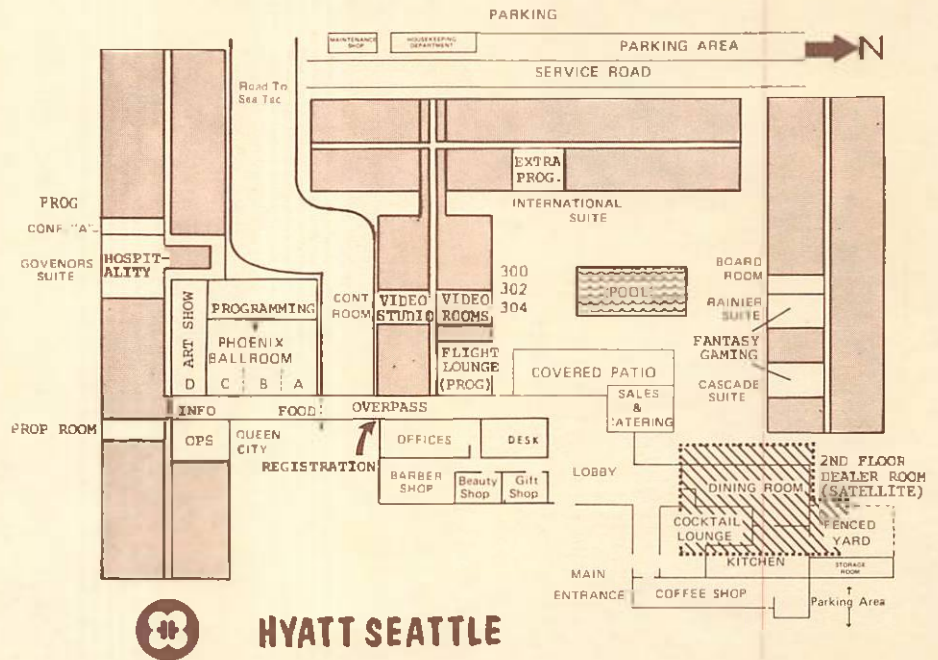
12 Noon

**Philosophy in SF** (Phoenix B & C)  
Writer and Philosophy professor Richard Purtill discusses SF & Fantasy as vehicles for philosophy.  
**Practical Home Astronomy**  
(Phoenix A) Joe Palmer, Bill Broeske and other members of the Seattle Astronomical Society discuss the pleasures of Do-It-Yourself Astronomy.

1 PM

**APA-Mania** (Phoenix A)  
Mike Bentley leads a consortium of "Amateur Press Association" addicts in a discussion of their habit.

## Hotel Map



HYATT SEATTLE

**Debunking the Pseudoscientists** (Phoenix B & C) George Harper leads Bob Shaw, Bubbles Broxon & Joel Davis in some spirited separating of fact from fiction.  
**Wombats, Koalas & Backruhs, Oh My!** (Flight Lounge)

The irrepressible Jan Howard Finder narrates a slideshow of his sojourn downtown for the 1975 "Aussiecon" Worldcon.

2 PM

**The Oogenesis of SF Clubs and Cons** (Phoenix A)

NWSFS Founder Greg Bennett and other con / club instigators discuss their origins.

**Poltergeist Preview** (Phoenix B & C)  
Producer Frank Marshall narrates a slideshow / trailer preview of this forthcoming horror film.

**History of the SCA** (Flight Lounge)

A look back at the origins and development of the "Society for Creative Anachronism" by some of its founders and supporters. King Manfred, Paul Edwin Zimmer, Bubbles Broxon and Betty Bigelow preside.

**Artists Jam #1** (Conference A)

Invited artists collaborate on a large painting.

3 PM

**The S.E.T.I. Search and Extra-Terrestrial Communication**

(Phoenix A) Astronomer Woodruff Sullivan discusses S.E.T.I. options, plans for action and his studies of the earth's own radio image.

**The "Summer-of-Love" plus 15** (Phoenix B & C) Toastmaster Richard Lupoff leads Frank Robinson, David Hartwell, Norman Spinrad and Sherry Gottlieb in a retrospective look at 1967 to assess the impact that flower power and free love had on the SF field.

**The Art of Costuming**

(Flight Lounge) Costume designers, fabricators and makeup artists reveal the tricks of the trade.

4 PM

**The Bookstore Biz** (Phoenix A)  
Bookstore owners / operators discuss sales, marketing, dealing, coercion of credit departments and why bookselling is an unprofitable profession. Sherry Gottlieb moderates.

**Bladerunner Preview**

(Phoenix B & C) Jeff Walker narrates a slideshow / trailer preview of this new Ladd Film based upon the Philip K. Dick novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*.

**Word Processing Your Fiction**

(Flight Lounge) Paul Novitski, Ted Pederson, Janet Gluckman, Eileen Gunn and Judi Dyer discuss the state of the art and future scenarios in word processing for writers.

5 PM

**My Prize Collector's Items**  
(Phoenix A) Dick Lupoff, Frank Robinson & other hard-core collectors show off their most precious items.



## Fan Guest of Honor Interview

(Phoenix B & C) Gary Farber interviews Bob Shaw.

## New Video Special Effects

(Flight Lounge) Scriptwriter Ted Pederson and Cyborg-puppet specialist John Joachims discuss the sensawonder special effects planned for a new TV series called *Starhope*.

## 6 PM

### The Jody Scott Show

(Phoenix B & C) The inimitable and always controversial Jody Scott continues her sage advice about the "Twinky Culture" from where she left off last year.

### Martial Arts in SF / Fantasy

(Flight Lounge) Steve Perry, Elizabeth Lynn, Michael Reaves, Pat Murphy & Paul Edwin Zimmer discuss the function of martial mayhem in SF and fantasy.

## 7 PM

### Trivia Bowl Prelims (Flight Lounge)

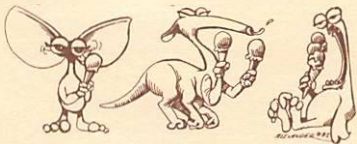
Initial round of team minutia machinations to determine whose minds are most cluttered with useless information.

## 7:30 PM

### Play: *The Enchanted*

*Duplicator* (Phoenix B & C)

Premier performance of a play adapted locally from FGoII Bob Shaw's (and Walt Willis's) legendary 1954 Story of the same name.



## 9:30 PM

### Norwescone Ice Cream Social

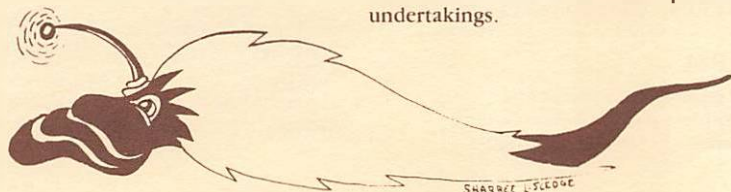
& Stardance (Phoenix A, B & C) All the luscious ice cream you can eat, and dancing till the wee hours amid lavish sets and fabulous lighting effects.

### Early Autograph Session (Conf. A)

Tom Disch, Bob Shaw, Dick Lupoff and others sign a few autographs in attempt to mitigate the crush at the Saturday evening autograph session.

### Volcano Party (Governor's Suite)

Special festivities designed to appease a certain mountain that barfed up initially during Norwescon 3. Sacrificial victims apply within and/or just drop by for your very own free "Piece of Ash."



## Saturday, March 20

## 8 AM

### Dawn breaks, Registration crowds and opens for business

(Upper Lobby Ramp) and

**Hospitality reopens** (Governor's) for coffee and doughnuts.

## 9 AM

### Art Show reopens (Phoenix D & E)

Heavy bidding commences as art fanciers jockey for position at Sunday's auction.

### Future Sports (Phoenix A & B)

Eric Vinicoff and others speculate upon the new forms that sports will take in our high-tech max-leisure-time future.

## 10 AM

### How to Handle Rejection (Slips)

(Phoenix A & B) "New Writers" panel with moderator Steve Bieler flaunting his superb collection of nearly 300 (count 'em) rejection slips while Lisa Goldstein, Cyn Mason, Avon Swofford, Linda Blanchard, Stephanie Smith and Dianne Thompson are suitably impressed.

### Saturn Ring Enigma (Phoenix C)

Science writer Richard Hoagland reveals the somewhat startling speculations from JPL as to what is causing the perplexing perturbations in Saturn's ring system.

### Trivia Prelims II (Flight Lounge)

Yet more minutia madness.

### Writers Workshop "A"

(Conference A) Initial session of Norwescon 5's invitational Clarion-style workshops.

### Dealer Room reopens (Satellite)

Cagey hucksters reveal the hot stuff they held back on Friday and collectors queue up for another fix.

## 11 AM

### Taking Sword & Sorcery

**Seriously** (Phoenix A & B)

Jessica Salmonson leads Richard Purtill, Phyllis Ann Karr and Michael Reaves in an examination of the merits of S & S.

### Surviving World War 3 (Phoenix C)

Dean Ing describes practical Do-It-Yourself procedures for surviving Armageddon from his forthcoming book on the subject.

### WorldCon Politics and Chicon

**IV** (Flight Lounge)

Greg Bennett and other former WorldCon Committee members assess the rewards and tribulations of such massive unpaid fannish undertakings.

## 12 Noon

### Pro / Fan Schism in SF?

(Phoenix A & B) Michael Kurland moderates this investigation with Dick Lupoff, Norman Spinrad and Cyn Mason into whether conventions have gotten overly slick and pros have been pushed unfannishly into an upper caste.

### Space Transportation in the

**Early 21st Century** (Phoenix C)

Predictions by Joel Davis and Boeingtes Richard Reinert, Dani Eder and Dr. Dana Andrews as to where space transportation will be by 2010.

### SF Poetry (Flight Lounge)

Gene Van Troyer, Thomas Disch, Paul Edwin Zimmer, Jon Post, Phyllis Gotlieb & John de Camp discuss the marriage of verse and science fiction.

### Costuming Classes (Conference A)

Experienced costume fabricators and make-up artists conduct free-form "How-To" seminars.

## 1 PM

### Twice Upon A Time Preview

(Phoenix A & B) Supervising animator Brian Narelle (*Dark Star*) conducts a slide / trailer preview of this new animated feature produced by George Lucas.

### Cartoonist Jam (Phoenix C)

Announcer-man Frank (The Voice) Catalano extracts and permutes cartoon ideas from the audience while artist Rick Gauger, Bill Warren, Steve Gallacci, Phil Yeh, Lela Dowling, Steve Adams, Tarkas and others doodle witticisms feverishly.

### Write Quickly, but Well!

(Flight Lounge) George Guthridge leads Steve Perry, Marion Markham and Richard Kearns in descriptions of clever techniques for writing good fiction quickly.

## 2 PM

### SCA Costume Exhibition

(Phoenix A & B) Fashion show exhibiting various styles of costume from medieval and renaissance periods, panel discussion by Julie Letterberg, Sue Taubeneck, Pippin and Morag, Queen of An Tir, from the Society for Creative Anachronism.

### The Artist's Life (Phoenix C)

Surviving as a professional artist: perspectives on lifestyles, finances, etc., by Lela Dowling, Tarkas, Michael Whelan, Kevin Johnson, Dale Enzenbacher and Alicia Austin.

### SF as City Planning (Flight Lounge)

Thomas Disch, Dean Ing, Elizabeth Lynn and Eileen Gunn discuss the cultural / sociological evolution of cities.

### Writer's Workshop "B"

(Conference A) Second of Norwescon 5's invitational Clarion-style sessions.



# Programming

3 PM

## **Dark Crystal; The Thing and Conan Previews** (Phoenix A & B)

Mark Nelson narrates slide / trailer previews of *Dark Crystal*, the new grotesque-muppet movie conceived by Brian Froud and Jim Henson; John Carpenter's spectacular remake of John Campbell's *The Thing*; plus a look at *Conan the Barbarian* starring Arnold Schwarzenegger.

## **Faster-Than-Light / Backwards-In-Time** (Phoenix C)

U.W. Physicist and *Analog* writer John Cramer explores the peculiarities in quantum mechanics that may allow faster-than-light and backwards-in-time communications. Whoa!

## **Genre: No Such Animal**

(Flight Lounge) Paul Edwin Zimmer directs Janet Gluckman, Michael Kurland, and M.K. Wren in an investigation of the roots / bastardization of the word and the fate of SF as "Genre" fiction.

## **Ethnic Backsliding in SF**

(Flight Lounge) Richard Kearns, George Guthridge and Janet Gluckman try to decide whether or not it has become less fashionable in recent years to include ethnic characters in Fantasy and SF works.

6 PM

## **Trivia Prelims III** (Flight Lounge)

Yet another episode in the continuing saga of "minutia wars."



7 PM - 8:30 PM

## **Meet-the-Pros Autograph Party**

(Phoenix A, B & C) Once again Norwescon hosts the World's Largest Autograph Party with all 80 plus attending professional writers, editors and artists happily signing books (or anything else you've got) as long as you continue to ply them with drinks.

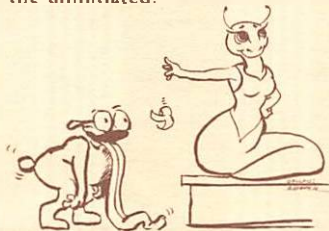
8 PM - 10 PM

## **Artist's Champagne Reception**

(Phoenix D & E - Art Show) Meet the artists near their work and make final written bids before the 10 PM Bid Deadline!

8:30 PM

**Filksing** (Upper Lobby) Notorious filk-singers from all over creation join in a spontaneous filkathon. Songbooks provided for the uninitiated.



9:30 PM

## **Masquerade & Entertainments**

(Phoenix A, B & C) Norwescon's Gala Costume Parade featuring Frank (The Voice) Catalano as Emcee and entertainment by the fabulous "Junior Jugglers," "Dick and Dick," and "Artis the Spoonman."

10 PM

## **"Seattle in 1981" Bidding Party**

Yet another retroactive celebration of having lost the 1981 Worldcon Bid (Whew!).

10:30 PM

## **Medieval Ball** (Flight Lounge)

The SCA hosts a proper ball including dance instruction for the uninitiated.

## Sunday, March 21

9 AM

## **Registration reopens**

reluctantly (Upper Lobby Ramp) and **Hospitality Suite opens** for those who don't mind climbing over debris to get to their coffee.

**Weapons Exhibition** (Conference A) Mayhem aficionados show off their hardware.

10 AM - 1 PM

## **Art Auction** (Phoenix C)

Auctioneers Jane Hawkins and Jan Howard Finder foment some spirited haggling among you wealthy art patrons. (Final written bids were due in by 10 PM Saturday evening).

10 AM

## **Mars & Venus Tour** (Phoenix A & B)

Mike Shanahan from the Pacific Science Center narrates a slick slideshow from the Mars landers and Venus probes.

## **Mystery & Romance SF**

(Flight Lounge) Phyllis Ann Karr moderates Marion Markham, M.K. Wren & J. Michael Reaves in an analysis of the somewhat incestuous marriage of "genre" fictions.

11 AM

## **The State of SF Criticism**

(Phoenix A & B) Marilyn Holt leads Thomas Disch, Norman Spinrad and others in an analysis of the State of the Art in SF and Fantasy reviewing.

## **Future Scenarios** (Flight Lounge)

Science / SF writer George Harper orchestrates incremental visions of our alternate futures with Bob Shaw, Frank Catalano & Eric Vinicoff, advancing by the powers of 10.

## **Writers Workshop "C"**

(Conference A) Third in the succession of Norwescon 5's invitational Clarion-style workshops.

12 Noon

## **Space Shuttle Countdown**

(Phoenix A & B) In anticipation of the launch scheduled for later that evening during the Dead Sasquatch party (Well . . . Monday morning, actually), Shuttle simulator specialist Greg Bennett discusses current and forthcoming launches with one of its users, physicist Jeff Wilkes and other Shuttle Aficionados.

## **Future Evolution / Genetic Engineering** (Flight Lounge)

Joel Davis, Paul Preuss and others discuss the on-going process of evolution and the shortcuts facilitated by genetic engineering.



4 PM

## **No Award!** (Phoenix A & B)

Frank Catalano moderates Thomas Disch, Damon Knight, David Hartwell and Charles N. Brown in discussions of Hugo, Nebula, World Fantasy & Locus Awards; perhaps even including a few words about the "Labor Day Group."

## **Fandom International** (Phoenix C)

Bob Shaw leads a panel discussion of the manifold permutations / perversions of SF fandom in such foreign lands as England, Canada and Australia.

## **First U.S. "Space Operations Center"** (Flight Lounge)

A talk by Boeing Study Manager Gordon Woodcock: "Between Scylla and Charybdis," or Steering a Space Station Design from Concept to Reality.

## **Art Jam #2** (Conference A)

Continuation of the invitational collaborative art mural commenced Friday.

5 PM

## **SF vs. Pseudo-SF** (Phoenix A & B)

Perspectives on SF vs. Fantasy and good SF vs. poorly researched SF, with panelists Paul Preuss, Norman Spinrad, Cherie Wilkerson and Frank Robinson.

## **The History of Fantastic Art**

(Phoenix C) The complete and unexpurgated slideshow history of the roots of fantastic art from cave paintings through the ages to the modern masters and narrated by our own modern master, artist GoH Michael Whelan.



# Programming

1 PM

## SCA Tourney (Poolside)

The Society for Creative Anachronism hosts the finals of a prize tourney with noble lords and ladies vying for a favor from her majesty, Morag, Queen of An Tir.

## Trivia Finals (Flight Lounge)

Survivors of the three grueling preliminary rounds match cluttered minds in this duel to the death.

2 PM - 5 PM

## Banquet & Guest of Honor

### Speeches (Phoenix A, B & C)

Roving musicians and jugglers supplement your quiche (or turkey) followed by ham in the form of Toastmaster Richard Lupoff.

Guest of Honor speeches by Thomas Disch, Bob Shaw & Michael Whelan, plus art show and masquerade awards.

## Stylistic Rules in Writing

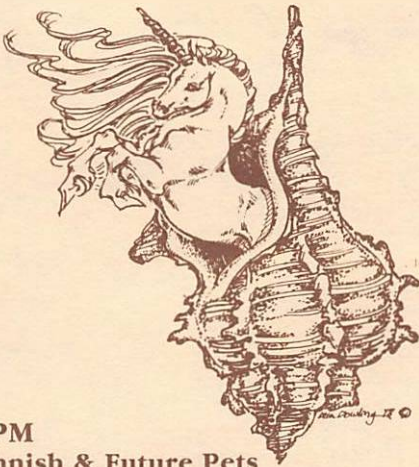
(Flight Lounge) Tricks of the trade in getting your ideas across to the reader.

Panelists are Paul Novitski, Eileen Gunn, John Berry and George Guthridge.

3 PM

## Fan Nomadism (Flight Lounge)

Tales of footloose fans by notorious ones.



4 PM

## Fannish & Future Pets

(Flight Lounge) Do unusual pets appease fannish appetites for alien contact and what strange critters might we tame in the future?

5 PM

## "Illiterature" in SF (Flight Lounge)

Cherie Wilkerson moderates a discussion with Mildred Downey Broxon, Phyllis Gotlieb, and F.M. Busby on the fine arts of grammar, punctuation, etc., and the propensity some publishers have for buying incredibly bad stuff.

5:30 PM

## Fannish Olympiad (Phoenix A & B)

Regularly scheduled fannish games with NWSFS defending its Championship against other Northwest clubs in such events as collating, cider guzzling, hall party-obstacle-coursing, filksong writing & pizza-eating.

6 PM

## SF & Corporate Marketing

(Phoenix C) Eileen Gunn leads David Hartwell, Bill Gibson and others in a quandary over publishers tendencies to compel writers to compose trilogies, tetralogies and other "marketable" commodities (instead of what they want to write).

7 PM

## Art Technique with Michael

### Whelan (Phoenix A & B)

Art Goll Michael Whelan narrates a slide-show of his work. Oooh.

## I Got Nasty Habits! (Phoenix C)

Notorious writers discuss their eccentricities, addictions and filthy habits.

8 PM

## Closing Ceremonies & GoH

### Readings (Phoenix A & B)

Toastmaster Dick Lupoff sums up the convention and reveals the winner of the fannish scavenger hunt. GoH Thomas Disch reads fiction and poetry and Fan Goll Bob Shaw reads from his fannish writings.

10 PM

## Spring Rites (Phoenix A & B)

Medieval religious rites celebrating the Vernal Equinox.

## Dance (Satellite)

Reprise dance with the live band *Pro Jr.*

(Dead ones are such a drag).

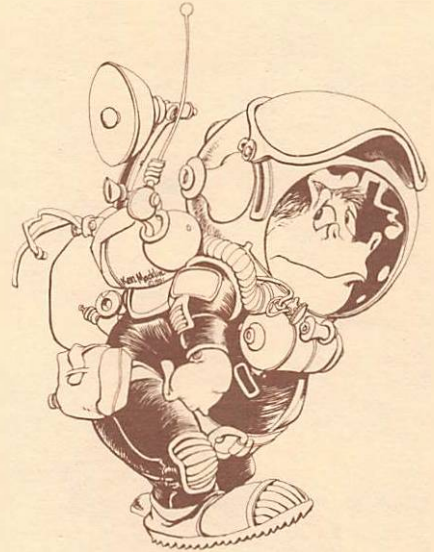
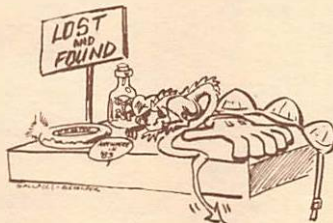
## Dead Sasquatch Pajama Party

(Governor's) The "Dragon Lady" hosts our final bash of the con with leftover banquet chocolate mousses, leftover snack bar sandwiches and leftover conventioners. Formal attire only, please: togas or jammies, trapdoors optional.

## Midnight

## Dead Sasquatch Ceremonies & Orgy

Traditional arcane rites with the usual sacrificial rituals on the lawn of the Washington Memorial Cemetery (just north of the Hotel).



## Monday, March 22

7 AM

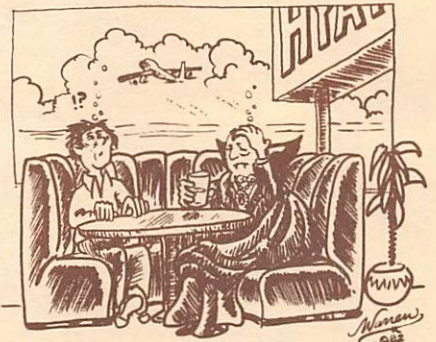
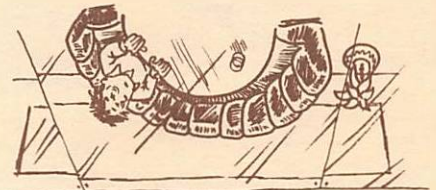
## Space Shuttle Launch

If not rescheduled, the 3rd Shuttle launch will culminate the Dead Sasquatch Party.

10:30 AM

## Survivor's Brunch (Coffee Shop)

Self-explanatory.





Down through the decades, one studio has consistently  
produced the finest motion picture classics of  
**SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY and HORROR...**

THE HUNCHBACK  
OF NOTRE DAME (1923)

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (1925)

DRACULA (1931)

FRANKENSTEIN (1931)

THE MUMMY (1932)

THE INVISIBLE MAN (1933)

WEREWOLF OF LONDON (1935)

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1935)

THE WOLF MAN (1941)

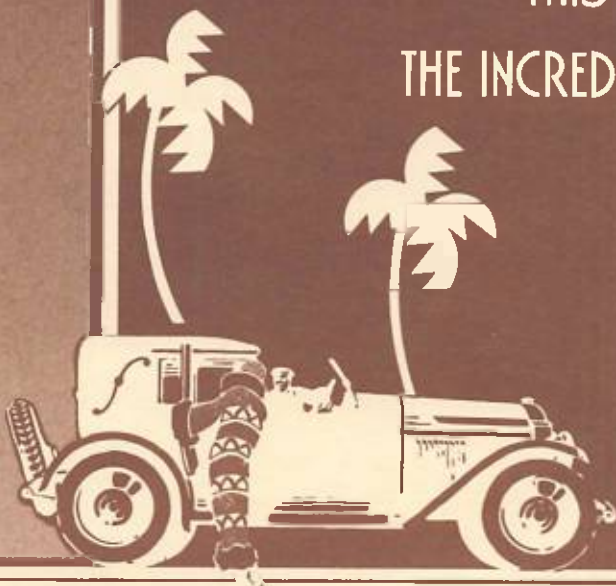
CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (1954)

THIS ISLAND EARTH (1955)

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN (1957)

THE BIRDS (1963)

JAWS (1975)





And Now... Universal Pictures,  
the biggest production facility in the world,  
presents the future classics...

*Cat People*

Starring Nastassia Kinski • Malcolm McDowell  
Written by Alan Ormsby  
Directed by Paul Schrader  
**Opening April 2**

Starring  
Arnold Schwarzenegger • James Earl Jones  
Written by John Millus and Oliver Stone  
Directed by John Millus  
**Opening May 14**

**CONAN**  
THE BARBARIAN

**E.T.**

THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL

Written by Melissa Mathison  
Directed by Steven Spielberg  
**Opening June 18**

Starring Kurt Russell  
Written by Bill Lancaster  
Directed by John Carpenter  
Special Make-up effects by Rob Bottin  
Special Visual effects by Albert Whitlock  
**Opening June 25**

THE  
THING

**VIDEODROME**

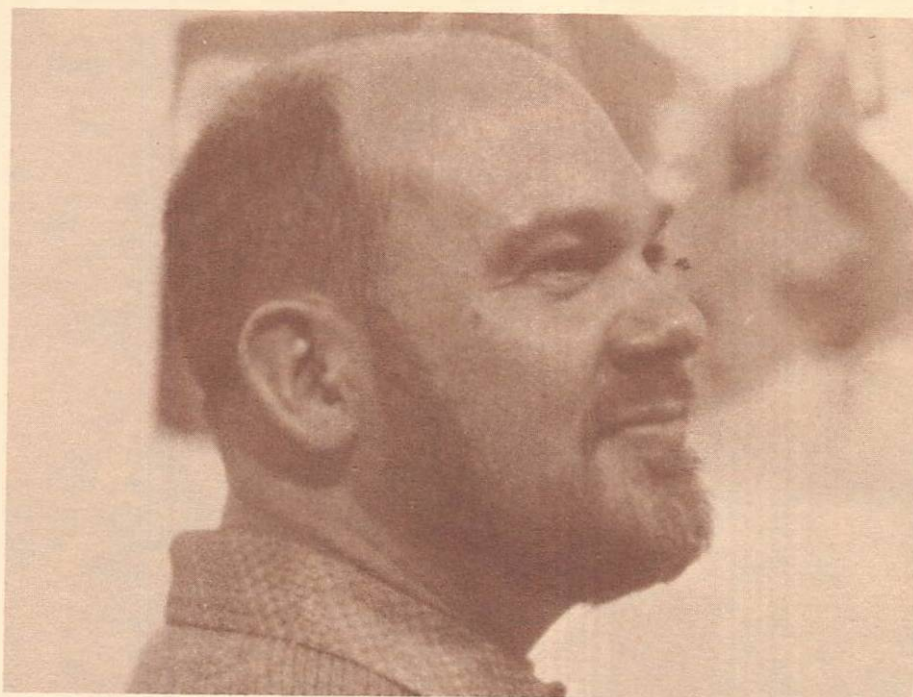
Starring Deborah Harry • James Wood  
Written by David Cronenberg  
Directed by David Cronenberg  
Special Make-up effects by Rick Baker  
**Opening October 1**

Written by David Odell and Jim Henson  
Directed by Jim Henson and Frank Oz  
Special Photographic effects by Roy Field  
Special Mechanical effects by Brian Smithies  
**Opening December 17**

THE  
DARK  
CRYSTAL







## In Praise of Disch

by David G. Hartwell

Everyone should like meringue . . . no that's not right. Gazpacho? Crepes Brulatiere? Well, what I want to say is that everyone should like the special stuff that I like, those special and individual dishes that delight, stimulate and satisfy uniquely. Thomas M. is such a one. His prose style was born mature and has only grown wiser since 1962 and such good early stories as "Descending". I have elsewhere (in a Gregg Press introduction) praised his first novel, *The Genocides*, an intense, literate, Wellsian piece which (now it can be told) along with *Babel-17* and *The Dream Master* and Moorcock's *The Final Programme* and Judy Merril's *England Swings SF* brought me back into the SF field after a temporary absence for graduate school and a mainly unsatisfactory love life.

These books brought me back with such an intense interest, hitting them all at once as I did, that I have never recovered to this day and have since devoted my life to SF. These books reminded me to go back to Phil Dick and then reassess (and reread) my favorite earlier books in light of this new stuff. And it was new stuff and it remains new today and you should have read it or you should read it because it is good, because it arises out of passion and craft and inspiration that combines to form something radical and new every time and *that*, for God's sake, that excitement, is what reading SF is all about. Like it or not,

Heinlein is new every time and if he doesn't satisfy you all the time, so what . . . he's not betraying the highest ideals of SF: grow, change, evolve.

Thomas M. Disch started out in the avant garde, became a "new wave" figure of the late sixties (partly because he was sharing apartments in "New Worlds" London with John Sladek or living in the infamous Milford, Pa. and partly because much of what he was publishing in the SF magazines caused readers to freeze up in surprise), and ended up in the 1970s as one of the five or six writers in the SF field whom the other writers consider of inimitable excellence at putting words on paper. Everything he writes is new and disturbing, unconventional yet executed with grace, ease, skill.

*Echo Round His Bones* is an absolutely deadpan SF adventure novel. I say deadpan because while it does everything it is supposed to do, and does not violate the forms, it still somehow manages to project an awareness that is part of literature. *Mankind Under The Leash/White Fang Goes Dingo/The Puppies of Terra* is a witty romp, a satirical revamp of the revolt of the humans oppressed by aliens, yet humane and insightful. *Echo* and *Fang* are Disch's second and third novels (I discount the delightful thriller *Black Alice* by Disch and Sladek (Thom Demijohn), and their collaborative gothic, *The House that Fear Built* (by the unpronounceable Cassandra Knye). They are better than most in the field and I recommend *Fang* as one of those rare humorous novels with an adult (vs. adolescent) sense of humor, particularly. Tom likes the *Puppies* title better but I

disagree. Read it and tell me what you think.

And then he wrote *Camp Concentration*, one of the wisest and most humane novels of the latter half of the 1960s in American Literature, based on an invention that turned out to be true in a way (the U.S. Government was embarrassed to reveal in the early 70s that there had been experiments with the non-treatment of syphilis). It was published in the U.S. by Doubleday in the same year as *The Left Hand of Darkness*. Disch's novel was truly discomfiting while Le Guin's could be misread (and often was) as basically male adventure (I'm sorry, Ursula, but I've taught the book and some of my students persist in reading it that way) and *Left Hand* went on to conquer the world while *Camp Concentration* disappeared into that particular limbo reserved for Doubleday hardcovers of the late 1960s. But let me tell you now, this book is worth the trouble to find and read. Go to the huckster's room and find a copy of the recent Bantam paperback if you can and learn what Chip Delany was talking about a few years back when he said that Zelazny, Russ and Disch were where the action was in SF. I'd only add a few more names, Delany and Gene Wolfe among them, from the past decade.

*On Wings of Song* is another extraordinary SF novel but is recent enough to be familiar to anyone paying much attention to SF in the last couple of years. It pales only in comparison to his masterpiece (so far), *334*. Now when I was a reviewer for *Crawdaddy* in the early 1970s, I gave *334* perhaps my most favorable review ever, which was later excerpted on page one of the Avon paperback. It is the only review I wrote that still outrages some fans (others may outrage authors)—I still get asked how I could praise such a horrible and extremely pessimistic work. My answer is that the premise of the book is reasonable and intelligent—even Isaac Asimov has said much the same thing: it is unlikely that God will intervene directly in human affairs in the near future to make things better, or aliens arrive to help us or destroy us, or a huge technological leap transform our world for the better, or human nature suddenly improve. Therefore, fifty or sixty years in the future life will be much like it is today, in some ways worse, in a few ways better. That's the core of the premise of *334* and it is unpalatable to any SF fan who won't be any better adjusted to that world than she is to this one. Mind you, I'm not saying I want this world to happen, nor is Disch in *334*, nor was Huxley in his novel. What I am saying is that Disch executed his work so well that it remains a kind of standard against which other futures must be measured in terms of complexity and sophistication and human potentiality. And a whole lot of other futures begin to look mighty thin and unlikely, no matter how optimistic and superficially fun, in comparison. *334* can convince you of all sorts of possibilities



you didn't want to consider, it is authentically disturbing and even if you don't give a damn about the good writing, you risk your life becoming much like the life of the characters in the novel if you don't read it, take it seriously on its own terms and then learn how to avoid such a future in real life. Or if you want, you can read it because it is good art, one of the rarest things in SF.

Disch is a poet and painter too, an artist who never gives an inch. He wrote a poem which won the SF poetry award last year, called *On Science Fiction*, which is a stronger indictment of SF than anything Harlan Ellison ever thundered from a convention podium. It is written in the voice of an insider and ends on an upbeat note of painful truth:

Do we deceive ourselves? Assuredly.  
How else sustain the years of pain, the sneers  
And hasty aversions of those who recognize  
In our deformities the mirror-image of their own  
Intolerable irregularities? The antidote  
To shame is arrogance; to prison, an escape.

You are welcome, therefore, Stranger,  
to join  
Our confraternity. But please observe  
the rules.  
Always display a cheerful disposition.  
Do not refer  
To our infirmities. Help us to conquer  
the galaxy.

## Disch Bibliography

This bibliography covers all works collected into book form and notes forthcoming items, as well. No attempt has been made to list every edition or publisher of a title, just the publishers of the first English and American editions, and any changes of contents, if known. Works in progress and forthcoming items are listed under the appropriate category. Mr. Disch also has hopes that an illustrated edition of *The Brave Little Toaster* will be published.

### Novels:

*The Genocides*, New York: Berkley, 1965; London: Whiting & Wheaton, 1967.  
*Mankind Under the Leash*, New York: Ace, 1966—bound with *Planet of Exile* by Ursula K. Le Guin. (See also: *The Puppies of Terra* [author's preferred title]; and *White Fang Goes Dingo* [shorter version]).

*The House that Fear Built*, as by Cassandra Knye [Tom Disch & John Sladek] [gothic novel] New York: Paperback Library, 1966.  
*Echo Round His Bones*, New York: Berkley, 1967; London: Hart-Davis, 1969.  
*Camp Concentration*, London: Hart-Davis, 1968; Garden City: Doubleday, 1969.  
*Black Alice*, as by Thom Demijohn [Tom Disch & John Sladek] [mystery/thriller] Garden City: Doubleday, 1968; London: Allen, 1969.  
*The Prisoner*, [novelization/TV series] New York: Ace, 1969; London: Dobson, 1979.  
334, London: MacGibbon & Kee, 1972; New York: Avon, 1974.  
*Clara Reeve*, as by Leonie Hargrave, [gothic novel] New York: Knopf, 1975.  
*The Puppies of Terra*, [reissue of *Mankind Under the Leash*, using the title preferred by the author] London: Panter, 1978; New York: Pocket Books, 1980.  
*On Wings of Song*, London: Gollancz, 1979; New York: St. Martin's Press, 1979.  
*Neighboring Lives*, with Charles Naylor, New York: Scribners, 1981.  
work in progress:  
*The Businessman: A Tale of Terror*

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*One Hundred and Two H Bombs*, London: Compact Books, 1966; New York: Berkley, 1971 (contents differ in these two editions). (See also *White Fang Goes Dingo and Other Funny S.F. Stories*).  
*Under Compulsion*, London: Hart-Davis, 1968 (see also *Fun With Your New Head*).  
*Fun With Your New Head*, New York: Doubleday, 1971 (American edition of *Under Compulsion*).  
*White Fang Goes Dingo and Other Funny S.F. Stories*, London: Arrow, 1971 (reissue of English edition of *One Hundred and Two H Bombs*; adds seven stories)  
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*The Early Science Fiction Stories of Thomas M. Disch*, Boston: Gregg Press, 1977 (omnibus volume containing *Mankind Under the Leash* and *One Hundred and Two H Bombs* [probably the Berkley edition]).  
*Fundamental Disch*, New York: Bantam, 1980.  
forthcoming:  
*The Man Who Had No Idea*, Bantam, 1982.

### Poetry Collections:

*Highbway Sandwiches*, by Tom Disch, Marilyn Hacker, & Charles Platt, [no publisher], 1970.

*The Right Way to Figure Plumbing*, Fredonia, N.Y.: Basilisk Press, 1972.  
*ABCDEFGH IJKLM NPOQRST UVWXYZ*, London: Anvil Press Poetry, 1981.  
forthcoming:  
*Burn Tbis, & Other Essays in Criticism*.

### Books edited by:

*The Ruins of Earth: An Anthology of Stories of the Immediate Future*, New York: Putnam, 1971; London: Hutchinson, 1973.  
*Bad Moon Rising: An Anthology of Political Foreboding*, New York: Harper & Row, 1973; London: Hutchinson, 1974.  
*The New Improved Sun: An Anthology of Utopian Science Fiction*, New York: Harper & Row, 1975; London: Hutchinson, 1976.  
*New Constellations: An Anthology of Tomorrow's Mythologies*, ed. by Tom Disch & Charles Naylor, New York: Harper & Row, 1976.  
*Strangeness: A Collection of Curious Tales*, ed. by Tom Disch & Charles Naylor, New York: Scribners, 1977.

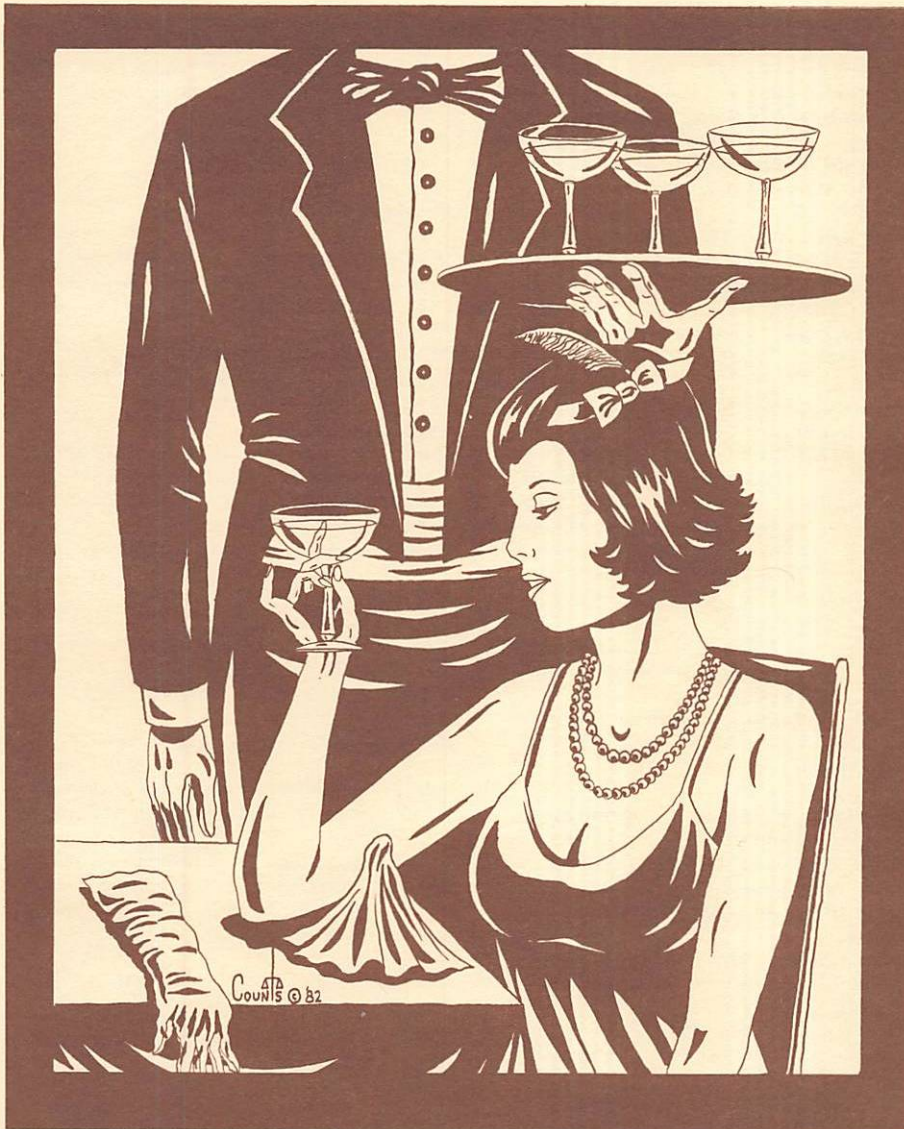
### Selected Non-Fiction Works by:

"Representation in SF," in *A Multitude of Visions*, ed. by Cy Chauvin, Baltimore: T-K Graphics, 1975, pp. 8-13.  
"The Embarrassments of Science Fiction," in *Science Fiction at Large*, ed. by Peter Nicholls, London: Gollancz, 1976; New York: Harper & Row, 1976; pp. 141-155.  
"Ideas: A Popular Misconception," in *Foundation 14*, September 1978, pp. 43-47.

### Selected Works About Disch:

John Brunner, "One Sense of Wonder, Slightly Tarnished," in *Books and Bookmen*, 12 (July 1967): 19-20.  
Darko Suvin, "The Science Fiction Novel in 1969," in *Nebula Award Stories 5*, ed. by James Blish, Garden City: Doubleday, 1970, pp. 193-205.  
M. John Harrison, Introduction to *334*, Boston: Gregg Press, 1976, pp. v-xiii.  
Samuel R. Delany, "Faust and Archimedes," in his *The Jewel-Hinged Jaw: Notes on the Language of Science Fiction*, Elizabethtown, N.Y.: Dragon Press, 1977.  
Robert Thurston, Introduction to *The Early Science Fiction Stories of Thomas M. Disch*, Boston: Gregg Press, 1977, pp. vii-xxxii.  
Samuel R. Delany, *The American Shore: Meditations on a Tale of Science Fiction by Thomas M. Disch*, Elizabethtown, N.Y.: Dragon Press, 1978.





She knew, before he'd even entered, that she would fall in love with him—or with someone—just as starlings know, with annual infallibility, that they must begin to collect the straws that will become, with a bit of poking and prodding, their cozy little nests.

This would be her first ball, and she was dressed all in pink—pink shoes and pink stockings, a pink ballgown trimmed with a sash of a more vivid pink, pink feathers in her hair, and, clutched in her lovely fingers, a pink *fazzoletta*, or handkerchief.

The violins were whirling about her with a kind of gentle violence, leaves by the wild hurricane tossed. Some, growing tired, nestled on the chandelier; others, more reckless, floated in fountains of recirculated champagne. And still the waltz went on: one two three; one two three: Vienna, Paris, Hollywood! Where *was* he?

But even before she could think that thought, before one scintilla of her first

girlish exhilaration could dim, a servant approached with a crystal goblet brimming with champagne. "Signorina?" he enquired. She accepted the enchanted beverage, and even as she drank it he whispered in her ear the legend of the Blessed Giulietta—how she had slept three days and three nights, how she had cured the beggar simply by the passage of her shadow over his shadow. A strange and rather ominous tale, which she listened to with every fiber of her being.

What was happening to her? Too late to ask! Even before the waiter had finished relating this legend, before he had vanished into the throng with his tray of drinks, she realized that her forebodings had been realized: she had fallen in love! And with him! With a waiter in a starched white shirt front and a black bow tie. A waiter, moreover, who, unless she were mistaken, had just stolen her pink handkerchief and one of her pink gloves. She didn't even know his name.

There was nothing she could do except to hide her naked hand behind her back and hope she had not been observed.

The Prince approached her. He asked her to dance. She had no choice but to refuse, and he offered his hand, next, to one of the infuriating Arditti sisters. They were so full of themselves, those Arditti! Not that it could possibly matter, now, to her, for she was already in love, for ever. She could have cried, she could have spat, she could have died there on the spot, but worse was still in store.

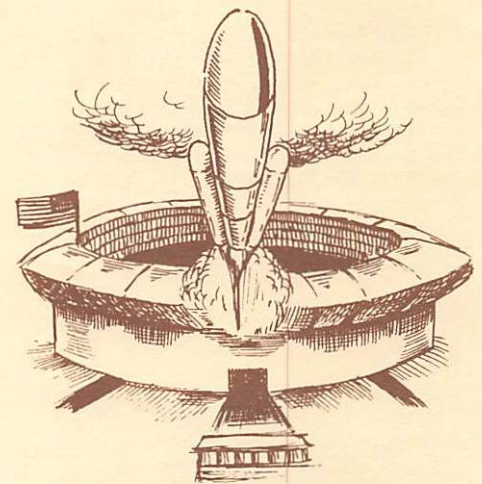
A *zingara* approached her, a gypsy girl with cheap imitation shoes and a cardboard sign demanding that she adopt her as her own daughter. "Nonsense," she told the *zingara*. The girl prodded her with the piece of cardboard, forcing her, step by step, backward through the crowd. In its own way it was as though they were dancing. She'd never been one to say no easily, so she gave excuses to the girl why she couldn't adopt her. The girl told her she was being insincere. And it was true! She started to cry.

"This is not my life," she insisted as the waiter led her by the elbow out of the ballroom. "I was meant to lead a nicer life than this."

He put her into a cab with the *zingara* and told the driver their address. It was in the poorest quarter of the town. She was only eighteen. Her life was over. All her clothes would be black.

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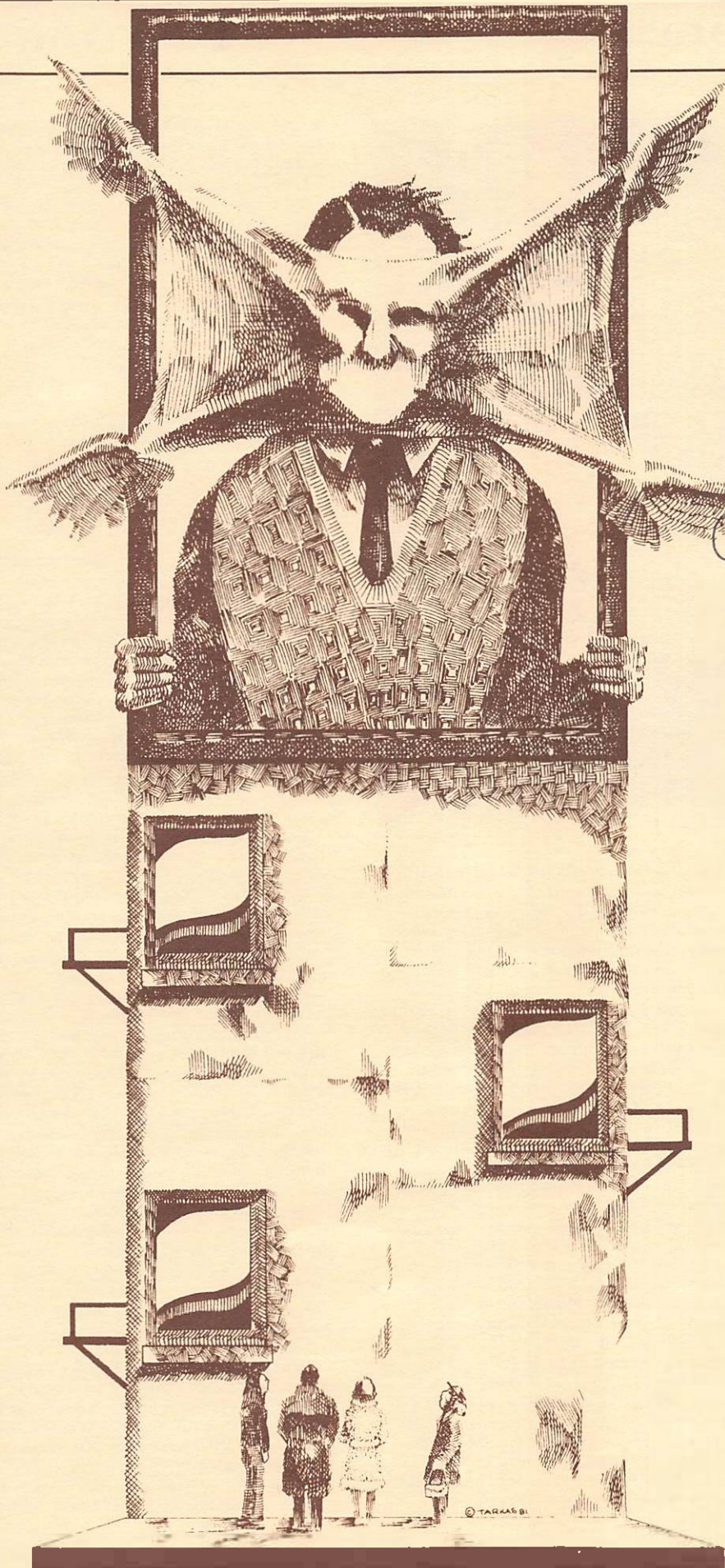
## Outer Space Haiku



Cape Canaveral  
batting a home run out of  
Yankee Stadium.

—Tom Disch





*Thomas M. Disch*

## Metamorphosis

by *Thomas M. Disch*

As he moved through the green densities  
Of prose, his thoughts following obedient  
At his heels, his eyes would scan  
The book before him with guileless calm  
Expectancy. Oh, he was innocent.  
His friends would say afterwards.  
He had not come here meaning  
To surprise the goddess. A common reader,  
He had scarce done more than turn  
The pages, when suddenly  
Through the words rustling about him  
He had discerned her. He beheld  
The chaste breasts, the diadem  
Bright and crescent on her brow,  
And he paused in his reading,  
Visited by strange desires. Rashly,  
Unable to resist, he approached,  
Parting the few words that still obscured  
Her divine beauty, until, as we know,  
He came too near and was espied  
By an attendant nymph. Instant  
As her glance, the goddess was revenged.  
He did not know how he'd been changed  
Until he heard his thoughts behind him,  
Snarling and snapping, all unaware  
That the tormented being they now pursued  
Through the remainder of the book  
Was their dear master Actaeon,  
Whom the wrathful goddess had transformed  
Into this pitiable, bellowing critic.

—Tom Disch





## BoSh

by Terry Carr

The list of science fiction professionals who started out as fans is a long and distinguished one, and you can probably recite it as well as I can: Ray Bradbury, Arthur C. Clarke, Lester del Rey, Donald A. Wollheim, Damon Knight, Frederik Pohl, Wilson Tucker, Frank M. Robinson, Charles Beaumont, Robert Silverberg, Harlan Ellison, James White, Tom Reamy, Bob Leman, Gregory Benford, Marion Zimmer Bradley, and literally hundreds of others, I'm sure. Ted White. Jack L. Chalker. Alexis A. Gilliland. And the famous etc.

But the people who remained active as fans after they'd turned professional are a rare breed. After all, if you suddenly found yourself able to get paid for your writing, would you continue to give it away free to fanzines? If you could get paid for editing science fiction books or magazines, like Charles Hornig in the 1930s and George Scithers most recently, would you keep putting out fanzines as a hobby?

Let's not forget the artists: People like George Barr, Tim Kirk, Kelly Freas, Hannes

Bok, and Eddie Jones published their first drawings in fanzines. *Lots* of others, too.

But once these people, most of them, were able to be paid for their work, they stopped contributing gratis work to fanzines. On the face of it, they had no reason to continue in the "amateur" ranks: they could do what they'd always wanted to do and make a living at it, and most of them had families to support. Godspeed to them, then, especially since the fans-turned-pros were usually among the best practitioners of the art of science fiction.

But there were a very few fans who continued to produce material for fanzines, for no money, long after they'd moved into the ranks of the professionals. The classic example of such a person is Bob Shaw, who has been not only one of science fiction's finest writers for at least fifteen years, but has also written so prolifically and so well for fanzines that he's won two Hugos as Best Fan Writer of the Year during the time he's been "giving it away."

Bob Shaw—or "BoSh," as he's sometimes nicknamed in fandom—was born December 31, 1931, in Belfast, North Ireland, and by the age of nine he found himself a confirmed reader of science fiction. For years he haunted the second-hand bookshops of Belfast looking for copies of U.S. SF magazines—they were imported to Great Britain as shipping ballast during

World War II—until he discovered fellow fans James White and Walt Willis, who had been living less than a mile from his door all the time.

He began contributing to their fanzine, *Slant*, and joined the publishing staff. He quickly established a reputation as a fan humorist with the "Fansmanship Lectures" in 1951; based on the one-upmanship" writings of Stephen Potter, these Shavian lectures explained how to adapt the technique to make other fans feel inferior to you.

(A brief sample, from Shaw's section on "convincing the other fan that his mag is so much wasted paper. With a neat mag it is usual to remark tolerantly that it must take [i.e. waste] a lot of time. With others, saying wanly, "Of course appearance isn't everything" is usually enough to suggest that the contents aren't up to much either.")

In 1954, Willis published the first edition of "The Enchanted Duplicator," an allegory about fandom that quickly came to be recognized as one of the finest bits of fannish writing ever done. Conceived and begun by Shaw, completed by Willis, this novelette-length story has been reprinted at least four times. Ted Johnstone and George W. Fields republished it in 1962 with illustrations by Eddie Jones; Arnie Katz and Rich Brown produced a new edition in 1971, illustrated by Ross Chamberlain; Ted White serialized it in *Amazing*, November 1972 – June 1973; and Richard Bergeron included it in *Warboon* 28 two years ago. (In addition, Dan Steffan is currently serializing his own comics-style adaptation in *Boonfark*.)

I'm told that "The Enchanted Duplicator" will be presented in the form of a play at NorWesCon, with Shaw himself in one of the roles. How I'd love to be there to see that!

Having established himself early as a writer of humor about fandom, Shaw then did a rather remarkable thing: he virtually stopped writing about fandom and instead concentrated on personal essays about his unlikely adventures in the everyday world. His sense of humor was still much in evidence, and the quality of his writing, already high, steadily improved. Shaw's fan writing during the past quarter-century has consistently been among the best, and unlike many popular fan writers he hasn't limited its appeal to the comparatively few people who understand obscure fannish references. In the process, Shaw has shown that "fannishness" isn't simply a style or a set of catch-phrases, but an attitude that can produce excellent writing about any subject.

In addition to his contributions to fanzines, during the 1970s Shaw became a one-man tradition in British fandom for his deadpan humorous speeches at their annual Eastercons. Mike Glicksohn, after attending his first British convention in 1975, remarked, "I'd be hard-pressed to dredge up a more surprising sight than an entire bar



filled with happily and heavily drinking British fannish fans *voluntarily* abandoning their womb in order to sit in on a program item." Shaw's speeches always pack the hall (I was part of the same exodus from the bar at the 1979 world convention in Brighton) because not only does he write wittily, but his delivery in a lilting Irish accent that conveys polite astonishment that people should be *laughing* at his supposedly serious lectures is a continuing delight.

No doubt you'll hear this for yourself in his speech at NorWesCon—be very sure not to miss it. Afterward, if you crave more, you can buy a collection of his past speeches in *The Complete BoSh: vol. 2, The Eastercon Speeches* for \$2.20 including postage from Joyce Scrivner, 2528 15th Ave. S., Minneapolis MN 55404. While you're at it, include an additional \$2.20 for *The Complete BoSh: vol. 1, The Best of the Bushel*, which reprints his outstanding columns from *Hypben* in the 1950s and early 1960s.

I've concentrated here on Shaw's fan writings because he is, after all, the Fan Guest of Honor. In any case, I'm sure you're familiar with Bob Shaw's professional writing: He began appearing in SF magazines in 1954, with several stories in *Nebula Science Fiction*; then laid out for a decade while he perfected his craft, and returned to professional writing in 1965 with such stories as the classic "Light of Other Days." By 1967 he'd moved on to novels with *Night Walk*, followed by *The Two-Timers*, *The Palace of Eternity*, *A Wreath of Stars* and others. His shorter fiction has been collected in *Tomorrow Lies in Ambush* and *Cosmic Kaleidoscope*.

Bob Shaw is as delightful in person as in print—in fact, more so. He's genial, intelligent, witty and warm; and he has a true appreciation of science fiction from its early to latest days. Talk with him about anything, and you'll come away loving him. Shaw isn't Fan Guest of Honor for no reason: he's definitely One of Us . . . in truth, one of the very best of us.



## The Enchanted Duplicator A Play

On Friday, at 7:00 in Phoenix B & C, the Razz Bazz Rep, under the direction of Shelley Dutton, will present fandom's national epic. *The Enchanted Duplicator* was written in 1954 by Walt Willis and Norwescon 5 FGOH Bob Shaw. It has been republished five times since then, and has now been adapted for the stage by Gary Farber, Jerry Kaufman, & Shelley Dutton.

The story, simultaneously allegory and gentle satire, concerns Jophan, his first contact with the wonder of fandom, and his subsequent quest for the Magic Mimeograph with which he may publish the Perfect Fanzine. Along the way he encounters all the pitfalls, snares, ruses and deceptions that are to be found on the long path between

the dreary country of Mundane and the shining land of Trufandom.

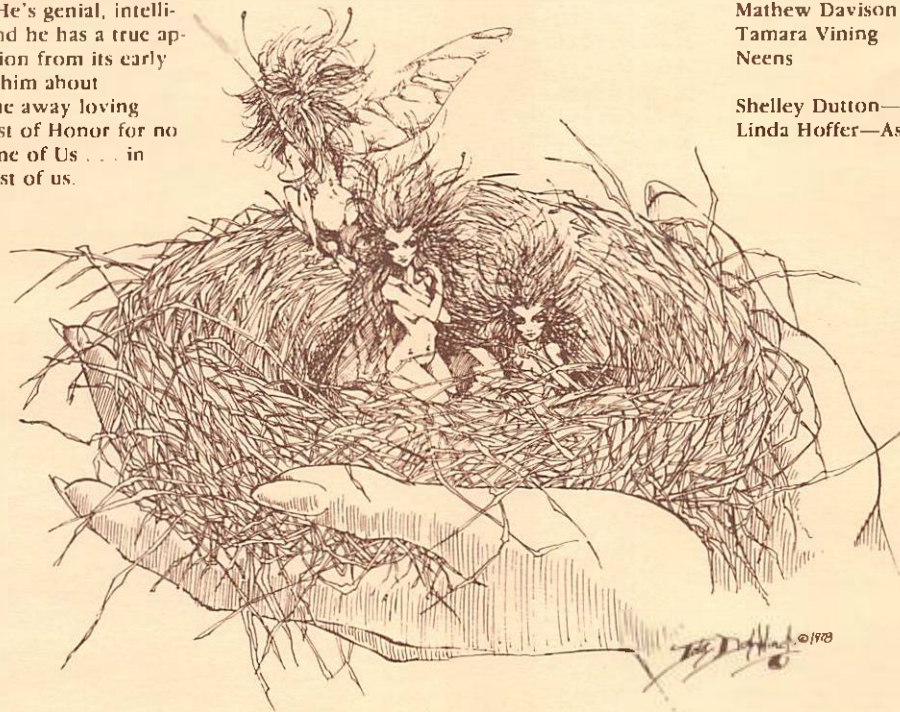
In some ways a witty lampooning of the fandom of their day, Willis & Shaw's fable is nonetheless a myth completely relevant to our fandom, twenty-eight years after 1954. With keen eyes, deadly wit and hideous puns, they pinpointed fandom's chronic excesses and delusions while at the same time evoking precisely that mystery which makes the game worthwhile.

—Patrick Nielsen Hayden

### Cast

Gary Farber  
Patrick Nielsen Hayden  
Teresa Nielsen Hayden  
Suzanne Tompkins  
Jerry Kaufman  
Kate Schaefer  
Clifford R. Wind  
Karrie Dunning  
Anna Vargo  
Theodore Williams  
Misha Mazzini  
Mathew Davison  
Tamara Vining  
Neens

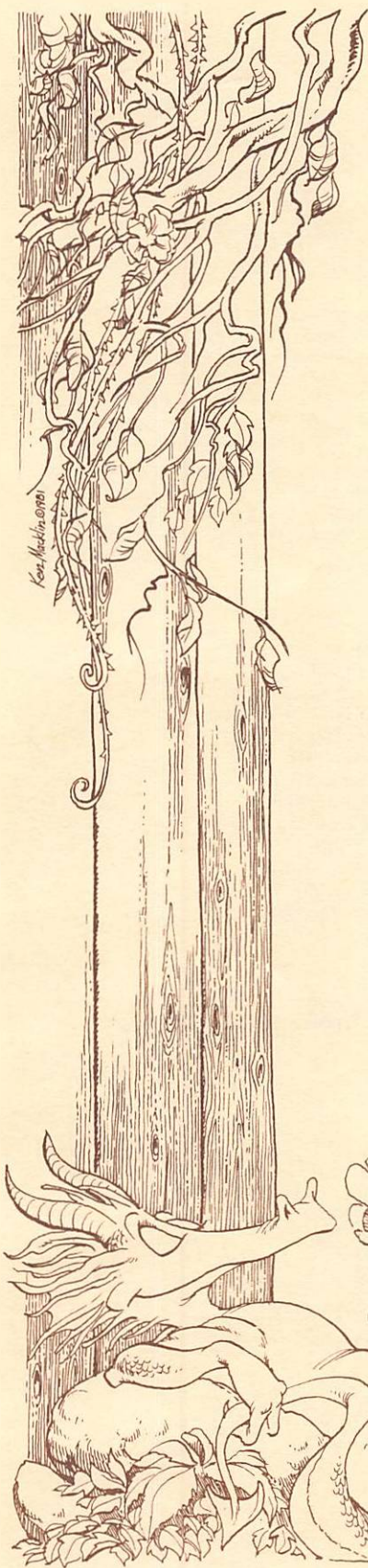
Shelley Dutton—Director  
Linda Hoffer—Assistant Director





# Auld Slang Sayings

by Bob Shaw



Fanzines have played a big part in my life. For example, it was in *Slant* and *Hypnen* that I served my apprenticeship in the writing business under the superb tutelage of Walt Willis, and the experience I gained there enabled me land a full-time job as a journalist, with consequent effect on the whole course of my affairs. Nowadays fanzines tend mainly to give me a guilt complex over all the locs I never get round to writing, but they also serve a useful function in that they introduce me to the latest slang.

Ulverston, where I live, is a pretty little town on the edge of the Lake District National Park, and its chief claim to fame is that it is the birthplace of Stan Laurel. By no means can it be described as the hub of the universe (Can you see Stan Laurel agreeing to be born in the hub of the universe?), and the local speech therefore tends to be fixed and almost archaic in many respects, although it has its own set of merits. Beatrix Potter, who lived just up the road a bit, described it as the most beautiful in the world. I got some glimmering of what she meant when in the pub the other day I heard one of the elderly locals describing how he felt on waking up on the morning after a binge. Scorning the commonplace description of the mouth as being like "the bottom of a bird's cage," he said, "My mouth was like the inside of a lime-digger's clog."

Marvellous though that turn of phrase may be, it has no cachet to it. People who read this article won't go around saying it everywhere in the hope of making listeners think they are, or at least associate a lot with, natives of the English Lake District. The situation is different with American slang expressions and popular usage. In Britain we have managed to leave behind the weird 1950s practice in which all native pop singers did their stuff with fake Nashville accents—a diminutive Scot called Lulu being about the only one who keeps it up—but it still means a lot for many people if in their day-to-day speech they can come out with the latest Americanism. It's a way of convincing people that you are a member of the international jet set.

The big thing, of course, is to use the word or phrase in a completely casual and natural manner, because if you were obviously trying to work it in to the conversation the whole effect would be spoiled. I'm getting a bit reactionary in my old age and that, plus my

love of classic English, makes me sit up twitching like a member of the Watership Down gang when I first hear that faint odd note creeping into what I expected to be a familiar linguistic symphony.

Once when I was working on the staff of the *Belfast Telegraph* the job of leader writer came up for grabs, and for weeks everybody was speculating about who would get it. Everybody except me, that is. I knew who was going to get it, because I had happened to pick up the carbon of a story a young reporter on my desk had written about a meeting of some minor local committee. In a dull one-paragraph story he had managed, apparently without trying, to include the terms "viable" and "credibility gap," both of which were brand-new at that time. It was no surprise to me when the announcement of his promotion was made, but I couldn't help wondering if the senior editor had been consciously looking out for those signs of linguistic awareness, or if he had somehow been impressed without realising what was going on.

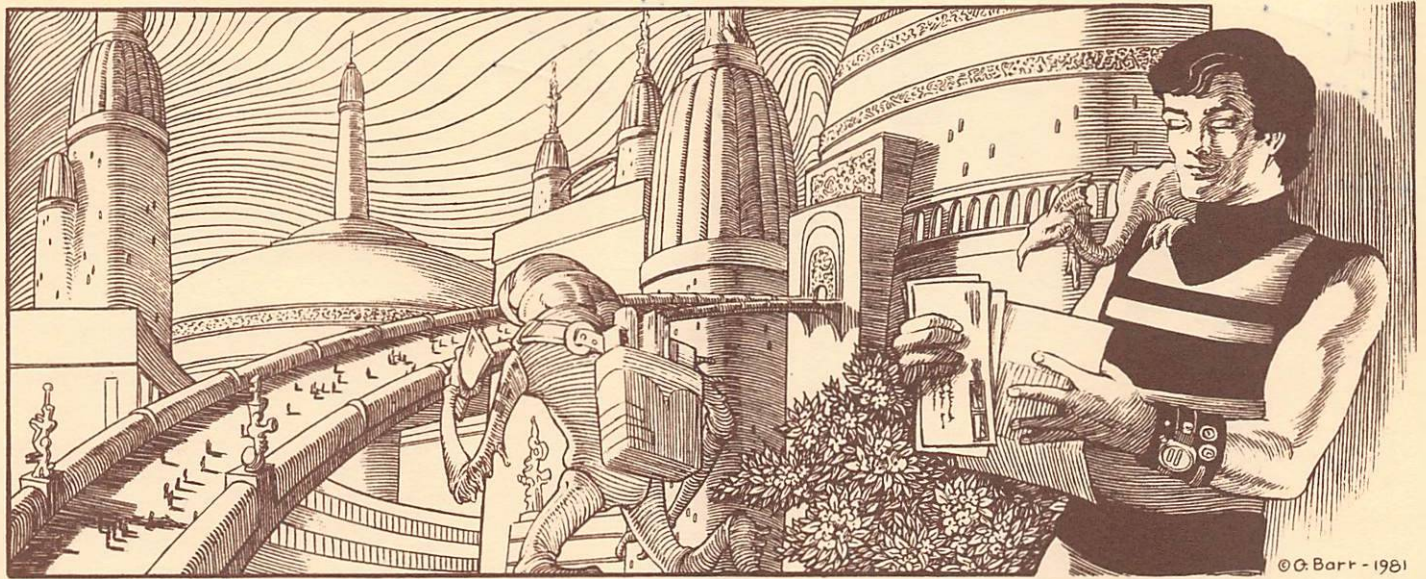
That sort of thing has made me hypersensitive. When I was press officer for an aircraft company my office was right beside the aircraft sales department, and the people who worked in there really were jet-setters and consequently very quick off the mark with new slang. I remember vividly the exact day when one of them came into my office, made a perfunctory enquiry about an article I was writing for a house journal, then said, "There's *no way* you're going to get it finished in time."

The slightly strange formulation of the sentence, coupled with the note of suppressed manic glee in his voice, made me suspect immediately that I had just witnessed the start of something big. This was confirmed when I overheard him steadily working his way around the other cubicles in the office, with the emphasised *no way* rising above all the background hubbub each time in much the same way that the note of the triangle can easily be distinguished amid the thunder of a full orchestra.

*No way* hit that office with all the invasive force of the Black Death, affecting everybody within a matter of hours, and at times even warping the structure of the language. The virulence reached its peak at a conference when a salesman put forward a suggestion and had it greeted with a dismissive, "*No way*." The salesman (the very one mentioned above) countered with, "*No way!* What do you mean *no way*? There's no way that can be *no way*."

The thing which sparked off this article was the arrival on my doormat of a fanzine published in a fit of fannish exuberance by my old buddy Chris Priest. It was called *Deadloss*, and in fourteen pages of highly enjoyable personal chat and gossip Chris twice used the phrase "laid back." I was instantly on the alert, partly because I couldn't figure out from context exactly what laid back means, and partly because my instincts told me that here was a new *no way* in the making. Sure enough, it cropped up soon after-





© G. Barr - 1981

wards in a trendy feature article in the *Observer* and I have since heard it often on television.

Thanks to the fact that I get fanzines I can be in on the ground floor in this thing. I could, if I wanted, and if only I knew what it meant, impress Ulverston society by saying that certain things were laid back. The next time one of the locals says to me that his mouth is like the inside of a lime-digger's clog I might say, "That's the sort of laid back humour I like," and chance the consequences.

The question that really intrigues me, however, is how do things like that get started? Who decides that a word like camp, which has been around for centuries, will suddenly be invested with a new meaning and significance? And when that decision has been made, and a word or a phrase has been launched a new career, how do people who are in tune with that sort of thing recognise its potential and start using it themselves? Is

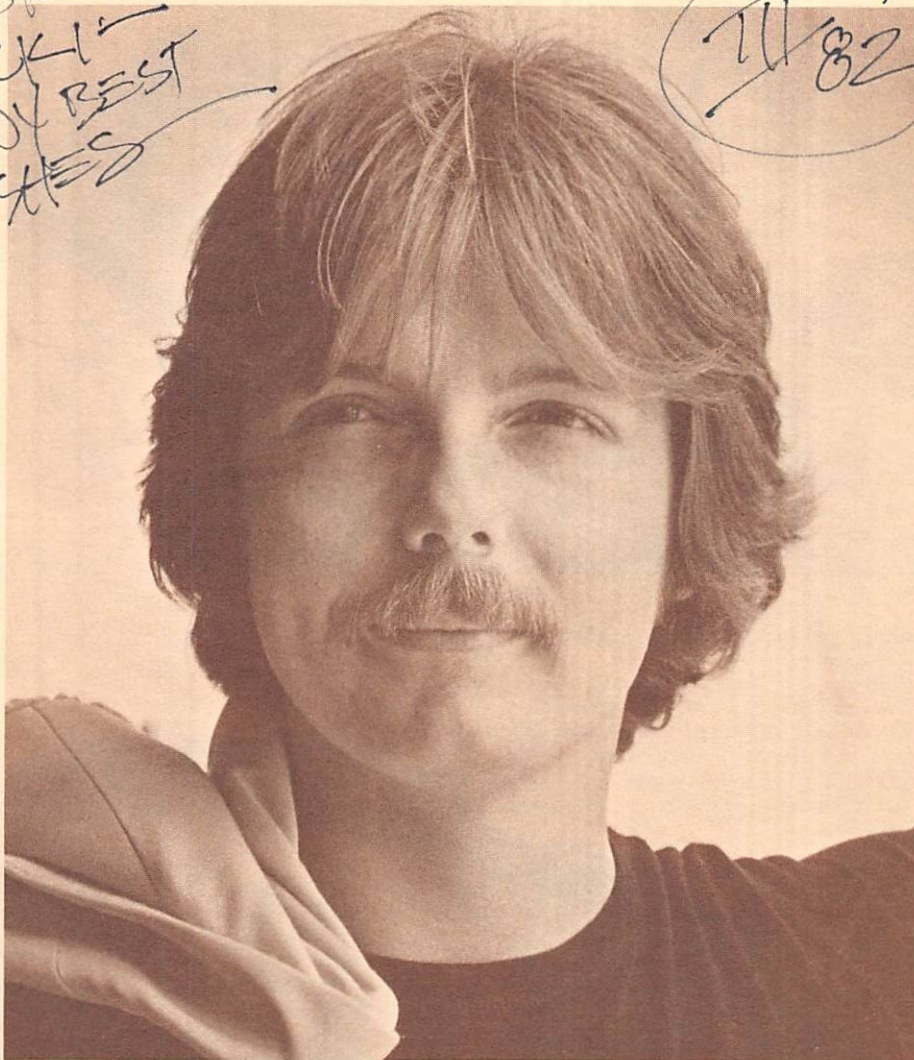
it an in-group thing? Am I being left out of a verbal room party?

In all probability it's all part of the natural evolutionary processes of a living language, but if in the near future I read in a genzine that Chris Priest has been appointed leader writer for the *Belfast Telegraph* I'll develop a paranoid certainty that there is something going on.



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## Michael Whelan, Wonderworker by Kennedy Poyser

Michael Whelan has earned his reputation as the top SF/Fantasy illustrator the way most such reputations are earned—through talent, imagination, knowledge of the genre, and lots of long hours and hard work.

He rises at an uncivilized hour every day, walks down the driveway to his studio, and often doesn't leave it until past midnight. He claims the long hours make up for his slow painting pace. That's not strictly true; he just devotes more time to a cover painting than most illustrators do.

He reads manuscripts like a copy editor, makes copious marginal notes, and then spends an "agonizing" day or three working up the concept. I once asked if the pro-

cess grew easier with practice. "No," he replied, "most of the time it's still the same blank white rectangle facing me, and I haven't the vaguest idea how to fill it up when I start."

That uncertainty must be familiar to artists and writers alike, but I think Whelan exaggerates. I know he doesn't fiercely attack the illustration board immediately upon receiving an assignment, but it's hard to believe he has to court the Muse. His cover concepts are often so brilliant that, really, the process must be just choosing at leisure from among the variety of stunning approaches that come readily to mind.

He's a perfectionist, though, and that trait can embroil one in a host of difficulties.

"He can't do anything in a minimal way," his wife Audrey told me—a rationalization, I suppose, for the tonnage of library materials that moved through their house last month in preparation for a slideshow on the history of fantasy art.

Don't miss this Norwescon programming item. It's the whole sweep—from cave

paintings to spaceships, with the implication that modern art is an aberration in the artistic mainstream. Whelan wore a "Picasso sucks" T-shirt during his Philcon art workshop, if that gives you a feel for the probable tone of the slideshow.

Audrey went on to say, "He always tries to do the absolute most incredible cover possible." That must create a succession of hard-acts-to-follow, but the attempt endears him to art directors and editors, to writers, and to fans.

Art directors and editors must have recognized that quality early, for they conspired to rob him of the educational value of "pounding the pavement" with his portfolio. He was doing book covers a few months after leaving the Art Center in Pasadena, ignoring an instructor's grave advice that would-be illustrators had to slave away in paste-up for years before The Big Break.

Writers appreciate Whelan's work because "he READS," says Poul Anderson. "He [gets] settings and people—including non-human people—exactly right." "Michael Whelan obviously enjoys doing fantasy," notes Michael Moorcock, "and as a result I have a series of [Elric] covers far better than any series of covers I have had in America before." Alan Dean Foster feels "he paints the not-there as well as the more obvious, and makes you hunt for it and squeal with delight at the finding." Anne McCaffrey sums it up, simply, "Fortunate indeed is the author who has Michael Whelan for illustrator."

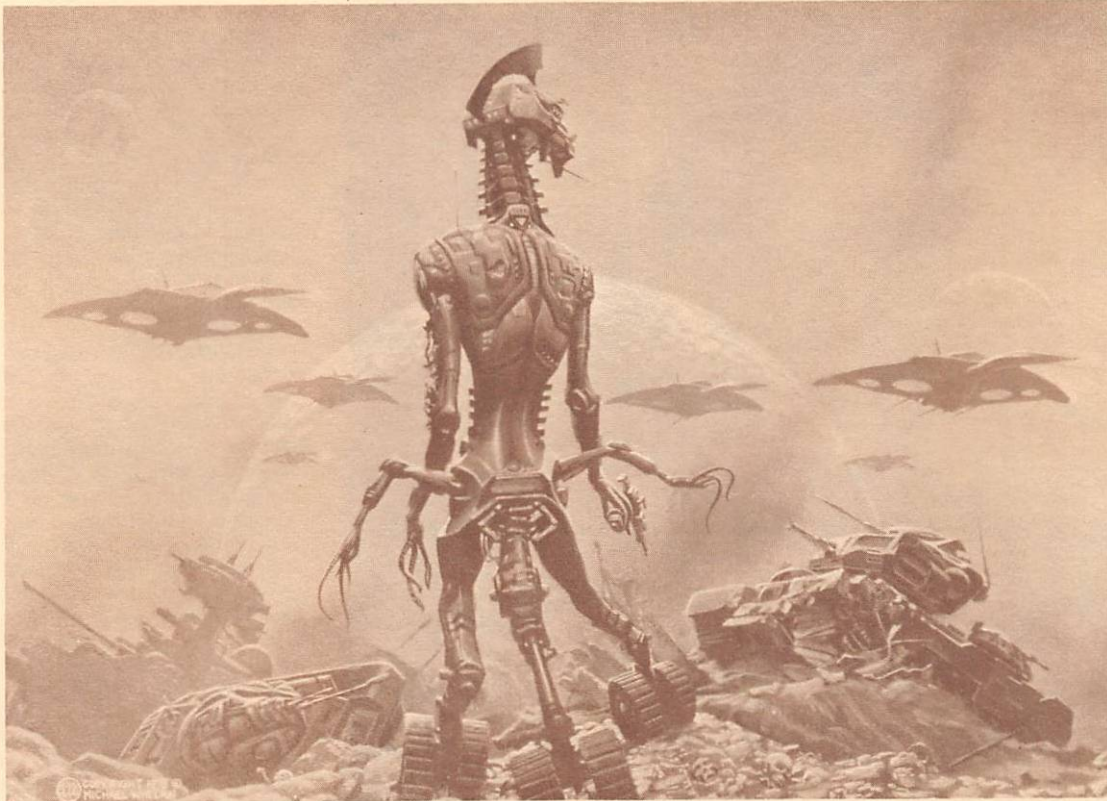
Readers share this enthusiasm. A pair of Hugos grace Whelan's mantel, a Howard keeps company with a Balrog in the dining room window, and artshow-awards voters insist on adding more ribbons to an already impressive stash.

*Wonderworks*, Donning's 1979 trade paperback collection of Whelan's work, has 20,000 copies in print after a third trip to the press. Most limited edition art prints produced last year by Glass Onion Graphics were effectively o.p. before a catalog could be issued. Audrey operates Glass Onion in a time-warp of 30-hour days.

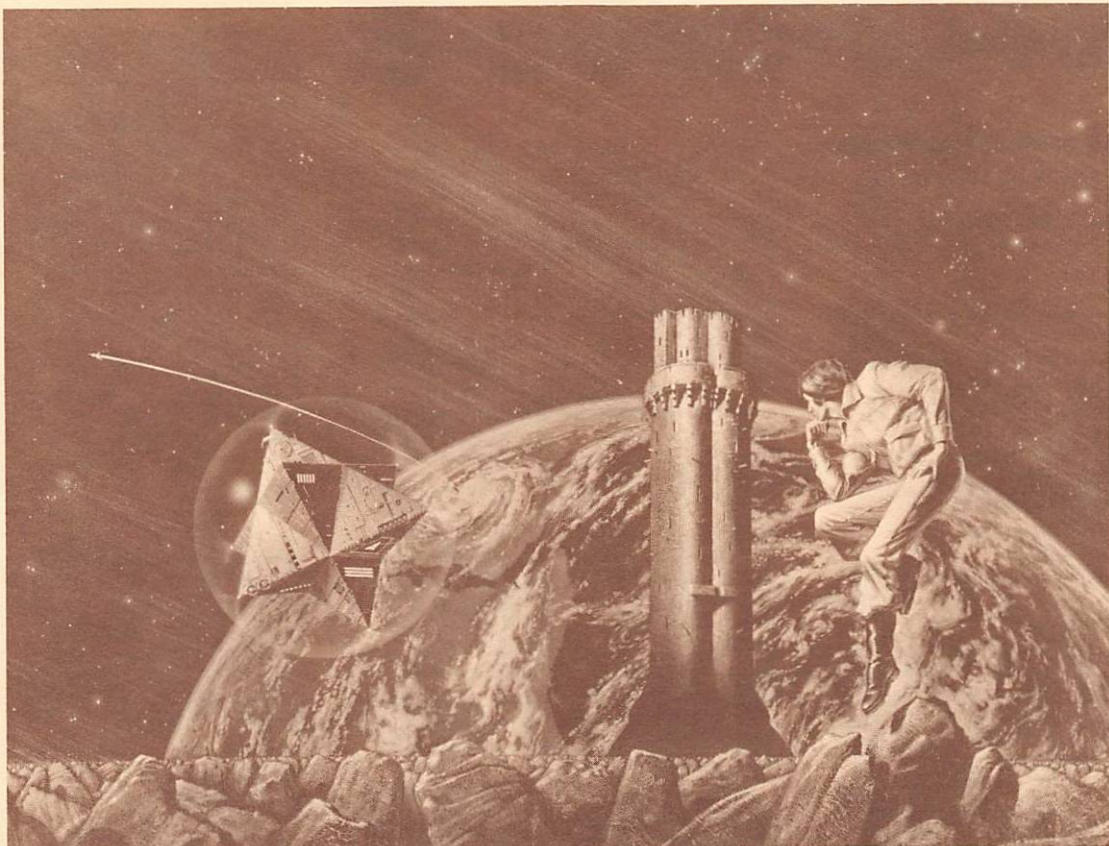
Some fans even buy and collect books with Whelan covers, possibly because it is apparent that he enjoys the genre as much as they do. More than that, though, it's because he consistently produces some of the most striking, dynamic, and *illustrative* covers you'll find on the bookstands. His range is remarkable—excellent human faces and figures, fierce beasts and cute Fuzzies, horror and light fantasy, machines, spaceships, and breathtaking landscapes. And he unites the cover elements with strong composition, brilliant colors, and a sense of drama. In fact, you should quit browsing through your program book and go visit the Norwescon artshow. You'll see what I mean.

One of his major future assignments is the cover for Arthur C. Clarke's 2001 sequel. That should be an impressive combination.



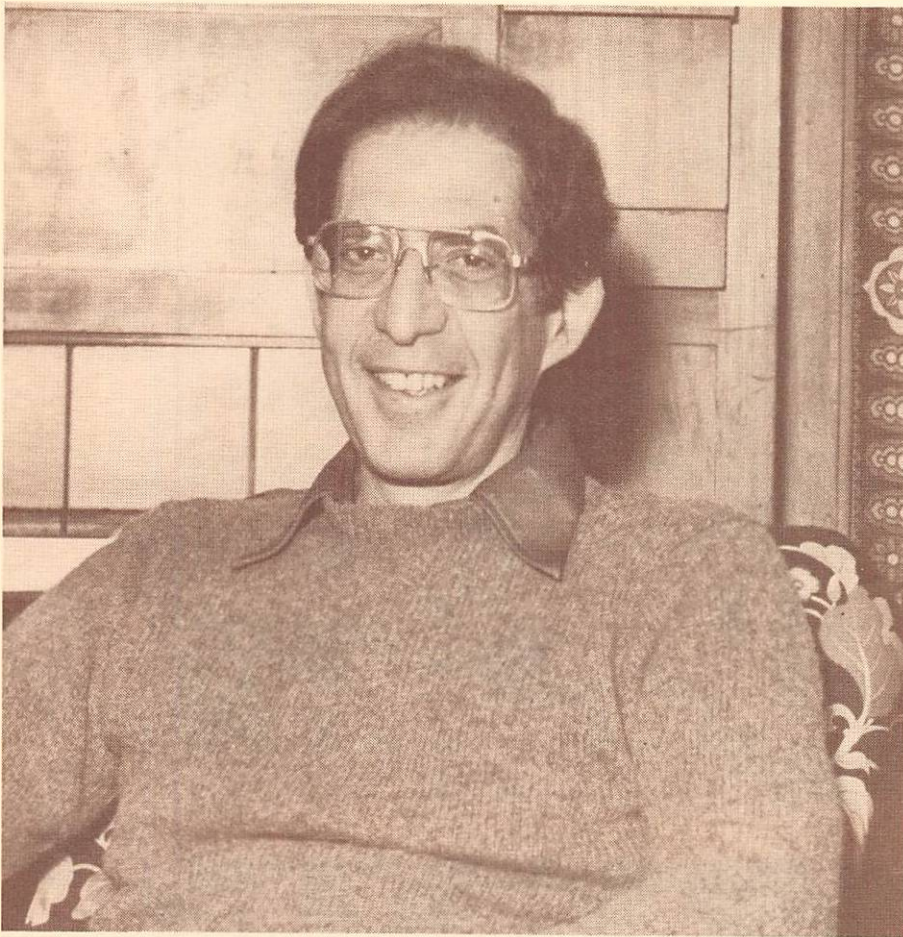


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## A Toast to Lupoff by Frank M. Robinson

Dick Lupoff became one of my best friends long before I had ever read a single line he had written. Not that I was unaware of him as an author—my brother is an Edgar Rice Burroughs' freak and one Christmas I sent him a copy of *Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure*. It's a book that Dick himself isn't much impressed with. (Dick should meet my brother someday—Mark has literally read the print right off the pages.)

Maybe I had remained ignorant of Dick's abilities as a writer because he himself is so unassuming, both as an author and as a person. Richard A. Lupoff. A name on a number of paperbacks and a relative few hardbacks. A man with the familiar history of fan-turned-pro, the history that's common to so many of us. A tall, somewhat craggy-faced writer type with a pleasant smile and glasses. You have to strain a little to imagine him as a former athlete with a penchant for boxing.

He has a wife and three kids, one of whom is at college. His home is stuffed to the rafters with books and records, two afghan hounds and a cat. It's a refuge not only for him and his family but for his friends as well. The Lupoff home is a warm, relaxed cave, a "safe house" in the middle of a turbulent world. It doesn't take many visits for you to realize that family means a lot to Dick. Pat, his wife, is also his best friend. It makes a difference.

He started reading science-fiction in the '40s and eventually contacted fandom through the pages of *Amazing Stories*. Predictably, within a few years he was publishing fanzines and in 1963 he and Pat were awarded a Hugo for their fanzine, *Xero*. (Pat was the first woman to ever share a Hugo for a fanzine.) Between 1956 and 1958 Dick served as a Lieutenant in the Army. Once he reverted to civilian status, he started work for the Univac division of Sperry Rand, moving to IBM in 1965. *Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure* was published in 1965; his first novel, *One Million Centuries*, in 1967. He recalls it now with a twinge of embarrassment.

In 1970, he packed it in as far as a regular job went and drove to the West Coast to set up shop as a full-time writer. It was a

decision that has had its moments of anguish as well as reward. Of the books he's written, the one he likes the best is *Fool's Hill* (his own title as well as the title of the English edition; the American edition was titled *The Crack in the Sky*). *The Triune Man*, *The Sword of the Demon* and *Into the Aether* won their share of critical acclaim and popular acceptance. After ten years of story-telling, Dick was getting a reputation for a light touch with science fiction; he had an enviable flair for parody and satire. And then . . .

And then.

Last year, Dell garrotted their science-fiction line and among the authors whose careers were mugged in the back alleys of the publishing world was Dick Lupoff. Dell still has the rights to *Circumpolar!* and *Sun's End* with no definite publishing date for either. (Dick tells me the former is an alternate world adventure novel about an around-the-world air race with Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart, and the Richthofen brothers, Manfred and Lothar, as contestants. It's a book I'd like to read someday. *Sun's End* was the first volume of a projected trilogy titled "To the Ends of All Being." In it, Dick utilizes Doc Smith's technique for revealing ever-expanding vistas—it's the sort of book where the author winks at the reader and says, "Hey, kid, you ain't seen nothin' yet!" as he pulls another universe out of the typewriter.)

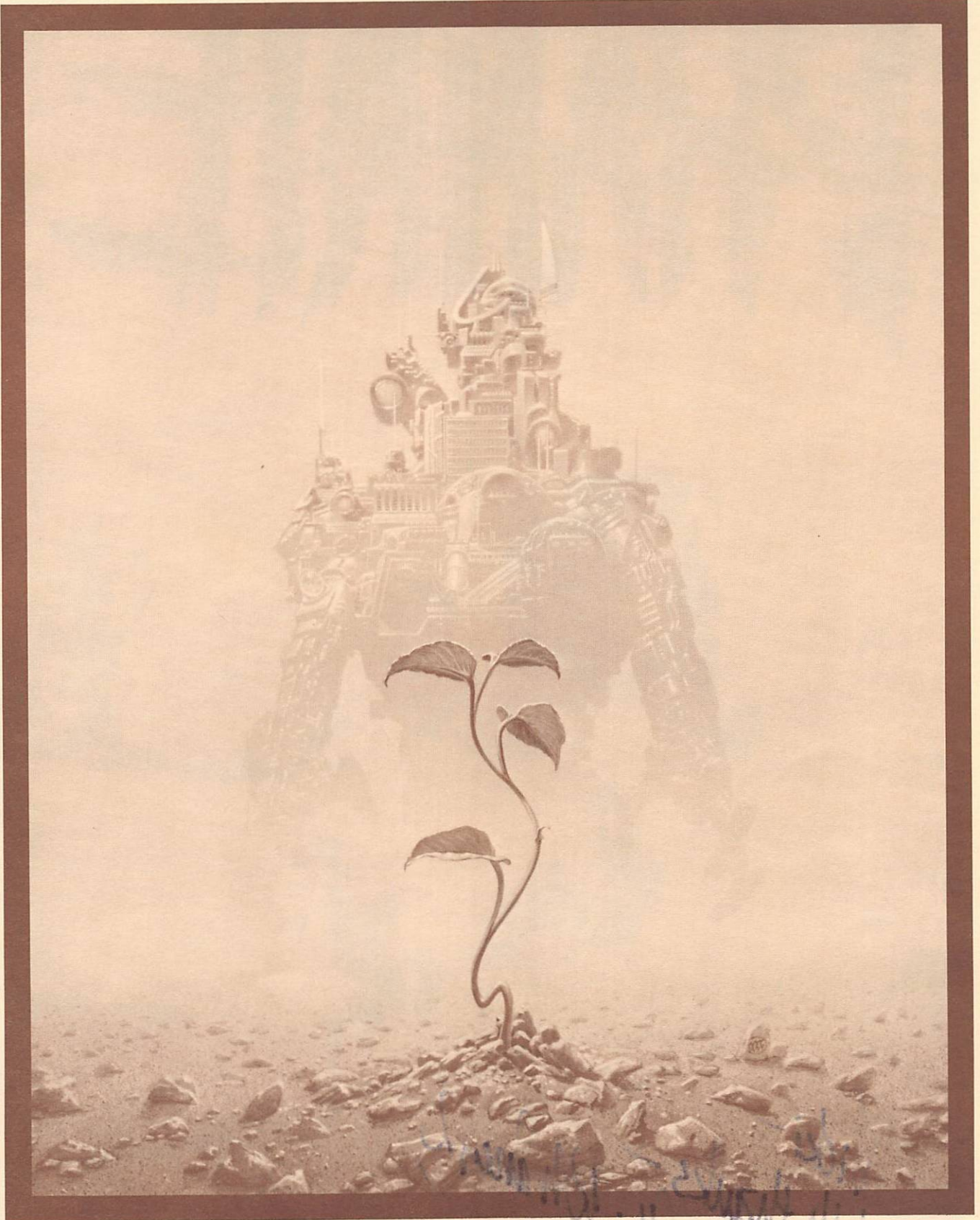
For Dick, the collapse of Dell signalled that the never-ending science-fiction convention had finally come to a close. It was time. For years his "sense of wonder" had been fading in favor of a growing concern for the here and now. Science fiction had been a fascinating forum for dreams, for new ideas, for toying with the improbable. Now the family man who had always approached the world as much from the heart as from the imagination was free to try his hand at mainstream fiction, to say something about the here and now rather than the far away and the futuristic.

I've read the first few chapters and outlines of several projected works and have been both astonished and pleased that Dick's science-fiction was only the starting point of his career. In his mainstream efforts, for the first time I could see the complete man—the heart as well as the head, the emotional aspects of his character as well as the imaginative. A friend had come to life on the printed page, a friend who had finally reached artistic maturity.

Will Dick leave science-fiction? No, of course not. He loves it too much, it's been too large a part of his life. And, of course, there're always *Circumpolar!* and *Sun's End* which have yet to see print.

What will the future bring for Dick's readers? I don't know, but I suspect I won't be able to put his next book down. And when I finish it, I know damned well that Lupoff will smile broadly, wink, and say, "Hey, Frank, you ain't seen nothin' yet!"







# DRUNKIE



Warren  
©82

Videi—  
With thanks—  
William R. Warner



## STRANGE RAIN AT FORMER FAN-SHACK

Residents of Nesvadba Boulevard were startled by a noisy "rainstorm" early Tuesday evening. A downpour of small metal and plastic office supplies clattered down from an apparently clear sky, bouncing off the roof of the Uurian home at the corner of Hugo and Sidney in the Nesvadba Boulevard section.

Investigators were called and reported an inventory of staples, papers clips, styli, shading plates and lettering guides scattered about the roof and lawn of the home of Mr. & Mrs. Mojo F. Uurian. An immediate survey of local office supply outlets failed to elicit any information as to the possible source of the unusual "rain."

The owners of the house, Mojo and Poiji Uurian, were prominent science fiction fans of the 1960s. They both withdrew from all fannish activities following the infamous "Ookoo" scandal in 1971.

Mojo Uurian told reporters, "I just got home from the mill and started to settle in with a brew and the new Lin Carter book. I turned around and there was Phannie—she's our tyke—playing with my January '35 *Asounding*. Great Foo! That's the ish with Kelly's 'Starship Invincible' in it."

Uurian stated that he jumped from his chair and ran at the three-year-old, hoping to retrieve the pulp magazine. "That's when all hell broke loose!" Uurian added.

—news item from *Locus*, "The Newspaper of the science fiction field," January, 1985.

Barton Stephanoski rapped for order, twitching a Pentel Rolling Riter against a Sheraton-Hyatt ashtray with a long-practiced wrist-twist. He glared angrily around the table at the members of the convention committee. "Come on, gang," Stephanoski coaxed, "we'll never get this convention put together by Labor Day at this rate!"

The dozen young adults seated at the table exchanged glances, some guilty, some angry, some with the kind of smug "I expected as much" look that made Stephanoski want to order up a mass pie-hit on his whole committee.

"All right," Stephanoski resumed. "Program committee, how are you doing on that list of editors for the do's and don'ts panel?" He peered at a man in a glitzy turquoise jump-suit. "Claude?"

Claude Berkowits twiddled a pencil-stub between his fingertips. "Uh, not quite ready, Bart. But don't worry, we'll have it on time. Everybody's agreed to help out except that bum from Spacer Books, and you know how important they are to the field!"

"I know," Bart conceded. "I've known that for years. What's the holdup? You haven't made any progress since the last meeting."

"Well," Berkowits stalled. He looked furtively at several other members of the committee. "To tell the truth, Bart, I don't want to get anybody into hot water, but..." He let his statement trail away artfully.

"But what?" the chairperson went for the bait.

"Okay. I didn't want to say anything. But at least she isn't in the room. It's that stupid Phannie. You know, Phannie Uurian. She's always underfoot. Always offering to help out and always screwing up. She's been down the hall at the hot chicken soup stand machine for the past half hour, in fact. Ghughu knows what she's doing!"

Stephanoski nodded patiently. "All right. How did she mess up your job, Claude?"

"I'll tell you!" Berkowits clenched his fist around the pencil stub and pounded it on the table. "She's got such a Ghu-damned crush on those pro's, she begged me to let her send one of the invitation letters. I let her send one to the big noise at Spacer and she must have got the editor so annoyed, we haven't even got an answer!"

Stephanoski closed his eyes for a moment. "Oh, boy. Oh, boy." He looked up at Berkowits. "Okay, Claude. Get on the horn and call Spacer first thing tomorrow and see if you can make it right. All right. What about publications? The first progress report was six weeks late. The second PR was two months late. The third PR isn't out yet and the program book looks like a total fantasy. Have your people accomplished anything, Ellen?"

Ellen Arqwright lowered the silver cocoa-mug in which she had been studying her blonde good looks. "Not very much, I'm afraid." She smiled dazzlingly at Stephanoski. At the same time she reached under the conference table and squeezed Claude Berkowits's knee. Claude grunted shrilly.

"Look, Ellen," Stephanoski pursued, "our members pay a goodly membership fee these days. It isn't like the old cheapjack conventions they used to put on. They're entitled to their publications."

"It isn't my fault," Ellen sulked, suppressing a titter with some effort.

"Well whose fault is it, if I may ask?" Stephanoski was beginning to get hot under the collar.

"Phannie. We had the third PR all finished and ready to shoot. Phannie was so damned eager to help, I let her carry the flats into the print shop. She tripped on the curb and the flats landed in a flooded sewer drain. We have to do it all over again. Phannie said she was sorry. I kicked her off the committee!"

"You did? Off the whole con committee, or just the publications committee?"

"Why, Bart! You know I couldn't kick her off the whole con-com. Only you can do that. Not that I think it would be a bad idea, Bartie."

Stephanoski scribbled notes with his Pentel Rapid Riter.

Around the table men and women shuffled their papers and their feet, exchanged glances, cleared their throats, ran hands through their hair.

"Um, Bart," Millie Moxon, committee vice-chair and general Nice Person claimed the attention of the others. "Do you think we ought to adjourn this to a saloon or some-

thing?"

"I dunno," Stephanoski said. "Maybe getting drunk would be the best thing we could do." He started to gather his papers, then looked up, half-startled. "Wait a minute," he said. "Wait a minute. Everybody keeps putting the blame on Phannie for their screw-ups. Where is Phannie?"

(fanac-fiawol-bnf-  
ihadoneeggplantburyngviisalouse)

"Sorry I'm late, fellas," Phannie gave the door an extra shove with her pudgy elbow and stepped into the room. She held a cardboard tray in front of her. There were cups of chicken soup and danish pastries on it.

Before she could clear the door it swung back and hit her on the elbow. The tray tilted slightly. Phannie let go with one hand and tried to keep cups from sliding around while she held the tray with her other hand.

She managed to get most of the chicken soup and danishes settled in place but the last styrofoam cup was leaning against a pruned swirl divinity and Phannie reached with her other hand to save the soup. She forgot that she was already using one hand to straighten cups and the other to hold the tray. Now she was straightening cups and catching danish with both hands. The tray fell. Phannie tried desperately to catch it.

She struck it with her forearm and knocked the tray forward. It was already half an inch deep in lukewarm chicken soup. Half a dozen danish pastries—prune, apricot, cinnamon, sugar, almond-honey and plain—floated in the soup.

The tray hit Ellen Arqwright on the shoulder. Chicken soup splattered her angora sweater (the very tight one) and prune-paste made a smear on her powder-perfect cheek.

Phannie grabbed again for the tumbling tray. She missed and got hold of the back of Jimmie Ecks's chair. The tray clattered onto the conference table, wreaking havoc with the notepads and committee reports there. Phannie tumbled toward the hotel meeting-room carpet. She clung desperately to Ecks's chair.

(omighod-omighod-inruiningeverything-  
illneverbeabnf-never)

Jimmie Ecks was the hottest new writer of the past five years. He'd made his debut in the August '91 *Rigel* with a brilliant novelette that—alone!—won him honors as best new writer of the year, as well as copping both Hugo and Nebula awards. He followed that in 1992 with a series of boffo short stories, novelettes and novellas that seemed to dominate the magazines and orig-anthologies.

He swept the novella, novelette, and short categories in both Hugo and Nebula voting that year, withdrawing half his stories from each competition so he won six trophies for six different stories.

In 1993 he published his first two novels and pulled the same stunt of withdrawing one from Hugo competition and one from Nebula. Consequently he won both awards—the Hugo for *Spheroid Planet*; the Nebula for



# Phannie

## *Alien Pain, Alien Death.*

After that he cut back a little, but there wasn't a year in which he didn't win at least one major award. Two of his books had been filmed to popular acclaim, and his series of short stories about "Gabbo and the Mock-mocks" had become a top-rated TV sitcom. (Jimmie said he never watched TV so he had no opinion of the show.)

Phannie Uturian hit the floor, bounced once, brought Jimmie Ecks's chair tumbling, Jimmie sprawling from it; Jimmie hit the floor spread-eagled. Phannie landed on his stomach.

Six styrofoam cups, still mostly filled with chicken soup, landed on Phannie. Several fragments of danish pastry landed in the soup.

"Oh, my God!" Bart Stephanoski leaped from his chair. "Our guest-of-honor! Jimmie! Mister Ecks!"



(blub-blub-blub-thisistheend-illmakeitagain-again-again)

"Claude," Ellen Arqwright snapped, "help Mister Ecks get untangled from that mess. Ugh! Phannie! Ugh!"

Berkowits pulled Ecks out from under Phannie. "I'm so sorry, Mister Ecks! Here we invite you down to a meeting and this—this—*yuch*—I'm so sorry!"

As soon as Ecks was safely away, Ellen started wadding up sheets of memo paper and throwing them at Phannie. Claude joined in, then Barton. Finally the whole committee, even Millie Moxon and the gophers, were hombarding Phannie with wadded memo sheets.

"Moby Phannie!" they chanted. "Moby Phannie! Moby Phannie! Moby Phannie!"

Phannie Uturian, her Leigh Brackett sweatshirt drenched with chicken soup, soggy lumps of soup-soaked danish pastry stuck in her hair, dragged herself miserably across the carpet. She didn't have the strength even to stand up and walk out. Disgrace! Shame! Her father and mother were bigtime, oldtime fans and they'd always told her that fandom was a den of evil, evil, evil, and she should have nothing to do with it, she should read nice clean mystery novels and gothics and romances and go to school dances and shack up weekends with boys, and never-never-never get mixed up with fandom!

And she had done what they'd warned her against, she'd got mixed up with fandom, and look at what it had got her! A sweatshirt full of soup and her hair full of soggy danish pastry!

## DISASTERCON—WHAT WENT WRONG AT THE SHERATON-HYATT?

Those of us who live here in Merrie England, safely remote from the Sheraton-Hyatt where the awful events took place, are still striving to assimilate the news, to make some sense and to see some meaning in those events. Violence and conflict are by no means new infusions to the world of science fiction, of course. Nor even to the happy Brigadoon of the science fiction convention.

One is reminded of the controversial Exclusion Act at the New York Convention as early as 1939, of the overblown and tragic Door Incident at Beastly's-on-the-Bayou in the 1950s, the parlour brawl at the Claremont Hotel in 1964, the discourtesies and exclusions practiced by some publishers against their own authors at Brighton in 1979. . . . Shades of the Exclusion Act just four decades after the first misfortune. . . .

*Plus ça change*, one is tempted to remark with pungency and wit, *plus c'est la meme chose*.

—editorial by Geoff Ripington  
in *Arena Science Fiction*,  
Canterbury, Kent, issue for  
February, 1997.

Skulking through alleyways in hope of avoiding the sight of passersby, Phannie made her way miserably home. She opened the door as quietly as possible, shut it softly behind her and tiptoed across the living-room. From the parlor she could hear the sound of the television set punctuated by an occasional belch from her father. The sound of the TV told her clearly what Poppa was watching: a rerun of *The Partridge Family*.

Phannie crossed the living-room successfully and placed her foot with care on the bottom tread of the staircase.

(igottagetmyroom-igottagetmyroom-igottagetmyroom)

A soppy hunk of prune danish soaked in chicken soup had adhered to the bottom of her jogging sneaker. Somehow, who knows how, no one knows how, no one knew how at the time and no one knows to this day, it is a mystery, it is unsolved, it is a mystery unsolved, an unsolved mystery, yes, even to today no one has succeeded in solving this mystery, somehow the hunk of danish had managed to stay stuck to the jogging sneaker through all Phannie's travels and now as she placed her foot carefully on the tread of the stair leading to her room the chicken soup soaked into the danish pastry stuck to the bottom of Phannie's jogging sneaker and her foot flew out from under her, she tumbled backwards, she felt herself falling, she felt herself tumbling and:

SPLAT!

Phannie landed right on her living room carpet.

She began to sob.

Poppa belched, turned up the sound of the television set so he could continue to follow the progress of *The Partridge Family*, and strode from the parlor into the living room.

"Where were you, young woman?" Poppa demanded.

Phannie covered her face with her Leigh Brackett sweatshirt. She could smell the chicken soup mixed with the perspiration odor of the shirt. She cringed away from Poppa.

"You've been at one of those committee meetings again, ain't you?" Poppa demanded. Phannie trembled.

"Well, ain't you?" Poppa persisted. "Ain't you?"

Phannie gulped and nodded, feeling her danish-bedecked hair rub against the soup-soaked sweatshirt material.

"All right, young woman," Poppa said. "Into the cupboard with you."

"No, Poppa, please!" Phannie wailed.

"I said, into the cupboard!"

"Poppa!"

"Move!"

Miserably, Phannie crept into the cupboard. She heard Poppa click the door shut behind her, heard him drop the latch into place so she could not come out until he decided to let her, heard him click the light on from its switch in the hallway where she couldn't turn it back off. The cupboard was brilliantly lighted. It was barely large enough for her to crouch on the floor, her head near the grease-marked ceiling.

In front of Phannie and to both sides were shelves of books. In front of her were a complete set of Laser Books, spine out. She knew every one of them, knew every ugly Kelly Freas face painted on their fronts. To her left the shelves contained selected books from many publishers. She knew every one of them. *Ringworld Engineers* by Larry Niven. *Ursus of Ultima Thule* by Avram Davidson. *I Will Fear No Evil* by Robert A. Heinlein. *Janisaries* by Jerry Pournelle. *Fighting Slave of Gor* by John Norman. *The American Shore* by Samuel R. Delany. *Sword of Shannara* by Terry Brooks. *The Complete Jandar of Calisto* by Lin Carter. *Laundry Room of Zeor* by J. Lichtenberg.

To Phannie's right, double-rowed to make them fit, loomed a matched set of the novel and short story of Barry Malzberg.

Phannie pulled her Leigh Brackett sweatshirt up over her face again. She pulled her hands inside the body of her sweatshirt and hugged her doughy torso. She leaned her back against the Mister Spock poster, printed in chartreuse day-glo ink on black-flocked paper, that was pasted to the inside of the door.

Phannie closed her eyes and concentrated. (ihopeican-ihopeican-ihopeican)

*Scop* by Barry Malzberg began to tremble up and down in its place.

Phannie squeezed her eyes tighter shut. She felt sweat break out on her forehead.

(ithinkican-ithinkican-ithinkican)



Opposite the Malzberg shelf *The Bug Wars* by Robert Asprin swapped places with *The Black Flame* by Lynn Abbey.

(iknowican-iknowican-iknowican)

Inside her Leigh Brackett sweatshirt Phannie Uturian bore down with all her strength, grinding her forehead against her upraised knees.

Behind Phannie the pointed ears and blazing expression of Mister Spock flowed and shifted, slowly reforming themselves to reveal the silvery hair and imbecilic expression of Lorne Green done up for the role of Captain Adamma in *Battlestar Galactica*.



Phannie shoved her hands back into the cloth arms of her Leigh Brackett sweatshirt and poked her head back up through the neckhole. With the muffling effect of the sweatshirt disposed of, she could hear the sound of Shirley Jones and David Cassidy singing over the distance from the parlor. She knew that *The Partridge Family* show was nearly over. Poppa would be well into his third can of Oly by now. In a minute or so it would be time for *The Brady Bunch*.

Smiling, Phannie stared straight ahead of her and began moving wrinkled and angular Freas faces from the cover of one Laser novel to another. Not that it mattered, but it gave her something to do. After *The Brady Bunch*, Phannie knew, Poppa would watch *Leave it to Beaver*, then *Hazel*.

It was going to be a long afternoon in the cupboard.

Meanwhile, Ellen Arqwright, Claude Berkowits, and Ellen's dog Biff were sprawled in the park across the street from a Jack in the Box restaurant on Orlin Tremaine Trail. A few inches beneath them, Ellen knew, there was a brown and stunted layer of grass. The grass was totally hidden by empty containers, split ketchup envelopes, and used napkins from Jack in the Box.

Ellen's dog Biff picked among the jetsam, searching for abandoned hot dogs, french fries, or onion rings. Whenever he found such he would pause in his search, sniff carefully at his discovery, make puzzled growling sounds deep in his throat, then sniff once more. At the completion of this exercise he would turn away in disgust and disappointment and resume his search for something edible, ever more dispiritedly.

"Do you think we could get Amy Jane to go along with it?" Claude Berkowits was asking Ellen. He had his toes pressed against her bobby-sox passionately.

Ellen moved her saddle-shoe-clad feet provocatively away from Claude. "That's up to you, Claudie."

"Uh?" Claude's feet pursued Ellen's shoes through the abandoned Jack in the Box wrappers. "How's that, Ellen?"

"Well, you know that Amy Jane Hanes has a crush on you. She wants to get her cartoons into your fanzine. She'll do anything to get published."

Claude said, "Huh!"

"Just tell her you're going to pub an ish right after the convention. Tell her you're going to run a con report by some top fan writer. Tell her she can illustrate it—if she plays along with us! I just want her to hand Phannie that silver howl for Outstanding Fanac, right up there in front of a room full of people."

"I don't see why," Claude said stupidly. He hooked his great toe into the loop in the lace of Ellen's saddle shoe. "I thought you didn't like Phannie."

"Like her!" Ellen exploded. "Like her! I hate Phannie Uturian!"

"Then why—?"

"Because you are going to see to it that the silver bowl is full of hekto jelly. And when Amy Jane Hanes hands it to Phannie, I'll be sitting there with the rest of the committee. I'll be sitting right there next to Amy Jane. A little nudge of the elbow and that horrible purple gunk will be all over Phannie. She deserves it! Moby Phannie! Moby Phannie! She'll finally be purple, the way Moby Phannie belongs!"

There was a moment of silence. Then Claude said, "I don't know, Ellen. Hardly anybody uses hekto any more. I don't even know if I can get a can of hekto jelly to start with."

"You can if you want to badly enough, Claude." Ellen slid her foot closer to Claude. He could almost smell the brown leather and white chalky shinola, he could almost sense the flexibility of the pink rubber sole, the roughness of the brown woven laces and the sharp metallic tang of their tips.

"If you want to badly enough," Ellen repeated.

"A-all right," Claude stammered. He couldn't keep his mind on the convention. All he could think of was Ellen's saddle shoes. "I'll d-do it," he managed to gasp through chattering teeth. "I'll d-d-do it, Ellen, I w-will, I w-will, just don't take your feet away!"

There was a sound of rustling Jack in the Box wrappers.

Biff sniffed excitedly a couple of times, then made his usual disappointed, deep-throated growl.

EXCERPT FROM CHAPTER 20 OF  
*I REMEMBER FANDOM,*  
BY WALTER HARRISON, SOUTHERN  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS, 2001

And in the end, what did it mean? What did it all mean?

I think I will never stop pondering that question, and I fear that I shall never devise a fully satisfying and convincing answer to it.

But I have some ideas.

If only Phannie's parents had stayed together and guided their daughter into proper faanish pathways, the terrible affair at the Sheraton-Hlyatt need never have taken place. The deaths, the destruction, the disgraceful exposure of the fannish community as it was captured by scores of amateur photographers and by a camera crew from the local public-access television channel, need never have come about.

But Mojo and Pojji could not tolerate each other's company.

And after the "Ookoo" scandal of 1971, who could hold them culpable?

It is all as if a hard-hearted Fury had made the decision that fandom must be destroyed, and used Mojo and Pojji, Claude Berkowits, Ellen Arqwright, Millie Moxon, Jimmie Ecks, Barton Stephanoski, Amy Jane Hanes . . . and Phannie Uturian herself, of course, as the ultimate weapon for the ultimate destruction of fandom.

So I sit here in my solitary den, melancholically leafing through my files of ancient *Warboons* and *Fanacs*, *A Bases and Slants*, *Oopsla's*, *Shaggies*, *Yandros*, *Snides*, *Pongs*, *Stupefying Stories*, *Amrae* and all the rest. . . . Gazing at my ancient FAPA mailings in their carefully preserved jiffy bags, the staples unbent and set carefully aside so as to preserve my collection in all its completeness. . . . My Progress Reports and Program Books and Proceedings. . . .

Once in a while I take a scratched and warping Alternate Worlds Recording from its cheaply produced sleeve, and put it on my ancient needle-cartridge turntable, and listen to some of those old-time authors reading from their works.

I listen to Robert Bloch, author of *Psycho*, read "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper," and I ask myself, What does it mean?

I listen to Joanna Russ, author of *Picnic on Paradise*, read "Gleepsite," and I ask myself, What does it mean?

I listen to Harlan Ellison, author of *Doomsman*, read "Deeper than the Darkness," and I ask myself, Did *he* write that?

No kidding!

I really do!

Phannie went home the afternoon before the banquet. She'd avoided the other members of the committee all during the convention. She didn't know whether she was officially a member any more or not. She was so afraid that she wasn't that she asked no one. She even avoided looking in the Program Book to see whether she was listed or not.

It was the most important thing in her world.

If she wasn't part of the committee any more, she would just go home and lock herself in the cupboard with the Laser Books and the day-glo poster of now-it-was-Al-



# Phannie

Hodge-as-Captain-Video-and-the-Video-Ranger and the complete works of Barry Malzberg and she would change everything around while the sounds of Poppa watching *December Bride* and drinking Oly floated up from the parlor.

(iwill-iwill-iwill-iwill)

She put on the outfit she had set aside to wear to the banquet. She laced up her gold-cloth space boots. She pulled on her skin-tight copper-green stretch pants with the shiny metallic finish and the streaks of yellow-outlined white lightning down the sides.

Her Leigh Brackett sweatshirt had never recovered from its dousing with chicken soup and prune danish, but she had replaced it with a Margaret Brundage zelan zipper jacket.

She had combed and brushed her straggly hair until it was as close to orderly and attractive as she could get it, and she had carefully attached her super fan beanie with the twin counter-rotating propellers, using bobbie pins so the beanie could not easily be dislodged.

She took her banquet pass from the place where she had kept it hidden, where she knew Poppa would never think to look for it: between page 5 and page 6 of *Ice Prison* by Kathleen Sky, a Laser Book published in 1976.

She travelled downtown by bus, ignoring the stares and comments of strangers who pointed to her costume and whispered to each other. She entered the Sheraton-Hyatt, crossed the high-ceilinged, echoing lobby, passed the Huckster Room where greedy dealers happily fleeced eager fools of their money, and stood in line with the rest of the fans outside the Banquet Hall.

At the door of the banquet hall she was stopped.

(otheshame-ishouldastayedhome-  
what'llpoppasay-

what'lljimmyeckstthink-owhydidicome)

But it was only a gopher and a bottom-level youngster from security checking banquet tickets and committee passes. Phannie had her committee pin-and-ribbon jammed into her pocket. She showed her pass. The gopher said that was okay but the security person insisted that she wear her pin and ribbon. The fans behind her were getting impatient and she could feel the pressure building up behind her. A man in a tweed suit, smoking a pipe, wearing a small, neatly-trimmed beard, fidgeted and spoke to the woman beside him. The woman was modishly dressed, elegant; she seemed reluctant to touch any of the fans around her, or even to acknowledge that they were there.

(pros-pros-pros-ogosh-whatwilltheydo)

There was a stir inside the hall. Phannie could see past the door-dragons. Everyone else was already at the head table: the convention chairperson, the toastperson, the guestperson-of-honor, the committeepersons. There was one vacant chair. Was it—could it be—dared she hope that it was for her?

She saw someone rise from a seat at the head table. It was Millie Moxon. Millie was crossing the hall. She was approaching the door.

Behind Phannie the complaints of fans grew louder. The pro couple in tweed jacket and elegant dress left the line and headed for the hotel bar. The gopher and the security dragon were quarreling between themselves. Phannie was struggling to get her pin and ribbon out of her pocket but the stretch pants were too tight and she couldn't get her hand into the pocket. What if she had to leave her place, run to the ladies' room, lock herself in a stall, pull down her stretch pants, fish her credentials out of the pocket, pin the ID onto her Margaret Brundage zelan jacket, run back to the banquet hall and wait to reach the front of the line again?

How much of the ceremony would she have missed by then?

Did she have the courage to face the experience?

(fout-fout-fout-fout)

Before she could turn away from the banquet hall, Millie Moxon was there. Millie talked to the gopher. She talked to the security dragon. She pointed at Phannie. Phannie felt herself blushing and turning pale and clammy by turns. Millie reached through the doorway and yanked Phannie into the hall by one trembling hand.

She led Phannie to her place at the head table and shoved her urgently into her seat. Phannie saw that she was placed between Ellen Arqwright and Amy Jane Hanes the toastperson.

Phannie's ears were ringing. Spots boiled and danced before her eyes. The clatter of silver and china, the low roar of hundreds of conversations made a hypnotic hum in Phannie's ears. Waiters appeared. Food was placed before her. Mechanically she lifted knife and fork, sliced rubber chicken, dropped gravy-soaked dinner rolls on her green stretch pants, spilled soup and coffee on her Margaret Brundage zelan jacket.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw people rise. Out of the corner of her ear she heard speeches, jokes, laughter and applause.

Somebody started singing filksongs. Endless choruses of "Young Man Mulligan" were exchanged. There were more speeches.

She saw Amy Jane Hanes standing at the microphone, heard Amy Jane's voice. Phannie had no idea what Amy Jane was saying. She was vaguely aware of some by-play between Claude Berkowits and Ellen Arqwright; Claude disappeared.

Amy Jane was going on about outstanding contributions to fandom, to the committee's unanimous vote, to the overdue recognition of a tireless worker and cheerful giver, a trufan of the old school, someone whom every fan loved. . . .

Claude was back. He was putting something on the head table just beside the podium, just beside Amy Jane Hanes. It glittered and shimmered in the bright overhead lights and the glaring lightbar of the community access television station's remote

crew. It was something round and silvery, with a white linen napkin stretched tightly over the top and held in place with a string.

Amy Jane was still speaking. She paused dramatically. Phannie had a spoon full of melted vanilla ice cream poised in front of her mouth.

"Phannie Uturian!"

Dazed, Phannie heard Amy Jane say her name. She turned dumbly toward Amy Jane. Amy Jane was smiling and gesturing toward Phannie. She began to applaud. The entire room began to applaud. BNF's whom Phannie had admired for years were clapping. Famous pro's, writers and editors and artists, were applauding.

Phannie dropped her spoon. It hit her plate with a clatter and bounced into her lap, dripping ice cream.

Amy Jane reached for Phannie's hand and pulled her to her feet, pulled her toward the podium.

A pair of hands appeared from somewhere and pulled the string from the shimmering bowl, pulled the white napkin from the top of the bowl. There was something purple and horrible in the bowl, something almost alive.

Amy Jane was holding the silver bowl toward Phannie.

The whole room full of people was applauding.

Phannie's ears rang. Her eyes were filled with shimmering silver light.

It was the silver bowl. She, Phannie Uturian, had won the silver bowl.

A hand appeared from behind Amy Jane.

Amy started to lift the bowl higher and hold it toward Phannie.

The extra hand came up under Amy Jane's hands, lifted the bowl high into the air, turned it in the air, brought it down toward Phannie.

Phannie turned her face upward. She saw a circle of purple descending toward her. A circle of purple surrounded by a rim of shimmering silver. It descended with seeming slowness. It couldn't have taken more than a fraction of a second, but to Phannie it was eternity.

To the hundreds of fans in the room it was a moment of helpless horror. Some were still applauding, unaware of what was happening. Others were gasping in horror. A few had turned their heads away, recipients of some premonition of the horror they were about to witness, turning away so they would at least not have to see the moment of terrible impact.

The purple stuff smashed onto Phannie's head.

It passed over the twin counter-rotating propellers on her beanie, soaked her hair, cascaded across her face, drenched her Margaret Brundage zelan jacket, ran down her green stretch pants with the yellow-edged bolts of white lightning on the sides, poured over the tops of her gold-cloth boots.

It filled her eyes. She inhaled sharply and it clogged her nostrils. She opened her mouth to gasp and it filled her mouth.



She closed her eyes, hard. This couldn't be happening to her! She spat hekto jelly out of her mouth. It had a bitter taste and left behind a burning sensation in her mouth and throat. She blew her nose and sprayed the fans standing or sitting at the front row of banquet tables.

She screamed.

N-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!!!!

She screamed.

P-o-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-a-a-a-a-a-a-a!!!!

She squeezed her eyes shut and bore down with all her strength.

(imdoingit-imdoingit-imdoingit)

In the Huckster Room staples flew out of the spines of old magazines and began to impale dealers. Ancient pulp magazines worth their weight in acapulco gold slipped from plastic baggies, flapped their Paul and Marchioni and St. John and Morey and Brundage and Bok covers like wings. They rose into the air and began to dive-bomb browsing collectors.

A display of plastic miniature spaceships rose from a table top and began circling rapidly near the ceiling of the Huckster Room, then sped through the doorway and headed for the banquet hall.

A zoo of rubber and polyvinyl aliens sprang to life. Amphibians wriggled. Snake-like and vermiform creatures crept forward. Kangaroid aliens hopped. Winged aliens flapped their wings, testing the air in the Huckster Room, and found it good, and lifted off. Stinging aliens tested their venom and their fangs. Hungry aliens chomped their fangs.

Flying, hopping, crawling, slithering, rolling, bouncing, the army of aliens spread through the Sheraton-Hyatt, attacking fans smoking dope in their rooms, murdering pros getting drunk in the bar, harrassing mundane types who just happened to be in the Sheraton-Hyatt at the time.



A detachment of aliens entered the banquet hall and worked their murderous way across the room, focussing their final attack on the head table. No one survived.

Meanwhile, Phannie had dropped from the rear of the dais. Dazed and disoriented, she had dragged herself through the heavy

velvet backdrop of the head table. She found herself in a dingy service hallway. Half-blinded by the hekto jelly, a bitter burning taste in her mouth and throat, her breath coming in wheezing gasps, she instinctively dragged herself through service halls until she emerged at the Sheraton-Hyatt's back loading dock.

She dropped from the dock.

It was pitch black outside.

Sirens and searchlights were making themselves known as police cars, ambulances, fire department emergency squads and paramedics converged on the hotel.

No one noticed Phannie Uturian dragging herself through the shadows, headed for Nesvadba Boulevard, headed for home.

She dragged herself up the walk from the street to her house. She dragged herself to the front door. She dragged herself inside the house.

She found her father drinking Oly in front of the TV set. Phannie's vision was distorted and clouded with purple. Her eyes were burning. She had inhaled enough carbon tetrachloride in the hektograph jelly to burn out the lungs of the entire National Fantasy Fan Federation.

From the sound she could tell that her father was watching a *Father Knows Best* rerun.

Phannie squeezed her eyes shut and strained. For the last time. For the last time ever.

(igotta-icandoit-igotta-icandoit)

On an old and rickety magazine rack a copy of *National Enquirer* trembled, flew into the air, tumbled to the carpet.

Phannie's father turned around.

"Whazzat? Huh? Whazzat?" he asked.

"Poppa!" Phannie croaked.

Beneath the tabloid a slick magazine was revealed. It was *Soldier of Fortune*. Phannie strained. The magazine rose into the air, spun across the room, crashed into the wall and slid down.

"Whuh?"

"You gonna die," Phannie croaked.

Under the slick magazine was another slick. It was a copy of *Hustler*. It was thick and heavy. It rose waveringly into the air. It moved toward the television set, first as if it were sliding carefully up a gentle slope, then down the other side. With a sound something like "shushhhhhh" it slithered onto the set.

The magazine stirred again. It was like a living thing. Its pages rustled. The centerfold began to creep over the edge. With a clatter it fell over the screen. Now the voices of Robert Young and his brood emerged, tinny and muted, through the naked torso of a jaybird-naked and incredibly pneumatic young lady.

"Hey! 'At's my magazine, Phannie!"

"Hate science fiction, do you?" Phannie croaked through a burning throat. "Don't want me near fandom, eh?" she grated through her purple, bitter mouth. "Die, fake-fan! Die, Poppa!"

She strained once more.

The bottom item on the magazine rack rose into the air. Although it was the heaviest item in the stack, and although Phannie was exhausted and dying by now, she managed to lift it precisely, authoritatively, unhesitatingly.

It was *The Compleat Nathan Brazil* by Jack L. Chalker. The Science Fiction Book Club edition.

Without touching the book, Phannie brought it down once, smartly, on Poppa's head. He fell to the carpet, killed instantly. He did not utter a sound.

Phannie raised herself once on her elbows. She muttered something, some final, sputtering, inchoate dying phrase. It sounded like "Fijagh-fijagh-fijagh."

That was the end.

## EXCERPT FROM CHAPTER 30 OF *I REMEMBER FANDOM,*

BY WALTER HARRISON, SOUTHERN INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS, 2001

Certainly fandom was not wiped out by the disaster at the Sheraton-Hyatt. Even in that day of monstrous overblown conventions attended by hundreds of pros and thousands of fans, there could only be a fraction of the whole of fandom present at any one convention.

And this was not even a Worldcon!

But somehow, the death of more than two thousand fans, and of more than 100 of the leading writers and other professionals of the day, seemed to take the heart out of the community. Hardy souls kept putting on conventions for a few more years. Other hardy souls kept attending them.

But it was never the same again.

Fannish feuds, pranks, and practical jokes had had a long and somewhat honorable history. But this was just too much. Just too much.

Fewer people came to conventions. And still fewer. They seemed to be demon-haunted affairs, now. Voices were subdued. Panel discussions were decorous. Costumes were modest.

And people kept looking at one another with frightened, suspicious glances.

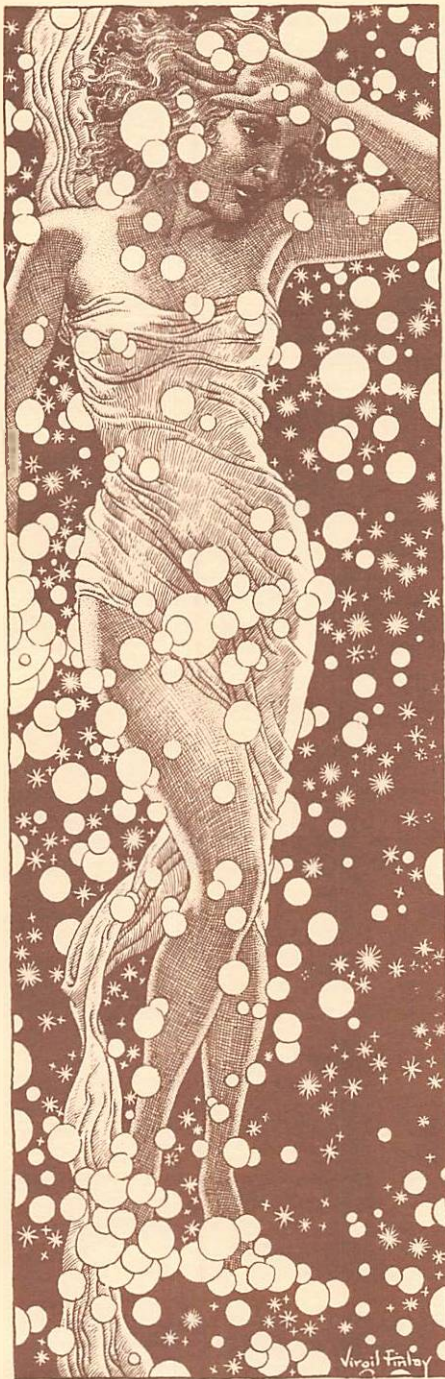
There had been one Phannie. One Phannie Uturian. One Moby Phannie.

Could there be another?





# Departments & Events



## Masquerade

The Norwescon Masquerade will be bigger and flashier than ever, truly a highlight of the convention. Many of our contestants have spent months putting the finishing touches into their costumes, resulting in an elegance and attention to detail not often seen these days.

Whether you come to the Masquerade as a contestant or as a spectator, you are sure to enjoy it. The Masquerade will be held in the Phoenix Rooms, starting at 9:30 P.M. on Saturday.

All Norwescon members are encouraged to enter, or at least join the fun as the judges rack their brains to pick our winners. Wince at the puns of guest Emcee Frank Catalano as he introduces the incredible contestants and cackle as he stalls during the unintentional but unavoidable delays. You'll also enjoy the delightful antics of jugglers "Dick & Dick" and our other fine entertainers.

Prepared costumes will be entered into the categories in which trophies are given; Science Fiction, Fantasy, Known Character in a Book, Known Character in Media, Performance with costume, Most Humorous.

Character name, source and history should be prepared and listed on the entry form. A short act may also be prepared (if good!).

Entry forms for all contestants are at the Information Desk in the Convention Lobby. Fill out the form and leave it at Information. Entry forms *must* be in before 4:00 P.M. Saturday.

## Rotsler's Rules for Masquerades

- 1) There should be a weight limit for the purchase of leotards.
- 2) Every contestant must first see him or herself from the rear.
- 3) Whether prince or pauper, act like it. Stay in character.
- 4) Speak distinctly, but not at length.
- 5) Learn to use the microphone, or don't.
- 6) When in doubt, keep your mouth shut.
- 7) Learn to manage your props, accessories and music.
- 8) No name tags on costumes.
- 9) If you have something for the narrator to read, keep it brief and leave out the unpronounceable and incomprehensible and home-grown words and names.
- 10) If you are going to attempt a costume cliché you must do it better than ever before, or have a good variation.
- 11) Consider carefully before going nude, or semi-nude.
- 12) Remember, some people can grow a beard, and some can't.
- 13) Thou shalt wear shoes to match thy costume.
- 14) If you are thinking of doing something funny, get a second opinion.
- 15) Short is better than long; funny is better than non-funny; short and funny is best.
- 16) Hand in a legible contest form.
- 17) Have something ready for a second appearance.
- 18) Rehearse. *Rehearse. REHEARSE!*



## Video System

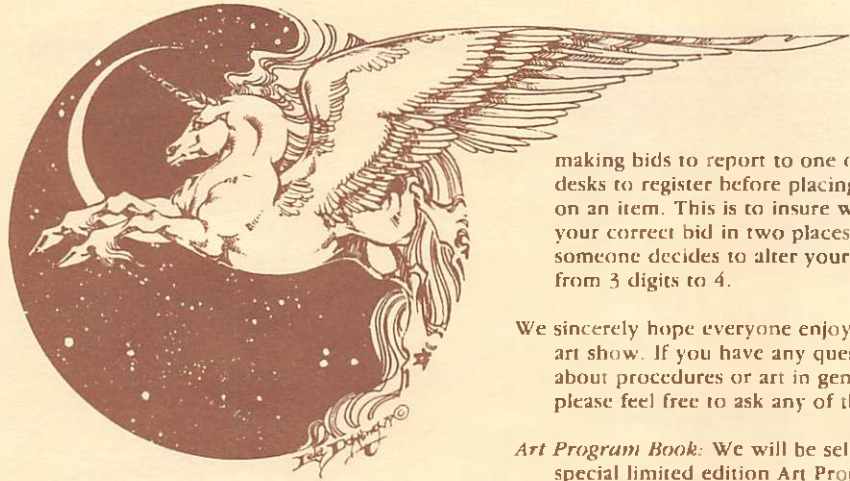


Norwescon 5 will offer a new & exciting service to our guests, a live video network. Starting Friday morning, tune any television in the hotel to channel 8 to view Norwescon News broadcasts three times daily. They'll keep you informed of what's happening in the immediate con, in the larger world of SF, and maybe even some "mundane" news. Convention Highlights, such as the play "The Enchanted Duplicator," the Saturday night Masquerade and the Banquet speeches will be recast live and also replayed later in the con. Broadcasts will include copious readings and interviews with authors and other guests.

Channel 3 & 6 will feature the solid lineup of top-notch video programming that has become a Norwescon tradition. Our SF, Fantasy and Horror movies and shorts will be broadcast 24 hours a day beginning Thursday evening.

For detailed scheduling of video programming, consult your packet program.





## Art Show

- 1) **5 PM Thursday** the 18th of March the artroom will open to artists **only**, who wish to beat the rush.
- 2) **9 AM Friday** the 19th of March, the artshow will open to all convention members. *Special Note:* For friends and family who wish only to attend the artshow, we will be selling passes at the artroom desks for \$2.00 (Includes admission to the Saturday Champagne reception).
- 3) **10 PM Friday** the artshow closes.
- 4) **9 AM Saturday** the 20th of March. The artshow again will remain open until 10 PM.
- 5) **Champagne Reception:** Otherwise known as the **Big Event**, will begin at 8 PM and run until 10 PM. If you want to meet an artist, or a drunk, this is the place to be. We will be serving Dry White Champagne, Cold Duck, and Pink Champagne.
- 6) **10 PM Saturday**, the artshow closes. If you didn't make a bid while you had the bubbly in you, you probably weren't interested in the first place (Final deadline for art show bids is **10 PM Saturday**).
- 7) **Awards:** Will be by popular vote, your registration packet, or are available at the artroom desks. Winning pieces will be clearly labeled before the auction and Artist G.o.H. Michael Whelan will present this years incredible hand-sculpted "Orb" awards and cash prizes.

**Bidding:** Three bids will send your favorite piece of art to the auction this year. We will require all persons

making bids to report to one of our desks to register before placing a bid on an item. This is to insure we have your correct bid in two places in case someone decides to alter your bid from 3 digits to 4.

We sincerely hope everyone enjoys the art show. If you have any questions about procedures or art in general, please feel free to ask any of the staff.

**Art Program Book:** We will be selling a special limited edition Art Program Book full of Pacific Northwest Artists at the art desk. They are signed and numbered in an edition of 500 and cost a mere \$3.00. Where else can you get a limited edition anything for this price?

## Child Care

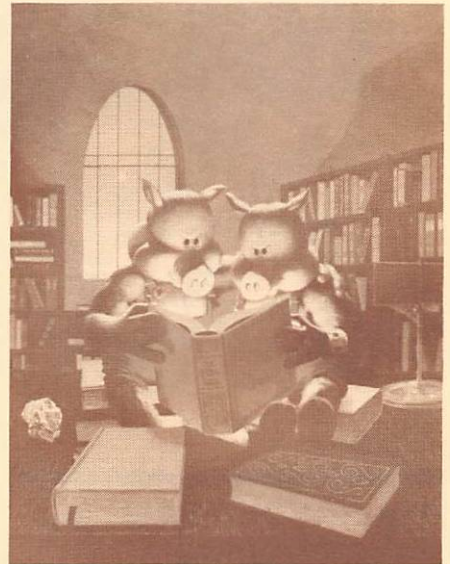
The babysitting room is open Friday and Saturday from 9:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. and Sunday from 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. The cost is \$1.00 per hour, per child or \$10.00 per child for the whole day. Games, activities and snacks will be provided for the little ones. Meals must be provided by the parents.

Any child 8 years of age and under found unsupervised by an adult in and around the convention area will be taken to the babysitting room. If the child is there longer than 30 minutes the parents will be charged for the time they are there. Parents refusing to make payments will be asked to leave the convention and will also be denied admittance to future Norwescons.

Parents must accompany their children after closure of the babysitting room at 10 P.M. Unclaimed children will be raised as gofers.



## Hucksters



We are proud to present an excellent hucksters' room with booksellers, game-sellers, artists and artisans from across the country and Canada. This year we offer 60 tables in a spacious 3500-square-foot facility.

We are also proud to present a "live art" exhibit area with artists, performers, fortune tellers, etc.

Many booksellers will feature used and rare books and paperbacks, new and limited editions, pulps, magazines, rare art, posters, prints, and many other items.

Many artists and artisans will be selling original creations in various media, limited edition prints and portfolios and will be available to discuss their craft or perhaps arrange for a specially commissioned item.

Gamesellers will have all the latest in D&D, board games, miniatures, and electronic and computer games.

In the "live art" exhibit area you can get your fortune told, face painted, obtain a personalized namebadge or learn how to support the space program.

We earnestly invite you to visit the hucksters' room and exhibit area. Browse leisurely, enjoy yourself, and spend plenty of money so that those who spent so much time and effort to bring their goods to you can also enjoy themselves.

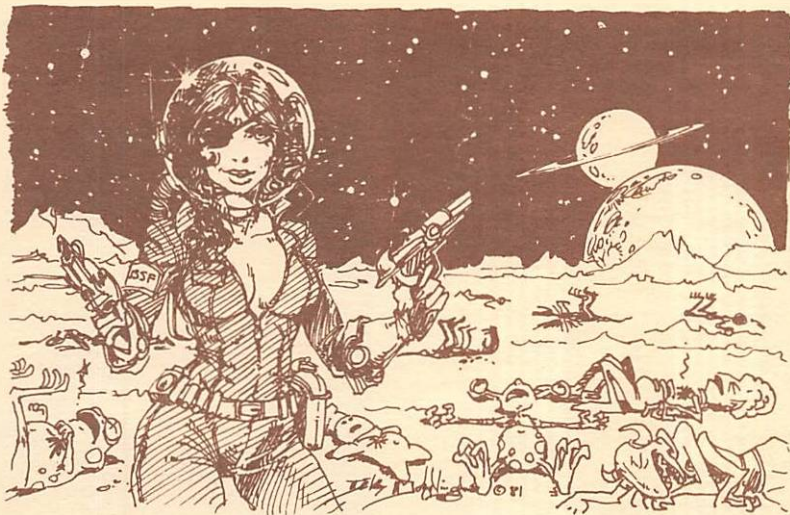
The hucksters' room is right above the restaurants and bar, off the hotel lobby (not the convention lobby).

Hours:	Friday	11 a.m.—7 p.m.
	Saturday	10 a.m.—6 p.m.
	Sunday	10 a.m.—5 p.m.

The "live art" exhibit area is in the upper lobby, adjacent to Norwescon 5 Registration.



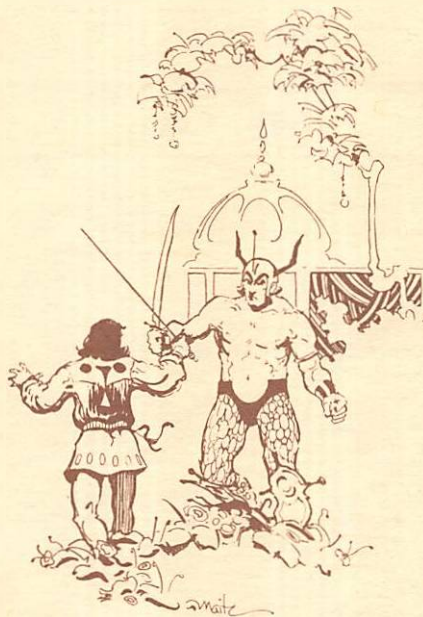
# Departments



## Fantasy Role-Playing Games

During the last several years, the phenomena of fantasy role-playing games has established itself as yet another strong limb of the SF&F world. Whether you are playing "Dungeons and Dragons," "Traveller," "Chivalry and Sorcery," or any of a number of emerging games, you can adapt your favorite character from your favorite book or story to the "world" of the game and become the character.

Norwescon members will, again this year, be able to learn about this new sport by attending introductory seminars and by playing short beginners games. Advanced players will find plenty of tough competition. The Gaming Rooms are located way over in the "100" wing of the hotel (north side of the pool quadrangle).



## Weapons

Peace bonding of weapons will *not* be required at the con (we will use the honor system). However, all weapons (swords, pistols, rifles, sabers, knives, lasers, etc.) must be kept holstered and/or sheathed at all times while in the public areas. The only exceptions are private rooms and for participants of scheduled SCA exhibitions. You may also show off your weapons in Conference "A", Sunday, from 9:00 A.M. to 11:00 A.M. Please follow these rules for the enjoyment of all convention guests. Persons found ignoring this request will have their weapons confiscated. They will be returned to the owner when they leave the convention.

## Persona Games

Please read and follow our basic rules for Persona Games at Norwescon 5 for the fun and safety of both game players and other convention guests.

- 1.) Have a gamemaster.
- 2.) Meet with all your game players before playing (and periodically during the game) to make sure everyone knows these rules and the rules of your particular game.
- 3.) Know who your opponents are.
- 4.) Do not run, shove or tackle.
- 5.) Do not use restraints on your opponents.
- 6.) Confine your game to the convention site (400 and 600 wings and the convention lobby).
- 7.) Do not interfere with the convention programming or the hotel staff.
- 8.) *Do not carry real firearms* or flammable objects such as torches or fireworks (Also see weapons section). These rules must be followed by *all* game participants. If not, the game must be stopped for the duration of the convention.



## GREAT SF WEAPONS



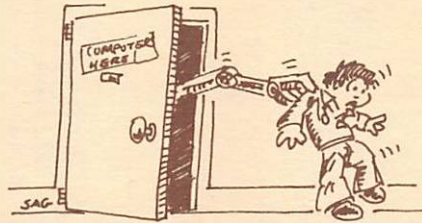
SLUG THROWER



## Computer Room

Twelve TRS-80's, Apples, and Atari 800's will line the walls of Conference Room "B" (second floor) in the Norwescon 5 Computer Room. There you can become Luke Skywalker for adventurous battles with Darth Vader in Space, save the Federation by destroying the Klingons, or travel through a dungeon full of wizards, orks, and dwarves. You can, moreover, ex-

perience the thrills of Space Invaders, Asteroids, and Warlords on the numerous Atari Video arcades just around the corner in one of the GNU rooms. All this gear will be running each day, all day, with a room attendant to assist you.



## A Word About the Weather

As this *is*, after all, early Spring in *Seattle*, it will undoubtedly be overcast and drizzly when you arrive at the hotel. Not to worry, though—a science fiction convention should generate sufficient localized hot air to dissipate the clouds before long. (Or, in meteorologists jargon, "a natural high will set in.") If not, you are well advised to carry a hat or umbrella, and a light coat, should you plan to do extensive sightseeing in Seattle or anywhere around Puget Sound.

## Hospitality

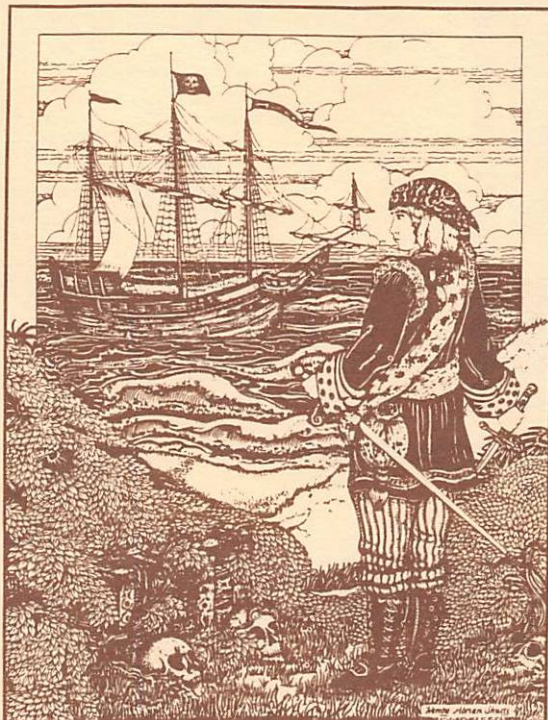
Once again the Norwescon Hospitality Suite (# 429, Governor's Suite) will be lorded over by the irrepressible Lizzy (Dragon Lady) Warren. During the day drop by for coffee, munchables, conversation and rest. Evenings prepare to boogie with the "practice party" Thursday night, The nostalgic "Seattle in '81 Bidding Party" (with Irish Coffee) Saturday night and the "Dead Sasquatch Pajama Party" Sunday. Whoa!



## Handy Phone List

King County Sheriff's Department: 344-4080  
 Fire Department: 242-1919  
 Aid Car: 242-1919  
 Poison Control Center: 634-5252  
 Crisis Clinic: 325-5550  
 Metro Transit Rider Information: 447-4800  
 Seattle Public Library Quick Information Center: 625-2665  
 Time: 844-1111  
 Pacific Science Center: 624-3724  
 KZOK Radio Entertainment Guideline: 223-3944  
 UFO Reporting Center: 722-3000  
 Whale Reporting Center: 1-800-562-8832  
 Dial a Story: 625-4858  
 Dial a Prayer: 325-4445  
 Dial a Meditation: 624-8985

## PRINTS AND ORIGINAL DRAWINGS WENDY ADRIAN SHULTZ



*available in the Hucksters' Room*



Available in the Dealer's Room, work from

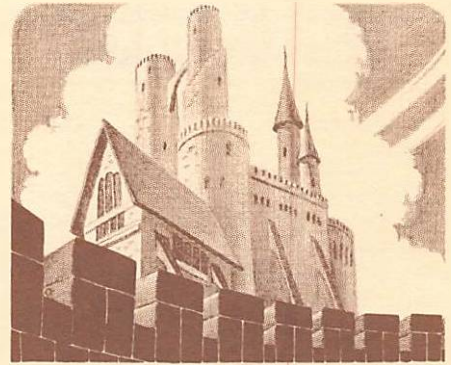
ALICIA AUSTIN  
 GEORGE BARR  
 FRANK CIROCCO  
 GARY FREEMAN  
 CAROLYN WHITEHORN

Full color limited edition lithographs; Full color lithographs; Black & white limited edition prints; Black & white prints; Books; T-shirts; Jewelry; Miniature sculpture; Buttons; and a selection of hand-colored prints and original work.

Check it out at THE FEATHERED SERPENT



# Around the Hyatt



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Automated Simulations

Our convention hotel offers many diversions for those who may momentarily wish to get away from the excitement. Chief among the attractions is Hugo's, the hotel's award-winning dining place. Top of the menu is their roast duck, mouth-watering, deliciously sauced. Each of the other menu items is special in its own way. Hugo's is a real dining treat, though moderately high in price. Reservations are a must.

Next door is the Bistro lounge, always nice for a quiet drink with your favorite friend. Kikker, a versatile trio from California entertains therein.

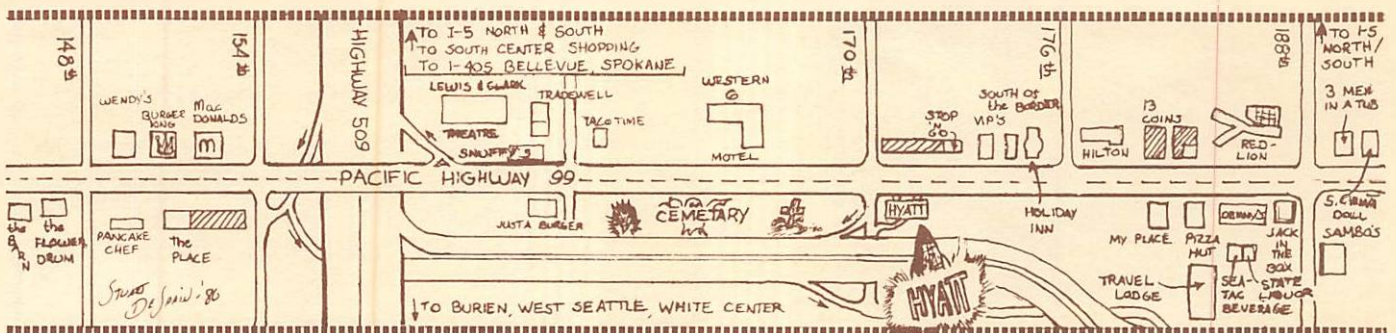
The coffee shop is open for feast or snack 24 hours a day. This is a great site for a late night SMOF session, an early breakfast, or a quick lunch. And the food is very good—especially recommended is the Kentucky Jack and the New York Steak dinner.

However, if you wish to eat on the run, the closest stop would have to be the Norseweson Snack Bar located right in the convention lobby. Good, quick food and a price that's just right.

If you need a pack of cigarettes, or a nice present for a new friend, try the gift shop across from the hotel desk. Frazzled? Have your hair frizzled in the beauty/barber shop.

If you have any other needs ask the hotel desk or a member of the convention staff.

## And Just Down the Street . . .





# FOR THOSE WHO THINK THEY HAVE SEEN EVERYTHING. . . .

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# The Doomsday Fad

by Frank Catalano



Have you checked your horoscope lately? Are your planets properly aligned? And Brother, have you been saved?

We're approaching the end of a century—no, make that the end of a millenium. Now that may not sound like much. Odds are, you weren't around when the last century turned over. And unless you either have a portrait in your attic, or your name is actually Methusalem, you weren't around when the last millennium turned over, either.

But if you had been around, say in the 1880's, or the 1790's, you would have noticed something: the springing up of cults, and other groups, forewarning of the Second Coming, Of the End of the World, of a New Order to put an end to all of the worldly chaos. As a matter of fact, if you check back near the end of each of the last several centuries, don't be surprised if you find similar cults with similar claims popping up like daisies in a manure field.

Welcome to 1982.

Welcome to the era of the Moonies, who preach a new world order. Welcome to the era of the survivalist, who preaches an end to the world in a violent confrontation. Welcome to the Aquarian Conspiracy, which promises a new, better, peaceful networked world.

Extremist groups are springing up right and left, in both the directional and political meanings of these words. A good number of them are preaching the end of things as we know it at the end of this century, whether

they state it outright or not. For example, there's a Moral Majority, trying to purify our lives whether we want them to or not, and thereby doing for Christianity what Three Mile Island did for nuclear power. There's also the growth of interest in unidentified flying objects as being either Man's saviors or conquerors; the growth of interest in a worldwide conspiracy to bring the economy of the Earth to its knees and put it into the hands of a powerful few; and the increased reports of people getting into the occult.

This doesn't even take into account the recent deluge of World War Three scenarios. In just a two week period early this year, there was a PBS special on World War Three, and a two-part network movie on the same topic. At the same time, the Catholic Archbishop of Seattle talked about withholding half of his income taxes to protest the nuclear arms race, and Admiral Hyman Rickover said that he expects the world to destroy itself in a nuclear spectacular.

Rational people. Some good causes. But a lot of emotional power in these doomsday/rebirth scenarios. Call it the Millennial Crazies.

So what does this have to do with science fiction?

Let's go back a few years to the early seventies when a futurist by the name of Alvin Toffler wrote a well-received book called *Future Shock*. An excellent book, whether you measure it in terms of sales or content—it likely helped a lot of people through the displacement caused by societal advances. But it was also a book that most people who read a lot of science fiction were bored with. It was simply old news.

Science fiction can act, as *Future Shock* did, as a bridge to the year 2001 for those people with the Millennial Crazies. When it's

at its very best, it's escapist entertainment with a purpose. And it can be a way for people to experience the future before they get there, so they won't face it with fear.

Despite the Millennial Crazies, people are desperately searching for an outlet for their frustrations, and even more importantly, for their hopes and their dreams. You can see it in the widespread public, if not government, support for the space shuttle and the space program. You can see it in the popularity of such escapist future entertainments as *Star Wars* and *Star Trek*. You can even see it in the popularity of such high-brow Public Broadcasting Service series as *Cosmos* and *Connections*.

People want to *look forward* to the future. They just need something to focus on to give them an outlet for their optimism.

Science fiction and popularized science are instrumental in giving people an answer to their questions about what happens after 2001. Consider them as methods of tossing out new and often frightening ideas in an entertainment form, so people can accept them.

Overall, it's somewhat reminiscent of the classic Isaac Asimov short story, "Nightfall." It deals with a planet that has six suns, and every 2050 years, all the suns are out of the planet's sight, causing a half-day of darkness that drives men mad because they're not used to it.

In a sense, we're entering our century's quota of "darkness." It probably won't be cataclysmic when it arrives, but it may make a lot of people as uncomfortable as hell, though not to the extent of those in Asimov's story.

But then again, we have something the people in "Nightfall" didn't.

We have science fiction.

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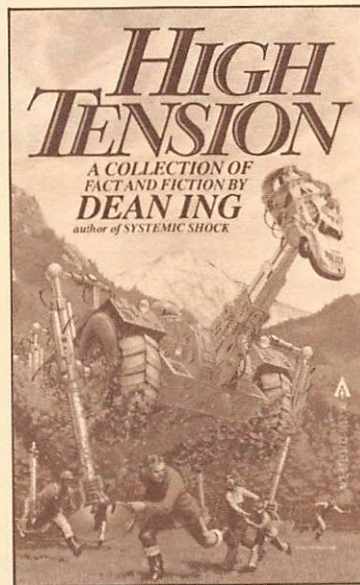
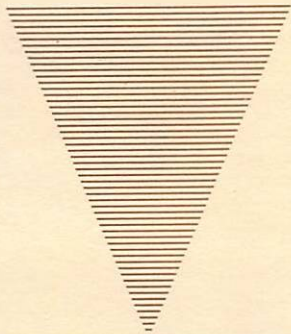
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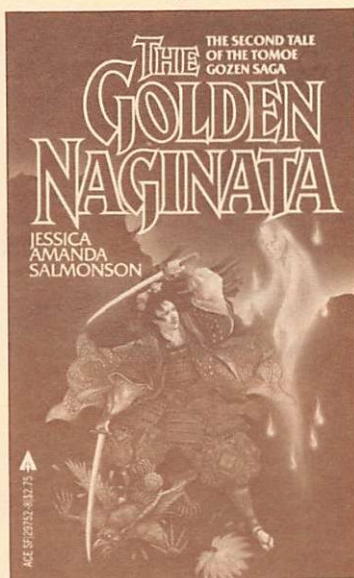
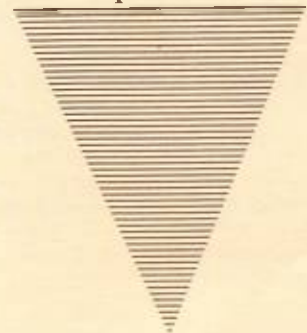


# ACE SCIENCE FICTION SALUTES:

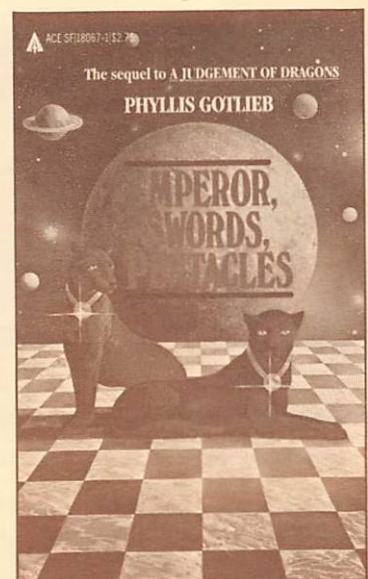
Jessica Amanda  
Salmonson  
author of  
**THE GOLDEN  
NAGINATA**  
(February 1982)



Phyllis Gotlieb  
author of  
**EMPEROR,  
SWORDS,  
PENTACLES**  
(April 1982)



Dean Ing  
author of  
**HIGH  
TENSION**  
(March 1982)





# Guests of Norwescon



**Poul Anderson** has been writing SF and fantasy for over 30 years and is past President of the Science Fiction Writers of America. To date, he has written more than 75 books and 300 stories. His writing has earned Poul Anderson six Hugo Awards, two Nebula Awards and the Gandalf (Grand Master) Award. Among his better known works are the Technic Civilization Series; the Hoka stories (written with Gordon R. Dickson); *The Avatar*; *Brain Wave*; *The Broken Sword*; *Byworlder*; *The High Crusade*; *Operation Chaos*; *Star Fox*; *Tau Zero*; and *The Winter of the World*. Tor Books has recently published the following collections of Poul Anderson's short fiction: *Explorations*; *Fantasy: The Guardians of Time*; *The Psycho-technic League*; and *Winners*. A new novel, *Orion Shall Rise*, is forthcoming. Poul Anderson lives and works in California.



Photo by Andrea Levin/Pendragon Graphics

**Alicia Austin's** artwork has graced the pages of numerous SF and fantasy books including *Demon of Scattery* by Poul Anderson and Mildred Downey Broxon, *Voorlooper* by Andre Norton, *Dragons of Light* edited by Orson Scott Card and *The Magic May Return* edited by Larry Niven.



**Steven Bryan Bieler** showed a talent for the arts at an early age. At ten he could color without crossing the lines. At fifteen he took a job with the town newspaper, editing page numbers. At twenty he left school to become a writer and go into debt. Six years later, having published two stories (in *New Dimensions 11* and *Unearth*) and some poetry, the perspiring young author wonders if there are any new worlds to conquer. Bieler and his dog, Cedric, co-captain a team in the local chess league, the dreaded SubSonics.

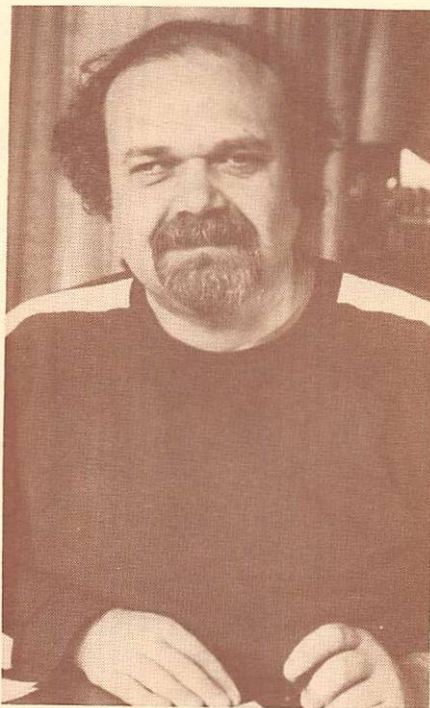


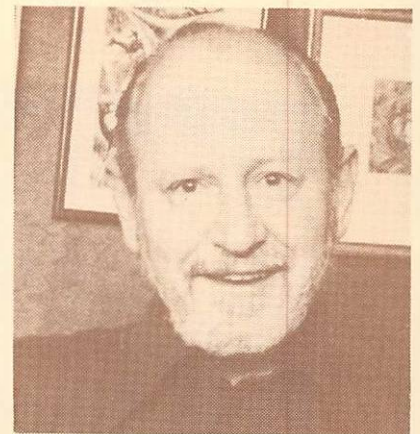
Photo by Rachel E. Holmen/Locus Publications

**Charles N. Brown** is founder and editor of *Locus*, the premier newspaper of the science fiction field. He has won six Hugos for *Locus*, including the 1981 Hugo for Best Fanzine.



Photo by William J. Murry III

**Mildred Downey Broxon**, a Seattle resident, has had short fiction in *Chrysalis*, *Stellar 3*, *Universe 5*, *Isaac Asimov's* and *Vertex*. She is the author of two novels, *The Demon of Scattery* (co-authored by Poul Anderson) and *Too Long a Sacrifice*. Her most recent work has been "Strength" (co-authored by Poul Anderson) which appeared in *The Magic May Return* edited by Larry Niven and "Sea Changeling" in *Isaac Asimov's* (Aug. 3, 1981).



**F.M. ("Buz") Bushy** of Seattle is the author of numerous short stories and the novels *The Demu Trilogy*, *All These Earths*, *Rissa Kerguellen* and its spinoff, *Zelde M'iana*. His most recent works include two short stories in *Isaac Asimov's*, "Backup System" (Oct.) and "Wrong Number" (Dec.) and a novella in *Rigel #3*. Forthcoming are fantasy stories in *Amazons II* and *Heroic Visions*.



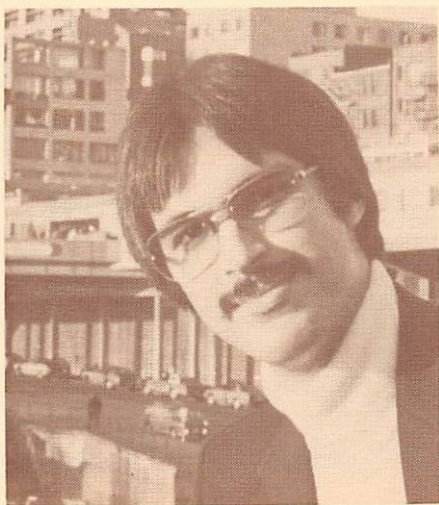
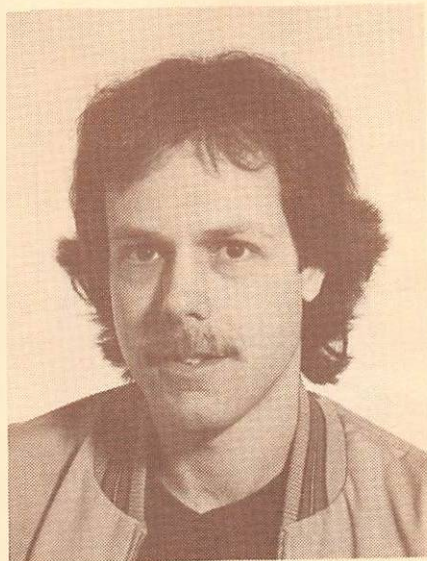
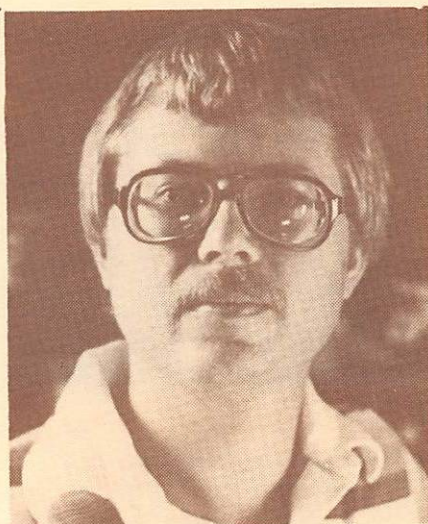


Photo by J. W. Michelini

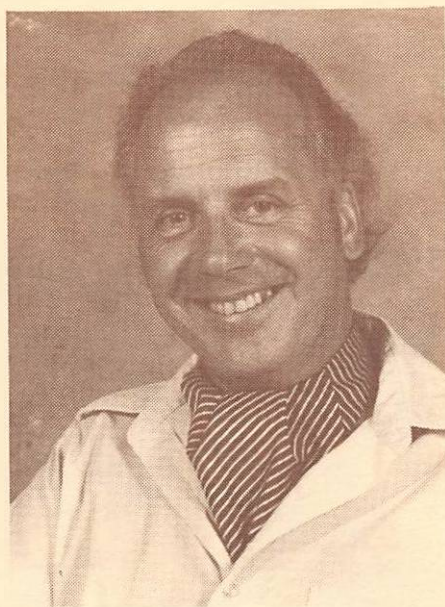
**Frank Catalano** is a Seattle-based science fiction writer and columnist, his most recent work appearing in the March issue of *F & SF*. In civilian life, he's the midday news anchor/reporter at KMPS AM-FM radio. His other projects include editing the Nebula Awards Report for the Science Fiction Writers of America and producing and hosting a weekly science program of KMPS.



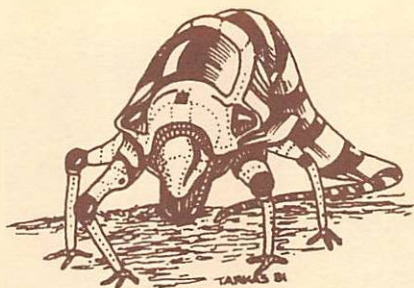
**Mike Conner** is the author of *I Am Not the Other Houdini* (Harper & Row) and the historical thriller *Back to Berlin*. His stories have appeared in *Orbit*, *New Dimensions* and *F & SF*. He lives in one of the world's true garden spots, Pleasant Hill, CA.



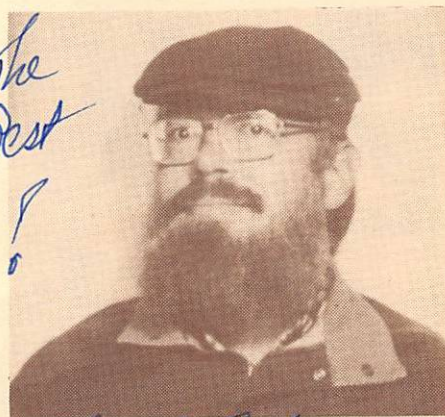
**Joel Davis** is a science writer whose articles have appeared in *Omnif's* "Continuum," "Explorations," and "People," columns for over two years. Joel also writes for *Science Digest*, *Astronomy* and *Star & Sky*. Forthcoming are articles in *Analog*, *Omnif* and an interview of Samuel Delany taken at Norwescon 4 in *Writers Digest*. He lives in Olympia, WA.



**Michael G. Coney**, a resident of British Columbia, is author of the books *Syzygy*, *Monitor Found in Orbit*, *The Jaws that Bite*, *Rax*, *Friends Come in Boxes*, *The Hero of Downways*, *Charisma* and *Nephtune's Cauldron*. Forthcoming from Ace is *Cat Karina*.



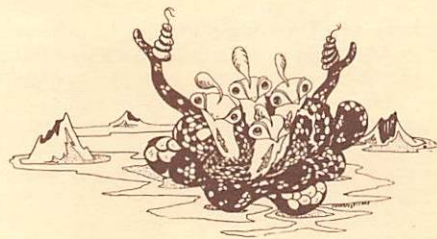
**Susan Coon** is the author of four SF novels, published by Avon: *Rabne*, *Cassilee*, *The Virgin* and *Chly-Une*. Her short stories have appeared in *Amazing* and *F & SF*. She is currently working on two novels. Coon is a resident of Cupertino, Cal.



The Best!

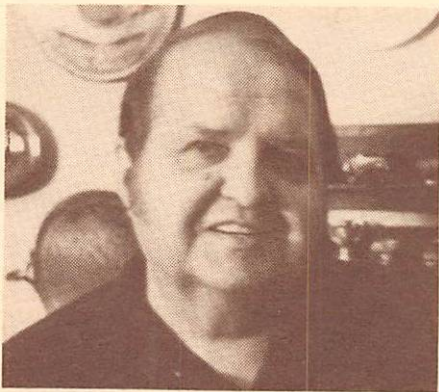
*John H De Camp*

**John De Camp** is primarily a mainstream poet, but his book *In the Shadow of Atlantis* is a poetic fantasy. He currently has a book and a couple of short stories looking for publishers.

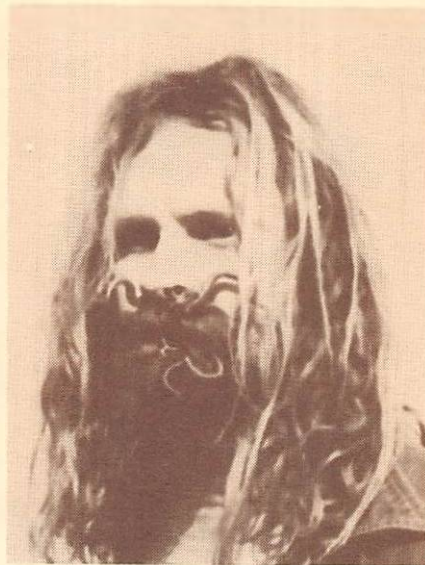




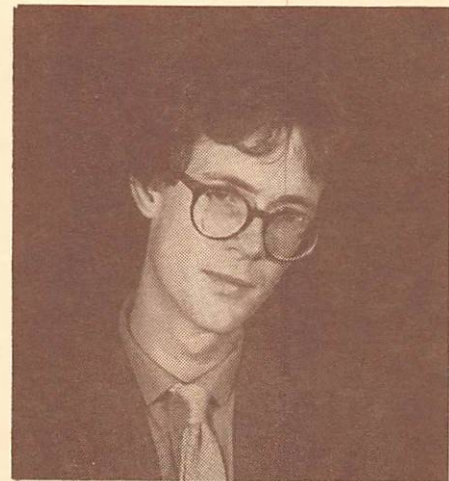
# Guests



**Ted Dikty** resides in Mercer Island, WA, and currently publishes SF nonfiction.



Fantasy sculptor **Dale Enzenbacher** is a co-winner of the World Fantasy Award for Best Fantasy Artist (he shared the honor with Alicia Austin). One of his recent works is a limited edition statuette of Tigerishka from Fritz Leiber's *The Wanderer*. Dale Enzenbacher currently resides in North Park, CA.



**William Gibson** of Vancouver, B.C., has had stories published in *Omni* (May '81, Oct. '81), *Shadows* and *Universe 11*. He has sold another story to *Omni* and has a novel in progress.



Photo by Steve Bard

**Lela Ann Dowling's** artwork has appeared in *Rigel*, *Westwind* and the back cover of the Norwescon 4 program book. A color portfolio, "Unicorns II" will be forthcoming from Schanes & Schanes in February or March of 1982 and a black and white portfolio will be published by Future Dreams.



**Rick Gauger's** short stories and cartoons have been published in *Analog*, *Destinies*, *Omni*, and elsewhere. He is currently a student at Western Washington University.



Photo by San Jose Mercury & News

**Janet D. Gluckman** has authored *Rite of the Dragon* (Donning), a novel of political intrigue, *Mr. Cato's Dream Machine* (Enrich 1982), a children's fantasy, and has had a short piece, "Negwenya," published in *Dragons of Darkness* (Ace 1981). Ms. Gluckman lives in Cupertino, Cal.





**Lisa Goldstein** is the author of *The Red Magician*, recently published by Timescape. She is a resident of Oakland, CA.



**Sherry M. Gottlieb** is the owner of the world's oldest and largest SF bookstore, A Change of Hobbit in Santa Monica, Cal. She has been performing this remarkable feat since 1972.



**Eileen Gunn** has had stories published in *Amazing* and in the anthology *Proteus*, and has a story forthcoming in *Tales by Moonlight*, edited by Jessica Amanda Salmonson. She also has a non-fiction book coming out on how to buy a small business computer without completely losing touch with reality. She makes her living as a writer and writes in her spare time. Gunn lives in Seattle.



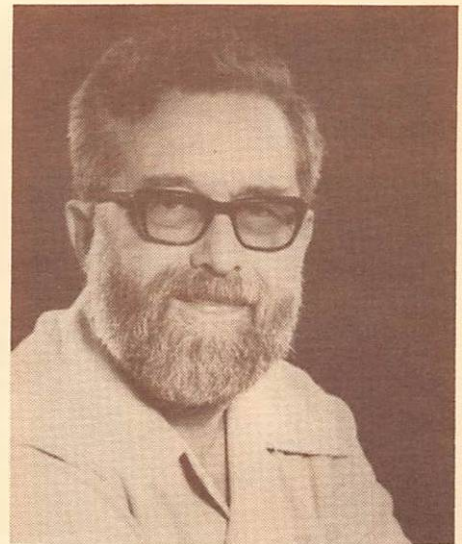
Photo by Gene Mayo

**George L. Guthridge** has had stories in *Analog*, *Galileo*, *Child Life*, *No Room for Man*, *Our Future Years: The Midwest from 1976-2076*, *Portland Review* and *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* (most recently "The Quiet," July 1981 and "Blackmail," Feb. 1982). Stories are forthcoming in *F & SF*, *Alien Encounters*, *PulpSmith*, *Western Wildlands*, *Endless Frontiers*, and Terry Carr's *Year's Best SF*, plus a novel, *The Bloodletter*, from Tower Books. George lives in McCleary, WA., and writes full-time.



Photo by John Reeves

**Phyllis Gotlieb** has authored the SF novels *O Master Caliban!* (Harper & Row), *Sunburst* (Berkley) and *A Judgement of Dragons* (Berkley). A new novel, *Emperor, Swords, Pentacles*, will be published in April by Ace. Ms. Gotlieb lives in Toronto, Canada.



**George Harper** is a science writer by trade. He caused a stir with his *Analog* article "How to Build Your Own A-Bomb and Blow Up Your Neighborhood." His book, *Gypsy Earth*, will be published by Doubleday. He is currently working on a textbook on the origins of the Solar System for Prentice-Hall. George Harper lives in Tacoma.



# Guests

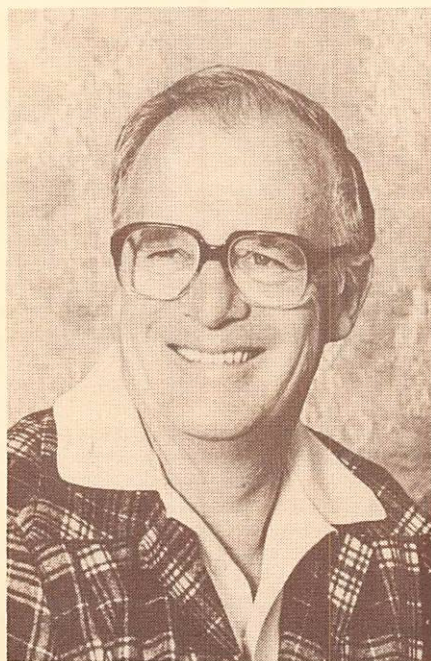
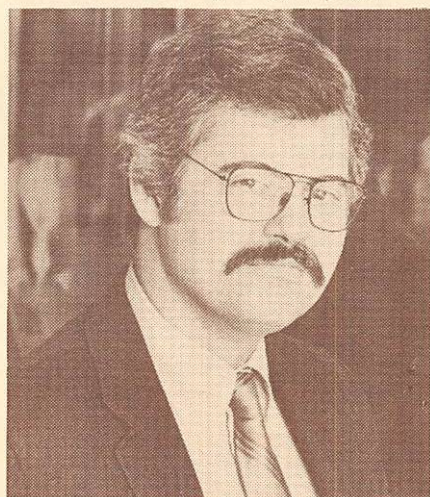
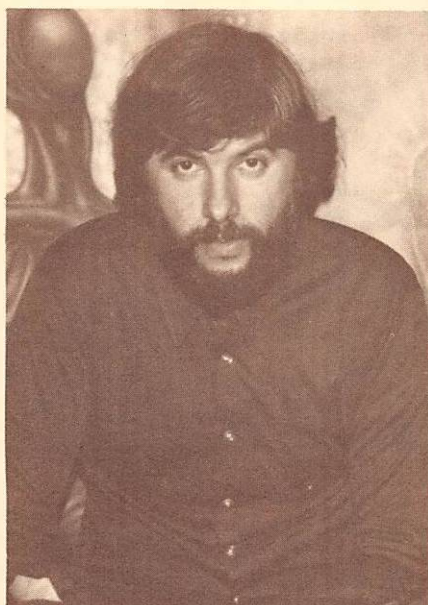


Photo by James W. Fiscus

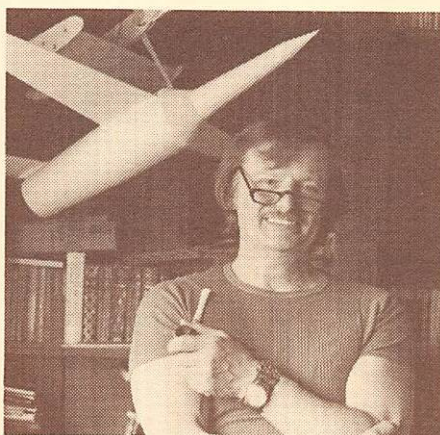
**Norman Hartman** has had a short story, "Lycanthrope," published in *Microcosmic Tales*, an anthology edited by Isaac Asimov. He has recently finished a novel.



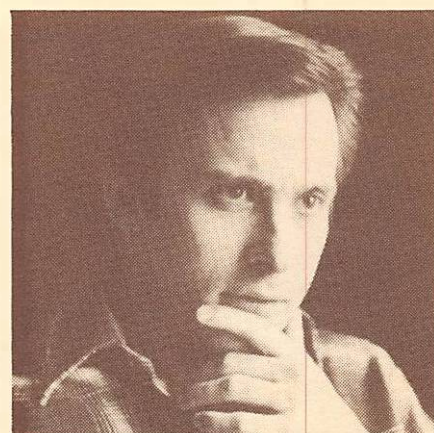
**David Hartwell** is editor of Timescape Books (Simon & Schuster/Pocket Books SF line) and editor of the Gregg Press line of SF.



**Randy Hoar** (a.k.a. Tarkas) has had SF and horror art published in various magazines, including *Twilight Zone* (Nov. 1981), *Thrust*, *Westwind*, *Obergates* and *Owl-flight*. He has several pieces forthcoming in *Spectrum* and is currently gearing up for a gallery show in June. Randy Hoar lives in Centralia, WA.



**Dean Ing** of Ashland, Oregon, was a Hugo and Nebula finalist in 1979. He is the author of the novels *Soft Targets*, *Anasazi* and *Systemic Shock*, all published by Ace. His short SF and nonfiction articles have appeared in *Analog*, *Destinies* and *Omnit*. He has three books forthcoming: *Pulling Through* (Survival novel and nonfiction articles); *High Tension* (anthology) from Ace in 1982; and *Single Combat* (a sequel to *Systemic Shock*) for Tor Books in 1982.



**Kevin Johnson** has done cover art for DAW, Pinnacle Books' *Blade* series, and the *Thongor* books published by Warner. He has done advertising posters for Seattle Opera productions and is currently working on paintings based on the Grail legend. Kevin Johnson lives in Olympia, WA.



Photo by Jack Mattson

**Phyllis Ann Karr** is the author of the fantasy novel *Frostflower and Thorn* (Berkley, 1980). A sequel, tentatively entitled *Frostflower and Windbourne*, will be forthcoming from Berkley. Forthcoming from Ace is a sword and sorcery novel tentatively entitled *Wildraith's Last Battle*. Ms. Karr is also the author of several Regency novels and has several forthcoming from Fawcett. One of them, *The Elopement*, has a hero based on Mr. Spock.





**Richard Kearns**, a resident of Los Angeles, has written for *Orbit*. His short story, "From Bach to Broccoli," appeared in *Dragons of Light*, edited by Orson Scott Card. Before trying his hand at fiction, Kearns was an editor for various magazines and currently edits the SFWA Bulletin.

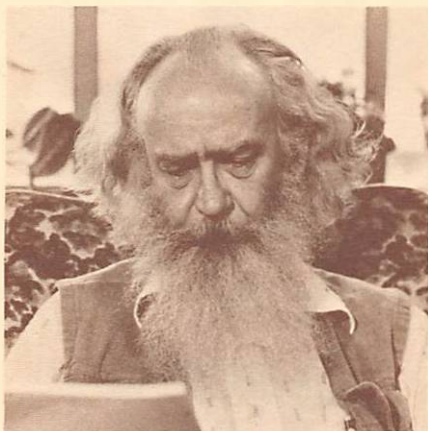


Photo by Paul Nelson

**Elizabeth A. Lynn** has written several novels including *A Different Light*, the three books of *The Chronicles of Tornor* and, most recently, *The Sardonyx Net* (Putnam 1981). One of her novels, *Watchtower*, won the World Fantasy Award. Her short fiction has been published in such places as *F & SF*, *Isaac Asimov's*, *Millennial Women*, *Berkley Showcase 1*, *Amazons!*, *Basilisk* and *Other Worlds 1*. A collection of her short fiction, *The Woman Who Loved the Moon and Other Stories*, has been released by Berkley. Elizabeth Lynn lives in San Francisco.



**Cyn Mason** of Seattle has a story forthcoming in *Isaac Asimov's*.

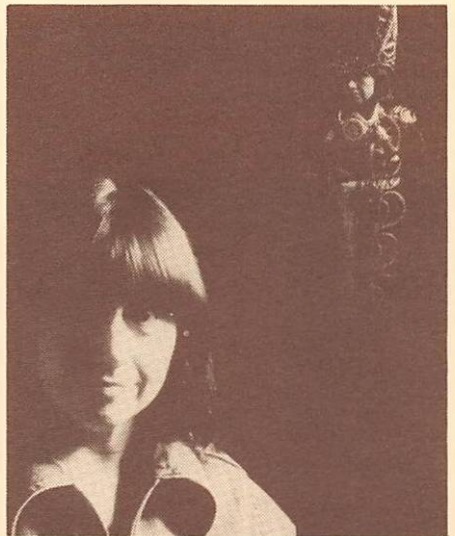


*Damon Knight*

**Damon Knight** is one of SF's most multi-faceted talents. He began his SF career as a member of the Futurian Society, a group which produced some of SF's greatest names. He was founder of the Science Fiction Writers of America and its first president. Damon Knight also founded the Clarion Conference on the craft of writing science fiction. He edited *Orbit* and numerous other anthologies. His more than sixty books include short stories, novels, incisive literary criticism, translations, and biographies. He has even written the history of the Futurian Society. He has recently sold a new novel, *The Man in the Tree*, to Berkley. Damon Knight lives in Eugene, Or., with his wife, Kate Wilhelm.



**Marion Markham** has written the children's SF novel *Escape from Velos*. She has a juvenile mystery, *The Halloween Candy Mystery* forthcoming from Houghton Mifflin in 1982. Marion Markham lives in Northbrook, Ill.



**Julian May**, from Mercer Island, WA., has had two SF books published by Houghton Mifflin: *The Many-Colored Land* and *The Golden Torc*. Two more, *The Nonborn King* and *The Adversary*, will be forthcoming from the same publisher.



# Guests

To V. Shog...  
Best...  
Vonda N. McIntyre



Photo by Jeff Levin/Pendragon Graphics

Seattle's **Vonda N. McIntyre** won the 1979 Hugo and Nebula Awards for her novel *Dreamsnake*. She has published two other novels, *The Exile Waiting*, *The Entropy Effect*, and a story collection, *Fireflood and Other Stories*.

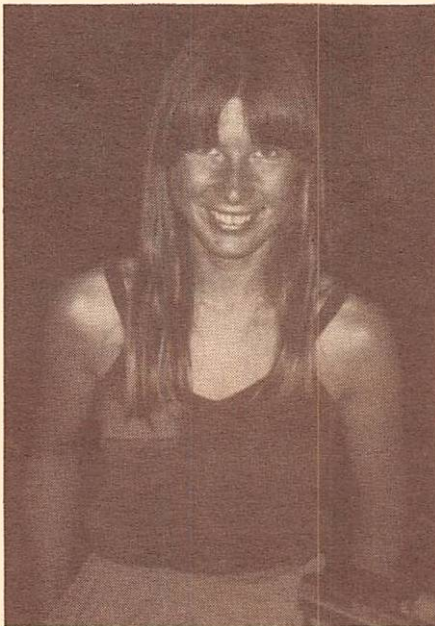
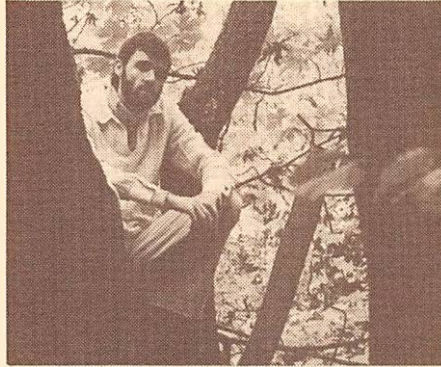
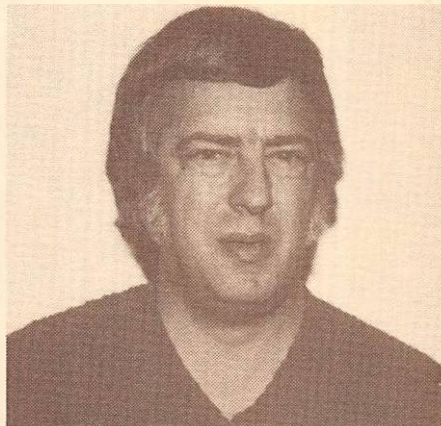


Photo by Steve Bard

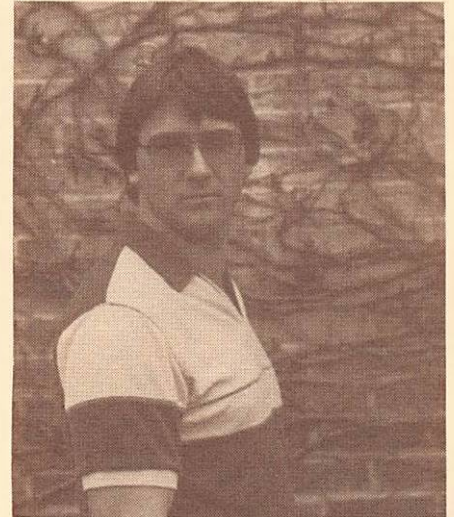
**Pat Murphy** has had stories published in various magazines and books, including *Elsewhere* (Ace) edited by Terri Windling and Mark Arnold, *Isaac Asimov's* and *Other Worlds 2*. She has a novel, *Shadow Hunter*, coming out this fall from Fawcett.



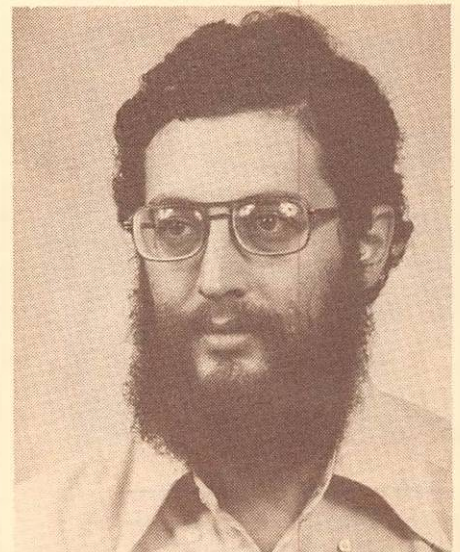
Seattle's **Paul Novitski** has had stories in *Amazing*, *Fantastic*, *Isaac Asimov's*, *Universe 9*, and *Wings*.



**Ted A. Pedersen**, a resident of Santa Monica, has written SF for TV and films. He was story editor of the "Flash Gordon" animated TV series and has written more than 60 TV scripts for shows ranging from "The Bionic Woman" to "Thundarr the Barbarian." He wrote the screenstory for a full-length animated film of Forward's *Dragon's Egg*. He is currently working on the development of a live-action Saturday morning series titled "Starhope."



**Steve Perry** (a.k.a. Jesse Peel) has had stories published in *F & SF*, *Isaac Asimov's*, *Galaxy*, *Omni*, and *Other Worlds 1*. He has also authored *The Tuleremia Gambit* (Fawcett). Steve Perry is currently working on three novels.

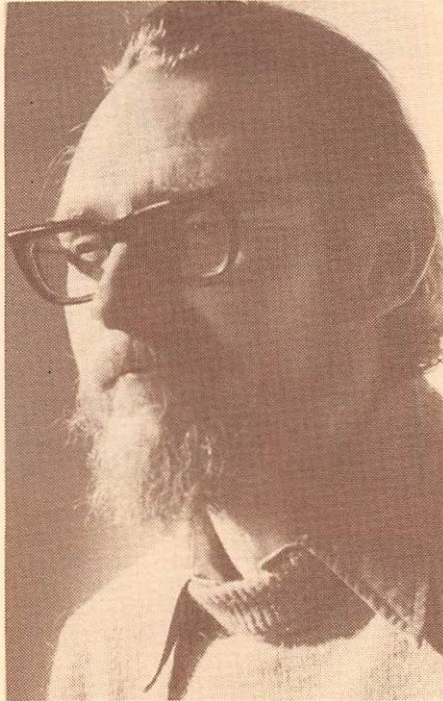


**Jonathan V. Post** has earned, with his non-fiction writing, nearly one million dollars from the Air Force and NASA. This, however, all went to his employer, Boeing Aerospace Company. Over 100 works of fiction, textbooks, speculative science, poetry, and miscellany have appeared in such loci as *Omni*,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





**Victoria Poyser**, late of Olympia, has done interior illustrations for Ace Books, *Galaxy*, *Starship*, *Fantasy Newsletter* and many fanzines and convention publications. She was awarded the 1981 Hugo Award for Best Fan Artist. She will be doing the cover art for *The Prisoner of Zbamanak* by L. Sprague de Camp (Phantasia Press) and an illustrated book based on the Sleeping Beauty legend to be published by Outre House. Victoria currently lives near New York City with her husband, Kipy.



A philosophy professor at Western Washington University in Bellingham, **Richard Purtill** has written books on ethics, the philosophy of religion, logic, Tolkien and C.S. Lewis. He has written the fantasy novels *Golden Gryphon Feathers* and *The Stolen Goddess*. *Murdercon*, an SF mystery, is forthcoming from Doubleday this May.

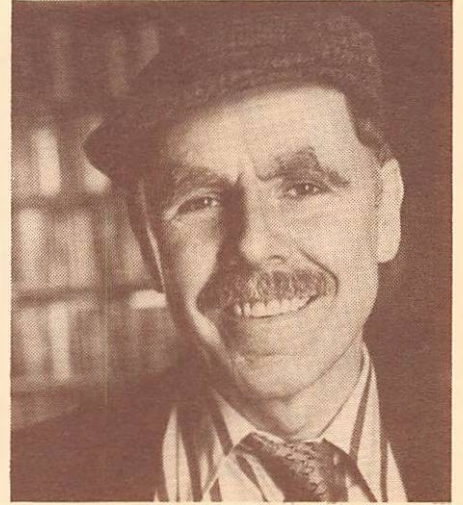


Photo by Jerry Bauer

**Frank Robinson** is the author of *The Power* and *A Life in the Day of . . .* (Bantam). In collaboration with Thomas N. Scortia he has co-authored *The Prometheus Crisis* and *The Gold Crew*.

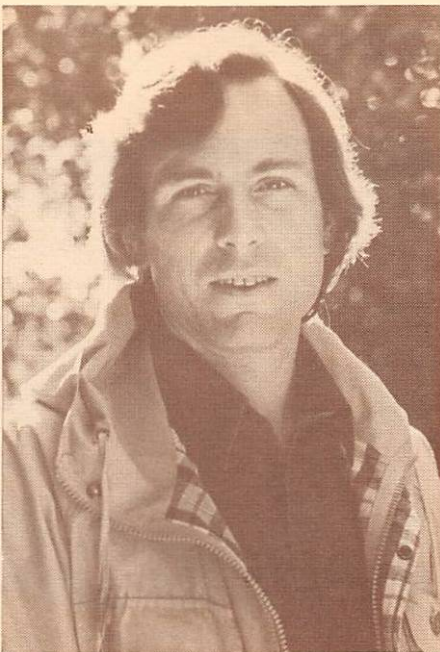


Photo © by Karen R. Preuss

**Paul Preuss** of San Francisco, CA., has written two SF novels: *The Gates of Heaven* and *Re-entry*. He has recently finished another novel, entitled *Broken Symmetries*.



**Michael Reaves** is the author of the novel *Dragonworld* (with Byron Preiss) and has had short fiction published in *F & SF*, *Universe*, and *Weird Heroes*. He has written, to date, over fifty TV scripts. Forthcoming books include *Darkworld Detective* (Bantam, June); a fantasy, *The Shattered World* (Timescape) and he is currently collaborating with Steve Perry on a novel titled *Hellstar*.



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: A Tale of Magic*. Ms. Russ has written short fiction and contributed incisive book reviews to *F & SF*. A collection of her short fiction is to be published by Pocket Books. Joanna Russ is a member of the English Department at the University of Washington and lives in Seattle.



# Guests



**Jessica Amanda Salmonson** is the editor of the award-winning anthology *Amazons!* and the forthcoming *Amazons II*. Forthcoming anthologies include *Heroic Visions* (Ace) and *Tales By Moonlight* (Garcia). Her short stories have appeared in *Elsewhere*, *Hecate's Cauldron*, *The Berkley Showcase*, and numerous others. Her three novels are *Tomoe Gozen*, *The Golden Naginata* and *The Swordsuoman*. She also edits a small newsletter about women warriors of history, legend, and modern heroic fantasy. As part of her book research, she has learned *taido*, "the way of the rapid sword," and is presently researching a historical novel about the origins of kabuki theater.



Photo by Steve Bard

**Wendy Adrian Schultz** has illustrated such novels as Jessica Amanda Salmonson's *The Golden Naginata* and Phyllis Ann Karr's forthcoming *Wildraib's Last Battle*. She has been involved in researching swashbuckling women of history and has prepared an art folio depicting some of these boisterous ladies, whose exploits equal or exceed the wildest fantasy novels. Previously an art teacher in St. Louis schools, she has made her home in Seattle for over two years, managing a marginal subsistence from her art.



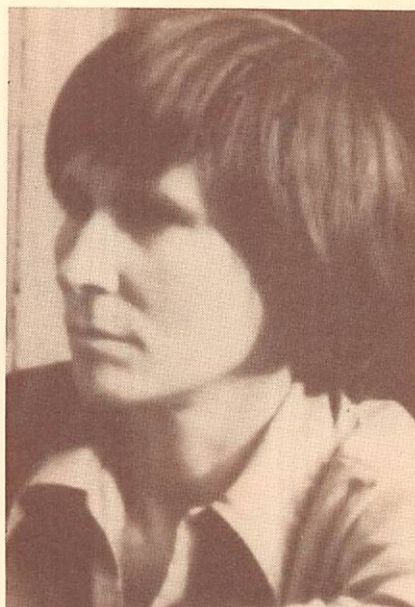
Photo by William Rotzler

**Norman Spinrad** made his reputation as one of SF's Young Turks with such novels as *Bug Jack Barron* and *The Men in the Jungle*. His other novels include *The Solarians*, *A World Between*, *The Iron Dream*, *Agents of Chaos* and *Songs from the Stars*. His short stories have been collected in *The Last Hurrah of the Golden Horde*, *No Direction Home*, and *The Star-Spangled Future*. Forthcoming are *The Void Captain's Tale* (Timescape), *The Children of Hamlin* (Pequod Press) and *Stayin' Alive* (Donning).



Photo by Mike Johnson

**Stephen Schlich** has had stories published in newspapers, a children's magazine, a backpacking journal and *Mike Shayne*. His short story, "Top of the Stairs," appeared in *Twilight Zone* (Feb. 1982). Schlich lives in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, with his basset hound, Studly.



**Jody Scott** of Seattle has written the satirical SF novel *Passing for Human*. A sequel, *I, Vampire*, will be forthcoming from Ace.



Photo by Sue Langref

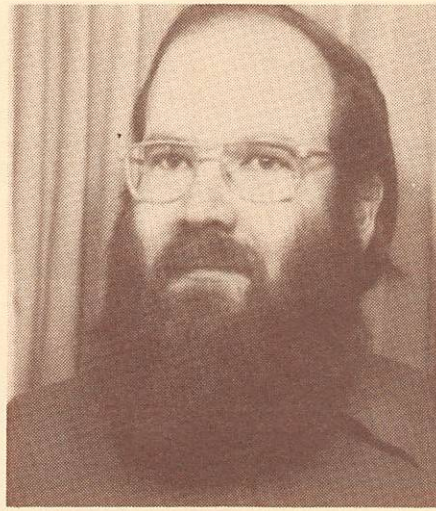
**J. T. Stewart** is an accomplished poetess and a main organizer of the yearly Science Fiction Fair at Seattle Central Community College. She has been a panel participant at the various cons taking place in the upper left hand corner of the map (OryCon, V-Con, Norwescon).

Best - J.T. Stewart





**Avon Swofford** has a short story forthcoming in *Shadows*, edited by Charles L. Grant. She is currently working on a novel. Avon Swofford lives in Long Beach, CA.



**Eric Vinicoff** has sold about 30 stories to SF magazines and anthologies. One of his most recent stories is "Patrol Team" (*Analog* Feb. 1, 1982). He is also co-publisher and editor of the SF magazine *Rigel*. Eric Vinicoff lives in Oakland CA.



Photo by Tom Walls

**William R. Warren, Jr.** has been active in fandom since 1968 and his artwork has appeared in numerous fanzines, program books (including the cover of the 1978 Worldcon) and other fan publications. He contributed artwork to the Ballantine *Star Trek Concordance* by Bjo Trimble and has won Best of Show at Westercon 33, V-Con 9, and Wichacon 1. He will have illustrations and filksongs appearing in the upcoming *T-Minus 10 and Counting* filksong collection from Off-Centaur Publications, if all goes according to plan. William Warren lives in Puyallup, WA., with his wife and three children.



*Gene Van Troyer*

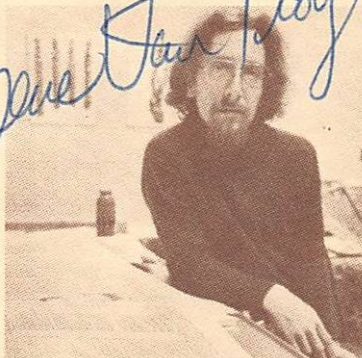
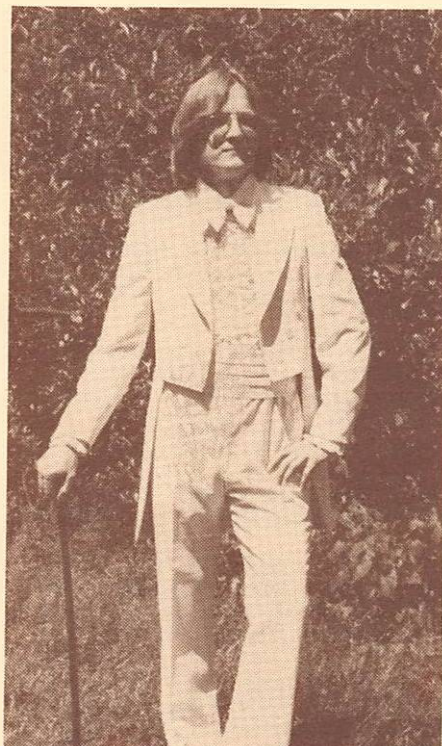
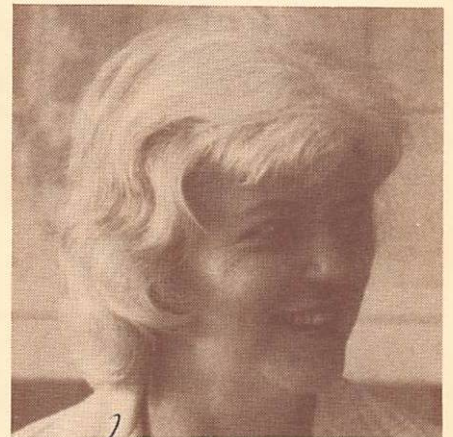


Photo by Bernard Versari

**Gene Van Troyer** has had short stories published in *Vertex* and *Eternity*. He has recently published "The Starfarer" in *Portland Review*. Gene Van Troyer's current project is a collaborative poem with three other poets.



**Carl Waluconis** (a.k.a. Wally Coins) is the author of *Whispers of Heavenly Death* (Manor). He has a short story forthcoming from *Amazing* and has an SF and a fantasy novel in progress.

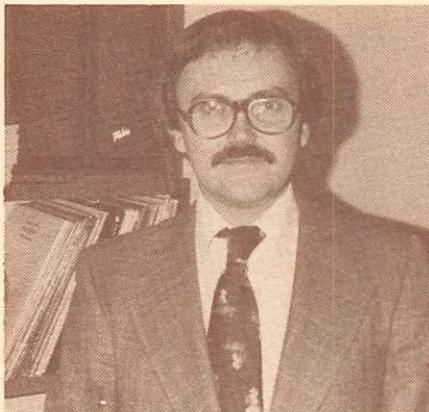


*Kate Wilhelm*

**Kate Wilhelm** is the author of about 20 novels and short story collections. Two of her most recent works are *A Sense of Shadow* and *Listen, Listen*, both from Houghton Mifflin. Her work has earned her the Hugo, Nebula, and Jupiter Awards. Forthcoming from Houghton Mifflin in 1982 is *Oh, Susannah!* Kate Wilhelm lives in Eugene, Or. with her husband, Damon Knight.



# Guests



**Robert G. Wilson's** first book was *Tentacles of Dawn*. Another work, *The Chromium Kid*, has been sent to the publisher. Robert G. Wilson is a Seattle resident.



Photo by Ruth D. Grover

**M. K. Wren** (aka Martha Kay Refroe) is the author of the three-volume SF trilogy, *The Phoenix Legacy*, published by Berkley Books. *The Phoenix Legacy* is comprised of *Sword of the Lamb*, *Shadow of the Swan*, and *House of the Wolf*. She is also the author of five mystery novels published by Doubleday. A sixth mystery is in progress. Ms. Wren lives in Otis, Oregon.



**Philip Yeh** is the author/artist of *The Adventures of a Modern Day Unicorn*, *Cazio in China* and *The Magic Gumball Machine and Company*.

**Marilyn Holt**, a Seattle resident, is a book reviewer for *The Seattle Times* and *Western Wildlands*. She has published a study of Joanna Russ' writing entitled "No Docile Daughters: A Study of Two Novels by Joanna Russ" is *Room of One's Own*. A critical analysis of Russ' major works is forthcoming in *Science Fiction Writers* from Charles Scribner's Sons. Several other critical works are currently seeking a home.

**Michael Kurland** of Kensington, CA., is the author of such SF novels as *The Whenabouts of Burr*, *Tomorrow Knight*, and *Psi Hunt*. One of his recent non-SF novels is *The Infernal Device*, a mystery whose protagonist is the famous Professor Moriarty. A minor British detective by the name of Sherlock Holmes has a cameo role. A sequel, *Death by Gaslight*, is forthcoming.

**John Joachims**, a specialist in puppet effects, is currently working with Ted Pederson on a new SF TV series for CBS entitled *Starbope*.

**Victoria Schochet** is the Science Fiction Editor at Berkley Books and lives, therefore, in New York.

**Stephanie Smith** of Portland, Or., has a short story, "Blue Heart," forthcoming in *Isaac Asimov's*.

**Dianne M. Thompson** has a short story, "The Triangle," written in collaboration with George Guthridge, forthcoming in *Isaac Asimov's*. Ms. Thompson lives in Huson, MT.

**Cherie Wilkerson** has sold stories to *Fantasy Book* and *Shadows IV*. She is currently hawking a novel.

## Non-Photo Section

**Michael Armstrong** is possibly the northernmost SF writer in the world. He lives in Anchorage, Alaska, and has been published in *F & SF* and has a novel in progress.

**Linda Blanchard**, a Seattle resident, has recently sold a novelette to *F & SF* and is very active in the L-5 Society.

**Brian Boerner** is a studio publicist and has written and designed tie-ins for *Dragonslayer*, *Heavy Metal*, *Quest for Fire* and is currently working *Conan*, *Bladerunner* and *Star Trek II*.

**Mars Bonfire** is the editor of *Spectrum* and *Novalis* Magazines and resides in Texas.

As co-editor of *Cry*, **Elinor Busby** won a Hugo Award in 1960 for Best Fanzine. She has sold several SF stories and currently is working on several Regency novels.

**Arthur Byron Cover** is the author of *Autumn Angels*, *The Platypus of Doom and Other Nihilists*, and one or two other books as well.

**Jan Howard Finder** has edited an SF anthology for Taplinger's, which will be available at Norwescon.

**Richard Hoagland** is a freelance science writer and the science advisor for CNN.

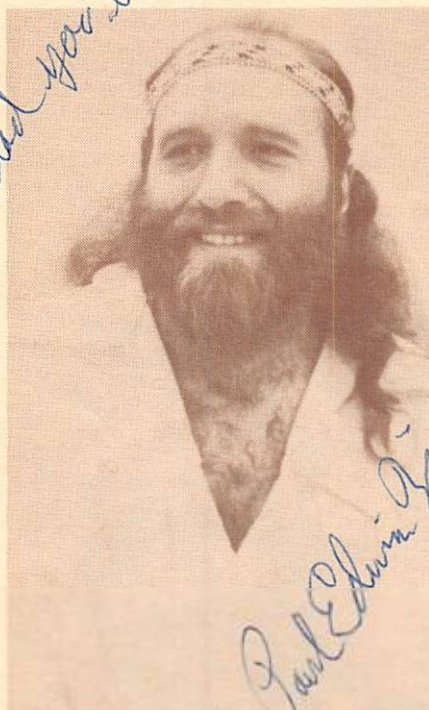


Photo by Morris Scott Dollens

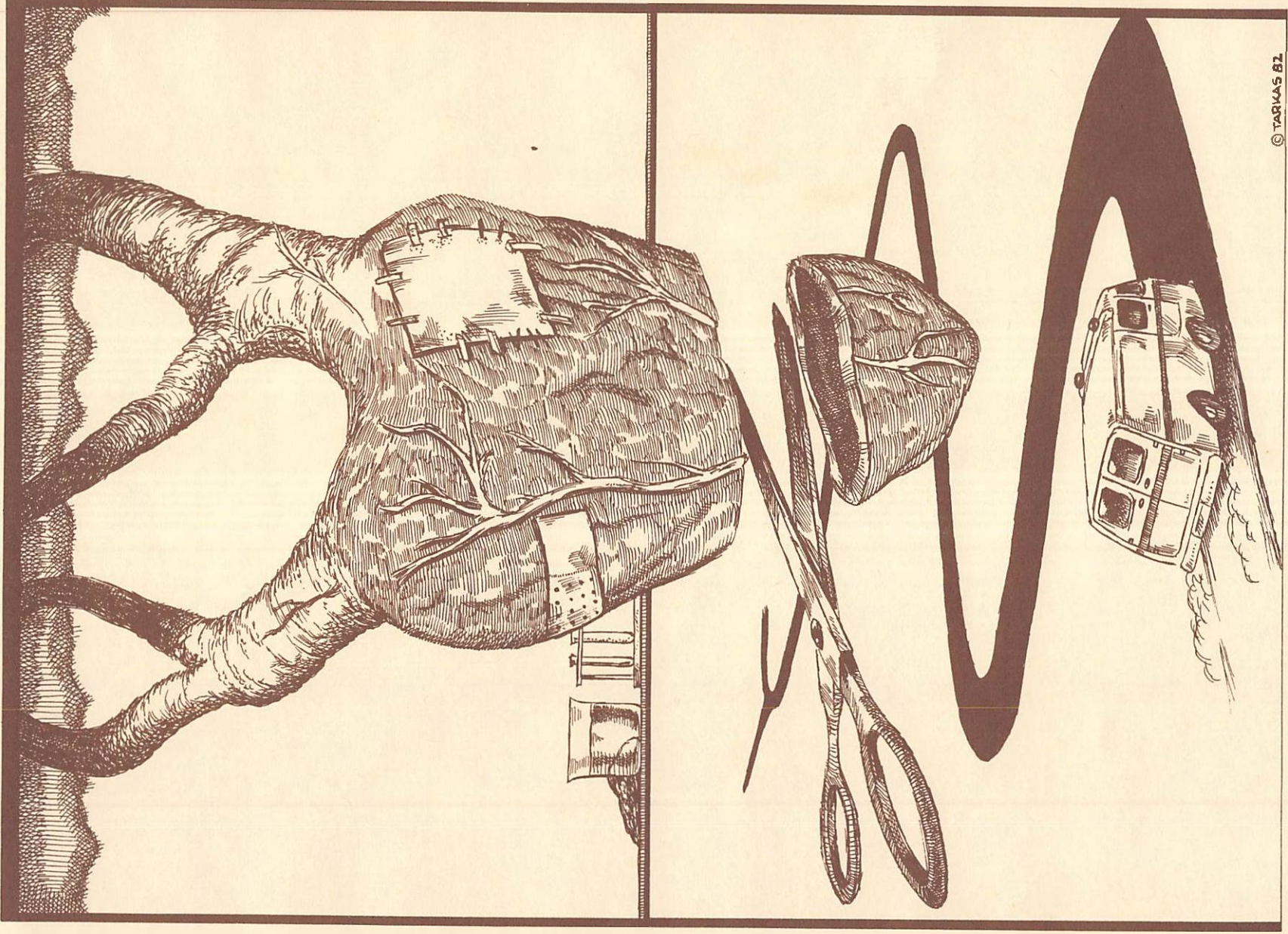
**Paul Edwin Zimmer** is better known as a poet than a writer of prose. Nonetheless, he has authored *Woman of the Elfnounds* (Triskell) and *The Survivors* (DAW) (with Marion Zimmer Bradley). Forthcoming from Playboy Press is *The Dark Border*, to be issued in two volumes beginning in September 1982. Paul Zimmer helped found the Society for Creative Anachronism and was its first Marshal. He lives in Berkeley, Cal.



# *BERKLEY IS WORLDS AHEAD IN SCIENCE FICTION*

PIERS ANTHONY  
SYDNEY VAN SCYOC  
HARLAN ELLISON  
E.E. "DOC" SMITH  
STEPHEN GOLDIN  
LAUMER  
E.E. "DOC" SMITH  
MORRIS  
ELIZABETH A. LYNN  
RICHARD  
GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER  
ERIC VAN LUSTBADER  
NICHOLAS YERMAKOV  
A.E. VAN VOGT  
HARLAN ELLISON  
HARLAN ELLISON  
PIERS  
FRANK HERBERT  
POUL ANDERSON  
JANET MORRIS  
KEITH LAUMER  
STEVEN BAUF  
PHILIP K. DICK  
JOHN VARELY  
NICHOLAS YERMAKOV  
A.E. VAN VOGT  
HARLAN ELLISON  
PHILIP JOSE FARMER  
ARTHUR C. CLARKE  
ANTHONY  
URSULA K. LE GUIN  
GENE WOLFE  
PHILIP DUNN  
JANET MORRIS  
AVRAM DAVIDSON  
BARRY B. LONGYEAR  
POUL ANDERSON  
STUART GORDON  
E.E. "DOC" SMITH  
FREDERIK POHL  
PHYLIS ANN KARR  
ROBERT SIEGEL  
SYDNEY VAN SCYOC  
STEPHEN GOLDIN





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## A Do-It-Yourself Guide

by Thomas M. Disch  
and John Sladek

Let's get one thing straight right away—*Anyone can perform the single act of surgery necessary for a heart transplant.* So-called medical doctors would like us to believe the contrary, of course. According to organizations like the A.M.A. it takes years of tedious university study and a hospital full of costly equipment.

Don't you believe it! In fact the average man or woman with a high school diploma and enough manual dexterity to operate a pencil sharpener can successfully transplant any or all of his own organs. "After a few weeks of practice," says one successful amateur, "switching hearts or livers becomes as easy as switching license plates on your ambulance."

And that's only the beginning. When you've learned the simple technique of auto-hypnosis, the way is clear to the most difficult self-operation of all—the whole-head transplant.

### Two Important Rules

1. Don't listen to defeatists who say it can't be done. Remember, they said Van Gogh was crazy.
2. Don't accept failure. Keep trying.

Naturally before you undertake to transplant your own organs, you'll want plenty of practice with the help of family, friends and pets. Most self-surgeons run into their first difficulties here. Rejection of the *concept* of transplantation is as common as the purely medical problem of tissue rejection. People are afraid of anything new and untried, and logical arguments won't work against fear. You may have to resort to the tested-and-true U.S. Army method of simply choosing your volunteers. If the volunteer doesn't agree with your choice, it's just as well to have a can of chloroform and a strong assistant standing by.

Assume that you have your recipient ready for the table. You have a number of sharp knives and scissors, needle, thread, and so on. You've put down a few newspapers to sop up the mess. Slip on your kitchen rubber gloves, tie on your spotless white surgical mask (optional, but it does impart an undeniably "distinguished" look)—and you're ready to start the countdown.

### Eight Rules for Surgery

1. Tools: Be sensible. Don't expect perfect results with a clumsy serrated bread-knife. Keep all knives and scissors ultra-sharp. (Remember—it's the dull, rusty knife that will slip and cause a nasty accident.)
2. Be bold and decisive. Remember—you're not a barber—you're a surgeon!
3. Start small. Don't try to remove a whole

heart the first time round. Start with maybe just the little pointy bit at the bottom.

4. Work from right to left, and top to bottom. When sewing up, this rule is reversed.
5. Safety first! Cut away from yourself. (Of course, this doesn't apply when operating on yourself.)
6. If the recipient should wake up during the operation, smile warmly and keep up a steady flow of conversation. If possible, get a shoulder in the way so he won't see what you're up to. Say you're sewing buttons on his shirt, etc.
7. Remember—alcohol and blood don't mix. Do your celebrating afterwards.
8. Trust in God to see you through.

Finding a donor is the next problem, and here's where an ambulance with false license plates comes in handy. If you can't afford that, get a stethoscope. Practice the technique of racing to the scene of an accident, listening for a heart-beat, and shaking the head gravely. Don't be choosy—anyone with a visible wound is as good as dead anyway.

If you can't find an accident, don't become discouraged. For beginners, practice with substitutes and simulations is a good alternative. Does your supermarket have artichoke hearts or heart-of-palm? Any old valentines in the attic? How about that greasy deck of cards you keep meaning to throw away—plenty of "hearts" in that.

The same principles apply for other types of transplantation. Every supermarket stocks a good supply of liver and kidneys—and what's more they're relatively cheap! Just warm them to body temperature (98° Fahrenheit, approximately) in a pan of water (don't fry or broil) and heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's off to work we go!

One thing to bear in mind—the replacement parts should **not** be larger than the parts removed. A kidney-shaped coffee table, for instance, should not replace a kidney. Confusions or misjudgments of size can lead to trouble at sewing-up time.

### The Whole-Head Transplant

Now that you've swapped a few hearts, lungs, livers, etc. you're ready for something really challenging. For a head transplant, we find that both literally and figuratively two heads are better than one. That is, two surgeons have an easier time subduing initial resistance. They can take turns at the arduous work of cutting through bone and gristle. Finally, teamwork brings out the sheer good fun of surgery.

One time, for instance, the authors of this article were doing a head transplant using Mr. Disch's cousin (a pipe-smoker who had once complained of a headache) as recipient. The donor had been struck down some minutes earlier by an unidentified, hit-and-run ambulance.

While Disch removed the recipient's head and his billfold, Sladek did the same with the

donor. Then we sewed on the new head in record time. We were just washing our hands before lunch, when the patient began to complain of blindness.

Optical nerve damage was our first hypothesis. Sladek then opted for hysterical blindness, while Disch maintained that Sladek's thumbs had slipped into the donor's eye-sockets during the head removal.

The real explanation was much simpler. Disch had turned the recipient's body over from a prone to a supine position, while Sladek had not similarly rotated the head. In short, the head was on backwards, so that as the patient lay on his back his eyes were pressed into the pillow.

We had quite a laugh about our little mistake. Disch's cousin was furious at the time, though by now he has come to terms with the re-arrangement. Today, with the aid of two mirrors, he can light his pipe, shave, and otherwise live a completely normal life—and his headache is gone!

### Rules for Head Transplants

1. Take special care with head-body orientation. Labelling heads and bodies **front** and **back** is helpful.
2. Rejection problems: Be sure donor and recipient take the same hat and collar sizes. Heads have been known to reject foreign bodies due to their outlandish metric sizes.
3. Save leftovers. Spare heads and bodies always come in handy during emergencies.

Surely it is the highest calling of all surgeons to ply the paring-knife and coping-saw on their own flesh and bone, following the immortal commandment of the Carpenter of Nazareth: "Physician, heal thyself!" Don't forget, though, in the enthusiasm of your first weeks of auto-surgery that you can have too much of a good thing.

### Rules for Auto-Surgery

1. Use the buddy system, especially at first. Sure you can go it alone, but there's no reason to be ashamed of having a friend stand by, just in case. Anyone can pass out.
2. Don't over-do it. Auto-surgery is basically healthful and invigorating, but it does tax the system. If you've just done a kidney transplant, for instance, give yourself a week or two before trying open heart surgery.
3. Don't try and work without mirrors. There's no place in Medical Science for show-offs! Do remember: Left becomes right in a mirror, and vice versa. One of our colleagues now has a very tricky double left ear, from forgetting this simple rule.

Finally, a few words on the controversial subject of lobotomy. Both of us have enjoyed the benefits of lobotomization for many years. We feel that it represents a definite plus, both physically and spiritually. The lo-

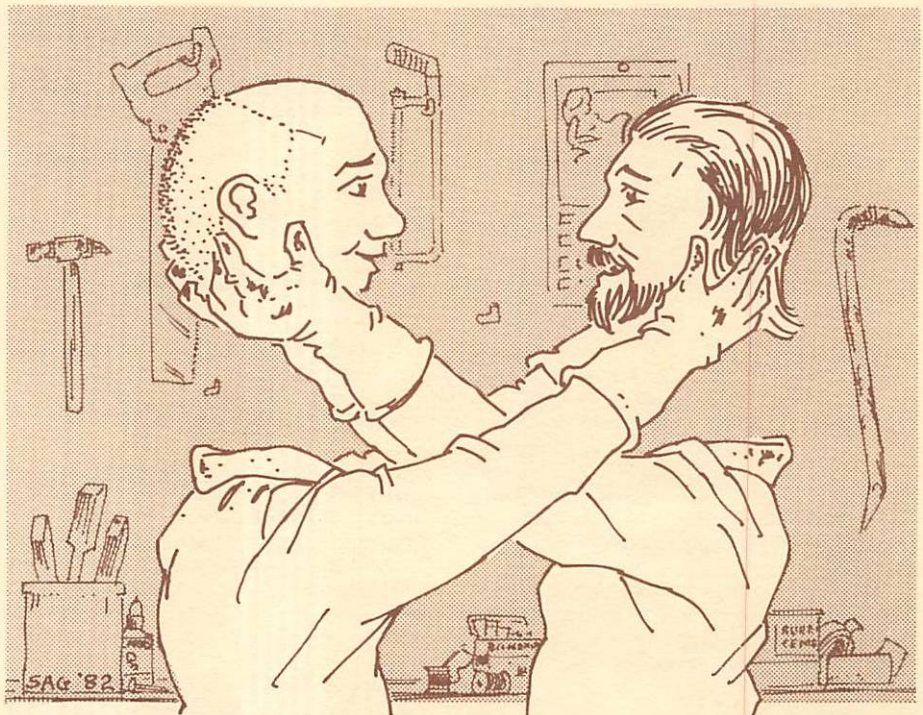


botomized mind feels a profound sense of Inner Peace. Lobotomies were a normal part of life among the ancient Aztecs and Egyptians —why not in our supposedly "scientific" age?

Those who regard the operation as "disfiguring" might as reasonably argue that appendectomies should be abolished because they're a threat to the bathing-suit industry! (Actually, as most of us realize, surgical scars are decidedly *arousing!*) To all such crepehangers we say—Poppycock! Let common sense and humanistic philosophy prevail: there is no form of auto-surgery that isn't worth trying out.

Few hobbies can be so inexpensive and so educational at the same time. Moreover, auto-surgery is health-giving, improves sallow complexions, is a good cure for depression, and gives you something to do with your hands.

So, if you're still hesitating, our advice to you is—Dig in!

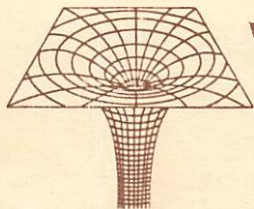


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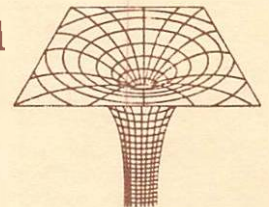
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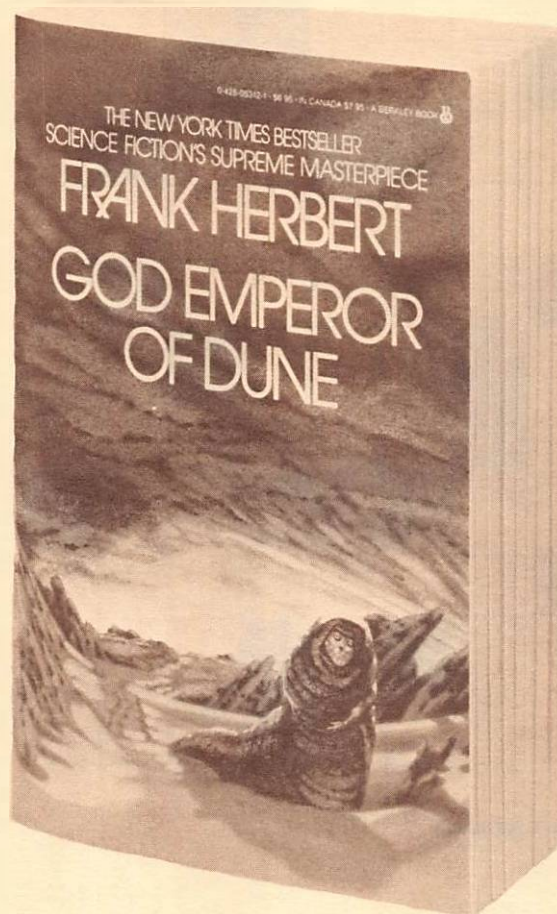
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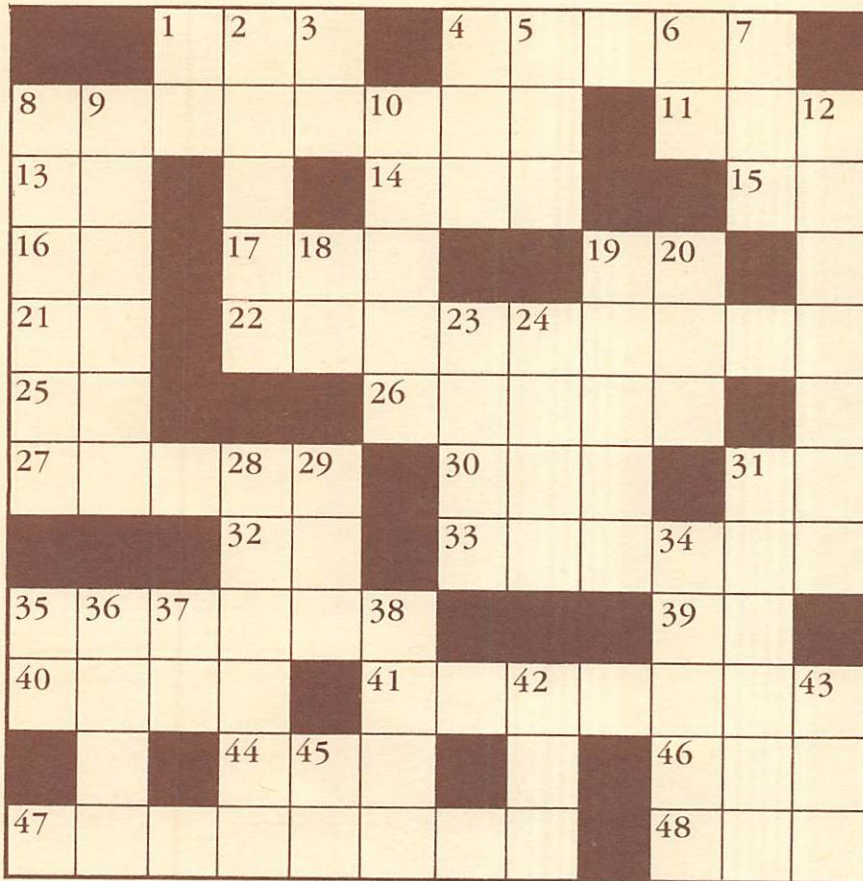
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## A Crossword



### ACROSS

1. Malt + hops
4. \* *The Black Cloud*
8. \* *Tau Zero*
11. \* *Tarzan*
13. As described
14. Frozen water
15. Gram
16. International Unit
17. I think, therefore:
19. This state
21. Mister
22. \* *Last & First Men*
25. (anat.) opening
26. Marsupial "bear"
27. \* *20,000 Leagues* . . .
30. Hydrochloric acid
31. Undoing prefix
32. Old Latin
33. \* *Spaceman, Go Home*
35. \* *Childhood's End*
39. 100 metric volumes
40. Emporium
41. \* *The Drowned World*
44. Orbiting Astronomical Observatory
46. Of God
47. \* *Rocketship Galileo*
48. Human photoinput

### DOWN

1. Commercial
2. \* *Perelandra*
3. Comparative suffix
4. Obsolete card game
5. I
6. French the
7. Energy unit
8. \* *Foundation*
9. \* *Star Surgeon*
10. \* *Goblin Reservation*
12. \* *Stand on Zanzibar*
18. @
19. \* *The Time Machine*
20. Lord Byron's daughter
23. \* *Gateway*
24. Netlike fabric
28. \* *Lord of Thunder*
29. Horny beast
31. \* *The Runaway Robot*
34. Relative obscurity
35. Centimeter
36. Emit coherently
37. Argon
38. West Indian shrub
42. Waterfall
43. Decease
45. Belonging suffix

## Circle / Icarus

Poems with Embedded Wordsquare

by Jonathan V. Post

& Samuel H. Post

Falling, then, from the solar  
 Fell the burning winged  
 Son of Daedalus, wearing  
 Artificial wings his father did  
 Too high he flew in the sunlight's  
 He falls in myth, falls not in our

C I R C L E  
 I C A R U S  
 R A R E S T  
 C R E A T E  
 L U S T R E  
 E S T E E M  
 t B a e w a  
 h r i t i s  
 e e r e t  
 s t a r n h y o u  
 s k e n a t o u  
 i e l h i f  
 s t h s a l  
 e d l a .  
 r i s c  
 : w i l l

Poem across by Jonathan V. Post  
 Poem down by Samuel H. Post

note: the embedded 6 x 6 wordsquare,  
 which "Squares the Circle," is by "W.W.",  
 published in the British periodical *Notes &  
 Queries*, 21 July 1859.



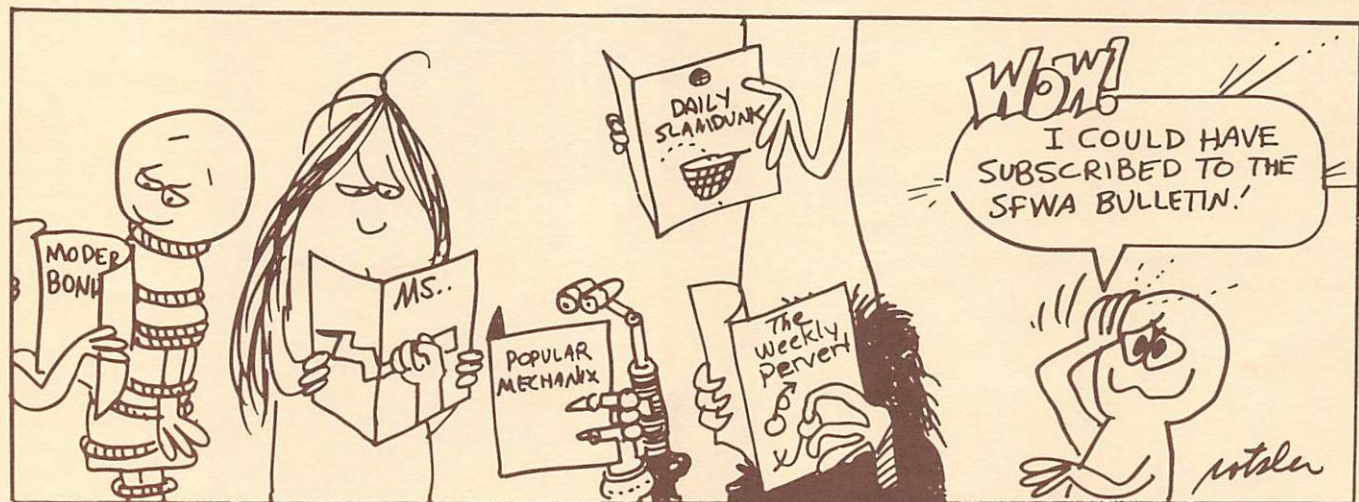
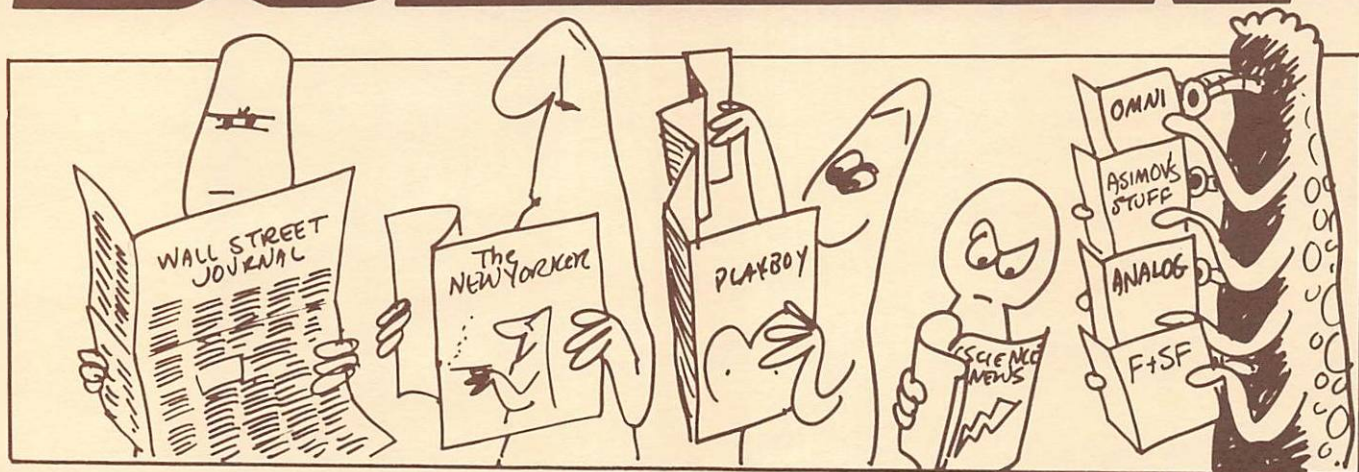
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crossword answers on page 93



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# Gallery









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# Hannes Bok

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HANNES BOK



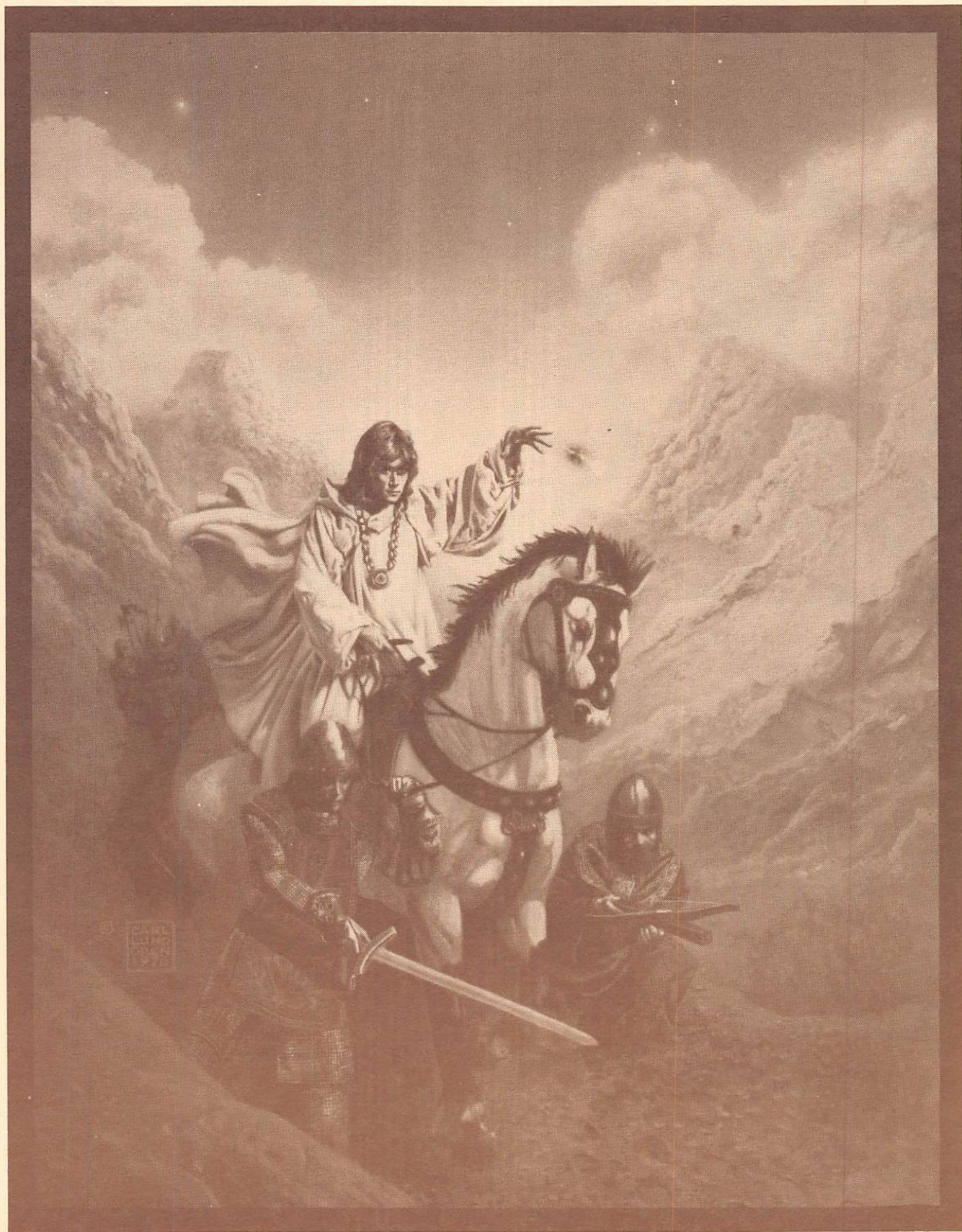




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# Carl Lundgren

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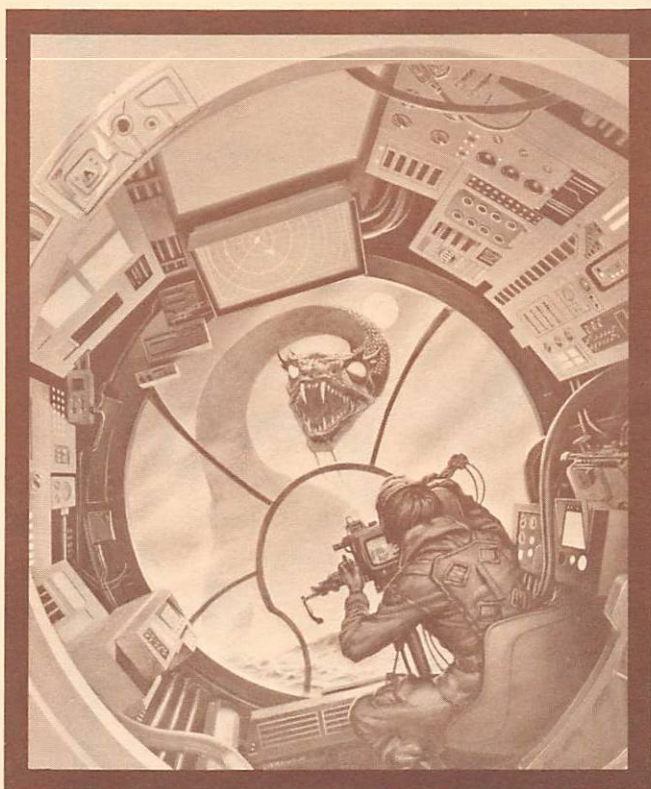
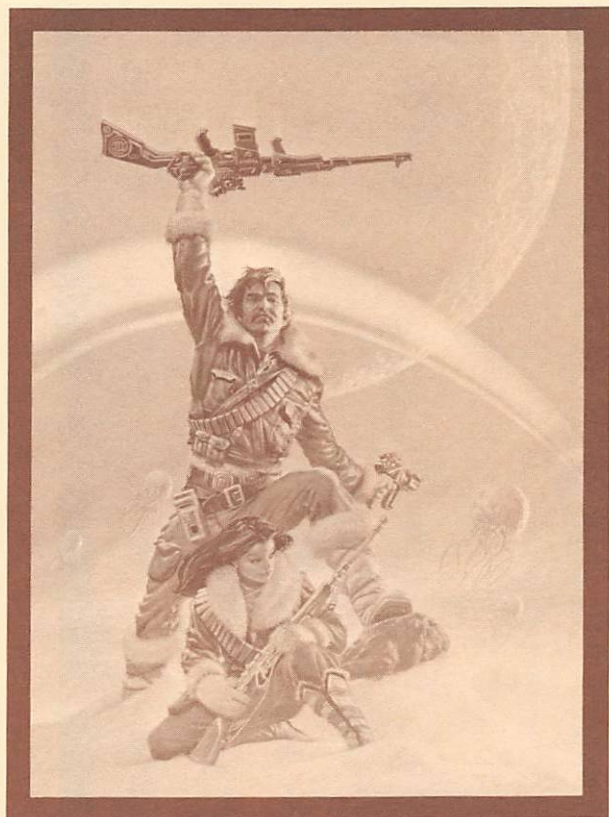


# H. R. Giger





# Michael Whelan





# Virgil Finlay





Leo, Diane & Lee Dillon

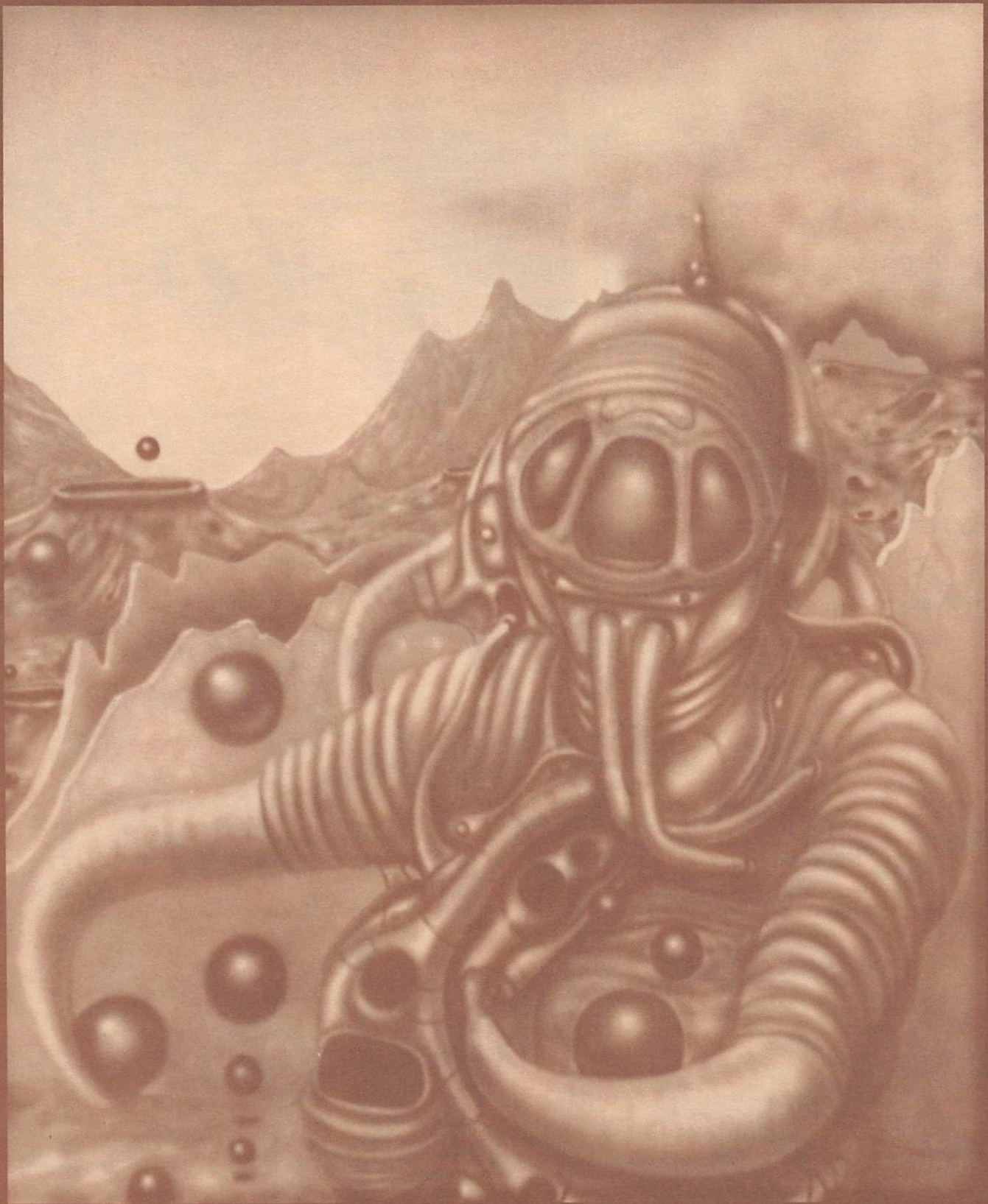




# Victoria Poyser









Ken Macklin



Ken Macklin ©1982







# George Barr

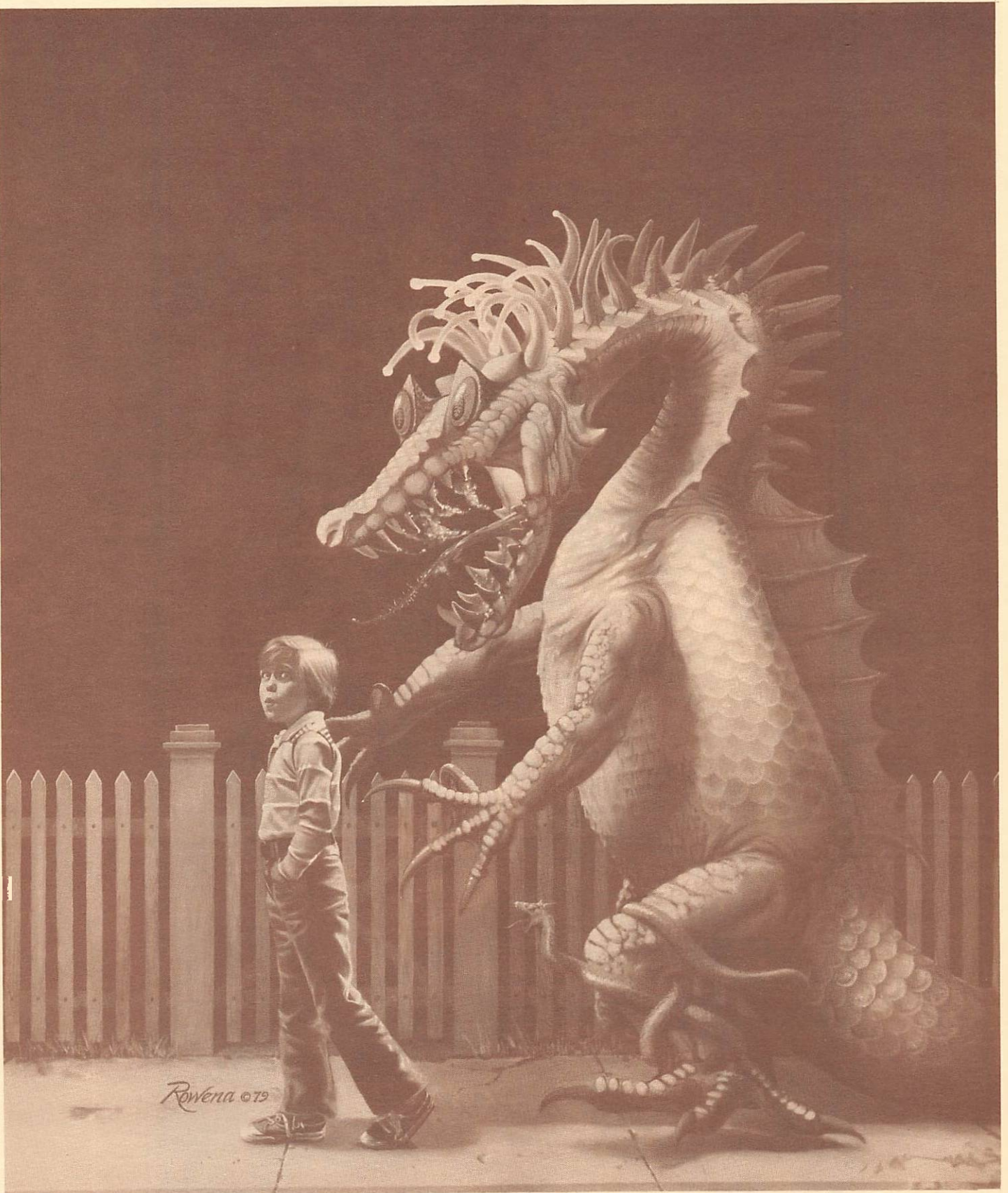




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# Rowena Morrill

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# Alicia Austin





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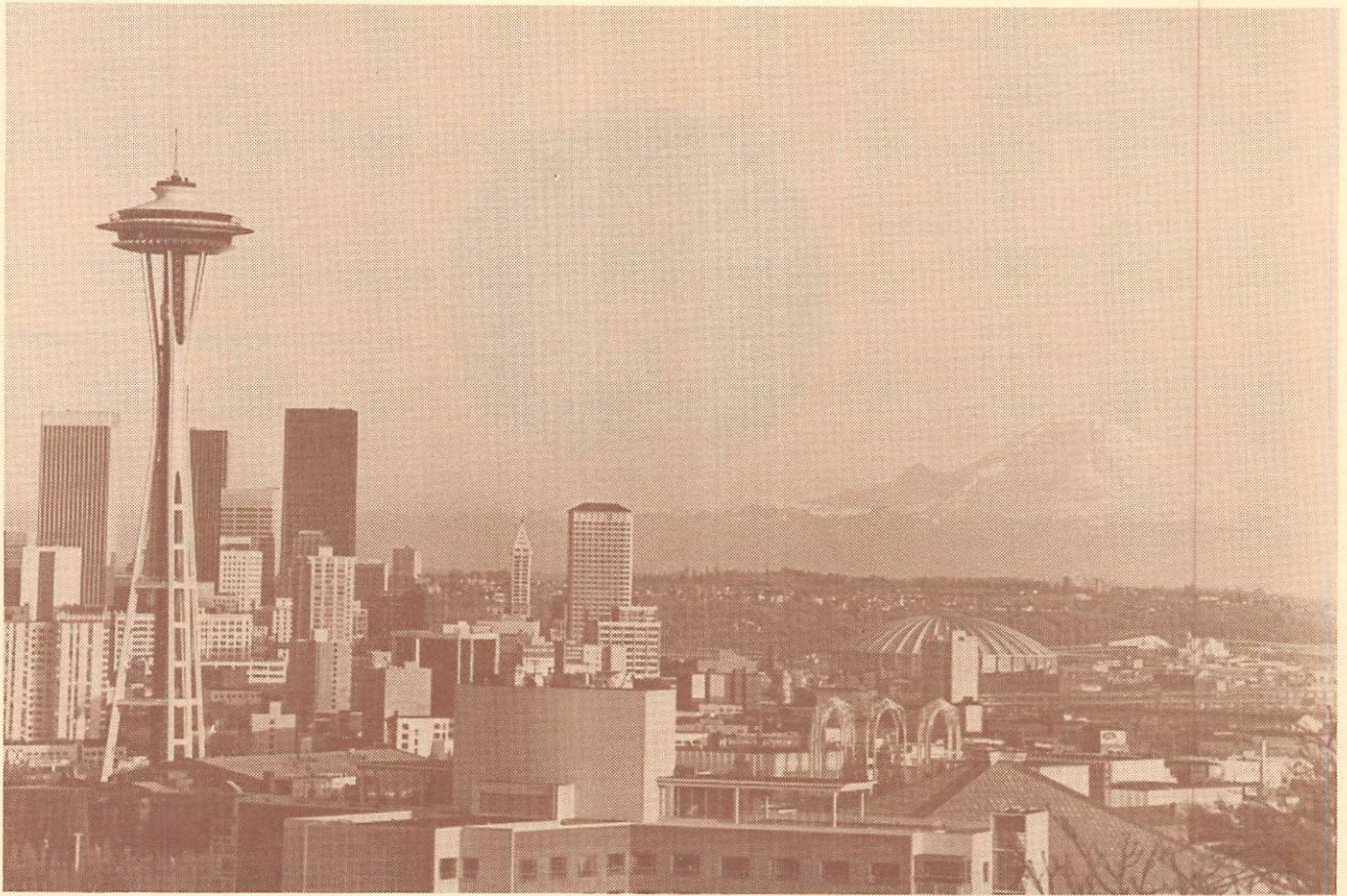
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# Seattle



Seattle is a place where spicy Douglas firs, startlingly blue lakes, and an inland sea surround mirrored skyscrapers and a montage of unique communities built on seven hills.

Within the city you can tour historic Pioneer Square, taking time off from browsing turn-of-the-century shoppes, art galleries, and the incredible 19th century Underground Tour to enjoy a cup of Espresso and a plate of steaming butter clams at a sidewalk cafe. Two blocks away at the waterfront you can choose from a variety of seafood restaurants and import shops, drinking in the sweet salt air while you toss morsels of food to the seagulls to quibble over.

Be sure also to visit the Seattle Center, site of the 1962 World's Fair and the Pacific Science Center. Plan to spend at least one full afternoon if you want to see the Laserium show and a significant percentage of the exhibits, displays, and hands-on toys. Towering above all this is the 600 foot space needle with its revolving restaurant, where the food is almost as spectacular as the view.

We who live here tend to take it for granted, but perhaps the greatest attraction of Seattle for most visitors is the scenic splendor which surrounds it. Western Washington has an embarrassingly complete inventory of quiet lakes, salt water,

islands, rivers, waterfalls, forests, beaches, snow-capped mountains, and even our very own active volcano. What more could one ask for.

One of our many dormant volcanoes, Mt. Rainier, not only has the greatest recorded annual snowfall of anywhere on Earth (and thus is the most glaciated peak as well), but is also one of the most majestic and beautiful peaks on the planet. Among the other *must* side-trips in any visit to Seattle are a one-day trip to our Pacific Ocean beaches and the nearby rain forests, a ferry-boat ride across Puget Sound to the Indian

village on Blake Island, an afternoon drive past Snoqualmie Falls and up over the Cascade Mountain range to the "Bavarian" town of Leavenworth. Somewhat farther afield is a one-day boat trip up through the San Juan Islands to quaint old Victoria, British Columbia, where the Empress Hotel, Parliament buildings, museums, and Buhart Gardens are mandatory. Even farther afield, but no less unmissable, is a weekend trip along the rocky Oregon coastline with its sandy beaches, sea lion caves, and forty miles of the largest sand dunes in the world juxtaposed with lakes and forests of breathtaking beauty.





# How To Savor Seattle

by Steven Bieler

Natives of the East Coast habitually think of the western part of our country as a vast, untamed wilderness, populated chiefly by cattle, wheat and the cast of *Gunsmoke*. To the Easterner, civilization begins on the shores of Massachusetts and ends on the Jersey side of the Holland Tunnel. Chicago is perceived as a dusty prairie town, with more saloons than churches and a citizenry fluent in both English and Cow. Seattle, twice as distant, is thought to be a brawling frontier outpost, devoid of such civilized amenities as electrical utilities, innovative artistic endeavors and a winning baseball team. As a native Easterner I too held these beliefs, and thought them incontrovertible.

But a year in the West has taught me the truth. Seattle is indeed civilized, and as proof I append the following list of places to eat and things to do. Only the very best places and things have been listed.

From downtown Seattle you can get to any of them. To get downtown, head north on 99 if driving; board bus #174 (75¢ exact change) if dependent on public transit (447-4800 for schedules and route information). While on 99 watch for the Kingdome, home of major league sports in Seattle. The Kingdome is a triumph of contemporary architecture and urban design. It looks like a parking garage wearing a pie plate. When you pass it, you're downtown.



cozy there's no room for food on them, cram the floor, and if you want to experience the cutting edge of Seattle streetlife you can sit at the counter. Be careful who you start a conversation with. Formal attire is suggested; shoes are required.

Time for dessert! Just two blocks north, at 416 Broadway, the finest chocolate in the Pacific Northwest is whipped up at THE DILETTANTE (329-6463). The chocolate butter cremes are so good they are being investigated by several government agencies, and the marzipan has been described as preferable to income tax refunds. You may sample the wares before you buy.

But perhaps the glamor and excitement of Andy's and the unrestrained hedonism of The dilettante is not for you. If so, get back on that #7 and check out THE IRON HORSE, 311 - 3rd South (223-9506). The Iron Horse, just two blocks north of the Kingdome, broils the best burgers in town and serves them by model train! This is a place for the entire family. Don't touch the tracks while the trains are running or you'll french-fry your fingers.

Looking for that 24-hour eatery with cosmopolitan appeal? Where the beautiful people go to stuff their faces? Have I got a restaurant for you! BETH'S CAFE, 7311 Aurora North (782-5588), offers omelettes a foot square and an inch deep on a foundation of home-fried potatoes. Each omelette contains ten to twelve eggs and a filling of mushrooms, cheese, bacon, or whatever you like. Trowels are distributed with the knives and forks. The last customer to finish one of these cholesterol nightmares quarterbacked three teams in the NFL. From downtown take the #6 (50¢) to the intersection of Aurora (Rte. 99) and Winona North. Walk south one block on Aurora. Beth's is located between Skippy's and the Aurora Poodle Parlor. Bring a friend and split an omelette.

Culture enthusiasts will want to walk off their dinner along the quarter-mile length of the FREEWAY NATURE TRAIL. From downtown take #'s 71, 72, or 73 to the corner of Eastlake East and East Galer.

Walk east on Galer to Franklin. Franklin parallels the Trail, which runs almost fifty feet beneath the thundering spans of Interstate 5. Enter the trail and proceed north; observe the flora and fauna abounding among the concrete support pillars, walk the ancient paths, read the graffiti. Can you find my initials? You will eventually emerge on Lakeview East, where you may catch #'s 25 or 32 and return downtown. The Trail is open year round, but should be avoided in wet weather. Nighttime trailwalking is permitted if done in groups; bring flashlights and stout shoes.

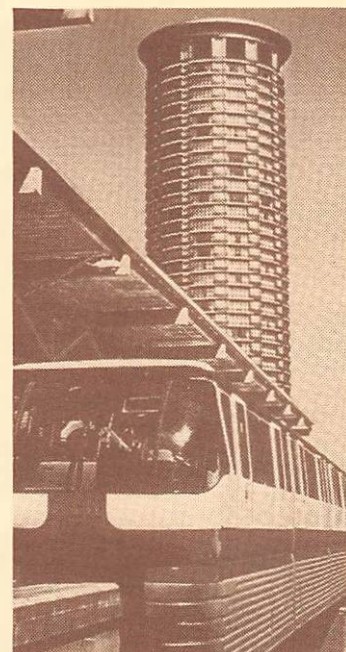
Finally, the Seattle/King County Convention & Visitors Bureau, located on Seventh between Stewart and Olive, is open 8-5 weekdays and will answer any questions about Seattle you might have after reading this guide. Call them at 447-7273. Don't mention my name.

Copyright © 1981 by Steven Bryan Bieler



Begin with a look around. Proceed to the PLAZA 600 BUILDING, corner of Sixth and Stewart. The windows in the restrooms on the 19th floor offer an exciting panorama of northeastern Seattle; cars and parking lots stretch outward to the steep slopes of Capitol Hill, once the throbbing hub of Seattle's fan community. As you exit the elevators, turn left and left again for the men's room, right and right again for the women's. The views, I am told, are similar.

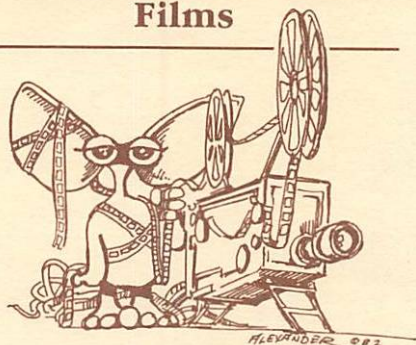
Speaking of Capitol Hill, why not go there for dinner? Walk south three blocks to Pine and catch the #7 (50¢). Debar at the front door of Seattle's most prestigious eating establishment, ANDY'S CAFE. Andy's, 214 Broadway East (322-9896), is distinguished externally by the bright yellow facade and the missing letters from the "Free Parking" sign. Here you may enjoy gourmet dining in *tres elegante* surroundings. Andy's has more bowling trophies than any other restaurant in Seattle. Intimate booths, some with tables so





# Films and Video

## Films



### The Man Who Fell To Earth

Director: Nicolas Roeg  
Producer: Micheal Deeley & Barry Spikings  
Screenplay: Paul Mayersberg, based on the novel by Walter Tevis  
Music Director: John Phillips  
Cast: David Bowie, Buck Henry, Rip Torn, Candy Clark.

R - 118 mins. - 1976

A science fiction classic, this is surely the most spectacular film director Nicolas Roeg has done to date. David Bowie masterfully plays a frail and exotic ingenue exposed to and finally overcome by modern technology, American Capitalism and his earthly love.

A touching and visually stunning masterpiece.

"Beauty, tension and a mysterious, unsettling power. Roeg has become one of the most interesting filmmakers anywhere."

—Jack Kroll, *Newsweek*

"In David Bowie, the rock star, Roeg made an inspired choice for the lead and, after seeing his performance, one can only conclude that no one else could have been so right. *The Man Who Fell to Earth* is like a Picasso painting or a novel by Joyce; it should be left to the observer to assimilate."—*San Francisco Chronicle*

### THX 1138

Robert Duvall  
Donald Pleasence  
Maggie McOmie

PG/M - 88 mins - 1971

The finest American science fiction film since 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, *THX 1138*, directed by George Lucas (*Star Wars*), has been hailed by *The New York Times* as "a visually hypnotic film" and by the *Catholic Film Newsletter* as "extraordinary." Set in the 25th century, the story centers around a man and a woman who rebel against their rigidly controlled society.

### Phantom of the Paradise

Producer: Jose S. Vicana  
Director: Brian De Palma  
Cast: Paul Williams, Jessica Harper, William Finley, Gerrit Graham

PG - 92 mins. - 1974

A satire on both horror films (specifically, *The Phantom of the Opera*) and rock groups (Sha Na Na, The Beach Boys, Kiss, and Alice Cooper, to mention just a few), *Phantom of the Paradise* succeeds brilliantly on both counts while carving out an identity all its own. Directed by Brian De Palma (*Carrie*, *The Fury*), the film tells the story of Winston Leech, composer of a rock cantata on the theme of Faust, who sells his soul for rock 'n' roll. Oscar-winner Paul Williams stars and composed the superb rock musical score.

"*Phantom of the Paradise* is a crazy, savage film—iconoclastic and truly liberating."—Richard Schickel, *Time*

"*The best comedy of its kind since Sleeper*."—Judith Crist, *New York*

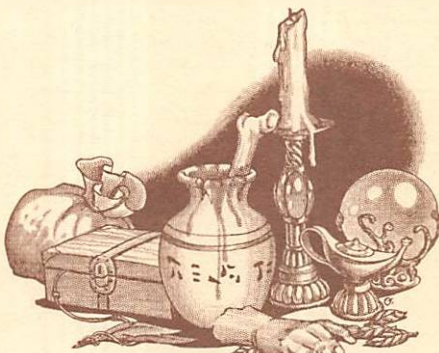
### Rabid

Producer: John Dunning  
Director: David Cronenberg  
Cast: Marilyn Chambers, Joe Silver

R - 91 mins. - 1977

*Rabid* is a moody, graphic and convincing horror story of what happens to *Behind the Green Door*'s Marilyn Chambers when, after an accident and surgery, she becomes vampire-like with the unquenchable desire to suck the blood of her unwitting victims. Her victims do not die; instead, they go on to infest others, and soon an entire city is contaminated with the disease and with the fear of being bitten. Created by David Cronenberg, *Rabid* is even more terrifying than the classic shocker *Night of the Living Dead*.

"Cronenberg has a sense of tastelessness that makes Peckinpah films look like Sunn Classic nature reels."—*Cinefantastique*



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### The Old Dark House

Director: James Whale  
Writer: Benn W. Levy, based on the novel *Benighted* by J.B. Priestley.  
Photography: Arthur Edson  
Cast: Boris Karloff, Melvyn Douglas, Charles Laughton, Raymond Massey, Ernest Thesiger, Eva Moore

75 mins - b&w - 1932

Last seen theatrically in the early Fifties, and consigned to that long list of presumably "lost" films for the past 30 years, James Whale's *The Old Dark House* is available at last. An all-time horror great, it's one of the most literate and visually striking horror films of the Thirties, a masterful and urbane mixture of English 'Gothic' horror, parody, and funny, but civilized responses to the absurd! Five travelers, caught in a violent storm, take refuge in a sinister mansion inhabited by an all-star cast of weirdos headed by Boris Karloff, Hollywood's reigning "King of Horror." An artful blend of chills and ghoulish gallows humor, directed with a rare sense of the eccentric and bizarre, and acted by a splendid cast, the movie is full of quotable quotes from such old hams as Ernest Thesiger ["Have some gin. I like gin!"], and Eva Moore ["No beds—they can't have beds!"]. Distributed under exclusive license by Twyman Films, Inc. By arrangement with Raymond Rohauer.

"Whole generations grew up, and knowing only its title, and tantalized by wonderfully atmospheric stills and the reputations of Karloff and James Whale, assumed it was one of the greatest of all horror films. In many ways it is . . . Nothing better in this vein has ever been done before or since."—William K. Everson, *Classics of the Horror Film*

Winner of the *Golden Scroll Award* of the Academy of Science Fiction Fantasy and Horror Films, 1980.

### The Corpse Grinders

Sean Kenney  
Monika Kelly  
Sanford Mitchell

PG - 80 mins. -

This bizarre little horror film is precisely what it sounds like, and definitely not for the weak-stomached. If you enjoyed *Night of the Living Dead*, however, you may have a taste for the macabre humor in this tale of a cat food company that boosts its sales by adding chopped up human beings to its product. The cats love the food so much, they start attacking their owners for seconds.

Recommended for mature audiences only.



## Video Program



Young Frankenstein  
 Attack of the Killer Tomatoes  
 Moonraker  
 Alien  
 Flash Gordon  
 2001: A Space Odyssey  
 The Day the Earth Stood Still  
 Star Trek: The Motion Picture  
 Superman: The Movie  
 Time After Time  
 Close Encounters  
 Silent Running  
 Dark Star  
 Love at First Bite  
 Watership Down  
 Logan's Run  
 Superman Cartoons  
 The Avengers: The Winged Avenger  
 The Prisoner: episodes 1 - 15  
 Hardware Wars  
 That's Hollywood: SF  
 Special Effects: The Empire Strikes Back  
 Nova: Space Colonization  
 Airplane  
 Hawk the Slayer  
 Demon Seed  
 Return from Witch Mountain  
 Thunderbirds to the Rescue  
 Somewhere in Time  
 Invasion of the Body Snatchers  
 1941  
 The Cat from Outer Space  
 Tuck Everlasting  
 Saturn 3  
 Humanoids From the Deep  
 Day of the Dolphin  
 Altered States  
 Night Stalker: Seattle episode  
 Cosmos: 10 of 13 episodes  
 The Night that Panicked America (War of  
 the Worlds special)  
 The Muppet Movie  
 The War of the Worlds  
 Hero at Large  
 Battlestar Galactica: The Prison Ship  
 The Planet of the Apes  
 The Nude Bomb  
 Buck Rogers (the movie)  
 A Clockwork Orange  
 The Lathe of Heaven  
 When Worlds Collide  
 The Andromeda Strain  
 Journey to the Far Side of the Sun  
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 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

Robinson Crusoe on Mars  
 Live and Let Die (James Bond)  
 The Man with a Golden Gun (James Bond)  
 Thunderball (James Bond)  
 The Spy Who Loved Me (James Bond)  
 Battle Beyond the Stars  
 Colossus: The Forbin Project  
 Forbidden Planet  
 Final Countdown  
 Fantasia  
 Dracula  
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 Genesis II

House of Dark Shadows  
 Night of Dark Shadows  
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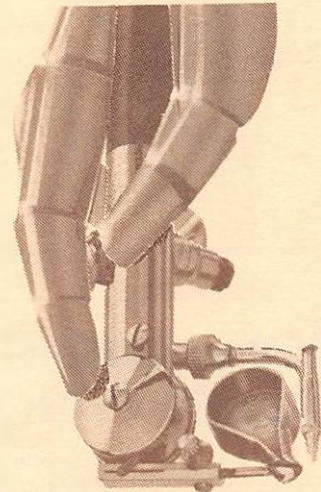
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The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is to be applauded for some of the wonderful contributions it's made to the English language. After all, certain catch phrases like "a-okay" and "all systems go" have crept into modern usage rather comfortably.

But when NASA starts monkeying with existing words, it might be time to start worrying.

It was a typical Seattle morning: sparse strands of sunlight beamed down through the clouds and into the radio station newsroom that I call home at those hours. Next to me on an Ampex open-reel tape machine was the latest NASA "Radio Presentation," a nearly 15 minute feature that regularly comes to our newsroom pushing whatever new developments that NASA would like us to know about.

I hit the "play" button, and the tape machine began sorting through the program the box it came in identified as "Beyond the Space Shuttle." The deep voice of the announcer intoned, "During the first decade of America's space program, Mercury, Gemini, and Apollo missions made significant contributions to science and technology and provided the know-how and confidence for future space flights.

Wait a minute. I rewound the tape. The narrator was pronouncing Gemini with a long "e" sound at the end. Geminee?

As a reporter who covers the space effort, I was somewhat mystified. Never before had I heard anyone refer to the two-man space program, or for that matter the constellation, as Geminee. It had always been Gemini, with a long "i."

It was time to check with the authorities. I opened up my well-used copy of Webster's New International Dictionary, Unabridged, Second Edition: the type you're most likely to see sitting on a nice oak stand in a library. The pronunciation it gave was Gemini, plain and simple. No second choice.

But just to play it safe, I gave science writer and friend Joel Davis a phone call. His memory—as well as his Oxford English Dictionary—confirmed Webster's verdict: Gemini, and no other.

Other quick contacts with people who frequently use such terms at the Pacific Science Center and the University of Washington turned up the same single-voiced results.

For some reason, though, the NASA announcer thought the word was, well, twins in pronunciation. I picked up the telephone and called the NASA newsroom in Washington, D.C., where I reached Mary Fitzpatrick. I put the question of pronunciation to her.

"It was obviously an error," she told me. "We normally refer to it as Gemini here."

Score one for the dictionaries.

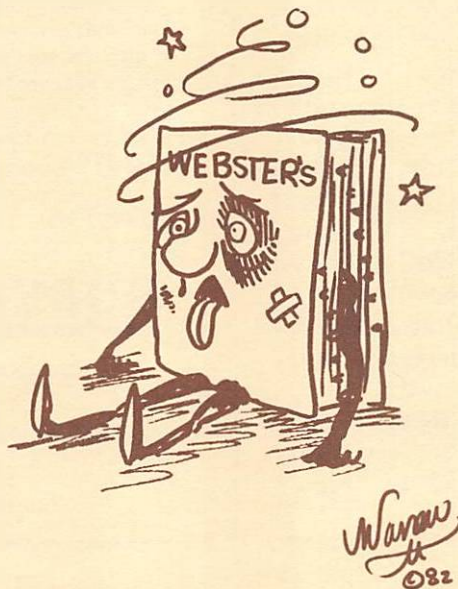
She transferred me to NASA's radio and television office, which actually produces the tapes. After trying to phrase the question as diplomatically as possible—"Uh, how do you pronounce the manned space program that came between Apollo and Mercury?"—Ivelisse Rodriguez assured me that the voice on the tape was not pronouncing the program name in error.

As a matter of fact, she went so far as to do an informal poll of the space agency public and press relation types. The results?

"I asked five people—people who should know, who have been with the space program for years—and three said Gemini, two said Geminee," she reported. "According to the people here, either one is correct." Or, I suppose, you could use Gemini 60 percent of the time and Geminee the other 40 percent and have the statistics on your side: 3 out of 5 space officials surveyed recommend, and so on.

At this point I thanked her and went on to less weighty conversational matters.

I don't like to think of myself as a linguistic nitpicker. I don't go through newspapers redoing the copyeditor's job, and then mail the corrected pages in to the editor with a grade on them. But I do become a bit wistful when I realize that all over the country, hundreds of radio stations are broadcasting the word Geminee to describe one of mankind's landmark space programs. I did not become awe-struck in those years to the sounds of a long "e."



I did later check with some less authoritative dictionaries, those that no longer list how a word should be used, but rather simply print how the language is being used and abused. Their suggestion was not just Gemini and Geminee, but something else that appeared to be Geminee with a soft "g" as in "go." Gosh.

Maybe some of us are being a bit too picky about NASA's linguistic schizophrenia. After all, these days they do have other things to worry about. But when Voyager 2 arrives at its next destination, a number of us in the broadcast industry can hardly wait for NASA to get its tongue around Uranus.

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## Ms. Found in a Bottle



Of course I continue to write  
Here on the atoll. As well ask  
Do I still think.

About?

Oh, cocoanuts sometimes.  
The sunsets, the sea,  
My inner life, my sense of being  
Set apart.

Art

Is all that matters here.

No, that isn't true.  
My basic concern is survival.  
But one can't worry about sharks  
Twenty-four hours a day.

I exercise. I do some  
Scrimshaw. I try to eat  
A balanced diet.

Really, I doubt my life  
Is atypical for a poet.

The weather was lovely today,  
And I'm sure it will be  
Again tomorrow.

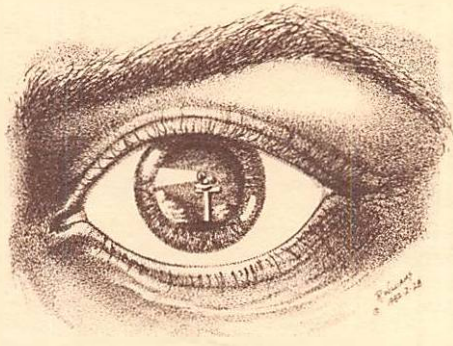
—Tom Disch

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# Coal Miners

by Thomas M. Disch



From my vantage in the company's office  
I never cease to admire our coal miners'  
Philosophic composure before the problem  
Of faith. In fact I was one of the first  
On our floor to fight for the right to wear denim.  
I know it fools no one, exerts no claim,  
And makes me look ridiculous in the eyes  
Of Upper Management, but how else, if I can't speak  
To them directly, can I express my canine willingness  
To let their Man be leader of the pack?  
These small homages to the icons of this tragic vigour  
Only allow us less guiltily to hypothesize his life  
Underground: how he attacks the spangled earth,  
Advancing slowly down its major arteries impelled  
By an anger his own unholy din every moment renews.  
His skin, like the limestone of a sea-worn cliff,  
Has become one magnificent callus. His lungs  
Are more dense with death than any cowboy's,  
Whatever his cigarette. Because he has inhabited  
Even this depth of darkness with the light  
Of a common purpose his soul is socialized  
To a degree we can but dimly imagine. Let us at least  
Do that. Let us honor the dowdy churches  
And ephemeral pornography that allows him to breed  
Responsive sons who'll carry on the ruinous fight  
With the first terrific lunges of a man's whole strength.  
Let us wear, if only in our bedrooms or on certain

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Holidays, a lantern on our heads in honour  
Of his conquest of despair. Dare we suppose that ours  
Is larger? But as for approaching him  
In friendship, as for asking him to recognize  
That by signing his paychecks in sanctioned simulation  
Of the boss's signature we can be useful too—  
No, that we won't do. If they could hear us maundering  
In the fictive caverns of our mirrored bars,  
They'd only damn our condescending eyes.  
Our kindnesses to them must be invisible or so discreet  
As to seem so: building the movies that let them dream  
Of houseboats, spies in helicopters, just desserts,  
Of Samson as he detonates the jet-black pillars  
Of one subterranean temple after another,  
Then carts away their shattered Baals  
To be burned in a million benevolent mills.  
This much we'll do, and more: for ravaged skins  
We'll sell a soap and call it ever-springing Hope.  
On Saturdays, between advertisements for beer,  
We'll share their ritual brutalities and cheer them on.  
But we must not ask to be imagined in return.  
Our business suits and busy minds, disabling fears  
And air-conditioned air, cannot engender  
Reciprocal myths. Perhaps it is Virgilian of me,  
But I'd prefer my brothers underground  
To believe in their inalienable rightness.  
I'd rather they didn't know too much  
Of the contents of my desk, the source  
Of my pride, the force of my imagination  
As it gnaws at the dark walls that surround me.

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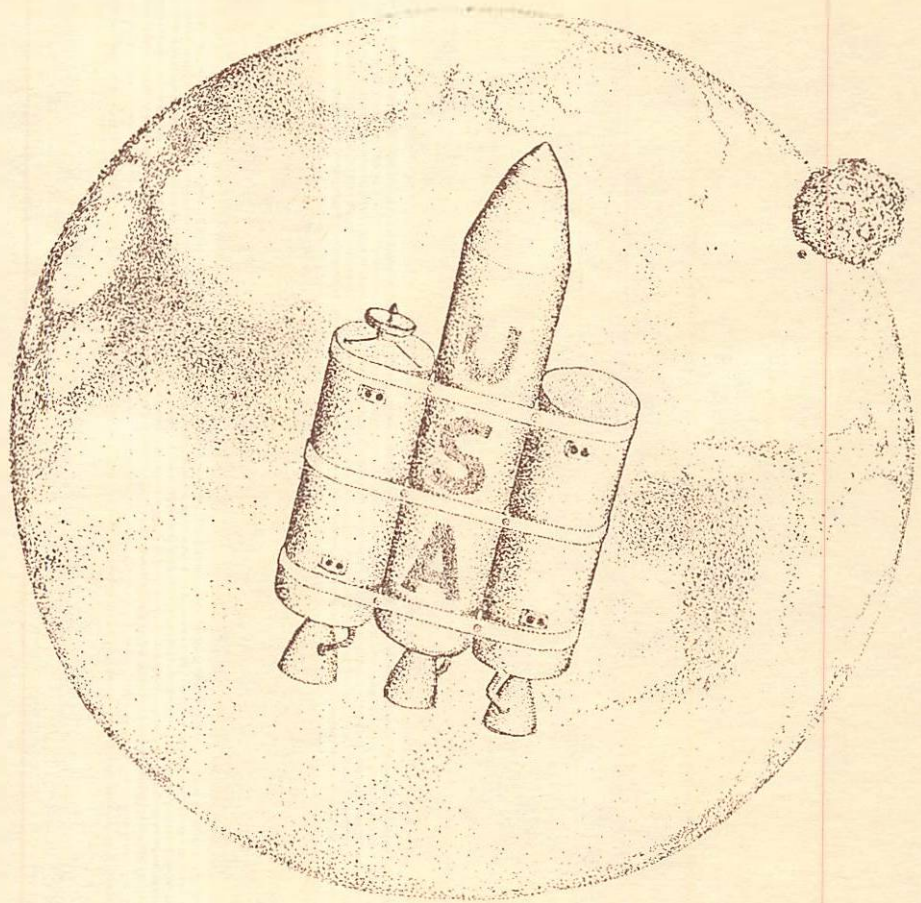
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## The Spaceship Caliban

(SF Poetry Contest)



Far from the warmth and the sunlight  
Far from the worlds of man  
Coursing the endless midnight  
The spaceship Caliban

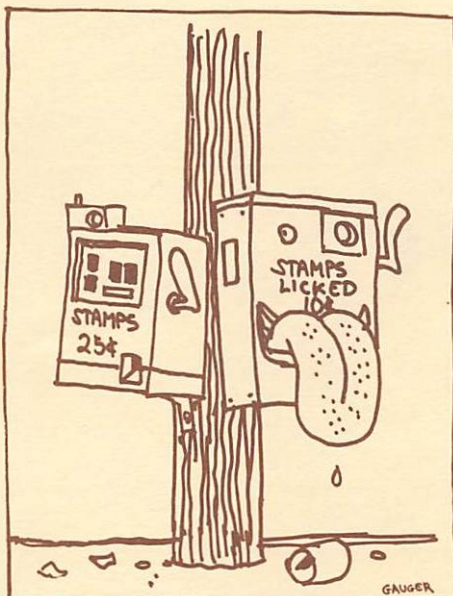
Sullivan at his station  
Carolyn by his side  
Callisto their destination  
With ten more days to ride

Titan away behind them  
Jupiter shines ahead  
Callisto's craters are calling  
To Io, volcanically red

Carmichael cursing Titan  
Ten days since Carolyn said  
"I'm through with your fussin' and fightin'  
I know I'd be better off dead."

"It's true that I've found a lover  
It's true that I've got a man  
It's him that I want, no other  
Captain of the Caliban!"

"Nothing you tell me can frighten  
Nothing can force me to stay  
So long to you, and to Titan  
I leave for Callisto today."



Carmichael thinking with sorrow  
How Sullivan once was a friend  
Carmichael plans for tomorrow  
When the story will come to its end

Carolyn works the computer  
Sullivan's by her side  
Carmichael once was her suitor  
But now all he has is his pride

Carolyn turns to her lover  
"The fuel supply is okay,  
But we're 70 kilograms over  
I think there's a stowaway."

Sullivan puts on his spacesuit  
Carmichael climbs through the hatch  
Carolyn's yelling "Don't shoot, don't  
shoot!"  
She knows Sullivan's met his match

Gamma-ray laser-gun blazing  
Carmichael shoots the two dead.  
"Your conclusion belongs in *Amazing!*"  
The undersigned publishers said.

—Jonathan V. Post  
—A. M. Gilbertson

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## The Fall of the City

by Jonathan V. Post

Sometimes I forget why I came here. The city is so large, so noisy, so consumed with pride and jammed with traffic. Stone towers rise ever higher against the sky, and garbage rises ever higher in the streets. No one is safe from thieves or bureaucrats. Rats chew human bones in the rubble at the edge of town.

I cannot take it any longer. I will leave the city soon. I will save a little money, then I will quit my job. Yes, and sail away to somewhere beautiful, somewhere distant, maybe even home. These constant negotiations, the rebellious workers, the tardy messengers, the substandard building materials and broken tools and angles that are not true . . . Oh, I will sail away forever.

No, I am talking foolishness. It is all nothing. Tonight I will drink with you in the tavern, which is not the fine place it used to be, and tomorrow I will go to work again. Work, work, work, until this city subsumes the world. This crazy town the natives know as Babel.

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*In the French language night  
Is a woman and day is a man,  
And no poet or poetess can escape  
The implications. We are free  
Who speak English from wondering why  
Our hands, though masculine in form,  
Are, even so, feminine nouns.  
Nor are the women of England saddled  
With all those dismissive diminutives,  
Those -issa's and -ina's. In England  
Maria becomes Mary, which rhymes  
Democratically with eight men's names;  
Here (or there) one can be teased discreetly  
As to the gender of Joyces and Jerrys.*

*It is from respect for our tongue's genius  
For good manners that I would resist  
Any rush to reform the supposition  
That "one" and "anyone" are men.  
Consider such a phrase as "anyone  
Who has lost his or her temper":  
What begins as an effort to be fair—*

*The recognition that "anyone"  
May be a woman—ends by introducing  
An extraneous element of ambiguity—  
That suggestion that someone has lost  
His or her temper because of a confusion  
Of sex-roles.*

*It is a lovely language,  
English. One senses, instinctively, listening  
To it, that it was created, like chromosomes,  
In strict parity by women and by men:  
By Mother Goose and Father Time  
With their long memories, by the quick  
Co-equal wits of Mirabell and Millamant.  
By Jane Carlyle, assuredly, but by Thomas too,  
By Walt's barrelfuls and by Emily's inklings;  
In the lucidities of all well-drawn contracts,  
In the songs of bedlamites who wear*

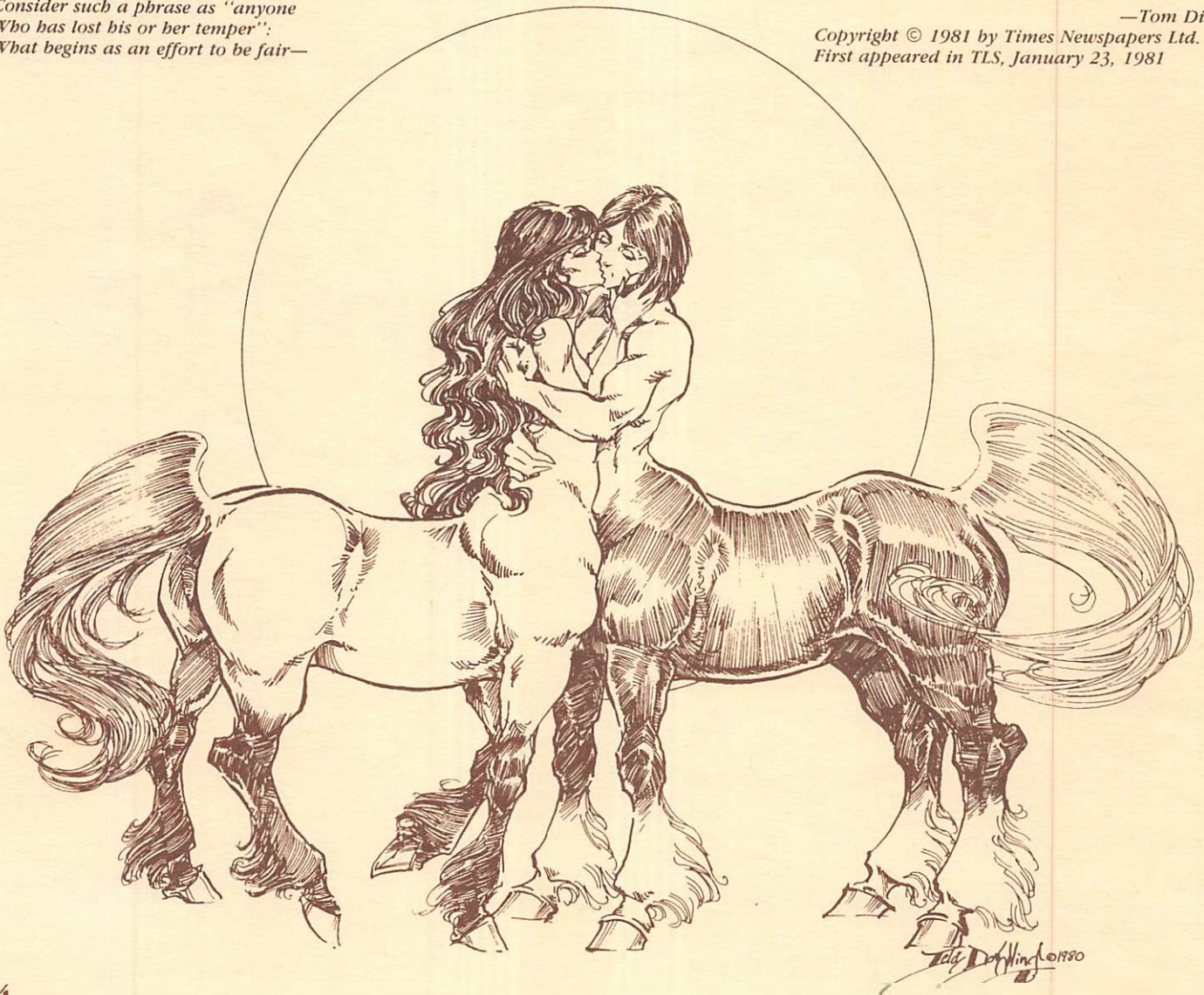
*Saucepans and lampshades for hats,  
In nuggets of new speech panned  
From the rustling riverbeds of sex  
And in the hawdry of midwives, and bangmen,  
In tried-and-true clichés that keep  
The old intolerable truths at bay.*

*Would it be well, then, to legislate  
Mankind out of existence? Shall God be unsexed  
And doubted even by children? All that is  
Concave or convex levelled and made plane?*

*Let who wishes speak for himself  
By rules of his own revising:  
The language will have its way over all  
At last. Nor man nor woman  
Nor marble tombstone can resist for ever  
Its flexible, inexorable laws.*

—Tom Discb

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Plum blossoms of the intellect

—Tom Disch

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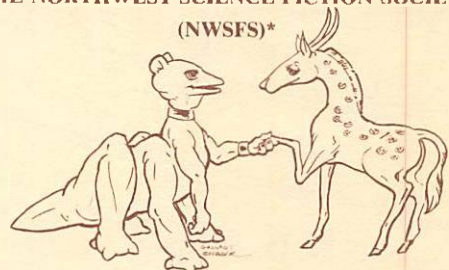
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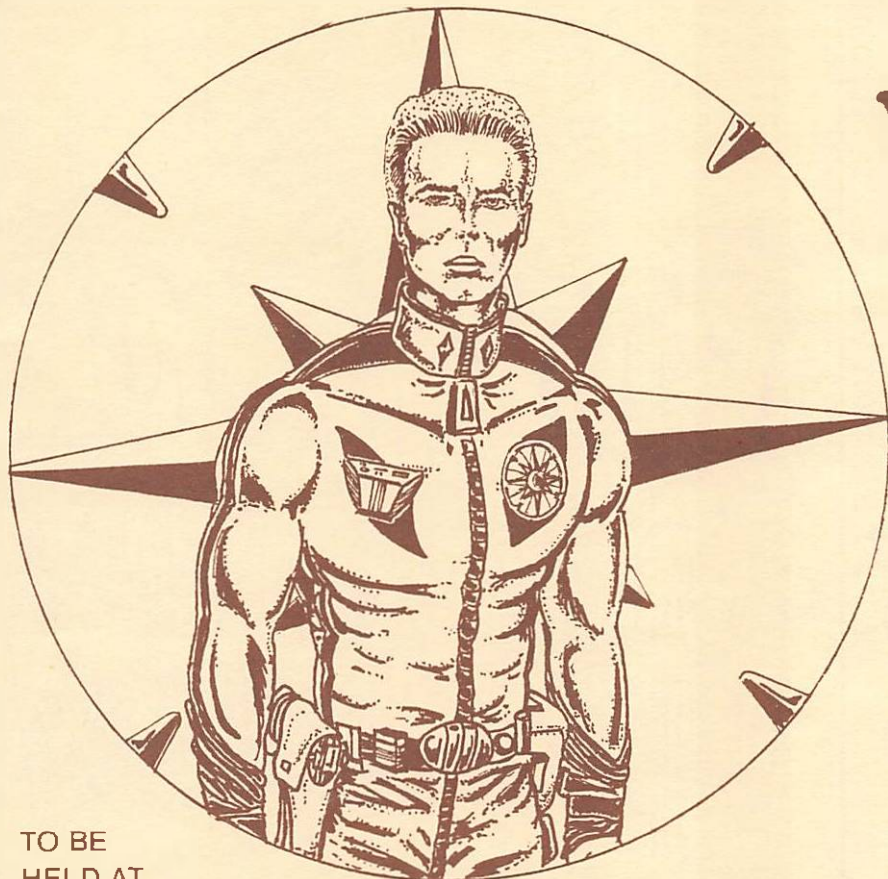
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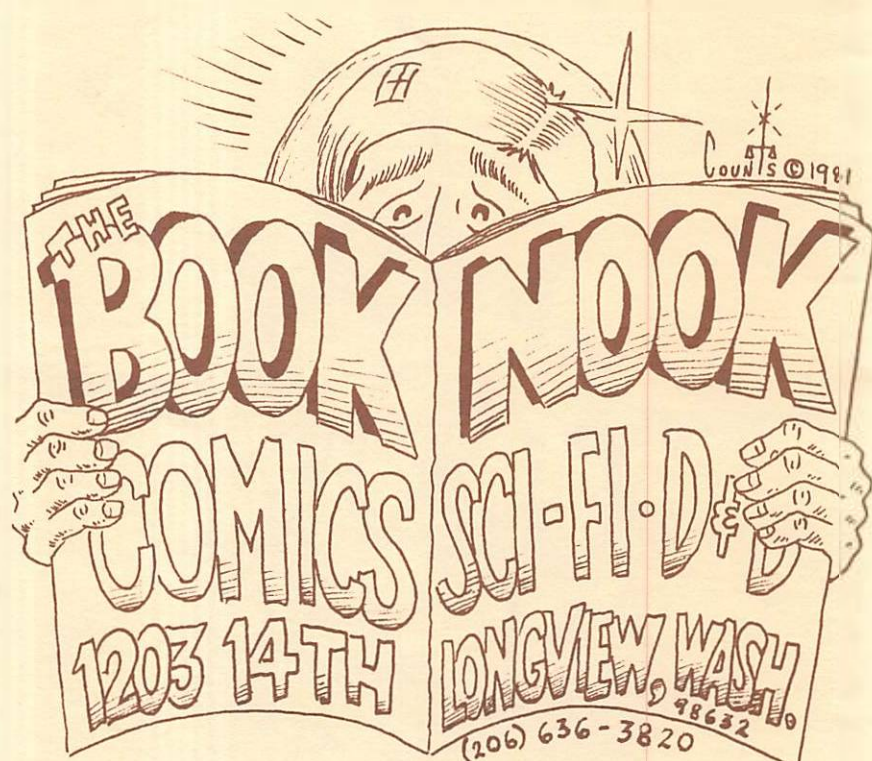
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KAY ANDERSON'S

# Continuum

Oscar-winning screenwriter (*Becket* and *Panic in the Streets*) Ed Anhalt has been signed to adapt four of Phillip Jose Farmer's Riverworld stories into a 90-minute pilot for ABC. The project is being developed by Metromedia Producers Corp., with Jay M. ... pert serving as executive producer. The pilot is called *Riverworld*.

James Earl Jones and Max Von Sydow also star.

Body-builder Lee Cannalito has the title role in MGM's *Tarzan, The Ape Man*, now in production in *Cuba*.

# Letters

Spider Robinson  
1666 Preston Street  
Halifax, NS B3H 3V3  
Canada

I began reviewing SF some five years ago. My lead time—the time it takes me to get a review into print—has been growing steadily. The recent sale of *Analog* to Doubleday has added only a single month to my current lead time—but that's a long time to change a chronic problem. Henceforward it will take *months from the day a column is written until the day it sees print*. Do you care? Well, let's follow it through. I'll review quarterly (alternating with *Continuum*) and my next deadline is

## Reviews

LOOKING FOR VOIDS  
Wodhams. Void  
\$3.95

These are the first SF novels published by Void Press, a small firm. All three authors are from the United States in contrast to Whiteford's first novel.

SF, FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION AT CHICAGO

A display of more than 100 SF magazines plus graphical materials for sale. Display in the Grand

BOSKONE REPEAT

Boskone 18 arrived in Chicago and survived the ill-fated convention with 1750 attendees. A dynamic convention which had the aura of an event and of its pleasant atmosphere.

1981 CLARION SF WORKSHOP

The 1981 Clarion SF Workshop is held at Michigan State University in Lansing, from June 29th to July 1st. Writers-In-Residence will be

MUSEUM OF THE FUTURE OPENS IN NEW YORK

The Museum of the Future is a boutique opened March first in New York. Located at 561 Broadway



Michael and Alexa Mari Price-Whelan, as

# SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE

1981 HUGO NOMINEE

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BANTAM

*Slow Fall to Dawn* by Stephen Leigh, \$2.25; *The Janus Syndrome* by Steven E. McDonald, \$2.25.

DOUBLEDAY

*Ghosts: A Treasury of Chilling Tales Old and New*, ed. by Marvin Kaye, \$13.95; *The Amorous Umbrella* by Marvin Kaye, \$10.95; *Shadows 4*, ed. by Charles L. Grant, \$10.95.

## NEWSNOTES

io has sold "Big Daddy" to "Boxes" to Charles Grant for Terry Carr will do a *Best of SF* volumes 1-10 for Doubleday 1982 or '83... Sharman the writer on the *Star Trek* Ron Harris is the artist... not to be confused with the other's in England, the other's moved from the Grand to Birmingham, UK... Eph Nicholas will attend a convention in Australia, as will Bob Shaw, and claims title to the world's first SF stained

## Reader's Guide

Continued from page 1.

light out of the '50s. The magazine, published at home, includes a classified bookstore. Open in New York. 15 St., 2376 15 St., d, no-hustle bar, with

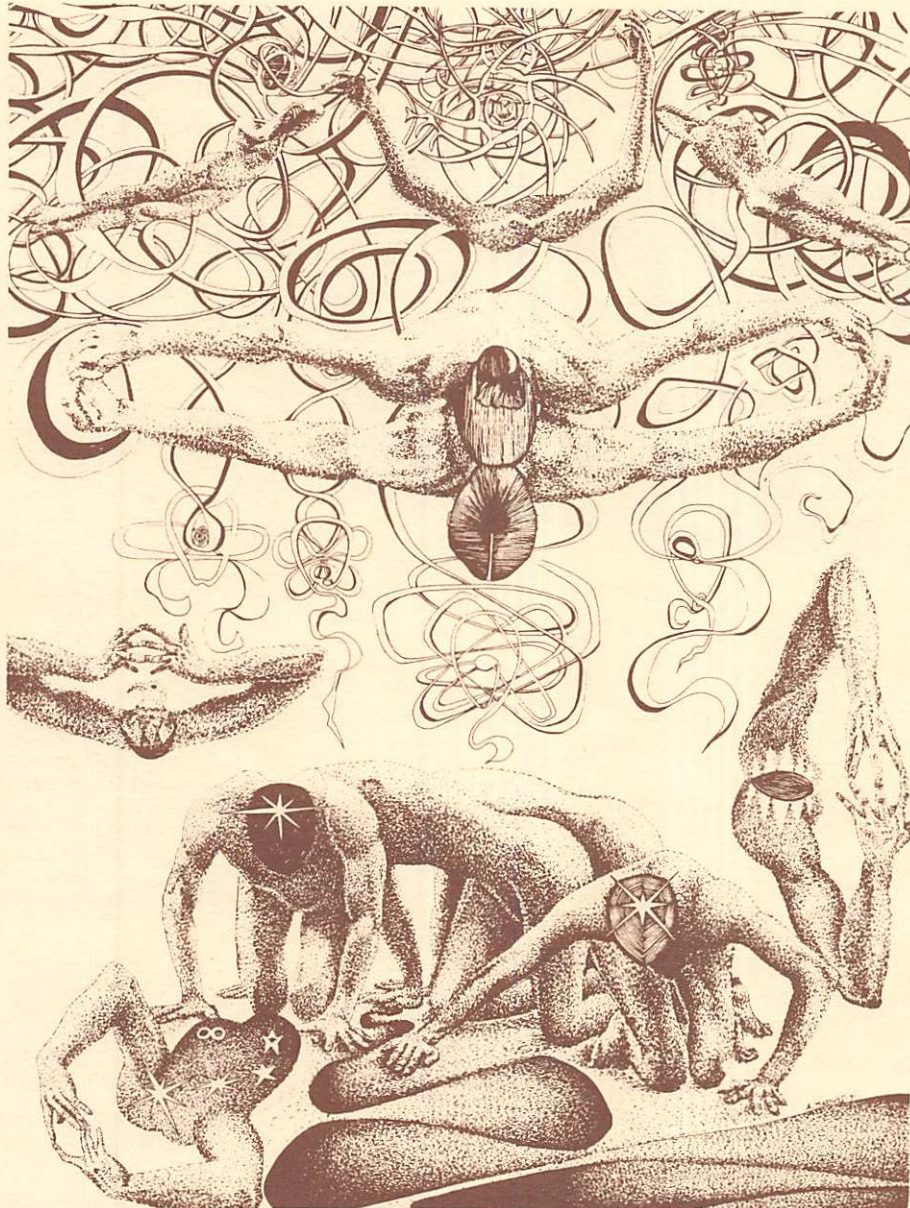
## SWEDEN

Sweden is bigger than at some 100-plus genre titles and slightly fewer publishers in 1980. In J. Lundwall as some 20 titles, and 11 titles were edited and Per W. Insulan-the B. Wahlström publisher issuing

by Jan Pienkowski. The return of the magazine gained great success at the (SFA convention).



# Norwescon 5 Preregistered Membership



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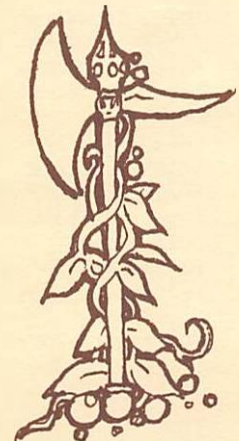
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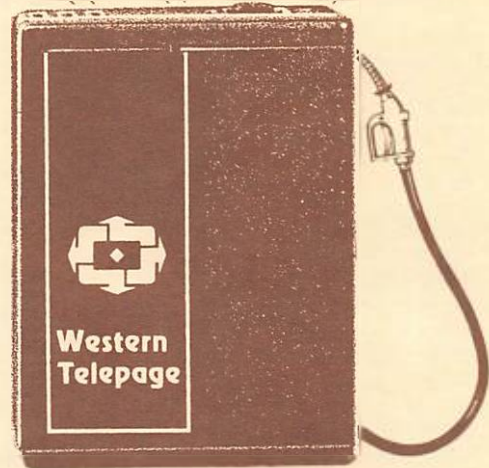


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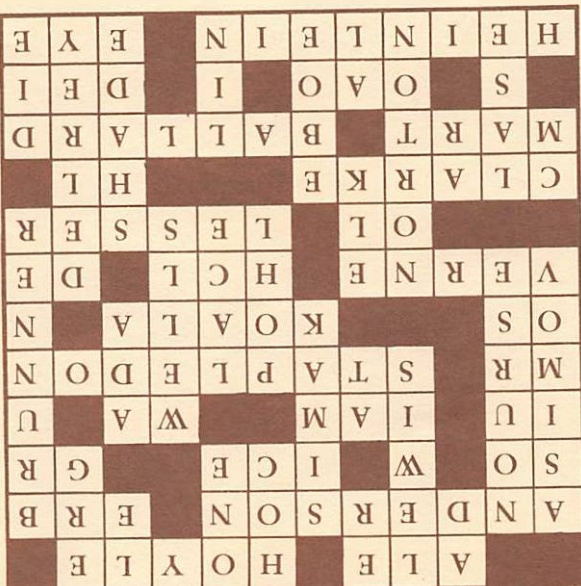
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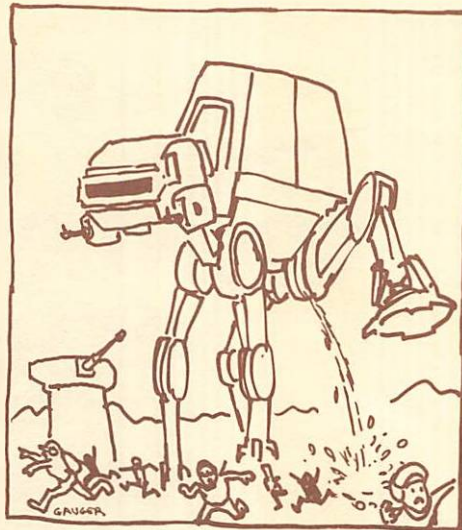
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| 564 Shennasea                | 632 Future Dreams- T. Annone  |
| 565 Jesse Robison            | 633 Future Dreams             |
| 566 Larry Verre              | 634 Tami Annone               |
| 567 Pat Kesterson            |                               |
| 568 Nina Hoffman             |                               |
| 569 Paul Gerber              |                               |
| 570 Scott Bobo               |                               |
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| 573 Alan Bostick             |                               |
| 574 John R. Gray III         |                               |
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| 576 Gary Hill                |                               |
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| 579 Sebastian Hyde           |                               |
| 580 Ha'lidryn                |                               |
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| 582 Dianne Butts             |                               |
| 583 Michael Butts            |                               |
| 584 GameSpan                 |                               |
| 585 Donald McKinlay          |                               |
| 586 Dawsalee Griffin         |                               |
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## William D. Broxon: In Memoriam

by Kathleen Buckley

Those of you who never knew him missed something. You probably noticed him at a convention or SCA event: it's hard to overlook someone who could pass as a pagan or God the Father or a Victorian family doctor. He loomed well but those who knew Bill remember him for other things.

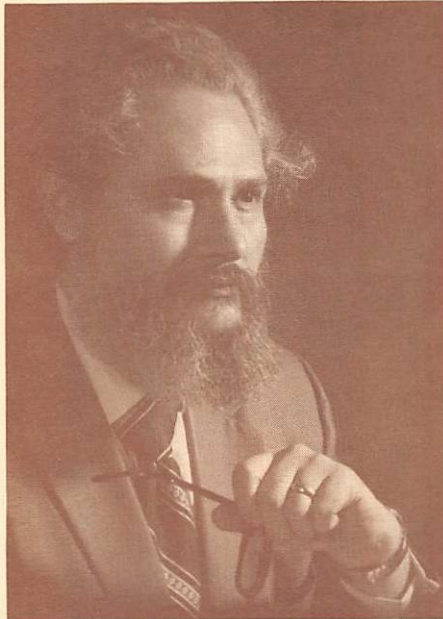
He was famous for his humor, from pun to shaggy dog story to verbal riposte, from party to operating room. But he never exercised his wit at another's expense, because he was a kindly man, tolerant of foolishness and gaucherie.

He was always ready to listen or to encourage. He liked people for what they were, not what they should be, and it worked miracles for the shy and insecure. He changed the lives of some. I know: I'm one of them.

Bill was full of life and full of likings—for his profession, for woodworking projects (like the Danish modern snake cage with plumbing), for gadgets of all kinds, for art and people and books and cats. Champagne, people turnovers, conversation, jazz, reading, costumes, Bubble's growing success as a writer—he loved them all.

His own zest for life brightened the lives of his friends and acquaintances, and there were so many! He left us all a legacy of happiness and a goal to strive for.

Here's to you, Bill. We'll miss you.



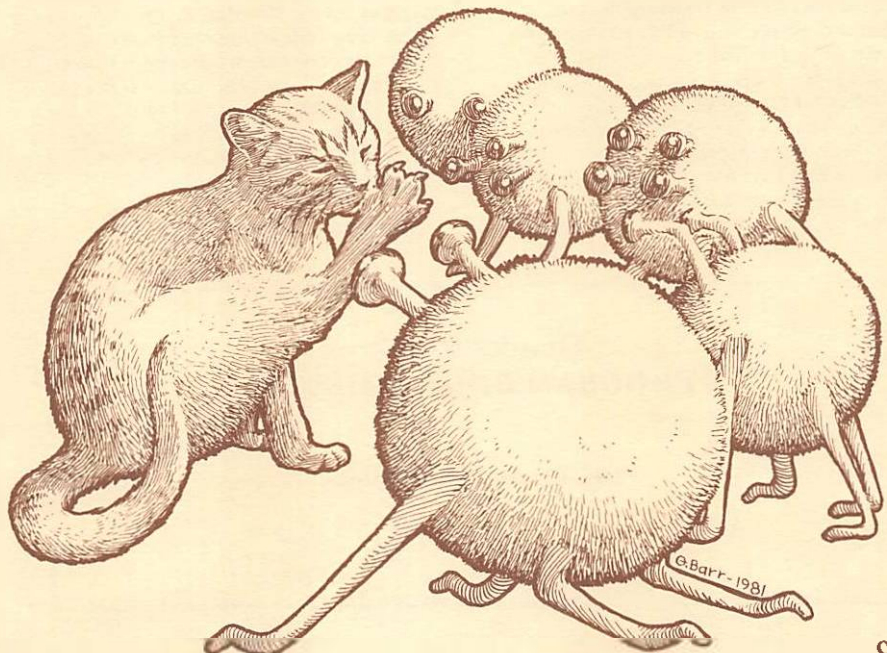
## William D. Broxon

by Poul Anderson

"Why, Bill, you cannot possibly be dead,"  
I mumbled in the middle of that night  
Laid suddenly on us. "You never fled  
Life, whether it was stormy, chill, or bright.  
In healing, helping, generosity,  
Art, skill, wit, steadfastness, you carried so  
Much joy to all it was a joy to see.  
Damnation, man, you've got no right to  
go!"

But only silence answered, and a fine,  
Relentless brilliance lancing from above  
Out of those stars that form our final sign,  
X, for the mystery of grief and love.  
Oh, happiness endures beyond the end,  
Now, even now, that we had such a friend,

—Poul Anderson





# Acknowledgments



**Norwescon 5 Convention Committee.** Front Row (left to right): *Judy Lorent, Richard Wright, Mark Schellberg, Sbaree Sledge, Lauraine Miranda.* Back Row (left to right): *Thom Walls, Libby Evans, Beth Dockins, Michael Citrak, Douglas Booze, Pat Malinson, Steve Bard.* Missing: *Randy "Tarkas" Hoar, Kennedy Poyser, David C. Bray, Michael Kenmir, Jay Parks, Dan Wolfe, Jeanine (Neeners) Gray.*

Norwescon 5 is sponsored by the Northwest Science Fiction Society, Richard Wright, Chairman. Author biographies in the "Guests of Norwescon" section written by Gerald Anderson. "Departments" text written by Committee Department heads. Special thanks to Lela Dowling for creating our name-tags. We would like to thank the Museum of the Surreal and Fantastique, Ken and Joyce Hansen, for providing the H.R. Giger art for our program book and art show. Thank you to Liberty Orchards for the wonderful Aplets & Cotlets. Special Thanks to P.N.T.A. for the video and audio technical assistance. Registration bags courtesy of Trident Imports. And a big

thanks to the artists and owners of contributed artwork.

Norwescon gratefully acknowledges the contributions of these people and of the convention committee listed on page 1 of this. We also appreciate the many hours given at the Convention by the dozens of volunteers who are helping to host the doors, run errands, work registration, and to produce all the behind-the-scenes magic that makes this Convention work. If you wish to join them, it would be greatly appreciated. The volunteers coordinator can be found in operations.

**Thank you all very much !!!**

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