



MICHELLE GRELL

RUSTYCON 007

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RUSTYCON 007

January 19-21, 1990, Sea-Tac Radisson Hotel

Author Guest of Honor:

BEN BOVA

Artist Guest of Honor:

MIKE GRELL

Fan Guest of Honor:

FRANK DENTON

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Special thanks to Jeff and Catherine Rollososon Halbhuber, to Jacquelyn D. Duram Nilsson, to Chris Nilsson, and to Bob and Dawn Beeman for making this program book a reality.

FROM THE CHAIR:

Well, another year has come and gone, and we are once again down to the weekend many of us have been waiting for. With all its pitfalls, it seemed at times as though we'd never make it here, but here we are.

Over the past couple of years, our convention has undergone a great number of changes. Many of these changes are incorporated into a new set of policies and procedures. Please take some time--preferably before you stuff this back into your carry-bag--to sit down and familiarize yourself with them. Last year's convention was one of the smoothest running cons I'd seen, and it was greatly due to you, the members. Let's try to make this one run just as well.

Our old location is under new ownership. Many of the familiar things are still with us at the Sea-Tac Radisson, but also are there a great many changes. Most of the staff will not have seen us before, so try not to freak them out too badly. This year brings again those things Rustycon has become known for: An outstanding masquerade, two complete blowouts disguised as dances, and the ever famous Friday Night Casino; a wide range of panels on nearly everything within the realm of Science, Science Fiction, and Fantasy; our renown Art Show, Dealers Room, and Hospitality Suite; Mondo Video and two other tracks of video programming; and a whole lot more.

As corny as it may sound, I would like to give thanks to Ben Bova, Mike Grell, and Frank Denton for consenting to be our Guests of Honor at this year's convention. Additionally, I would like to thank all the other Pros attending our convention for giving their time to sit on a few of our panels. Finally, a hats-off to the rest of the Executive Committee--Vice Chair Scott Boiven, Programming Director Michael Scanlon, Secretary Chris (Kitten) Nilsson, and Treasurer Chris York--and those who worked under them. Without all of you, this never would have come to pass.

Go out, enjoy the con. See you all at Rustycon 8, next year.

Steven Smith
Chairbeing

FROM THE VICE CHAIR

Another year has passed, and a new decade begins. Once again we all are together. I hope you will find this convention fun and adventurous with our new programming ideas, Volunteer Lounge, Information Tables, and expanded Child Care Services. I know you are looking for all your old favorites. I don't want you to worry! They are all still here. Please, have a wonderful time and enjoy yourself. Thank you for being a part of Rustycon 7.

As the Vice Chairman, I have had an opportunity to work with a lot of fun and interesting people. I would like to say thank you for all your hard work and loyalty to your Convention, especially the Convention Committee, Executive Committee, Board and Staff. Without you, it would not have happened. You all know who you are! Some of you will read this at the Con and some will wait 'til you get home. Thank You for volunteering! You help make the Con work.

I would also like to take this time to thank the staff of our host hotel, the Radisson in Seattle, for their cooperation. Special thanks to Donna Rios-Hyde for all her assistance.

Thank you again for attending Rustycon 7. Don't forget to mark your calendar for Rustycon 8, January 18th, 19th and 20th, 1991.

Scott J. Boivin
Rustycon 7 Vice Chair



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ABOUT OUR AUTHOR GOH

BOVA: THE SUBERANIMATED MAN - *Dean Ing*

Ben Bova pursues the future at such a pace, some of us are surprised he hasn't caught it. Just take a quick peek at his authorship: over seventy books, both fiction and non-fiction. Or his editorship: Analog and Omni both. If his Hugos for editing were live rockets instead of cast metal replicas, Bova could win a war all by himself. He has also won the Balrog Award for professional achievement and the Inkpot Award for his SF work. Any man with a shred of pity for his colleagues would quit all this conspicuous excellence and give the rest of us a chance. But pity isn't what drives him, and if recent history is any guide, Ben Bova is stepping up his pace. That's good news for Planet Earth. More about that in a moment.

You don't expect little kids from mean streets in South Philly to turn out this way, but in Ben's case he got -- I suppose "born again" is as good a term as any, and it happened at Fels Planetarium. He was at a very impressionable age and when, in his words to an interviewer, ". . . they turned on the stars," the gasp from that crowd must've lowered the ambient pressure five pounds. That was his moment of rebirth. Ben began to haunt the public library for more Astronomy lore because it wasn't enough merely to be turned on by the stars; by now, he was determined to find ways to get out there with them. In the process he discovered science fiction. He didn't know what it was called. He just knew he was hooked on it.

But he had a talent for the written word, too, and a guy has to make a living. Ben took his first degree (at Temple University) while already a working journalist, and a few years later he was selling novels with 'star' in the titles.

Of course, only a handful of people could make an honest-to-God living writing science fiction in those days. Bova, and a number of other SF writers, found it possible to draw a salary for technical writing, while hobnobbing with scientists and soaking up a technical education by osmosis. Eventually Bova became Marketing Director for research labs at AVCO, a company with more than a passing interest in very, very advanced propulsion systems. With this kind of background, he brought a business-like but exciting validity to stories about people who wanted the stars and knew how to get there. No wonder John Campbell liked his stuff.

Then Campbell died. With perfect hindsight, its

hard to imagine who else but Bova could have taken over the reins of Analog so successfully. It wasn't the same magazine anymore, exactly. For one thing, Campbell had a soft spot for extrasensory perceptions, known in those days as 'wild talents,' and the things that (arguably) might be done with them. What did Ben Bova have? He had one eye on the publishing biz and the other on the stars, and if the content of Analog stories subtly shifted, not many readers minded. The shift wasn't all that much of a problem; many of us were already bent more in Bova's direction than in Campbell's.

A few years later, someone else was searching for a kind of validity for a new, glitzy magazine, and when the publishers of Omni went looking for a fiction editor, they picked a man steeped in validity: Bova, naturally. Well, the Peter Principle says a feller rises to the level of his INcompetence. That means Ben Bova is still rising, because nobody's found where's he's incompetent, and maybe nobody ever will. He rose to the top of Omni's masthead, then floated clear out the top to become a free-lancer again, and the President of the National Space Society, and the holder of a Master's from SUNY Albany. Now he's studying for his doctorate, but don't worry, he'll rise above that too. If this seems to suggest a man driven beyond good humor, relax. Bova believes that the funnies man of our time was Mel Blanc. He is, of course, perfectly correct.

I said a few paragraphs back that Bova's interest in the stars was good news for Planet Earth. If you doubt that, get hold of his recent Welcome to Moonbase!. Bova's one of the very few people in SF -- hell, in any branch of literature! -- who will publicly admit that he writes with deliberate attempt to committ Message. Some say that admission is the kiss of death. I assert it's only the kiss of a bad cold. For Bova, it doesn't even bring a case of sniffles, he's so damned entertaining with his messages. He argues convincingly that Moonbase is an absolutely crucial step toward making a new Eden of Earth itself.

You think L5 colonies are a safety valve for our population? You want to see us colonize Mars? You realize that pollution of several kinds can be managed better when we smelt our ores and generate our energy off-planet? You'd like to see post-grad studies in several sciences pursued beyond our immediate gravity well? There's

probably no better way to get any of those things than a moonbase, and then lunar colonies. Bova doesn't want to see the Japanese and the Soviets and the Europeans doing it all without us, because if we let ourselves fall behind, we'll be a cultural backwater during the next century. He richly implies all of this in his books, and he's generous with help to other writers interested in similar futures.

So much for the public Bova. There's no way to describe the private one without getting personal. I first met the guy in the mid-seventies, and he looks now as he did then: medium height, keeps his weight down, straight dark hair, smiles readily, and knows precisely when and how much to raise his voice. He has a soft chuckle and a resounding laugh, and if women say his eyes are gorgeous, who am I to argue? Often as not he's escorting some striking, willowy brunette – who is invariably named Barbara Bova. Barbara is a literary agent, elegant as Pol Roger with the same

sparkle – but this was supposed to be Ben's bio.

Ben doesn't sparkle, exactly; he has the quiet self-possession and the command of ouzo. And I don't know of anyone who knows and dislikes him. In all of SF there are only a few people as well-liked as that: Poul Anderson, maybe, and (discounting a wine steward or two) Gordie Dickson. Maybe Ben's popularity has something to do with the way he handles the occasional discouraging word. Still, you are wise to bear in mind that just because he doesn't react, doesn't mean he let anything get past him. He doesn't have to react, you see; he knows who he is, and what he wants, and he knows how to pursue it.

And he is still pursuing the stars, step by step, as a writer, editor, lecturer, scholar, and always as an activist. Planet Earth doesn't get better bargains than Bova.

ABOUT OUR ARTIST GOH

MIKE GRELL: FROM BRENDA STARR TO JAMES BOND

Mike Grell, who began his career as an illustrator in the U.S. Airforce, has been drawing adventure heroes for over 15 years. Including the famous Green Arrow for D.C. Comics.

As Mike puts it, "I started in comics because I met a guy in the Airforce who told me that cartoonists only had to work 2 or 3 days a week and they made a million dollars a year, and I, like a damned fool, believed him."

In 1971, Grell left the Airforce and moved to Chicago, where he worked doing commercial art. He also worked as an assistant for Dale Messick on the comic strip Brenda Starr. Not long after that he travelled to New York, where he met with DC editor Julius Schwartz.

Grell remembers the meeting with Schwartz: "Julie gave me his customary greeting for new talent, which was, and I quote, 'What the hell makes you think you can draw comics?' I unzipped my portfolio and tossed it on his desk and said, 'You tell me.' I walked out half an hour later with a script in my hand."

From that point Grell began his career as an author, illustrator, and comics artist in earnest. His first work for DC Comics was with the Legion of Superheroes, illustrating the likes of Batman,

Aquaman, Green Lantern and Green Arrow. An original book, Starslayer, which started out with Pacific Comics, became one of the premier First Comics titles. His work on a strip called The Savage Empire eventually evolved into the well-known comic, The Warlord, which he both wrote and illustrated. He also wrote and illustrated his own favorite character for First Comics, Jon Sable.

Grell followed his work on Sable with the revival of Green Arrow and is currently working on a graphic version of James Bond 007 for Eclipse Comics, as well as several other projects. These include another project with DC Comics called Shado, written by Grell and illustrated by Michael Davis and based upon one of the characters from the Longbow Hunter series of Green Arrow; a book called Swamp Angel; and the production art, costume design and, eventually, master scene storyboard for a motion picture titled "The Dragon." In 1982 he received the Inkpot Award for outstanding achievement in comic arts.

Never one to sit in his garret and draw, Grell has also pursued his "first love" in art, nature painting, with safari trips to Africa. Grell's love for both nature and adventure is evident in his remarkable work on Robin Hood. ("I had to pay him to say that.")

A FEW WORDS ABOUT YOUR FAN GOH

YER FAN GUEST - *Peter Blackstone*

This Frank Denton guy was always a little weird, even as a kid. Part of it may have been that he lived in a semi-isolated place, at the end of a dead end street and surrounded by acres of vacant lots, even though it was in the center of a large city. We're talking about the 30's here, folks. At age six he learned that China was supposed to be on the other side o the world, so he tried to dig a hole there. Obviously, he hadn't learned about magma.

He also fell in love with a book from the library and copies the whole thing out by hand. Great training for becoming a medieval monk, but he should have waited for the photocopier to be invented. He also fantasized about owning a ranch

with white fences, and raising purebred Arabian horses. Now he couldn't afford even the feed or vet bills. But recently he told me that he has the urge to write a traditional western novel. Jeez! He apparently never got over those juvenile fantasies. Oh well!

The wonder of all this is that he didn't discover fantasy and science fiction a lot sooner. The golden age wasn't 13 or 15 for him. No! He had to wait until he was 38. Once he found it, he ensconced himself pretty well. Twenty-on years later he's still hanging around. Hope he makes it another 21. Enjoy him, he's still a kid at heart.

FATHER FRANK, BOY FAN - *Chris McMasters*

Frank Denton, boy fan. Forget about his age. He's sometimes called Father Frank, a name that someone tagged him with and it stuck. He was once addressed that way by another fan on a flight to a convention. The lady sharing his seat asked him if he were a priest.

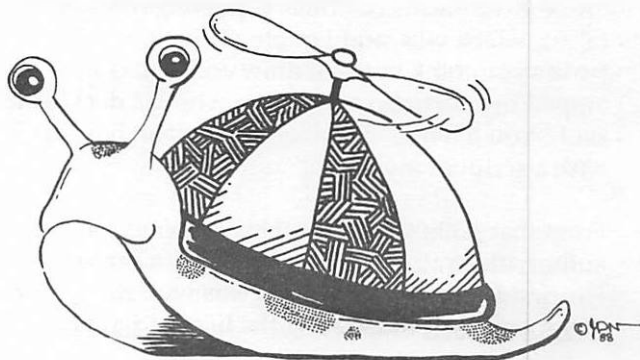
I'm supposed to be the one to give you the straight skinny about this guy. Boring! He's 59, been married to Anna Jo for 39 years, has three grown children. For thirty years he was an educator, taught grade school, was junior-high librarian, community college librarian, director of the library at Seattle Community College during its formative years, and from 1970-82 at North Seattle Community College. He retired in 1982 to write.

He's been published in 20th Century Crime and Mystery Writers, Alfred Hitchcock Mystery Magazine, and The Magazine of Fantasy and Terror, tons of reviews in the Seattle Times from 1975-85, has ghosted four novels, and has just finished a 135,000 word novel.

He didn't become involved in SF fandom until 1968. Since then, he's published a batch of fanzines, including "Ash-Wing," a now-defunct genzine, and "The Rogue Raven," a personalzine. He's been in a ton of apas, but currently is only involved in Slanapa, Dapa-EM, N'APA, and The Cult. He's forgotten how many conventions he's attended.

Outside of fandom, he does a lot of walking, doing 10K volksmarches, and has racked up over 1,500 miles. In other incarnations he was a state and national archery champion, ran sports car rallies, was Pipe Major of the Clan Gordon Pipe Band, and sang folk songs in coffee houses in the 60's. He reads voraciously, usually around 100 books a year. He's an unrepentant Anglophile, having spent a year in England over nine trips there, and is walking a 515-mil footpath in Devon and Cornwall. He's completed around 200 miles so far.

See how many openings I've given you for conversations. He doesn't bite. Talk to him. He'll probably be tickled that I've told so many of his secrets. Hey, I left out playing AAU basketball, being a butcher boy, stable boy and exercise boy for a thoroughbred stable, stocker in a grocery store, and plywood mill worker. He also measured streams for the U.S. Geological Survey. Great back-cover blurb stuff.



THE GUEST GETS A WORD - Frank Denton

I asked a couple of friends to write something for the program book, and look what I got. One gives away all my childhood secrets, the other gives away the rest of my life. Now I get a couple of hundred words to see if I can regain a little respect.

Yes, I did come to fandom late by most fannish standards. J.R.R. Tolkien led me into it. I began searching to see what else was available. I probably overdosed on Robert E. Howard and Andre Norton for a time. Gradually, I explored and found many fascinating worlds to read about.

Almost immediately I found the world of fanzines and apas and have produced a lot of pages. The friendships I have made in fandom have been rewarding. Some of my best friends. . . . At a time when I had a lot of job stress, fandom and fanzines were a great release.

Now I'm trying my hand at writing. One of these days I hope to find my name on the cover of a book. That, indeed, would be a fine culmination of my years in fandom. Thank you, Rustycon committee, for having me.

Medicine Tree

by

Frank Denton

David Moore edged his Blazer off the asphalt and onto the shoulder. He checked his side-view mirror. Satisfied that no one could hit his beloved vehicle unless they really tried, he pulled forward a few more feet. He turned the key and set the brake.

David climbed out and stretched his legs. The autumn sun still gave small warmth, but it wouldn't be long before the first snow. The drive up from Missoula had been splendid. Trees in the valley had turned every hue of brown and gold. As the highway had climbed into evergreen forest, the air was filled with the unmistakable smell of pine.

What a great day! David thought. Too bad Ellen's not here to appreciate it. Hah! Ellen wouldn't be along on any ride into the Bitterroot Mountains with him again, ever.

She had left quietly while he was having the Blazer serviced. The letter had obviously been prepared long beforehand. "David," it began. Not even a 'dear.' "I'm out of here. I've stood it as long as I could."

Four pages detailed what was wrong with the relationship, what a rat David was, how boring and small-town Missoula was, how cold the damned winters were, the lack of culture in Montana, how sick she was of fishing trips, and more. Leaving wasn't a spur of the moment decision. Not with a letter that long.

David had studied that letter for three days, comforting himself with Glenfiddich. If you're going to make yourself miserable, you might as well do it with a fine single malt Scotch. When he woke this morning, he had a chat with himself. His voice was husky, and talking out

loud didn't help his headache any.

Breakfast and fresh air, that was what he needed. Tomato juice and a three-egg omelette at Ma's Cafe took care of the first. The drive into the mountains would clear his brain. He stopped at Tuttle's Gun Shop and got directions to the Ram's Horn Tree from Ed. He'd been meaning to visit it for months.

A medicine tree, the Indians called it. Lots of power. Both the Kalispels and the Flatheads had legends about it. If the fresh air didn't take care of his headache, perhaps the pine tree would.

David jiggled the door handle to make sure that the Blazer was locked, inhaled deeply, and took the first few steps onto the trail. The Glenfiddich hadn't affected his legs, only his head. The breakfast had helped, but he wished now that he'd taken two Alka Seltzer with it.

Pine needles littered the trail, providing soft footing and pleasant walking. The trail climbed before him. His blood began to pump, causing a slight pain in his left temple. I deserve it, David thought. A few wildflowers still bloomed this late. Another month and it would all be under snow.

In a half-hour he reached the saddle between two foothills. David had no problem in identifying the tree. He saw bits of color fluttering along the trunk long before he reached it. "You can't miss it," Ed had said. "You'll find all sorts of stuff attached to it."

David's headache was nearly gone. It didn't even throb any more. The exercise had been good for him.

(continued on page 23)

Attending Pros

KATHLEEN ALCALA is a Seattle writer whose stories of magic realism have appeared in magazines such as Caylx, The Ohio Renaissance Review, and the Seattle Review. Her story, "Sweetheart" is forthcoming in Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine. Kathleen is editing an international multicultural issue of the Seattle Review.

KIM ANTIEAU has had work published in Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine, The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Fantasy Book, Twilight Zone Magazine, Shadows 8, Shadows 9, Doom City, Pulphouse and The Year's Best Fantasy Stories. She is currently working on a mainstream novel, Bridges, with her husband Mario Milosevic. She is also at work on a Science Fiction Horror novel, When the Moon Was Blood.

SHARON BAKER is a Seattle Science Fantasy writer. Avon has published Quarrelling, They Met the Dragon and a long novel divided into two books: Journey to Membliar and Burning Tears of Sassurum. She has contributed articles and review to small magazines, a chapter to Writer's Digest Books' How to Write Tales of Horror, Fantasy, and Science Fiction, and a disgusting poem to a children's Horror anthology, Now We Are Sick, which she has been assured is coming out Any Year Now. She also teaches writing. In real life she's been an aeronautical history librarian, public relations writer, college recruiter. . . . In her spare time she raises four sons, a series of exchange students, assorted newts, lizards and fish, and five cats.

JOHN BARNES has not been a boxer, sailor, smuggler, spy or gigolo, but he is the author of numerous stories which have appeared in CoEvolution Quarterly, Amazing, F&SF, Analog and Asimov's. Two novels, The Man Who Pulled Down the Sky and Sin of Origin, were both published by Congdon and Weed and are currently available in paperback by Worldwide Library.

STEVEN BARNES has authored a handful of short stories, the Science Fiction novels Street Lethal and The Kundalini Equation, and has co-authored (with Larry Niven) the novels Dream Park, its sequel The Barsoom Project, and The Descent of Anansi, and (with Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle) The Legacy of Heorot. He was a creative consultant for the animated film, The Secret of NIMH, and adapted a Stanislaw Lem short story for the Disney Cable Network. He also teaches martial arts. He resides in Southern

California with his wife, Tony, and their daughter, Lauren Nicole who is Larry Niven's godchild.

DONNA BARR is a native of Washington State. She is waterproof and not inclined to (genuine) panic, though she has been known to swear.

She has displayed artwork at conventions and public galleries all across the United States and Canada, and is presently working for a number of gaming and comic-book publishers as a freelance artist/writer. She owns all her own characters and stories, and does everything from roughs to lettering. Her two full-length comics include The Desert Peach and Stinz.

STEVEN BRYAN BIELER's stories and satires have appeared in Asimov's, Clinton Street Quarterly, Pulphouse, Seattle Review, The Seattle Times, and Uneath, and in the anthologies Full Spectrum, Heroic Visions, and New Dimensions. In an alternate universe, he is the copy editor of the Seattle Weekly.

KAREN LEE CARMACK has been earning her living with her art since the tender age of 19 when, shortly after her arrival in Seattle, she hastened to join the ranks of the wonderfully exotic and eccentric craftspeople she found at the Pike Place Market. In 1977 she discovered the art of scrimshaw, which is still her main medium. She also does customer graphic work and has illustrated a book on British Bed-and-Breakfast houses. Her fantasy drawings and prints have appeared in Westwind and other fanzines.

MICHAEL CONEY of Sidney, B.C. has had forty short SF stories and sixteen novels published, including The Celestial Steam Locomotive, Gods of the Greataway, and Fang, the Gnome. He is managing director of Porthole Press Ltd., publishers of local history and child safety books.

JOHN G. CRAMER's first foray into SF writing was Twistor, a near-future hard SF novel published in hardcover by Morrow in March 1989. It will be released in paperback by Avon in November 1990. Since 1984 he has written the bi-monthly science column, "The Alternative View" for Analog. John is a Professor of Physics and Director of the Nuclear Physics Laboratory at the University of Washington in Seattle. In addition to teaching, nuclear physics research, and science writing, he has contributed interpretations of quantum mechanics and in 1987 had a major review article published in Reviews of Modern Physics which described his "Transactional

Interpretation." He was born in Houston, Texas, and received his physics Ph.D. from Rice University.

JOHN DAVIS had his first professional short story published in Pulphouse 2. He has had a few short stories and cartoons printed in non- or semi-professional publications. He is currently working on a novel. He studied linguistics at Washington State University and was a member of the Moscow Mafia writers group. He notes that his nose does not grow longer when he lies.

ELTON ELLIOTT has co-authored four novels including The Einstein Legacy. He has had over 100 articles, reviews and poems published and is currently working on a solo novel, World Without End. He is also the editor of the newly-revived Science Fiction Review. He lives near Salem, Oregon with his computer.

JIM FISCUS is currently working as a freelance writer and photographer in the Portland area. His main professional areas of interest are international relations, military affairs and intelligence, with a regional emphasis on Asia and the Middle East. He taught military history for two years at Portland State University, concentrating on the relationship between tactics and changing technology. Islam, and its role in the Iran-Iraq war, is at the center of his Science Fiction story "A Time of Martyrs" in the anthology There Will Be War, Volume V. His latest story, now cast as a sacrificial lamb toward an editor, is "Liposuction Blues."

ROD GARCIA has written Science Fiction, Fantasy, History of Technology and History of Science. He has stories in upcoming issues of F & SF, Azimovs, Amazing, Weird Tales, and Pulphouse. He also writes reviews for Technology and Culture. Before going into writing full time he taught History of Technology, History of Science, and History of the Future at UCLA and Villanova University. He has a Ph.D. in History from UCLA; his doctoral dissertation was on the impact of industrialization on weapons and arms control. He lives in the woods with his wife, Michelle, and two daughters, Anneke and Erin.

JON GUSTAFSON has been active in fandom for thirteen years, primarily in the Northwest. He attended his first convention in 1975 (the Oakland Westercon) and has been a member of more than sixty since then. He has been the co-editor of the fanzine New Venture, has written a monthly book column in Westwind, was a founder of PESFA (the Palouse Empire Science Fiction Association), MosCon, and Writer's Bloc (the Moscow Maffia), and chaired MosCons 3, 4 & 7. His first novel was CHROMA: The Art of Alex Schomburg. He is

currently writing articles for James Gunn's new SF encyclopedia, working on a book on the life and art of Jack Gaughan, writing fiction, and involved with the Moscow Maffia writer's group.

NORMAN HARTMAN is a Northwest area writer of short stories and novels. He was a part of the group of Northwest interests that tried to purchase and revive Amazing. MARILYN J. HOLT is a writer of science fiction, mysteries, non-genre fiction, poetry and criticism. She is a member of Clarion West Science Fiction Writers' Workshop Committee.

T. JACKSON KING is a full time author, archeologist, and legal assistant now living in the woods of Medford, Oregon with his wife, fellow SF writer Paula Downing, four cats, and his three children. His first novel, Retread Shop, was published in July 1988 by Warner/Questar to good reviews and best seller sales. King has sold a second book, and also short stories to Pandora and The Final Draft, along with a nonfiction article to MZB's Fantasy magazine. The Pandora story, "Winnowing the Chaff," was recently nominated to the Nebula short story category for 1989. King writes hard SF with a lot of social SF mixed in, and gives credit to Rudyard Kipling, Robert A. Heinlein, Roger Zelazny and Larry Niven as major writing influences. He has read SF for 30 years, and is now at work on his 6th novel, a near future magic-realism fantasy titled The Gaeen Enchantment.

JULIA LACQUEMENT lives and works in Seattle as a French-Canadian in exile. Intending to work in Science Fiction and Fantasy illustration someday, she earns her bread-and-butter in comics. Her credits include The Longbow Hunters graphic novels, Green Arrow, Maze Agency, Sable, Jon Sable, Freelance, and others. She is currently working on the James Bond and Peter Pan graphic novels. Her own work consists mainly of Fantasy watercolors and Drinking Dragon nametags.

MEGAN LINDHOLM lives in Roy, Washington with her three children and her husband, Fred. Her writings include the books The Reindeer People and Wolf's Brother, a two-part novel which came out from Ace in 1988, and The Luck of the Wheels, another book in the continuing story of Ki and Vandien. When she is not writing, she enjoys working in her garden and on her small farm.

Published in Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine, SF Chronicle, and Analog, CYN MASON edited the infamous anthology of Pacific Northwest Science Fiction, Wet Visions. She's living happily ever after in West Seattle with her husband, Dave Meyer, morning host on KPLU-FM, and their cat,

Ms. "Refrigerator door opening." (She's named for what she responds to.)

VICKI MITCHELL has been involved in Science Fiction for eleven years. She joined PESFA in 1977 and soon become one of the core members of the group. She is one of the founding members of MosCon and Writer's Bloc. Well-known in costuming circles, she has won prizes at many Northwest conventions for her costumes. In 1986 she won the Amazing Stories CalendarStory Contest and sold a short story to a mainstream anthology. She is currently working on short stories and her second novel. Vicki is married to Jon Gustafson and is owned by a larger, rather silly dog.

SHARAN NEWMAN has written one Irish and three Arthurian novels with a codicil. She had a fling on a book that is almost Science Fiction and is now working back somewhere in the Middle Ages - Europe's, not her own. She is an Oregonian currently living in exile in Southern California and thinks typical Seattle (winter) weather is beautiful. Otherwise, she is a fairly normal person.

JACQUALYNN DURAM NILSSON always wanted to be an artist, but wasn't willing to starve. She spent several years as a pre-veterinary student before discovering the wonders of Science Fiction Art Shows and commercial art. Now, combining her love of animals, Science Fiction, Fantasy and art, she makes a living as a graphic artist as well as a staff illustrator for Pulphouse Publishing. Jackie resides in Seattle with her husband, Chris, and their four cats.

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

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

Perry and Reaves have also written screenplays for the animated series Centurions, The Real Ghostbusters, Chuck Norris - Karate Commandoes, The Spril Zone and U.S. Starcom. 1989 saw the publication of Steve's The Ninety-Seventh Step and Conan the Indomitable.

ROB QUIGLEY majored in physics at Cal-tech and received his Ph.D. from the University of California at Riverside. He worked at Illinois Tech and University of Frankfurt (West Germany) before joining Western Washington University's physics department in 1970. Since then his research has been in observational astronomy and has included making extensive observing runs at observatories in the Southwest and Chile. He has organized astronomy summer workshops which drew high school students to W.W.U. from all over North America. He created the Stars and Planets board game produced by Yotta, Inc. He was the Scientist Guest of Honor at MosCon 8.

Rob's primary astronomical research interests have been cataclysmic variables, binary stars, flare stars, and lunar occultations.

BILL RANSOM worked in Central America both as a medic and a fire fighter and wrote several stories around that experience which were accepted in the Poets, Essayists, and Novelists syndicated fiction project and appeared in various papers around the country.

He is probably best known for his three collaborations with Frank Herbert: The Jesus Incident (1979), The Lazarus Effect (1982), and The Ascension Factor (1985), all published by Ace Putnam. His latest novel, Jaguar, will be coming out from Berkeley in July 1990, and he has a contract to deliver another novel, which he has just begun, to Berkeley in 1991. He has five collections of poetry, is a past recipient of the National Endowment for the Arts Discovery Fellowship, and a nominee for both the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award in Poetry. He founded the West Coast Poetry Review and is a co-founder of Centrum, an arts organization in Washington State. He was formerly an advanced life-support medical technician and is now a full-time writer. He currently lives in Port Townsend.

JOANNA RUSS is the author of the novels And Chaos Died, Picnic on Paradise and The Female Man. Her short fiction has appeared in The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, Quark, and the Women of Wonder and Elsewhere anthologies to name a few. Her short story "When It Changed" won a Nebula Award.

MICHAEL L. SCANLON is a survivor of ten years of Northwest fandom, and has been with the Rustycon committee since its inception. A Clarion West graduate, he has sold stories and book reviews to the late quarterly Argos, and will be in the 1990 Writers of the Future anthology.

SARA STAMEY is a native Northwesterner and former nuclear reactor control operator. Her novels, which feature a future gambler/turned

spy/turned resistance agent against a repressive cybernetic network, include Wild Card Run and Win, Lose, Draw, published by Ace. A third in the series, Double Blind, will be coming out in May 1990. She is currently working on a new novel set in the Greek Islands.

J.T. STEWART is an accomplished poet. She has been a panel participant at various cons taking place in the upper left-hand corner of the map.

SCOTT STOLNACK's fiction and poetry has been published in Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine and a number of regional literary magazines, including Sky Views and Copula. He is vice-chair and membership director of Clarion West, Inc., and in 1987 served as committee chairperson for the Clarion West Writers' Workshop. He's never worked a shrimp boat in the Texas Gulf, but he has taught karate, served time as a sergeant in the marines, and traveled around Britain and Ireland by bicycle. He lives in Seattle.

BRUCE TAYLOR has had stories published in New Dimensions 9 and 10 (edited by Robert Silverberg), the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and was a featured reader at the 1981 Bumbershoot festival in Seattle. His material has been translated into German by UTOPROP Literary Art Agency. His story "Popcorn," published in Pulphouse (Fall edition, 1988), was nominated for the Nebula Award. Another story was published in Twilight Zone. He is also on the board for Clarion West. When he is not writing, Bruce pays the rent by working on the inpatient psychiatric unit at Harborview as a Tour Guide Through Existential Nightmares and tries to tell the difference between patients and government officials.

LYNNE TAYLOR has been participating in Science Fiction conventions for over 8 years and her humorous pen-and-ink drawings have attracted enthusiastic response. Her artwork has appeared in F&SF and Space and Time, Fantasy Tales (England), Westwind and Dungeon. Lynne has also been featured on the covers of Signature and Nor'Westing magazines. In 1986 her penguin cartoons were published as a calendar. She has served as Art Director for a printing firm and two national outdoor magazines and is currently co-owner of Norwest Fine Art Press, a company specializing in printing limited edition fine art prints.

AMY THOMSON is a freelance writer who reviews books for The Seattle Times, and is currently at work on a novel. With any luck at all, it will be finished before the year 2000.

DEBORAH WESSELL writes speeches, grants, business articles, and the odd short story. Some of the latter appeared in Seattle Review and the Seattle Weekly, and two more are slated for Asimov's. She is a graduate of Clarion West in '88, and her dust jacket jobs included washing frogs for Science, splitting dewey decimals for Microsoft, and playing Darth Vanna for the Clarion Auction.

J. STEVEN YORK is a freelance technical writer who made his first fiction sale last year with a third place finish in Writers of the Future. Currently he is completing a book for Microsoft Press. J. Steven is owned by a wife, a daughter, and a large, stupid dog.



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PROGRAMMING

Friday

12 noon

Slide Show

Slides of Conventions past...

Phoenix A, B, and C

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Flight Lounge

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference A

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference B

1:00

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Flight Lounge

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference A

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference B

2:00

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Flight Lounge

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference A

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference B

3:00

Writers workshops

Clarion West is right here in Seattle. The original Clarion is still going strong after many years. A look at some of the workshops available for the aspiring writer.

B. Taylor, S. Stolnack, TBA

Phoenix B

Fen From Hell (and Then Some)

Obnoxiousness in fandom is examined at arm's length.

A. Thomson, C. Mason, B. Bigelow, TBA

Phoenix C

3:00

Cross Pollination: Mix and Match Groups.

When Trekkers meet Free Amazons, interesting combinations can result.

V. Mitchell, F. Denton, J. Suryan, R. Suryan, T.

Primrose, W. Joost, D. Bigelow

Flight Lounge

Collectibles

When you run across a copy of *Albedo #0* at a garage sale, should you buy it for a dime? What is valuable, and what's not? Why not?

J. Gustafson, L. Taylor, S. Newman

Conference A

Victorian SF (Steampunk?)

Is this a counter-trend to cyberpunk, or does it really exist at all?

TBA

Conference B

4:00

SF in Other Media

Do you think of books when you think of SF? Or of movies? Both? Neither? There are other dimensions to speculation.

D. Barr, J. Lacquement, M. Grell, M. A. Skullerud

Phoenix A

What's New in the World of Science: Organic, Inorganic, and Other.

A round-robin panel. Find out what new and interesting things happened in the world of science during the past year.

E. Elliott, R. Quigley, A. Thomson, T. J. King,

B. Ransom, R. Garcia, J. Auel, J. Cramer, J. S. York,

S. Barnes

Phoenix B

Magic Realism: The World as it Exists Today

Literature and movies have been mixing reality with unreality more and more these days. What's it all about?

M. Lindholm, B. Taylor, C. Spagnoli

Phoenix C

Mechanics of Con-Going: Beginners.

An elementary lesson in how you can appreciate a science fiction convention and vice versa.

C. York, S. Berven, Bandit, TBA

Flight Lounge

Politics in SF: Ho, Hum, Another Galactic Empire.

Are there any alternatives to the stereotyped politics of the future? Does the Corporation/Empire ever strike out as a model? Hear specula-

10:00am

Writing Workshop

Closed, session.

Conference A

Murder

A crime most foul has been committed here at Rustycon. Come and participate in the solution.

Conference B

11:00

Mike Grell's Art Show

Rustycon Artist GoH shows his stuff.

Phoenix A

Producing Animation

A look at Hollywood and other folktales and mythways of America.

S. Perry, S. Gallacci, W. R. Warren Jr., TBA

Phoenix B

Beyond Aricebo: Big-Time Astronomy

Hubble, the Very Large Array, etc. New equipment for searching the skies, and what we've discovered recently.

R. Quigley, R. Suryan, J. Davis, TBA

Phoenix C

Technical Writing for Fun and Profit.

If fiction writing can be described as "telling lies for fun and profit", then technical writing can be considered telling the truth for fun and profit. A discussion by a few people who've made a living off of a keyboard and a little knowledge.

J. S. York, M. Holt, J. Barnes, S. Stolnack

Flight Lounge

12 noon

Previews

TBA

Phoenix A

Con Com Trapped in Refrigerator, Eats Own Foot.

Just what is going on with the conventions and fannish groups in the Pacific Northwest (Pacific Southwest to Canadians).

J. Suryan, R. Wright, J. Lorentz, P. Wells, L. Smedman, T. Fowler, J. Gustafson, TBA

Phoenix B

Types of Fandom

One fan is a 'zine, two fen are a political faction, three fen are a fringe fandom. There are more types of fandom out there than can be easily imagined. A quickie survey of some of the more notable features on the fannish landscape.

W. Joost, A. Thomson, V. Mitchell, B. Bigelow, TBA

Phoenix C

Taxes for Writers/Artists

How to keep from getting into trouble with the Intergalactic Revenue Korps, or anyone else.

C. Mason

Flight Lounge

12 noon

Volunteers Meet the GoHs and Pros

Closed get-together for the Rustycon Volunteers and the GoH's and various pros.

Conference A

***C'est What?* Linguistics in F&SF**

An examination of where and how the language we use affects the way we look at the world. Also, an answer as to just where do you get those crazy names.

M. Scanlon, J. Davis, TBA

Conference B

1:00

Art Bozlee's Dog & Pony Show.

Art Bozlee has tales to tell, including tidbits on the Soviet race to the moon. Soviet space footage not seen before at any convention will also be featured.

Phoenix A

Rules of Magic: Making Your Fantasy Believable

If all things are possible, is anything very interesting? An examination of limitations in magical systems.

M. Lindholm, T. Brooks, D. Meyer (L. St. Alcorn)

Phoenix B

The Fermi Question.

If sentient aliens do exist, why don't we have some sort of proof of their existence? Recent proposals have kept this topic a lively one for discussion.

T. J. King, S. Stamey, B. Bova, TBA

Phoenix C

Roles of Superheros

Comic books, Saturday morning cartoons, and now at the box office, superheros are turning up everywhere. Have they replaced the mundane hero?

K. Antieau, S. Perry, J. S. York, E. Scarborough

Flight Lounge

Masquerade Questions, Comments, and Exceptions

The title says it all - tell it to Shmarr, or to the chaplain.

Conference A

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference B

2:00

Frank Denton Hour

Our Fan Guest of Honor will tell a little bit about himself, his fannish history, and his travels.

Phoenix A

tions on political structures of the future.

J. Barnes, W. Ransom, R. Marens, TBA

Conference A

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference B

5:00

Space Past

A look at the origins of the space program.

B. Bova, T. J. King, A. Bozlee

Phoenix C

Mechanics of Con-Going: Advanced.

The subtle art of appearing polished and urbane in any surroundings. (Hint: memorizing pore patterns on uncovered skin is a tad bit *gauche*, don't y'know.)

C. York, A. Thomson, S. Smith, R. Wright

Flight Lounge

Technophobes and Technophiles.

Don't you just hate people who pick up a transistorized transmogrifier and not only figure it out in five seconds, but can make it *work*? Or are you one of the folks who find yourself surrounded by people who have trouble turning light switches on? Does it make a difference in what people enjoy reading or writing?

J. S. York, E. Elliott, R. Garcia, J. Cramer

Conference A

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference B

6:00

Opening Ceremonies

The assembled multitude

Phoenix C

Reception

Even more of the multitude

Flight Lounge

7:00

Between Icy Devils and the Deep Blue Sea.

Is it time to sell Florida beach-front while it's still above water, or is there a new ice age coming?

Some discussion of the race between the greenhouse effect and the end of the current interglacial period.

R. Quigley, V. Mitchell, T. J. King, TBA

Conference A

SF as Literature: Do We Want Out of the Ghetto?

Before Hugo Gernsback, fantasy and SF were not separate parts of fiction. Recently, the borderlines between "regular" and speculative fiction have been blurring. Is it about time, or will we regret exposing SF to academia and mass market tastes?

M. Lindholm, T. Brooks, B. Taylor, D. Meyer

(*L. St. Alcorn*)

Conference B

8:00

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference A

9:00

Sex sells

Everything is sold using sex these days. Are fantasy and science fiction any exception?

S. Baker, S. Perry, D. Meyer (L. St. Alcorn), TBA

Conference A

10:00

STD

A few cautionary notes on loving too well, but not wisely enough.

M. Holt, TBA

Conference A

Filksinging

Sing to your hearts content until the wee hours....

Conference B

12 Midnight

Horror Readings

Conference A

Saturday

10:00am

Illustrations vs. Artwork

The advent of graphic novels and the like have blurred the line between an illustration and "serious" artwork. Or has it? Just what is the difference, if any, between the two forms?

K. L. Carmack, R. O'Donnell, D. Barr, L. Taylor,

J. Gustafson

Phoenix A

Cross-Gendering: S/He Did What?

Women don't swoon in modern SF, and men are starting to become more sensitive, but is it enough? What parts of the variety of human experience are or even should be restricted to one gender or another?

M. Holt, C. Mason, S. Newman, D. Meyer (L. St.

Alcorn), M. Rosenbloom, J. Davis, S. Barnes

Phoenix B

Space Present

The current status of the American space program.

B. Bova, B. Taylor, T. J. King, A. Bozlee, J. Davis

Phoenix C

Alternatives to Major Publishers.

Fewer and fewer corporations own more and more of the publishing houses, reducing competition and marketing opportunities. Are there any viable alternatives? Can you get published outside of New York City?

B. Taylor, J. T. Stewart, E. Elliott, K. Antieau, C.

Mason, T. Brooks, M. Coney

Flight Lounge

A Kinder, Gentler Galactic Empire (Star Wars: the Funding Continues...)

Is SDI a megabuck porkbarrel for the military-industrial complex, an essential part of America's defenses in the next century, or a clever cover story for badly needed basic research? Interesting questions are raised.

S. Baker, M. Coney, A. Bozlee
Phoenix B

Nanotechnology

What's new on the micro level.

E. Elliott, N. Hartman, S. Barnes
Phoenix C

Feminism in SF/Fantasy: An Update

K. L. Carmack, J. Russ, C. Spagnoli, J. Auel
Flight Lounge

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA
Conference A

Vonda N. McIntyre Reading

Conference B

3:00

Artificial Intelligence.

When you can't get the real thing... Is it possible, and how soon before Hollywood's annoyingly cutesy robots exist in real life?

S. Stamey, J. Cramer, TBA
Phoenix B

Space Future

Where are we going? Will America become the Portugal of the Space Age? Are we on the verge of taking off, or of backing off?

B. Bova, N. Hartman, D. Ing, M. Gamble
Phoenix C

Pictionary

An audience favorite.

K. L. Carmack, D. Barr, J. Lacquement, R. O'Donnell, Dameon, J. Nilsson, M. Grell, S. Gallacci
Flight Lounge

Answering machine message contest

The entries will be played and the results announced. Contest details were in Progress Report #2.

Conference A

BBS's

Is electronic fandom more than just a couple of rooms in a BBS? What is a BBS?

W. Joost, J. S. York, E. Elliott, S. Cook, TBA
Conference B

Computer Artwork

The Ghods of high tech willing, William R. Warren Jr. will give a live big screen demonstration of the personal computer as an artist's tool, including image manipulation, original artwork, and animation in 2D and 3D.

Continental Room

4:00

What the Rest of the World is Doing in Space.

When Sri Lanka puts up a satellite, will anyone notice? Some information on the other runners in the great space race.

T. J. King, A. Bozlee, TBA
Phoenix C

Manned vs. Unmanned Space Travel.

Another favorite topic of debate, especially in some circles.

E. Elliott, R. Quigley, N. Hartman, J. Davis, B. Ransom, S. Stamey
Flight Lounge

Transportation in SF.

How will we get around in the future? How have various futurists been right (and wrong) about how we get around now? Speculations on movement of people and goods on Earth and off of it.

J. Fiscus, D. Ing, M. Scanlon, TBA
Conference A

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA
Conference B

5:00

Box Lunch Bidding Results/Auction.

Get a pro for your table at the Box Lunch! Details available elsewhere.

Flight Lounge

Trivia first round.

Watch the battle of the minds and reflexes as fans try to remember how many tribbles actually were in the quadrotriticale.

Conference A

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA
Conference B

6:00

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA
Conference A

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA
Conference B

7:00

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA
Conference A

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA
Conference B

8:00

Open Gaming Orgy (until six a.m. Sunday morning)

Flight Lounge



10:00

Filksinging

Sing 'til you die.

Conference B

12 midnight

Horror readings

Conference A

Sunday

9:00am

Good Morning, Rustycon

Gonzo "radio". If you're up this early (or late), the staff of Good Morning, Rustycon are ready to melt your mind.

Phoenix A

9:30am

Northwest Dealers Association

Open meeting.

Conference B

10:00am

Dirigible Fandom

Lighter-than-air fanatics unite! You have nothing to lose but your lift. Once an endangered species, lighter-than-air craft are making a comeback. Come and find out why.

D. Ing, M. Scanlon, J. S. York, TBA

Phoenix A

Ben Bova Hour

Our Writer Guest of Honor, Ben Bova

Phoenix B

Inventing Religions

Few cultures are without religion. How are they treated in fantasy and SF, and how do they get created?

N. Hartman, M. Coney, M. Rosenbloom

Phoenix C

Graphic Novels

An examination of this art form. Is it new? What directions are graphic novels headed?

D. Barr, Dameon, M. Grell, TBA

Flight Lounge

Blue Collar Nanotechnology: the Future of the Worker

When we are as gods, what then the tradesman? What will happen when nanomachine complexes are developed? If we have mechanical slaves, will every man own one?

R. Marens, J. Davis, S. Barnes, TBA

Conference A

11:00am

Westercons Around Us

Westercon to the north of us, Westercon to the south of us, Volley'd and thundered. (apologies to Tennyson). 1990 marks the return of a Westercon to the Northwest. In 1991, the Westercon comes

back to Vancouver, B.C.. The first Vancouver Westercon kicked off a flurry of fannish activity that hasn't died down yet. Hear all about the upcoming Westercons.

L. Smedman, T. Fowler, J. Lorentz, P. Wells

Phoenix A

Time Travel for Fun and Profit.

If you could go back... When and where would you go, if it were a one-way trip? If you could make round trips? What does every well-equipped time traveller take along?

D. McQuinn, E. Elliott, J. Barnes, S. Newman, J.

Fiscus

Phoenix B

Censorship in this New Puritan Age

Is editorial taste concealed prior restraint? Organized pressure groups are trying to deny access to information and viewpoints. Is there such a thing as good or necessary censorship?

J. Russ, S. Baker, D. Meyer (L. St. Alcorn), J. S. York

Phoenix C

Collecting Artwork

The whys and hows of getting too much stuff for your walls. Choosing art for investment or for enjoyment.

J. Gustafson, S. Berven, C. Mason, J. Lacquement

Flight Lounge

Volunteers Meet the GoHs & Pros

A get-together for Rustycon volunteers only.

Conference A

SF Radio Drama

A presentation by Mark A. Skullerud of vintage and contemporary SF radio drama. Be amazed and entertained as we return now to those thrilling days of yesteryear...and today, and tomorrow.

Conference B

12 noon

Previews

TBA

Phoenix A

Mythical Creatures: Keeping it Accurate

Just what does a centaur eat, and how does it breathe? The ancients cobbled together beasts to populate far-off lands. Nowadays, writers and game masters have to deal with biochemistry and genetics, ecosystems and niches.

D. Barr, T. Brooks, L. Taylor, D. Meyer

(L. St. Alcorn), M. Rosenbloom

Phoenix B

Amateur Astronomy

If you don't happen to have access to the Aricebo dish, there is still a lot of the nighttime sky you can experience. A discussion of astronomy for those on a budget.

R. Quigley, R. Suryan, S. Boivin, TBA

Phoenix C

12 noon

Anti-Stereotypes

Are stereotypes corrupt archetypes? How can stereotypes be avoided or down-played?

J. Russ, M. Holt, K. Antieau, K. Alcalá, J. Auel

Flight Lounge

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference A

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference B

1:00

Wormholes Revisited

Professor John Cramer talks about the possibilities inherent in wormholes. (Is faster-than-light travel really achievable?)

Phoenix A

Writer's Groups Everywhere.

For the aspiring writer, few things are as important as feedback from other than friends and family. The local writing group can provide the feedback and support to improve a writer's abilities. Find out ways to find one to join, or how to start one of your own.

B. Taylor, S. Stolnack, F. Denton, M. Rosenbloom

Phoenix B

Art Auction

Buy it. Buy it now, before it's gone.

Phoenix C

Fannish Home Brewing

From sublime nectar to cheap swill, hints and cautions of making your own beer.

W. Joost, M. Scanlon, TBA

Flight Lounge

Cult Films

What makes one film a cult classic, and another a 4 a.m. time filler on obscure cable channels? Your favorites might be discussed.

R. Johnson, K. Johnson, T. Williams

Conference A

Costume Creation Show

J. Barnes

Conference B

2:00

Open Writing Workshop

An example of a writing workshop/writing group session. An anonymous manuscript will be critiqued publicly.

TBA

Flight Lounge

Masquerade B&P and Video Review

Give your suggestions for next year and see what really happened last night at the masquerade.

Conference A

Trivia Final Round

Fry your brains with incredible revelations about how many "SF" books Lionel Fanthorpe wrote, the ignition temperature of paper, and other trivial facts.

Conference B

2:30

Box Lunch Social

Phoenix A and B

3:00

Making Action Believable.

"Clonan the Incredible wielded his 50-pound broadsword like a rapier, thrusting and parrying..." In fantasy and in SF, in writing, gaming and movies, the improbable and impossible are driving out the real and realistic. Hear the panel participants fight back.

D. McQuinn, W. Joost, J. Auel, D. Meyer (L. St. Alcorn), S. Barnes

Phoenix C

Cheers and Jeers

Come tell us what we did right or wrong.

Flight Lounge

Mysticism in the Modern Age

What is the crossover between the New Age and the traditional occult? Is there a ley line through the hotel swimming pool?

Dameon, S. Sinclair, K. Alcalá, TBA

Conference A

Northwest Convention League Meeting

Conference B

4:00

Closing Ceremonies

The party's over, until next year.

Phoenix A & B

Reading/Pros d'heure

TBA

Flight Lounge

Readings/Pros d'heure

TBA

Conference A



Masquerade Begins at 8:00pm

Dance to follow

Doors Open at 7:45

This year's Masquerade promises to be one of the best ever, with brand new half-time entertainment, outrageous M.C.s, and some of the best costumers in the Northwest. Entry forms will be available at the Registration Desk. If you're not interested in participating, but would like to see the show, be sure to volunteer some of your time and take advantage of the Early Seating privileges given to Volunteers.

Pre-Masquerade meeting, Saturday at 2:00pm, Conference Room A
Contestant Line-Up at 6:00pm, Phoenix Ballroom A
Post Masquerade Meeting on Sunday, 2:00pm in Conference Room A

THE BIG BANG!!!

THE BOOGIE BEING RAP

I'm the Boogie Being, and I'm here to say
That I'm the baddest fannish D.J. in the U.S.A!

I have all the things that the others lack
So tell those sucker M.C.'s to just stand back.

I come out of hiding just about this time
To tell ya what'll happen, in rhyme.

Be there Saturday night at just about 10
'Cause you know that the party starts just about
then.

People come to boogie from near and far
On a bus, on a plane, and even by car.

When they see the beacon, that one true light
They know the Boogie Being will be here tonight
They're ready to dance, they're ready to groove
And the music's so hot, they've got to move.

Out to the dance floor they all shall go.
I'll make 'em move so fast, and I'll make 'em move
slow.

So much energy will burst from wall to wall
With power that will energize the entire hall

That we leave this place of cold and fear
And visit a dimension where the answer is clear.

And the answer is Dance! and the answer is Move!
Party people who know will catch this groove.

Boogie Being is here! With all the hits That gives
your body those dancin' fits.

Funky def beats that are sure to please
With house mixes, long versions, and CD's.

We got Rocky and Rasputin on the team
And Experiment in Terror to make you scream

There's Keith and Michael and others, too.
My party-makin' posse sets it up for you.

If you've got a tune that you want to hear
Come forward and ask and have no fear,
I'll try to play it, if I've got it.

(It's even better if you've brought it.)

So now you know what's going down
'Cause the Boogie Being is in your town.
And you'll know just why your ears they rang
You've just experience. . . THE BIG BANG!!!!

FRIDAY NIGHT DANCE:

SPIES IN THE NIGHT

Keeping to the Rustycon Tradition, we're trying a different setup for the Friday Night Dance. It promises to offer additional floor space for dancing as well as a little more room for seating. The bar, of course, will be open, and water will be available in the area.

The theme this year centers around spy novels and films. Come as your favorite secret agent or gumshoe, or even as your favorite villain. Just remember the weapons policy!

The music will be rock with a few other things thrown in for fun. I will avoid rap like the plague, and most "top-40" tunes won't be played. Feel free to make requests, but keep the above in mind while making them. I will try my best this year to work them in.

We'll be situated right next to the Casino again this year, so after you've lost your shirt and sold yourself into slavery, be sure to come on over and loosen up. Remember, we're the only place you'll find real rock and roll music from the 60's, 70's and 80's--and a few other things as well.

Enjoy the con, and I'll see you Friday Night when we ROCK OUT!

CASINO

Kitten

This year's casino offers everything you have all seen before--Blackjack, Electronic Star Trek Roulette, Craps, High Stakes Poker, and something new. We are introducing a new game called Swords and Daggers. Come on down and play a few games, talk to Mama Guido or myself, win a few Buks and have a good time. If you run out of Buks, Mama Guido and her staff would be happy to loan you some--all we need is a promise to pay us back (with interest), and a promise of some volunteer time for the convention. The Rustycon Casino will be opening up around 8:15 pm Friday night, and will be open until about 2:00 am. Something else new--all weekend long you will be able to squander or increase your winnings by Playing the Numbers. All night Friday night, all day Saturday, and on Sunday until Closing Ceremonies, we will be running Numbers out of the Volunteer Room. Try and increase your winnings (try...), and strive for the ever-elusive Bova Buk. See you there.....

MONDO VIDEO

Since the dawn of recorded video, humans have searched for a way to properly view their videotapes. They tried VHS. They tried Beta. They even tried Video-8. All in an attempt to obtain that elusive Ultimate Viewing Experience. But their efforts have gone unrewarded, until now! For now a new era in videotape presentation emerges. This is the dawning of the age of

MONDO VIDEO

Now humans can experience all of the power and energy that video entertainment can provide. Utilizing a systems approach that takes into account picture, sound, viewing environment and programming guidelines, the Mondo Video standard surpasses all previous attempts at stand-alone video programming for the Science Fiction Conventioneer. This system has been developed using Rusty-

cons 5 and 6 and Norwescon 11 as testing grounds, and will soon become the benchmark for video systems at conventions region-wide (to say nothing of the country, and someday the World!)

Step into the Mondo Video Room (otherwise known as the Continental Room, down the hall from the Flight Lounge) and allow a comfortable viewing atmosphere and VHS Hi-Fi programming (specially selected to take full advantage of Mondo Video's impressive capabilities) to immerse you totally in the video experience. Video presentation of the future is here today, thanks to Rustycon and Mondo Video!!

(For more information on the programming specially selected for Mondo Video, please see the pocket program.)

VOLUNTEERS!?!

Kimberly Slone

Yes, we need volunteers!

Register to volunteer in the Volunteers Lounge, Room 413. There are scheduling boards there. Please sign up for the red hours first. Those are the hours we need volunteers the most. For volunteers we have awards: we have sessions with the GOH's for volunteers to meet with them, and we have buttons done by local artists. There will also be a picnic for everyone who volunteers at Rustycon, to be held in July with tons of fun and

food.

The most urgent times we need volunteers are: before and after the dances, art show, masquerade and casino (we will also need dealers during the casino), and at all times for hospitality (especially if you have a food handlers permit), registration, and the video rooms.

Come to the Volunteers Lounge and lounge a bit! We'll have food and fun and would love to see you!!!

ART SHOW 1990

Jacqualynn Duram Nilsson, Director

Well, after a whole year of preparation, including numerous letters and packets sent to artists, we are proud to bring you the fruits of our efforts: the Rustycon 7 Art Show. But my assistants and I can't take all the credit; all you have to do is come in and see the marvelous amount of fabulous artwork that adorns the panels to see what I mean. The artists that come to our show are some of the best in the Pacific Northwest, if not in the Nation. So come on in, and bring what's left of your Christmas money, or your credit card (Yes, we do take plastic, as well as checks and that weird green stuff), and start this new decade off with a wonderful new piece of artwork to hang in your home.

Quick Sale: There are always questions on how we are going to deal with quick sale, what is quick sale, etc. So here are your answers: **Quick Sale** price is the price that you can get a piece of artwork for if you want it now, rather than stewing over the fact that someone might outbid you and get the piece you really want at the auction. These prices are almost always higher than the minimum bid price, so for many it's a hard decision which way to go.

There will be **NO MINIMUM BIDS TAKEN BEFORE SATURDAY MORNING, 9:00 am, JANUARY 20TH.** I know many of you will be confused about why we are doing this. Suffice it to say that we want to make sure all the artshow, artwork, paperwork, etc, is correct and set up, for your sake as well as ours, by Saturday morning. It will be harder for us to do this if we are also dealing with quick sale Friday evening.

There are some rules that go along with getting a piece of art at quick sale. The piece has to be free of any minimum bid, unless that bid is your own. If it is your own bid, you can still buy the piece at the quick sale price if you change your mind. But your name has to be the only one on the bid tag. If there is a second name on the tag,

the artwork is no longer available for quick sale.

If there is no minimum bid written down, and you want to buy the piece, you need to come to the front of the artshow, where there will be several artshow helpers, or myself, who can help you with all the necessary paperwork.

No Quick sale piece of artwork will be removed from the artshow before the beginning of the art auction. You may collect your purchased artwork from 1:00 to 3:00 pm on Sunday. Make sure you bring your receipt for the artwork with you, or you may not be able to get your piece of art. Other than that, things are relatively normal as far as the artshow is concerned. It takes two bids for a piece to go to auction, and we will try to have a list of what pieces are going in what order posted at the door to the auction. Last, but certainly not least, the hours of operation for the artshow will be as follows:

Friday	1:00pm to 3:00pm	Artists Check-In only
	3:00pm to 6:30pm	Open to the Convention

(Note: There will be **no quick sale** in effect Friday)

Saturday	9:00am to 7:30pm	Open to the Convention
Sunday	9:00am to 12:00 noon	Open to the Convention
	12:00 noon to 1:00pm	Closed
	1:00 pm to 3:00 pm	Auction in Phoenix C
	1:00 pm to 3:00 pm	Pick up of quick sale pieces and pay for pieces bought at the auction.
	3:30pm to 5:00pm	Artist Check-out:

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Please take a moment to review the following Rustycon Policies

FOOD SERVICES

It is against Washington State Law to prepare or serve food (open tray format) in a smoke-filled environment. For this reason, the following should be noted:

- 1) There can be no smoking in or around any food preparation or serving facility. This means that the main area of Hospitality is now non-smoking.
- 2) Office, Volunteers Lounge, and Staff Lounge will be designated as non-smoking areas.
- 3) The Green Room is a designated smoking area, therefore no food will be served there.

Additionally, State Law requires that all food preparers and servers must have a valid Washington State health card. If you have a health card and intend to volunteer for work in Hospitality, be sure to bring your health card or a copy of it with you to the con.

PARTY POLICY

- 1) All parties shall be registered with the convention.
- 2) The person(s) responsible for the party shall be the person to whom the room is registered and/or a designated host.
- 3) The host must be 21 years of age or older. We recommend that s/he be a non-drinker during the party.
- 4) The host shall be responsible for the conduct of those attending the party. S/he shall be certain that no one drinks and drives, and that no minors are served alcohol.
- 5) Where applicable, all persons at the party must have legal I.D.
- 6) We reserve the right to shut down any party for any reason.
- 7) Rustycon will not be responsible for any damage to persons or property during the convention.

WEAPONS POLICY

- 1) Stated Simply: "If it's drawn, you're gone."
- 2) This policy included both real and replicated weapons. (A replica is any device that is made to resemble or can reasonably be mistaken for an actual weapon).
- 3) No projectile weapons at all.
- 4) No unsheathed weapons allowed in any public space.
- 5) We reserve the right to inspect and reject any weapon worn.

RCW 9.41.270

It shall be unlawful for anyone to carry, exhibit, display, or draw any firearm, dagger, sword, knife, or other cutting or stabbing instrument, club, or any other weapon apparently capable of producing bodily harm, in a manner, under circumstances, and at a time and place that either manifests an intent to intimidate another or that warrants alarm for the safety of other persons.

REGISTRATION POLICY

We reserve the right to require that legal I.D. be presented at the discretion or request of a convention official, to determine if a person meets the age requirements of the Children Policy. We request that all members provide the convention with a real (mundane/legal) name at the time of registration. Failure to do so will result in that person's not being admitted to the convention.

INFRACTIONS POLICY

Rustycon reserves the right to ask habitual offenders to leave the convention. If anyone engages in any sort of criminal activity, his/her membership will be revoked.

GENERAL BEHAVIOR RULE

RUSTYCON RESERVES THE RIGHT TO REVOKE THE MEMBERSHIP OF ANY PERSON WHOSE BEHAVIOR IS DISRUPTIVE TO THE CONVENTION, OR WHICH VIOLATES THE RULES OF THE CONVENTION OR THE LAWS OF THE CITY, COUNTY, STATE OR COUNTRY IN WHICH THE CONVENTION IS BEING HELD.

CHILDREN POLICY

The previously published Children Policy has been updated. Please read the revised policies below:

- 1) All persons 6 years of age or older must have a membership.
- 2) Memberships for persons 6 to 12 years of age are 1/2 (half) the regular adult membership price in effect at the time of purchase.
- 3) All children 12 years of age or under must be accompanied at all times within line-of-sight (100 feet max.) by an attending convention member who is the parent or legal guardian.
- 4) Any person under the age of 18 must have written permission from a parent or legal guardian to attend the convention. If someone under 18 years of age is staying overnight at the hotel, s/he must have an attending parent or designated legal guardian who is over 21 years of age or older and also a registered guest of the hotel.
- 5) Parents or legal guardians of children under the age of 18 must accept responsibility for their children's actions.
- 6) If a child 12 years of age or under is found unattended, Rustycon may:
1st Occasion: Charge that child's parents the balance of the full adult membership rate.
2nd Occasion: Ask the child and the parent or legal guardian to leave the convention.
- 7) There will be no exceptions to the above rules.
- 8) Rustycon reserves the right to refuse attendance to anyone at any time.



Medicine Tree

(Continued from Page 7)

He hurried on the last hundred yards, fascinated as he drew nearer.

The bright colors swaying in the faint breeze were bits of cloth; strips of yellow, red, blue. Most were wedged into cracks in the bark. David sank down beneath the tree, resting his back against the trunk. "Catch your breath before you look more closely," he said.

He reached for a cigarette, then thought better of it. He leaned back and closed his eyes for a few minutes, listening to the quiet, feeling the faint warmth of the sun, and the light breeze against his cheek.

He thought about Ellen and the last three years. Although they'd never spoken of marriage, they seemed comfortable enough together. She'd never talked about her dissatisfaction. Never told him how much she hated his 'damned log house' nor her job at the bank. A lovely woman, one he'd taken too much for granted, obviously.

Finally he stirred, picking up a pine cone and lobbing it down the trail. I've gone over this for three days through a lovely Scotch haze, he thought. I'll probably spend a lot more time thinking about it. Today I should be enjoying this outing.

He rose, stepping away from the tree to examine it. As high as a person could reach he saw the strange offerings. The bits of cloth were the most obvious. A square of corduroy from a man's pants, an entire red bandanna, a piece of a woman's scarf.

He reached up and fingered the silky strip. It was the same color as a scarf Ellen owned. He worked his way around the trunk of the tree. Here he found a penny wedged into the bark, there a half dollar. The bottom of a beer bottle, the broken-off blade of a pocket knife, a blossom from a silk flower, a dried twig of sage, a piece of bark with a Crow symbol carved on the smooth side, a white button, and, high up, a toggle from a duffle coat.

Fascinating! David thought. He wasn't religious, at least not in the conventional sense. He respected others' beliefs, and let it go at that. He understood a little of what the Indians believed. If Catholics crossed themselves and genuflected, that was their business. If fundamentalists quoted Bible or spoke in tongues, so be it. Let the Flathead and Kalispel leave their offerings to the Great Spirit attached to a tree. It was an ancient way.

He sat beneath the tree again, and gave in now to his craving for a cigarette. Halfway

through it, he decided that he would hike farther along the trail when he finished. The day was made for it.

"My tree."

David looked up, but saw nothing. I'm hearing things, he thought. When I get home I'll put the bottle away for awhile.

"My horns in it." David heard these words even more clearly. He rose and peered around the other side of the tree. Nothing. He pulled another cigarette from his pack and lit it from the first. His hand shook and he sat down again quietly, eyes alert.

"Coyote's fault. He tricked me."

There was no doubt in David's mind. The words he heard were too clear, the inflection of the voice sad and wounded.

"Who are you? Where?" Talking to myself now, he thought. More fool me.

Straight ahead of him the air shimmered. A form slowly emerged. The shape hardened, and Ram stood twenty feet away. Ram nodded once, tossed his head and repeated, "Coyote's fault."

The bighorn sheep is magnificent, David thought, wondering at the same time whether it might charge. More magnificent than any I've ever seen through the glasses. Its coat was a soft burnished brown, glowing and healthy and showing the first signs of thickening for the winter. Immense horns, five inches thick at the base, curved over its head and continued full circle to the front. Their points thrust wickedly at David. The sheep's eyes were dull gold and had the look that David always thought of as baleful.

Ram tossed his head again, and repeated, "Coyote's fault."

"What is?" David whispered, wishing he had the tree between himself and the beast.

Ram nodded at the tree. "My horns and skull in that tree."

David frowned, then suddenly remembered the other thing that Ed had told him about the tree. Alexander Ross had described it in 1823, with almost the whole of one horn and more than half of the head of a ram imbedded in the tree. The tree, of course, had continued to grow. More recently X-ray photography had proven that Ross's story was true.

For the Indians, Ram's head signified powerful medicine. Visiting the tree brought success to their hunting and fishing. Before the summer trek across the Rockies to hunt the buffalo, they held ceremonies there.

"Coyote can't be trusted," Ram said. "Ever."

"How did it happen?" David asked. Ram's stare moved from the tree to David's face, as if he had just noticed him. "Tricked me," Ram said, shaking his head. "Coyote trespassed on my

territory. I challenged him. He said he had only a flint knife to fight with and asked what I had for weapons.

"I showed him my horns and my powerful neck. He scorned them. 'Prove your power first by striking this tree,' Coyote said. 'Then you can do with me what you wish.'"

"Tricked me," Ram said again. His head dropped, embarrassed by his own admission. "Knew he couldn't beat me fair."

David closed his eyes. What am I doing here, talking with a spirit Ram? he thought.

"Tricked you, too. Coyote's fault." Ram lowered his head, nibbling at a small patch of grass.

David, startled, raised his head. "Tricked me? What do you mean?"

Ram gazed into the distance, toward the Bitterroots. He watched David from the corner of his eye. "Cruel joke, eh? Coyote plays them often, wagh! Give you lady, now take away."

David jumped to his feet. "What do you mean? What's Coyote got to do with Ellen?"

Ram turned and gave him a speculative look. "You don't know?"

"No. Tell me."

"Give you Ellen. Make you happy. Things go well, you get comfortable. Simple. Coyote laughs and sends her away."

Aw, c'mon, now, David thought. That's bull. Coyote didn't have anything to do with it. What the hell did Ram know anyway? He had met Ellen at the bank where she worked. They'd liked each other, had a few dates and moved in together. It was that simple. David would deny to his dying day that anyone else had a thing to do

with it, least of all some mythical Coyote.

"Too comfortable," Ram said. "You took her for granted, stopped talking with her, taking her with you. Coyote put small idea in her mind, let it grow. Ellen gone now, yes?"

Yes, David admitted. Ellen was gone now. He shook his head. Perhaps he had screwed up, not paid enough attention to Ellen. The thought saddened him. Everything was going fine, as far as he was concerned. He always figured he was a nice guy. Too late now. Ellen had made that clear in the letter she'd left.

"How can I do better next time?" David asked. There was no answer. He looked up. Ram was gone. David sighed, gazed up at the Bitterroots and gave a small gesture of salute to Ram. If he had done any thinking in the last few days, no matter how muddled with drink, he had much more to think about now.

He reached out and touched the tree, feeling the texture of its bark. He nodded unconsciously, making a decision. He fished in his pocket, but found nothing to offer. In his wallet he found a bank deposit slip from the bank where Ellen had worked. With a stub of pencil he wrote 'For Ellen' on the back. After a moment he added, 'For me, too, I guess.' He folded the slip in half and, using a quarter, wedged it in a crack in the bark.

Glancing at his watch, David realized that it was later than he thought. He reached out and touched the medicine tree once more. Somehow that comforted him. He turned and headed down the trail toward the Blazer.

Higher up, on a hill nearby, David heard Coyote laugh.

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