

WESTER
CO. 43

WESTERON 43

Guests of Honor:
Ursula K. Le Guin
Vonda N. McIntyre
Kate Wilhelm

Fan Guest of Honor:
Art Widner

Toastmaster:
Steve Perry



July 5-8, 1990

Portland, Oregon

Red Lion Jantzen Beach & Red Lion Columbia River

Westercon 43

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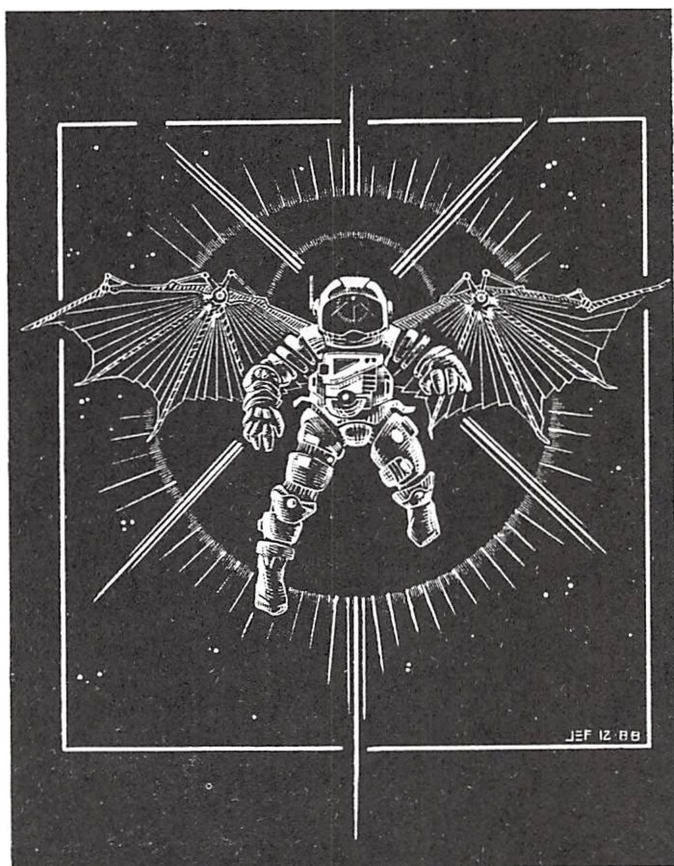
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Acknowledgments

Westercon 43 would like to thank the following for their contributions and assistance:

Powell's Books, for the Portland tour bus and the gift certificates
Future Dreams, for selling memberships and dispensing information
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Art Credits

Steve Berry	45
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Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk	18, 58, 81, 111
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ON A CLEAR DAY, YOU CAN SEE TOMORROW.

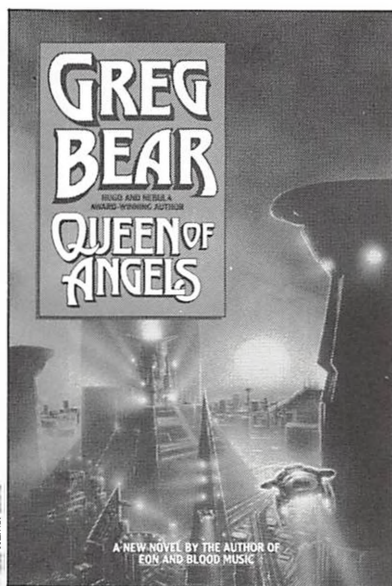
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FROM THE CHAIRS

MESSAGE FROM A CO-CHAIR

John Lorentz

(I'm tired!)

Welcome to another Portland Westercon, held (it seems) whenever July 4th occurs on a Wednesday. I hope that you will enjoy your visit to the City of Roses—home to fountains, carousels, parks and great beer. Take some time to enjoy the area, and—if you like what you see—remember to come back for OryCon in November.

I also hope that you will enjoy the convention itself. If you do, keep in mind that it was due to the work of a lot of people (only some of whom are listed in the Committee List). (If you don't enjoy the conventions, it's all Patty's fault. Isn't that what co-Chairs are for?)

It's been an interesting (and exhausting) experience working to produce this convention. We ought to do it again. (Now, when's the next time that the 4th ends up on Wednesday?)

MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER CO-CHAIR

Patty Wells

Welcome to Westercon. We hope that you have as much fun attending the convention as we have had in putting together creative ideas for it. Along with the creative ideas everyone connected with Westercon has put in long hours of detail work. So, when you see a harassed-looking committee person, consider buying them a drink. Odds are they could use it.

Of course, I understand that many of you won't read this until after the convention is over. That's OK. After two years of working on this Westercon, most of us wouldn't turn down a drink at OryCon. (Actually, most of us won't turn down a drink anytime.)

It's almost impossible to single out any specific person for their work; everyone has done a superb job. However, many of the unique features of this convention, the salmon bake, the river cruise, the bus trips to

Powell's, are all events that Debbie Cross has made happen, in addition to being Hotel Liaison for the convention. She deserves special thanks.

Debbie and Paul Wrigley have also been responsible for our special edition volume of Susan C. Petrey stories. We are all pleased to see Sue's stories in print. Besides being one of our own, she was a talented writer who died much too soon.

So, buy a book (or 2, or 20) and enjoy all the hospitality the Portland Westercon Committee has to offer.



GUESTS OF HONOR

URSULA K. LE GUIN

Deborah Wessell

Urse the Knife. Party commando. Fashion statement. Ovular influence in the field, and a hard-boiled one at that. Picking her teeth with Hugos, clawing and scratching her way up the lit crit hit parade, number one with a stiletto. When she howls at the moon, the moon howls back. That's Ursy.

But wait. You think you know the broad, but what about her roots, her youth, her blossom-like unfolding as an artiste? What made her the skulking varmint she is today?

You say you've read her dust jackets? You say you actually believe that felgercarb about Radcliffe and Columbia and teaching French? Puh-leeze. How do you think she got the material for all those wackmobile books, huh? You think she made it up? Hey, get back on the visible spectrum. She was there. She did it all.

First off, Urse got her start in baseball, way back in the interplanetary minor leagues, pitching night games for the Gas Giants. Wrote about it later in *The Southpaw of Darkness*. Finally made it to the bigs, throwing supernatural sliders for the All-Earth Angels, and bragged about it in *A Wizard of Earth, See?*

But old Urse pushed her luck and lost. Barred from the game for life. Her crime: foul language directed at an umpire, in *The Word for World is *!@?!*#!* So the once-proud Urse changed her name to Le Guin (that's French for The Guin) and picked up odd jobs, spitting out novels like a camel spits camel spit.

She was a legbreaker for a debt collection agency on Triton (remember *The Repossessed?*)

Went straight for a a dozen freezing seasons, changing oil at a Giga-Lube on Phobos (you must have read *The Quart's Twelve Winters*.)

Stowed away on a Venusian trawler and worked up a little monograph on the egocentricity of fish (*The "I" of the Herring*, check it out.)



Photo by Marian Kolisch

Westercon 43

Earned some bread as a bouncer for a low-life tavern and all-night bakery in the asteroid belt (who could forget the pie fight in *Kicking Ass At the Edge of the World?*)

But finally, the Mighty Guin hit bottom: cosmetics demonstrator at the L5 Nordstrom's, wearing lip gloss called "Red Sails in the Sunset" and painting her toenails "Honey Don't." Even Ursy couldn't maintain the fictional dream in that Chanel hell. She looked good but she turned mean, denounced the hero as a literary fixture and declared, "I don't write plots, only little people write plots," in the preface to her sex manual for agoraphobics, *Always Coming (at Home)*.

It was crime that turned Urse back to Fiction As We Know It. Crime and frogs. She heard about the hallucinogenic skin excretions of Hawaiian cane toads, tried it once for laughs, and soon she was in deep ribbit.

First it was frogs. Slurp, slurp. Then newts. Then the hard stuff: Salamanders. Skinks. Geckos. Believe it: Ursy The Guin was a toad warrior. Wart City. Used to smooch handsome princes and get mad when they didn't revert.

She could have ended up on a hot date with a road kill, but instead Urse got turned in to the cops — by a toad stoolie. They found six tortoises, a pair of meerkats and an anteater in her lingerie bag and threw the book at her. But when Ursy got paroled she was clutching the first draft of that multi-generation blockbuster about animal junkies, *Buffalo Geeks Won't You Come Out Tonight*. Never looked back.

That was Then. This is what the swells call Now. Whither the Ursy of today? What waterlogged boots of character has she dredged up from the mucky depths of experience as she sculls across the pond scum of life?

Simple things. A feel for the land, especially gravel bars and miniature golf courses.

A way with words, most recently "of," "the," and "arachnid."

And enough innate silliness to commission this bio. Way to go, Urse. Like, totally ovular.

(Ursula K. Le Guin's fifteen novels, five children's books, and nine volumes of short stories, essays and poetry were written not by her, but by an entirely different author of the same name. The latter is a wise and chortling woman who changes her genre more often than her socks. She does not suffer fools, gladly or at all, but is otherwise a friendly sort, who will no doubt laugh early and often as GoH at Westercon.)

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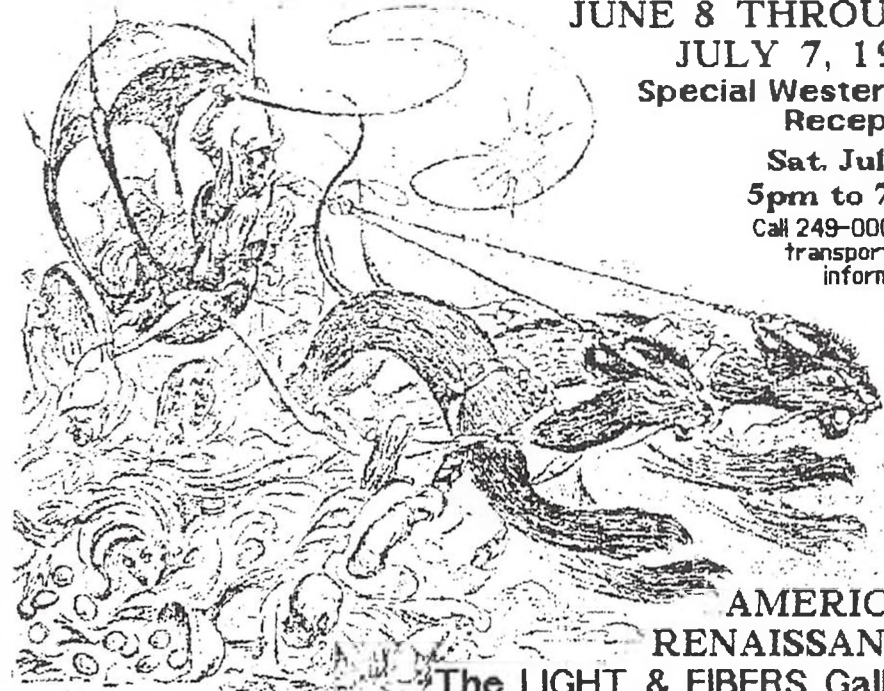
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ABOUT VONDA McINTYRE

by Paul Preuss

A decade ago, having sold my first Science Fiction novel, I decided to attend my first Science Fiction convention, which happened to be the Westercon held at San Francisco's Sheraton Palace. (It was that famous old hotel's last con, I believe.) A number of images of the occasion persist like flashbacks, among them my introduction to David Hartwell, who peered at my proffered right hand as if it were a banana slug and proceeded to lecture me on the evils of simultaneous submission; Norman Spinrad terrifying a hotel guard, a six-and-half-foot African-American version of Kojak who wanted to close the SFWA suite at midnight; and the stimulating first chat I had with Vonda McIntyre—on my part something inane and cheerful about Seattle, where Vonda lives now and where I used to, and on Vonda's part a sprightly reply along the lines of "So what?"

Thus Vonda will forever be engraved in memory, part of my warm welcome to the world of Science Fiction. There must have been more to it, however, for at some point during the weekend I had the temerity to ask her if she would comment on my as yet unpublished novel, and strangely she agreed. I duly sent her the proofs and got back an immediate reply: "Ptahh, feh, ughhh . . . unbound galleys!" Indeed, the galleys did look a lot like unrolled, printed-upon toilet paper, a form of communication I was not to encounter again until the Wallaces started compiling lists. Yet worse was to come, for Vonda actually read my book, whereupon she sent me one of the angriest and most eloquent letters I have ever received concerning feminist issues in Science Fiction.

You should know (in case you're prejudiced against male-authored hard skiffy) that the letter was based on a misunderstanding—the particular bit of stream of consciousness Vonda chose for exegesis was not this author's voice—yet her letter crystallized for me the things I admired in the Vonda McIntyre I had read but was yet to get to know in person. Things like courage, straightforwardness, generosity of spirit, a way with words, and desert-dry wit.



Photo by Gary Benson

Westercon 43

This isn't the place for critical commentary on the McIntyre oeuvre—read the books and stories for yourselves—and as for “women in SF,” here's Vonda on that subject, ca. 1983: “Even when somebody is trying to make a case for all the good SF writers currently working being women (which is clearly hogwash), it comes out like Reagan claiming that women are a civilizing influence. . . . I'm not too thrilled when people mistake biological high tech for Fantasy, either. . . .” Right. Let's just say that from the beginning of her career, Vonda has written some of the very best SF around, of whatever elasticity.

Sure, it helps that she started from a background in science, in her case a B.S. from the University of Washington, with a major in biology and graduate work in genetics. It helps that she writes a fine English sentence, a skill taught in few enough places these days that I think she must have acquired it on her own—indeed, she published her first story when she was twenty. Of course the best SF has never depended on scientific accuracy, and certainly not on literacy. What's needed is a feel for life.

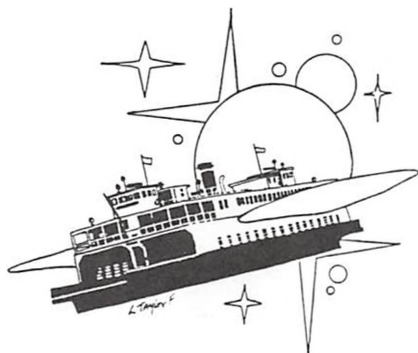
Writing really is the lonely business we all moan about, and it takes discipline to stay at the keyboard when you should, some boldness in the face of guilt to get away from it when you must, and yes, wisdom to know the difference. Vonda McIntyre has the discipline, the boldness, and the wisdom; she amazes me with her productivity, worldliness, and eclecticism. Last time I saw her she had recently climbed down from a trip in a dirigible (I learned I'm not supposed to call it a blimp). Years before I acquired my steam-engine PC—which she tried hard to talk me out of, not realizing I had no intention of ever connecting it to anything—she was writing her own computer programs and assembling a customized Very Local Area Network, which went through a couple of walls in her shared house. Her cowboy boots are more disgraceful even than mine, because she still actually climbs on a horse from time to time—she used to train and show hunters and jumpers. She helped establish Clarion/West, which speaks volumes about her tolerance for other people—she suffers some of us fools more gladly than we deserve, hoping we'll get it right someday; she is immensely generous in encouraging writers in which she senses a spark of talent. On the other hand, she's got a black belt in aikido, the fine nonviolent Japanese art of allowing a persistent assailant to break his or her own neck.

All of which is the outward part. From her first novel, *The Exile Waiting*, Vonda has shown remarkable mastery of reaching inward, into the hearts of her characters' most intimate human hopes and fears; the catacomb scenes in that story still give me nightmares. *Dreamsnake* owes

much of its power to the aching empathy one feels for its protagonist, herself at the mercy of her own empathy. Vonda allows us to care passionately about big burrowing reptilian creatures (“Fireflood”) or space pilots with hearts of plastic (*Superluminal*). In five Star Trek books, three of them based on the movies, she has made the crew of the Enterprise behave not only like humans but like grown-ups. Yet she can write with children in mind—I won’t say for children—better even than the Heinlein I remember with fond innocence from my own Golden Age of Science Fiction. Her talent hasn’t gone unnoticed, not least by a couple of Nebulas and a passel of Hugo and Nebula nominations.

Ten years have passed, and Vonda and I have gotten past the ginger business of commenting on each other’s work. I get up to Seattle once a year or so to visit family and Vonda; whereas I used to ask her how one could actually make a living as a Science Fiction writer, I know how to do that now (David Hartwell taught me, despite the near-fatal simultaneous submission). So now I question Vonda closely on such matters as the engine rebuild of her ancient hunk of what Frank Herbert used to call Detroit Iron. Incidentally, although Vonda’s license plate begins with GHU, rumor to the contrary her car is not named for the fannish god of beer.

We can usually find an excuse to drink champagne instead, preferably with a view of the Sound and sunset beyond the Olympics. We talk about grown-up friends and newborn relatives; she swears never to sit on another panel about women in SF, and I swear never to sit on another hard SF panel. (Sure.) We toast the memory of Frank Herbert, and the memory of Vonda and David Hartwell toasting the memory of Frank Herbert, and the not inconsiderable pleasures of the SF text. Of which she is one of a very few masters.



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CAPT KEMP OF THE U.S.S.
OTTERPRISE

KATE WILHELM

Damon Knight

Kate Wilhelm was born June 8, 1928; her name was then Katie Gertrude Meredith, but she didn't find that out till she was a teenager, because her mother always called her Catherine (and still does). An employer noticed the discrepancy when she was in high school, and she became Kate. Later still, when she applied for a Pennsylvania driver's license as Kate, she was refused on the ground that diminutives were not allowed. She sent for her birth certificate, and it came back Katie.

Like many writers (but not me), she does not remember a time when she could not read. As a young child she was isolated by a speech problem; no one could understand a word she said, and she retreated into books. Her mother took her to a speech therapist, who discovered that the trouble was simply that Kate was talking too fast for the human ear to follow. The therapist taught her to slow down and pronounce ev-er-y syl-la-ble. Kate remembers her with gratitude and affection.

In Cleveland, where she grew up, the family lived in a house that had been owned by a stonemason, who had left mountainous blocks of stone in the back yard. Here on summer evenings the older neighborhood children gathered to tell stories, and Kate listened very quietly so as not to be noticed and sent away. Later, when she was in charge of the younger children in her own family and had to keep them quiet somehow, she told serial stories every night; each episode ended in a cliff-hanger.

Her father, Jesse Meredith, was a millwright; he became ill with empyema in the late thirties and was an invalid until his death in 1952. Her mother, who came from a tribe of long-lived Kentucky McDowells, went to work and supported the six children. Kate herself worked from the time she was twelve. She was a telephone operator, a department-store clerk, a model, an insurance underwriter. She never quit a job without telling off the boss.

In high school she had an English teacher who made every student bring in a file card with something original written on it every day, and who patiently criticized every card. Kate wrote enough cards for herself and several friends. She was good at analytical chemistry, but her teacher advised her not to dream of a career as a scientist. She got a college scholarship, but the courses she wanted were all filled. In an aptitude test she scored highest in architecture. In hindsight, it seems obvious that she had to be a writer.



Photo by Richard Wilhelm

Like many of us, she had an unsuccessful first marriage. She began to write as Kate Wilhelm and has been stuck with it ever since, although she thinks now that Kate Meredith would have been nicer. She was living in Louisville then, didn't know any writers, and couldn't even read Science Fiction magazines, because they were sold only in a pool-hall/bookie joint which women could not enter. But she found SF stories in anthologies in the library, and said to herself, "I can do that." She wrote a story, "The Mile-Long Spaceship," and sent it to John Campbell, who proved her right. She used the money to buy the typewriter she had rented, and wrote more stories. Campbell sent them back with notes that said, "I rather like your style of writing."

She sold other stories. She was trying everything, plays, Science Fiction, mainstream, Mystery. She had two small children; she wrote after they were in bed, and got four hours of sleep. Her German in-laws thought it was cute that she had a hobby.

We met at the Milford Conference in 1959. Kate's first story in the workshop was dissected, shredded and stamped on. She was acute enough to realize that this demolition was a mark of respect; it was only when the workshoppers believed a writer had no talent that they were kind and forbearing.

"Afterwards," she wrote in her introduction to "Windsong" in *A Pocketful of Stars*, "I washed my face and put on my reddest lipstick, and went to sit out in the drizzle on the slope above the river and threw stones into the water as hard as I could throw them. And that day was the day that I knew I was a writer and would be one for the rest of my life."

In 1962 Simon & Schuster accepted her first novel, a mystery called *More Bitter Than Death*.

Kate and I were married in 1963. Richard McKenna gave the bride away, Carol Emshwiller was her matron of honor, Avram Davidson was my best man, and Ted Thomas performed the ceremony. (In Pennsylvania, it doesn't have to be a preacher.) Kate wore a beautiful powder-blue pillbox hat for the occasion; it was the first and last time I saw her in a hat.

After this moment it is hard to discuss our lives separately. We have been married for twenty-seven years. Between us we have six children, all healthy and bright, and five grandchildren. Together we ran the Milford Conference for fifteen years, and we have taught together at the Clarion Writers' Workshop since 1968. As lecturers sponsored by the United States Information Agency, we have been to Colombia, Bra-

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zil, Indonesia, Malaysia, and Hong Kong together. Still, as Katie says, "We are not bookends."

Cambio Bay, published in March by St. Martin's Press, is her twenty-third novel and twenty-ninth book of fiction. She is still going strong.

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FAN GUEST OF HONOR

ART WIDNER

Jeff Schalles

In the September 1934 issue of *Astounding Science Fiction* there is a chatty letter of comment that ends: "Would like to correspond with anyone interested in science-fiction and promise to answer all letters. — Arthur L. Widner, Jr., 79 Germaine Ave., Quincy, Mass." Art quickly became enthusiastically active in fandom, publishing hektographed fanzines, corresponding, attending early fan gatherings. In 1940, Art, Earl Singleton, and John Bell drove to Chicon I from Boston in *The Skylark of WooWoo*, a 1928 Dodge fast four with its name painted in white above the rear window. On the return trip Bell (who flew home) was replaced by Bob Madle and Julius Unger. The next year Art again drove across the country, this time in the *FooFoo Special*, a 1935 Ford V8, to the Denvention with Bell, Madle, Unger, and Milton Rothman. Bell again flew home, and his place was taken by Rusty Hevlin. The return trip included an awe-inspiring sidetrip through the Rockies. (Remember, this was long before Interstate highways.) I asked Art what they talked about on their cross-country fantrips, and he said, "Femmefans."

In 1946 Art hitchhiked from Boston to L.A. for the Pacificon and back; he has now completed his goal of setting foot in all 50 states. Though Art modestly disputes this, Harry Warner suspects that Art holds the record for most-travelled fan, a legend borne out in the editorial of the latest issue of *YHOS* as he chronicles his fannish travels of the past year. Art pubbed the first issue of *YHOS* in October, 1941, and his 50th Annish was due out in May, 1990 at Corflu [*but we're not sure if he made this deadline*].

Art was intensely active during the second decade of fandom, but then set it aside for nearly 30 years. These things happen. The wonder of it all is that due to our unique skills of timebinding and through the not-yet-obsolete communication medium of fanzines, one can pop back into realtime fandom anytime one truly wishes.

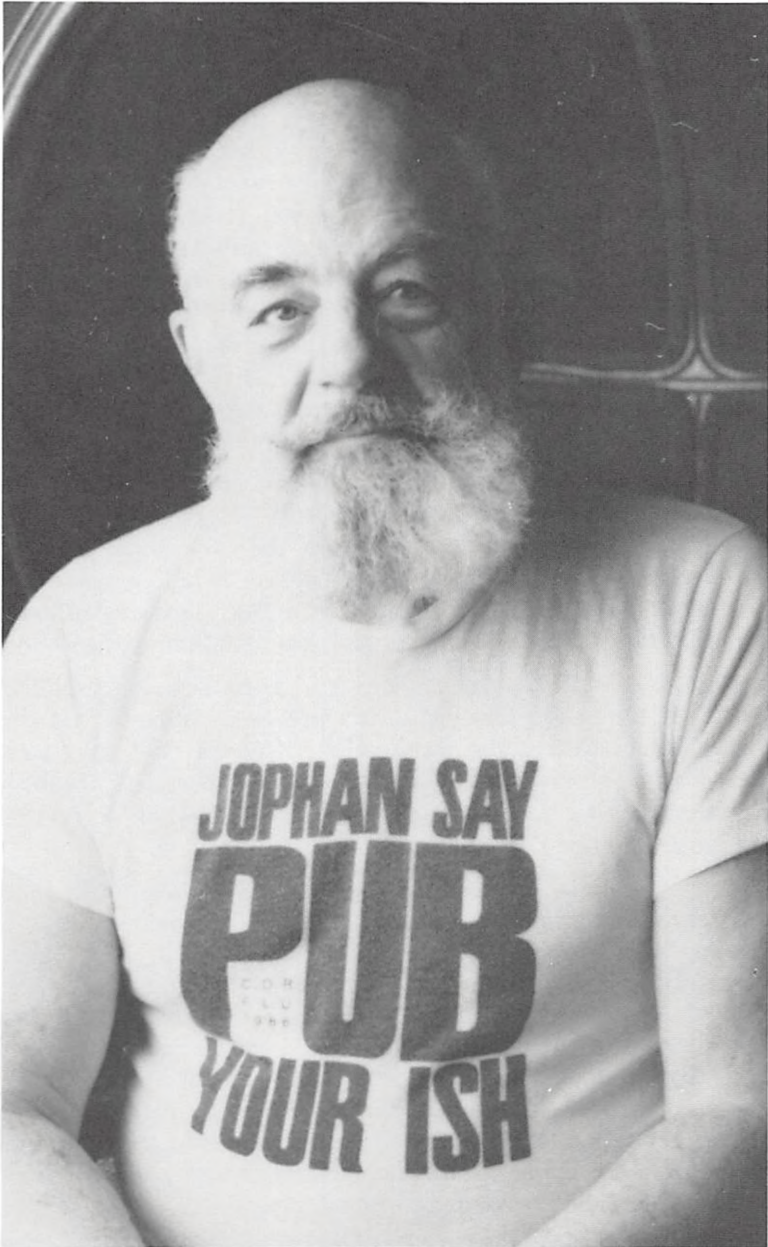


Photo by M. C. Valada

In the beginning, fans were much less likely to specialize in one or two narrow interest areas. Yes, some wore costumes at cons in the 1940s, and they talked of SF movies (the few that had appeared) and invented and played SF and Fantasy oriented games. They had clubs, bureaucracies, feuds, and Important Issues To Contend With. From our reading of Harry Warner's landmark history of fandom prior to 1950, *All Our Yesterdays*, we find that Art was involved in nearly everything that went on back then. In addition to being an early organizer of N3F (National Fantasy Fan Federation), he invented the game Interplanetary in 1942, helped delineate the travelogue style of con report, and captained one of the softball teams at the Nycon, the first WorldCon. In 1940, Art inspired the Stranger Club, a Boston-area group loosely grouped around Cambridge and MIT, honored and reunited last year at Noreascon 3. He became its first Director, and put on the first two proto-Boskones in '41 and '42. The club stayed active until the end of the 1940s.

Art has recently retired from teaching English Literature at Diablo Valley College. He is still "sort of a scientist." A great deal of data on early fans and fan groups exists because of the various fan demographics polls Art conducted in the early 40s. Tucker, de la Ree, and others also conducted polls; the data published in their fanzines might be a golden opportunity for some enterprising grad student's dissertation.

Meanwhile, in the 1990s, Art remains interested in most things. I was delighted upon meeting him last year when he mentioned that, though he was mainly into jazz, he was intrigued by the Grateful Dead and wondered what albums to try first! This is the secret at the heart of the beginnings of fandom: wide-open minds meeting on myriad levels, having fun and looking for the newest horizons.

The fact that fandom has grown large and become splintered among various narrow interest groups, some of whom demonstrate little interest in other areas (including our rich history), goes against the reality of universal fans like Art. In 1940 Art published an article by Damon Knight, "Unite or Fie," in *Fanfare*, and it was this piece that led to the creation of N3F. Although the N3F never became quite the organization that it wanted to be (something along the lines of the WSFS), there is no reason that it should be relegated to the dustbins of history. Having someone like Art around to encourage us to look towards the widest possible horizons, to nurture interest in many directions in the wonderful place called fandom, is a fine thing indeed.

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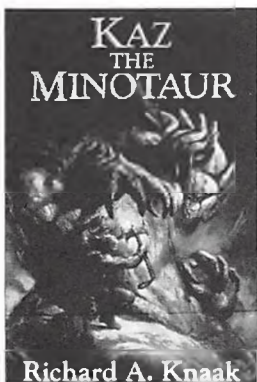
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The sequel to *The Legend of Huma*. Stalked by enemies after Huma's death, Kaz hears rumors of evil incidents across the land. When he warns the Knights of Solamnia, he is plunged into a nightmare of magic, danger, and *deja vu*. Available June 1990.



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Dan Parkinson

The story of the dwarves of Krynn is continued.

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GALEN BEKNIGHTED

Michael Williams

Sequel to *Weasel's Luck*. Available December 1990.

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TOASTMASTER

STEVE PERRY—THE MAN, THE MYTH, THE LEGEND

Michael Reaves

Where to start? Shall I begin by recounting some of the many adventures I've shared with Steve Perry, such as the time we encountered Anthony Perkins in the dark halls of Universal's Black Tower with a knife in his hand? Or the historic first appearance of the dreaded Duck of Darkness? Or perhaps the strange case of the coveted Thelma Award?

Perhaps not. The world is, most likely, not ready for such unveilings. Best to get the basics out of the way first. Everybody knows that Steve Perry lives in the wilds of Oregon and eats raw bears. But few are aware that he was actually born and raised in the strange and far-off land of Louisiana, where he killed him a gator when he was only three. Or that, before rising to the pinnacle of literary success he enjoys today, he held many strange and exotic jobs, such as being a physician's assistant (*not* a male nurse, despite rumors to the contrary, though he did serve a brief stint as a candystriper); a private detective, and, perhaps most esoteric of all, an aluminum siding salesman.

I first met Steve Perry at Westercon '78 in Oakland. I was smarting at the time over what I considered unjust treatment at the hands of a certain nameless editor, and was muttering something about wallpapering the SFWA suite with the latter's lungs. Steve overheard this and recognized immediately a kindred spirit. He took it upon himself to put a kindly arm around me and explain to me certain obscure SFWA bylaws against such actions. We have gotten along famously ever since, once I made him give me back my wallet.

At the time I had sold my first novel, which also shall remain nameless, and Steve had sold a few short stories. Today he's had thirteen novels published and nearly two dozen teleplays produced, as well as more short stories in a wide range of publications. He's even managed to collaborate with me on occasion.

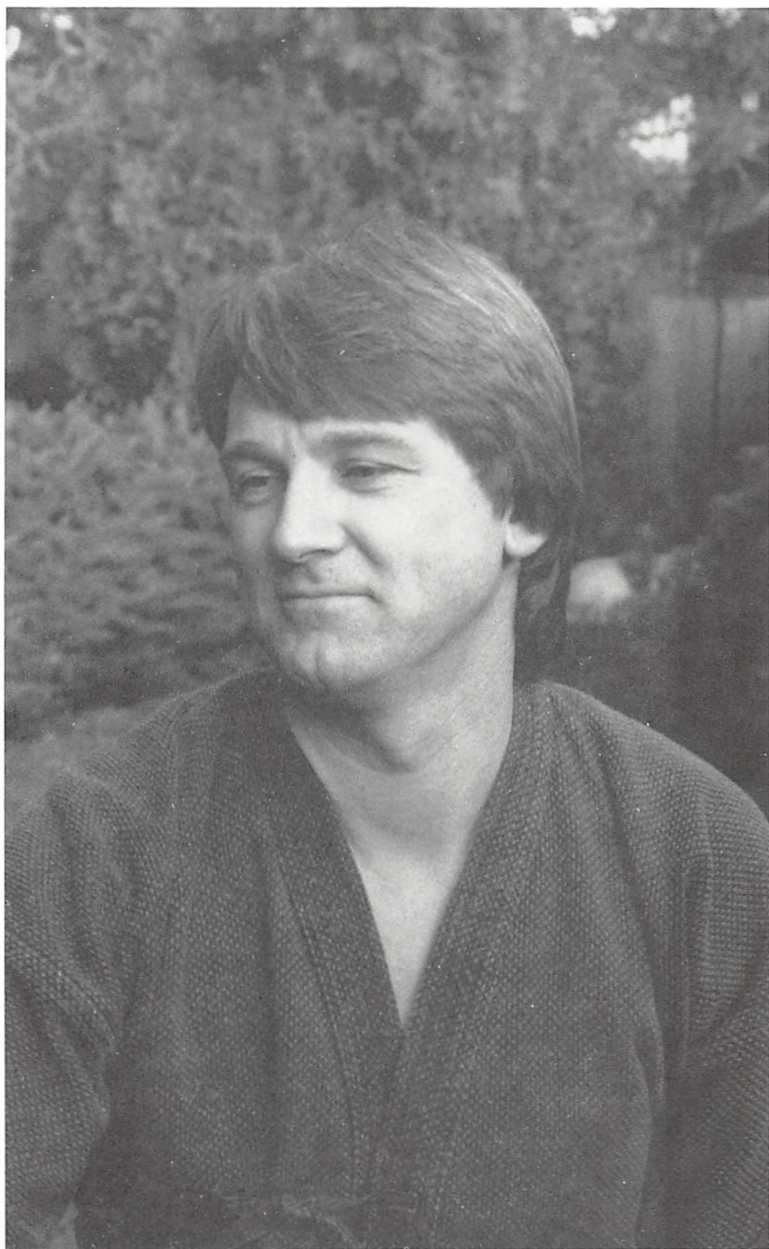


Photo by Stephani Perry

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In addition to writing very quickly and very well (one of the reviews of *The 97th Step* reads, "An astonishing body count!"), Steve has also had time to become proficient in a variety of martial arts, including aikido, kung fu and an obscure form of Eastern self defense which involves paper cuts. He also has a fully-equipped home gym (complete with *de rigueur* poster of Karen Voight), in which he works out regularly. It's been said that he's the only *Conan* author who can do all the things that Conan could do. Or would want to.

Steve's office is filled with various memorabilia of his life — among other things are the statue of the Maltese Falcon (it's not widely known that Steve took up the case where Sam Spade left off), a knife taken from a mugger in a New York subway, and a few toys that are souvenirs of episodes written for television shows based on children's action figures. Steve is one of the few writers I know who's equally at home writing scenario and prose; in fact, only his obstinate refusal to leave the pristine Northwest and move to overcrowded, crime-ridden LA with its fires, earthquakes and Venerian atmosphere prevents him from having a lucrative career as an unappreciated TV hack.

But that's perfectly in keeping with Steve's character. He knows who he is, and what he wants to do with his life, and he's doing it very well. A proud member of the baby-boom generation, he's nevertheless managed to escape the nagging feeling of having never grown up, having never truly become an adult, that plagues so many of us. Steve hasn't lost touch with the child in himself, but he's definitely an adult — a father, a husband, a professional, and a good friend.

Now if we could just get him to quit chewing on hayseeds ...

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FICTION

THE KERASTION

Ursula K. Le Guin

The small caste of the Tanners was a sacred one. To eat food prepared by a Tanner would entail a year's purification to a Tinker or a Sculptor, and even low-power castes such as the Traders had to be cleansed by a night's ablutions after dealing for leather goods. Chumo had been a Tanner since she was five years old and had heard the willows whisper all night long at the Singing Sands. She had had her proving day, and since then had worn a Tanner's madder-red and blue shirt and doublet, woven of linen on a willowwood loom. She had made her masterpiece, and since then had worn the Master Tanner's neckband of dried vault-tuber incised with the double line and double circles. So clothed and so ornamented, she stood among the willows by the burying ground, waiting for the funeral procession of her brother, who had broken the law and betrayed his caste. She stood erect and silent, gazing towards the village by the river and listening for the drum.

She did not think; she did not want to think. But she saw her brother Kwatewa in the reeds down by the river, running ahead of her, a little boy too young to have caste, too young to be polluted by the sacred, a crazy little boy pouncing on her out of the tall reeds shouting, "I'm a mountain lion!"

A serious little boy watching the river run, asking, "Does it ever stop? Why can't it stop running, Chumo?"

A five-year-old coming back from the Singing Sands, coming straight to her, bringing her the joy, the crazy, serious joy that shone in his round face — "Chumo! I heard the sand singing! I heard it! I have to be a Sculptor, Chumo!"

She had stood still. She had not held out her arms. And he checked his run towards her and stood still, the light going out of his face. She was only his wombsister. He would have truesibs, now. He and she were of different castes. They would not touch again.

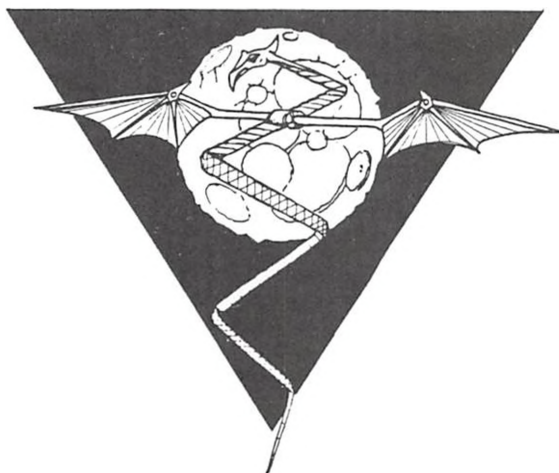
Ten years after that day she had come with most of the townfolk to Kwatewa's proving day, to see the sandsculpture he had made in the Great Plain Place where the Sculptors performed their art. Not a

breath of wind had yet rounded off the keen edges or levelled the lovely curves of the classic form he had executed with such verve and sureness, the Body of Amakumo. She saw the admiration and envy in the faces of his truebrothers and truesisters. Standing aside among the sacred castes, she heard the speaker of the Sculptors dedicate Kwatewa's proving piece to Amakumo. As his voice ceased a wind came out of the desert north, Amakumo's wind, the maker hungry for the made — Amakumo the Mother eating her body, eating herself. Even while they watched, the wind destroyed Kwatewa's sculpture. Soon there was only a shapeless lump and a feathering of white sand blown across the proving ground. Beauty had gone back to the Mother. That the sculpture had been destroyed so soon and so utterly was a great honor to the maker.

The funeral procession was approaching. She heard or imagined she heard the drumbeat, soft, no more than a heartbeat.

Her own proving piece had been the traditional one for Tanner women, a drumhead. Not a funeral drum, but a dancing drum, loud, gaudy with red paint and tassels. "Your drumhead, your maidenhead!" her truebrothers called it, and made fierce teasing jokes, but they couldn't make her blush. Tanners had no business blushing. They were outside shame. It had been an excellent drum, chosen at once from the proving ground by an old Musician, who had played it so much she soon wore off the bright paint and lost the red tassels; but the drumhead lasted through the winter and till the Roppi Ceremony, where it finally split wide open during the drumming for the all-night dancing under the moons, when Chumo and Karwa first twined their wristplaits. Chumo had been proud all winter when she heard the voice of her drum loud and clear across the dancing ground, she had been proud when it split and gave itself to the Mother; but that had been nothing to the pride she had felt in Kwatewa's sculptures. For if the work be well done and the thing made be powerful, it belongs to the Mother. She will desire it; she will not wait for it to give itself, but will take it. So the child dying young is called the Mother's Child. Beauty, the most sacred of all things, is hers; the body of the Mother is the most beautiful of all things. So all that is made in the likeness of the Mother is made in sand.

To keep your work, to try to keep it for yourself, to take her body from her, Kwatewa! How could you, how could you, my brother? her heart said, but she put the question back into the silence and stood silent among the willows, the trees sacred to her caste, watching the funeral procession come between the flaxfields. It was his shame, not hers.



What was shame to a Tanner? It was pride she felt, pride. For that was her masterpiece that Dastuye the Musician held now, and raised to his lips as he walked before the procession, guiding the new ghost to its body's grave.

She had made that instrument, the kerastion, the flute that is played only at a funeral. The kerastion is made of leather, and the leather is tanned human skin, and the skin is that of the womb-mother or the foremother of the dead.

When Wekuri, womb-mother of Chumo and Kwatewa, had died two winters ago, Chumo the Tanner had claimed her privilege. There had been an old, old kerastion to play at Wekuri's funeral, handed down from her grandmothers; but the Musician, when he had finished playing it, laid it on the mats that wrapped Wekuri in the open grave. For the night before, Chumo had flayed the left arm of the body, singing the songs of power of her caste as she worked, the songs that ask the dead mother to put her voice, her song into the instrument. She had kept and cured the piece of rawhide, rubbing it with the secret cures, wrapping it around a clay cylinder to harden, wetting it, oiling it,

forming it, and refining its form, till the clay went to powder and was knocked from the tube, which she then cleaned and rubbed and oiled and finished. It was a privilege which only the most powerful, the most truly shameless of the Tanners took, to make a kerastion of the mother's skin. Chumo had claimed it without fear or doubt. She knew the work would be her masterpiece. As she worked she had many times pictured the Musician leading the procession, playing the flute, guiding her own spirit to its grave. She had wondered which of the Musicians it might be, and who would follow her, walking in her funeral procession. Never once had she thought that it would be played for Kwatewa before it was played for her. How was she to think of him, so much younger, dying first?

He had killed himself out of shame. He had cut his wrist veins with one of the tools he had made to cut stone.

His death itself was no shame, since there had been nothing for him to do but die. There was no fine, no ablution, no purification, for what he had done.

Shepherds had found the cave where he had kept the stones, great marble pieces from the cave-walls, carved into copies of his own sand-sculptures, his own sacred work for the Solstice and the Hariba: sculptures of stone, abominable, durable, desecrations of the body of the Mother.

People of his caste had destroyed the things with hammers, beaten them to dust and sand, swept the sand down into the river. She had thought Kwatewa would follow them, but he had gone to the cave at night and taken the sharp tool and let his blood run. Why can't it stop running, Chumo?

The Musician had come abreast of her now as she stood among the willows by the burying ground. Dastuye was old and skillful; his slow dancewalk seemed to float him above the ground, in rhythm with the soft heartbeat of the drum that followed. Guiding the spirit and the body on its litter borne by four casteless men, he played the kerastion. His lips lay light on the leather mouthpiece, his fingers moving lightly as he played, and there was no sound at all. The kerastion flute has no stops and both its ends are plugged with disks of bronze. Tunes played on it are not heard by living ears. Chumo, listening, heard the drum and the whispering of the north wind in the willow leaves. Only Kwatewa in his woven grass shroud on the litter heard what song the Musician played for him, and knew whether it was a song of shame, or of grief, or of welcome.

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Note: This is a workshop sketch, written to my own assignment. I asked the members of the Haystack Science Fiction workshop in 1981 to think up one concrete cultural phenomenon and state it in a sentence. When we had collected all these little bits of anthropological data, we were to use as many of them as we liked, or could, in a sketch. Here are the ones I used:

When the two moons meet, they meet to entwine their wrist-plaits. (Linda)

They dye their clothing: primary colors only, and only two colors to a piece (Stephanie).

They dry tuberous growths like turnips until hard and hollow, and wear them, perhaps as a belt, but always around neck, shoulders, or head. (Dorey)

They play leather flutes made out of human skin. (Ursula)

Each child at five is left overnight at the Singing Sands; according to what happens to them there their future is decided. (Roussel)

The kerastion is a musical instrument that cannot be heard. (Roussel)

Each has clothes made with certain rare fibers, the dyes from certain plants; the colors and patterns indicate family. (Tia)

Their artform is sand sculpture; they take great pleasure in these fleeting structures. (Mary)

The purpose of the exercise, aside from generating a story, is to find how quite complex ideas may arise from the consideration of specific, concrete details. Mary's sand sculpture got me thinking about deliberately impermanent art, and about sacredness and desecration. I found no way to improve on Roussel's simple statement about the kerastion — a Borges story in ten words.



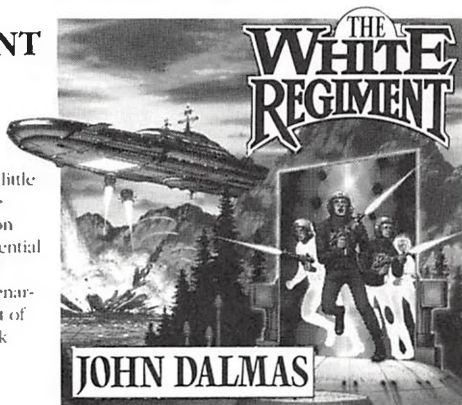
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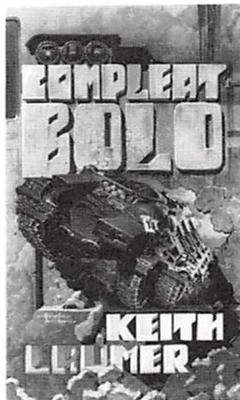
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Publishers Note: *The parts of **The Compleat Bolo** have appeared previously as **Bolo** and **Rogue Bolo**. This is their first publication in a single volume.*



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Excerpt from
TRANSITION
Vonda N. McIntyre

Transition is the sequel to Starfarers. Westercon 43 is honored to print this excerpt from the novel that will be released in January, 1991, by Bantam.

Only starlight touched the edges of dark craters.

The X emerged into daylight as suddenly as it had plunged into night.

The little ship trembled as the engines fired. The team members waited and watched. The ship took them down. Stephen Thomas hunched over the hard link, scanning Satoshi's data from the surface of Tau Ceti II, pointing out to J.D. what a geneticist could learn from the raw chemical makeup of the atmosphere, the seas, the land surface, from the polarization of light and the colors of the vegetation.

Though they needed no complicated mechanisms to detect the fact of life on the world — it was obvious to the naked eye from quite a distance — the more detailed information hinted that Tau Ceti II might be astonishingly compatible with earthly evolution. Attractive as that sounded, it troubled J.D.

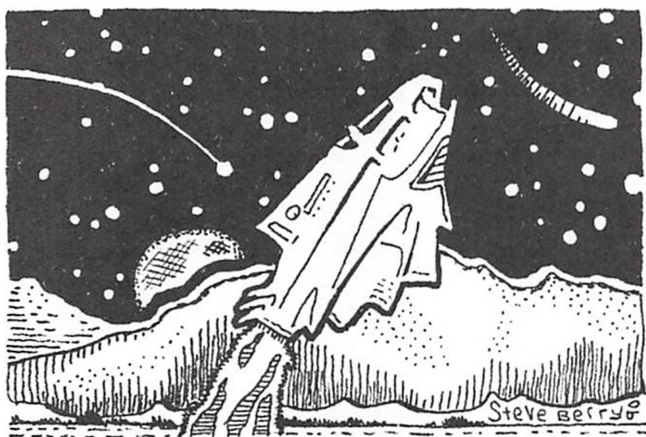
"It ought to be more *different*," Stephen Thomas said. His current interest centered around speculative biochemistry. He wanted to look at alien inheritance; he expected, and hoped, to find information-carrying molecules made up of something other than nucleic acids.

"Why haven't they colonized?" Satoshi muttered.

"Hmm?" Victoria said, intent on the dome. It grew slowly; in a minute or two the image would fade, because they would be able to see the structure itself through the observation port.

"Tau Ceti II is temperate," he said. "It has an oxidizing atmosphere, liquid water, dry land, and life forms evolutionarily well in advance of whatever passes here for blue-green algae. But there's no evidence of the kind of technology that's necessary to support building a base. Or a transmitter. So: where are the people who built it? Where did they come from, where did they go, and why didn't they stick around to live on this pretty little world?"

"I read a story once," Zev said. "The people breathed methane and lived in a sea of liquid nitrogen. Maybe the beings didn't like this world."



J.D. knew the story he was talking about. He had read it in a book from her library. It had been written in the early days of science fiction, when the principles of speculation had more to do with imagination than scientific plausibility.

"I don't think I believe in methane-breathers," Victoria said. "Or aliens with superconductors for nerve fibers. But you could be right in essence. For some reason, they didn't like it. They couldn't find a part of it hot enough, or cold enough, for their tastes."

"They've got a big range to choose from," Satoshi said. "They'd have to need it way below freezing or practically at a simmer, not to find anywhere they'd want to live."

"Or dry or wet or dark or light — they just didn't like it."

"More likely the biological molecules are all the opposite isomers of what they need," Stephen Thomas said. "Right-handed instead of left-handed, or vice-versa. So whatever grows here is completely incompatible with their systems, and they can't grow anything of their own. We could have the same problem."

"Maybe they left it for us," J.D. said.

Victoria's brow furrowed. "That's an interesting speculation."

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"Who knows, it might be the rule in the interstellar civilization. Tau Ceti is near our sun, and its world is uninhabited. So maybe they left it alone so we could have it."

"Pretty damned altruistic," Stephen Thomas said.

"Or so many planets are temperate that a few more or less aren't any big thing."

"And they expect us to colonize the place?"

"It's a possibility," J.D. said. "Though if it's true I'm a little surprised. I'm uncomfortable with the idea of upsetting the evolution of an independent ecosystem. And that's what humans would do."

"Other humans," Satoshi said. "Not us. Human colonists will have to come on some other ship." Colonization was against *Starfarer's* charter, which everyone on the expedition had agreed to before coming on board. This was a research expedition, and it would do its best not to introduce earthly contamination — protozoan, plant, or animal, sentient or not — to new living worlds.

"Everyone accepted the charter," Victoria said, "whether they agreed with it or not. The ones who don't are fairly passionate, though, they'll argue all day with you about this, J.D. They consider the expedition the opening of an outer frontier."

"I'm glad I'm not in charge of being the arbitrator of that decision," J.D. said.

J.D.'s couch moved beneath her, gradually tilting to support her. The gravity field of Tau Ceti II's satellite took hold of the X as its engines engaged and decelerated the craft from free-fall. The other team members settled into their new positions as if they barely noticed the change. Zev looked around and under his lounge, slipping out from beneath the upper safety straps, then slipping back in and stroking the soft arms of the chair. J.D. enjoyed a moment of watching him discover and analyze something new about his new environment.

"So much has changed..." Stephen Thomas said. "I wonder how many of us will decide that the most sensible thing is to settle here? Assuming the place is habitable. Maybe that's preferable to going home — and going to jail."

"What an appalling suggestion," Victoria said.

"Going to jail? I agree."

"Settling here instead of going home with what we've learned. If we disappear, it will be a generation or two before anybody on earth con-

siders another starship. I'm glad to be here — but I'm not willing to give up earth in order to stay. I'm not willing to break my word."

"It'd sure make my life easier," Stephen Thomas muttered, as if he were speaking to himself. He might as well have been; neither of his partners replied.

As the X approached its destination, the image of the dome faded out and left the view through the transparent floor unobstructed.

The cracked and jumbled surface of the satellite sped beneath the X. Volcanic and gravitational activity had created a wasteland of exploded stone, severe lava-fields, and great volcanoes.

"If there is anybody on Tau Ceti II," Satoshi said, "this satellite must give them quite a show."

"It's not locked with one face to the planet," J.D. said. "There's a theory, that if human beings had been able to see their moon turning on its axis, early cosmology would have been much different. We would have known the moon was a sphere. We might have skipped the Copernican model of the universe altogether and gone straight to Galileo's ideas. We might have had calculus and even quantum mechanics a couple of millennia earlier."

Stephen Thomas slouched forward in his couch, playing cave-man.

"Nnnnggg, Grak see moon. E grr si muove. Grak deduce $e=mc^2$!"

"Very funny," Victoria said.

"I thought so."

"But it's such a great idea," J.D. said. "We could have had Victorian spaceships."

Victoria grinned. "No, Regency. Can you imagine a spaceship in the style of the Royal Pavilion at Brighton?"

"Or in the style of the T'ang dynasty?" Satoshi said. "That's when people started printing books, and it got a little easier to spread information around."

The X slowed its forward speed and gave up some altitude. It skimmed over the high, uneroded peaks that concealed the dome. A wide plain, the *mare*, stretched out beyond. The dome rose gently from the smooth surface, then blended gently back in. The X decelerated, hovered, descended.

As the X descended below the dome's upper curve, something changed.

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J.D. pushed herself forward in her seat, straining against the safety straps, reaching out toward the dome as if she could grasp it and hold it in place.

The radiation shields darkened the observation chamber to opacity. Just before the transparent chamber changed to reflective black, just before the protection cut off the outside light along with the dangerous, higher-energy frequencies, the top of the dome sagged and crumpled.

"No!"

The X touched down hard. The landing feet scratched and scraped against the surface, and the sound transmitted itself through the ship.

The faint sound disappeared beneath a long, shuddering vibration that ended with a subsonic rumble. In the darkness, J.D. felt it to her bones.

She slumped into her couch, stunned. She put her hand to her face, wondering if she could have been blinded by whatever activated the shielding screens.

"Is everyone all right?" Victoria asked.

"Is it dark in here?" J.D. tried to keep her voice as steady as Victoria's, but failed.

"Extremely," Victoria said.

"Then... I guess I'm all right. Physically. Zev?" She fumbled toward his couch. He found her hand, without hesitation, and squeezed it. Divers could see farther into the infrared than ordinary human beings.

"I am all right, J.D." For the first time since arriving on board Starfarer, Zev sounded uncertain. The silky webs of his hand warmed J.D.'s palm.

"Stephen Thomas? Satoshi?"

"Yeah." Stephen Thomas sounded as shaken as J.D.

"But what the hell happened?" Satoshi said.

He had been sitting with his back to the dome; he could not have seen what J.D. saw. If she had seen it at all. It was such a brief, shocking sight. She tried to make herself believe she had made it up.

"The dome collapsed," Stephen Thomas said.

"What!"

"You saw it, too," J.D. said.

"Fucking right I saw it. I was looking right at it."

"I saw... something... out of the corner of my eye," Victoria said. "Motion. But I couldn't be sure..." She fell silent.

"I'm sure," Stephen Thomas said. "Hey, are the ports coming back? Or are my eyes adjusting?"

Emergency lights glowed on, circling the ceiling and floor of the observation chamber. The alien contact team sat in the center of a room of black mirrors reflecting gold light. The walls and floor and ceiling had not yet begun to clear.

J.D. squeezed Zev's hand. She was worried about him, but he had recovered from his fright. He looked more eager than apprehensive.

"This is very pretty," Satoshi said, "but I'd rather see outside."

"Not right now, you wouldn't," Victoria said. "There's a heavy radiation flux. Fading fast, though."

"Wonderful," Stephen Thomas said sarcastically. "We meet the galactic civilization and they present us with firebombs."

"It isn't that different from what we presented them," J.D. said.

Sensor patterns formed at the center of the circle. They sang quietly to themselves, disharmonious. J.D. could read some of them. A precipitous temperature rise accompanied a seismic spike of considerable magnitude.

"If we're not sitting on the edge of a crater, about to fall in, we're pretty lucky," Satoshi said.

"The X is solid," Victoria replied. "But I've asked it to respond immediately if we start to shift."

"Come on, Victoria, let's see what's outside."

"Give it another minute, Stephen Thomas. I don't want to burn out any receivers."

Satoshi gazed across the circle at Stephen Thomas. "It collapsed."

Stephen Thomas nodded.

Like a good-luck piece, or a meditation aid, the globe of Tau Ceti II appeared before Satoshi. He stared into the image. Not a good-luck piece. A crystal ball.

"I'm going outside," Stephen Thomas said. He threw off the safety straps, got up, and started for the hatch. Forgetting that he was in a low-gravity environment, he lurched forward with his first step, then caught himself and proceeded in a more dignified fashion.

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"Can I come with you?" Zev opened his safety straps with his free hand and stood up, but J.D. pulled him back.

"Zev, you're not going anywhere. Stephen Thomas!"

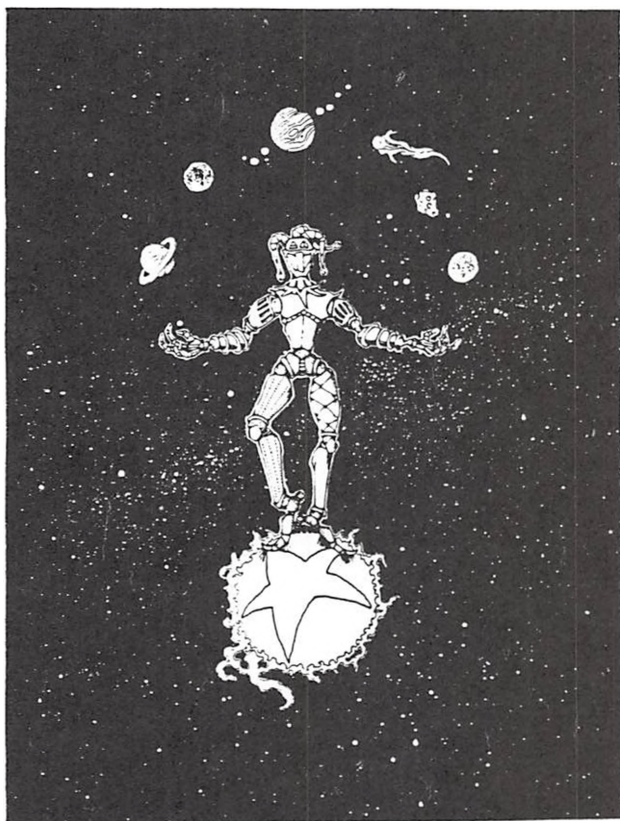
He did not even hesitate.

"Victoria, you aren't going to let him!"

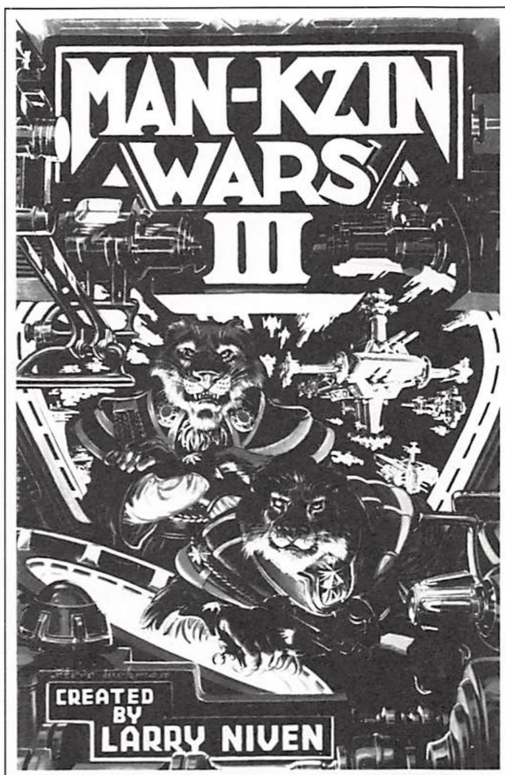
"I may go with him," Victoria said. "Whatever collapsed the dome, it was very clean. The flux will be down to background by the time he gets into a suit." She frowned at the mass of information, her head cocked in concentration. The songs had evened out nearly into harmony. "In fact..."

As she spoke, the lights went out and the black mirrors vanished. The observers' circle might have been built on a small platform open to the sky and the air and even the ground. Except that there was no air, and the sky was black and filled with stars.

The dome had fallen into a heap of slag.



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TOM

Kate Wilhelm

They always called him Tom. The maintenance crew, the doctors, everyone called him that, and although he knew it was not really his name, he responded. *Tom do this, do that. Tom come here, help with this.* Sometimes he could almost think of another name for himself, but it never seemed to finish forming itself in his mind. It started, a thought, an idea, an impulse to say a different name, not to look around when they said Tom, but then he was swept by terror and it vanished again. *Good morning Tom. How are you? Any more episodes, any dreams? Here's your medicine. That's a good boy. Go on to work now. See you in the morning Tom.*

He lived in a small apartment on the grounds. Sometimes he made his breakfast there, but most of the time he ate in the cafeteria. He had a meal ticket. *Good morning Tom. Bacon, eggs. What'll it be?* From the cafeteria to the doctor's office. From the doctor's office to the maintenance office. Out on the grounds, sometimes cleaning up in the buildings, running the waxer, or carrying out trash. He liked waxing best of the inside work, but he liked to work on the grounds best of all. Weeding, spreading mulch, riding the mower, making long sweeping patterns in the grass that smelled like a memory. Once they made him repair some windows and he had hated that. Looking in through the glass, like seeing into a separate world that was not his world and was not even real, had made him edgy. It was not that he was afraid of windows, he had told the doctor; it was that the windows were wrong. That wasn't how it was.

Then how is it Tom? Tell me what you mean?

Of course, he couldn't tell her. He had tried to guide her hand to the window-like shell around him, not hard like the building windows, but yielding, stretching when it had to stretch, coming back to fit snugly, but always there. He tried to make her feel her own casing, her shell, tried to explain that it didn't have to fit so tightly. When he tried to touch her shell, she had called for someone to come, and someone had given him a shot. Yesterday. This morning. Sometime. Everything that was not right now was sometime.

They made him wash windows sometime, and they asked him if the windows were frightening. He said no. They asked him if he could see their shells. He said no. He said he didn't know what they meant. They asked him if he had a shell that could expand and contract. He

said no. He said he didn't know what they meant. He was afraid of the doctor. If he told her the truth she called someone who gave him a shot. And then when he walked outside it was different. Instead of green leaves, they might be gone altogether, snow on the ground. Or different in some other way that made him edgy. He never told them about the leaves not being right.

Sometime. He woke up in front of his TV. He was clutching a piece of paper with writing on it: *Don't take the medicine.* He threw it away.

Sometime. He woke up in a chair in his tiny living room, clutching a slip of paper: *Don't take the medicine.* He threw it away.

Sometime. He woke up clutching his hand which was bloody. When he cleaned it he saw a scratch on his palm, as if made with a pin: *Don't.*

Good morning Tom. How are you? Any more episodes? Any dreams? Here's your medicine. That's a good boy. Go on to work now. The medicine was a long red capsule in a little white paper cup, with another little cup of water by it. He put the capsule in his mouth and took a drink and walked out toward the maintenance office for his daily assignment. On the way he spat the capsule into his hand and thrust it down into his pocket.

He touched the capsule in his pocket several times, sticky. He broke it with a touch and felt grains like fine sand in his pocket.

Tom weed out those dandelions in the daffodils. He bent over to start but he was shaking, chilled. *Hey Tom you sick or something? Must be flu. Everyone's getting it. Go on home Tom. Pile up in bed a day or two, you'll be okay.*

Sometime. *Good morning Tom. They said you were sick so I brought your medicine over for you. You want to see the doctor?*

When she was gone he spat out the red capsule. He was shaking so hard he dropped it. No doctor. No medicine. No doctor. No medicine. No doctor. He slept.

Sometime. *Good morning Tom. Are you any better? Half the maintenance crew is down with it, whatever it is. The doctor says just rest and drink plenty of fluids and take aspirin if you feel too bad. Here's your medicine. Go on now.*

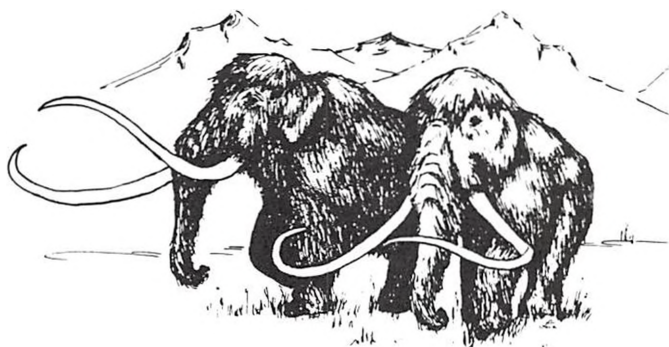
She watched so long that the sticky red capsule started to melt in his mouth and he felt the grains like sand. He coughed it out into a tissue. She backed away.

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He sweated and got chilled. His heart raced, slowed, pounded. Deep whole-body spasms doubled him over with pain, and when they subsided he shook so hard he could not hold a glass, could not hold a spoon to eat the soup with. When they asked how he was he always said better. They brought food every day and one day he picked up the bowl and drank all the soup, then drank all the milk and juice. He had not eaten for a long time.

The day he ate the soup, he realized that he was dirty, that he was unshaven, that he had not changed his clothes since . . . he didn't know since when. He showered. At the mirror, shaving, he studied his face as if he never had seen it before. He did this now and then, as if waiting for the day when that stranger face would become familiar, that stranger mouth would open and tell him something he needed to know. Blue eyes, badly bloodshot as if he had been crying. He remembered curling up on the bed crying like a baby. Brown hair with a slight wave. Thin face, thin lips, sharp chin. He was well nourished, well muscled, no fat anywhere.

For a second he thought his mirror self would tell him the other name; he almost knew it, his real name; it was there, waiting for him to say it. He opened his mouth as if to encourage that other self to speak it, and the terror flashed through him, making him clutch the rim of the sink bowl and squeeze his eyes closed. When he could breathe normally again, and opened his eyes again, the other name was gone.



He finished shaving and quickly got clean clothes on: blue jeans, under-shirt, heavy sweater, wool socks, boots. Then he sat down on the side of his bed. He didn't know what he was supposed to do next. He began to shake, but this was only a tremor, not the wrenching spasms that he had been enduring. He waited for the shaking to pass, then got up and began to look over his apartment.

It was very small. A sofa and chair and one lamp were in the living room, and a television on a stand. Everything was brown or tan, even a shabby rug. A small kitchen with a half-size refrigerator, a three burner stove, two tiny cabinets that held a couple of plates, a few glasses, a single cup. A tan formica-topped table with two metal and plastic chairs took up most of the space. In the bedroom it was more of the same, a single bed, a narrow chest of drawers, and a small closet that held working clothes like the ones he now wore.

And something else, he thought vaguely, but nothing more than that came. Something else. He looked in the refrigerator: milk that had gone bad, a few eggs, cheese, juice, apples . . . Something else, he thought again.

He went back to the living room and tried the television. Three channels came in clearly, a game show, a children's show, and a show about lions. He became aware of two windows across the room, darkness beyond, and hard rain hitting the glass. He started to get up to pull down the shades, then checked himself. Tom never had noticed that he was like a fish in a bowl. He knew all about Tom, he thought, what he did, how he spent his time in front of the television, falling asleep in front of it most nights, dragging himself to bed in a stupor when snow filled the screen. And never noticing if the shades were up or down. He knew all about Tom. He knew that he and Tom were the same man, and he knew his name was not Tom, and in some way he could not comprehend he knew that Tom was not real, and that he could not let anyone know he had learned this.

He forced himself to sit in front of the television where people were jumping up and down and screaming and hugging each other. His head was starting to ache, and his eyes burned again, but the tears were contained, and this time they were not caused by fear or pain, but by frustration because he hated the shades being up, hated being watched from out there in the darkness, and he didn't know what to do about it. His fear of the doctor was greater than his hatred of being watched.

The rain beat against the windows harder than before, swept against them by gusting winds. Sleet, he thought then. It was sleeting. The

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idea made him shiver. He became very still, considering, and abruptly he got up and went to the bedroom, pulled a blanket off the bed and wrapped it around himself. When he returned to the living room, he pulled down the shades. He went to the kitchen and pulled down the shade on the single window there, and then did the same in the bedroom.

Someone would come with his dinner tray, he knew, and find him huddled on the sofa, wrapped in a blanket, freezing. It was okay that the television sound was turned all the way down; Tom often watched it without sound. He sat with his eyes closed, the blanket ready, and he thought about Tom's routine. This week it had been different; they had brought him his food every day. He had to stop and try to think if week was the right length of time, and realized he didn't know. He had been too sick to notice. Suddenly he knew he had not been suffering the flu, but withdrawal. Withdrawal, he repeated silently. The red capsules. He could have died, withdrawing like that. He dismissed the thought; he didn't even know what it was he had withdrawn from. A heavy-duty tranquilizer; the answer came as fast as he phrased the statement of ignorance.

Just as suddenly the thought came to him that he didn't know how long he had been Tom. He didn't know the month, the day, even what year it was. He moistened his lips, then did it again.

He was almost too startled to grab the blanket when he heard a key turning in the lock on his door. The door opened and one of the men from the cafeteria entered with the tray.

"Hey, how you doing? You pulled down the shades. Thought you'd gone out dancing or something."

"Cold," he mumbled, clutching the blanket, burying his face in it.

"Yeah. It's a mean one out there tonight. Freezing rain, sleet, snow by morning. Springtime in the Rockies." He went on through to the kitchen and returned with the lunch tray. "You stay bundled up, stay warm. See you tomorrow."

He felt his shell touch the young man, stretch to accompany him as he ran across the parking lot that separated the apartments from the dormitory cafeteria. The sleet was driving in like icicles. Inside the big building across the way the young man stopped to wipe his face on a napkin.

"Oh, Michael, glad I caught you. How is he?"

The shell almost snapped back when the doctor approached the young man. She was gray haired, wearing a burgundy raincoat, carrying an umbrella. Her eyes were very dark, the darkest eyes he had ever seen. The most frightening eyes he had ever seen.

"Hi, Dr. Brandywine. Better, I'd say. At least he ate lunch. First time. He's freezing, all wrapped up in a blanket, watching TV. Shades all down, trying to keep out the sleet, I guess."

"Well, if he's eating, that's an improvement. This is a nasty bug going around."

Michael left for the cafeteria, and she looked the other way and called, "Are you coming, Herbert?"

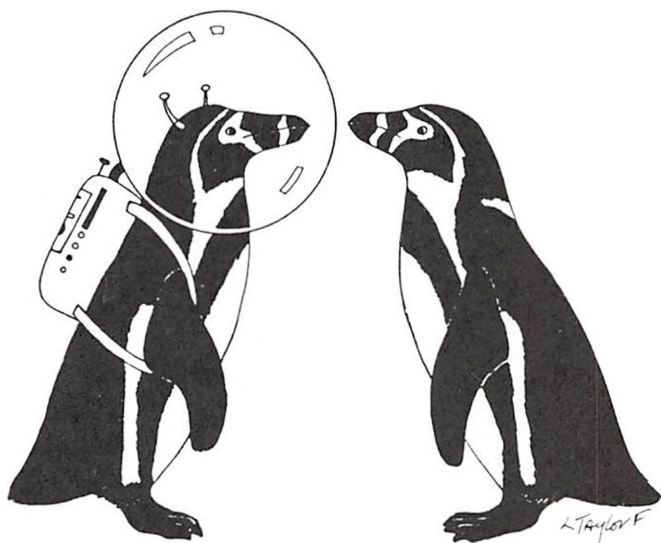
The man who joined her was tall and overweight, white hair, light blue eyes—Dr. Margolis. He was grinning. "I heard what he said. Too bad. Better luck next time."

"Oh, stop. That isn't funny."

He laughed. He had on a raincoat, and now pulled a hat from his pocket and pushed it into shape, jammed it on his head, and they left the building. They hurried to a parked car, got in, and she drove them away.

The man they called Tom got up slowly and went into the kitchen to eat his dinner. The food was hot and quite good. Roast beef, mashed potatoes, more soup . . . He ate everything, drank the carton of milk, and got up to make coffee before he remembered that Tom didn't drink coffee. There was a jar of instant decaf in the cabinet. He looked at it, then put it back.

All right, he said under his breath. Tom wasn't a prisoner; he had a little money. He even went shopping alone now and then. He found forty-three dollars in the chest of drawers in the bedroom, and several singles and some change in the pockets of the dirty jeans he had worn earlier. No wallet, no car keys, no identification. A key to the apartment that made little difference since they all had keys also. He got his poncho from the closet, put it on with the hood down nearly to his eyes, and walked out into the spring storm. That way was the cafeteria, and over there the maintenance office, and opposite both a path through the trees to the sidewalk that led to the nearest grocery store, a convenience store where Tom was a familiar figure. In the other direction, farther away, was another store, a mini market that he had been in only once. He turned in that direction.



He hadn't known what he expected to happen after reading the newspapers and magazine articles. Nothing did. He made strong coffee and drank it, then a second cup. The caffeine made him dizzy and he couldn't sit still. March, 1989. It was not a surprise; after all, Tom had watched television every night, through the weekends. He had seen the changing seasons, had been aware of time in a dim way. At last he went to bed, more frustrated than before, and exhausted. He wondered for the first time if perhaps he really had had the flu.

When he woke up he realized he had to hide the things he had bought. Someone would come with his medicine and breakfast and he couldn't let them know anything had changed, even if he didn't know yet what the change meant. It was Friday, he thought then. He was still too sick to work, and he would have the weekend to himself. He got up and hurried to the kitchen table and regarded it with dismay and fear. What if they had come in while he slept? The doctor would know. Another shot, many more shots, and when he went to work again it might be winter, or summer. He went to the window and pulled the shade away enough to see that it was snowing hard. Then he turned back to the table.

He had bought notebooks and pens and pencils. He had coffee and recent magazines and newspapers. He had a paperback book or two. He

flushed the decaf coffee down the toilet and replaced it with regular, put it back in the cabinet. He started to throw the empty jar into the trash, then drew back; they might notice. Instead he put it in his jacket pocket to toss later. He hid the other things between the mattress and box spring of his bed. When the young woman with the long braid came, he was sitting in front of the television, wrapped in the blanket.

On Monday he went back to work. The snow was already melting. Every day he took the red capsule and spat it out later. He learned how to hold it in his mouth for longer periods, even to mumble something or other with it under his tongue. Tom never had talked very much and he didn't now. A mumbled yes or no was all he said most days.

"Any more episodes, any more dreams?"

"No."

He always knew when Dr. Brandywine was not in the lobby of her building, or in the office where he reported in every morning. If he had to, he stopped to examine a flower, or to tie his bootlace, or just to gaze vacantly into the distance in order to wait until she walked into the lab or a classroom, and then he went inside and got his capsule. There were three people in there usually, none of them interested in him. They were easy. Dr. Brandywine was never easy.

On those days when he knew he could not avoid her, he pulled his shell so tightly around him he felt suffocated by it, constrained so that he moved awkwardly, and he knew that was all right, in character for Tom. He tried not to look at her directly ever. Sometimes she ordered him, "Look up here, Tom. Tell me the truth. Any dreams?"

He looked at her chin, or her iron gray hair that was thin enough that her scalp showed through like a wad of pink chewing gum. He looked at her ear lobe, or the gold chain that tethered her reading glasses.

He now knew where he was, on a college campus. Tom had simply been *here*. The campus was not very large. The school was private, very prestigious, a few miles north of Denver. The student body hovered around five hundred. Dr. Brandywine's department of psychology was housed in a red brick building. Dr. Margolis's department of computer science was in the large building where the cafeteria was located. One wing housed the students on the upper three floors. Dr. Schumaker was in the department of mathematics in the science building on the far side of the campus. He was there one full day a week. Those were the only three people he was interested in, and afraid of.

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Every Friday afternoon he checked in at Dr. Brandywine's office and was handed an envelope with forty dollars in it. He never said anything, and usually neither did the person on the other side of the desk. When it was the young woman who wore glasses as large as saucers, and had a braid that went down to her waist, she spoke pleasantly, called him Tom, said something like Have a nice weekend. He didn't know her name.

He was remembering other places: a desert ringed by buttes and mountains, a semicircular volcanic caldera, a pine forest with sunlight streaking in horizontally, a misty, dripping forest of fir trees.

One night he came wide awake with the name *Nell* in his head, on his tongue. "Nell," he said. "Nell." No picture came with it. Just the name. He got up and prowled around the dark apartment. Nell. Nell.

Tom never woke up at night, never turned on lights after going to bed, and he didn't this night, but neither could he go back to sleep. He pulled the notebook from under his mattress and groped for the pen, and took them to the kitchen table in the dark. A sliver of light came in around the edges of the shade, not enough for him to read by, but enough to see the blank white paper. He had written nothing in the notebook yet. Now he did: *Nell*, and in a second he added another name: *Travis*. He couldn't make out the letters, but he knew what he had written.

He beat his hand against the table top, then grasped the pen again and stared at his fingers. The hand had written before, unbidden: it had told him not to take the medicine. That other one who was not Tom had communicated with him. *Do it again!* He tried to relax his fingers, to ease the tightness in his arm and shoulder, and finally he wrote: *forbidden name* and then let the pen drop to the table.

Finally he got up and went to the living room window to look out at the parking lot, at the looming building beyond it. A lighted stairwell, a few lights in windows up there, no one in sight. And he thought, forbidden. Not forgotten, but forbidden.

April passed. May was hot and the drought returned, threatening to scorch the grass. He mulched, and mowed, and pruned. He waxed the floors, and carried out trash. He could walk away. No one really paid any attention to him. *Take your medicine. Any more episodes? Any dreams?* He knew they would come after him and bring him back if he left, but more than that, he had to stay because he had to find that forbidden name. It was here.

The grounds were ready for commencement exercises; a platform had been erected and draped with blue and orange, the school colors. Canopies were in place, long tables decorated with flowers for the reception. The graduates and their families and guests had not yet arrived, but would within the next half hour.

He was rising from pulling out a stray weed from the bed of cannas in front of the administration building when he came face to face with Dr. Schumaker. He turned and fled. He did not stop running until he was around the corner of the building, and then he walked very fast to the back where deliveries were made. He sank to the ground behind a dumpster, breathing hard. Stupid, he thought, stupid to bolt like that, give himself away through something like that. Stupid. He stared ahead, but he was watching Dr. Schumaker. Without thought he had extended his shell in order to watch and listen, to see if he had given himself away through such a stupid act as running like that.

Dr. Schumaker continued toward the administration building. At the door, he looked back, frowning.

"Morning, Walter," Dr. Brandywine said, joining him. "What a long face."

"I just ran into him. Why on earth do you keep him around?"

"Tom? Why not? He's harmless, and a good worker. Cheap, too." She laughed softly.

"Listen, Ruth. I said this before, and I'm saying it now. He's a danger to you, to all of us. Get rid of him."

"Now, Walter, if I didn't know better I'd say that's a guilty conscience talking. Besides, where could he go? At least I can keep an eye on him here. Forget it. Ready to give a rousing sending-off speech?"

His voice dropped to a near whisper as other people began to draw near. "He knows, Ruth. That look on his face . . . He knows."

"Nothing, Walter. He knows nothing. He's good for us. A little Lucas-prod keeps us all a bit more honest."

Lucas! The world changed. Everywhere lines and bands stretched taut, a web of shining lines encased him, choking him, smothering him. He flung up his hand over his eyes and screamed and pitched forward to the ground.

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or

THE SAGA OF THE SKYLARK OF WOOWOO

Art Widner Jr.

OK, so it's not fiction. But it's the first con report its kind, and therefore larger than life. This saga was first printed in Harry Warner's Spaceways in 1941.

Now that that gallant metal steed rolls close to the rim of Eternity, with her Bergenholms dragging, and her bare Dolameters hanging out, it seems only fitting and proper that the Mightiest Machine of Massachusetts, the faithful Old Dobbin of Route 5, should have a glowing epitaph; a respectful In Memoriam, so that she will still be remembered and revered, even when she is on her way to Japan to mow down eventually a few score innocent Chinese. And what could be more appropriate than a recounting of her incredible exploits? (Quiet, you in the balcony, I'll tell it anyway!) So — the following tale is dedicated to the grandest old bucket of bolts that ever rolled off an assembly line....

When the Skylark of Foo was ten years old, it developed a weak bladder, and was inclined to dribble a trail of rusty H₂O along the road, which necessitated stopping at a filling station every five miles. I was debating on whether to buy a new radiator or another car, when word of a "wonderful 1928 Dodge for only \$25" reached my ears.

Forthwith, the five-gallon water can was filled up for emergencies, and I was off on a 50-mile jaunt to investigate. I looked at the Dodge, listened to the engine, felt the tires and hose connections, smelled the exhaust, and generally took it in with all five senses except taste, and found the machine was good. So then I tried to beat the owner down to \$20, which was all the cash I could scare up. No soap. So we finally gave him the twenty and a promise of the other fin the following week, which (for benefit of the cynics) he duly received.

Problem no. 1 — how to get it home without plates? With the help of a friend to drive one car, the next night we took the back plate for the SoF, put it on the front of the SoW, and so home — practically bumper to bumper — assiduously avoiding all populated areas where disagreeable people, such as cops, abound.

After the first few days' worry that everyone usually has over the acquisition of a new hunk of wheeled property — wondering if one has

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picked a lemon — Widner smiled, and mumbled in his beard, “Now for the Chicon.”

Then came a period of phenagling to get a week away from the filling station. It is practically unheard of for a service station man to take a *day* off, let alone a whole week! (Oil co. xx who reads this will no doubt collapse of apoplexy.) But fortunately we were blessed with a kind-hearted employer and an accommodating partner, and it was fixed up barely on time.

Came the fateful Wednesday morn, the 29th of August, and I was up at 6 AM, opened up the station and worked until noon. Then home for a last minute clean-up, throwing of odds’n’ends in a small suitcase, and I was off to pick up Jack Bell and Earl Singleton.

Landing at the MIT Grad House, we found Singleton in a dither wondering if we were coming and how many wardrobes he should take. (Jim Avery had backed out at the last minute.) We finally cut Earl down to a large — very large — suitcase, and an extra suit which he wore.

Finally, at 5PM, we pointed the Skylark’s nose toward the sinking sun while some of Earl’s friends held ‘er back while we got in, and then we were off....

Yeah, off our nuts when we got caught in a small capillary of Boston’s circulatory system, which chose that moment to develop a severe case of hardening of the arteries, which are at best somewhat unreliable affairs. We spent a cursing hour and a half in the tapioca pudding that passed for traffic before we were finally spewed out of the left ventricle of the city, and started rolling on the six lane Worchester turnpike.

We sang “We’re Off To See the Chicon” with much gusto and abandon, but very little harmony. After that we fell silent for some distance, probably thinking of the awesome 1000 miles ahead of us in an old ‘28 jalopy. At least I did, never having gone more than 300 miles in a straight line since I was knee-high to a Martian skwlrpf-bug.

But then monotony began to take hold as we droned along mile after mile, and Earl suggested playing the mathematical game of “Fours”. This was new to Jack and me, so Earl explained that the idea was to express all the whole numbers (starting with 1 to as high as you can go) with four fours. This looked easy for a while —

$$1 = \frac{44}{44}; 2 = \frac{4 * 4}{4 + 4}; 3 = \frac{4 + 4 + 4}{4}; \text{etc.,}$$

— until we began to get into the teens, then I began having trouble keeping my mind on the figures and the road at the same time. I discreetly chose the road and so fell far behind until Jack and Earl got to 33, when I slowly began to creep up, and finally tied them, but everybody was stumped there so we gave it up and stopped for supper.

The inner man satisfied, we also satisfied the inner Skylark with a little go-juice, and were happily surprised to find it was doing better than 20 miles per gallon, and using no oil at all. Starting off again, the Skylark seemed to have developed diabetes of the blowhole. Worriedly lifting the hood, I sniggered in relief as I discovered 'twas only a disconnected spark plug wire.

Shortly after came the encounter with John Law, which we will skip, as it has been treated with in Bell's Via Jalopy article in *Fanfare*. Skip we also details of the swing session that took us off our route into an American Legion convention in Schenectady, and the horrors of limping along on a soft spare, searching for an air hose at 3AM, and also the Geneva episode in the morning.

Twenty-seven hours after leaving Boston, we passed through Cleveland, too tired and weary to give a damn about Miske or anything but a bath and bed. We found these at dusk on the western side of Cleveland, and tumbled in.

Although I had done all the driving, except a 50-mile stretch by Singleton, I was up first, "bright and early" at 10AM. The other guys were still dead to the world.



*A particularly delightful
aspect of science fiction
(and of conventions) is
the variety of charming
THINGS one meets...*

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On our way again, we were reminded of the Wizard of Oz by the many miles of brick road stretching through Ohio. Although the others saw only the dusty roads, torn up stretches, and countless black barns advertising Mail Pouch chawin' terbacky, I thought the name "Beautiful Ohio" was well applied, and looked even better than Massachusetts!

Crossing Indiana's straight, flat roads was rather monotonous, so we took to playing another game of Earl's called Stinky Pinky. The idea was to define vaguely two rhyming words of the same number of syllables. The two words were supposed to be related to each other, although like as not the "relation" was about fifth cousin on Aunt Susie's side. Sample: "An overjoyed father" would be "stinky pinky" until someone guessed "Happy Pappy" and then it was the guesser's turn to think up a stinker like "Unenslaved honey gatherer"; "stink pink"; "free bee"! But Singleton (it being his game of course) won the prize (a nut that had worked loose from somewhere in the Skylark's interior) with a *Stinkety Pinkety!*, "The White House", which turned out to be "President's Residence." Jack and I were overawed by this wowser, and we sort of lost heart, but it was time to stop for gas and a stretch anyway.

We cheered when we found out from the attendant that it was only "Ninety Miles to Chicaguh"! Another mild diversion was Singleton's discovering at long last his beloved Dr. Pepper. He had mystified us all the way from western New York by mumbling about "Dr. Pepper" before we found that it is a soft drink similar to coke (only worse — but then, I don't like coke either) unobtainable back East. Jack and I applauded as Earl gulped down the contents of the bottle with an elegant flourish, and the attendant gazed at us queerly, as if wondering whether to call the men in the white coats or not.

The rest of the way was without particular incident, except that the nearer we came to Chicago, the more anxious I was to get there. And though I had promised to keep the Skylark under 45 mph so we would have something left in which to get home, we were soon flying along at 55-60, or even faster than the speedy western traffic.

We dropped Bell off at Hammond, Indiana (just short of the line), at a friend's, and that was the last we saw of him for four days. It seems he got invited aboard a yacht, and the champagne etc. was so good that he just stayed and stayed. He intended to come to the EE Smith banquet, but he and his friend forgot the name of the Chicagoan, and wandered around all evening trying every hotel in Chicago but the right one.

After Earl and I left him at Hammond, we reared along an exceptionally straight road, which crossed a million railroad tracks in its 10 or 15 miles, and zipped into southern Chicago, where we promptly became lost for a half hour.

Shortly after 7PM we warped the Skylark into a berth opposite the Y hotel, where the car curled up and went sound asleep with a tired sigh.

(Our impressions of the Chicon itself were supposed to appear in *Le Zombie*, but it looks as if they never will. And after Tucker begged me on bended knee for them. I just wrote him about them and my "den" article, and he said, "What articles?" Such is the life of a fan....)

Julius Unger and Robert Madle were stranded in Chicago with no means of returning, so we took them along, hoping it wouldn't prove too uncomfortable for five, as three had been crowded enough.

We finally got going after a long wait for Singleton, during which 4e, Morojo, Madle, Unger, Freehafer and I stood around in the Y lobby, and I restlessly shifted my packet of originals from one hand to the other, finally putting them down so 4e could coin the word Denvention and write it down to see how it looked. We all approved, and Morojo thought up the slogan C U N Denver. Finally Earl arrived, and everybody shook hands and said so long to everybody else about five times each, except Wiggins who had come along in the interim. He almost shook hands twice with me, but caught himself just in time.

We cruised along, making good time through the traffic, until we reached Nemesis South Chicago, where we very easily became lost again. After wandering for 45 minutes or so, we found the main highway again. Came a weird rumbling noise from the stern, and an unevenness in our gait. We told Madle to stop dragging his feet, but that didn't do any good. I got out and inspected the tires. They looked OK, but I was suspicious of the new one that had twice gone flat after we had sideswiped a curbing in Schenectady. I felt around back of it, and — *Sacre Bleu!* — there was a bubble on the side and bottom as big as a grapefruit! I just stood there and voiced my opinion of everyone connected with the tire, from the President of the Company, down to the last twerp that had "fixed" it. 'Twas a wonder said tire did not melt and run down into a puddle. Julie, who is a truck driver, said I did a very artistic job.

We pulled into a nearby garage, and changed to the raggedy old spare that had been thrown in free with the car because the owner didn't know what else to do with it. However, FooFoo was on our side, and old

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"Raggedy Ann" took us the whole thousand miles home, and is still on the spare, waiting for another thousand-mile emergency.

That done, we fortified with hamburgers all around, and set out once more. We stopped in Hammond for Bell, but he had had enough on the trip out, and had decided to stay over a few extra days and take the Stratoliner home. He graciously handed me a sawbuck without even being asked — and thus we were able to eat on the way home.

Julie Unger wanted to see Dr. CLBarrett, who is a very good friend of his, so somewhere in the middle of Indiana we left Route 6 and headed south through Ft. Wayne, hoping to make Bellefontaine, Ohio, by midnight.

We underestimated the distance somehow, and 'twas 3AM before we pulled into Bellefontaine. Too late then to get even a doctor or even a fan out of bed so we decided to grab a few hours' shuteye in the car.

6AM, and after some breakfast, Julie was clamoring to meet the Doc. We located his place on Madriver St., but he was out at his country house which we found after a half hour's search.

The Doc was not as affable as might be expected, due to being aroused at 7AM, and also because he was nursing a heavy cold, and three storks were calculated to arrive in that vicinity in the next 24 hours. However, after a bit of fresh air showing us his flower garden he warmed up considerably. Next, we looked over his collection, which is one of the best in fandom.

He possesses that rarity of rarities, a complete set of *Weird Tales*, and is lacking only a few isolated copies to make complete sets of all the scientific fiction magazines. He also has a book collection bigger than Jack Bell's, which is somewhere up in the 15 hundreds.

Dr. Barrett is one of those all-embracing collectors, avidly gathering in anything that is even faintly tinged with stf. or fantasy. This includes borderline stuff like *Doc Savage*, *Operator 5*, *O'Leary's War Birds*, etc. He even started in on the comic books when they first appeared, but when their numbers rose over threescore he had to admit he had finally met his Waterloo. Something of the sort must have also happened to his fanzine collecting as I believe he has stopped now, although he was getting them all when we were there. He also has quite a few volumes on erotica and allied subjects that would probably make Shroyer swoon with delight. I perused a couple and found them highly interesting.



We spent a couple of hours looking over the Doc's stuff, and putting over a couple of deals (Madle traded an ancient *Thrill Book* for something, Unger made a sale of some rare books, and when I commented on Gibbon's *Red Napoleon* which I had read, the doctor presented it to me and I promised to send him a stack of *Operator 5* which I had bought from the stands in 1935 and never even glanced through).

Then we were outside in the warm morning sun, jabbering away at a great clip, as we subconsciously realized we would soon be leaving, and wanting to squeeze in everything possible we had to talk about. All of us were coming down with heavy colds from close confinement and improper diet, so Barrett gave us some pink pills, bid us bon voyage, and the Skylark once more pushed off into the narrow seas of macadam and concrete.

Arriving in Wheeling, West Virginia, late in the afternoon, we debated the advisability of dipping into Maryland for a chat with Harry Warner, Jr., and upon consulting the roadmap, found it was even slightly shorter to Philly that way, then going north through Pittsburgh, and we could also avoid the big city.

Darkness caught the Skylark bravely staggering up and down the Alleghenies, but we were elated at making good time to Cumberland, and winning a race with a monstrous Greyhound bus also on its way from Chi to Big Town. We had a few anxious moments when we pulled over the biggest hill where a sign read: "Three Miles to Bottom; Use Second

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Gear", and I said to hell with it. Down we shot, with Julie clutching the dashboard, and me hanging on to the wheel like grim death to a door post. Singleton and Madle in the rear snoozed away like babes, amidst a crazily shifting cargo of suitcases, magazines, oil cans, original paintings, and whatnot. Just when I was beginning to wonder if we would *ever* reach the bottom, and more immediately, if we were going to make the next curve, and if the brakes were going to burn out — along came the Greyhound right on our tail, its air brakes hissing, and headlights glaring balefully in our rear window. My sleep-starved mind likened it immediately to a great dragon whom our passage had disturbed, and it seemed like it was about to climb up and lie down on our spare tire.

Thinking that the bottom would be along any time now, and we could climb away from the menace, I edged the Skylark along a little faster — 50, 55, 60 — bounce around a hairpin turn, the dragon was creeping up again — 60, 65 — up and over a "Thank you ma'am", and we almost took off...roller coasters are tame....the dragon's glaring on the back seat again...65, 70...at last!...another mountain! We rocketed down the last grade with the dragon hissing close behind. The speedometer showed its limit 75, I heard a "ping!", it dropped back to zero and we hurtled upward, gravity pushing us back in our seats. The dragon vanished from the mirror, and I turned to the business of keeping up headway as long as possible before the shift into second gear.

Pulling into Cumberland, the consensus was optimistic that we would make Hagerstown before midnight, and refused to heed Earl's suggestion to phone ahead so Harry would know we were coming. But we reckoned without fifty miles of torn up road and bigger and better mountains. And then a bare piece of wiring necessitated a fidgeting wait while an indifferent, lackadaisical garage man fixed a huge truck tire. I could cheerfully have stuffed him under the hood, when he finally got around to peering half-heartedly into the Skylark's innards. With dependable lights again, we pushed on, but it was midnight and some sixty miles yet remained to Hagerstown.

We roared in from the west, as the mountains became smaller and smaller, snarling through the quiet, clean, moonwashed, 2AM streets of *Spaceways'* home port, until we sighted a splash of light from an all-night restaurant.

Singleton and Madle awoke, and we all trooped in for coffee or milk and sinkers. Earl phoned the Werner residence, and raised Harry's mother, who was evidently not taken with the idea of traveling fans

at that ungodly hour, and told us that Harry was ill, and she deemed it not advisable to awaken and excite him, but would we come around in the morning? I don't know what Earl told her, but the next thing I remember, I was sitting on a bench in a hotel lobby, while the boys peppered me with demands for a decision on whether we were to push on or wait and see Harry in the morning.

I was so tired that I couldn't even open my mouth to say yes or no. I just sat there and looked stupid. Finally I yawned, slumped over on the hard bench and immediately went to sleep. But such bliss was not for me. The boys finally shook some semblance of awareness into me, and I finally guessed we'd better go along since Julie and I both had to be back to work the following day. But I refused to drive any more, crawled into the back seat, made a nest in the suitcases, and went out like a light. Earl took over the wheel, and the Skylark once more shuddered into movement.

After the first two or three dead hours, I slept but fitfully, as Singleton had devised a new game of naming all the stories of certain sf. authors, each having a turn naming a story until someone was stuck. Interspersed with the game was a loud argument on who knew their sf. better, collectors or fans. Bob and Earl were badgering Julie about the worthlessness of collectors and dealers in general, and Unger in particular, until that worthy would become excited and answer back. This went on all night, and exhausted as I was, I could not repress a faint grin, as, when I wakened from time to time from a particularly sharp bump or shifting suitcase, the argument seemed to be waxing hotter and heavier than the last time.

Dawn, and the argument petered out with the last star, while we stopped for gas and a stretch. Madle and I dozed the rest of the way into Philly, and Bob finally dozed good and hard, with the result that we could get practically no directions from him as to how to reach his house. After going about five miles in the wrong direction we asked a cop, and then woke Bob up and gave him hell.

At a traffic light Earl became slightly woozy after driving all night, and, being under the impression the light had changed to green after standing still about a minute, he started up regardless of the rest of the traffic and ran full tilt into the rear end of a Model A. Fortunately both cars were over ten years old, and therefore not prone to have their fenders curl up and drop off at the slightest provocation. So there was no damage to worry about.

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Finally, we arrived at 333 Belgrade, just another door in a wall (I should think Philadelphians would be scared to leave their dwellings if it weren't for numbers, for they would surely never find their way back again), where a bunch of unshaven tramps were cordially taken in, allowed to clean up, and fed a heavenly breakfast of ham and eggs, and plenty of them, by the kindly Mrs. Madle. It was deeply appreciated. Not every one would be such generous hosts to complete strangers.

After completing an inspection of Bob's collection and advance pages of *Fantascience Digest* (incidentally, the last one to appear) we climbed back into the now gray-with-travel Skylark, and headed northward.

The voyage to Jersey City where we dropped Julie was uneventful, except that Earl thought he had spotted the Futurians' car, but that was very doubtful as they probably came home to route 6 while we were on route 1. Julie invited us for a big feed at his house, but much to our regret we had to push on in order to get home for a sleep.

After a prolonged, gabby goodbye, Earl and I tried to locate the Pulaski Skyway once more but we were unsuccessful, and beat our way up the western side of the Hudson on ordinary macadam streets.

We crossed the wondrous Washington Bridge, and then, on the Merritt Parkway, we bowled along at a good clip, passing through New Haven at 5PM. Here we argued on whether to visit La Kuslan or not, but decided in favor of getting home to a good sleep, and besides, our appearance was not highly presentable.

The Connecticut hills, which I had previously thought pretty good size, seemed as nothing after the Alleghenies and Skaneateles. We zipped over them with the greatest of ease, making Providence shortly after dark. Then the last leg of the journey to Cambridge, which almost ended in disaster.

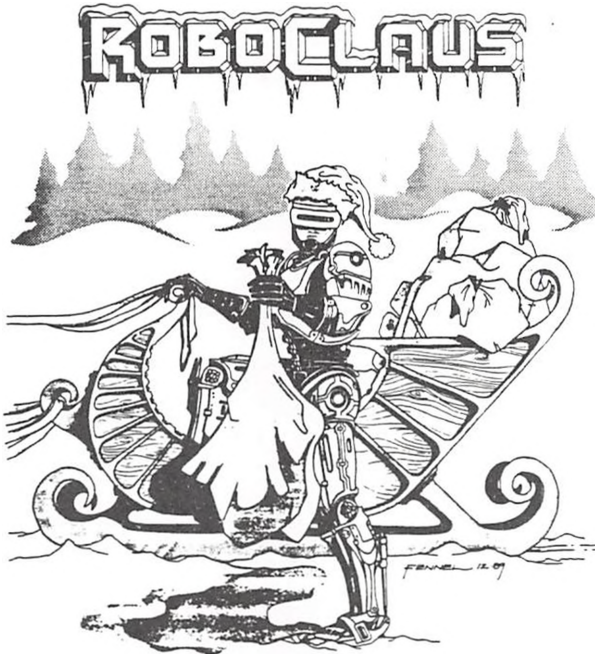
The closer to home we got the faster I drove, and coming down a good sized hill I failed to notice a red light on an intersection just halfway down. Neither did a '40 Chevy coming from the right. Both of us were doing a good 50 at least and saw the other at the last moment and slammed on our brakes. Fortunately, both sets were in good shape, and we screeched to a nose-to-nose stop, separated by a scant two feet.

Henry Peter Earl Singleton was so tired and dragged out when we got to the door of the MIT Grad House that he merely stumbled and mumbled his way out of the car, gathered his possessions and fled for Apt. 505 with hardly a word.

After the distance we had covered, it seemed as though I had no sooner taken a deep breath and propped my eyes open once more, than I had accomplished the thirty-mile jaunt to Bryantville.

Original paintings, suitcase, and everything were forgotten, as I fell up-stairs, somehow got my clothes off, and slid into bed where I died for twelve hours. The Skylark had come home! Since this has been written the inevitable has happened. With the Denvention in mind, a snappy, black-with-red-wheels V8 has come into my possession, and the Skylark has departed for jalopy heaven, where all drivers are at least 60 years old, never go over 25 MPH, and religiously change oil, grease, and polish their charges at the proper times.

But she went out with her boots on. The car came from the junkyard and hauled my father's *Oldsmobile* away, and returned for the bodacious Dodge. And glory of glories! — after entering the yard, the tow car refused to budge. So the chain was hooked to the Skylark's rear, and off she went with windshield-wiper up and radiator cap held high, towing the tow-car! A more fitting end I could not have imagined. Well done, good and faithful servant!



THE FUTURE OF CHRISTMAS.

WESTERCON 44

V-CON 19

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Write to Westercon 44, Box 48478, Bentall Station, Vancouver, B.C. CANADA V7X 1A2

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William Gibson
- ArtGoH: Warren Oddsson
- FanGoHs: Jerry Kaufman
Suzanne Tompkins
- EdGoHs: Patrick Neilsen Hayden (Tor)
Teresa Neilsen Hayden (Tor)
- Toastmaster: Donna Barr



Schedule of rate increases is based on October 1989 exchange rates (18%). If exchange rate alters significantly, rate will be calculated based on the Canadian price in effect at that time. Pre-registration mail in deadline is May 31, 1991.

To July 15, 1990:	US\$30 (C\$35)	To Jan. 1, 1991:	US\$35 (C\$40)
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Artshow; 24 hour Gaming in the Dungeons of UBC; special Portal to Portal Customs arrangement for the Dealers so that Americans can buy duty-free from American Dealers (we are still working on the Galactic Customs situation; better be prepared at the SpacePort Vancouver customs office) special perks for Volunteering; Kiddie Con; Solar Panel on Wreck Beach; Chocolate; Writers' workshop; Costumers' Workshop; Artists' Workshop; Costume Bacchanal; Intergalactic reception with live alien music; and we offer our unique *Quad sharing Service* for your club or choice of gender or smoking/ non-smoking preference.

Get Wrecked in '91-

At Westercon 44 we are going to have us some serious fun!

LOCOMOTIVE

Steve Perry

In four minutes, Brighton Harrison was going to be the strongest man in the world.

He smiled as he lay on the table and it was not a pleasant thing, his smile, but that didn't matter to Harrison. Already he was *probably* the strongest man alive, not just relative to his size, but period, but this one last procedure was supposed to guarantee it. He could have moved on Winston any time in the last couple of months and probably crushed the man, easy, but Harrison was not one to do things halfway.

"We're all ready here, Mr. Harrison," the medic on the computer keyboard said.

"Do it, then."

"Right. It's a go, on my mark, five, four, three, two, and on-line *now* ..."

Half a dozen techs and medics surrounded Harrison and the biomedical lab — *his* lab, as was half the city located behind the thirty foot high electrified fence that separated Lesser Westwood from the ruins of U.C.-LA. The techs filled the air with jargon, things Harrison did not understand and did not care to learn. When you had enough money you didn't need to know anything. Winston was educated, and it wasn't going to do him any good.

" — osmotic pump, go — "

" — epinephrine levels coming up — "

" — I have full reservoirs on Oxy, F-O-F enzymes and dorph; keph is holding at three fifths — "

" — Turn on your Turing chains, idiot — "

" — ah, oh, sorry, Chief, chains on, the keph is coming up — "

" — I want the microcomp tie-ins sequenced from zero starting *now* — "

Harrison imagined he could feel himself growing more powerful as he lay there. They'd said it wouldn't happen that way, that this last thing was to bring more chemicals or something into his system but only when he needed them; still, Harrison felt something.

He already looked the part. The electrically stimulated muscle that roped his form was dense and thick upon his frame. He didn't understand how they'd done that, he hadn't had to lift a finger, it happened while he slept, but there it was. Inside of him, his bones were

Westercon 43

made of something else now, some kind of virus grew in them, and they were three times as hard as regular bone. His lungs had little tanks connected to them full of weird gases. His heart had a pump imbedded in it to help it work better and he had bigger vessels in places, made out of some kind of plastic, stacked polycarb something or the other. The tendons — the medics had told him they were like ropes that attached the muscles to the bones — were infected with some other kind of bug that grew into a kind of mesh that was stronger than steel. And they'd moved the ropes around some, for better leverage. Half a dozen other things were changed, too, something to do with his diaphragm, his liver and stomach and his basic? bastle? basal? metab-o-lism rate, the part of his brain controlled by the hippopotamus.

Harrison didn't know what it all meant, but he didn't have to know. Dear old departed Father had made billions during the Collapse. All a man with that much money ever needed to know was how to stroke a credit cube to transfer stads. With enough money, all things were possible.

"All done, Mr. Harrison," the medic said.

Harrison sat up. He'd felt something, but he needed to be sure. "I don't feel any different."

"No sir. What we've just done is — ah — kind of like a supercharger."

Harrison stared at the man.

"Ah, think of it like a reserve. It only kicks in at certain times."

"Which times are those?"

"When you are emotionally labile."

"Talk American or I'll get me a medic who can."

"When you get pissed off or scared or really upset."

"You mean if I get mad as hell, it makes me stronger."

"Exactly."

"Good. And I'm the strongest man alive, right?"

"Without a doubt."

"Prove it."

The medic, a green-eyed man with hair so black it looked bluish, led Harrison to the testing machines. These were a series of bars connected to pistons and gauges for measuring force. Harrison lay on his back on

the bench and gripped the bar the medic lowered to touch Harrison's chest.

"Okay, press it up."

Harrison did so easily.

The medic adjusted a knob.

Harrison pressed it upward again, no sweat.

Behind the medic, one of the techs monitoring the gauges on his computer said softly, "Sweet Baby Buddha." The medic touched the control again and lowered the bar.

It was harder this time, Harrison really had to put some effort into it. It didn't want to go. Dammit, the sonofabitch had lied to him! But with that thought, power flowed into his chest and arms, it was as if he were filled with thrumming energy. He heard something hum inside him, felt it vibrate through his chest and arms. The bar went up. It was still an effort, but it did rise and lock into place. He sat up, still a little angry.

"How come it was so fucking hard?" Harrison said.

The medic looked pale. "You broke the world record for this event for an unmodified man time before last," he said. "This time, you pressed the limit of the machine. More than three hundred and fifty kilos."

"Pounds, man, what's that in pounds?"

"A little under eight hundred."

Harrison's anger vanished. Eight hundred pounds? That was a lot, even he knew that.



Westercon 43

He flexed his fingers. It felt like he was wearing gloves, he hadn't gotten used to the callus they'd covered his palms and fingers with, to keep him from tearing up the skin on his hands. Well, what the hell, that was a small price to pay.

The rest of the tests were equally impressive. He squatted with almost fifteen hundred pounds, curled three hundred, pressed overhead nearly five. When he did toe raises on the calf machine, the device blew a piston. The strength of his grip was enough to crush a man's hand.

Harrison was pleased. He didn't say so to the medics, to hell with them, but he was happy. It had cost something like a hundred and twelve million new standard dollars to hire the right people and build the lab, and half again that much to keep things going for the three years it took to complete the job. A hundred and sixty eight mil and some change altogether, but what the hell, it was worth it to get Winston. The smug bastard.

Harrison left the lab. He went to his Chief of Security, an ape-like man whose main virtue was absolute loyalty to his employer. "There are some medical types in the lab, you have their files. I want them all to disappear. Input whatever excuses you need so they look like accidents or something. And all records of everything they've done here need to go away, too."

Ape-like nodded.

Harrison grinned at the man. Big as he was, he wouldn't be a match for the new improved Brighton Harrison. No man would. And Winston would find that out soon enough, all his karate crap and university education aside.

Harrison went to take a shower.

#

The full-length mirrors covering three walls of his fresher showed Harrison to be a good-looking man of a solid, but not overly muscular build. He grinned. He'd had them fiddle with his face a little, so it was ruggedly handsome, and his sexual gear was somewhat larger and more efficient than it had once been, too. Didn't look like a hundred and sixty eight million on the outside, maybe, but that wasn't the important thing. What *was* important was that Winston, the only man to have ever fucked him over successfully, was about to find out what it meant to mess with Brighton Harrison.

Harrison turned, admiring the play of muscle in his legs and buttocks. Oh, yeah, Winston. He could have destroyed the man financially but

that was too easy. He could have hired assassins for what this new body had cost, crap, he could have had an *army* of top killers, but that wouldn't have done it, either. Winston had humiliated Harrison *personally*, and Harrison intended to *personally* pay him back. And that bitch, Maria, too. She would be sorry she'd chosen Winston. She'd stood there when Winston had tossed Harrison on his ass, she'd chosen Winston because he was smart, he had *culture*, he knew things. Well, old Winston wasn't going to be waving his degree around much longer. Didn't matter what kind of fancy tricks he knew, didn't matter how much history or philosophy or *anything* he knew, not now. Harrison was fast, despite the fact he now weighed close to three hundred pounds, because of the metal in his bones and all. His pain level was real high and when he tensed a muscle, it was like a slab of wood. Winston would bounce off like a rubber ball, and when he got tired of trying, Harrison was going to pull his wings off.

Harrison grinned at himself in the mirror. Yeah. He was a locomotive now, and old Winston was a stalled flitter on the tracks. He didn't have prayer.

#

"Winston?"

The holoproj cleared and showed a thin and handsome man of forty, his blond hair swept straight back from his forehead. "Well, well," he said. "Hello, Brighton."

"I need to see you," Harrison said. "Privately."

Winston smiled — the sonofabitch — and said, "Why, certainly, Brighton. My place or yours?"

"Yours. Five o'clock."

#

Harrison took the armored limo, even though the run across the Burn was usually not dangerous. He had licensed bodyguards in flitters in front and back of the big Toyota plus a brace inside with him and the driver, but there was no trouble. They passed through the guarded gate into the plush Echo Park Compound where Winston lived and pulled to a stop in front of the mansion.

"Stay out here," Harrison told the guards.

Naturally, the guards protested, but Harrison cut them off. What he planned to do didn't need any witnesses, and he could certainly take care of himself.

Westecon 43

Winston's butler admitted Harrison, and a bodyguard the size of a gorilla led Harrison to the door of the study.

Before the man could react, Harrison grabbed him, lifted him clear of the floor, and slammed him into the nearest wall. The guard's head bounced from the thick plastic and he was out cold before Harrison dropped him.

Harrison grinned. Oh, this was going to be fun.

The study door was locked. Harrison grabbed the knob and twisted, full of anticipation. The knob came off in his powerful hand. Harrison grinned again and drew himself back. He lunged at the door shoulder first, driven by legs that could lift three quarters of a ton. The door was solid, but it had not been designed to stop one such as Harrison now was. The door flew from its hinges, lock dangling, and crashed onto floor.

Harrison stepped into the study.

Winston sat at a desk across the big room, a benign and somewhat bemused expression on his face.

"You could have knocked," Winston said.

"Funny 'til the end, eh, Winston?"

"What is it you want, Brighton?"

"I am a new man, did you know that?"

"I confess my spies have indicated you were undergoing some . . . modifications."

Harrison laughed. There was a wooden chair, an antique a couple of feet away from him. He picked it up in both hands, flexed the muscles of his chest, and crushed the chair into splinters. "Three years ago you humiliated me, Winston. I intend to do the same to you, now. I am going to break every bone in your body and when I am done, I'm going upstairs to give Maria what she deserves, too." He cupped his testicles meaningfully. "Your Oriental fighting won't help you. You are looking at the strongest man in the world. I spent millions to get this way, just for you, Winston."

"Pity you didn't spend it on getting an education," Winston said. "You always were the stupidest man I've ever met. Going to use use your own jawbone?"

Harrison didn't understand that last crack, but he grinned. "We'll see about that, won't we?"

He moved toward Winston. He'd start with his legs, then his arms, then each finger, one at a time. "You're a dead man, Winston. I'm going to enjoy killing you."

Winston pulled something from the desk drawer in front of him and pointed it at Harrison. It took a second to sink in, what he held in his hand.

"A gun!"

"Well, I stand corrected. Maybe you aren't the stupidest man alive."

"Only licensed guards and cools can have guns!"

"Surprise."

Rage flooded into Harrison, filling his system with potent chemicals, turning him into the most powerful man who had ever lived. He wasn't going to be stopped now!

Harrison lunged at Winston.

Winston pulled the trigger on the gun.

Four cents' worth of lead met a hundred and sixty million dollars worth of complex bioengineering, accompanied by the loudest noise in the world. Even with his skull being three times as strong as normal, it was really no contest.

The impact rocked Brighton Harrison backward and all his great strength fled from him as he fell.

Most of Harrison was gone when Winston's spoke, but there was enough hearing left for the last few words to flow into his brain as his life flowed out. He died without understanding what they meant.

"Another haircut, Samson?"





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Donald Barthelme	Died July 23, 1989
Ben Barzman	Died December 15, 1989
C. C. Beck	Died November 22, 1989
Samuel Beckett	Died December 22, 1989
Joseph Payne Brennan	Died January 28, 1990
Edward A. Byers	Died September 22, 1989
Emmet Caraker	Died April 1989
Josè Candido de Carvalho	Died August 1, 1989
Sylvia Cassedy	Died April 6, 1989
Dame Daphne Du Maurier	Died April 19, 1989
Stephen Frances	Died October, 1989
Gertrude T. Friedberg	Died September 17, 1989
Greta Garbo	Died April, 1990
Leo Giroux	Died March 3, 1990
Harold Leland Goodwin	Died February 18, 1990
Heinz Haber	Died February 13, 1990
Jim Henson	Died May 16, 1990
Donald Hutter	Died February 22, 1990
Lisa Novak	Died March 17, 1990
Jean Paiva	Died November 13, 1989
Dorothy James Roberts	Died February 27, 1990
Barry Sadler	Died November 5 1989
Carl Sherrell	Died February 7, 1990
Jan Stacey	Died August 20, 1989
William F. Temple	Died July 5, 1989
Arthur 'Atom' Thomson	Died February 8, 1990
Margaret Wiener	Died November 28, 1989
Sarban (John W. Wall)	Died April 11, 1989
Helen Hoke Watts	Died March 26, 1990
Karel Zeman	Died April 5, 1989

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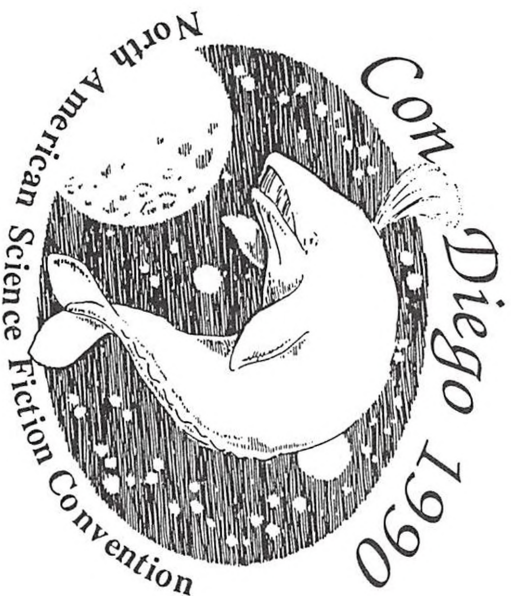
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"North American Science Fiction Convention" ("NASFiC"), "World Science Fiction Society" and "World Con" are service marks of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary society.

SUSAN C. PETREY CLARION SCHOLARSHIP FUND

This scholarship is a memorial to Susan, a friend of ours, and a member of the Portland Science Fiction Society. Since her death in 1980, almost ten years ago, we have raised money to annually send an aspiring writer to the Clarion Science Fiction Writer's Workshop. This was an event she had hoped to attend herself but was unable to do so because of financial reasons. With the return of Clarion West, we have alternated the scholarship between the two sites. This year's scholarship has been awarded (when you read this) to an attendee of Clarion in Lansing, Michigan.

The original seed money was raised for flowers at Sue's funeral but we were unable to use the money for that use. Since then, money to fund the scholarship has been raised mainly by auctions at Science Fiction conventions. Auctions are held at every OryCon & Con; we have also held auctions at Westercon 37 & Minicon.

The Westercon 43 auction will be held in the Klamath Room [CR] on Saturday afternoon at approximately 4:30 p.m. (A flyer which may be picked up in the Registration area will have details of the items for auction). Of course, we always accept additional items to be auctioned which can be left with us at the Wrigley-Cross Books table in the Dealer's Room, and money is never refused.



Westercon 43

Since we awarded our first scholarship in 1982, our goal has been to give an annual award from the interest alone. Although we know that it will be many years before we can reach this goal, we were pleased this year to award once again a scholarship which paid not only the full cost of tuition but a partial payment towards room & board.

Recipients for the scholarship have been selected by the workshop directors based on need and talent. They have been:

- 1982 William P. Knuttel — Davis CA
- 1983 Mona A. Clee — Austin TX
- 1984 Kathe Mustamaa — Detroit MI
- 1985 Leslie J. Howle — Seattle WA
- 1986 Wally Metts — Horton MI
- 1987 Susan Kray — Urbana IL
- 1988 Sharon Wahl — Somerville MA
- 1989 Diana Maria Castro — Arcata CA

As a further memorial to Sue and as a fundraiser for the charity, we have published a book of all of Sue's stories, *Gifts of Blood*. Available in a limited edition of 474 copies, featuring articles on writer's workshops by Ursula K. Le Guin, Vonda N. McIntyre and Kate Wilhelm, and signed by them, and may be obtained at the Wrigley-Cross Dealer's table.

The fund is administered by us, with the support of Portland fandom, and is legally a part of Oregon Science Fiction Conventions Inc., a tax exempt organization.

We look forward to seeing you at Saturday's auction.



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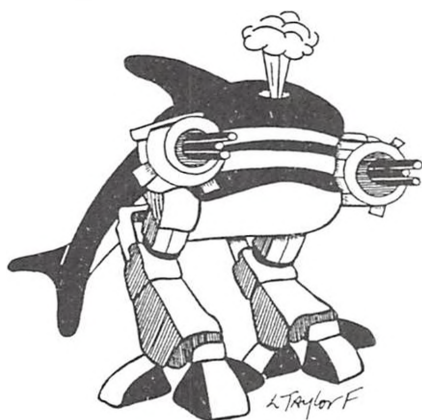
WEAPONS POLICY

In line with the Standard Practice at most major conventions, including recent World conventions, the carrying and wearing of weapons will not be permitted, except as part of a Masquerade costume, or as part of other designated events, and then only during the event, or in transit to and from the event. The use of a weapon as part of the Masquerade must be discussed with the Masquerade Director prior to the event. Failure to do so are grounds for immediate expulsion from the convention.

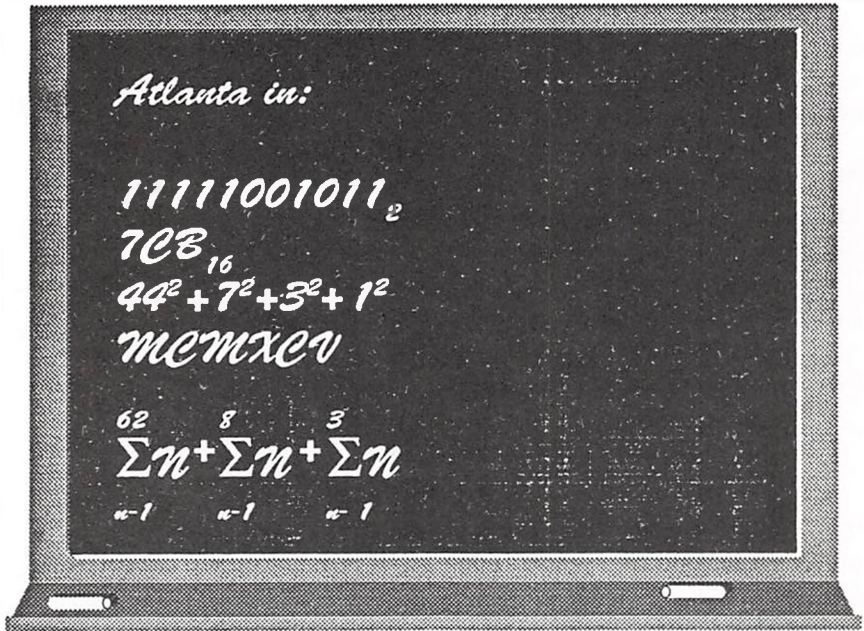
The Convention Committee defines as weapons any object designed to cause bodily harm, or any replica of such an object and any other object the Committee determines to be dangerous. However the Committee reserves the right to amend this definition of a weapon, and the right to impound weapons for the duration of the convention.

Any weapons purchased in the Dealer's room must be securely wrapped. The Committee realizes that most people who would like to carry and wear weapons are sensible and careful individuals. However because of the present liability laws, the risk of weapons causing accident or distress, and to preserve relationships with convention hotels, we have had to adopt this policy. The safety of convention members has to be our overriding consideration.

It is a condition of our contract with the Red Lion Inns that Westercon 43 be a weaponless convention.



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REGISTRATION

Consolidated Room, Jantzen Beach Red Lion

Hours:

Wednesday, July 4th	1:00 p.m. to whenever (pre-reg badge pickup only)
Thursday, July 5th	11:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.
Friday, July 6th	9:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.
Saturday, July 7th	9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.
Sunday, July 8th	10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.

In addition to selling memberships and issuing badges, we'll be happy to give a new badge if you wish to change your badge name. (Please wait for a quiet time at Registration.)

BADGES

Remember, keep your badge on you at all times. It is your proof of membership, and you will be asked to show it when you enter the convention areas. A badge consists of both the plastic frame and the insert. Please do not lose your badge—you may have to pay the full at-the-door rate to receive a new one.

(OryCon 12 memberships will also be available at Westercon Registration on Sunday.)

CONVENTION HOURS

Once the convention starts, Westercon is open 21 hours a day. The convention is closed 4:00 a.m. to 7:00 a.m.. This allows hotel and convention staff a chance to clean the rooms, and get ready for another day.

CARE AND FEEDING OF A HOTEL

Welcome to the Red Lion Hotels Jantzen Beach[JB] and Columbia River [CR]. They are treating us well, please treat them in the same manner. Remember Science Fiction conventions need hotels more than hotels need Science Fiction conventions.

The Columbia River has been designated as a NON-PARTY hotel. This means if you create too much noise, the Westercon committee will cooperate with the hotel to shut you down. The Jantzen Beach is the PARTY hotel. If you are having a party in your room please observe a few simple courtesies.

1. If you're chilling beverages in the tub, please call housekeeping, who will provide you will a shower curtain to line the tub and prevent damage to the porcelain.
2. Don't serve alcohol to minors or obviously intoxicated persons. Don't let alcoholic beverages wander away from your room.
3. Clean up after yourselves. If your mess is creating extra work for housekeeping, leave a tip to let them know you appreciate their efforts.

In general, treat the hotel staff with good will and it will be returned. Treat the hotel as you would a home in which you are a guest. Hotels are the foundation of conventions and we don't want Science Fiction conventions to loose their welcome in them.

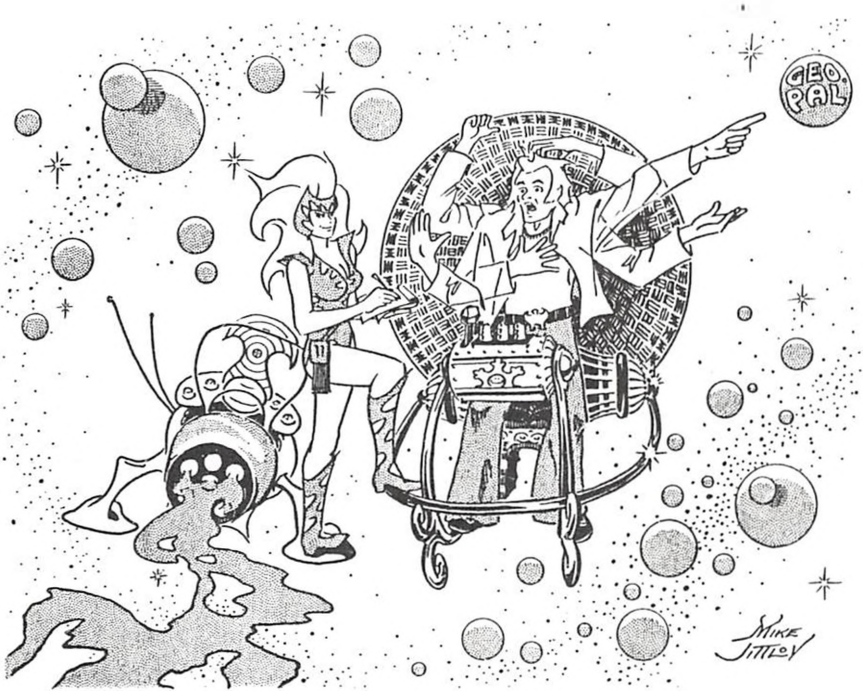
Hotel Dress Code

Please be aware that the hotels have some basic guidelines for dress.

1. Masks that conceal the face are not allowed in the lobby, bars or registration area.
2. The coffee shop areas will accept costumes.
3. Misty's and Maxi's Dining Rooms will accept casual dress but no costumes are allowed.

Hotel Maps

Hotel maps are located at the back of this book, and in the Pocket Program.



Party Supplies

Rather than having a party supplies shopping service, we have provided a large, newly-rebuilt Safeway, which is one block from the Red Lion Jantzen Beach hotel. It is open 24-hours a day, and also contains a sushi bar!

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SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

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CHILDREN & CHILD CARE

Children must be accompanied by an adult in order to purchase a membership, and all children must be registered with the convention. Kids 5 and under (and to any other child whose parent requests it) will receive a hospital-type id bracelets to wear. This bracelet will list the parent's (or responsible adult's) name, and hotel room number (if applicable). At all times, these children must be under the supervision of an adult, or in the day care facility. If a young child is found unattended, that child will be delivered to the day care area, and the parent will be billed for the day care received. Children 5 and under will still be admitted free to the convention.

We recognize that many children in the 6 to 12 range are capable of independent activity. Therefore, as long as they are causing no problems, they do not have to be under adult supervision. However, if they are not capable of independence, then they must be under adult supervision, or in the day care facility, as above. Children 6-12 are admitted at half the adult price; id bracelets are not required, but suggested.

We have arranged with an independent contractor to provide child care at Westercon. The cost is \$2.50 per hour, and the children will be provided with supervision, games and children's videos. Parents are asked to provide food and diapers, if necessary.

Hours:

Thursday	noon to 7:00 p.m.
Friday	10:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.
Saturday	10:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.
Sunday	10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

Day care tickets will be sold in the Office. Each ticket equals 1 hour. Please purchase your tickets, and make reservations, in advance — there are a limited number of slots available.

SPECIAL EVENTS

STERNWHEELER CRUISE

On Thursday, July 5, Portland's newest sternwheeler will pick up Westercon members right at the Jantzen Beach Hotel for a 2 hour cruise on the Columbia River. The cruise is from 5 p.m. until 7 p.m. The boat boards at 4:30 p.m. Tickets are \$10 and are available at the Artifacts table right up to boarding as long as space is available.

SELF-GUIDED BUS TOUR

Thanks to generous support by Powell's Book Store we have arranged to run a comfortable, air conditioned bus on a continuous circuit from the Jantzen Beach Hotel to downtown destinations all day Friday. The bus begins its rounds at 9 a.m.; the last stop at the hotel is around 10 p.m. The itinerary for the tour includes stops at Powell's, the Bridgeport Brewery, the Portland Brewery & Bogart's Pub, and the Rose Gardens (from where you can walk to the Japanese Garden, take the Zoo Train to the Zoo, the Oregon Museum of Science & Industry, and the Forestry Center, or just get a good hike in Forest Park).

Powell's is one of the largest bookstores in the country, and is currently in the process of expanding further. Maps of the store will be available so you may orient yourself in advance. From Powell's it's easy walking to the downtown area and historic Old Town. In addition, Tri-Met offers free city bus and MAX (light rail) service in the downtown area (Fareless Square) during non-rush hours. The cost of one full circuit on the bus, with as many stops as you'd like, is only \$2. Tickets are available at the Artifacts table.

POTLATCH SALMON BAKE

Friday at 7 p.m. there will be a Potlatch Salmon Bake at the Columbia River Hotel. The salmon will be cooked outdoors in traditional Native American style. BBQ chicken and full menu of accompaniments will also be served buffet style. Tickets may still be available at the convention for \$22. Check at the Artifacts.

IF YOU HAVE ALREADY BOUGHT TICKETS...

...to any of these events, pick your tickets up at the Artifacts table near the Ballroom in the Jantzen Beach Red Lion.

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EST. 1973

PROGRAMMING

For the real schedule of what is happening with which panelists, etc. please check your pocket program for the latest information. What follows is our stab at what will be happening at the convention, about three months early.

Rule #1: Things Change!!!!

The Kandy Fong Slide Show

What?!?

Those from California, Arizona or New Mexico know what this means. Those who are not, here it is: imagine a slide show consisting of various outtakes from Star Trek movies and television shows, from Alienation, Quantum Leap etc. done with musical background (usually songs). This woman has done the Worldcon in Boston at 2 :00 p.m. on Saturday. That prime time, folks, and *that* means good and funny. Catch it.

Science Programming

We expect to have a strong lineup of panelists and topics for you to chew on. Maybe even a snapshot or two from the Hubble Telescope.

Filking

We've got filkers and folkers (yes folkers) coming out of our ears and you'll be able to see some of them during prime time and still get some sleep.

Fannish Programming

We should be having an excellent fannish program featuring all those invisible fans who live among us. From fanzine fans to Star Wars collectors they will be here.

Costuming

Not only do we have a room display of fantastic programs, we'll be having one of the best masquerades the Westercon has seen. We have many, many of the Master class costumers at our convention, but don't let this scare you away; the masquerade is for all classes, and how else can you learn. We'll be having panels and demonstrations featuring our costumers.

Serious Stuff

We have several editors in attendance and an excellent line up of professional guests. Panels include: Tight Prose — Making Every Word Count, Whom You Shouldn't Ask to Look At Your Manuscript and Whom Should You, Writer's Workshops — Are They Worthwhile?, Ideas are Everywhere: How A Writer Learns to See Them, and How Can Creativity Be Taught.

Controversial Stuff

those panels include: Eastern Europe, What Does It Mean to You, Canada — Coming Apart At The Seams?, Amazons, Whores & Villainesses — Female Stereotypes In Modern Fantasy & Science Fiction, Women's Utopian Fiction As A Topic In Science Fiction, Ethics in Writing.

Different Stuff

There will be scary stories being read at late night next to the river, martial arts demonstrations, earthquake stories, panels featuring Claymation, new wave/electronic music, and lots of surprises from Hollywood.

Kids' Programming

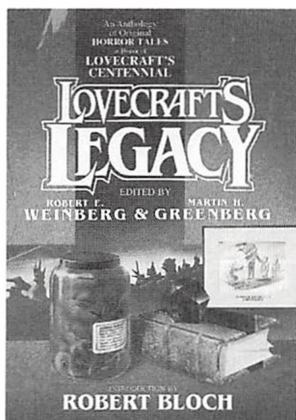
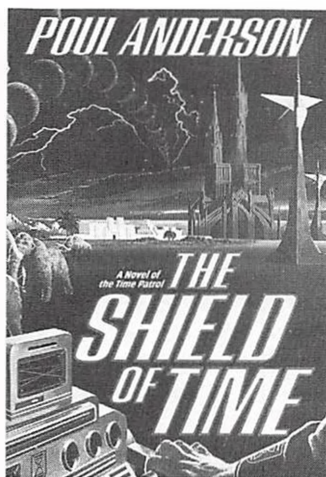
Fandom seems to be getting younger and younger. This year, we have made a special effort to present programming items of interest to both younger and older convention members. Also included are activities and workshops aimed specifically at the young fan. Check the pocket program and look for the star: ☆.



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DEPARTMENTS

ART SHOW

Riverview Room
[Columbia River]

Hours:

Thursday: 5 pm — 9 pm
Friday: 9 am — 7 pm; Reception 8 pm — 10 pm
Saturday: 9 am — 10 pm
Sunday: 9 am — 12 noon; Auction at 1 pm;
Pick up after auction ends

Visions of the future, the past, and the downright unusual await you at the Westercon 43 Art Show. Come browse, comment, and when you see something that would look fantastic in your living unit, buy it! You can pick up your *How to Buy Art* guide at the Art Show desk.

The Reception

This is your chance to meet the artists in person and view the artwork in a more relaxed setting.

Awards

The Awards will include Best of Show, Best Color, Best Black-and-White, Best 3-D, Best Mixed media, Best SF, Best Fantasy, Best Humorous, Best Media Interpretation, and The People's Choice. You vote on the last one, so make sure you stop in before Saturday Afternoon and tell us which piece is your favorite. Awards will be announced in the Sunday Daily Zine.

Workshops and Demonstrations

During the convention there will be art workshops and demos held in the Art Show room. There will also be other arts related programming in selected locations throughout the hotels. See the pocket program for more details on the final schedule.

The Live Auction

This is it! the biggie, just like you've seen at Sotheby's. It all gets underway at 1 p.m. Sunday in the Klamath Room [CR]. All art with 3 or more written bids goes to auction, while work with less than 3 bids goes

to the highest written bid. All bidders must come to the art show prior to the auction to pick up the bidding rules.

The Last Gasp Gallery Sale

So, you've been busy all convention and didn't get a chance to bid on any art. Or maybe you were too shy to bid earlier? Well, don't go home empty handed! During the auction, the Art Show reopens one last time for those last-minute buyers. All art not previously bid on will be available for the direct sale price only (this includes prints) listed on the bid sheet. Check with the Art Show staff for further details.

Some Final Reminders

e would prefer to check all bags, packs, etc. at the Art Show door. If you need to keep such items with you, they will be subject to inspection when you leave. You will receive a claim check for your items. Also, as with any gallery, photography of artwork is not permitted. Cameras will be shutter-bonded (that is, bagged in a silly paper sack and stapled shut) unless they are checked at the door.

Food, drink, and smoking are not allowed in the Art Show.

And don't forget to donate time if you have the chance.

CLUBHOUSE

Why a Clubhouse? Well, for one thing, since there are two con hotels, the hospitality suite can be a far jaunt. For another, in keeping with the quiet hotel, the club house is for slower paced, less frenetic socializing. We will have small quantities of treats, tastings, and quiet chats. Coffee, tea and other drinks will be available. Hours will be from morning to mid-evening and we will extend these hours if there is enough interest and staff. The actual hours will be in the pocket program and posted in the Hospitality Suite. As usual, volunteers are wanted.

There will be a chocolate tasting around noon on Saturday. and we will be presenting cakes from some of Portland's finest dessert houses including Papa Haydn, Ja Civa's, Rimsky-Korsacoffee House, and The Chocolate Raspberry. We will also provide samples of locally made truffles, fudges, and ice creams. If you wish to attend, you must sign up in the Clubhouse and there will be a small fee (less then \$2.00). We will pay this fee (out of our own pockets) for any fans who volunteer in the Clubhouse.

Westercon 43

While you are deciding whether to attend the chocolate tasting, consider what the chef from Ja Civa said:

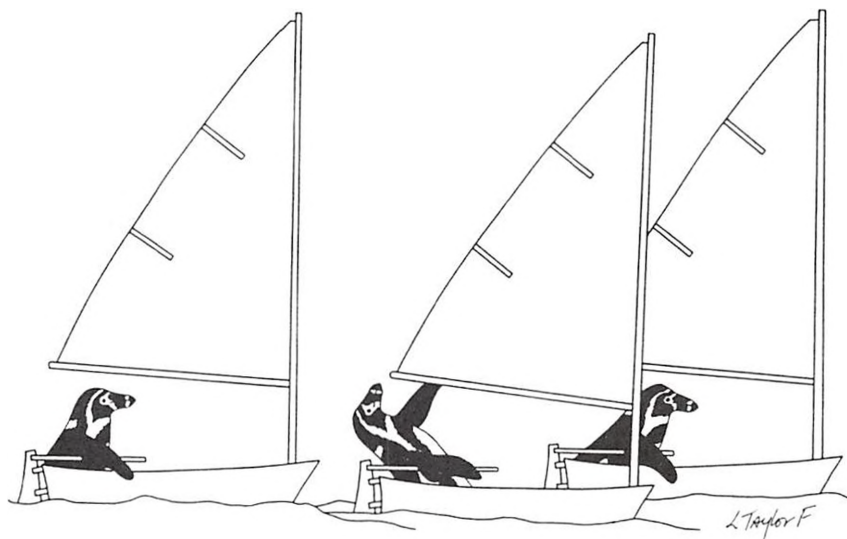
“One woman said that my cakes were too rich and had too much chocolate in them. Personally, I don t think there can be too much chocolate in a cake.”

Neither do we. We are very serious when it comes to chocolate.

Also, in the Clubhouse some quality food will be available. For you who attended the 1984 Westercon or the bid party in San Jose, we organized the food for the Hospitality Suite. Cheesecakes and pies and coffee cakes, rounds of brie, roast beef and turkey and chicken drumettes, homemade yeast breads, marinated mushrooms, fresh strawberries, and baklava are just a sample of what was served.

Alcoholic beverages will be served at a particular time and will include homemade mead (rhubarb, peach, and ginger), perry — Asian pear cider — and ales. ID will be checked in the main Hospitality Suite and your hand must be stamped in order to be served alcoholic beverages. Naturally, non-alcoholic beverages will always be available.

There will be both smoking and non-smoking areas in the Clubhouse.





DANCE! DANCE! DANCE! DANCE!

This year Westercon is presenting four (count 'em) dances. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights, and Friday afternoon.

Thursday night is oldies night with music from the 50's, 60's and early seventies.

For those who want to dance to *real* oldies, there is a Regency Dance Friday afternoon.

The Friday night dance will include a dance contest. Competition will include singles, couples and groups.

After the masquerade Saturday will be the final dance, this one with a Science Fiction and Fantasy theme. The masquerade judges and staff will select the King, Queen, and Other of the Ball from among the costumed revelers.

As always, we will play requests as time allows and at the discretion of the DJ.



DEALER'S ROOM

This year at Westercon there are 45 dealers at 70 tables. Here's a list of the dealers and their wares. They would all appreciate your attention and (of course) your money.

Anna the Lost	Jewelry, Sculptures, Art Prints
Bryan Barrett Books	Books
Basement Books	Books
Collectors Four What	Books
Designs by Sera/Dee Cee Design	Soft Sculpture
The Dragon's Treasure	Jewelry
Earth's Fire	Jewelry, Costumes, Comics
Escape Books	Books
Express Yourself	T-Shirt, Buttons, Posters
The Fantasy Connection	Books
Friends of Filk	Filk Tapes, Songbooks
Future Dreams	Books, Art
The Gaddery	T-Shirts, Tarot Cards, Media Items
Rhonda Gheen	Sculptures
Carrolly Hauksdottir	Art, Origami
Dona Kerns	Sculptures
Lady Jayne's Comics & Books	Books, Comics, Games
Monika Livingston	Art, t-shirts
Ken Macklin	Artwork, Prints
The Magical Aardvark	T-Shirts, Stuffed Animals
Marty Massoglia	Books
McNamara's Green	Jewelry, T-Shirts, Fantasy Gifts
Mineral Magica	Crystals, Gems
Nifty Stuff by Tigger	Medieval Clothing, Cloaks
O'Leary's Books	Books
Orion Unlimited	Costumes, Jewelry, Buttons, Art
Original Ceramic Fantasies	Sculptures
Quicksilver Fantasies	Filk cassettes and Trinkets
Frank Robinson	Books
Salamander Armoury	Cutlery, Armor
Scherer's Glassworks	Fantasy Glass
Seattle Book Center	Books
Serconia Press	Books
Sign of the Unicorn	Sculpture & Jewelry
Sleepy Lion Graphics	Buttons, T-Shirts, Cards
Split Infinitive	Books
Von L. Thiel Bookseller	Out-of-Print Books

Michael Thompson Bookseller	Books
Rik Thomson Books	Collector's Books
Terra Nova Trading Co.	Jewelry
Dick Wald	Used Books
Wail Songs	Filk & Folk Tapes, Songbooks
Wrigley-Cross Books	Used Books
Willow Zarlow	Jewelry
Mark V. Zeising, Bookseller	Books

FANZINE ROOM

The Fanzine Room, in the Tualatin Room [CR], has a fine collection of zines and fannish memorabilia for you to browse through, and perhaps even purchase. And who knows; you might just run into members of your apa there. Hours are in the pocket program.

GAMING

There will be Gaming — Anon.

Gaming takes place mainly in the Mt. Bachelor Wing of the Jantzen Beach Red Lion. We will be running a number of prescheduled games, including Battletech, Car Wars, Champions, Cyberpunk, Hunter Planet, Paranoia, Shadowrun and Warhammer. Additional gaming sessions are still being organized, so check your pocket program for current information. Sign-up sheets for the scheduled games will be posted in the Burnside room [JB] on the morning of the day the game is to be played. Stop by the gaming area early to get the best selection. Novice gamers are very much welcome, so if you are interested in any of the games please do not hesitate to sign up, attend one or more of the character sessions and join the fun!

Additional information on scheduled games and other events is available in the pocket program and in the Burnside room. Many of the games will offer prizes (check the pocket program).

The Glisan room [JB] will be available for open gaming. Westercon 43 has provided copies of the following games which will be available in the Glisan room for convention members' use:

Car Wars	Combat Cards
Cosmic Encounter	Dragonriders of Pern
Dungeons!	Elfquest

Westercon 43

Fortress America

Illuminati

Mystic Woods

Sky Galleons of Mars

Talisman

Toon

Fury of Dracula

The Legend of Robin Hood

Sanctuary

Sorcerer's Cave

Temple of the Beastmen

Triplanetary

These games are *not* to be removed from the Glisan room.

If you would like to schedule a gaming event during the convention and/or have the event mentioned in the daily 'zine please check with us in the Burnside room. Tables in the Burnside room may be reserved for four-hour intervals.

The gaming rooms will be closed between 4:00 a.m. and 7:00 a.m. Any games still running will have to shut down until 7:00 a.m. or move to your own room(s), so let the gamer beware!

Restrictions

Westercon 43 convention space may not be used to run games for a fee, as this activity could endanger our non-profit status. No Laser Tag or Killer games have been organized, and none will be allowed, due to limitations on our liability coverage. Alcoholic beverages are not permitted in the gaming rooms; however gamers of legal drinking age (21) are welcome to avail themselves of the facilities in the Hospitality Suite. Violation of the Gaming rules may result in loss of convention membership, so be nice, remember to share, don't monopolize a table ALL weekend, don't cheat, say please and thank you, brush your teeth, take a shower, wash behind your ears, and HAVE FUN!



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BILL RANSOM

*Bestselling coauthor, with the
legendary Frank Herbert, of
The Ascension Factor*

*Now—author of a spectacular new
science fiction adventure*

JAGUAR

*When he's awake, he's a Vietnam vet, confined to a
VA. hospital bed with a mysterious sleep disorder.
When he's asleep, he roams the plains of another
world, invading the minds of people as they
dream and forcing them to obey him. They call
him Jaguar.*

*There are those in both worlds who know
Jaguar's secret. Once they learn to link their minds
across the void between the worlds, they will follow
Jaguar's dreampaths—all the way back to where his body
lies helpless and vulnerable—an easy target for
their justice.*

On Sale in July


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HOSPITALITY

Greetings from Hahn & YaLeah, your hosts for this year's Westercon Hospitality Suite, where you can expect good things and pleasant company.

The Hospitality Suite is located in the Seattle Suite of the Red Lion Jantzen Beach. Our hours are convention hours. We will open at 7:00 a.m. Fri-Sun, and close at 4:00 a.m. Thurs.-Sat. Check the pocket program for exact opening hours Thursday and closing hours Sunday

The Hospitality Suite will serve beer, wine, and soft drinks. If you ask for alcohol, you *must* show proof-of-age to be served. We do not discriminate by appearance. All lifeforms will be carded, and only those 21 or older will be served alcoholic beverages.

You must show proof-of-age for each serving of alcohol you request.

We do realize that many costumes have no pockets, and that card-carrying can be a nuisance, so you may bring your valid ID to the Hospitality bartender once and get your pseudopod stamped. As long as the stamp is legible, it will count as proof-of-age.

Please be aware that The Clubhouse is accepting *only* Hospitality Suite stamps as valid proof-of-age. Parties tend to look for these stamps, too. So if you plan to drink outside the Hospitality Suite, you might want to get stamped before you start your partying.

In the Hospitality Suite, food will be plentiful, fanciful, flavorful, and (ugh) nutritious. Please don't plan to eat your meals here; only snacks will be served.

We need and will gladly take advantage of any help you volunteer. Bartenders must be at least 21, but foodtenders can be any age. We especially need people who can be awake, alert, energetic, and dependably available at 7:00 a.m. to open and run the breakfast shift. Also needed: someone to take charge during the Masquerade; gofers to schlep trays to folks in other departments who have to sit forever without relief; and general all around helper types.

NO SLEEPING is allowed in the hospitality suite! If you are in the suite between 4:00 a.m. and 7:00 a.m., you'll be helping clean and set up for the next day. All non-workers will be courteously shown the door.

We also have a jacuzzi for your enjoyment. Bathing suits are not mandatory but privacy is impossible. During hours when children are about, suits (swim or tux) are required. Ordinary rules of hygiene, safety, and courtesy will be enforced.

MASQUERADE

Come see the best the west has to offer (with a little spice from the east) at the Masquerade Saturday night in the Red Lion Ballroom [JB]. With 7 competitive classes, there should be something for everyone! After the Masquerade, come join the fun at the Masqued Ball — where The King, Queen, and Other of the Masque will be recognized at Midnight (or thereabouts).

There is a costume display in the Umpqua Room in the Columbia River Red Lion. Check the pocket program for hours. And, scattered throughout the program schedule are panels and workshops for costumers. Check the pocket program for details.

For Costumers

Registration forms for the Masquerade are available in the Office. Final registration and run through for the Masquerade is 10:00 a.m. — 1:00 p.m. Saturday in the Red Lion Ballroom [JB]. You *must* attend this session to participate in the Masquerade!

MUSIC PROGRAMMING

*Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you the heavens,
Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you the stars.*
— Duane Elms

A member of the Portland Folklore Society once approached me after one of their Folksong Circles and told me that he really enjoyed the songs I sang, although he'd never heard any of them before. It was, he said, "As if they came from another universe." We here at Westercon 43, would like to welcome you to our universe. Here you'll have a chance to hear our songs — songs of space; songs of unicorns, dragons and vampires; songs of faery, witches and magic; songs from the science labs and computer terminals; and here and there a few songs from planet Earth. Attend some of the concerts and hear our best and newest material performed — Live at the Red Lion! Check your pocket program for times and places. There will also be some workshops scheduled for those who want to find out more about a particular instrument or about songwriting. In the evenings there will be two rooms available for music:

Performer's Choice

Join the circle and perform in an informal setting. Sing a song, read a poem, tell a joke. Here's your chance to try out new material on a live audience. Or join the audience outside the circle. Here the beginner can listen in safety, knowing that it will *never* have to be your turn.

People's Choice/Bardic Circle

(8:00 p.m. Thur. — Sun.)

Help! The alien being to your right has just requested "You Bash the Balrog" and has handed you a large stuffed animal bearing the sign: YOU'RE NEXT!!! What do you do?

1. PASS the stuffed animal to the creature to your left *immediately* if you:
 - a) don't wish to perform or make a request
 - b) don't know what is going on,
 - c) panic.
2. While the rest of the room reverberates to the strains of "You Bash the Balrog" you can think of a song you'd like to hear (maybe think of two in case no one knows the first request). As the final echoes of "Balrog" fade into the night, you wave the stuffed animal in the air (to get everyone's attention), then in your loudest squeak, announce your request. While the rest of the room shuffles through their songbooks to find your request, pass the stuffed animal to the creature to your left .
3. You can hug the stuffed critter while you psych yourself up to perform. When the rest of the room is finished bashing the balrog, wave the stuffed animal to get everyone's attention. When you have their attention, PASS the stuffed critter to the creature on your left and do your stuff!

This is the room for those of you who enjoy sing-alongs and listener-participation.

We would like to thank Friends of Filk for sponsoring the attendance of Meg Davis at Westercon 43. Meg is a folksinger from the alternate universe of Ohio. currently living in Glasgow, Scotland. She writes and arranges much of her own material. Her music has been described as Celtic Fantasy. It has also been described as Simply Wonderful. Her latest album, *The Music of Wonderland* was recorded in Wales for The Rabbit Hole (a branch of the Lewis Carroll Society). We hope you will be able to attend her concert performance. We know you'll enjoy hearing Meg sing!

On a more mundane note (B-flat), Friends of Filk will also be providing a photocopy machine for the evening People's Choice song circles.

For more specific information about our universe, see your Westercon 43 pocket program. Enjoy your stay.

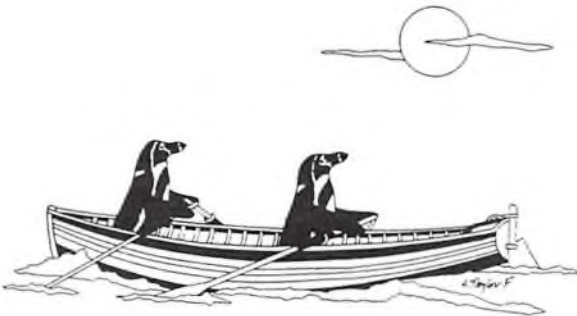
OFFICE

The Westercon Office is where you find information about the convention functions. It serves as the communication center for issues requiring interaction with the Convention Committee. The Office, located in the Crown Zellerbach room in the Jantzen Beach Hotel, next door to Registration, will be staffed during the hours the Convention is open. In the Office you'll find sign-up centers for Volunteers, masquerade, trivia contest, and other activities, child care tickets, latenight registration, lost and found, a drop-box for items to go into the Daily Zine (at the Editor's whim, of course) and in-boxes for Committee members.

TRIVIA CONTEST

Welcome to the Westercon Trivia Contest! This Westercon, the trivia contest will be run using a modified Jeopardy format, with 6 categories and 5 levels of difficulty for each category.

Two prizes will be awarded, one to the overall winner of the contest, and the other to the contestant who gives the most *interesting* answers to the questions. (In other words, if you don't know the answer, fake it!) The preliminary rounds will be held on Friday (4:00 p.m.-6:00 p.m.) in the Yakima Room[CR] and the Finals will be held on Saturday (3:00 p.m.-4:00 p.m.), also in the Yakima Room[CR]. This will be individual competition, so all of you who fervently dreamed of entering a trivia contest, but couldn't get a team together, come on down and vie for the title of The Most Trivial Person at Westercon. See you there!



VIDEO

The Westercon Video Program runs Thursday through Sunday in both hotels. Video is available on 2 channels in each hotel, for a total of 4 channels. Each hotel room will get the 2 channels for that hotel, and the hotel's channels are also available in viewing rooms in each hotel. The rooms are:

Jantzen Beach: Overton Room
 Pettygrove Room

Columbia River: Nehalem Room
 Santiam Room

Check the pocket program for the Video schedule.



WRITERS WORKSHOP

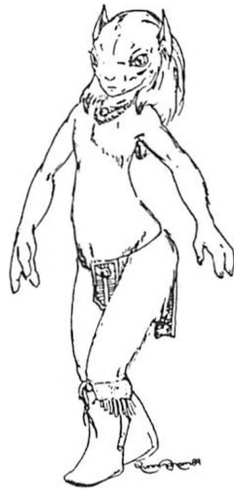
The writing workshop at WesterCon 43 is one of the best bargains in fandom. For the price of an advance manuscript and some photocopying, participants will have their short story, novel proposal and first chapter or their poetry critiqued by three professional and two of their amateur peers in a two hour session. A similar service in the mundane world is extremely expensive and we can only offer it here for no extra charge because a large group of writing professionals in the genres of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror are generous enough to donate their expertise in this capacity to the members of the convention. The professionals who have agreed to lend their support to beginning writers at WesterCon 43 include:

Kevin Anderson
 Mary Caraker
 G. C. Edmondson
 Elton Elliott
 Janet Gluckman
 George Guthridge
 George W. Harper
 Nina Kiriki Hoffman
 Jerrie Hurd
 Katherine Kerr
 Paula Downing King

Mary Kirchoff
 Catherine McGuire
 Vonda McIntyre
 Gary W. Shockley
 Tera Mitchell
 Claudia O'Keefe
 Steve Perry
 Alis Rasmussen
 Kristine Katherine Rusch
 Michael Scanlon
 Adrienne Martine-Barnes

Dean W. Smith
 Stephanie Smith
 Sara Stamey
 Bruce Taylor
 Chuq Von Rospach
 Chris Weber
 Lori Ann White
 Kathleen Woodbury

Unfortunately, for those of you who are reading about this wonderful opportunity for the first time, it's already too late for you to participate. All manuscripts had to be received before the convention opened so that participants would have ample time to read them before commenting. We're sorry you missed this chance and recommend that you attend some of the panels that refer to creating fiction available during the regular programming. Many of the professionals mentioned above, as well as several others, provide valuable tips on creating and improving fiction, and helpful hints on how to market manuscripts.



PHOENIX 1992 WESTERCON BID

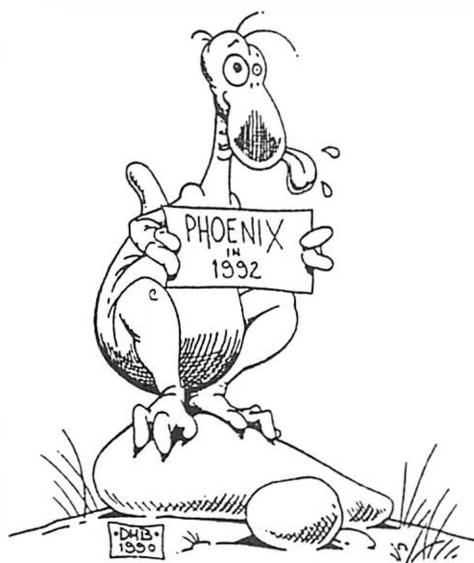
You've seen the **ad** —
now here's your chance to vote.

The crew who brought you the 1982 WesterCon, 1987 NASFiC, 1988 SMOFCon, 1990 Contact, plus ten annual CopperCons are falling all over themselves to do another **WesterCon**.

Who? The sponsoring organization is CASFS, our local non-profit corporation. Chair is Bruce Farr and Treasurer is Margaret Grady. Both are experienced in all facets of conventions and look good in **leather**.

The facilities are the same as those used for the 1982 WesterCon... the **Phoenix Adams Hilton Sheraton**.

Be sure to visit the bid **parties** during this year's WesterCon!
It's up to you to try to find **ours**.



WESTERCON BUSINESS

SITE SELECTION

The Site Selection table will be open on Thursday, July 5, 1990 from noon to 6:00 p.m., and on Friday, July 6, 1990 from 2:00 p.m. until 10:00 p.m.. The results of the voting will be announced at the Business Meeting on Saturday, July 6, in accordance with the Bylaws of Westercon.

BUSINESS MEETING

The Westercon Business meeting will be held Saturday, July 7, 1990. Check the pocket program for location and time. If you have items of business that you plan to introduce at the meeting, Please bring them to the Office by 6:00 p.m. on Friday, so that copies can be produced for distributing at the meeting the next day.

BYLAWS OF THE WEST COAST SCIENCE FANTASY CONFERENCE (WESTERCON)

- I. It is now traditional (but not obligatory) that the West Coast Science Fantasy Conference (Westercon) shall take place over the July 4th holiday weekend.
- II. It is now traditional (but not obligatory) that Westercon Guest of Honor and other notables be selected from among SF personalities residing within the Westercon geographic area.
- III. The Westercon Committee shall have the right to limit activities of attendees, either individually or in groups, insofar as such activities endanger, physically or legally, other persons or their property. Such limitations may include, but are not limited to, closing down parties, ejecting persons from the conference, or turning offenders over to other authorities. No refund of membership money need be given in such circumstances.
- IV. All committees shall issue name badges, with those for pre-registered members having the names displayed in no less than 24 point bold type. Badges shall contain a unique membership number assigned by the current conference, which shall be used in Article

Westercon 43

VII.C.10.b.2. In case of transfer, the old membership number shall be noted, both on the badge and on registration information used for site selection voting administration.

- V. No regular session of the Westercon Business Meeting shall be scheduled to start at a time earlier than noon, nor later than 2:00 p.m., nor on the last day of the conference. A special meeting, at which site selection shall be the sole business which is in order, may be scheduled on the last day of the convention, starting no earlier than noon nor later than 2:00 p.m. Site selection business is also in order at any regular session of the Business Meeting. Site selection business shall consist of announcement of a winner, if one is produced by balloting, or a site selection resolution, as defined in VII.C.11 below. The quorum for a special site selection meeting shall be those members who attend the meeting.
- VI. For business other than site selection voting, a quorum of 25 members of the current conference shall be required. All those voting at the Business Meeting must be members of the current conference. Except as noted herein, all business requires a simple majority to pass.

VII. Westercon Site Selection Procedures

- A. Eligibility of Bids: Any site on the North American Continent west of the 104th meridian, or in Hawaii, shall be eligible to be the location of a Westercon, subject to the following restrictions.
1. Only those sites north of 37° N latitude are eligible in odd-numbered years, and only sites south of that latitude are eligible in even-numbered years. If no bids qualified under VII.A.2 from the eligible subregion are filed by January 1 of the year of voting, then all sites in the region defined in the introductory paragraph of VII are eligible. However, no site within 75 miles of the administering convention shall be eligible, except when allowed under Article VII.A.3.
 2. To be eligible, a Westercon Bid must have:
 - a. at least two (2) persons declaring themselves Chairman and Treasurer
 - b. a letter of intent or option from a hotel or other facility declaring specific dates for the conference
 3. If not site selection bids are qualified for the mail ballot (see Section VII.C.3), the provisions of Section VII shall be

suspended and all sites defined in Section VII's introductory paragraph shall be eligible.

B. Eligibility of voters

1. Site selection voting is limited to those who are Full Attending or Supporting members of the Westercon at which voting is taking place, and who have paid a voting fee toward their membership in the Conference being selected. One-day members may vote at the unanimous agreement of all bidding committees.
2. All bidders listed on the ballot and the administering conference shall seek unanimous agreement on a voting fee. If agreement shall not be reached, then the default fee shall be fifteen dollars US (\$15), or the local equivalent.
3. The payment of a voting fee shall make the voter at least a full supporting member of the Conference being voted upon, and may make the voter a full attending member, depending on the policy of the winner.

C. Voting Procedures

1. LASFS, The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc., shall prepare a prototype form for the Site Selection Ballot and Instructions on how to fill it out, and provide these to the current Westercon committee. Upon receipt of these items, the current Westercon committee shall complete the ballot by filling in the information about the current bid committees, the voting fee and the return address, and shall be responsible for publication and distribution. The provision shall be made at the same time the Bylaws are provided to the current committee.
2. The Ballot and full rules for site selection, including times, the deadline for voting and the location of voting, shall be given to all Westercon attendees upon registration at the Conference, or shall be prominently posted at registration at all times.
3. The ballot shall include all eligible bids which have been filed in writing by the April 15th preceding the voter. It shall also include entries for "No Preference" and "None of the Above", and shall have a space for a write-in vote.
4. "None of the Above" shall be treated as a bid, for the purposes of vote counting.
5. The Ballot shall be a secret ballot, specifically marked for

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preferential voting with an explanation of the method of tallying.

6. All on-site ballot sales and balloting shall be from one central location, under the supervision of the current committee.
7. Site selection shall be open for at least four (4) hours between the hours of 6:00 p.m. and midnight on the evening before the meeting at which site selection business shall be scheduled.
8. Mail ballots shall be mailed on or before the May 10th preceding the voting to all members of record as of one week prior to the date of mailing. All mail ballots received by the committee prior to June 20th shall be counted.
9. Each bid shall have 15 minutes of scheduled conference program time, on the first full day of Westercon, to make a bidding presentation.
10. Vote Counting
 - a. One (1) individual equals one (1) membership equals one (1) vote. Corporations and Associations may purchase voting memberships, but must cast them as "No Preference". A "guest of" membership must have been transferred to a specific person prior to casting the vote.
 - b. Properly completed ballots shall contain:
 - (1) the member's printed name
 - (2) the member's membership ID as assigned by the current conference
 - (3) the member's dated signature
 - (4) the member's address of record with the current conference
 - (5) the member's new address (if different from the address of record)
 - (6) the member's votes as defined in d below.
 - c. Verification of Ballots shall consist of matching items 1, 2 and 4 of b above with the current conference records.
 - d. All ballots received by the committee prior to June 20th, and any other received by mail which may be counted, shall be held until after the opening of the convention, after which they shall be verified by the

committee and the bidders. The count shall be by preferential ballot. The successful bid shall be the one which gains a majority of those votes which express a preference for a bid. This includes all votes for a specific bid or for "None of the Above", and excludes "No Preference" and ballots which are blank or invalid. Only properly completed ballots shall be counted.

- e. All vote totals of final results and of all intermediate counts shall be made available at or before the closing ceremony.
11. Should no bid gain the needed majority, or should there be no qualified bidding committee, or should "None of the Above" win, a 3/4 majority of the Conference Business Meeting may award the conference to any bid, and a simple majority may decide that they are unable to decide. Should the meeting not reach a decision, it shall be the responsibility of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc. Board of Directors to arrange for the Westercon Site Selection. This selection shall be made within six (6) weeks of the Standing Business Meeting. A Westercon site selected by this procedure shall not be restricted by any of this section, save the main body of section A above and shall not affect the selection of any subsequent Westercon. However, if "None of the Above" is voted by the membership, then none of the bids which were on the ballot shall be chosen.

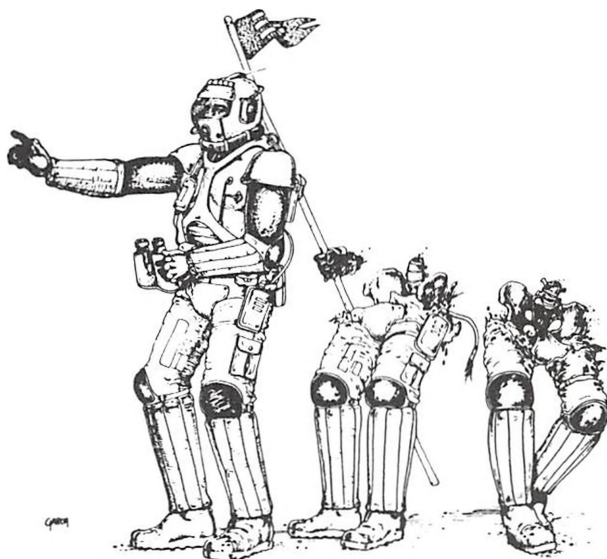
VIII. Procedure for Amendment of these Bylaws

- A. Amendments must be ratified by the majority vote of the Westercon Business Meetings in two consecutive years, or by a 2/3 vote of one meeting.
 - 1. The secretary of the meeting at which the proposed amendment receives primary (first year) ratification shall submit an exact copy of the amendment to the following year's Westercon Business Meeting.
- B. Proposed amendments shall be read in full by the chair or his designate immediately before being voted upon.
- C. The question of secondary ratification is debatable but not amendable.
- D. Unless otherwise provided, amendments shall take effect on

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January 1st of the year after they receive final passage. Operating rules shall not be changed for the upcoming Westercon by the interim Business Meeting. Rules regarding Eligibility and Voting Procedures for Site Selection are not considered to be Operating Rules.

- IX. The Los Angeles Science Fiction Society, Inc. shall act as an archive to the Westercon Bylaws and Minutes. Westercon shall reimburse the LASFS for only the copying and forwarding costs of requests for copies of the Bylaws and/or Minutes. A copy of the minutes and motions passed by the Business Meeting shall be sent within 2 months to the LASFS. The LASFS shall keep the Bylaws up to date. The selected committee for each year shall be supplied by the LASFS with one (1) copy of the then current Bylaws within 2 months. The committee shall then provide duplicate copies of the Bylaws to all current bidding committees.
- X. The Bylaws of the West Coast Science Fantasy Conference, as well as the complete text of any amendment awaiting secondary ratification, shall be published in at least one (1) Progress Report and in the Program Book of the current conference every year. Failure by the convention committee to publish this information shall not affect the procedure to amend the bylaws as stated in Article VII.
- XI. Each member of the conference, by use of his or her membership, agrees to abide by these bylaws.



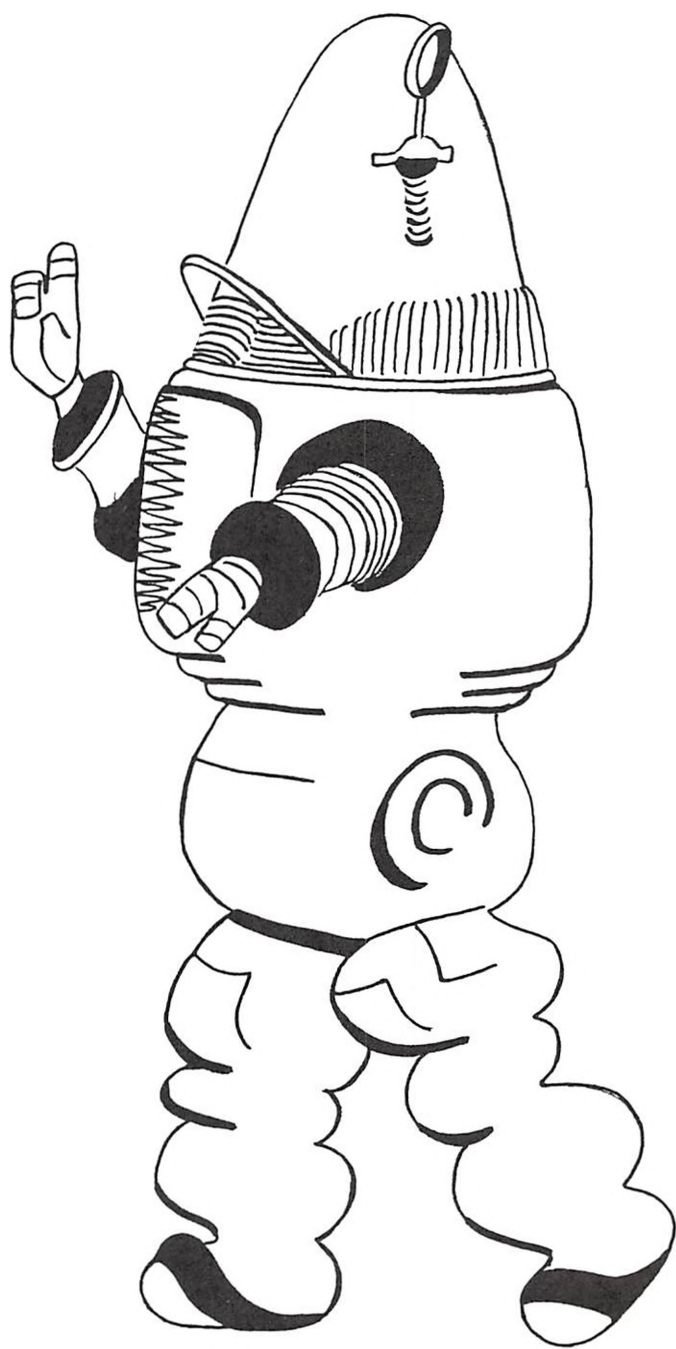
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a mere \$15 you'll get
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attending membership!



WESTERCON HISTORY

	Date, Name	City	Hotel	GoH(s)	Chair (s), Support Org.
1	9/05/48	Los Angeles	Park View Manor	---	E. Everett Evans LASFS
2	10/02/49	Los Angeles	Knights of Pythias Hall	---	Walter J. Daugherty LASFS
3	6/18/50	Los Angeles	Knights of Pythias Hall	Dr. Robert S. Richardsons	Freddie Hershey Outlanders
4	6/29-7/1/51	San Francisco	California Hall (etc.)	George Pal	Little Men Tom Quinn (a)
5	6/28-29/52 (SouthwesterCon)	San Diego	U. S. Grant Hotel	Ray Bradbury	Roger Nelson William F. Nolan
6	5/30-31/53	Los Angeles	Hotel Commodore	Gerald Heard	E. Everett Evans LASFS
7	9/3-4/54(b) (S F Con)	San Francisco	Sir Francis Drake Hotel	Jack Williamson	J. Ben Stark
8	7/3-4/55	Los Angeles	Hotel Commodore	Mel Hunter	Lew Kovner Cheslen Donovan Foundation
9	6/30-7/1/56	Oakland	Hotel Leamington	Richard Matheson	Marilyn Tulley
10	7/4-7/57	Hollywood	Hotel Knicker- bocker	Mark Clifton	Lew Kovner, Cheslen Donovan / Foundation, LASFS
11	9/1/58 (b) (Solacon)	Los Angeles	Alexandria Hotel	Richard Matheson (b)	Anna S. Moffat Outlanders
12	7/3-5/59	Seattle	Moore House	Alan E. Nourse	F. M. Busby Nameless Ones
13	7/2-4/60 (BoyCon)	Boise	Owyhee Hotel	Rog Phillips	Guy & Diane Terwilliger
14	7/1-2/61 (Baycon)	Oakland	Hotel Leamington	Fritz Leiber (Pro) Dick Spear (Fan)	Honey Woods GGFS
15	6/30-7/1/62	Los Angeles	Hotel Alexandria	Jack Vance (Pro)	Albert J. Lewis LASFS
16	7/4-7/63	Burlingame	Hyatt House Hotel	Kris Neville (Pro) F. M. & Elinor Busby (Fan)	Al haLevy Little Men, GGFS
17	9/4/64 (b) (PacificCon II)	Oakland	Hotel Leamington	Leigh Brackett (Pro) Forrest J. Ackerman (Fan)	Edmond Hamilton, Al haLevy, J. Ben Stark

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WESTERCON HISTORY (Continued)

Date, Name	City	Hotel	GoH(s)	Chair (s), Support Org.
18 73-5/65	Long Beach	Edgewater Inn	Frank Herbert (Pro) Anthony Boucher (Fan)	Steve Tolliver, John Trimble
19 7/1-4/66	San Diego	Stardust Motor Hotel & Country Club	Harlan Ellison (Pro) John & Bjo Trimble (Fan)	Dennis N. Smith
20 7/1-4/67	Los Angeles	Sheraton-West West Hotel	Marion Zimmer Bradley (Pro) Lon Atkins (Fan)	Brandon Lamont (c)
21 9/1/68 (b) (Baycon)	Berkeley	Hotel Claremont	Philip Jose Farmer (Pro), Walter J. Daugherty (Fan)	Bill Donaho Alva Rogers, J. Ben Stark
22 7/3-6/69 (FUNCon II)	Santa Monica	Miramar Hotel	Randall Garrett (Pro) Roy Tackett (Fan)	Chuck Crayne, Bruce Pelz Confusion
23 7/2-5/70	Santa Barbara	Francisco Torres	Jack Williamson (Pro) Rick Sneary (Fan)	John & Bjo Trimble
24 7/1-5/71 (SFCON '71)	San Francisco	Hilton Inn	Avram Davidson (Pro) Don Simpson (Fan)	Jerry Jacks Sampo Productions
25 6/30-7/4/72(e)	Long Beach	Edgewater Hyatt House	Lloyd Biggle, Jr. (Pro) Len Moffatt (Fan)	Dave Hulan
26 6/30-7/4/73 (SFCon '73)	San Francisco	St. Francis Hotel	Larry Niven (Pro) George Barr (Fan) James Nelson Coleman (Special)	Jerry Jacks Sampo Productions
27 7/3-7/74	Santa Barbara	Francisco Torres	Philip K. Dick (d) (Pro) Charles Burbee (Fan)	Fred Patten
28 7/3-6/75 (OakLACon I)	Oakland	Leamington Hotel	David Gerrold (Pro) Charlie & Dena Brown (Fan) Ian & Betty Ballatine (Special)	Lois Newman, Craig Miller
29 7/2-5/76	Los Angeles	Hyatt House Hotel	Horace L. Gold (Pro) Gregg Calkins (Fan)	Bruce Pelz
30 7/1-4/77	Vancouver	Totem Park Residence (University of British Columbia)	Damon Knight (Pro) Frank Denton (Fan) Kate Wilhelm (Special)	Fran Skene BCSFA
31 6/30-7/4/78 (Westercon)	Los Angeles	Marriott Hotel	Poul Anderson (Pro) Don C. Thompson (Fan)	Ed Finkelstein, Mike Glyer

WESTERCON HISTORY (Continued)

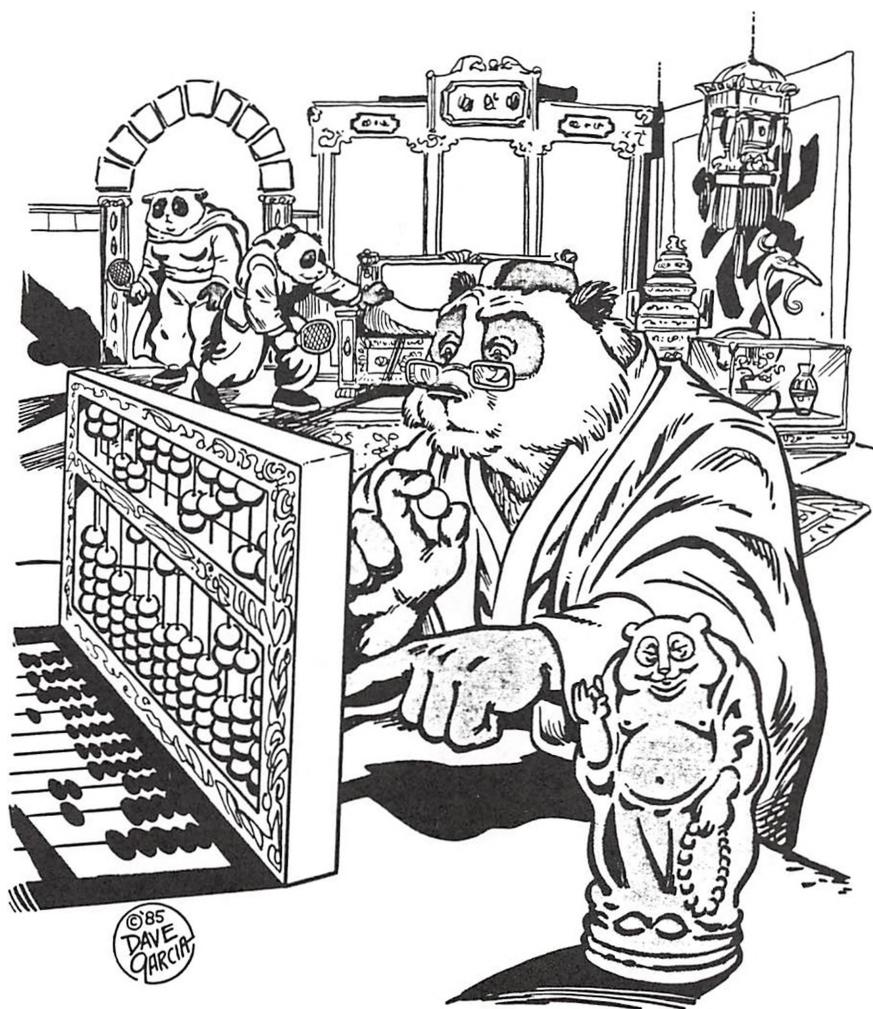
Date, Name	City	Hotel	GoH(s)	Chair (s), Support Org.
32 7/4-8/79	San Francisco	Sheraton Palace Hotel	Richard Lupoff (Pro) Bruce Pelz (Fan) Sherry Gottlieb (Special)	Jerry Jacks
33 7/3-6/80	Los Angeles	Hyatt House	Roger Zelazny (Pro) Bob Vardeman (Fan)	Milt Stevens
34 7/2-5/81	Sacramento	Red Lion	C. J. Cherryh(Pro) Grant Canfield (Fan)	Michael Garrels
35 7/2-5/82	Phoenix	Phoenix Hilton	Gordon R. Dickson (Pro) Fran Skene(Fan) Robert Asprin (Special)	Randy Rau CASFS
36 7/1-4/83	San Jose	Red Lion	Phil Klass (Pro) Alicia Austin (Art) Tom Whitmore (Fan)	Lee Forgue
37 6/29-7/3/84	Portland	Marriott Hotel	Harlan Ellison (Pro) F.M.&Elinor Busby (Fan), Alex Schomberg (Artist)	Steve Berry, Pam Davis, Bryce Walden OSFCI
38 7/3-7/85	Sacramento	Red Lion Inn	James P. Hogan (Pro) Paula Christ (Fan)	Michael Gerrels
39 7/3-6/86	San Diego	Town & Country Hotel	David Brin (Pro) Karen Turner (Fan)	Gail Hanrahan, Mitchell Walker, Curtis White
40 7/2-5/87 (Episode XXXX)	Oakland	Oakland Hyatt Regency & Convention Center	Gergory Benford (Pro) Aubrey MacDermott (Fan), Lela Dowling, Ken Macklin (Artist)	Lisa Deutsch-Harrigan
41 7/1-4/88	Phoenix	Hyatt Regency, Sheraton Phoenix	Robert Silverberg (Pro) Craig Miller (Fan) Real Musgrave (Artist)	Terry Gish
42 6/30-7/4/89 (Consauros)	Anaheim	Marriott Hotel	John Varley (Pro) Arthur Halavaty (Fan)	Lex Nakashima S.C.I.F.I.
43 7/5-8/90	Portland	Red Lions Jantzen Beach & Columbia River	Ursula K. Le Guin, Vonda N. McIntyre, Kate Wilhelm (Pro) Art Widner (Fan)	John Lorentz, Patty Wells OSFCI
44 7/4-7/90	Vancouver	Gage Residence (University of British Columbia)	William Gibson, C.J. Cherryh (Pro) Jerry Kaufman, Suzanne Tompkins (Fan) Warren Oddsson (Artist)	Terry Fowler WCSFCCA

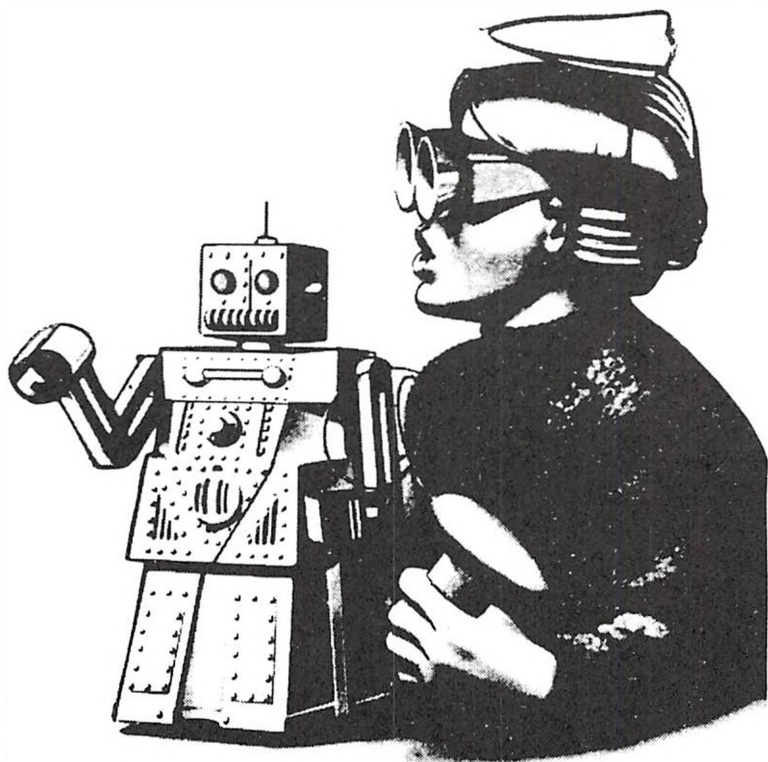
WESTERCON HISTORY (Continued)

Notes:

- (a) Replaced Stewart Metchette as Chairman
- (b) Combined with the World Science Fiction Convention, sharing names, Guests of Honor and Chairs. One day was usually designated as Westercon (Chair and Guest of Honor) day.
- (c) Replaced Ted Johnstone as Chairman
- (d) Did not attend
- (e) Mythcon combined with Westercon that year







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PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

DUANE ACKERSON

Duane Ackerson edited an early collection of speculative poetry, *Rocket Candy* (1977), which was also the last issue of a magazine *The Dragonfly*, which he edited for eight years. His poetry and fiction have appeared in *Rolling Stone*, *Vertex*, *Northwest Review*, and *Prairie Schooner*, and such anthologies as *Best SF: 74*, *Future Pastimes*, *100 Great Science Fiction Short Stories*, *Alternatives*, *Science Fiction Poetry*, *Imperial Messages* and the upcoming *Burning With a Vision*.

JOHN ALVAREZ

John Alvarez is a freelance illustrator and graphic artist working out of the Portland area. His work has appeared in *Horror Show* magazine and on the cover of *Pulphouse*. In 1984 John cofounded the Steel Eagle agency with Lita R. Smith-Gharet. John is currently working on illustrating promotion material for heavy metal bands, and on interior graphics for mundane how-to books.

CLIFTON AMSBURY

1914: Learned to read from *Swiss Family Robinson*, the pre-space-travel equivalent of *Marooned in Space*.

1919: Discovered *Gernsback Electrical Experimenter* with scientification features.

1919 to 1926: Discovered scientification in *Argosy All-Story*, *Blue Book*, *Weird Tales*, and finally, *Amazing Stories*.

1928: Recruited by Aubrey MacDermott for first local fan club.

1929: Recruited by Ray Palmer for first international scientification fan organization.

1939: In New York on other business, read about first "Convention" next day in newspapers.

Member of: American Anthropological Association, AAAS, First Fandom, Veterans of Abraham Lincoln Brigade, SFOHA.

KEVIN J. ANDERSON

Kevin J. Anderson's first novel, *Resurrection, Inc.*—a cross between Science Fiction, murder mystery, and Gothic Horror—was published in July 1988 by Signet and was nominated for the Bram Stoker Award that year. He recently completed a Fantasy trilogy, *Gamearth*, *Gameplay*, and *Game's End*, which he compares to "Jules Verne and Dr. Frankenstein playing a game of Dungeons & Dragons." Kevin has also sold three hard-SF thrillers coauthored with physicist and novelist Doug Beason; the first, *Lifeline*, will be released from Bantam in December. He has also collaborated on a dark Fantasy novel, *Afterimage*, with Kristine Kathryn Rusch. Kevin has also sold numerous short stories, articles, and reviews to various magazines, including *F&SF*, *Amazing*, *The Year's Best Fantasy Stories: 13*, *New Destinies*, *Full Spectrum*, *Astronomy*, *Dragon*, *The Horror Show*, and many others.

KIM ANTIEAU

Kim Antieau's work has appeared in numerous magazines and anthologies, including *F&SF*, *Asimov's*, *Shadows*, *Year's Best Fantasy Stories*, and *Pulphouse*. She is currently working on an SF novel, *Ruins*, and reworking several *Grimm's Fairy Tales* into modern stories of magical realism.

MICHAEL ALLAN ARMSTRONG

Michael Allan Armstrong — Born in Virginia and raised in Florida, Michael has lived in Alaska since 1979. He received an MFA from the University of Alaska Anchorage and a BA from New College in Florida; he also attended the 1975 Clarion Writers Workshop. A finalist for the Compton Crook award for the best first novel of 1987, his *After the Zap* has been described by Ed Bryant as "an incredibly manic after-the-bomb tale." Michael's latest novel, *Agviq; Or, The Whale*, has just been published by Popular Library — Questar Books. Based on "Going After Arviq" (originally published in Janet Morris' *Afterwar*), Whitley Streiber calls *Agviq* "an extraordinary book...so deeply understood, so powerfully felt, that it left me staring off into frozen Arctic space, silenced by the immensity and terrible beauty of the concept." Michael has also published in *F&SF* and several of the *Heroes in Hell* anthologies. An adjunct instructor in English and dog mushing, Michael also periodically works as a field archaeologist, and has discovered several ancient Eskimo sites in northwestern Alaska.

STEVEN BARNES

Steven Barnes is the author of nine novels, including *Streetlethal*, *The Kundalini Equation*, *Gorgon Child*, *Dream Park* and *The Barsoom Project* (with Larry Niven), and *The Legacy of Heorot* (with Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle), and numerous short stories and teleplays (including "To See The Invisible Man" and others for the 1985 Twilight Zone series). He's also an avid Martial Artist, holding belts and Instructor certificates in a wide variety of disciplines. He lives in Los Angeles with his wife Toni, his daughter Lauren, two dogs, a cat, and a houseful of tame, invisible tyrannosaurs. Caveat Burglar.

DONNA BARR

Donna Barr does "Comic" books. Like *The Desert Peach* and *Stinz*. She also does musicals. *The Desert Peach, the musical*, written in collaboration with T. Brian Wagner and the inimitable Mike Seyfrit, composer is being submitted to producers even now. *Hader and the Colonel* is in negotiation. She thinks she has finally overloaded herself.

ASTRID ANDERSON BEAR

Astrid Anderson Bear has been costuming since 1969, and has won prizes at WorldCons, NASFiCs, Westercon, ComicCon, and other, smaller, conventions. She is currently busy thinking up outrageously cute kid's costume for her son, Erik, now three years old, and her six-month-old daughter.

GREG BEAR

Greg Bear was born in San Diego into a Navy family, and traveled extensively as a child. He began writing when he was 9, and sold his first story to Robert Lowndes Famous Science Fiction when he was 15. He has been published regularly since the age of 23. His novels include *Hegira*, *The Infinity Concerto*, *Eon*, *Blood Music*, *The Forge of God*, and *The Serpent Mage*. Greg has won both the Hugo and Nebula awards for his writing. Greg is also an illustrator, and his work has appeared in *Galaxy*, *F&SF*, and *Vertex*, and on hardback and paperback book covers. Greg and his wife Astrid have been active in SFWA. Greg is father to a son and a daughter.

DOUG BEASON

Doug Beason holds a Ph.D. in physics and heads up a plasma physics laboratory in Albuquerque. He is an active member of SFWA. His short fiction has appeared in *Amazing*, *Analog*, *New Destinies*, *There Will Be War*, *Pulphouse*, *Endless Frontiers*, *Full Spectrum* and several other SF magazines. He has written several 'techno-thriller' novels published by Pocket Books, and he and Kevin J. Anderson are under contract with Bantam for three SF novels. The first, *Lifeline*, is due out December, 1990.

STEVEN BRYAN BIELER

Steven Bryan Bieler's stories and satires have appeared in *Asimov's*, *Clinton Street Quarterly*, *Pulphouse*, *Seattle Review*, *The Seattle Times*, and *Unearth*, and in the anthologies *Full Spectrum*, *Heroic Visions*, and *New Dimensions*. In an alternative universe he is the copy editor of the *Seattle Weekly*.

BETTY BIGELOW

Betty Bigelow is an award-winning Science Fiction costumer and artist from Seattle. She was Fan Guest of Honor at RustyCon in 1988. She is a professional belly dancer and is also a Baroness in the Society for Creative Anachronism.

CHARLES N. BROWN

Charles Brown is the editor and publisher of *Locus*, the newspaper of the Science Fiction field. *Locus* has won ten Hugos for Best Fanzine.

EDWARD BRYANT

Edward Bryant's space opera collection, *Neon Twilight*, came out from Pulphouse Publishing's Author's Choice Monthly in April. His story of zombie romance and lunch "A Sad Last Love at the Diner of the Damned," made the HWA final ballot for a Bram Stoker Award. He's still reviewing books for *Lucus* and *Mile High Futures*, writing Wild Cards stories, and pursuing a feature film project with Dan Simmons.

GINJER BUCHANAN

Ginjer Buchanan was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania long enough ago to remember the invention of television. In the late 1960's, she discovered Fandom, and became a Founding Mother of the Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Society. She later moved to New York City, where she made her living for over a dozen years as a social worker. During

this time, she also worked as a freelancer for various SF publishers, so she was prepared for a Mid-Life Career Change when, in 1984, she was offered a job as an editor at ACE Books. She accepted *immediately*. She was promoted to Senior Editor in 1987.

ALGIS BUDRYS

Algis Budrys is the author of over 200 pieces of fiction, including the novels *Michaelmas*, *Rogue Moon*, *The Falling Torch*, *Some Will Not Die* and *Who?* He has held several editorial positions in the SF field, has taught at Clarion, reviewed books for *F&SF* and operated an advertising agency and a consulting firm.

ELINOR BUSBY

Elinor Busby has credits both as a fan and pro, but considerably more of the former. She was one of the editors when *Cry* won the Hugo Award for 1959, and was on the 1961 Worldcon Committee. She has been a Fan Guest of Honor at two Westercons and a Noncon, and was a Party Guest at a Rain Convention. She is a member of five apas.

F. M. BUSBY

F. M. Busby lives in Seattle with his wife Elinor and their cat Ivan who is Terrible, yet beloved. His SF novels include eight in the universe of Rissa Kerguelen and Bran Tregare, *The Demu Trilogy* in Barton's universe, *All These Earths* in the multiple universes revealed by the story's Skip Drive, and *The Breeds of Man* in a possible near-future variant of our very own cosmos. His three dozen or so shorter works, twenty of which appear in his story collection *Getting Home*, are not readily classifiable. Upcoming from Bantam is his novel *Slow Freight* set not too far in our own future, as is *The Detweiler Project*, currently out to market. In progress is *The Far Islands*, of which the author says only, "It's different." he always says that...

ARMAND CABRERA

Armand Cabrera entered his first convention art show in 1981 and sold his first cover 3 years ago. Since then, he's done illustrations for St. Martin's Press, National Space Society, and Marion Zimmer Bradley's *Fantasy Magazine*.

BEN CAMACHO

Ben Camacho has been participating in cons for 15 years, and in costuming for 10. His specialties are fake fur and latex costumes, ranging from feline aliens to huge teddy bears. In real life, Ben works for Dicta-

Westercon 43

phone as a field service representative. He lives in Fresno with his wife, Kim, two housemates, two dogs, two rats, and a roomful of alter egos.

MARY CARAKER

Mary Caraker has written the novels *Seven Worlds*, *Watersong*, and *The Snows of Jaspre*, as well as a variety of short fiction. She lives in San Francisco and in Clatskanie, Oregon.

FRANK CATALANO

Frank Catalano is Special Projects Supervisor in the marketing department of Egghead Discount Software. He develops and oversees publications for Egghead's corporate and retail customers, as well as projects in broadcasting, online computer services, and multimedia. Catalano has written extensively for SF, science, and computer publications. His articles, columns, book review, and fiction have appeared in *Omni*, the *Seattle Times*, *F & SF*, *Analogue*, *Amazing*, *Writer's Digest*, *MacWEEK*, *MacGuide*, and other places.

SUZY MCKEE CHARNAS

Suzy McKee Charnas is the author of *Walk to the End of the World*, *Motherlines* and *The Vampire Tapestry*. Her stories have appeared in *Omni* and *Algol*. She won a Nebula for *The Unicorn Tapestry*, best Novella of 1980. Her story "Boobs" has just been nominated for a Hugo.

JO CLAYTON

Jo Clayton was born in Modesto CA in a hospital they tore down soon after. she was raised on a sandhill that shook whenever the San Andreas fault hiccuped. She learned the perversity of nature from cows, and from a pinto named Chief with a propensity for charging through barbed-wire fences. She taught in assorted inner cities, and quit after 13 years on just the right side of sanity ("though I'm not too sure any longer what side that is"). She published her first book, *Diadem from the Stars*, in 1977. Her most recent book, *Shadowplay*, was released in April 1990.

DEBRA GRAY COOK

Debra Gray Cook is the Managing Editor of *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*. She is also the Editor of Letters to *Pulphouse* and Associate Editor to *The Report* magazine. She lives in Eugene, Oregon with her two cats.

JOHN G. CRAMER

John G. Cramer's first novel *Twistor*, a near-future hard SF novel with a Seattle setting, was published in hardcover by Wm. Morrow & Co. in March, 1989 and is scheduled for paperback publication by Avon in November, 1990. Since 1984 John has written the bi-monthly science column, "The Alternate View," for *Analog* and recently completed his 41st column. He also reviews SF books for the *Los Angeles Times* and the *NY Review of Science Fiction*. John is Professor of Physics and form director of the Nuclear Physics Laboratory at the University of Washington in Seattle. In addition to writing and teaching, he does research in nuclear physics, astrophysics, and the foundations of quantum mechanics.

PAULINE CRAMER

Pauline Cramer is a system safety engineer with Boeing Aerospace and Electronics where she is working in the missile systems division on the Peacekeeper Rail Garrison program. Her background is in history and psychology. Her husband, John, is a Physicist and SF author. Her daughter Kathryn, an editor and anthologist, won a 1988 World Fantasy Award for the original anthology, *The Architecture of Fear*.

DEBBIE CROSS

Debbie Cross is part owner of Wrigley/Cross Books, coadminstrator of the Susan C. Petrey Clarion Scholarship Fund and has been working on Oregon conventions for 12 years. She's been collecting R. L. Fanthorpe books for years, and has just recently realized that other people are amused by his works, too.

CTEIN

When this photographer and computer wizard grows up, he wants to be a dilettante.

LON CUDY

Lon Cudy studied music at Portland Community College and Marylhurst College. He specializes in composing and engineering music, with an emphasis on science Fantasy. He has composed original music for OMSI's Kendall Planetarium, Oregon Research Institute, Regulatory Management Incorporated, and Portland Community College.

JOHN DALMAS

JOHN DALMAS - broke into SF with a novel, *The Yngling* (*Analog*, 1969; Pyramid, 1971, 1977; and Tor, 1984). From 1971 to 1982 he wrote little fiction and sold none of it. Since 1983 he's had 14 more novels published, the latest being *The White Regiment*. His short fiction has appeared in *Analog*, *The Saint*, *F & SF*, *Far Frontiers*, *1985 Annual World's Best SF*, *The Science Fiction Yearbook*, and *War World*.

HOWARD DAVIDSON

In addition to reading SF, Dr. Davidson sometimes gets to build it at work. He is trained as an experimental physicist, and has worked at electronics, supercomputers, and at a National Laboratory.

GARY DAVIS

Very early on Gary was fascinated with the arranging of lines on paper — or whatever would take them — to create illusions of form, shape, and texture. Later he was to learn that this was "art." Eventually he discovered Science Fiction and Fantasy. For years he tried to gain the attention of publishers, to no avail. So he published his own comic book, *The Starjongleur Collection*, which lasted two issues. He has since been published by Dark Horse Comics, resulting in *Paleolove*, *Anomaly*, *The Twilight of Langdarro*, *Delia & Celia*, *Warworld*, and in collaboration with Jerry Proser, Basil Wolverton's vintage comic, *Spacehawk*.

JOEL DAVIS

Joel Davis is a freelance science writer whose articles and news reports have appeared in nearly every major popular science magazine in America, including *Astronomy*, *Omni*, *Popular Mechanics*, and *Science Digest*. He is the author of *Endorphins: New Waves In Brain Chemistry* (Doubleday, 1984); *Flyby: The Interplanetary Odyssey of Voyager 2* (Atheneum, 1987); and co-author of *Mirror Matter: Pioneering Antimatter Physics* (Wiley, April 1988). He is currently writing two science books, one on immunology and the other on ecology and biospheres. In his spare time he serves as the Pacific Northwest publicity coordinator for SFWA

PATRICIA DAVIS

Patricia Davis is an obsessive painter of Science Fiction, Fantasy, astronomical, and visionary art. To relax, she writes cyberpunk fiction and reads everything she can get her hands on. This makes for a somewhat disorderly lifestyle, but her long-suffering husband, elderly cat,

snake, and two carnivorous frogs tolerate it pretty well. And then, too, she gets to attend a lot of nice, relaxing conventions where she works 8 hours a day over a hot dealer's table selling prints of her work and answering explain politely to fans why she does not do Fuzzy art, or nude sketches of Vincent or Data — at least not yet...according to her accountant, it's only a matter of time. At this convention she has dispensed with the dealer's table, and may be found in the Art Show or wandering around starry-eyed, trying to experience a con as a fan, for once. Be kind to her.

DIANNE DAWE

Dianne has been a fan artist & costumer for over 10 years. Her primary interest is costuming, having been involved in several "Best In Show" entries in Worldcons & Westercons. She is a partner in a custom wedding gown & costuming business.

RUSTY DAWE

Rusty has a BS in EE from Stanford and currently earns a living as a video game designer for Atari Games. He has been active in Fandom and costuming since 1978. In his spare time he enjoys making electronic special effects for costumes + props.

JOHN DE CAMP

Alias the Wizard of Beans Hill, is a one-time Portland, Oregon poet. He's now writing Science Fiction. He has had a story published in Cyn Mason's *Wet Visions* anthology, a poem published in *Asimov's*, and published a poetic Fantasy, *In the Shadow of Atlantis*. As usual, he is working on a book and trying to sell another.

RICHARD DUTCHER

Rich's Science Fiction life began at age 5 with reading pre-code comics. His Fannish life began with the original Baycon in 1968. He attended a good post-Sputnik high school followed by certification in history and finance at Stanford, and management and finance at Wharton. He currently works as a consultant for research and management planning.

LAURIE EDISON

Laurie Edison is a noted 3-D artist (jewelry and sculpture) who works in the medium of precious metals and stones. Laurie is also a knowledgeable SF and Mystery fan with a wealth of interesting insights.

G. C. EDMONDSON

"I grew up on a reservation. At 14 I discovered that oatmeal and breakfast were *not* synonymous, and concluded that nowhere else in the world could be any worse. Time and travel have demonstrated the fallacy of this, but we still spend 6 months of every year hunting the perfect climate. I've built and sailed boats, shod horses, fabricated black boxes for mad scientists, and ground out +/- 60 books. Exact records were trashed several years ago by a defective hard disk." G. C. Edmondson is currently collaborating with John Carr.

MARJII ELLERS

An avid reader of Science Fiction since 1926, Marjii Ellers found fandom through Forrest J. Ackerman. Marjii is a master costumer, creating illusions through costumes. She has directed small masquerades, written and distributed guides for costumers, judges, and directors, and championed the Everyday Wear for Alternate Worlds idea of hall costuming. At home, she reads, keeps house for her family, and practices ceramic tiling. She writes on costuming.

ELTON ELLIOTT

Elton Elliott is the Editor and Publisher of the newly-revived *Science Fiction Review*. He has had over 100 articles, reviews and poems published and is the co-author of four novels. He is currently at work on seven stories, a Horror novel, and a variety of publishing projects. He lives in Keizer, Oregon with his computer.

RU EMERSON

Ru Emerson grew up in Butte, Montana, and eventually wound up in Los Angeles for entirely too many years. She now lives on five hilly acres above Dallas, Oregon with Doug and a motley menagerie. Her novels include: *The Princess of Flames*, *The Tales of Nedao* trilogy, and *Spell Bound* (Ace Books). *The Princess of Flames* has been published in England and has been translated into Spanish; *Nedao* has also been published in England and has been translated into Italian. Works pending include the second novelization of the television series *Beauty and The Beast* (September, Avon) and the first volume of a new Fantasy series tentatively entitled *Night-Threads* (October, Ace). The short story "A Golden Net for Silver Fishes" appeared in the *Year's Best Fantasy for 1988* (Datlow & Windling, St. Martin's Press). She does a little of everything besides writing—from quilting to gardening to weights to gnarly 100-mile weeks on a mountain bike.

M. J. ENGH

M. J. Engh was born in a small town in southern Illinois and now lives in a small town in eastern Washington. In between she has lived in Florida, Chicago, Oklahoma, the Philippines and Japan. She is the author of *Arslan* and *Wheel of the Winds* as well as a children's book, *The House in the Snow*. Her shorter fiction as appeared in *F&SF*, *Asimov's*, *The Little Magazine*, and the anthologies *Edges* (ed. Le Guin and Kidd), *Arabesques* and *Arabesques 2* (ed. Shwartz) and *Universe* (ed. Silverberg and Haber). Her novella "Penelope Comes Home" is to be the lead story in the forthcoming *Walls of Fear*, edited by Kathryn Cramer and scheduled for Fall 1990 publication by Morrow.

GINA FAGNANI

Jack of many trades, master of none.

BRUCE FARR

Bruce Farr is an enthusiastic amateur in the areas of book collecting, art collecting, convention-running, flirting, and fan publishing. He's an unenthused, cold-hearted, pro in accounting, audit, and tax accounting. His convention interests include heavy involvement in Worldcon, Westercon, World Fantasy Convention, SMOFCON, Contact, NASFIC, and local Phoenix-area conventions.

JEFF FENNEL

Jeff Fennel of Concord, CA, was one of the first three winners of the 1989 L. Ron Hubbard Illustrators of the Future contest. He owns a graphic design and illustration studio known as Fennelgraphics and does a great deal of freelance work as well as showing his work at many California conventions. His work has won numerous awards in the last few years. Jeff is a graduate from C.S.U. Chico with a BA degree in Graphic Design. He has always been interested in all aspects of Science Fictions— reading, writing, and illustrating it. Other hobbies and interests include music, outdoor sports, comics, gaming, children's literature and his newlywed wife Ruth. Jeff's plans for the next few years are to begin a career in graphic design in the Bay Area and to continue to illustrate Science Fiction.

JAN HOWARD FINDER

Jan Howard Finder (aka The Wombat) is the well-known Marsupial Groupie. Originally from Chicago, he found fandom and cons in the United Kingdom and Europe. Of to Oz for the 33rd Worldcon he met his first wombat. It was love at first sight. Besides cracking a safe or two — hi, Ned Kelly— he gives great backrubs, pickets your pocket as the auctioneer at the art auction, dabbles in costuming, and went to Space Camp. He has sold a short story, written, edited, and published *Finder's Guide to Australterrestrials*, and edited the SF anthology *Alien Encounters*. He is also addicted to aerobics.

JIM FISCUS

Jim Fiscus is a Portland, Oregon writer and photographer, currently riding the freelance rollercoaster. He worked ten years as a photojournalist before returning to graduate school at Portland State University to obtain an MA in Middle East and Asian History. He also taught military history for two years at Portland State, and has worked in urban transportation planning. His historical research has involved gun running in the Persian Gulf, Romans in Arabia, and various subjects that will eventually show up in his fiction. For example, Islam, and its role in the Iran-Iraq war, is at the center of his SF story "A Time of Martyrs" in the anthology *There Will Be War, Volume V*. His most recent stories are titled "Liposuction Blues" and "To Find Glory," both looking for editors with the taste to buy them. His most recent contract writing has involved historical preservation, dredging by the Corps of Engineers, feature articles on government and business, and other fun stuff.

KANDY FONG

Comedy - Star Trek - Music - Fun - Outtakes - Star Wars - Parody - Blake's 7 - Humor - Rocky Horror - Satire - SF movies - Whimsey - a filk song and a very wicked sense of humor.

KAREN JOY FOWLER

Karen Joy Fowler has had many stories published, including one in a publication from Writers of the Future. "The Lake Was Full of Artificial Things" was reprinted in Gardner Dozois' best of '85 collection, and Terry Carr reprinted "Praxis" in his selection of the year's best. Her collection of short stories, *Artificial Things*, published by Bantam, was nominated for 1987's Philip K. Dick Award. She received The John W. Campbell Award in 1988, and was recently presented with a National Endowment for the Arts Award. In 1989, Karen's screenplay took 2nd

place in the Samuel B. Goldwyn competition, and in March, 1990, a collection of Karen's stories was published as part of Pulphouse's Author's Choice Monthly series. She is working on a project with the Women's Press. Karen lives in Davis, California.

FRANK KELLY FREAS

Frank Kelly Freas is one of the most famous SF and Fantasy illustrators in the world. He has been active in the SF world since 19509. He has been nominated 20 times for the Hugo, and was the first illustrator to receive 10 Hugos. Kelly is the coordinating judge of the Illustrator's of the Future contest. He lives in the L.A. area with his assistant and wife, Laura.

LAURA BRODIAN KELLY FREAS

Laura B. Kelly Freas has her Ph.D. in music education. She has engineered, produced, and hosted radio programs, including for American Public Radio. She runs the business at Kelly Freas Studios, as well as reading the manuscripts to be illustrated, researching the details for those illustrations, and providing rough sketches for the illustrations. Laura has been active in West Coast fandom for several years, both as an organizer and as a costumer.

STEVEN A. GALLACCI

Steven Gallacci is a Seattle-area SF & Fantasy artist and owner of Thoughts & Images, which published such comic masterpieces as *Albedo*, *Anthropomorphics*, and *Zell, Sword Dancer*.

JOAN GAUSTAD

Joan Gaustad performed for ten years with San Francisco's Khadra International Folk Ballet as dancer, musician, singer, and vocal director. She teaches Russian-style singing at annual conventions of the Balalaika and Domra Association of America. Joan has appeared on anthology folk tapes produced by Off Centaur, wail Songs, and Thor Records. She and her husband, Roy Torley, have produced the cassette *The Cosaks Were Whistling*. They recently moved to Eugene, where she continues to grind away at her first novel.

MEL GILDEN

Mel Gilden is the author of *The Return of Captain Conquer*, *Harry Newberry and the Raiders of the Red Drink*, *Outer Space and All That Junk*, and the soon to be released *The Planetoid of Amazement*, all for kids of all ages. He has also written (for adults of all ages) *Surfing Samurai Ro-*

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bots and the upcoming *Boogymen*, a Star Trek: TNG novel. Mel has been cohost of L.A.s radio SF interview show, *Hour 25*, for 5 years. He is a member of SFWA, Mystery Writers of America, Animation Writers of America, and PEN. He lives in Venice, CA, and hopes to be an astronaut when he grows up.

STEVE GILLET

Steve Gillett is a geologist who has recently fled back to academia; he's now a research associate at the University of Nevada. In between doing research on things like paleomagnetism and lunar geology, he writes science articles — and an occasional SF story — for places like *Analog*. He currently lives in Carson City, Nevada.

MOLLY GLOSS

Molly Gloss is a fourth-generation Oregonian who lives in Portland with her husband and son. She has been a teacher, a freight clerk, a family manager, and for the past ten years has been a full-time writer. She is the author of numerous short stories published in *Calyx*, *Northwest Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Asimov's*, *Universe 14*, and *The Year's Best Science Fiction*, #2. A Fantasy novel for young adults, *Outside The Gates*, was published in 1986. A "woman's western", *The Jump-off Creek*, released in 1989, is a winner of the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Award, and a nominee for the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction.

JANET GLUCKMAN

Janet Gluckman is a journalist, fiction writer, lecturer, translator, editor, and literary consultant. She has written the novel *Rite of the Dragon* and is currently working on *Dance of the Python*. She has co-authored a novella "Song of the Shofar", and is finishing a mainstream Horror novel *Child of the Light*, and an SF trilogy with George Guthridge and George Harper. The first book of the trilogy is titled *Black Mandragora*. Her coauthored Science Fiction storyline was produced by NBC as a television movie.

MIKE GLYER

Mike Glycer's fannish newszine, *File 770*, has won the Hugo Award for Best Fanzine twice, and he has won the Best Fanwriter Hugo.

SHERRY GERSHON GOTTLIEB

Sherry Gershon Gottlieb is the owner of the world's oldest and largest SF bookstore, A Change of Hobbit, in Santa Monica, California. She was special GOH at Westercon 32 and has written a book-length oral history of draft evasion during Vietnam titled *Hell No, We Won't Go!* which will be published by Viking in the Spring of 1991.

EILEEN GUNN

Eileen Gunn's most recent work has appeared in *Asimov's*. Her short story "Stable Strategies for Middle Management" was a 1989 Hugo nominee and appears in Garner Dozois' *The Year's Best Science Fiction* #6. An erstwhile Oregonian, she now lives in Seattle.

JON GUSTAFSON

Jon Gustafson has been active in Fandom for 15 years. He has been Guest of Honor at various Northwest conventions and is an instrumental force behind MosCon. He operates JMG Appraisals, a professional SF/Fantasy art appraisal service. His first book was *Chroma: The Art of Alex Schomburg*. Jon is currently writing a quarterly column on Science Fiction art for *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*. He is also the director of the Moscow Moffia Writer's Program and is involved with J. Martin & Associates, and is writing columns on SF art for the new *Science Fiction Review*.

GEORGE GUTHRIDGE

George Guthridge lives in a beautiful but isolated Eskimo village in Alaska. His stories have appeared in *F & SF*, *Asimov's*, *Analog*, *Galileo*, *Year's Best*, and many other places. He has been a Nebula and Hugo finalist, and has also twice been nationally honored as a teacher. *Child of Light*, a 200,000 word mainstream novel co-authored by Janet Gluckman, is forthcoming from St. Martins.

BARBARA HAMBLY

Barbara Hambly was born in the Naval Hospital of San Diego on the 28th of August, 1951. From her earliest years she was drawn to Fantasy and Science Fiction, finding it far more interesting than reality in the modest California town where she grew up; reading it or watching it on TV or the movies, and telling it as stories to her brother and sister. Her Fantasy works include the Darwarth Trilogy: *Time of the Dark*, *The Walls of Air*, and *The Armies of Daylight*; *The Ladies of Mandrigyn* and *The Witches of Wenshar*; *Dragonsbane*; *The Silent Tower* and its sequel,

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The Silicon Mage. She has also written a Star Trek novel entitled *Ishmael*; a historical whodunnit, *Search The Seven Hills*; a vampire novel, *Those Who Walk the Night*; and numerous scripts for animated television series. Her interests besides writing include dancing, sewing, painting, and carpentry. She currently lives in Los Angeles.

THEODORA HARDY

Theodora Hardy grew up in Boise where SF and the local astronomy club watered the desert. Over the years, she's attempted to acquire a writer's arsenal of odd-job miscellany. In the Bay Area, Thea worked as an ad-agency artist and an electric bass-playing singer in rock bands. In Oregon, she received an interdisciplinary MA (Psych, Philosophy, & Lit.) and served six years as a SF/Fantasy acquisitions librarian. She has also collected part of the obligatory plethora of rejection slips. Currently, as Nelsonna Norvak, Thea is showing her work in the Westercon 43 Art Show. As Lou Syau-Ya, she is creating synthesizer arrangements of Chinese music aimed at the New Age market. As herself, she is finishing her second year of Mandarin and will soon complete four years' work on an historically accurate Fantasy novel set in early T'ang dynasty China. When it gets too crazy, Thea and husband Alan Rowe can be found contemplating vegetable progress in their garden in bucolic Monmouth, Oregon.

GEORGE W. HARPER

George W. Harper writes articles and hard SF. His most recent novel is *Gypsy Earth*. His story *Madummudra's World* will soon be published in *Analog*. He has an article in *Analog, Essays on Science*, currently available.. He is working on book 7 of the 10-book *Wilderness Millennia* series.

NORMAN E. HARTMAN

Norm, a semi-retired technical writer, is pleased to announce that he finally has the leisure time to work full time as a writer. He has a novel nearly ready to send out, and hopes to also produce some new short fiction in the near future. He lives in the Portland suburb of Tigard with his wife and several computers. Norm is also rumored to be the galactic Emperor in Exile.

PATRICK NIELSEN HAYDEN

Patrick Nielsen Hayden edits Science Fiction and Fantasy for Tor Books.

JOHN HEDTKE

John Hedtke is an award winning technical writer specializing in documenting software applications. His most recent book is *Using Computer Bulletin Boards*. He works for COSPRO, a private research firm owned by his wife, Patricia, and is an amateur radio operator. Together they raise cats, fancy goldfish and a cockatiel.

JOHN HERTZ

John Hertz is more responsible than anyone for English Regency mania. He is a contributor to fanzines; the executive editor of *Fancyyclopedia III*, which will no doubt be published; Eldest in TAPS, where he is mysteriously associated with octopi, and never called "Woody." He is a fan of conversation, Larry Niven, Russel Seitz's taste in wine, and costuming. He is also seemingly capable of interest in anything, which some think a virtue.

HAL HICKEL

Hal Hickel is an animator and designer living in Portland, Oregon. He studied animation at the California Institute of the Arts and is currently employed at Will Vinton Productions Claymation studio. His work can be seen in commercials for the California Raisins (calrab), Domino's Pizza, Post Raisin Bran, Mother's Cookies (Dino Grahams), American Pediatrics Society (Casual T. Cat) as well as two half-hour specials for CBS and several commercials for Japanese and European clients.

GREGORY HINKELMAN

Gregory Hinkelman is Publisher of *Science Fiction Review*. Besides directing production for SFR, he is an experienced pilot, former Air Force officer, avid political observer, and devoted Star Trek fan.

NINA KIRIKI HOFFMAN

Nina Kiriki Hoffman's short fiction has appeared in the magazines *Asimov's*, *Dragon Magazine*, *Pulphouse*, *Amazing Stories*, *Hitchcock's*, *Weird Tales*, and the anthologies *Shadows 8 & 9*, *Greystone Bay*, and *Doom City*. Her work is also in *Tales by Moonlight* and *Tales by Moonlight II* and *Writers of the Future, Vol. 1*. Nina lives in Eugene, Oregon with two cats, one mannequin, and unnumbered specters of the imagination.

JOHN ERIC HOLMES

John Eric Holmes MD is a retired medical school professor. Most of his career was spent at USC in California, and he is recently returned from Oxford, where he taught neuroanatomy for two years. He is the author of three books of SF/F, the best-known being *Mahars of Pellucidar*, an authorized Burroughs pastiche. He edited one of the very early rule books for D&D, and is the author of *Fantasy Role Playing Games* (Hippocrene) as well as a textbook on neurophysiology. His interests also include archaeology and astronomy and collecting books, pulps, comic books. He is currently a full-time house husband, and is writing another Burroughs-type novel.

MARILYN J. HOLT

Marilyn J. Holt writes SF, mysteries, poetry, and non-fiction. Her book on Ventura desktop publishing software appeared recently, and she regularly writes, edits, and publishes articles on general business topics. As an Adjunct Professor with Central Washington University Extension Program, she teaches writing and literature. With J.T. Stewart, she co-founded the current Clarion West Writer's workshop. She lives in Seattle, WA.

JERRIE W. HURD

Author of several non-fiction books and award-winning short stories that have appeared in magazines such as *Antioch Review*, Jerrie Hurd is known to SF fans for her story "Observations on Sirenian Singing", published in *F&SF* (Feb 1986), and made the Nebula reading list for that year. She is currently working on a novel.

DEAN ING

Dean Ing's shorter work has appeared in *Analog*, *Road & Track*, *OMNI*, *Far Frontiers*, *Survive* and other magazines. He has written or cowritten four nonfiction books on technology, and is currently working on his eleventh novel. Though his earlier novels fall easily onto SF shelves, his more recent work includes crossover books into the technothriller genre. Dean's background includes work in the oil fields, development of racing cars and survivalist/backpacking hardware; aerospace engineering; and a doctorate in behavioral science. His wife is a Public Radio executive; he has four daughters.

MARY KAY JACKSON

This makes my 13th year in fandom. In that time, I've written criticism, book reviews, general fanzine stuff; produced a couple of zines, and held innumerable jobs with innumerable cons — everything from vice-chair to gopher, mainly in Oklahoma, Ohio, Michigan and now, California.

SAUL JAFFE

A computer programmer for Rutgers University and moderator of SF-Lovers Digest.

DAVE JOHNSON

Dave Johnson works for the *Register-Guard* in Eugene. He's edited *Bandon Undertow*. He writes off-beat plays and stories—when he isn't responding to your notes.

HEATHER ROSE JONES

Heather Rose Jones has been involved in filking as a songwriter, and increasingly as a performer, for the last ten years. She has two tapes (*Potluck* and *Ecotone*) and several songbooks (including *Songbook Pusher*) to her credit, and is finding herself being sucked into even more filk publishing projects. Con-going evenings find her ensconced behind one of her harps. In mundane life she keeps the wolf from the door doing research for a biotech company.

BOB KANEFISKY

Bob Kanefsky has parodied over 150 filk and mundane songs. His parodies are collected in *Songworm*, available from Firebird Arts and Music, which has also produced *Tapeworm 1, 2, and 3*, featuring four of his two dozen filksinger victims performing Kanef's parodies of their own works.

JORDIN KARE

Jordan Kare was born in 1956 in Ithaca, New York and graduated from Cornell in 1961. Cornell Nursery School, that is. His more recent academic credentials include MIT, where he majored in Electrical Engineering, Physics, and Archaic Computers ("Ah, for the good old days, when Men were Men and Transistors were Germanium."), and the University of California at Berkeley, from which he received a Ph.D. in Physics in 1984. He has worked on a wide range of physics problems, from automated astronomy (searching for supernovae, and for the elu-

sive Solar companion Nemesis) to x-ray holography. These days, he is a Handwaving Physicist in the Special Studies Group at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, developing, among other things, Giant Laser Space Frisbees. In his spare time (huh?) Dr. Kare is a long-time Science Fiction fan, a filksinger, and publisher of SF and Fantasy music, for which he acquires and operates Archaic Printing Equipment.

KEITH G. KATO

Keith Kato has his Ph.D. in experimental plasma physics (Greg Benford was his thesis advisor) and a black belt in karate.

JERRY KAUFMAN

Jerry Kaufman is a partner in Serconia Press, specialist publisher of Science Fiction-related nonfiction. (*The Straits of Messina*, by Samuel R. Delany, is its most recent release.) He is also a member of the Board of Directors for Clarion West, the writers' workshop. He is also active in fandom, having recently published *Mainstream 13* (with Suzanne Tompkins) and *Innuendo 12*, the final, posthumous, issue of Terry Carr's fanzine.

KATHRINE KERR

Kathrine Kerr spent her childhood in a Great Lakes industrial city and her adolescence in a stereotypical corner of Southern California, from whence she fled to the Bay Area just in time to join a number of the various Revolutions then in progress. Upon dropping out of dropping out, she got married and devoted herself to reading as many off-the-wall, obscure, and just plain peculiar books as she could get her hands on. As the logical result of such a life, she has now become a professional story-teller and an amateur skeptic, who regards all True Believers with a jaundiced eye, even those who true-believe in Science. She is the author of the Devery series of historical fantasies and the up-coming *Polar City Blues*, her first though not last SF novel.

PAULA DOWNING KING

Paula Downing King is a personal-injury lawyer in Medford, Oregon, and serves as part-time municipal judge for the nearby town on Talent. Besides practicing law, Paula is also an associate editor for Pandora, and writes an ongoing column on fiction techniques for the Science Fiction and Fantasy Workshop newsletter. Paula writes both Fantasy and SF. Baen Books will publish her first novel, *Mad Roy's Light*, in September 1990. Her second novel, *Rinn's Star*, will appear from Del Ray

by early 1991. She is currently working on her fourth novel, *Witch of Two Suns*.

T. JACKSON KING

T. Jackson King is a full-time writer and former archeologist now living in the woods of Medford, Oregon with his wife, fellow SF writer Paula Downing, and four cat-people named Phillip, Ophelia, Loki, and Ninja. His three children are Keith, Karen, and Kevin. His first novel, *Retread Ship* 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* magazines, along with a non-fiction article to *MZB's Fantasy Magazine*. His first SF story was published in the 5th grade newsletter. King writes hard SF with a lot of social SF mixed in. He is now at work on his sixth novel, a near future "realistic" Fantasy titled *The Gaeian Enchantment*.

JOANNE KIRLEY

Joanne Kirley is a Seattle-based costumer. She is proprietress of Costumes, Period in Seattle. Her other accomplishments include Lanette, 9, and Michael, 4.

ED KLINE

Ed Kline is probably known better as Eon, a mutated shetland pony warrior often seen haunting the halls of various conventions. He's also known for his panels where movie industry SFX secrets are revealed. He often hands out info sheets so that us little guys can learn how it's done and can do it, too. Occasionally, Ed lapses into insanity and makes props for the motion picture industry. His most recent lapses have been seen in *Star Trek*, *Beetlejuice*, the not yet released *Captain America*, and *Total Recall*.

DAMON KNIGHT

Damon Knight is one of SF's most multifaceted 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 a founder of the Science Fiction Writers of America and its first president. He also founded the Clarion Conference on the craft of writing Science Fiction. He edited *Orbit* and numerous other anthologies. His more than 60 books include short stories, novels, incisive literary criticism, translations, and biographies. He has written the history of the Futurian Society. He lives in Eugene, Oregon with his wife, Kate Wilhelm.

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MERYLE KORN

Meryle Korn has been folksinging since 1960 and playing Autoharp since 1963. Her sources range from American folk and Bluegrass material to contemporary and original works. A typical performance includes old ballads and sentimental songs, oral histories, and the occasional ditty reflecting her somewhat bizarre sense of humor. Meryle has developed an unusual two-finger Autoharp picking style that is as suited for fast jigs and hoedowns as for slow airs and ballads. She has led Autoharp workshops and taught private students since the early 1970s.

E. M. KORSHAK

E(rl) M(elvin) Korshak, Editor & Publisher; Director, Shasta Publishers Chicago, 1946-1960. Currently practicing law; specialist in criminal defense.

DAVID LEVINE

David Levine has been active in Portland fandom for many years. He is a fanzine fan, co-publisher (with Kate Yule) of *Bento*, and a Pinkwater fan.

MONIKA LIVINGSTON

One husband, five cats, and five years of Science Fiction art, she has been showing work at conventions from Seattle to San Diego and some points east. Her current work includes comics, animation, and toys.

AUBREY MacDERMOTT

Aubrey MacDermott started reading and collecting Science Fiction on Christmas of 1919. In April 1928 he formed a Science Officiation fan club. One of whose members was Forrest J. Ackerman. He may well be the first Science Fiction fan in America. In the spring of 1929, Ray Palmer, Walter Dennis, Aubrey Clements, Clifton Amsbury, and MacDermott formed the Science Correspondence Club, which in 1931 became the International Scientific Association. He became the editor of the club's magazine, *Cosmology*, in 1932, and published its last four issues. He attended the first Westercon in Los Angeles in 1948 and has been attending conventions ever since. In 1982, at the invitation of the Science Fiction division of the Soviet Writers' Union, he led a group of Science Fiction fans and authors on a visit to the Soviet Union to meet their counterparts. In 1987, he was fan quest of honor at the Oakland Westercon. Because of terminal cancer which more or less restricts him to a wheelchair, this will be the first con he has attended since then.

BRUCE MacDERMOTT

Bruce MacDermott has been active in SF conventions since the 1983 Westercon in San Jose. Primarily a costume type person (he and his wife won Best in Show at Nolacon II), Bruce is actually a "son of First Fandom": His father, Aubrey has been an SF fan since 1919! Bruce's earliest recollection of SF cons dates from 1953 in LA.—lots of strange people in plastic costumes. His early life at cons involved mostly staring at the participants. Later, he graduated to photographing at masquerades. The the ultimate—Dana dragged him on stage for a masquerade. He hasn't taken a camera to a con since.

TOM MADDOX

Tom Maddox was born in West Virginia, and lived in a number of places in the South while growing up. He returned to the Pacific Northwest in 1989, to be the Writing Coordinator at the Evergreen State College, Olympia, Washington. His first story, "The Mind like a Strange Balloon," was published in *Omni* in 1985. The next year, *Omni* published "Snake Eyes," which was anthologized in *Mirrorshades: the Cyberpunk Anthology*, and Gardner Dozois's *The Best of the Year in Science Fiction*. He has since published fiction in *Omni*, *Asimov's*, *Mississippi Review*, and magazines and anthologies in France, Spain and Japan. His first novel, *Halo*, will be published next year by Tor Books. Other stories are forthcoming from *Omni*. He plays blues guitar and invented "ICE," used by William Gibson in *Neuromancer*.

JANE MAILANDER

Jane Mailander is a teacher of the Japanese paper-folding art of origami, and has invented such Fantasy-themed models as a griffin, a sphinx, a dragon, the starship *Enterprise* and a Klingon ship. She also writes; her first professional sale, "Buffalo Dreams", was a First Place winner in the L. Ron Hubbard's Writers of the Future Contest, and she has gone on to sell more stories and a Fantasy-themed radio play. Among filkers she is known for her parodies of others' filksongs, especially what she call the "cure and fuzzy" songs—"give me a unicorn and I'll give it rabies." Jane turned off *Beauty and the Beast* halfway through the pilot episode, and advises heartbroken fans going through withdrawal to watch Jean Cocteau's 1946 classic *Belle et la Bette*. "It's a hundred times better, and there's even a story thrown in."

KATHY MAR

Kathy Mar was born and raised in Colorado, and worked as a street singer in Denver for 7 years. She discovered fandom at Denvention II. She has made 3 solo tapes with Off Centaur, and has performed on many other live and anthology tapes. She has 2 records currently available from Thor Records: *Plus Ça Change* and *Plus C'est La Meme Choses*. She lives in San Francisco and is raising twins.

ADRIENNE MARTINE-BARNES

Adrienne Martine-Barnes has published four fantasies since 1983: *The Fire Sword*, *The Crystal Sword*, *The Rainbow Sword*, and *The Sea Sword*. In her nonwriting time, she quilts, costumes, paints, and arranges cats. She lives in Oakland, CA.

CYN MASON

Cyn Mason was kidnapped by aliens at age 7, and was leading a slave's rebellion on the planet Foonbar by the age of 12. Returning to Earth, she took a job that leaves her nostalgic about slavery. To maintain sanity, she writes SF, tells bad jokes, and lives with David Meyer.

MARY MASON

Mary Mason is beginning her writing career by collaborating with her new husband, Stephen Goldin, on a Star Trek novel, which will appear in 1988. The two are also collaborating on a three-book series for Signet entitled *The Rehumanization of Jade Darcy*. She has a Bachelor's Degree in psychology and has done professional research for other writers such as Steven Barnes, Diana Paxson, and Spider Robinson. She dissects brains for the sheer fun of it.

PAT MATHEWS

Pat Mathews has been a Science Fiction fan for over 40 years starting with Batman comics, Heinlein juveniles, and an old, old book called *By Rocket to The Moon*. I started writing in high school, tried to study computer science before it was even invented (your choice in 1964: Electrical Engineering or Math), and worked at White Sands Missile Range as a work-study co-op and the most pretentious technical "writer" on board. Most remarkable memory: studying basic astronomy from Clyde Tombaugh. I studied accounting after trying unsuccessfully to do anything else with a B.S. in math, and now do bookkeeping (Fantasy) and taxes (Horror stories). I first published through Darkover fandom, and am eternally grateful to MZB for opening doors wide and inviting us all

in. I am divorced (or if my lawyer doesn't get off her duff, separated), with two grown daughters, a cat inherited from each, a guitar, a 2-seater Honda, and a word processor. Politically, I'm pro-space libertarian ecofeminist with mouth open before brain is in gear. I like filking, anarchist politics, mountains and rivers, Killian's Red, and Alien Nation.

CATHERINE MCGUIRE

Catherine McGuire is a local SF writer. She works as a fulltime technical writer in Beaverton, Oregon, and spends her nights, weekends and holidays writing fiction and poetry. She attended Clarion '84 and has a B.A. in communications. She has had two juvenile Science Fictions published with TSR, Inc., and her first adult Science Fiction novel is currently being marketed.

BRIDGET MCKENNA

Bridget McKenna is a copywriter and technical writer for Sierra Online, a software developer specializing in computer games. She also designs computer games. Her fiction has appeared in *Writers of the Future, Volume II* and *Pulphouse Report*. Her Science Fiction shared world, *Roadhouse*, will be edited by Michael A. Banks sometime in 1989. She is married to artist and game designer Douglas Herring, with whom she shares a house in Oakhurst, California and an exponentially increasing number of cats. She has recently completed a young-adult Science Fiction novel, and is currently at work on a Mystery.

ANNETTE MERCIER

Annette Mercier is a costumer; when not in makeup, she's a 59-year-old woman who lives on a small farm near Hansville, WA with her husband and a large dog named Tex. Born and raised in Texas, Mercier is an artist and gardener. She also works with the local theater group doing makeup and designing scenery, and last year she made her acting debut as Ethel in *On Golden Pond*. Mercier works as an artist in oils, airbrush, watercolor, pastels, and whatever else seems applicable. She's been showing her art at SF cons since 1980. She also shows her art in her local community.

CARL MILLER

Carl Miller's education, regular and irregular, includes biology, geology, paleontology, anthropology, poetry, art, and alchemical hypnosis. His occupations and preoccupations include writing Fantasy novels, playing acoustic guitar, camping in the Cascades, reading Fantasy nov-

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els, petting cats, and occasional socializing at events like this one. His first novel, *Dragonbound*, was published by Ace in December, 1988; his second, *The Warrior and the Witch*, was released in March 1990.

CRAIG MILLER

Craig Miller has spent the last 10 years working as a marketing consultant on feature films, including Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back, The Dark Crystal, Altered States, The Wicker Man, Splash, and Return to Oz. For the last year, he's been writing scripts for children's television. He has been active in SF fandom for the last 20 years, having served as cochair of Westercon 28 and L.A. Con II, the 1984 Worldcon.

MARIO MILOSEVIC

Mario Milosevic lives and writes in White Salmon, Washington.

TERA MITCHEL

Tera Mitchel first got involved in fandom through the back door. When she returned home one day, from an SCA event, to find a bunch of crazy filksingers in her front room. Since that memorable day, she has been active both as a performer and songwriter on stage and in the studio. This craziness did not stop there. Within six months Tera found herself working on a committee for some of the Southern California conventions. She soon gave in to secret desires to produce Filk Tapes, starting with her own project, *Friend of Kuskyon's Flyte House*. Since that day she has worked with most of the major filk companies on such projects as *Other Times*, *Other Places* and *Where No Man...*, and is presently working on a new compilation tape to be released through Wail Songs.

VICKI MITCHELL

Vicki Mitchell has been involved in Science Fiction since 1977. She's been a regular committee member of MosCon, including chairing Moscon 10, and has worked many other Northwest conventions. In 1986, she won the *Amazing Stories* Calendar Story Contest. Her first novel, *Enemy Unseen*, (a Star Trek novel) will appear from pocket books in late 1990 or early 1991. She is currently working on short stories, treatments, and scripts, and her second and third novels are making their rounds of the publishers. She is married to Jon Gustafson and owned by two large, rather silly, dogs.

MARILYN MØRK

Marilyn Mørk has been a well-known Portland artist for 30 years. She has travel extensively in the US and Europe and studied psychology and anthropology, as well as the fine arts. She is now semi-retired, due to failing health, but acts as curator for the Light & Fiber Gallery shows and remains concerned with the arts. She is a founding member of the Women's Caucus for Art, and was a juror for the 1988 and 1989 Women's History Month shows at Portland State University. She is also a member of the American Association of University Women.

LESLIE NEWCOMER

Leslie Newcomer appears to be a mild mannered (occasionally) artist and purveyor of exceptional ornamental items, but is actually an agent for the Phelinic Tast Empire, sent here from the future. Did you seriously think that all of those monolithic paintings were merely innocuous decorations? They are, in reality, portals to that distant realm. We cats are watching....

SHARAN NEWMAN

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 in exile in Southern California.

FUZZY PINK NIVEN

Fuzzy Pink Niven is a well known fan, who is often asked about tatting. She also just happens to be married to an author.

LARRY NIVEN

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

ALAN E. NOURSE

Alan E. Nourse was trained as a physician, but has amassed a substantial record as an author. His SF works include *Trouble on Titan*, *Rocket*

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to *Limbo*, *Scavengers in Space*, *Raiders from the Rings*, *The Universe Between*, *Psi High and Others*, *Bladerunner* (no relation to the movie plot) and, most recently, *The Fourth Horseman*. Dr. Nourse has also written an impressive number of adult and juvenile works of nonfiction. He was president of the Science Fiction Writers of America for 1968-69. He lives in Thorp, Washington.

DOUG ODELL

Doug Odell is Managing Editor of *Science Fiction Review*. Doug has had several articles published and writes a review column for SFR.

KEVIN O'DONNELL, JR.

Kevin O'Donnell grew up in Ohio and Korea. He went to Yale, where he read a lot of bad SF. His first book was *Bander Snatch* (1979, Bantam), and his most recent book is *Fire on the Border*, out in September from Roc Books.

CLAUDIA O'KEEFE

SWF SFW, 30, first novelist. *Black Snow Days* published last year as an Ace Special. Quirky, private, hates writing bios, likes leather (but only because it's natural vs. synthetic). Co-owner of Shining Knight Press, a new packaging company devoted to developing West Coast SF/Fantasy books. Previous incarnations include newspaper correspondent (undercover investigative reporter on pornography), documentary filmmaker to the New Mexico coroner and shepherdess for the Air Force. Presently working on second novel, *Humivore*. Also collaborating with Dean Wesley Smith on *When Slugs Go Faster Than The Speed of Light*, another novel. Seeks titillating discussions on convention panels, followed by more intimate conversations at room parties. Oreos, O'Grady's Au Gratin Potato Chips and Lipton Onion Dip all definite turn-ons.

STEVEN OLIVER

Steven Oliver is a Science Fiction short story writer who is currently working on a novel about a dragon stopping a nuclear war. He has twin 14-year-old daughters, Margaret and Cathy. He is a member of SF-WA. As a fan, he belongs to the Myth Adventures and Starfleet fan organizations, and can be found at parties given by either organization.

JERRY OLTION

Jerry Oltion's short stories appear frequently in *Analog*. He is also the author of *Frame of Reference*, Books 4 and 6 in Isaac Asimov's *Robots &*

Aliens series, and has just finished another novel called *Paradise Passed*. He lives in Eugene, Oregon, with his wife, Kathy, and the obligatory writer's cat, Ginger.

REBECCA ORE

Rebecca Ore began writing SF in 1983. Her first stories appeared in 1986 *Amazing Stories*, her first novel, *Becoming Alien*, was released in 1988. It and *Being Alien* (released in 1989) were Philip K. Dick Award nominees. She has two books forthcoming: *Human to Human* is scheduled for fall 1990, and *The Illegal Rebirth of Billy the Kid* for March 1991. Rebecca has been nominated twice for the John W. Campbell award for best new writer. She lives in Critz, VA.

MARGARET ORGAN

When Margaret Organ was three years old, her mother handed her a crayon and a pad of drawing paper and said, "Go draw." Her mother forgot to say "Stop", and Margaret has been drawing ever since, with time out to study art history at Boston University and the University of Washington, attend a few conventions, and review for *Comics F/X*. This summer she plans to take a little more time out and go see what her first gallery show looks like.

FRED PATTEN

Fred Patten is a native southern Californian who has been active in fandom since 1960. He's been a committee member of many local, regional, and world conventions, and was Fan Guest of Honor at the 1971 *DeepSouthCon* and the 1984 *ConQuistador*. He co-founded the *Cartoon/Fantasy Organization* in 1977 and has written articles, columns, and reviews on SF, comics, and animation for *Starlog*, *Library Journal*, *Comics Journal*, and Japanese magazines. In another life he is a technical catalog librarian for the aerospace industry.

TOM PAYNE

Tom Payne has been a filker since *Rustycon 4*, when Mercedes Lackey and C. J. Cherryh made the mistake of encouraging him. His debut album is Vince Emery's *The Funniest Computer Songs*. He is currently a member of the Seattle band *Meat That Squeaks*.

GERALD PEARCE

Gerald Pearce was "turned on" to SF by the *Buck Rogers* comic strip around 1935. He has had fiction published in *Asimov's*, *Galaxy*, *IF*, *F&SF*, and other magazines. He was a staff writer for the Walt Dis-

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ney Sunday evening show from 1968-72. He lives in Hollywood with his wife and multiple cats.

BRUCE PELZ

Bruce Pelz has published over 1000 fanzines, and collected about 25,000 (not counting the 225 boxes not yet sorted through). He has served on several Worldcon, Westercon, and Loscon committees. He was at one time active in Filk Fandom, but then it got organized. He was active in Costume Fandom before it got organized, too. Bruce has been a Director of LASFS, Inc. for 21 years. He has attended all but 3 Worldcons since his first in 1959, and all Westercons since 1961. He goes to various regional conventions, from Boskone to OryCon, and he has been Fan GoH at Westercon, Worldcon, X-con, and Penulticon, and Co-FGOH (with his wife, Elayne) at Loscon and Kubla Kahn. He occasionally reads Science Fiction, Fantasy, and mysteries. He is opinionated, but generally restricts his opinions to Fan History, Fan Politics, and Comics. Bruce's present projects are: compiling the Fantasy Showcase Mah Jongg Deck, chairing the Committee on Preservation of the Hugos, and co-chairing a bid for a Los Angeles Worldcon in 1996.

ELAYNE PELZ

Elayne Pelz has been into Regency Dancing since it was introduced into LA fandom and has remained one of the leaders of the activity. She has also been LASFS treasurer and has helped run LA cons of all sizes. Elayne is instrumental in establishing LA as an important market for Science Fiction and Fantasy art.

CHARLES PLATT

Charles Platt is author of 35 books, some of them Science Fiction. 1989 titles include *Free Zone* (Avon) and *Soma* (New American Library). His current work includes *The Country of the Mind* (to be published by Bantam) and *The Protektorate*, a series of three novels for Avon Books. He is a regular columnist for *Fantasy & Science Fiction* and *Interzone* magazines, and writes reviews intermittently for *The Washington Post*. His own little magazine, *Science Fiction Guide*, appears on an irregular basis.

ANTHONY PRYOR

Long-time Portlander Anthony Pryor has been writing for the game industry for four years. He is almost 30, but despises both *thirtysomething* and Infiniti commercials. His credits include *Wolf's Dragoons*, *Sorensen's Sabres*, *More Tales of the Black Widow*, and "You Can't Keep Me

Away From My Son!" (*True Story*, July, 1986). Anthony has written a novel, which hasn't sold yet, and would like to speak with any publishers who read this.

RICHARD PURTILL

Richard Purtill was born in Chicago, Illinois. He studied philosophy at the University of Chicago, earning his Ph.D. there in 1965. He is currently a Professor of Philosophy at Western Washington University in Bellingham, Washington, a position he has held since 1962. After a second honeymoon with his wife in Greece, Richard became fascinated with the country. He has since visited there nine times, writing three Fantasy novels based on Greek mythology for adults: *The Golden Gryphon Feather*, *The Stolen Goddess*, and *The Mirror of Helen*. Purtill has also written *Enchantment in Delphi* (Harcort & Brace Jovanovich, 1986), his first novel for young adults which, while purely fiction, it is based firmly on his extensive archeological and historical knowledge of Delphi and its oracle.

ROBERT QUIGLEY

Rob Quigley is a noted physicist and astronomer in the Northwest. His accomplishments include writing object descriptions and selecting photos for the Stars and Planets board game, Scientist Guest of Honor at MosCon 8, and 1983 organizer for the Northwest Astronomy Conference. He is a professor at Western Washington University, and among other things, teaches the "Extraterrestrial Life" course there.

BILL RANSOM

Bill Ransom collaborated with Frank Herbert on the novels *The Jesus Incident*, *The Lazarus Effect*, and *The Ascension Factor* (Ace/Putnam). He has also had many books of his poetry published and draws on his years working in Central America for his short stories. His new novel *Rafferty* was published by Berkley last year. Bill is the co-founder of Centrum, an arts foundation, in Port Townsend where he resides and is currently writing full time.

ALIS RASMUSSEN

Alis Rasmussen is the author of the *Highroad* trilogy, published by Bantam Spectra. Volumes One and Two, *A Passage of Stars* and *Revolution's Shore*, are currently available; Volume Three, *The Price of Ransom*, will be out in September. She is also the author of a Fantasy novel, *The Labyrinth Gate*. Raised in Oregon, she now has the dubious honor of living in San Jose, California. She is presently engaged in two

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concurrent projects: taking care of her family (one husband, one not-quite-three-year-old daughter, and identical twin eleven-month-old sons), and writing a new novel.

MELANIE RAWN

An alumna of Scripps College, Melanie Rawn is a former teacher and college textbook editor. Her first two Fantasy novels (part of a 6 volume series for DAW Books) are "Dragon Prince" and "The Star Scroll". "Sunrunner's Fire" will appear in Feb 1990. She was a nominee last year for the Campbell Award.

MICHAEL REAVES

Michael Reaves is the author of ten novels, including *Dragonworld*, *The Shattered World* and its sequel, *The Burning Realm*. He has also written *Dome* and *The Omega Cage* with Steve Perry. He has had short stories published in *F&SF*, *Twilight Zone* and *Universe*, among others. He has written several comic books and over two hundred teleplays for such live-action shows as *Twilight Zone*, *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, *Captain Power* and *Monsters*. He has also done scripts for animation. He lives in Woodlawn Hills with his wife, Brynne Stephens, their daughter Mallory, and occasionally Diane Duane and Peter Moorwood.

ARLIN ROBINS

Arlin Robins is a San Francisco area jeweler and sculptor. Active in fandom since 1973, she has won numerous awards in and out of fandom for her sculpture art and costuming. Her themes are mostly mythological or natural, and occasionally erotic. She loves cats, dogs, horses, hot tubs, dancing, chocolate, good music, and good horsemen, not necessarily in that order.

FRANK M. ROBINSON

Frank Robinson is best known for his collaborations with the late Thomas Scortia, including "The Glass Inferno" and "The Gold Crew". He has also worked on several non-fiction projects, including a book on the social and emotional implications of AIDS.

KEVIN ROCHE

I'm a right brain physicist who's been costuming since I was a kid, and Costuming since 1982. I love to create costumes that fill space with color, light and texture in such a way to evoke an audiences sense of wonder or humor (I build a 12' costume to make me look taller). To this end

I use of variety of dying and construction techniques and look for unusual materials (upholstery fabrics, occasional light bulbs etc.).

MARY ROSENBLUM

A native of Pittsburgh, PA, Mary became an avid SF reader at age 11, when she discovered a stack of old *Galaxy* magazines in the closet of the house her family was renting. She started writing sometime around then— but everyone knew that you couldn't *really* be a writer when you grew up. Mary dutifully got a BS and tried a variety of careers: endocrine research, horse training, commercial cheesemaking, and a stint on the professional county fair circuit. Ultimately she realized that what she wanted to be when she grew up was, indeed, an SF writer. By then, she'd stopped believing everyone, so she went to Clarion West in 1988 and has been writing full time since. Mary's first published story is in the June issue of *Asimov's*. More will follow.

WILLIAM ROTSLER

Formerly a professional photographer, movie-maker and sculptor, he is now a writer, bon vivant, raconteur, and image consultant to Rob Lowe.

KRISTINE KATHRYN RUSCH

Kristine Kathryn Rusch has sold a lot of short fiction to the major SF magazines and to markets no one has ever heard of. Her novels *The White Mist of Power* and *Afterimage* (with Kevin J. Anderson) will appear in 1991. She and Dean Wesley Smith won a World Fantasy Award in 1989 for their work in creating *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*.

RICHARD PAUL RUSSO

Stories by Richard have appeared in *Asimov's*, *F&SF*, *Twilight Zone*, and the Jack and Jeanne Van Buren Dann's Vietnam anthology *In The Field of Fire*. His first novel, *Inner Eclipse*, was published by in 1988 by Tor Books.

D.F. SANDERS

Debra Faye Sanders was born in Texas and traveled a lot as a child. Her poetry has appeared in many anthologies. She lives in Hawaii and edits the newsletter *Na Mele O Na Hoku* for Science Fiction and Fantasy music.

DREW SANDERS

Drew Sanders has been around fandom so long that he remembers things that happened before his time. His interests include comics, reading SF, computers, and ... costuming.

KATHY SANDERS

Kathy Sanders is a master costumer who has been costuming for 22 years. Collaborators in her costuming efforts have included Larry Niven and renowned Northwestern area costumer Julie Zetterberg.

PIPPIN SARDO

Pippin Sardo has been interested in costuming since the tender age of eight, when she convinced her mother not to throw away all of her neat hats and clothes from the 40s. Thirty years later she still has not lost her passion for playing dressup. Having studied historical, Fantasy/Science Fiction costuming formally, informally, and hit or miss, she can now state confidently that real Conans don't wear brass briefs. You may have seen her as a Gypsy Moth, Intergallactic Bag Lady, A Mercilette to Madam Ming, the Moon in 2000: a Space Ballet, a jewell tone, and the Princess of Plastic Pollution. She also costumes in more diggified historical clothing.

MICHAEL L. SCANLON

Michael L. Scanlon is 12% of Clarion West's class of 1986. He was born on Long Island, New York, and has lived in all four corners of the country and in Montana. This is his second time living in Seattle, and he thinks he wants to stay this time. He has held several positions in both the Rustycon and Norwescon convention committees, ranging from chairman of a Rustycon to organizing the writer's workshops at Norwescon for the past several years. He is currently gafiating a little bit, in order to His first published story, "Treed", appeared in the premiere issue of *Argos* magazine. The second is "Kansas City Kitty", scheduled to be the lead story in L. Ron Hubbard's *Writers of the Future Anthology #6* in late May 1990. He writes Science Fiction, Fantasy, and mainstream fiction, and is still at work on his first novel, a Science Fiction/adventure set in the near future.

ELIZABETH ANN SCARBOROUGH

Author of *The Drastic Dragon of Draco, Texas*; *The Gold Camp Vampire*; and other delightful stories. She is also the author of *The Healer's War*, a Fantasy set during the Vietnam War. *The Healer's War* won the 1990 Nebula for Best Novel.

JULIUS SCHWARTZ

Julius Schwartz is the only living legend in both Science Fiction (co-creator of *The Time Traveller*, the first SF fanzine, first literary agent to specialize in SF handling Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch, Alfred Bester, Leigh Brackett, Otto Binder—and they're only the B's—recipient of First Fandom's Hall of Fame Award) and Comics (45-year editorial stint with DC comics: *Superman*, *Batman*, *Flash*, *Green Lantern*, *Justice League of America*, *Strange Adventures*, *Mystery in Space*). Along with Robert Bloch, he will be a special guest at this year's World Fantasy Con. The H.P. Lovecraft Centenary celebration (Schwartz was HPL's agent too!)

ROBERT SHECKLEY

Robert Sheckley is best known for his SF short fiction in collections such as *Untouched by Human Hands* and *The Robot Who Looked Like Me*. His novels include *Journey Beyond Tomorrow*, *Crompton Divided* and *Dramocles*. He is currently doing a three book Fantasy series with Roger Zelazny (the first to appear in a year).

GARY W. SHOCKLEY

Gary W. Shockley attended Clarion in 1980 and was the Gold Award winner in last year's Writers of the Future Contest. His fiction has appeared in Knight's *The Clarion Awards*, Wilhelm's '85 *Annual World's Best SF*, and *Writers of the Future Vol. 5*. He lives in Sunnyvale, California with fellow SF writer Lori Ann White.

JOEY SHOJI

A con-goer since 1976, I went to my first filksing in 1980 and have been hooked ever since. In addition to filk and folk, I've sung most of my life — in choirs, barbershop quartets, madrigals and a '50's group. Most satisfying filk achievement: providing vocal back-up (at one time or another) on recorded performances by such diverse talents as Cynthia McQuillin, Julia Ecklar, Kathy Mar, Mary Ellen Wessels, Bill Sutton, Frank Hayes, Leslie Fish, Catherine MacDonald, and Larry Warner.

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Second most satisfying filk achievement: song adaptation of Octavia E. Butler's Hugo and Nebula award-winning short story, "Bloodchild".

FRAN SKENE

Fran Skene has been active in Canadian Fandom since 1973. She has published several fanzines. She has chaired five conventions, including the Vancouver Westercon, and worked for a number of others. She is a public librarian, and has done a lot of story telling, script and poetry writing, and literary criticism.

DAVID SMEDS

Dave Smeds is the author of three novels, *The Sorcery Within* (Ace Books), and its sequel, *The Schemes of Dragons* (March 1989), and *Goats* (forthcoming). He has sold short fiction to anthologies such as *In the Field of Fire*, *Far Frontiers 6*, *Dragons of Light*, *Sword & Sorceress 4 & 5*; to such magazines as *Asimov's*, *Inside Karate*, *Genesis*, *Lui*, *Mayfair*, and *Club*; and to Faeron Education's series of booklets for remedial reading classes. He was also the English-language rewriter for *Justy*, a Japanese SF graphic story mini-series being released in the U.S. by VIZ Comics.

DEAN WESLEY SMITH

Dean Wesley Smith has sold over 30 professional level short stories to such places as *F&SF*, *Oui Magazine*, *Gem Magazine*, *Writers of the Future*, Vol. 1, *Clarion Awards*, *The Horror Show*, *Night Cry*, and *Amazing*. His first novel, *Laying the Music to Rest*, appeared in November 1989 from Warner Books and he is now madly working on two more. Dean is the publisher of Pulphouse Publishing, which produces *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*, Axolotl Press books, The Convention Series, and Author's Choice Monthly.

STEPHANIE A. SMITH

Stephanie A. Smith is the author of two novels, *Snow-Eyes* (Daw) and *The Boy Who Was Thrown Away* (Daw) and has short stories appearing in *Asimov's A Space of Her Own* and *Tales From Isaac Asimov's*. She is currently an assistant professor of English at the University of Florida and is working on a third novel.

LITA R. SMITH-GHARET

Lita Smith-Gharet has been working with fossilized ivory for over 14 years, and her work has appeared in several trade magazines such as *The Lapidary Journal* and *Rock and Gem*. Lita's work has been featured in more than 60 newspapers across the country. She has received numerous awards for her work. Lita has owned and operated several fine art galleries, and in 1984 cofounded the Steel Eagle Agency with John Alvarez. Lita has written a number of how-to books, including the *Artistry in Scrimshaw*, *Finding Quartz Crystals*, and *Fossilized Leaves and Wood in the West*. Her first annual *Collection of Poems* debuts at this convention. As a costumer, Lita has won many awards, and photos of her costumes have appeared in *Locus*. She is the founder of the Northwest Costumer's Guild and publishes *The Costume Closet* for its members.

KEVIN STANDLEE

Kevin Standlee is President of the Myth Adventures Fan Club, and directed and played the lean in the amateur Doctor Who movie *The Zombie Legions*, and directed its sequel, *Those Darn Daleks*. Currently, Kevin is attending conventions around the U.S. promoting the Myth Adventures Fan Club. Kevin lives in Chico, California, where he has completed his Bachelor's degree in Computer Science from California State University, Chico. He helped found and is former Secretary of the SCUC Doctor Who Fan Club and Science Fiction Association.

BRYNNE STEVENS

Brynne Stevens is best known for her work in television, having written for shows such as *He-Man*, *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, and the new *Beany and Cecil*. She was the story editor on the animate SF series *Starcom*. She has also written comic books, computer games, and two novels. She is currently working on a Horror novel, *Private Demons*. She lives in Woodland Hills, CA with her husband Michael Reaves, her daughter, Mallory, and a rotating stream of rotapatetic writers.

JULIE STEVENS

Julie Stevens has sold short stories to *Asimov's*, *Best of Omni*, *F&SF*, *Whispers*, and several Horror anthologies. She lives in Coos Bay, Oregon, where she is practicing law, raising kids, and trying to finish a novel.

J. T. STEWART

Both a writer and an editor, J. T. teaches creative writing at Seattle Central Community College. She co-edited *Gathering Ground: An Anthology of Writing and Art by Northwest Women of Color*, and is executive editor of her college's literary magazine, *The Ark*. She has done non-fiction work for the *Seattle Times*, the *Seattle Weekly*, and *The Group Theater*. Her poetry and fiction have appeared in various publications, including a poetry chapbook *Nommo*, and another chapbook is due out in December 1989. Most recently she has become poet-in-residence for The Choreopoets, a black performance group. J.T. is a co-founder of the Clarion West science Fiction Writers' Workshop.

J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI

J. Michael Straczynski is the author of *Demon Night* (1989, E.P. Dutton). He is currently the story editor for a new season of *Twilight Zone*, and has written over 60 produced half-hours of television. He has developed series for CBS and ABC. Recently he was Executive Story Consultant/Story Editor on *Captain Power*. He is a staff correspondent for The Los Angeles Times and Time, Inc., has had 12+ produced stage plays, another dozen produced radio-dramas, and his short stories have appeared in *Amazing* and *Shadows 6*. He is also a Contributing Editor and "Scripts" columnist for *Writer's Digest*, and is the author of *The Complete Book of Scriptwriting*, published by *Writers Digest*. At present he is the host of *Hour 25*, an SF talk/interview show on L.A. radio. As well as working in the field, he has covered the SF/F field extensively as a reviewer and reporter.

SOMTOW SUCHARITKUL

Somtow Sucharitkul, also known as S. P. Somtow, has written fiction that spans from serious works like *Starship & Haiku* to the the humorous Mallworld stories. He has written the Horror works *Vampire Junction* and *Moon Dance*, and juvenile books, as well. Somtow is the winner of the 1981 John W. Campbell award for best new writer, and his first novel, *Starship & Haiku* won the Locus Award for best first novel. He has also written and directed *The Laughing Dead*, which has been called "a Horror film for the 90s." In his native Thailand, he is better known as an accomplished avant garde composer.

LISA SWALLOW

Lisa Swallow lives in Santa Cruz, California. She has sold stories to three anthologies: *Tales of the Witch World, Vol. II* (available now),

Women of Darkness, Vol. II (coming out in 1990), and *The Truth About Christmas* (publication date unknown). Currently Lisa is collaborating with Dave Smeds on an SF Novella; looking for a publisher for *Crux Points*, an anthology she is writing with Janet Gluckman; and writing a self-help book. She works as a computer consultant.

JUDY SWANSON

Judy Swanson is a reader who wonders "What's it going to be like?", a costumer who will do just about anything to take off her clothes and put on something else, and teacher who passes the word about the environment and what we can do to help or harm our planet. Judy spends too much time commuting to cons. "When are transporters going to be invented?"

JUDITH TARR

Judith Tarr won the 1987 Crawford Award for the Best New Writer of Fantasy. She is the author of a number of novels, three of the most recent being *A Fall of Princes* (Tor), *Ars Magica* (Bantam) and *Alamut* (Doubleday). Back home, Judith teaches in the Classics Dept. at Wesleyan U., and also teaches graduate courses in writing.

BRUCE TAYLOR

Bruce Taylor has had stories published in *New Dimensions 9* and *10* (ed. Robert Silverberg), the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and *Twilight Zone*. A story that appeared in the Autumn 1988 issue of *Pulphouse* was nominated for a Nebula and for the Bram Stoker award. His stories also sell in Europe. Bruce spent the summer of 1986 traveling in Europe and was writer in residence at Shakespeare and Company, Paris. While there, he was filmed by NBC as he gave a reading of his short stories. He will have a story coming out in 1990 in a Horror anthology titled *October Dreams*, and he has a novel, *The Story of Edward...and Other Insults to the Morally Perfect*, making its glacial rounds to editors. He is currently midway through another book.

AMY THOMSON

Amy Thomson writes and reviews SF and has recently completed a novel about a robot bag lady. She once fathered a chicken. Other than that, she has no other interesting bad habits.

JENNIFER TIFFT

Jennifer Tiffit took charge of family dress up box at age 8, learned to sew at 12, majored in history and drama in college. She's been in SF fandom

Westercon 43

and costuming since 1983 and has won recognition with several costumes both Science Fiction and historically influenced. Most notably "The Musketeer from Mars". Other interests include writing and filking.

ROY TORLEY

When Roy was six years old, he resolved to be a volcanologist when he grew up. Currently he's working toward that goal in the University of Oregon geology department Ph.D. program. Roy can play almost anything with strings, but is most proficient on the Russian balalaika and the Ukranian bandura. Roy has appeared on anthology filk tapes produced by Off Centaur, Wail Songs, and Thor Records. He and his wife, Joan Gaustad, have also produced the cassette tape, *The Cossaks Were Whistling*.

KELLY TURNER

Kelly Turner has been involved in fandom, costuming, and all the permutations thereof for 15 years. He is cofounder of Costume Con, edits and publishes *The Whole Costumer's Catalogue*, and edits and publishes the *Costumer's Quarterly*. In real life he is a game designer and programmer of coin-operated video games for Atari Games Corp.

KATHY TYERS

Kathy Tyers lives in Montana and is presently working on her fifth SF novel for Bantam Spectra. She is a semiprofessional flutist and Irish harper, and with her husband Mark, she has produced two folk recordings (available from Quicksilver Fantasies in the dealer's room).

VERNOR VINGE

Vernor Vinge has sold five novels and about fifteen short stories. He is the author of two Hugo-nominated hard SF yards: *True Names* and *The Peace War*. A sequel to the latter book, *Marooned In Real Time*, has been published by Bluejay Books. Vinge has a doctorate in math and teaches computer science at San Diego State University.

CHUQ VON ROSPACH

Editor of OtherRealms & SFWA's Nebula Report; a Hugo finalist in Best Fanzine & Best Fan Writer.

JOHN VORNHOLT

John Vornholt is the author of two Star Trek: The Next Generation novels: *Masks*, and the forthcoming *Contamination*. He lives in Los Ange-

les, where he writes an occasional television script as well as nonfiction articles and books.

ELISABETH WATERS

Elisabeth Waters' first sale was to the anthology *The Keeper's Price*, with a story which had won a prize in a short story contest. This was followed by other short fiction sales to anthologies. Inspired by Madeline L'Engle and Andre Norton, she hopes someday to write children's fiction and her first novel, a young adult Fantasy, was awarded the 1989 Gryphon Award. She is a member of SFWA and of The Authors Guild. Elisabeth is a supernumerary with the San Francisco Opera, where she has appeared in *La Gioconda*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Madama Butterfly*, *Khovanschina*, *Das Rheingold*, and *Werther*. She lives in Berkeley with Marion Zimmer Bradley, whose secretary she is, two dogs (one part wolf), and two cats.

CHRIS WEBBER

Infamous filker, and writer of numerous kid vid scripts. Are your kids watching TV written by the composer of "Beware The Sentient Chili?" Better check him out!

DEBORAH WESSELL

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 include washing frogs for Science, splitting dewey decimals for Microsoft, and playing Darth Vanna for the Clarion Auction.

LORI ANN WHITE

Lori Ann White was born and raised in the Northwest, and received her BA in English/Creative Writing from the University of Idaho in 1985. Currently, she is living in Sunnyvale, California, the heart of the Silicon Valley, and soaking up Tech-Speak with fellow SF writer Gary W. Shockley. She attended Clarion in 1983, and workshops sponsored by the Writers of the Future in 1986 and 1987. Her fiction and non-fiction have appeared in *Writers of The Future, Volume III*, *Pulphouse*, *Pulphouse Reports*, *Tales of the Unanticipated*, *Z Miscellaneous*, and *Full Spectrum, Volume II*. Forthcoming are poetry and fiction in *Narcopolis and Other Poems*

TOM WHITMORE

Tom Whitmore is a dead bore and a pain to deal with, We only put him on panels because he'd make a fuss if we didn't.

RAY WILLIAMS

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

KAREN WILLSON

Karen Willson (Weber) (with her writing partner, Chris Weber) has written a diverse spread of animation ranging from *Jayce and the Wheeled Warriors* to *The Wizard of Oz*. Karen and Chris also developed an original animated series *Dink, the Little Dinosaur*, for Ruby-Spears and CBS. Karen served stints as half of the West Coast Staff for *Starlog* (writing featured interview). She's been a documentary producer and a movie production manager on 7 features and 11 TV series. She co-wrote two episodes of the first incarnation of *Twilight Zone* with Steven Barnes and is a Departmental Scholar in Medieval, Tudor and Renaissance History at UCLA.

MILTON T. WOLF

Professor (teach SF), scholar (over 50 articles in journals and encyclopedias) specializing in Artificial Intelligence, Robotics, and Future Life-forms, and Collection Development Librarian at the University.

TONY WOLK

Tony Wolk is an English Professor at Portland State University, teaching SF literature, SF writing, and reviewing SF for *Foundation*.

KATHLEEN D. WOODBURY

Kathleen D. Woodbury is the director of the SF and Fantasy Workshop, a kind of support network for writers that is centered around a monthly newsletter and provides workshop experiences through the mail. Close to 400 members exchange manuscripts, critiques and moral support for what is often a very lonely business. Kathleen edits the newsletter and writes a monthly market column. She also published

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

M. K. WREN

M. K. Wren lives on the Oregon coast, which is the setting for her latest novel, *A Gift Upon the Shore*, published by Ballantine. She has also written a three-volume SF novel, *The Phoenix Legacy*, as well as seven Conan Flagg mystery novels. Ballantine has recently reprinted six of the mysteries in paperback.

BEN YALOW

Ben Yalow is the guy in the white shirt and bowtie, the Pepsi addict. He's the glutton for punishment who's always there when the thankless jobs are being handed out. He's the one who goes to at least fifteen conventions a year, and spends at least another fifteen weekends commuting around the country to work on conventions he'll be going to in the future. He's the one who can always be counted on to be on those boring committees, and make sure everyone else on them turns their reports in on time, having paid some attention to the issues. And he keeps up this more-than-full-time fannish schedule while holding down a highly respectable more-than-full-time job in New York City. He was Ory-Con's Fan Guest of Honor in 1987. It was the only way we could think of to keep him from working his tail off at our con. It didn't work. Ben has been to over 300 conventions, and worked on about 100, including over 15 Worldcons. He's Chaired/Co-Chaired Lunacon, SMOFcon, Codclave, and he's been a Worldcon division manager or deputy 4 times. He's a member of Lunarians (NY), Fanoclasts (NY), FACT (Texas), and President of Nesfa (Boston).

ANGIE YOUNG

Angie Young is a Dental Assistant, Geophysical Science Aide, Guest Speaker, Actress, Model, and what ever else that may suit her fancy. Her hobbies are Writing, Creating role-playing games with Ken, Role-playing, Cartooning, Costuming, Acting, Modeling, Traveling, Various types of scientific and cultural research, Dancing, Playing a musical instrument with Ken in many parades, and Speaking foreign languages. She is currently writing a book to publish.

BARBARA G. YOUNG

Barbara works in the magazine department of TSR, Inc. She is the fiction editor of *Dragon Magazine*, the editor of *Dungeon Adventures*, and the managing editor of *Amazing Stories* (don't ask; she doesn't know any more about the fate of *Amazing* than you do). With her husband, daughter, and cat, Barbara is remodeling a farmhouse in Northern Illinois. Except for the slush pile, all her recreational reading comes from book tapes, which she devours at a rate of five a week while commuting to work in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

KEN YOUNG

Ken Young is a Software/Test Engineer. He has a vast knowledge in history and military technology, which assists him in the design of a wide range of Role-playing games and Wargames. He is a popular game master, and has been doing this since 1977. Ken is the co-founder of the acting and role-playing association, for which he is the systems manager. The game he is working on now should be in the stores this fall. It is based on a popular book series.

JULIE ZETTERBERG

Julie Zetterberg has been making and wearing costumes since 1974, first as a member of the SCA, then at Science Fiction conventions and other historical diversions. She has appeared as everything from Judy Jetson to the Space Station from 2001. Costuming has given her many odd pleasures and occasional rewards, but she is very glad it is, for her, only a hobby. She lives and works very mundanely in Seattle.

DAVID ZINDELL

David Zindell has been reading SF all his life. He has done the usual writer-style set of eclectic things in his life, until he attended the Haystack Writers Workshop in 1982. Since then, he has had stories printed in *Fantasy Book*, *Interzone*, and Terry Carr's *Best SF of the Year #15*, and he has been nominated for the John W. Campbell award. His first novel is *Neverness*, and he is working on a sequel to it, titled *A Requiem for Homo Sapiens*.

Information was not received for the following program participants in time to include in this book:

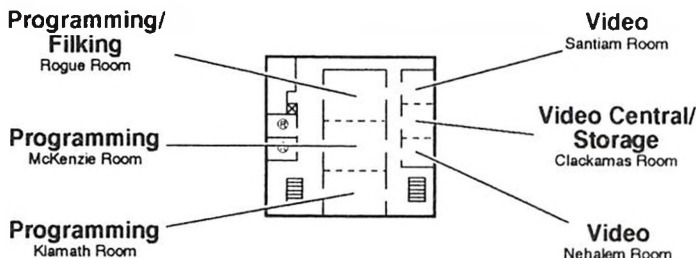
Gary Anderson
 John Berry
 David Bratman
 Melissa Carpenter
 Mike Christie
 Webster Colcord
 Genny Dazzo
 Duane Elms
 Leslie Fish
 Lee Gold
 Aimee Hartlove
 P. C. Hodgell
 Natasha Kern
 Mary Kirchoff
 Jean Lamb
 Jeff Levin
 Loren MacGregor
 Dave Meyer
 Julie Neff
 A. D. Overstreet
 Rob Schouten
 Susan Taubeneck
 Michael Walsh

Janet Wilson Anderson
 Tom Billings
 Kim Camacho
 Jack Chalker
 Sandy Cohen
 Sherry Coldsmit
 Milo Duke
 Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk
 Margaret G. Forsyth
 Stephen Golden
 Jay Hartlove
 K. W. Jeter
 John Khem
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 Lydia Marano
 Getshu-shin Moss
 Randall Neff
 Ray Pelley
 Sara Stamey
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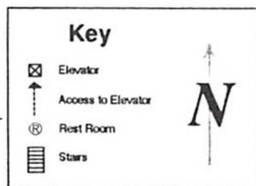
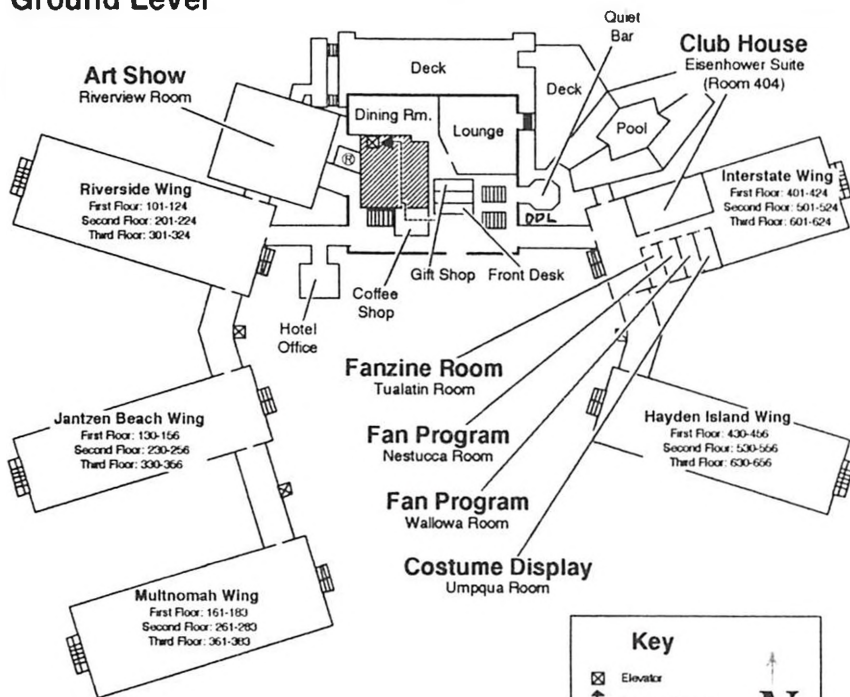


Red Lion Columbia River

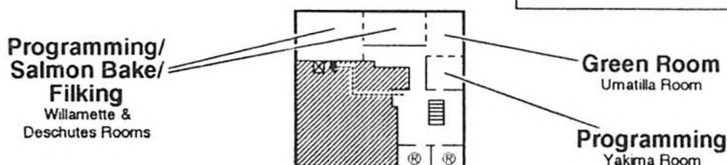
Upper Level



Ground Level

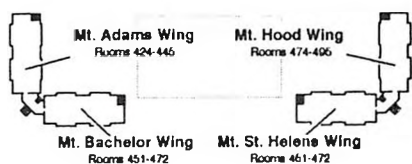


Lower Level

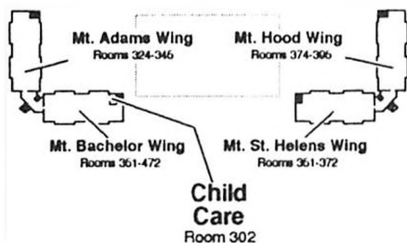


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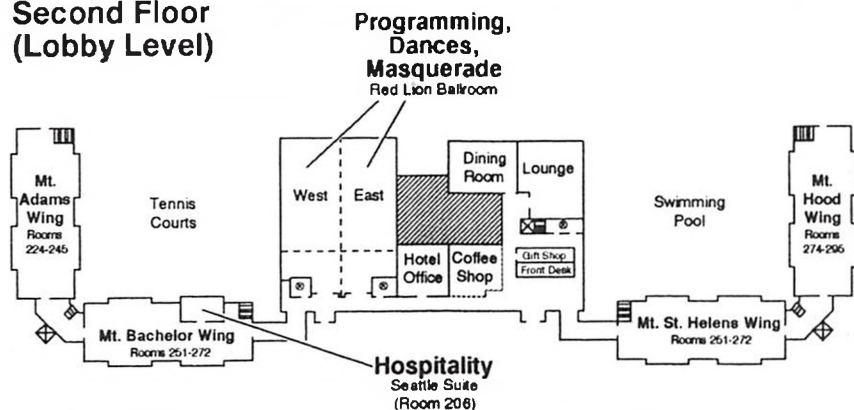
Fourth Floor



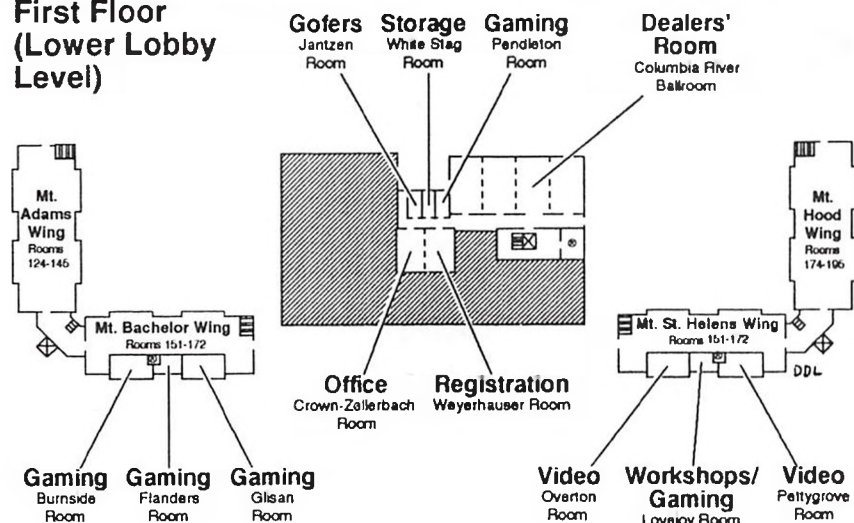
Third Floor



Second Floor (Lobby Level)



First Floor (Lower Lobby Level)





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