

WESTERCON 32





June 29, 1979

—TO ALL WESTERCON MEMBERS—

Four days ago, our committee was notified that, due to a change of policy by the University of B.C. Conference Centre, their facilities will not be available for our proposed 1981 Westercon.

We greatly regret this unexpected development coming as close as it does to the site selection. It is particularly disappointing after our efforts to secure the most advantageous facilities that UBC could offer (as outlined in our ad in the program book).

We have therefore arranged a booking at our alternate site, **The Holiday Inn Harbourside**, a downtown hotel with full convention accommodations. This site offers:

- 1000 seat ballroom
- indoor pool, sauna
- free parking
- Airporter bus service

And is adjacent to all the attractions of downtown Vancouver, Gastown, and Stanley Park. Room rates for Westercon members have been **guaranteed** for the dates of the convention as follows: single, \$43; double, \$47 Canadian funds.\*

We regret any confusion this may cause, and any disappointment resulting from the change in site to a hotel, with the usual hotel accommodation costs. However, we feel the many attractions Vancouver has to offer, and the plans we have for this Westercon, make our bid still worthy of your consideration and support.

Vancouver in '81  
Westercon Committee

*\*Current value of Canadian dollar in U.S. funds is \$0.85*



WESTERCON 32 SFCOn '79  
 JULY 4TH THROUGH JULY 8TH  
 SHERATON PALACE HOTEL  
 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Pro Guest of Honor: DICK LUPOFF  
 Fan Guest of Honor: BRUCE PELZ  
 Special Guest of Honor: SHERRY GOTTLIEB  
 Toastmistress: MARTA RANDALL

### **Committee :**

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 Vice-Chairmen: DEBBIE NOTKIN  
                   TOM WHITMORE  
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               CTEIN  
 Fashion Show: CHRIS LOFTHUS  
 Films: PAUL MOSLANDER  
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### Special Thanks

Many thanks to Elmer Nielson of Sunnyvale Printers who happily turned my strangely taped negatives into beautifully printed Progress Reports. . .and on time, no less. . .To Brenda Klocko of Klocko consultants who put up with my rambling and type-set "faanishly" with the right amount of "a's.". .

"Special Thanks" continued on page 50



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### Message from the Chair:

Welcome to the 32nd Westercon. We've been working on this thing for over two years now (seems quite a bit longer than that), and we do hope you like what we've done.

We're trying some innovation in programming, some new touches in the general ways of running the convention, but keeping some old traditions alive.

If you look around you, you will see several tired and frazzled people running around the convention wearing orange armbands—these overworked masochists are committee members. Please, try to treat them kindly as you would treat any lost soul. If you have a problem that the committee can help you with, go to your nearest committee member and ask for help. If you thought something at the convention went off rather well, go to your nearest committee member and say how much you like it—you might just get a weary smile back.

We've tried to keep in mind that this convention is for you, not a way to build up our own ego. Your part in this is to remember that the committee is doing this for you and please help us help you.

On practical matters: we have a restaurant list at the information table for those of you new to San Francisco. The daily newsletter will tell you all the latest information on program and films. The information/computer room will have constant info updates (as well as the "Lust List").

So . . . We hope you have a good time. We're here to help, San Francisco, the city, awaits, such an adventure!

## DICK LUPOFF, by Carol Carr

“... so I’m in Booboo Frinistance’s hot, smoky room, surrounded by a bunch of name-dropping weirdos, and I’m about to totally freak out when I feel this long Lupoffian arm come out of nowhere, and it’s Dick, thank God.” Thus spake Larry Davidson, one of many of Dick’s friends who look on him as a continent of sanity (he’s too big to be an island) in a sea of convention chaos.

It’s hard to define the combination of small qualities that happen to blend so well in a person that they result in the one larger quality of “sanity.” With Dick, part of it may be his modesty, his playfulness, generosity, or even the ability to see the world with all its sharp edges and refrain from self-pity; more likely, though, what it all comes down to is that pair of mismatched sneakers.

I met Dick around 1961, when the Lupoff clan lived in mid-Manhattan and knew which restaurant served the best duck. Soon after, they moved to Poughkeepsie, courtesy (if you can call it that) of IBM, Dick’s boss. Terry and I would arrive at their split-level house on Daisy Lane (located in, believe it or not, the town of Merry Hill), and quick as amenities would allow they’d kiss their kids goodnight and take us off to a restaurant probably called “Chez Gamay Capon,” whose major virtue was that it was located as far away from Poughkeepsie as could be managed in one evening’s drive. As birds are meant to pedal exercycles, so are Dick and Pat meant for suburbia. (As Pat once said about Mendocino, “What’s all the fuss about? There’s nothing there but scenery.”) So they didn’t stay in Poughkeepsie very long. How could they when Pat’s main recreation was the Parque ‘n’ Shop; and as for Dick: At the very time when the word Consciousness was being defined, redefined and de-defined, when minds were bent, blown, expanded, raised and renty by acid, rock, and roachclips that doubled as yogurt-makers. IBM had just (allegedly) decided to choose linoleum over carpeting because although linoleum was more expensive, the decision of the Board was that it suited their image better.

I don’t think it was the linoleum issue that convinced Dick to resign—it just makes a good story—but at that point in his first career, he discovered the limits to what those long Lupoffian arms were willing to embrace. And besides, he’d sold some science fiction by then and also discovered the wonderful world of options.

So by the time we finally got to California as part of the Later New York Influx, the first people we visited were Dick and Pat Lupoff. It was a lovely place to land after three weeks on the road. Dick looked slim, Pat looked calm, and Tommy was walking on two legs.





**Guest of Honor : DICK LUPOFF**

I do have one regret to do with our timing. I missed their Purist Period, during which, the tale is told, they were eating whole grains along with the best of the rest, and Pat wore loose garments of unsanded bark, and Dick was writing *The Tibetan Cookbook of the Dead: For Those of You Who Loved The Cookbook of Changes*. \* And they both smoked condiments only during the harvest festival. Oh gosh I would like to have

But have I done Dick a disservice? Have I used too many ethereal pastels in this sketch? If so, let me regain some balance. I've heard Dick threaten to lock his kids in their room with a box of Fruit Loops merely because they were chewing on a few pages of manuscript. I've seen him so enraged at a couple of editors that he actually abused them verbally. I've even heard him insist on finishing a sentence even though Pat wanted to go home. No, this person is not without human frailties. In fact, a couple of years ago I was at a party, happily opening my third bag of potato chips, when I overheard the unmistakable, almost always slightly bemused voice of Dick Lupoff somewhere in the corner of the room: "Have you ever noticed," he was saying, "how life is a series of losing one cherry after another?"

Only Dick could omit the dash of bitters.

\*That's Calvin W. Demmon's line, actually.

## **RICHARD A. "DICK" LUPOFF** by Ted White

Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff—known as "R.A. 'D.' L." to his friends—has for years carried the heavy burden of a closely guarded secret, a secret which I am going to share with all of you now for the first time!

For years Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff has been publishing stories (most of them appearing in a magazine I once edited; hence my knowledge of this, the Inside Story) under the name of "Ova Hamlet." He has, for an equal number of years (about ten years, as a matter of fact, give or take a few months, one way or the other, and a tumultuous ten years it's been, not only for him, but for the magazine, for me and indeed for this Very Nation; but I digress . . .) maintained the polite fiction that "Ova Hamlet" exists and that he, Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff, acts as her keeper, agent, editor, and general caretaker.

Nothing could be further from the truth! (Well, as a matter of fact, several other things *could* be further from the truth, but at the present they are indeed *equidistant* from the truth, thus supporting my statement.)

Ova Hamlet is *real!*

Now let me tell you the True Story:

I first met Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff in the late fifties at a Midwestcon.

# the ADVENTURES OF ISADORE

By Steve Stiles and DICK LURIEFF

ON a BUSY STREET.....



...My God...

...WHY HAST THOU...

My God...

...FORSAKEN US...

GAPHAIST BRUTALITY DEHUMANIZES THE STRUGGLING WORKERS...

WISH WAS A SPEERMAN!

JA SEE TH MORNING TV NEWS?

SABAH! GOOD DAM THROUBLE MAKIN KIDS! DEY NEED A GOOD SCRUBBIN! AN-A GOOD PAINCUT!

NO DEY DON'T! DEY NEED A GOOD SMASHIN! YEAH!

HEY ISADORE WHADDA YOU THINK?

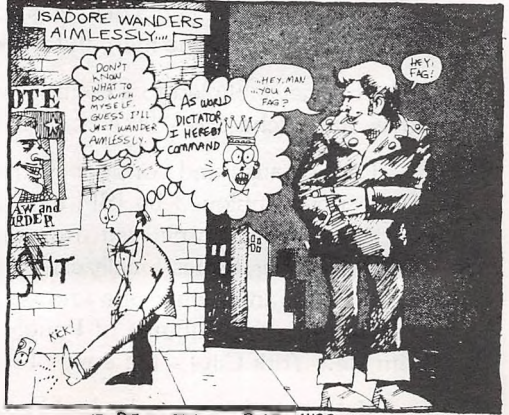
M-MAYBE TH-THEY'RE TRYING T-TO TELL US S-SOMETHING BRAD.

NAH! NOT A CHANCE! YOU'RE TOO SOFT ON PUNKS, IZ ZY! DEY'RE JUST PUNKS!



AWRITE YOU GUYS! LET'S GET SOME WORK OUTTA HERE!

MODEL 395 AND PUT YOUR GOGS!



ISADORE WANDERS AIMLESSLY...

DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF GUESS I'LL JUST WANDER AIMLESSLY

AS WORLD DICTATOR I HEREBY COMMAND

...HEY, MAN --YOU A FAG?

HEY! FAG.

SOMEHOW, FIVE O'CLOCK COMES.



TO BE CONTINUED...DON'T MISS IT IF YOU CAN.

He was then still a mere fan—as indeed I was myself. I remember him only for his bermuda shorts and crew cut.

In 1960, newly married to the dewey-eyed Pat and encumbered with a cocker-spanial named Snoopy who liked to eat visitors' clothing, Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff moved to New York City.

I had moved to the city only about a year earlier but even then our lifestyles were in complete contrast. Broke and desperately trying to get a toehold in the miniscule field of jazz criticism, I lived in a fifth-floor walkup in the West Village. Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff, on the other hand, had a job with Sperry Rand or one of those big corporations, and moved into a penthouse apartment (equipped with both terraces on the roof *and* a working fireplace) in the fashionable East Seventies. That fall Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff, pointing proudly to the "Dick & Pat" parallels, cast his vote for Richard Nixon for president. I voted for Kennedy.

Even then the Lupoffs were caught up in the swirl of the glittering Big City nightlife; more than once I visited them to join them in the swank activities that predominated in their set: in particular, the Upper East Side practice of roasting eggs in the fire. Only the rich could indulge themselves in this sport; ragged bohemians like myself could afford neither eggs nor fireplaces.

Those were innocent days. Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff set out with both the will and money to take New York Fandom by storm, and was soon publishing fat issues of XERO, a fanzine which won the Hugo in 1962. Children were also produced, first a son and then a daughter: the American ideal. What could follow in so illustriously blooming a career but a stab at the professional side of scientification. Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff was soon editing Edgar Rice Burroughs, a lamentably sloppy writer who once enjoyed a mild vogue, for Canaveral Press, and writing his own book about the man, the title of which escapes me just now.\*

This inevitably led to a contract with Lancer Books for an original novel, and Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff was well on his way.

Let us pause and consider Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff in the mid-sixties: now employed by IBM as a technical writer and audio-visual specialist, happily married with a growing family, a Hugo-winning fanzine editor/publisher, professionally established author and editor in the scientifiction field, and owner of a lovely split-level ranch-style home in the attractive wooded suburbs of Poughkeepsie, N.Y. (an easy commute from New York City)—the envy of us all. This man had it made!

Yet within five years he had lost nearly all!

His hair curling disreputably over his unbuttoned collar, Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff renounced Richard Nixon, renounced IBM, renounced

his lovely split-level ranch-style home in the attractive wooded suburbs of Poughkeepsie, N.Y. (an easy commute from New York City), and announced that he was taking his wife, children and dog(s) to live in a “free” lifestyle among the hippies in Berkeley, California, land of the lotus-eaters and anathema to all career-oriented New Yorkers!

Yes, that’s right! Like one of the “flower children” of the sixties, Richard A. “Dick” Lupoff had given up his comfortable upper-middle-class life for the uncertain future of a full-time free-lance writer!

Inevitably, the question arises: *Why?*

Why did this brilliant man foresake his career and his future for the hand-to-mouth existence of a free-lance author of scientification?

Up to now the answer most of his saddened friends gave to this question was that Richard A. “Dick” Lupoff had gotten hooked on Drugs. They saw him as a typical example of a man whose success came too quickly and too easily, a man who thought he could handle anything. They saw him as a man humbled by something he could not handle—humbled and destroyed by Drugs. They pointed to his decision not to vote for Richard Nixon in 1968 as a clear example of how a good man had gone wrong. His unkempt appearance only underscored the obvious.

But these well-meaning (one assumes; a few may have been jealous) friends were wrong. Drugs were not the cause of Richard A. “Dick” Lupoff’s downfall—they were only a symptom, of something else.

Now, for the first time, I am going to reveal to you the Actual Truth about Richard A. “Dick” Lupoff:

At some point in the latter half of the sixties, Richard A. “Dick” Lupoff met an unusual and compelling woman. He found her emerging from an alley near Grand Central Station as he was getting ready to take a train back to Poughkeepsie, N.Y. (an easy commute from New York City). She looked ragged and he dismissed her immediately from his sharp, IBM-trained mind, as a typical New York City bag-lady, one of those strange women who live on the streets and in the subways, carrying all their possessions with them in a few tattered shopping bags.

But she spoke to him, saying, “Hist!” and beckoning with a crooked finger for him to follow her back into the alley.

Richard A. “Dick” Lupoff ignored her, of course.

But she caught at the hem of his coat, tugging imperiously, and repeating again, “*Hisst!*”

Now intrigued (she was older, but not *totally* unattractive), he al-

10 lowed her to lead him back into the alleyway, past garbage cans, two smelly old mattresses, and several empty liquor bottles, to the boarded-up entrance to an abandoned subway entrance.

Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff wrinkled his nose in disgust, but she pulled at him insistently and took him down the darkened stairs of the subway entrance. At the bottom he found himself in a long tunnel which was lined with statues. It was hard to make out the inscriptions on the statues by the guttering light of his cigarette lighter, but one read "Complacency," and another "Member of the Team." At the far end of the tunnel the old woman stopped before him and said, "Say the name of your hero." Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff stopped and scratched his crew-cut head. "Hero?" What "hero?" Then inspiration dawned. "Richard Nixon!" he cried.

"Wrong!" the old crone shrieked, and a block of stone fell from overhead, smashing her to the tunnel floor in a very messy and unpleasant fashion. Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff staggered back from this scene with surprise and distaste, but before he could flee an apparition rose from the block of stone and he could see that this was a far younger, more attractive version of the old woman who had led him there.

"You guessed wrong, you idiot!" she stormed at him. "And look what you've done to me! You'll pay for this! You'll pay for the rest of your life! I'll haunt you—I'll be somewhere near you wherever you may be, and when you least suspect it I'll make my presence known to you! That is my curse on you, Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff!" And with that she simply disappeared.

This wasn't at all what he had expected. But he dismissed it from his mind soon after regaining the sidewalk.

Unfortunately, that was not to be the end of it. I won't bore you with a long, drawn-out recital of the occasions on which she reappeared and the events which she caused to transpire. Suffice to say, Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff's nerves began to go. His hands began trembling so badly that only smoking a particular drug gave him any relief. He couldn't look into mirrors any more—she was all too likely to appear from over his shoulder in one. That meant giving up haircuts and shaving. And the job became impossible.

There was only one sensible solution that Richard A. "Dick" Lupoff could see: he renounced Richard Nixon and he fled with his loved ones to an environment where the oddities surrounding his life would go unnoticed, or at least unremarked upon, there to pursue a lifestyle that would provoke few questions from his seedy neighbors.

The Drugs? They provided a momentary surcease, but it was only

momentary. They could not blot out the apparition.

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I was by then the editor of a magazine called *Fantastic* (which has, I believe, since ceased publication, although I might be wrong), and it was my inspiration which led Richard A. “Dick” Lupoff to try to write about the apparition which haunted him. I had thought—like all of his friends then, I did not know the Truth—that it might be valuable Therapy for the man. Thus, Richard A. “Dick” Lupoff tried to exorcise his personal demon through fiction. He even used her name—Ova Hamlet—on some of his stories, those stories in which he reflected her twisted, satirical view of other sciencifiction writers of the day.

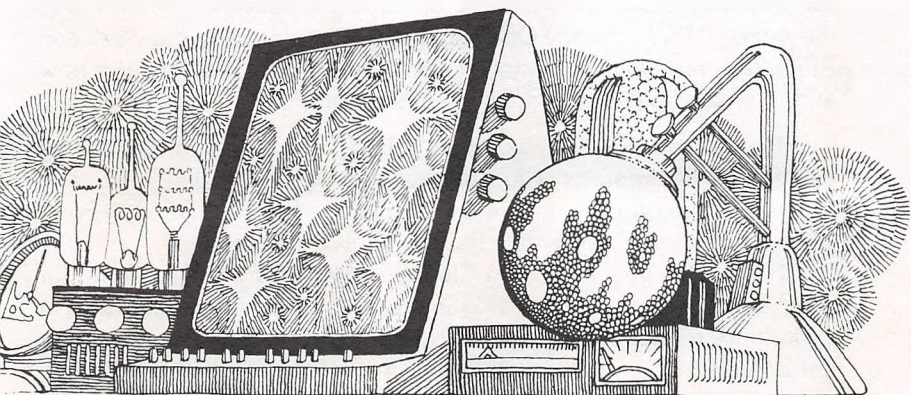
It has not worked. To this very day, Richard A. “Dick” Lupoff is a haunted man. To those of you encountering him here at this convention he may appear outwardly ebullient and cheerful, but this is solely due to his carefully metered use of certain mind-numbing drugs, I need not mention which ones. Watch him carefully. Observe him in the bar with utmost caution. Watch not the man himself, but his *reflection*, in the mirrors.

Observe carefully and you may note the gleeful hag leaning over his shoulder—in the reflection only!—and then perhaps you will understand something of what this pitiable but courageous man has been through.

I know you’ll want to buy him a drink—at the very least.

*\*Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure, Canaveral Press, 1965; Ace Books 1968*

—Ted White



## Fan Guest of Honor

### BRUCE PELZ

as seen by Lee Gold

During the daytime a mild-mannered Engineering Department Librarian at a state university (UCLA), Bruce Pelz is in reality SMOF #2. (Just check his license plate if you doubt me.)

Pelz's first club activity was in the 1950s as a spelunker. That was at the University of Florida in Gainesville (a place which was shortly later to graduate Tom Digby as well). Soon Pelz (and several of the other spelunker club members) sunk to his proper level and became a science fiction fan.

Leaving Florida in 1960, he came to Los Angeles and, except for brief excursions to fannish conventions, has remained there ever since. In his fanhome, the Tower (currently Tower VI, a house in Granada Hills), Pelz has for over a decade hosted some of the LASFS's most popular parties, among them the annual Ellik-Jacobs Memorial Wine & Cheese Tasting Party (recently renamed as a D.R.E.G.S. [Drinking Readers Entropic and Gaming Society]) function and the early fall Baskin Robbins Party to which admission is a pint of Baskin Robbins ice cream.

Pelz has been active in many areas of fandom, but in one he once achieved a distinction unlikely ever to be equalled these days: he was an OMNIAPAN!, a member of ALL the apas in existence. (Of course, in those innocent days of the early 60s, there were only five apas in fandom: FAPA, the Cult, N'APA, OMPA and SAPS.) Old filksongs still attest to the fact that he objected if lazier multiapans attempted to run the same material in more than one apa.

These days Pelz is again a member of the Cult (recently having served as its Official Arbiter), FAPA, Lasfapa, an occasional contributor to the weekly APA-L, and the Official Encapsulator of WOOF, the Worldcon APA which has been appearing at each worldcon for several years now and to which he is a never-failing contributor.

Pelz has long been a major force in LASFS, most notably for having guided the Incorporated Club for over six years as dual Board and Procedural Treasurer during the period that the LASFS's Building Fund got pushed to the point that Realsoonnow became Reality and the LASFS actually bought its own Clubhouse. Shaped by that period, for some time the post of Treasurer loomed in LA fan circles as equivalent in importance to that of Secretary in the Communist Party. Pelz still serves the LASFS as Comptroller (aka Treasurer) of the Board of Directors.





Pelz holds two other standing LASFS positions, exercised infrequently and informally perhaps, but forever his. The first is as Devil's Advocate at Large. The duties and perquisites of this office have never been fully defined, but its function does seem to fit in well with Pelz's general character. The second, created during his stay as Continual Treasurer, was his status as The Committee to Gouge Money out of the Lasfs, a post which enabled him to conduct minor and major auctions, set up fund-raising activities, and otherwise somehow actually get the money needed for down payment and mortgage payments on the Clubhouse.

Pelz is also active in several more or less disorganized LASFS in-groups (besides the Board of Directors). Back in August of 1966, he started the Blackguards for the purpose of proving Lasfsians will join anything. The group went in for poker, bowling and miniature golf—and put out four issues of the infamous Victorian Digest, usually referred to by its initials. The Blackguards are now inactive, but Pelz still frequently spends parties at the poker table that the group purchased in its heyday. He also became a tournament bridge player in the early '70s with currently 116 registered master points to his credit.

Pelz is also a notable collector, not only of paperbacks and hardbacks (like most fen) but also of (speak it softly) fanzines. *His* are organized. Most of his runs are complete. Many are even bound. He has nine filing cabinets of loose fanzines and one bookcase wall of bound fanzines (in addition to his several rooms lined with books). And he keeps them indexed (with the aid of a friendly computer).

Pelz also serves as curator for the Institute for Specialized Literature, ephemera division. The purpose of this institute is "the support of research in the Science Fiction field through the accumulation, ordering and preserving of research materials." Fen may wish to note that donations to the ISL are tax-deductible and may be sent Book or Library rate to Pelz. (And the ISL states it is usually able to repay postage.)

Pelz also serves as Lasfs Fanzine Librarian, a job that involves organizing and maintaining the LASFS's vast and highly miscellaneous collection of fanzines, augmented at irregular intervals by donations from members who have grown tired of the things.

Pelz has also been long active in the field of filk songs, not only as a writer of lyrics (DNQ Rally Song, Sir Fanalot's Lament, and numerous others) and composer (among other things he did the music for the Silverlock Songs by John Myers Myers), but also as publisher of the Filksong Manuals, now finally reissued again. Unlike any other publisher of filk songs, Pelz takes care to publish not just the lyrics but the full score of the song, thus enabling a fan who has never heard the song's tune to still attempt to sing it. Since quite a few of the west coast filk songs are set to original tunes, this makes Pelz's Filksong Manual invaluable.

How to recognize Bruce Pelz? I don't know whether this program book will carry a picture of him, but he's unmistakable. Just look for a medium height, stocky fellow who gives the impression of wearing a beard and being dressed in black (and may even be doing so at the time you see him). (Once upon a time at Disneyland, Ted Johnstone lost track of Pelz and checked back with the manager of the last Main Street Shop he had seen him in. "Bearded fellow in black?" said the mundane. "Oh yes, he went through that door." Ted checked, and sure enough there was Bruce. It was only on closer inspection that Ted noticed that Bruce had shaved off his beard and was wearing pastel shirt and pants.)

### *Conventions*

F-UN Con (1968): assistant chairman

Westercon (1969): co-chairman

Eastercon (1970): ran the convention, which took place in New York. This mad escapade began at the suggestion of the Fanoclasts at the 1969 Eastercon that Pelz bid for the next Eastercon for LA. He did so and won.

Presicon (1971): co-chairman

LA CON (1972 Worldcon): co-chairman

Westercon (1969): chairman

and Treasurer or other concom position of numerous others.

### *Costume awards for:*

Westercon: 1963 - Heavy Trooper (from DRAGON MASTERS)

1965 - Gorice of Carce (with Dian as the Lady Sriva)

1966 - The Fat Fury (with Dian as Ticklepuss) (from the Herby comics)

1967 - Barquentine (from TITUS GROAN)

1978 - Nick van Rijn (from the Poul Anderson series)

Worldcon: 1963 - Fafhrd (with Ted Johnstone as the Gray Mouser and Dian as Ningauble)

1966 - Chun the Unavoidable

1968 - Heavy Trooper (from DRAGON MASTERS)

1969 - Countess Gertrude of Groan (from TITUS GROAN)

1970 - Gorice of Carce

Of these costumes, the one I particularly remember was Countess Gertrude. Bruce wore a green and gold caftan, a green cap, and a string of snails. He spent the presentation murmuring to a dove which perched on his finger (and was actually stuffed). No one recognized him including old friend Charlie Brown who actually helped "Gertrude" up the ramp. The panel of judges was sufficiently impressed by the whole affair to award him MOST EVERYTHING, including Most Beautiful, Best Presentation, and Best Group (after all, there was Gertrude and the Dove). When the name of the winner was announced, the entire audience burst into applause.

*Diplomacy*: Pelz is a quondam Diplomacy player though still on some PBM mailing lists. He played Russia in RURITANIA, the second Play by Mail Diplomacy game ever held, in 1961-64. He also played in Lasfs Diplomacy as chronicled in WITDIP, a game which died in the flaming wreckage of a Cobalt Bomb, which was dropped to end the unenjoyable wrangling over just who had moved where and what the result was; when it turned out even the referee and those he consulted couldn't figure it out, the Cobalt Bomb put an end to the problem.

### *Fanzines*

ProFANity (genzine)  
 Tantrum (personalzine)  
 Glamdring (reviews)  
 Ratatosk (news)  
 Menace of the LASFS (minutes)  
 Speleo Bem (SAPS)  
 Savoyard (N'APA-OMPA)  
 Rache (N'APA)  
 Ankus (FAPA)  
 Angmar (The Cult)  
 Nyet Vremia (APA L)  
 Kiarions' Tuncheon (Lasfapa)  
 Everything (SFPA)  
 Old Ship (NAPA - Mishap)  
 Valday (VALAPA)  
 and of course, the four filksong manuals  
 now reissued in one volume

## **Special Guest of Honor**

### **SHERRY GOTTLIEB**

The special guest of honor at the Westercon has traditionally been someone who doesn't fit well into either the fan or pro categories, but deserves honor nonetheless. SHERRY GOTTLIEB, proprietor and self-styled "Hobbitch" of the oldest surviving speculative fiction shop in this country, certainly fits those criteria. She has nursed her store, A Change of Hobbit, from its early penniless days in a second-story location to its current prosperity in Westwood, a few blocks from UCLA. Behind the counter at A Change of Hobbit, Sherry presides over a welcoming and friendly store, a gathering place well set up for comfortable browsing and conversation, where she supplies tea (and sometimes cookies) to the regular customers and the newcomers who just wander in. The store reflects two things about Sherry—an overriding hospitality and a complete and precise knowledge of the field in which she makes her living. So

many small businesses fail on one or the other of those grounds, and Change of Hobbit, and its owner, are delightful exceptions.

The store is definitely a fannish haunt, rapidly becoming a fannish legend—the Tim Kirk logo, the phone number (“GREAT SF”), the time Harlan Ellison streaked his own autograph party—all of these will go down in fannish history, and all are because of Sherry.

When she isn’t behind the counter or in the back room at the store, she can be found driving around Los Angeles in her Mazda (license plate “READ SF”), or relaxing in her apartment. The rumor that she only dates koala bears is absolutely *not true*, whatever you may have heard to the contrary.

## AWARDS WHICH ARE TO BE PRESENTED AT WESTERCON 32

### **The Sampo**

The Sampo award was created in 1970 to honor the “unsung heroes” of the Science-Fiction fan community. The award takes its name and design from a magic device of Finnish legend that ground out gold corn, and salt. We feel that as a sampo gives forth what is needed, the honorees give fandom what it needs: energy and lots of effort.

The award was created by Sampo productions and was given solely by that group until 1976. Starting with the 1977 award, it has been administered by an independent committee of judges and has been sponsored by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

Previous winners of the Sampo award:

- 1970 Felice Rolfe
- 1971 Fred Patten
- 1972 Bruce Pelz
- 1973 Vonda McIntyre
- 1974 Emil Petaja
- 1975 Barry and Lee Gold
- 1976 Karen and Paul Anderson
- 1977 Bob Vardeman
- 1978 Ted Dikty

PREVIOUS WINNERS OF THE ELVES', GNOMES AND  
LITTLE MEN'S SCIENCE FICTION, CHOWDER AND  
MARCHING SOCIETY AWARD ARE AS FOLLOWS:

195- GEORGE PAL	1969 JUDY-LYNN BENJAMIN
195- RAY BRADBURY	1970 FRITZ LANG
195- ARTHUR C. CLARKE	1971 C. L. MOORE
1961 CELE GOLDSMITH	1972 JAMES H. SCHMITZ
1962 HAL CLEMENT	1973 R. A. LAFFERTY
1963 ANDRE NORTON	1974 RANDALL GARRETT
1964 FREDERIK POHL	1975 A. BERTRAM CHANDLER
1965 L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP	1976 MARION ZIMMER BRADLE
1966 CORDWAINER SMITH	1977 ALVA ROGERS
1967 CHARLES SCHNEEMAN	1978 FRANK ROBINSON
1968 J. FRANCIS McCOMAS	

### TOASTMISTRESS: MARTA RANDALL

Born 4/26/48 in Mexico City, Mexico, to a mostly-Scottish gringo father and a Lebanese/Mexican mother, thereby qualifying, with two subsequent siblings, as smallest minority group in USA. No federal funding seems forthcoming. Pity.

First publication in 1972 in Britain, under strange and since repudiated name. Author of such wonder as ISLANDS, A CITY IN THE NORTH, and, most recently, JOURNEY. Unhappy would-be slave to sequel to JOURNEY, currently known as HART'S CHILDREN, when not known as "the goddamned novel." Perpetrator of a number of short stories and novellas. New, fierce, mean, nasty, perceptive, (terrified editor of New Dimensions).

photo by Dale Leifeste



Resident of Montclair (which is a fancy way of saying Oakland) with one mortgage, two incontinent cats, and one sarcastic son of the pre-adolescent variety. Possessor of a number of bad habits, not the least of which is saying "yes" to convention committees.

Went to college with Jerry Jacks. Need one say more?

# A STEP FARTHER OUT

JERRY POURNELLE

*Let the finest science writer of our time  
take you on a guided tour of the wonders  
of our age, and of ages to come.*

"It is impossible to overpraise this book."  
— A.E. Van Vogt

"Fully equal to Asimov, Clarke, Sagan... to  
anyone."  
— Poul Anderson

"Jerry Pournelle is out to make the whole  
world rich."  
— Larry Niven

"I want to show you marvels. Dreams,  
in technicolor, with sharp edges. I want to  
tell you something of the wonder and  
excitement of science; of the birth of the  
universe, of black holes, and cities of the  
future; of how man and computer may  
forge between them something greater  
than both.... I want to show you a world that  
might be made."  
— Jerry Pournelle  
From his *Introduction*



**ACE SCIENCE FICTION**  
A Grosset & Dunlap Company



# WESTERCON 32 PROGRAM

21

Because of the lead time necessary to print this program book, many commitments have not been received at this writing. So please check your daily Convention Newsletter for final details of panel participants.

THE "A" PROGRAM IS IN THE MAIN BALLROOM

THE "B" PROGRAM IS IN THE BONANZA ROOM

THE "C" PROGRAM IS IN THE FORTY-NINER ROOM

THE FILMS ARE IN THE RALSTON ROOM

THE ARTSHOW IS IN THE COMSTOCK ROOM

THE GAMEROOM IS IN PARLOR "E"

THE HOSPITALITY ROOM IS IN THE STATE SUITE

THE ALTERNATE FILM PROGRAM IS IN THE BONANZA ROOM

Main Film Presentation from 12:00 to 6:00, then  
from 8:00 to 2:00

Alternate Film Presentation from 9:00 P.M. on

## WEDNESDAY, JULY 4:

- 11:00 Registration Opens
- 12:00 Dealers' Room Opens (till 6:00)
- 3:30 Westercon Introduction and  
Opening Ceremonies
- 4:00 Art Show Opens (till 9:00)
- 4:00 A - Interview (to be scheduled)
- B - Computer Games Panel
- C - Singfest - The Westerfilk Society
- 8:00 A - Meet the Authors Reception

## THURSDAY, JULY 5:

- 9:00 B - Fanzines Past and Present
- 9:00 C - Fantasy Role Playing Games
- 10:00 A - Work I Would Like to Illustrate and  
Why - George Barr, Alicia Austin,  
Grant Canfield, Bjo Trimble, others
- 10:00 Art Show Opens (till 9:00)

- 22 10:30 B - The Rise and Fall of the Huge Convention - Tim Kyger, Jerry Jacks, others
- 10:30 C - Fanzine Production Workshop - continuation of fanzine panel
- 12:00 A - Space War Blues - War in the Future Jerry Pournelle, Poul Anderson, others
- 12:00 B - Interview of Bruce Pelz, Fan Guest of Honor (by Owen Hannifen)
- 12:00 C - Editors Panel - Science fiction editors talk about their jobs
- 1:30 B - Fan Presses
- 1:30 C - Science Fiction and Linguistics - Suzette Haden Elgin, Cynthia Felice, Walter Breen, Paul Novitski
- 2:00 A - Interview to be scheduled
- 3:00 B - Regional Fan Clubs - The different characteristics of clubs in different cities
- 3:00 C - How to Build a Costume - Preview of masquerade techniques - Astrid Anderson, Kelson, Tom Whitmore
- 4:00 A - Cauldronboilers: The Horror Fiction Panel - Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Fritz Lieber, Suzy Mckee Charnas, others
- 4:30 B - Interview of Alva Rogers
- 4:30 C - Puppet Show - Andrea Mitchell

### FRIDAY, JULY 6:

- 9:00 B - Science fiction criticism and review - Debbie Notkin, Jeff Frane, Orson Scott Card, others
- 9:00 C - Discrimination in Fandom: Why do Trekkies, etc. get such a bad name - Dona Kearns, Ctein, others
- 10:00 A - Plastics, My Boy, Plastics: Future Standards of Living - Jerry Pournelle, John Brunner, Larry Niven, others
- 10:00 Art Show opens (till 9:00)
- 10:00 B - Science Fiction Magazines - George Scithers, Charles N. Brown, Vicki Schochet, others
- 10:30 C - Criticism and Review Workshop - continuation of panel

- 12:00 A - Sword of the Demon: High Fantasy Writing - Katherine Kurtz, Poul Anderson, others 23
- 12:00 B - Debbie Notkin interviews Terry Carr
- 12:00 C - Crime and Punishment in the Future - Larry Niven, Orson Scott Card, Andi Shechter, Eric Vinicoff
- 1:30 B - Specialty Publishing
- 1:30 C - Dragons in Science Fiction Art
- 2:00 A - Dave Nee and Jeffrey Elliot interview DICK LUPOFF, Pro Guest of Honor
- 3:00 B - Science Fiction Without John W. Campbell: An Alternate Universe - George Scithers, Alva Rogers, Frank Robinson
- 3:00 C - Go Suck a Sonnet: Science Fiction Poetry - Suzette Haden Elgin, Terry Garey, Wendy Rose, Andrew Joron, Jerry Kaufman
- 4:00 A - Science Fiction and Rock & Roll
- 4:30 B - Interview of Sherry Gottlieb - Special Guest of Honor
- 4:30 C - Singfest
- 8:00 MASQUERADE  
after masquerade: ART SHOW OPEN HOUSE:  
Meet the Artists

## SATURDAY, JULY 7:

- 9:00 C - Business Meeting
- 10:00 A - THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK - Slide Show  
preview of STAR WARS II
- 10:00 B - Counting Words: the Basic Writers Panel - Terry Carr, Jim Frenkel, Diana Paxson, Vonda McIntyre, Diane Duane
- 10:00 Art Show opens (till 9:00)
- 12:00 BANQUET
- 3:00 A - Dueling Bjos: The Artists' Duel
- 3:00 B - Anthropology and Science Fiction - Joan Vinge, Robert Silverberg, Karen Anderson, Suzy McKee Charnas
- 3:00 C - The Fall and Rise of the A(mateur) P(ress) A(ssociations)
- 4:30 B - Children in Science Fiction - Mildred Downey Broxon, Elizabeth A. Lynn, John Varley, Paul Novitski
- 4:30 C - Oak, Ash and Thorn
- 8:00 FASHION SHOW

## SUNDAY, JULY 8:

- 10:00 A - Schlock I Know and Love: Those Bad Books We Grew Up On - Dick Lupoff, Kathleen Sky, Charles N. Brown, others
- 10:00 B - Masquerade Winners: How We Did It
- 10:00 C - Future Urban Transportation - George Scithers, Mike Ward, Peter Strauss
- 10:00 Art Show opens (till 9:00)
- 11:30 B - Social Control Techniques: You Controlling Society Controlling You - Rich Dutcher, Suzy McKee Charnas, Suzette Haden Elgin, others
- 11:30 C - Approaches to Science Fiction Art: Not Just the Same Old Stuff
- 12:00 A - SF/Filmed - Robert Silverberg, Rick Sternbach, David Gerrold, others
- 1:00 B - Disabilities and Science Fiction - Anet Mconel, Bonnie Regina, Bjo Trimble, Larry Niven, Elizabeth A. Lynn
- 1:00 C - Parapsychology in Fiction - Octavia Butler, John Brunner, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Vonda McIntyre
- 2:00 A - Jeff Frane interviews Fritz Leiber
- 2:30 B - Drugs and Science Fiction - Terry Carr, Janet Morris, Sherry Gottlieb, Chester Anderson, Ted White
- 2:30 C - Singfest - The Westerfilk Society

## WESTERCON NEWSLETTER

In keeping with our "let's-name-everything-we-can-after-a-Dick-Lupoff-story" gimmick, the daily newsletter will be called:

### THE SACRED LOCOMOTIVE FLYER

Issue number one should be in your membership packet.

The "FLYER" will contain the latest program notes (Who is appearing on what panel, time changes, etc.), film notes and general information. To get information into the "FLYER", write up your submission, place it in the box in the information area marked "FLYER", and we'll do the rest.

*We do reserve the right to edit any submissions.*

An invitation to all Westcon 32 members:  
When you want a break from the con,  
take a short stroll down Market Street to

# Jambit Game Store

For the duration of the convention, members will  
receive a 10% discount if they are wearing  
badges.



miniatures

s-f games

backgammon

chess

playing cards

dominoes

puzzles

dungeons & dragons

687 Market Street  
San Francisco, Ca.

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Berkeley, Ca.

848-8018

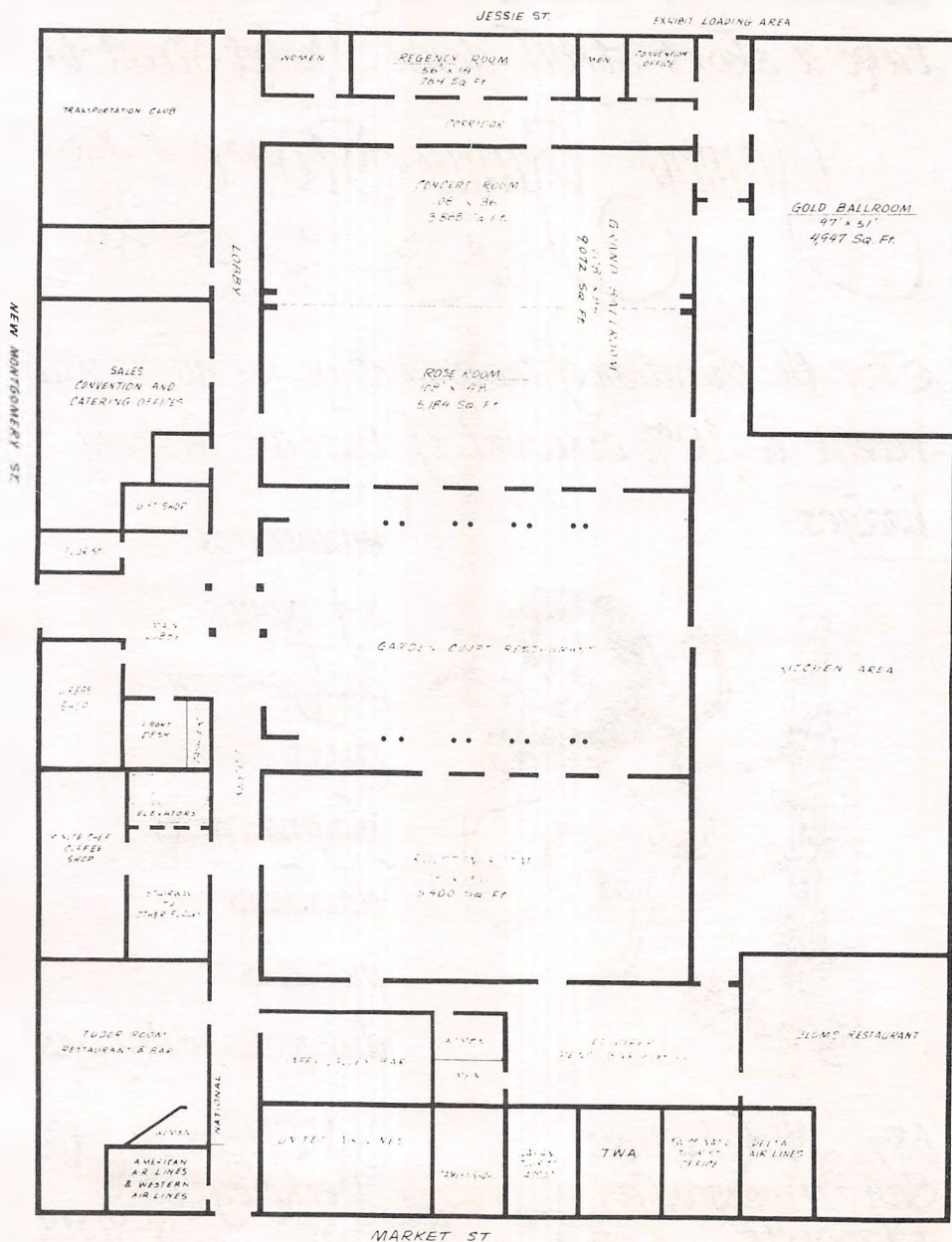
3826 24th Street

San Francisco, Ca.

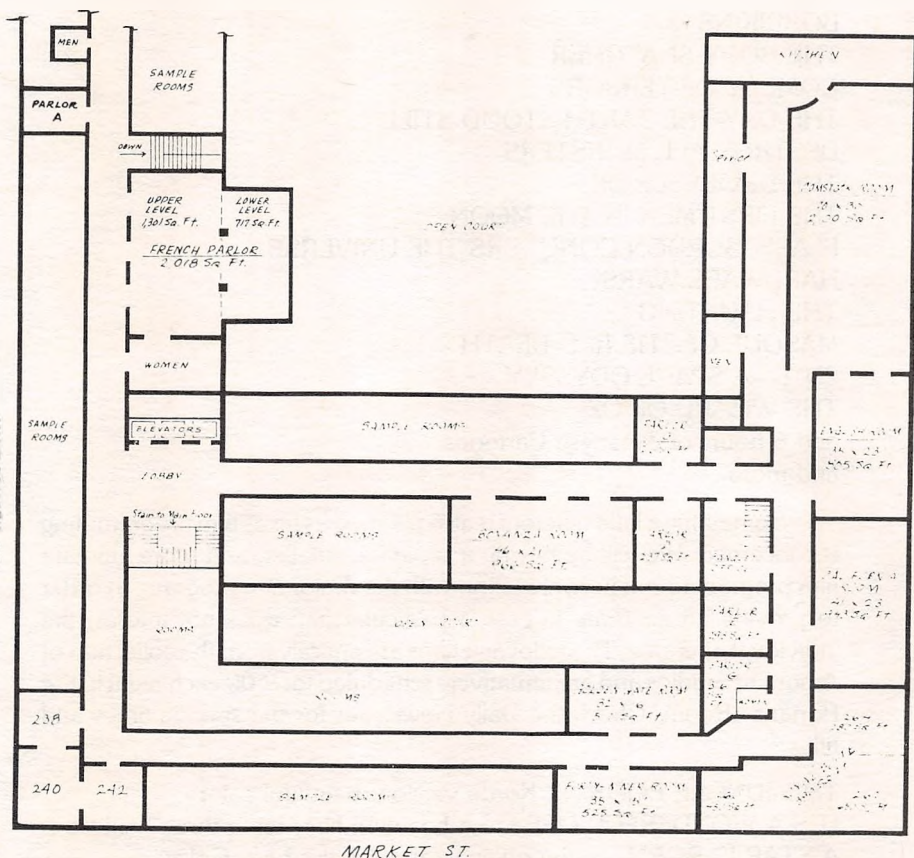
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now

new



# HOTEL SHERATON-PALACE CONVENTION FACILITIES



SECOND FLOOR

**FILMS! FILMS! FILMS!**

These films, along with a few surprises, will be shown in the Ralston Room (unless words to the contrary are printed in the daily newsletter) as per the program times:

Daily	12:00 to 6:00 PM 8:00 to 2:00 AM
Saturday	12:00 to 6:00 PM 10:00 PM to 4:00 AM

**BOBBIKINS**

THE BODY SNATCHER

COMEDY OF TERRORS

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL

DESTROY ALL MONSTERS

THE DEVILS' BRIDE

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON

FLASH GORDON CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE

HARDWARE WARS

THE HAUNTING

MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

2001—A SPACE ODYSSEY

THE WIZARD OF OZ

and 6 hours of Japanese Cartoons

and more . . .

Something a little different is also planned as far as film programming is concerned. We will be having a separate, smaller, and more intimate film program to run in conjunction with the major film program, in order to provide an alternate in case a particular film does not interest the individual attendee. The following films are entirely from the collection of Argonaut Studios and are tentatively scheduled for 9:00 each night in the Bonanza Room. Check the Daily Newsletter for the specific times and titles.

THE JUNGLE BOOK . . . Korda version, beautiful color

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE . . . a beautiful film, bring three hankies

A STAR IS BORN . . . the original, and still the best. Color

THE STRANGER . . . a powerful Orson Wells film. Gripping.

SUSPICION . . . a classic Alfred Hitchcock film. Very suspenseful

WHAT'S UP TIGER LILY . . . Woddy Allen at his earliest and best, impossible to explain, but funny. Scope.

THE BODY SNATCHER . . . Boris Karloff at his most sinister.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME . . . the Charles Laughton version. A classic when it was released and still the best.

THE THING . . . again, classic science fiction



# SEATTLE IN 1981

## 39th World Science Fiction Convention



**Visit our Hospitality Suite at WESTERCON 32.**

CITIZEN KANE . . . Orson Wells at his best, considered the perfect film  
KING KONG . . . complete, original, and uncut  
also . . . "digest" (short) versions of such films as THE ROBE, THE  
BIBLE, SODOM AND GOMORRAH, CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, THE  
SOUND OF MUSIC, STAR WARS, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD  
STILL, and a FOUR HOUR TRIBUTE TO WALT DISNEY containing  
entire segments of the best of his animated classics. There are also two  
documentaries on the making of THE DEVILS and THE TEN COM-  
MANDMENTS. Plus shorts, segments and trailers from many other films.

REMEMBER, check the Daily Newsletter for nights and times.

## Meet Your Committee



### BIOGRAPHY—JERRY JACKS

I first discovered SF fandom in 1961. My first Worldcon was ChiconIII in 1962, and after that I was hooked. In my extreme youth, I got involved with the N3F, several local clubs and Diplomacy fandom.

In late 1966, I moved to the Bay area (where I played “the Fan who came to dinner”) after a brief stay in Los Angeles. In 1968, I was a minor committee member on the worldcon, decided that this suited perfectly my masochistic tendencies, and have been working on conventions ever since.

My first effort as chair was a joint debut with Quinn Yarbro in 1970. Quinn went on to become a successful dirty pro and I did the next years Westercon as sole chair—you know who got the better of that deal—sigh. Tying myself once more onto the stake, I later did the 1973 Westercon.

Feeling enough was more than enough, I semi-retired from the con biz, only to re-emerge in 1977, when we won the right to put on this years Westercon.

Current non-fan projects include involvement in local Gay community politics, beginning work on the Gay History Project, and general and casual dissolution. Those in the know do not talk to me about Amtrak, trucks, or any combination of either.

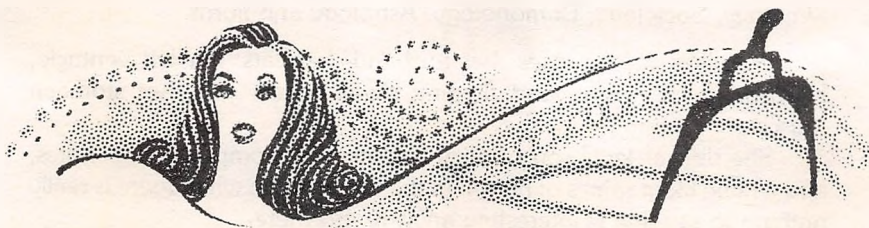
## Debbie Notkin

I started reading science fiction at a golden age (the golden age of science fiction is, of course, 12—thank you, Peter Nichols). For many years, however, I was certain that I was the only woman in the world who read s.f. at all. In 1973, I discovered California and fandom, in that order—the Elves', Gnomes' and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society, the joys of collating *Locus* and how to be talked into volunteering at conventions. Since then I've moved back to New York and back to California, learned more about s.f. than I would have believed it possible to know, started a sideline in s.f. criticism (in my copious spare time), opened *The Other Change of Hobbit* with two partners, and made a living as a typist on the side. Torcon (1973) was my first Worldcon; this is the first con I've ever been on.

**TOM WHITMORE** has been attending cons for over 10 years and has worked on an astonishing number of masquerades in that time. In his spare time from being a procurer of various types of skiffy, he has been known to play more pinball than he likes to think about. It would be wise not to inquire too deeply into his past, as the skeletons have not yet all died. The rumor that he is a hoax is currently being investigated.

## Andi Shecter

I escaped to the Bay Area from Connecticut three years ago with a Master's in criminal justice and the remnants of sanity. I'm currently chairing the Little Men. I got my introduction to fandom and conventions by working on Trek cons (but I'm okay now, honest). My spare time is filled with the pleasures of going to the ballet, going to folk and bluegrass performances, reading Wilhelm, Le Guin, McIntyre, Lynn, Randall, Ellison, Movitski, MacDonald, and with the frustrations of convincing the ACLU they want to hire me. I'm also currently involved in assisting my close friend Katherine (Kay) Ingleside in planning Cruzcon, the '83 Worldcon bid.



FREDERICK D. GOTTFRIED was born in 1942, just after the Battle of Midway, which was the turning point in the Pacific War. This may have some significance. Then again, it may not. He was raised in San Luis Obispo, California, known affectionately by some of its more ardent boosters as "The Armpit of Humanity." He is presently an attorney in Oakland (the other A.P. of H.), engaged in general practice under the cardinal principal that "If you want Justice, go to a whore house; if you want to get screwed, go to court." He has been known to take any type of case that slithers under the door. He also writes a bit. His second story has just been sold, this time to "Analog." His first, a minor affair, was published in "Vertex" in 1975. Some of his more mathematically-inclined compatriots point out that in twenty years he'll have had five stories published.



C. R. LOFTHUS was chosen to co-ordinate and direct the Fashion Show by the chairman of the WesterCon committee, Jerry Jacks, because she has had some training in art and fashion design, can sew a reasonably straight seam, and has more guts than sense.

Born 28 years ago as a total surprise, she is pictured here in her first venture into the world of haute couture at the tender age of seven. There was nowhere to go but up.

Her interests include Egyptology, Anthropology, Psychology, Epistemology, Sociology, Demonology, Astrology and fjords.

She likes yellow roses, her husband, her cats, her left ventricle, Harrison Fords' nose, and flipping silver dollars with her stomach muscles.

She dislikes lentil soup, soggy handshakes, pompous hypocrites, and writing biographies of herself in the third person when there is really nothing to say that is interesting anyway. So there.



**Terry A. Garey** lives in San Francisco with two cats, a typewriter, and a photographer. She reads a lot. As a child she often wondered what on earth she would ever put down if she had to do a biographical sketch of herself, and to this day has absolutely no idea. Many nights of sleep have been lost over this question and frequently a moan can be heard issuing soulfully from her office during the day. All in all, she hopes that people will agree with her that biographical sketches are a pain in the knee and should be banned from convention program books throughout the world. She hopes that when she attains her goal of becoming an eccentric old woman it will be said that no one could figure out how she got that way since she had been such a sweet, unassuming person in her youth.



**Ctein** lives in San Francisco with two cats, a darkroom, and a writer. He is a professional photographer, an amateur photographer, a science fiction artist, a computer freak and a teetotaller. He programs juggling routines for the Flying Karamazov Brothers (Ho!) and was one of the Slave Boys of Gor (Ho!). He may be recognized at a distance by a wild look in his eyes, a pocket computer on one hip, and a rainbow assortment of pens in his pocket.

Ctein writes a regular column, "Future Insulation," for the feminist fanzine, *Janus*. He is in two apa's and occasionally reads fanzines, but he *never* writes LoC's. He writes articles for the real world, too, but he has no interest in writing fiction. Not even science fiction.

# POUL ANDERSON

*a name synonymous with*  
**SCIENCE FICTION**

- one of the masters of intriguing, entertaining, satisfying science fiction
- a Hugo and Nebula Award Winner, beloved by critics and fans alike for his versatility and literary style
- one of the true giants of science fiction and fantasy

*The Peregrine*  
*The Man Who Counts*  
*The Night Face*  
*The Long Way Home*  
*Question and Answer*  
*Without Stars*  
... and more of Paul Anderson

## PLANDRY OF TERRA



(available in July)

Science Fiction

Executive Editor James Bagby

Science Fiction paperback series  
No. 1 of James Bagby  
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**MOSLANDER, Paul Errington/Sombra del Muerto Cristiano,  
Don Segundo/Baron, Victor/Gregory, Bill**

Born illiterate, subject overcame this handicap by age 24, when graduated with Master's Degree in Clerk Typing. Has since receded into fetid pools of Federal service till only eyebrows remain, along with memorial fewmets.

Prior to dissolution, published comiczine *Jeddak* (1963-1965), won Alley Award (1964), proliferated spasmodically in *Winnie, Sanders, and Pretentious Science-Fiction Quarterly*, along with equally dormant pioneering comiczines. Still lacks sleep from work on SFCons 70 through 73.

Has ear of several ex-kings. Arranges confidential marriages under Sect. 4213 Calif. Civil Code. Devotes leisure hours to fantasizing about acquiring wife and small children. Favorite color: Black. Favorite film: Orson Welles' 'King Lear'. Favorite pronoun: I.



**Jeff Pimper  
by himself**

Jeff lives in Livermore, California with his wife, Christina Lofthus. Jeff and Chris first got together at Westercon 28 and they were married in a medieval ceremony eight months later. They live with two very strange cats, an endless supply of paperback books and magazines, and a wall of artwork by Jim Thomas and George Barr.

Jeff first discovered fandom at Baycon, in 1968, but he did not become actively involved until 1972, after serving a hitch in the Army. That was the year that he discovered that people would actually pay him to project movies, and they would even provide the films! He worked on his first film program committee at Westercon 26 with Paul Moslander. Since then he has done film programs for three more Westercons, four wargame conventions, and has served as a volunteer projectionist at several other conventions.

Jeff is a collector of paperbacks (mainly fantasy), monster magazines, comic books, bubble gum cards, wargames, and all sorts of film oriented stuff. In the real world Jeff is a UNIVAC systems programmer at Lawrence Livermore Lab and he spends an inordinate amount of his time programming and playing computer games.

Jeff is co-editor (with Steve Perrin) of *All the Worlds' Monsters*, a compendium of monsters and creatures for use in fantasy role playing games. He is also the author of *All the World's Wargames*, a catalog of over 1100 wargame titles. He has one of the world's largest collections of wargames and he is the proprietor of "Everything for the Wargamer," a mail order wargame supply.

You local old time monster movie fans may recognize Jeff as the film expert from the original "Bob Wilkins' Show" on KCRA-TV, Channel 3 in Sacramento, back in the days before Bob moved to KTVU in Oakland and KTXL in Sacramento. He is the recipient of the first (and only) "Bob Wilkins Award" for contributions to the "Bob Wilkins' Show."

For you alphabet fans, Jeff has a B.S. in Mathematics from the University of San Francisco and a M.S. in Computer Science from U. C. Davis, Lawrence Livermore campus.



JIM THOMAS was born in Palo Alto, spent a good portion of his life in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and completed his growing up in Livermore, California. He promptly fell into fandom right after finishing at Brooks Institute of Photography. He was a fan publisher and Commander of Pen SFA for many years, has done cover paintings for many prozines and has done very well in convention artshows. He is into films, art and Bears. Jim Thomas is Argonaut Studios who, with George Barr, has amounted one of the largest collections of art in fandom. He also produced and directed the progress reports and the Program Book for this con.

You will recognize him wandering through the halls of the Hotel. He will look very tired.

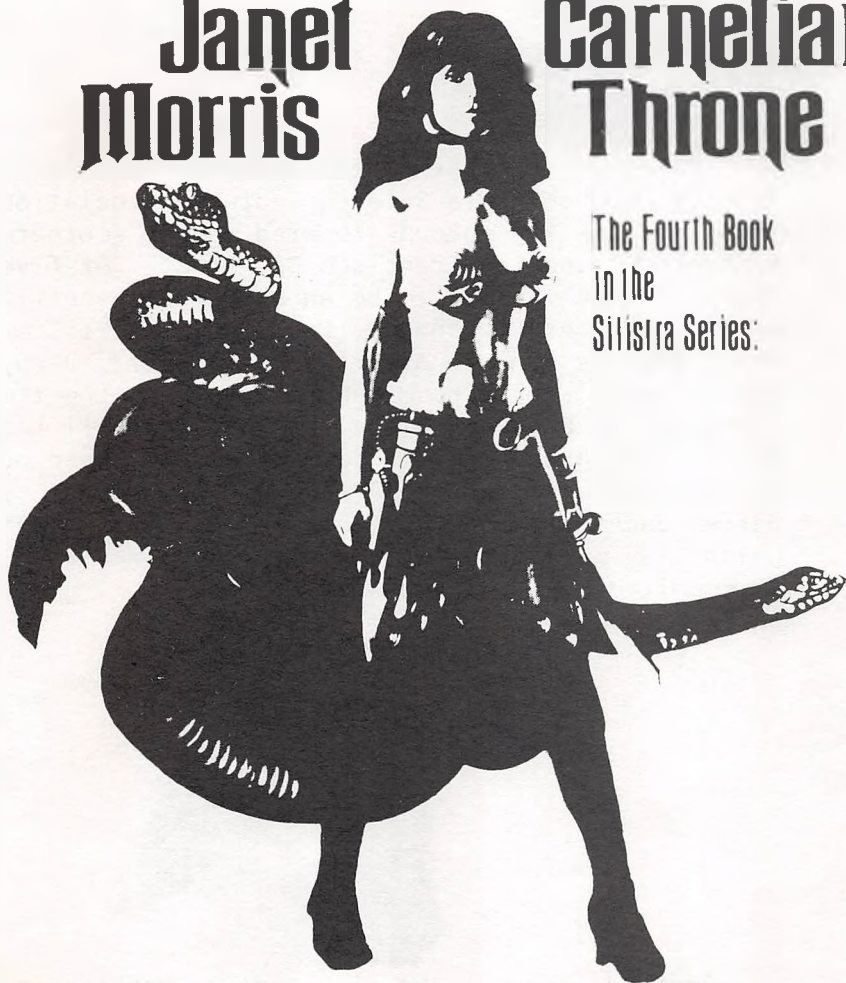


BANTAM BOOKS  
is proud to present:

**Janet  
Morris**

# The Carnelian Throne

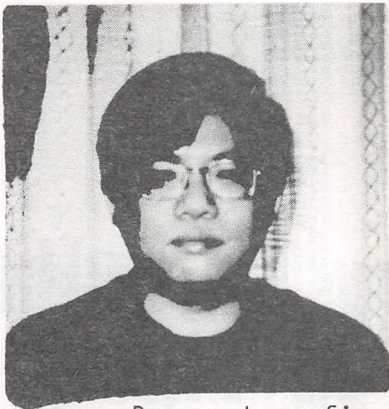
The Fourth Book  
in the  
Silistra Series:



Her sensuality was at the core of her world.

Her quest was in galaxies beyond the civilized stars

The amazing adventures of the most beautiful courtesan in tomorrow's universe.



Danny Low first entered fandom in 1972 by joining the Peninsula Science Fantasy Association (PenSFA), a fan group located in the southern portion of the San Francisco Bay Area. For five years, Danny managed to be an obscure non-entity within Bay Area fandom, known by sight to few fans and by name to even fewer. In 1977, Danny was trapped by circumstances into becoming the Commander of PenSFA. Since then his downfall was swift and precipitous. He has been accused of being a SMOF, is part of APA PI and was judged by Jerry Jacks to be suitable convention fodder which is why Danny is a member of the Westercon 32 committee.



Doña M. Kerns, who is handling membership, has been a science fiction reader since the early forties. Dona discovered SF fandom via "Star Trek" and Equicon. Married 27 years to C. G., she has two children: Donald and Heather. She has taught English courses for Chabot College and now writes poetry and articles for Star Kliques' "Bellerophon". She has also worked on numerous conventions.



# DUN · DRA · CON V

THE Science-Fiction, Fantasy,  
& Role-Playing Game Convention

FEBRUARY 16, 17, & 18, 1980  
Villa Hotel, San Mateo, Ca.

For information, write:

DUN DRA CON V  
386 Alcatraz Avenue  
Oakland, Ca. 94618

Or see:

Armageddon Games  
in the Westercon 32  
Dealer's Room

## The Argonaut Studios Collection

In 1968 Argonaut Studios was formed by Jim Thomas as a graphic arts service, designing and printing fanzines on a hand fed mimeo. It produced, as Jim's own project, *Argonautica*, a very literary, five-color mimeographed zine which received laudatory reviews and a request for copies to be included in the New York Public Library.

In 1972, he was joined by George Barr who moved to San Jose from Los Angeles, bringing with him a fair beginning of a collection of his own, which already contained works by Vaughn Bode, Hannes Bok, Kelly Freas, and J. Alan St. John. As Jim's home was then known by Bay Area fans as "The Studios," George suggested no change in the established name. His moving coincided with the moving out of two former roommates; Jim's sister and a long time school friend. Suddenly every room in the house became available for the expansion of the growing accumulation of books and art. But they were not gathered indiscriminately. Pieces were added by careful selection from the best that was available, and there were aquired by bidding, buying, trading, and often by commissioning the artists directly.

The graphic-arts-service aspect of the Studio, because of lack of time, was cut back to occasional publication of convention material and the PenSFA newsletter.

Soon the expanding collection outgrew the house and Jim and George moved together to a new and larger location. During the next couple of years, Jim himself emerged as an artist, winning prizes in convention artshows, and having his paintings featured on the cover of a national science-fiction film oriented magazine, *Cinefantastique*. With more contacts in the illustrating field, and a higher income, he found new opportunity for adding enviable pieces to the growing collection.

Though each new aquisition was carefully and often expensively framed, nothing was considered a "permanant fixture" in the house. The arrangements on the walls were in a constant state of flux as pieces were moved from area to area, room to room, to keep the feeling of the place fresh and new. Even regular visitors remarked upon the seeming endless supply of new art as minor pieces in one arangement suddenly emerged as important and major works because of having been moved to new surroundings. George's feeling was: "If I walk through a room and don't notice a picture, it's been hanging there too long."

When the slightly larger house next door came up for sale, the Argonaut Studios made another move to a permanent home. And having no landlord's restrictions, it has become in a true sense a working



**A VERY SPECIAL SHOW...  
IN THE ROYAL SUITE**

JIM THOMAS - GEORGE BARR  
ARGONAUT STUDIOS 904 Toyon Avenue  
San Jose, California



studio, with one of the largest rooms devoted solely to the production of art and illustration—a room where visitors are not invited and seldom allowed. It is a cluttered, chaotic jumble of art supplies, reference material, props, and countless projects in various stages of completion.

The graphic arts service still evidences itself in such accomplishments as the photography work on Alicia Austin's *Age of Dreams*, and the progress reports and program book for this convention. And in addition to art, the Argonaut Studios houses a growing aggregation of keyboard instruments, and has a fully equipped movie theatre for display of the steadily increasing library of films. A selection of these films will be run in the Bonanza Room in the evenings as an alternate to the main series, which will be in the Ralston Room.

Today, the Studio's collection numbers in the hundreds of pieces and boasts, in addition to fine old classics by such as Finlay, McCauley, Lawrence, etc., some of the best of the newer illustrators, with beautiful unpublished works by Tim Kirk, Alicia Austin, Mike Minor, Michael Gilbert, Greg Davidson, and many others. In fact, few collections can claim more pieces of such high quality of either Kirk or Austin.

Among the three dimensional pieces, which include some prime examples of American Indian jewelry (much of it will be displayed upon the owners during the course of the Con.) are such diverse items as a bronze dragon by Charles R. Knight (dated 1918), a bronze Pooh by Harry Holt, jewelry by Dale Enzenbacher, a number of fine ivory netsuke, and several indescribably unique creations by Don Simpson.

Difficulty of display may prohibit the inclusion of a plethora of Bears and Frogs which inhabit the collection, though several will undoubtedly sneak in—in the context of such paintings as: *The Enchanted Place* by Tim Kirk, and *The Herald* by Alicia Austin.

The core of the collection is, of course, the work of both Jim Thomas and George Barr. Neither are ego-oriented, nor particularly inclined to hang onto their own paintings, but each is in a uniquely advantageous position to claim first chance at the others' works.

Space limitations will not permit the hanging of the entire collection down to the last shred of creation, so, as decisions had to be made, Argonaut Studios apologizes beforehand to any artist who's works have not been included in this showing. They are no less valued than those shown.

For this exhibition, the pieces are numbered, and the displays photographed. In addition to the 24 hour guard, the hangings will be checked periodically against the photos to cut down the possibility of theft. We hope the convention attendees will appreciate the difficulty involved in such a show, as well as the rare privilege it gives to view beautiful artworks

which the majority of us could have little other opportunity to encounter, and we trust it will be treated accordingly. Whether other collectors might in the future be persuaded to exhibit their possessions may well depend upon the respect with which the Argonaut Studios Collection is received.

The exhibit is in the Royal Suite. The hours will be posted.

# THE MAGIC GOES AWAY LARRY NIVEN

THE NUMBER ONE SF TRADE  
BESTSELLER OF THE YEAR, OVER  
SIX MONTHS IN FIRST PLACE! ONLY  
LARRY NIVEN, PRE-EMINENT AUTHOR  
OF "HARD" SCIENCE FICTION, CO-  
AUTHOR OF THE NATIONAL BESTSELLER  
LUCIFER'S HAMMER, COULD HAVE  
WRITTEN IT — AND ONLY THE ART OF  
ESTEBAN MAROTO COULD HAVE DONE  
JUSTICE TO THE STORY.

NOW AVAILABLE FOR THE TIME  
TIME IN A POPULARLY PRICED  
EDITION — NOT ONE WORD HAS  
BEEN CHANGED; NOT ONE OF  
MAROTO'S INCREDIBLY BEAUTIFUL  
ILLUSTRATIONS HAS BEEN OMITTED.



  
ACE SCIENCE FICTION  
A Grosset & Dunlap Company

## Costume Ball

The Masquerade will begin Friday at 8:00 P.M. Contestants should begin assembling in the Regency Room at 7:00 P.M. Friday, bringing their completed entry forms with them. Note the space for the maker of the costume, and give credit where it is due.

**CONTESTANTS:** Please note that costumes which are hazardous to other costumes are frowned upon: avoid peanut butter costumes. Also, open flames and incendiary devices will not be permitted. We reserve the right to cut off any presentation lasting more than three minutes at any point, and we *will* cut you off. If you need any special assistance, PLEASE let me know by leaving a message at the Con Registration Desk sometime before noon on Friday. This includes (but is not limited to) such things as the playing of cassettes you have provided, special assistance on the ramps to the stage, or help in finding a necessary last minute supply. There will be a special seating area, with a good view, for contestants.

**EVERYONE:** THERE WILL BE NO FLASH PHOTOGRAPHY DURING THE MASQUERADE! This means you! Flashes are potentially dangerous to the people wearing the costumes, and I don't want anyone hurt. The camera of anyone caught taking flash pictures during the Masquerade will be subject to confiscation until the masquerade is over. We will try to supply areas with tungsten and daylight lamps for after the first runthrough in the Regency Room, and we will definitely have made allowance for flash photography there.

I hope you all enjoy yourselves this year at the wonderful Westercon Masquerade!

## Fashions For The Elite Protoplasm

At last! An opportunity for you oft-neglected Terrans to visit the inter-dimensionally famous cabaret, 'Chez Klaatu'!!!

Join your host David Gerrold as he conducts you through the galaxy's most chic sleazy dive, during a typical evening of (hopefully not-too-) riotous entertainment.

As we all know, 'Chez Klaatu' is THE place to see and be seen. One can hobnob with beings so famous they were thought by many to exist only in the imaginations of various authors. One can also hobnob with total scum.

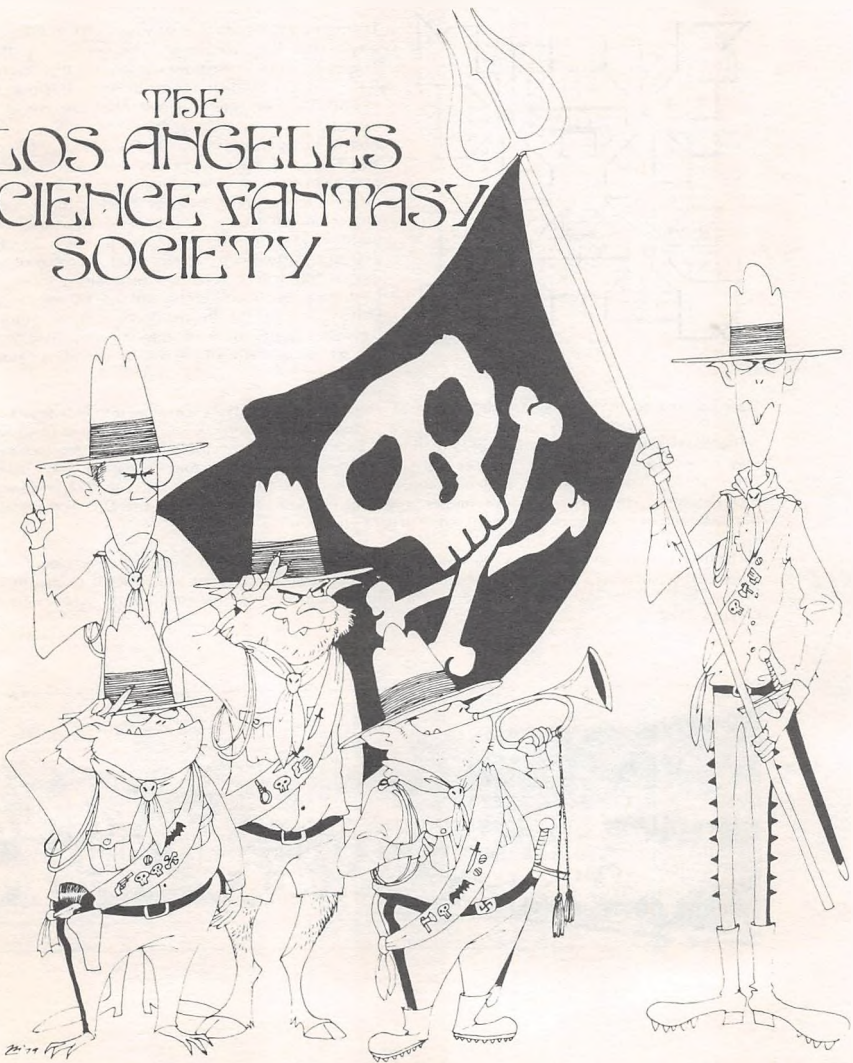


'Chez Klaatu' has become the universe's fashion showcase, and it is for this reason we will highlight its patrons on Saturday, July 7, at 8 p.m. in the Ralston Room.

Come one, come all!!! Come to the fashion event of the millenium!

(The proprietor of 'Chez Klaatu,' who is graciously allowing us to view his customers unaware, wishes to disclaim beforehand any responsibility to disinfect the audience after the show.)

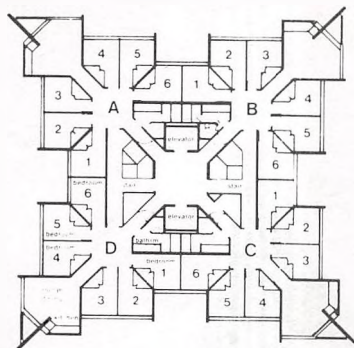
# THE LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY



## SALUTES WESTERCON 32

# for Westercon xxxiv

## Gage Residence typical floor plan

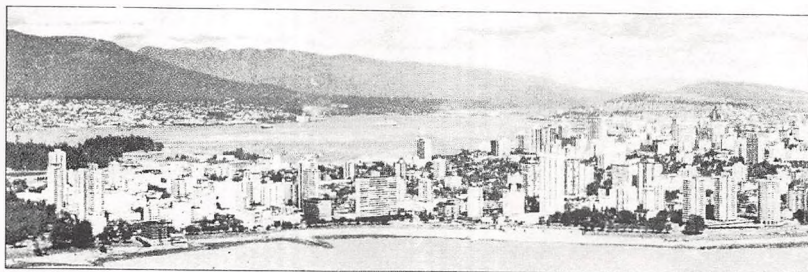


## IMPORTANT NEWS!

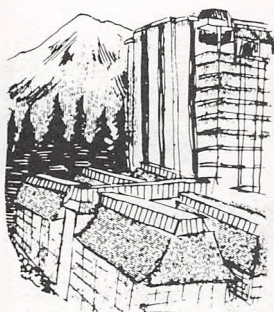
Thanks to last minute changes we are able to offer a better site of the 1981 Westercon. The new site is the Gage Towers complex, the newest residence at the University of B.C., and the Student Union Building (right across the street)! The new site is at the northeast corner of the campus, only a block away from "The Village," a collection of restaurants and shops. The site of V Con's 5, VI and 7, Gage Towers will provide both accomodation and programming areas. The Student Union Building (SUB) offers the additional facilities needed for a successful Westercon. Like Gage, it was designed with convention use in mind. It features a 1000 seat ballroom, an adjoining 250 seat Party Room, several rooms capable of holding around 100 people, a 428 seat professional movie theatre (including 35mm projectors) and a 2000 square feet Art Gallery. The PIT, in the depths of SUB, is a student run bar with a games room and bowling alley. SUB also has a full service cafeteria which will be operating throughout the convention.

Gage's unique room design lends itself well to SF conventions. Each floor is divided into four separate quadrants. In each quadrant, six single bedrooms are arranged around a livingroom/kitchen area (with working refrigerator) and bathroom (with separate bathtub). Each quadrant has a locking entrance, and each bedroom may be locked. 1979 rates are \$12 per night. In addition, one bedroom suites complete with kitchen and bathroom facilities are available in an adjacent low rise building. 1979 rates for suites are \$24/single and \$31/twin per night. The success of V Con parties proves the congeniality of the Gage site. Due to the availability of nearby restaurants, a meal plan is not required with your room.

Vancouver has the natural beauty of a seaport surrounded by mountains and the Pacific Ocean, with the university isolated on a peninsula from the city proper. Nestled in a forest and adjacent to the (in)famous "Wreck Beach," the site offers a peaceful, non hotel atmosphere; yet downtown Vancouver is only fifteen minutes away.



# WE HAVE SOME GREAT MOMENTS FOR YOU IN 1981!



## Our Worldcon Facilities

### Our Worldcon Philosophy

We are not Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey. With a massive ad campaign and a StarWars-type promotion, we probably could deliver an extravaganza that would fill the site of the 1962 Seattle World's Fair. But by avoiding such megalomaniacal schemes, avoiding local advertising, and using escalating membership rates, we can host the kind of WorldCon you want -- a reasonably-sized fannish convention with emphasis on literary science fiction.

In order to provide a great Worldcon, we have been meeting regularly since 1976 to plan operations, programming, publications, and all of the other aspects for which we are responsible. We want the attendees at the Seattle Worldcon to be free to enjoy their convention. It is a big job, to be sure, but we wouldn't be willing to take it on unless we were absolutely certain that we could handle it. We are confident that we can.

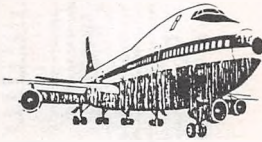
We see the WorldCon as an organized meeting place for old friends and new, with activities catering to the needs of the attendees. We want the warm friendly atmosphere of a fan orientated literary convention. We feel that this is what the fan who attends a Worldcon should expect to receive from his hosts... and we intend to provide exactly that!

The Seattle WorldCon Committee has reserved the beautiful Red Lion Inn for the site of the 1981 convention. The Red Lion's 35,000 square feet of function space will easily accommodate the fannish WorldCon we are planning, and it is all indoors! The 14,000 square foot Universe Ballroom and the 7,000 sq. ft. Galaxie Ballroom are complemented by a host of Saturn, Mercury and Apollo rooms with capacities of 25 to 400 fans. There are 72,000 square feet of meeting space in the Red Lion and adjacent hotels, of which 51,680 are currently committed to the Seattle WorldCon.

The Red Lion has more than 700 guest rooms, and an additional 1400 rooms are available in nearby hotels and still more are under construction.

The Red Lion's new tower makes it the largest hotel in the Northwest. The guest rooms are large and luxurious, and the architecture (glass-walled elevators, large terraced pool) is both contemporary and elegant. With three restaurants and two lounges, the Red Lion is everything a WorldCon Hotel should be!

But that is not all! The location is so convenient to Seattle-Tacoma International Airport that you can walk between them if you wish, though free shuttle service is provided. For drivers, there are acres of FREE PARKING available. The pool courtyard and the rustic hewn-timber passageways offer dozens of furnished alcoves ideal for those ubiquitous fangatherings.



## America's Most Livable City

The best time to visit Seattle is late August and early September, with mild and sunny weather. Think about planning your vacation here, since it might be hard to go home without seeing everything, and we've got everything.

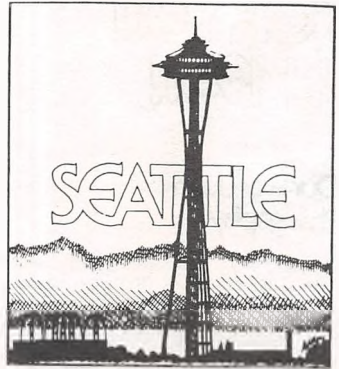
It's a twenty minute drive to downtown Seattle. Park in back of the Pike Place Market, our local fantabulous farmer's market and craftsplace. Find real foods and fresh crumpets. Then follow the signs to the Seattle aquarium. Farther down the waterfront is the Washington State Ferry Terminal, including one that goes out to Bremerton, home of the battleship Missouri. Uphill from the Ferry Terminal is Pioneer Square, the original center of Seattle, and underneath Pioneer Square is the Underground Seattle Tour, from when Seattleites rebuilt on the ruins after the great fire of 1890.

Seattle Center, site of the '62 World's Fair, can be reached by monorail (the Golden Age lives!) Aside from the open air concerts, there's the Pacific Science Center, with hands-on type exhibits. The Seattle Art Museum in Volunteer Park is known for the Asian collection. The University of Washington arboretum is as beautiful as it is educational. Or, tour the Boeing 747 final assembly plant. And there are so many restaurants, cafes and expresso shops....

Seattle is between Lake Washington and Puget Sound, for great sailing, boating and fishing. Set between the Cascades and the Olympic Mountains, there are trails for hiking and mountaineering. And Olympic National Park has the only temperate rain forest in this world.

We think you'll enjoy your stay in the Pacific Northwest.

## How to vote for Seattle in 1981



Since WorldCon sites are selected two years in advance, you must be a member (attending or supporting) of SeaCon '79, the 37th World Science Fiction Convention in Brighton, England, in order to vote. Balloting is done by mail, and ballots will be sent out in June, 1979. You may join SeaCon '79 by sending check or money order for \$10 (supporting) or \$20 (attending) to: Tony Lewis,

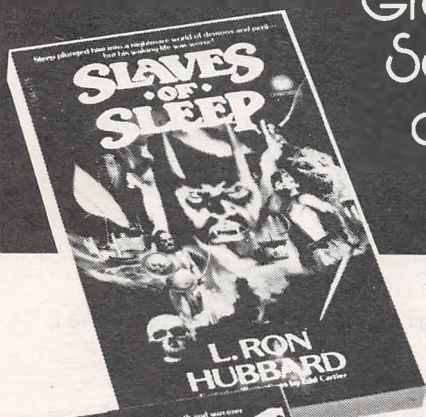
P.O. Box 429,  
Natick, MA 01760.

You can also help bring the WorldCon to Seattle in 1981 by becoming a pre-supporting member for just one dollar (or more). As a pre-supporting member, you will receive our pre-bid progress report and a discount of at least \$1.00 on your convention membership when we win the bid at Brighton.

Donations of help, advice, and/or money to aid our bidding effort are sincerely appreciated.

Please write: Seattle in 1981  
P.O. Box 24207  
Seattle, WA 98124

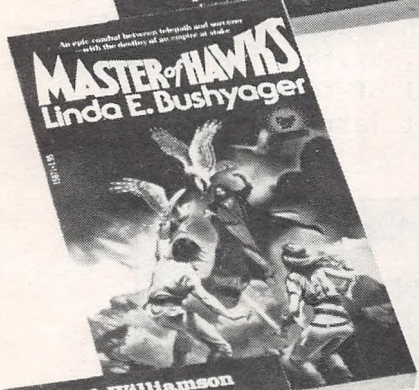
# Great New Science Fiction and Fantasy from Dell



## **SLAVES OF SLEEP**

by L. Ron Hubbard \$1.75

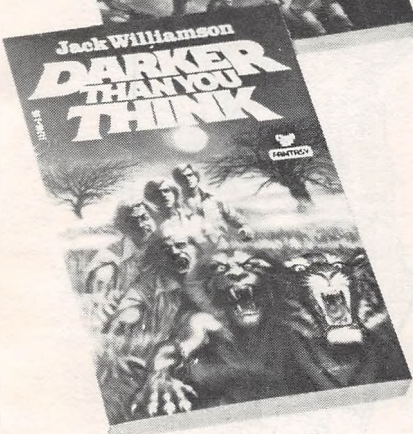
A swashbuckling adventure. Features the original illustrations by Edd Cartier.



## **MASTER OF HAWKS**

by Linda E. Bushyager \$1.95

An epic fantasy adventure of combat between telepath and sorcerer. The first in a series of fantasies about mythical kingdoms.



## **DARKER THAN YOU THINK**

by Jack Williamson \$1.95

One of the great werewolf stories of all time, from one of the great SF writers of all time!



"Special Thanks" continued from page 2

To Dick Lupoff for putting up with us all and giving us these two wonderful stories. . .To George Barr for living in a mess until this was finished and for Doing the fantastic artwork for the Progress Reports and the Program Book. . .To Dave Laubach at M. Boss for doing the gold stamping on the cover. . .To the folks at Superior Press for bailing us out of a tight situation when our publisher (not Sunnyvale Printers) could not meet our deadline. . .To Charlie Brown for explaining our problem to Superior Press in a way which convinced them that we were serious.

A NOTE: You will notice an occasional lapse from typesetting into Selectric. . .this was necessary because of the late arrival of some of the text. We apologize for the slight jarring note. . .



# GAMEMASTERS

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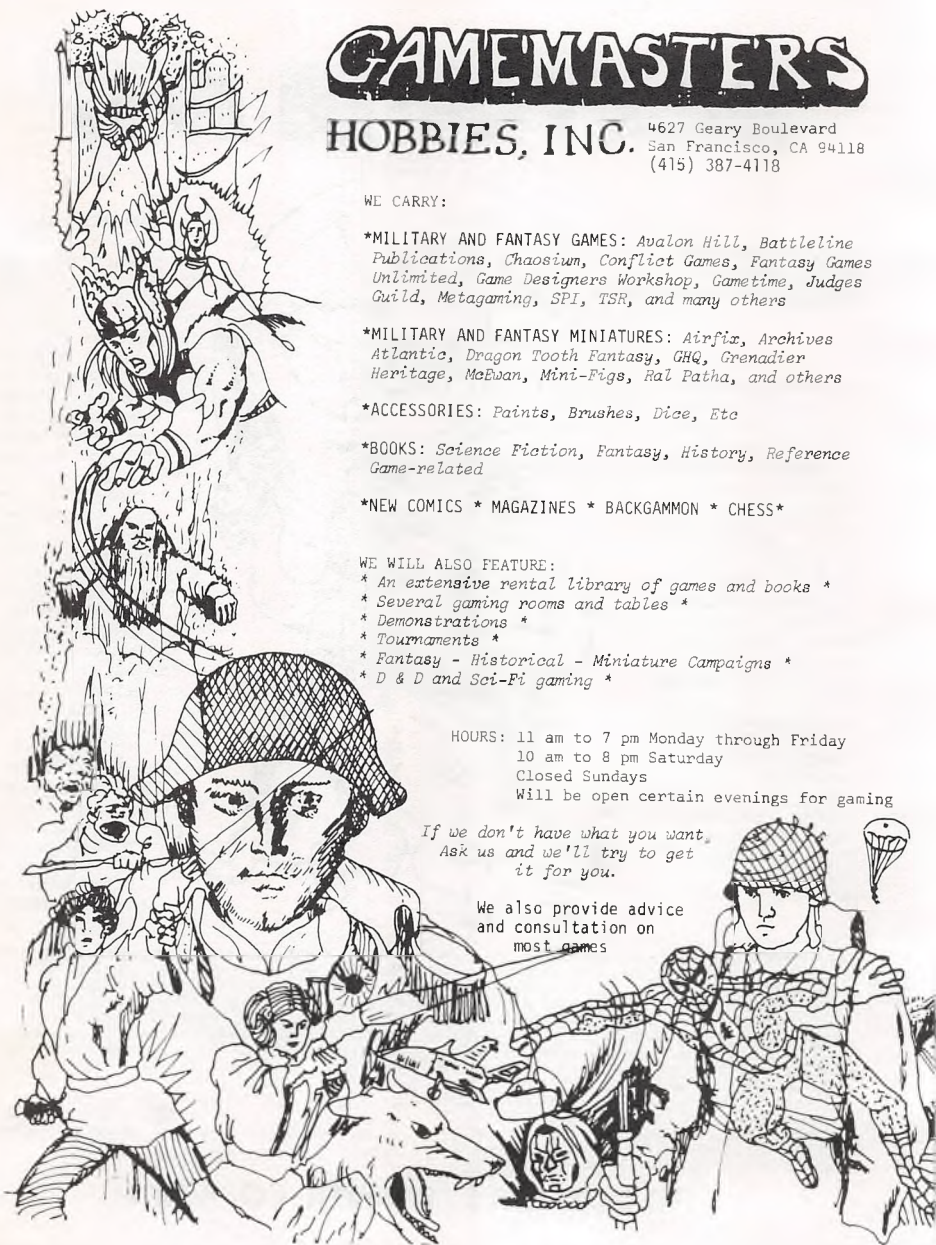
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*If we don't have what you want,  
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it for you.*

We also provide advice  
and consultation on  
most games



# DENVER in 1981

## WHY DENVER IN '81 PROMISES TO BE THE BEST WORLDCON EVER

**OUR CITY**—Denver is centrally located, 1,000 miles closer to fans in the East, Midwest, Britain and Europe than any other bidding city. The downtown area is compact and clean, with wide streets and bustling energy. Within a five to ten minute walk from our hotel one can view the State Capitol building, the spacious Civic Center, the Denver Mint, the new Denver Art Museum, the Colorado State Museum, the Judicial Heritage Center—to name just a few of the attractions. The Mile High City snuggles close to the Front Range of the magnificent Rocky Mountains; the foothills are less than 30 minutes' driving time from downtown. Mountain bus tours are available.



**OUR FACILITIES**—The downtown Denver Hilton occupies the area between the central business district and the State Capitol buildings, and is bordered on one side by a huge park. It's about as ideally situated as you can imagine. The hotel is a 20-minute trip by shuttle bus or limousine from Stapleton International Airport and only a mile away from the Trailways Greyhound bus depot. The Hilton has a total of 850 guest rooms, and the four overflow hotels within a two-block radius bring the total to over 2,400. The Hilton's 45,000 square feet of function rooms, including the 17,000 square-foot Grand Ballroom, can be supplemented by the 5,000-seat outdoor Greek Theatre in Civic Center Park across the street and the 1,500-seat Centre Theatre next door. The hotel is within easy walking distance of literally scores of eating places in all price ranges, including five restaurants in the hotel itself and a giant McDonald's next door.

**OUR COMMITTEE**—An experienced committee is essential to hosting a successful Worldcon. By 1981, various individuals of our 20-member committee will have been involved in 13 successive MileHiCons and at least two Penulticons in this city alone, as well as having either sponsored or assisted with such other cons as the small but very lannish Karvalcon, YuccaCon, and FortCon in Fort Collins, AmberCon in Wichita, Kansas. In addition, many of us will have put in volunteer work on Iguanodon, Seadon, and Noreadon. But that's only half the story of our experience. In our mundane identities we include an attorney, two college professors, a government comptroller, a journalist, a commercial artist, several organizational managers, assorted computer programmers and engineers, a few bright-eyed students, a housewife, and a librarian. One thing we all have is a lot of enthusiasm for seeing that the Denver in '81 Worldcon comes off right.

**A SPECIAL BONUS**—*Denver's Thin Air Wander Stories* is our very own publication—a 40-page zine with two halves and two covers done up in the old Ace Doubles style. One half is full of serious stuff—our Worldcon philosophy, our committee insights, and other facts and figures worth knowing. The other half is a showcase edited by Denver authors Edward Bryant and Peter Alterman, crammed full of the oddball humor and literary talents of DENVENTION II backers. Getting a copy is easy. All pre-supporting members of the Denver in '81 bid receive one.

To become a pre-supporting member, send \$1.00 to the address below. You'll be joining the more than 600 others who have already invested in what promises to be the greatest Worldcon ever. **DENVER IN 1981**

**P.O. BOX 11545 DENVER, CO 80211**



You say you've been reading science fiction since your great-aunt Maude gave you the collected works of Colonel S.P. Meek (Ret.) for your sixth birthday; or you've been to the last three PoCons at the Hotel Snurd in Pocatello, Idaho, but you've never been to a Westercon before?

First off, relax, have a chair. What's about to happen is *supposed* to be an enjoyable, fun five days.

You are what hard-core fans call a "neo." This is short for neofan, and means just that, i.e. a "new" fan, someone who has just fallen into the world of the big science fiction convention. Some folks grow out of the neofan stage in one convention. Others take years to outgrow "neo" stages. A small group remains forever, perversely Peter Pan-like, neo.

When you registered at the convention, you were given your most important tool: a name badge. People will be coming up to you all through the con, staring at your badge, looking at your name and your hometown and either saying hello or walking away. If they say hello, say hello back, rarely will they bite—at least, not at this stage. If they walk on, ignore it; there are thousands more to meet. Keep your name badge visible at all times and don't be afraid to look at other attendees' badges. You'll notice some people have fancy, hand-drawn badges on; these are usually long time con attendees.

Programming: Do not feel compelled to go to all the programming (at this Westercon, there is no way you *can* go to all the programming); pick out the items that strike your fancy, and ignore the rest. Please do not feel too embarrassed to ask questions during the times reserved for audience participation.

Dealer's room, Art Show, et al: There are numerous display rooms open during the programming, so, during lulls, please go into the Dealer's Room (you may just find that copy of the 1934 Thrilling Cosmic Stories you've been searching for) and the Art Show. Much of the art is for sale at very reasonable prices. Do not avoid these displays just because your favorite author is not there to speak or because it's not all Star Wars oriented. Expand your horizons.

Nighttime: After the day programming comes the stuff the hard core fans come to the convention for: the parties. Most parties are "closed" parties, invitation by the host only. Don't be discouraged. There will be plenty of "open" parties, people bidding for the right to put on various conventions, local fan clubs, generous hosts, and the like. Notices for these parties can be found on bulletin boards, the daily newsletter, and some quite unlikely places. (I'll let you be surprised.)

For those who don't *like* parties, there is always the Film Program.

Authors: You've always wanted to meet Ermintrude Quattermass, and there she is, not five meters away—what do you do? Most authors are nice people. Just go up to her, say how much you like her stuff, if you have a book handy ask for an autograph, and leave, politely, after she's signed it. If the writer makes it clear you should hang around, stay. Many writers are perfectly willing, well-neigh deleriously willing, to discuss their own work. (Others are not, so don't push.) It is very, *very* rude to approach an author and say how bad you thought her book was (even if you loathed it). Praise is always welcome; criticism should be *asked* for.

The committee: The committee is there to help insure your having a good time, but this does not mean they have to hold your hand throughout the con. If you have trouble with the hotel, or can't find a particular program room, ask someone with an orange armband. They will try to help you. Don't try to catch a running committee person on the fly. They're probably running for a reason. Don't pester the committee people with trivia.

Most important, relax, and try to have fun. It's easy, go ahead, enjoy. You'll have lots of company; that's what everybody else is here for.

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All rights reserved

## **IF YOU'RE A WRITER, HOW COME I DON'T KNOW YOU?**

You have sold two, six, ten short stories. You have published five, three, one of them. You have sold a novel. It has/has not been published. You know one or two other writers; you have/have not attended one or two conventions. You are coming to Westercon 32, and you are uncertain. How should you behave? How may you meet other writers? What is there to *do* at the convention? If this description sounds like you in any way, be comforted. You are not alone; fandom has a place for you—even a name. You are a neo-pro.

This program book will tell you most of what you need to know about what a science fiction convention is and what there is to do here. But there are some rules—suggestions, if you prefer—which might make it simpler for you, Jane Neopro, to find your way around.

- 1) A convention is to enjoy.
- 2) Ask—someone will know.
- 3) When in doubt—be polite.

If you are not having fun at a science fiction convention, you are doing it wrong. Relax. When you come in to register for the con, you'll be

# HISTORY OF THE WEST COAST SCIENCE FICTION CONFERENCE

	DATE	CITY/NAME	SITE	GUEST OF HONOR	CHAIRMAN/SPONSOR
I	Sept. 5, 1948	Los Angeles	Park-View Manor	-----	E. Everett Evans/LASFS
II	Oct. 2, 1949	Los Angeles	Knights of Pythias Hall	-----	Walter J. Dougherty/LASFS
III	June 18, 1950	Los Angeles	Knights of Pythias Hall	Dr. Robert S. Richardson	Fredde Mershey/Outlanders
IV	June 29 - July 1, 1951	San Francisco	California Hall	George Pal	Tom Quinn/Little Men+
V	June 28 - 29, 1952	San Diego (Souwestercon)	U. S. Grant Hotel	Ray Bradbury	Roger Nelson & William F. Nolan
VI	May 30 - 31, 1953	Los Angeles	Hotel Commodore	Gerald Heard	E. Everett Evans/LASFS
VII	Sept. 3, 1954*	San Francisco	Sir Francis Drake	Jack Williamson	J. Ben Stark
VIII	July 3 - 4, 1955	Los Angeles	Hotel Commodore	Mel Hunter	Lev Kovner/C. Donovan Foundation
IX	June 30 - July 1, 1956	Oakland	Hotel Leamington	Richard Matheson	Marilyn Tulley
X	July 4 - 7, 1957	Hollywood	Hotel Knickerbocker	Mark Clifton	Lev Kovner/CD Foundation & LASB
XI	Sept. 1, 1958*	Los Angeles (Solocon)	Alexandria Hotel	Richard Matheson	Anna S. Moffat/Outlanders
XII	July 3 - 5, 1959	Seattle	Moore Hotel	Alan E. Hourse	F. M. Busby/Nameless Ones
XIII	July 2 - 4, 1960	Boise (Boycon)	Owyee Hotel	Rog Phillips	Guy & Diane Terwilliger
XIV	July 1 - 2, 1961	Oakland (Baycon)	Hotel Leamington	Fritz Leiber Jack Speer (fan)	Honey Wood/GGFS
XV	June 30 - July 1, 1962	Los Angeles	Alexandria Hotel	Jack Vance Alva Rogers (fan)	Al Lewis/LASFS
XVI	July 4 - 7, 1963	Burlingame	Hyatt House Hotel	Kris Neville F. M. & Elinor Busby (fan)	Al haLevy/Little Men & GGFS
XVII	Sept. 4, 1964*	Oakland (Pacificon II)	Hotel Leamington	Edmond Hamilton & Leigh Brackett Forrest J. Ackerman (fan)	Al haLevy & J. Ben Stark
XVIII	July 3 - 5, 1965	Long Beach	Edgewater Inn	Frank Herbert Anthony Boucher (fan)	Steve Tolliver & John Trimble
XIX	July 1 - 4, 1966	San Diego	Stardust Motor Hotel	Harlan Ellison John & Bjo Trimble (fan)	Dennis M. Smith
XX	July 1 - 4, 1967	Los Angeles (Shercon)	Sheraton-West Hotel	Marlon Zimmer Bradley Lon Atkins (fan)	Brandon Lamont#
XXI	Sept. 1, 1968*	Berkely (Baycon)	Hotel Clairmont	Phillip José Farmer Walter J. Dougherty (fan)	Bill Donoho, Alva Rogers, & J. Ben Stark
XXII	July 3 - 6, 1969	Santa Monica (Funcon II)	Hotel Miramar	Randall Garrett Roy Tackett (fan)	Chuck Crayne & Bruce Pelz/ Con-Fusion
XXIII	July 3 - 5, 1970	Santa Barbara	Francisco Torres	Jack Williamson Rick Sneary (fan)	John & Bjo Trimble
XXIV	July 2 - 5, 1971	San Francisco (SFCOn 71)	Hilton Inn	Avram Davidson Don Simpson (fan)	Jerry Jacks/Sampo Productions
XXV	June 30 - July 4, 1972	Long Beach	Edgewater Hyatt House	Lloyd Biggle, Jr. Len Moffett (fan)	Dave Hulan
XXVI	June 30 - July 4, 1973	San Francisco (SFCOn 73)	St. Francis Hotel	Larry Niven George Barr (fan)	Jerry Jacks/Sampo Productions
XXVII	July 3 - 7, 1974	Santa Barbara	Francisco Torres	James Nelson Coleman (special) Kerwin Mathews (special)	
XXVIII	July 3 - 6, 1975	Oakland (OakLacon)	The Leamington	Phillip K. Dick Charles Burbee (fan)	Fred Patten
XXIX	July 2 - 5, 1976	Los Angeles	Hyatt House Hotel	David Gerrold Charlie & Dena Brown (fan)	
XXX	July 1 - 4, 1977	Vancouver	Totem Park Residenc., UBC Campus	Ian & Betty Ballantine (special)	Lols Newman & Craig Miller
XXXI	July 1 - 4, 1978	Los Angeles	Marriott Hotel	H. L. Gold Gregg Calkins	Bruce Pelz
XXXII	July 4 - 8, 1979	San Francisco (SFCOn 79)	Sheraton Palace Hotel	Damon Knight Frank Denton (fan) Kate Wilhelm (special)	Fran Skene
				Poul Anderson Don C. Thompson (fan)	Ed Finklestein & Mike Glycer
				Richard A. Lupoff Bruce Pelz (fan)	Jerry Jacks

\* combined with the World Science Fiction Convention that year.

+ replaced Stewart Metchette as Chairman. #replaced Ted Johnstone as Chairman

56 given a badge with your name on it. Pin it to your shirt. It doesn't matter if no one recognizes you. Do you want to meet other writers? Go to the Science Fiction Writers of America (SFWA) suite. If you don't know where it is—see Rule 2. If you're a SFWA member, you belong there, and if you aren't a SFWA member, you may be qualified to join. You can find out at the suite. Walk in. Have a drink. Say hello. Usually the person running the suite is friendly, clean, courteous and will be glad to introduce you to the ~~drink~~ writers at the bar. Writers love to talk to one another. A simple "I read 'Green Slime Monsters of Mars' and loved it" will be sufficient to break the ice—as long as you did, indeed, read it. Don't be afraid to approach the people you consider luminaries; all of them were once one-story writers. (Anyway, most science fiction writers only glow in the dark.)

Don't be shy about visiting the art show or the dealers' tables, or about going to the program. That's what it's for. The Basic Writer's Panel (often called the How-To-Count-Words panel) can be exceedingly informative. If you've sold a story to Editor X and Editor X is on a panel, see it, and when it's over, introduce yourself. If you have lots of energy, use it. It's never too late to volunteer for program items. You may leave your name at the registration desk. Don't expect anything, however; though you may be pleasantly surprised, you're more likely to be told that the panel you'd like to be on is full.

If you are *not* shy—a word of warning is in order. You may know that you're the greatest writer since H.P. Lovecraft, Doc Smith, and Edgar Rice Burroughs, but science fiction fans have been watching neo-pros come and go like thunderstorms for 30 years, and are likely to have a less exalted opinion of you. If people come up to you, peer at your name badge, and say, "Who are you? I don't know you," be kind. They're probably known to more people in the room than you are. Most fans will avoid such mannerless comments. Of course, so must you avoid making stupid remarks if introduced to Charles N. Brown, Alicia Austin, or Victoria Schochet (fan, artist, and editor, respectively). They aren't Isaac Asimov—but then, neither are you.

Remember, you are fandom's guest at *its* convention. Remember, too, that few fans and fewer editors *really* want to hear the entire plot of your next novel.

Eat light. Stay flexible.

San Francisco is a lovely and exciting city, so, if you're a visitor, be prepared to take some time off to explore. Most of the real fun of the convention happens not during the day, at the program, but at night, at the room parties. Beware of crashing closed-door parties, but, even if you don't want to go to Minneapolis in '73, do go to the bidding parties. (Minneapolis in '73? Yes. See Rule 2.) They're fun, and you will meet

interesting people who may invite you into one of those closed-door parties. Besides, the beer is free. **57**

Have a good time! Keep in mind that genuine friendships and real professional contacts are more valuable than getting your ego stroked (known in fandom as 'egoboo'). Next convention, more people will know who you are. Bill Rotsler may make you a nametag. You may even receive a letter asking you to be on a panel, or to read, or to be a toastmaster or guest at a regional con. When that happens, you may be sure that you are out of the neo stage, and are well on your way to becoming a plain old dirty pro.

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## Banquet

Our banquet will be Saturday, July 7th at noon in the Garden Court of the Sheraton-Palace.

In lieu of rubber chicken, we have decided to simply have a private sitting of the traditional Garden Court buffet.

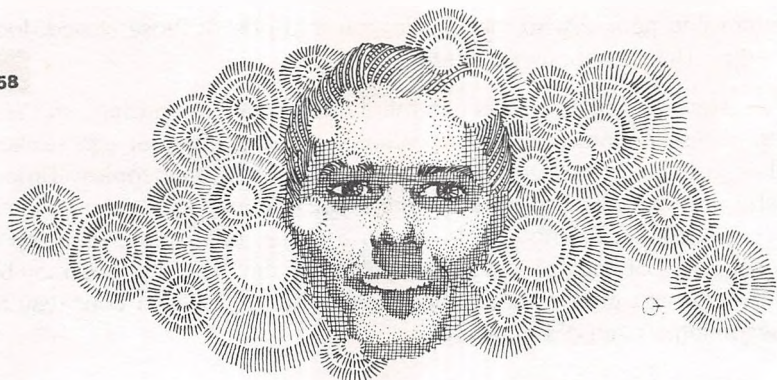
The buffet consists of:

- \*Several kinds of salads
- \*Fresh fruits
- \*Cold sturgeon and salmon
- \*Fresh baked croissants and breads
- \*Eggs Florentine
- \*Scrambled eggs
- \*Crepes with cheese
- \*Bacon and sausage
- \*Hawaiian fish in sauce
- \*Roast beef cut to order
- \*Ham cut to order
- \*The dessert table (Including chocolate, mint, lemon and strawberry Mousses and various cakes and English trifle with raspberry and chocolate sauces)

The banquet will start at noon, we're allowing an hour for eating, then we will have what awards and ceremony seem appropriate.

Cost of the banquet is \$12.50 per person, including tax and tip. Wine is *not* included in the above price, but is available.

Tickets are *very* limited, the room only seats 300 people for such a dinner. We recommend that you send for your banquet tickets as soon as you decide that you are interested. Tickets, if available, will be on sale at the convention until noon on Friday.



## HAPPY ANNIVERSARY Richard A. Lupoff

Joseph stepped out of the old man's room and walked down to the ground floor of the house. His eye flicked to the clockface near the front door, confirming that the visitor was due in a few minutes. Satisfied, Joseph crossed the living room, seated himself deliberately in an easy chair and opened the humidor beside it.

He had barely time to light a dark, fragrant havana when the door chimes sounded. Joseph's glance crossed the clock again; yes, the newsman was on time. A good sign. It indicated that he was likely to live up to other agreements, not annoy the old man too much, not upset the household unduly. This was a special day for the press and for the old man, but the house would still be here tomorrow and every day after. Disruptions were unwelcome.

Joseph answered the door himself, compared the flesh appearance of the reporter with his picturephone image and with his own, Joseph's carefully groomed prosperous middle-aged bulk. The reporter was young but not as young, in person, as Joseph had expected. Another point in his favor. This story would demand a certain perspective and sensitivity that a very young man couldn't have developed as yet; it was good that the media pool had sent someone like this.

"Mr. Amberly," the reporter said, "I'm Michael Callahan. May I come in?"

Joseph gestured the visitor into the living room. The reporter waited for him to follow and resume his easy chair before seating himself on the Egyptian-style couch that stood at right angles to the chair. "I trust Mr. Neilson is feeling well today," he said.

Joseph nodded. "He's napping now. Mrs. Amberly is with him. You know, she is his daughter. I've offered to engage a nurse for him, and even the government has offered to help, but Maria" (he pronounced it with a long *i*) "insists on caring for him herself."

"I understand," said Callahan. "How soon do you think he'll wake up?" 59

"Oh, we can get him up for you any time. You know, he's in his nineties. He's very seldom out of bed these days. Just dozes and wakes, dozes and wakes."

"But I can talk with him, get answers to some questions?"

"Of course you can try, just try not to upset him. You know, at his age I'm afraid he's not really in this world very much of the time. Sometimes he imagines it's still the old days, talks to people who died years ago, decades ago.

"Simply old age," Joseph explained. "The doctor says he's in about as good condition as can be expected. And he still has his lucid moments. But one of these days something will just stop working, I suppose his heart will stop pumping, and he'll slip quietly away. Maria is ready for it. I suppose that's why she spends as much time with him as she does.

"And then there will be no more Martians."

The reporter grinned faintly. "Do you mind if I snap on my recorder?" he asked. "That would have been a good line to use."

"I thought you came to see Scott Neilson, not me," Joseph replied. He picked up his havana and relit it, sliding the humidor in a half-circle on its soft felt base and offering a cigar to Callahan.

The reporter took one and lit it.

"Frankly, Mr. Amberly, the news value in this story is pretty minimal. It's an anniversary, but nothing is really happening today and the way that everybody plans to use it is as a kind of human interest feature. You know, 'Fifty years ago this man became the first human ever to set foot on an alien planet,' that kind of thing. Even then it's stretching a point, but I guess the moon isn't quite an alien planet and Mars clearly is.

"There'll be a lot of photos and tapes of the event, and comments from leading scientists today contrasted with the reactions when the landing took place.

"The point is, if Mr. Neilson can't give us much footage, we'll have to do the thing around him. You see what I mean?"

Joseph grunted. "Understand. Well then, if you want to record me too—oh, I see you've got it running already."

The reporter grinned.

"You, uh, Mr. Neilson isn't in financial need, then?" Callahan asked.

60 “Oh no, no such problem. He lives with us because Maria, that is, we want him. He could have a place of his own with an attendant, or he could go to a National Home.

“He saved his money, you know, and there was quite a lot of it at first. Books, personal appearances, some product endorsements. He invested cautiously—”

“On your advice?”

“Yes, Maria and I married quite young and we’ve always been close to her father.”

Joseph leaned back in his chair and puffed on his cigar.

In the silence of the room, traffic sounds from the street outside became audible, the soft whir of the reporter’s small multi-media recorder blended with the road noises and the subdued humming of the radio-clock to fill the living room with a miniature presence of the pervasive background noise of civilization—or perhaps of the universal *om*.

Michael Callahan stirred uncomfortably. “Um, as much as I enjoy chatting, Mr. Amberly—”

Joseph fixed him with a steady look.

“—I *did* come to interview Mr. Neilson. Do you think we could see if he’s awake now?”

Joseph carefully extinguished his cigar in the amber-glass ash tray that stood beside the humidor and left the extinguished cigar balanced in one of the grooves in the raised edge of the ash tray. He stood. Callahan did the same, his own cigar remaining clenched in his teeth. Joseph said, “If you don’t mind . . . there’s oxygen equipment in Mr. Neilson’s room.”

The reporter placed his cigar in the ash tray with Joseph’s and followed him to the door of the bedroom.

Joseph knocked softly. In a moment there was a sound of soft shoes brushing a carpet. The door opened quietly. A middle-aged woman slipped through and closed the door softly behind her. “He’s still napping,” she said in a low voice, “I wanted to read him Vice President Mendez’ message, but I suppose it can wait.” She held a piece of elaborately engraved stationery in one hand.

“Vice President Mendez?” the reporter asked.

“This is Mr. Callahan,” Joseph said. “He’s come to see your father for the media, Maria.”

“Of course.” She extended her free hand and shook hands with Callahan. “I believe we spoke by picturephone one time.”



westercon 36:  
SEATTLE IN 1983

"Mrs. Amberly, I'm sure that the Vice President's office will release the text of that greeting to the media. What I really want is to talk with your father, even if only for a few minutes. That will make the heart of my story. Without a few feet of Mr. Neilson it will hardly be any story at all."

"All right." She stepped back and opened the door again. Michael Callahan followed her into the old man's bedroom. Joseph Amberly followed him closely.

The room looked more like that of a boy than one suited for a man. The walls were covered with enlarged photographs, posters, pennants, and other memorabilia. Most of the pictures were associated with the sole successful Mars expedition, that had landed just fifty years ago on the surface of the fourth planet.

Pictures of the four men who made the flight, space-suited, helmets on their arms like football backs in a publicity shot, identical expressions on their faces evincing a combination of eagerness, confidence, serious determination to reach Mars and return home safely. Unlike the first international effort that had ended disastrously months after a seemingly perfect launch from the then-giant international equatorial space station.

A carefully posed shot of the four spacemen climbing aboard their shuttle craft for the flight up to the space station: Neilson, Chang, Tsinovkin, Ramamurti. Each in his distinctively colored suit, Tsinovkin with the conspicuous markings of the commander of the expedition.

Pictures of the earth as seen from the shuttle craft, of the shuttle as seen from the space station, of the station with the earth in the background as seen from the huge Mars booster, of the booster leaving the station, its tail of hot glowing ions fading from white near the beryllium-ceramic combustion chamber of the booster down through pale yellow, orange, red.

Photographs of the earth-luna binary, then of Mars as seen from steadily diminishing distances: millions of miles, then thousands, hundreds, down to blown-up frames taken by the MEM's automatic landing and takeoff sequence cameras.

The four spacemen inside their returning capsule, the streak of their craft passing the equatorial space station as they arrived home, their incredible flaming shot through the earth's atmosphere and the towering column of steam and water that marked their splashdown in the Pacific.

On tables and stands there were scale models of the spacecraft involved in the great expedition. A golden plaque presented by the UN Secretary-General and the Presidents of the four great powers to each of the returning spacemen.

A poster of Neilson, his face looking a few years older than it did in the space photographs, with the slogan VOTE FOR NEILSON—U.S. SENATE in brightly colored block letters still hardly faded by the passage of decades.

Michael Callahan turned his recorder on the old man lying in his bed. Neilson's face was thin, his scalp bald, his cheeks hollow. His eyes were closed. His body was covered by a light blanket. It looked as fragile as that of a child suffering from a lengthy and incurable disease.

Beside the bed stood a tall green oxygen tank, a breathing mask hanging ready for use on a moment's notice.

Neilson's chest moved slowly, shallowly with each breath. The slight movement was the only sign of life.

Callahan said "Mr. Neilson, can you hear me?"

The thin, brittle-looking form stirred slightly. A faint sound, barely audible, came from its lips.

Callahan looked at Joseph Amberly, was referred by the latter's expression to Maria Amberly. "You may as well ask your questions, Mr. Callahan. He may answer you or he may not."

The reporter flushed, turned back to the ancient figure. "Uh, Mr. Neilson, fifty years today the first men ever to reach Mars and return alive set foot on the soil of the red planet. Can you remember what it was like, your feelings when you first stood on the face of an alien world?"

The room was filled with the sound of the recorder. Motor vehicles moving outside were nearly muffled by the thick walls and heavy curtains of the old house. An aircraft passed overhead, the only evidence of its passage a faint overtone in the constant background noise.

The old man stirred, his lips moved and made a low, whispering sound. His eyes opened for a moment, tried to focus on a wall-hung photographic enlargement, closed again.

"I'm sure there are times when he remembers," Maria Amberly said. "It was all set down when they returned, of course, at great length. My father wrote a book. And of course there was the video transmission of the event itself and the ship's log."

Joseph Amberly said "Of course you understand that Tsinovkin was the first member of the expedition to leave the MEM. His words were transmitted back to earth. Every schoolboy knows what they were."

"Of course," said Callahan. He raised the video input device of his recorder and turned it slowly, taking in the relics and souvenirs that filled the old man's room.

"One thing that was never fully explained," the reporter went on. "Did your expedition ever find any traces of the first expedition? I've been through the files and it seems that in the excitement of the time when your spacecraft returned home, the fate of the first crew was somehow put aside."

The thin form on the bed seemed to struggle briefly, then subsided.

Callahan saw an angry red rise from Joseph Amberly's collar and suffuse his heavy-fleshed face. "As you well know, Mr. Callahan, that portion of the second expedition's report was classified immediately upon their debriefing. It has never been released by the UN or the four governments. If you try again to trick that information out of a helpless old man you will have to leave immediately."

"I'm sorry."

"Mr. Neilson hasn't granted an interview in years. You're only here because of the anniversary. Don't abuse our hospitality, please!"

"I said I was sorry." He turned back to the thin figure. "What do you think of the space program today, fifty years after you visited the red planet? Do you think the space stations and the unmanned planetary shuttles are the right approach? Do you think the interstellar probes should carry human crews instead of the automatic instrumentation that they have on board?"

Scott Neilson lay on his bed, his eyes barely open. They seemed to be fixed on the oversized motion picture frame that showed the surface of Mars directly below the descending MEM. The landing craft's chemical exhaust obscured most of the picture, but brown-red dusty soil was visible as well, kicking up in fine clouds where the hot gases struck. A bit of fuzzy green vegetation was caught, too, barely in one corner of the photograph.

Neilson's hands moved slightly at his sides, fumbling at the coverlet as if seeking controls and switches not there. Once more his lips were moving, the whispers that emerged incomprehensible to the reporter who stood beside his bed.

"I'm afraid he isn't able to answer very well today," Maria Amberly said. "Perhaps another time, Mr. Callahan."

Joseph Amberly took the reporter by the elbow and guided him firmly through the doorway, back toward the living room. Maria Amberly closed the door behind them, remaining in the bedroom with her father, his relics, and the oxygen equipment.

"I'm afraid that train of questioning would only have got him upset," Joseph said to Callahan. He held the humidior toward the reporter,

waited while he took a fresh cigar. "It's a simple matter of economics. Unmanned craft can do anything manned craft can do, cheaper, more simply, more easily.

And of course there's the safety factor. We lose a Neptune probe, that's regrettable but it's only a machine. No need to waste precious lives."

Do you think he'd agree with that?" Michael Callahan asked. As he spoke he gestured toward the closed bedroom door.

"He's a very old man, Mr. Callahan. When he was young—when I was just a boy and before you were born, I'd venture from your looks—he was full of romantic ideas. Spacemen were glamorous, to be sure. But practical heads must govern, every sensible person agrees to that."

"Then you think he wouldn't want us to resume manned flights to the planets?"

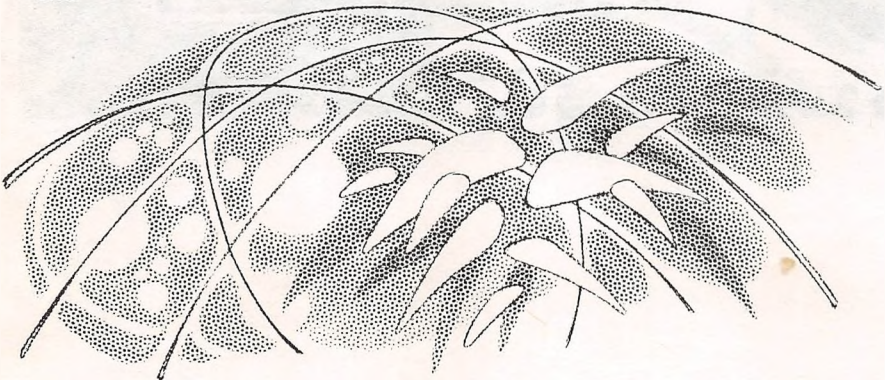
"He's in his second childhood." Joseph Amberly picked his cold cigar out of the tray where he had left it. He lit a match and puffed the havana back into life. "In fact," he resumed, "really more like his second infancy, I'm afraid."

The reporter stood and started toward the front door. "It's really too bad he couldn't answer my questions," he said. "Still, I can give my editor the shots of his room and a little of him lying in bed. At least his eyes were open. We can voice-over it and get some sort of coverage."

He shook hands with Joseph Amberly. Joseph escorted him to the front door and opened it for him. "Perhaps you can build your story around the Vice President's anniversary greeting."

Michael Callahan made a noncommittal response before stepping back into the street. It sounded something like *umm*, or *Om*.

end



JERRY POURNELLE

# JANISSARIES

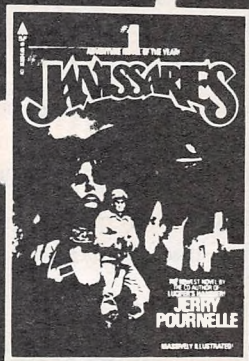
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## NOSEPICKERS OF DAWR Ova Hamlet

Ne'er did I think when first I came to the planet Dawr that here would happiness I find. No, on the contrary, when the slaver pieplate from Dawr descended on me as I strolled near my palatial Long Island estate and the slave-raiders tugged me into the craft, I thought the game was up.

My estate is in a secluded, bucolic section of Long Island City. I was out strolling, clad only in a borrowed negligee and velvet choker, and apparently the slavers mistook me for a woman. Hah! What a surprise they were in for! I fought them tooth and nail, scratching, biting, and kicking, squealing and squirming, until they subdued me and threw me, bound and gagged, into a murky corner of their perfectly round spaceship.

I lay there whimpering in the dark until we arrived at the planet that lies directly opposite the moon in the sun's orbit, where it is perpetually hidden from earthly eyes. Of course, the Dawries know all about earth and have been visiting here for years. Mostly they drag away proud and haughtily earthwomen for the sheer fun of breaking their spirits in the slave-pens of Dawr.

But once in a while they take a man, either by mistake, or just because they think he's such a sweetie that they can't keep their horny little paws off his bod.

Where do you think Judge Crater is?

How about Jimmy Hoffa?

Lin Piao?

Lavrenti Beria?

Ho! say I, and, Ho! and once again yet, Ho!

Dawr, that's where they are!

Well, as I was saying, they no sooner dragged me from my snug little corner to the center of the pieplate after we'd landed on Dawr, delivering the most delicious little kicks here and tugs there as they did it, when one of those great nasty bullies grabbed me in a certain spot (I can't tell you where, *blush!*) and drew back his hand with the speed of a weasel.

"Whoopsie!" he exclaimed in rage.

"'Sa matter?" his companion grumbled. "She bite? Har, har, har!"

# Vancouver, Canada...



1971	V-CON I.....	GoH Ursula K. Le Guin
1972	V-CON II.....	GoH Philip K. Dick
1974	V-CON III.....	GoH Frank Herbert
1975	V-CON 4.....	GoH Robert Silverberg
1976	V-CON 5.....	GoH Larry Niven Special Guest Terry Carr
1977	Westercon XXX	GoH Damon Knight FGoH Frank Denton Special Guest Kate Wilhelm
1978	V-CON VI.....	GoH A.E. Van Vogt FGoH Susan Wood
1979	V-CON 7.....	GoH Jack Vance Toastmaster Frank Herbert

## HERE ARE SOME OF OUR EXPERIENCED PEOPLE:

Ed Beauregard: V-Con 4 Programming; V-Con 5 Registrar; BCSFA President and V-Con 7 Treasurer.  
 Norma Beauregard: V-Con 5 Treasurer; V-Con 7 Chief GoFer; past BCSFA Secretary.  
 Becky Bennett: Seattle in '81 Bid Secretary; BCSFA Information Officer; Norwescon 1 Operations Chief.  
 Alan R. Betz: Technical Support V-Con's III 7, past BCSFA President and Treasurer.  
 Cara Elrod: Past BCSFA Secretary; V-Con VI Secretary.  
 Steve Forty: V-Con VI and 7 Registrar; BCSFA Vice-President.  
 David Greer: V-Con VI Treasurer; past BCSFA Treasurer.  
 Tim Hammell: Captive Artist.  
 Ed Hutchings: Past BCSFA Treasurer; Film Programming V-Con's III 7 and Westercon XXX.  
 Jo Anne McBride: Secretary and Treasurer Summercon; Film Programming Alpha Draconis; V-Con VI & 7 Bacchanal.  
 Fran Skene: V-Con 5 Publications; Westercon XXX & V-Con VI Chairperson; past BCSFA President.  
 John Thomson: Past BCSFA Vice President; Westercon XXX Publicity.  
 Ken Wong: V-Con 5 7 Huckster Co-ordinator.

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“She’s no she,” the first Dawrie said. He reached over and removed my gag. This is how he did it. He took my cheeks between the thumb and fingers of one strong, rough hand, and with the other he reached right between my lips and pulled out the gag. His hand was right inside my mouth. I could feel those nasty rough fingers right on my tender pink tongue.

Well!

Anyway, dearie, we *did* get everything straightened out after a while. My cruel, sadistic, just absolutely too terrible for words, captors, were Replings. Their arch-enemies were the Dimkats. We were on the planet Dawr, as you have probably by now almost guessed for certain sure. In fact, as one of those awful brutes explained to me, we had landed in the headquarters region of the Replings, a place called Dzocq Valley.

I tried to stop the two nasty slavers, but for all that I struggled and pleaded, they succeeded finally in getting me all untied and hustled me out of the pieplate. They were going to be in trouble. They’d been sent to earth to capture one of our stuck-up and independent women, all of whom are really very frustrated and unhappy except they won’t admit it. What they really want is to be beaten, mastered, subdued, commanded, whipped, punished, scolded, broken, humiliated, whipped, hit, kicked, thrashed, smitten, socked, batted around a bit, have their clothes pulled off, get shoved about, made to whimper, cry, beg, plead—

Pardon me a minute, I can’t go on just now.

Mmmhh, uhh, ooh, ahh.

Phew!

Well, as I was saying in that serious philosophical discussion above, hmm, I think you have the idea by now.

Of course, Dawrie women like that stuff too. But they get it from girlhood onward, and by the time they’re much past their tenth or eleventh year they’re pretty well played out. Mature fast, age fast. You know how it is. Heh, heh. Too bad.

But those haughty and frigid earthwomen (they all are, you know, know you, are all they) are just begging (inside, where it doesn’t show) to be punched, booted in the ass, elbowed in the ribs and et cetera.

Where was I?

Oh, I was in the Dzocq Valley.

I told the horrid nasty Replings who I was.

“Norm Johnman,” I told the two Replings, sticking out my soft pink hand.

They looked at it in scorn, exchanged a few whispered sibilants, then to me turned again once. "We are slave-traders," the bigger and brawnier and more muscular and tough and nasty and rough-looking one with the calloused hands and the big scar on his tough masterful cheek and the strong rough hands and the deep masterful voice said. "My name bein' by way of Mill Vergor and my buddy here's Verg Miller. Our boss's name is Mern Vigger and he's gonna be madder'n hell and he won't take any more of this stuff. Last time we brought in a drag queen by mistake he had us on the carpet for half a *thooq!*"

"Yeah," Verg Miller took over from Mill Vergor. Verg was broader-shouldered and more muscular, with rippling sinews and big calloused strong hands and hairy arms and a funny little snaggle-toothed grin that nobody in the world could possibly have resisted and his hair all curly was where it from underneath the brim of his turban it snuck out mischievously.

"That *qooth* of a boss," Mill Vergor took back over, "he axed us where we got the drag queen and we told him and he said, 'Look, just stay the *noothq* out of leather bars and make sure of the merchandise before you drag it all the way across 47 quintillion *qoonths* of space here to Dawr!' And I said, 'Well, I've never been so insulted in my life, you Mern Vigger you, and if you don't treat me better I'm going to quit this rotten job and go on *thnorq* stamps if I have to.' Well, that told him!"

Well, as you probably know by now from reading the 1978 Dawr story, the 1977 Dawr story, the 1976 Dawr story, the 1975 Dawr story, and all the rest of them, I fit in just perfectly here on Dawr. At first I thought I wanted to go back to nasty old earth.

Well, that shows how much I knew!

On earth, all the men are nothing but a bunch of pansies!

And all the women are nothing but a bunch of stuck-up, horrid, conceited bitches. Frigid, too! Every last one of them!

Yes, they are, too! Don't answer back!

Oh, but here on Dawr, well, here they know how to make a woman happy! Or, should I say, *I* know how to make a woman happy. *Blush!*

Well, after a while Verg Miller and Mill Vergor and I got to be marvelous chums. Every once in a while we'd go down to the slave pens and buy us a slave girl and have some fun breaking her. The only trouble was, they were all Dawries. Some were Repling women, some were Dimkats, but like all good Dawrie women they'd been humiliated, beaten, shoved around, bruised, tied up, humiliated, shamed, humbled, hurt, harried, tormented, and all of that other good stuff ever since they

were babies. They were very happy and fulfilled but most of the fun was used up. 73

One day Verg Miller and Mill Vergor and I were sitting at a rough wooden table at the Golden Archer's near Cabot Lodge in Dzocq Valley. We were complaining a lot, drinking *thnrooqberry* mead and I was looking from Verg to Mill and from Mill to Verg trying to decide which one of my marvelous chums I liked better (it was *very hard* to decide, if you take meaning my), when in walked—I should say, swaggered—the nastiest, meanest cruellest-looking, most horrible, vicious, outrageous-appearing person I have every eyes laid on.

Incredible!

He had the robes and dagger of a Dawrie slave-raider. From the cut of his burnoose he was a Dimkat, and from the looks of him he was just back from a trip to earth. He just had that look to him. You know. Kind of smirky and smarmy.

He turned to face a waiter scurrying up and commanded him, "Bring me a Big Morc, scoundrel!"

The waiter scurried away.

The newcomer reached under his burnoose and drew out a thong. He started pulling on it. I could see that the other end was through the turquoise duct characteristic of the Dzocq Valley dragging. The slaver tugged at the rope and there came staggering and stumbling through the entryway an earth woman.

Haughty and contemptuous, sneering with disdain (and, I assure you, frigidity), she stood erect. She was wearing the latest voile fichu frock and patent-leather pumps, and shiny tight stockings and she had long pointy fingernails and her eyes looked all red and runny like she'd been crying or trying not to cry and getting mad and he had her hands tied together behind her back and that pulled her shoulders back so her headlights were pointing through her crepe chennile and her eyes flashed angrily at the slaver and he cuffed her once right across the chops and she had this choke collar rivetted around her neck I thought that was just the nicest part of it all I've always liked those a whole lot. I could see that she wasn't sealed yet to her permanent Dawrie master because the Dawries mark their slave-women with a little golden ornament that looks something like a beautiful jewelled ice-pick that they drive through the septum so they can drag their slaves around by the nose when they feel like making them really happy and satisfied the way *all* women, *really* want to be treated inside only most of them won't admit it because they're secretly frigid and they don't want anybody to know it.

Well I flashed a look from one of my marvelous chums to the other

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and I decided to have a little fun with this new arrival. Besides, I had got just a little bit tipsy on *thnrooqberry* mead, and this big new fellow made me want to capture his attention.

“Say there, slaver,” I cried out.

He glared at me.

“Want to sell that little bundle of jollies?” I asked coyly.

He snarled. “Who tries to buy a newly captured acquisition from the famous slaver Yan Blan Tyne?” he demanded.

I introduced myself and my marvelous chums, thinking all the while, *Yan Blan Tyne, the famous Yan Blan Tyne. Well, of all the coincidences!* “I know that fresh merchandise is more valuable than shopworn goods,” I conceded, “but I’d be willing to bid as much as fifty *fleerz* for her.”

Perhaps it would well be for me I should explain you the Dawrie monetary system. Their smallest unit, pressed in white enamel coins of shape rectangular, are called *chiclets*. Seventeen and a quarter *chiclets* make a *dentyne*. The *dentyne* is pink and rectangular, about 3.72566 centimeters long by .7654321 centimeters wide and not as thick as you think. Nine and three-eighths *dentyne*s make a *wrigley*, which is long, flat, and gray. Five *wrigleys* make a *bazooka* (round and about the size of a good cats-eye shooter). And four *bazookas* make a *fleerz*.

There are also several obsolete units of Dawrie currency, the best known being the *beeman*. At expensive saloons, prices are still sometimes in *beemans* gequoted. A *beeman* was worth a doubled *fleerz* plus three and an eighth *chiclets*.

By bidding fifty *fleerz* for the flaring-eyed floozy, I was offering roughly \$1.85 in American moolah.

“Fifty *fleerz!*” Yan Blan Tyne blanched. “A mighty price for this bit of baggage, fellow. But I won’t part with her unbroken. But here,” he fumbled beneath his burnoose, “just to show that I have no hard feelings, let’s all just share a little of my *jrrtolk*.”

The slave behind him seemed to become alarmed at this, and her head shook at us. Yan Blan noticed this and jerked at her tether to quiet her. She managed, somehow, to conceal her pleasure and gratitude at the treatment.

Verg Miller and Mill Vergor and I each picked up a piece of Yan Blan’s *jrrtolk* and a bit of it consumed. Too late we realized what the slave had tried unsuccessfully to us warn about. This wasn’t the tasteful, refreshing original *jrrtolk*. It was the phony stuff that had been making the rounds lately. Aargh! Foully betrayed! My last thoughts, as the hard

76 wooden table uprushed my forehead to meet, were to wondering be whether this was the wooden *foulsbane*, an imitation *jrrtolk* that would merely make us fall asleep for a few hours and awaken with a sick headache, or whether it was the deadly poisonous *shanararanaranaranaranarana swordwort* having once consumed which the deluded victim would never be the same.

All thanks be to the gods Tur, Klono and Foo-Foo! Twas merely the mildly miasmic *foulsbane*. We recovered.

But—in what surroundings!

It was a prison cell with walls of dried *gostok*-dung, a ceiling that dripped green, and creepy, slithery things that scuttered and swirled across the filthy floor. The cell was so dark that we couldn't tell what the things were—and happier we were not to know! Something hopped across my outstretched leg and stopped to perform a disgusting act. It was a *gostok*, and it was distimming a dosh!

"Do either of you marvelous chums know where we being?" I asked.

"Black Rock," Verg Miller said.

"The infamous gaol on Three Mile Isle," Mill Vergor added.

An eerie green glow emanated from the walls, ceiling, and floor. A couple of disgusting critturs hopped onto my kneecaps. "Yech!" I cursed colorfully. They were little Dimkatlian caterpillars out hunting mutant *gnurns*. "Yech!" I repeated again once more. "You think there's any way we can get from here out of?"

"Sure," one of my marvelous chums said. "Listen."

I cupped my hand to my ear but could nothing hear.

"Get a whiff o' that," my other marvelous chum suggested.

*Snuff*, I went. *Sniff*. *Snurfle*. "I don't hear anything or smell anything," I hissed.

"Ahah! That proves they're here!"

"Who is?"

"No, *what* is?"

"What's on second," my marvelous chum supplied.

"Basingstoke," the other chipped in.

Slowly I turned. Step by step I attempted to follow their reasoning. Useless it was. Utterly useless. They were like a pair of the infamous Replingian *wytts*. "I'm at a loss," I admitted.



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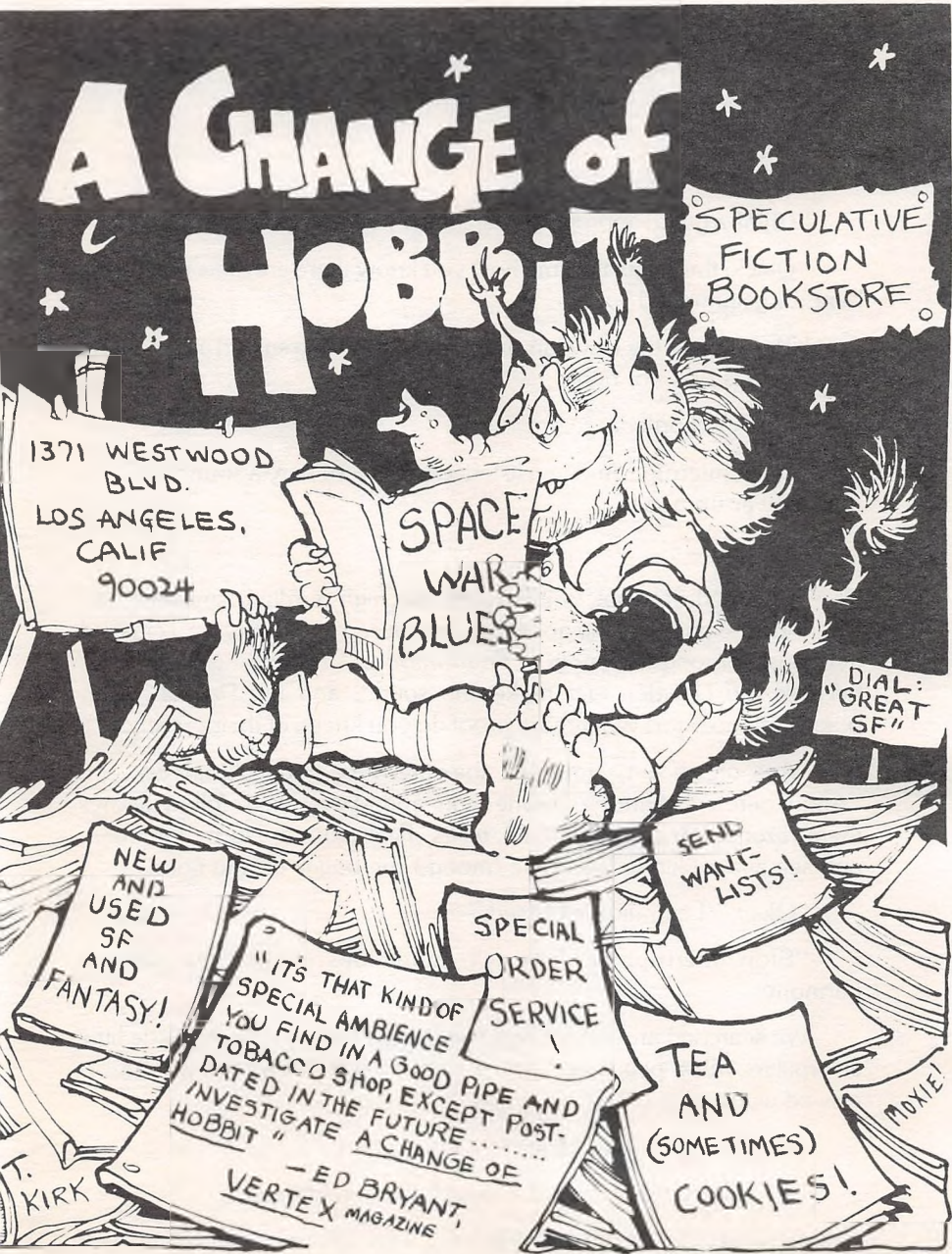
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“We’re surrounded by the strange mutant beasts of Three Mile Isle,” the Dawrian voices ground back. “*Raats!* And *pyggs!* Ook!”

“What are those?” I riposted.

“Horrible monstrosities too revolting even to begin to describe! Let me tell you all about them. First of all, the *raat* can be distinguished from the *pygg* by . . .”

He halted.

“I think a guard approaching is,” my other marvelous chum yielded.

“Quick, then—just tell me how you know there are *raats* and *pyggs* here,” I gallumphed.

“Tis simple!” the Dawrian supplemented. “You sniffed and nothing you smelt, is that not right?”

“Yes,” I chortled.

“Don’t interrupt! And you listened and heard nary a sound, did you not, answer up now!”

“Yes, but—”

“I warned you not to interrupt!” he high-hurdled, smashing me alongside the bridge of the nose with a calloused and horny fist. I crashed deliciously among the *buggs*. “You *thnrooq!*” he rectangled. “That’s because the Dawrian *raat* makes no sound, and the Dawrian *pygg* possesseth no odor! What more proof do you kneed of their presence!”

“Aye, oh, ah, em, yum, yep,” the other slave-trader chimney-swept. “And where’ere there be Dawrie *raats* and *pyggs*, there follow always them razor-sharp-clawed critturs, *wytts*. Feel around, Norm Johnman, and see aye ye kin locate some ’mongst the *buggs* on the floor!”

“Okay,” I cumulonimbussed.

“Stop interrupting,” my two marvelous chums herringed in harmony.

We searched around mongst the Dawrie *buggs*, shoving aside little caterpillars, *raats*, *pyggs* und *gnurrs* until we were all armed with razor-clawed *wytts*.

“Help! Help!” Verg Miller screamed, then.

“Ah, sharrup!” we heard a guard yell in rejoinder.

“It’s this daffy earthman,” Mill Vergor saltcellared. “He’s gone mad! He’s going to destroy us all! Help!”

“By the brazen blips of Klono,” the guard abplanalped, “all right,

stand away from the door while I subdue the malefactor in accord with the Uniform Code of Dawrie Justice.” We backed away from the door while he opened it and stepped into the cell holding high the aspidistra. Mill Vergor and Verg Miller attacked him with their *wytts*. I tried to aid but discovered that I had only a half-*wytt* to attack with.

Even so, we managed to bind the guard in his own Frederick’s of Black Rock negligee and leave him in a corner of the cell where *pyggs*, *raats*, *wytts*, little caterpillars, *gnurrs* and all other manner of exotic *buggs* crept and scratched. Ho, ho, ho, I thought as we departed, slamming the cell-door behind us.

We set out down the main thoroughfare of Black Rock. It was full of bawling barkers, barking bawlers, shifty-eyed Replings and Dimkats eyeing each other malevolently, and drinking establishments where Dawries quaffed beakers full of *thnroopquery* blog. I pulled my marvelous chums past a number of these and we finally found our way to the main town pentangle.

There in the middle of the pentangle, lit luridly by guttering cressets and smoking torches, had been erected a platform on which a batch of slaves knelt for examination. It was the famous Dawrie slave market of Three Mile Isle.

I made my way down an aisle, thinking, *I’ll see who’s for sale*. And there, suddenly, I beheld her! The golden pick had been driven through her septum! She was ready for sealing to her one true master! A horrid Dawrie was examining her, forcing her to show him her teeth and like similar comparable analogous intimate parts. The Dawrie was covered with dripping acne sores. His teeth were buck. His nose was huge and scabrous. He moved with a disgusting clumsy way.

The slave, haughty as ever, squirmed and shrank away from his touch.

“*He-he-he*,” the Dawrie lintelled, “ye’re a fine one, you cutey! I’ll have a dandy time showing you the ropes, I will. If you take my meaning. *He-he-he!*”

The slave shrank away.

I turned and found my two marvelous chums at my side. “Who be the fiend pawing yon piece of merchandise?” I asked.

Verg Miller rubbed his chin. “Tis, methinks, the infamous slave-trader Llennirg di Vad.”

“Aye, it be he. He it be. It he be, mesemeth to me,” Mill Vergor trumpeted in agreement.

80 "Hmph," we heard the horrifying Llening di Vad rasp out, "I'll bid three dentyne, two wrigleys and half a chiclet for this'n."

"Tis nae enow," the canny Yan Blan Tyne countered.

"Hah! Well, I may come up a couple more wrigleys, but ye'll have to settle for a lower percentage then, and I want all the subsidiary rights plus an option on—"

"Fiend!" Yan Blan Tyne tapdanced furiously. "Monster! Villain! Criminal! Cheat! Crook! Bum! Beast! Counterrevolutionary running dog lackey! Elwood!"

"What!" di Vad's eyes blazed, he snorted flame, his skin grew livid with rage. "That is the ultimate insult! No man may call me that and live!"

He reached into his scabbard and pulled out a fearsome weapon, a tool of torture and destruction so hideous in its effects as to have been banned even on Dawr. Twas an old Ace-brand *Lotr!* Even I, Norm Johnman, recoiled in horror.

But Yan Blan Tyne was not to be outdone. Drawing aside his own tattered and stained burnoose he brandished a terrible Authorized *Uhrb.* Inwardly I moaned at the sight.

The two slave-traders, di Vad and Blan Tyne, began smiting each other with their weapons of mass destruction. The thunderous reverberations could be heard throughout Three Mile Isle.

I took advantage of the distraction to sneak past the combattants and grasp the tether to which the slave girl was bound. I tugged at it and she was forced to tumble from the stage. I spun on my heel and asked one of my marvelous chums where we could secrete ourselves nearby.

"There is a town called Marchant not far on the other side of Three Mile Isle," one of the Dawrians gritted. "I know a smith there. He'll take us in."

"Splendid!" I lilted.

As we sped across the countryside riding double on a couple of giant mutated clams I casually asked the earth girl her name. Her eyes blazed at me and she said contemptuously, "Hester Prynne. That monster Yan Blan Tyne captured me near my home in Bronxville, not far from the Hawthorne Circle."

"Ah, I know it well," I purred.

Before too short a time had passed we crossed the Straits of Dyre that separate Three Mile Isle from the mainland and made our way to the village indicated by my two marvelous chums.

We continued to ride our mutated clams down the dusty central thoroughfare of the burg. From time to time I would cast a casual glance at Hester. She wastypical of earth women. She was beautiful in a cold way, with a beautiful face, beautiful eyes, beautiful nose, beautiful lips and beautiful hair. Her skin was beautiful. She had a beautiful figure with beautiful arms and beautiful hands, beautiful breasts that peeped beautifully from her slave's rags. Her body was beautiful, and she had beautiful hips, beautiful thighs, beautiful knees, beautiful calves and beautiful feet. To bottom it all off, her toes were beautiful and her toenails were beautiful.

What a sight! I hope that I have had the power to convey to you the full dimensions of her beauty!

And yet, I could tell that she was unhappy—had been unhappy all her life, for as a woman of her country and era she was frustrated. She had been forced to compete with men as an equal. Poor thing! She had been forced, I suppose, even as a child, to attend school with boys, to listen to the same lectures, study the same books, prepare the same assignments and compete for the same grades!

Later, she had been forced to compete with men for jobs, to socialize with men as an equal, to engage with men in conversation as one human being to another, discussing the affairs of the day, her interests, her aspirations, her fears!

Never had she been granted the magnificent gift which only a truly enlightened man (such as I!) could grant! Never had she been humbled, broken, humiliated, forced to grovel, to beg, to abase herself, to whimper, to show the innermost cravings of her true womanly self for the masterful domination of a truly overbearing male!

I took pity on the poor creature even though I knew it was really her own fault because she was secretly frigid.

My musings were burst in upon by my marvelous chum Verg Miller. "Aye, Johnman, see ye, 'tis yonder place that we have sought all across the raging sands and burning seas of this our holy pilgrimage!"

I stared.

Indeed, it was a marvelous vision! A small section of woods had survived in the very heart of Marchant, and now we were near them. Most of the trees native to the planet Dawr are strange varieties unlike any of the familiar growths found on the earth, but a few varieties such as the common chestnut tree are common to both planets.

Mill Vergor, too, pointed. Their friend was hard at work and did not even look up from his blacksmith's anvil and tongs. He was working on

82 some sort of royal trapping, a circlet or corona to be used in a Dawrie royal pageant.

I found myself moved to extemporise a brief verse. "Under the spreading chestnut tree," I declaimed originally, "the village smithy stands. A great and mighty man is he with large and sinewy hands."

"You've got it wrong," Hester Prynne snapped frigidly. "It isn't 'great and mighty man,' it's supposed to be—"

"Silence!" I silenced her.

Our clams had now reached the entrance of Thorin's business establishment and we threw their reins across a hickory hitching post. Mill Vergor and Verg Miller climbed from their clams at the same time that I slid from the shell of mine and dragged Hester, haughty and frustrated, behind me.

My marvelous chums introduced me to Thorin. I extended my hand in a conventional greeting and he rejoined, "Nanu-nanu."

The blacksmith and my two slave-trader friends made their way to get us a cooling decanter of *qthoonqberry* malteds. I tugged Hester by her jewelled nosepick near to the anvil. "Now, me proud beauty," I sneered at the poor quivering creature, "let us perform the ceremony of binding of slave to master, as is known to all true Dawries. This is a ceremony that will demean, debase, disgust, dishearten, and humiliate you. Thus will you find true happiness at last, and probably overcome your frigidity into the bargain."

"Ah, go *fyunch-click* yourself, you bastard," the quivering maiden whimpered piteously.

"Let's see," I mused, "for starters I suppose you might simply place a suitable crown upon my brow and kneel before me, acknowledging me as your absolute monarch, sovereign, lord, ruler, emperor, and deity. *Ich und Gott*, as we used to in the old country say."

I looked around for something suitable to use in this little introductory ceremony. My eye alightened upon the golden circlet that the proprietor had been working on a while before. He wouldn't mind my appropriating it for a few tik-toks, I was sure.

Pulling Hester by her nosepick so she had no choice but to do my bidding, I heroically and courageously and admirably forced her down onto her knees. Seizing Thorin the smith's corona, I shoved it into her hands and commanded her to raise it and place it upon my head.

Out of one corner of my eye I could see the three other Dawries approaching us with a huge jug of *qthqooqthqberry* kool-aid in their

hands. Casually I noted that the beverage had been seized from earth, as it still had stencilled on the side of the jug, *Consigned to People's Temple, Jonestown, Guyana*. Ah, these rascally Dawries, I thought to myself.

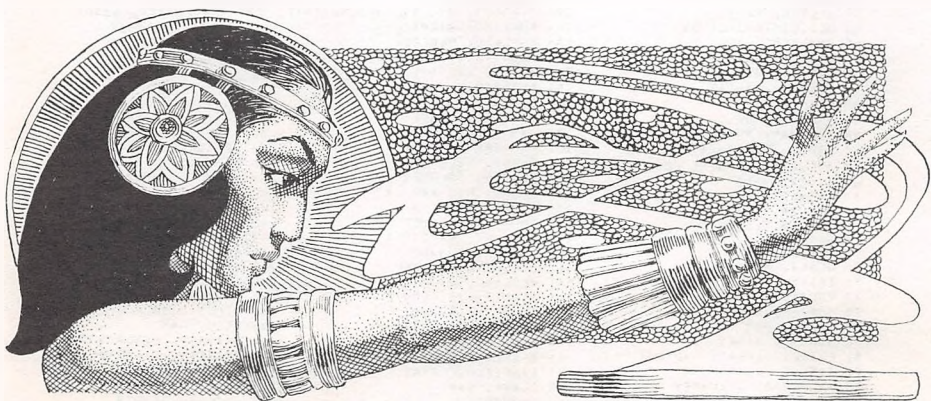
Hester was unwillingly raising the golden cirlet as I tugged violently on her nosepick. I smiled down at her with hatred and pity, with love and contempt. "Place it on my brow and admit your debasement," I commanded her.

From the three men approaching I heard a cry.

"Stop," hologrammed Thorin the smith, "that corona is my experimental turnabout model!"

But it was too late! Hester had placed the cirlet upon the brow of Norm Johnman. There was a hot flash, everything turned red for a moment, I felt strangely disoriented, tumbling, spinning through space. I instinctively squozed my eyes shut. I felt strange all over. Between my legs, where my trylon and perispheres had been all my life, was a sudden, strange sense of vacancy. And my magnificent, muscular, manly, flat, hairy chest seemed in a trice to have become peculiarly soft, and hairless, and heavily rounded.

But I had not time to contemplate the weird alteration in my physiology, for there was a blinding bolt of pain through my nose. My eyes crossed, violently and involuntarily. The world collapsed into a weird double image of horror and despair as my orbs managed to focus mostly on the glittering, jewel-encrusted, golden pick that protruded from the sides of my septum.



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33	MASOGLIA, MARTY	118	SALABAND, TOM	203	FRASD, JOHN
34	TROJAN, WILLIAM	119	ROGERS, DOUG	204	TEPPER, MATTHEW R
35	TROJAN, LENORE	120	JACKS, JERRY	205	MOUREY, CAROL
36	WINSTON, ALAN	121	KIRK, MAUDE	206	MCLEOD, DEBBIE
37	DECKERT, DAN	122	PAITON, JAMES T R	207	MCLEOD, JIM
38	LOWE, BILL	123	POURNELLE, ROBERTA	208	HOODSON, CONRAD
39	LOWE, LYNN	124	POURNELLE, JERRY	209	WELLER, MARGARET
40	VERRE, LARRY	125	POURNELLE, ALEX	210	KNIGHT, ERIC
41	NELSON, RAY	126	POURNELLE, PHILLIP	211	GILLIE, GEOFF
42	WINSTON, RITA PRINCE	127	POURNELLE, FRANCIS	212	KNIGHT, MTRIAM
43	NELSON, KIRSTEN	128	GILLIES, RON	213	KNIGHT, JEREMY
44	ALLISON, BRUCE	129	GAIER, GIL	214	WALLACE, VANDY
45	MACDERMOTT, KATHY	130	ORTEGA, R. J.	215	KNIGHT, JENNIFER
46	ROLLS, WILLIAM C	131	WUDD, SUSAN	216	COAD, RICHARD
47	COHEN, SANDY	132	FINKELSTEIN, ED	217	LUPOFF, DICK
48	THATCHER, DIANA	133	SARGENT, CHANDRA C	218	LUPOFF, PAI
49	AGREE, SIMON	134	STEVENS, MILLOY F	219	LUPOFF, KEN
50	CTEIH	135	STEVENS, SYLVIA	220	LUPOFF, KATHY
51	HENDERSON, ASHLAND S	136	DUNN, KEVIN	221	LUPOFF, TOM
52	MURKMAN, B G	137	BRADLEY, JOHN M	222	AUSTIN, ALICIA
53	ANTHONY, MARK	138	SHAPERD, MICOLAI	223	SCHITHERS, GEORGE
54	ANTHONY, PAULIS ANN	139	STARK, J. BEN	224	HOLUB, ALAN
55	MCALLISTER, RICH	140	FECHTER JR., WILLIAM J	225	CADOGAN, ALLYN
56	LYNN, ELIZABETH A	141	SKENE, FRAN	226	FRIEDMAN, RANDY
57	NELSON, PAUL	142	COLLINS, TED	227	FLEADERS, MEN
58	NELSON, MARY	143	MAHONEY, MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL	228	ARMBRUSTER, ROSEBI
59	MCALLISTER, LINDA	144	KURLAND, MICHAEL	229	MAYER, GEOFFREY
60	CHALKER, JACK L	145	KIWLAND, REBECCA	230	WHITE, TED
61	EASLEY, VIRGINIA	146	HAS, CLIVEDEN CHEN	231	FUNN, JULIE M
62	FARLEY, JIM	147	DEUCH, MICHAEL C	232	JUMPEP, GEORGE
63	WHEELER, SISAN	148	ANDERSON, YVONNE	233	YALOR, BEN
64	DIGRY, TOM	149	OLSEN, DOUG	234	ANDRUSHAK, HARRY J N
65	ANGEL, PAUL	150	KADLECEK, DAVE	235	KARTEN, HEVERLY
66	HARTMAN, NORMAN E	151	HANNIFEN, OREN	236	KIDD, R. GEOFFREY
67	GAREY, TERRY A	152	HANNIFEN, HILDA	237	DECKINGER, MIKE
68	SUCHANAN, EUGENE F	153	CURRY, BILL	238	DECKINGER, SANJO
69	TIMER, MENDY	154	LANDON, STEPHEN	239	AIRD, ANTHONY
70	HENNETT, GREG	155	REBAN, RICHARD A	240	AUSTIN, ALICIA
71	WILLER, CRAIG	156	ROUNDS, RON W	241	STEPHENS, DON
72	MILLER, LINDA	157	THOMPSON, BRUCE M	242	KENT, JUDITH
73	HARNESSE, JACK	158	SHELLEY, MARGARET LEF	243	QUINN, DORRIS L
74	PEELER, MIKE	159	POWELL, SUSAN JO	244	ADAMSKI, TERRENCE
75	GLYFR, MICHAEL	160	SHELLEY, MARGARET F	245	JACKSON, SHERRY
76	EVANS, PAT	161	MERLINO, MARK	246	STEWART, MICHAEL
77	PORTER, PAUL J	162	SCHULTHEIS, EDDIE	247	FALKOWITZ, AMY
78	PORTER, CAROL	163	SCHULTHEIS, ERIC	248	WILCOX, JO
79	FITCH, DON	164	SCHULTHEIS, STEPHEN F	249	REED, DAN
80	DUMOND, JAMES A	165	SCHULTHEIS, VIRGINIA	250	BRASKAT, LINDA VON
81	FRANE, JEFFREY ARTHUR	166	ANGEL, CAROL	251	BRASKAT, CARADAEY VON
82	TAYLOR, ROBERT R	167	CANFIELD, GRANT	252	CROME, LYNN
83	MACDERMOTT, AUBREY	168	CLARK, RART	253	WULSTON, STAN
84	MACDERMOTT, BEATRICE	169	THOMPSON, CANDLYN M	254	GREENE, GLORIA
85	MACGREGOR, LOREN J	170	THOMPSON, DON C	255	GREENE, ERIC

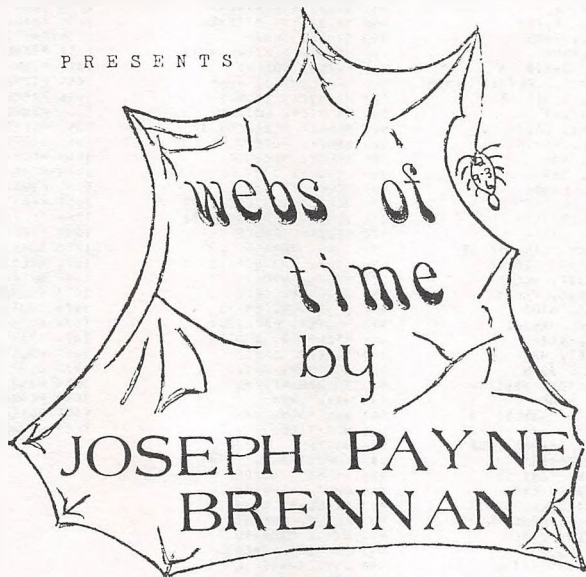


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 259 REITAN, TERESA  
 260 MOOPER, STEVE  
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 262 FRENKEL, JAMES H  
 263 BROWN, SHARON  
 264 BROWN, ROBERT  
 265 SELINGER, GAIL  
 266 ROSE, HARRISON  
 267 TURNER, EVELYN  
 268 HAERLE, CHRISTIAN  
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 272 NAUGHTAN, KEN  
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 277 WHITTIER, TERRY  
 278 SHUPP, MIKE  
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 282 DOUGLASS, SCOTT  
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 284 CRAWFORD, BILL  
 285 PICK, KEN  
 286 HARTLOVE, JAY C  
 287 KAPKLYN, AMY L  
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 289 VILAIN, MICHAEL  
 290 LASKIN, C BUFFALO  
 291 JUNKYON, MICHAEL  
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 304 ENZENHACHER, SUSAN  
 305 MOHALES, MIKE  
 306 MOHALES, JANET  
 307 CHALFIN, GREG  
 308 ANDERSON, KAREN  
 309 MANTEGANI, RICHARD  
 310 DUGGAN, BRIAN  
 311 WALLER, WENDY  
 312 MINNE, JOE  
 313 MINNE, WENDI  
 314 FUND, JOHN  
 315 GIBSON, SUZANNE  
 316 CURLEY, CHARLES  
 317 CODY, CHUCK  
 318 CODY, TASHA  
 319 FRANKSON, DONALD  
 320 LOCKE, TOM  
 321 BYRD, HENRY  
 322 LATTMAN, LARRY  
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 324 CLARK, JERRY  
 325 CLARK, JUDY  
 326 GOHLE, DALE  
 327 GOHLE, MONA  
 328 PETAJA, EMIL  
 329 SHIPLEY, ELLEN  
 330 SHIPLEY, HILL  
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 332 STADI, MICHAEL F  
 333 TOWNEY, MICHAEL J  
 334 BLOOM, MICHAEL  
 335 BERCH, MICHAEL C  
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 338 SANDERS II, KATHY  
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 340 KATO, KEITH G  
 341 REAGIN, NANCY  
 342 EVANS, PAULA J  
 343 KLUTE, ROBERT D  
 344 PEYTON, CAMMIE  
 345 LIEBSCHER, WALT  
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 348 ROSENBAUM, STEPHANIE  
 349 MONTOR, RAE  
 350 BIGGLESTONE, CLINT  
 351 BIGGLESTONE, JANET  
 352 BIGGLESTONE, ERIC  
 353 WILLIAMS, MARTIN A  
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 366 ANDA, MICH M  
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 368 LYN, RUTH K  
 369 CLINE, CHERYL  
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 373 UNLAND, K. F.  
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 378 VANDEMAN, BOB  
 379 RAUER, SCOTT  
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 381 FELLOW, MELANIE  
 382 ELLERS, MARJII  
 383 AYRES, DON  
 384 WILLIAMS, TOMMIE  
 385 WILLIAMS, RAY  
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 388 MURATA, ARTHUR  
 389 ROSE, MENDY  
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 394 LAUMONT, BOB  
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 399 LAK, SUSAN I  
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 412 VINGE, JOAN D  
 413 WHITE, DONNA  
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 416 SANDRA, JADA N'HA  
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 434 DAKAN, DONALD  
 435 DAKAN, D L  
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 437 HOPKINS, DONALD  
 438 CALLOWAY, PHEBY  
 439 STANLEY, CONNIE  
 440 CRAWFORD, MARGARET  
 441 SPIRGEON, HEVERLY  
 442 MUFFATT, LEN  
 443 MUFFATT, JUNE  
 444 WILSON, MICHELE  
 445 GALIK, CLAUDIA  
 446 FARMER, SHARON Y  
 447 BROWNSTEIN, STEW  
 448 BROWNSTEIN, AMY  
 449 PHILLIPS, KAREN M  
 450 AITKEN, EILEEN  
 451 HAU, RANDALL  
 452 WILDERMUTH, ELTON P  
 453 D'LOUGHLAN, ARLYNDE  
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 463 COLEMAN, KATHLEEN \*KASEY\*  
 464 FOLEY, DOUGLAS H  
 465 TOLBA, RICK  
 466 BERMAN, MARCEL BASTISTE  
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 468 MATHEWS, NEIL  
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 470 LESSES, REBECCA  
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 472 GOLDFARR, KEITH  
 473 PERKINS, JOHN W  
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 475 GILLEN, SUSAN  
 476 FREEMAN, JAY  
 477 BAERNSTEIN, BARR  
 478 BAERNSTEIN, C. J.  
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 480 HATCHER, CHERYL  
 481 SUCCIATIE, CONRAD  
 482 DEEKEN, YALE F  
 483 WOOD, SUSAN  
 484 HOWERS, BILL  
 485 GISH, JERRY  
 486 GISH, RAY  
 487 KILYK, CHRISTINE  
 488 MALLO, DENNIS  
 489 SCHWEITZERHOF, LISA  
 490 PETHUS, CHRIS  
 491 JEMISON, FRANKIE  
 492 HANKIN, DONNA  
 493 RANKIN, PAUL  
 494 HEFMAN, WILLIAM ROBERT  
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 508 BRADLEY, DOROTHY G  
 509 GOLDIN, STEPHEN  
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 511 HELL, CLARE L  
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 513 CLARK, BEV  
 514 ANDERSON, GARY L  
 515 HILLEN, MORRIS SCOTT  
 516 TICKES, DIANNE C  
 517 TICKES, MARCIA E  
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 519 SHOOK, DAVID  
 520 WESTON, MIKE  
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 524 LAHONTE, RICHARD  
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 527 HOLLANDER, LYNN  
 528 LANDAN O.M.D., STEPHEN W  
 529 MCKENNEY JR., CAWLETON  
 530 HALLER, MARY ANN  
 531 GANN JR., P. JAMES  
 532 NIELSEN, MARIANNE  
 533 HOWARD, JOHN  
 534 CRAWFORD, BILL  
 535 KUNN, SHARON  
 536 KORN, LARRY  
 537 CATALANO, FRANK  
 538 BRUNNER, JOHN  
 539 BRUNNER, MARJORIE  
 540 HAERLE, CHRISTIAN  
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 543 PERWIN, STEVE  
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 548 GUTTLIER, LAURI

549 CRISPIN, MARK  
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552 COCKIE, ALICE  
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558 WAT, TIM  
559 HUSBY, ALAN  
560 GIBLIN, KANIN  
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562 HECK, TOM  
563 WAGNER, TOM  
564 HILL, DALE  
565 RUNKER, WILLIAM L  
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567 GOLDSTONE, LOU  
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570 PICKETT, VAUGHAN A  
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572 ELDERKIN, JACQUELINE T  
573 ELDERKIN, DONA  
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583 MOREN, R L  
584 MEMBER WESTERCON 32  
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588 LITTER, V S  
589 RILEY, MARK A  
590 MATHESON-BAILEY, GAIL E  
591 MCCONNELL, DAVID P  
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593 HANSCOM, RAY  
594 FORGUE, VERN  
595 FORGUE, LEE  
596 WARRREN, ALAN  
597 CONVERY, ANNE  
598 TIRBS, LAURA  
599 PETERSON, GEORGE  
600 PETERSEN, MRS GEORGE  
601 HOWARD, JAMES E  
602 HOFMICK, WILLIAM L  
603 HARNING, J MICHAEL  
604 LENT, STEPHEN L  
605 KELLEY, HELEN T  
606 HARD, STEPHEN  
607 WALLOWE, TOM  
608 WILSON, JOAN C  
609 SAFFORD, WILLIAM  
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612 ANDERSON, CRAIG W  
613 HARRISON, JOAN  
614 HANNY, JOANNE BARRETT  
615 BEAUREGARD, ED  
616 BEAUREGARD, NORMA  
617 COLE, RICHARD P  
618 NISHIJIMA, MIGERU  
619 DORLEY, DIANNE  
620 ARELKIS, PAUL K  
621 ARIESSONN, FLORENCE  
622 SWOFFORD, AVON  
623 REAVES, J MICHAEL  
624 KADREY, RICHARD  
625 KEARNS, RICHARD  
626 PARKER, FRAN  
627 AGUILAR, ELVELYN  
628 WALDA, DAVID  
629 COOK, ROBERT  
630 COOK, CATHERINE  
631 BREIBART, BETH  
632 KIRBY, RANDY E  
633 HANRISON, JOAN  
634 BENNETT, BECKY  
635 DIDDAMS, MARILYN  
636 HOBERLY, DAVID  
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638 FLUDY, TERRY L  
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646 SCHAFFER, MICHAEL  
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648 MOREY, KATHY  
649 DRINSKI, SUE  
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652 BUNDURANT, PATTI  
653 MCGILLIS, JACK  
654 GRAMM, CLAIRE  
655 SIMS, RICHARD  
656 SINGER, DAVID  
657 GOLDMAN, DIANE  
658 MARSH, BILL  
659 MAWSE, MARY  
660 KELLY, COLLEEN  
661 URRAN, MICHAEL  
662 MAUGHAN, JAMES G  
663 STRICKLER, LINDA  
664 MEYER, JANE  
665 HASELTINE, SUSAN J  
666 MUSS, JEAN  
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668 TOOLIS, LORNA  
669 WHITE, ALAN  
670 VOYLES, DON R  
671 MCCARTHY, DEIRDRE  
672 PARKER, TONY E  
673 PENNINGTON, MICHELE  
674 CAMPBELL, TERRY  
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677 BRANDSHAFT, RICHARD  
678 FARRER, GARY  
679 VARGO, ANNA  
680 SCHAEFER, KATHI  
681 WILLAUER, MARLENE  
682 FUJIWOTO, JIM  
683 LOY, DANA E  
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686 LOWE, BRIAN  
687 TUNING, WILLIAM  
688 DIXON, MAUREEN  
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691 KAUFMAN, CHARLES  
692 FRAZIER, KURT  
693 FRAZIER, VALERIE  
694 HAYES, ASTRID ANDERSON  
695 HAYES, TERRY  
696 BAERSTEIN, JANET  
697 STONE, ROBERT  
698 KINNEY, JAY  
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701 SMORE, LINDA  
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713 PENDLETER, REX  
714 PENDLETER, KATHY  
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716 CHUDNUN, ALAN  
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727 MEYRRE, MELROY  
728 NEFF, RANDALL  
729 NEFF, JULIAINE  
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739 GEE, SUSAN  
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742 RODONI, CARL  
743 NEUBAUER, ADAM  
744 LYNCH, VERN  
745 POST, GEORGE P  
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749 ADAMS, DONNA L  
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753 OLSGARD, HENRIK  
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757 SNAVELY, DEBORAH  
758 PARKER, BAMBRI L  
759 LANQUE, SUSAN  
760 KONIGSBERG, JAY A  
761 SINGER, JON  
762 SEMANSKI, TARYN  
763 WENEAU, DANA  
764 HUGHES, SHELLEY  
765 AX, RONALD  
766 AX, NANCY  
767 GILMOUR, DIANE  
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770 KLING, EDWARD  
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773 DANE, GIGI  
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779 BLOCK, LOUIS (S)  
780 ANDERSON, ERIC (3)  
781 STROTA, AMY (3R)  
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783 WOJCIECHOWSKI, ELAINE  
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791 SOMMERFELDT, HAROLD  
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796 GOODWIN, LYNNE ANNE  
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822 LFWIRE, LORRAINE  
823 MINER, ERIC  
824 HAMMERIS, PAUL  
825 BEAR, TINA  
826 BEAR, GREG  
827 SIGUERRE, GEORGES  
828 STERN, TOM  
829 PIPKIN, LINDA  
830 APPEN, BILL  
831 APPEN, DEVERLY  
832 SCARLEY, SALLY  
833 FOX, ELLEN VIXEN  
834 HALEN, DOROTHY  
835 GLUECK, SHARON  
836 INGRAM, MARGARET  
837 INGRAM, OIANA  
838 JANIFER, ABIGAIL  
839 PECKHAM-VANZANT, JENNY  
840 HUZZARD, T G SUZZ  
841 GALE, JOHANNA M  
842 RUMION, SHIRLEY

# Macabre House

P R E S E N T S



introduction

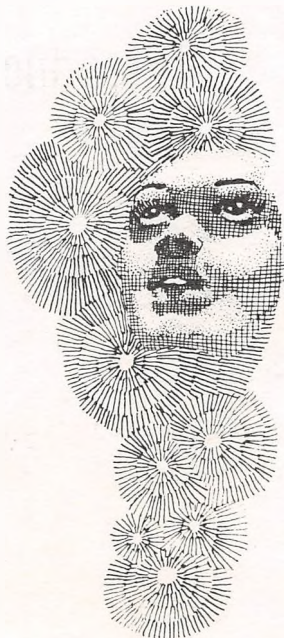
by

*Frederick J. Mayer*



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851 MEMBER WESTERCON 32	949 HAMMEL, JIM	1046 VOHL, DANIEL P
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854 MEMBER WESTERCON 32	952 BAUMGARTNER, MARGARET	1049 ROBINSON, KIM STANLEY
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859 CORDOVA, ALAN	957 SAVITZKY, KAREN	1054 CLARK, KIM
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866 ATWOOD, JAY	964 PATRICK, LUJANA	1061 FISHER, STEVE
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This summer, Blue Gorrilla Records is releasing a new fantasy children's album entitled, "THE GOGO THE BLUE GORILLA SHOW. The four-sided album jacket features thirteen exquisite color illustrations by George Barr.

The album music was written and produced by Palo Alto artists, Michael Olmstead and Peter Derge. Many well-known artists from the San Francisco Bay Area and top Los Angeles studio players contributed their talents to this unique project. The album concept combines quality music in a form that is both entertaining and educational for children of all ages.

Barr's illustrations offer visualizations of such music personalities as Tammy Turtle, (singing "Step Out of Your Shell"), Hawk Williams and the Bird Boys, Ollie Otter, Mouse the Cat, Smelly the Skunk, the Outer Spaced People, the Cricket Choir, and Burpy the Frog.

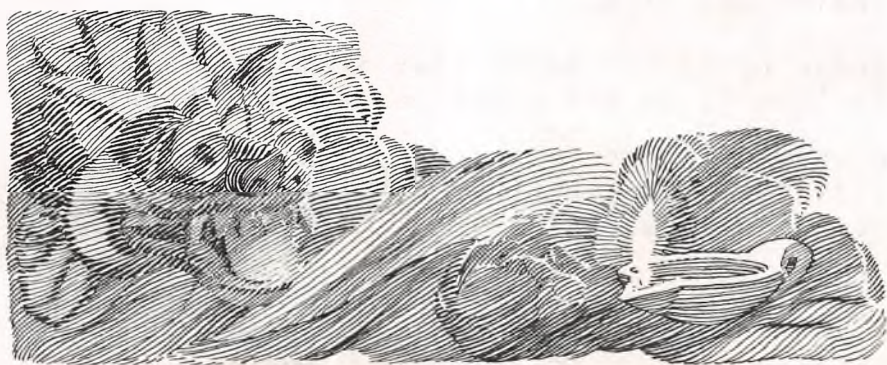
The album is being released by the artists' own label, BLUE GORILLA RECORDS, in a limited first edition. This exciting album graced with some of George Barr's finest animal characterizations should become a collectors item.

Order by mail: \$4.98 (tax included.  
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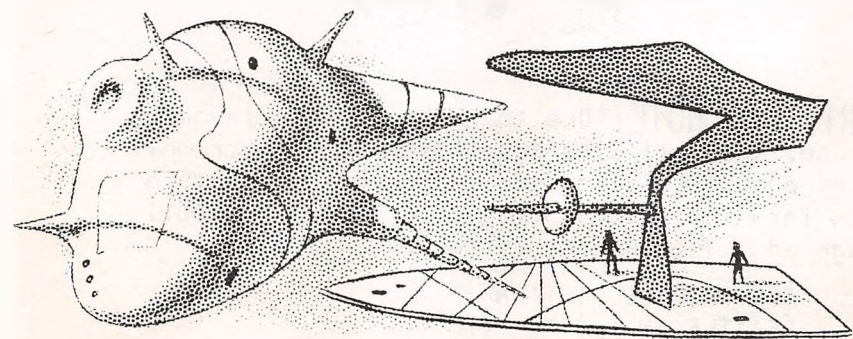




## AUTOGRAPHS

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The artwork (exclusive of individual advertisers) which has appeared in the four Progress Reports for this convention, was all the work of one artist, George Barr. It was his tribute to the art and illustrators of the past four decades of science fiction. In the four covers, all tied together by the continuing image of the Golden Gate Bridge, the attempt was made to capture the look and feeling of the illustrating being done during the thirties, forties, fifties, and sixties. George says: "I was not trying to produce forgeries, but to jog your collective sense of nostalgic wonder. It would be utterly conceited of me to think I could fool anyone into believing these were the works of Golden Age artists. But if, for just a moment, someone thought: 'Where the hell did they find an unpublished piece by...?' I am more than content."

The originals are on display in the ARGONAUT STUDIOS COLLECTION, and the Westecon Poster, made from the cover of Progress Report No. 2, is for sale there - or can be ordered at \$4 @ from:

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