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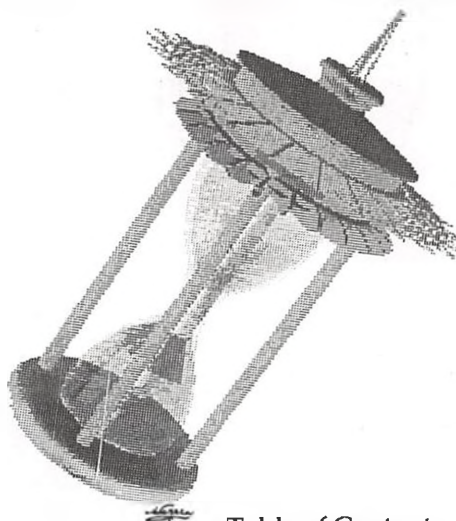
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# Westercon 46



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# PROGRAMMING

Welcome to Westercon 46. We think that you will find the program schedule packed with interesting and fun things for every hour of the day. The following alphabetical listings will give you a better idea of what some of the programs are. The schedule grid in the pocket program is accurate as of presstime, but some things change at the last minute. Every effort will be made to post changes.

2



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## **Abuse Themes in Science Fiction And Fantasy**

A third of the women and a fifth of the men in the U.S. were abused in some manner as children. How are these realities reflected in what we read?

## **Affordable Spacecraft**

Are we any closer? Are the more economical launches from airplanes a boon to the space program or a bust for manned space travel?

## **Albedo**

It's a comic. It's a game. What else is it? Steve Gallacci tells all.

## **Alien Invasions**

What are the links between America's 1950s fear of foreign invasion and the popularity of *V* and similar movies and series?

## **Alien Sex Toys**

Would an ear rubber be taboo on Ferengi?

## **All About Clarion**

What makes Clarion different from other writers workshops?

## **All in the Family**

Want to get into the publishing side of the game? This panel is for anyone who wonders how agents, readers and editors get where they are.

## **All the Con's a Stage**

How are hall costumes different from stage costumes? What works? Why put all that work into a really good hall costume when there's no recognition?

## **Alternative Art Markets**

Other than book covers, art shows and interior illustrations, the world is full of art. How can some of that art be yours, and how do you get it there?

## **Amateur Press Associations (APAs)**

What are APAs, how are they produced, who publishes them and where do you get them?

## **Animation**

Different styles of animation from Japanimation to claymation and beyond.

## **APAs of the Future**

Are electronic bulletin boards going to replace APAs as the fannish equivalent of workgroup publishing?

## **Are Role-playing Games Dangerous?**

Roll a D6. 1-4 no. 5 occasionally. 6 yes.

## **Art Auction**

## **Art Demos and Workshops**

We have art demos in the following media. If there is sufficient interest on the part of the artists and audience, workshops will follow the demos.

## **Acrylics**

## **Airbrush**

## **Black and White**

## **Colored Pencil**

## **Graphite**

## **Illuminating and Gold-leafing**

## **Leather**

## **Mixed Media**

## **Model Building**

## **Oils**

## **Pen & Ink**

## **Pencil**

## **Rubber Stamp Fantasy Art**

## **Sculpy**

## **Watercolor**

## **Wire Sculpture**

## **The Art of Magic**

Many societies have couched things not easily understood with rites, power items, and laws for the use of magic. Do common patterns in these systems imply that they had the same source, and was gender a common thread?

## **Artist Networking**

Come and do lunch. (BYOLunch)

## **ASFA: Art, Anyone?**

What is it? What can it do for you?

## **Balancing Fandom & Family**

Do you suffer from acute bibliophilia? Disabling conventionitis? Is your family about to sue for divorce because they can't remember what you look like out of costume? Then you need this panel.



### Bards of the Space Age

In medieval times, bards roved from community to community, singing stories of love and adventure. Today they rove from convention to convention and we call them filkers. What is this dynamic art form, and how do you become a part of it?

### Best Methods of Time Travel

What's the shortest distance between two moments? How do you balance the advantages against the side-effects and paradoxes to find the best buy at the temporal blue-light special?

### Better RPG Through Acting

How can acting improve your role playing characters?

### Big Brother Revisited

With computers and video becoming household fixtures, the flow of information about everyone and everything is becoming commonplace. Will this new technology be used to oppress the populace or free them?

### Black Holes: Uses and Paradoxes

Literary uses of black holes range from time travel to garbage disposal. What uses are really waiting for us beyond the blue event horizon?

### The Blob That Ate Godzilla On Friday The 13th

Why do we watch these things, anyway?

### Book into Film into Book

The benefits and challenges of translating source material into other media.

### Breakfast with the Editor

John Ordovery is an early riser, but hates to eat breakfast alone. He will be happy to share information about editing and publishing *Star Trek* novels to fans who are sufficiently motivated to get up and have breakfast at 7:30am. Seating is limited to ten people per breakfast, so get the details and sign up at the information desk.

### Breaking Into SF

What are the avenues for artists and writers to enter the field, and how effective are they? Is it harder today than it was in John Campbell's day?

### Breaking Writer's Block

Blank pages and what to do about them.

### The Business of SF Art Shows

Art shows are more than just a display case for artists. What is the business end like, from the perspective of the artist and the show director?

### Camarilla Conclave

In the laboratory in the Castle East, in the King County Ballroom where the vampires meet . . .

**Cartoonists' Jam:**  
**Scrawl, Scribble, and Blotch**  
Animated jazz.

### Casino: The Leisure Hive

Anglicon hosts this gathering of all and sundry life forms from all over the galaxy to play games of skill and chance and wager our special currency.

### Censorship

Recent examples; how do you recognize it and how do you fight it?

### A Century of Time Travel

From H.G. Wells to the present, science fiction has offered a multitude of time travel stories. Dozens of theories and technologies (some from alien races) have marched through the transtemporal spotlight. Has time travel become codified over the years, or is it still black-sky no-holds-barred science fiction?

### The Changing Face of Eroticism

How can science fiction and fantasy extend the genre?

### Changing Faces of Fandom

From the halls of First Fandom to the shores of cyberpunk, how has fandom changed and evolved. Have we forsaken literature in favor of media? Where do conventions fit in?

### Chaos in the Solar System

Orbits as attractors and other new perspectives on planetary science.

### Clarion West Scholarship Auction

A charity auction to help want-to-be writers attend a Clarion West Writers Workshop.

### Claymation

A workshop on animation using clay as a medium.

### Closing Ceremonies

So long and thanks for all the fish.

### Color Theory

Uses and abuses of color in art and costuming.

### Comedy: Mobius Theater

Some special skits about time. Courtesy of Mobius Theater and our own small Westercon Troupe.

**Blue Blood**

What David A. Clark called "the 'zine find of the year" is 48 glossy pages including fiction by people like Nancy A. Collins and S.N. Lewitt. Interviews with luminaries such as Poppy Z. Brite and Bruce Sterling. Elegant, sensual photography and fantasy art. Probing articles on futuristic weapons, medieval dress, computer technology, science fiction and horror book reviews, rock and roll, and all the really important stuff.

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### Comix

Let's get together and look at them.

### Compacting Your Prose

Getting your point across in ten words or less.

### Computer Literacy

What will it take to be literate in the 21st century?

### Computer Viruses as Artificial Life

Computer viruses may have started as electronic vandalism, but computer virus epidemiologists and others have begun studying various forms of artificial life as a result. Insights from chaos theory have begun to refocus the emerging field towards the development of useful applications of artificial life. Where is this all heading?

### Computer-Assisted Anarchy

How will the proposed Information Highway and the increasingly dense network of BBSs, E-mail and other media change the balance of power between governments, businesses and individuals.

### Concepts of Honor

A semi-role-played panel exploring the differences of honor from one culture to the next, with a focus on promoting intercultural communication.

### Convention Survival 101

How to keep your sanity and your health during the con. Come learn from seasoned veterans how to minimize "con lag".

### Conventional and Unconventional Convention Weapons

A pseudo weapons fashion show that promises to be a fun and exciting look into the fantasy world of offensive and defensive destruction.

### Corporate Takeovers

**and Their Effect on the F/SF Industry**  
How are the myriad changes in corporate ownership affecting the market for science fiction and fantasy? What avenues remain or are emerging for the apprentice or journeyman writers?

### Costume Central

I've got that up all night, last-minute costume fixes blues.

### Costumes That Get Under the Skin

A believable costume is more than fabric-deep. It's nothing without a persona inside.

### Costumes That Move

How to stay mobile in your mobile costume. Master costumers will talk about motion in costumes, from fringe to motor-driven articulations.

### Cover Art: Concept or Come-on?

Is the purpose of cover art to sell the book or describe the story?

### Creating Planetary Systems

Earth's planetary neighbors influenced science and mythology; are we ignoring the effects of other planets in our fictional star systems?

### Creating Religions

Religions don't exist in a vacuum. What does it take to make a believable belief?

### Cubed Characters

Adding that vital third dimension to your characters.

### Curie to Chandra: Women in Science

Has growing numbers of women in science changed the direction of scientific research?

### Current Nuclear Particle Research

Charmed, I'm sure.

### Dances:

- Slime Time
- Stardance
- Thursday Night Dance
- Wave Rave

### Decentralization Through Technology: The New City-State

With video conferencing, E-mail and networks, it's now possible to work from our homes. If enough businesses start using these new technologies effectively, we can reduce traffic, pollution and the need for child care, all at the same time. But how do get them to buy into the idea?

### The Decline and Fall of the Short Story

Are there enough commercial publishing outlets to keep the form alive?

### Demons and Mummies and Vampires, Oh, My!

Archetypes in horror fiction: why they came to be and how they are evolving.

### The Denigration of Comics

Comics have action, art, plot and personality, but no respect. Why do ivory tower types look down on comics?

### Dogma to the Dog Star

Do we have the right to export our religions to the stars? Aren't earthly jihads bad enough?

Clarion West, a nonprofit organization, seeks to support science fiction as a literary form. Among its other activities, Clarion West sponsors a six-week workshop for twenty students. Traditionally, Clarion West grants scholarships to some of the students, which it funds through the Clarion West Scholarship Auction. This year, an auction will be held at Westercon.

Clarion West depends on you, the science fiction community, to support this auction. First by making donations to the auction (and this year we have some good stuff, including a copy of Stephen King's *My Pretty Pony* still in shrink-wrap, many autographed books, galleys and chapbooks, as well as some choice *Star Trek* items), and, secondly, by attending the auction at Westercon in a buying mood.

If you have items (such as books, artwork, software or services) you would like to donate to future auctions, please contact Margaret Organ-Kean at (206) 527-5097, or send the item with your name, address and a minimum bid to Clarion West Auction, 340 Fifteenth Avenue East, Suite 350, Seattle, Washington 98112.



Poul Anderson  
**HARVEST  
OF  
STARS**

“A vivid, fast-paced novel on a grand scale. Anderson’s mix of action, colorful characters and fascinating concepts make *Harvest of Stars* a great read.”

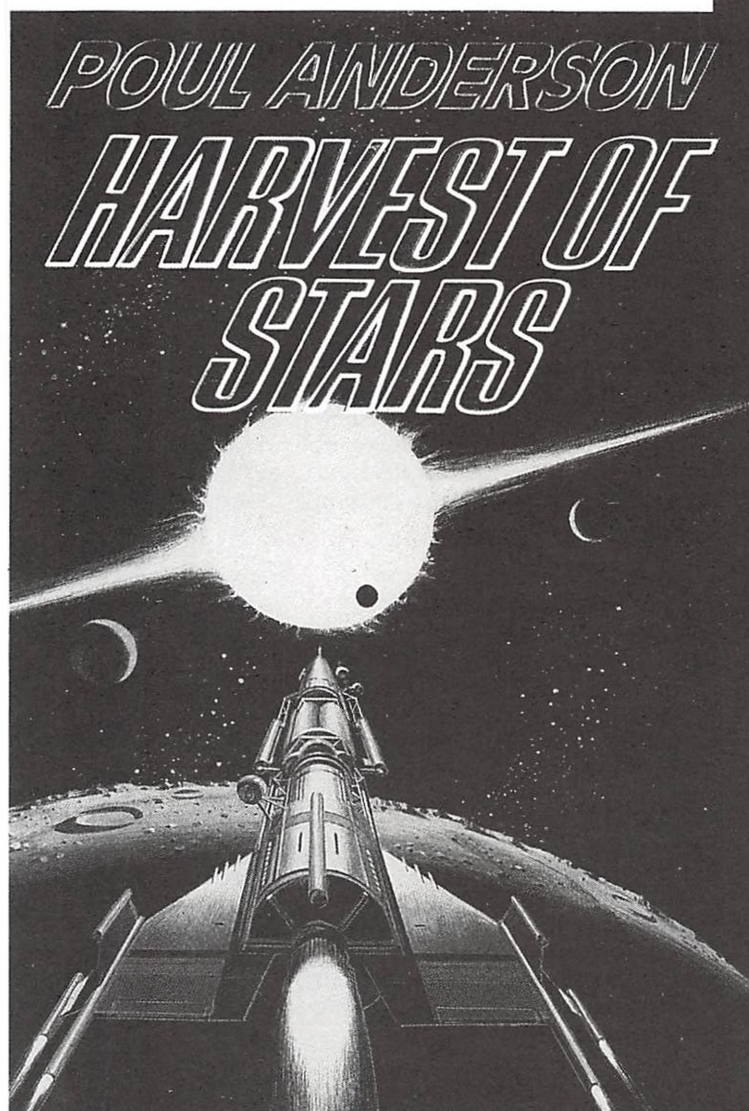
—Larry Bond, author of *Vortex*

“They don’t get much better than this: action, suspense, mystery, adventure—and characters you’ll remember like old friends for a long time to come.”

—Jerry Pournelle, co-author of *Footfall* and *The Gripping Hand*

“Must rank as one of Anderson’s finest works—if not his best.”

—John Jakes



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important work not just of  
science fiction but of  
contemporary literature.”

—Keith Ferrell, editor, *Omni*

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### Editing an SF Magazine

The fine art of finding enough good material to fill a magazine on a regular basis.

### Editing Novels vs. Short Stories

What are the critical elements that the editor must look for when editing a novel? Once the decision to buy is made, what is the editor's role in seeing it get into print?

### Electronic Activism

Computer BBSs, E-mail to Congress-critters, and software complete with the address for your favorite government official. What more could a space activist want?

### Electronic Freedoms at Risk

Government agencies and businesses can get information about your personal, business and public activities. The police and FBI can tap your phone, and electronic mail isn't private. How are your constitutional rights holding up these days?

### Electronic Vampirism:

#### Putting the Byte on your BBS

Software and information piracy: What it is, who does it, and its effects.

### Eon to Eternity

Greg Bear talks about his two time travel novels.

### The Era of BookMan

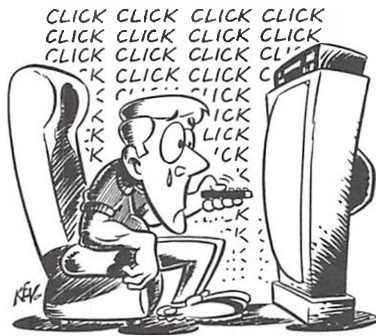
Are books on disk coming of age? Will they replace the paperback?

### Ethics for Artists

The difference between research and plagiarism, protecting yourself from rip-offs, and the fine art of giving credit where credit is due.

### Ethnic Elements in Costume Design

Using ethnicity to enhance costume design.



"THE SCI-FI CHANNEL IS NOT YET AVAILABLE IN SOME LOCATIONS"  
-or-  
"30 CHANNELS AND NOTHING ON!"

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### The Evolution of Fandom

The genesis of fandom and how it has changed the literature it honors.

### The Eye of Argon

A contest to see who can stand to read this legendary work of bad fiction for the longest amount of time.

### F/SF's Rainbow Coalition

Are they still putting aliens on the covers because non-white humans won't sell books, and who's to blame?

### Fabric, Paint and Dyes

Techniques and tips for adding color pizzazz to your costume.

### Fannish Costumes for Kids

What do the children of fans wear when it's not Halloween?

### Fannish Society - What are the Limits?

Fandom has unwritten rules of behavior, and conventions are where we see whether they work. What can we do when someone violates those rules? If we choose to censure our membership, is it infringement of civil rights or survival of the group? Explore the subject through our moderated role-playing scenario.

### Fat, Feminism, and Fandom - The Third Wave

How nine years of talking about the topic has changed our work and changed the work.

### Feminism in SF: Cause or Effect?

Has science fiction aided or ignored the cause of feminism?

### Fighting Fannish Feuds

How can we minimize the rancor? Can't we all just be friends?

### Fighting for Literacy

Is it possible to get people "turned on" to the written word before mundania has the chance to turn them off?

### Filking 101

Hands-on workshop for writing filk.

### Fine Art of Collaboration

How to kill your characters, not your partner. Fine points of collaboration between writers and writers, writers and artists, etc.

### Finger Painting

#### Around Your Creative Block

Hitting a titanium wall? Come see how this innovative method of problem resolution can get your creative juices flowing around the problem instead of trying to barge through it.

### First Contact 1:

#### Plausible World Building

Creation of a realistic planet capable of developing intelligent life.

### First Contact 2: Alien Morphology

*The Outer Limits* notwithstanding, aliens have to be functioning organisms with a history, biology, environment and all of the other things that go into evolving a viable living being.

### First Contact 3: Alien Culture

What shapes the psychology of an alien?

### First Contact 4: Alien Encounter

Role-playing initial contact with species developed in three previous panels. It is assumed that this meeting is on equal footing. Participants will jointly formulate contact conditions, then play either species during contact and negotiations.

### Foreigners:

#### Adversaries or Competitors?

With the Cold War over, how can we divert our attention from our old military and ideological enemies to economic and technological competitors?

### Formula Fantasy: When Dark Gets Darker and Light Gets Lighter

Blood and gore versus the Granfalloon—where's the middle line?

### From My Point of View ...

How to write a good critical essay.

### From Podkayne to Ripley

Female protagonists in science fiction.

### Furries, Furverts

#### and Anthropomorphics

Furry fun in fandom and comics. What it is and what it can mean to you.

**Future Westercons, Worldcons and Other Travelling Conventions**  
Updates on future *Worldcons*, *Westercons*, *Costumecons* and anyone else we can con.

### Genetic Engineering:

#### Making Friends and Family

Recent breakthroughs in the study of genetic structure have already given parents a daunting array of choices and decisions to make in the development of their children. What does the future hold for eugenics?

### Genre-Splicing

Not only are writers mixing genres, cons are doing it as well. How will this affect the field?



### Getting an Art Assignment

What editors and art directors are looking for.

### Getting into the Gaming Industry

How to get into the gaming business, whether as a designer or an author.

### Ghettos in SF

Will minorities ever make it out of the SF ghetto?

### Glue, Staples and Tape

Three-hour workshop for putting together a quick-and-dirty costume.

### GoH Interviews

Interviews with the Guests of Honor.

### Gold into Lead

With all the dark futures we've been reading lately, have the bright futures depicted during the Golden Age of Science Fiction tarnished over the years?

### Gravity and Levity

Humorous readings in SF

### Great Editors in SF

Who were they, how did they influence what we read today, and who will influence what we will read tomorrow?

### His, Hers and Its

Are the gender lines in science fiction blurring?

### History of Computers

They used to say that a computer as complex as the human brain would fill the Empire State Building and need Niagara Falls to cool it. Do you remember when computers had front panel switches and cards were an innovation? We do.

### History of Horror

From its genesis in the era of gothic romance to the graphic gore of the Friday the 13th movies.

### History of SF/Fantasy Art

How has it matured over the years, is it becoming more mainstream, and is that a good thing?

### History of the SCA

The Society for Creative Anachronism has become a formidable force from coast to coast. What were their beginnings, and where have they gone since then?

Guest of Honor

Vernor  
Vinge

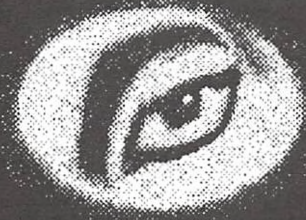
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Editor Guest

Kristine  
Kathryn  
Rusch

Science  
Guest

Howard  
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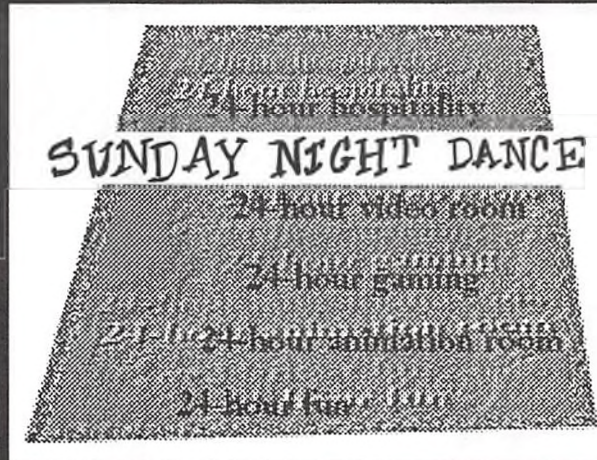
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### History of Westecon

An organism can either spend its time and energy exploring new things and adapting to change, or it can build a rigid structure and constantly relive old memories. *Westecon* is a 46-year-old social organism. How has it matured, what has it explored, and how well has adapted to changes in both the genre and those it hopes to attract?

### An Hour with George Barr

### An Hour With Greg Bear

### An Hour With Parke Godwin

### How Do You Extradite a Time Traveler?

Until the courts figure it all out, time travel will be a veritable gold mine for larcenous entrepreneurs. What will the laws governing time travelers be like? How will time travel affect commerce? Copyright law? Gambling? Peeping Toms? How can the courts deal with illegal temporal tampering, theft, murder, exporting technology, kidnapping? How do you enforce the laws? What happens to the rules of evidence?

### How Not to Get Published

Good technology meets bad methodology.

### How to Art and Eat at the Same Time

Making a living with your art... or in spite of it.

### How to Eat Your Words

How to earn your bread and butter as a writer.

### How To Paint Miniatures

Painting miniatures is easy if you're six inches tall, but what if you're not? Some award-winning artisans show you their wares and tell you how it's done.

### How to Price Your Artwork

Is it better to ask what you'd like to get, or to start it low enough to send it to auction?

### How To Write A *Star Trek* Novel

John Ordover of Pocket Books tells all.


### How to Write an Effective Sex Scene

But it had better be integral to the plot!



Paco El Toro sez:

Come East to West Texas...



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**Hubble Space Telescope: Greatest Hits**  
Is the HST a headache or one of the most important tools of scientific exploration? The answer is "Yes". From black holes to galaxies at the edge of the universe, see why this "hunk of junk" keeps outdating the textbooks.

**Human Genome Project**

What are the latest advances, where is it headed, and how have we benefited from it?

**Humor in Costumes**

But is it in character?

**Humor in SF/Fantasy**

Is it a funny once? Is it still? Was it ever?

**I Just Saw Quark Chasing**

**PageMaker Down Ventura Blvd.**

Uses and abuses of desktop publishing. Techniques that work and techniques that reek.

**I Won't Do That When I'm You**

Just because you can change the past doesn't mean you should. Ethical dilemmas will only get more convoluted when time travel becomes common. When is it okay to change the course of events? How do you evaluate the effects of either action or inaction? How does the "accepted" theory of time affect the ethics of time travel?

**If You've Seen One Supernova . . .**

With technology compressing both time and distance, how will society change, and will people be harder to entertain?

**Illustrators of the Future**

Who are the illustrators of the future? What media will they use? How will they deal with electronic media?

**(Insert Image Here)**

How do you express something visually that doesn't exist and make it believable?

**Investing in Art:**

**Creating A Collection**

How to choose art that will appreciate in value.

**Is Fandom Good for SF?**

When writers start writing to their audience instead of from their imagination, creativity takes a back seat to marketing. Is the field still vital, or is it suffering from literary inbreeding?

**Is There A Trend**

**Away From Hard Science?**

How is the speed of technological and scientific change affecting science fiction; are writers ducking the issue by keeping clear of hard science?



**It Ain't That Easy**

The story of *Westercon 46*, how it came about, and why it is like it is, as told by some of the folks that made it happen.

**It Was 46 Years Ago Today**

What happened the year of the first *Westercon*? Members of early fandom tell it like it was and where it went from there.

**Journey to the Center of Our Galaxy**

Come with noted science writer Joel Davis on a 300,000 light-year slide show voyage from the outer reaches of the Milky Way to its energy-wracked center.

**The Kids Are All Write**

If you think it's hard writing for adults, try explaining a black hole in a children's book.

**Klaatu Was Supposed to be the 'Good Guy'**

Xenophobia springs from fear of the unknown . . . those forces we know exist, but have no control over and only vague understanding of. In the 1950's it was the Russians. Who is it now? Exxon? The world market? The Pentagon? The IRS?

**Klingon History & Culture**

An overview of Klingon history from the atomic wars on the birthworld (Kazh) to the time of *ST:TNG*

**Klingon Language Lessons**

"Maltz! Hoi chool!" or was that "Gort, Klaatu barrata nikto"?

**Life Writing**

Steve Barnes shares his secrets on blending writing and lifestyle into a healthy whole.

**Magic Realism**

To some, magic isn't so magic, it's an everyday affair. Is this popular South American genre just catching up to us, or do we have to pedal faster to catch up with them?

**Mainstream vs. SF Publishing**

With science and technology overtaking more and more SF, what is the future of the genre? Is it already becoming mainstream?

**Making Art That Preserves**

Selecting technology, technique and content to create art that lasts.



## Martial Arts

### & Self-Defense Seminar

Demonstration of martial arts moves for the author to describe and as a demo for self-defense.

## Masquerade

Music . . . drama . . . laughs . . . glittering costumes and stunning effects! Who needs Broadway when there's the Westercon Masquerade? Come watch the brightest show in the West and see stunning new presentations, the "greatest hits" of past conventions, and a truly fabulous half-time show!

### Masquerade Crew Call

All participants (costumers and volunteers) should be in their places with bright, shining . . . well, you know.

## Masquerade

### Green Room Opens/Tech Call

Get organized, get prepared, get psyched! Masquerade crew members will be on hand to help you get your costume on, provide damage control, and help out with those little details.

### Masquerade Meeting #1

Costumers! Volunteers! Come meet the Masquerade team and get all the info on participating in one of the biggest events of the con! Please note that *attendance at (at least) one of these two informational meetings is required in order to participate.*

### Masquerade Meeting #2

Put down that last-minute needle and glue gun and come get all your Masquerade questions answered! If you haven't done so already, this is your *last chance* to register to participate in the Westercon Masquerade.

### Masquerade Presentation Workshop

Master costumers share their secrets on successful masquerading.



© 1993 by Kaja Murphy

## Masquerade

### Run-Through (Mandatory)

Discuss your technical requirements with the Masquerade crew and walk through your presentation on stage. Costume is optional, except for potentially difficult pieces (heads, feet, tails, etc.). *Attendance required for all contestants.*

### Medical Technology in SF:

#### Fact vs. Fiction

Are today's technologies exceeding SF's dreams?

### Medieval Costumes: England to Bajor

Realistic medieval costume and their extension into the far futures of science fiction.

### Metal and Meat

Cyberware and genetic enhancements.

### The Mind's Eye in Radio Shows

Has the increasing sophistication of visual media permanently impaired our ability to visualize events through imagination? If so, what are the consequences of this loss, and what can radio do to help stem the tide?

### Morality & Ethics in SF

If there's going to be morality and ethics in SF, whose are they?

### Mother, Please!

#### I'd Rather Do It Myself

Pros and cons of self-publishing.

## Music Concerts

*Sunday 4pm Callahan's Crosstime Bar (Misty's Lounge)*

4:15 Stray Dog Band

5:00 Cecelia Eng

5:45 Jordin Kare

6:30 Steve Savitzky

7:15 Kathy Tyers

8:00 Heather Alexander

9:00 Telynor

10:00 John Hedtke

10:45 Ellen Guon

11:30 Heather Rose Jones

12:15 Leslie Fish

1:00 Open filk

Changes and additions will be made at the con and will be posted outside Misty's Disco Lounge and at Information.

### My Characters Just Took Over

Should I let them write the book and just collect the royalties?

### Myths and Legends in the Information Age

Are we losing the myths of our ancestors or creating some of our own?

## Nanotechnology, Fullerines and More

Current trends in technological research. What are they and where will they lead?

## New Products in Costume Design

How to use friendly plastic, sculpta-mold and other new products to enhance your costume.

## Non-Humanoid Aliens

How to put together a costume that isn't just face paint and latex.

## Once is Enough

Are we over saturated with sequels? Or are they really making *Star Trek 14*?

## One On One With Stoney Compton

Stoney insists that he's officially schizoid, so we decided he should have the chance to interview himself.

## One Way Ticket in Time

Some people have a different approach to time travel . . . they just wait it out. Corpseicles do it asleep, immortals do it awake, and vampires do it at night. Any way you look at it, they're temporarily challenged.

## Open Writer's Workshop

How does a writer's workshop work? How does a pro critique the work of the apprentice?

## Opening Ceremonies

A few Oryconians bring you the opportunity to meet our wonderful GoHs and sample a Northwest tradition in opening ceremonies: The Not Ready for Sidereal Time Players. Previously presenting such serious themes as Edwardian Underwear, they take a stab at concom bureaucracy, offering British Fandom's "Modest Proposal" for the Last Dangerous Westercon 46 Organizational Chart.

## Outwitting Witless Bureaucracy

How to trick the government into working.

## Overcoming Obstacles to Your Career

When creating your masterpiece isn't enough, where do you go and what do you do?

## Ozzie and Harriet in Middle Earth

Why are most fantasy characters so middle class?

## Pahtar Fun Club

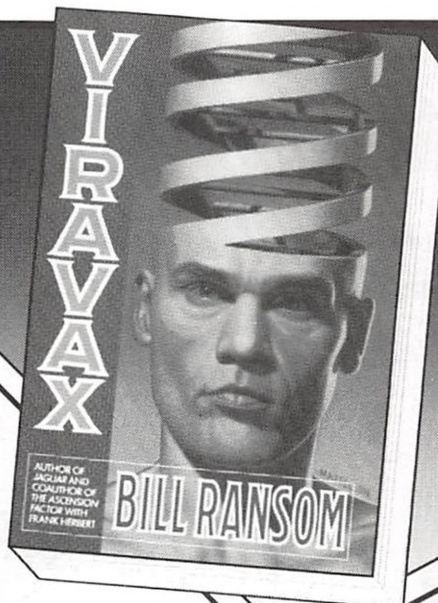
Dreamcon hosts this fannish competition for teams of up to five people. Do you have what it takes?



*Red Bartlett's tissues gave off a little squeal, as of escaping gas, and the major glanced up to see the rest of Red Bartlett collapse on himself and liquefy, like hot wax. An intense blue flame engulfed the body and in moments burned it down to a bubbling tar...* — Excerpted from *Viravax*

Viravax is an internationally renowned genetic research facility—until its top scientist goes berserk. That's when ex-intelligence officer Rico Toledo discovers the lab's horrifying secret: unsanctioned genetic experiments on human subjects... experiments that already may have permanently altered Rico himself.

"A classy, imaginative thriller and a roaring freight train of a read!"  
—Lucius Shepard, author of *Life During Wartime* and *The Golden*



## BILL RANSOM

Acclaimed author of *Jaguar*

September/\$17.95

*Moonlight spilled its cold fire over the bird. It roused abruptly, crying its fierce and terrible cry, but its fire only fell pale and spent, harmless as the risen moon's light. For a moment, Meguet's eyes were malachite, and then they were her own. The bird landed at her feet in a flood of light. The cry it gave, as it transformed itself, was fully human...*  
— Excerpted from *The Cygnet and the Firebird*

By the light of the moon, the legendary firebird becomes a man with no memory of his past, cursed by dark magic. Meguet Vervaine pledges the man her aid—but is swept away to a desert at the edge of the world, where her fate depends on a secret that's been hidden for centuries...

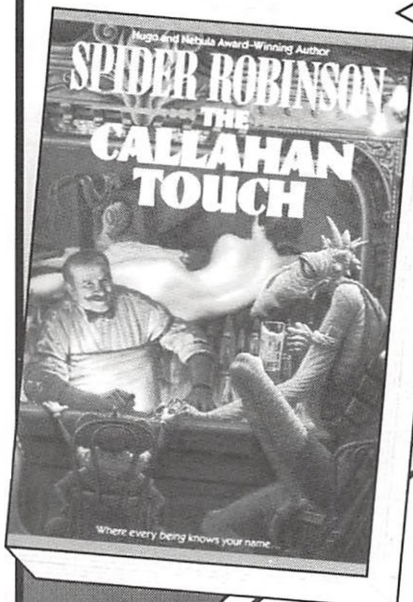
THE MAGNIFICENT SEQUEL TO *THE SORCESS AND THE CYGNET!*

"There are no better writers than Patricia A. McKillip."  
—New York Times bestselling author Stephen R. Donaldson

## PATRICIA A. MCKILLIP

World Fantasy Award-winning author

September/\$17.95



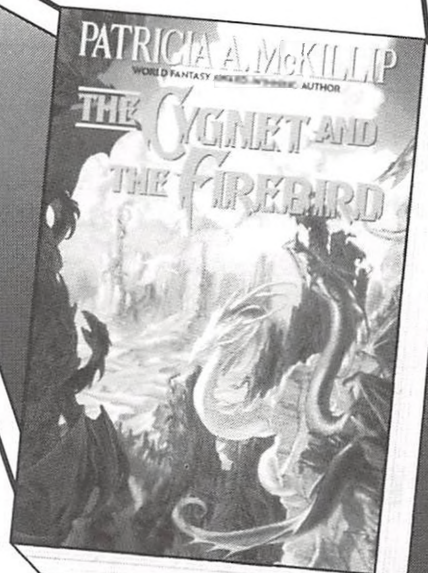
*The front grille of a Studebaker filled the doorway, faint tendrils of steam curling out of it. The only unusual thing about it was the pair of rumpled frayed blue jeans on the hood. I turned and pushed open the swinging door. A stranger was sitting at my bar. The stranger had no pants on....*  
— Excerpted from *The Callahan Touch*

Callahan's Crosstime Saloon may have gone up in a mushroom-cloud of smoke, but now there's a new place to raise a glass or two: Mary's Place. Opening night draws a packed house, including an honest-to-goodness member of Ireland's Fairy Folk and a mysterious stranger packing a secret even deadlier than his loaded gun.

## SPIDER ROBINSON

Hugo and Nebula Award-winning author of *Lady Slings the Booze*

October/\$18.95



ACE HARDCOVERS



# RUSTYCON 11

Puget Sound Area Science Fiction Convention

January 14-16, 1994

*Presents...*

# SLIME TIME!

a Saturday Night Dance with Rustycon

*it'll be a real Slugfest!*

## Membership Rates:

\$25 through 7/1/93

\$25 rate HELD OVER FOR  
WESTERCON!!! Buy Now!

\$30 through 12/31/93

\$35 at the door.

Children 0-5 Free

Children 6-12 Half Price

*Writer Guest of Honor:*  
**to be announced**

*Artist Guest of Honor:*  
**Bob Eggleton**

*Fan Guests of Honor:*  
**Bjo & John Trimble**

## RUSTYCON 11

P.O. Box 84291

Seattle, WA 98124-5591



### Pahtar Fun Club (Round 1)

This is the beginning of the general silliness and fun. Round 1 includes basic rules, the beginning of the Scavenger hunt and SF/fantasy Pictionary. Bring your team of 1-5 people.

### Pahtar Fun Club (Round 2)

Even if you missed Round 1, bring your team for a real good time. Scavenger hunt, movie quotes and ESP contests are on the agenda here.

### Pahtar Fun Club (Round 3)

Jeopardy-style trivia and waterweinie relay races are on the bill for this round of fun. Teams of 1-5 people are welcome even at this late time.

### Pahtar Fun Club (Final Round)

The big event, the scavenger hunt, is brought into the light with all of its creative uniqueness. Plus we finish off any events left over from the other rounds.

### Persona Construction and Development

Building a character with a past, present and future.

### Personal Transportation in the Future

With light rail and maglev trains coming into favor, how will we *really* get around in the future?

### Pictionary PG

Come one, come all, and watch our frenzied artists knock themselves out.

### Pictionary R

A spicier version of Pictionary. Leave the kids behind and let loose.

### Preserving our Fannish Heritage


Are we falling down on the job? What can we do to help future fannish generations understand where we came from and why we bothered.



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### Primal Cosmology and Xenotheology

What was the universe like before the Big Bang, and was anyone around to notice?

### Prisoners of Gravity - "Immortality"

This episode of the Canadian TV show is devoted to discussions about immortality. (Stay around for the panel called "One Way Ticket in Time.")

### Prisoners of Gravity - "Time Travel"

This episode of the Canadian TV series is devoted to time travel.

### Professional Secrets From the Artists

What elements separate a pretty piece from a "Best in Show"?

### Pros and Cons of Electronic Tools of the Trade

Do the new idea packages help or hinder creativity? A look at the new tools of the trade.

### Psience Fiction

Psionic abilities have long been a part of science fiction. How have psi talents been used, and where are they going from here? Is the concept still viable or has it become cliched?

### Psychology of Role-Playing Games

How and why do people get involved in role-playing games?

### Putting Science into Fantasy

Since most of us need something in life that we can depend upon, how do you create a consistent set of physical and magical laws for a universe where fantasy lives?

### Putting the Science in Science Fiction

How important is accurate science in science fiction? How can you get the scoop on new innovations in science?

### Putting Your World On A Diet

The overfed world: when too much scenery detracts from the plot.

### Readings

Readings by the following authors. Two authors are per hour. Readings may not last a full half-hour nor start on the half-hour. All readings are in Boardroom 1 & 2 unless otherwise noted.

Kathleen Alcalá	Sat 10am
Maya Kaathryn Bohnhoff	Sat 10am Lakehills
Jonathan Bond	Fri 3pm
Lisa Jean Bothell	Fri 10am
S. Darnbrook Colson	Sun 8pm
Stoney Compton	Sun 11am
Rick Cook	Fri 12noon
John Dalmas	Sat 1pm
Tony Daniel	Sat 4pm
Michael Dean	Fri 1pm
Ru Emerson	Sat 3pm
Kurt Giambastiani	Sat 12noon
Parke Godwin	Sat 11am
Jerome Gold	Sun 1pm
Jack C. Haldeman II	Sun 1pm
Barbara Hambly	Sat 10am Lakehills
George Harper	Fri 11am
Norman E. Hartman	Sun 2pm
Jane Hawkins	Sat 6pm
Howard Hendrix	Sun 2pm
Marilyn Holt	Sun 12noon
Lana Dean James	Sun 10am
Kij Johnson	Sat 4pm
T. Jackson King	Sun 5pm
Jak Koke	Sun 10am
Roberta Lannes	Sun 8pm
Thomas J. Lindell	Sun 6pm
Teresa Kao	Fri 10am
Bridget McKenna	Sun 12noon
Adrienne Martine-Barnes	Sat 5pm
Carl Miller	Sun 5pm
Tracy Moore	Sat 5pm
Mike Moscoe	Fri 1pm
Kevin Andrew Murphy	Fri 2pm
Rebecca Neason	Sat 1pm
Kevin O'Donnell, Jr.	Sat 12noon Lakehills
Jerry Olton	Fri 3pm
Steve Perry	Sun 4pm
Bill Ransom	Sun 4pm
A.L.H. Robkin	Sat 2pm
Rhea Rose	Sat 3pm
Mary Rosenblum	Sat 10am

Richard Paul Russo  
Sat 12noon Lakehills  
Jessica Amanda Salmonson  
Fri 2pm  
Michael Scanlon  
Sat 12noon  
Joseph Sherman  
Sat 11am  
Sharon Sinclair  
Sat 2pm  
Dean Wesley Smith  
Sun 11am  
Sara Stamey  
Sat 11am  
Patrick Swenson  
Sat 6pm  
Amy Thomson  
Sun 7pm  
Cynthia Ward  
Sun 6pm  
Elisabeth Waters  
Fri 12noon  
Deborah Wheeler  
Sun 7pm  
Connie Willis  
Fri 10am

**Recreating a Medieval World**  
How can you separate the myth from the reality?

**Regency Dance**  
Do you like dressing up in garb from two centuries ago and dancing in elegant patterns? Then this is probably for you.

**Remembrance: Vanished Heroes**  
A respectful look back at our losses of the last year (or so) and a remembrance of those who have fallen.

**Researching your Reality**  
Research techniques in SF.

**Responsible Magic**  
Magical MacGyverism: making it look real without giving away any secrets.

**The Role of Science Fiction in Reality**  
How has SF as a genre affected the scientific community? Does popular speculation provide an impetus for research and development?

**Role-playing vs. Role-gaming**  
Which is which and why.

**The "Rosetta Stone" of the 20th Century**  
An archaeologist's view of the present.



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**Samples from the Slush Pile**  
The things some people send . . .

**SCA Demo**  
The Society for Creative Anachronism puts on a show in medieval recreation.

**SCA: More Than Just A Tourney**  
SCA is more than just getting dressed up and hitting each other. But what?

**Science For the Masses**  
If you were the last person on Earth, could you keep the lights on?

**The Sci-Fi Channel**  
What it's been doing, what it's going to do, and just when are Viacom and TCI going to start carrying it?

**The Sedentary or Dirty Bathrobe School of Writers**  
A writing workshop from one of the newest and greatest schools of writing.

**Self-publishing or Marketing Your Games**  
So you've finally finished developing the greatest game since Trivial Pursuit. What do you do with it now?

**Sex in SF/Fantasy**  
Is there too little or too much?

**Sexy Male Costumes: What Appeals, What Appalls**  
Defining the borders of good taste.

**SF Media in A Mundane World**  
How hard is it to get backing for SF films and TV shows? Is the mundane mainstream choking us off, or are we holding our own?

**The SF Museum**  
Update and membership

**SF Music**  
The role of music in science fiction, and the role of science fiction in music.

**SF Wars as Grade 'B' Westerns**  
Have SF Wars replaced Grade 'B' Westerns as the literary means of working through political and military problems?

**SFWA: What It Is, What It Does**  
What is Science Fiction Writers of America all about, anyway?

**The Shifting Sands of Time**  
What if time can be changed? What if someone is doing it right now?

**Ship Commissioning**  
Battle group 136 ship commissioning in the *Star Trek* mirror-mirror universe.

**Sihance Maid Stoopid**  
How can we develop scientific solutions to society's problems when the media and the educational system both aim at the lowest common denominator?

**Slime Time (Dance)**  
Rustycon presents Rusty Slug and his crew of mucal decorators.

**Small Press Publishing**  
The who, what, when and where of small press publishing.

**Small Press Workshop: Fanzines**

**Smiles and Snarls**  
The job of a convention organizing committee is to give pros and fans a reason to come. Tell us how we did, and how we can do better.

**So What Kind of a Punk Are You?**  
How can you be anti-social when anti-social is in?

**Space Opera**  
What is it, and is it science fiction?

**Space Sailing**  
Come take a slide show journey-of-the-imagination on a solar powered flight through the solar system.

**Space Station Towns**  
Are the scientific, social and economic problems insurmountable, or will we have L-5 condos in the next century?

**Stardance**  
Dance the night away with friends old and new. A variety of hits, requests, and even "Experiment in Terror". Includes a World Premiere performance by the Intergalactic Zen Druid Theater and Dance Ensemble.

**Star Trek Federation Science**  
Take a behind-the-scenes tour of *Star Trek: Federation Science*, the nationally traveling, interactive science exhibit. Mark Bourne will share slide, video clips, and anecdotes about working with the cast and crew of *ST: TNG*. An insiders view of how OMSI went where no science museum has gone before.

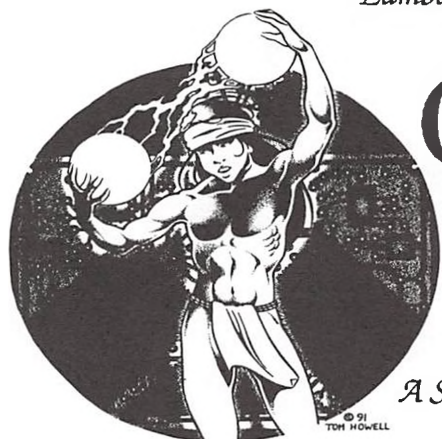
**Star Trek: The Next New Generation**  
Is *Deep Space Nine* really *Trek* or just another space station?

**Strangers in a Strange Land**  
Will SF ever again exert the kind of influence that *Stranger* and its ilk did?

**Sturgeon's Law**  
If 90% of everything is crud, what's getting published these days?



*Lambda Sci-Fi: DC Area Gaylaxians & The Gaylactic Network Proudly Present*



# GAYLAXICON V

July 15 - 17, 1994 Washington, DC area

*A Science Fiction - Fantasy - Horror convention for Gay people & their friends*

Guest of Honor  
**Jewelle Gomez**

Artist Guest of Honor  
**Tom Howell**

Special Guest  
**Forrest J Ackerman**

## **Featuring**

guest authors & artists,  
panels, readings, art show,  
masquerade, dealers' room,  
con suite, gaming room,  
video room

## **Minors**

If you are under 18, your  
parent or guardian must  
attend the convention with  
you.

## **Costumes**

encouraged...  
but please, no weapons

## **Memberships**

Through 12/31/93	\$15
1/1/94 - 4/30/94	\$20
5/1/94 - 6/30/94	\$25
After 6/30/94	\$30

## **Location**

Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza  
Rockville, MD  
(at Twinbrook Metro Stop)

## **Rooms**

(per night +12% tax)  
One or two people \$89  
Three people \$99  
Four people \$109

## **Con Address**

Gaylaxicon V  
PO Box 656  
Washington, DC 20044

## **Checks**

Make payable (US funds only)  
to Gaylaxicon V



*Out of the Closet and Into the Universe*

# The Gaylactic Network

*An association of organizations for gays, lesbians, bisexuals,  
and their friends who are interested in science fiction,  
fantasy, and horror.*

for more information write to PO Box 127 Brookline, MA 02146

# NORWESCON

is pleased to sponsor Norwescon's Stardance  
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Join Keith "Boogie Being" Johnson  
and friends for an evening of  
Hip Tunes and Rockin' Beats.  
Friday evening, July 2, 1993

**N O R W E S C O N 1 7**

**March 31 - April 3, 1994**

*with* Katherine Kurtz  
*and*  
Scott McMillan

#### **SeaTac Red Lion**

Rooms \$75 Flate Rate  
for up to 4 people  
\$10 for 1 additional person.  
Limit of 5 people in one room.  
246-8600

#### **Membership Rates**

\$35 until October 31, 1993  
\$40 until February 28, 1994  
\$45 at the door

*Westercon Special \$30 through July 3, 1993*

*featuring:* Multi-track Programming on Science Fiction & Fantasy Literature, Art, Science, Media, Gaming, Costuming, & more. Autograph Party, Masquerade, Stardance, Writers' & Artists' Workshops, Author Readings, Book Dealers, Art Show & Auction, Childrens' Programs, Films, 3-Channel 24-Hour-A-Day Video, Hospitality & Fan Rooms.

Hotline (206)248-2010 - Norwescon 14, P.O. Box 24207, Seattle, WA 98124



### Successful Techniques for Short Story Writing

When your publisher wants 5000 words or less.

### SWOC Meeting

Well, we've done a *Westercon*, now what?

### Tai Chi

Up early or up late, come get energized for the rest of the day.

### Tax Laws and the Artist/Writer

What you don't know about the tax laws today can land you in tax court tomorrow.

### Teaching the Future

Is poor education making us a second-rate technological power? What do we need to teach our children in the future (and about the future) to keep us at the forefront of the information age?

### Technological Opportunism in the 21st Century

How might the nature of crime change in the next century?

### Television Cartoons:

#### Are They What They Used To Be?

From Colonel Bleep to Tobor the Eighth Man to Ren & Stimpy, have television cartoons really changed that much, and was it for the better?

### Ten Dinosaurs in Amber

Jurassic Park features technology which is a logical progression from what we understand today. How far away are we from being able to recover extinct species from genetic specimens in amber?

### 3-D Makeup

Costuming makeup that stands out.



Lunar View © 1993 by Steve Prescott

### Through the Judges' Eyes

What a masquerade judge looks for in a costume and presentation. Does glitz always win?

### Time Enough for Love

Falling in love with someone "your own age" takes on a whole new meaning when Dan Cupid lands a time traveler. Forget all the science and technology, the important thing is whether love can win out when the "Capulets" and "Montagues" are from different sides of the Time Tracks.

### Time Travelers, Time Meddlers

Folks like Sam Becket and Dr. Who are constantly poking their noses into other peoples time. Who gave them the right? Are these meddlers in time really helping humanity?

### Time Traveling for Real: An Archaeologist's Viewpoint

Archaeology provides the one reliable means to travel back to prehistoric times. Take a slide tour of the eons before man.

### Treating Your Writing/Artwork as a Business

Hobby vs. business, what does it take to make it real.

### Tribal Mind in Cyberpunk

Gangs of hackers in cyberspace... what a scary thought!

### Trickster Myth in F/SF

From Coyote to Q and beyond...

### Unconventional Fantasy

Breaking out of the "Middle Earth" syndrome.

### The Use of Fictitious Characters in Conventions

It's said that some people just make up panelists and guests for their conventions. Come meet some of the guests and their creators.

### The Use of Real History in Alternate Realities

How important is accuracy and detail in alternate realities?

### Used Books: Should We be Buying and Selling Them?

Authors don't benefit from it, so why do we do it? Will electronic publishing change the nature of used books?

### The Value of Sentient Life in SF/Fantasy Battles

Are writers extending the practice of 'dehumanizing' enemies in order to make war more palatable?



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### The Vampire Vector

Can a vampire catch AIDS? Can you catch AIDS from a vampire?

### Vampires and Sex in SF

What's so sexy about an undead blood-sucker, anyway?

### Vampires:

#### Survival in the Modern World

Where might they be lurking even now? And how would we recognize them? And how would they survive and avoid detection?

### Virtual Reality Update

Can Holosuites be far away?

### War Track:

#### Future of Special Operations

What is it, and how does it fit in SF?

### War Track:

#### Organization of Ground Forces

Organization, equipment, training and deployment of forces for operation on planetary surfaces.

### War Track: Planetary Defense

Defending a planet against planetary invasion.

### War Track: Planetary Invasion

General methodology and doctrine for invading a planet without destroying its population or industrial base.

### Wave Rave (Dance)

VikingCon presents hip-hot-and-happenin' tunes from the late '70s to the early '90s.

### Werewolf Gathering

A meeting of the werewolf subdivision of the Camarilla. Please check your silver at the door.

### Westercon 46 Business Meeting

Who said fandom wasn't political?

### Westercon 46 Schmooze

Come in, sit down, take a load off, meet, mingle and schmooze.

### Westercon 48 Bid Presentation

#### Westercon 48

**Site Selection Business Meeting**  
Who won?

### Westercon Traveling Theme Park

Take a look through some old *Westercon* program books. Are *Westercons* getting to be the same thing year after year? Are we getting new ideas, or is it turning into a roving theme park with all the same old attractions?

### What Do Hotels Think About Cons?

The hotel staff and con reps will discuss just what the hotel folks think of this madness.

### What Makes Time Tick?

If time's arrow is reversible at the quantum level, what does that mean for us? Do we need some new metaphors? Is time a stream? A ball of string? A macrocosm of infinite realities? Can there be paradoxes? Is there any such thing as destiny?

### What Price Truth?

With historical revisionism so much in vogue, what would the ability to go back and witness historical events do to our seeming need to "color" history? Do we care what really happened? And are we prepared for what we might find out?

### What's Art & What's Not?

Is it just a matter of taste, or should some of it be censored?

### When Books Are Outlawed . . .

It's easy to censor books: you can black out parts, remove them from libraries or even burn them. What will happen when books are distributed over a global network? How will censorship work when electronic publishing matures?

### Where Have all the Werewolves Gone?

Have they been done to death?

### Who Do We Write For?

Do we write to please ourselves, our publishers or our fans?

### Whodunit vs. Howdunit

What happens when mystery and science fiction collide? Has anyone improved on Isaac Asimov's mysteries?



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### Why All the Prints?

Is it just commercialism, or a way to get art into the hands of the fans at a reasonable price while keeping the artist happy? Should prints go to auction?

### Why Write About Science Fiction?

Now that they're writing about us, are we literature?

### The Writer's Familiar

The mystique of cats in science fiction fandom.

### Writing Techniques for Avoiding Cliches

It was a dark and stormy night . . .

### Xenotemporal Diseases

How do you get inoculated against something that ain't been invented yet?

### Yesterday's Tomorrows

We are living in times about which much was predicted. How have the ancients and not-so-ancients done in predicting our present?

### You Call That Editing?

How has the nature of the editing business changed?

### Your First Costume

Tips on picking your first costume.

### Zen and the Art of Time Machine Maintenance

From paradoxes to parallel time streams, how to make time travel believable and consistent.

### Zine Publication:

#### Ordeal By Enthusiasm

What is the role of zines in the development of professional writers, and how are they making use of different technologies?



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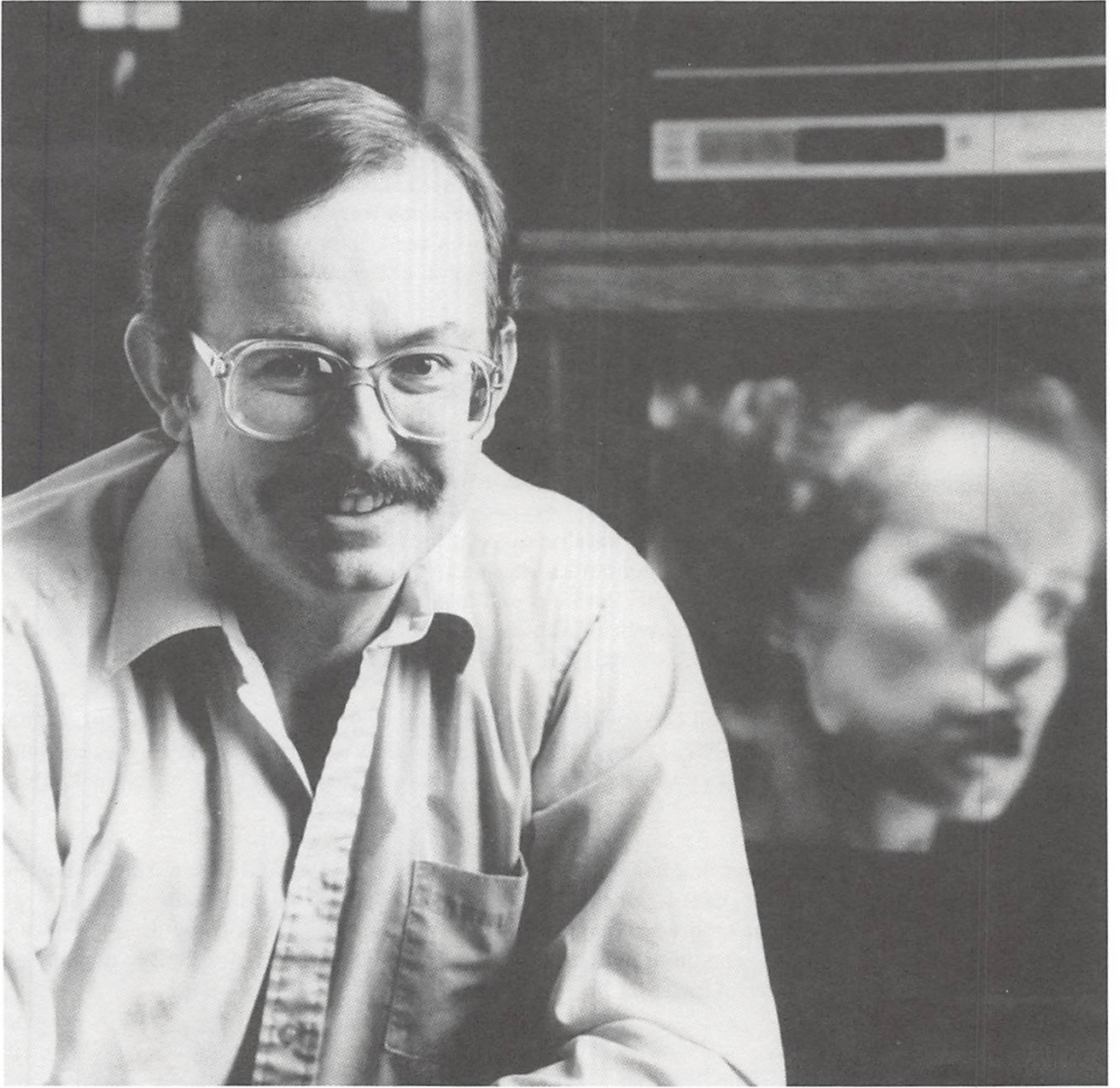
In paperback, we have a genuinely long-awaited event in August: the mass-market release of STEEL BEACH by John Varley. As everybody knows by now, it took John Varley a long time to finish this novel. As those who've already read the hardcover know, the wait was worthwhile! This wonderful novel brings John back to the position of prominence he deserves—and for readers whose acquaintance with Varley is just beginning with STEEL BEACH, we're re-releasing all of his previous novels in beautiful matching editions. So please ask your bookstore for TITAN, WIZARD, DEMON, MILLENNIUM, and THE OPHIUCHI HOTLINE.

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Susan Allison  
Vice President, Editor-in-Chief  
Ace Science Fiction & Fantasy





*GUEST OF HONOR*  
**GREG**  
**BEAR**

Greg Bear and I have an agreement, that we won't review or blurb one another's books. To be sure, his chief claim to fame is that he married Astrid, and mine is that I fathered her. But otherwise we are promising young writers. (Our publishers can tell you at length about stuff we have promised them.) We know how much mutual backscratching goes on. It's just that, in G. K. Chesterton's words, "Art, like morality, consists of drawing the linesomewhere," and in the art of promotion it is wise to stop short of nepotism.

However, program books for science fiction conventions don't count. The programs themselves don't. Thus, several years ago at a Science Fiction Writers of America banquet, I found myself handing Greg his second Nebula of the evening. No wonder his stories so often go all cosmic on you. He lacks any decent sense of when to quit.

Therefore I can give you the Bear facts without eyebrows being raised. Who reads these things, anyway?

Well, obviously you do, else you wouldn't be seeing this. In quantum mechanical terms, you have looked into the catbox and the wave function has collapsed. Quite a few things col-

lapse at conventions. Probably you're killing time till a panel begins or the bar opens or whatever. I'd better take good hold of your attention, before you leaf on to the Baen Books ad with the sexy cover illo, unless it happens to be for one of my Baen books.

Do I, after all, hear a rustle of arching eyebrows? Could there actually be a fugitive thought, "What the heck does he mean by 'young' writers?" Why, that's perfectly clear. I am in what Isaac Asimov called late youth. As for Greg, he was born in 1951. Practically yesterday.

He was a Navy brat, though few people would suspect from his demeanor that he was ever involved in any way with the Navy. He even escaped his father's nickname, Ted. Before he was twelve, he saw Japan, the Philippines, Alaska, Texas, and far-off exotic San Diego. He and Astrid got married in the last of these and spent their first few years in its general area, ending in a town called Santee. Of this, Greg estimated that it contained 10,000 books: 5,000 Bibles and his library. Actually, having seen the community, I think he was being unfair. He forgot to count the coloring books.

Nevertheless they had many interesting friends. One reason they moved to Washington

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by P o u l A n d e r s o n

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was simply that Astrid grew tired of living in a desert. Now she is in Alderwood Manor and gets rained on a lot. Their lakeshore home is beautiful, but mainly it's huge. That's important, because already it's bulging at the seams. You see, Greg keeps on collecting books.

He and Astrid still have many interesting friends: more and more of them as time goes on and word gets around. (She's a great cook.) Most prominent are Erik, six, and Alexandra, three. What I could tell you about those kids—

But this is supposed to dispose of Greg. He being a friendly, humorous fellow, the little red sports car he keeps for a pet seems more in character than do the books. They range from handsome editions of the world classics, through such modern writers especially favored by him as Joyce, Graves, and Borges, to a cabinet full of his own, in numerous different languages and a fairly good Anderson selection. Moreover, he both acquires art and creates it, being an excellent painter who's done one or two covers for himself. He'd doubtless paint more and be acclaimed for it, but art doesn't pay anything like writing—his kind of writing. That keeps him so busy these days that another hobby of

his languishes too, model building. However, he remains a computer freak, with probably more in his home than anybody but Jerry Pournelle; and Jerry *reviews* them, for heaven's sake.

Science fiction people usually have an unusually wide range of interests and information. Beneath the genial and witty façade, Greg knows much and feels deeply about the things that matter. Where it comes to politics, he's dead wrong, of course; but he feels deeply.

Among his unselfish acts, which are not few, was to put in two years as president of SFWA. Having endured one year of that myself, I knew what this would entail, and told him with heartfelt sympathy, "It's your turn in the barrel." We both believe that, in spite of certain of its members, the organization plays a vital role and deserves to survive, except for those members. Greg held it together, no mean accomplishment, and in addition shepherded through various necessary changes in the by-laws. The experience carried some rewards. It broadened his understanding. He now says that under no circumstances will he get into government.

Besides, he has better uses for his time. Among them, the major

one for readers, is his writing. As said earlier, I am debarred from praising it. I must not mention, for two or three random examples, the dazzling, Stapledonian imaginativeness in *Eon* and *Eternity*, the close-to-home realism and living, breathing persons in *Blood Music* and *Queen of Angels*, the eerie and yet convincingly hard-science extrapolation in *Heads*, the—whoa, this has already gone past three. There are plenty of others equally great, and we can look forward to plenty more, because I don't think we have here a maker (in Dunbar's sense of the word) who is ever going to lose his powers.

Having been asked to write an appreciation of Greg Bear, but being bound by our compact, I say merely, "I appreciate Greg Bear."

Now let me tell you about those grandchildren of mine.

© 1993 by Poul Anderson

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*Poul Anderson has written a number of books himself, among them Brain Wave, The Broken Sword, Three Hearts and Three Lions, The High Crusade, Tau Zero, The Boat of a Million Years, The King of Ys (with his wife Karen), the Hoka stories (with Gordon Dickson), and the forthcoming Harvest of Stars. Mainly, he is a grandfather of Erik and Alexandra.*



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Guest of Honor

GREG BEAR

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STATE OF THE ART."

—*New York Newsday*

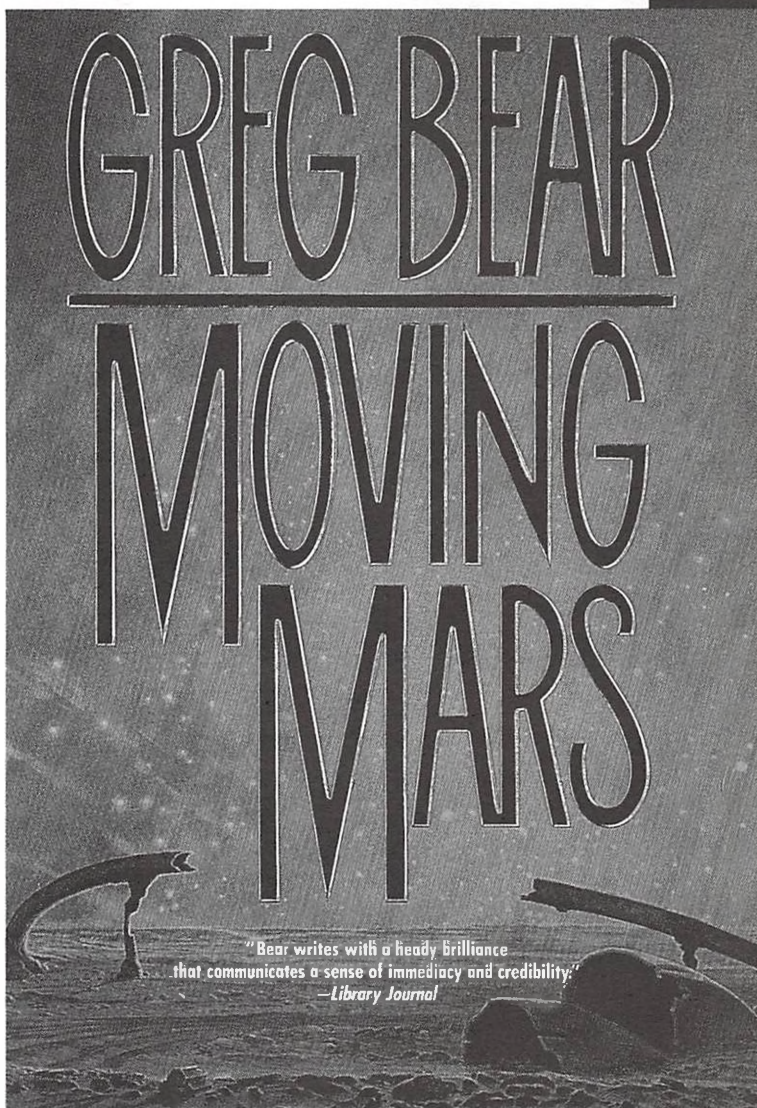
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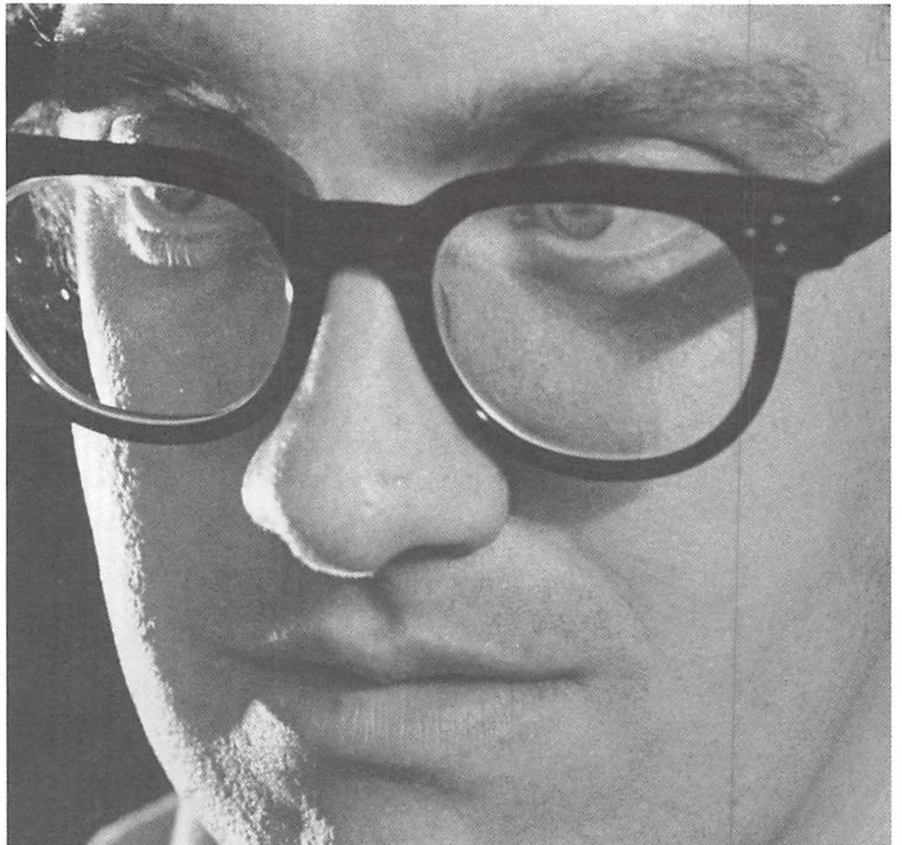
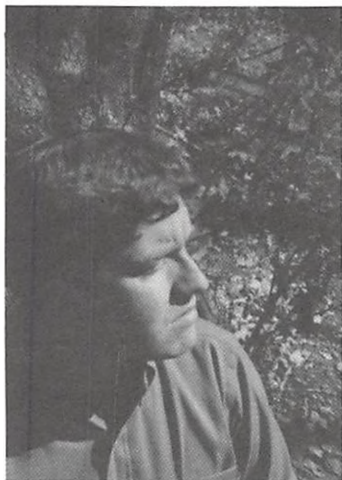


"Bear writes with a heady  
brilliance that  
communicates a sense  
of immediacy and  
credibility."  
—*Library Journal*





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*Photos by Jim Bearcloud, Mike Cassidy, and Nettie Ott*



Artist Guest of Honor  
**GEORGE  
BARR**

The biographical facts about George Barr, one of the greatest artists to enter the fields of science fiction and fantasy, are relatively simple. He was born in Tucson, Arizona, but raised in Salt Lake City, Utah, where he attended elementary, junior high school, high school, and spent eighteen months in a commercial art school. He became a professional illustrator in 1961, moved to Los Angeles in 1968, then to San Jose in 1972, where he lives to the present time in a modest home in a relatively quiet neighborhood. Pretty dull, huh? George once said about his biographical data, "... to spend time on biographical data is to acknowledge that they are somehow important, and that anyone actually cares."

The rest of George's life, his accomplishments, his style as an artist—well, that's not nearly as simple, but much more entertaining.

George Barr is quite easily one of the most fascinating people you will ever have the opportunity to meet. He is knowledgeable on a wide variety of subjects and is quite happy to discuss any of them with fans... and while he does not suffer fools gladly, he is so polite that even if you *are* a fool, he will never make you *feel* like one.

He is also one of the most modest men I've ever met, too. Actually, a bit too modest; he seems continually surprised that people like his

work and are willing to spend money on it. He is also surprised when he is nominated for awards and even more surprised when he wins one. Of course, he will also admit that the artist is the *last* one you should look to for an opinion about his/her work.

George can be bluntly honest; if you ask him for an opinion, don't be surprised if you get something that will pin your ears back. But he has an easy, laid-back sort of attitude that makes him fun to be around. Not that he's a saint, mind you, but he does seem to have many of the better virtues; if more people were like George, the world would be a much better place (personal opinion, of course). He has a dry, rich wit that often expresses itself in private conversations. And while he is no beauty—he once described his nose as looking like a potato—he has a *presence* that tends to make being around him rather memorable.

As with several other well-known illustrators, George Barr began his career in the sf/fantasy fields by doing illustrations for fanzines. His first piece of professional work was done for the March 1961, issue of *Fantastic* and which for those with discriminating eyes, marked him as an artist to watch for. He was soon working steadily in the field, getting commissions for both cover and interior artwork. The long list of magazines for which he did illustrations include *Amazing*,

*Dragon Magazine, Dungeon, Galaxy, If, Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine, Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Adventure Magazine, Forgotten Fantasy, Weird Tales, and Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine.* He's done book covers for such publishers as Ace Books, DAW Books, Donald M. Grant, Pulphouse Publishing, Owlswick Press, Cheap Street, Arbor House, Alyson Press, and many others.

George Barr is perhaps one of the most creative and flexible artists working in the field today. Besides doing cover and interior art for books and magazines, he has also produced art for game books and covers for computer games. Among the former are *Knight of the Living Dead, The Kingdom of Sorcery, The Wrath of Olympus, The Dungeon Master's Design Kit, Dragon Lance Adventures, and Queen of the Spiders.* Among the latter are *Star Control II* (from Accolade, and one of the hits of the past year), *Archon Ultra*, and *Jorunne*, both to be released soon.

And George has done other interesting work as well. One of his more famous paintings was the poster for the cult movie, *Flesh Gordon*, which he did primarily to support the work of his friends in the special effects department. At another time, he did the makeup for the "space hippies" in the *Star Trek* episode, "The Way to Eden" (he was not particularly pleased with that episode, which makes him not at all unusual). He is also an excellent sculptor, although for my desires he does not do it nearly often enough.

All artists are influenced by other artists, parts of whose styles often show up in their work. George's often delicate artwork is influenced by "everything I see and like," but especially by his appreciation for the works of Arthur Rackham, Maxfield Parrish, Edmond Dulac, Howard Pyle, N.C. Wyeth, and Hannes Bok as well as "innumerable comic book illustrators and newspaper cartoonists." Rackham and Parrish are the central influences; Rackham for his feel for line, Parrish for his expressive use of color.

George Barr is one of those rare people who have always been doing what they are now doing for a living. Drawing and painting have always been sources of relaxation and pleasure for him. He never thought about earning a living with this skill, though, until he was in high school; up until then, he'd always thought he was going to be a herpetologist (however, the amount of study that would have required combined with the limited opportunities in the field made him fall back on his art . . . lucky us).

George is a man of many talents. In fact, he is talented in so many areas that it is hard to rein back on the superlatives. As you will see in this program book, he is also an author of considerable skill. He has sold and had published three stories so far ("Talishanda's Familiar," "The Playhouse," and "Brontharn") and sold a story to the upcoming *Rats in the Souffle* anthology (Pulphouse Publishing). He also has one novel making the

rounds and a second will be ready to submit shortly. If that weren't enough, he's an excellent musician as well (if you think I'm impressed, you're bloody well right.)

A book of his work, *Upon the Winds of Yesterday*, was published in 1976; it's a beautiful volume, one well worth looking for in any dealers room. He has been nominated five times for the Hugo Award for Best Fan Artist and won the award in 1968. He was nominated once for Best Professional Artist, and was the winner of a Lensman Award, an award which is voted on by his professional peers. He was the Artist Guest of Honor at MidAmeriCon, the 1976 Worldcon, was one of the Artist GoHs at MosCon, and has been a Guest of Honor at many other conventions since. He will be the Artist Guest of Honor at next year's Worldcon in Winnipeg.

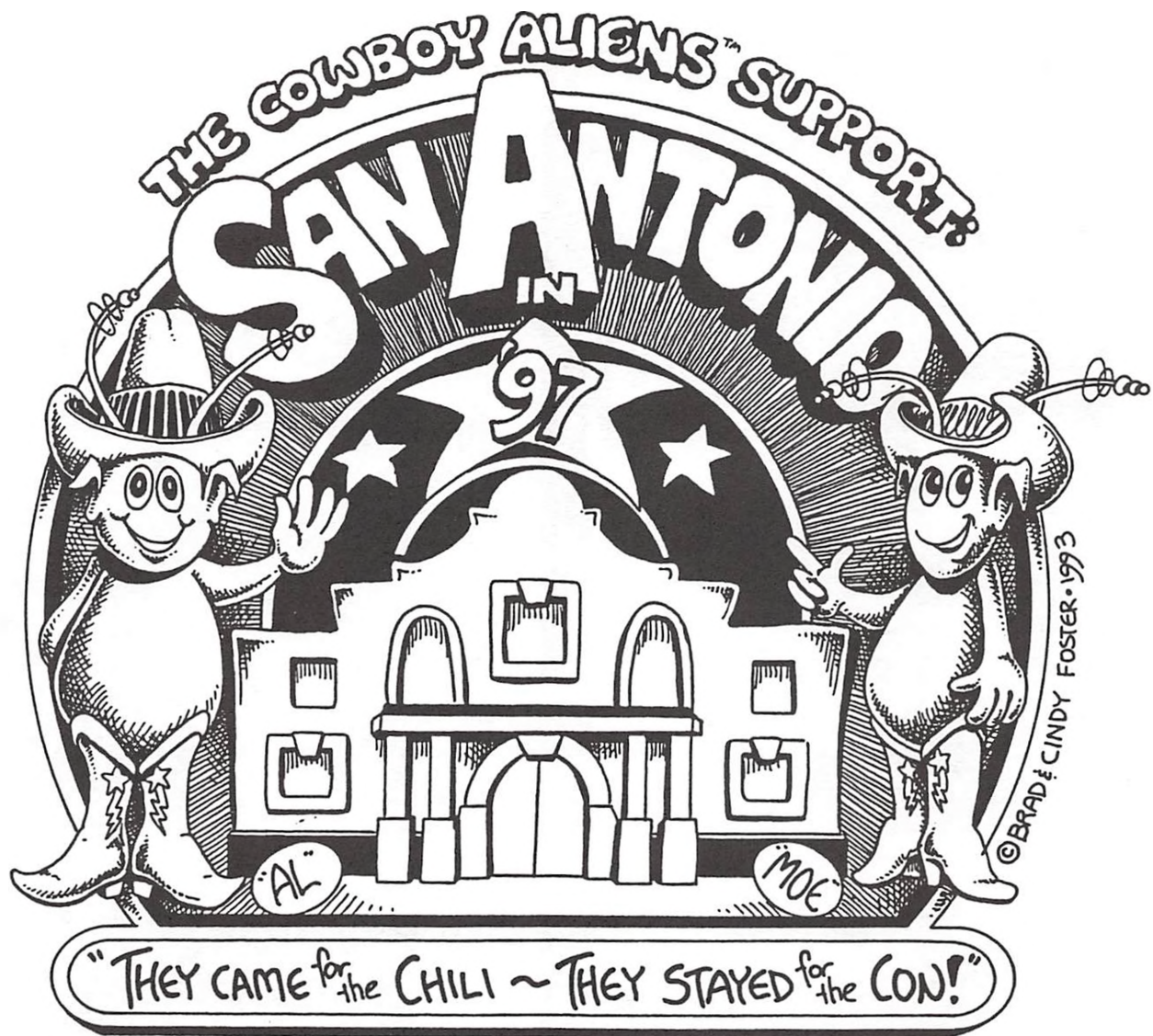
Westcon is lucky to have George Barr as its Artist Guest of Honor; not only in my opinion, but in the opinion of virtually everyone who knows him. Welcome, George.

© 1993 by Jon Gustafson

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*Jon Gustafson is an SF and fantasy art critic and appraiser. His biographies of artists have appeared in The Visual Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Starlog Science Fiction Yearbook. He is also the author of Chroma: The Art of Alex Schomburg and his short fiction has been published in Rat Tales and Figment Magazine.*





## How about you?

San Antonio: the home of the famous Alamo. An ideal site for a convention of this magnitude with the enormous Convention Center and gobs of hotels. Plus, the San Antonio International Airport is less than 15 minutes from the proposed site. And if the lure of a Texas-style Worldcon isn't enough, you can check out all of the other neat stuff in and around the River City. C'mon by one of our Bid Parties and we'll be more than glad to tell you all about it (while you're sampling chili, of course).

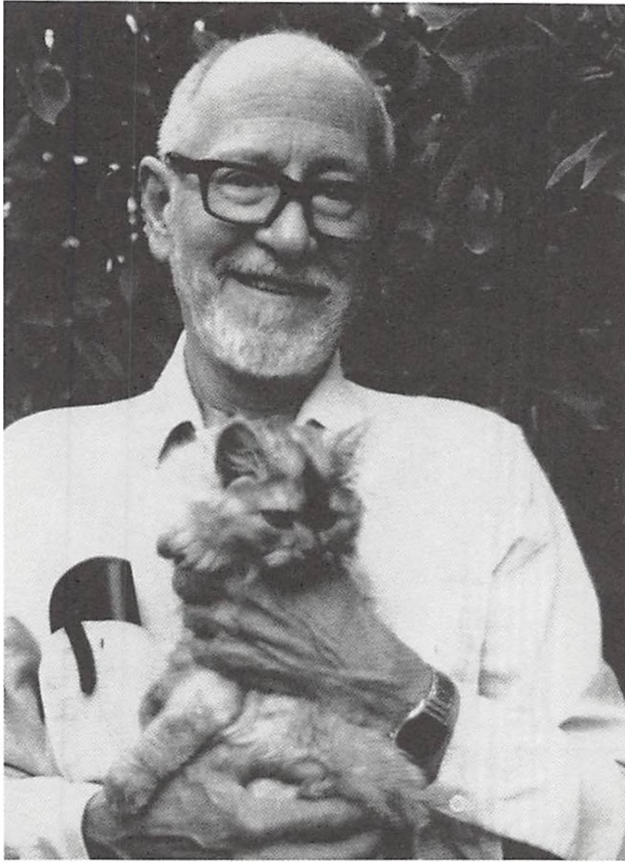
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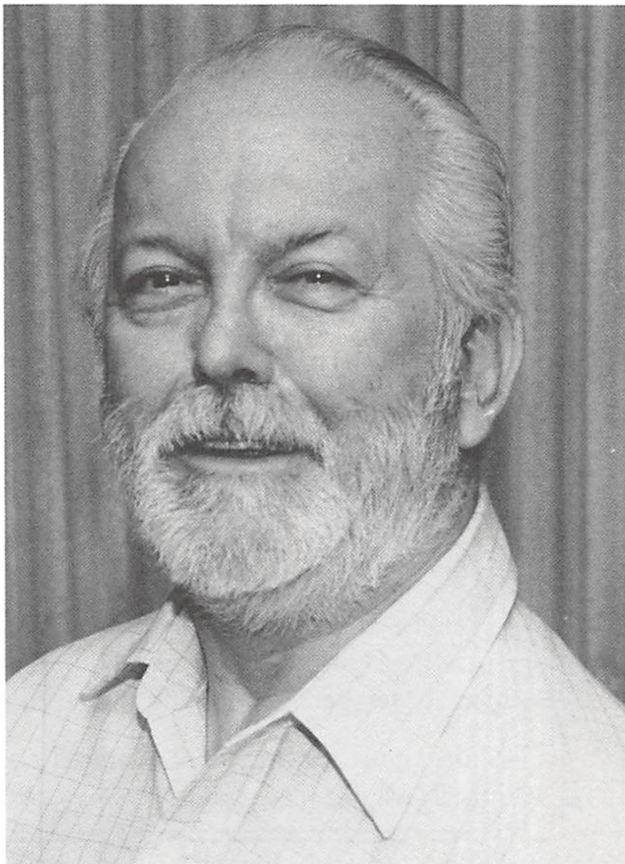




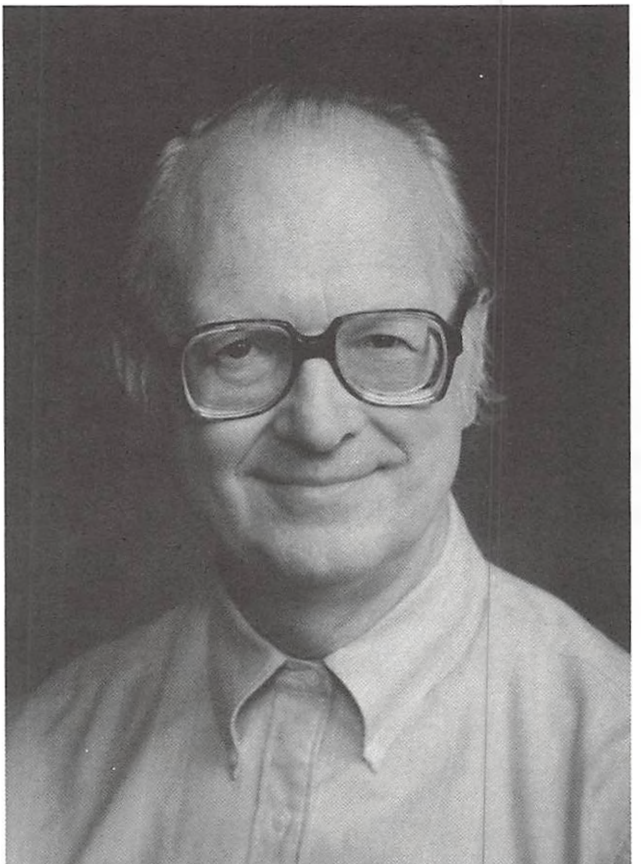
*F.M. Busby*



*Elinor Busby*



*Wally Gonser*



*Wally Weber*



FAN GUEST OF HONOR  
FOMO  
**BUSBY**

What manner of man is F.M. Busby, Fan Guest of Honor? Are some, or any, of the whispers true? What horror in his past has led him to wreak serial havoc with the printed word?

Myth and legend shroud his origins. His birth is surmised to have taken place during what archaeologists call the Current Era, at the customary early age, and to seemingly human parents (even though they did *teach*—and worse, encouraged—their innocent child to *read*). As has become statistically significant among fans, Buz was an only child. Parents of fen, apparently, are not slow to learn from their mistakes.

The family moved often—pursued, no doubt, by peasants with torches. His strength and spirits sapped by exposure to the printed page, the poor child's doom was sealed at the age of nine when he encountered science fiction. Though survivable, such exposure often produces significant aberration in later life.

For some the '50s are a nostalgic era of Greasy Kid Stuff, Family Values, and early Rock; for Buz the decade took a darker, more sinister turn, for it was in 1950 that he had a letter published in *Planet Stories*; discovered The Nameless Ones, Seattle's oldest SF club; and attended the Ninth SF Worldcon in Portland, Oregon. Although this convention was not marked by joy unconfined (hotel problems having early become a tradition), its guest list included

Doc Smith, Ted Sturgeon, Anthony Boucher, Forrest J Ackerman, Howard Browne, Claude Degler, Rick Sneary, Bea Mahaffey, Rog Phillips, and Mari Wolf, *every one* of whom was alive at the time.

Fandom engenders Restless Urges. Responding to one such, Buz began writing SF parodies for the Nameless "literary" clubzine, *Sinnisterra*. Answering yet another, in 1954 he missed his last chance to go straight and settle down. While some men are redeemed by the love of a good woman, Buz married a fan.

Elinor's fascination with the microcosm drew Buz ever more deeply into the toils of fannish publication: *Cry* (The Nameless One's "other" clubzine), SAPS, and FAPA. By 1955 Buz and Elinor were known confederates of *Cry* editors Wally Weber and Burnett Toskey (they still have *Cry*'s 1959 Hugo on display). Buz's regular contribution, under the by-line of Renfrew Pemberton, was the prozine review column, "The Science Fiction Field Plowed Under".

B.C.—Before Computers—times were tough and work was rough: clay tablets and papyrus slowly gave place to manual typewriters and spirit duplication (which was *not* an early form of channeling). State-of-the-art publishing included both ditto and mimeo. After a few millennia of glacial slowness, technology leapt forward: electric typewriters! the Correcting

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by Mildred Downey Broxon

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Selectric! dedicated word processors! A privileged few even had computers at the office, and some subverted these to fannish purposes.

For Buz, however, work was rigging teletype circuits for the Alaska Communication System. ACS eventually sold out and enabled him to take early retirement. Never one to shun mischief, he used his new leisure to attend the 1971 Clarion West science fiction writing workshop. From the depths of fandom he plunged to rock-bottom and began to *take money* for fiction. At latest count he stands convicted of seventeen novels and over forty shorter works. His mental horizons broadened to include such things as lobsters—lots of lobsters—and even necrophilia. But, one must admit, never lobsters *with* necrophilia.

No matter what crimes may be laid to his account—and after a richly misspent life they must be many—it can be argued in Buz's defense that he remains true to his roots. He and Elinor are active in SAPS and two smaller apas; by

this year's end they will have attended more than one hundred conventions, usually together but now and then separately (once, "his" and "hers" cons, same weekend, different states); why, in 1961 they and the Wallys and the Webberts actually produced Seacon, the 19th World SF Con, and learned enough not to do anything of the sort again. One would think Buz's two stints in the Army might already have taught him never to volunteer . . .

For years the Busbys have lived in a fine fannish home, book-bestrewn and cat-blessed, on the west side of Queen Anne Hill. Still in working order is Buz's first computer, a Morrow CP/M MD-3 with (WOW!) two floppy drives and 64K of RAM. It took him several months, back in 1984, to get up the nerve to approach the beast; now, like most folk, he *needs* a computer. Over the years the Busbys have traded up, cybernetics-wise; old Morrow is long since put on pension, and nowadays the RAMs come in Megs.

Yet all is not modern. In one

obscure corner stands an old Gestetner, thriftily saved against possible nuclear war and electromagnetic pulse. That Gestetner still functions. How else, faced with the collapse of civilization, could one continue to publish fanzines and preserve life as we know it?

Buz may be an Old Fan, but he is not yet Tired. Well, not *too* Tired. This is, in fact, his third stint as a FGoH, so he must enjoy the gig. Buy him a drink. Talk computers. Talk cats. Talk books. You might even, late at night, ask about lobsters. Or necrophilia.

But never of necrophilic lobsters. After *all* . . .

© 1993 by Mildred Downey Broxon

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*Mildred Downey Broxon is the author of The Demon of Scatterry (with Poul Anderson) and Too Long a Sacrifice. Her short fiction has appeared in F&SF, Asimov's, Vertex, Universe 5, Chrysalis 2 and 3, Faerie!, Amazing Science Fiction and others.*



FAN GUEST OF HONOR  
**ELINOR**  
**BUSBY**

I'm of the fourth generation of my family to live in Washington. I was born and brought up in Tacoma, came to Seattle to go to the UW and never went back.

In 1951 I started reading science fiction, and was blown away by its charm and power. Many stories were on the theme of what is a human being—a topic about which, by now, much too much has been said. But it was fresh and exciting back then.

In 1953 another woman and I were registering students for night school, and to while away some empty time, talked of science fiction. A tall blond young man approached us. "I can recognize the words *Galaxy* and *Astounding* at 30 paces," he said. Wally Weber took our names and addresses to send us meeting notices of the science fiction club.

The other woman never went, but, after a couple of months, I did. At that first meeting, in November of 1953, I learned that the club president was F.M. Busby, presently up in Alaska. "Is that Francis Busby from Tacoma?" I asked. Wally Gonser replied, "He never says what the F.M. stands for; I think he's from eastern Washington."

F.M. Busby presided at the December meeting. There could be no doubt—he was definitely not Francis Busby from Tacoma. I was disappointed—odd, since I had known

Francis Busby from the age of five, and had never felt any great interest in him or vice versa.

I became extremely interested in F.M. Busby. We flirted at the 100th Nameless Meeting on March 11th, started dating April 2nd and got married April 28th, 39 years ago. I've lived with him more than twice as long as I lived with my parents.

After G.M. Carr (who had started it) relinquished *Cry of the Nameless*, Wally Weber and Burnett Toskey took over. In 1955, we began to be involved—an involvement which soon became monthly. In 1960 at Pittsburgh, *Cry* received the Best Fanzine Hugo for 1959. At the same convention, Seattle got the bid for the 1961 Worldcon! 1960 was a heavy duty convention for us. We enjoyed ourselves greatly and felt overwhelmed at the same time. Throughout the ensuing year, our catchphrase was, "It is still November, isn't it?" and laughing hysterically because it too demonstrably wasn't.

You can't believe how different conventions were in those days, but no doubt got a clue when I mentioned that at the 1960 convention we got the bid for 1961. It was February of 1961 before we had our guest of honor, Robert A. Heinlein, lined up! (But to us it was still November). At the convention, Buz got some clout with the hotel when it was revealed that Seacon members occupied three-fourths of the rooms.

The convention had three hundred members, which would have been small to average in a major population center, but it seemed huge for Seattle.

Wally Weber was chairman and treasurer. Buz was behind-the-scenes letterwriter, and he and Jim Webbert were hotel liaison.

My role on the convention committee was obtaining art for auction. That was how conventions stayed solvent in those days. The membership fee was \$2; the auction would pay all bills.

In our case, it certainly did. We ended up the convention, all bills paid, with over \$1,000 left over; a fortune. The convention committee blew some of it on dinner at a good restaurant (and wrote it up conscientiously in the financial report). The rest went to TAFF,

and the Parker Pond Fund, and to the next convention. The contribution to the next convention upset its chairman. He asked if we were trying to crucify him. We considered this a mysterious reaction.

Meanwhile back at the typer, we had become involved in apadom. First SAPS, in 1956. Three years later, FAPA. Since then we've been in countless other apas, especially me. Buz is presently in three apas, SAPS and two small private groups. I am in those three plus two others.

Apas are a good way to leave fandom without even noticing. You are fanning away, producing countless pages of verbiage per year, and you find you have never heard of the Best Fan Writer or the Fan Guest of Honor. Worse, they haven't heard of you! I love apas: they are

a way of expressing yourself without trying to claw your way to the top.

Clawing my way is something I've never even wanted to be good at. I feel that I've signed a non-aggression pact with the Universe. And the Universe, so far, has stuck to its side of the bargain—I've led a relatively low-stress existence so far, with countless small pleasures and gratifications.

Among which have been being co-Fan Guests of Honor at two previous Westercons, a Rain and a Noncon.

Now you know all about me. How lucky can you get?

© 1993 by Elinor Busby



FAN GUEST OF HONOR  
WALLY  
GONSER

Wally Gonser was born Wallace Samuel Gonser on November 17, 1922, at Manhattan, Montana. He is the second youngest and has one brother and four sisters. Wally must have an enormous number of relatives; no matter where conventions are held in North America, he has relatives to visit during the trip. (Outside North America, he has friends he made during World War II. I would not be surprised to learn he knows entities throughout the universe.) Wally Gonser is definitely a people person, a characteristic that appears to be a genetic trait among his relatives.

The best description of Wally was written by John Berry in the documentary of John's 1959 visit to North American fandom, *The Goon Goes West*. John, a law enforcement professional trained to observe people in minute detail, wrote the following after spending three days and 2,650 miles with Wally on a trip from the Detroit Worldcon to Seattle: "Gonser I was very impressed with. He seemed to find fun with everything and everybody. He cracked jokes with the waitresses, said witty things when he was driving (and when he was sleeping) and, to sum up, seemed to find life an endless opportunity for fun and enthusiasm and enjoyment." Five pages later, John reported the following: "Wally Weber and Toskey had been telling me about a strange propensity which Gonser possessed,

that of having a relative or relatives in almost every town in the north of America. I took this to be a slight exaggeration. It seemed that the rush to get to Seattle was so great that it wasn't possible for Gonser to do a tour of his kin, but we stopped in Brainerd for almost an hour whilst he visited a dear old lady, who greeted him with open arms. We went up to the room with him, too, and I was truly touched to see that Wally Gonser possessed a tender side to his nature, which it seems to me to be all too rare these days."

I witnessed a typical example of Wally's concern for his fellow creature three years before that on a New York street. Wally and I had ventured outside the hotel where Dave Kyle became famous for telling people where not to sit, and we saw an aging lady fall to the sidewalk. Wally was at her side in an instant while all other passersby continued to pass by, and he did not leave her until he had helped her to her feet and was certain she did not require additional assistance. In less than a minute the lady's initial wariness had been replaced with trust and gratitude.

Well, that's Wally for you.

Wally has blown many opportunities to become a self-pitying grouch. Through the years he has lost a lung, a leg, and a portion of one finger. The retina in one of his eyes is attached

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by Wally Weber (his other head)

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with glue and a rubber band.

Turning the Depression years and family financial setbacks into an advantage, Wally Gonser became proficient at anything a human being is capable of doing. Volumes could be written about his careers in barbering, construction, farming, music, photography, printing, sales, soldiering, whatever, so let's narrow our focus to his involvement with the cosmos of Northwest Science Fiction and Fandom.

Wally started reading science fiction early during the 1930s in Yakima, Washington, when a subscription to *American Boy* exposed him to a series of adventures of the fabulous Dr. Allen Kane and Kane's trustworthy companion, Ted DOLLIVER. This shrewd timing qualified Wally for First Fandom, and he is a member in good standing of that venerable organization to this very day.

In 1950, while recuperating in a hospital in Seattle, Washington, he read a newspaper article about a science fiction club called The Nameless Ones that had started meeting in Bill Austin's Wolfden bookstore. That led him to contact G. M. Carr. Mrs. Carr and another member of the Nameless, Dick Frahm, kept him supplied with science fiction until he was well enough to leave the hospital and attend club meetings in person. This happy circumstance began in September 1950 and lasted until April 1951, when health problems put him in the hospital again. He maintained contact with the club and several of its members until September 1952, when he could attend club functions in person again.

The first convention Wally attended was the 1954 SFCon in San Francisco, and he was a convention attendee at most of the following Worldcons up through the Igua-

naCon II in 1978 at Phoenix. He had a major role in the 1961 Seacon at Seattle. His position on the convention committee involved negotiating with the hotel, arranging for the music at the masquerade ball, and, because he was so versatile, having a hand in every other part of the operation as well.

It was Wally who discovered the Hyatt House had undercharged for the banquet by \$100. Despite the fact that the hotel employee who made out the bill had been the one major pain during the whole convention, Wally corrected the billing and saw to it that the full amount was paid. That's typical of Wally. (The hotel manager had some fun with that, letting the employee sweat out how she was going to tell her girls they wouldn't be getting their usual tip money for working the banquet, and telling her the truth only after extracting a satisfying quantity of sweat. With typical awareness, the employee gushed enthusiastic gratitude afterwards all over a bewildered Wally Weber, who hadn't known about the problem.)

Wally was Vice President of the Nameless Ones in 1958 when he made the seconding speech in the club's successful bid for the 1959 Westercon, and he did his part to make that a successful relaxacon-type event as well.

His only other official function at a science fiction convention was accepting a Hugo for Ursula LeGuin at a convention she was unable to attend, Heicon '70 in Heidelberg, Germany, but he gave generously of the unlimited supply of Gonser cheer at all the conventions he attended, from Melbourne, Australia, to Brighton, England, and all points in between.

Wally's contribution to Seattle fandom ranged from printing fan publications on his multilith print-

ing presses to cutting the Nameless Ones' president's hair at club meetings. When I was unable to attend meetings, he would fill in for me as secretary, writing minutes so near to my style that the readers, sometimes including myself, could not distinguish what was written by whom. To avoid having to guess, we became known collectively as "The two-headed Wally." (He was also a master forger. When my credit card receipts for car expenses on Worldcon trips were examined, I could never tell which of the signatures were mine and which had been signed by him.)

Wally is retired these days. He sometimes attends Nameless Ones meetings and has been known to appear at SAPS meetings, particularly those at which Frank Carr is serving his delicious salmon. He retains a half-interest in Wal-2-Wal Press with Jerry Frahm, but he mainly watches Jerry do the work. Although the loss of his leg ended his organ playing, he still plays piano "not well, but loud," so he says. I haven't verified that particular claim as yet. He takes advantage of his life membership in the local musician's union by playing pinochle at the union hall. Wally sings tenor in a barbershop quartet called The Rainbeaus, competing in the senior division. (To qualify for the senior division, the totalled ages of the members of the quartet must equal or exceed 240 years.) He owns a gigantic Pace Arrow motorhome which he puts to use several times a year, often transporting and housing the quartet at competitions away from home.

When Pat and I got married, Wally Gonser was our unanimous choice for Best Man. He remains to this very day the Best of Men.

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FAN GUEST OF HONOR  
WALLY  
WEBER

I've been told by persons whose opinions I have come to value that I was born in Wenatchee, Washington, on June 26, 1929. Having planned to name me Wallace Wesley Weber, there is no excuse for my parents not travelling the few hundred miles to the more appropriate city of Walla Walla for that event, but reality can often be more harsh than fiction.

The next important event in my life took place in 1943, in Ritzville, Washington, when a cousin infected me with the science fiction virus without having the decency to succumb himself. I became a lonesome addict, slinking into sleazy pool halls to buy my copies of *Planet*, *Startling*, *Thrilling Wonder*, *Captain Future*, *Amazing*, *Fantastic*, and *Astonishing* while the bleary eyes of the dregs of Ritzville stared at me with contempt.

Life changed radically when my very first published letter appeared in a 1946 *Amazing*. Fanzines came in the mail. I subscribed to Art Rapp's *Spacewarp*, got more letters published in prozine letter columns, and moved to Seattle. Prozines were sold openly there at drugstore newsstands!

In 1948 I met a University of Washington math major, Burnett R. Toskey, at the first meeting of The Changelings. Burnett remains to this very day the major influence on my career in fandom, a fact that eluded me until this very

moment when I was seeking somebody to blame.

In 1949 I became a charter member of The Nameless Ones. By 1970 I had held, at different times of course, every major office in the club except that of Official Member (Steve Tolliver's exclusive property) and Official BEM (the club's most exalted office, which was first held by Burnett.) In 1950 I was initiated into a root of The Nameless Ones called "The Night Crawlers," eventually earning that root's prestigious "Tufted Gazoink" award.

Also in 1950 I attended my very first Worldcon, the Norwescon at Portland, Oregon. Beginning with Philcon II in 1953, I attended every Worldcon through the St. Louiscon in 1969, even going so far as being Treasurer and Co-Chairman of the 1961 Pucon—excuse me, I really meant to say Seacon—in Seattle. I only attended Westercons when they coexisted with Worldcons in California until Seattle won the bid for the 1959 Westercon. That Westercon held on the 20th anniversary of the planet's first Worldcon, was the first Westercon held outside the borders of California. It took until 1961 to get California to take it back again.

The absolute high point of my fan experience took place in 1964, when I won TAFF and represented North American fandom at the Peterborough convention in England. Unlike other TAFF winners who were chosen on merit,

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b y      W a l l y      W e b e r

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I won by calling Ella Parker a Stupid Clod of a Woman in print. Ella used TAFF to bring me to England, where she could settle the matter of who was the Stupid Clod in person.

My most compulsive faan activity of all was publishing. I was fascinated to excess with devices that duplicated. I dealt with, and often was defeated by, carbon paper, hectograph, flatbed ditto, mimeograph, spirit duplicator (both flatbed and rotary), silk screen, letterpress, multigraph and multilith. My fondest memories include standing *inside* a gigantic camera and observing Jerry Frahm, Wally Gonser, and, of course, Dr. Toskey Himself, shooting color separation negatives of ATom, Barr, and Garcone illustrations. With the infernal devices mentioned above and constant prodding from Burnett, I published my own genzine *Zobble*, my SAPSazines *Creep*, *Slug*, and *MMM*, and clubzines, including *The National Fantasy Fan*, *Tightbeam*, *Sinnisterra*, and many, many issues of *Cry of the Nameless*. I also printed apazines for some of the Seattle fans, Burnett's own *Impossible*, Otto Pfeifer's hilarious genzine *WRR*, and one-shots for SAPA. My association with *Cry*

provided me with the heady experience of sharing the 1960 Hugo for best fanzine with Buz and Elinor Busby and the ubiquitous Burnett R. Toskey. I had the mind-boggling honor of accepting the award from the hands of Isaac Asimov at the 1960 Pittcon.

In 1970 I married a *Dark Shadows* fan, Pat Priest, and my priorities changed. I departed from fandom, but not from publishing. Numerous Irish Wolfhound club and Camp Fire publications were printed on our mimeograph and the Wally Gonser/Jerry Frahm multilith.

Fandom is a powerful addiction, however. A chance encounter with Richard Wright in a Boeing parking lot in 1978 led me to joining NWSFS. A Norwescon panel celebrating the 20th anniversary of Pucon—darn! SEACON!—saw me attending my first convention in a dozen years. Formation of a *Star Trek* club at Boeing brought me to joining the Boeing Employees Starfleet Society as well as Starfleet, the international *Star Trek* fan association. And Dr. Toskey is not finished with me, either. His offer to put me on the SAPS waiting list had dire consequences. The 12th issue of *Key Hole* appeared in the

April 1993 mailing and contained artwork by my youngest daughter, Timatha, and a column by my wife, Pat. In the same mailing is a publication by my other daughter, Andrea. Andrea named her publication *Xenogenetic* and felt it necessary to reveal that the name refers to an offspring who bears no resemblance whatever to either of its parents.

The fandom I knew in the '40s through the '60s has changed immensely. Science fiction has gone from the sleazy pool hall in Ritzville to a high school class that Timatha is taking devoted exclusively to the genre. Typewriters are used as doorstops while fanzines are composed on computers, printed with lasers and reproduced with copiers. Convention memberships are in the thousands instead of the hundreds. The Magicon "program booklet" is a 168-page book instead of a 16-page pamphlet. The people I knew as fans are now professional authors and artists.

It's still a proud thing to be a fan, but it certainly isn't lonely anymore.

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*Toastmaster*

GEORGE ALEC

# EFFINGER

Mel Gilden has called George Alec Effinger the Cole Porter of Science Fiction.

This may seem a strange comparison to those whose only experience of George's writing has been *When Gravity Fails* and its sequels, cynical portraits of a society whose members don't seem to realize that the world beyond their city is decaying towards darkness. But this is the guy who conjured the images of time-travelling scientists wrapping the Moon in duct tape, and of a future civilization so advanced that they were able to completely Teflon-coat the Great Plains.

And in fact, my initial reaction when I finally met George—after reading *When Gravity Fails*—was, "HE wrote THAT?"

The thing about George is that he seems to operate on a much wider emotional wave-band than most writers, the deeper darkness balanced by a curiously solemn silliness light years removed from the usual "funny fantasy" or "funny sci-fi" of boffo elf-lust and lascivious star-babes.

Who else would write a story about all the heroes of old comics and radio descending upon the apartment of a hapless mugging victim, drinking his beer and watching his TV?

Who else would describe the contents of the "New Books" shelf in the ancient Library of

Alexandria? (*Self-Realization Through Hubris*, *Passion's Scarlet Scarab*, and *Papyrus-Reed Boats of the Gods*, to name only a few.)

Who else would write a story about himself dying in agony alone in the charity ward of the New Orleans hospital—which George came very close to doing at one point in his career—being tortured by sadistic time-travelling graduate students *and make it funny*?

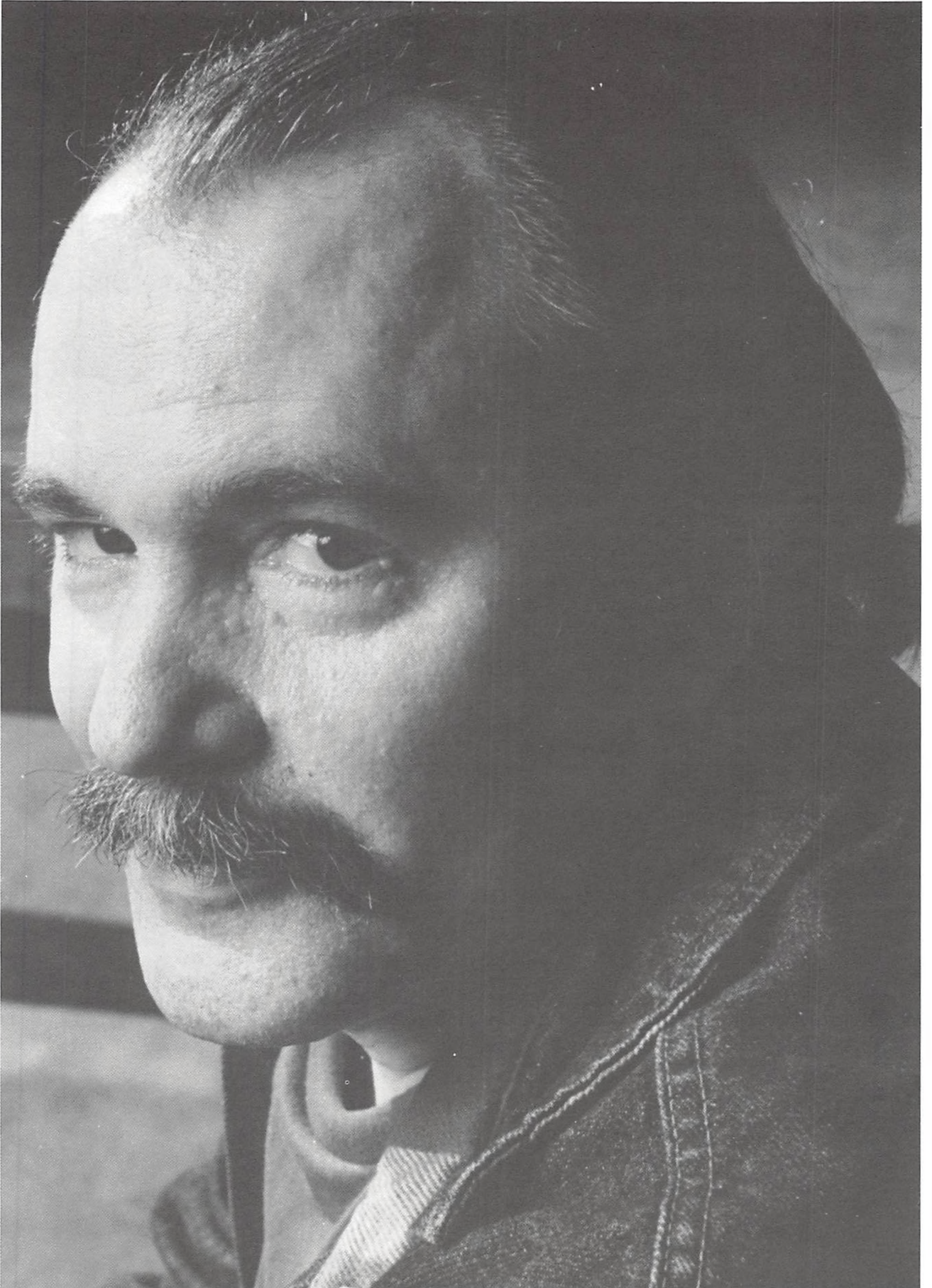
I understand that there are George stories going back to the early '70s throughout the science fiction community, some printable and some not. At an early Clarion which shared quarters with a football training camp, it was George who walked up to the cafeteria table-full of hairy-kneed football players—who'd been razzing the writers all week about being long-haired hippies of doubtful sexual provenance—and inquired innocently, "How come you guys always walk around in pairs?" He was out of there before they realized they'd been insulted. And I will always remember going to New Orleans and being taken on George's Sleazy Dives of Bourbon Street Tour. Now, *that's* science fiction.

Born in Cleveland, George left home as soon as he learned there were parts of the world where it didn't snow. He attended Yale on a National Merit Scholarship and alternately

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by Barbara Hambly

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*Photo © 1993 by Beth Gwinn*



washed dishes and played folk-  
raga-rock in Greenwich Village  
coffeehouses in the '60s, finally  
ending up in New Orleans, where  
he has lived long enough to accept  
"you-all" as the normal form of  
second-person plural, and to have  
firm religious convictions about  
bread pudding. He has taught  
courses in science fiction through  
Tulane University and the Univer-  
sity of New Orleans, and currently  
runs a writers' workshop in New  
Orleans. He is an expert in the  
history of his adopted city and a  
member of one of its numerous  
Mardi Gras krewes.

In the course of his career,  
George has created some unfor-  
gettable characters, most notable—  
in his short stories—Maureen  
Birbaum, Barbarian SwordPerson,  
and the hapless science fiction  
writer, Sandor Courane. Maureen  
(she'll, like, righteously unseam  
you from navel to chops and all  
that if you call her Muffy) travels  
from universe to fictional universe  
in search of her bodacious true  
love Prince Van, performing heroic  
deeds along the way. Sandor just  
gets killed a lot. Any story George  
writes, he researches thoroughly—  
after writing his "Elvis Goes To  
Barsroom" tale he could tell you  
exactly what the King's favorite  
food was (cheeseburger, Pepsi, and  
cold, dry hot-dog buns, no hot  
dogs). (No wonder Presley died  
untimely.) George isn't a scientist,  
but any science he uses in a story  
is rigorously checked, which is  
enough to get him counted, these  
days, as a "hard science" writer,  
rather to his own dismay.

George is also a wonderful lit-  
erary mimic, with a knack for pick-

ing up another author's style and  
imitating it perfectly. (The Shake-  
spearean iambic pentameter he  
wrote about Henry VIII playing  
baseball . . . Well, never mind.) His  
stories all have a wry literary flare,  
full of allusion and resonance which  
frequently makes me feel even more  
ill-read than I already am; a humor  
which depends on wit and clever-  
ness rather than slapstick, and an  
absolutely straight-faced delivery.

Though he's been classed as a  
science fiction writer, George's first  
novel, *What Entropy Means To Me*,  
is fantasy, as well as a good deal  
of his later work (if it can be classi-  
fied at all, that is). He's also written  
two mainstream caper novels of the  
Donald Westlake vein: *Felicia*  
(about a scam involving a hurricane,  
a subject uncomfortably close to  
the experience of a man who's lived  
through several in New Orleans) and  
*Shadow Money*, concerning the  
Detroit auto industry. At the  
moment, his most easily-obtainable  
works are *When Gravity Fails* and  
its two sequels (*Fire in the Sun* and  
*The Exile Kiss*); hunting down *The  
Nick of Time*, *The Bird of Time*, *The  
Wolves of Memory*, or *The Zork  
Chronicles* may be difficult, but well  
worth the effort.

George and I have known each  
other now for a couple of years.  
We're currently collaborators on  
two projects—both "on spec"—and  
though I'm basically a sword-and-  
sorcery romancer who takes six  
drafts to finish a project and he's a  
science fiction writer who produces  
better prose than I do in *one* draft  
(a talent for which I sometimes  
wish to smite him with a rolled-up  
newspaper), we think very much  
alike. Maybe it's because we're both

mystery fans, or both aficionados  
of Eric Clapton, or something. He's  
taught me almost everything I know  
about short story writing, and given  
me a good deal of information for  
a historical whodunit I've got in  
the pipe.

What else can I say about  
George? ("Be sure to tell them I'm  
irresistible to women," he reminded  
me over the phone.) He's intellec-  
tual, clever, charming, funny, and  
frequently in very poor health; two  
of his four favorite things are good  
food and baseball (the other two  
cannot be mentioned here); he's  
deaf in one ear and has pretty eyes.  
He collects Depression glass and  
baseball stadiums (he has only to  
sit in a stadium for the home team  
to lose mightily). He backs the  
Cleveland Indians and the Cubs—  
that should tell you. He's a pinball  
wizard, a fine cook, a renegade  
Yale classicist, the winner of both  
Hugo and Nebula Awards for his  
novelette "Schrödinger's Kitten,"  
and a good friend.

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Barbara Hambly has written numerous  
fantasy novels over the last twelve years,  
notably the Windrose Chronicles, the  
tales of Sun Wolf and Starhawk, and the  
vampire novel *Those Who Hunt the  
Night*. She has also done Star Trek novels  
and two novelizations of the TV show  
*Beauty and the Beast*, and is currently  
editing a collection of stories about lady  
vampires, *Sisters of the Night*. She does  
have hobbies—sewing, painting, and car-  
pentry—but at the moment, when she  
isn't writing, she's asleep. She lives in Los  
Angeles with the two cutest Pekinese in  
the world, and has interesting friends.

# WASHINGTON

## TRANSFORMED

### The Radical Future of the Northwest

*One hundred years from now . . .*

They're ringing changes on downtown Seattle again. The developers are out with their great vats of architectural nano paste, setting up barriers and preparing nutritional slurry. They pour the paste and slurry into the troughs formed by the barriers, being careful to make sure none leaks out. Between the troughs they suspend very fine wire mesh and drapes of plastic cloth and sheeting. They then switch on weak magnetic fields and laser guides. With surprising speed, the gray paste feeds on the slurry—which contains not just food, but concrete, steel, and other essential building materials—and starts to crawl along the mesh and sheets to make a new building, layer by layer, floor by floor.

"Nano" is colloquial shorthand for "nanotechnology"—the science of extremely small engineering. The paste consists of thousands of trillions of tiny machines the size of individual cells, made of proteins or silicon or both, each machine working with its colleagues in a monumental cooperative effort to perform the tasks programmed for them by human designers. The paste uses magnetic fields and laser guides as reference to know where its microscopic components are, and to direct them where they should be.

The building goes up as it was designed without a single human hand touching it. Pipes, optical information conduits, power supplies, elevators, all are integrated into the structure. Next door to this site, a similar paste is working from the top down to dissolve the dilapidated Columbia Tower. The developer and demolition teams swap slurry for a reasonable fee. The digested debris of the old—glass, steel, stone—goes to make the new.

A few miles away, the ancient Space Needle is covered with a glistening coat of gray slime that seems

as hard as rock when touched—should you want to touch it. Better not. That grayness is hard at work reintegrating the Needle's structural steel and adding a coat of paint besides.

The construction sites aren't nearly as intrusive on the cityscape as they might have been a century before. No huge cranes, no blocked-off streets. Seattle is quite pleasant. Traffic through the downtown is a dense, computer-controlled stream of public transports and private vehicles; freeways have been replaced by slaveways. On slaveways, cars are controlled by central computers by signals sent through local transmitters or buried ribbon cable. Car buffs have to find unconverted and abandoned stretches of country interstate to engage in the ancient pastime of freewheeling carnage.

It's a warm summer's day and Seattle's citizens are out in force, a colorful, variegated crowd, many of them bearing only a passing resemblance to you and me.

Individuals stand out; is this a set for some motion picture about strange aliens? No; it's fashion. A tall, elongated woman walking past resembles a Giacometti sculpture; her skin is a lovely pearl shade, hair like spun gold. She made her decisions and commissioned her doctor/designers only last year. Three months in radical biological retromorphy, and this fashion plate has had herself stretched, her skin altered, her hair follicles customized, her teeth re-enameled and her eye color changed. Incidentally, she's also taken care of some medical problems that would have otherwise required minor surgery, and shed some autoimmune difficulties that might have led to arthritis in her later years.

If you're unhappy with any aspect of your body—if your parents didn't give you just what you wanted—for a certain fee, you can have it changed. In some



cases, the costs can be covered by private or government loan programs. It's not painful—medical nano and tailored retroviruses (tame distant cousins of AIDS and herpes) do most of the work while you sleep.

The surgeon general has issued a warning that unpredictable side effects might result from too frequently redesigning yourself; moderation is always best. But true fashion plates can't resist. This year's body might be *déclassé* in a few years.

As for the young woman's clothes . . . She's wearing a sunset. Her longsuit, cut formally for business wear, reverts to an attractive nacreous white in the corporate board rooms. On the streets, however, the fabric automatically transforms into a flowing, shifting window to some beautiful tropic isle, projecting into the eyes of all who pass a glittering azure sea, blue sky, flaming clouds.

Men are more conservative. The well-dressed fellow who just sauntered by is wearing a longsuit similar in cut, but mimicking red granite. The color complements a swatch of jaguar-patterned fur on his head that extends down his cheek. He must be a banker or perhaps a nano programmer. Nothing flashy about him.

But what has changed outside is nothing to what has changed within. Personal computers are worn as jewelry, or better yet, integrated into the body for instant access at any time. These machines have power unimagined a century earlier; they might as well be friends or companions (or servants, if you prefer) rather than machines. They supplement poor math skills, poor language skills—or foreign language ignorance. They can make up for any handicap, peccadillo, neurosis, or psychosis you haven't already had taken care of by your local therapist.

Some expensive mental supplements provide you with basic talents, such as artistic sense or musical ability. Learning how to draw or play the piano takes practice to get your body used to the abilities your brain may have instantly acquired. But such practice can be reduced by whole-body

cellular reprogramming, also quite expensive.

In today's highly competitive world, it's fine to be eccentric and creative—mandatory, in fact. But pity yourself if you're not alert, therapied and fully functional. The only way you can get meaningful, fulfilling work is by presenting immaculate education, psych, and talent profiles to the huge Agencies who rent you out on freelance, temp, or career basis to the corporations. Microsoft Nano and Information—one of the Northwest's biggest employers, second only to Boeing Orbital Systems—doesn't want to deal with employees who have emotional problems or educational lapses. Not when effective therapy and computer supplements are readily available, financed by special Agency loan programs.

Legal experts wrestle with the problems of people who need but refuse mental therapy. If an Agency doesn't provide them with employment opportunities, are they being discriminated against—for reasons other than unsuitability in the work place? Fully one-third of U.S. citizens who could benefit from therapy refuse it. Their income levels and standard of living reflect their reluctance to fit in. The problem is even more acute in less-developed nations, or nations where government is based upon religious principles. A rather off-the-wall and ineffective political movement has taken shape in some areas of the country: The media LitVid pundits have been calling it Idiot Liberation, but the pain of untherapied refuseniks is no joke.

On the other hand, the President's National Psychotherapy Advisor has issued dire warnings about people who embrace new mental technologies too enthusiastically. Some avant-garde types are therapied and supplemented to such an extent that they're hardly classifiable as human; add to that their radical body makeovers, and today's fringe citizen is enough to give a child nightmares.

Education has undergone a transformation. Students of any age are no longer confined to classrooms; tailored individual learning programs are available in the

home. The education delivered is rigorous and demanding, but the student makes many if not most of the choices as to what to learn and when. Teachers are now freelance designers of educational programs, or tutors hired by more conservative parents. Many teachers have taken to selling their courses on LitVid subscription services; some have become extremely wealthy. The line between education and entertainment has become very fuzzy indeed; many actors, writers and artists now call themselves teachers, to tap into the worldwide thirst for learning.

State educators interfere only in approving the overall curriculum required for overall citizen educational competency. Schools have been converted into art and entertainment magnet centers for both youngsters and adults; they also function as physical education and socialization sites. Home education has to be supplemented by group interaction or students become isolated and asocial. There's a real problem of addiction to LitVids; some give in completely to the vast and seductive networks of information made available through optical cable links.

Seattle has become the second largest city on the Pacific Rim of the United States. With its climate, natural beauty, and port facilities, its educated multiethnic population and its background of high-tech, high-growth, cutting-edge industries, it boasts the finest standard of living in the West.

The gradual warming trend of the past century has moderated Washington's climate and reduced its average rainfall, forcing the Northwest in general to rely more and more on fusion and antimatter power plants. The latter cause some controversy, particularly when canisters of antimatter are shipped from production facilities in Arizona by super-lev trains through southeastern Washington. There have been no major incidents involving antimatter, but citizens' watchdog groups are extremely wary . . .

Forests around the region have returned to full splendor, where they haven't been lost to housing and city expansion. Nearly all the

forests are preserved as natural parks. Wood products as an industry was phased out only forty years before, when domestic architectural nano became the norm in home building, using slurries made of dissolved sugars and proteins to build better houses.

Paper for books, magazines and newspapers became obsolete decades earlier with the introduction of high-resolution personal slates, the size and shape of a book. Upright, a slate serves as a projected page of text; turned sideways, it can reproduce high-density video images. Three-D images originate from small projectors located on both sides of the slate.

Paper is for artistic and ceremonial purposes now, produced by human artisans in small quantities; it is quite expensive, and is seldom made from trees.

Overall, Washington State is cleaner, more beautiful and much more expensive to live in than at any time in its industrial past. But there are problems, of course.

Conservative religious groups, driven completely out of the cultural mainstream by medical and scientific developments of the last century, have resorted to terrorism to make their points and regain some political power. The Northwest seems to attract these groups. Assassinations of body-transform citizens are on the rise. Sometimes not even the finest teams using the most comprehensive technologies can save a murder or accident victim if brain damage is too extensive. For that reason, many transforms now wear headgear that is more than just decorative.

Illegal nano design has resulted in major disasters in several cities. One ten-square-kilometer region of Chicago is still off-limits; scientists and programmers are working around the clock to decode a nano form that dissolves animal tissue. No group has yet taken responsibility for this horror; it may simply be a nano hacker's mistake.

The horrors are far outweighed by the benefits, however. After the decipherment of the human genome in the late 20th Century, and the decoding of virtually all diseases, it is very difficult to get sick. Virus and bacterial infections are almost

unknown; many citizens have opted for in-body medical units which protect against any possible new variety of disease. Cancer is a nightmare of the past.

Soon, wealthier citizens can move their brains into completely artificial bodies—pending approval by the FDA. Converting or “downloading” personalities and memories to a computer matrix is much more difficult, but research is making vast strides. Within a decade, scientists and psychologists say, artificial human personalities may be created within computers, completely circumventing the cyclic round of physical birth, life, and death.

On the average, citizens in industrialized nations can expect to live 140 years. Biological immortality is more than a possibility; it's an option, but most such treatments are not yet legal. Some groups maintain they should never be legal. (Ironically, the leaders of three such pro-death groups have been arrested for buying illegal anti-aging drugs from government agents.)

The Pacific Northwest has made itself prominent in many areas, but its real pride comes from the region's role in moving humankind off the face of the Earth. Washington-based corporations are responsible for two-thirds of all interplanetary spacecraft.

Forward/Davis Interstellar Research, based in Bellingham, is proposing a voyage to Alpha Centauri. The starship, an exploratory craft of one hundred and fifty tons (unfueled), will be powered by antimatter drives using water as reaction mass. The craft will be piloted by a “thinker” incorporating the downloaded personalities of twenty-three volunteers from around the world. If it ever gets approved, the project will be financed by thirteen nations whose leaders have expressed extreme interest.

War is unthinkable for all the developed nations. They have too much invested in each other. Economic warfare is the norm, however, and the world's economic health is often precarious. A world depression that could cripple all industrial development for decades has been predicted often, but

so far—knock on nano—has not materialized. The promise of widespread nanotechnology—that virtually all production could be shifted to cottage industry, with each home producing all that it needs—has not yet been realized, but economic planners are busy preparing for the inevitable. Twenty-first Century futurists visualize the twenty-second Century as a time of decentralization, with perhaps a return to city-state culture. Others think canton-type governments will become the rule.

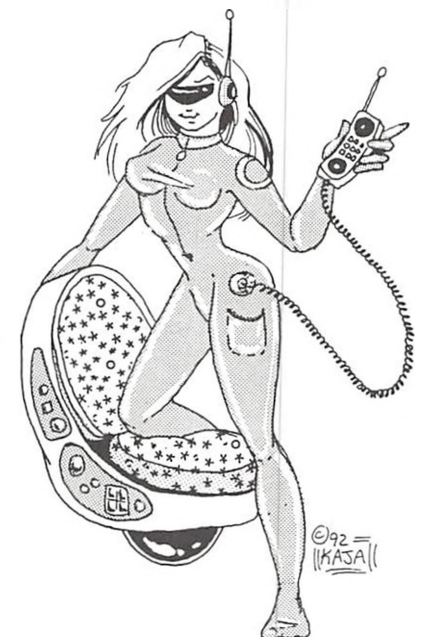
It's a world unlike anything we've known before, but with the expected (if not predictable) pluses and minuses, surprises and securities, dangers and exhilarations. Humanity is beginning to take on its mature form, to demonstrate its promise in real deeds and not just words.

Northwestern citizens are in the forefront. Some could be your grandchildren.

You simply might not recognize them.

Some could be *you*. And you might not recognize yourself.

*Originally published in Washington Magazine, © 1989 by Greg Bear.*



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# THE RIDDLE OF THE CZARS

## “New Czar Sworn In”

*The New Orleans Times Picayune*

On July 16, 1918, the last mated pair of Russian czars died, the victims of the implacability of natural selection. Bolsheviks, hairy creatures better suited to the inclement environment of Siberia, had evolved to wrest away the czars' niche in the ecology. The czar and czarina, with their offspring, were killed by the Bolsheviks, and so ended with one stroke the long history of these noble creatures.

Today, only a few old photographs remain to remind us of all that has gone out of the world. No one alive today remembers the song of the czars, their feeding habits, or their eccentric mating rituals. Not even one stuffed czar remains in a museum case somewhere. Science may hold out a wan hope that someday a live Russian czar may be spotted, but that is unlikely in the extreme. What, then, led to this scientific tragedy? What can be learned from it? Could such a thing happen again?

### WHAT KILLED THE CZARS?

Through the ages, there have been many famous Russian czars—more, some historians tell us, than the Russian people ever really needed. Today there are none. What happened? Perhaps if we look at a similar case of catastrophic extinction, we may see parallels. In the United States, the last living passenger pigeon, a resident of the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, passed away peacefully in 1914. It seems significant that only four years elapsed between the swan song of a little gray bird in Ohio and the end of the czars. What are we to make of such a short interval, less than an instant when compared to the vast eons of time during which life has made its successful struggle on Earth? Is a direct link possible? Maybe yes, maybe no.

Let us look more closely at the case of the passenger pigeon.

We all know that at one time passenger pigeons were so numerous that they darkened the sky with their passing. Huge clouds of the birds would swarm this way and that, on missions best known to themselves. Let us ask what caused the disappearance of the passenger pigeon, because the answer may help us to understand the similar dwindling of the czars.

The passenger pigeon was hunted to extinction.

We need not emphasize that so, too, were the last of the Romanovs.

### OUT OF THE BLUE

Before we begin to delve deeper into the facts concerning the czars, we may be able to gain further insight by examining yet another catastrophic extinction, that of the dinosaurs. Unfortunately, science is unable to agree on a single likely cause for the sudden disappearance of the dinosaurs. Some theories, such as the vulnerability of dinosaur eggs to hungry mammals, have a certain plausibility. Others, such as falls in the home and deficit spending, seem merely frivolous. One hypothesis, however, is gaining currency in the scientific community. Some dreadful cataclysm wiped out the majority of animal and plant species on Earth at the end of the Cretaceous. Yet one major problem remains: What *kind* of cataclysm?

Dismissing all the various possibilities put forward that just don't seem to fit, we arrive at one attractive candidate: an unimaginably violent encounter with a small comet. At first it seems that such a collision could have exterminated the dinosaurs only if they'd all been huddled together in a crowd at the point of impact. Science says this is not so. The dinosaurs could have been minding their business elsewhere, munching stalks or each other, and the effects of the tremendous catastrophe would have hunted

them down in a brief amount of time. There are layers of iridium isotopes that support this idea, and it all makes fascinating reading if you're into this sort of thing.

### CZARS AND DINOSAURS

Next, let us be aware of the phonetic relationship between the word "czar" and the final four letters of the word "dinosaur." This is certainly no accident. Keeping this in mind, let us ask ourselves, "Was there any historical event similar to an impact of a small comet recorded about the time of the disappearance of the czars?"

Yes. Unbelievable as it may seem, there is!

It happened on June 30, 1908. A meteoroid, a comet, a chunk of antimatter—whatever it was—*something* exploded over an area of Siberia known as Tunguska. The effects were devastating. Hundreds of square miles of timber were flattened, as if a giant hand had smashed the trees down into the bosom of Mother Russia. Homes were damaged, people thrown to the ground, animals killed by the concussion. For days afterward, dust thrown into the air by the blast bloodied the sky at sunset. Songs and stories were invented, but they must play little part in a scientific investigation such as this, so forget them. This is important, however: soil and rock fragments from Tunguska are enriched in iridium. We have mentioned iridium before. All of this couldn't be just coincidence. And yet, there's more.

### WHAT ABOUT THE BOLSHEVIKS?

It is possible that the Tunguska object was responsible for the sudden appearance of Bolsheviks. Critics reply, "But there were no Bolsheviks as such in 1908." Yes, that is true. There were no full-grown, *adult* Bolsheviks. But could there have been Bolsheviks, brought to Russia from possibly extraterrestrial origin by the exploding comet or meteoroid, Bolsheviks in some other form? *Spores*, perhaps? The spores lay dormant in the fertile but cold Siberian wilderness—the same Siberia, it must be noted, where the last living czars were

held captive until the time of their deaths.

How did the spores come to life? The answer seems crystal clear when we realize that less than two years later, in the year 1910, high in the sky over Russia, Halley's Comet returned from its own deep-space wanderings. What effect our regular visitor had upon the spores, scattered and sleeping in the Siberian vastness, we can only conjecture. In some as-yet unknown manner, rays from Halley's Comet may have provided the spark that reawakened life in the alien spores, the spores that would in eight years arise and blot out the last of Earth's population of czars.

### COULD ALL THIS HAVE BEEN AVOIDED?

Perhaps not. Just as paleontologists have determined that the shells of dinosaur eggs became ever thinner during the late Cretaceous (just as the eggs of our own birds—and please remember that the passenger pigeon was just such a bird—become dangerously thin in response to environmental stresses), the shells of the czar's Fabergé eggs are also noticeably thinner in the years just before 1918. It may be that this is a sign that even without the drastic evolutionary hotfoot given by the Bolsheviks, the czars might well have met their end in a short time anyway. That, of course, is only speculation. It might be useful to measure the amounts of iridium around the Kremlin and in certain other sites in Moscow and Volgograd.

### WERE THE CZARS, THEN, A BIOLOGICAL DEAD-END?

Surprisingly, the answer is "not entirely." Although the legacy of the czars is limited, we may get a small hint of their nature from the few examples in our own country. Pete Rozelle, of course, was Football Czar for many years, and William Bennett was Ronald Reagan's Drug Czar. These men were not czars in the truest sense, and they give us only the most vague idea of the romance of a bygone era.

It is too late to help the Russian czars, but perhaps we can take a lesson from them, and learn to protect the other endangered crea-

tures who share our fragile biosphere. Can we learn from history and prevent yet another such cataclysm? It is too early to tell. Science can only voice a warning: Keep watching the spores! Remember—it was only recently that Halley's Comet paid our peaceful planet its latest visit, bathing the earth's surface in its weird rays. Who knows what unpredictable force will be called forth next to wreak havoc and disrupt our lives? We can only wait and see.

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# GUESTS OF WESTERCON

**Lynn S. Adams** from Springfield, Oregon, is an avid cyberpunk, who enjoys gourmet food, movies, twisted humor, SF conventions, and even more twisted humor. Her short fiction has been published in the Eugene Writer's Series anthology, *Strained Relations*, and *The Olympic View '91* Anthology. She has co-authored an SF trilogy, currently under consideration at a large publishing house. She shares her life with her writing partner, D.T. Steiner, three alien cats, and a neurotic sheltie.

**Peter D. Adkison** has always had an active interest in gaming. Eventually Peter realized that he wasn't going to "grow out of" gaming, so he got together with a bunch of his friends and started a gaming company called Wizards of the Coast. The first book published by this company was a book written primarily by Peter, called *The Primal Order*. Wizards of the Coast has continued Peter's tradition of high quality by publishing eight other books of comparable quality, including the revival of the award-winning *Talisanta* line. Peter is currently working on his next book, *The Military Order*, which is scheduled for release later this year.

**Kathleen Alcalá** is a Seattle writer and editor whose first collection of stories, *Mrs. Vargas and the Dead Naturalist*, was published by Calyx Books in 1992. She is an Assistant Editor of the *Seattle Review* and a founder and board member of the *The Raven Chronicles*. Her story "Sweetheart", originally published in *Asimov's*, is included in *Dreamers and Desperados*, (Dell, 1993).

**John P. (Alex) Alexander** is Collection Manager of Fossil Mammals at the American Museum of Natural History, with Anthropology degrees from Arizona and CUNY. He entered Seattle fandom as a U.W. grad student, and has collected fossils in North America and Europe. One of his articles was on the cover of the August 1992 issue of *Natural History* magazine and he is working on several paleontology-related SF novels.

**Rob Alexander** is the winner of the final quarter of the Illustrators of the Future Contest and has received numerous convention awards for his paintings. Published in various magazines, he recently completed a book cover and frontispiece for the limited hardbound edition of Mike Resnick's short story collection *Pink Elephants and Hairy Toads*. Born and raised in Canada, Rob now lives in Seattle.

**John Alvarez** is a freelance illustrator and graphic artist working in the the Portland area. John's work has appeared in *The Horror Show*, *Science Fiction Review*, and on the cover of *Pulphouse*, the *Hardback Magazine*. John is also on the Executive Board of the Northwest Costumer's Guild.

**Karen Anderson's** fanac includes apazines, concons, art shows, masquerades, theatricals, filk singing, and more. Professionally, she has had science fiction and fantasy prose and verse published, both solo and in collaboration with husband Poul. Her short work is collected in *The Unicorn Trade* (Tor, 1984). *The King of Ys* (Baen) is a four-volume historical fantasy.

**Poul Anderson** has been Guest of Honor at Worldcon 1959, Westercon 1978, and others cons. His honors include seven Hugos and three Nebulas. Among his better-known books are *Brain Wave*, *The Broken Sword*, *Three Hearts and Three Lions*, *The High Crusade*, *Tau Zero*, *The Time Patrol*, and *The Boat of a Million Years*. Forthcoming is *Harvest of Stars*.

**Alicia Austin** spent her formative years absorbing the styles and philosophies of artists in Texas, California, Arkansas, Germany, Japan, and Canada before discovering her penchant for fantasy art. She attended college on an art scholarship, continuing on with the thought of becoming a medical illustrator. Alicia first displayed her work at the 1969 Worldcon in St Louis, where every piece was sold in the first two days of the five-day art show.

The first woman artist to receive a Hugo (1970, Best New Artist), Alicia has since received both the Balrog Award for Best Professional Publication and the Howard Award for Best Fantasy Artist, as well as other awards too numerous to mention. She will be the Artist Guest of Honor for the 51st World Science Fiction Convention (ConFrancisco).

**Kristi N. Austin** opened Arkadian Bookshop in 1988, specializing in science fiction and fantasy. For over four years, until she sold it in February 1993 to Wonderworld Books, it was home to The Nameless Ones Science Fiction Club, Babble-17 Book Discussion Group, Writer's Cramp, and countless readings, lectures and concerts. She has moved on to a new career that continues to be very involved in science fiction and concerned about quality writing, literacy, censorship and equal rights for all.

**Margaret Ball** lives in Austin, Texas, with her husband and two children. She has a B.A. in Mathematics and a Ph.D. in Linguistics from the University of Texas. Recent publications include *The Shadow Gate* (Baen, 1991), *Flameweaver* (Baen, 1991), and *Changeweaver* (Baen, 1992). She has recently completed a time travel fantasy set in modern-day Texas and Elizabethan England.

**Steven E. Barnes** was born March 1, 1952. He is the author of ten books, sculptor for TV's *The Twilight Zone*, and host of *Hour 25* on radio.

**Donna Barr** has done a lot of comic books, among them *Stinz* and *The Desert Peach*. She's done them for a lot of people, including Fantagraphics Books, Brave New Words, MU Press, Rip-Off Press, and Palliard Press. She's best known for her work on *The Desert Peach*, for which she recently won the European Comic Creator's Guild Award for Best Continuing Series. In 1993, the series will go from a comic book format, to book format. *The Desert Peach* has also been produced by her as a musical, premiering in Seattle as a workshop production.

**Betty Bigelow** is an old fan (113 years at last count) best known for her award-winning costuming. She is also an artist, working in a variety of media, and a professional bellydancer. She is artistic director of the Shahrazad Middle-Eastern Dance Ensemble, head of the Seattle Klingon Diplomatic Corp., and a graduate of the Ballard Driving Academy. She is married to a cute guy named Dave.

Traumatized by a science fiction film at age six, **Maya Kaathryn Bohnhoff** was destined to write science fiction. In 1988 she sold her first submission to *Analog*. There followed frequent appearances in *Analog* and the sale of a fantasy trilogy to Baen: *The Meri* (April, 1992) *Taminy* (a June release), and *The Crystal Rose* (in progress). Maya's short fiction recently appeared in *Analog* ("Squatter's Rights" and "A Tear In the Mind's Eye", March-April and May) and *Amazing* ("The Boy Who Loved Clouds", April).

**Jonathan Bond** has had stories in *Pulphouse*, *Amazing*, and *After Hours*, as well as selling stories to the *Ultimate Witch* anthology, the *Tuxedo Gangster* anthology, *Science Fiction Review*, and *Aberrations*. He lives in Eugene, Oregon and has recently taken the position of Editor for *Pulphouse: A Fiction Magazine*.

**Lisa Jean Bothell** is the author of *Nashramh: The Red Thread* and *Nashramh: The Blue Thread*. She has short fiction and non-fiction appearing in *Nightside*, *Plots*, *No Cats Allowed* (anthology), *Vandeloecht's*, and *SPWAO NL*. She currently edits/publishes the magazine *Heliocentric Net* and the *Heliocentric Net Newsletter*, and continues working on both short and novel-length fiction. She belongs to SPWAO.

**Mark Bourne** is a writer, producer and educator for the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry and its Sky Theater planetarium. He was the science writer and astronomy consultant for *Star Trek: Federation Science*, a nationally travelling, interactive science exhibit created at OMSI. He also wrote and produced *Orion Rendezvous*, the *ST: TNG* planetarium show. Mark's latest show, *Dream Worlds, Inc.* opened at OMSI in June. A graduate of Clarion West '92, he has sold fiction to *Fantasy & Science Fiction* and *Asimov's Science Fiction*, and is working on a book version of *Dream Worlds, Inc.*

**Marion Zimmer Bradley** is the Author of the *Darkover* novels, *The Mists of Avalon*, and many other novels and short fiction. She is the editor and owner of *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*.

**Kevin "Kev" Brockschmidt** is best known for his cartooning and illustration work as a correspondent for *Starlog*. His other genre work includes cartoons in *Comic Scene* and *Dragon*, illustrations in *Vision*, and his self-published comic, *Warped*.

**Ginjer Buchanan** was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania long enough ago to remember the invention of television. In the late 1960's, she discovered Fandom, and became a Founding Mother of the Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Society. She later moved to New York City, where she made her living for over a dozen years as a social worker. During this time, she also worked as a freelancer for various science fiction publishers, so she was prepared for a mid-life career change when, in 1984, she was offered a job as an editor at Ace Books. She accepted *immediately*. She was promoted to Senior Editor in 1987.

**Gail Butler**—Air Force brat and ex-Army wife—having lived from coast to coast, now resides in Everett. Her art has appeared in *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*, *Fantasy Magazine*, and various convention books.

**Kurt Cagle's** years as a military brat forced him to develop ways of entertaining himself (no, it's not what you're thinking, and you should be ashamed of yourself), including learning to draw and to design worlds. The latter eventually got him a B.S. (you *know* that's not what it means) in Physics, and the former became a pastime and then a profession. That the drawings included many barely clad nymphs made it an obsession as well. In the years since, he has encountered science fiction fandom, published two magazines (*Arcane* in 1984, and *Sea Tails* from 1988 to 1991), drawn many fish-tailed sylphs and buxom centauresses for program books and art shows, and in general made a real pain of himself. Last year he married Anne Crowley, a fantasmagorically beautiful and wonderful woman, and is settling down and (*gasp*) starting a family. He is also wrapping up (with his wife) their first novel, *Liban*, about a mermaid living in postmodern Seattle, and finally taking art classes to learn how to draw human legs (grin!). Kurt is presently enjoying the company of the latest woman in his life—his infant daughter, Katherine.

Artist **Russell D. Campbell** has been active on the convention circuit for the past six years. High demand for a science fiction/fantasy Christmas card that he produced for his own use convinced him to offer his other work at convention art shows. Russell is also a system analyst/programmer for the University of Washington.

**Frank Catalano** is a software industry consultant, award-winning broadcaster, and writer. His essays, articles, columns, and fiction on the future of technology have appeared in *Omni*, the *Seattle Times*, *MacWEEK*, *MacGuide*, *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Analog*, and *Writer's Digest*. Prior to consulting, he was marketing manager for Egghead Software, and a broadcast journalist regularly heard on KING-AM Seattle, and NBC Radio. He is a former Secretary of SFWA.

**Robert N. Charrette** was born, raised, and educated in Rhode Island, graduating from Brown University before moving to the Washington, D.C. area. He currently resides in Springfield, Virginia with his wife, Elizabeth. He has worked as a graphic artist, game designer, art director, and sculptor. His published works include four novels in the *Shadowrun* universe and three in the *BattleTech* universe. New novels, set in worlds of his own creation, will be published in 1994.



**Bruce Chrislip** is an artist, writer, cartoonist. Comic credits include *Cerebus Bi-Weekly* #12; *Cerebus High Society* #8 and #16; *Cerebus Church & State* #s11, 21, and 29; *City Limits* #1 and #2; *Giant-size Mini-Comics* #4; *Images of Omaha* #1; *Penguins in Bondage, Seattle - YOU ARE HERE*, and *Paper Tales* #1. He was born in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1954.

**Webster Colcord** moved from making Super-8 films to working as a professional clay animator for Will Vinton Productions in 1987. Since 1990 he has worked as a freelance animator in Los Angeles, Toronto, and his home base of Portland, Oregon. He still makes his own films, including *Bladder Trouble*, a two minute short currently touring with *The Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation*.

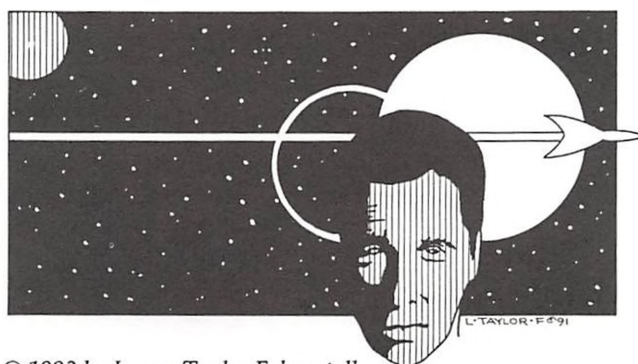
Tagged with the handle "The Bad Boy of Horror", **S. Darnbrook Colson** is more than just a horror and dark fantasy writer. His futuristic science fiction and fantasy has appeared across the small press and semi-pro spectrum. Reviewer and critic Irwin Chapman says of him, "This guy has an even bigger future in fantasy than he has in horror." Beyond his genre work, Colson is also well known for his historical and genealogical books, stories, and articles.

**Stoney Compton** is a 26-year Alaskan who writes speculative fiction with an anthropological bias. He is the president of Rain Forest Writers, Inc. in Juneau, an organization that hosts a writer's conference each June. He supports his writing habit by working two half-time jobs for the State of Alaska and brags that he is officially schizoid as a result.

**Rick Cook's** idea of heaven is a penthouse apartment on top of a major university library with a first-class Chinese restaurant in the basement. He settles for living in Phoenix in a house crammed with books, cats and computers. His computer fantasy novels, *The Wizardry Cursed*, *Wizard's Bane* and *The Wizardry Compiled*, as well as science fiction novel, *Limbo System*, have been published by Baen Books. A light fantasy set in a California shopping mall is due in December and he is working on two more *Wiz* books.

**Marie Cooley** was born in a small mountain village in eastern Europe. One day, while tending her goats in the meadow, she was attacked by a beast thought only to exist in myth and legend. At this point she became one of those beings who exist in the darkest hours—a creature of the night—a costumer.

Marie's specialties are historical and historical interpretive costuming and stain removal. She has appeared on the masquerade stage as such memorable characters as Dogmar of the Mongrel Horde, Starship Enterprise - the Puppet, and Caffeine. Marie's current projects include keeping up with her husband Payne the Magician, working with Somewhere in Time Unlimited on historical parties and events, and preparing for Costume Con 14 to be held in Seattle in 1996.



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**John G. Cramer** is a Professor of Physics at the University of Washington in Seattle. He also does research in ultra-relativistic heavy ion physics using the giant SPS accelerator at the CERN Laboratory in Switzerland to collide heavy nuclei at the highest possible energies. He and his co-workers are seeking the fabled "quark-gluon plasma", a state of matter in which quarks are free particles, a state that perhaps has not otherwise existed since the first microsecond of the Big Bang.

John's first novel, *Twistor*, is near-future hard SF with a Seattle/U.W. setting and concerns a breakthrough physics discovery. He is now at work on a second novel. *Twistor* earned John nominations for the John W. Campbell Award in both 1990 and 1991. Since 1984 he has written a bi-monthly science column, "The Alternate View" for *Analog Science Fiction/Fact Magazine*. He was born in Houston, Texas, and received his physics Ph.D. from Rice University. John, wife Pauline, daughters Kathryn and Karen, and son-in-law Bill Doyle are all SF aficionados.

**Dennis Cripps** was born in Philadelphia, Pa. He was re-born as the Pope of Las Vegas 1982. He has self published *Spleen Magazine*, *The Las Vegas Vatican*, *The Post Vegas Vatican*, and *Gut Blowout No.1*. His work has appeared in the *Stark Fist of Removal* (Subgenius magazine), *Art Maggots*, *S.S.Q.P.M.*, *Flam*, *Threadbare*, and a host of others that he can't remember.

**Paula "Queldas" Christ-Pickett** is a veteran entertainer. She spent many years working in motion pictures and TV as a stuntwoman/actress in Hollywood. She has also been a professional singer and dancer in many live shows, and has appeared all over the world, as well as having been the Fan GoH at Westercon 38 in Sacramento. She was the first media person to be asked to a Westercon as a GoH. Now she is semi-retired, living with her husband, Vaughn, in northern California. She is a member of the Costumer's Guild, does costuming and appears in live theatre productions. She is also a "KLINGON! bathhveSwl'" of the Klingon Assault Group.

**John Dalmas** has had 18 novels published, by Analog SF, Pyramid Books, Jove Books, Tor Books, and Baen Books. His short fiction has appeared in a number of magazines and anthologies—alphabetically: *Analog*; *Far Frontiers*; *Halfings*, *Hobbits*, *Warrows & Weefolk*; *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*; *New Destinies*; *1985 Annual World's Best SF*; *Pulphouse Magazine*; *Saint Mystery Magazine*; *Science Fiction Yearbook 1985*; and the *War World* series.

**Tony Daniel** grew up in Alabama, and now lives on Vashon Island, near Seattle, in a '49 Crown Super Coach bus. He's had stories and poems in *Asimov's*, *F&SF*, *Amazing*, *SF Eye* and other places, and reviews in the *New York Review of Science Fiction* and the *Seattle Times*. His first novel, *Warpath*, is out from Tor and Orion Books in England in hardcover.

**Leo Daugherty** teaches literature and linguistics at The Evergreen State College, where he also directs the Center for the Study of Science and Human Values. He has recently published science fiction criticism, and his stories have appeared in *Exquisite Corpse* and *Omni*.

**Howard L. Davidson** was captured by a Heinlein book in second grade. This drove him to get a Ph.D. in Physics so he could build his favorite stories. He currently makes his living by vivisectioning computers.

**Joel Davis** is a science writer whose articles and news reports have appeared in *Astronomy*, *Final Frontier*, *New Scientist*, and other magazines. His six published books include *Mapping the Code: The Human Genome Project* (Wiley) and *Journey to the Center of Our Galaxy* (Contemporary Books). Scheduled for publication in 1993 is *Mother Tongue: How Humans Create Language* (Birch Lane Press) and *The Nature of Reality* (Random House) will appear in 1994. Davis and his wife Judy live in Spokane, Washington.

**Lonnie Davis** is a representative for several science fiction and fantasy artists. He is also an attorney for a public interest law firm which specializes in civil rights work for people with disabilities.

**Joy Day** is a professional costume designer and artist from the Portland area. She has a B.F.A. in costume design and has been costuming for most of her life. She has designed many shows including *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *The Nerd*. She has won many awards and honors for her costumes and is a member of the Northwest Costumer's Guild. Joy owns and operates JTI, a costume and artwork design and production studio. She is currently the Resident Costume Designer and Costume Shop Manager for Linfield College in McMinnville, Oregon.

**Genny Dazzo** holds a Ph.D. in Theoretical Chemistry and is well versed in many different scientific disciplines. Currently she is the head of Quality Associates, a company that trains companies and their employees in aspects of total quality management as well as statistical process control, design of experiment, and a variety of advanced computer languages. She has held senior positions at software, pharmaceutical, and aerospace companies.

**Michael Dean** is a former editor of *Horizons SF Magazine* and is currently the host of *The Ether Patrol*, a half-hour radio show about science fiction and fantasy. He is a part-time fantasy and science fiction illustrator and desktop publisher. He has written & published a number of short stories and is slowly working on a novel. He is also a big fan of *Doc Savage* and other pulp heroes and is close to his goal of collecting all 181 *Doc Savage* novels.

**William C. Dietz** is the author of twelve science fiction novels. *Drifter's War* and *Mars Prime* were released in November of 1992. A new novel, *Legion of the Damned*, will arrive in book stores in August of this year. Dietz has a degree in Communications from the University of Washington, served in the Navy, and has worked as a surgical technician, news writer, television director, college instructor, and other things he'd just as soon forget. Dietz is currently employed by a large telecommunications company and resides in the Seattle area along with his wife and two daughters.

**David Doering** brought enlightened fandom to BYU in Provo, Utah when he founded QUARK: the SF & F Club, the *Leading Edge* zine, the annual local convention, and the much heralded Xenobia writing group. He sold his first short story to a yet-to-be-released anthology from Orson Scott Card, but mostly writes software reviews and computer books as a consultant in the networking industry.

**Tom Doherty** has been in publishing for 30 years. He started as a salesman with Pocket Books, and rose to be Division Sales Manager. From there, he went to Simon and Schuster as National Sales Manager, then became Publisher of Tempo Books. He was the Publisher and General Manager of the Ace and Tempo divisions of Grossett & Dunlap before founding his own company, Tom Doherty Associates, Inc. (publishers of Tor Books), in 1980.

Tor was sold to St. Martin's Press in 1986, and Tom continues as the President and Publisher. Tor Books is preeminent in the science fiction field, and also publishes fantasy, horror, mainstream fiction, cartoons, and a line of young adult titles. Many of Tor's authors are Hugo and Nebula award-winners.

**Dan Duncan** started as a writer of science fiction, and over a seven-year period he wrote nearly 100 stories. Certain directives from people he respects prompted him to pursue illustration instead. Since switching, he has produced over twenty complete comic book projects, of which two are scheduled to see print this year. While pursuing a career in comics, he was introduced to L. Ron Hubbard's Illustrators of the Future contest where he has taken Honorable Mention the last three quarters.

**Laurie Edison** is a photographer and noted 3-D artist (jewelry and sculpture) who works in the medium of precious metals and stones. She was the "official ratter" (jeweler) to the 1984 L.A. Worldcon, and there was a 17-year retrospective of her work in the art show at the 1992 Orlando Worldcon. She and Debbie Notkin are working on a photography book called *Women en Large*, which will be out in 1994. Laurie is also a knowledgeable science fiction and mystery fan with a wealth of interesting insights. She has pioneered roadshow panels, including "Abuse Themes in Science Fiction and Fantasy" and "Fat, Feminism & Fandom." Her work can be viewed (and purchased) at her table in the dealers room.

**Gordon Eklund** began reading science fiction at age eleven and writing it at age twelve. He didn't sell his first story until a decade later, but it was a Nebula Awards finalist in it's year. By then he had relocated to the pungent fogs of the San Francisco Bay Area where seventeen novels and more than fifty short stories flowed from the moist recesses of his typewriter, "Bud". The best known of the novels are *All Times Possible*, *The Grayspace Beast*, and *If the Stars Are Gods*, written with Greg Benford. A shorter version of the latter was bestowed with a Nebula Award for short fiction. Eklund is presently at work on two novels. *Worlds' Chronicle*, a work which expands, adapts and intensifies his first published science fiction story "Dear Aunt Annie", concerns a future newspaper columnist who is mad. *A Cat in the Rain* is a detective story set in Seattle and Alaska in 1928. He lives with his two cats in Seattle. At odd times during the day and night he ventures out publicly.



**Marjii Eilers** was the Fan Guest of Honor at the 1987 NASFIC, the first costumer to be so honored, and holds the first Lifetime Award for Service to Costuming given by the International Costumers Guild. She is a lifetime member and Patron Saint of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. She has directed small masquerades, and wrote and distributed over 2,000 copies of *The Masqueraders Guide* and *The Judges Guide*. She champions the Everyday Wear for Alternate Worlds idea of Hall Costuming: Clean, comfortable, and decent. As a reader of science fiction and fantasy since *Oz* and *Skylark of Space*, she is an outspoken critic of unwholesome and worthless trash and supports the best in science fiction and fantasy. Her by-line is found in *Costumer's Quarterly*, and *Thousands of Thursdays*. A copy of *Thursdays* was included in the Magicon Time Capsule.

**Elton T. Elliot** is the author of over 100 short stories, essays, reviews, and poems published in a variety of magazines including *Amazing*, *Galaxy*, *Pulphouse*, and *The Pulphouse Report*. Co-author of four published novels, he is currently at work on a new science fiction novel set in the same universe as "Lighting Candles on the River Styx", (*Amazing*, March 1991).

An Oregonian out of Butte, Montana by way of Hollywood and Venice Beach, **Ru Emerson** has had 12 fantasy novels and various short stories published. She is currently finishing another in the *Night Threads* series and polishing the delts.

**Cecilia Eng** discovered Heinlein, Clarke and Asimov in grade school, learned to play guitar in her late teens, and started serious filking at Westercon 37. Today she works for Firebird Arts and Music and is featured on several albums including her solo album *Of Shoes and Ships*. As President of Friends of Filk she is often found behind their table in the dealers' room raising funds to bring musicians from as far away as Glasgow, Scotland, to cons such as Westercon 46. (Thank you, Cecilia!)

**James Ernest** is a professional entertainer and illustrator and the self-published author of *Contact Juggling*. He collaborates with Toivo Rovainen on *Fyrebirds*, a comic series published by Antarctic Press, and assists his wife Carol with a fanzine called *Rat*.

**Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk** has been illustrating professionally for fifteen years. Her artwork has appeared in *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*, *Dragon*, and *Dungeon* magazines, and in other venues.

**Steve Fahnestalk** has been a nuisance at Northwest conventions since the mid-1970s, and has even put on a few MosCons with a lot of help. He'll be FGoH at MosCon 15 in September.

**Craig Figley** is a science fiction/fantasy illustrator and professional educator who holds advanced degrees in Child Development and Applied Psychology. His design work has graced public buildings and byways in eastern Washington and his illustrations have earned top awards at art shows in the Los Angeles area. His name is listed in the 1993 edition of *Who's Who Among American Teachers* and he divides his professional time between elementary-school counseling and college teaching in Psychology, Child Development and Sociology.

**Michael Finkbiner** was planning a vacation in 1977 and ended up at Westercon 30. He has since been on the first Moscon committee, worked at dozens of other conventions, was operations manager of Banff '89, and would be happy to tell you how much work international conventions are. He has a degree in history, one son, John, and is currently working at the University of Idaho trying to understand databases.

**James W. Fiscus** is a writer and photojournalist with a Master's Degree in Middle East & Asian History. He has been specializing in medical and health care issues for several years, acting as a staff writer with *Managed Health Care News* and as the Oregon/Washington correspondent for the *Medical Post* of Toronto. He has also worked in transportation planning, and travelled on assignment to the Canadian Arctic and (even stranger) Salt Lake City. (Fiction is fun, but non-fiction pays the bills.)

Recognized as the most prolific and popular science fiction artist worldwide, **Kelly Freas** has authored three published books of his illustrations. The first person ever to receive ten Hugo awards, he was cover artist for *Mad Magazine* for seven years. Official NASA mission artist, his Space Posters hang in the Smithsonian, and he was commissioned to design the Skylab I crew patch. His career extends from *Astounding* and *Planet Stories* through current clients in SF, gaming, and medical illustration. He and his wife, Laura, received the 1990 Chesley Award, and the Best Cover Illustration: Anlab Poll, in 1991.

**Laura Brodian Kelly Freas** is the manager and artwork assistant for Kelly Freas Studios and an illustrator for *Analog*, TSR, and The Easton Press. She was the recipient of the Chesley Award Best Magazine Cover in 1990 (with Kelly Freas), and nominated again in 1992 for a solo illustration. She is also an award-winning costumer, director-at-large of the Costumer's Guild West, and Founder of the Bay Area Regency Society. On other fronts, she is a substitute host for classical music programs and has been recently heard as the host of *Sundays at Four*, a live concert program on KUSC radio (Los Angeles) and as the symphony concert host on Delta Airlines in-flight entertainment service.

Born on the tenth anniversary of the Nagasaki atom bomb attack, **Steve Gallacci** was raised in the thick of a military-industrial complex. A technology fan first, he didn't get into science fiction fandom until he had been in the Air Force for a few years, at which time he went all out. By the time he was back in the world, he was selling SF art at cons. Not long after, Steve started the critically noted SF "funny animal" comic book, *Albedo*, which also was a major prompt to the creation of "furry" fandom. Since then, he has been involved in several other comics and role-playing games, emphasizing seriously hard SF.

**Kurt Giambastiani** has published short stories in several specialty press publications. His recent sales include works to *Tomorrow* and the *Air Fish* anthology, both due out later this year. Kurt lives, writes, and works in Seattle, and is usually pleasant.

**Mel Gilden** is the author of many children's books, including the *Fifth Grade Monster* series (Avon/Camelot) and his latest, *The Planetoid of Amazement* (HarperCollins). He's also perpetrated novelizations of stories from *Beverly Hills, 90210*.

**Stephen L. Gillett, Ph.D.** writes speculative science articles for publications such as *Analog* (most recently "Titan as the Abode of Life," November 1992) and has been the science columnist for *Amazing* since January 1991. He has also written fiction, often in collaboration with Jerry Oltion. He has recently fled back to academia; after a stint as a consulting geologist, he is now a research associate at the Mackay School of Mines, University of Nevada, Reno, where among other things he works on Paleozoic paleomagnetism and lunar resources.

**Mike Glycer** is celebrating the 15th anniversary of his three-time Hugo winning newszine, *File 770*. Mike was co-chair of the 1978 Westercon and is currently co-chair of the L.A. in '96 Worldcon bid.

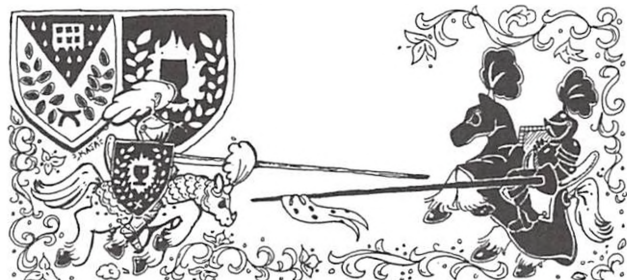
**Parke Godwin** is the author of Arthurian novels *Firelord* and *Beloved Exile*. His two Robin Hood novels are *Sherwood* and *Robin and the King*. Modern fantasies include *A Truce with Time* and the SF novel *Limbo Search*.

**Jerome Gold** is the author of two novels: *The Negligence of Death* (1984), a Vietnam war novel, and *The Inquisitor* (1991), speculative political fiction, as well as numerous stories and essays. His ongoing literary interests are war, bureaucracy and psychological deviance. In 1994 a novel, *The Prisoner's Son*, and a collection of stories and essays, *The Beginning of Life in America*, will be published by Black Heron Press.

**Ashley Darlington Grayson** founded an independent literary agency in 1976. Today the agency focuses on an elite list of authors with unique and distinct voices in science fiction, fantasy, action/adventure, horror, suspense, and young adult fiction. They also handle non-fiction, business and computer books. Agency strengths include European and global markets and the coming electronic media.

**Eileen Gunn** writes short fiction and occasional non-fiction articles and reviews. Her story, "Computer Friendly" was a 1990 Hugo Nominee, and her "Stable Strategies for Middle Management" was nominated for the Hugo in 1989. She lives in Seattle, where she is on the Board of Directors for Clarion West writers workshop. She is working on a novel *Half Lives*.

**Ellen Guon** has written three novels with M. L. Knight: *Of Ghosts and Shadows*, *Summoned to Tourney*, and *Wing Commander: Freedom Flight*. Her solo novel, *Bedlam Boyz*, was published by Baen Books in June. Ellen also writes for children's TV and computer games, with writing credits on five games in the award-winning *Wing Commander* computer game series. In her spare time, she's a professional fiddler, appearing on releases from Kicking Mule and Firebird. Ellen can often be seen (and heard) fiddling at various renaissance faires in California.



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**Jon Gustafson** began writing a column on art criticism for *Science Fiction Review* in 1974 and has since had articles on SF and fantasy art included in *The Visual Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* and *Starlog Science Fiction Yearbook*. He has also contributed over 80 biographies of SF artists for Peter Nicholl's *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*. In 1986 his first fiction appeared in *Writers of the Future, Volume II*, and he has had work included in *Rat Tales* and *Figment Magazine*. He is also the author of *Chroma: The Art of Alex Schomburg*.

In 1983 Jon started JMG Appraisals, the first professional SF/fantasy art and book appraisal service in North America.

He has finished editing a new anthology titled *Rats in the Souffle*; which will be published this summer. He has written quarterly columns on SF art for *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*, *Figment* and *Science Fiction Review*. He is now a contributing editor for *Pulphouse: The Magazine* and *Figment*.

Jon is married to the best-selling author V.E. (Vicki) Mitchell.

**Jack C. Haldeman II** lives on a farm in rural Florida surrounded by cows, sheep, dogs, cats, chickens and alligators. Although trained as a research biologist, he has been writing science fiction since 1971. His stories have appeared in all the major magazines and a number of original anthologies and "Best of the Year" collections. He has also had poetry, science fact articles and technical papers published in a variety of professional journals. Jack was chairman of the 1974 Worldcon and has been a SFWA member for over 20 years. He does contract work for the University of Florida in the area of Artificial Intelligence and interactive CD-ROM technology. His latest novel, *High Steel*, a collaboration with Jack Dann, is coming out this month from Tor Books.

**Alan Halfhill** has a background using videotape, 35mm stills, and 16mm and 35mm motion pictures. He was the photographer and editor of the fan-produced satire, *Star Trek: The Pepsi Generation*, and has worked on two "home brew" *Dr. Who* videos with Ryan K. Johnson. Alan currently works with desktop publishing, video paintbox, and retouching for Pacific Communications in Olympia.

Born August 28, 1951, in San Diego, **Barbara Hambly** has always known she wanted to be a writer. In 1982 she saw her first book in print, from Ballantine/Del Rey, and discovered that the people who had been telling her not to be a writer all those years were wrong.

She is of the Sedentary or Dirty-Bathrobe School of writers, and, to the surprise of most of her acquaintances, actually enjoys writing. Many of her works, which are mostly sword & sorcery fantasy, have been nominated for Nebula Awards.

She has also written a historical whodunnit, novelizations from television, a vampire novel, and scripts for animated cartoons; her latest work is *Dog-Wizard*, the third book of the *Windrose Chronicles*.

Besides her brother and sister, she is associated with the usual number of parents, and several very odd friends. Her interests besides writing include dancing, painting, historical and fantasy costuming, and occasional carpentry. She resides in a big, ugly house in Los Angeles with the two cutest Pekinese in the world.



**George Harper** is the author of *Gypsy Earth* and the SF play *Final Exam*. His speculative story "How to Build an A-Bomb and Wake Up the Neighborhood" was so close to the true workings of the atomic bomb being developed under the name of "The Manhattan Project" that the FBI insisted on a few long talks.

**Norman E. Hartman's** interests in science fiction and fantasy reaches back more than four decades, and he has a wide circle of acquaintances among authors and editors. He's appeared frequently on panels, and has a comprehensive knowledge of the genre. His stories and articles have been published in various magazines and anthologies, and his book review columns appear in *Midnight Zoo* and *Tales of Wonders*. He lives in Tigard, Oregon, where he and his wife, Ann, are badly outnumbered by computers.

**Jane Hawkins** moved to Seattle in 1976 and found there were only two cons per year within an eight-hour drive. Desperate for somebody to talk with, she started looking for a con to volunteer at. She was instrumental in the creation of Norwescon and has been deeply involved in conventions ever since.

**John Hedtke** is an award-winning author of non-fiction including such titles as *Winning! The Awesome and Amazing Insiders Book of Windows, Game Tips, Traps, and Sneaky Tricks*. John has been playing banjo and guitar for over twenty years and sings odd songs and filk. Ask him to sing "Mrs. Stein Won't Rent To Gypsies Anymore".

**Barb Hendee** has been the co-editor of *Figment* magazine for the past three years. *Figment* was named by *Writer's Digest* as number thirty-five on America's Top Fiction Fifty list in 1992. Barb's own horror and dark fantasy stories have appeared or will soon appear in: DAW Books' *Year's Best Horror Stories XX*, *Ghosttide*, *Cemetery Dance*, *Pulphouse*, *Bizarre Bazaar*, *Deathrealm*, *The 1992 Year in Darkness Calendar*, *Eldritch Tales*, *After Hours*, *Not One of Us*, and other places. Her current fondest wish is that the local PBS station will purchase some new episodes of *Red Dwarf*.

Writer, poet, artist, columnist, **Jonathon C. Hendee** is co-author and publisher of *Figment*, *Tales from the Imagination*. He has sold work to *Quantum*, *Midnight Zoo*, *Amazing Experiences*, *MZB Calendar 1992*, *Recursive Angel Anthology Vol. 2*, *Fugue*, *Hardware*, *GWN Magazine*, *Poetic Knight*, the *1992 Worldcon Program Book*, and others. He spends considerable time arguing with his computers (and losing), and refuses to admit that he enjoys inventing new swear words while crawling down muddy drainpipes to save kittens... to which he is allergic.

**Howard V. Hendrix'** science fiction has appeared in many venues, including *Aboriginal*, *Amazing*, *Starshore*, and Bantam's *Full Spectrum* anthologies. His literary criticism includes a book, *The Ecstasy of Catastrophe* (1990), and numerous articles and reviews, most recently in *Assays* and the *New York Review of Science Fiction*. He is a founding Director of the Fresno Center for Nonviolence, and editor of the Starmount guides to science fiction, fantasy, and horror authors.

**John Hertz** has been in TAPS since 1972. His "Westercon Notebook" appears regularly in *File 770*, and his Worldcon Masquerade reviews appear in *Locus*. He belongs to ASFA, and is said to be a good moderator for panels. He is probably most notorious for infecting fandom with English Regency ballroom dances. He drinks Talisker.

**Nina Kiriki Hoffman** has been pursuing a writing career for eleven years and has sold more than 90 short stories, two short story collections (*Author's Choice Monthly* #14: *Legacy of Fire*, Pulphouse, and *Courting Disasters and Other Strange Affinities*, Wildside Press), one novel (*The Thread That Binds the Bones*, Avon), one novella ("Unmasking", Axolotl), and one collaborative young adult novel with Tad Williams (*Child of an Ancient City*, Atheneum).

**Ari Hollander** grew up in the culturally anomalous Berkeley, California. He loved it there so much that he earned a B.A. in Astrophysics at U.C. Berkeley in 1991. While at U.C. he engaged in some interesting side activities: he created computer animation for the Grateful Dead's 1990 summer tour. He also worked as a peon for LucasFilm's computer games division. Ari is now studying virtual reality for his M.S.L.E at the University of Washington's Human Interface Technology Laboratory.

**Rachel E. Holmen** is the Managing Editor of *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*, where she coordinates the magazine's production and promotion. She also serves as art director, copy editor, and database expert. She has been active in science fiction and fantasy publishing since 1979.

**Marilyn J. Holt** is a regularly published business consultant, who also writes fiction, poetry, and articles and reviews on literary and high-tech related topics. A short story of hers will soon appear in *BBW* magazine. She is the editor of and a contributor to the *NWVG Newsletter*. Her articles have appeared in *Ventura Professional* magazine; *A Room of One's Own*, TPI publications; and many other periodicals. Her trade computer book, *Ventura: The Complete Reference*, published by Osborne/McGraw-Hill has been translated numerous times. She co-founded and co-directed the Clarion West writers workshop. Her professional affiliations include Science Fiction Writers of America, and Mystery Writers of America.

**Robert J. (Bob) Howe** has had his short fiction published in *Analog*, *Pulphouse*, *Weird Tales*, *Newer York*, *Pandora*, and several small press magazines. He is co-author, with John Ordovery, of *Coney Island Wonder Stories*, an anthology due from Wildside Press in June. Robert is an assistant editor for *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, and writes a non-fiction column for *Pulphouse* magazine. A native New Yorker, he and his wife, Kij Johnson, now live in Portland, Oregon, with their dog and cat, neither of whom have much in the way of publishing credits.

After **Deborah Hudson** decided that teaching high school English was not her particular talent, she decided to make a profession of what had always been an avocation. Where had her time and money gone? Into books! So she began selling books 12 years ago. Presently she works for Puss 'N Books in Redmond, Washington, as events co-ordinator, and buyer of works in science fiction and metaphysics.

**Mark Ivanhoe** lives in Mechanicsville, Virginia. He has had short stories published in *Lost* and *The Stake*. His major work to date, however, is the off-beat vampire novel *Virgintooth* (1991). He is currently fighting to find the time to finish his new novel, *Prismatic*, a truly perverse mixture of horror, dream narrative, New Age mysticism, obscure jokes, cannibalism and brain tumors, which he hopes to finish by the end of this year.

Lana Dean James has sold seven novels over the past five years. TSR has published two fantasy books, and a third in the series is due out in September. Her first science fiction novel, *Mojave Wells*, will be published by AvoNova this year.

Artist **Stephanie Ann Johanson** has been displaying her works at conventions since V-Con 13 in 1985. As a painter, sculptor, illustrator, and costumer, she has an affinity for a wide range of materials. Soapstone and wire sculpture are her special favorites. Stephanie has a regular column, "The Question of Art", in the Canadian SF/F Newszine *Under the Ozone Hole*.

**Kij Johnson** is the author of more than a dozen stories sold to *Asimov's*, *F&SF* and other professional markets. She's currently working on her first novel for Tor Books. She is the Books and Collections Editor for Dark Horse Comics, and former Managing Editor at Tor Books.

Teresa Kao's first novel, *The Quality of the Light*, was published by Gangor Press in 1992. Her lifelong study of psychology includes a Master's Degree and provides the foundation for her focus on the psyches of her characters. Her second novel is scheduled for release by Gangor Press in October of 1994.

**Jordin Kare, Ph.D.** is a Generic Handwaving Physicist at Uncle Larry's Rad Lab—otherwise known as the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory. He's got alphabet soup from M.I.T. (Class of '78) and went to U.C. Berkeley for his Ph.D. in Astrophysics, which he got for hunting for supernova with an automated telescope. He's best known in fannish science circles for his work on laser launch systems. More recently he helped plan the *Clementine* satellite mission, which will map the moon in living (well, sort of) color early in 1994. He's married to Mary Kay Kare, and is currently commuting between D.O.E. headquarters in Washington, D.C., and California every week or so (gaaak!). Oh, yes, he also filks . . . in public!

**Jerry Kaufman** has been a fan publisher since 1974 and a small press book publisher since 1985. The small press is Serconia Press, and the current fanzine is *Mainstream* (partners in these ventures are, respectively, Donald Keller and Suzanne Tompkins). Both have been favored with Hugo nominations. In addition, Jerry has started clubs, founded APAs, helped run conventions, and been the Down Under Fan Fund administrator.

**Mary Alice Kier** founded Cine/Lit Representation with Anna Cottle, based out of Seattle, to represent writers in the Pacific Northwest for fiction, non-fiction books, film and television screenplays. Both have been in the publishing and film business for over 15 years.

**T. Jackson King's** SF novel *Retread Shop* was published in 1988 by Warner Books/Questar. His short stories have sold to *Pulphouse*, *Tomorrow*, *Figment*, *Pandora*, *Midnight Zoo*, and *Dark Infinity*. Non-fiction credits include article sales to *Writer's Digest*, *Byline*, *Small Press*, *Women & Guns*, *MZB's Fantasy Magazine*, the *SFWA Bulletin*, *The Report*, and *Science Fiction Chronicle*. He has also published five articles and a monograph in his career as an archaeologist-anthropologist. King lives in a wooded forest near Medford, Oregon, with his wife and fellow SF writer, Paula E. Downing.

**Jak Koke** has sold short stories to *Amazing Stories*, *Aberrations*, *After Hours*, *Pulphouse*, *Science Fiction Review*, and several anthologies. His most recent publications include "Dead-wise" (*Amazing*, August 1992) and "Target Practice" (*After Hours*, January 1993), both in collaboration with Jonathan Bond.

**Joan Kotker** teaches English and Crime Fiction at Bellevue Community College in Bellevue, Washington. She is a board member of the Popular Culture Association and a reviewer for *The Armchair Detective*. Her most recent work is a chapter on *The Silence of the Lambs* in the text *It's A Print*, a work that analyzes novels on crime fiction that have been made into films.

**Gregory Kusnick** is a researcher of programming languages, currently working at Microsoft. He has written SF short stories published in *Analog*. Have you ever played *Rats* (Convergent Tech)? He wrote it.

**James F. Lane** started programming in 1968 & began writing software for microcomputers on the 8008 in 1974. In 1977 he worked for Digital Group in Denver, where he originated the concept of the luggable computer. Bob Wallace, Gordon Letwin and Jim Lane were Microsoft's original Languages Group. After Jim left Microsoft he spent five years as an independent computer consultant. For the past five years one of his hobbies has been swing dancing and he is currently a member of the Emerald City Lindy Hop Performance Troupe.

**Roberta Lannes** is a native of southern California. She has been teaching junior high school English, art, and related subjects for twenty years. Her writing career began in early college with a few sales to literary reviews. In 1985 she turned to the genre of science fiction and horror. Her work has appeared in *Cutting Edge*, *Lord John Ten*, Britain's *Fantasy Tales*, *Iniquities* magazine, *Alien Sex*, *The Bradbury Chronicles*, *Still Dead*, and *Pulphouse Weekly*. Her work will be appearing in *Dark Voices V*, *Beneath the Tarmac*, and *Whispers VII* in 1993. She is currently at work on a horror novel, *Perversions of Angels*.

**Kari Lassila**—known as Silverfox at most conventions—is a classic example of the starving artist. She is published in the small press and has been going to conventions in the inland Northwest for eight years. She is currently working on obtaining her graphic design degree in Spokane.

Out of Sacramento, California, comes **Rick Lawler**, editor of *Abortion Stories: Fiction On Fire*. He has authored numerous shorts in *Pulphouse*, *Elipsis*, *Mature Years*, *Space-Time*, and *Midnight Zoo*. His non-fiction has included "some aspects of the dangerous". He is the owner of Min Ref Press and lives with his wife and daughter.

**Katherine Lawrence** began her writing career with three episodes of *Dungeons & Dragons* for CBS Television in 1985, and quickly decided writing was the best possible job for an English major (B.A., University of Washington). 1992 was her most prolific year yet with an episode of the animated *Conan the Adventurer* series, her first short story sale, to *Weird Tales From Shakespeare* (an anthology coming from DAW Books in early 1994), and additional writing on *The Software Toolworks' Mario is Missing* game, released Christmas of 1992. In addition, she continues as Assistant Sysop in the Science Fiction Round Tables on the GENIE computer network and is a member of the Writer's Guild of America, West, and the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writer's of America.



**April Lee** has contributed illustrations to fanzines and shown her art, winning awards at past Westecon and Worldcon shows, for over a decade. Her work can be seen in *Dark Conspiracy* and *Citybook VI* gamebooks, on the covers of Revolutionary's *Rock 'n' Roll* and *Lords of Time* computer games, and in *A Palette of Artists*. She is a graduate of Oxford University and has a BFA from Art Center College of Design.

**Rozalyn Levin-Mansfield's** work includes technical illustrations for the NASA educational department, conceptual designs for the Pro.Me.T.H.E.U.S. robotics project (voice-controlled aquatic mechanisms and tools manipulated by dolphins) and the production of educational materials to help increase agricultural production in the former U.S.S.R.

**Kuo-Yu Liang** is a sales rep for Ballantine/Del Rey, managing the Pacific Northwest territory. He was a volunteer for "mail-help" at *Locus* magazine from 1990 to 1992. Kuo-Yu has been reading SF for over 15 years in both English and Chinese.

**Thomas J. Lindell** has sold stories to *Pulphouse: A Fiction Magazine*, and the *Ultimate Witch* anthology, due out in September 1993. To support his writing habit, he spends his days as the systems administrator for a local non-profit organization. Tom lives in Seattle with his wife and cats.

**Megan Lindholm's** most recent books include *Alien Earth* and *Cloven Hooves*, from Bantam, and *The Gypsy*, a collaboration with Steven Brust from St. Martin's. Other works include *Wizard of the Pigeons* and *Reindeer People* from Ace.

When not working as a drafter for Boeing, **L. Pierce Ludke** is an artist. She works in various media as she feels is dictated by the subject/emotion of the piece. Ink, colored pencil, acrylic, and computer are her main choices, the latter being quite useful in design problem-solving as well as finished pieces. Science fiction and fantasy have been a part of her life for at least two decades.

**Sonia Orin Lyris** has a forthcoming cyberspace novelette, "A Hand in the Mirror", in *Asimov's* (August 1993), and short stories: "Motherhood", in *Pulphouse*, issue #16, and "The Animal Game" in *Infinite Loop: Software Development's Own Anthology of Science Fiction*, due out in August of 1993. Her first short story, "Eyes of the Beholder", was published in *Midnight Zoo*, Vol. 2 No. 1. She is a graduate of Clarion West.

**Thea Maia** has been part of theaters and science fiction conventions all her life. While her Master's degree is in painting, she uses her knowledge and experience with paints and products such as friendly plastic, design it and form it, rub-n-buff, and fabric paints and dye, to create fantasy costumes and props (such as dragon canes, wands, masks and staffs). She believes we never stop learning, and what better way to use knowledge than *fantasy*.

**Adrienne Martine-Barnes** is a writer/artist living and working in Oakland, California. She is the author, with Diana Paxon, of *Master of Earth and Water* (AvoNova, 1993) and has had six books of fantasy, science fiction and contemporary fiction published. Under the name of Adrienne Zinah Martinez she paints, makes dolls, quilts, and runs Playshops™ which are adventures in creativity and the spirituality of fibre arts, painting, and journal keeping.

**Claudia McCormick** was born into the world of story. Madgie the Magic Lady lived next door, Daddy was an artist and storyteller and Mum too. What began at her husband's side in the ministry has now ended up as a refuge for writers. That she can balance corporate books, write grants, or run college work-study programs is much more a source of amazement to her than that she writes books. Her first novel, *Raven at Sunrise*, was published in 1991. In 1986, she founded the Seattle Chapter of the National Writers Club.

**Bridget McKenna** lives in Nipinnawasee, California, (pop. 75), with her husband, artist Douglas Herring, twelve cats, and eleven koi. She has sold fiction to *Writers of the Future*, *Volume II*, *Pulphouse*, *Asimov's*, *Amazing Stories*, *F&SF*, and *Tomorrow*. Her mystery novels, *Murder Beach*, *Fire on the Mountain*, and *No Hate Lost*, will appear in 1993-94 from Berkley/Diamond.

After spending most of the '70s running cons in L.A., **J.P. McLaughlin** formed the Space Science Media Group in 1978 to promote space sciences in L.A. area high schools and community colleges. Subsequently, he became interested in history as a means of understanding technological change and its implications for the future. Currently he is president of J.P. McLaughlin & Associates, a high-tech consulting firm specializing in historical analysis, future studies, and corporate re-engineering. A contributing editor to *Figment* magazine since its inception, his essays and reviews on science fiction and related fields appear in every issue.

**Don McQuinn** is a transplanted Northwesterner, so it's only proper his speculative fiction trilogy is set in this area. Originally from Texas, McQuinn graduated from the U.W. with a major in English and a commission in the Marines. Twenty years later, in an attempt at cosmetically acceptable self-flagellation, he embarked on a writing career. Of his five published novels, *Warrior* (Del Rey) is the first speculative fiction; *Wanderer* will be released in this fall.

**Beth Meacham** was born in Ohio in 1951. She attended Antioch College, where she met her husband, Tappan King. They were married in 1978. Beth is currently an Executive Editor for Tor Books, and works out of her home in Tuscon, Arizona. Among her authors are Greg Bear, Orson Scott Card, Jane Yolen, Michaela Roessner, Steve Barnes, James Patrick Kelly, Stephen Gould, Dean Ing, Tom Maddox, Judith Tarr, Charles Sheffield and Jack Vance. Prior to joining Tor in early 1984, Beth edited science fiction at Ace Books. Beth Meacham is also the co-author of the novel *Nightshade*, the author of *Barlowe's Guide to Extraterrestrials*, and of numerous short stories. She has been nominated twice for the Hugo Award for best professional editor.

**Carolyn Melvin**, leather sculpture and acrylic artist, specializes in animal and action scenes. The leather sculptures are created from heavyweight cowhide, and the vibrant colors that complete the illusion of realism are dyes developed for leather. Carolyn and her family live in Thorp, WA, where they have a sheltie kennel and an assorted menagerie of animals. The magazines *Stablestops*, *Sheltie International*, *Sheltie Pacesetter*, *Make It With Leather*, and *Costumer's Closet* have published her how-to articles.

**Crystal Melvin** is an accomplished Western artist whose attention shifted to science fiction/fantasy four years ago. She holds a B.A. in Art, and was the featured artist of the Kittitas County Fair in 1991. Her work has been accepted into national juried shows, and hangs in private collections across the United States. Crystal's current artwork is of humanoid fantasies; fairies, mermaids, satyrs, and gods. These are executed chiefly in colored pencil, with the occasional daisy-print (cat feet!) in evidence.

**Annette Mercier** has been participating at SF cons since Moscon 2 in 1980. She entered one piece of art, said "what the hell", and entered the masquerade, winning an award as the "horniest" (it's a long story). She lives in a rural area and is locally involved in theatre and showing art. Annette says, "Over the past thirteen years I have been fortunate to meet some very wise and wonderful friends. Haven't made much money, but having a great time!"

**Carl Miller** is the reluctantly obscure author of *Dragonbound*, *The Warrior and the Witch*, and *The Goblin Plain War*. He is presently obsessed with dimetrodons.

**Craig Miller** has been in the entertainment industry since working on *Star Wars* in 1977. He has been a marketing consultant on feature films ranging from *Altered States* to *Return to Oz*. As a writer/producer, he's sold well over two dozen scripts to television. He is currently working with Gary Kurtz to develop feature film projects he plans to produce, and with his writing partner, Marv Wolfman, developing television pilots for John Landis' company, St. Clare Entertainment.

Active in the Northwest convention scene for many years, **Vicki Mitchell** has won many awards for her costuming. In 1986 she won the *Amazing Stories* Calendar Story Contest and had a story included in a mainstream anthology. Her first novel, *Enemy Unseen* (a *Star Trek* novel published by Pocket Books), appeared in late 1990 and spent three weeks on the New York Times Best Seller list. Her second novel, *Imbalance* (a *Star Trek: The Next Generation* novel), was published in June 1992. Her third *Star Trek* novel, *Windows on a Lost World*, was published in June. She has also sold a novella, "Against the Night," to *Amazing Stories*. Four more novels are currently making the rounds of the publishers and she is working on her dissertation for a Ph.D. in geology.

She is married to Jon Gustafson and is owned by a gigantic and excessively silly dog, Mica.

**Tracy Vaughn Moore** is a writer and artist whose work has appeared in *Figment*, *Mid-200*, *Aberrations*, *Modern Gold Miner*, and *Rubberstampmadness*. When he's not writing, he spends his time producing "mail-art" and running his rubber art-stamp business, Rabid Rubber, and his contracting company, Moore Fire Protection.



**Amy Morgan** is a 24-year-old artist/writer/singer only recently introduced to fandom. She began studying art at age 15, tracing comic books and attending her first art class. She graduated with honors in art and continued taking fine arts and graphic/visual design for a total of three years. After four years of various jobs in the graphics arts industry, Amy found more fulfillment in pursuing her career as an illustrator/writer/comic book artist. Best known works: Mount Rushmore. Favorite Art Style: Art Nouveau. Likes: Brent Spiner, fantasy, science fiction, Tolkien (and his elves!), *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, amateur musicals, singing, dancing, writing fiction/poetry, humor, Bizarre Wars, bad jokes, and Melody Rondeau. Amy resides in New Westminster, BC, Canada. Her nickname/con name is "Elfmaid".

**Nancy C. Morris** writes screenplays and lives in Seattle. Her work has been optioned by independent production companies in Los Angeles. She is currently writing a novel.

**Mike Moscoe** started writing for the U.S. government 20 years ago, answering congressional inquiries. He once ghosted a letter for Vice President Spiro T. Agnew's signature. Shortly afterwards, Agnew resigned to avoid prosecution. Of course, Mike had nothing to do with that. After two decades of writing instruction memos, and policies, Mike got real and started writing science fiction. Mike's fiction has appeared in *Analog* and *Aboriginal*. Look for "A Picture is Worth . . ." in *Analog* later this year. "Smart Weapons" is scheduled for Jerry Pournelle's *Hi-Tech War* anthology coming from Baen this year. Mike is an experienced public speaker. Recently he was nominated for "The Best Stand-up Comedy Routine" at a MOSS Software User's convention. Admittedly, the competition was thin, but it's the thought that counts.

After nine years of college and two M.A.s, **Betsy Mott** decided she loved painting more than almost anything else in the world. For the past eight years, her media portrait and fantasy paintings have been seen at SF cons all over the Northwest and in fanzines and private collections around the world. She has won a number of awards for her work and is listed in the Directory of American Artists.

**Kevin Andrew Murphy** has written for *Wildcards* and has upcoming short stories in *Wierd Tales From Shakespeare*, *Elvis Is Dead*, *Splatterpunk II*, and *Cities of Darkness*. He has also written articles and books in the field of role-playing for *Dragon Magazine*, White Wolf Games, and Steve Jackson Games. He lives in San Jose, California, Hangs out in Santa Cruz, and writes whatever comes to mind. Look for his latest story in *Wildcards—Carsharks*.

**Dave Myers** is a graduate of the University of Washington and Purdue University. He has a Ph.D. in Experimental Psychology and has been published in academic journals and *The New York Review of Science Fiction*. Dave attended the Clarion West writers workshop and is currently one of its administrators. His fiction has appeared in *Twilight Zone*, *Alfred Hitchcock's*, and *Pulphouse*. He lives with his wife, Hali, in Seattle.

Having survived safari into the land of Rewrite Hell, overcoming such dangers as the Endless Plain of Editorial Commentary, the Chasm of Contractual Wordcount, and the Dreaded Dragon Deadline, **Rebecca V. Neason** is now attempting to catch up on the other little details of her life . . .



David W. New is a Vancouver fan species active since 1988, creating odd and sundry publications, inventing fictitious Fan Guests of Honor, inciting trans-provincial NonCons, and spending two years at the helm of *Horizons SF Magazine*, a feat which won it a 1992 Aurora Award. Its cry of "Wanabayamaga-Zeen?"—less often heard since it abandoned editorship for school—is nevertheless a distinctive sound in any convention hallway; its name may also be found adorning the pages of *Horizons SF*.

Leslie T. Newcomer has always lived with and loved cats and has been fascinated by myth, mysticism and ancient cultures since her teen years. She studied art at Northern Illinois University, graduating in 1974 with a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Painting and Drawing. She moved to the Pacific Northwest shortly thereafter. Since then she has been exhibiting her art at science fiction and fantasy conventions across the USA and Canada and displaying her work at cat shows in the West/Northwest. She lives on two and a half wooded acres just outside of Eugene, Oregon with fourteen assorted felines.

Sharan Newman is a perpetual graduate student in medieval history who supports her bibliomania by writing. Credits include *Guinevere*, *the Chessboard Queen* and *Guinevere Evermore* and also some short stories. Her next book, *Death Comes as Epiphany*, a medieval mystery set in twelfth century France, was recently published by Tor books in June of 1993.

Jacquelynn D. Duram Nilsson is a graphic designer born and (somewhat) raised in Seattle, Washington, where she lives to this day. Drawing ever since she could remember, Jackie has finally attained her wish to be able to make money at what she loves most, drawing. As a freelance commercial designer and illustrator under the company name Gryphon Graphics, she has many items to her credit, including program book covers, *Pulphouse: The Hardcover Magazine* covers, as well as recent interior illustrations for *The Furkindred: Otter Madness*. Other projects in the works include increasing her line of T-shirts, fine art pins, and rubber stamps, as well as art show originals and prints.

Larry Niven is a well-known author, creator of Known Space, and a very busy man. Conversant on many subjects, Larry can tell you about Hot Fudge Tuesdays and the uses of chocolate-covered manhole covers.

A Cleveland native and a California resident, Kevin O'Donnell, Jr. has also spent time in East Asia and on the East Coast. The 20th anniversary of his first professional publication hits this October. During his career, he has sold nearly 70 short stories and articles, 11 novels and one non-fiction book. His 11th novel, *Plains* (#5 in the McGill Feighan series), should appear from Tor in 1994. For amusement, he gardens and hangs out on GENie.

Jerry Oltion has written mostly science fiction and an occasional fantasy for *Analog*, *Pulphouse*, *Science Fiction Review*, and various anthologies. His story, "The Love Song of Laura Morrison", won the *Analog* reader's choice award for best short story of 1987. His novels include *Frame of Reference* (Questar, 1987) and two books in the *Isaac Asimov's Robot City* series, *Alliance*, and *Humanity*. Upcoming stories will appear in *Analog*, *Pulphouse*, and *F&SF*. He is also the originator of the Jerry Oltion Really Good Story Award.

John J. Ordovery is the Associate Editor for the *Star Trek* novels at Simon & Schuster. He is also co-author, with Bob Howe, of *Coney Island Wonder Stories*, an anthology due out from Wildside Press in June.

Margaret Organ-Kean is an artist whose work appears regularly in *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*. She also works as a volunteer for Clarion West, running their scholarship auctions. Last year she was Artist Guest of Honor at VikingCon.

Kent Patterson has had fiction published in *Analog*, *F&SF*, *Amazing*, and *Pulphouse*. He writes non-fiction for many magazines and is currently writing for *Oregon Business Magazine*.

Diana L. Paxson is a writer of fantasy, living in the literary household called Greyhaven in Berkeley, California. She has sold over three dozen short stories, many of them to anthologies such as the best selling *Thieves World* series or *Sword & Sorceress*. She is best known for the *Chronicles of Westria* and a number of historical fantasies, including *The White Raven* and *The Serpent's Tooth*. This year she had two new major historical fantasies published—*The Wolf And The Raven*, first book in the *Wodan's Children* trilogy, and *Master of Earth and Water*, first of the chronicles of the Irish hero Fionn MacCumhal (a collaboration with Adrienne Martine-Barnes). Diana also plays and composes music for the Celtic harp, and designs and sews period costumes. She is currently serving as Western Regional Director of SFWA.

Known as Mr. Compatibility, Tom "Doc" Payne has spent many years making computers work on cue, often in front of large audiences. Finally tiring of such nonsense, he gave his old life the three-fingered salute and rebooted as an apprentice luthier. In the SF community, Tom has long been known as a top notch filker and has gathered together The Stray Dog Band (at least that's what they're calling it this week) and is usually on hand for the semi-regular meetings of the Sound of Filk.

Ted A. Pedersen spends most of his time in the world of cartoons, currently writing about the exploits of *X-men*, *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, *Batman: The Animated Series*, and most recently the upcoming CBS series based on the graphic novel, *Cadillacs and Dinosaurs*. In addition he is writing a pair of young adult *Deep Space Nine* novels and a techno-thriller set in a near-future world of virtual reality. He lives in Venice, California, with his wife, Phyllis, and an assortment of very independent cats.

John Pelan is the editor and co-publisher of Silver Salamander Press. Silver Salamander began with the March publication of *I, Said The Fly* by Michael Shea. John is the former publisher of Axolotl Press, which is now an imprint of Pulphouse. Silver Salamander has just released *Close to the Bone* by Lucy Taylor in time for Westercon. John resides in Seattle with his wife, son, three cats, and numerous fish.

Before turning to full-time freelance writing, Steve Perry held a variety of jobs, including lifeguard, toy assembler, aluminum salesman, kung-fu instructor, private detective, and Certified Physician's Assistant. He briefly worked as a staff writer for Ruby Spears Productions, Hollywood, and did freelance book editing for a company he would rather not mention by name. Perry has also taught classes in writing at both the public school and university level. Perry has sold about three dozen stories to magazines and anthologies ranging from *Omni* to *Pulphouse*, as well as a considerable number of animated teleplays. He is currently working on his twenty-eighth novel.

Adrian Nikolas Phoenix has had stories published in *Amazing* and *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*. She has stories due out in *Pulphouse: A Fiction Magazine*, and the story "The Hand That Snaps the Lock Shut" (*Amazing*, March 1991) made *Locus*' Recommended Reading List for 1991.

Bill Ransom's first book, *Finding True North*, was nominated for both the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award in Poetry. He collaborated with Frank Herbert to co-author *The Jesus Incident*, *The Lazarus Effect*, and *The Ascension Factor*. His solo novel, *Jaguar*, was an Ace paperback in 1990. *Viravax* is his latest release, set in Central America in 2015. He is currently at work on a sequel, *Deathbug*, for Ace.

Janet R. Rhodes' short stories have appeared in three *Darkover* anthologies and *Fantasy Magazine*. She has extensive experience in the field of environmental protection (water quality and hazardous waste management). In recent years, she has studied alternative healing therapies, since AMA-style medical treatment seems to be seriously lacking.

Frank M. Robinson is the author of *The Power, A Life in the Day of . . .* and *Dark Beyond the Stars*. He co-authored *The Prometheus Crisis* and *The Gold Crew* with the late Thomas N. Scortia. He was the *Locus* magazine film reviewer and is a famous collector of early pulps.

A.L.H. Robkin is a published poet, lives in Bellevue, and writes and publishes newsletters for several organizations. A Ph.D. from the University of Washington, Robkin's interests range from classical antiquity to writing mysteries. Articles published in academic journals include subjects as diverse as a Bronze Age linen industry in Pylos, the theatre machinery at the Theatre of Dionysos in Athens, and the Odieon of Perikles.

Melody Rondeau spent many years as a fan artist before plunging into the arcane world of computer game graphics. While at Atari she contributed to SF & fantasy games including *Rampage* and *Batman Returns*. She is hoping to continue with electronic animation.

Rhea Rose lives in Port Coquitlan ("little red fish"), British Columbia. A graduate of Clarion West 1984, she writes both non-fiction and fiction. Her speculative short stories have been published in *Tesseract*, *Tesseract Two*, and *On Spec*. Her speculative poetry has appeared in *The Mythic Circle* and *The Olympic View Anthology*. She is an active member of The Lonely Cry. This year her short story "Chronos' Christmas" will appear in an science fiction Christmas anthology edited by David Hartwell.

Mary Rosenblum is an Oregon writer whose stories have appeared in *Asimov's* and *F&SF*, as well as various anthologies. Her first novel, *The Drylands*, was released by Del Rey in April, and her second, *Chimera*, is forthcoming in November.

Toivo Rovainen's Midwestern education gave him sufficient intelligence to emigrate. His cartoons and artwork have appeared in *Tournaments Illuminated* (SCA, summer 1991), *Dragon* (TSR, August 1991), *Beauty of the Beasts* (MU Press, April 1992) and a collaboration with James Earnest and Carol Monahan in *Furrilough #6* (Antarctic Press, January 1993).

Born in a far, faraway land known as New York in a region called the Bronx, Leonardo D. Rufo began making kit models at a very early age. Bored with the mundane simplicity of pre-made kits, he began experimenting with kit-conversion and scratch building. As a young adult, Leonardo journeyed across the continent and settled in a hamlet known as Eugene, where he attended the University of Oregon. After receiving a degree in architecture, he heeded his true calling and immediately returned to model building and was soon hired to work on a movie called *The Return of the Space Beavers*. Searching for a way to share his creations, Leonardo discovered the convention circuit and began exhibiting at Norwescon 14. He has since won numerous awards including Best of Show at Dreamcon 7. Leonardo continues to create models and miniatures for the movie industry and exhibit them in the art shows at conventions.

Richard Paul Russo has had around two dozen short stories published, in most of the major SF magazines, in addition to three novels. His second novel, *Subterranean Gallery*, won the Philip K. Dick Award and was a finalist for the Arthur C. Clarke Award. His third novel, *Destroying Angel*, was published by Ace in 1992; and Ace will be publishing his new novel, tentatively titled *Carlucci's Edge*.

For more than thirty years Fred Saberhagen has been entertaining readers with fast-action, well-plotted tales of science fiction and fantasy. Most of his sixty books remain in print, and he has had an approximately equal number of short stories published.

His best-selling series, the science-fictional *Berserkers*, has been translated into eight languages and total sales run into the millions. The *Books of Swords*, fourteen volumes in just-completed series, combine technology and magic. Saberhagen's conception of *Dracula* has starred in seven volumes, and in 1992 he collaborated with screenwriter James Hart in novelizing Francis Ford Coppola's movie *Bram Stoker's Dracula*.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson is a recipient of the Lambda Award and the World Fantasy Award. She is a novel and short story writer and editor, with nineteen books to her credit, and contributions to many others. Her new book, *The Mysterious Doom: and Other Ghostly Tales of the Pacific Northwest*, is the culmination of years of research into the supernatural world of the Pacific Northwest. The book includes seventeen stories based on local legends, lore and first-hand accounts.



**Pippin Sardo** has been costuming since her tender years when she spent many earnest moments trying to convince her mother not to throw away all that "neat" stuff from the '40s. Thirty plus years later she is still playing dress-up. Having made studies of historic dress, and of fantasy and science fiction since 1975, she can now claim with (some) authority that real Conans don't wear brass briefs!! You may have seen her at cons as the Queen of the Gypsy Moths, Airlock Annie, Cosmic Bag-lady, or as The Moon in 2001: A Space Ballet.

**Michael Scanlon** is 12.5% of Clarion West's class of 1986. He was born on Long Island, NY, and has lived in all four corners of the country and in Montana. This is his second time living in Seattle, and he plans to stay this time.

**Stanley Schmidt** is the author of four novels and numerous stories and articles in *Analog*, *Asimov's*, *F&SF*, *Rigel*, *American Journal of Physics*, and other magazines. As editor of *Analog*, he has been nominated 13 times for the Best Professional Editor Hugo.

A staff artist for *Science Fiction Review*, **Richard A. Scott** has been constantly trying to expand his professional repertoire. He has also worked on DC Comics *Avatar* project. Currently he is working freelance.

**Joseph Sherman** is a fantasy writer, editor, and folklorist whose books include *Child of Faerie*, *Child of Earth*, named an ALA Best Young Adult Novel. Forthcoming titles from Baen include her second collaboration with Mercedes Lackey, *A Cast of Corbies*, and an as-yet unnamed fantasy duology. She has also sold over 90 stories and articles to a variety of books and magazines, as well as a script to the late TV show, *Adventures of the Galaxy Rangers*. On the other side of the editorial fence, she is Consulting Editor at Baen Books.

A nine-time Hugo loser, **Stu Shiffman** plunged into fanzine fandom, contributing cartoons, covers, and quips to fanzines across the English-speaking world (and Brooklyn). He was the TAFF delegate to the 1981 British Eastercon, and the North American TAFF administrator for several years after that. He co-edited the fanzine *Raffles* and edited *Potsherd* before, he says, "... having the trapdoor put in the back of my head." He won the Fan Artist Hugo in 1990, and in his copious spare time he's serving on the committee for Bouchercon, the 1994 World Mystery Convention to be held in Seattle.

**Sharon Sinclair** is an historian whose research has ranged from the sacred snake of Asclepius to NASA's space medicine program. She coordinates The Olympic View Writers' Conference and co-edited *TOV '91 Anthology* (The Olympic View Writers' Conference, 1991) with A.L.H. Robkin. Sharon collects hats and grows enough *nepeta* to share with the neighborhood cats.

**Mark a. Skullerud** has been a professional illustrator and artist for fifteen years, and his science fiction paintings have earned seven Best of Show awards. *Amazing Stories*, for whom he has done five commissions, will be publishing his second cover sometime this year. Mark has also been an instructor of painting, drawing, and illustration at Edmonds Community College. He is a founder and officer in REPS, the Northwest's only organization seeking to preserve and encourage radio as a dramatic medium.

**Dave Smeds** is the author of two books, *The Sorcery Within* and its sequel, *The Schemes of Dragons*. He has sold short fiction to anthologies, magazines, and to Faeron Education's series of booklets for remedial reading classes. He was also the English-language rewriter of *Justy*, a Japanese "manga" SF mini-series released in the U.S. by VIZ Comics.

**Dean Wesley Smith** is a writer, editor and publisher. He has over 50 short stories published in professional markets such as *F&SF*, *Amazing*, *Night Cry*, *The Horror Show*, and *Obsessions*. His first novel made it to the final ballot of the Stoker award.

As an editor, he has been nominated for the Hugo award for editing three years running. The publisher of Pulphouse Press, he edits all of their books.

**Judith Smith** has been costuming since age four, with materials such as coat hangers, chicken bones, BBs, plastics, welding tools, bowling shoes, and sometimes fabric. She especially enjoys working with raw fibers from spinning to weaving. She gets unusual costume ideas from her work with the wild animals (human children) at Seattle's Woodland Park zoo. She suffers from a costumer's affliction known as "This Old Rag," and at the drop of a wig will make new costumes.

**Terry Smith** has been active in science fiction fandom and the Society for Creative Anachronism for the past fifteen years. His primary interests in costuming are the recreation of historical periods circa 1450 and 1625 A.D. as well as cinema recreations from *Star Wars* and *Star Trek*. His current, ongoing projects include Klingon recreations and the construction of big robots that take up his wife's valuable costume storage space.

**Lita R. Smith-Gharet** has been busy this last year working on such movies as *The Temp*, *Sam & Ed*, *Demolition Man*, *The Flintstones*, *The Substitute*, and *The Shadowkiller*. Lita has also designed costumes and makeup for a Sid Mead computer game, *Cyber Race*, and for a variety of theatres in Michigan, California, and Oregon. She is currently bidding to supply leather costumes, stone jewelry, skull altars, and staffs on several film projects.

**Sara L. Stamey**, a fourth-generation Pacific Northwesterner, is the author of the SF series from Ace Books: *Wild Card Run*; *Win, Lose, or Draw*; and *Double Blind*. She has recently finished a near-future novel set in the Greek Islands, and a Pacific Northwest post-apocalyptic novel. A former nuclear reactor operations technician, and a scuba instructor in the Caribbean, Mediterranean, and Honduras, she now teaches occasional writing courses at WWU.

**D.T. Steiner** lives in Springfield, Oregon, with her writing partner, Lynn Adams, three cats, and a weird dog. Her hobbies include collecting books, bats, badgers, and castles (of the last three, so far no real ones), gaming, and other things best left unmentioned.

An active costumer for the past ten years, **Richard C. Stephens** loves the SF and fantasy genres. His opulent (and often hot and heavy!) costumes with his trademark elaborate makeup have won him several awards in local masquerade competitions, and he is a popular speaker at many conventions. When he is not slaving away at his mundane job, Richard designs and makes custom props and costumes for various schools, churches, and theater groups. As head of the Makeup Department at Display and Costume Supply for three years, Richard has helped solve tricky problems and helped people to grow in confidence in using makeup for stage, film, and TV.

**Patrick J. Swenson** has had work appear in *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*, *Figment*, *Midnight Zoo*, and *Northwest Writer's*. He is also a contributing editor for *Figment*. Although he has taught high school band and English for nearly ten years, he just finished a two-year leave of absence in the rain forest of the Olympic Peninsula, the setting for his new novel in progress. In those two years, he managed to finish his first novel, which he began while attending the Clarion West workshop. Patrick is now back and living in the Seattle area.

**David Tackett** was bitten by the costume bug playing King Herod's guard in a first grade play. He played with theatrical and Halloween costumes, gadgets and models, finally moving to con masquerades, where he has won awards. His dream of going pro and being famous will be realized when he can afford to eat well and gain weight, and when he is caught in bed with Brooke Shields, Judy Tenuta, and Hillary Clinton all at once. Meanwhile he searches for slack in his life and tries to use bike parts in all his projects. If you stop him in the halls and feed him he will do tricks or discuss costuming. He will also tell you that masquerade run-throughs are a total hoot. Always take him very seriously.

**Alex A.G. Taub** has a Master of Science in Anthropology, specializing in non-biological relationships. His writings have been published in a number of scientific journals. His interests include England, Wales, kinship, bad puns, Amanda, and any theory so crazy it might just be correct.

**Bruce Taylor** is best known for his work in magic realism and surrealism. His stories have appeared in *New Dimensions*, *Pulphouse*, *Twilight Zone*, *Magic Realism*, and others. He was Writer in Residence at Shakespeare & Company, Paris, 1986; nominated for the Nebula and Bram Stoker Awards; chairperson for the Sharon Baker Memorial Award; and is currently vice president of the Seattle chapter of the National Writers Club. His novel is currently under consideration.

For the past ten years, **Telynor** (John and Anna Peekstock) have brought their unusual brand of traditional folk and early music to audiences in the Pacific Northwest. Their high-energy performances are characterized by Anna's strong, pure vocals and a unique line-up of instruments including cittern, bozouki, and hurdy-gurdy. They have recorded three albums, *Telynor* (1987), *Telynor 2* (1990), and *Off The Beaten Track* (1992); and authored *The Telynor Songbook* (1991) which contains lyrics and music for all of the disparate music recorded on their first two albums.

**Mark Teppo** lives in Eugene, Oregon, where he spends most of his time as Marketing Director for *Pulphouse Magazine*. He also writes.

**Amy Thomson** is a Seattle writer and fan. Her new novel, *Virtual Girl*, has just been released from Ace Books. To do her best work, she requests lark's tongues in aspic before every panel, and nubile, intelligent persons to rub her feet with scented oil afterwards. Volunteers may audition in the Lake Woebegon Room.

**Gregg Thurlbeck** is a producer/director for *Prisoners of Gravity*, a weekly Canadian science fiction interview show. He has been reading SF since after university when he started with the work of John Varley and Ray Bradbury. Gregg joined *Prisoners of Gravity* in its second season after producing shows in the music field. He has interviewed about 500 people in all facets of SF and will be interviewing even more here at Westercon 46.

**Suzanne Tompkins** first encountered fandom in 1967, and started co-editing fanzines, including two with Jerry Kaufman, *The Spanish Inquisition* and *Mainstream*, which received Hugo nominations. During college in Pittsburgh, she helped found the local SF club and began helping organize and run conventions. In the 1970s and '80s, Suzanne worked on many regional cons and Worldcons on both coasts, and most recently she's been Hotel Liaison for local cons such as 1989 World Fantasy Con, '88 Corflu, and the '92 and '94 Potalches. In real life, Suzanne is a computer consulting firm's office manager and an independent meeting planner.

**John Toutonghi** has been a Professor of Physics at Seattle University for 27 years. In that time he has served as department chair for four years, and Faculty Senate President for four years. He served as a referee for NSF, reviewing undergraduate equipment proposals for six years. John is presently also involved with astronomy, having just completed the construction of a five-meter dome which houses a Celestron Compustar 14.

**Tammy Tripp** graduated from the Art Institute of Seattle in 1987 and was introduced to conventions in 1988 via Dreamcon 3. This encounter has not only provided her with an outlet for her fantasy art, but many new friends as well. She's received Director Choice awards and Best Print awards. Her life is shared with her husband, two weird dogs, two neurotic cats, and two lobotomized ferrets.

**Kathy Tyers** arrived in Montana as a tourist in 1965, settled at Bozeman in 1970 to attend Montana State University, married in 1974, and has no intention of leaving. She holds M.S.U. degrees in Microbiology and Elementary Education.

Intending to target the young adult market, Kathy started writing science fiction in 1983. She got sidetracked when Bantam Books asked her to rewrite her space adventure *Firebird* as an adult release, and she continued to write for Bantam's Spectra science fiction imprint. Her next novel, *Star Wars: The Truce at Bakura*, is scheduled by Bantam Spectra for January 1994 release.

A flutist and Irish harper, Kathy performs and records semiprofessionally with her husband Mark. They have one son.

**Paul van de Kamp** is the Promotions Coordinator of the Sci-Fi Channel. As Channel Liaison, he works to muster support for the channel in as many areas as possible. A perfect candidate for the job, Paul grew up with *Star Trek* and is a fan of Clarke, Heinlein, and Lewis. In recent years he has also become a fan of cyberpunk and the work of William Gibson. He has been with the SF Channel since its inception.



**Gene van Troyer** has been writing and publishing science fiction since 1972. He has had stories and poetry in *Vortex*, *Amazing Stories*, *Asimov's*, and *Chrysalis 10*. He has also translated Japanese science fiction into English. He lives in Gifu, Japan.

**T. Brian Wagner's** latest accomplishment was the premiere production of *The Desert Peach Musical* last fall, which he not only co-wrote, but directed for the stage as well. He is almost fully recovered, and his doctor assures us that the medication should keep him mentally stable during the convention. His other writing credits include the screenplay of *The Wolfe Project* and the *Doctor Who* fan production *Broken Doors*. He is currently working on a workshop production of *Survivors: Three Portraits of Post Trauma* (excerpts of which have been presented at Rustycon 8, Norwescon 14, and Courageous/Necrocon 1). He has appeared as an actor in several local video productions; his attempts to destroy all extant copies of these have so far been unsuccessful. His future goals include getting the American Psychiatric Association to remove Lycanthropy from their list of mental disorders.

**Bryce Walden** has had a lifelong interest in hard science and science fiction. He has chaired a couple of SF conventions and helped with the development of Oregon SF Conventions, Inc. (OSFCI). He is a Founder and Officer of The Oregon L-5 Society, and an active researcher with the "Oregon Moonbase," an embryonic research facility including some caves near Bend, Oregon. He has authored and co-authored several papers on the use of lunar lava tube caverns for base siting, and been a consultant for Rockwell and NASA.

A graduate of Clarion West '92, **Cynthia Ward** has had stories published in *Sword & Sorceress* (Vols. 8 & 9), *Best of the Midwest's SF, Fantasy & Horror*, *Nova Express*, *Tales of the Unanticipated*, *Midnight Zoo*, *Aberations*, and *Xizquil*. She has stories forthcoming in *Rewired*, *Tomorrow*, the *Midnight Zoo Anthology*, and the British science fiction magazine *Exuberance*. In addition, she writes the review column "Bitch Bitch Bitch" for publisher/bookseller Mark V. Ziesing's newsletter.

**Elisabeth Waters** started writing as a science fiction fan. Her first sale was a short story sold to Marion Zimmer Bradley for *The Keeper's Price*, the first of the *Darkover* anthologies. This was followed by more short story sales to a variety of anthologies. Her first novel, a fantasy, was awarded the 1989 Gryphon Award. She is a member of SFWA and of the Author's Guild.

**Burt Webb** has appeared on radio, TV, and in print on such topics as anthropology, biology, psychology, SETI, cosmology, microcomputers, robotics, artificial intelligence, nanotechnology, and virtual reality. He starred in the SF short film, *Eat the Sun*, and contributed computer graphics to *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock*. His science column, "On the Future", appeared in *Science Fiction Review*. He is working on two SF novels and collaborating on the development of SF and fantasy scripts for movies and television.

**Deborah Wheeler** grew up mostly in California, went to college in Oregon, grew her hair long, and protested everything in the '60s. It took her a long time and three academic degrees (Bachelors in Biology, Masters in Psychology, Doctorate in Chiropractic) to figure out what she needed to do in life was to write. At the end of the '70s, she hit total career burnout trying to be superwoman, dean of a chiropractic college, and a new mother. She dumped the career (but not the kid), and started writing seriously. She has since had a second child, studied martial arts (17 years of kung fu), and lived in France. She has also had short stories published in almost all of the *Sword and Sorceress* and *Darkover* anthologies, as well as in various other publications. Her novelette, "Madrelita" (*F&SF*, February 1992) was on the 1992 Nebula preliminary ballot. Her first novel, *Jaydium*, came out from DAW this May.

**Mike Wilhelmi** has been the sound tech and special effects coordinator for a local mobile dance company. He was born and raised in Los Angeles, which is no doubt the reason for his great affection for loud sounds, flashy lights, and high action adventure. Even though he is closer to being a pacifist in real life, he seems to have a flare for making fantasy killing fun!

**Duane Wilkins** was ruined for life in the second grade, when his sister handed him a Robert Heinlein novel, *Rocket Ship Galileo*, and he's been hooked on science fiction and fantasy since. He's worked in the science fiction (and children's books) section of the University Bookstore since 1987, and has gradually assumed first the backlist and then new title buying for fantasy and science fiction.

**Ray Williams** is an artist, illustrator, and game designer. He has won awards at Rustycon, Norwescon, and several other conventions since 1980. His art has appeared in several national magazines and has been shown in galleries and shows all over the west coast. He designed and is publishing the fantasy role-playing game *Timelines*. His studio is in Longview, Washington.

**Dameön Willich** founded The Fantasy Alternative and co-founded the Northern Lights Artists Group. His cover art has appeared on Warner, Pioneer, DAW Books, and D.C. comic books. He worked on the comic series *Avatar*, *James Bond*, and *The Return of the Warlord*. His paintings and drawings have taken multiple Best of Show, Best Fantasy, Best SF, Best Color, and Best Black & White awards at conventions.

**Connie Willis** has won 6 Nebula awards—"Fire Watch", "A Letter from the Clearys", "The Last of the Winnebagos", "At the Rialto", "Even the Queen", and *Doomsday Book*. She was the first author to ever win in all four categories. She also has 2 Hugos (for "Fire Watch" and "Winnebagos") and the John W. Campbell Award for *Lincoln's Dreams*. She likes bulldogs, counted crosstitch, F. Scott Fitzgerald, P. G. Wodehouse, Anthony Trollope, and Harrison Ford (not in that order).

Born in Los Angeles, **Markus Willis** has been drawing and painting from the age of ten. His specialties include sailing ships, fantasy art and space art. He shows throughout the country at many prestigious art shows. He has done numerous book covers and illustrations as well as substantial magazine works.

# EKATERIN

I met her first by a campfire in the high Andes, in that fall of the Bank Holiday and the Reichstag fire, in the year when my Katy was reborn. She left her traveling companion asleep in their camp below Macchu Picchu, wrapped in the cottony mist of an April night, and wandered uphill, passing through the wind gap and out of time, into the light of my fire. She was beautiful then, with the freshness and splendor of a new-minted coin, in those days when coins still had value, but her casting had not been the purest. I reckoned the worth of her alloy, weighing it against the effort I would expend in the refining, but I knew I was unlikely to find better before the end of my term.

"I was trying to find the latrine." She crouched by the fire and held out her hands. "I seem to have gotten myself lost."

I pushed another dung chip into my tiny blaze. "That's why I am here. I protect women who climb too high."

"And who are you, to know who will climb too far? How could you know someone would come this way tonight?" Wild she was, then, an arrogant filly untrained to life's lead, and she *tossed her head like a potrilla* preparing to bolt across the pampas.

"Who do I have to be?" I threw her a pack of the foul-smelling cigarettes I knew she preferred. "And why should you assume I waited only tonight?"

She lit a cigarette from the fire and smoked it halfway before flinging it into the coals. "I see no sign of camp or companions. Where do you sleep? How do you survive?"

I could have asked the same questions of her, but I knew it was too soon, that too much of life still waited for her. There would come a time when she could face her answers and follow them on to the next mountain; and she would accept my answers then, as she couldn't now. I reached behind me and brought out a battered pot, already filled with water. She had yet to learn that on the mountain, chaos lay beyond the circle of my fire. "Don't be too certain of what you see here. The fog hides many things."

"Including an entire camp for you, lady-without-a-name?"

"I am called Alicia." In this time and place, there was no reason not to give my true name, but for safety's sake, I pronounced it like a native, softening the consonants and separating the vowels. With my dark skin and darker hair, she would not place my origins easily. She hesitated long enough for me to know the name she would give me was a lie. Not then or ever did I contradict her, but I must have shown my shock when she gave her chosen alias, so close to the name of my love. "I will be Ekaterin."

By now, the water had boiled and I offered her a mug of tea, thick with leaves and thin with taste. The water at such elevations is never hot enough.

"So tell me, Alicia-who-waits, why do you sit alone on a mountaintop, drinking tea with a stranger when you could be asleep in a warm bed?" She assumed she had the right to question and I the duty to answer.

"It is as I told you. I am here to protect those who would climb beyond their height."

She reached for another cigarette and then had to decide which hand would hold it and which the tea. It was as I had been warned; this woman would always struggle for more than she could keep. She would need a guardian of equal strength to keep her from breaking free of her pattern. "Why shouldn't I climb to the summit? Why can't I see what's over the top?"

"Because it isn't your time."



As the world slid further into darkness over the following years, I met her on mountains scattered across the globe. At each meeting, the tarnish became more evident, and the coin of her life more in need of annealing to heal the accumulated dislocations. In China's K'un-Lun Shan, she told me about her fairy-tale stepmother; I learned of her husband and her tempestuous marriage as we huddled beneath the Himal; the barrenness of the southern Sierras counterpointed the waste she felt in her own life. Always the mountains drew her, lifted her beyond where she was, and challenged her to press on to new horizons. Always,

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by V. E. Mitchell

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the meetings ended as the first one had:

"Why can't I see what's beyond the next summit?"

"Because it isn't your time."

"Why isn't it?" she asked from the heights of the Alps, in that fast-fading summer of Czechoslovakia and "peace in our time." "What's here for me? Isn't there anything more to life than marriage and children and doing the 'proper' thing? Why isn't it my time to see what's on the other side of your mountain?"

"I only can tell you—it isn't your time."

And so we sat at my fire and watched the lights go out over Europe. Ekaterin smoked a last cigarette down to the end, for once sad and without passion, and then went back to her world of husband, and children, and struggling to recast propriety to fit her own desires.

The inevitable darkness closed over the globe, and fewer people had time to climb mountains. We lost many women in those years, ground down by necessity and worn into the narrow channels of others' expectations. Even on my lookout at the fringes of time, I heard of "Ekaterin" and what she was doing, of the ways she molded her necessities into mountains to challenge her soul. Still, I knew she had not found what she was seeking, and that someday she would return to find what lay beyond the summit where she was not permitted to go. I waited; I could afford to wait. The span of my time was the one certainty I knew. I measured it in the years that Katy had preceded me.

As I knew she must, Ekaterin returned to the mountains, pushing always beyond her limits, reaching for the moment when the furnace of truth would burn away the contamination on her soul. Reaching, always, for the answers she needed to the questions she had yet to ask. I was waiting, with my guardian's fire and my watery tea and a box of the cigarettes she favored, in a tiny notch above the Khyber the year the Chinese crossed the Yalu.

The years of the war and the times just after had not been kind

to Ekaterin. Her face was etched with the price of her struggle, and some of the darkness would stay in her eyes forever. It threatened to take her that night, when she examined my features for signs of the years that had passed over me with less effect than the wash of a stream over its cobbled bed, for a trace of the times that had scarred her so deeply.

"I don't think you have changed." She passed the cigarette from one hand to the other, but made no move to light it. "Should I be egotistical enough to address you as my own guardian angel?"

"Hardly." I handed her the ritual mug of poorly-made tea. "I am a guardian. I wait here for any woman who climbs too high."

"What about the men? Don't they ever come here?" She bent to light her cigarette.

The years had changed her and altered the thrust of her concerns. It gave me the opening I needed, to begin shaping her soul to frame the questions she must answer. "Why should I care about men? They're not my worry."

"That's a bloody poor attitude." Although time had rearranged her interests, her arrogance was undimmed. "What gives you the right to dismiss half the human race out of hand?"

Even the flickering dance of the firelight could not hide the triumph in my smile, and Ekaterin's eyes narrowed in calculation as she read my expression. I nodded to award her the point of debate. "Perhaps you will find this answer more satisfactory: I don't know what happens to men. There's room in the world for much I do not understand, and I assume that men use a different set of symbols to describe the unknown."

I waited while she finished her cigarette and then poured herself another mug of tea. The wind from the heights was cold that night, but she seemed as immune to it as I. "And what about the women, Alicia-who-guards? How many women come to your campfires on your high mountaintops?"

"Not all that many. I always loved the mountains, so I protect those who use the same symbols to reach beyond themselves. For other

women, there are other guardians."

"But why do you watch at all? Why shouldn't I see what lies over the summit?"

"Because it isn't your time. Because you have not yet learned what you need to know."



In every relationship, the turning point comes when the child learns her lessons and becomes her own teacher. This time she came to a col past Denali, in the turbulent season before the Suez fell. The half-night of far northern summer lurked beyond the fog-shrouded mountain and surrounded my fire with an eerie twilight that was neither darkness nor day. She was beginning to change, to ignite the internal conviction that would at last burn away the dross of her self-doubt, to find the questions that would give her the answers she sought.

Ekaterin stared into the fire, warming her hands around yet another mug of my execrable tea. "Below, in the camp, it's clear. But as always, the fog wraps you like a blanket. Why should you always be hidden so?"

"To keep the unwary from glimpsing more than they should."

"But you have already said the people who come to you are those who are pushing their limits." Her hand reached toward the cigarettes, hovered, and returned to the mug. "Why shouldn't I see the boundaries I am fighting against?"

"They are not to be fought. You must accept them and use them to guide you along your path."

"How can they be both barriers and path markers? What are you keeping from me, Alicia-who-guards?"

"I withhold the nature of your burden, until you are ready to bear it." I closed my eyes in a moment's brief prayer, hoping for my sake and for Katy's that Ekaterin had the strength I had sensed in that first meeting.

"And what is your burden, Alicia-of-the-mountains? What do you wait for in these lonely places?"

I bowed my head, fearing to show her my need and my hopes.

"I wait for someone who will accept my guardpost. And I wait to join the one I would share my life with."

Ekaterin sipped on her tea, mulling over my words until she had strained the last meanings from them. "I never put much store in religion. Are you going to make me change my mind?"

I fed another twig into the fire. "That is a question you must answer for yourself."

"Will you tell me who you are this time?"

"I was just a woman who tried to climb the mountain before I knew the way. Someone protected me, as I now protect you."

Her smile was tired and, somehow, lonely. "I begin to see a pattern here. In a way I don't yet understand, you have saved my life. Now you want me to take over your job. Why?"

I cried then, for all the answers I couldn't give her: for the strong and beautiful woman who had emerged from the selfish child she had been. In a different time, in another place, I could have shared a peasant's hut with that woman and known I owned the universe. But now, in the cruel, misty half-night, I could only give a small and selfish reason. "When you meet my Katy, you will understand."

A moment's surprise registered on her face, and I knew she was remembering my shock when she had first given her alias so many years ago. Years of necessity had schooled her to conceal her feelings, and so she returned to practical matters. "Does knowing all this mean I'm going to die?"

"In a manner of speaking, yes. No one is permitted to live more than their given span."

She shook her head. "That's not what I meant, Alicia—who speaks-in-riddles."

The fire crackled and threw up a trembling finger of light. I knew it painted a sinister glow across my features that matched the death mask it sketched over Ekaterin's. "I would not give you a direct answer in this, my friend, even if it were permitted. You will die half a dozen years after I am reborn. One morning—and it will be morning—you will climb a mountain and no one will stop you when you cross over that first summit. You will look into yourself and find the map for ascending the next peak."

She drained her tea, although it had long since grown cold in the chilly air. "I've lost at so many things in my life. How do you know I won't lose at this, too?"

I refilled our mugs with the

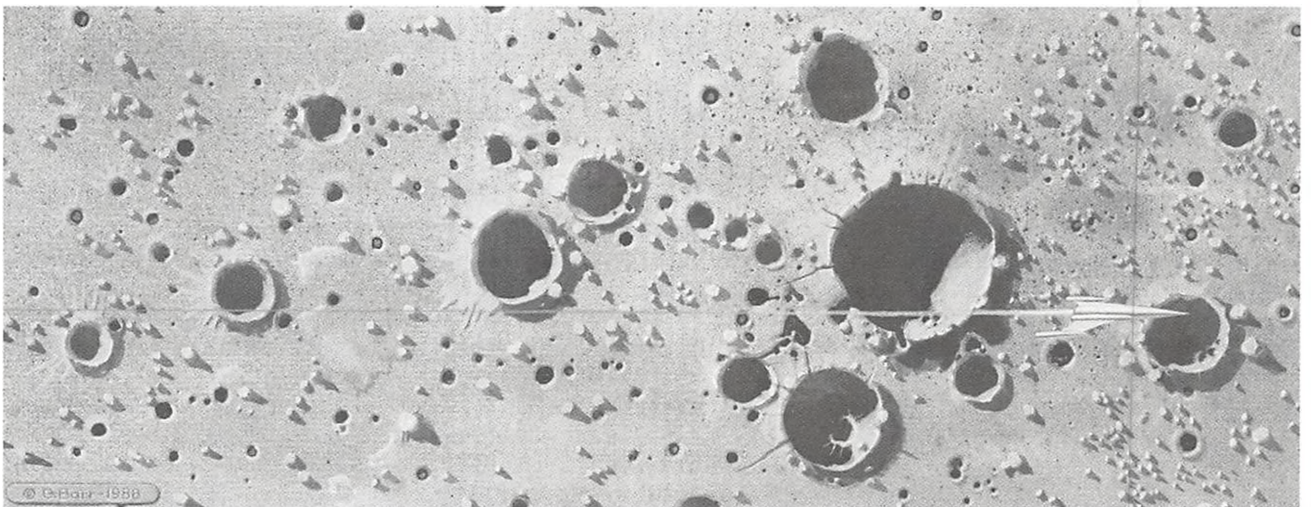
last of the tea, and then raised mine in a toast to Ekaterin. "To succeed at this takes courage, and strength, and persistence, and the will to keep trying even after all hope is gone. These things you've shown time and again as you've pushed beyond your limitations. All that you lack is the ability to examine yourself and accept what you are."

"Accept? How can I do that?" Her laugh was short and bitter. "I know myself far too well for that."

I looked into the fire. The tears burned my eyes and washed down my cheeks in thin, icy trails. "Look deeper. Ask other questions. The path is different for everyone."

She bowed her head, weighed down by the burden of my words. It is no easy thing to accept a lifetime of differences buried for the sake of conformity. In the end, she would manage it, as she had managed so much in her life, with a grace and a passion that would inspire lesser spirits. A wave of sadness and more than a little regret washed through me. My path led another way, and I would not be there to greet her when she gained that other summit she had struggled so long to reach.

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# A GEORGE BARR GALLERY



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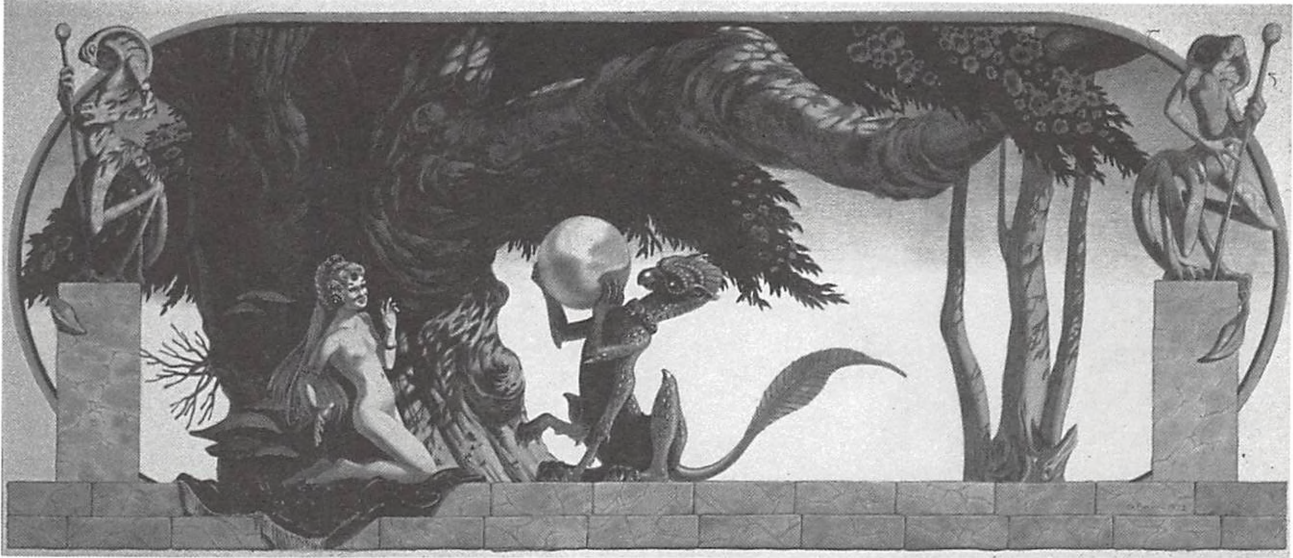
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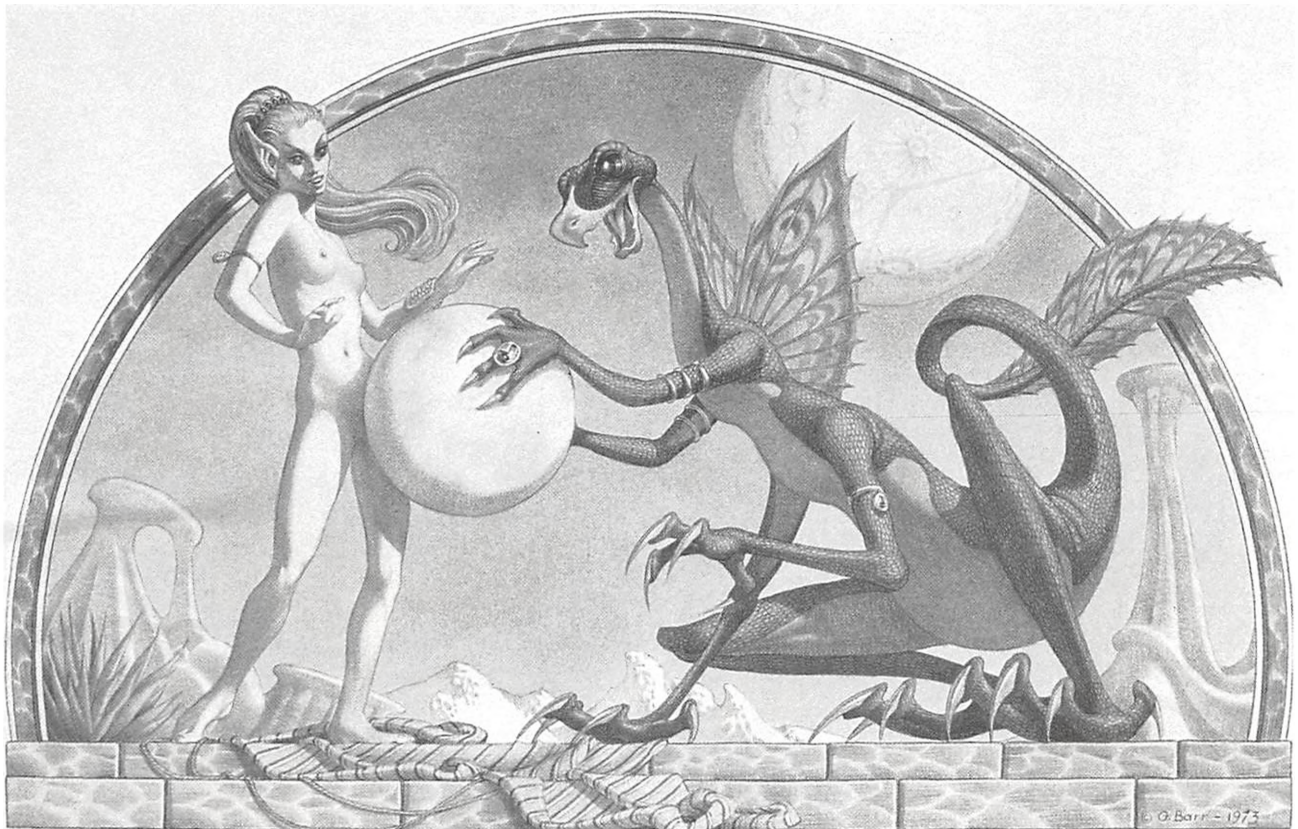


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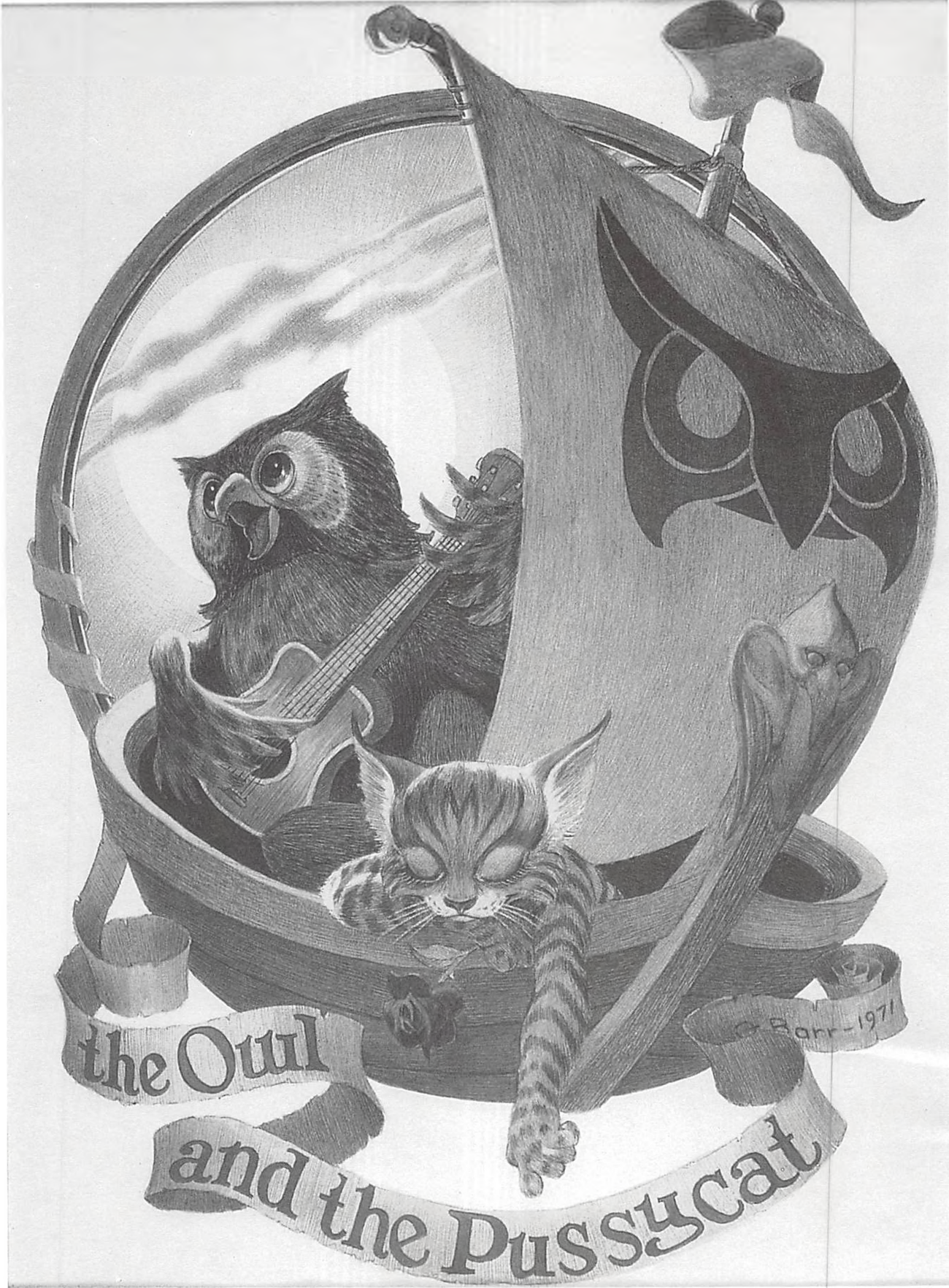


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# VARIA

None of my family knows where my Aunt Varia really came from. Till I was pretty much grown, I just sort of figured she was from right here in Washington County, like the rest of us, whether we were born Macurdies or married into the family. Besides, how would Uncle Will of ever met her, if she was from off somewhere?

She always seemed a bit peculiar, but of course she weren't the only peculiar one in Washington County. Not even the only peculiar Macurdy. She was different peculiar is all. Fact is, she had to be a little strange to of married Will. For one thing, from his eighteenth birthday on, the only time he stuck his nose inside church was for his own wedding. Unless you count his funeral, later on, and I don't think he had any nose left then. Plus he'd get strange notions from time to time. One time Fred tells about, he and Will were helpin' Dick Fenton butcher steers, and Will caught some hot blood in a tin cup and drank it down like milk. Said it was good for the muscles and glands. Dick said considerin' as how Will didn't have any girl friend, his glands weren't doin' him much good anyway, unless he was servicin' the livestock. Strong as the Macurdies are, especially Will, we've got a reputation as hard to rile, which no doubt was why Dick figured he could get away with sayin' somethin' like that. But he was wrong. Because just then Will took another notion, this one to punch Dick right between the eyes. Which also broke Dick's nose, and that was the end of that.

But whenever the clan would gather on a holiday, or ma and gramma would be feedin' a harvest crew, Aunt Varia would be in ma's big kitchen with the other women, doin' the things women do when a big feed is gettin' fixed. Fact is, gramma and ma both said Varia was a magician in the kitchen. And she was always easy to get along with; when folks were gathered 'round the table or in the sittin' room, Varia

would sit there not sayin' much. Not shy; only quiet and watchful. She'd just sit there, the really really pretty one, a-lissenin' and a-smilin'. When I was a kid, that smile always seemed kind of spooky to me. It seemed like she knew things other people didn't, and sometimes I'd wonder what it might be.

I wasn't the only one wondered. I remember ma sayin' once that she wondered what Varia thought about behind those strange eyes. Not the Bible, she'd bet; Aunt Varia didn't go to church any more'n Will did.

Another thing: Varia wore her hair long—not braided, but in two bunches like a pair of honey-blond horses' tails, but kind of out to the sides. That was a time when no one but her wore their hair long. Her and some old ladies gramma's age, and they wore theirs up back of their head in a bun.

When I was young, I always thought that what was oddest 'bout Aunt Varia, though, was how she'd laugh, now and then, when no one else did. Sometimes she'd just look off toward the far corner of the ceiling and chuckle. That's chuckle; she never was one for gigglin'. Once I even saw her look up there and wink, after she chuckled, and for just a second, I thought I saw a face up there, looked somethin' like hers, but then it was gone.

Not often, but every now and then, when folks were talkin' she'd even laugh right out when no one had said anything to laugh about. Folks that knew her didn't pay any attention, but strangers never knew how to take it. I remember once we had a new preacher over for supper, and he was standin' up sayin' the blessin' when Varia laughed like that. First thing he did was look down to see if his pants was unbuttoned. (They weren't.) Most of us saw him look, and two, three of us laughed. Couldn't help it. Threw the reverend off his prayer so bad, he just sort of limped on through to the amen. A lot quicker than he might

of, which was fine by us boys.

Varia was young then. At least I think she was.

But the difference folks noticed first about Varia was her eyes. She had two, just like the rest of us, but they were different. Big and leaf green—leaf green!—and wide-set, and tilted up at the outside corners. Made her look foreign. She was a pretty woman though, the prettiest around, and those eyes of hers was part of it. They suited her just right, as if any other color or size or shape would of spoiled her looks.

Her eyes and her build was what caught the eye most, even among women I think. Partic'ly when I was thirteen, fourteen years old, sometimes I'd get a hard on when I looked at her. Whenever I did, she'd look at me and laugh, like she knew. That killed it every time.

I said earlier that she had to of been strange to marry Uncle Will. As a farmer, Will was seriously short on judgment, even though generally he seemed smart enough. He'd take a notion to do the darndest things, and then do 'em. His place was right next to ours, with his northwest forty up against our northeast forty, and right in the middle of the two forties was a thirty-acre clay pocket too heavy and wet for growin' anything but hay. So that's what we'd always used it for, a hay meadow. Anyhow, this one spring day I was fixin' fence and seen Will out there turnin' over that nice stand of timothy with the plow. His team had all it could do to pull the moldboard through it.

Naturally I was curious, so I went over and asked how come he was plowin' it. "Gonna plant it to potatoes," he told me. Potatoes in clay! Was it anyone else, I'd of thought he was foolin'. What he ended up with was a worn-out team, busted up harness, and twenty acres of ground that, when the top dried out, was like a cobblestone pavement. Afterward, when he tried harrowin' it, the disks just hopped along the top. I was only fourteen at the time, and kind of harebrained, but even I knew better'n to do somethin' like that. When pa saw it, he just shook his

head. So far as I know, he never said anything to Will about it; wouldn't have helped anyway.

But what Will sometimes lacked between the ears, he made up for farther down. All the Macurdy men were well known for their strength, but Will was almost surely the strongest man in Washington County, and he could outwork most two men. He got so's he did a lot of work off the farm, which was just as well, considerin' the kind of farmin' decisions he sometimes made. He rented most of his land to pa, and didn't keep much stock to tend to. He worked for the barrel works a lot of the time, loggin' white oak cooperage, and cuttin' up and splittin' the tops for the Barlow brothers' brick kiln.

And it weren't just Will's muscles that was big. The Bible says you mustn't show yourself nekkit to folks, but we all figured that rule didn't hold down by the Sycamore Bend. That's where us boys used to swim. And Harley Burton used to have easily the biggest one of all the kids that swum there. (Course, I was only nine, ten years old then. By the time I turned fourteen, and looked like I might beat him out, Harley was in the army in France, to teach the Kaiser a lesson.) Anyhow, when I was about ten, I mentioned it to pa how big Harley's was, and pa said he'd be surprised if Harley's was half as big as Will's. Said there was someone like that in every generation of Macurdies, but Will had outdone himself. After that I was always a little curious to see what Will had, but of course I never did.

Will was the youngest of five boys, my pa bein' oldest, and I was a little kid about five or six when him and Varia got married. Will was about twenty-five at the time. Even then, I wondered why such a pretty woman would marry someone as plain and as strange as Will. Some months later, she got with child, and when she was maybe five months along, Will took her into town, where she'd take the train to Evansville, she said. To get cared for and mid-wifed by her grandma on her daddy's side. Some folks around thought that was an insult to the Macurdy clan, and to

Doc Simmons. Surely it seemed awful soon, only five months along. But Will seemed content, so no one in the family made anything of it. Us Macurdies are pretty easy goin'; let folks pretty much be what they are. And Varia'd said the women in her family had a lot of trouble carryin' to full term, and birthin', so she wanted to be with her own grandma.

She was back only maybe six weeks later, her belly back down to normal. And didn't have any kid with her, of course; hadn't carried it long enough. Miscarried, she told mamma, like she'd been afraid she might. No one troubled her to tell more; didn't want to grieve her.

Melissy Turnbuck told Julie she wondered if the baby hadn't been the victim of an orangewood knitting needle. Julie slapped her face for that; I saw her do it. The only one more surprised than me was Melissy. Varia havin' an abortion at five months wouldn't make sense anyway, Julie told me afterward. Julie works for Doc Simmons, and she says five months is too far along for anythin' like that.

After that, Varia got with child about every other year, and always went off to her grandma. And never came home with anything more than her suitcases. After about the third time, we come to expect it, but her and Will kept tryin'.

By then we all pretty much recognized that she was strange in other ways than her miscarriages, her tilty green eyes, and laughin' at odd times. Because us kids were growin' up, and Will didn't look all that young anymore, but Varia May still looked about twenty. In fact, when I was twenty-five, she still looked twenty, though she'd got to be around forty by then, at least.

That's the year a big old white oak barber-chaired on Will—split up from the stump, kicked loose about ten feet up, and fell on him. White Oak's treacherous that way; 'bout the only reason folks log it is, it's the only kind of tree 'cept bur oak that's good for wet cooperage. The one that done it to him had a butt 'bout three feet across. He'd chained it and all before he ever picked up the ax, and tightened



the chain with wedges, but the grab hook broke off! Frank Lewis, on the other end of the saw, said all he could see of Will was his left leg from the knee down; the rest of him was under that big oak butt. It shook Frank so bad, he quit loggin'; got a job at Singleton's, deliverin' coal and hogged stovewood. After they got the tree off Will, Byron Haskell, the undertaker, said he never seen anything looked like that, and hoped never to again. The casket was kept closed, of course.

Pa said one thing 'bout it was, Will died too quick to suffer.

Folks commented on how brave Varia was, what a good front she put up. No one even saw her shed a tear, though she did look a little drawn for a while. Afterward, two, three fellas 'round here tried to pay court to her, but she showed 'em no interest. Pretty as she was, pretty as any woman or girl in Washington County, you might of thought there'd be more, quite a few more, but there was only the two, unless you count old Lennox Campbell droolin' on his vest. I suppose they were scared off by how young she looked at her age. Plus as far as birthin' live offspring, she seemed sterile as a free-martin.

She stayed on the farm for more than another year, all by herself. Did her own milkin', gardened and fed her cows and chickens, stuff like that. Sold her team to pa, though, and her hogs, and pa agreed we'd farm her land for her, on shares of course. She helped with things like shuckin' corn and oats, the way she'd always done. Slim as she was, she was strong, and no one had ever known her to get sick, not even a cold.

At first us boys took turns goin' over and dungin' out her barn, and doin' whatever heavy work there was to do; it was only 'bout forty rod from our place to hers. But after a little, it seemed like it fell to me to do most of it, which I didn't mind. We all kept 'spectin' her to get tired of bein' alone like that. Figured she'd either marry or go to wherever she had blood kin. Evansville, maybe.

Finally after more than a year, she asked pa would he like to buy her place. If the terms was easy

enough, he said, so they set down together and worked out an agreement. That was in February, and she figured to leave in April.

Right after that, I was over there with the spreader, gettin' her manure spread before plowin'. I was pitchin' on a load when she come out to the barn and told me she was drivin' in to town. (Will'd bought a second-hand Model A truck, a little one.) Said if I wanted to take a break, there was half a peach pie in the pantry; eat all I wanted of it. Then she left.

That sounded all right to me. Matter of fact, the idea got me so excited, I could hardly hold myself till she was gone. And it weren't the pie I was excited 'bout, it was the house. I didn't even finish loadin' the spreader. Just put the pitchfork aside and went out with half a load. Soon as I got back with the empty spreader, I went to the house. I didn't know what had got into me, but I was practically shakin'. Left my barn boots on the porch, and inside took off my overalls, which weren't all that clean. I had pants on under 'em anyway, of course.

I'd lived just down the road from Will's house since it was built, but never seen much of the inside. Never got farther'n the kitchen. Our house was a lot bigger, so all the family get-togethers was held either there or at Max and Evelyn's over on the Maple Hill Road, turn and turn about. While I was takin' off my overalls, I was askin' myself what in the world I had in mind—why I was so shaky excited about going through Varia's house. And not gettin' any answer. Then I walked all through it—just walked through it—lookin' around, and I realized that what I was lookin' for was pictures: family photos. Not of the Macurdy family, but hers! Seemed to me there ought to be some, and I wanted to see what they looked like. Wanted to see so bad, my chest felt all tight.

Well, I didn't find any on the walls, so I started lookin' through dresser drawers and closet shelves for albums, or maybe boxes like might have pictures in 'em. Not mussin' anything up; what I surely didn't want was for Varia to know. And when I didn't find anything

downstairs, I went up in the attic.

That's where I found the envelope. The first thing my eyes hit on up there was a chest. Unlocked. I opened it, and right on top was this big brown envelope that I knew had to have pictures in it. I took it over by the window, where there was a table that wasn't even dusty. As if it was used lately. Carefully I took out what was inside it.

There was what looked like a letter, a letter I couldn't of read in a hundred years. Not only the words was foreign; the writin' was too. Could of been Chinese for all of me. Under it was pictures, big as studio photos, but they didn't have the name of any studio on 'em. The paper was stiff, and somehow the pictures didn't quite look like photos. They looked real as photos, though, only sharper and clearer than any photos I ever seen, and colored. Too perfect was what they were.

They were of children, I guess you could say. The first picture showed six little boys alike as twins—lookin' a bit like Will, but with Varia's tilted eyes. The next was of seven little girls, like twins again, and there wasn't any question who the mother was: Varia. In fact there was six—litters, I guess you could call 'em, the youngest lookin' about three years old, all of 'em boys except the second batch I mentioned. And written under each child was what might of been a name.

I didn't have any doubt at all that that they were Will's and Varia's kids. Thirty-eight little Macurdies, 'cept I doubted they thought of themselves that way. Six litters. But Varia'd gone off pregnant probably eight or nine different times—more than six, anyway. So all told, seemed like she'd birthed some fifty kids, or thereabouts.

And if all that weren't enough, they were dressed strange. They wore what looked like sparkly little silver coveralls, but more snug, like they were tailor-made for 'em. And shiny little black, pull-on boots comin' not much above the ankles. Looked like they were made for Sunday, but not at the Oak Creek Presbyterian Church. The little girls had Varia's long honey-colored hair, fastened like she did hers, in thin

graceful horse tails that hung down over the front of their shoulders, all combed out nice. The boys' heads were near shaved, and they stood there at attention like little soldiers with grins. All of 'em, boys and girls alike, had their mamma's green green eyes. And they looked to be standin' in front of a low building with white stone pillars. Didn't look like any studio backdrop, either. Looked real. Seein' 'em like that give me goose bumps, as if I knew, somewhere inside, where it was.

And there was another picture. Somethin' I took one glance at and covered up quick as I could. Then I put 'em all back in the envelope and put the envelope back in the chest, just like I'd found 'em, closed the lid, and went back downstairs. All of a sudden scared to death that Varia might come back before I got out of there.

She didn't. I went right back to spreadin' manure; didn't have the nerve to stay and eat any pie. I was afraid she might get back before I was done. When I heard the eleven-forty train whistlin' for the Ramsey Road crossin', I unhitched the team and drove 'em home. Half-way there, Varia passed me in the Model A. I didn't even wave; I was afraid she'd stop to talk. When she drove by, I could feel those bright green eyes right on me, and it seemed to me she knew what I'd done, what I'd found out. My mouth was drier'n dust. I didn't know how I could ever face her again.



That night I dreamed 'bout Varia. I dreamed I was over to plow her garden patch and couldn't get the plow in the ground, which was all paved over with brick. Then she come out to me wearin' only a shirt, one of Will's, the tails scarcely halfway to her knees, and unbuttoned down far enough at the top that I could partly see her titties. I was sure she weren't wearin' anything underneath it. She asked me in for pie. Her tilty green eyes were bigger than ever, and smilin', she asked me what the trouble was. I said I couldn't get it in, that it was too hard, meanin' the ground. She laughed and put her fingers on my

cheek, and said it couldn't ever be too hard. My face got hot as a depot stove then. And somehow we weren't in her garden patch anymore, but in my bedroom, and she wasn't really there after all, but only her ghost, so to speak. I could see right through her. But I could still feel her fingers; she was still touchin' my cheek.

"Haven't you ever wanted to be a daddy, Curtis?" she asked.

I swallowed and told her I'd never thought about it.

"Well then, have you ever wanted to be in bed with a pretty woman?"

I couldn't more'n nod. Fred and me'd been to see the Miller sisters a couple times, on their farm outside Salem; they charge two dollars. And I screwed Mamie Hodge a few times in her daddy's hayloft. Wearin' a French safe, 'cept for the first couple times with Mamie. I didn't want to have to marry anyone, surely not Mamie Hodge, and you couldn't know but what the Miller sisters might have the clap, or worse. But none of 'em would qualify as pretty; nowhere near as pretty as Varia. But neither did they drop whole litters of strange, smilin' little kids, six months afterward.

Anyway, in my dream she took me by the hand then and we walked out of the house together, she was still transparent in the moonlight. And somehow I didn't have my pajamas on, but my regular pants and shirt, and my barn boots. When we got to her house, another her was waiting on the back porch, this second Varia not transparent at all. She wore what looked like the same shirt, flannel. The first Varia stepped up to the second Varia and they melted right into one another, while I found myself takin' off my barn boots. Then, chucklin' like she does, she opened the storm door. And the hinge squeaked, wakin' me wide awake.

And there I was, really on her porch, like I'd sleepwalked there. I mean really on her porch. No way was this a dream any longer. "You didn't eat your pie," she said softly, and chuckled again. I walked through that door like I was bewitched, and she closed it behind us. I couldn't of stayed out any

more'n I could of flew by flappin' my arms. Then, in the kitchen, she put her arms around me and kissed me, like nothin' I ever imagined, and led me by the hand into her bedroom.

"Curtis," she said softly, "since Will died, you're the strongest of the Macurdies, and you're smarter than Will. Although he was more intelligent than people thought, and a nice man. I became quite attached to him." I only about half heard what she was sayin', because she was unbuttonin' my shirt while she talked. "You'll give us fine children. More than fine. They won't argue about that." They? She kissed me again, then stepped back and smiled at me. "Will and I did have children, you know. The ones you saw in the pictures this morning."

I just stared at her. Somehow she knew I'd seen the pictures, like I was afraid she might. Meanwhile she stepped around behind me and pulled off my shirt, then put her arms around me and unbuckled my belt—and felt around inside while she kissed my back. Now she knew what I didn't—how I sized up with Will. I couldn't hardly breathe, and my knees were like to of buckled. When she'd finished undressing me, she shucked out of Will's old shirt, and I never seen nothin' like her. It made my throat hurt just to look. Then she pulled me onto the bed, and after that—no way could I describe what it was like. Between times, she told me she wanted me to marry her. I told her that's what I wanted, too. At least part of me did, no doubt of that, but I wasn't so sure about the rest of me, and I guess she knew what I was thinkin', 'cause she said there weren't any hurry. Then she chuckled again and said next week would be soon enough, and started wrigglin' around on top of me and eatin' my face.

After another hour or so, I washed up and got dressed, and the transparent Varia led me back home. I was worried that someone would see us come back, but she said there weren't any danger of that. I guess she must of spelled 'em.





The next day I finished off her manure pile, and while I was forkin' manure that mornin', I got to worryin'. She hadn't aged for twenty years, while I'd gone from a bitty little boy to six-foot-tall and two-oh-nine on the creamery scale with my clothes on. In twenty more years I'd be forty-six, and she'd still be twenty. And in forty years . . . Folks already were talkin' about her. That was one reason she didn't go into town more'n she needed to.

No doubt about it, bein' married with her would be somewhat more than just rollin' around in bed together. And by the light of day, ridin' behind a team of Belgians spreadin' cow manure, it seemed to me we needed to talk about that. So when I heard the eleven-forty train whistle, I leaned my pitchfork against the barn, and went up to her house and knocked. She let me in, then cranked up ma on the phone. Asked if I could stay for lunch and help her eat leftovers before she had to throw 'em out.

Ma didn't answer right away; there was half a minute there when I couldn't hear her voice. Then she said that'd be fine. Maybe she wondered if I'd started doin' more at Varia's than just work.

Anyway I sat down at the table and we began talkin', while Varia rustled up a meal. I told her what was botherin' me, and she just smiled. "We won't stay here," she said.

"Where—Where would we go?" I wasn't sure I wanted to hear the answer to that. I wanted to be with Varia the rest of my life, and was scared her answer would be somethin' I couldn't live with.

"Where would you like?"

I thought for a minute. "Since the depression hit last fall," I reminded her, "lots of folks are out of work. It's hard to get a job nowadays."

"We'll get a farm," she said, reasonable as could be. "Somewhere well away from here; maybe some black land in Illinois."

I shook my head. "That'd cost a lot of money. Especially that Illinois black land."

"Land prices are way down. I talked to them at the bank before I sold out to your father. And my

grandmother's got money that belongs to me."

Her grandmother. I supposed I'd meet her, if we got married. I wasn't sure I wanted to.

"She looks a lot like me," Varia said without my askin'.

"Just as young?" I was a little afraid of what the answer'd be.

Varia laughed. "A little older. Maybe twenty-five." Light danced in her eyes when she said it. She seemed more bright and lively today than I'd ever seen her, and I couldn't help thinkin' she'd be a wife like no one ever had before, 'cept maybe Will. I didn't know if she'd been like this with him or not.

"How about when I'm fifty and you still look twenty?"

She looked at me a long time before she answered. "You won't need to look fifty, if you don't want to. You can look just as young then as you do today."

The first thing that hit me was, I'd have to sell my soul to the devil. I'd never really believed in the devil, but that's the thought that come to me. I set it aside. "Will aged," I reminded her.

"I never gave Will the choice. He was a nice man, and he had the kind of genes we need, but . . . I planned to stay with him till the situation here got dangerous—from my not aging, I mean—have sixty or seventy children by him, then disappear.

I guess I must of looked troubled, because she put her hand on my cheek, soft as goose down, and said: "I never loved Will. It's you I've loved. For a dozen or more years now, since I realized who you are. But I never thought anything could come of it."

For a dozen years! That was a stopper. But she wasn't done.

"And in the sisterhood," she said, "we learn self-control. Self-abnegation." Her mouth twisted a bit. "It's not always easy, especially on this side. Even though we're genetically pre-conditioned. There's a lot about a person that's not genetic."

It's funny how much I remember of what she said, considerin' I didn't understand half of it. The biggest puzzles were who this we was she talked about, and why

they needed the kind of jeans Will wore.

Anyway, the upshot of it all was, we'd tell ma and pa that we planned to get married and go somewhere else to live. And when we got there, we'd tell folks I was twenty-two and she was twenty. Then, in twelve, fifteen years, we could move again. Might be interestin' to live different places.



We got married ten days later. The family didn't announce it; Varia asked 'em not to. We just got the blood tests and license, and one evening after supper, my folks went with us to the parsonage. Reverend Fleming was took totally by surprise, but took us next door to the church, turned on the lights, and married us in our coats, there bein' no fire in the furnace, and the evenin' cold. When it was over, we all went home—ma, pa, Fred, and Edith to their house, Max and Evelyn to theirs, and me and Varia to ours. Varia Macurdy; she didn't even get a new name out of it, nor much in the way of wedding gifts.

I told her that when we went inside. She said none of it mattered, that she'd got me, and that was what counted. Then we went upstairs to bed. We hadn't been to bed together 'cept that one night, but we made up for it 'fore we went to sleep.

We'd already packed most everything she wanted to take with us—not a whole heck of a lot. The week before, I'd hammered together sort of a little shed for the back of the Model A, with stakes for the stake pockets, that we could move with. So by ten the next mornin' we were sittin' in the cab together, headed south for the Ohio River, happy as two worms in an apple.

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# Prudence

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In some dim, unimagined past when the still-forming Earth churned and shuddered restlessly, a shift . . . a *shrug* of the immense powers held barely in check beneath the surface had sent the rocks of Kardsden's Ridge towering into the whirling sky: great, shattered, square-sided blocks of dark, sharp-edged stone. They loomed like the weathered battlements of some impossible ogre's fortress above the tangled hills; huge, forbidding, and somehow unexplainably evil.

Against the dimming pearlescent glow of the evening sky, ancient twisted trees could be seen clinging with quiet tenacity to the tops of the towering cliffs. Wild ivy draped over the time-scarred walls. But the green of life did little to soften the impression of utter, hopeless desolation. Rather it served by contrast to make more grim the vast expanse of sheer, unscalable granite. And the dwarfed scrub oaks huddled at its base seemed to bow in fear of some dread force contained within that silent citadel.

The sound of the carriage wheels and the clapping of the horses' hooves echoed like muffled laughter, and Prudence cowered into her jolting, rocking corner, the lap-robe clutched up under her chin, feeling like a foolish child afraid of the dark.

In her mind ten bleak summers dropped away and she was again nine years old, striving desperately to fold in upon herself in a corner of the dismal attic, to become as small as possible and perhaps escape the wrath of Mr. Gantry, whose drunken bellows filled the old house with his rage as he searched for her.

She'd felt horribly defenseless then, too: left by her dear mother's untimely death in the care of a brutal stepfather whose dependency upon ale had deprived him of any restraint that common humanity might have made upon his cruel and unnatural lusts.

But she'd survived.

Somehow that frightened, piteous child had un-

covered within herself a reservoir of unsuspected strength and had drawn upon it constantly during the years of Mr. Gantry's slow decline to helpless senility and eventual demise.

She called upon it now in her unreasoning dread.

*They're just rocks,* she told herself. *Only rocks. It's a trick of the fading light which causes them to look so foreboding. I cannot allow a childish fancy to color my first view of Castle Gate Manor.*

Castle Gate Manor. What images that name conjured within her imagination. And with what anxious uncertainties did she anticipate her employment there.

Left without fortune at her stepfather's death, Prudence had again called upon her inner resources. Overcoming her fears of the world beyond her narrow horizons, she'd answered an advertisement and accepted employment as governess at Castle Gate Manor, the country estate of the reclusive Sir Geoffrey Meade.

*Governess for whom?* she wondered, as she had numerous times since first seeing the advertisement. She'd read the tabloids and heard the gossip, and knew that even at age thirty-six Sir Geoffrey was not married, nor had he ever been. She'd heard nothing of a ward, and there could be no younger sibling as he was himself the youngest of only two children. His sister—the family scandal—had left the Episcopalian faith at age twenty-one, become a Catholic, and entered a convent. As that had been many years ago, even if she had erred and borne a child out of wedlock before taking her vows, that child would now be somewhat beyond the age of needing a governess.

Prudence had moved in far too distant a circle ever to have actually seen Sir Geoffrey, but it was said that he was uncommonly handsome, tall, lean, and athletic, with black hair, and dark, brooding eyes.

*Remember, My Girl,* she told herself, *you're only a governess. Maybe you're not ugly, exactly, but you're far*

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by George Barr

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*from being the kind of beauty a man like Sir Geoffrey Meade would find attractive. Do as you are being paid to do, and don't look higher than you can reach.*

Feeling the coach slow its pace, Prudence leaned forward to peer anxiously from the window. Ahead she saw an abrupt break in the towering cliffs. Indeed it did look very like a gate in the wall of an immense castle. Almost lost in the shadows between the stone pylons was the manor house: a sprawling, four-storied mansion that would—almost anywhere else—have appeared huge and imposing. But here . . . it was a doll's house left in the gate yard by some Brobdignagian child.

Nonetheless, as the coach drew nearer, the house loomed up before them, dark and overpowering. With gables like the knuckles of a clenched fist, it thrust the pointing finger of a tower up into the darkening sky. A single light shown from the topmost window—briefly—then disappeared, leaving a gibbous moon the only illumination.

But when the driver pulled the horses to a stop, the great oaken door swung wide and golden warmth poured into a paved dooryard. A large, round-faced, heavy-bosomed woman in a dress of homely grey with a starched white apron, stood framed between the posts, her eyes smiling a welcome.

*Mrs. Girdy, the housekeeper,* Prudence thought.

The letter accepting her application had informed her that she would be answerable in all things to Mrs. Girdy, an old retainer who'd been with the family since long before Sir Geoffrey's birth.

But what drew the gaze of the new governess and held it iron-bound was the child who stepped down from behind the housekeeper's wide skirts.

A child. Certainly a child. Barely as high as the old woman's waist, frail and delicate as a dew-strung spider web, she had the oldest, wisest eyes Prudence had ever encountered. Wide, and of the palest blue, they stared calmly and knowingly into the very soul.

*What is she?* Prudence won-

dered . . . then wondered even more at her unconscious choice of pronoun. Not *who*, but *what*!

*A little girl, of course, she told herself sternly. Small, oddly mature for her years, white skinned as though from long illness, and as blond as an angel, but just a little girl.*

There was, however, nothing angelic in the wisdom of those other-worldly eyes . . . nor malice either. Strangely detached, she seemed, as though she examined the world about her through a reading glass; a world she moved within, but with which she shared nothing.

"Miss Prudence," the housekeeper said, her deep voice rich with hospitality. "I'd begun to wonder if you'd make it here tonight. I'm so glad you did." She grasped the new employee's fingers in both her own work-worn hands and smiled as though welcoming an old and dear friend. "Let me take your things," she exclaimed as the driver plumped the worn carpetbags down upon the paving. The woman bent to retrieve them, then stopped suddenly at seeing the child behind her.

*Was there a bit of fear in her eyes?* Prudence wondered. If so, it disappeared immediately. She gestured toward the serious faced youngster as though presenting a valued heirloom.

"Here is your charge, my dear," she said. "Sir Geoffrey's . . . ward. Esira. It's an odd name, I know. But you'll find it suits her. She's no trouble at all. The most obedient and even-tempered child this world has ever seen.

"Esira," she addressed the pale little girl, who continued her disconcertingly knowledgeable examination of the new arrival's face. "This is your governess: Miss Prudence. Now you won't have to submit any longer to the divided attentions of a harried housekeeper. You'll have Miss Prudence with you all the time from now on. Won't that be nice? Give her a curtsy now. Don't let her think we've been remiss in your education."

The child turned her calm gaze on Mrs. Girdy for just a moment, and the corners of her mouth twitched minutely as though she repressed a secret amusement. But

her curtsy was as gracefully proper as one could have wished.

"You're lovely, Esira," Prudence said. "I hope we can become good friends." She held out her hand.

Again that hint of humor flashed momentarily across the tiny, exquisite face, and the child slipped her little hand into that of her governess.

To her astonishment, Prudence felt the girl's touch, like a toy left in the sun, surprisingly warm—almost hot. The fingers were as smooth as marble, dry, and held an inner heat that Prudence might have expected in one consumed by a raging fever. But the calm eyes were clear, and there was no hint of perspiration upon the high, white brow.

Mrs. Girdy, carrying both heavy bags, led the way into the house, stood back to let Prudence and Esira pass, then nudged the heavy door with one foot and closed it with a determined push of her ample bottom.

The child sat daintily upon a small stool before a cheery blaze in an enormous fireplace. And before Prudence had a chance to look about the great hall, Mrs. Girdy was bustling her up a broad staircase to the second floor.

"She's a strange one," the woman almost whispered, "but she's really no trouble. Curious as a cat. And she'll plague you night and day with questions about everything in the world. I swear she has near sucked my poor mind dry of all I ever learned. There's nothing she's not avid to know, and she has a disturbingly grown-up mind in so small a pretty package. But she'll obey. She's not mean nor spiteful as are so many bright children. But I promise you'll find your head a'whirl and your mouth dry with answering all her questions."

"Who is she?" Prudence asked. "She seems like something right from another world."

Mrs. Girdy's left eyebrow raised. "Doesn't she just? Sir Geoffrey brought her to me some months back and I could get no word from him about her parents . . . who they are . . . or were. He came down the stairs with her from his study one evening. I didn't

even know he'd been out of the house, but there she was with him. If I were a believer in fancies, I swear it wouldn't be hard to think he'd conjured her.

"Sir Geoffrey is an odd one himself, you'll find. Moody, he is. And solitary, like."

A low humming from somewhere above began to register on her consciousness as they reached the third floor landing, and Prudence realized the sound had been present since she'd entered the manor, but so low she had not noticed. Like an organ in a great cathedral, it grew in volume until the whole house seemed to quiver with it. Abruptly the note ceased

and, as though it had somehow shattered, the air was filled momentarily with a sweet, crystalline tinkling.

"Mrs. Girdy," she exclaimed, her arms prickling with gooseflesh, "whatever was that?"

The housekeeper's face had paled slightly, and she didn't meet the young woman's eyes, but jerked her head in the direction of a narrow flight of stairs leading away up beyond. To the tower, Prudence assumed.

"That goes up to Sir Geoffrey's study," she said. "It's his private place, and I don't set foot on those steps, even to clean. The Good Lord knows what goes on up there, with

all the gewgaws and gimcracks he's hauled up to that room. A lot of glass; bubbles and bottles, tubes and globes. A lot of things that looked like spools of copper thread. Books. *Hundreds* of books. And things I couldn't begin to put a name to. I'm not sure I really care to know, either, if you want the truth.

"But it's the first rule of the house: no matter what devil-sent sounds you hear screeching down from that tower, *you're not to go up those stairs!*"

And Prudence, true to her name, never did.

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*Steed of the Morning Mist* © 1993 by George Barr



# QUANTUM

## BLEEP:

### *The Catagorical Imperative*

Thrust by the quantum exuberator into the past, Dr. Slam Smeckett is doomed to travel the spacetime condominium within his own lifetime, driven by some unknown screenplay writer to make right what wasn't broken in the first place.

His only companion is Alpo, a hollowgram that only Slam can see, and everyone else should be very, very thankful.

Last week, Slam was jumped out of his latest adventure just as he finally got to kiss the girl and was thinking "Hey, maybe . . ." when ZAP! As the special effects wind down, he finds himself seated at the head table of a banquet. "And now," says a large man whose badge reads Con Chair, "our Guest of Honor will tell us the deeper meanings behind his seven-volume trilogy, *The Exegesis of the Excrescence*." And turning to Slam, "Mr. Imus Hackwright!"

Looking totally confused and anxious, which he is very good at by now, Slam sighs, "Goshwowboyoboy!"



Pawing a stack of notes he mumbles a few words of thanks; then, under his breath: "Alpo! Where the hell are you?"

Suddenly the special effects doorway flashes on; dressed impeccably, Alpo appears. He takes a slow toke from a long, machine-rolled Burmese Bhangar. "How ya doin', Slam?"

"Just tell me: what am I here for?"

"To explain," says the Con Chair, looking helpful, "the deeper meaning of—"

"Right. What is the meaning behind my seven-volume trilogy?" says Slam, looking very pointedly at

Alpo. To all intents and purposes, however, he is staring down the cleavage of a young blond Aphrodi-American waitperson who is directly behind Alpo and bending forward to pick up a plate.

Alpo slaps his computerlink against his other hand; the gadget sputters and throws sparks. "I dunno, Slam; Squiggy hasn't figured it out yet. Just keep talking."

As Slam begins, five consecutive commercials spare us most of his inevitably lame ad-libbing. Mercifully so; the comedy of embarrassment isn't all that amusing.

Back to live action, most improbably the banquet audience applauds. Breaking free of congratulations, Slam escapes to his room for a breather before the awards ceremonies. Usually he only knows where he lives by reading the script during a break, but this time he has his room key for guidance. Once inside he takes the obligatory look into a mirror, sees a face we all immediately forget, and shakes his head. "Alpo!"

Doorflash. "I dunno, Slam; Squiggy says . . ." . . . mumble . . .

"Says what?"

"He thinks you're here to help Innelda win the Yugo."

"Innelda?"

They talk: Innelda—the young waitperson, of Nordic-Aphrodisian extraction, whom we glimpsed earlier—turns out to be ". . . a snuggling young novelist."

"That's 'struggling'," Alpo."

"Struggling, yeah. Okay; her first book's on the final ballot. But it loses, big."

"And?"

"It breaks her heart, Slam; she goes from bad to worse. In ten years she's writing romance novels. Replete with heaving bosoms."

"Heaving bosoms? And . . . and silken thighs?"

"Tapering silken thighs."

"No, Alpo! No!"



Uptime in the Waiting Room, Imus Hackwright fidgets. After a moment we remember his face, from the mirror. "How do I know," he complains, "what I meant in my seven-volume trilogy? I only wrote the thing! It's up to the critics, damn their stinking hides . . ."

"Have you thought," says Squiggy in dulcet minor tones, "of the Excrescence simply as product?"

HOWL!



"It doesn't have to happen, Slam. You can save her."

"How?"

"I dunno; Squiggy says . . ."

But Slam is no longer listening. He has an idea of his own.



" . . . and the Yugo goes to—Innelda Isher!"

As fans who probably voted for someone else crowd up to congratulate the blushing winner, Slam resigns himself to getting not even a lousy kiss this time. Beside him, Alpo fumes with impatience and Burmese Bhang. "But how didja do it, Slam? I mean, the votes were already counted!"

"It wasn't easy. But when I checked the records, I found that Innelda published the book herself. So I had a little talk with the Committee."

"Yeah? Yeah, Slam? So what happened?"

"I showed them the Yugo Rules. Innelda's book came in last as Best Novel. But she lost money on it."

"So?"

"So with all the votes she did have, it was a shoo-in for Best Fanzine."



As the background flashes, swirling him into next week's episode, Slam has a final thought. A horrifying vision.

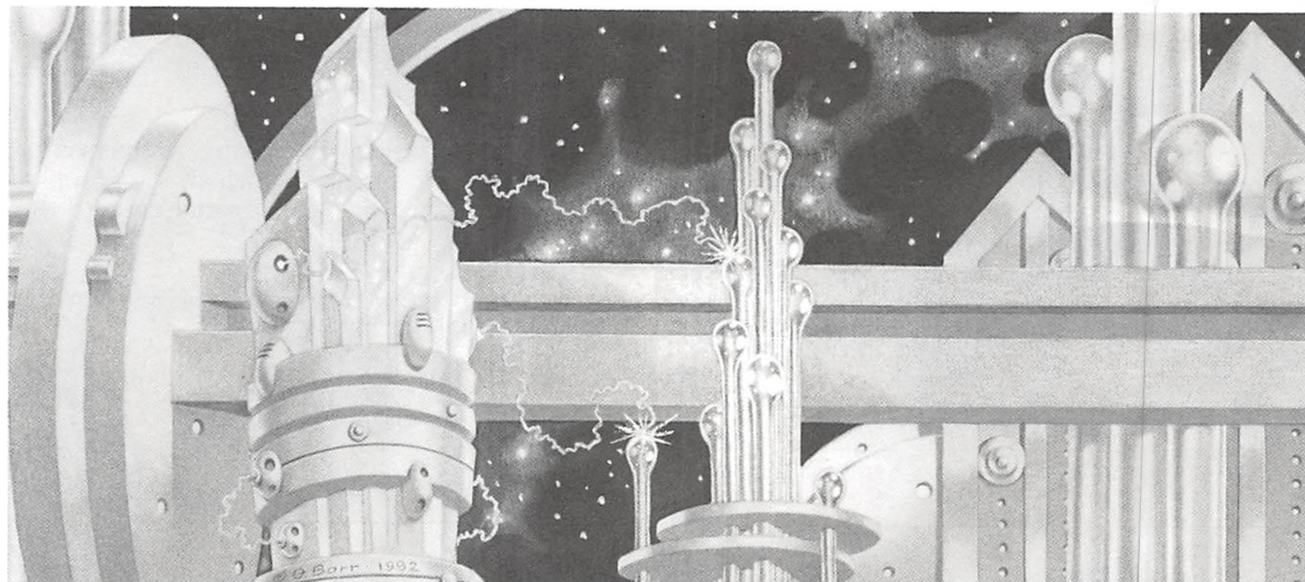
Yugo winners don't have to drive their prizes, do they?



Then the scene clears. Frozen up to the neck in a block of ice, he is being lowered into a blast furnace.

"Goshwowboyoboy!"

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*First there was the 1984 Westercon in Portland — and it was good.*

*Then there was the 1990 Westercon in Portland  
— and it was even better.*

*Soon it will be 1995...  
— and we want to do it again!*

**Plug into Portland!**

**Vote Portland in 1995!**

Yes, the same people who brought you the Westercons in 1984 and 1990 (as well as 15 years of OryCon, 7 CONs and Smofcon 8) are at it again!

We're using the same location—two adjoining Red Lion hotels next to the Columbia River (AKA "It's in the other hotel"), just minutes from downtown Portland and the airport. With 600 sleeping rooms and 55,000 square feet of meeting space (and three bars), there's plenty of room for everything. And several restaurants, a huge grocery store (complete with sushi bar!) and a large shopping center are just a couple of blocks away.

So vote for Portland in this weekend's site selection balloting, and start making your plans for visiting Portland—home of the Silicon Forest, good food, good coffee, great beer and 79° summer days.

*Stop by our information table at Westercon to find out more about Portland.*

**Portland in '95, PO Box 5703, Portland, Oregon 97228 (503) 283-0802**

*Sponsored by Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc.*

# A BRIEF HISTORY OF WESTERCON AND TIME

In 1948, E. Everett Evans of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society proposed that an annual West Coast convention be started for West Coast fans who couldn't afford to travel East each year. The first Westercon was organized by the LASFS in September 1948. It was a one-day event with an attendance of 77. It wasn't until 1951 that the Westercon became a weekend-long event, settled into the July 4th holiday, and began travelling around to different cities.

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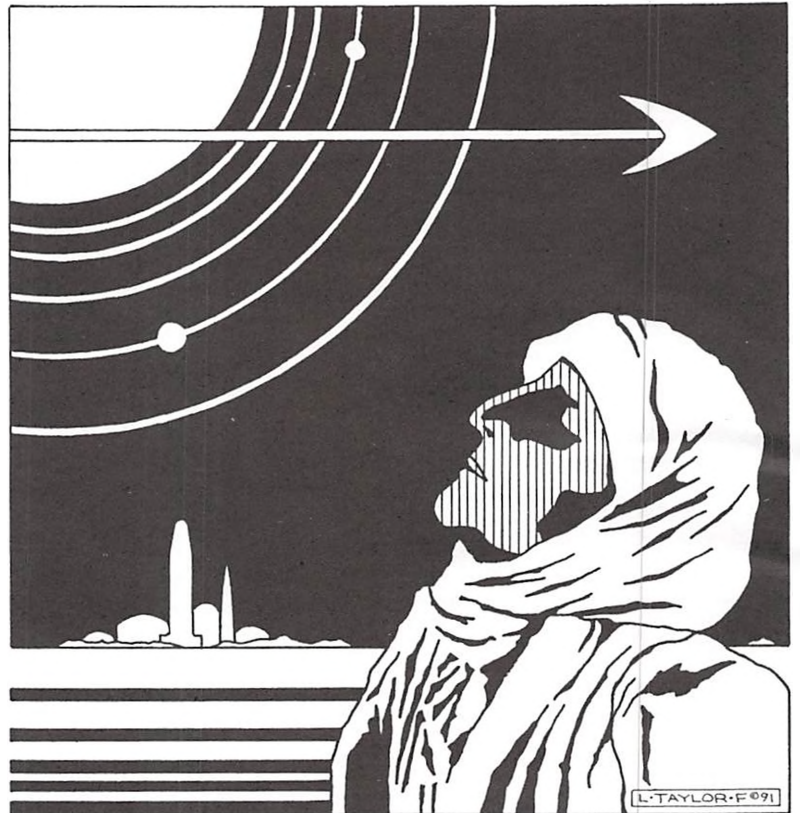
	DATE	CITY & NAME	HOTEL	GUEST(S) OF HONOR	CHAIR/ SUPPORTING ORGANIZATION
I	9/05/48	Los Angeles	Park View Manor	—	E. Everett Evans LASFS
II	10/02/49	Los Angeles	Knights of Pythias Hall	—	Walter J. Daugherty LASFS
III	6/18/50	Los Angeles	Knights of Pythias Hall	Dr. Robert S. Richardson	Freddie Hershey Outlanders
IV	6/29-7/1/51	San Francisco	California Hall (etc.)	George Pal	Little Men Tom Quinn <sup>1</sup>
V	6/28-29/52	San Diego (SouthwesterCon)	U.S. Grant Hotel	Ray Bradbury William F. Nolan	Roger Nelson &
VI	5/30-5/31/53	Los Angeles	Hotel Commodore	Gerald Heard	E. Everett Evans LASFS
VII	9/3-9/4/54 <sup>2</sup>	San Francisco (S F Con)	Sir Francis Drake Hotel	Jack Williamson	J. Ben Stark
VIII	7/3-7/4/55	Los Angeles	Hotel Commodore	Mel Hunter	Lew Kovner Cheslen Donovan Foundation
IX	6/30-7/1/56	Oakland	Hotel Leamington	Richard Matheson	Marilyn Tulley
X	7/4/-7/7/57	Hollywood	Hotel Knickerbocker	Mark Clifton	Lew Kovner CD Foundation & LASFS
XI	9/1/58 <sup>2</sup>	Los Angeles (SolaCon)	Alexandria Hotel	Richard Matheson <sup>2</sup>	Anna S. Moffatt Outlanders
XII	7/3-7/5/59	Seattle	Moore House	Alan E. Nourse	F.M. Busby Nameless Ones
XIII	7/2-7/4/60	Boise (BoyCon)	Owyhee Hotel	Rog Phillips	Guy & Diane Terwilliger
XIV	7/1-7/2/61	Oakland (Baycon)	Hotel Leamington	Fritz Leiber (Pro) Jack Speer (Fan)	Honey Woods/GGFS
XV	6/30-7/1/62	Los Angeles	Hotel Alexandria	Jack Vance (Pro) Alva Rogers (Fan)	Albert J. Lewis LASFS



XXVI	7/4-7/7/63	Burlingame	Hyatt House Hotel	Kris Neville (Pro) F.M. & Elinor Busby (Fan)	Al haLevy Little Men & GGFS
XVII	9/4/64 <sup>2</sup>	Oakland (PacificCon II)	Leamington Hotel	Edmond Hamilton & Leigh Brackett (Pro) Forrest J Ackerman (Fan)	Al haLevy & J. Ben Stark
XVIII	7/3-7/5/65	Long Beach	Edgewater Inn	Frank Herbert (Pro) Anthony Boucher (Fan)	Steve Tolliver & John Trimble
XIX	7/1-7/4/66	San Diego	Stardust Motor Hotel & Country Club	Harlan Ellison (Pro) John & Bjo Trimble (Fan)	Dennis N. Smith
XX	7/1-7/4/67	Los Angeles	Sheraton-West Hotel	Marion Z. Bradley (Pro) Lon Atkins (Fan)	Brandon Lamont <sup>4</sup>
XXI	9/1/68 <sup>2</sup>	Berkeley (BAYCON)	Hotel Claremont	Philip Jose Farmer (Pro) Walter J. Daugherty (Fan)	Bill Donaho, Alva Rogers & J. Ben Stark
XXII	7/3-7/6/69	Santa Monica (FUNCon II)	Miramar Hotel	Randall Garrett (Pro) Roy Tackett (Fan)	Chuck Crayne & Bruce Pelz
XXIII	7/2-7/5/70	Santa Barbara	Francisco Torres	Jack Williamson (Pro) Rick Sneary (Fan)	John & Bjo Trimble
XXIV	7/1-7/5/71	San Francisco (SFCon '71)	Hilton Inn	Avram Davidson (Pro) Don Simpson (Fan)	Jerry Jacks
XXV	6/30-7/4/72 <sup>5</sup>	Long Beach	Edgewater Hyatt House	Lloyd Biggle Jr. (Pro) Len Moffatt (Fan)	Dave Hulan
XXVI	6/30-7/4/73	San Francisco (SFCon '73)	St. Francis Hotel	Larry Niven (Pro) George Barr (Fan) James Nelson Coleman (Special)	Jerry Jacks
XXVII	7/3-7/7/74	Santa Barbara	Francisco Torres	Philip K. Dick <sup>3</sup> (Pro) Charles Burbee (Fan)	Fred Patten
XXVIII	7/3-7/6/75	Oakland (OakLACon I)	Leamington Hotel	David Gerrold (Pro) Charlie & Dena Brown (Fan) Ian & Betty Ballantine (Special)	Lois Newman & Craig Miller
XXIX	7/2-7/5/76	Los Angeles	Hyatt House Hotel	Horace L. Gold (Pro) Gregg Calkins (Fan)	Bruce Pelz
XXX	7/1-7/4/77	Vancouver	Totem Park Residence	Damon Knight (Pro) Frank Denton (Fan) Kate Wilhelm (Special)	Fran Skene
XXXI	6/30-7/4/78	Los Angeles (Westercone)	L.A. Marriott Hotel	Poul Anderson (Pro) Don C. Thompson (Fan)	Ed Finkelstein & Mike Glycer
XXXII	7/4-7/8/79	San Francisco	Sheraton Palace Hotel	Richard Lupoff (Pro) Bruce Pelz (Fan) Sherry Gottlieb (Special)	Jerry Jacks
XXXIII	7/3-7/6/80	Los Angeles	Hyatt House Hotel	Roger Zelazny (Pro) Bob Vardeman (Fan)	Milt Stevens
XXXIV	7/2-7/5/81	Sacramento	Red Lion Inn	C.J. Cherryh (Pro) Grant Canfield (Fan)	Michael Garrels
XXXV	7/2-7/5/82	Phoenix	The Phoenix Hilton	Gordon R. Dickson (Pro) Fran Skene (Fan) Robert Asprin (Special)	Randy Rau/CASFS
XXXVI	7/1-7/4/83	San Jose (Westerchron)	Red Lion Inn	Phil Klass (Writer) Alicia Austin (Artist) Tom Whitmore (Fan)	Lee Forgue
XXXVII	6/29-7/3/84	Portland	Portland Marriott Hotel	Harlan Ellison (Pro) F.M. & Elinor Busby (Fan) Alex Schomberg (Artist)	Steve Berry, Pam Davis, Bryce Walton
XXXVIII	7/3-7/7-85	Sacramento	Red Lion Inn	James Hogan (Pro) Paula Christ (Fan)	Michael Garrels
XXXIX	7/3-7/6/86	San Diego	Town & Country Hotel	David Brin (Pro) Karen Turner (Fan)	Gail Hanrahan, Mitchell Walker, Curtis White
XL	7/2-7/5/87	Oakland (Episode XXXX)	Oakland Hyatt Regency & Convention Center	Gregory Benford (Writer) Aubrey MacDermott (Fan) Lela Dowling & Ken Macklin (Artist) Leslie Fish (Filk)	Lisa Deutsch-Harrigan

XL I	7/1-7/4/88	Phoenix	Hyatt Regency Phoenix Sheraton Phoenix	Robert Silverberg (Pro) Craig Miller (Fan) Real Musgrave (Artist)	Terry Gish
XL II	6/30-7/4/89	Anaheim (Conosaurus)	Anaheim Marriott Hotel	John Varley (Pro) Arthur Hlavaty (Fan)	Lex Nakashima
XL III	7/5-7/8/90	Portland	Red Lion Inn	Ursula K. LeGuin Vonda McIntyre Kate Wilhelm	Patty Wells John Lorentz
XL IV	7/2-7/6/91	Vancouver, BC	Gage Residence Hall University Of BC	C.J. Cherryh (Pro) Bill Gibson (Pro) Patrick Nielsen Hayden (Pro) Teresa Nielsen Hayden (Pro) Jerry Kaufman (Fan) Suzanne Tompkins (Fan) Warren Oddsson (Artist) Verna Smith Trestail (Special) Steve Fahnstalk (Toastmaster)	Terry Fowler/ BCSFA
XL V	7/2-7/5/92	Phoenix	Phoenix Omni Adams/ San Carlos Hotel Phoenix Symphony Hall	Jennifer Roberson (Pro) Rick Sternbach (Artist) Pat Mueller (Fan) Bob Tucker (Toastmaster)	Bruce Farr/ CASFS
XL VI	7/2-7/5/93	Bellevue	Bellevue Red Lion	Greg Bear (Pro) George Barr (Artist) F.M. Busby (Fan) Elinor Busby (Fan) Wally Gonser (Fan) Wally Weber (Fan) George Alec Effinger (Toastmaster)	Richard Wright/ SWOC

- 1 Replaced Steward Metchette as Chairman
- 2 Combined with the World Science Fiction Convention, sharing names, guests of honor and Chairs.  
One day was usually designated as Westercon (Chair and Guest of Honor) day.
- 3 Did not attend
- 4 Replaced Ted Johnstone as Chairman
- 5 Mythcon combined with WesterCon that year





# FLAWPRINTS ON THE MOON

Fans have once again shown themselves to be a fickle people. They mercilessly criticize scientific inaccuracies in movies, stories, and television programs. Not even the all-time great science fiction authors are spared this treatment. But now NASA comes along with its Apollo 11 special, and the fans appear to have swallowed it whole.

The simple fact that the moon trip actually happened should not exempt the expedition from the same sort of standards that fans have required of fictional accounts. If anything, there is less excuse for blunders of that sort in real events than in fiction. Certainly a production as extravagant as Apollo 11 should be able to meet the same critical standards by which comparatively modest-budget efforts such as *Star Trek* episodes are judged by informed science-fiction fans.

To begin with, Apollo 11 was woefully unoriginal. Even Harry Rosenthal of the ultra-mundane Associated Press could not overlook the obvious similarities between Apollo 11 and Jules Verne's story, *From the Earth to the Moon*, written over a century ago. The launch location, the description of the spacecraft, the maximum velocity, the effects of free fall, the description of the moon itself, and even the name of the spacecraft were shamelessly stolen from Verne's book and used by NASA. The spacesuits worn

by Apollo 11 astronauts were straight out of Hollywood prop rooms, and the way the moonwalkers frolicked around in them under the light influence of moon gravity was directly stolen from *Destination Moon* scenes. When you think of the funds NASA used, you would think a little more originality would be in order.

The events that took place during the course of the Apollo 11 mission failed to realize the full potential of excitement that we science fiction fans know exist in such an undertaking. True, Armstrong did override the automatic controls to avoid disaster during the final moments of the moon landing, and there were periods of suspense when we weren't certain the rocket motors would function properly during crucial operations. Also, to give deserved credit, having the expedition proceed with no hope of rescue should anything have gone wrong and arranging to have that Soviet spacecraft orbiting the moon for unknown (but no doubt evil) purposes were inspired touches. The unforgivable point is that none of the innumerable things that could have gone wrong did go wrong. No important equipment malfunctioned. No catastrophic human errors were made. What few unforeseen events occurred had little if any effect on the mission. Verne and Heinlein would have been blackballed from the writing profession if they had tried to sell the Apollo 11 story



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by Wally Weber, stf fan

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as it actually happened.

Here is just a partial list of events that should take place on any first expedition to the moon.

1. One of the astronauts' wives should have been pregnant and recently dreamed her husband would die on the voyage.
2. The launch vehicle should have been sabotaged so that the spacecraft achieved orbit by desperate efforts by the crew.
3. One of the astronauts should have been single, and a girl reporter should have stowed away.
4. One of the astronauts should have been from Brooklyn for comic relief.
5. The spacecraft should have blasted out of Earth orbit for the moon despite the fact that the crew doubts there is sufficient fuel left for a round trip.
6. The spacecraft should have been holed by at least one noisy, glowing meteor.
7. Communication between Earth and the spacecraft should have been lost.
8. By a miracle of brilliant navigation, the crew should have saved the overloaded, underfueled, and malfunctioning spacecraft from the gravitational pull of Mars.
9. After the crash landing on the moon, the Earthmen should have manufactured their own repairs, fuel, food, oxygen and water from moon materials while at the same time winning the undying gratitude of the initially hostile moon creatures by managing to destroy the menacing alien spaceship orbiting the moon. (To the right is an illustration of an initially hostile moon creature as envisioned by artist Toni Gourd.)
10. Due to the inferiority of home-made fuel, the astronaut who should have had the pregnant

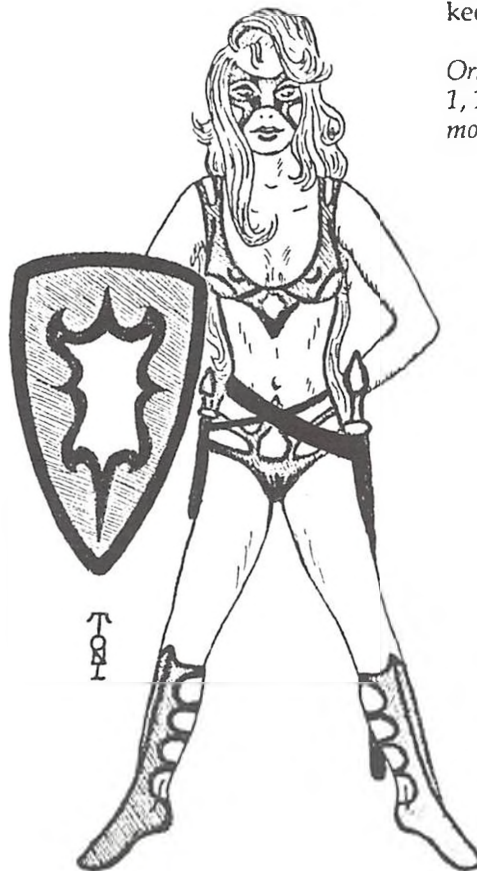
wife should have sacrificed himself to assure the safe return to Earth of the rest of the crew. (He would have had to live alone with the initially hostile moon creatures until rescued by Apollo 12.)

11. One of the remaining crewmen should have been the one who should have sabotaged the launch vehicle, and he should have thrown the returning spacecraft off course before being subdued by the remaining crewman (who should have been single) and the stowaway girl.
12. By a miracle of brilliant navigation, the spacecraft should have been saved from the gravitational pull of Venus.
13. The spacecraft should have returned to Earth just in time to prevent World War III, which was going to be fought because everybody thought the sabotage to the launch vehicle had destroyed the spacecraft.

Even assuming there was some good reason for not incorporating the above suggestions in the flight of Apollo 11, there are other objections. For example, why did the astronauts take a shuttle to the moon's surface instead of simply beaming down? Were they afraid of being called "moonbeams"? And why wasn't the actions of the Soviet spacecraft better explained?

The worst disappointment of all was the scientific inaccuracies. With all the scientists NASA has working for them, you'd think they would have avoided such obvious blunders as having everything work right when a few simple calculations of the number of parts involved and their respective reliability will prove it couldn't have happened that way. The worst of all was the impossible discrepancy in size between the spacecraft when it took off and when it landed. It wasn't even the same shape, for Ghu's sake! Any of you who have tried to tune in on a TV station a mere hundred miles away would realize how impossible it would be to pick up a TV signal from the moon. Apollo 12 had better be an improvement if NASA wants to keep its sponsors.

*Originally printed in Cry #183 August 1, 1969 (first Cry published after the moon landing on July 20, 1969).*





# WESTERCON

# BYLAWS

*The business meeting of Westercon 44 in Vancouver, BC, passed a motion calling for a committee to draw up a complete revision of the bylaws of the West Coast Science Fantasy Conference, renumbering and restyling them as they deemed necessary. This revision was adopted by the business meeting of Westercon 45 in Phoenix, AZ, along with a number of amendments. The Westercon 45 Business Meeting voted to continue the Westercon Bylaws Revision Committee (WBRC) and assigned it new matters to be discussed by the committee and reported to the Westercon 46 Business Meeting in Seattle. The members of the WBRC are currently Kevin Standlee (chairman), Leroy Berven, Bruce Farr, Elayne Pelz, and Ben Yalow.*

*The following document is the current text of the Westercon Bylaws, as amended. The text was prepared by Kevin Standlee based on the results of the Westercon 45 Business Meeting and reviewed by Elayne Pelz, Secretary of the Westercon 45 Business Meeting.*

## **1 General Provisions**

### **1.1 Name and Date**

It is traditional, but not obligatory, that the West Coast Science Fantasy Conference (Westercon) shall take place over the July 4th weekend.

### **1.2 Guests of Honor**

It is traditional, but not obligatory, that Westercon Guests of Honor and other notables be selected from among SF personalities residing within the Westercon geographical area.

### **1.3 Membership Classes**

There shall be at least two classes of membership in Westercon: supporting and attending.

#### **1.3.1 Supporting Members**

Supporting members shall receive any progress reports or any other generally mailed publications published after the member joins the Westercon, including the Program Book, and may exercise any voting rights permitted by any other part of these bylaws, except attending the Business

Meeting. All Westercons shall be required to offer supporting memberships until at least thirty (30) days prior to the opening of the Westercon, and such supporting memberships shall not cost more than one hundred and fifty percent (150%) of the voting fee charged when the site of the Westercon was selected.

#### **1.3.2 Attending Members**

Attending members shall have all of the rights of supporting members, plus the right to attend the Westercon and the business meeting(s) held there, subject to the restrictions established by the other parts of these bylaws.

#### **1.3.3 Restriction of Memberships**

Each Westercon committee shall have the right to limit the activities of its attendees, either individually or in groups, insofar as such activities endanger, physically or legally, other persons or property. Such limitations may include, but are not limited to, closing down parties, ejecting persons from the Westercon, or turning offenders over to other authorities. No refund of membership need be given in such circumstances. Each member, in purchasing his/her membership, agrees to abide by these bylaws.

#### **1.4 Name Badges and Membership Numbers**

All committees shall issue name badges for all attending members. Name badges for pre-registered members shall display the member's name in no less than 24-point bold type. All committees shall assign a unique membership number upon processing of a membership. This number shall be printed on the label of all progress reports, shall be printed on membership name badges, and shall be used for site-selection purposes. In the event a membership is transferred, the old membership number, if applicable, shall be noted, both on the badge and on registration information used for site-selection voting administration. Membership badges or other proof of membership remain the property of the Westercon committee for the duration of the conference and may be confiscated for cause; no refund of membership fees need be given in such circumstances.

### **1.5 Archive of Bylaws**

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc. (LASFS) shall act as an archive to the Westercon bylaws and the minutes of business meetings. Each committee shall reimburse LASFS for the costs of copying and forwarding copies of the Bylaws and Minutes to those who request them. A copy of the minutes, including the text of motions passed by the business meeting, shall be sent to LASFS within two (2) months of the close of each Westercon by the administering Westercon. LASFS shall maintain the Westercon bylaws and shall forward one copy of the current bylaws, including the text of any amendment to the bylaws awaiting secondary ratification, to the current Westercon committee within four (4) months of the close of the previous Westercon. The current Westercon shall provide copies of the Bylaws to the committees of all Westercon bids for the year which that Westercon is administering the site-selection.

### **1.6 Distribution of Bylaws to Members**

The Westercon Bylaws, as well as the complete text of any amendment awaiting secondary ratification, shall be published in at least one (1) progress report and in the program book of the current Westercon each year. Failure to publish this information shall not affect the procedure to amend the bylaws as stated in Article 4.

### **1.7 Westercon Service Mark**

All Westercons shall publish, in all publications such as promotional flyers, progress reports, and program book, the following notice: " 'Westercon' is a registered service mark of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc."

### **1.8 Responsibilities of Administering Westercon**

It is a responsibility of each Westercon to enforce the provisions of these bylaws.

## 2 Westercon Business Meeting

### 2.1 Scheduling of Sessions

At least one (1) regular session of the Westercon business meeting must be scheduled at each Westercon. No regular session of the Westercon business meeting shall be scheduled to start prior to Noon, nor later than 2 PM, nor on the last day of the Westercon. A special session, at which site-selection business shall be the sole order of business, may be scheduled on the last day of the convention, provided that said special meeting is scheduled to begin no earlier than Noon nor later than 2 PM. All sessions occurring during the same Westercon, be they regular, adjourned, or special, shall be considered, for procedural purposes, as the same parliamentary session.

### 2.2 Site-Selection Business

Site-selection business shall be in order at any session of the business meeting. Site-selection business shall include, but need not be limited to the announcement of the results of the balloting and of a winner if one is produced by the balloting, or of a site-selection resolution, as hereafter defined, if one is necessary. The winner of the site-selection may be announced prior to the site-selection business meeting, if one is held.

### 2.3 Quorum

For business other than site-selection business, a quorum of twenty-five (25) attending members of the current Westercon shall be required. For site-selection business, the quorum shall be those attending members of the current Westercon who attend the meeting. All those persons voting at any meeting must be attending members of the current Westercon. Except as noted in these bylaws or in such rules of order as may be adopted, all business requires a simple majority to pass.

### 2.4 Parliamentary Authority

The current edition of *Robert's Rules of Order Newly Revised* shall be the parliamentary authority of the Westercon business meeting except where it conflicts with these bylaws or with any special rules of order which may be adopted by the business meeting.

## 3 Westercon Site-Selection

### 3.1 Eligibility of Sites

Any site on the North American continent west of the 104th west meridian or in the state of Hawaii shall be eligible to be the site of a Westercon, except as restricted by the provisions of these bylaws.

### 3.2 North-South Rotation

Only sites north of the 37th north parallel shall be eligible in odd-numbered years, and only sites south of that parallel shall be eligible in even-numbered years. If no eligible bids are filed by the January 1st of the

year of the site-selection balloting, then all sites defined in section 3.1 shall be eligible.

### 3.3 Exclusion Zone

No site within seventy-five (75) miles of the site of the Westercon administering the site-selection shall be eligible to bid, except as provided in section 3.6

### 3.4 Filing Requirements

A Westercon bid committee must provide written evidence of the following: At least two (2) separate people declaring themselves Chairman and Treasurer; and a letter of intent or option from a hotel or other facility declaring specific dates on which the Westercon shall be held.

### 3.5 Deadline for Filing Bids

Only those bids whose filing paperwork required by section 3.4 is in the possession of the administering Westercon by the April 15th preceding the balloting shall be listed on the ballot.

*[Note: On a parliamentary inquiry at the time of ratification of the current text of the above article, it was ruled that "If the filing paperwork can be verified to be at the address of the administering convention, it is in the committee's possession."]*

### 3.6 Provisions When No Valid Bids are Received

If no valid bids are received by the deadline in section 3.5, then all sites defined in section 3.1 shall be eligible and the other site restrictions in this article shall be suspended.

### 3.7 Eligibility of Voters

Site-selection voting shall be limited to those persons who are attending or supporting members of the administering Westercon and who have paid a voting fee toward their membership in the Westercon being selected. Other classes of membership, including single-day memberships, may vote only upon the unanimous agreement of all qualified bidding committees. One person equals one membership equals one vote. Corporations, Associations, and other non-human entities may vote only for "No Preference." "Guest of" memberships must be transferred to an individual before voting for anything other than "No Preference."

### 3.8 Voting Fee

The voting fee shall be fifteen US dollars (US\$15.00) or the local equivalent unless the committees listed on the ballot and the administering Westercon agree unanimously to charge a different amount.

### 3.9 Minimum Rights of Voters

The payment of the voting fee shall make the voter at least a full supporting member of the Westercon being selected, and may make the voter an attending member at the discretion of the winning bid.

### 3.10 Prototype Ballot

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc. (LASFS) shall prepare a prototype site-selection ballot, including instructions for preparation of the ballot, and shall provide the prototype to each administering Westercon at the same time the bylaws are provided to the administering Westercon as provided for in section 1.5. Upon receipt of the prototype, the administering Westercon shall complete the ballot by filing in the information about the eligible bid committees, the voting fee, minimum membership requirements, including the cost of a supporting membership in the administering Westercon, and the address to which site-selection ballots should be sent. The administering Westercon shall be responsible for the publication and the distribution of the ballots to the membership of the administering Westercon. All eligible bids received in accordance with sections 3.4 and 3.5 shall be included on the ballot. The ballot shall also include entries for "No Preference" and "None of the Above," and shall provide space for at least one (1) write-in bid. The ballot shall be a secret ballot, specially marked for preferential voting with an explanation of the method of counting preferential votes.

### 3.11 Distribution of Ballot

The site-selection ballot and full rules for site-selection voting, including the deadlines for voting by mail, shall be mailed on or before the May 10th preceding the voting to all members of the administering Westercon as of one week before the mailing. The ballot and full rules for site-selection, including the hours during which site-selection will take place and the location of the site-selection, shall be given to all attending members upon registration at the Westercon, or such information shall be prominently displayed at the registration area throughout the Westercon.

### 3.12 Deadline for Voting by Mail

All ballots received by the administering Westercon prior to June 20 shall be counted.

### 3.13 Bid Presentations

Each eligible bid committee shall have at least fifteen (15) minutes of scheduled program time on the first full day of the administering Westercon for the purpose of making a bidding presentation.

### 3.14 At-Conference Voting

Site-selection shall be open for at least four (4) hours between the hours of 6:00 PM and Midnight on the evening before the business meeting at which site-selection business is scheduled. All on-site balloting shall be from one central location, under the supervision of the administering Westercon. If no site-selection business meeting is scheduled, then site-selection shall be open for at least four (4) hours between the hours of 6:00 PM and Midnight on the next-to-last day of the administering Westercon.



### 3.15 Verification of Ballots

Properly completed ballots shall contain: the member's printed name; the member's membership number as assigned by the administering Westercon; the member's dated signature; the member's address of record with the current Westercon; the member's current address if different; and the member's vote(s) as defined elsewhere in this article. Verification of the ballots shall consist of matching the name and number of the member with the records of the administering Westercon. Ballots received by the committee prior to June 20, and any others received by mail which may be counted, shall be held by the administering Westercon until the opening of the Westercon, at which time they shall be verified by the administering Westercon and the bidders.

### 3.16 Counting of Ballots

The counting of ballots shall be arranged by the administering Westercon, and each eligible bid committee shall be allowed to send at least two (2) observers to such ballot-counting. The count shall be by preferential ballot. The winner shall be that bid which gains a majority of those votes expressing preference for a bid. For the purpose of vote counting, "None of the Above" shall be treated as if it were a bid. "None of the Above" and votes for ineligible bids shall count toward the total number of votes cast. Blank ballots, illegal or illegible ballots, and votes for "No Preference" shall not count toward the total number of votes cast. All vote totals of final results and of all intermediate counts shall be made available at or before the closing ceremony.

### 3.17 Procedures When No Bid Wins or is Eligible

Should no eligible bid gain the needed majority, or should there be no qualified bidding committee, or should "None of the Above" win, a three-fourths (3/4) majority of the site-selection business meeting of the administering Westercon may award the Westercon to any bid, or a simple majority of the meeting may decide that they are unable to decide. If the business meeting does not choose a site, the Board of Directors of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc. shall choose a site within six (6) weeks of the close of the administering Westercon. If "None of the Above" wins, none of the bids which were on the ballot may be selected. A site chosen under the provisions of this section shall not be restricted by any portion of this article except this section and section 3.1.

### 3.18 Availability of Results

The results of the balloting shall be reported to the site-selection business meeting of the administering Westercon, if one is held. A record of the results of the balloting, including all intermediate counts and distinguishing between the by-mail and at-con ballots, shall be published in the first or second progress report of the winning Westercon.

### 3.19 Hand-Carried Ballots

The administering Westercon shall accept hand-carried ballots, which are otherwise valid ballots delivered to the administering Westercon by someone other than the member who prepared the ballot.

## 4 Procedure for Amendment of These Bylaws

### 4.1 Method of Adoption

Amendments to the Westercon Bylaws must be ratified by a two-thirds (2/3) vote at any Westercon business meeting, or by the majority vote of the business meetings in two consecutive years. Proposed amendments shall be read in full by the chairman of the business meeting immediately before being voted upon.

### 4.2 Primary and Secondary Ratification

In the event a proposed amendment receives a majority, but less than two-thirds (2/3) vote, the secretary of the business meeting at which the proposed amendment receives primary (first year) ratification shall submit an exact copy of the amendment to the following year's Westercon business meeting. The question of secondary (second year) ratification is debatable but not amendable.

### 4.3 Effective Date of Amendments

Unless otherwise provided, amendments shall take effect at the close of the Westercon where they receive final ratification. Operating rules for already-selected Westercons shall not be changed by amendments to the bylaws. Rules regarding eligibility and voting procedures for site-selection are not considered to be operating rules.

## Standing Rules

1. Before proceeding to take a vote on a motion for the Previous Question, the presiding officer shall ask for a show of hands of how many people still wish to speak to the pending motion. This rule does not allow debate on the motion for the Previous Question.

### Business passed on to Westercon 46

*The following amendments were approved by a majority, but less than a two-thirds majority, by the business meeting at Westercon 45. These amendments have been forwarded to Westercon 46 for secondary ratification, and will become part of the Westercon Bylaws if passed by a simple majority at the business meeting.*

*In the following amendments, text to be added to the bylaws is in underline type and text to be deleted from the bylaws is in ~~strikethrough type~~.*

#### **Amendment A:**

**Amend section 3.4 as follows:**

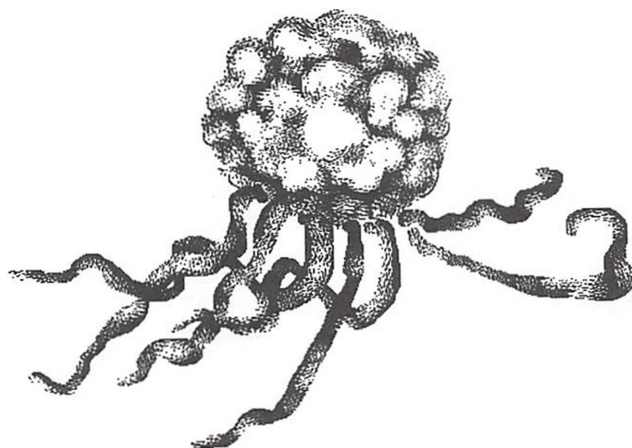
### 3.4 Filing Requirements

A Westercon bid committee must provide written evidence of the following: At least two (2) separate people declaring themselves Chairman and Treasurer; an organizing instrument such as bylaws, articles of incorporation or association, or a partnership agreement; and a letter of intent or option from a hotel or other facility declaring specific dates on which the Westercon shall be held.

#### **Amendment B:**

**Amend section 2.3 as follows:**

For business other than site-selection business, a quorum of ~~twenty-five (25)~~ fifteen (15) attending members of the current Westercon shall be required. For site-selection business, the quorum shall be those attending members of the current Westercon who attend the meeting . . .



Floatermorph © 1993 by Steve Prescott

# Westercon Bylaws Revision Committee Report to Westercon 46 Business Meeting

The business meeting of Westercon 44 in Vancouver, BC passed a motion calling for a committee to draw up a complete revision of the bylaws of the West Coast Science Fantasy Conference, re-numbering and restyling them as they deemed necessary. The Westercon Bylaws Revision Committee (WBRC) submitted the revision and proposed amendments to the Business Meeting of Westercon 45 in Phoenix, AZ. The revision and most of the amendments were adopted by the Westercon 45 Business Meeting. The Westercon 45 Business Meeting voted to continue the WBRC and assigned it new matters to be discussed by the committee and reported to the Westercon 46 Business Meeting in Seattle. The members of the WBRC are currently Kevin Standlee (chairman), Leroy Berwen, Bruce Farr, Elayne Pelz, and Ben Yalow.

The following document includes proposed amendments to the Westercon Bylaws. The text was prepared by Kevin Standlee and reviewed by the members of the WBRC. The amendments start with amendment C because there are two pending amendments (A and B) forwarded to the Westercon 46 Business Meeting by Westercon 45.

In the following amendments, text to be added to the bylaws is in underline type and text to be deleted from the bylaws is in ~~strikethrough type~~.

*Note: The report of the Westercon Bylaws Revision Committee that appeared in Westercon 46 Progress Report 4 was a draft report which was later revised.*

## **Amendment C:**

Amend Section 4.2 as follows:

### **4.2 Primary and Secondary Ratification**

In the event a proposed amendment receives a majority, but less than two-thirds (2/3) vote, the secretary of the business meeting at which the proposed amendment receives primary (first year) ratification shall submit an exact copy of the amend-

ment to the following year's Westercon business meeting. The question of secondary (second year) ratification is debatable but not amendable but is amendable only to the extent that such amendment would constitute a lesser change than the original motion.

*Explanation of effect:* Currently, amendments to the Westercon Bylaws which are forwarded to the next Westercon Business Meeting must be voted either up or down with no changes allowed (that is what the words "but not amendable" in the current text means). This change would allow a bylaw amendment which was being considered for secondary ratification to be changed, as long as the change made the amendment less of a change than as originally proposed. For example, suppose that an amendment to change the default voting fee (section 3.8) from \$15 to \$25 received enough votes to be sent to the following year's Business Meeting for secondary ratification. At the following year's meeting, it would be in order to modify the motion to change the fee from \$25 to \$20, but not from \$25 to \$30, because the change from \$25 to \$20 is a lesser change than was originally proposed. Assuming the change from \$25 to \$20 was adopted, the entire bylaw amendment could be finally adopted without having to send it on to the following year's Business Meeting for further ratification.

## **Amendment D:**

Amend Section 3.14 as follows:

### **3.14 At-Conference Voting**

Site-selection shall be open for at least four (4) hours between the hours of 6:00 PM and Midnight on the evening before the business meeting at which site-selection business is scheduled. All on-site balloting shall be from one central location, under the supervision of the administering Westercon. If no site-selection business meeting is scheduled, then site-selection shall be open for at least four (4) hours between the hours of 6:00 PM and Midnight on the next-

to-last day of the administering Westercon. It is traditional, but not obligatory, for site selection to be open during the Saturday of the weekend on which the Westercon is held.

*Explanation of effect:* The Business Meeting at Westercon 45 expressed annoyance that site selection voting closed on the Friday night of that year's Westercon. The Business Meeting asked the WBRC to find some way to force Westercon site-selection to be open on Saturday. The WBRC does not wish to force Westercons to hold their conventions on specific dates. Although unlikely, it is conceivable that a Westercon could be held on days not including a Saturday. Therefore, the WBRC suggests the above wording, which is similar to the suggestions in sections 1.1 and 1.2. While having no specific effect, this change would put traditional practice in writing for the benefit of future Westercons.

## **Amendment E:**

Add a new section to Article 2 as follows:

### **2.5 Sunset Rule**

Except as otherwise provided in these Bylaws, any committee or other position created by a Business Meeting shall lapse at the end of the next Business Meeting that does not vote to continue it.

*Explanation of effect:* This would explicitly discharge any special committees set up by a Business Meeting unless the following year's Business Meeting voted to continue the committee. This prevents special committees from hanging around for several years without making at least a token report. Standing committees can only be created by amending the Bylaws. Because all of the sessions of the Business Meeting held at a particular Westercon are considered for procedural purposes to be a single session, this would not discharge committees created during the first day of a Business Meeting if they didn't report on the second day.





## *Imperial Proclamation*

*From the throne of the Crystal Palace to all sentient beings and denizens of the cosmos -*

*Greetings and Felicitations.*

*We the Empire of Elan being an entity unto itself deem Westercon 46 Worthy to be graced with Our Divine Presence. Our arrival at Westercon 46 shall usher in a new chapter of economic prosperity with the opening of formal diplomatic relations.....*

*\* Whereas, in the course of continued economic growth it becomes necessary to spread the potential for prosperity to other federations and empires with in the sphere of the galaxy,*

*\* Whereas, in the development of such growth, the need for open communication in a formal setting is required, and Westercon 46 being gracious enough to provide the vehicle to begin the journey,*

*\* And Whereas, mutual cooperation will dispel petty bickering, abhorrent use of economic power and armed conflict based solely on economic gain;*

*We therefore proclaim Westercon 46 to be the medium in which the heretofore mentioned goal shall be set forth.*

*Furthermore, it is deemed proper that Westercon 46 be the site of the Imperial Formal Court of Elan, with an area set aside for witnessing the proceedings. It is Our fervent hope that dignitaries and non-dignitaries alike attend this most historic occasion.*

*Emperor Adrian Rokkhov*



Many thanks are due the wonderful publishers who made the Book Exhibit/Raffle possible. Due to program book scheduling deadlines, we cannot list them all, but they all have our appreciation and the knowledge that they have contributed to two fine causes, the Northwest AIDS Foundation and the George Alec Effinger Medical Fund.

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**Other Thank Yous:**

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 Judy Suryan  
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 William R. Warren, Jr.  
 Gary Watts  
 Janis Worley

... and all of the volunteers who donated their time at the con!

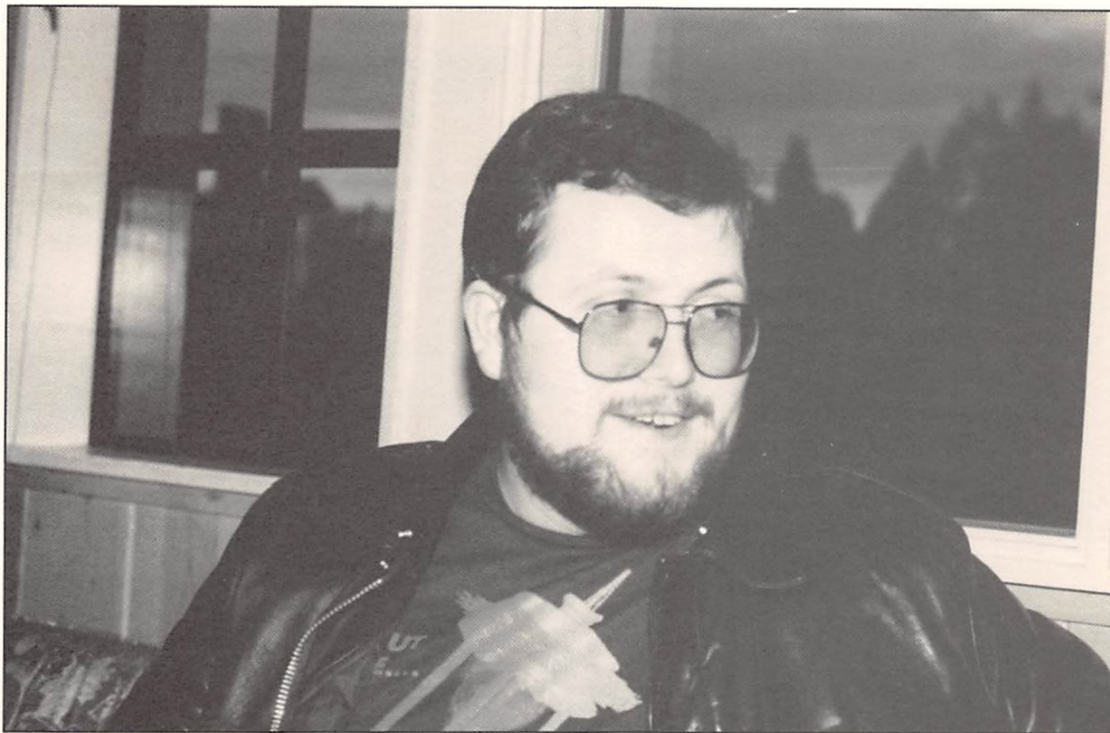
The Programming Department thanks Friends of Filk for making it possible to bring Ellen Guon to *Westercon 46*. A special thanks to the volunteers that donated their time to raise funds at the Friends of Filk dealers table and to Darragh Metzger, Cecilia Eng, Andrew Nisbet, Steve and Jody Dixon, Jill Pruett and Laurel Parshall who donated cold cash. We are grateful for your interest in bringing good people and good music to *Westercon 46*.

## IN MEMORIAM

July 1992-June 1993

Eric Bentcliffe  
 Mary Potter Bias  
 Reginald Bretnor  
 Leslie Charteris  
 Pierre Culliford  
 Daniel Da Cruz  
 Avram Davidson  
 Gereaux (Gerry) de la Ree  
 Lester del Rey  
 Gordon W. Fawcett  
 William Gaines  
 Robert E. Gilbert  
 Sterling Holloway  
 Millea Kenin  
 Fletcher Knebel  
 Harvey Kurtzman  
 Keith Laumer  
 Fritz Leiber  
 Scott Meredith  
 Sidney Meredith  
 Mary Norton  
 Alan E. Nourse  
 Jan Oort  
 Angelique Pettyjohn  
 Hal Roach  
 Andre (the Giant) Roussimoff  
 Albert Sabin  
 Robert Sampson  
 Baird Searles  
 Jack Sharkey  
 Joe Shuster  
 Margo Skinner  
 Rosemary Sutcliff  
 Michael Talbot  
 Samuel S. Walker  
 Roger Weddall  
 Robert Westall





# IT'S ALL HIS FAULT!

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## A TRIBUTE TO LARRY BAKER

He started with a basic blueprint.

**The Goal:** Test the waters for a possible future Seattle Westercon.

**The Strategy:** A bid for a Westercon in Seattle.

**The Tactics:**

One—pull together Seattle's diverse fannish community

Two—throw one hell of a party

Thus was formed The Seattle Westercon Organizing Committee (SWOC), and from its earliest days a practice of inclusion was strictly enforced. Anyone who wandered into a meeting was promptly made a member. The group, with Larry as Bid Chair, actively recruited fans from all the local fan groups, looking for those things that Seattle could uniquely bring to a Westercon. A camaraderie of shared purposes was formed through the long negotiations over hotel contracts, and even longer staff meetings, and Larry

helped to keep the enthusiasm flowing. The Seattle bid rolled into Vancouver and, after a weekend of enjoying Seattle's lavish hospitality (i.e., sucking down Seattle's beer), the attendees overwhelmingly voted to hold the 1993 *Westercon* in Seattle.

Now the real work started. Larry, in his dual role of Chairman of the Board of SWOC and Site Management Division Head, continued to provide creative leadership and to throw parties at cons all over the Northwest. His regular staff meetings over pizza and Coke have become legendary for the amount of guff he took, but he maintained the group's sense of purpose and their enthusiasm for working together to make *Westercon* a reality. He instituted the Golden Blob Communicator awards in order to express appreciation for the efforts of individual committee members. ~~And besides all that, he's got a great chuckle, a sexy body, and plays a mean game of bridge.~~ A good measure of the success of Seattle's *Westercon* is due to Larry's insightful guidance, ability to facilitate consensus, and his stubborn unwillingness to acknowledge that it couldn't be done.



# LEMPURRA



## SEE

- the Festival of Harvest
- the Procession of the Conquering King
- the Auction of the Captive Warriors
- the Sacrifice of the Golden Virgin

## EXPERIENCE

- the Birth of Legend
- All that History has Forgotten
- More than the Poets Dreamed
- More than Imagination can Conceive

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