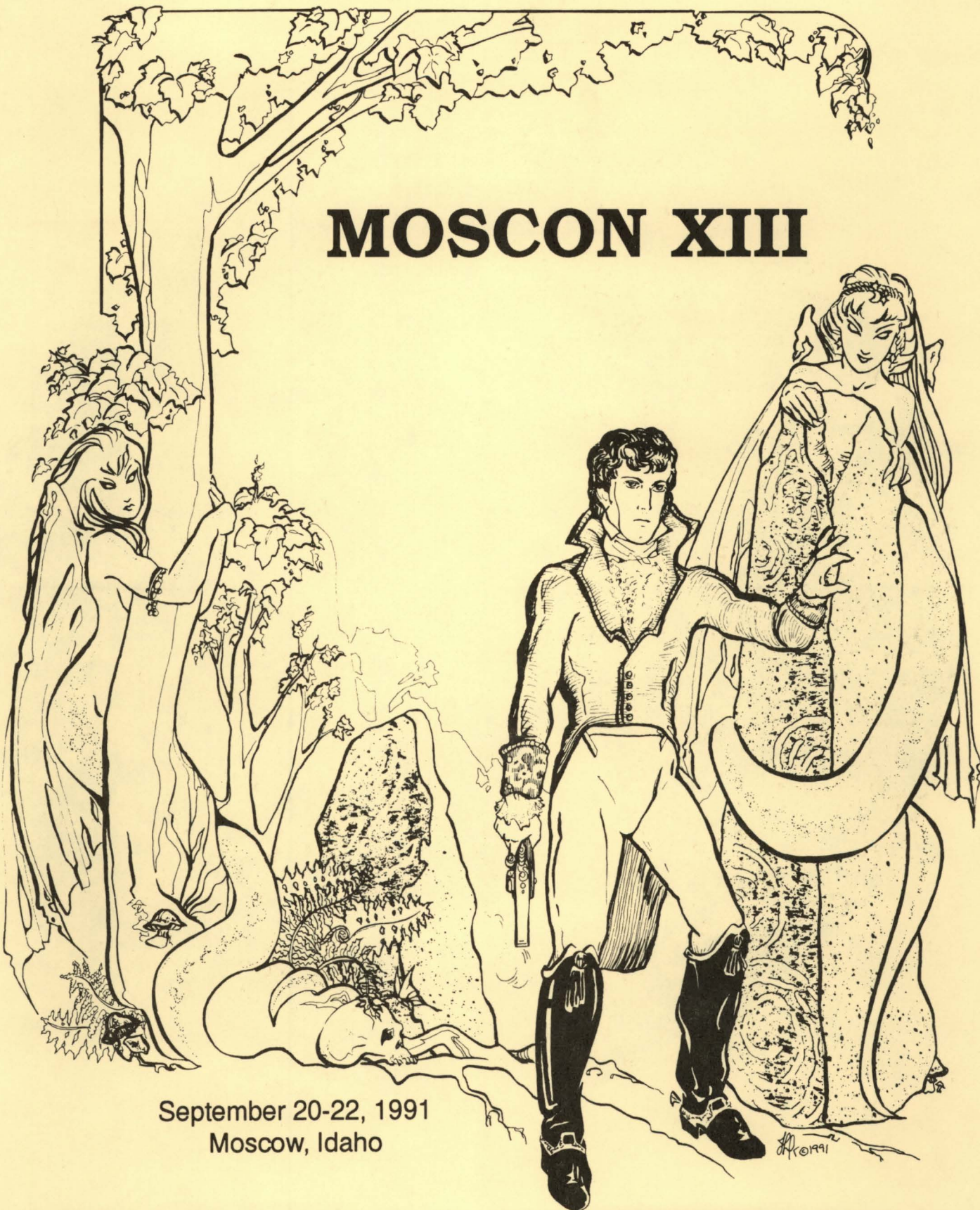


# MOSCON XIII



September 20-22, 1991  
Moscow, Idaho







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September 20-22, 1991 Moscow, Idaho  
Tim Powers, Julia Lacquement-Kerr,  
Dragon, Dr. Roger Fouts

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# THE THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN BOB

## The Final Chapter by Bob Barnes

A possible panel topic for MosCon XIII that comes to mind is: "Chairing A Convention; Nietzschean Experience?" Still, all the preliminary work does finally end. And this is it! The thirteenth MosCon is happening/has happened as you read this. Naturally, I'm writing this a few weeks before the convention, and at this point, with the flurry of final details to settle, it's easy to lose sight of the idea that we do this for fun. Fandom is just a hobby, after all, isn't it? It's an awfully rewarding one, though. I think I'll take advantage of this forum to personally thank some people who have been particularly helpful to me in the last year.

There are three people who have constantly tried to help me steer a course between reasonableness and idiot enthusiasm (a particular problem for me). I can only rank them in alphabetical order because it's just not possible for me to be objective about friends who

are this close. So... Beth Finkbner, Debi Robinson-Smith and Betty Smith who have been supportive, helpful, considerate and (most importantly) forgiving: Thank You. None of this could have happened without your help. I have also managed to acquire quite an education in chairology from former and present con chairs Donna McMahon, Eileen Brady, Cliff Samuels, Mike Finkbner and Cath Jackel. Thank you all for sharing the stories of the decisions that worked and far more importantly (and difficult to talk about) the decisions that didn't. Jon Gustafson, in addition to the enormous job of handling publications, has been a constant font of wisdom and helpful advice. In the end, it would simply not be possible to chair a con without the aid of a good vice chair. I am inordinately lucky to have had the constant support and assistance of Donna Tingle who has done a magnificent job as Vice Chair of MosCon XIII and who will

no doubt do just as well or better as Chair of MosCon XIV. The true credit for most of what I have done that worked is due to these folks. Thank you all, again.

All the myriad things that must happen at more or less the right time and place are not the doing of the chair of a convention. They are the result of lots of hard work by the committee members. This year, MosCon was lucky enough to have a wonderful group of people who bravely volunteered to do the necessary labor of making it all come together. It is simply not possible to thank them enough. I'm not that good at stringing words together without sounding like a cliché. Well it's a cliché because it's true. MosCon just wouldn't have happened without the hard work and dedication of this committee. Their names are in this program book so that we can remember them. While you enjoy MosCon, you might want to thank them, too.





# TIM POWERS

MosCon XIII's Author Guest of Honor  
by James P. Blaylock

Tim Powers was born in Buffalo, New York, in 1952, but his family soon moved to southern California, and he's lived there since. I met him when we were both in college during the early 1970's. Both of us admired literary excess and were fans of William Blake and Hunter Thompson. At the local art theatre we saw *Satyricon* and *El Topo* about a dozen times. We were writing immense, plotless novels as well as short stories that had no real purpose beyond spectacle and easy laughs. Neither of us attended class very often.

Powers rode a terribly beat old motorcycle, a Honda 350 held together, literally, with pipe cleaners and duct tape. By the time it was stolen, call it ten years later, it was a museum piece. In college and in the years right afterward, he worked in a couple of different pizza places, finally quitting to live the life of a writer when he sold *The Skies Discrowned* to Laser Books for twelve hundred dollars.

By then he was living in Santa Ana in an old apartment over a barber shop in a neighborhood that was decayed but cheerfully eccentric. I don't know how many hundreds of evenings I sat around in Power's living room, talking trash with K.W. Jeter, Phil Dick, and as many as a dozen other friends, drinking up Power's beer, the air full of cigar smoke and laughter. In the winter there'd be rain through the perpetually leaking roof, caught in strategically-placed pots and pans and Styrofoam ice chests. In the fall and spring, the Santa Ana winds would blow into the apartment through windows propped open with bottles. In the summer we'd sit out on the garage roof and watch rats as big as footballs run past on telephone wires.

What might be called urban



renewal has since then hastened decay in the neighborhood, eradicated some of its cheerful eccentricity, and made the whole area fairly ominous—too much gunfire at night, graffiti, broken windows, gangs, a more-or-less continual parade of prostitutes and street lunatics up and down Main Street, while businessmen in suits go in and out of nearby high-rise banks. At night it's the sort of neighborhood where you walk down the middle of the street, instead of on the sidewalk, so you've got an extra moment to react to the monsters lurking in the shrubbery.

In 1980 Powers was married, and his wife Serena has since turned the Santa Ana apartment into a sort of cheerful clutter of wonderful things—restoring the old wooden floor mouldings and door casings, installing ceramic tile, turning the yard into a care-

fully laid out jungle of ginger and moon cactus and herbs and grapevine, putting thousands of ceramic salt and pepper shakers and comical heads and pictures of dancing toads. Over the garage roof now there's a sign painted with a grinning moon. All of this magical stuff lends the apartment an aura of strange juju, a door-in-the-back-of-the-wardrobe quality conjured out of trinkets and humor and spectacle, which, in contrast with its environs, must cause the shifting of strange tides in the street people and businessmen shambling along Main, revealing to their startled eyes a momentary fragment of the infinite and the outlandish.

In the meantime, up until 1985, Powers worked as a tobacconist, and then he quit working altogether except as a writer. Since then he's earned a living from his books, his career steadily gaining ground. His publishing history looks like this:

*The Skies Discrowned* and *Epi-taph in Rust* were published by Laser Books in 1976. Del Rey published *The Drawing of the Dark* in 1979. *The Anubis Gates* was published by Ace in 1983 and was the winner of the Philip K. Dick Memorial Award. *Dinner at Deviant's Palace* was published in 1985, and it, too, won the Phil Dick award and was a Nebula Award finalist. Shortly thereafter, Tor issued Powers' first Laser novel under the title *Forsake the Sky*. *On Stranger Tides* appeared in 1987, and *The Stress of Her Regard* in 1989.

Next year Morrow will publish *Last Call*, Power's biggest, most spectacular novel yet, a novel in which he puts much of what he knows or suspects about the world to brilliant use.



# JULIA LACQUEMENT-KERR

MosCon XIII's Artist Guest of Honor

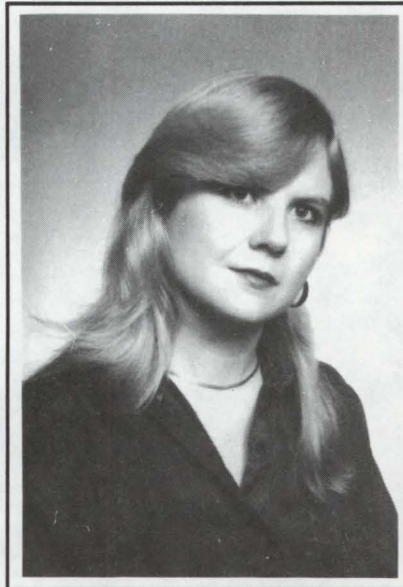
by Michael Kerr

Disclaimer: While the facts and figures detailed herein are dictated directly from the artist, the commentary is the exclusive addition of the writer, her husband, and may not necessarily be shared by the artist in question.

Julia Lacquement-Kerr is a resident alien, smuggled into the United States from Canada in the dead of night in 1984. She now lives in Seattle with her two housepets — a black cat named Jellybean and a med student husband named Michael. With the comic industry's usual standards of deadlines and work load, her favorite recreational pastime is sleep, but that is a rare occurrence. She is an avid collector of many things: triceratops, black cats, and gargoyles among them. Having grown up in the far northern reaches of Alberta, she is not your usual lady. When growing up, her cookbooks read, "Rabbit stew — first, go find and shoot a rabbit." She is an excellent cook, though, with or without the rabbit.

Her father was a trouble shooter for the mines and oil fields of Northern Canada, whose job required numerous moves. Julia attended 12 schools during her first 12 years of education, so her best friends were usually her pencils and her books. After getting scholarships in Math, Chemistry, Biology, Physics, French, and English, she did the only logical thing and changed her major to Fine Art. (Her parents still have not forgiven her.)

She has had two years of art school and numerous workshops. Schooling was cut short, however, by a chance meeting with a very large truck in an intersection. While the doctors said she would never walk again, within several years she had thrown away the wheel chair and now only occasionally needs a cane (usually during bad weather or when some idiot walks up and jiggles her knee



caps, asking "Does this hurt?" In this case, the cane is also good for other things....).

Julia has been painting science fiction and fantasy for as long as she can remember. That I can testify to, as I've seen the Crayola originals. Her artwork hit the convention circuit at V-Con 9, where she tied for Best of Show with Victoria Poyser. And, thanks to the work of Jon Gustafson (who goaded Steve Fahnstalk into paying an ungodly amount for one of Julia's first nametags), found she could actually make money in this business and has stayed there ever since.

She is best known for her ability to be different. Just when people think they have style pegged, she comes up with something you don't expect. She can switch from landscape watercolors with transparent winged dragons to graphic-designed robots done in acrylics. The one constant is her trademarked nametags featuring the ever-so-inebriated drinking dragons.

Julia started working for Mike

Grell in 1986, coloring *Jon Sable, Freelance*. She then colored Grell's *Green Arrow, Longbow Hunters*, the graphic novel. This was a particularly nerve-wracking project, since she had to paint directly on the original artwork, due to both the time constraints and to the special nature of some of the pencils.

She then started coloring *Green Arrow* (the comic series), which she continues to this day. Her other credits in the comic industry include *Enemy Ace, Sergeant Rock, Batman, Wonder Woman*, and the *Butcher* mini-series for DC Comics. She has also done *Elementals, Morningstar Special*, the *Maze Agency* for Comico Comics, the *Predator-Big Game* for Dark Horse Comics, and *James Bond, Permission to Die*, the longest-running mini-series (and biggest headache in the industry) for Eclipse. First Comics hired her for *Sable*, after *Jon Sable, Freelance* died, and for the *Meta-Four* and *Whisper* singles. The only comic company she hasn't worked for is Marvel, although some of their reps have made her several offers, none of





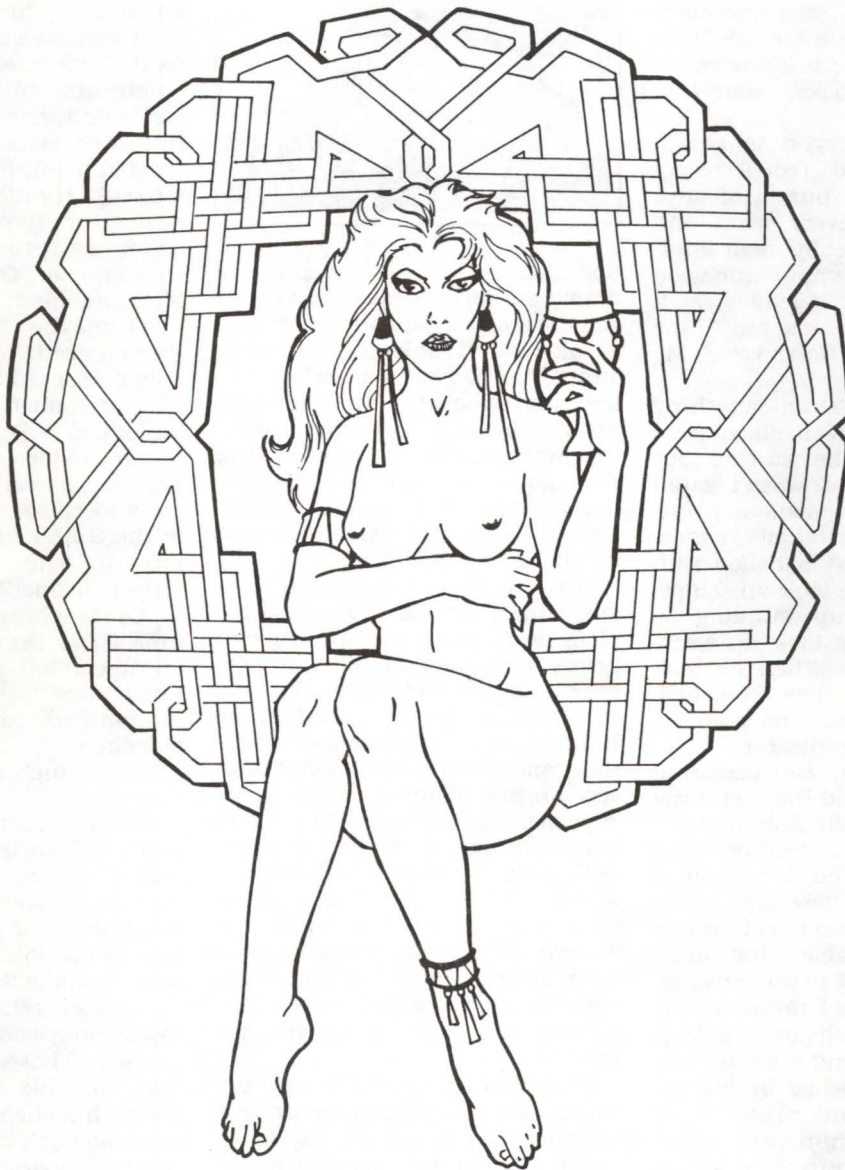
which were for books and none of which can be repeated in mixed company.

She has waged a neverending battle to bring respectability to comic color artists ("Yes, I am a real artist," "No, you can't just fill in the spaces like a coloring book," and "No, I'm not the artist's girlfriend; my husband wouldn't approve...."). She was the first colorist to paint directly on the artist's originals (see *Green Arrow*, *Long-*

*bow Hunters*, above) and was the first colorist to get royalties for her contribution to the work (for the *Perez Wonder Woman* poster). She is currently doing work on *Green Arrow*, the *Butcher-Green Arrow* crossover mini-series, *Elementals*, *Enemy Ace*, and a book cover and interior illustrations for a gaming company.

While her first love is with color and her paints, she is a jack-of-all-trades in the art field. Rarely hav-

ing time anymore, she has been known to show pieces that are silkscreen prints, cut art, etched glass, stained glass, jewelry, and sculpture. For friends, she has been known to make beaded necklaces and earrings, custom-made in the colors and styles of their wardrobe. She is a very pleasant and, indeed, delightful person to talk to, as long as you keep her away from cigarette smoke and green peppers.





# DRAGON

MosCon XIII's Fan Guest of Honor

by William R. Warren, Jr.

## *Local Yokel Makes Good! Film at Eleven!*

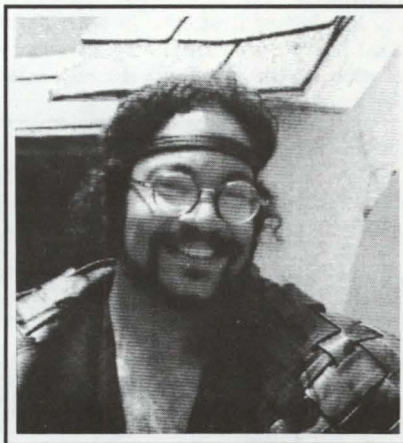
Seen any good movies lately? If the answer is "yes," then you're probably already familiar with the work of MosCon's Fan Guest of Honor, Dragon. Ditto if you've been to any art shows, masquerades, hall parties, et cetera ad infinitum ad nauseum, in the last few years. Zounds and gadzooks, what *isn't* he good at?

Looking for Dragon is easy... look for the crowd. (You'll recognize them... it's a bunch of guys hanging on his every word and passing around really *neat* toys, and a bunch of phemmphanes on the verge of swooning dead away. It has been said that his are "...the best buns in the Northwest." My daughter agrees.)

Dragon doesn't do anything halfway. Artistically inclined from birth, I reckon, he started out doing drawings but wasn't satisfied with them. So he took up painting... really *big*, ambitious, acrylic jobs. But he wasn't satisfied with them, either. So he took up sculpting. Then he took up sculpting his paintings. Then he took up wearing his sculptures. Then he took up painting his clothes... oh, hell, you get the picture. The man's a compulsive communicator.

He's one of only two people in the world that could ever get away with calling me "Billy Bob" and not having me bristle. The other, bless his heart, was Ted Sturgeon. I think the reason these two are in the exceptional position is that it is clear, unquestionable, that malicious intent would never cross either of their minds. Dragon is a big huggy bear with a heart of gold, a guileless nature, and a tender disposition. This is belied by his imposing stature and presence. If you didn't know him, you would *not* want to find yourself in a dark alley with him following you.

The first time I ever heard of Dragon was at a Norwescon, at the



Red Lion, as I recall. Someone had drawn an edged weapon... as I recall the story, it was on the order of a six-foot, double-edged broadsword, but you know as well as I do how stories acquire mythic proportions with age. The party in question was putting on some kind of demonstration, and as Murphy has dictated, the weapon slipped from his grip and made a beeline for the audience.

Dragon, in typical Dragon fashion, lunged for and caught the implement of death and destruction before it could accomplish its purpose... on anybody else, at least. *He* ended up getting hauled off the hospital in an ambulance, where they successfully reattached eleven fingers (dammit, don't interrupt me; this is the way I heard it), his entire right arm and left hand, both ears, part of his furbelows, and his left yet. (I still don't know what a yet is, but I've heard that women have them, too... I saw a news article about an accidental shooting victim, and it stated that a bullet was lodged in her yet. Ask Dragon.)

They say the difference between men and boys is the price of their toys. Well, not so, say I, because Dragon has decided to remain a kid forever (appropriate analogy, considering one of his recent assignments to build props

for Steven Spielberg's *Hook*) and his toys are *awesome!* You may see him tooling around Hollywood on his motorcycle wearing an authentic Fremen stillsuit from *Dune*, an F-15 fighter pilot's helmet ("I'm not driving fast, I'm flying low!"), and packing a dustbuster Phaser 2 from next season's *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Or you might catch him building—and sometimes cheerfully blowing up—huge and elaborate miniatures for films ranging from the (still unreleased) *Highlander 2*, or *The Abyss*, or *Terminator 2*, to such touching productions as *The Dreamer of Oz*. (Dragon made Munchkinland, my friends.)

Or maybe you'll see him (sometimes a good guy, sometimes a bad guy) crossing blades with the likes of Christopher Lambert, or hanging out in a *Star Wars*-ian cantina in a rock video on MTV. (The group is XYZ. The song is something liltling and classical, like "Face Down in the Gutter." See that cyberpunk guy in the black-and-yellow striped helmet? Guess who?)

Or teaching the little people from *Time Bandits* swordplay for an upcoming project called *Battledwarves!* Or restoring an 8-foot mummified corpse for a carnny sideshow.

One thing's certain, his life isn't boring!

Did I mention that he's one hell of a cook? Parts of my anatomy are *still* recovering from a spectacular evening of Cajun a la Dronet. "This is nothing," he grinned at me from behind his John Lennon glasses. "I usually make it *hot!*" Gasp. Shiver.

Dragon returns to civilization from Hollywoodland only infrequently. Those of you who know him, take this opportunity to catch up on his shennanigans. Those of you who don't know him yet, get to. But be prepared, in any case, to be amazed and charmed and delighted. Welcome back, bub. Enjoy yourself.



## Dr. ROGER FOUTS

MosCon XIII's Scientist Guest of Honor  
by Roger and Debbi Fouts

Roger and Debbi Fouts have shared their lives for 27 years. Along with their three children, Josh (24 years), Rachel (21 years), and Hilary (the last one at home; 16 years), they also have shared their lives with Washoe, the first non-human to acquire a human language, (the signs of American Sign Language) since 1967. Washoe's chimpanzee family includes Loulis, her 13 year old adopted son, who has acquired his signs from Washoe and his other chimpanzee family members, Moja (18 years), who acts as an aunt to Loulis, Tatu (15 1/2 years) who acts as an older sister to Loulis and to Dar (15 years), a great playmate for Loulis.

Roger and Debbi are comparative psychologists, and they live their profession. There is little demarcation between home and work. Care and enrichment of these chimpanzees are a lifetime

commitment to them.

In the early 1980's, Roger acted as the technical consultant for the movie *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan*. He taught actors to become apes. This research has been featured on numerous occasions in various media from *60 Minutes* to *People Magazine*.

As we enter the 1990's, some important changes in primate communication research and our understanding of the world are beginning to unfold. As human beings, we are becoming evermore concerned with understanding and protecting our earth for the benefit of the human and nonhuman citizens alike.

While our human awareness and compassion is rapidly expanding to include a greater concern for our biosphere and its inhabitants,

our ignorance still remains a critical problem. Fundamental to removing ignorance and replacing it with understanding is communication. We feel that communication is the one behavior most critical for future survival. Washoe has helped us to replace some of our ignorance about communication with an understanding of ourselves as well as other beings. This is one reason why Debbi and I have committed our lives to a research project that focuses on the understanding of communication and chimpanzees.

It is gratifying to observe that in the twenty-three years that we have been involved in this research project we have seen a remarkable improvement in human understanding and caring for fellow primates and for the world that we all live in. As Jane Goodall has said: "Only when we understand can we





care. Only when we care will we help. Only if we help shall they be saved."

Our research, sponsored by a not-for-profit support organization, Friends of Washoe, is unique in that neither the research nor the researchers have first priority. The first priority here is five fold: Washoe, Moja, Tatu, Dar and Loulis. Our philosophy is that they did not apply for immigration status; they were, and still are, incarcerated against their wills. We, as researchers and more importantly as friends and caring human beings, do as much as possible to better the lives of chimpanzees. While we can leave the lab when we wish, the chimps, because of their strength, cannot.

Through the Friends of Washoe, Debbi and I have persistently worked to help save the wild chimpanzees from senseless exploitation and extinction. Much of our success we directly attribute to what Washoe has taught us.

Now, after years of work and with the help of many Friends of Washoe, our dream of building a truly remarkable indoor/outdoor chimpanzee habitat at CWU is tantalizingly close to reality. This humane center will open our work up for public education and observation and is yet another benchmark in the caring for and understanding of primates and, ultimately, the understanding of ourselves. For us, our staff, and the chimps that we study, the 1990's will be a decade for optimism.

The '90's also will be a decade of challenge. The Federal grant monies that were available for behavioral research in the 1980's have all but disappeared. Part of the funding for completion of the outdoor living dome, on-going maintenance of the chimps, medicine, video tapes for research monitoring, and the research itself is now generated almost entirely by the membership of Friends of Washoe.

One of the goals of Friends of Washoe is to support the humane and innovative research here at Central Washington University that focuses upon the study of chimpanzee language acquisition and its application to human understanding.

One of the more dramatic benefits from this research has been in developing effective treatments for

non-communicating human children suffering from autism, hemiplegis, mental retardation, and other disorders. In the future we plan to extend this research to include further understanding of inter-personal relationships and eventually the teacher/pupil relationship.

Truly, these are the most interesting, rewarding and demanding times for us, the chimps, and the members of Friends of Washoe.

We hope that you will be interested in joining us in support of the important research as a Friend of Washoe. Discovering friendship is easy and personally rewarding. As a member you will receive a quarterly Friends of Washoe newsletter that updates the research and includes interesting reading for the whole family. You will also, by your membership, become an integral part of the ongoing care and support of this unique and important research project, and a very special friend to the five chimpanzees who are at its center.

About the research...

Begun in 1966, this is the first and longest running project of its kind. Research from the project has had a tremendous influence on a wide variety of academic disciplines. Its five signing chimpanzees have acquired extensive American Sign Language vocabularies and live together as a social group. They gesture and vocalize as wild chimpanzees do, and they also use American Sign Language in their interactions with humans and with each other: they answer questions, make requests, and describe activities and objects. Washoe is the first non-human animal to acquire a human language, and her adopted son Loulis is the first to acquire a human language from another chimpanzee.

Washoe has taken the idea of talking with animals out of the realms of fables and science fiction and into the realm of scientific fact. Her accomplishments over the past two decades have had profound effects on changing scientific thought and on improving the human condition. The results of research projects done with Washoe have opened up new doors to the treatment of non-communicating children by developing successful therapies for language

intervention. Being the first chimpanzee to learn a human language, and now to pass it on to her adopted son, Washoe is truly unique.

### Becoming a Friend of Washoe...

#### Annual Membership

\$15.00 Student/Sr. Citizen  
\$25.00 Friend  
\$100 Contibutor  
\$250 Sustaining Member  
\$500 Stewardship

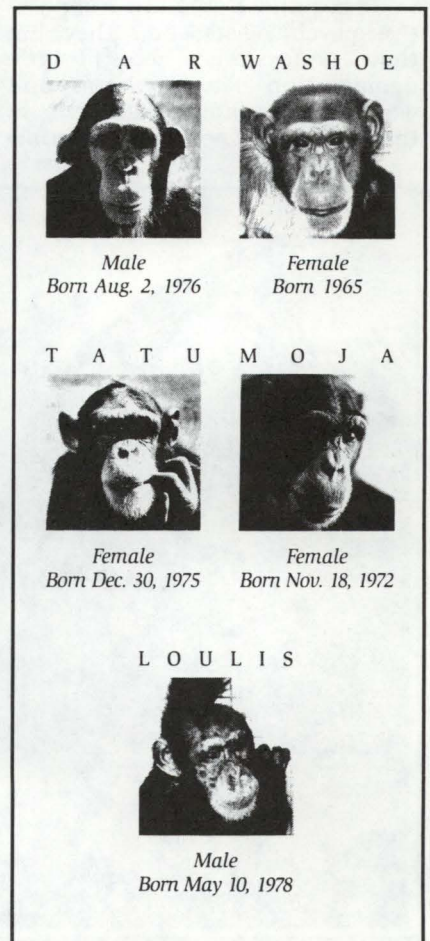
#### Overseas...

Air mail +\$10.00  
Surface +\$5.00

#### Life Membership

\$1000 Fellow  
\$5000 Benefactor

Payable by check to Friends of Washoe, Central Washington University, Ellensburg, WA 98926. All contributions are tax deductible and directly support these chimpanzees. Thank you.





# ATTENDING PROFESSIONALS

And Other Guests  
by Themselves (by and large)



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**JOHN ALVAREZ**  
by John Alvarez

John Alvarez is an Oregon-based artist. His work can be seen on the cover of *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*, in *The Horror Magazine*, and in *Science Fiction Review*. John is also currently reworking the graphic design for *Gem Faire Magazine* and carving gemstones. As you can tell from the photo, he is very handsome.

**ALGIS BUDRYS**  
by Jon Gustafson

Algis Budrys is one of the giants of science fiction field, in spite of his relatively limited production of fiction. His novels include classics such as *Who?*, *The Falling Torch*, *Rogue Moon*, *Michaelmas*, *The Amsirs and the Iron Thorn*, *False Night*, *Man of Earth*, and *Some Will Not Die*. He has also had three short story collections published: *The Unexpected Dimension*, *Budrys' Inferno*, and *Blood & Burning*. He is one of the foremost critics and reviewers in the field, as well,

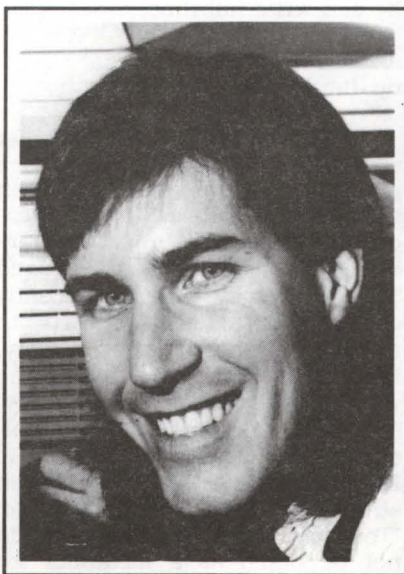


Copyright 1988 by Jay Kay Klein

**MARK BUDZ**  
by Mark Budz

Mark Budz is the editor of the *Pulphouse Short Story Paperbacks*, a new innovation in science fiction publishing. Publisher Dean Wesley Smith explains: "*Short Story Paperbacks* put short stories in the same type of package that novels enjoy: one per book." Mark is also a good writer, as seen by his recent appearance in the premiere issue of *Pulphouse: A Weekly Magazine* with his story, "The War Inside." He is also revoltingly tall and handsome and has a warm and cheery disposition.

and his columns have appeared in *Galaxy*, *Analog*, *F&SF*, *Science Fiction Review*, *The Washington Post*, and *The Chicago Sun-Times*, among other places. Not content to merely take from the field, he gives to it as well, and has taught how to write science fiction at Clarion, the Taos Writers of the Future Experimental Workshop, and for the Moscow Moffia Writers' Program.



**DEBRA GRAY COOK**  
by Debb Cook

Hiring on as part-time help less than four years ago, Debra Gray Cook has risen to the post of General Manager and Art Director of one of the fastest-growing publishing houses in the field—*Pulphouse Publishing*.

She is generally considered by



the contributors to Pulphouse Publishing's various projects to be The Woman Who Gets Things Done. Some of her other titles are "The Pulp-Bunny" and "General Organization Director" ("G.O.D.").

Debb Cook also writes a review column for *Pulphouse: A Weekly Magazine* with Nina Kiriki Hoffman called "Debb and Nina's Excellent Video Adventures," where they hilariously review trashy videos.

She lives in Eugene, Oregon, where she is subjected to large doses of cat tyranny with her four cats.

### JOHN DALMAS

by Jon Gustafson

John Dalmas is your typical science fiction author who has worked at the typical list of jobs before becoming a writer: farm worker, parachute infantryman, stevedore, logger, merchant seaman, army medic, mover, smoke-jumper, administrative forester, creamery worker, technical writer, and freelance editor. His first professionally published story was "The Yngling" (*Analogue*), which was later expanded to novel length and published in paperback by Pyramid (1971, 1977) and Tor (1984). He's also written such books as *The Varkhaus Conspiracy*, *Homecoming*, *Fanglith*, *The Reality Matrix*, *The General's President*, *The Regiment*, and a dozen or more other excellent novels. John is married (Gail), has two grown children, and two grandsons. And lots of interests.

### M.J. ENGH

by M.J. Engh

M.J. (Mary Jane, for the benefit of Tom Easton) Engh came to eastern Washington from southern Illinois via Chicago, the Philippines, Japan, and Oklahoma, writing all the way. Her first novel, *Arslan*, originally published in paperback in 1976, was republished in hard-cover in 1987 by Arbor House, again in paperback by Tor, and has become something of a cult classic (meaning that most people have never heard of it, but a few people like it very much). She is also the author of *Wheel of the Winds* and a children's book, *The House in the Snow*. She is now polishing the manuscript (alternately

using pumice and a very soft chamois) of a new science fiction novel to be called *A Manual for Selectors*. A collection of her short fiction is scheduled to appear as the April, 1992, issue of Pulphouse's *Author's Choice Monthly*. (She may well also have a story appear in the new *Rats in the Souffle* anthology at about the same time—Ed.) M.J. is currently one of the judges for the Philip K. Dick Award. She likes cats and other living things.

### STEVE FAHNESTALK

by Jon Gustafson

Steve Fahnstalk was born in the Bay Area of California and spent his formative years in California, Arizona, Florida, Minnesota, England, and Washington, reading SF in most of those places. He returned to California in the late sixties as a U.S. Navy radioman and part-time hippie, then swung back to Washington, where he lived until his move to Edmonton in 1985. He has been involved in fandom since 1974, and was a founding member of PESFA, MosCon, and Context '89, as well as Writers' Bloc (a.k.a. the Moscow Moffia) and Writers of the Lost, Ink writing groups. His non-fiction has appeared in *Amazing* and the *Starlog Yearbook #1*, and his fiction has appeared in the *Rat Tales* anthology and *Pulphouse Reports*. He currently works for the Alberta Provincial Government as a computer systems analyst, but he would dearly love to win the 649 so he can write full-time.

### JAMES W. FISCUS

by Jim Fiscus

Jim Fiscus is a Portland writer and photographer. His work as a photographer has, however, been interspersed with bouts of academic activity. He taught military history for two years at Portland State University, and has recently completed a Master of Arts in middle eastern and Asian history. Islam, and its role in the Iran-Iraq war, is at the center of his SF story, "A Time of Martyrs," in the anthology *There Will Be War, Volume V*. His latest story, "Toehold," now in submission, had a working title of "Toes of Lust." The story should not be taken as a metaphor for

man's fate in the 1980's, nor does it accurately portray the relationship between writers and publishers.



### FLAME

by Flame

Since I am forced to write my own bio due to widespread illiteracy and/or lack of friends or fans, I cannot guarantee an unbiased account of my merits and accomplishments.

I live in Hollywood in a big, pink house underneath the Hollywood sign. I am a movie star, as you well know, and if you don't, watch more MTV and Women's Wrestling. You might also look for me in *Cobra*, *Ricochet*, or *A Time to Die*, blah, blah, blah, etc., etc.

If all that wasn't enough work, I also make (write, co-produce, and star in) my own futuristic, fantasy videos. These videos are the first two of a trilogy, and include not only a lot of swordfighting but a sizzling scene with my new boyfriend, Dragon Dronet.

You may as well know that I am attending this convention only at the persistent nagging of Dragon and the below-the-belt threats of month-long migraines. Since I am here in Idaho (of all places) I at least expect to sell a lot of my video tapes, T-shirts, and photos. I highly recommend that you purchase one or all of the above-mentioned items, because if I do not meet my financial goals, there will be big trouble in Idaho.



**STEVEN A. GALLACCI**

by Jon Gustafson

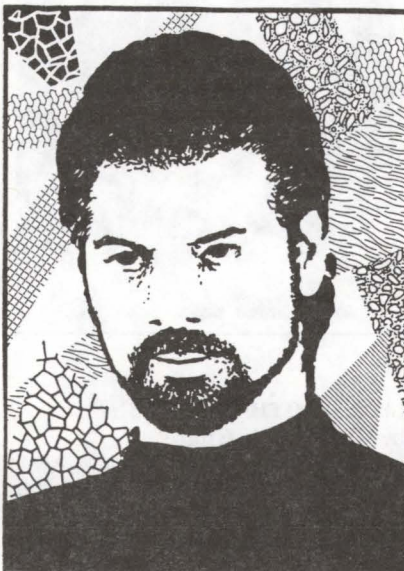
Steve Gallacci was born on the tenth anniversary of the bombing of Nagasaki and spent his formative years watching Mercury launches and the Gemini missions. He was introduced to science fiction by his grandmother, who gave him her back issues of *Analog*. In 1977, he saw *Star Wars*, went to Germany, and got into fandom—quite a year. After his release from the military, he settled in Seattle, where he became involved with NWSFS, Norwescon, and *Westwind*. He began drawing and painting for art shows and his work became sought after. He also became sought after, and has been the guest of many conventions. The rest is history.

Steve is the owner of Thoughts & Images, which publishes *Albedo*—a “funny animal” SF comic book—and *Zell, Sworddancer*—a Sword & Sorcery series. Trained in the Air Force as a technical illustrator, he combines that training with his natural ability to do “funny animals” to make one of the most realistic science fiction comics in existence. He is also active in Northwest fandom as a sometime-slave artist for *Westwind* and the NorWesCon Program Book. Steve exhibits his art at most West Coast conventions.

**BARB HENDEE**

by J.C. Hendee

Barb (affectionately known as Ms. Manners) has sold fiction to *Deathrealm*, *Cemetery Dance*, *After Hours*, *Not One of Us*, *Amazing Experiences*, *Fugue* and *Midnight Zoo*. She received an honorable mention in Ellen Datlow's *Year's Best Fantasy and Horror*, 1990, for her story “China Dolls in Red Lagoons” (*Cemetery Dance*, Winter 1990). She is the editor (along with husband J.C.) of *FIGMENT: Tales of the Imagination*.



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**J.C. HENDEE**

by J.C. Hendee

J.C. (sometimes called Jonathan by friends, affectionate enemies, and other beasts in the business) has sold fiction, poetry, art and non-fiction to *Midnight Zoo*, *Death-realm*, *Amazing Experiences*, *GWN Magazine*, *Hardware*, *Novel & Short Story Writer's Market*, *Guidelines Magazine*, *Paradise Journal*, and *Fugue*. He writes a regular column, “Bonedrift,” for *GWN Magazine* on issues and advice for beginning writers. He is also the editor/publisher (along with wife, Barb) of the alternative press digest, *FIGMENT: Tales from the Imagination*.

**NINA KIRIKI HOFFMAN**

by Jon Gustafson

Nina is one of the many suc-

cessful Moscow writers to leave the area for greener pastures, so to speak. She presently lives in Eugene, Oregon, where she cavorts with numerous other writers collectively known as the Pulphouse Gang. She is still, of course, considered a member in good standing of the Moscow Maffia.

Her short fiction has appeared in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *Dragon Magazine*, *Shadows 8* and *Shadows 9* (Charles L. Grant, ed.), *Greystone Bay* and *Doom City* (also edited by Grant), *Jessica Amanda Salmonson's Tales by Moonlight, Vol. I & II*, *Writers of the Future, Vol. I*, (Algis Budrys, ed.), *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*, *Pulphouse Weekly*, *Weird Tales*, *Amazing Stories*, *Grue*, and last, but certainly not least, Damon Knight's *Clarion Awards*.

She has also had a number of stories appear in small press publications, which include *Footsteps*, *Kalliope*, *Snapdragon*, *Figment*, and the well-respected *Fantasy & Terror*.

**VICTORIA E. MITCHELL**

by Jon Gustafson

Vicki Mitchell has been involved in Science Fiction for more than a dozen years. She joined PESFA (the Palouse Empire Science Fiction Association) in 1977 and soon became one of the core members of the group. She is one of the founding members of MosCon and Writer's Bloc (a.k.a. the Moscow Maffia). Well known in costuming circles, she has won prizes at many Northwest conventions for her costumes. She has also been very active with conventions, chairing MosCon X, and working in various capacities in all other MosCons, and other cons as well. In 1986, she won the *Amazing Stories* Calendar Story Contest and sold a short story to a mainstream anthology. She recently sold a *Star Trek* novel, *Enemy Unseen*, which was published in October, 1990, and spent three weeks on the *New York Times* Bestseller List. Vicki has just sold her second novel, tentatively titled *Imbalance*, to Pocket Books; this is a *Star Trek: The Next Generation* book. She is currently working on short stories and her fifth novel. She is married to Jon Gustafson.



and is owned by one large, rather silly dog.

### JERRY OLTION

by Jerry Oltion

Jerry's short stories appear frequently in *Analog*. He is also the author of *Frame of Reference*, the fourth and sixth novels in the *Isaac Asimov's Robots & Aliens* series, and has finished another novel, *Paradise Passed*. He lives in Eugene, Oregon, with his wife, Kathy, and the obligatory writer's cat, Ginger.

### RANTZ

by Kathy Sprague

After three years of working in mostly unknown and unheard-of black-and-white comics, Rantz is now penciling issues #5 through #8 of *R.I.P.* from TSR's new comic line. The "mini-series within a series" is written by Doug Moench of *Moon Knight* fame, and promises to be "pretty disturbing."

Rantz is also attending Washington State University full-time, is working on a mini-series with Matt Howarth, and writing and drawing a three-issue mini-series of his own entitled *City of Angels*.

Rantz is 23 and is in serious need of a nap.

### DEAN WESLEY SMITH

by Jon Gustafson

Dean Wesley Smith is a graduate of Clarion, the first Writers of the Future workshop in Taos, and a full member of SFWA. He has sold dozens of stories to such diverse places as *The Clarion Awards*, *Writers of the Future Vol. 1*, *Oui Magazine*, *Gambling Times Magazine*, *Horror Show*, *Wet Visions*, and *Rat Tales*.

Dean lives in Eugene, Oregon, where he writes at least one short story a week and works on his novels in his copious free time. He was a member of the Sturgeon Award committee and is the owner of Pulphouse Publishing, which publishes *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*, *Pulphouse: A Weekly Magazine*, *Author's Choice Monthly*, and owns Axolotl Press. In 1989, Dean (together with editor Kristine Kathryn Rusch) won the World Fantasy Award, and his first novel, *Laying the Music to Rest*,

was a finalist on the Stoker Award ballot.

He was one of the founding members of the Writer's Bloc (a.k.a. the Moscow Moffia) writing group and of Eugene's Pulphouse Gang writing workshop.



### LITA SMITH-GHARET

by Lita Smith-Gharet

Over the past ten years, Lita and her artworks have been featured in many articles in *Science Fiction Review* and in several international gem trade magazines, such as *The Lapidary Journal*, *Rock and Gem*, *Rose Art*, *Colored Stone*, *Gem Faire Magazine*, *Big Rocks Trader*, and *Accent Jewelry*. For over 16 years her award-winning carvings and scrimshaw on 40,000-year-old Woolly Mammoth ivory and precious stones have appeared in over 60 articles and feature stories in newspapers across the country.

Lita has owned and operated several Fine Arts galleries and founded and promoted many juried art shows and sales. In 1984, she expanded her Steel Eagle Agency to cover SF artwork.

As for costuming (a 3-D art form), Lita was almost born with leather in hand. Her costumes may be seen in *Locus*, the movie *The Favor*, and in the upcoming color coffee-table book, *The Costumer's Art* (Lark Books).

In 1988, Lita founded the

Northwest Costumer's Guild (NWCG), and publishes *The Costume Closet*, a 20-page quarterly magazine on costuming in all fields. Articles by Lita on or about costuming may also be found in *The Oregon Star* (a movie trade quarterly) and *The Qualley Report* (an Oregon stage and movie monthly).

As a writer in the gem and geology field, Lita has been published in several international trade magazines and has published two how-to books, *The Artistry of Scrimshaw* and *Finding Quartz Crystals*, and has four more in the works. She is also a member of the International Women's Writing Guild (IWWG).

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### VERNA SMITH TRESTRAIL

by Beth Finkbiner

Verna Smith Trestrail has been a well-known fixture at MosCon since *The Beginning*. She was one of our Guests of Honor at the very first MosCon (1979) and has lent us her enthusiastic support and presence ever since. Verna is "Doc" Smith's daughter. She has taught school in Indiana and frequently lectures on Doc and science fiction. She has attended many cons, talking about Doc, his books, and the development of Doc's books into a series of major motion pictures.

Verna is easy to find at MosCon.



She has a bubbly, infectious personality and you may well find her continually in the center of a small crowd of her fans and friends.

Her father, Edward E. "Doc" Smith, was one of the pioneers of science fiction as we know it today. He was the first writer to take us out of the solar system in fiction. His books have been continuously in print for over 60 years. He graduated from the University of

Idaho (one of his classmates was named Virgil Samms—sound familiar?) and he was recently the recipient of the U of I Distinguished Alumni Award. We honor his each year as our Patron Saint.

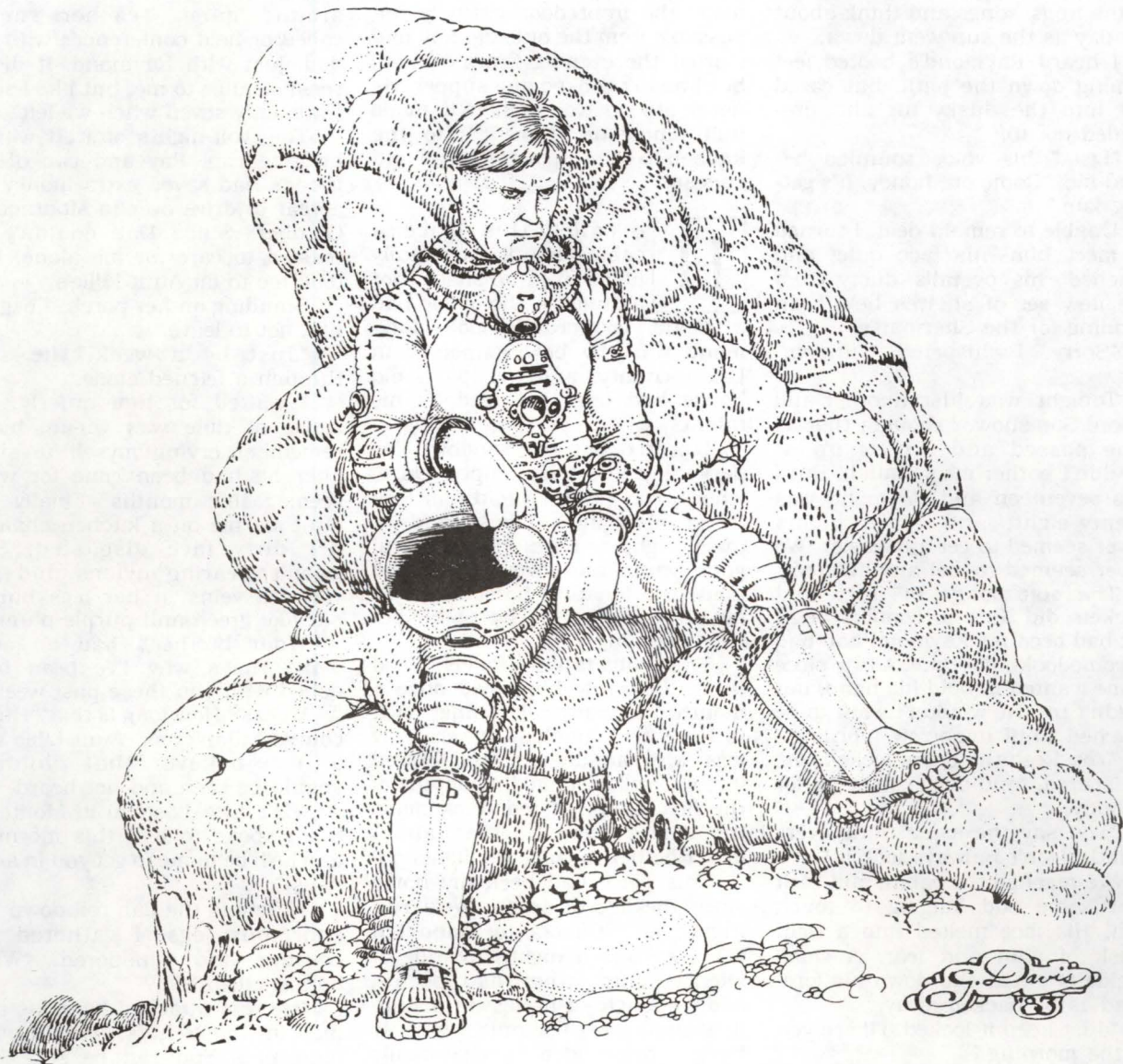
Authors:

**F.M. and Elinor Busby  
Cyn Mason  
Steve and Chris York**

Artists:

**Gail Butler  
William R. Warren, Jr.**

**OTHER PROFESSIONALS WHO  
ARE COMING, BUT FOR WHOM  
WE DO NOT HAVE A CURRENT  
BIOGRAPHY:**





# FULL MOON HEARTH

by  
Barb Hendee

I remember standing in the middle of our old trees that summer, breathing the warm evening air and wishing it would go on forever. There was a lily-checked frog pond behind our house, and I loved to lean against a tree, listen to the frogs' songs and think about my day as the sun went down.

I heard Raymond's booted feet coming down the path, but gazed out into the dusky air and pretended not to.

"Lisa," his voice sounded behind me. "Come on, honey. It's getting late."

Unable to remain deaf, I turned to meet him—his face quiet and pinched, his overalls dusty from the new set of shelves he'd been sanding for the Sherman's.

"Sorry," I whispered. "I'm coming."

Tonight was just another full moon. Somehow, I thought that as time passed and I grew up, it wouldn't bother me so much. But I was seventeen and Raymond was twenty-eight, and these nights never seemed to get any easier. We never seemed to feel any different.

The soft songs of frogs and crickets did little to comfort me. I felt bad because Raymond had had to come looking for me. A tiny piece of me wanted to hold his hand, but I didn't try. He wouldn't want to be touched until tomorrow morning.

"You keep the doors locked," he whispered, "and don't answer it for nobody."

"You say the same thing every month. Don't I always lock it?"

We reached the cabin, and I felt that same odd longing to touch him. His face melted into a tight mask of pain and fear. A small trickle of sweat slid down his forehead as he backed away.

"Just keep it locked. I'll see you in the morning."

"Is it bad?" Some nights were worse than others.

His breath was coming in short

gasps and drops of water ran down his long, dark hair. "Yeah. It's gonna be bad this time. Get in the house."

Without watching him leave, I slipped into our cabin, secured the deadbolt, and dropped a two-by-four into metal brackets which made the front door virtually impassable from the outside. Ray had started the evening fire as usual, but I hadn't cooked any supper. He never ate on wolf-nights; it made him nauseous. I went into the kitchen to hunt up some bread and cheese.

He called this place a cabin, but it was really just a fixed-up shack. Not a dump — the inside had a rustic, comfortable look. Raymond was the best carpenter in Latah county, and our poor, old house had been salvaged by his talents.

I peered out the window. The darkening forest lay empty. Once, when I was little, I'd told him that the growling and sniffing sounds at dusk frightened me. His face had gone white and ever since he'd made it a fanatical habit to get as far from the house as possible before changing.

These nights were lonely. Good thing they only happened once a month. I took my cold dinner back to Ray's rocking chair, covered my legs with an afghan, and stared into the yellow, crackling depths of the fire. Abrasive, red brick made the flames seem brighter, and I didn't bother turning any lights on.

This place had been my home since the age of seven. We'd run from South Dakota to Idaho ten years earlier—a nightmare ride of silence. Our father had been—oddly enough—a professor of English Literature. I should probably have a better idea of what really happened, but I was so little, and the pictures in my head are hazy.

My mother abandoned us when

I was two, and my father consumed enough alcohol to ruin his career. None of that mattered to my welfare though, since Raymond took care of me. He cooked my meals, washed my clothes, and braided my hair. My first trip to kindergarten was travelled with his hand around mine. Teachers never called or held conferences with my dad, just with Raymond. It didn't seem strange to me, but like I said, I was only seven when we left.

The wolf-nights started with a hunting trip. Ray and two of his friends had saved extra money for a year to drive over to Montana in October. Since Dad couldn't be trusted to care for me alone, Ray took me to fat Aunt Lillie's.

Standing on her porch, I begged him not to leave.

"Just be a week," he said through a feigned smile.

I waited for him quietly. My sense of time was vague, but I remember crying myself to sleep after he had been gone for what seemed like months. Finally my aunt sat me on a kitchen chair — her dirty face disgusted. She wasn't wearing nylons and the varicose veins in her legs bulged out like green and purple plums.

"Your brother's had an accident. That's why I've been burdened with you these past weeks."

Weeks? How long is that? But of course I didn't ask. Aunt Lillie was a firm believer that children should be seen and not heard.

"He's in a hospital in Montana, but I spoke to him this morning, and he'll be home to get you in a few days."

Watching the flab roll down her enormous legs, I gathered my courage and whispered. "What happened to him?"

"He was attacked by some animal in those hills! That's what happened. You can be sure he's gonna pay for the extra food you've eaten too. Don't know why I let myself get talked into this in the



first place. Should have let that drunken father of yours own up to his responsibilities, I should've."

I started to cry softly, and she sent me to my room. My young, unformed mind pictured wild animals tearing Raymond apart, and I couldn't sleep or stop shaking.

A few days later, Aunt Lilly's voice rose to the ceiling, shouting swear words that I wasn't supposed to hear, and I ran out to see Ray in her living room. He had large, white bandages taped around his throat and his left arm.

"You're home!" I ran to him, knowing that all was right with the world now that he was back. He gave Aunt Lilly some money and we left.

I suppose things were normal from that moment until the first full moon. Waking in the middle of the night, I heard my father's terrified screams. Violent crashing sounds made me pull the covers over my head, and the little night light Ray had bought for me flickered through the blankets as the walls shook. Growling and roaring echoed through our old house, but I lay still as a stone... waiting for Raymond.

When the sounds ceased, I decided to make a run for his bedroom and dashed toward my door. A sickly smell hit me in the hallway, but I kept running. Finding nothing but torn covers on his empty bed, I began crying and stumbled out into the kitchen.

It was red.

The floor, walls, and counters were bright red and what was left of my father's body lay in a heap under the table. The back door had been torn off its hinges.

I don't remember any more until the next morning.

"Lisa, grab my neck," Raymond whispered in a funny voice. The room was just getting light, but I couldn't seem to wake up. His strong arms lifted me, and the sweat from his body smeared on the side of my face. His breath smelled like vomit.

"Where are we going?"

"Shhhh, baby," he murmured. "We've gotta go for a drive."

He laid me down on the seat of his dented, Chevy pick-up and ran around to the driver's side.

I rolled over to pull his hunting jacket off the cab floor. "The kitchen's all red."

He hadn't answered me.

So long ago.

By the time I was seventeen my full moon nights passed peacefully, sitting in the rocker, staring at the fire and remembering. The house was always so still, only the clock on the mantle making any sound at all. As usual, I rocked until the fire burned low and then fell asleep in his chair.

I woke the next morning to the sound of Raymond retching outside my window. Without bothering to put on my robe, I ran out the door and around to the back of the house.

He was naked, crawling in the dirt, gagging on his own bile.

"Lisa..."

Looking up from the ground in agony, he tried to reach out for me and collapsed into convulsions.

Dropping to my knees, I tilted his head up to make sure his wind pipe stayed clear. He'd been right the night before. I hadn't seen him this sick in nearly a year.

"Try and get your arm around me."

He did try, but I had to drag him toward the house. I'm not a frail woman. Ray is 6'2" and my head reaches his chin. Years of stacking wood and carrying water had strengthened my arms.

After pulling him through the front door, I didn't bother taking him to his bed but laid him on the couch. This was a familiar scene—my part well rehearsed.

"It'll be all right..."

I got a bowl of water to wash his face with and a bucket for him to throw up in. His body was racking, so I covered him with an afghan more for comfort's sake than anything else.

"Rinse out your mouth," I murmured, holding a glass of cold water to his lips.

He managed to sip a little and swish it around in his mouth before spitting into the bucket. He lay back and seemed to calm down.

"Better?"

He nodded, but his teeth were still clicking together. Picking up a wet rag, I washed his face and chest. This was the only time we ever touched each other. In his helplessness, he clung to me, not having any other choice.

"Can you breath? Are the

cramps easing?" My questions memorized... mechanical.

Managing a nod, he lifted his hands into view. "Is there any blood?"

"No."

He had an almost pathological fear of hurting something during black outs and always made me inspect him for blood. Sometimes I'd wash it away before he gained coherence and lie to him.

"You're going to be down for a couple of days, Raymond. Should I drive out to the Sherman's and tell them their shelves won't be done till the weekend?"

"Wait till later." He curled down against a pillow. "Just let me get some sleep and see how I feel tonight, okay?"

"Sure. Do you want some tea?"

"No. I'm tired."

His muscle spasms were growing less frequent, and I knelt down beside him to rub his back.

"The worst's over. Just close your eyes."

Twenty minutes later he was resting on his own, so I decided to get on with my day. I always stayed home from school after a wolf-night for obvious reasons. Besides caring for Raymond, it gave me a chance to get some things done. Since we were into late summer I had planned to spend the day putting up applesauce.

After getting dressed, I wove my heavy, brown-black hair into a braid and went out to the barn. We used our barn for odd things since farm animals weren't an option.

Ray had an obsession with firewood. Stacks and stacks of it covered our barn walls. Once in a while, in the deep winter, he sold it to the town's people, but not often. In between the wood sat baskets of apples and pears from the orchard, and in the very back was Raymond's workshop.

When we first arrived in Idaho, he had worked for Mr. Sherman's logging outfit. It was strange luck that brought us to Herald Sherman; a man of vast heart and few questions. Our shack belongs to him. When he found out that Raymond had a seven-year-old sister and that we were both living in a truck, he brought us to our little home. The rent was supposed to come out of Raymond's wages, but there was any change in his paycheck.



It had holes in the roof, and our first winter was hard with no insulation and only the fireplace for heat. Raymond spent the first few weeks frantically reinforcing the shutters and screwing new bolts into the doors. I was too young then to understand why.

After that he started using extra money to buy carpenter's tools: planes, routers, sanders, a lathe and a good table saw. For some reason, people in small towns feel that homemade anything is better than what you buy in the stores and within a year, he quit his logging job and went to work as a full time carpenter.

He enrolled me in school, and we lost ourselves in the small, rustic town of Deary, Idaho. Raymond kept a newspaper clipping of my father's death. The coroner's report stated that he had been killed by an animal. We were simply declared missing, and I think the police spent some time looking for us in Dakota.

Ray hadn't killed anyone since then. We lived five miles from town and the few missing farm animals were chalked up to wolves. I guess that was half right.

The older Raymond grew, the more reclusive he became. Other kids weren't allowed at our house.

When I was ten, he let me go to a birthday party—against his better judgement—for a girl in my class named Natalie. Two sisters and a laughing set of parents carried in her flaming pink cake while everyone else sang. My shock at their matching furniture and nuclear relationship had been profound.

"How come Natalie has a mother and father and two sisters and we only have each other," I asked Raymond on the way home.

He never answered me. But his jaw twitched and he never let me go to another party.

As time passed, one of our hobbies became book collecting. Jack London filled the backs of my eyelids with dreams, and Raymond escaped into Dick Francis novels. Sharing our adventures became important, so we took turns reading our books aloud by the fire.

One night when I was about fifteen, I finished chapter six of *White Fang*, and his brows knitted. "Why do you keep reading me stories about wolves?"

His question threw me. "I don't

know... You read me books about race tracks."

"That's different."

"I'm sorry. I'll get a different one."

"No. It's all right. I just wondered why."

My gaze turned to the fire. "The men are all so close to their dogs. Why can't we get a dog?"

"Because I'd kill it."

"You don't know that. You could lock it in the house with me."

"Yeah, and what if it starting barking on a full moon night? What if I tore the house apart trying to get in?"

I sighed. "What about a kitten?"

He stared at the flames in silence.

"Raymond, everyone else has pets. One little kitten isn't going to change anything. Cats are quiet."

Two weeks later he drove up with a baby lamb in the back of our truck.

"We'll try something in the barn first. Get me some boards and my hammer. I'm going to have to reinforce the doors."

The curly, white animal in the truck bed bleated, and I ran to hold it instead of getting the boards. Her soft fur curled around my fingers like angel hair at Christmas. I wanted to throw my arms around Ray and thank him but knew better.

We dubbed the lamb Topsy because she fell down a lot. Even Raymond began to like her little presence while she roamed about the dusty yard in an effort to follow him.

We only had her a month.

About one in the morning on the next full moon, I heard snarling while he tore the barn apart and covered my ears when she began to bleat.

The next morning I found him sobbing and vomiting on the barn floor. We never found her body, but one chord of wood was covered in an ugly red smatter.

Ray almost never got angry, but he turned his head toward me and yelled. "Did you hear it?"

"No," I lied. "It must have been quick. So quick she couldn't have known what happened."

He buried his face in his arms and wept. I blamed myself for having pushed him and never asked for another pet.

I wish it had ended with her

death. He stopped talking and sat by the fire in silence. I'd seen him like that before—depression hit him from time to time. Usually he snapped out of it on his own, but this dark mood went on until I walked in one afternoon and found him staring down the barrel of his .357 magnum. I didn't know if normal bullets would kill him or not, but blowing his own head off seemed like it would do the job to me.

"Well's going dry," I said, ignoring the gun. "You oughta haul some spring water up in the truck."

He looked up in a daze, put the gun down, and left. I went to make dinner when the truck started—my chest constricted in panic. Talking wouldn't do any good. Raymond and I never talked about any of it. Our conversations were limited to reality at hand.

I dug under the sink for some potatoes and looked around my cramped kitchen. A fleeting thought struck me.

When he came back, I wandered outside to help him unload the buckets.

"How come I'm living with a carpenter and still don't have a decent pantry?"

"Huh?"

"I'm shoving potatoes under the sink. My dish shelves are full of cans, and there's no place to keep the flour. Why can't we build a pantry on to the kitchen?"

His face clouded for a moment, and he put the last bucket down. "Well, I might add something behind the back door." That was the first time he'd spoken in days. "I'll take a look at it."

The idea caught his interest. He brought home some lumber, and I held measuring tapes and boards for him. By the end of the week he was whistling again, and the gun was back in his bedroom drawer.

Our new addition was actually quite beautiful compared to the rest of the shack.

"Maybe we should paint the house so it all matches," he suggested.

I'd given a smile for an answer, and we'd left for town to buy paint.

Our barn was filled with memories for me, but on the day that I had planned to make applesauce it seemed to speak even more than usual about the tales of our past. I filled a bucket with green apples



and wandered back to the house. Raymond slept quietly on the couch for most of the morning, crying out only once in a while with bad dreams.

**I**n the morning of the next full moon we got up early to run a few errands. Raymond had agreed to make new cabinets for a local shop keeper named Charlie Bedford, and we drove into Deary because Charlie'd ordered some special light-toned oak for the job.

As we entered the shop, I spotted Joshua and Rueben Trotter. Both were dime store hoods and high school drop outs to boot. I couldn't stand either of them.

"Mornin' Charlie," Raymond smiled. "Came by to pick up the oak."

"Sorry, Ray. It ain't come in yet, but it's due this afternoon. Maybe I could run it out to your place tonight."

I glanced up in alarm. Today would turn into wolf-night.

Raymond just shook his head. "Tonight's bad for me. I'm going out of town for a few days. I'll just pick it up when I get back."

Charlie nodded. "Sure, but I got your down payment here. Better take it before I forget and spend it on something else."

"Thanks." Raymond stuffed the bills into pocket without counting them. "I'll probably see you on Wednesday."

Josh Trotter was watching the whole exchange with poorly hidden interest on his greased-stained face. I wanted to leave.

"Bye, Lisa," he smiled sarcastically. "Nice talking to you."

Raymond glared at him, and he shut up.

The September sun shone brightly in the rear view mirror all the way home Ray was in a good mood for a wolf-night and chatted to me about the brass handles he planned to fit for Charlie's cabinets. Almost everyone gave him at least a partial payment in advance because he took his time on tiny details, and his work was so extraordinary.

He spent the day chopping firewood for winter, and I weeded our garden. By dusk he'd checked the doors and window shutters six times

"After I leave you be sure and..."

"Lock the doors," I finished for him. "I know."

"Just do it."

Perspiration was beginning to run down his hair, and I could tell he was getting dizzy.

"You better go."

"Yeah... see you in the morning."

He slipped away, and I felt that familiar empty pang of longing shoot through my stomach. Now I only suffered from loneliness though, as a child these nights had been a confused, living hell.

I walked to the window and watched him disappear, hoping he wouldn't lose his clothes this time. Once I'd suggested that he just get undressed and leave them here, but that idea didn't go over too well.

After cutting up an apple, I made some coffee and went to my rocking chair. No memories came to mind, so I finished eating and picked up a James Michener novel.

The night wore on and the fire burned low. I was dozing in my chair when the soft click of an engine shutting off startled my eyelids open. No other sound followed, but I moved to the window and peered out.

At first the yard looked empty. Then two forms passed close by, and I heard voices.

"I told you he was lying. His truck's right there."

"Well, maybe he's got a car we don't know about. You heard him tell old Charlie he wasn't gonna be home tonight. Why would he lie about that?"

"Cause he don't like nobody out here. Look he how treats Lisa. He don't let nobody else near her."

"Well, the place looks dead to me. I say we start in the barn. That's probably where he keeps his tools and stuff."

Josh and Rueben Trotter.

I didn't know what to do. Raymond's equipment was about to go for a long ride. Those tools represented years of hard work on his part; they were our livelihood. If I let them be stolen, he'd have to go back to logging again.

Moving quietly into his bedroom, I pulled the gun from his drawer and made sure it was loaded. The blued steel felt cold and slick in my hand. If I stayed in the house, Josh and Rueben could never get past the barricaded doors. If they tore a shutter off and

broke a window, I'd have a clear shot at the first one through.

But I couldn't wait for that. They had to be stopped before leaving the barn. What if one of them managed to take off with Raymond's tools?

I slipped out into the warm, night air — dry lawn crunching beneath my feet. The barn door stood open, and they'd been stupid enough to turn the light on.

"God, look at all this stuff. No wonder old man Charlie's payin' him so much."

Rueben's voice.

I moved in and pointed the gun toward his sound.

"Don't" I spit.

He whirled in panic and stared down the barrel. Too late, I realized that I hadn't paused long enough to hear where Josh was. Rueben was an insect. Josh was an animal.

"Lisa!" Rueben gasped. "I wasn't hurtin' anything. We... You ain't supposed to be here." He was alone.

"Where's Josh!"

"Right here," a voice whispered in my ear while his hand closed around my throat from behind.

I tried jerked the gun up, but he grabbed my wrist. His arms were all over me and the wooden floor rushed up. Before I could even think he had the barrel in my face.

"Stop it," his oily breath hissed. "Where's your brother?"

"In the house with a shotgun." I spit back.

"Yeah, sure. And he sent you out to shoot us? I don't think so."

"Why don't you go in and look?"

I was scared. They were going to take everything we had and Raymond wasn't here to stop them. I tried not to think about what Josh was going to do to me.

"Leave her alone," Rueben cried. "He might still be here."

"Shut up!"

Josh pulled me up to my feet.

"We'll just go see who's in the house," he whispered. "You stay in front of me."

The dust kicked up as he dragged me out into the front yard. I knew I didn't have much time. He was a low-life, but he wasn't stupid. It'd take him about three seconds to figure out that Ray wasn't in the house.

The front door kept growing closer. My mind was casting about in desperate directions—like el-



bowing him in the chest and taking a bullet—when a soft growling sound echoed from the shadows beside the cabin.

A dark form flashed out, impacting with my shoulder. I remember the dirt in my hands and Joshua's scream.

The porch light gleamed in my eyes as I turned to the struggle beside me. A huge, furred form had Josh pinned to the ground. Its heated panting and his gasps pounded in my ears. I watched the horrified realization dawn on Joshua's face as it slowly and purposefully put its fanged mouth around his throat and ripped out his jugular, as if it wanted him to know he was going to die. I scrambled away from them.

Joshua's gasping stopped, his head lay at an unnatural angle, a dark stain was spreading into the dirt around him. His killer was now staring at me.

I knew who it was and didn't move. For some reason I'd expected him to be different from an actual wolf... that he'd be walking upright—half man, half animal. But it wasn't like that. He looked like an enormous wolf, soft muzzle dripping liquid, amber eyes gone mad.

He turned to worry Josh's dead body for a few minutes — ignoring me — and then loped toward the barn.

"Rueben, run!" I managed to shout, but it was too late.

I covered my ears to screen the sound... a sound I'd heard before and huddled on the ground.

Sometime later, a loud sniffing made me look up. Raymond was moving freely about the yard. In a macabre sense, he was beautiful. No mutation or disfigurement, just a thick gray coat and massive chest.

His diamond-shaped eyes rested on me, then looked toward the house. I wanted to cry in despair. The front door was open.

Crossing the dark space quickly, he trotted inside and left me staring at Joshua's dead face.

I suppose I should have wondered why he hadn't killed me, but the thought of what would happen the next morning filled my head. Poor Raymond. I'd have to hide his gun. They weren't worth it, either one of them.

The moon was still bright, and I

had a few hours till dawn. We always kept a spare key to the truck in one of the barn's cabinets. I went to get it and to drag out Rueben.

His body lay in plain view next to the table saw, but I had to look awhile before finding his head near a pear basket. Its soft flesh had been gnawed down to the base of his skull. Only a little congealing blood remained since the open wound of his throat cavity had been licked clean.

I carried or dragged the separate pieces of him out to our truck — grunting and straining — until he was loaded, then did the same for Josh. My last requirement was a sharp edged shovel. The forests were vast and deep. No one would ever find out what happened in our front yard on that full moon in August. The only ones who could remember were dead.

A few hours later I came back numb. Our yard was dark and silent with only a few patches of tell-tale blood left for me to clean up. Using buckets of water to dilute the red, I decided to leave the barn alone and let Raymond think he'd run some wild animal down and cornered it

in there. That had happened once or twice before.

My true dilemma came when I'd finished getting rid of the mess. Funny how I never let myself think of them as people.

The front door stood half jarred open and the wolf was probably still prowling around the house. Sleeping in the barn should have been the only option for a sane person.

Not even letting myself think, I walked up to the cabin and looked in. What I saw didn't surprise me.

His great body lay resting quietly by the fire. His head lifted when I reached the doorway and growled softly.

"Shhhh, Raymond. It's just me," I said tiredly.

He stared for a moment and then turned back to the fire. Orange lights flickered off plywood walls. Faint crackling of low burned embers made the only sound in the world.

I stepped in without taking my eyes off him. Right then I didn't care if he killed me. For ten years I'd been living with a mystery that had retarded my life. For all of his fears about keeping locked doors between us, I don't think I'd ever believed he'd hurt me. Somewhere buried in the wolf, Raymond still lived and breathed.

Sitting down on the couch, I pulled off my boots and then went to wash my hands, ignoring him on purpose. I behaved as though he belonged there. When I came back into the living room, he raised his head again and whined.

I went to him and sat down on the floor. His low growl kept me still for a moment, studying him. The large head rested on wide paws. Besides his massive size that seemed to be his only unusual aspect.

Reaching out slowly, I laid my hand on his back and scratched gently. He turned and looked directly into my eyes. Not human and not animal, he was somehow more than both.

I stretched out on the floor beside him and ran my hand up to his velvet head. His muscles relaxed, and he rolled over to push his back into my chest and stomach.

This was all he wanted... all he'd ever wanted, to come inside and lie by the fire. No blood or cold, dark forests, just warmth and



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shelter like all of us. After all these years, he'd come home.

I got up once to lock the door and get a blanket, than curled up next to him and tried to sleep. No more lonely wolf-nights. His place in the month would be lying next to me, and all the affection that couldn't be lavished on Raymond, were his. Because he'd take them.

My future had been set for a long time. No marriage or children were ahead for Raymond or me. We had no one but each other and both denied the empty starvation turning us to husks. But that was over now. Now someone was mine.

**T**he next morning I woke quickly when his convulsions started. His transformation should be private. I had no right to stay and watch. Hiding in my bedroom, I listened to the fuzzy, muted groans until I heard a human voice coughing.

"Lisa!"

He was kneeling on the floor by the low fire—horror and panic contorting his face. I ran to him.

"It's all right. I'm here."

His eyes cast about wildly as if lost.

"Why am I in the house?" He stumbled up, his naked body seemed thin and pale in the cold morning light, and I noticed he wasn't vomiting. "Lisa! What am I doing in the house?"

I pulled the blanket up around his shoulders.

"You should come lie down."

"How did I get inside the house?"

I dropped my gaze and whispered calmly. "I let you in... last night."

"Why would you..? How could you..?" His voice was hysterical. "Oh, God, don't you understand. You saw what I did to Dad and you still don't understand. I don't know anything that happens when I'm... I can't remember anything I've done."

"You didn't love Dad."

"That's a stupid thing to say right now."

"No. I mean you'd never do anything to me. You just laid by the fire all night. You aren't as sick as usual, are you?"

"What?" he snapped.

"You aren't sick because you didn't eat anything wolves eat." I

tried not to think about the skin on Rueben's head. "You just laid in here by the fire. And I'll just let you in again next month if you leave the house."

"No!" His expression contorted to rage. "How do you think I'd feel if I woke up and found you in four pieces? Huh? Good morning Raymond."

"You let me sleep on the floor next to you." I crouched down, pushing my face into my knees. "Think about me. You just black out and wake up sick. I'm the one who sits up alone, wondering... picturing you dead in a ditch somewhere." All the anger from the past ten years came bubbling up and poured out. "You never talk to me! You've never let me have friends or go out to dances or movies like everyone else...."

I trailed off in tears. He fell into a stunned silence. "Lisa." He stopped, looking down at his pale body. "Stay there." He went into his room and came back wearing a pair of Levi's.

Running a hand through his thick hair, he sighed, "I don't know what to say. You know I can't change anything."

How could I explain what I'd felt in the wolf? That touching the warm fur of his chest and draping my arm across his body met every-

thing I'd felt starved from?

Lost for expression, I simply said. "I need you to be in the house."

He dropped down beside me.

"What if I hurt you?"

I shook my head slowly. "You won't. I know."

**T**he years passed, as years do. Days seem to slide one into the other until you wake up and find thin streaks of silver in your hair and your hands have grown brown and wrinkled. I sit in my rocker now on wolf-nights because the floor has grown too hard for my tender, old bones.

Our house is peaceful, and I feel we've lived a good life. Across the room, by the fire, lies the massive wolf with his head on his paws. His chest is spattered with white and he has long since grown too old to hunt. It's strange, but an odd contentment filled Raymond after the wolf began to spend his hours inside with me. A calm that reflected in them both.

No one ever found out about Josh and Rueben Trotter. They sleep in wet ground somewhere down the road. They are a tribute... a sacrifice to the warmth and the fire of our hearth.





# EKATERIN

by  
V. E. Mitchell

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 onto 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 mountain-top, 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 ac-cross 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, 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."

**I**n 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 ciga-

rettes, 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 prac-



tical 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."

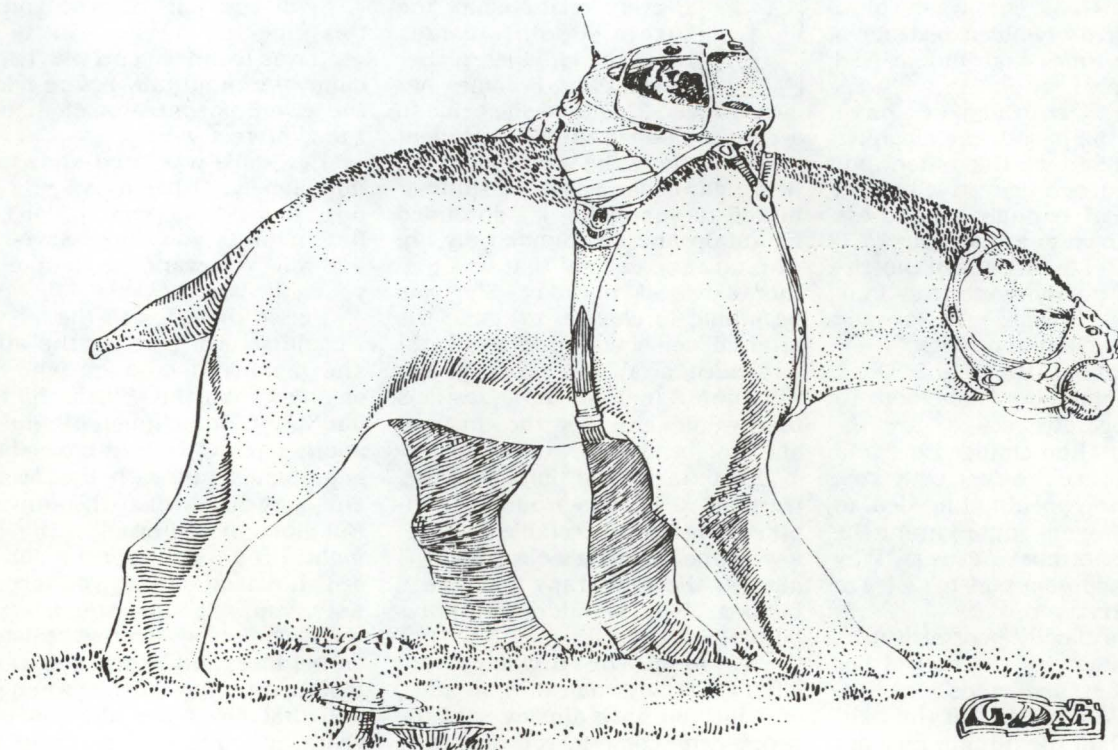
She bowed her head, weighed down by the burden of my words. It is no easy thing to accept a lifetime of differences buried for the sake of conformity. In the end, she would manage it, as she had managed so much in her life, with a grace and a passion that would inspire lesser spirits. A wave of sadness 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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# PURE SPECULATION

## Killing Four Genres With One Word

### by J.C. Hendee

Remember the days when SF was ghetto fiction? Hell, some of us hadn't been born yet, but we still hear about it. Remember when Fantasy was considered so unnoteworthy that it was a sub-genre of SF? Take a look in your local bookstores and see what section heading holds the Fantasy material; we're only just now seeing a few changes. And remember when the term Dark Fantasy was used as an acquisitional synonym for Horror? Can you say "subjugative assimilation?" I knew you could. Now we have a new bug-a-boo, a new term to abuse: Speculative Fiction.

Speculative Fiction, you say? Ah yes! We all know what that is.

Nope. Sorry. We don't. Not the way the term is used today.

Hold on, you say. "Speculative" is just another term for all the genres of Fantastic Fiction.

Camel-shit! And that's the crux of a not-so-subtle problem that has occurred in the field.

Speculative Fiction is not a general name for Science Fiction, Fantasy, and/or Horror. Yes, the publishers and retailers might like you to believe so. Anyone from Europe is a European; Anyone from the African Continent is an African; anyone from Asia is an Asian. Sound like a familiar sterilizing concept? Publishers and retailers enjoy the misuse of the term, obliterating the lines between genres as a way to get you to buy extra material, increase their sales, and tap reader markets outside of the specific genres they previously advertised... or so they thought.

Welcome to the new age of advertising, where the key is not to distinguish differences and accentuate attributes, but to genericize the product. "It's all the same, bud. Follow the fashion." Yea, that's the trick.

But it isn't working.

Magazine publishers are no longer as greatly as concerned with the wants and desires of the

readers as they were once. They'll say they are, but don't you believe it, buck-o. They now wish to "define" our wants and desires in literature, to put them in an easily handled, simply-labeled package: Speculative Fiction. And then, when their subscribership drops off, they complain that it's because the economy is in a recession, people don't have as much money to spend on luxury and entertainment.

Oh please, spare me. With the rising prices for cinema, videos, theater, pay channels and commercial television, serial publications offer the least expensive form of entertainment. If the publishers paid attention, they could capitalize on the economy instead of suffering from it. Give people what they want... that's what making a buck is all about. And that's what the misuse of the term "Speculative" fiction *isn't* about.

But first let's see what we're talking about. Speculative Fiction is not a catchall. Speculative Fiction is a *sep-arate genre* as are Science fiction, Fantasy, and Horror. As a general explanation to get you grounded, the Speculative genre lies somewhere between Magical Realism and Fantasy, just as Dark Fantasy (another term misused until very recently) lies between Fantasy and Horror. Speculative Fiction is a combination of the Mimetic and Speculation—a combination that has given birth to an innovative new genre.

Okay, what the hell am I talking about? *Mimetic* is a term used in literary circles to refer to fiction which present the base reality, "realism," that we all share in our lives, as the setting of a story. When you wake up in the morning and open your eyes, that's reality. Yes, I know, we can all argue the point, but if you're experiencing roughly the same world as everyone else, then we'll call it reality. If not... get some help.

Into this motif of reality the writer introduces a fantastical influence (unusual or improbable, depending on whether it's SF—or Fantasy—influenced) as the *Speculation* or twisting element that alters the base reality. In Speculative fiction the fantastical elements are not illuminated or explained. Speculative tales center on the "real" reactions and consequences of the speculation, not on the fantastical influences themselves. The focus of a story in the Speculative genre is to explore the "so what" once the "what if" has taken effect upon reality.

As an example in sub-genres, Alternative Histories are centered in the Speculative genre. When we ask "what if Japan had won the war against the USA," we're not concentrating specifically on how such an outcome was accomplished; that is just the base starting point. The focus is on the "so what," on what the world would be like today if such a thing had happened. What would be different about our society, our lives, the world in general? We concentrate on the effect of the speculation upon our *reality*. That is the essence of Speculative fiction and its distinction from the other genres with which it has been so loosely lumped.

Whether the speculation is as large as the outcome of World War II, or as small as John Q. Public dying five minutes later/earlier than when he actually "bummed out," the narration of the effects caused by such a change is what Speculative fiction is all about.

A good example of Speculative fiction would be Kristine Rusch's story "Fast Cars," published in *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine*, October 1989. The story deals with a group of friends who in their youth concocted and imbibed a potion that was designed to make their ideal lives come true. The story begins many years later as they



regroup to see how each of their lives turned out. It does not deal with the potion itself, but with the possible real life effects.

Another example is Bruce Sterling's "Dori Bangs" in *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine*, September, 1989, which deals with "what if" Lester Bangs, rock-critic and wanna-be American novelist, hadn't O.D.ed on Darvon in April '82? And "what if" Underground social cartoonist Dori Seda, hadn't died of illness and complications of a car accident on Feb. 26, '88? And what if they had met? And the story takes off.

It should be noted that these two stories also use other contemporary conventions of literature not to be misinterpreted as intrinsic to the Speculative genre.

Now that the terminology is straight, what's the problem here? Well, take a hard look at the magazines you buy to read stories in any of the four main fantastic genres: Science fiction, Fantasy, Horror, and Speculative fiction.

When you pick up a magazine which states it's SF oriented, what you're buying isn't what you're getting. You're getting "Speculative" fiction. Not the fiction in that genre, but that erroneous brown wrapper the publishers now favor. Well excuse me all to hell and back. I'd rather be entertained with what I want, and I'd rather get what I intended to buy. When I go to buy a horse, I don't want to pull off the saddle and find a doctored-up camel. Each animal has its special attributes, but I'm buying a horse.

By misusing the term Speculative fiction as a catch-all, publishers and retailers now sell anything from borderline Magical Realism to Alternative History, from soft-core S&S to High-tech SF, and call it all Speculative Fiction. The problem with this is that I know of very few people... correction, I know of *no one* who reads that wide a range of material when they spend hard-earned cash for some printed entertainment. Why buy a magazine (periodical, anthology, etc.) which may not contain the type of material you prefer? Fewer people are doing so. Speculative Fiction, as a term, has become the brown paper bag into which the publishers of

short fiction feel they can stuff nearly anything into their magazine and sell it to anyone, supposedly widening their consumer market and increasing their sales.

Sound like a profitable marketing technique? Obviously not, due to the falling readership of the major genre magazines that have fallen prey to this concept. But if this new, chic sales technique isn't working, why continue using it? Maybe because this term also has a use as an ideology manipulator. And this too has failed in its intended use.

So let's dig up a few more worms out of this corpse. Since back in the first days of the ghetto segregation of Science Fiction (and later Fantasy and Horror) there has been a movement to *legitimize* SF as real literature. No, it's not a new issue. Frankly, I never knew the genres of Fantastic Fiction were illegitimate, and I certainly wouldn't waste my time listening to anyone who said so. That kind of attitude has never been anything more than academic fertilizer, and half as valuable. It's irrelevant to me what anybody thinks of what I like to read and write. But through watching the market for years, talking with editors, and observing the politics and fashion trends in the genres, it seems that the Speculative genre somehow represents a bastion for the sanctification of Fantastic Fiction. With Speculative fiction's close relation to Mimetic or Mainstream Realism, and its similarities to the critically acclaimed and academically popular Magical Realism, it represents to some editors, publishers, and major influencers in the market a ready made tool for legitimizing Fantastic Fiction, making all of it acceptable to the proponents of "real literature."

Are we that desperate to be accepted by the hob-nobs and pretentious critics of the *Literatae*? What a serious, tactical mistake!

The use of the term Speculative Fiction is now nothing more than a convenient, non-descript sack for the use of the opponents of genre fiction. Why would anyone legitimize a grab-bag, like those at carnivals where you pay your fee and blindly cast a hook and line over

the wall so the huckster can attach the little bag? The genres are no longer distinct and critics can see any type of unusual element in fiction, cast it into the bag, close the bag and forget about it. We have now given them the appropriate literary tool; it's all just that "speculative" stuff.

So much for legitimizing any genre of Fantastic Fiction, be it SF, Fantasy, Horror, or the forgotten new genre of Speculative fiction. But there is one last catch to this little word game.

Speculative fiction—the genre, not the marketing technique *a la* literary hook—has now suffered the ultimate subjugative assimilation. It has not only been disavowed as a separate, new genre with budding potential, but it isn't even allowed the standing of a second-grade sub-genre, as Fantasy was (is being?) dealt with in relation to Science Fiction. Speculative fiction is just as valuable as SF, Fantasy or Horror... or any genre, cross-genre, or sub-genre. There are people who like it, and people who don't, as with any type of fiction. It deserves its own recognized place in the arena of literature. There is nothing to argue about that.

Lastly, good readers, there is one more little problem that's very personal to all of us.

Aside from genericizing our favored genres, burying the new genre of Speculative fiction, and giving literary critics a handy tool of dismissal, it seems there is one other use for that brown paper bag... for the publishers to put it over our heads so they don't have to recognize us and our individual tastes in literature.

Throw away the brown paper bag called "Speculative fiction" and take a look at what you're getting. Is it what you want? The term has been misused long enough. And it's time to take back what we wanted, what we pay hard cash for: Science Fiction, Horror, Fantasy. It's time to recognize something new and special: Speculative Fiction.

It's time to burn that brown bag on the flaming pile of dried-out camel-dung from which it was pulped.



# LIVING IN ARCADIA

by  
M.J. Engh

Mile after incredible mile of great wind-laid dunes, dull black and rough gold: my first sight of the Palouse, driving up from Lewiston to Pullman. "Rolling hills," they had told me; "rolling hills covered with wheat." I had grown up in the Midwest; I thought I knew wheat and rolling hills. But this was like nothing I had imagined. The Palouse did not so much roll as undulate, and undulate on a heroic scale. Riding through it was like sailing a small, unsinkable boat through an ocean of gigantic swells. They rose and descended in gentle and enormous curves, unmarked by trees except where willows grew along a creek or people had planted an island of shade around a house. Mile after mile, until we came over one more swell and suddenly before us rose the brick and concrete towers of a university among the fields. After 45 years of wandering, I had found my home.

I didn't know it then, of course. I had thrown over a secure, pleasurable position as a librarian in Oklahoma to accept, sight unseen, a halftime job at Washington State University. I wasn't sure I could live on a halftime librarian's salary (since then I've learned to live on much less) but I wanted, needed, had to have more time and energy for writing. I had supposed the Pacific Northwest was all like the postcards I'd seen—lush and wet, mountainous and forested. The Palouse hills closed around me like a revelation.

There were other surprises. My first novel, *Arslan*, had (as a later reviewer remarked) "sunk without a trace." Here I met people who had not only read it but admired it, and I found myself welcomed into the local science fiction community. Serendipitously, I had arrived just in time for an historic event: the first local science fiction convention, MosCon. It was my first science fiction convention as well,

and it opened another new world to me—the marvellous science fiction network of direct contact with readers, editors, artists, and other writers. MosCon led me in two directions: to other conventions, mostly in the Northwest, and to a local writers' group that included some serious talents. Writer's Bloc, which has been meeting every Tuesday night in Moscow or Pullman for I don't know how many years (about nine and a half—Ed.), has been the literary nursery for people like Nina Kiriki Hoffman, Dean Wesley Smith, Vicki Mitchell, and Jon Gustafson. I'm a loner, but not a hermit. I've made friends here who are important in my life, and professional contacts that are important in my career.

A few years after that first MosCon, I was nose to nose again with a dilemma. My halftime appointment was tending toward full time work at half pay, absorbing more and more attention and strength just when my writing demanded everything I had. There was no hope, I thought, of supporting myself by writing; writing is too slow and difficult a process for me. But I had to write.

In that quiet crisis I received a letter that I read half a dozen times, checking the superscription again and again to make sure it was really for me: "...pleased to inform you that you have been awarded a National Endowment for the Arts Creative Writing Fellowship Grant..." I had almost forgotten applying for it. Money without strings attached! No virtue oaths to sign, no schedules to commit to;

money simply for writing well. I took a year's leave without pay from WSU and spent seven months living in France and Italy, living on bread, cheese, and fruit from local markets and researching a historical novel. Within the first few weeks I had made the decision that had seemed so impossible: Forget practicality, forget security; I'm going to write.

I resigned from the WSU library faculty as of May, 1985. I've managed to survive since then on writing and the occasional part-time temporary bit of editing, teaching, or library work. My life looks Spartan to most people, but it's Epicurean to me. I've even bought a house. From Florida to Tokyo to Paris, I've seen nothing to compare with the Palouse and nowhere else would I be content to spend the rest of my life.

But is this really a place for a writer, out here amid the wheat and lentils? You bet it is. With one university on the doorstep and another eight miles away in Moscow, and the golden hills lapping at their feet. It is exactly that blend of intellectual and rural that poets dreamed into existence centuries ago—the ideal place to write. Alan Barnsley, another Pullman resident before his death in 1986, was one of the most civilized people I've ever known. He was also, as Gabriel Fielding, a mainstream novelist of distinction. He once chided a would-be writer who complained of the difficulty of writing in the Palouse boondocks, so far from the centers of cultural whizbang: "But here you're living in Arcadia!"

That says it, Alan. If I couldn't write in Arcadia, how could I write anywhere? And until somebody presents me with a certified deed of a chunk of the terrestrial paradise, this is where I plan to stay.

*Note: An earlier version of this article was published in Artist Trust, Spring, 1988.*



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# LOVE, SEX, AND ROMANCE IN SCIENCE FICTION

by John Dalmas

I told Jon Gustafson I'd write on "Love, Sex, and Romance in SF." It seemed like a good idea at the time, but later on I started whimpering a little at the prospect. Maybe, I thought, I should have said "War, Mayhem, and Destruction in SF," because there's so much more of it.

And why not? Let's face it: War, mayhem, and destruction are a lot more dramatic. Winston Churchill's love life may have been interesting—I'm not sure it was to Winston and Clemmie. But it had neither the importance nor the drama nor the intellectual interest of his roles as a war correspondent in India, South Africa, or the Sudan. Let alone his leadership roles in the two World Wars!

The smallest and most minor war involves a heck of lot more people and drama than even the biggest gang rape put on by the Hell's Angels.

And consider audience attraction: *Murphey's Romance* was neat movie, with bigname stars. I loved it, entirely apart from the fact that there was this sixty-year-old man winning the love and the hand, and so forth, of this cute young woman. But—did it draw the gate that *Star Wars* drew? No way! And on TV, which drew best? *War and Remembrance*? Or *Tammy Takes the Pill*?

On the other hand, while I didn't see or read *War and Remembrance*, I'm totally certain that it contained a goodly portion of LS&R—love, sex, and romance. Or love and sex at any rate. Or, well, sex for sure.

Even *Star Wars* had a love story of a sort—low-key, three-cornered love story involving Luke and Princess Leia and Han Solo. And maybe another, of a sort, between R2D2 and C3PO. Some of C3PO's lines to R2D2 reminded me of a comic spouse's, nagging in an aberrated expression of love. But sex could hardly have had a part in that relationship, so I suppose "love" wouldn't apply there.

Or could it? There are no hyphens in "love, sex, and romance"—"love-sex-romance." They don't necessarily come as a package. Love, sex, and romance are three separate things that often go together but also often occur separately. I seem to recall once that G.B. Shaw carried on an affectionate, decades-long correspondence with a nun, a correspondence that might qualify as a love affair, even a romance of sort, without their ever meeting on another physically. (My memory might be faulty on that; it dates from the abundant radio treatment of Shaw's life when he died, nearly forty years ago.) (Hah! Dated yourself, didn't you Dalmas!)

My point is that love, sex, and romance can occur separately. And be used separately in a story if you want.

Consider *The Lord of the Rings*. The last time I looked, the Berkely paperback edition was in its 84th printing, for crying out loud! How many million sets is that? And why so incredibly popular? What did it have going for it? Well, how about war, danger, marvelous characters, heroism, colorful landscapes, and an exceptionally readable flow. (Read it, along with *The Hobbit*, to your kids some winter. A marvelous bedtime story!) But it also included a love story of a kind between Frodo and Sam. In which no sex was involved. (Although some reviewers said there must have been, at least in a latent or sublimated form. Some reviewers transfer their own hangups to the books they review.)

In spite of the list of virtues I already recited for *TLOTR*, I'd like to suggest that the charm and attraction of Tolkien's trilogy lay largely in its humanity. The hobbits were epitomal humans. The humans were epitomal humans. And an important part of the attraction of beings such as Gandalf, Saruman, Thorin Oakenshield,

Lady Galadriel—even Tree beard and Beorn—was that they had human traits along with their superhuman traits. This made them more interesting. And made what happened to them more interesting.

So. We have humanity—humanness, the matter of being human—as a valuable, important, almost an essential element in SF. Even if the character is one of Anderson's feathered Ythrians on Avalon. And three important areas in human lives are—what? Let's hear it: Love! Sex! Romance!

Wait a minute, John! I mean, we're talking about important! Right?

What the heck is romance?

According to my *American Heritage Dictionary of the American Language*, "romance" has several meanings. "Romance" can (1) be a long medieval narrative in prose or verse, telling of the adventures of chivalric heroes. That's not what I'm talking about here. (2) It can be applied to any long fictitious tale of heroes and extraordinary or mysterious events. That's not what I'm talking about either. (3) A novel, story, or film dealing with a love affair. Okay, that applies. (4) A love affair; love; romantic involvement. Okay, that applies particularly. And love affair was defined as "an intimate sexual relationship or episode between lovers." I use the term love affair more broadly, but that's what *AHD* says about it.

So. Love, sex, and romance, being part of humanity, are a legitimate part of science fiction. And so are the frequent outgrowths: marriage and family. It's remarkable, when you stop to think of it, that so few figures in science fiction and fantasy seem to have children. Or visible parents, for crying out loud! Not that any of those, or love, sex, and romance, are necessary for a good SF story. But it can add depth and texture to a story to give the



reader at least a glimpse of them.

Although I'll grant that love and romance are as despised among some literary cynics as pornography is among the Baptists.

Recently there was a minor flurry among SFWA—the Science Fiction Writers of America. You're all aware, I suppose, of formula romances, the so-called bodice rippers, that sell so well in supermarkets. A mass-market publisher that had made megabucks in formula romance proposed to market a line of SF romances. I get a mental picture of a book cover showing a virile space pirate with a wrench—or maybe a can opener—attacking a space-suited lovely, intent on the goodies inside. That's in keeping with the covers of other formula romances. (And no worse than the SF covers of 50 years ago, in which bug-eyes space monsters

carried scantily clad beauties (sometimes with ripped bodices) toward their [A] lairs, or [B] space-ships.)

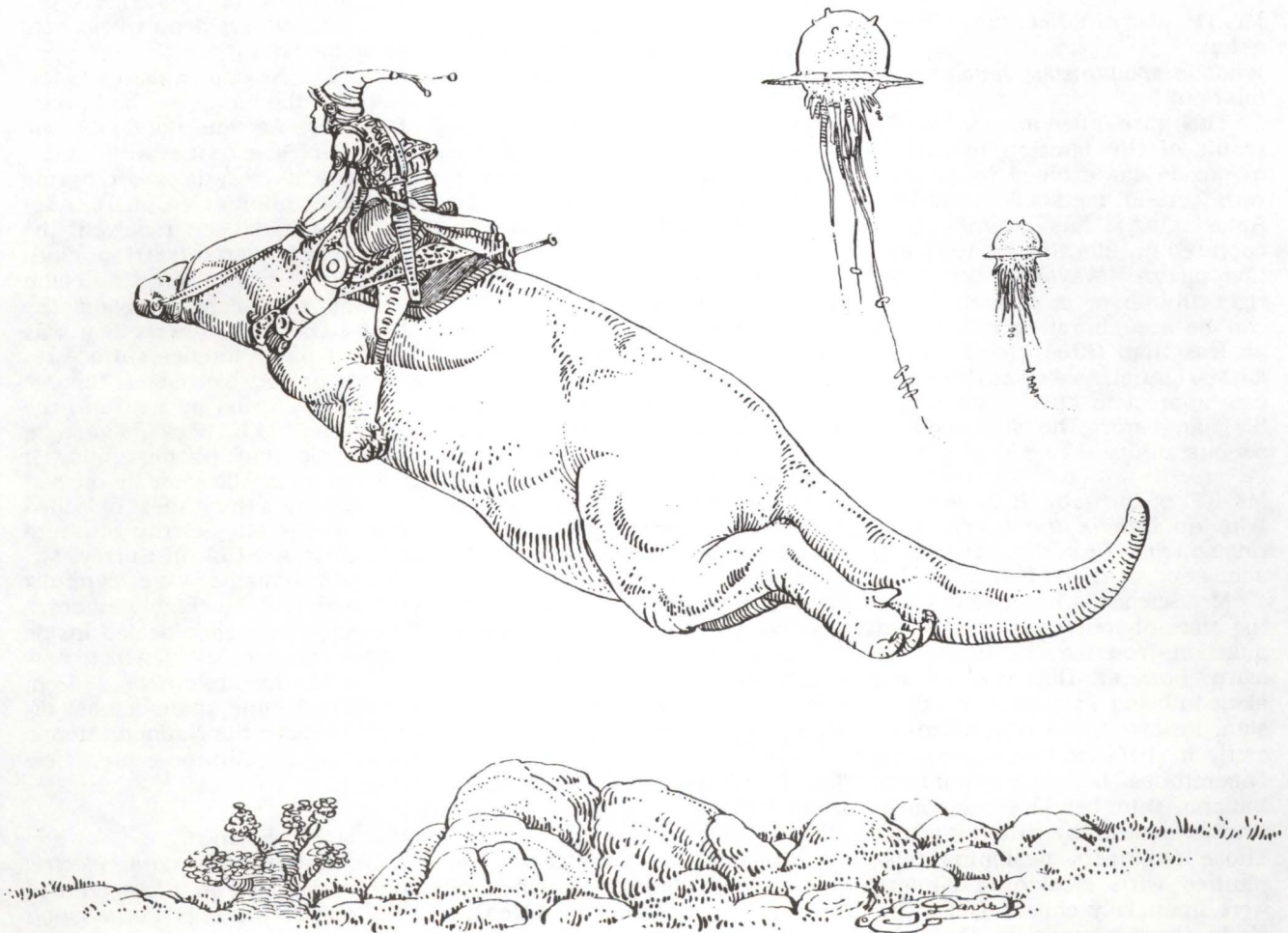
The response of some SF writers to the proposal was "Good grief! Just when we've gotten some respect in the literary community, this bozo wants to get us associated in the academic mind with bodice rippers!"

Someone pointed out, though, that not all romances are bodice rippers. *Gone With the Wind* is a romance. As are *Anthony Adverse* and other respected literary works. And, anyway, if great numbers of ladies, and probably some members of the more obtuse sex as well, want to read bodice rippers, why not? Maybe an SF romance line would lead some of them into "real SF," where God intended 'em to be.

I've actually written wedding ceremonies in three novels: *The Walkaway Clause*, *Return to Fanglith*, and *The Lantern of God*. And the ceremony in the latter has actually been as part of a marriage ceremony in the mundane world, at the wedding of Will Rietveld and Janet Reichl in Wausau, Wisconsin.

I'm prejudiced, of course. I enjoy love. I enjoy (can I say it at my age?) sex. I enjoy marriage. And in my probably oafish way I like to romance my wife, remind her that she's special. And if I can do these things, then I'll allow the heroes and heroines in my fiction the same privilege. Including, where appropriate, the perks—children, grandchildren, etc.—that go with them.

And that's the end of it. End of declamation.





# ASK MR. SCIENCE

by  
Mr. Science

## ***Secrets of the Universe Revealed at Last!***

Ms. KFM-F, Edmonton, Alberta asks:

*Why is Mars so orange?*

Mars is of course, a colder world than ours, and no longer has any surface water. What water there is in the atmosphere of Mars exists as very small wind polished crystals of ice at an altitude of 5000 to 8000 meters, where these crystals act as a gigantic diffuse mirror, reflecting the color of red iron oxide Martian surface.

Mr. TH, also of Edmonton, Alberta, asks:

*What is spontaneous human combustion?*

This rare phenomenon is the result of the ignition of carbon monoxide gas exhaled by persons with certain metabolic disorders. Amazingly, it has actually been captured on film. In the 1937 motion picture "Way Out West" the right thumb of co-star S. Laurel can be seen bursting into flames no less than three times! Luckily for Mr. Laurel, as well as those who can appreciate the remainder of his film career, he sustained no serious injury.

Ms. TF, of Burnaby, B.C., asks:  
*Why do I think the telephone is ringing when I run the water in my shower or sink? Am I crazy?*

Mr. Science is not able to judge the state of your sanity from your question. You may be relieved to learn, however, that you are not alone in being a victim of this delusion. Research was conducted secretly in 1979 at Psycho-Acoustic Laboratories, Inc. of Bloomington, Indiana, into bell-like component sounds emitted by running water. Those engineers designing telephones with electronic ringers were financially encouraged to include those sounds in their designs. The funds for this project

came from groups attempting to encourage water conservation, since their theory was that if you hear those sounds you will turn off the water to see if your phone is ringing.

Mr. GM of Calgary, Alberta asks:  
*What does it mean when things are "out of whack," and why are they never "in whack?"*

This expression is all that remains of an obscure theory which held that objects and machines were motivated (in the physical sense) by being filled with a substance known as Whackogen. When the machine stopped working this substance was thought to have been consumed, and it was therefore said to be "out of whack." This theory was replaced by the more nearly correct Phlogiston Theory, which means, of course, that things can never be "in whack," but only "in phlogiston."

Ms. DM, of no fixed address, asks:  
*Why were the dinosaurs so BIG?*

You have, regrettably, been taken in by the "bigger is better" theory of evolutionary development. The largest of the dinosaurs was only about two meters in its greatest dimension, which is not especially large. The Earth itself was much smaller 65 million years ago (see an earlier question concerning inverted volcanos) and, by expanding so greatly in the intervening millennia, our planet has produced a very great enlargement of the fossilized remains of these creatures, causing guillible persons to believe that dinosaurs were very large animals.

Mr. FS of New Westminster, B.C., asks:

*Why do I itch?*

Human skin is a wretchedly vile habitat that breeds parasites of many kinds. Microscopically small, particularly disgusting beetles live in the slimy areas between

the flakes of dead and dying skin. Their favorite food is the delicate tips of nerve endings exposed as your skin decays. When they bite, you itch.

Ms. JW, of Vancouver, B.C. asks:  
*Why is the salad and dessert tableware smaller than dinner tableware?*

Salad and dessert have always been well-balanced, but there was a time when the entre fought back.

Ms. JR, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:  
*Now that the shroud of Turin has been found to be of Medieval origins, can Mr. Science explain how the image was formed?*

No, but he can explain the formation of the image on the Shroud of Surrey. As you no doubt will recall, Mr. Science met with an unfortunate nuclear accident during a demonstration at V-Con 16. After his brain had been removed, the body was covered with a cloth shroud and placed in a lead coffin to await safe disposal. When the shroud was later removed, it was found that the intense surface radioactivity had caused an "image" of the body to be burned into the cloth. The cloth, itself, is now so radioactive that photographing it is difficult. It will soon be on display, behind a thick sheet of leaded glass, at the Mr. Science Museum of Interesting Stuff, in Surrey. Mr. Science's remains were carefully cremated and his highly radioactive ashes were then sealed inside a glass-ceramic brick, which now resides at the bottom of a deep, abandoned mine shaft, almost directly beneath the National Atomic Museum, at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Dearest Mr. Science,

*No matter how many electric light one turns on after natural light fades, there is not enough light by which to do a jigsaw puzzle, and one wonders if it has*



something to do with the new "room darkening" drapes. Will they eventually absorb enough candle-power to light a small city?

Ever Questioningly Yours,  
Dora Dovestruck

Your new drapes will continue to absorb light, with slowly decreasing efficiency, for several more years, at which time all of the light previously stored will be released in one brilliant flash. The incident of several years ago in which a satellite was thought to have detected a nuclear explosion in the south Atlantic Ocean was, in fact, a developmental test of this special fabric. A far more satisfactory solution to the problem of temporary, and safe, reduction of light intensity indoors is the use of "darkbulbs." These remarkable products have been fully described in a recent article in *The Best of the Journal of Irreproducible Results*. Darkbulbs come in a variety of sizes, shapes, and wattages. They work by converting absorbed light into electricity and flushing it out the power line, thus avoiding the "sudden release" problem. In addition, Mr. Science will soon be publishing the results of some original research on the use of ordinary (and much less expensive) light bulbs on A.C. power with a frequency with a minus 60 Hz.

Ms. KB, of Port McNeil, B.C. asks:  
*Can the ozone layer be saved?*

Certainly. If 500 very large nuclear-powered Tesla coils are taken to the upper altitude limit of heavy lifting balloons, enough ozone can be generated to replenish the ozone layer in a matter of several weeks.

Mr. CH, of North Vancouver, B.C., asks:

*Is it true that "...music has charms to soothe the savage breast?"*

While this statement is not generally true, there are some notable exceptions. Any music in which the base line pulsates in approximate imitation of a beating human heart is likely to possess this remarkable property. As an experiment, Mr. Science suggests that you carry a tape player on your person at all times. On the next occasion in which you are about to be attacked by a savage breast,

quickly put on a tape of "Oxygene" by Jean-Michel Jarre, and watch the immediate effect this soothing music has.

Mr. EH, of Vancouver asks:  
*What is the Philosophers' stone? Cannabis Sativa.*

Mr. TB, of East Thetford, V.T., asks:  
*Ever since those clowns discovered "cold fusion," the price of gasoline has been going up a nickel a week. How come?*

You are the victim of memory loss induced by deliberate addition of aluminum salts to your drinking water by greedy politicians. You have forgotten that the price of gasoline was going up a nickel a week even before those clowns called their press conference. One tenth of one percent of the increase is caused by a non-coincidental rise in the price of palladium, used in the catalytic cracking of petroleum products. The rest of the increase is caused by higher taxes collected now, before cheap fusion energy, hot or cold, drastically reduces the government's "take."

Ms. FH, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:  
*Why is there no relocation plan for slugs?*

Two major problems have held back the implementation of this eminently worth-while conservation measure. The first has been the development of a slime resistant, radio tracking collar small enough to fit these most interesting creatures. Second has been the resurgence of the NIMBY (Not In My Back Yard) syndrome. The collars, which will be held in place by a chemically modified cyanoacrylate glue, are almost ready and once a suitable and willing recep-

tor community is found, SLURP (SLUG Relocation Project) can proceed.

Mr. JH, of Port Coquitlam, B.C., asks:

*As an inventor I have run out of ideas. Can Mr. Science help?*

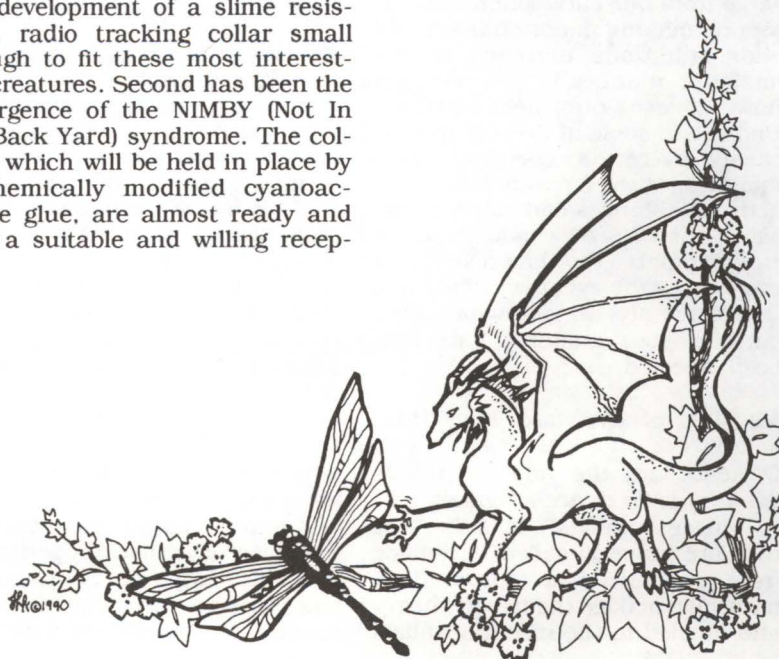
It would be presumptuous and unfair to others for Mr. Science to suggest to you what to invent. However, a very complex computer program written recently by EB, of Richmond, B.C., and requiring 87 hours, 14 minutes, 27 seconds to run on a Cray supercomputer, shows that only 14.8% of all possible inventions have been elucidated so far. The last invention will occur on April 30, 2143. The fact that (Canadian) income taxes are due on that date is purely coincidental.

Mr. OG, of Coquitlam, B.C. asks:  
*If androids dream of electric sheep, what do electric sheep dream of?*

RAM chips.

Ms. LG, of Coquitlam, B.C., asks:  
*Why does my hot water flow slow down and stop as it warms up?*

Your faucet is over-compensated. Many years ago a small group of conservationist plumbers designed faucets in such a way that the flow would be reduced as the water heated, to make up for the high initial rate you would use





to flush the cold water from the pipe. This process, which is called thermal subfluxuation, was intended to reduce the consequent wastage of water.

Ms. EBH, of Burnaby, B.C., asks: *Why does a friend of mine spend an hour every night tearing bumper stickers from cars?*

Your young friend is afflicted with a rare mental disorder. This condition, called "decalocomania," is known to occur only in those whose parents put stickers which proclaim that "war is not healthy for children and other living things" on their cribs.

Mr. CJ, of Victoria, B.C., asks: *Why are they banning leaded glass in automobiles?*

Have you seen the state of our roads lately? Most of the damage has been caused by the immense weight of the vehicles traveling over our highways. Any effort at reducing the average mass of these vehicles will translate into less road wear, and hence a saving for our (increasingly) poor taxpayers. Surely, as a fiscally responsible citizen, you cannot object to giving up the benefits of leaded glass under these circumstances.

Mr. AB, of Surrey, B.C., asks: *Why do the hairs in my eyebrows grow to three or more inches in length?*

Evolution has caused us to diverge from our early simian ancestors by making minor changes and short additions to many of the immense number of genes which now govern our development. Damage to some of these genes, as caused by certain chemicals, cosmic rays, or the emissions of radioactive substances can cause cleavage of the DNA helices at the older ending points. This has resulted in you having the eyebrows of an ape. One can only wonder what other parts of your anatomy have also been affected.

Ms. LG, of Crawford Bay, B.C., asks:

*Of what are the finger cymbals used by belly dancers made?*

Finger cymbals, or "zills," as they are properly called, are made from galvanized uranium. This naturally makes them very heavy and has led to the recent scandals

wherein belly dancers were caught taking steroids. Unfortunately, as the uranium slowly changes to lead by radioactive decay, the sound of the zills change. The bright, bell-like characters of these charming little instruments is generally gone after about ten years.

Dr. DH, of Surrey, B.C. asks: *What are the commercial uses for the explosive, Semtex?*

Until recently only the terrorism industry made use of this substance. Now, however, experiments are being performed to develop a circular explosive lens with Semtex as one component and an explosive of different burning rate, such as C4, as the other. If this charge is wrapped around the base of a tree trunk, the focused shock wave can sever the tree and drive the pulverized stump into the ground, resulting in a particularly clean method of clear-cutting for the forest industry.

Ms. JH, of Seattle, WA, asks: *What is the iridium layer?*

In the 1940's a certain manufacturer made razor blades with the cutting edges plated with iridium for improved hardness. Many millions of these were discarded in land fills, and over the years the iron blades have oxidized, leaving only an iridium layer. How this came to be associated with dinosaurs, not even Mr. Science knows.

Ms. BW, of Nepean, Ont., asks: *Was Einstein right?*

Although no experiment, however subtle, has ever disproved any prediction of special or general relativity, recent computer generated models of the universe, where each plotted point represents the observed position of a super cluster of galaxies, has disproved Einstein's belief that "God does not play dice with the universe." Our galaxy is located near the edge of the spot on the "one" face.

Mr. ST, of Vancouver, B.C., asks: *Why does toast always fall buttered side down?*

Genuine butter possesses unusual aerodynamic properties not found in margarine. Slippery molecules on the surface of the butter cause more rapid movement of air

across this surface of the falling toast. This imparts a torque which causes the toast to rotate. If it was dropped from a height of more than 2.3 feet and less than 5.1 feet, it will land buttered side down. Note that the air is rotating in the opposite direction to the toast. Thus, there is no violation of the law of conservation of angular momentum.

Mr. BS, of Kiev, USSR, asks: *Why does Mr. Science think of Synchro-energizers?*

When Synchro-energizers work, they work very well indeed. They have, unfortunately, a bad habit of becoming asynchronous without warning and with catastrophic results. One need only to mention the name of Chernobyl to understand this. They are now being replaced by Super Synchro-energizers, which have a slightly higher reliability factor.

Mr. DG of Crawford Bay, B.C., asks: *Is rhubarb good for me?*

No. The leaves of the rhubarb plant contain oxalic acid and are therefore toxic. The part most people eat, for the most part, is just an unpleasant tasting, disgustingly useless vegetable. Less well known, however, is the fact that when rhubarb is cooked in an aluminum pot with turmeric (a major ingredient in curry powder), aluminum rhubarbinate is synthesized, which can be converted to aluminum rhubarbituate by boiling with cumin (also a constituent of curry), in the presence of any hydrogenated vegetable oil. Israeli chemists recently published a total synthesis of tetrahydro-rhubarbinol, an illegal psychotropic substance.

Ms. FS, of Burnaby, B.C., asks: *Why do rivers have banks?*

Rivers have banks in order to deposit surplus sand. It may interest you to know that one can account in this way for the huge balance of bonded sand which accrues on the downstream edge of a curved river current. Check it out yourself.

Ms. VO, of White Rock, B.C., asks: *Why does a man always appear shorter in a tuxedo?*

The U.S. military and nuclear



power industries have a major disposal problem: how to get rid of about one hundred thousand tons of depleted uranium. Several years ago a secret deal was signed with the manufacturers of men's formal wear to make the shoulder pads of tuxedo jackets out of this material. The extreme weight of these shoulder pads causes the wearer to lose, temporarily, about four inches of height. Since no one wore a tuxedo during the 1960s or 70s, the normal weight of these garments had been forgotten.

Ms. DM, of Vancouver, B.C., asks: *Why does my sleeping husband make snore-like sounds when he exhales?*

You are right to suspect that this is not normal snoring, which always occurs solely during the inhale phase. Your mate is suffering from PUS—Pudgy Uvula Syndrome. The easiest way to alleviate this problem is to switch to a diet low in organ meats and perform daily exercises. The most effective exercise is to pull the tongue down sharply into the lower jaw as far as possible, while simultaneously thrusting the head forward. A sequence of fifty of these "uvula push-ups" should be performed, to be repeated four times a day. In a matter of six months or less, your nights will be significantly quieter.

Ms. SC, of Richmond, B.C. asks: *What is a light(sic)-year?*

Every few years scientists find it necessary to add one second of time between 23:59:60 and 00:00:00 on New Year's Eve, to allow for variations in the rotation rate of the Earth. In certain, far less frequent years, it is necessary to subtract a second, thus giving a year with 31,535,999 seconds, instead of the usual 31,536,000. This is known as a lite-year.

Mr. JM, of Burnaby, B.C., asks: *I have heard of blue cascades and green flashes. Does science come in other colors, too?*

Science is now interested only in those things which ordinary people cannot observe. The rainbows and those phenomena to which you refer are not of scientific importance. Science is now built around observing the x-ray and ultraviolet renditions of the sky, and infrared images of almost any-

thing. (The continued use of eye-drops containing small amounts of the dye 3,3'-diethylthiadicarbocyanine iodide dissolved in DMSO will result in the extension of the intrinsic sensitivity of the human eye well into the near-infrared portion of the spectrum. Valuable observations can then be made easily, but if too many people do this, science will completely lose interest, moving on to more complex observations which require elaborate and very expensive equipment to perform.)

Mr. RM, of Port Moody, B.C., asks: *Why do I hear the ocean when I put a large seashell to my ear?*

Mr. Science regrets to inform you that the situation is not as you perceive it to be. The hissing sound you hear in a seashell is caused by the vibration of random length columns of single-file molecules which arch slightly above the inside surface of the shell. What you have always thought to be the sound of the surf is, in reality, the sum of the sounds emitted by uncounted millions of seashells.

Mr. (initials withheld), of (deleted), asks: *Why are feces brown?*

There is a strong chemical relationship between chlorophyll, the green-colored substance of photosynthetic plants, and hemoglobin, the red, oxygen-carrying substance in your blood. When you eat vegetable matter, your body converts the chlorophyll not needed for keeping your breath fresh into hemoglobin by substituting an iron atom for a copper atom which holds together the two large heterocyclic ends of the molecule. Therefore, the brown color of feces is caused by the excretion of oxides and other compounds of copper. If you should decide to become a carnitarian (one who does not eat vegetable matter) the color of your stool will change from brown to something between grey and near-white for the rest of your life. All six weeks of it.

Mr. DB, of Toronto, Ont., asks: *If bread always falls buttered side down and cats always land on their feet, what would happen if I tied a piece of buttered bread on a cat's back and then dropped it?*

**WARNING!** Do not proceed with

this experiment!

Whenever immutable laws of nature are pitted against one another, the results are always catastrophic. The extinction of the dinosaurs was the result of such an event. The "Big Bang" was another.

Mr. ST, of Vancouver, B.C. asks: *Why is there no channel 1 on my TV set?*

Mr. Science's television set receives channel 1. Yours is clearly defective.

Mr. CMcL, of Surrey, B.C., asks: *Ship "A" decides to engage light-speed drive and sets its co-ordinates. Further away, ship "B" has already entered light-speed at the same co-ordinates. They collide. How could they have avoided this?*

There is a fundamental flaw in your scenario. The ships not only do not collide, but they cannot be made to collide. At light speed the ships have Lorentz-contracted to zero length. Since two objects of zero length can easily occupy the same space simultaneously, there can be no collision. They must not jump out of light-speed while in the same space, however.

Ms. SB, of Coquitlam, B.C., asks: *Why did the Titanic sink?*

Although it was kept secret from the passengers, crew, and public, the *Titanic* was engaged in a metallurgical testing program aimed at finding a new alloy for rivets. One large hull plate was fastened in place with rivets made of sodium/steel alloy which had been formulated incorrectly by a dyslexic chemist who reversed the intended proportions of 3% sodium and 97% iron. The sodium remained reactive and slowly dissolved in the cold seawater. When the plate fell away, the "unsinkable" *Titanic* went down.

Ms. TF, of Burnaby, B.C. asks: *How can I ensure that I become a fossil after I die?*

There are two methods to achieve this noble goal, both of which will require in the assistance of one other (still living) person. In the first, your associate should collect, in advance of need, several hundred kilograms of good quality resin from fir or pine trees. After filtering the resin, your mor-



tal remains should be encapsulated in it. A large bathtub makes a good mold. Upon drying, which should be done very, very slowly to avoid cracking, you will be beautifully preserved in amber, very much like an Eocene insect. The second method requires that your remains be embedded in tightly packed sand and left where mineral bearing water may drip upon you for many millennia. It is difficult to think of a suitable location unlikely to be disturbed by busybodies, however. For this reason, and the fact that only your bones will be preserved by mineralization, the first method is more likely to give satisfactory results.

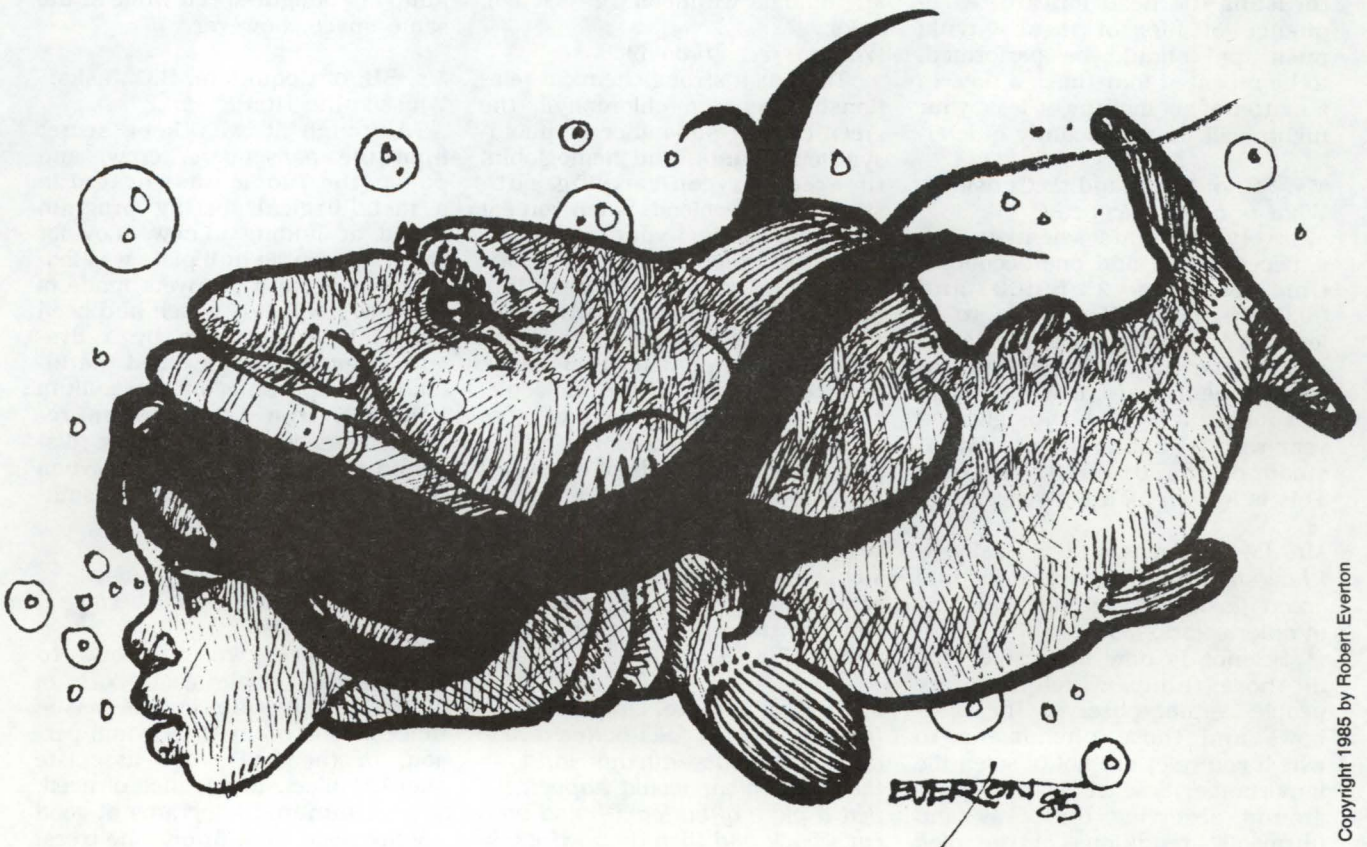
Mr. EB, of Richmond, B.C., asks: *What effect will the heat death of the universe have on Science Fiction conventions?*

That the universe will die a heat death is certain, but the nature of that heat death is determined by whether the universe is open or closed.

If the universe is *open*, as it now appears, there is insufficient mass to cause the gravitational reversal of the present expansion. V-Cons, beginning about VCon  $8 \times 10^{10}$ , would become much more sedate affairs. Indeed, affairs themselves would finally cease (though not without a struggle) since with the continued expansion would come ever lower temperatures and reduction of available energy. UBC and other Northwest venues would be pleased to see parties become quieter as entropy increased to new record values. Those in charge of programming would be searching for "hot topics," and panelists would be observed huddling together for warmth. Even folk-singing would finally be frozen into eternal silence!

If the universe contains enough mass to be gravitationally *closed*, the situation will be entirely different. The current expansion phase will end and contraction will begin. As the universe grows smaller, its temperature will rise. SF conven-

tions will become even greater hotbeds of activity of all kinds. There will be cadres of energetic persons competing for the privilege of chairing conventions, but hotels will be more reluctant to host crowds of thermally unruly fans. Memberships must be carefully screened to weed out troublemakers, hot-heads, and those with sexually transmitted diseases. But for those lucky enough to attend, the experience will be truly remarkable. And those present at the last convention will have grandstand seats to witness the "Tiny Implosion." They will not, unfortunately, survive to witness the next "big bang,"  $10^{-23}$  seconds later. The end is not yet determined and Mr. Science would rather see conventions go out with a roar instead of a whimper. If each person on Earth finds only *ten grams* of missing mass, an extrapolation will close the universe! Do your part, Fandom. Find some missing mass today!





# MOSCON RESTAURANT GUIDE

by  
Betty Smith

## ARBY'S

150 Peterson Drive  
882-4223

Hours: 7:30am to 11:00pm on  
Mon-Sat; 11:00am to 11:00pm  
Sunday.

Fast food on a roast beef sandwich theme. Good salad bar and stuffed potatoes.

## BASKIN ROBBINS

1244 W. Pullman Rd.  
882-4409

Hours: 11:00am to 11:00pm  
Mon-Sat; Noon to 11:00pm  
Sunday.

Ice cream in multitudes of flavors. Hand-packed, cold and tasty.

## THE BEANERY

602 S. Main  
882-7646

Hours: 7:00am to 9:00pm Mon-Fri;  
10:00am to 9:00pm Sat; closed  
Sunday.

Coffee house featuring baked goods, soups, and sandwiches. No smoking.

## BISCUITROOT PARK RESTAURANT

415 South Main  
882-3560

Hours: 11:00am to 10:00pm  
Mon-Sat; 10:00am to 9:00pm  
Sunday.

**Warning:** although Biscuitroot has been a tradition with MosCon, the restaurant is under new management and things have changed. The menu is much smaller, as are the portions, and the prices are higher. The quality remains much the same. Prices for dinner range from about seven to twenty-five dollars a person, depending on appetizer, wine, and dessert selections.

## BONANZA

1710 W. Pullman Rd.  
(Palouse Empire Mall parking lot)  
882-1336

Hours: 11:00am to 9:00pm, Mon-  
Thur; 11:00am to 10:00pm, Fri-  
Sat; 11:00am to 9:00pm Sunday.

Bonanza boasts one of the larg-

est all-you-can-eat salad bars in the area. Prices range from four to nine dollars. The menu includes steak, chicken, and shrimp. If you are feeling timid, it won't surprise you.

## THE BROILER

1516 W. Pullman Rd.  
(Inside the University Inn/Best  
Western Motel)  
882-0550

Lunch 11:00am to 2:00pm Friday;  
Dinner 5:30pm to 11:00pm Fri-Sat.  
Sunday Brunch 9:00am to 2:00pm

Reservations recommended. Dinner at the Broiler is another of Moscow's fine dining experiences. Char-broiled steak and seafood specialties. Desserts are marvelous. Dinner ranges from five dollars to fifteen but most dishes are priced at eleven or twelve dollars.

## CAFE SPUDNIK

215 South Main  
882-9257

Hours: 11:00am to 10:00pm





Mon-Thur; 11:00am to 11:00pm  
Fri-Sat; closed Sunday; Lunch  
11:30am to 3:00pm, Dinner  
5:00pm to 10:00pm.

European cuisine and espresso. Imported/Domestic beers, wine. Trendy.

#### CHANG SING RESTAURANT

512 South Washington  
882-1154

Hours: 11:00am to 9:30pm  
Mon-Thur; Noon to 9:30pm  
Sat-Sun.

Good Chinese food, somewhat Americanized. Reasonable prices. A family-run business; when folks fight in the kitchen, most people can't understand them.

#### CHINESE VILLAGE

Highway 95 South (on left hand side)  
882-2931

Hours: 4:00pm to 2:00am Mon-Sat;  
4:00pm to 10:00pm Sunday.

The ability to seat large groups of people together quickly and the cocktail bar enhance the attractiveness of this restaurant. They serve standard Idaho Chinese food (Cantonese-based).

#### DOMINO'S PIZZA

308 N. Main  
883-1555

Hours: 11:00am to 1:00am,  
Sun-Wed; 11:00am to 2:00am,  
Thur-Sat.

Call out pizza. They deliver fast and their quality is good.

#### ERIC'S CAFE

Palouse Empire Mall  
883-0777

Hours: 6:30am to 9:00pm Mon-Fri;  
7:00am to 6:00pm Sat; 9:00am to  
5:00pm Sunday.

An excellent place to have coffee while the wash is in the spin cycle (there is a laundromat about two doors down). Burgers, fries; sometimes they even have pie.

#### GAMBINO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT

308 W. 6th Street  
882-4545

Hours: 11:00am to 10:00pm  
Mon-Sat; 4:00pm to 10:00pm  
Sunday.

Lunch features great sandwiches with an Italian flair. Dinner includes pastas, spaghetti, and Italian specialties. Prices range from three to four dollars for lunch

up to ten or so for dinner. Be careful ordering beer here; the "small" is big enough to drown in. (A favorite of the local fraternities.)

#### GOLDEN STAR RESTAURANT

520 W. Third  
882-6559

Hours: 10:00am to 9:00pm

Take-out Chinese, several blocks towards town from the hotel. We've heard good things about them.

#### JOHNNIE'S LASHADAS RESTAURANT

226 W. 6th St.  
883-1182

Hours: 11:00am to 10:00pm  
Sun-Thur; 11:00am to 11:00pm  
Fri-Sat.

The change to a Mexican menu is relatively recent, and the food is rumored to be quite good.

#### KAREN'S OLD FASHIONED ICE CREAM

519 S. Main  
882-9221

Hours: Noon to 11:00pm.

Recommended—as long as you're not on a diet.

#### KARL MARKS PIZZA

1330 West Pullman Rd.  
882-7080

Hours: 11:00am to Midnight

Good salad bar and good pizza. Also some excellent sandwiches. If you go here, tell them we sent you.

#### MAIN STREET DELI

311 S. Main  
882-0743

Hours: 7:00am to 7:00pm  
Mon-Thur; 7:00am to 9:00pm Fri;  
7:00am to 7:00pm Sat; 8:00am to  
3:00pm Sunday.

Breakfast served daily. The deli is famous for their fresh-baked scones, rolls and other goodies. Lunch specials. They serve various sandwiches, salads, and soups. The sidewalk cafe provides a change from indoor dining. Sunday champagne brunch: 9:00am to 1:00pm.

#### MARK IV RESTAURANT

414 N. Main  
882-7557

Hours: 6:00am to 10:00pm  
Mon-Fri; 6:00am to 11:00pm  
Sat-Sun.

Standard sort of hotel restaurant. Prices are fair, and the food is

quite good.

#### MCDONALD'S

1404 W. Pullman Rd.  
882-2900

Hours: 6:00am to 1:00am Fri-Sat;  
6:00am to 11:00pm Sun-Thur.

The ads on TV have said it all.

#### MIKEY'S GREEK GYROS

527 South Main  
(in the Purple Mall)  
822-0780

Hours: 11:00am to 8:00pm  
Sun-Thur; 11:00am to 9:00pm  
Fri-Sat.

A gyro is a Greek taco—pita bread filled with seasoned beef, tomatoes, lettuce, and a creamy dressing. Excellent salads and very reasonable prices. Imported beer and baklava. Service can be slow, so plan to wait or call ahead and meet your food in fifteen minutes.

#### MINGLES OF MOSCOW

102 S. Main  
882-2050

Hours: 10:00am to 2:00am (Food  
served 1:00am to Midnight).

Surprisingly good sandwiches and pizza, excellent salads. Standard pool hall atmosphere—don't ask Jon Gustafson down here during the convention, or we won't see him for hours. A student-body favorite.

#### NEW HONG KONG CAFE

214 S. Main  
882-4598

Hours: Closed Monday; 11:00am  
to 10:00pm Tues-Sat; 4:00pm to  
10:00pm Sunday.

Chinese food the way Idaho makes it. The New Hong Kong is a Moscow institution.

#### Nobby Inn

501 South Main  
882-2032

Hours: 6:00am to Midnight  
Mon-Thur; 6:00am to 1:00am  
Fri-Sat; 6:00am to 10:00pm  
Sunday.

A traditional family restaurant. No ethnic food but great baked potatoes. Just like home—if you were brought up that way.

#### NORTH 4-D RESTAURANT & BAR

112 N. Main Moscow  
883-0132

Hours: 11:00am to 8:00pm

Up one flight of stairs in the



Moose Lodge. American and Mexican food, cowboy bar.

#### OLD PEKING RESTAURANT

505 S. Main  
883-0716

Hours: 11:00am to 9:30pm Mon-Thur; Noon to 10:30pm Fri-Sat; Noon to 9:30 Sun.

Outstanding! Szechuan, Hunan, and Mandarin specialties. Prices range from five to twelve dollars per dish. They also have excellent lunch specials.

#### ORANGE JULIUS

Palouse Empire Mall  
882-5660

Hours: 10:00am to 9:00pm Mon-Fri; 10:00am to 6:00pm Saturday; Noon to 5:00pm Sunday.

They serve good hot dogs, too.

#### THE PANTRY

1516 W. Pullman  
(Inside the University Inn/Best Western Motel)  
882-0550

Hours: Open 24 Hours, Daily.

Breakfast is served anytime and help will keep your coffee cup perpetually full. Lunch and dinners to satisfy most non-extreme tastes. Prices range from about three to eight dollars on most meals.

#### PIZZA HUT

Moscow Mall on the Troy Highway  
882-0444

Hours: 11:00am to Midnight Sun-Thur; 11:00am to 1:00am Fri-Sat.

One of the better pizza places in town. Great lunch specials; personal pizzas served in five minutes or the next one is free. Salad bar.

#### PIZZA PIPELINE

519 S. Main  
882-8808

Hours: 11:00am to 1:00am Sun-Thur; 11:00am to 2:00am Fri-Sat.

Pizza by the slice, sidewalk cafe style. Also by delivery. A new establishment.

#### RATHAUS PIZZA SHOPPE

215 North Main  
882-4633

Hours: 5:00am to Midnight Mon-

Wed; 11:00am to 1:00am  
Thur-Sat; 11:00am to 10:00pm  
Sunday.

Can seat large parties quickly. Good pizza. Frequent specials.

#### SAM'S SUBS (2 locations)

Palouse Empire Mall & 3rd St. Market Place

882-7827 & 882-3231

Hours: 10:00am to 8:00pm, Daily

Free deliveries with minimum order. Great submarine sandwiches. If you are in the mall, stop by for their ice cream.

#### SKIPPER'S

828 West Pullman Rd.  
882-1540

Hours: 11:00am to 10:00pm, Daily

Clam chowder, salads, shrimp, scallops, and fish. It's right across the road from Cavanaugh's. Prices are moderate; food is generally served quickly.

#### SUBWAY

307 W. Third  
882-2050

Hours: 11:00am to 2:00am Fri-Sat; 11:00am to Midnight Sun-Thur.

Excellent sandwiches and salads, served quickly. They bake their own bread.

#### TACO TIME

401 W. 6th St.  
882-8226

Hours: 10:30am to 11:00pm, Mon-Thur; 10:30am to Midnight, Fri-Sat; 10:30am to 10:00pm Sunday.

Good variety and moderate prices. The lettuce is crisp and the meat well drained of grease.

#### TATER'S

Palouse Empire Mall  
882-4480

Hours: 10:00am to 9:00pm Mon-Fri; 10:00am to 6:00pm Saturday; 10:00am to 5:00pm Sunday

Tater's, as you might expect, does different things with potatoes and more. They serve lunch and dinner and their menu includes wine.

#### TED'S BURGERS

321 North Main  
882-4809

Hours: 11:00am to 11:00pm

This used to be the A&W drive-in and is where the local car clubs hang out on Saturday night. Pretty standard drive-in fare, but you might get to look at some interesting cars.

#### ZIP'S RESTAURANT

1213 Pullman Rd.  
883-0678

Hours: 10:30am to 10:00pm Mon-Thur; 10:30am to 11:00pm Fri-Sat; 11:00am to 10:00pm Sunday.

They run a lot of burger specials here. The atmosphere is more pleasant than McD's.

#### Worth Driving to Pullman For:

#### ALEX'S RESTAURANTE

N. 139 Grand  
332-4061

Hours: Friday—11:30am to 2:00pm (lunch), 5:00pm to 11:00pm (dinner); Saturday—4:30pm to 11:00pm; Sunday—5:00pm to 10:00pm.

Alex's sets the standards for Mexican cuisine in the Palouse. Dinner prices range between five and ten dollars. We've never been disappointed with the food here. Sunday night is family night—if you can figure out how to make four fen look like a family unit.

#### MANDARIN WOK

N. 115 Grand  
332-5863

Hours: Lunch—1:30am to 1:30pm, every day except Saturday. Dinner—5:00pm to 9:30pm, Friday-Saturday; 5:00pm to 8:30pm Sunday

The premiere Chinese restaurant in the Palouse. Authentic Mandarin and Szechuan food. Prices range from five to twelve dollars per dish.

#### THE SEASONS RESTAURANT

SE 215 Paradise  
334-1410

Reservations required. Continental cuisine and fabulous desserts. The restaurant itself is also spectacular. Dining at The Seasons is an all-around memorable experience.



# MESSAGES FROM THE CONCOM

by  
Our Committee Members

## ART SHOW RULES by Vicki Mitchell

There have been some changes in the art show since the second Progress Report. To avoid confusion, I'm listing all the pertinent rules here. This is the really-truly, Last and Final Rules for the MosCon XIII Art Show, which supersedes anything else you may have read. *If it ain't on this page, it's no longer valid.*

**1) Hours**—The art show will be open for viewing and written bids Friday evening (Sneak Preview from 8:00-10:00 p.m.), all day Saturday (9:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.), and Sunday morning before the brunch (9:30-10:30 a.m.). We will try to open the show Friday afternoon, if/when enough artists have their work up. For the health and safety of the artwork (and the art show workers), please remember that the following are prohibited in the art show at all times: cameras, food, drink, and smoking. Also, we will ask you to check any large bags or packs at the door.

**2) Bidding**—A written bid is a contract to buy at that price. (If you change your mind, you'd better twist your buddy's arm into topping your bid!) All items with **two** bids will go to auction; we will auction pieces with the most bids first. Single-bid items will be sold after the auction to the person holding the bid for their bid price.

**3) Auction**—We will hold the traditional voice auction. This is a game everyone can play. Bring your wallet/checkbook and join in the fun. If you need to leave early and want to bid on a piece, please ask us and we will try to schedule it early in the auction.

**4) Quick Sale**—We are testing a quick sale procedure for this year's art show. Please tell us how you like it (or don't like it). The rules are as follows:

If a piece has **no bids** and the artist has designated a quick sale

price, you may purchase that piece of art for the quick sale price at the following times—5:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. Saturday and 9:30-10:30 a.m. Sunday. During those times, an art show official (probably me) will be available to take your money, write you a receipt, and mark your artwork as "Sold." Artwork purchased by quick sale may be picked up after the auction, unless prior arrangements are made.

**5) After-Auction Sale**—If you still have money after the auction (and we'll have to talk to our auctioneers about that!), we will allow direct purchase of artwork if the artist has expressly requested that his/her art be made available for direct purchase after the auction. Not all artists wish to do this, so your best bet is to bid on a piece if you really want it.

**6) Payment**—We will take cash, checks, and travelers' checks. We're negotiating for the use of a credit card machine, but we probably won't know the answer to this question until the last minute. Check the door of the art show for the latest information. We will collect money for auctioned items, single-bid items, and after-auction sales after the auction is over; you may pick up the items you purchased by quick-sale at the same time.

**7) Enjoy**—Even if you don't buy anything, we hope this year's MosCon art show will provide everyone with the opportunity to admire art work by some of the leading artists in the field. If you like what you see—all the credit goes to the artists participating in the show!

## DANCE by Jill Foster

This year we are having two nights of dance. On Friday night, it will be mixed music (music from

the 50s to the present) to dance by from 8:00pm to 10:00pm; from 10:30pm to 1:00am or so, we will be having industrial, gothic, underground, and modern music. If this is your thing, let's see you there.

On Saturday night, the dance will begin immediately after the costume judging and will run until 1:00am or 2:00am. It will be mixed music all night long, so there should be music for everyone's tastes. Come and boogie with us!

## OPERATIONS by Jean Crawford

Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead! At least, bring out your undead... or, better yet, live and reasonably warm bodies. We need volunteers to MosCon run smoothly. Stop by Operations and sign up for a couple hours (or more... not so subtle hint). People working at least one hour will receive a nifty button created by our Artist Guest of Honor, Julia Lacquement-Kerr (collect the set!). And our undying gratitude, of course. You can volunteer for any department: art show, gophers, security, hospital-ity, etc.

If you need to get a message to someone—or pick one up—check with Operations. If you have any questions, stop on by; if we don't know the answer, we'll find somebody who does.

## DEALERS by Lou Ann Lomax

We have sold out the Dealer's Room this year! We have 12 dealers, who sell quite a variety of stuff. We have no weapons dealers that I'm aware of, this year. Do come in and look around; I want to keep my dealers happy. Some of the dealers are returnees, and some are new. They are:

STEVE GALLACCI: Most of you



probably know Steve, one way or another. He is a MosCon regular and former Artist Guest of Honor at MosCon and several other conventions. Among other things, he does "furry" art.

**JULIA LACQUEMENT-KERR:** Julia is this year's Artist Guest of Honor. She is best known as a colorist for most of the major comics companies, but also has quite a following for her custom name badges. Be sure to also pop next door and look at her stuff in the Art Show!

**FLAME:** I don't know much, except that she is Dragon's (our Fan GoH) lady and is bringing videos, photos and t-shirts. Undoubtedly some neat stuff.

**QUICKSILVER FANTASIES:** Another MosCon regular. Pat carries all sorts of neat stuff, from books and videos to jewelry and music. She has both filk and folk on CDs, cassettes, and perhaps even LPs. Pat is also the agent for artist Betsy Mott, who will probably have some of her art here.

**JON GUSTAFSON:** Most of you will know Jon. At his table, he will have new and used books, and *Figment* magazine will occupy a corner of the table, as well.

**THE MAJICKAL AARDVARK:** This is run by Ardis Jakubaitis, who I went to high school with. She has a bunch of neat stuff, including books and jewelry. She is a first-time MosConner, so make her feel welcome, won't you?

**SHIPMAN'S PROPS:** You may have seen these people at other cons, but they are first-timers here this year. They have quite a variety of items.

**ANNETTE MERCIER:** Annette sells fantasy art all around the Northwest. She may well have something here that strikes your fancy.

**TERRA NOVA TRADING COMPANY:** This is definitely *not* Leslie Newcomer's first time here. She has a bunch of neat jewelry, including rings, necklaces, and pins. She may be best known for her artwork and cat jewelry.

**NEW MYTHOLOGY COMICS & SF:** Paul Castrovillo is also not new here. He carries gaming supplies, comics, and books.

**ROBERT GRIFFITHS:** Robert is new this year and, unfortunately, I don't know what sorts of items he carries. Most likely some sort of

neat stuff.

## SECURITY

### by Jeff Slack

Security at MosCon is basically on the honor system; we trust you to act civilized and follow the general guidelines of the convention. This year, since we are in a new location, there are a few new restrictions imposed by the hotel which we must follow.

*First*, the University Inn Best Western does not want **ANY** weapons in the public, non-convention areas of the hotel. This includes the lobby *and* all the bars and restaurants. A sign will be posted indicating where weapons may not be taken; you may either check your weapons in at Operations or return it (or them) to your hotel room. As per MosCon policy, you will be given one warning (unless circumstances dictate otherwise). If you insist on continuing to violate this guideline, we will have no choice but to take away your convention membership.

*Second*, the hotel does not want any costumes in any of the bars and restaurants, but are making an exception with The Pantry (their 24-hour coffee shop)—and then only if the costume is acceptable to them. Their definition of an acceptable costume is one that covers most of your body (no nudity or semi-nudity) and is relatively low-key (no full armor, etc.). The hotel has no desire to shock or aggravate its other, more mundane guests, who frequent the hotel at all hours. As above, you will be given one warning.

As far as convention restrictions are concerned, we would prefer that, if you wear a weapon as part of your costume, you do not draw it or spar with it except in designated areas. We would also prefer hall costumes to be manageable and not obstructive. The University Inn, unlike Cavanaugh's, is an enclosed area, and the hallways will be main traffic areas. If there is a problem, you will be given a gentle reminder; we will take your weapons away from you for the duration of the convention if we feel that is the only way to solve the problem.

Please try to cooperate with us by following these few restrictions. This is the first convention we have

had at the University Inn since MosCon I, and we hope it will not be the last. Whether or not we can continue to have MosCon her will depend on the impression we make with the hotel. Thank you for your support—and have fun!

**Note:** the convention committee is entitled to take any action it deems necessary to control any problems. This includes problems not specifically covered by the guidelines above; what determines a problem is at the discretion of the member(s) of MosCon's convention committee.

## PROGRAMMING

### by Betty Smith

The programming selections presented here are not in any particular order, nor do they have any days or times with them; all this information will be presented in detail in the Pocket Program. Be sure to read it!

**INVOCATION**—Chairman Bob Barnes will introduce our Guests of Honor (and other guests) and officially open the convention. He will tell us what a wonderful time we will all have.

**MASQUERADE**—Bright, shining creations from our participants on parade for our pleasure. Great stuff. Don't miss it!

**DANCE(S)**—Put on your finest and join in the fun. MosCon will hold a dance on Friday night and one on Saturday night after the Masquerade. MosCon's music magicians plan to take us into the wee hours, so come boogie to your heart's content.

**BRUNCH**—Buy your tickets early and participate in these gustatory pleasures. Our Author GoH, Tim Powers, will give us food for thought. The Brunch is a lovely way to start a Sunday and gives one needed energy for the Art Auction, which follows.

**ART AUCTION**—Now is the time to buy the artwork that caught your eye. Bid on one, buy one, or just come to watch the auctioneers work.

**ART SHOW TOUR**—Julia Lacquement-Kerr, our Artist Guest of Honor, will take us on a stroll through the artshow and tell us what we are looking at.

**HOW TO ASSEMBLE A COMIC BOOK**—Ever wonder how a comic



book is laid out? What do comic artists mean when they speak of blues? Find out how to staple it all together with our pros.

**WRITER'S WORKSHOP**—Vicki Mitchell and our other pros will facilitate this workshop for writers looking for a professional perspective on their work.

**ETHICS, REPRODUCTION, AND ANIMAL RESEARCH**—Science has given us technically feasible choices without providing us an ethical framework in which to choose. How can we work towards a future we can live with as well as in.

**THE WASHOE PROJECT**—Is Mankind the only species on our planet capable of thought and communication? Or are we only one of many? Roger and Debbi Fouts present their research on Washoe, the first primate to learn to communicate with human beings.

**THE VALUE OF WORKSHOPS**—Jim Glass, Tim Powers, and Algis Budrys discuss the benefits (and dangers) of writer's workshops. Find out what they are, what they accomplish, and how to choose a good one.

**HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY IN AN HOUR**—Actually, 54 minutes is all Algis Budrys needs to tell you how to write a short story. This is for all of you who want the bare (although excellent) bones on writing technique.

**THE CHANGING WORLD OF SMALL PRESS**—Small press publishing has blossomed in the Northwest in recent years. Come in and find out about its evolution and challenges.

**ANIMATION: WHO CAN CARRY A TOON?**—William R. Warren and our Fan GoH, Dragon, will tell us about what is new and cool in the field and what to look for when we are watching it.

**SCIENCE, FAITH, AND THE FUTURE**—Science (according to the theosophists) has been eroding the basis of religious myth and cosmology for generations, yet most people still profess some sort of faith. Is religion part of our biology and does it have survival value in the age of the machine? Is science itself a form of religion? And has religion evolved because of scientific influence? Come and find out.

**APAs VS COMPUTER BULLETIN BOARDS**—Is the fan APA going the

way of the horse and buggy? Computer bulletin boards are fast, have instant turnaround time, and are taking up writing time that folks could use mailing off 'zines.

**MEET THE PROS**—The Hospitality Suite will house a good old-fashioned meet-the-pros party.

**DRAGON AND FLAME WITH BROADSWORDS**—This is one you'll simply have to see! In the courtyard of the hotel—be there.

**GUILTY PLEASURES**—Do you collect dragons holding shiny objects, *Gor* novels, or Godzilla slippers? Do you stay up too late watching rubber monsters duke it out? Come confess your tackiest habits and trade recipes for Death by Chocolate.

**GENERIC PANEL**—To be filled as time and space permit.

**FAN LANDERS**—Run on the order of "To Tell the Truth," we will find out who is the real Fan Landers. Who gives the best advice about all those troubling faux pas particular to fandom? Who wears the best funny hats? Come and find out.

**TRIVIA TWIST: JEOPARDY STYLE**—Match your wits with the sharpest SMOFs in the Galaxy. Sorry, Vanna couldn't make it this year, but come anyway.

**WHAT'S WRONG WITH PROGRAMMING**—Yup, we now have an official forum to complain about panels that never happened, panels that happened but at which the pros didn't show, and the elusive qualities that make up really good panels.

**DRAGON AND COSTUMING WITH DEAD PROM DRESSES**—How can one turn a Goodwill prom dress into a costume — or, at least, a panel one will remember? Dragon will have a model and a pair of scissors to demonstrate the process.

**WOMEN IN THE COMICS INDUSTRY**—Why is the comics industry predominantly male? Ask the women who are breaking down the walls at the boy's club.

**DRAGON IN HOLLYWOOD**—Or: What have you done this summer. A multi-media explosion.

**ART TOOLS AND TIPS OF THE PROS**—Technique and tips from our artists. How to handle an airbrush and the secrets of watercolor will be some of the topics covered.

**MANAGING AN ART PORTFO-**

**LIO**—What to pitch, what to keep, and how to organize it all.

**COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT**—Julia Lacquement-Kerr, Michael Kerr, and Eileen Brady show us the way through the red tape, archaic laws, and stolen works.

**HOW TO DESIGN THE CHARACTER**—How to draw a character that looks like what the writer told you to draw.

**FILKING**—I'll schedule it... and I'll leave it to those of you who can carry a tune to do the rest.

**THE UNPLUMBED DEPTHS OF SF POETRY**—Is it a genre seeking an audience?

**WITH A BANG: SPECULATIVE WORLDS AFTER AN APOCALYPSE**—Why is it so attractive to create a new world on the still smoldering ashes of the last? Exploring the seduction of dystopias.

**VAMPIRES IN THE LIGHT OF DAY, OR NEW LIFE FOR OLD BOGIES**—We love them so much we keep making new ones. They don't need native soil, and they look just like us. Why do they keep crawling out of their crypts?

**ARCHETYPES OR STEREOTYPES**—Star Wars evoked images from classical fairy tales: there was the Princess, the Warrior, and the Old Teacher. The original Star Trek had the Scottish engineer, the sentimental Irish doctor, and the All-American Captain. Does SF and Fantasy play to our preconceptions, or does it touch more "universal" themes?

**HIGH FANTASY TURNS A CORNER**—Romance and Fantasy are breeding a mutant genre! Are these books really just bodice rippers with unicorns or are they a valid form of Fantasy? Will we ever see their readers at a convention?

## THE VIDEO ROOM by Helen & Jim Hill

Yes, there will be video this year, but there will be two unusual features in the schedule. The first is the lack of formal scheduling in the morning. If you have a favorite, bring it along. We'll consider anything and everything. The second is the "Let There Be Lips" Party. Saturday at Midnight. Ah, fishnet, ruby gloss, tap dancing galore... but we digress. Any suggestions for making water hotel-friendly will be appreciated as indoor "rain"



can be messy or even damaging. That's right, *Rocky Horror*. Bring your paraphernalia and meet us in the lab. Hope to see you there.

## MASQUERADE by Scaramouche

A Note from Box 5...

For the Masquerade this year, all must be prepared for a New Stage, as well as a whole new convention area. All are welcome to display their unique imagination of the past, present, or future by the wearing of various costumes. However, there are a few, it'sy, bitsy rules one must follow, should one wish to enter the Costume Competition.

1) Try your costume on *before* you arrive for the competition. All of it. All the parts and pieces. Don't forget the make-up! Also weapons, staffs, whips, armadillos, stiletto heels, or anything else you're not

used to carting around attached to you on a daily basis. Try it all out *together*.

2) Now that you're in costume, find a large, full-length mirror and look yourself over, *closely!* Don't forget the feet! Do they go with your costume?

3) Think it through, completely! Your costume is not just pieces of fabric/metal/etc. hung on your body; it's a sense of presence. If your presentation is "The Lord of Darkness," then that is exactly who you *are at all times* while you're in view of your audience. Or if you're "The Galactic Bag Lady," don't act like the Lord of Darkness. Keep firmly in mind who and where you are... then *act* like it.

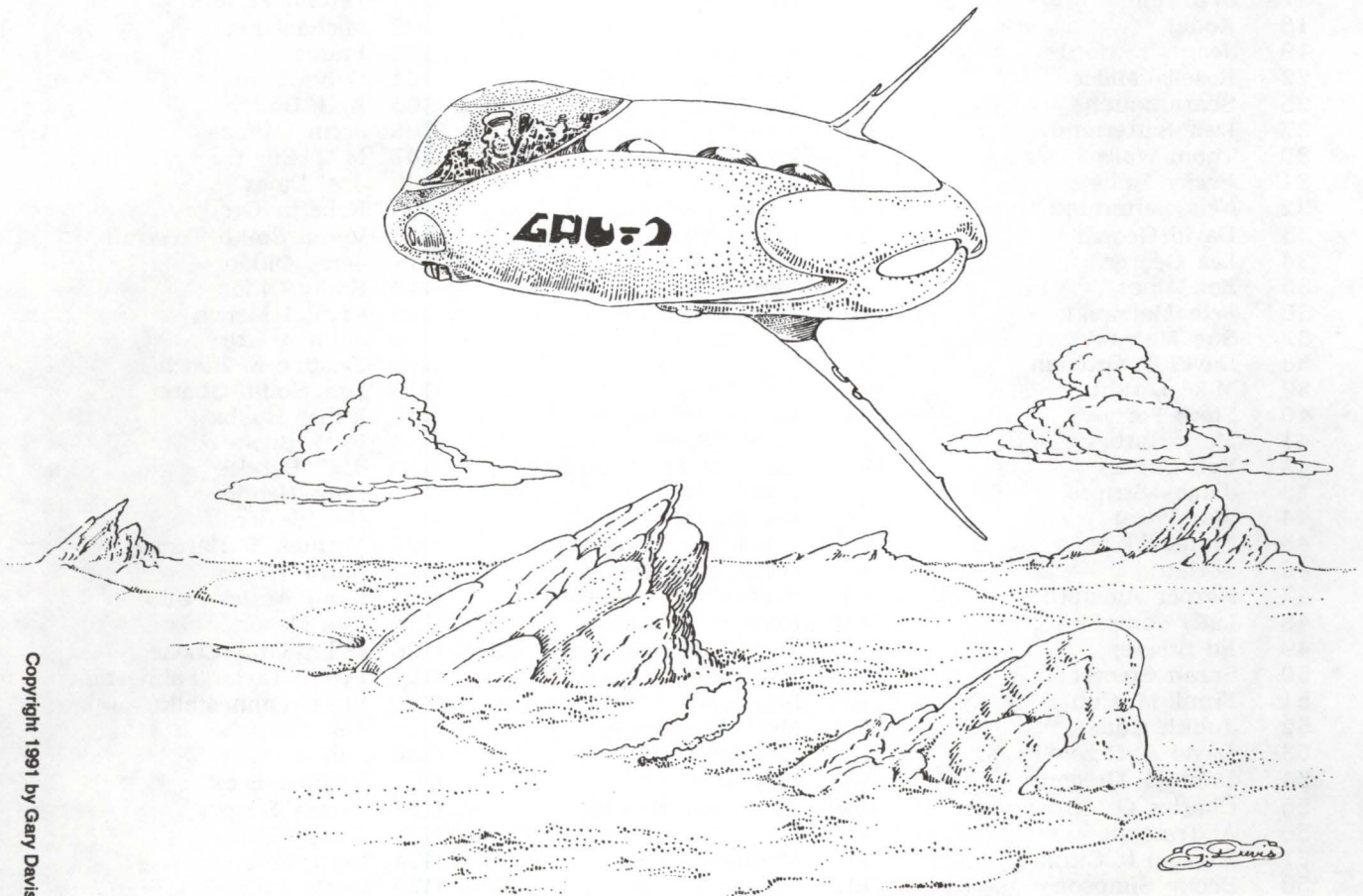
4) **Warning:** No projectile weapons, no pyrotechnics, and no surprises. Warn the masquerade people and the M.C. of anything off-the-wall you intend to pull on the audience.

5) Show up on time and have all

paperwork ready. The Masquerade starts at 7:00pm on Saturday evening, CST (Convention Standard Time). Please check in with the masquerade director, Scaramouche, at 6:00pm. The hour early is for the Judges to check you over and for the M.C. to verify the pronunciation of your name. The masquerade director will run you through the safest method for getting on and off stage. Extra duct tape and safety pins will be made available in the event of accidents. Even if you're running late, your paperwork *must* be there at 6:00pm. The doors open for audience seating at 7:45pm.

6) Keep it short. If you have a presentation, *time* it! If it goes over a minute, you're probably (did I say probably? I meant *absolutely!*) taking too much time. When in doubt, short is better than long, and funny is better than serious.

7) Don't forget: *have fun* while you're at it!





# MOSCON XIII MEMBERSHIP

as of  
August 9, 1991

0	E. E. (Doc) Smith	59	Lynn Kingsley	113	Nelson Daniel
1	Tim Powers	60	Greg Sardo	114	Leonard D. Rufo
2	Julia Lacquement-Kerr	61	Jameson the Illrigger	115	Louise O. Regelin
3	Dragon	62	Daron Fredricks	116	John R. Wilson
4	Dr. Roger Fouts	63	Deborah Fredricks	117	Phillip Sullivan
5	Jon Gustafson	64	E. Carol Daugherty	118	Michael T. Jones
6	Beth Finkbiner	65	Paul Castroville	119	Robert D. Griffiths
6a	John Finkbiner	66		120	Catherine Chandler
7	Mike Finkbiner	67	Commander Black	121	David Chandler
8	Jill Anne Foster	68	Phrannque Sciamanda	122	Steve Sala
9	Vicki Mitchell	69	Tallah Foster	123	Peggy Sala
10	Betty Smith	70	LeRoy F. Berven	124	Jason Folks
11	Eric Wegner	71	Susan J. Berven	125	Russ Sorenson
12	Debra L. Miller	72	Colleen Harris	126	New Mythology Comics & SF
13	Lou Ann Lomax	73	Stuart Cooper	127	Kim Sara
14	Helen Hill	74	Allan Kelly	128	Herald Charna
14	Beth Hill	75	Cath Jackel		
16	Charles Leaphart	76	Shari Smith		
17	Jim Hill	77	Daniel Fears		
17a	J. J. Hill	78	Henry McWhood	G01	Serena Powers
18	Kodai	79	Buell Richardson	G02	Michael Kerr
19	Jean Crawford	80	Sherri L. Kopel	G03	Flame
22	Rosella Miller	81	Kirsten A. James	G04	Debbi Fouts
25	Scaramouche	82	Rob Miller	G05	A. J. Budrys
27	Lisa Satterlund	83	Prize for Zero G	G06	John Dalmas
30	Thom Walls	84	Prize for Zero G	G07	M. J. Engh
31	Becky Fallis	85	Prize for Zero G	G08	Joel Davis
32	Nels Satterlund	86	Prize for Zero G	G09	Roberta Gregory
33	David George	87	Nancy Niles	G10	Verna Smith Trestrail
34	Lea George	88	Ryan K. Johnson	G11	Jerry Oltion
35	Ken Ames	89	Kelsey Ranfean	G12	Kathy Oltion
36	Pete Majewski	90	J. P. McLaughlin	G13	Crystal Melvin
37	Sue Majewski	91	Barbara McLaughlin	G14	John Alvarez
38	David D. Graham	92	Crystal Cook	G15	Kristine K. Rusch
39	Mike Larkin	93	Gail Glass	G16	Lita Smith-Gharee
40	Steve Forty	94	Myron Molnau	G17	Elinor Busby
41	Mary Hart	95	Dick O'Shea	G18	F. M. Busby
42	Bob Barnes	96	Guest of Jon Gustafson	G19	J. C. Hendee
43	James Stripes	97	Pat Apodaca	G20	Barb Hendee
44	War Priest	98	Betsy Mott	G21	Gail Butler
45	Frank White	99	Quicksilver Fantasies	G22	Norman E. Hartman
46	Torian	100	Guest of Crystal Melvin	G23	Rantz Hosley
47	Harper Amerath	101	Quicksilver Fantasies	G24	Dean Wesley Smith
48	Lady Jonisa	102	Henry I. Gonzalez	G25	Cyn Mason
49	Ed Steever	103	The Magical Ardvaark, Ltd	G26	Debra Gray Cooke
50	Sarah Steever	104	Shipman's Props	G27	Lynne Taylor Fahnstalk
51	Frank M. Cuta	105	Shipman's Props	G28	Steve Fahnstalk
52	Judith Cuta	106	Mike Winderman	G29	Jim Fiscus
53	David A. Dezotell	107	Kim Robbins	G30	Jim Glass
54	Brian D. Gregory	108	Julie Robbins	G31	Claudia Peck
55	Charles O. Christenson	109	Annette L. Mercier	G32	James Stripes
56	Al Trestrail	110	Leslie Newcomer	G33	Eileen Brady
57	Michael L. Citrak	111	Madilane Perry	G34	Steve York
58	Becky Simpson	112	Brenda Daniel	G35	Chris York



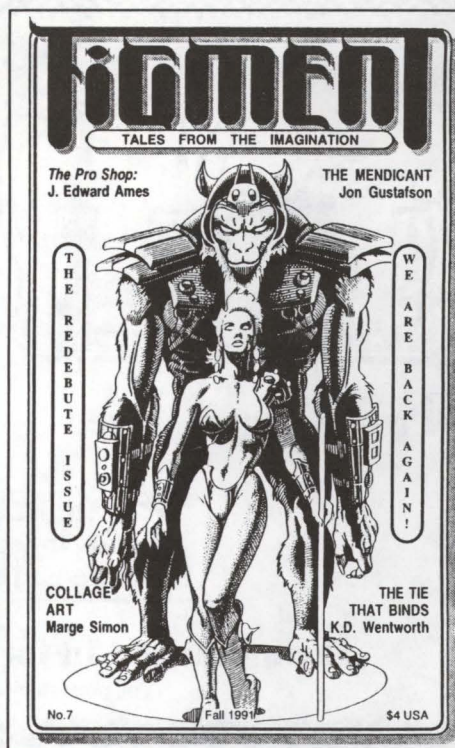
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K.D. Wentworth, J. Edward Ames, Jon Gustafson, Herb Kauderer, Steve Sneyd, Marge Simon, John Borkowski, James D. Foster, Paul Weinman, Tom Simonton, Gergory L. Norris, Lorrie Beaver, Tom Traub, Laura Kagawa, Dana Cunningham, Kevin Cullen, Don Schank... and more!

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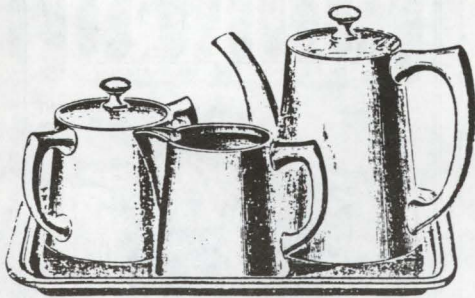


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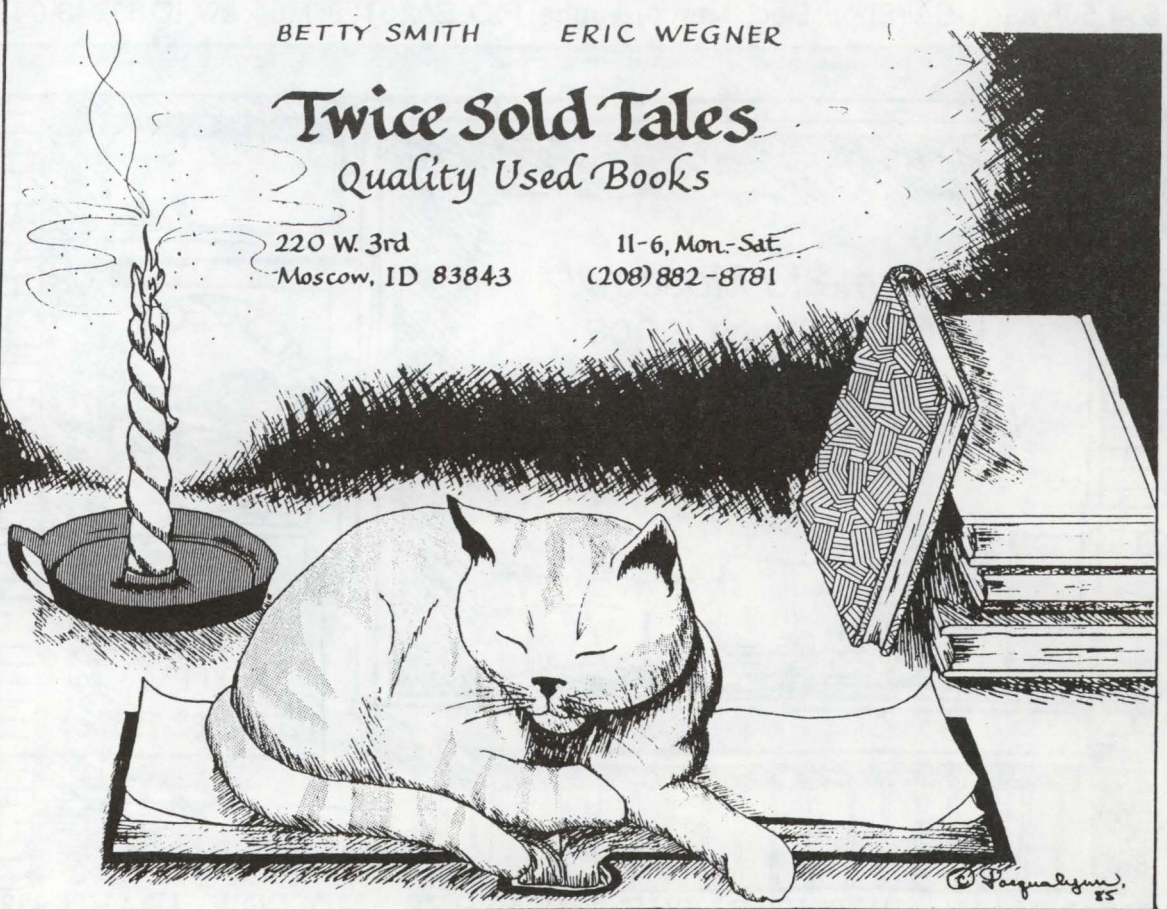
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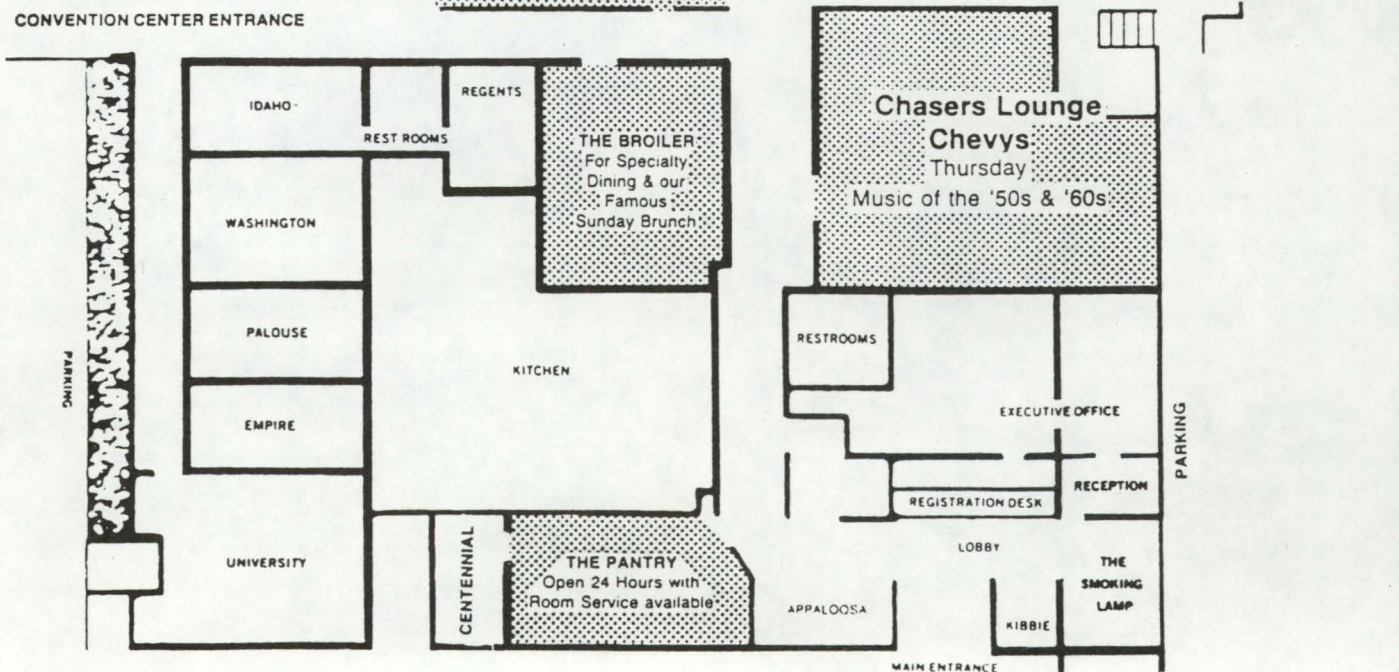
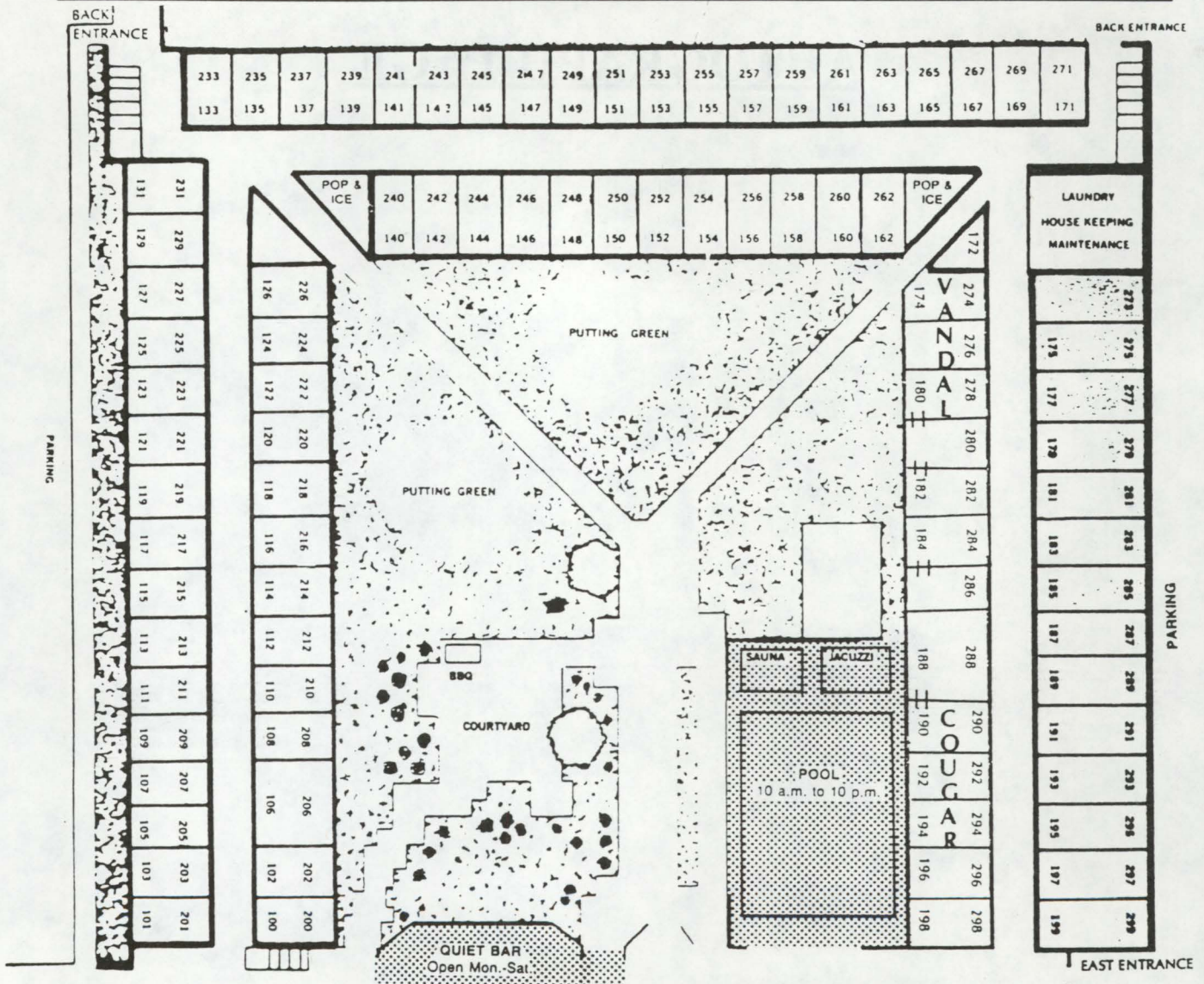


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# AUTOGRAPH PAGE







# MosCon XIII Con Committee

**Chairman** . . . . . Bob Barnes  
**Vice-Chair** . . . . . Donna Tingle  
**Treasurer** . . . . . Donna Tingle  
**Auditor** . . . . . Beth Finkbiner  
**Membership** . . . . . Donna Bailly

**Operations** . . . . . Jean Crawford  
Registration . . . . . Debbie Miller  
Volunteers . . . . . Charlie Bates  
Security . . . . . Jefferson Slack  
Art Show . . . . . Vicki Mitchell  
Hospitality Setup . . . . . Mark Kilbreath & Shirley Palmer  
Hospitality at Con . . . . . Debi Robinson-Smith  
Dealer's Room . . . . . Lou Ann Lomax  
Hotel Liaison . . . . . Kathy Sprague & Bob Barnes

**Programming** . . . . . Betty Smith  
Masquerade . . . . . Lin Goss  
Dances . . . . . Jill & Tallah Foster  
Writer's Workshop . . . . . Vicki Mitchell  
Trivia Quiz . . . . . Lisa Satterlund  
Video Room . . . . . Jim & Helen Hill

**Services** . . . . . Jon Gustafson  
Program Book . . . . . Jon Gustafson  
Program Book Assistants . . . . . J.C. & Barb Hendee  
PR's & Flyers . . . . . Jon Gustafson  
Slave Artist . . . . . Ariana Burns  
Technician . . . . . Sherri Kopel

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And, of course, our thanks to all the others who have made MosCon XIII the success that it is. While we cannot list all your names, you have our immense gratitude for coming to our aid. Without your assistance, MosCon would not be able to function nearly as well as it does.  
Thank you all.



