

February 22-24, 1974
Georgia Hotel
Vancouver
British Columbia

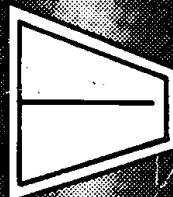
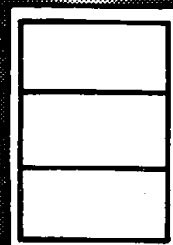


TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Acknowledgements	2
Concerning Frank Herbert	3
Bibliography of Novels by Frank Herbert	4
Floorplan of the Convention Area	5
Area Map	6
Schedule of Events	7
The Elron Awards	8
The Clarion Experience	8
A Beardmuttering on <u>Metropolis</u>	9
Crossword by Chuck Davis	11
Forsooth! About Those Nuts in Medieval Garb	13
Advance Memberships	15
Short Stories for the Clarion Demonstration	17

V-CON III, the Third Vancouver Science Fiction Convention, has been sponsored by the British Columbia Science Fiction Association. The convention executive committee are:

Mike Bailey - co-chairman, treasurer, and promotion
Pat Burrows - registration, costume ball and information
Allan Dickeson - displays and promotion
David George - co-chairman, hotel and suppliers arrangements and promotion
Ed Hutchings - Metropolis
Diana Keswick - program book
Robert Leung - hucksters
Ron Norton - Art Show and art work

We would like to thank several people and organizations which have made special contributions to the convention:

Guest of Honor, Frank Herbert

Chuck and Edna Davis; Michael Walsh; John Park; Susan Walsh for the SCA demonstrations; Bubbles Broxon for acting as Seattle liaison and for the Clarion and SCA demonstrations; the Society for Creative Anachronism; Crawford Kilian; Mason Harris; Carl Chaplin, Simon Curly, Herb Gilbert, Bob Inwood, and Michael Malcolm for their contributions to the Art Show; Doug Seeley and Barry White for the computer terminal and Fanweb; Ian Sexton; Dave Williams and the BC Telephone Computer Communications Group; Dr. Hal Wineberg and Simon Fraser University; Myles Murchison and Radio CKLG; Sally Warren and Vancouver Calendar Magazine; Jack Moore and Vancouver Week; Dave Lindquist and the UBC Physics Department; Dr. Lawrence Fast and Vancouver City College; Al Betz for recording the entire convention; Southern Music; ARP Instruments and Tom Payne Music; SFU Department of Geography; Gordie Weaver and Labatt Breweries; Bill Robinson and Park and Tilford Distillery; Castle Wines; the B.C. Narcotics Addiction Foundation; the UBC Film Society; the management and staff of the Georgia Hotel; all the BCSFA members helping with the hospitality suite bar, Art Show and registration; and all of those attending members who have agreed to appear on panels and in demonstration events.

CONCERNING FRANK HERBERT

-- by Philip K. Dick

Generally it is one of the most unlucky events in your life to meet your favorite s-f author face-to-face at long last. I have had fans tell me that after meeting me they either (one) did not care to meet any more writers ever or (two) ever meet anybody of any sort again. Classic in this regard is Harlan Ellison's remark when he finally met his idol Isaac Asimov: "Why, you're a nothing!" (Or so Asimov tells it; I tend to believe him, having seen the same look on fans' faces at one convention after another when they meet the legend that wrote the immortal novel they will remember eternally.)

This reaction of acute depression is a natural one, because s-f writers are by and large as dull, ordinary-looking and badly-dressed as door-to-door vacuum cleaner salesmen. Worse than that they are pompous. They believe you want their opinion on everything and are therefore prepared to answer any question. They hope you will quickly ask them the significance of all life, how to become suddenly powerful and rich, how to make out with expensive girls -- and are childishly eager to tell you, with relish, of all their own bumbling efforts in all these directions. Never model yourself after any s-f writer... except Frank Herbert. He is, in my mind, a great writer -- but even more, a great and kind human being, with a twinkling, genial worldly wisdom you should pay attention to, and which you may never see the like of again.

S-f writers are almost universally failures in some basic sense, and have taken refuge in their profession because of this, whether they know it or not. S-f writing, as a career, is a difficult compensation for some deeper, earlier failure in us. Not so with Frank: he radiates the natural strength of a man who need not apologize to God nor the authorities for what he is or what he has accomplished. I would call him a vastly balanced man, the ideal of the Greeks: at home in all he does, with everyone, capable and at ease, out to prove nothing, fearing nothing, understanding in an almost physical way all the various things we must understand in order to get by. I like him. Hell, I love him. In all the years I've known him not once have I ever heard him speak badly of anyone nor have I heard even the meanest creature concoct an insult in his direction.

Frank Herbert is, in all respects, a big man, well above the petty, beyond the cruelties that whirl around us all in our usual gatherings. You have, I'm sure, read his writing and know how excellent and important they are; you came here with that experience. Now you have this good and fine man before you, a superb author rising

above his own writing, spinning his works' dignity out of his own dignity, their depths out of his own. Had he been a plumber or a bricklayer he would still be Frank Herbert and it would still be our privilege and joy to know him. We are merely lucky that he also writes, as well as exists as the human being, the man that he is. Otherwise he might not be here; otherwise we might not have met him, nor even known who and what we had for all time missed.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF NOVELS BY FRANK HERBERT

Dune. (1st. ed.) Philadelphia, Chilton Books, 1965.

Destination: Void. New York, Berkley Pub. Corp., c1966.

Appeared in "Galaxy" under the title "Do I Sleep or Wake"

The Eyes of Heisenberg. New York, Berkley Pub. Corp., c1966.

The Green Brain. New York, Ace Books, c1966. Part of this novel appeared in "Amazing Stories" as a novelette entitled "Greenslaves", c1965.

The Dragon in the Sea. New York, Avon Books, 1967, c1956.

Dune Messiah. New York, Berkley Pub. Corp., 1970, c1969.

Saratoga Barrier, New York, Berkley Pub. Corp., 1970, c1968.

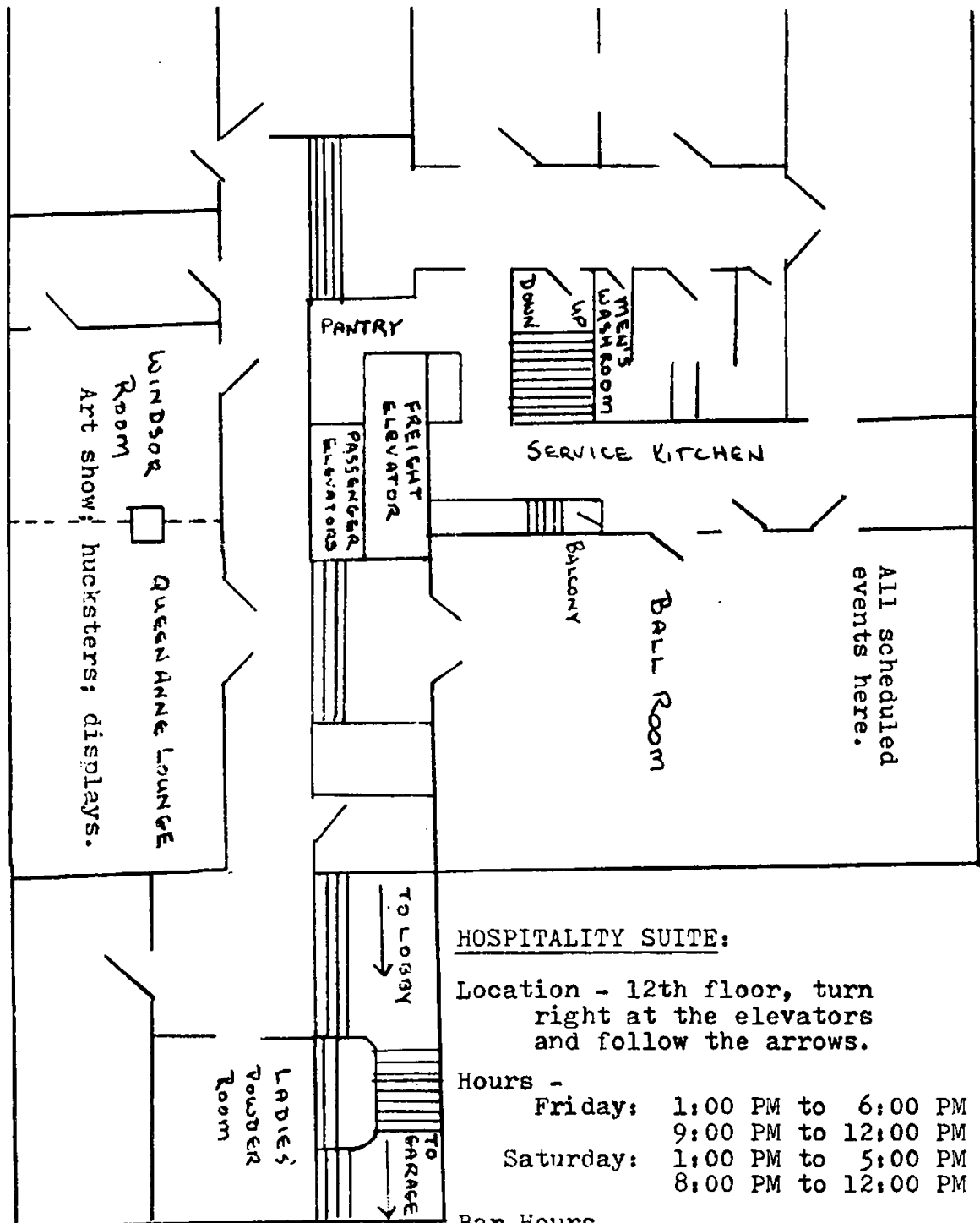
Whipping Star. New York, Berkley Pub. Corp., 1970.

The Worlds of Frank Herbert. New York, Ace Books, c1971.

The God Makers. New York, Putnam, 1972.

Soul Catcher. New York, Putnam, 1972.

Project 40. Serialized in "Galaxy", December, 1972 - March, 1973.



HOSPITALITY SUITE:

Location - 12th floor, turn right at the elevators and follow the arrows.

Hours -

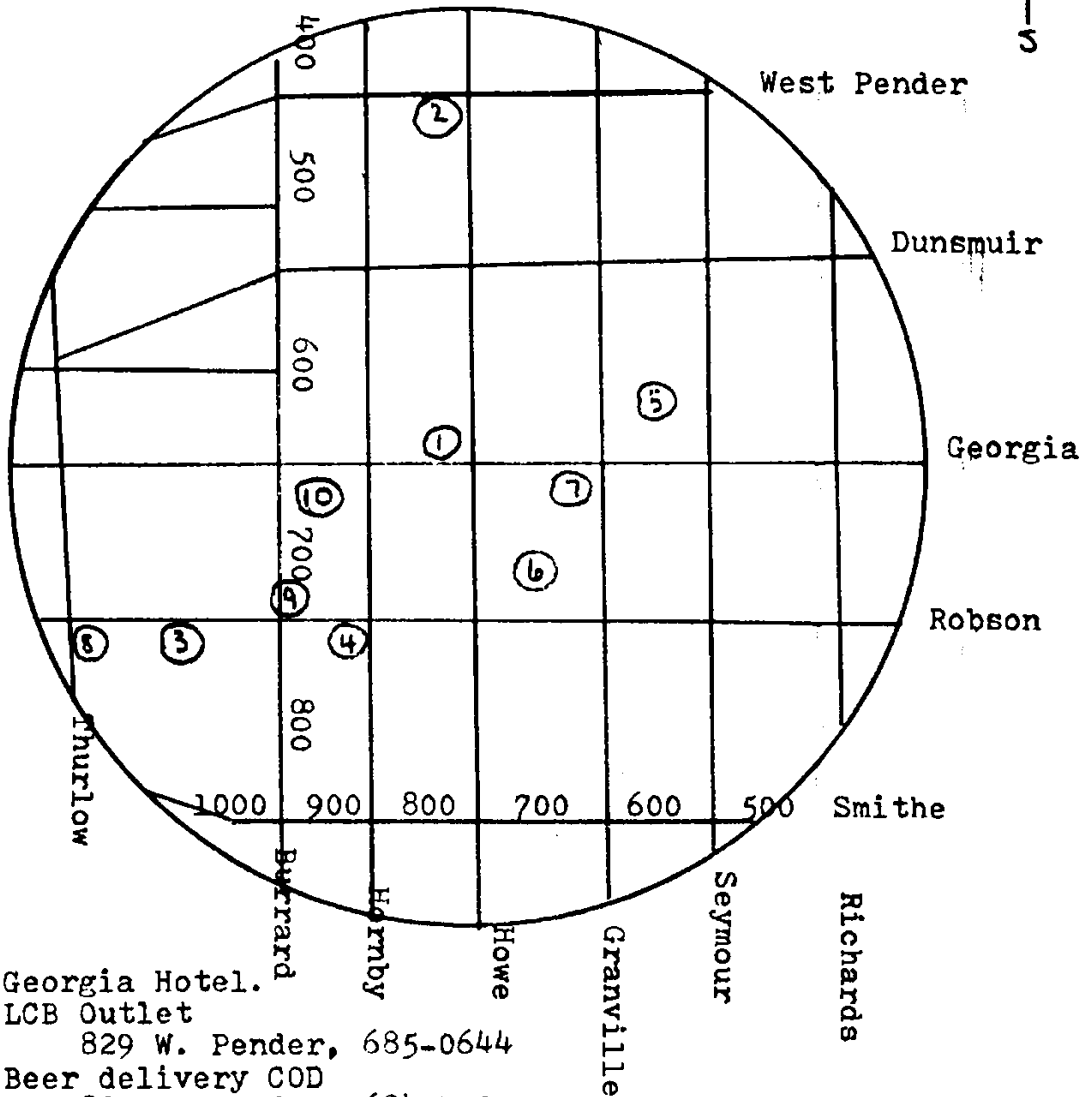
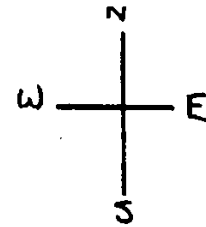
Friday: 1:00 PM to 6:00 PM
9:00 PM to 12:00 PM

Saturday: 1:00 PM to 5:00 PM
8:00 PM to 12:00 PM

Bar Hours -

Friday: 2:00 PM to 5:30 PM
9:30 PM to 11:30 PM

Saturday: 2:00 PM to 4:00 PM
8:30 PM to 11:30 PM



1. Georgia Hotel.
2. LCB Outlet
829 W. Pender, 685-0644
Beer delivery COD
821 W. Pender, 684-1121
3. Grocery.
4. Delicatessen.
5. The Bay.
6. Eaton's.
7. London Drugs.
8. Shopper's Drug Mart.
9. Public Library.
10. Hotel Vancouver.

- / -

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

FRIDAY

1:00 PM - Registration opens; Art Show, Hucksters, Displays and Hospitality Suite open.

7:00 PM - Art Show, Hucksters, and Displays close.

✓ 7:30 PM - Frank Herbert's Keynote Address:
"Science Fiction and the World in Crisis."

8:30 PM - Hotel cash bar will be held outside of the Queen Anne Lounge, prior to . . .

9:00 PM - Costume Party and Medieval Dance Demonstrations by members of the Society for Creative Anachronism.

SATURDAY

9:00 AM - Registration opens; Art Show, Hucksters, and Displays open.

✓ 10:00 AM - Frank Herbert will give a short talk, topic to be announced.

✓ 10:30 AM - Author's Panel:
"Is Sex Necessary?"

✓ 11:15 AM - Crawford Kilian:
"Fascism in Science Fiction."

✓ 1:30 PM - Clarion Workshop Demonstration-Panel.

3:00 PM - Mason Harris:
"Fear of Sex and Foreign Races in the Fantasy of H.P. Lovecraft." ~~cancelled, replaced by a panel~~

4:30 PM - Hotel cash bar will be held outside of the Queen Anne Lounge, leading up to . . .

5:30 PM - The Banquet.

✓ 6:30 PM - The Elron Awards, and a presentation by the Society for Creative Anachronism.

✓ 7:30 PM - The Film:
Metropolis

SUNDAY

9:00 AM - Art Show, Hucksters, and Displays open

✓ 10:00 AM - Fan Panel:
"Fandom Revealed."

✓ 11:00 AM - Mason Harris will lead a discussion on Philip K. Dick. ~~cancelled, replaced by a panel on sci fi~~

12:00 noon - Art Show, Hucksters, and Displays close.
End of Convention.

1:00 PM - Hotel Georgia check- out time.

THE ELRON AWARDS

The Elron Award was initiated in 1971 to honor (?) the worst contributions made to SF in the preceding year. This event stirred up so much interest that it was not presented the next year, but an effort has been made to revive the tradition for this convention.

The first awards went to:

LEAST PROMISING NEW AUTHOR:

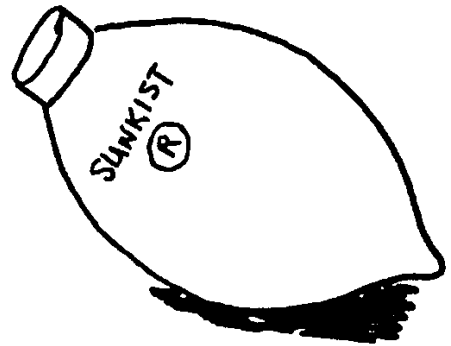
Robert Moore Williams, for 21st Century Vigilante and the Zanthar series.

ELRON HALL OF FAME (for continuing disservice to science fiction): Lin Carter, for his Thongor series, et al.

WORST NOVEL OF 1970: I Will Fear No Evil, by Robert Heinlein.

WORST MELODRAMATIC PRESENTATION: Beneath the Planet of the Apes, and Arthur P. Jacobs Production; screenplay by Paul Dehn; directed by Ted Post.

Nominations for this year's Elrons were made by secret ballot by secret fans, and received and totalled by secret Master of Fandom, James R. Vince. The presentations will be made by David D. George. The Elrons were made by Powell Foods Ltd. for Sunkist Reconstituted Lemon Juice.



THE CLARION EXPERIENCE

In the summers of 1968, 1969, and 1970, workshops were held at the Clarion State College in Pennsylvania for people interested in writing science fiction. In 1971, two such workshops were held, one at Michigan State University, and the second (thereafter called "Clarion West") at the University of Washington in Seattle, under the sponsorship of Vonda McIntyre.

The Clarion Demonstration Panel is being presented by a group of people resident in Seattle who have participated in the Clarion workshops. The following is from Bubbles Broxon, organizer of the demonstration:

"....The essence of the Clarion method of critique is, each person has a turn, and no one else may speak during that turn. The author must keep his/her lip zipped until rebuttal, acknowledgement, explanation, or lame excuses time--his turn is last....In the workshop, which lasts for six weeks in the summer, students write and critique each other's writing under the guidance of a different sf author each week. Manuscripts are handed in, Xeroxed, and distributed; they are read in the afternoon or evening and critiqued by the group the next morning....Criticism is often biting, occasionally bitter, usually direct and

pertinent. Senseless verbal meanderings on the part of the critic are met with inelegantly-phrased entreaties to get back to business. After all who have something to say have spoken, the workshop leader speaks, followed by the author-in-residence, who sums up the criticisms, evaluates them, makes comments of his/her own, and then allows the author of the manuscript to respond, if indeed he/she is still capable of speech."

Examples of published work from the Clarion workshops can be found in most bookstores in anthologies entitled Clarion, II and III.

The short stories being used for this demonstration were written by local authors. These stories are attached at the end of the program book, and we recommend that anyone attending this event read them beforehand.

A BEARDMUTTERING ON METROPOLIS
by Ed Hutchings

In Berlin, January 10, 1927, the UFA Company (a post World War I conglomerate of German film companies) opened Metropolis. The most elaborate and expensive film produced in Germany up to that time, it brought together the country's most important and popular actors, best technicians, and UFA's star director, Fritz Lang.

Star quality was also featured in the opening night audience, which included such a quantity of Generals, Privy Councillors, top bureaucrats and miscellaneous diplomats that the police, who then as now saw slavering radicals behind every ash can, seriously wanted the crowd split in two for successive shows: "One bomb, and Germany will lose most of the government."

The film was just as popular in New York; at one point there were 10,000 people in line for tickets at the Rialto Theatre on Broadway. Certainly the biggest send-off of all time for a science fiction movie.

In those days Germany was famous for its fantastic and expressionistic films, and one assumes that these premiere audiences were prepared for anything; nevertheless, moviegoers of '27 seem to have been unhappy with Metropolis, and a viewing of it today soon suggests why. The trouble is that the visual concept of the thing is huge, and easily submerges the story line. Unfortunately the writers (Lang and his wife) noticed this and began shoveling in bits of social protest and church basement philosophy in an effort to strengthen (hah!) the story.

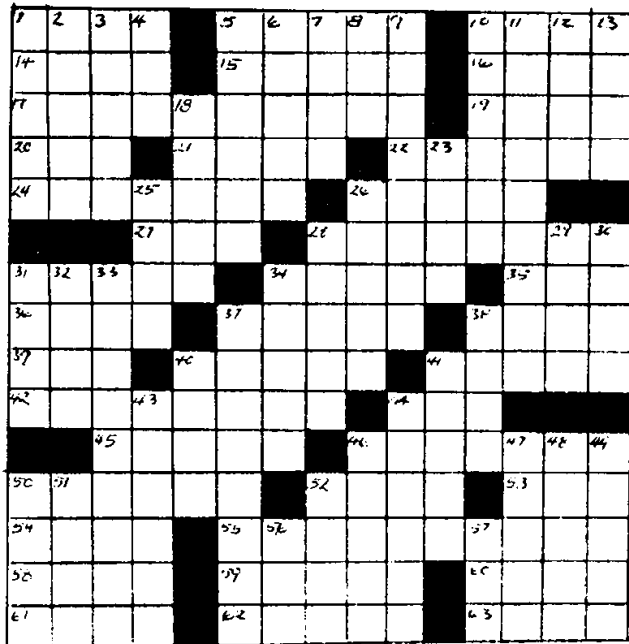
Actually in this respect, Metropolis is no worse than Hollywood spectacles and less silly than the average Sandal Flapper (i.e. Biblical extravaganza); but in Metropolis the pop sociology sometimes hits a certain pompous note that is off-putting, and until the late fifties, it was regarded as a just-plain-silly film.

However, in the sixties there appeared a new interest in film as being primarily a non-literary art. Critical opinion now has it that what Metropolis "is about" is contained in its visual concepts and organization. This sounds highbrow and isn't. It just means that if you ignore a lot of the plot, the movie still works in terms of its pictures and a number of previously antagonistic elements of the film become valid. The acting, particularly, begins to make good sense in terms of the visual action.

I should say, though, that you must be prepared for a film that shows its age. 'Frankenstein' lab scenes were new then; they're cliches now, and we've seen a lot of 'Buck Rogers' cities. Still, the architecture and photography are startling even after nearly fifty years, and my friends in the movie business tell me that the special effects would be considered good if they appeared in a movie today. There are elements of the plot that suggest the sort of thing that Ray Palmer used to buy for the 1940's "Amazing"; and you'll just have to ignore a few exceptionally oratorical subtitles.

Some good news is that we believe that the actual physical showing conditions will be excellent. The print is as good and complete as the print of this film held in the New York Museum of Modern Art, and is in better condition. Silent film works much better with musical accompaniment, and I have taken some trouble to have good music for this show. The print we will have is about 140 minutes at silent speed. As far as I have been able to tell, this is the same English version that was shown in New York in 1927.

AUTOGRAPHS



ACROSS

- 1 She picnicked on Paradise
 5 His "Huddling Place" is in the SF Hall of Fame
 10 Universal creator (Egyptian)
 14 Greek resisters, WWII
 15 Salerno commune
 16 A chip off Woody
 17 Remember "Decalmed in Hell", "Inconstant Moon"? He wrote 'em
 19 Bug bugger
 20 Girl's name. Really.
 21 Another version of 23 down
 22 Sparkles
 24 Lyric drama set to music
 26 Loin muscle
 27 How many Harlan Ellisons should there be?
 28 The law at DAW
 31 Steam up
 34 Very old Swiss city
 35 Circuit Court of Appeals (abbr.) (I told you it was going to be hard)
 36 Oscine bird, of the family Aulaudidae
 37 Kind of pudding

- 38 Brits used this light submachine gun (so did we)
 39 What's the ____?
 40 Examines
 41 Girl's name
 42 Superran example
 44 Bishop's bailiwick
 45 He was lyric and satiric, this 19th century German poet
 46 Cossack chiefs
 50 Lacking principles
 52 Muslim chief
 53 Ritardando (abbr.)
 54 Comedienne Martha
 55 Capable of being supported
 58 Motionless
 59 This Anderson first sold in 1947 with "Tomorrow's Children"
 61 Regiment
 62 Settles
 63 Gaelic

DOWN

- 1 Memorial
 2 Turkish Muslim Doctor of Law (hell, this is easy!)
 3 You can't pin that wrap on me
 4 Russia is one
 5 Canada has one, but Goldwater isn't in it
 6 Balearic island off coast of Spain (come to think of it, they all are. Well, this is the third largest)
 7 Scat!
 8 Mate to cakes
 9 Cartographer for "New Maps of Hell" (first name)
 10 Outcast
 11 Cuts across
 12 Landed
 13 Brick carriers
 18 Said twice, it's a Javanese tree
 23 Relax, goof off
 25 Removed
 26 Nails
 28 Kind of land

- 29 Kind of desserts
- 30 How many Harlan Ellisons
are there?
- 31 German "blood"
- 32 Relax
- 33 SF writer and astronomer
- 34 Moisture
- 37 The Dean
- 38 Appear
- 40 Daughter of Uranus
- 41 Grins broadly
- 43 We _____ ready
- 44 Commences
- 46 Lifeless
- 47 Shady recess (sounds like a
summer camp)
- 48 To the Latins, this was
Egypt's mighty river
- 49 Inscribed pillar
- 50 This city was in Hungary,
now Romania
- 51 2nd largest Hawaiian island
- 52 Middle of the month
- 56 Compass direction (you can
always tell a bad crossword
puzzle if it has one of
these in it, right?)
- 57 Primate

A note on the construction of this puzzle: its designer lost the original set of definitions and has forgotten what the word at 58 across means. Anyone who fills in that word properly AND defines it properly will win a copy of CHUCK DAVIS' GUIDE TO VANCOUVER, a pocket book guide to the city. (\$2.95 at your local bookstore, folks). In the event of more than one entry, the first one opened with the correct answer will be the winner.





Forsooth! About Those Nuts In Medieval Garb...
by Mildred Downey Broxon (Deirdre Muldomhnaigh)

The Society for Creative Anachronism was founded in Berkeley, California, in May 1965. Its stated purpose is to re-create the Middle Ages "not as they were, but as they should have been." In this current Medieval world there is no serfdom, no Black Death, and no religious intolerance. There is chivalry, culture, and a more individualistic way of life. The Society, incorporated in the State of California as a non-profit educational organization, has branches in most of the 50 States and in at least two parts of Manitoba. A new barony is in the process of formation here in Vancouver under the leadership of Michael Walsh (Michel le Voyageur).

Members of the Society, as they call it (SCAN is sfandom usage) dress in medieval garb at their tournaments (yes, really, fighting on foot) and revels (medieval-style parties). Between events many members do research into their own fields of interest, practise fighting, dancing, or singing, make costumes, and generally strive for authenticity. The SCA is sometimes called upon to provide atmosphere for Medieval or Renaissance-theme events.

All members are assumed to belong at least to the gentry, and are addressed as "milord" or "milady"; there is also a complex hierarchy of awarded rank, attained mainly through hard work. Each SCA member chooses a medieval-sounding name (not that of an historical or literary figure) and a time-space location; yrs. truly is Deirdre Muldomhnaigh, a 12th-century Irishwoman and unregenerate pagan.

What, one may ask, is the relationship of the SCA to science fiction? One factor is a large membership overlap. The same type of people who read SF and are active in fandom tend to be active in the SCA. The two memberships are not, however, identical; many fen have no interest in the Society, and many Society members are indifferent toward science fiction. A possible reason for the extent of membership overlap is that one used to dealing with alternate realities can as easily step back as forward, and feel as much at home centuries in the past as centuries in the future. Our own household motto expresses this feeling: "Any time but now, any place but here." After all, when one begins to play with time and space anything can happen.

Some SCA members who are also known in the science fiction field include Poul and Karen Anderson, Katherine Kurtz, Jerry Pournelle, and Randall Garrett.

For information on the branch nearest you, contact:
Vancouver, B.C.: Michael Walsh (Michel le Voyageur)
2695 W. 11th Ave.
Vancouver, B.C.

Seattle, Washington--Barony of Madrone. For newsletter of
information about upcoming events, contact:
Bob Trotter (Robert of Winchester)
5612 11th NE
Seattle, WA 98105

Portland, Oregon: Barony of Three Mountains.
Frederick Schroers (Prince Frederick I
of An Tir)
2247 NE 9th Ave.
Portland, OR 97212

For information about other areas contact one of the branches
listed above.

THE BCSFA

In the past few years Vancouver's sf fans have been
represented by two clubs. The first is the UBC Science
Fiction Society, SFFEN, chartered in 1968, and open to any
UBC students. The second is SF3 founded by Daniel Say
at Simon Fraser University.

The British Columbia Science Fiction Association
(BCSFA) was also established in 1968 by the SFFEN executive,
as an organization for off-campus fans. Its purpose was
never realized until the summer of 1973, when some former
SFFEN members decided to try to revive the Association,
and Vancouver fandom generally. V-CON III, the Third
Vancouver Science Fiction Convention, is the result.

The purpose of the BCSFA is essentially to promote
communication among people having science fiction as a
common interest, through meetings, parties, and special
events. For further information write to:

The British Columbia Science Fiction Association
PO Box 35577
Vancouver, B.C.
V6M 4G9

For a subscribing membership send your name, address
and \$3.00. For a one-year subscription to the BCSFA
newsletter send your name, address and \$1.50. (Make
checks or money orders payable to the British Columbia
Science Fiction Association.)

ADVANCE MEMBERSHIPS

G1	Mr. and Mrs. Frank HerbertⓈ		
G2			
C1	Chuck Davis Ⓢ	044	Anna Jo Denton
C2	Michael WalshⓈ	045	Bruce W. Falk
C3	Bill Robinson	046	J. Fred Johnson
C4	David S. Williams	047	Nancy De Angelis
001	Mike BaileyⓈ	048	Justine Dancy
002	David H. Mattison	049	Robert Leung
003	Tom McCafferty	050	Al Betz
004	Liisa Rullo	051	John Park
005		052	Allan Dickeson
006	George Metzger	053	Mathilda Smillie
007	Donald Livingstone	054	Alan Glasser
008	Jeannine Mitchell	055	Don Glover
009	Chuck Gee	056	Ralph Nolner
010	Mike Horvat	058	Maryse Dela Giroday
011	Jamis Postlethwaite	060	Dr. Michael E. Corcoran
012	Carl K. Cramer	061	John Thomson
013	Pat Burrows	063	John LLOYD
014	Rick Mikkelsen	064	Kat Ferguson
015	Lynne Dollis	065	Jim Bledsoe
016	David George	066	Ed Beauregard
017	Dr. S. Richards	067	Norma Beauregard
018	Graham J. Boardman	068	Daphne Coney
019	Donald C. Fraser	069	Kevin Coney
020	Diana Keswick	070	Sally-Ann Coney
021	Michael G. ConeyⓈ	071	Fred Whitehead
022	Susan Glicksohn	072	Jim Maloan
023	Melanie Conn	073	Kathy Gallagher
024	Ned Glick	074	Brian Galagher
025	Beatrice L. Baker	078	J. Rosemary Salgo
026	Julian Reid	079	Kirk Bullough
027	Ed HutchingsⓈ	080	Murray Greig
028	Richard Labonte	081	Stan HydeⓈ
029	Sheila Gordon	082	Braxton M. Alfred
030	Robert Coupe	083	Jan Eilertsen
031	William G. Wright	084	Robert B. Ross
032	William Hoffer	085	Michelle Carriere
033	Dawn Johanson	086	Sharon Barbour
034	Carolyn Fassi Polinsky	087	Douglas Barbour
035	Michael Graham	088	E. Ross Senff
036	James A. Juracic	089	Stephen Tupling
037	Kathleen Buckley	090	David S. West
038	Eve Savory	091	Ron Norton
039	L.V.T. Balabanov	092	Angie Norton
040	William Broxon	093	Carl Chaplin
041	Bubbles BroxonⓈ	094	Ken Witcher
042	Susan Broxon	095	Doug Seeley
043	Frank Denton	096	Susan Walsh

097	Lynn Naron	151	Robert J. Sicotte
099	Scot Laughlin	152	Allan Lysell
100	David Rosenberg	153	Angela Gann
101	Jessica North	154	Scott Swann
102	John Hamm	155	Valerie Ambrose
103	Noreen Hamm	156	Ross Jones
104	Richard J. Coates	157	Anna Kent Jantzi
106	Frank Gordon	158	Terence Galvin
107	Eileen Kernaghan	159	Tim Fuchs
108	Patrick Kernaghan	163	Crawford Killian ⊕
109	Marian Canty	164	Mr. W.A. Kaines
110	Glee McInnis	165	Mrs. W.A. Kaines
111	H.A. Hargreaves	166	Brock Cheadle
112	John Neiswanger	167	Allan Stanleigh
113	Elizabeth Kistler	168	John Henders
114	Daniel Say ⊕	169	Sharon Murphy
115	Joan Detwiller	171	Don Wilson
116	Ernie Detwiller	172	Patty Murphy
117	Wayne Richards	173	John Kirkup
119	A.W. Thomas	174	Thelma Thomas
120	Mrs. A.W. Thomas	175	Don Stern
121	Stan Copp	176	John Berglund
122	James Helmer	177	Erin Skelton
123	Lawrence Fast	178	Frank Skelton
124	T. Collins	179	Mrs. J.D. Mackey
125	Tom Lynn	180	Mr. J.D. Mackey
126	Donna Courtney	181	Steve Alcock
127	Mike Beck	182	Julia Evans
128	Morgan Fox	183	Edna Davis
129	Frances Skene ⊕	184	Mason Harris ⊕
130	Randy Curtis	185	George McKinney
132	Judy Williams	186	Lynne McKinney
134	John Cowan	187	Arthur W. Courtney
135	Carol Mufford	188	Susan Freeman
136	Ken Wong	189	Bill Freeman
137	F.M. Busby ⊕	190	Patrick Esmonde White
138	Elinor Busby	191	Beverly Turner
139	Judy Davenport	192	Jan Bridwell
140	Bob Inwood	193	Jane Huyssoon
141	Derek Eversfield	195	H. Warner Munn
142	Eric W. Gleave	198	William J. Toop
143	Glyn Hale	199	Ron B. Corrigan
144	A. Gilchrist	200	Hugh Jones
145	James Hutson	201	Evergreen State College Science Fiction Society
146	Barbara Roberts	202	Dana Holm Howard
147	Honoree Newcombe	203	John Held
148	Christopher Baudat	204	Robert Toy
149	Mike Hoffman-Flores	210	J. Makaroff
150	David Hoffman-Flores	216	Bill Quee

Milton Snider's eyes popped open and blinked anxiously at the ceiling. There was too much light there. His face already wreathing itself into a shape appropriate for whimpering, he turned his head slowly and looked at the alarm clock. For a long, clenching moment he realized the horror of his predicament. He had overslept. The alarm clock had not rung.

And it was ten minutes after nine.

As his trembling, bony feet slid down onto the floor, chilly still from the night's coolness, Milton thought of Mr. Blair and whined quietly. He rose and padded swiftly half crouching, into the bathroom. There was no way he could be washed and cleanly shaven and neatly, properly dressed in time to present himself before Mr. Blair by nine thirty.

He stood nervously before the toilet for fully two precious minutes before he realized he was not going to be able to pee.

He would do that later. At the office.

Shakily, he jerked open the cabinet above the sink and the shaving cream tube tumbled out. It hit the lip of the sink and caromed away, rolling and tumbling under the tub.

"Oh, Jesus," Milton said, and quickly fell to his hands and knees, peering under the tub. The tube was all the way under.

"I'll use the soap."

He stood up, and mashed the shaving brush into the soap, at the same time rushing hot water into the sink. He saw himself blinking anxiously in the mirror, but paid no attention. This expression was so common to him that he now assumed it was his normal one, the face that fate had supplied him.

Milton began to shave. When he had finished, he had managed to cut himself three separate times. He hardly ever cut himself on a normal morning. This morning, because he was late, naturally he had to cut himself.

He dabbed hatefully at the tiny nicks, then became gentler when he realized his fury was not solving the problem. He would dress, and then dab the dried blood off with a cool, damp cloth.

The clock indicated seventeen minutes after nine.

Milton hurried, still crouching in the attitude of a man being beaten, back into the bedroom and took off his pyjama bottoms. He slipped his thin shivering flanks into a pair of underwear shorts, then felt another burst of panic when he could not locate an undershirt.

"This is incredible," he whispered intensely, his teeth gritting as he rumpled through the drawer. He found a new undershirt at the back, still in its cellophane package. He wrenched it open, and threw the cardboard insert violently away from him.

Putting the garment on, Milton then quickly pulled socks on and a pair of pants. As he pulled his shirt on, one of the buttons tumbled off.

"This is fucking inCREDible," Milton screamed to the room. He grabbed another shirt and pulled it on, then tugged a tie around his neck. He would tie it and straighten it in the car on the way to work.

Shrugging his suit jacket on, and banging the pockets to ensure his car keys were there, Milton threw one last agonized look around the room to see if there was something he should take with him. The clock now read twenty-four minutes after nine.

"Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," Milton said, shaking his head slowly, and closing the door behind him.

The elevator took longer than average to arrive at his floor. When the door finally slid open, Milton moved in jerkily, his limbs now almost rigid with fear and anxiety. A small boy stood in the elevator. His eyes widened in alarm at the look of fury and torture in Milton's eyes, and he backed timidly against the elevator wall.

It was precisely twenty-seven minutes after nine as Milton got into his car in the darkened parking garage. He was going to be at least twenty minutes late, more likely thirty.

There was no telling what Mr. Blair would say or do. But Milton could guess.

Shivering, he backed out of the stall. The car made a strange gulping sound, bucked gently, and was still.

"NOW WHAT?" Milton shouted, and reactivated the ignition. The engine roared into life again, but gulped and was silent again as Milton slowly, cautiously eased up the ramp toward the garage exit.

"JESUS GOD JESUS!" Milton screamed, his face contorted with hatred for the car. It started again, and he resumed driving up the ramp. When he reached the lane behind the apartment building, he turned quickly to the left, as he always did, and then braked quickly to a stop. A large truck blocked the lane in that direction.

His brain now white-hot with fury and rage and stomach-churning panic, Milton backed the car into the garage, wrenched the wheel to the right, and shot down the lane in that direction, the car's wheels churning up a cloud of dust and gravel.

He slowed down slightly when he arrived at the street, then spun the wheel to the freeway. A car ahead of him was driving along slowly, its driver crouched over to the right peering up at addresses. Milton blared his horn and sped by the car, coming within inches of parked vehicles on the left side.

He swerved straight and shot down the long line of cars parked on either side, his eyes darting back and forth quickly at intersections.

At one, where a red light appeared, he looked both ways and drove across the intersection quickly, timing his

speed to pass between two cars. The driver of the second car honked, but Milton merely glared into the rearview mirror and swore at the driver.

The car bounded onto the freeway ramp and screeched around its ascending curve. Milton shoved his head out the window and checked oncoming traffic. Luckily, there was none.

"At least one break!" he said, his teeth clenched. It was twenty-nine minutes before ten.

Traffic on the freeway was only moderately heavy. By flooring the accelerator, weaving back and forth across lanes, and checking carefully in the rearview mirror for suspicious looking cars that might conceal patrolmen, Milton was making good time. The skyline of the city lay mistily in the distance.

Above the freeway, and still several miles ahead, a number of round flattened objects suddenly appeared in the sky and wavered there. Milton shot past a small foreign compact and eased into the same lane, hurrying to overtake a panel truck that blocked an otherwise empty lane. One by one, the objects in the sky began to lower, a curious pulsating light emitting from their lower surfaces. Milton's speedometer crept up to just over 100 miles an hour, and some of his anxiety began to lessen. If he could be less than a quarter of an hour late, he might--just might--be able to fake it. Blair himself might be a few minutes late. Milton almost chuckled. Everything might be alright.

Ahead now, a mile or so, the first of the objects had landed to one side of the freeway. Some cars had stopped, and their drivers were coming out and crouching behind their vehicles. Some ran off. A second object landed directly on the freeway, and cars began to veer around it, tumbling and rocking on the unpaved ground, trying frantically to get by. More cars stopped.

Soon the freeway was blocked. Another of the round objects, now close enough to be determined as about eight feet in diameter, landed near the spot where the first had come down.

Milton's face began to tighten when he realized traffic was slowing and stopping. Even with quick, clever weaving he was able to make very little progress.

Finally, he could go no further.

"What the hell is going ON?" he screamed, all of his hopes for arriving only moderately late now crumbling. He tore his car door open and stepped out onto the surface of the freeway. His hot furious eyes took in the mass of stalled cars, pointing in every crazy direction, their drivers running and stumbling across the ground, away from the big round objects. Milton glared, trembling with fury, at the objects.

"Get out of the way!" he roared, his mouth a wide contorted hole in his face. "You stupid fucking idiots! Get out of the way! Don't you UNDERSTAND???"

"I'M LATE FOR WORK!"

STORY #2

OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE. . .

by Abner A. Aaronson *Michael Walsh*

The Earth was dead.

Sumner Morgan's first conscious thought was for the home planet. It was no more.

For several minutes he resisted wakefulness. The years of journey, the countless hours of unfeeling, uninterrupted sleep were at an end and Morgan would be expected to take command. The others, the chosen few survivors of a once-healthy world, would already be hard at work. A squad of grim, dutiful sappers would by now have tasted the air of the new land and established a base camp.

Sensation was returning to his limbs. His breath was beginning to mist the face plate of his hiberniculum, obscuring his view of the guages recording the increased tempo of his life functions.

But the plate wasn't supposed to cloud.

Then he realized that it wasn't his breath at all. His vision was obscured by tears. He was crying for the lost Earth. . .

Aching, Community Leader Sumner Morgan, commander-designate of the Earth Escape Craft, Hope-XXIV, rose from his coffin-like casing expecting to be greeted by his executive officer, the ship's captain. The embarrassment he felt for his tear-stained cheeks slowly turned to confusion as he realized that he was completely alone. The bridge of the immense starship was deserted.

For several more minutes Morgan stood silently, a motionless island of turbulent emotions in a dimly lit sea of indifferent machinery. He felt desperately, almost pathologically unhappy.

Earth, his dead parent, possessed his thoughts. Her loss tormented him. With great difficulty he forced himself to think of his present problem. Where were his people?

Twelve hundred, a genetically sound, intellectually superior cross-section of human talents and types, had been chosen for salvation. The starship colonists were the most disciplined, determined survival crews ever assembled in human history. Indeed, they were all that was left of human history.

But where the hell were they?

Morgan settled himself before the captain's console and began systematically searching the ship for any sign of life. It was then that he noticed the bluish-grey pattern of static on the ship-to-surface communications screen. Someone, apparently, had been in communication from the planet and that someone had forgotten--or been prevented--from closing off the recording. Hours, perhaps days of blank tape had rolled off since.

Morgan shut the machine down then punched a replay. After several minutes, an indication of the amount of tape that must have been spent in the original recording, the unsmiling face of Rhomer Ward, commander of the ship's

marine company, appeared.

Tersely the military officer identified himself and then applied a communications number and a security classification to his transmission. "This is a matter of the utmost seriousness," he said, "and should be brought to the immediate attention of the commander-designate."

Morgan listened intently as Ward outlined the landing and was heartened to hear the normally unpoetic marine describe their landfall as "green and garden-like, an entire world like those guarded reservations the government maintained back on Earth."

The problem, Ward said, was a climate that was, if anything, too hospitable. Among the complications were a gravitational pull approximately two thirds that of the Earth and a water supply that was "drinkable but with disturbing psychopharmacological properties."

"Sir," Ward said graven faced, "the total effect is extremely prejudicial to the establishment of proper order and discipline. Unless this situation is corrected immediately we must face up to the prospect of a mutiny. It is my recommendation. . ."

Suddenly Ward's words were drowned out by the sound of laughter from what seemed like dozens of voices. At the same moment his image rolled off the screen as if his communicator had been knocked from his hand.

"NO..." he heard the marine's voice bellow over the laughter. "I'M NOT MAD!!! YOU'RE THE MAD ONES, ALL OF YOU!!! LET ME GO, YOU DRUGGED FOOLS...LET ME..."

It took Morgan several hours to locate a landing craft, determine where the colonists had made their landfall and follow them down. His first view of the new world almost took his breath away. It looked so much like the pictures he had seen of the Earth of old, a radiant emerald set in the deep, velvet blue cushion of a pure, clean atmosphere.

But anger took the edge off his enthusiasm. The fools, he thought testily. We came here bearing the hopes of all humanity. We're here to build a new Earth and these shallow fools have all gone mad.

Morgan's landing was a rough, jarring one. His temper was white hot as he stepped out to confront his wayward crewmen. Ramrod stiff and convinced that he was the only sane man left in the universe, he was determined to save the mission by pure force of personality. His mouth trembled uncontrollably at what he saw.

Before him was a sunlit, gently rolling field, an expanse of naturally short lawn bordered by fruit-laden trees and bisected by a clear, shimmering brook. There, too, were the most magnificent specimens of a dead race gambolling half-naked, oblivious to their duty.

He'd show them. "Now hear this!" he roared into the pornographic pastoral. "This is your leader speaking..." Enraged, Morgan stepped off, missed his footing and, suddenly, everything went black again.

It was warm. Morgan felt the sun on his face as consciousness slowly returned. He was aware of people around him and felt himself to be in the midst of a soothing, empathetic warmth and gentleness.

His eyes began to focus and he looked up into the face of a radiantly beautiful young woman. His head was nestled in her arms, and she held a cup to his lips.

"Drink this," she said. "It will make you feel better."

As he drank Morgan realized that he hadn't tasted water for nearly a hundred years. It was cool and moist and incredibly refreshing. Sumner Morgan never, ever thought about the Earth again.

STORY #3

A DREAM OF ARMAGEDDON - *John Barth*

Now that you are dead, Bruno, I will say what I should have said before...Did you ever say you would not live without her? I never knew it if you did...But I am speaking not to you, but to a stone monument. To my conscience, perhaps.

Remember then, that you and I, Bruno (I have to talk to you under that marble slab, though you will never hear me) were rivals in the regime at first, then collaborators, and finally friends. When you took command of the Western Bloc in that anachronistic power structure we took over, I supported you; I advised you and criticised your decisions; you were proud enough of your abilities to listen. And I think we got to know each other better than we realized after those hours and months going over maps and policies and computer print-out in the HQ. I think we were each other's closest friend, Bruno, and I believe I was faithful. Wasn't I? And I warned you Bruno. I have never been more horrified than when I saw your tears over her body, and your rage, wanting to tear down the heavens upon you. I was never closer to seeing the death's head glare through the human mask, nor ever in deeper despair myself.

But I did warn you Bruno. I knew that the people, let alone the Council, would never stand for it--a Regent taking a commoner, and an Eastern descended commoner at that. Of course, you were right to laugh at their attitude. It was almost as absurd as the power structure that gave one man control over a third of the earth. And perhaps you were right to take the girl if she meant so much... but you should never have confused right with possible. You had learned that lesson, but you forgot it as soon as she appeared. You rode to power on absurdity, then expected it to turn into reason.

So you were forced to abdicate. We all saw the pictures of you in Capri. I have to admit to myself that you were probably never happier.

But power shifts, and you knew full well we were facing war. I tried to maintain your policies in my own way, but the old rivalries reawakened and we splintered our efforts against each other. We needed your velvet-cloaked barbarism to dominate us. Again, you were right, it was absurd that one man could make so much difference. But I was certain it was true. I realized quite soon that you must be brought back.

I believe now, and I have tortured my memory through long nights over this, I sincerely believed that we could avoid war if you could make us present a united front.

I must say now that it was entirely my own decision to go to Capri. I do not remember what I saw; sky and sea both dazzling, a pressure of heat in the air. You said you were seeing no one, but you would see me for old times sake. She was, I remember, very beautiful. You both joked about the imbeciles you had left behind, and it was obvious that you would never leave her. But I tried. I advised, cajoled, pleaded, threatened. In the name of peace I ordered you to come back. Bruno, what more could I have done? We were on the very edge of annihilation. What should I have done?

You were beyond persuasion; beyond reason I would have said, and we would be at war in a week if you did not return. The enemy device was keyed to her alpha rhythms. It was supposed to be painless. I left it where she was sure to trigger it and returned to the hotel.

I will not try to recall the next days before we got you back in authority and prepared to work for peace rather than vengeance. You ruled well afterwards, and without apparent bitterness. But did you really never wonder why I always avoided you or made that clumsy, drunken attempt with the razor blade? Were you really so involved in your job? After that day in Capri I never saw you smile again. I cannot believe you would be dead now if you had wished to live.

Yet I may not die. I have the Council behind me for once and across two continents there are roads to be mended and bridges to be built.

Your memorial can offer me no hope of forgiveness, but now, as on that last day in Capri, I can envy you.

