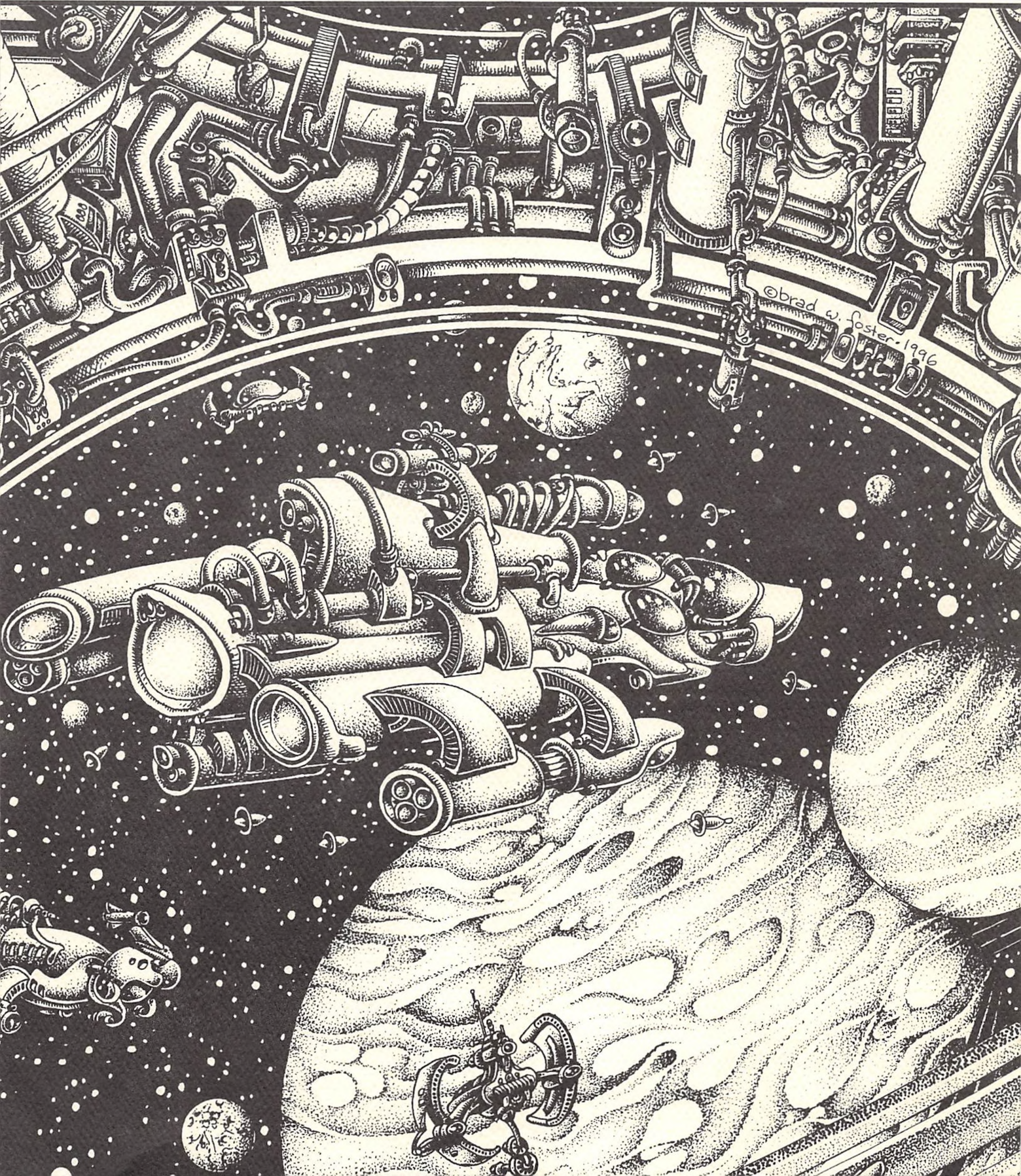


LoneStarCon 2

Progress Report #3 • August 1996

San Antonio, Republic of Texas

PR
#3



L.A.con III

🌐 **Worldcon 54** 🌐

1996 World Science Fiction Convention
August 29–September 2, 1996

ANAHEIM HILTON
Anaheim Convention Center
Anaheim Marriott
close to Disneyland



Writer Guest of Honor:

James White

Media Guest of Honor:

Roger Corman

Fan Guests of Honor:

Takumi & Sachiko Shibano

Toastmaster:

Connie Willis

Special Honoree:

Elsie Wollheim

(in memoriam)

Memberships: All **5** Five 🙌 Days
\$130 U.S.

Supporting: \$30. Any One Day: **\$60.**

Child-in-tow (age 3-12 at the con): \$35.

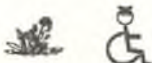
Pre-registration deadline is 31 July 1996.

Memberships will be \$150 at the door.

Please make checks payable to **LA.con III**
c/o SCIFI, P.O. Box 8442, Van Nuys CA 91409



CHARGE IT: send name on card, number,
expiration, and signature.



info@lacon3.worldcon.org
http://lacon3.worldcon.org/

Some of our Program Participants

Aaron Allston, Kevin J. Anderson, Stephen Baxter, Gregory Benford, Ray Bradbury, Marion Zimmer Bradley, David Brin, Emma Bull, Kurt D. Busiek, Jack L. Chalker, C.J. Cherryh, Hal Clement, Glen Cook, Roger Corman, A.C. Crispin, Ellen Datlow, John DeChancie, Larry DiTillio, Stephen R. Donaldson, Gardner Dozois, Harlan Ellison, D.C. Fontana, Dr. Robert L. Forward, Alan Dean Foster, Esther M. Friesner, David Gerrold, Martin H. Greenberg, Karen Haber, Joe Haldeman, Barbara Hambly, P.C. Hodgell, James P. Hogan, Gentry Lee, Brad Linaweaver, George R.R. Martin, Wil McCarthy, Jack McDevitt, Rebecca Moesta, Bill Mumy, Larry Niven, Jody Lynn Nye, Kevin O'Donnell, Jr., Frederik Pohl, Tim Powers, Terry Pratchett, Irene Radford, Melanie Rawn, Michael Reaves, Mike Resnick, Jennifer Roberson, Spider Robinson, Kristine Kathryn Rusch, Julius Schwartz, Robert Sheckley, Josepha Sherman, Robert Silverberg, Dean Wesley Smith, S.P. Somtow, Allen Steele, S.M. Stirling, J. Michael Straczynski, Amy Thomson, Bjo Trimble, Harry Turtledove, A.E. van Vogt, John Vornholt, Lawrence Watt-Evans, Toni Weisskopf, Walter Jon Williams, Jack Williamson, Connie Willis, Marv Wolfman, William F. Wu, Janny Wurts, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, *and more!*

LoneStarCon2

August 28th through September 1st 1997

San Antonio, Republic of Texas

The Second Occasional LoneStarCon Science Fiction Convention & Chili Cook-off

Variously known as
The 55th World Science Fiction Convention
and the 1997 Worldcon

Our Honored Guests:

Algis Budrys

&

Michael Moorcock

Our Honored Artist Guest:

Don Maitz

Our Honored Fan Guest:

Roy Tackett

The Master of Toasts

Neal Barrett, Jr.

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LoneStarCon2 Committees

Operational Board

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Mark Olson Advisor to the Chair
Bruce Pelz Advisor to the Chair
Willie Siros Advisor to the Chair
Earl Cooley Electronic Liason

Randy Shepherd
Candace Pulleine
Bill Parker
Fred Duarte, Jr.
Dennis Virzi
Dee Hayden

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Committee APA
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Dennis Virzi Vice Chairman

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Brooks Griffith Con Ops
Harry Beckwith Security

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Laurie Mann Press Relations
Peggy Ranson Ad Layout

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Diana Thayer Editor/Artist Liaison
Teddy Harvia Feature Writer

Pocket Programs
Bill Child Layout/Design

Restaurant Guide
George Effinger Compiler/Editor

Daily Zine
Tom Becker Compiler/Editor

Souvenir Program
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Dave Hazlewood Anime Programming
Mike Todd Program Development
Sherry Snyder Program Development
Edwin Strickland Science Programming
Dick Smith Fan Programming
Leah Smith Fan Programming
Joe Grillot Film Programming
Tom Feller Program Ops

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Jennifer Reedy Assistant
Kathy Thornton Assistant

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Tim Illingworth Division Head
Don Eastlake Business Meeting
Nina Siros Hugo Administration
Kent Bloom Site Selection

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Edie Stern Opening Ceremonies
Lisa Greene Opening Ceremonies
Lori Wolf Hugo Ceremonies
Cindy Foster Assistant
Michael Shannon Dances
Twilight Masquerade

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Jacquelyn Stephenson Co-Chair
Sallie Gladney Vice-Chair
Allice Knapp Vice-Chair
Lynn Ward Fetch
Sallie Gladney Music
Jon B. Green Cookbook
Alice Knapp Cookbook
Charles E. Nelson Security
Ticket Booth
Jim Conlin Ticket Man
Monika Conlin Go-fer-Woman

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Jean Stuntz Art Show Co-Director
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Sherlock Specialty Signs
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Jim Mann Assistant
Beth Loubet Staff
Dan Tolliver Staff
Richard Brandt Fan Lounge
Michelle Lyons Fan Lounge
Yvonne Penny Fan Sales
Lloyd Penny Fan Sales

Words From the Chair

by Karen Meschke

Early on the morning of March 6, 1836, the defenders of the Alamo heard the song "El Deguello" played on a single Mexican horn. It was a signal of attack. With the playing of that simple tune, the Mexicans announced that they would take no prisoners. "El Deguello" again haunted the early morning hours on March 6, 1996 in celebration of the 160th Anniversary of the Battle of the Alamo. Listening to the chilling melody and looking out into the cool mist of the morning sent an eerie feeling over me, and I found myself equating the challenge of executing a WorldCon with the mood of the freedom fighters remaining in the Alamo years before.

Our plans for the WorldCon are moving ahead at a steady pace as new members are added to the database, program items are received, art show and dealer requests are received and forwarded. The office staff is growing as our office space has increased. We moved into a larger, fan owned building the first weekend in March. Our new address is 1204 Nueces, Suite F. The new telephone number is now (512) 472-9944 and the fax number is (512) 472-4290. Our hours of operation are still every Wednesday from 6 to 9 p.m. Our mailing address remains the same: P.O. Box 27277, Austin, Texas 78755.

Beginning at LAcon we will be adding names of volunteers to our current listing and recruiting folks who we think would be an asset to LSC2. This means you! Also at LAcon we hope to throw our LSC2 party on Friday night and the Hugo Nominees party on Sunday after the Hugos. We will keep our convention table open all during the con. If you would like to help with hosting the parties or manning the table, let us know.

The 1996 Texas Tour continues as we travel around the state both to conventions and throwing picnics for all to attend. In March we attended AggieCon in College Station. April saw us at Cedar Hills State Park south of Dallas, and in Houston for ConTroll. Then it was San Antonio in May, and Austin in June. We were at WesterCon in El Paso during the 4th of July weekend. We are planning a Pre-LAcon strategy session and cookout on August 3rd at our office from 2p.m. til dark . All in all, it's been a very busy summer. The last scheduled stop on our tour will be at ArmadilloCon18 on October 11-13 in Austin.

Karen Meschke

"Beginning at LAcon we will be adding names of volunteers to our current listing and recruiting folks who we think would be an asset to LSC2. This means you!"

About Our Cover Art

We are doing something different with the covers for the LoneStarCon2 Progress Reports. Hugo award winning Texas artists Brad Foster and Teddy Harvia have each created unique running formats for our publications.

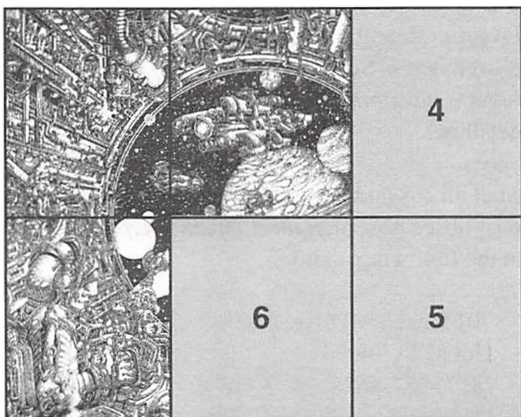
Brad's art appearing on the front cover of this issue is but one panel of a larger picture which will take six panels to complete. The first issue featured the bottom left panel. Progress

Report #2 featured the top left panel and our current issue has the top center section. After you receive Progress Report #6 you can piece together the entire picture following the layout shown.

Teddy's back cover art highlights things to do and see before, during, and after LoneStarCon2. Progress Report #1 featured San Antonio and the surrounding area. Progress Report #2 covered Central and South Texas, and the present issue expands to encompass greater Texas. Our future Progress Reports will zoom out to include surrounding states and Mexico, the United States, and the world.

A limited number of back issues of the Progress Reports are available to those who have recently purchased a membership. Those persons interested in collecting the complete set should send their requests to:

LoneStarCon2
P.O. Box. 27277
Austin, Texas 78755



Membership Information

The following membership rates are in effect through December 31, 1996. All rates are in U.S. dollars. Please make checks payable to LoneStarCon2. We also accept the British equivalent in pounds sterling.

Attending Membership	\$120
Supporting Membership	\$ 25
Children 3-12 yrs. old*	\$ 40
Less than 3 yrs. old*	FREE

*Age as of August 29th, 1997. Children's memberships do not receive publications and are nontransferable.

Fans who Pre-supported / Pre-opposed the LoneStarCon2 bid receive a \$5.00 discount on their Attending or Children's Membership. Truly dedicated fans who became "Defenders of the Alamo" receive a \$15.00 discount on their Attending or Children's Membership. And the completely insane fans who coughed up the bucks to be called a "Spirit of the Alamo" receive a \$35.00 discount on their Attending or Children's Membership.

For information requests please enclose a SASE.

LoneStarCon2
P.O. Box 27277
Austin, Texas 78755-2277

For information requests
please enclose a SASE.

LoneStarCon2
P.O. Box 27277
Austin, Texas 78755-2277

Credits

Artwork

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Brad Foster (Texas)	Front Cover, 16
Randy Farrand (Oklahoma)	24
Ian Gunn (Australia)	17, 20
Teddy Harvia (Texas)	5, Back Cover
Don Maitz (Florida)	8, 9
Unknown	22
Franz Miklis (Austria)	12
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Ads

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Philcon	7
Australia in 99	10
Chicago in 2000	11
Locus	14-15
Zagreb in 99	18
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Bucconeer	Inside Back Cover

Ad Rates

These ad rates are for camera ready copy. If you can provide your ad to us as an electronic file on an 3½ inch floppy disk that we can read, the reproduction quality will be greatly increased (especially if your ad includes grey screens or pattern fills). We are using Quark Xpress for the Macintosh for design and layout and we would prefer you save/export your ad as a tiff or eps file. We also have access to many other popular layout and design programs, Illustrator, Freehand, Photoshop, etc. so we may be able to convert your file if you can not save it in one of the preferred formats or if you only have access to an IBM-compatible computer. However, in all cases, please include a hard copy of your ad in case we have a problem.

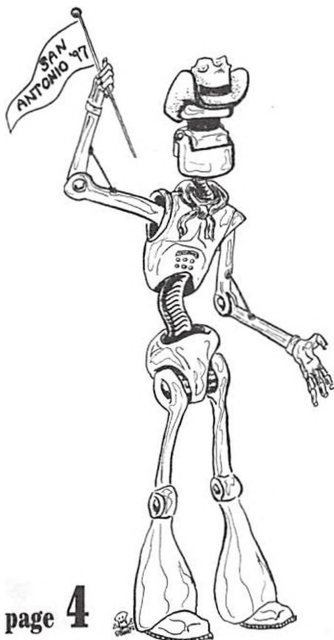
Typesetting, custom artwork and layouts, special positioning and other services are available at an additional charge.

Per Issue Rates	Fan	Professional
Quarter Page	\$ 25	\$ 80
Half Page	40	125
Full Page Interior	70	200
Full Page Inside Cover	250	400

The deadline for advertising and other copy for Progress Report #4 which is to be published in November, is September 30, 1996. Please request information well in advance of this deadline.

Mail all ads and payment to the LoneStarCon2 post office box, or contact Diana Thayer directly at the following address:

701 Regency Drive
Hurst, Tx 76054
(817) 581-4628
DThayerS@aol.com



Dead Dog Walking

by Teddy Harvia

Convention parties don't just happen. Fans spend months planning them, days provisioning them, and hours hosting them. They sometimes carry decorations and provisions thousands of miles to provide just the right ambience. I thank these amateur caterers with all my heart and stomach.

At MidAmeriCon, the 1976 World Science Fiction Convention, I was an inexperienced convention-goer. I sat in the convention hotel lobby and waited for the action to come to me. Friends, fans, and pros came. I met and briefly talked with Hal Clement (he graciously signed a battered paperback copy of one of his novels I'd bought in the dealers' room), C.J. Cherryh (I knew her from the local group back in Oklahoma), and Robert Silverberg (he declined my offer to shake hands, having just given blood with the requisite arm at the Robert A. Heinlein blood drive). But no one ever spent more than a few minutes with me. And no action ever came my way.

I was totally unaware that open-invitation parties existed at WorldCons. I missed the bid parties, with their free-flowing beer and potato chips. I missed Big Name Fan and professional writer Bob Tucker holding court with his Kansas City bourbon and cigars, breathlessly exhaling his trademark "Smoooooth." I missed the bathtub full of lime Jell-O[®] (OK, that was at a by-invitation-only party). Anyway, I missed the pressing of flesh I knew was rampant in the rooms over my head.

The lack of funds which forced me to stay at a flophouse two blocks from the convention hotel conspired against me accidentally discovering one of the parties. Walking on the darkened city streets back to my room, I passed no open doors with the smell of chocolate and sound of friendly laughter beckoning me inside. I did pass two young woman who gave me a flyer to a local massage parlor. If I'd had the money, I would have stayed in the convention hotel and not been out on the streets late at night. I went to sleep in a room filled with beds, which reminded me of an Army barracks.

In 1979, at SeaCon in Brighton, England, I still could not afford to stay at the convention hotel (most of my money had gone to pay the airfare just to get there), but I had new fannish friends

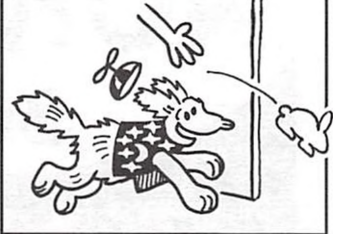
who could. With them I roamed the hotel corridors looking for parties. The first big one I attended was for Mpls. in '73, a WorldCon hoax bid. Minneapolis fans, when they realized how much work putting on a WorldCon involved, had deferred to the Toronto bidders but continued the tradition of throwing great parties just for the fun of it. Joyce Scrivner signed me up as a member and gave me a shiny 1973 U.S. penny as payment. I sampled their chocolate and drinks before returning to the halls in search of the next party.

Twenty years after my first Worldcon, Diana Thayer and I landed at Intersection, the WorldCon in Glasgow, Scotland. After the Hugo ceremonies, we happened to walk past the Nominees Party on our way back to our room in the Moat House, the convention hotel. We stepped inside where we schmoozed with friends, ate with our fingers what we would have called buffalo wings back in Texas, and bought one round of expensive drinks from the cash bar (a concession host Mike Glycer had had to make to the hotel corkage law). Eventually, overcrowding drove us into the hall outside, guided by the flashlights given to the nominees.

We found the biggest mass of fans at the WorldCon bid parties on one floor of the Central Hotel in downtown Glasgow, a quick cab ride from the convention center. We weaved our way through the crowded halls from Kansas City to Moscow to Antarctica to Australia. At Kansas City, Susan Satterfield, luscious hostess, placed heart stickers on our badges. At Moscow, we got high just inhaling the fumes from a dozen different brands of Russian vodka. At Antarctica, we admired the creative hoax party tradition two neofans started at the WorldCon the year before. At Australia, we laughed at Aussie fan artist Ian Gunn creating a babe magnet with the platypus hand puppet we'd brought with us all the way from Texas to promote our run for DUFF (Down Under Fan Fund) in 1999.

My advice when you attend your first WorldCon? Party! And if you don't know where the parties are, ask your friends. If your friends don't know, make new friends. Someone, somewhere, knows where the parties are, and you are invited. Whatever you do, don't retire early to your room alone.

Chase white chocolate rabbits at WorldCon Bid Parties.



Snarf up chocolate moose at Hoax Parties.



Wolf down hot chocolate chili at Hugo Nominees Party.



Relax as Guest of Honor at Dead Dog Party.



FOLLOW THE LONE STAR TO NOREASCON 4 BOSTON IN 2001



This town is big enough for the both of us.



And several thousand others to boot.

Bang! Bang!

There's a trailblazer!

Bang! Bang!



Dang! The last time something that big hit me, the dinosaurs bit the cosmic dust.

MCFI, purveyors of fine WorldCons for 21 years, proudly bids for the first WorldCon of the 21st Century. New century—same old quality.

Yeheaa!

Wow! A shooting star.

What's he shooting at?

Boston in 2001.

Will that little tin star impress the stargazers back East?



It will when it goes supernova in 2001.

Presupporting memberships are available for \$8 U.S. & include a cloisonne pin. Write us at:

Boston in 2001
P.O. Box 1010
Framingham, MA
01701-0205

That's one Texas-sized address, pilgrim.

You stars are mighty big and bright tonight.



That's because we're from deep in the heart of Texas.

Don't you love sleeping out under the stars?

How'd you end up on there?

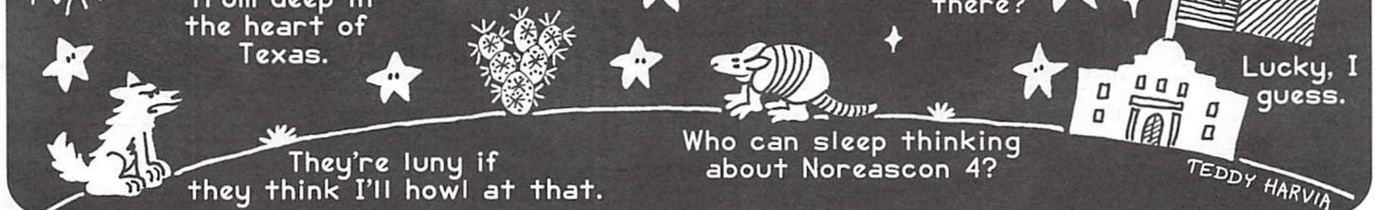


Lucky, I guess.

They're lunny if they think I'll howl at that.

Who can sleep thinking about Noreascon 4?

TEDDY HARVIA



2001: The Millennium Philcon®



The way these creatures eat, they must be fans! When you bring the worldcon to Philadelphia you will find an unprecedented variety and availability of food.

Directly under the Pennsylvania Convention Center is the Reading Terminal Market. This 100-year-old farmers market has a wealth of Amish vendors with goods ranging from farm produce to free-range geese. The market also includes ethnic eateries and groceries from Middle-Eastern to Cajun and is a great place to buy regular groceries, party food and snacks.

Right out the door of the Convention Center is Chinatown. Sixteen square blocks of restaurants serving authentic Chinese food from dim sum to Peking duck.

Nearby is every kind of ethnic and American restaurant, up to five-star quality, all within easy walking distance. And don't forget Philly cheesesteaks, hoagies and soft pretzels!

Our 2001 Worldcon will be in Philadelphia's new Pennsylvania Convention Center in the heart of the center city historic district and its abundant activities. The headquarters hotel is the Marriott, directly connected to the convention center.

Memberships

• Pre-Supporting	\$10.00
• <u>Pre-Op</u> posing	+17.76
• Presupposer	\$27.76
• Philkinder (child)	\$5.00
• Millennium Phil-Kin	\$40.00
• Delegate	\$76.00
• Phil-Anthropist	\$150.00



SUITE 2001, 402 HUNTINGDON PIKE,
ROCKLEDGE, PA 19046
E-MAIL: PHIL2001@NETAXS.COM

Artwork by Carl Lundgren
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Philadelphia in 2001 is a separate organization from the Philadelphia S.F. Society.

Our Honored Artist Guest

Don Maitz

by Janny Wurtz

It could be presumed that after sharing a studio with Don for eight years, and knowing him for nearly two decades, a fellow artist would have gained a firm grip on his techniques, and an insight into his prodigious talent.

Surprisingly, this is not the case. Or not so surprisingly, as anyone lucky enough to befriend Don will agree that he delights in the unexpected. The truths are that he has no set technique, no established habit of working, no formula for his broad-ranging success. He has a gleeful and sometimes twisted penchant for innovation that manifests at odd hours, and with frequently hair-raising results.

He's a very approachable guy when not frustrated by a sketch or a difficult technicality in a painting. (Ask about the time he bombarded an advertising job with his breakfast bagel.) He'd

delight in telling you of the role the toilet seat

played in his painting for Carolyn

Cherryh's *Rimrunners*, or about

the for real crutch he used

on the monster

pirate

drawing,

complete

with ship,

that he completed

for the Greenwich

Workshop, and which

received a certificate of merit

from the prestigious Society

of Illustrator's annual

exhibition. No household item

is safe from his odd fits of

inspiration in the studio.

Plastic wrap, kitchen

bowls, L'eggs pantyhose

containers,

aluminum foil,

window screens,

doilies, and

fingerprints have

all been used

when traditional

brushes failed to

achieve the perfect effect.

The composite of such endless experimentation shows a technique that is distinctive, but so varied it is impossible to typecast. In

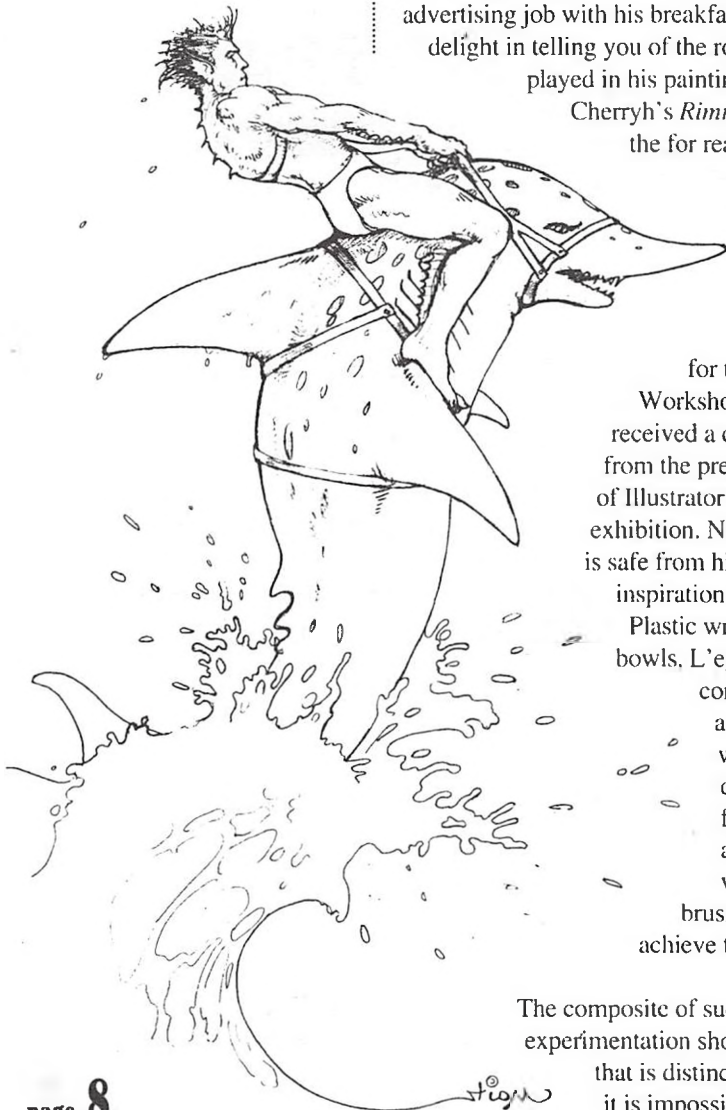
the publisher's office I have often asked the question, "Who did that striking cover?"

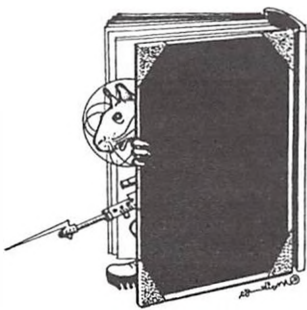
I should not have been startled to hear the credit was Don's. He's content painting the wildest scenes of fantasy (Gene Wolf's *Book of the New Sun*) and precise and fussy enough to do justice to hard tech. But who would have guessed he could also do portraits (Piers Anthony's *But What of Earth?*), renditions of German cathedrals (for *Wicked Enchantment*), or those stylistically radical covers with their near to abstract backgrounds? He wears a wealth of artistic hats. Since publication of two artbooks, *First Maitz* by Ursus Imprints, and *Dreamquests* by Underwood Miller, and two sets of trading cards for FPG, fine art prints from Millpond Press and Mithril, and even a best selling screensaver, fans have had many chances to recognize the scope of his work. This has given rise to a wave of appreciation — Don has won two Hugos for Best Artist, and a special Hugo for C. J. Cherryh's *Rimrunners*. He's taken eight Chesleys in categories for Achievement, and Best Hardback Book Cover for his painting *Cyteen* in 1979, and in 1990, for best body of work.

In his honest moments, Don admits that his art career began with cave painting; out of respect for his mother, his early works are unavailable for public view. His career since has spanned twenty years, and progressed from drawings on paper, anytime there was a pencil and enough light, to a luminous style of painting. Although a better than average student, his goal was a career in art.

Solid, sensible people tried to advise him to aspire toward something more practical than struggling to enter a competitive and difficult field — but Don had other ideas. He attended night classes in figure drawing, then entered the Paler College of Art in Hamden, Connecticut, and immediately earned the envy of his peers. At Paler, under the influence of distinguished instructors, he studied figure drawing and applied himself to painting. By the time he graduated at the top of his class in 1975, he had already been published by a professional magazine, and Marvel Comics. He stayed on for a fifth year at Paler to refine his skills, and began to show his portfolio in New York. Popularity put a stop to extra education as Don gained his first paperback assignments. The fact that Don's penchant for

"No household item is safe from his odd fits of inspiration in the studio. Plastic wrap, kitchen bowls, L'eggs pantyhose containers, aluminum foil, window screens, doilies, and fingerprints have all been used when traditional brushes failed to achieve the perfect effect."





lousy puns didn't get him thrown out on the sidewalk forever is a testament to the strength of his abilities.

The admiration of his peers has only increased, after some

400 published works, one of which, *The Second Drowning*, cover for the novel, *The Road to Corlay*, won a silver medal at the Society of Illustrator's annual exhibition in 1980. That same year, Don received the Howard Award for Best Artist at the World Fantasy Convention.

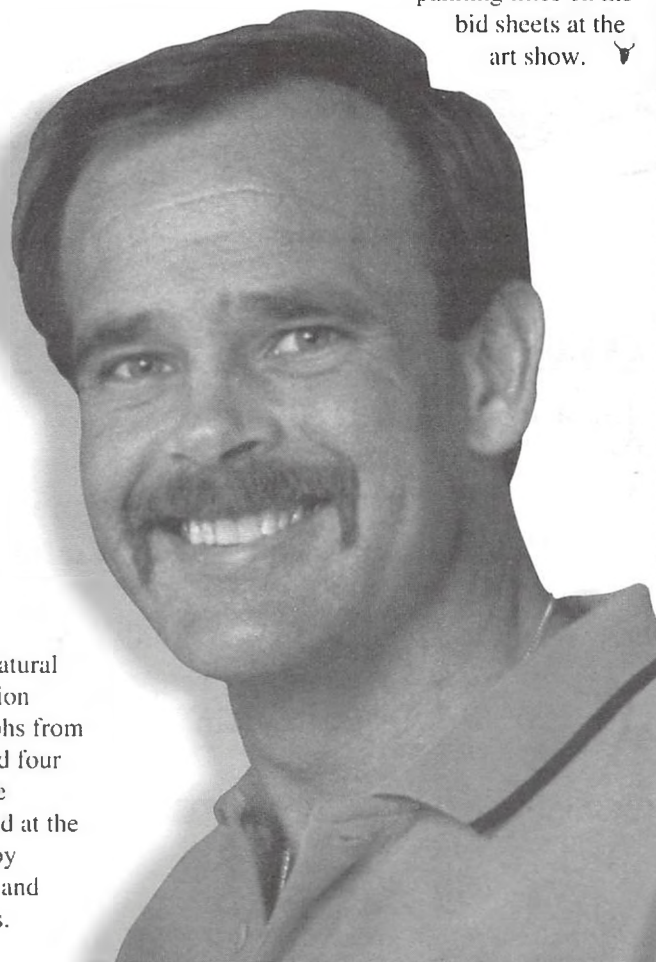
Apparently bad puns are no impediment to success. In addition to doing covers for leading novelists not yet mentioned, such as Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Raymond E. Feist, Stephen King, and Michael Moorcock, Don's magic with the paintbrush produced the pirate image which launched Captain Morgan Spiced Rum into success in a marketplace where new products fail more often than not. Now, Don's envious peers can't even seek escape in the bars. The labels on the rum have his signature on them, as do the billboards, T-shirts, and beach towels of multiple advertising campaigns.

Not being content with having science fiction and fantasy illustrations confined to the book stores, Don was the driving force behind the first major museum exhibition of works within the field. Held in the New Britain Museum of American Art in spring of 1980, the show broke all previous attendance figures; the record holds today. Other museums since have launched similar exhibits, always with Maitz artwork included, and always with public enthusiasm. Perhaps the most exciting of these was sponsored by NASA, in conjunction with its 25th anniversary celebration. Housed in the Cleveland Museum of Natural History, paintings by thirty science fiction artists were shown alongside photographs from the Apollo space program. Don also had four paintings in the first exhibition from the National Academy of Fantastic Art, held at the Delaware Art Museum. The paintings by Maitz were awarded the bronze medal, and not even that accolade stopped the puns. Now, the Canton Art Institute plans a

second, larger show, which will open in spring of 1996.

This success story might lead one to believe that Don Maitz is permanently attached to his paintbrush, and inseparably chained to his easel. Certainly the world would seem logical if this were true. But between ideas, inspiration, and the deadlines that are inescapable in the illustration field, Don goes windsurfing, downhill skiing, horseback riding, and jogging. He also hangs out behind his camera lens, and in museums, continually adding to his stock of ideas.

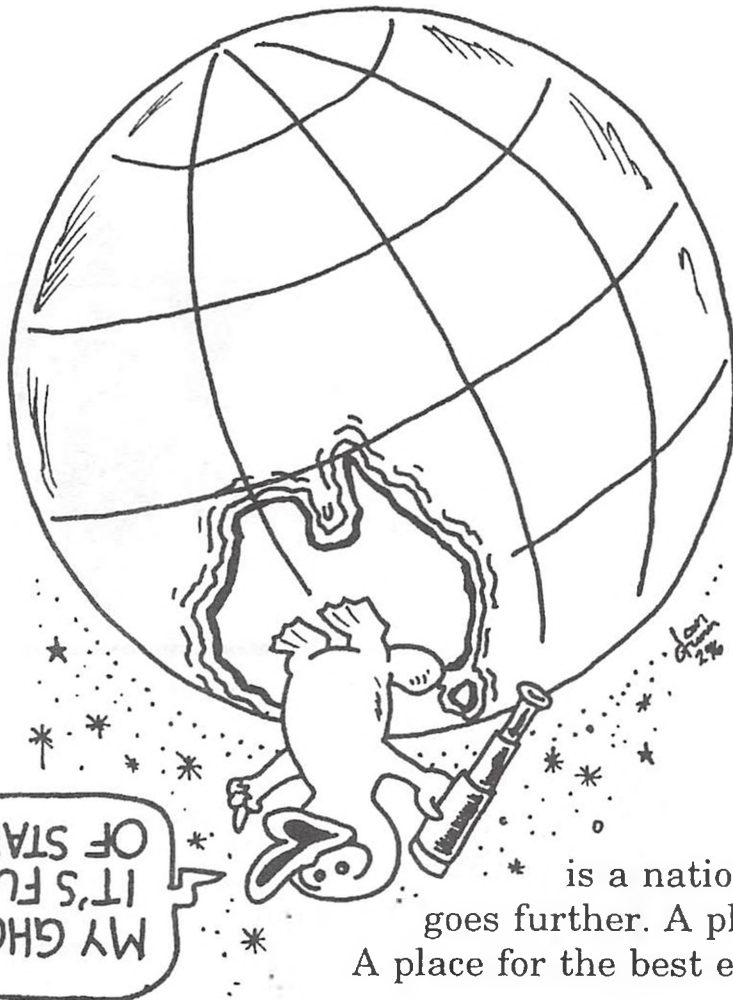
He has shown himself willing to share his techniques, his enthusiasm, and his inventive imagination, by serving a year as a guest instructor at the Ringling School of Art and Design in Sarasota, Florida. The impression left on his students and fellow instructors has seen some minds permanently bent, as any attendee of LoneStarCon2 willing to sit with him over a beer will come to find out. Like the wizards he paints, Don's magic is elusive, and if his humor is deplorable, his generosity cannot be disputed. Warning: carry protection from bad puns at all times while in his presence, or else keep your fingers in your ears, and don't risk reading the painting titles on his bid sheets at the art show. ♪



"Not being content with having science fiction and fantasy illustrations confined to the book stores, Don was the driving force behind the first major museum exhibition of works within the field. Held in the New Britain Museum of American Art in spring of 1980, the show broke all previous attendance figures; the record holds today."

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North To San Antonio

by Elizabeth Moon

Unless you grew up in the real South Texas—that vast triangle of land south of San Antonio and north of Mexico—you may have trouble thinking of San Antonio as the gateway to the north, a great city beyond the waste. But that was my childhood, tucked into a fertile strip of irrigated land along the Rio Grande, sixty miles from the Gulf, eight miles from the river, 150 miles southeast of Laredo, and 250 long dry miles south of San Antonio, the nearest city.

We started long before dawn, because it was too hot to drive in the heat of the day (no air conditioned cars then). With only three turns (from Hackberry Street to 10th in McAllen, north past citrus orchards and fields of cotton or winter vegetables, east on 107 to the courthouse square in Edinburg) we ended up on US 281 headed north ... headed for San Antonio.

Back then, US 281 was a two-lane highway even in Edinburg itself. Once clear of the railroad tracks, packing sheds, and gins on the north side of Edinburg, it rose quickly above the last irrigation main canals and headed for the north star.

I loved the predawn darkness, with a damp cool wind blowing in the windows, carrying the different smells of orchard, field, cannery, night-blooming wildflowers, and then the change to pungent brushland. A setting moon might lay a silver glamour over wide fields, but even more beautiful were the moonless nights when the stars seemed to hang within reach, layer after layer, all their colors vibrant.

The 90s traveler expects reflective paint stripes on the highway, reflective lane markers, street lamps, lights at intersections, and—even in rural areas—the distant baleful bluegreen eyes of mercury vapor security lights in every farmyard, the horizon glow of a town just out of sight. No such lights marred the blackness of a south Texas night in the 1950s; there might be no traffic in either direction for miles at a time. North of Edinburg, we'd see no lights until Linn (a single bulb outside the gin entrance) and San Manuel (another single bulb at the grocery store/gas station/bus stop), then nothing until dawn.

So in the twin beams of our '51 Chevrolet (nicknamed "the palomino" for its color) my mother drove north ... past Red Gate (a momentary flash of the dull barn-red of the gate and a glint from the cluster of mail boxes.) On and up, toward the cotton gins and grain silos at Linn and San

Manuel, where a paved road led west to McCook and east past Sal del Rey and El Sal Viejo (the bitter lakes once mined for tribute salt by Spanish colonists) to the coast road miles away. Beyond that, the darkness pressed in on either side, as miles of brush bordered the road, tangled and thorny. Occasionally a coyote dashed across, framed in the headlights. More rarely still a loose cow, horns glinting in the headlights, grazed between fence and highway. These were the years that South Texas ranchers struggled to develop cattle resistant to heat, disease, pests: the Santa Gertrudis (King Ranch), the Beefmaster (Ed Lasater, Falfurrias), the Brangus. We still saw old mossyhorns at the edge of the brush, lean and rangy, but fewer each year.

East of 281 was ... not exactly nothing, but no settlements, no cities at all. From the highway, with its scarce traffic, to the Gulf Coast, no cities. No towns. No villages. A hunting camp, perhaps, or a cow camp (we were, after all, going to pass the Norias Division of the King Ranch), or a drilling rig with its temporary settlement of roughnecks. West of 281 lay even more of the same: vast pastures of brush and scrub grass, mile after mile, sparsely populated by cattle and even more sparsely by humans. No towns, no villages, no cities.

As dawn neared, it got darker. "Darkest before dawn" is no poetic phrase, but the literal truth: the brilliant stars vanish and nothing replaces them but a heavy pall as bitter as blackbrush. The world contracted around the car; the headlights even seemed dimmer. Off to the right—the east, of course—a dull red glow, like a bar of hot iron, scorched the horizon. "Dawn," I would chirp, and my mother would shake her head. "False dawn. She was always right. The red always faded away. Another endless (to a child, anyway) stretch of black, then... then the true dawn. Slowly, I would notice the horizon showing clear against a deep dark blue. When this dull blue flushed to a clear green with yellow beneath, then to turquoise, dawn was only minutes away. Rose suffused an arc of the eastern sky, then the sun popped up, always surprising in its quickness, fire-orange in those first moments, and lay crisp blue shadows across the land.

We always took bets on where we'd meet dawn. If we'd started late, it might be as early as Red Gate, which meant a hot, miserable trip, arriving in San Antonio in the hot afternoon. More often, the sun rose when we were near Encino—the first oaks,



"A setting moon might lay a silver glamour over wide fields, but even more beautiful were the moonless nights when the stars seemed to hang within reach, layer after layer, all their colors vibrant."

growing on captured sand dunes blown inland, and a landmark since Spanish days. That was my favorite, for the way the early sunlight slanted under the dark canopies of the little oak mottes, glittering on the bronze oak mast, making the tiny hills and hollows of dune terrain far more dramatic.

Here we saw the first tangible sign that our road was older than our own kind. On the west side of the road near Encino, on the thick trunk of an old live oak, a red and yellow pattern of concentric circles—like an archery target—faced south. It had been there, my mother told me, in her childhood. It had been there when her father first wandered this country. The colors of Spain, marking the old road north to the missions of San Antonio ... at a landmark that could have been seen many miles across the flat open country. From Encino on, we would see those colors again, in narrow horizontal stripes and the occasional target (which my mother said usually meant good water near) all the way north to the last ridge above San Antonio.

South Texas sun and wind could strip the paint off a house in just a few years; I knew that. Why had the colors lasted so long? Mother shrugged. Someone repainted the trees, she said. The Highway Department? Not always. Some of the marked trees were on the highway right of way; the highway department might paint those. But others were beyond the fencelines. Those had to be painted by someone else—landowners, or perhaps some who felt strongly that the old traditions should be kept. No one really knew who painted them, only that they were always repainted before they faded completely.

At that age, I had no feel for the amount of history that lay between us in our '51 Chevy and whoever had first blazed that trail in Spanish red and gold. Old was old—anything older than my mother was very old. But I did understand mystery. It was easy to imagine someone creeping out in the long twilights, dusk or dawn, to lay fresh, hot-smelling paint on the old marks.

Sunrise at Encino meant arriving in Falfurrias in time to take breakfast with the early risers, in the old cafe on the curve, where spurs ching-chinged on the heels of men who had never worn rhinestones. A parking lot full of pickups and stock trailers and low-voiced men; they all wore holstered revolvers, but didn't swagger. They'd tip their hats at us (a mother and little girl traveling alone), and I wondered what it would be like to live in a town where most people at the cafe were only passing through. We ate pancakes liberally spread with Falfurrias Sweet Cream Butter from

the Lasater Creamery, filled the car with gas, and got back on the road while it was still cool.

When my mother traveled the same route as a child, the trip to San Antonio from Donna in the Valley took three days. The first night, they camped at an artesian well south of Falfurrias (I could still point out the place, in the angle of road and railroad.) Then the road was unpaved; the route through the sand dunes was treacherous. One man supplemented his income pulling stranded travelers out with a mule team. (My mother, like her father, always carried hatchet, shovel, and other emergency gear in the trunk.) The second night they stopped at a boarding house in George West, and on the third day topped that final long slow rise that opens above the south side of San Antonio.

What did we find in San Antonio? What anyone finds in a city: bigger buildings, brighter lights, more of everything you know, and things you never even imagined. For me it was half-magical, the oasis after the desert, green and shady and cool

Elizabeth Moon keeps in touch with her roots in South Texas. Here she is in South Texas wielding her Ditch Witch as deftly as she does her pen!



when we arrived dazed by heat and distance. What most visitors find exotic was my native terrain—the Spanish spoken everywhere, the missions, the convents, the customs and social structure derived from Spanish and not English roots. What seemed exotic to me were just those things San Antonio shared with cities in books: a symphony, live theater, tree-shaded parks, clear sweet water, a zoo, tall buildings, a busy airport and train station, brilliant downtown lights at night.

In San Antonio, anything seemed possible... but embedded in my flesh is the memory of what it took to get to San Antonio. If you didn't make it the whole way, if you were stranded in that waterless country between, you'd be worse off than if you never left the Border. If you wanted to make a pilgrimage to The City, you had to prepare—bring with you the means of survival, expect the hazards of the journey, endure.

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Why A Chili Cookoff At A WorldCon?

by Diana Thayer

In the first place, LoneStarCon2 is in Texas, and the dish known as "chili con carne" (literally "chile peppers with meat") is as Texan as the Rio Grande, the Alamo, and armadillos. Furthermore, the convention is in San Antonio, purported by most chili historians to be the birthplace of the spicy meat stew as we know it today.

Okay, that explains why a San Antonio Convention is featuring a Chili Cookoff, but what has chili got to do with science fiction? Read on to find out more about the marvelous chile peppers of the Capsicum family without which chili would not exist.

Chile, The Pepper

What better subject for the focus of a world science fiction convention than a tiny berry that rose from the depths of the Amazon jungle to conquer the cuisines of world. As early as 8,000 years ago, chilies were considered important enough to be included in burial sites in Peru. They worked their way north, insinuating themselves into the diets of the Incas, the Olmecs, Toltecs, Mayas and Aztecs. The Mayas are known to have cultivated at least 30 different types of chilies. The Aztecs used them in almost every dish. By about 1,000 years ago, chilies had invaded what is now know as the Southwestern United States and were used by the Pueblo Indians.

Now, their migration might have been stopped right there in the middle of the Sonora Dessert. Indeed, if it hadn't been for Columbus, the extensive Capsicum family might never have escaped the Americas. You see, Columbus had convinced the Portuguese crown that he could find a new route in the spice trade, so when he found himself in the "New World" instead of the Orient, he had to take back something to justify his trip. Whether he actually thought the Capsicums were related to the true pepper (*piper nigrum*) that he sought, or whether he just went along with their masquerade, Columbus let them hitch a ride across the Atlantic. Chilies fit the same niche in the existing cuisines of Spain and Portugal as true pepper and were welcomed with open cooking pots. With fiery piquancy and bold flavors, the versatile chilies, now known, albeit mistakenly, as "peppers", usurped the favored position formerly held by black pepper.

Hardly settled into their new position, the opportunistic Capsicums forged an alliance with Spanish and Portuguese explorers, who carried them to North Africa, the West African coast, Madagascar, and India, where the native

populations embraced them into their cuisines. By 1550, chilies had reached western China. In less than 100 years, chilies had spread from the Americas right around the world. They had even seduced the Ottoman Turks into taking them into such out of the way places as Hungary and Tibet.

Not only were the Capsicums world travelers, they were very adaptable. They could grow in a wide range of environments. They cross pollinated freely (and still do) so that today we can identify almost 200 different varieties. Capsaisin, the potent chemical that gives chilies their fiery nature, survives both cooking and freezing. In addition, it triggers the brain to produce endorphins, natural painkillers that promote a sense of well-being and stimulation.

As if it wasn't enough that the Capsicum family conquered the world and made us love them for it, they are actually good for us. They are low in calories, low in sodium and cholesterol-free. They are very high in vitamins A and C, a good source of potassium, folic acid, and vitamin E. They help speed up the metabolism as well as aiding digestion, and studies indicate they may help prevent heart disease. Other diverse conditions successfully treated by folk remedies include arthritis, bronchitis, epilepsy, malaria and toothaches. Capsaisin is also a natural decongestant, and I know from experience that it helps clear the sinuses!

In a wider context, chilies have succeeded in bringing the world together and have proven themselves not conquerors, but roving ambassadors, influencing cuisines all over the world. It has been estimated that as much as 34 of



the world's population includes Capsicum in their diet, making chilies the most widely used seasoning in the world.

Chili, The Texas Stew

So now we come full circle, back to the "New World", to Texas, where the family Capsicum made an odyssey of a different kind, from the simple stews cooked over campfires in the 1800's, to the more complex dishes that delight us today.

One story suggests that the primitive forerunner of chili was a kind of pemmican carried on the long trail from Texas to the California gold fields. It consisted of dried beef, beef fat and chilipiquines (small wild peppers) pounded together with salt and formed into dense bricks. The description of this does not sound very appetizing to us today, but the concoction kept well, and could be transported easily. Pieces of the brick were sliced off and reconstituted in boiling water as needed. The earliest mention of this food of convenience was in the 1840's, but it must not have gained much popularity since it isn't mentioned after about 1860.

Another story suggests that chili originated with the lavanderas, or washerwomen, who followed armies around frontier Texas. These women were apparently darn good cooks, especially known for their meat stews. They used whatever meat was available, seasoning it with wild native marjoram and red chilies – probably those wild chilipiquines again.

A most intriguing theory speculates that chili con carne may have been born as early as 1731 when a group of Canary Island immigrants brought cumin to Texas. They added the fragrant spice to the existing meat and chili dish cooked by San Antonio settlers, giving it a unique bouquet. (Or so the story goes.)

Whatever the primitive origins of chili con carne truly are, consensus places the first commercial chilies on the streets of San Antonio in the 1800's. For a meticulously researched history of chili, look to the work of the late Frank X. Tolbert. A Dallas Morning News columnist for many years, and one of the founders of the first Chili Cookoff at Terlingua, Texas, Tolbert was the world's greatest authority on chili at the time of his death in 1984.

In his book, *A Bowl of Red*, Tolbert documented the advent of the colorful chili queens into the downtown plazas of San Antonio in the 1880's, including Alamo plaza. Until that time, chili seems to have been confined to poor folks' kitchens where it was a great way to stretch cheaper cuts of meat. The picturesque chili

queens raised chili to event status. They'd appear around dusk, gaily dressed and often wearing roses. They pushed carts piled with crude tables, paraphernalia and steaming cauldrons of chili to a favorite spot, then started charcoal or mesquite fires to keep the chile simmering and sending forth its peppery perfumes on the night air. As if that seductive aroma wasn't enough, each chili queen used a big ornamental lamp with a brightly colored globe to attract customers who came from all walks of life. Street musicians serenaded chili eaters as they sat around tables covered with bright tablecloths.

By the time health regulations drove the chili queens from the San Antonio plazas in 1943, chili had become well established as the national dish of Texas. Two men in particular are given credit for this: William Gebhardt of San Antonio and DeWitt Clinton Penderly of Fort Worth, both of whom developed chili powders in the early 1890's. These powders were made of ground chilies, oregano, cumin seed and garlic. They provided the housewife a simple, quick way to make chili con carne. By eliminating the time consuming and sometimes unpleasant task of preparing the chile peppers, these men paved the way for the transition of chili con carne from the street vendors back into the home kitchen on a broad scale.

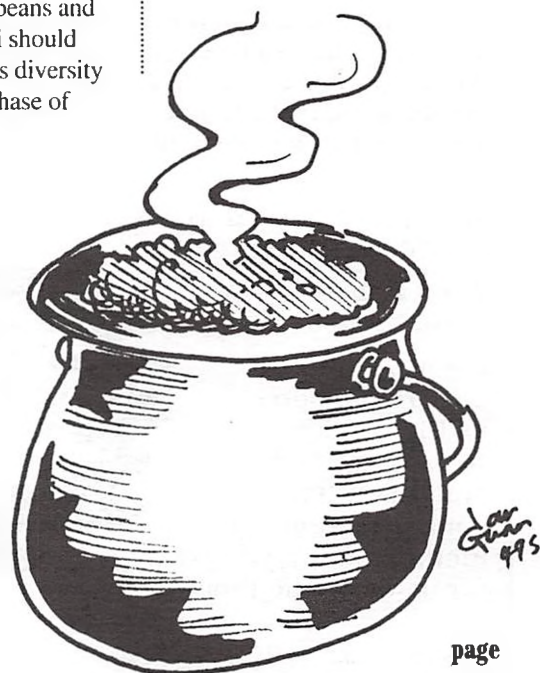
Today there are as many chili recipes in the world as there are chili cooks. And there are almost as many opinions about what makes "real chili". Some people prefer their chili mild while others think true chili must be spicy enough to blow the top of your head off. One group favors a certain amount of grease in their chili while another insists on as little oil as possible. Then there's "with tomatoes" versus "no tomatoes". And, of course, the ever popular feud between beans and no beans. Some cooks believe that chili should only be made in a cast-iron pot. It is this diversity of tastes which led to the most recent phase of chili history – the Chili Cookoff.

The Chili Cookoff

Chili Cookoffs date back to 1967 when Frank Tolbert and Public Relations Executive Tom Tierney came up with the idea of staging a competition to promote the recently revised version of *A Bowl of Red*. The original idea was for Tolbert's friend Dave Chasen, Beverly Hills restaurateur, to match his "tame" chili against the real Texas chili of the great Wick Fowler, chief cook of the Chili Appreciation Society

(continued on page 18)

"Some people prefer their chili mild while others think true chili must be spicy enough to blow the top of your head off. One group favors a certain amount of grease in their chili while another insists on as little oil as possible. Then there's "with tomatoes" versus "no tomatoes". And, of course, the ever popular feud between beans and no beans."



Why A Chili Cookoff? (continued)

by Diana Thayer

International (CASI). But, with the date of the competition only a few weeks away, Mr. Chasen became ill. As if by a miracle, a contender appeared from the same school of thought about chili as Chasen. He was New York humorist H. Allen Smith, who, in August of 1967, published an article titled "Nobody Knows More About Chili Than I Do". As they say in Texas, "them's fightin' words" – especially from someone in New York.

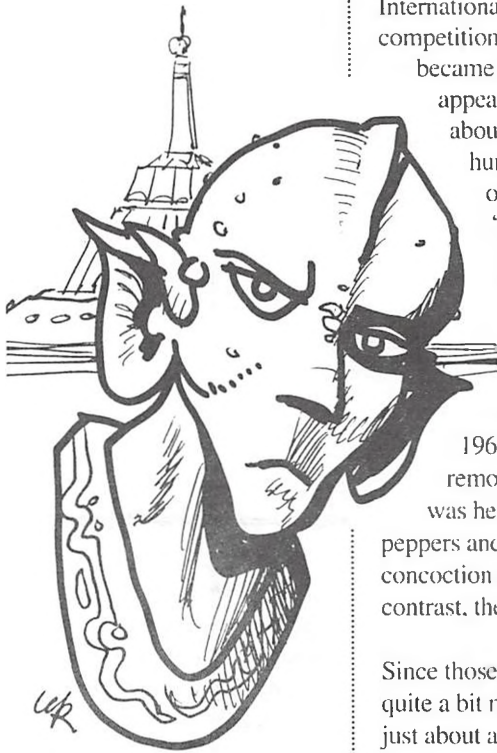
At "high noon" on an unrecorded date in the autumn of 1967, at Terlingua, a near ghost-town in a remote part of Texas, the first chili cookoff was held. Smith's recipe contained green bell peppers and kidney beans; Fowlers was a pristine concoction of meat and spices. Despite the sharp contrast, the first contest ended in a draw.

Since those days, the world of cookoffs has gotten quite a bit more complex. From coast to coast, on just about any weekend, chili cooks pit their best (and sometimes secret) recipes against each other.

Chili has changed and evolved over the years. Today, there are numerous schools of chili preparation. Some cooks prefer braising the meat first, others favor stewing it directly without preliminary browning. Some use chili powder, others grind their own peppers. Some season before stewing to allow the flavors to cook in and blend, others season toward the end of cooking for the strongest flavors. And some cookoff contenders cook different recipes for competition than they cook at home for themselves!

What have chile peppers got to do with science fiction?

Consider the origins of science fiction – ideas germinating in the minds of a few brave souls, fueled by the fire of imagination. Cross-pollinating freely, the ideas grew and spread, embraced by people from all walks of life. Like the lowly Capsicums, science fiction has crossed cultural and political lines to bring us closer together. In short, both have conquered the world!



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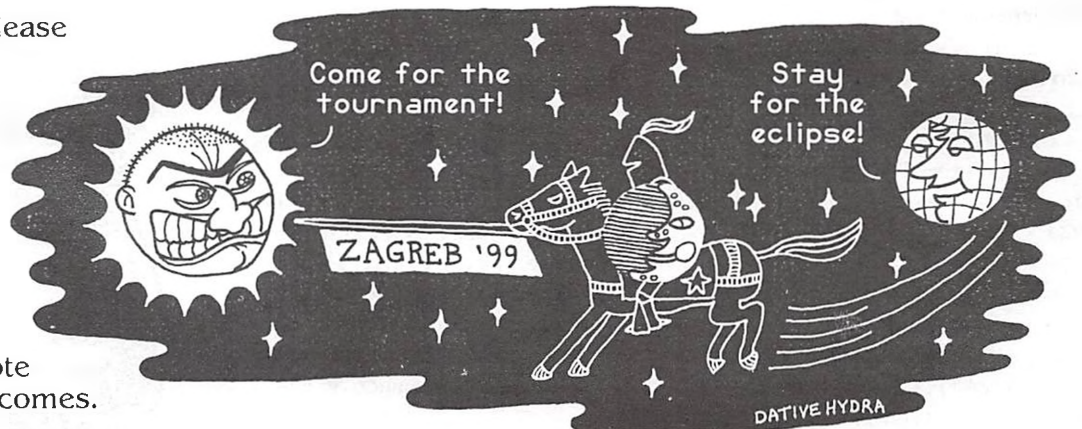
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Chili Cookoff Information

by Judith Ward

We did it! Jacqueline Stephenson and I worked very hard to get our Cookoff sanctioned by the Chili Appreciation Society International (CASI). It is the organization that sponsors the Terlingua International Chili Championship the first weekend in November every year. They are very excited about what we are doing. Being sanctioned by CASI will be a big boost to our Cookoff. It means that we will be on the circuit of Chili cooks trying to get enough points to get to Terlingua.

We will have three categories in our Cookoff: serious chili (CASI sanctioned), fun chili (fan chili) and commercial chili (as in hotels and restaurants). CASI cooks are not allowed to use fillers. However, if you enter the Fan category, we want you (the fans) to prepare chili the way you do it at home. If you use macaroni, beans, rice, etc. ... so be it.

Please Note: Fans must have a LoneStarCon2 membership to enter their chili in the Chili Cookoff without an extra charge. Please enter as soon as possible so that we will be able to assign "fan tables" together.

Each contestant will be responsible for bringing everything they need to make their chili. This means that you will need to bring (rent or buy) a propane stove. You will also need to provide your own pots, spoons, knives, cutting boards, etc. – whatever you need to prepare your chili. And, of course, you will have to bring all the

ingredients that go in your chili. We are hoping to get one of the spice companies in San Antonio to donate spices, but don't count on it at this time.

Important: All contestants will receive a copy of the San Antonio Health laws after they have registered.

We will have special judges for each competition. CASI will supply the judges for the Terlingua hopefuls and LoneStarCon2 will supply the judges for the fans. At this time our judges include:

Neal Barrett, Jr.	Scott Dennis
Forrest J. Ackerman	Joe Haldeman
Tom Hanlon	Greg Benford
Charles Ballard	Robert Silverberg
Javier Setovich, Sr.	Sanford Cohen
Martha Wells	Shirley Crossland
Robert Dulude	George R. R. Martin
Leah Zeldes Smith	George Alec Effinger
Dick Smith	Real Musgrave
Keith G. Kato	Muff Musgrave
Jane Dennis	Kerry O'Quinn

We have chosen the San Antonio Public Library as the recipient of the profits from the Chili Cookoff at LoneStarCon2. They are going to participate in the Cookoff as well.

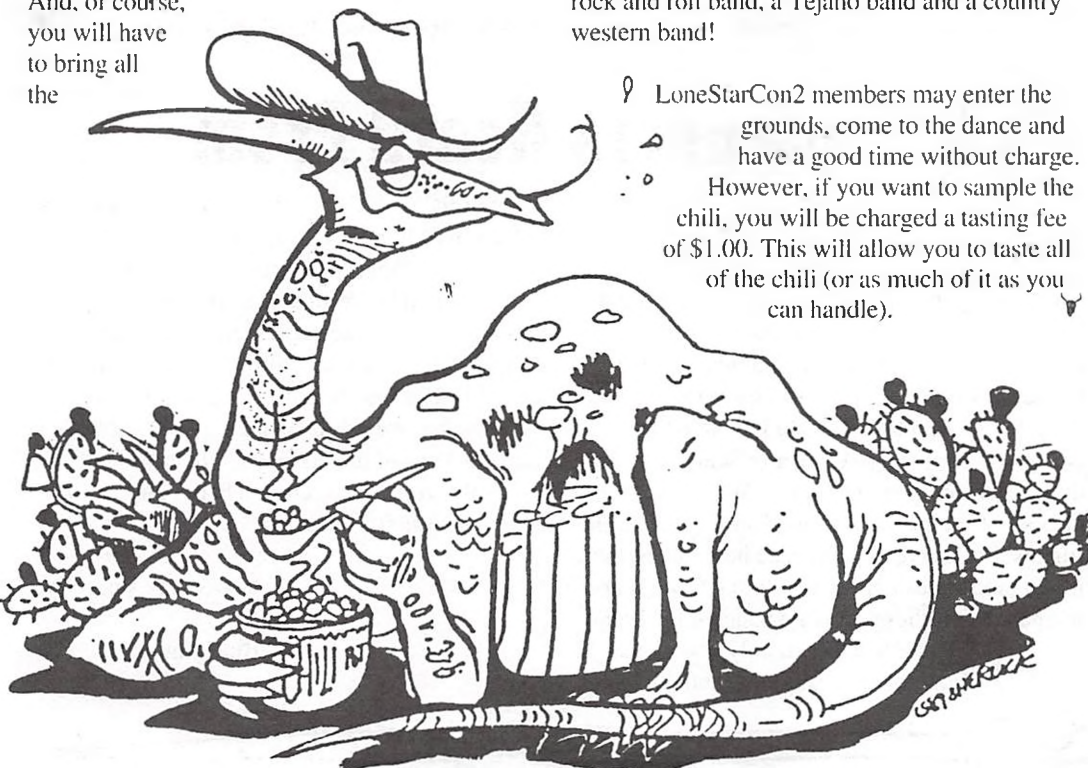
And don't forget the dance from 8pm till midnight. We will have "Los Blues Guys", a 50's rock and roll band, a Tejano band and a country western band!

♀ LoneStarCon2 members may enter the grounds, come to the dance and have a good time without charge. However, if you want to sample the chili, you will be charged a tasting fee of \$1.00. This will allow you to taste all of the chili (or as much of it as you can handle).

If you have any questions or need additional information please feel free to contact:

*Judith Ward
6602 Spring Rose
San Antonio, Texas 78249*

*E-mail:
ChiliMomma@aol.com*



Official Chili Cookoff Rules

According to CASI (Chili Appreciation Society International)

All of these rules apply if you want to be judged for CASI points!

(If you are not entering in the CASI category, see the Cookoff Information article for exceptions.)

1. All chili must be cooked on site out in the open the day of the cookoff from scratch.

(No cooking in motorhomes, tents, hotel rooms, etc. ...) Cooking from "scratch" is defined as starting with raw meat. No marinating is allowed. Commercial chili powder is permissible, but complete commercial chili mixes (i.e., Wick Fowler's, Carroll Shelby's, etc. ... that contain several premeasured spices are not permitted.

2. Chili for CASI competition has no fillers in it such as beans, rice, macaroni, hominy or other similar items.

3. Cooks are to prepare and cook the chili in as sanitary a manner as possible.

Some areas have local health department rules and regulations that they must abide by. (San Antonio has really strict rules.) All contestants will receive a copy of the San Antonio Health laws after they have registered.

Competition chili isn't necessarily the same as home cooked chili. Competition chili is a combination of meat seasonings and spices in a smooth liquid gravy. The meat is either hand cut in small cubes or coarse chili grind. (Some cookoffs advertise as ground meat only.) The chili should contain no grease. Winning chili must look good, smell good and taste good. CASI uses a fair and impartial blind judging system. During the judging process, chili is judged on five criteria: aroma, red color, consistency, taste and aftertaste.

To add to the fun and entertainment at the cookoff, teams can participate in showmanship. Show teams use a variety of themes, skits and audience involvement in these shows.

- Showmanship teams should not hire professional performers.
- Nudity and lewdness are banned from showmanship.
- Only battery operated amplification may be used.
- No contestant may discharge firearms or use any pyrotechnics or explosives.

Fair and impartial judging is also used in showmanship. Showmanship is judged on the following criteria: theme, costume, booth setup, action and audience appeal.

Chili Contenders Heard From

To Chili Cookoff Administrators:
It is with quivering indignation and thorough outrage that I discover your Cookoff rules do not allow nudity, firearms or pyrotechnics! What am I to do with the Chippendale dance team, the Riotous Rebel black powder platoon, and the Fiesta fireworks technicians? I must protest these frivolous rules! How do I explain the change in plans to these eager (if scantily dressed) dancing young males? Where to dispose of the stack of fireworks (do NOT even suggest it!)? Have you any idea how much beer it will take to buy off the gun-toting Civil War re-enactors? If these rules are adhered to, Team Trimble is left with only one parade float for entertainment, and of course,

a pot of the world's best chili! I must also protest selection of Forrest J. Ackerman as one of the judges. As a frequent visitor to his home, I know for a fact that his refrigerator contains nothing more than chocolate eclairs, chocolate milk, and Count Chocula cereal! How can a man with taste buds like that know chili? Since my chili is a sure winner, these little details should not bother me, but I would like to give all the lesser but certainly worthy chili chefs a better chance to give me a run for the prize!

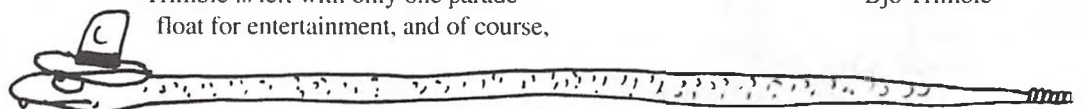
Yours very sincerely,

Bjo Trimble

To enter your culinary masterpiece recipe in the LoneStarCon2 Chili Cookoff your entry must be postmarked no later than midnight, Thursday, May 1, 1997.

Or you may e-mail your application information before the deadline to Judith Ward at ChiliMomma@aol.com

I WAS LED TO BELIEVE THAT TEXANS WERE LONG AND TALL



Championship Chili Recipe

from the kitchen of Diana Thayer

This recipe is not as complex as it sounds and will serve a small army of about 30 people.

INGREDIENTS

4 lbs. flank steak
5 lbs. thin, center-cut pork chops
6 green chilies, roasted, peeled, and seeded
2 tsp. sugar
3 tsp. ground oregano
3 tsp. ground cumin
3 tsp. black pepper
4 tsp. salt
5 tbs. chili powder
1 tsp. chopped fresh cilantro
1 tsp. ground thyme
1 cup beer
4 15-oz. cans tomatoes, chopped
¼ cup chopped celery
3 medium onions, cut into ½-in. pieces
2 green bell peppers, cut into ¾-in. pieces
1½ qts. chicken broth
½ cup cooking oil (approx.)
1 lb. Monterrey Jack cheese, shredded
Juice of 1 lime

Trim fat from meats and discard any bones. Cut flank steak into cubes ¾ to ½ in. Cut pork chops into cubes ¼ to ¾ in. Mix meats together and set aside.

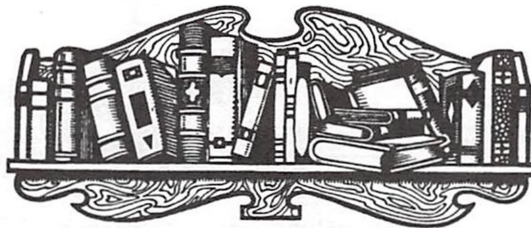
Cut prepared green chilies into ¼ in. squares and set aside.

In a very large stewpot or Dutch oven (remember, this recipe is supposed to serve 30 about people), mix sugar, oregano, cumin, pepper, salt, chili powder, cilantro, and thyme with beer until the dry spices are all dissolved. Add the tomatoes, celery, garlic, onions, green peppers, chilies, and chicken broth and begin to heat.

Since you are going to have to cook 9 lbs. of meat, divide the meat mixture into thirds, and using ⅓ of the oil, sear about ⅓ of the meat mixture in a large skillet until it is browned on all sides. As the meat is cooked add it to the liquid mixture in the stewpot. Repeat until all the meat is cooked.

Bring chili to a boil, reduce heat, and simmer covered for 1 hour. Remove the lid and cook for about 2 hours longer, or until tender. The meat should be just ready to break down easily when mashed with a spoon. About 5 minutes before serving the chili, add the cheese and stir until it is all melted and well mixed in. If you are not going to serve all the chili at once, divide chili and cheese into quarters and mix together as needed. Immediately before serving, add the lime juice. ♪

Note: This chili is better if it can be cooled in the refrigerator overnight to allow the spices to meld. To serve, reheat and add the cheese and lime.



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Jack Nimersheim
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RiverCon XXI

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(E-mail: RiverConSF@aol.com)

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Please help us locate the following "lost souls." You will be be triply blessed by our faithful acolytes who do nothing in life but tend to our world-famous shrine and pray for the finding of all mailing list lost souls.

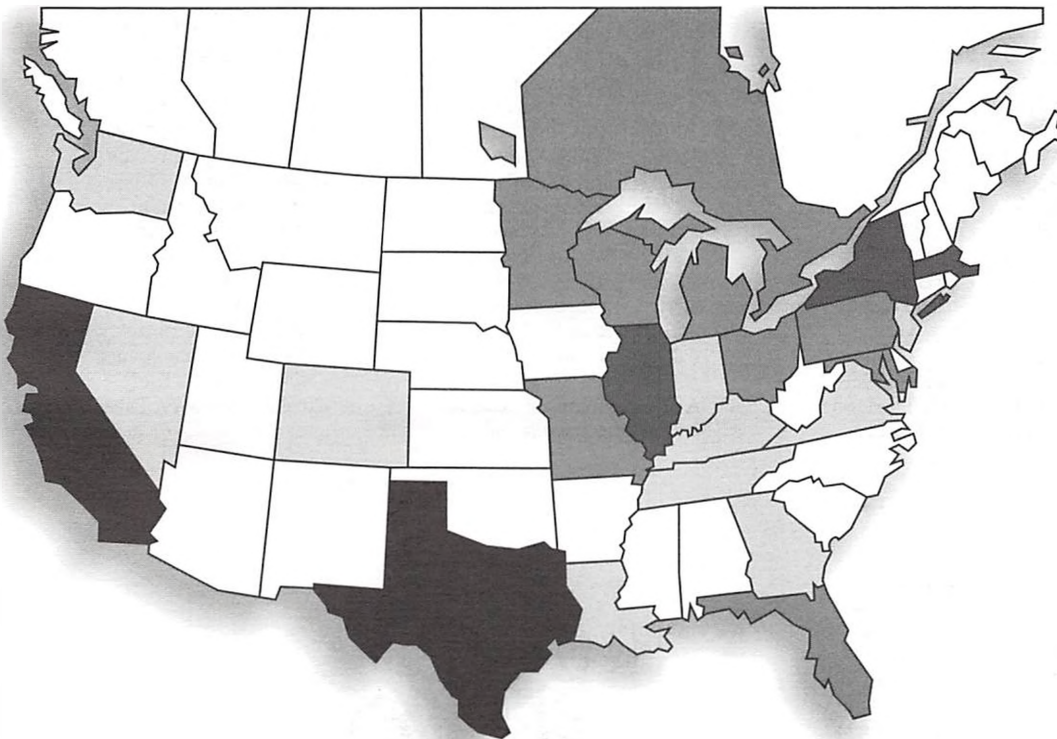
Alex Boster, KY, USA
 Stephen R. MacFarlane, CA, USA
 Arwen Rosenbaum, NY, USA

LoneStarCon2 Demographics

Australia8
Canada94
Denmark1
Finland1
Germany9
Japan11
Norway3
Oman1
Russia3
Spain1
Sweden1
The Netherlands6
Ukraine1
United Kingdom61
United States of America2056
Total2256

Membership

Alabama21	Iowa10	New Hampshire9	South Dakota1
Arizona27	Kansas22	New Jersey41	Tennessee26
Arkansas6	Kentucky28	New Mexico14	Texas379
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Connecticut15	Massachusetts108	North Dakota1	Virginia42
Delaware6	Michigan54	Ohio57	Washington49
Florida53	Minnesota56	Oklahoma23	Washington DC10
Georgia30	Mississippi11	Oregon21	Wisconsin43
Idaho3	Missouri81	Pennsylvania57	West Virginia1
Illinois156	Nebraska11	Rhode Island5	Wisconsin51
Indiana28	Nevada2	South Carolina3	Wyoming1



Membership Type:
 A = Attending
 S = Supporting
 C = Child

- A2178 Abbey, Lynn
- A2253 Albrecht, Janice
- A2069 Allen, Mark R.
- A2217 Allen, Matthew
- A2250 Allshouse, Doreen
- A2067 Ambrose, Michael

- A2068 Anthony, Patricia
- A2247 Armbruster, Deborah
- A2173 Ashley, Kim
- A1981 Ayres, Don
- A2218 Badum, Jody
- A2236 Baer, Fredrika
- A2070 Bassett, Julie
- A2192 Bennemann, Sabine
- A2011 Blackwood, Robert
- A2151 Blom, Suzanne
- A2125 Bloom, Michael

- A1729 Bodden, Bill
- A2195 Bostel, Ashley
- A2081 Boyd, Brian
- A2121 Brady, Thomas
- A2184 Brandshaft, Richard
- A2119 Brans, Pat
- A2117 Brans, guest
- A2241 Broadway, Lucy
- A2096 Burgess, Ann
- S2216 Burke, Diana
- S2215 Burke, Martin

A2123	Byrd, Ahliana	A2244	Lauderdale, Kate	A1993	Rowan, Deb
A2122	Byrd, Lynn	A2256	Lauderdale, Kevin	A2206	Rush, Rebecca
S2257	Campbell, Evan	A2254	Lauderdale, Rosalind	A2207	Rush, Stephen
A2052	Carl, Lillian	A2255	Lauderdale, Stuart	A2231	Ryan, Charles
A2072	Cartwright, Rebecca L.	S2210	Levack, Brian	A2232	Ryan, Mary
A2176	Cascio, Mary	A2145	Lidral, Bob	A2245	Sackmary, Michael
A2179	Cassel, Andrew	A2131	Living, Eric	A2088	Sailors, Jay
A2177	Cherryh, C.J.	A2128	Living, Stormy	A2235	Salter, David
A2228	Ciagala, Michael	A2127	Living, guest 1	A2230	San Miguel, Juan
S2124	Cobb, Stewart	A2129	Living, guest 2	S2104	Saylor, Robert
S2155	Coleman, Franklin	A2130	Living, guest 3	A2239	Schuck, Susan
A2219	Coon, Heather	S2153	Long, Judith	A2240	Schuck, William
A2189	Cooper, Kate	A2138	Lu, Sharon	A2200	Sewell, James
A2194	Cotter, Del	A2086	Lyons, Michelle Rene	A2199	Sewell, John
A2073	Crider, Bill	A2223	Mahan, John	S2120	Shallcross, David
A2074	Crider, Judy	A2105	Martin, Jean E.	A2246	Shelton, Gary
S2198	Crothier, Vanessa	A2087	Martin, Thomas K.	A2181	Silva, David
A2065	Curtis, S.L.	A2182	Marzi, Jurgen	A2180	Silva, Marcia
A2144	Dalessio, Angelo	A2205	McElroy, Sandra	S2154	Silver, Steven
A2097	DeGolyer, Edith	A2224	McMahan, Susan	A2063	Sivak, Leslie
A2202	Derubeis, David	A2118	McMahill, Douglas	A2226	Sliwinski, Annette
A2191	Dixon, Chad	A2142	Miesko, Judy	A2252	Smith, Betty
A2076	Douglas, Carole Nelson	A2115	Miller, Mary	A2251	Smith, Claude
A2000	Dyson, Marianne	A2114	Miller, Tim	A2103	Smith, Dave T.
A2003	Dyson, Ted	A2107	Milligan, Beth	A2237	Smith, Kristine
A2101	Elrod, P.N.	A2106	Milligan, Robin	A2174	Snyder, Wendy
A1975	Emanueli, John	A2084	Molpus, Jane	A2211	Spalding, Margaret
A2238	Enfrance, Kathleen	A2242	Monson, Danielle	A2134	Sprinkle, G.K.
A2227	Erickson, Jean	A2150	Moore, Marian	A2243	St. Pierre, Sylvain
A2126	Field, Rosa	A2187	Moss, Miram	C2110	Stembol, Samantha
S2196	Figg, Mike	A2009	Neal, Eugenia	C2111	Stembol, William
A2077	Filip, Otto	A2208	Neumann, Shirley	A2102	Stuntz, Jean A.
A2108	Fisher, Elaine Y.	A2185	O'Hanlon, Roderick	A2054	Tawzer, Irene
A2093	Fogle, Marsha Lee	A2186	O'Shea, Chris	A2143	Taylor, Charlene
A2193	Furlong, Nigel	A2164	Oestrander, Ben	C2109	Taylor, Drew
A2213	Galbraith, Cynthia	A2188	Peck, Bernard	A2212	Thornley, Diann
A2214	Galbraith, James	A2092	Pence, Karen	A2139	Timpko, Chuck
A2095	Gerdes, Sandra	A2091	Pence, Paul	A2140	Timpko, Denise
S2157	Giguere, Paul	A2225	Peterson, Amy	A2089	Wade, Susan
A2094	Gilley, Kerry	S2169	Poe, Stephen	A2098	Walker, Carl
A2234	Gormley, Adrienne	A2162	Price, George	A2161	Walter, Diana
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A2075	Gray, Troy	A2166	Rathiff, Traci	A2062	Welch, Lisa
A2079	Hallock, Bruce G.	A2248	Renihan, Lynne	A2156	Zacarola, Joanna
A2080	Ham, Elizabeth J.	A2229	Rix, Roxanne	A2170	Zrubek, Kim
A1988	Hardling, Halina	A2133	Robinson, Richard	S2064	Zygowicz, Diane
A2116	Hart, David	A2132	Robinson, Susan		
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S2213	Hazelwood, guest				
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A2175	Holmes, Jean				
S2066	Hudson, James F.				
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

Wait'll they hear about this place back on Hydra IX.

Finish it in an hour and it's free.

BIG TEXAN

Amarillo

Do we get seconds?

Can we have separate checks?

Where's the ketchup?

HOME OF THE 72-OZ. STEAK

You call that a fork?

It looks bigger on TV.

SOUTHFORK

Someone has a big mouth. Dallas

Jim Bowie's pocketknife is bigger'n that.

Is this where the good guys —

That's a movie cliché!

Dang! Cut off at the pass.

We love riding the mechanical bull.

BILLY BOB'S TEXAS

WORLD'S LARGEST HONKYTONK

Fort Worth

Houston

SMUGGLERS GAP

El Paso

That's no bull.

TEDDY HARVIA

Where's the snack bar?

The first settlers couldn't tell their meteor crater from a hole in the ground.

Is that the hole story?

Isn't this a beach?

PADRE ISLAND

Does it have a bathroom?

Shore is!

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Odessa

NASA

Houston, the tourists have landed.

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