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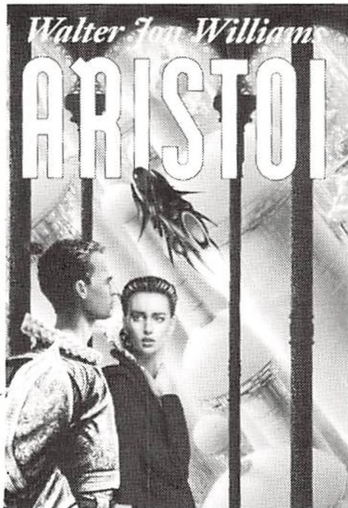
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# ArmadoCon



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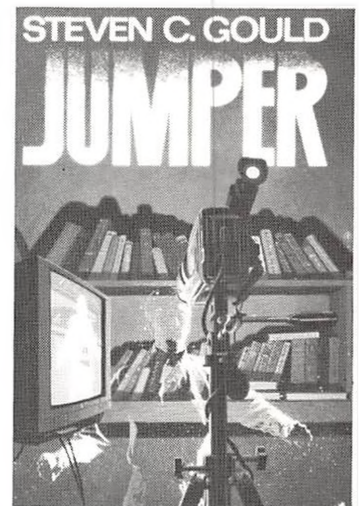
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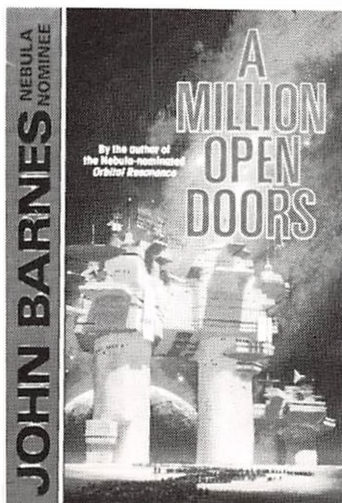
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The Fandom Association of Central Texas

presents

# ArmadilloCon 14

Neal Barrett, Jr.: Guest of Honor

Darrell K. Sweet: Artist Guest

Gardner Dozois: Editor Guest

Al Jackson: Fan Guest

Kim Stanley Robinson: Toastmaster

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Art Credits:

Darrell K. Sweet (cover), A. T. Campbell III, W. J. Hodgson, Scott McCullar, Tim Riley, Sherlock

# About Our Con

Welcome to ArmadilloCon, Austin's foremost literary SF/F conference. We've got a great guest line-up again this year. If you're new to conventions in general or ArmadilloCon in particular, here is some information that might be helpful.

## Convention Rules

- 1) Please wear your badge at all times while at the convention.  
The badge is your pass to all programming events and convention function rooms.
- 2) Please act responsibly. We try to treat every person as an adult, so please act like one (at least in public). We reserve the right to revoke the membership, with no refund, of anyone who breaks this rule.
- 3) Please have fun.
- 4) No weapons are allowed. Period.
- 5) We meant it when we said have fun. Anyone caught not having fun will be severely chastised.
- 6) There is no rule 6.
- 7) Have fun.



## Baby-Sitting

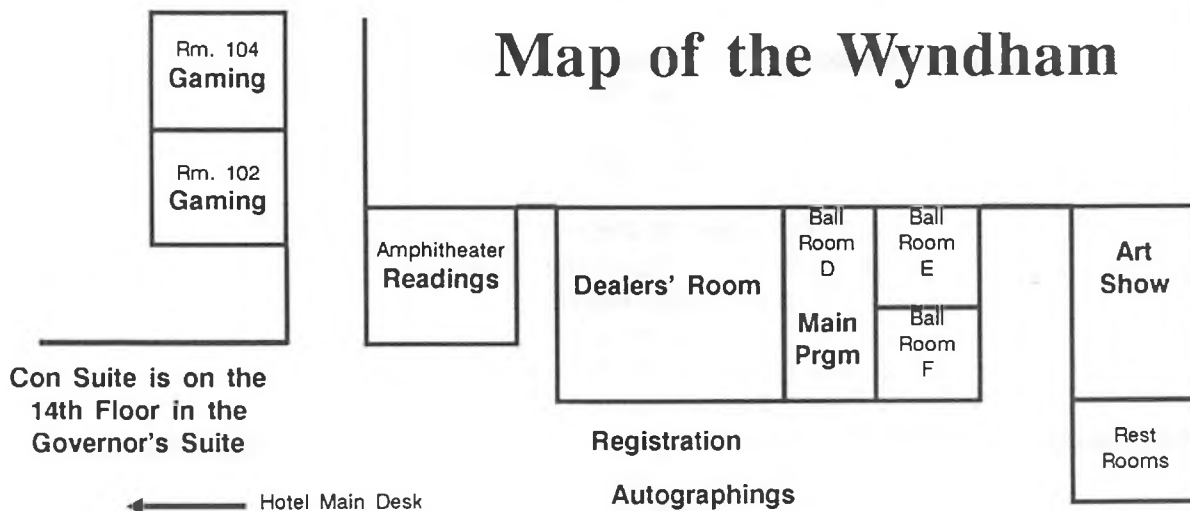
Baby-sitting is available on a first-come, first-served basis (unless you have called to reserve space) for any child with a full convention membership. The first 12 hours are free. Anything over 12 hours will cost \$3.00 per hour per child.

## Con Suite

Con Suite Mamma Priscilla is going to try to keep the thing going 24-hours a day. If you check upstairs and it's closed, she's probably out getting groceries. Try again in a few minutes.



## Map of the Wyndham



# Guest of Honor

## Neal Barrett, Jr.: Better Be Brilliant

by Joe R. Lansdale

Frankly, you're a guy like Barrett, you got to have a sense of humor and you better be brilliant in at least something, otherwise, there's folks that'll think you might be kinda funny. You see, Neal, he's got some day to day focus problems.

One time at AggieCon, couple years back, we all decided to go out and eat. Neal, me, Karen, couple of others. We got cleaned up, fresh froo-froo water on, ass-cracks devoid of Hershey stains, no burrs in our hair, fleas and ticks and lice well under control. We had even used soap. We met Neal in the lobby, the bunch of us, and Neal, magnanimous guy that he is, said, "Let's go in my car."

That was all right with us. We went outside and Neal boldly led the pack. Across the driveway, on out toward the parking lot--and suddenly he froze.

A look, akin to that moment when that long awaited bowel movement has arrived, crossed his face. He turned. "Damn, I'm turned around."

We, like little ducks, followed after, happily quacking, and on across the driveway we went, on toward the other side of the parking lot, and then--

Yeah, you got it. He froze again. He couldn't remember where his car was.

We went in our car. Neal waited until the convention was over, and on Sunday, with a large number of the kids and staff gone, the lot near empty, he was able to spy his automobile. It was actually quite close to the exit. We assume he got home to Fort Worth from there with only a few mishaps, like a holdover in the Afghanistan mountains or a gunpoint draft into the Foreign Legion.

Neal likes animals, too. I remember when he and I were doing a workshop in a little town called, well, I can't spell it. But it was little. Probably less than a hundred people in town. Had a barber shop and store and street and an old, long out of business women's college where the workshop was held.

Had the worst beds I've ever slept in, I might add. That night was a nightmare. But that's another story.

Anyway, to our astonishment, we were informed that this town of 100 or so, had an arts and recreation council, and that they were considering coming over and giving a performance of some kind. Neal decided they were probably going to do *Cats*. He was certain that would be the choice. He got excited. Animal lover that he is, he thought that being a small town, they'd probably perform the musical with live cats. You could arrange the critters according to size and voice, sort of like assorted bottles with just the right amount of water in them, so that when you hit them they'd each have an individual ring. Only you wouldn't hit the cats. You'd use them for musical numbers, all right, but say you wanted to do "Memories," a song that'll mist Neal up, you'd squeeze them.

That's right. Squeeze them.

See, you'd put the cats on high stools, and you'd have these guys standing behind the cats, and the guys would take hold of the critters, and squeeze each one just right, at precisely the right time, so that when all the sounds came into conjunction, something like, "Meow--Mo--Reeeeeesssss" would come out. It was a perfect idea, though I'm sure the selection of cats could be tedious, and replacements for repeated performances would be high.

The arts council never showed up, and no cats were available for Neal and me to experiment with on our own, so we ended up having to read manuscripts and comment. Neal was kind of mopey about the matter the rest of the workshop. Several times I found him standing on the porch outside, looking off into the distance, as if expecting the arts and recreation council bus to come spinning up, along with a kennel full of kitties and some sheet music. He ended up standing there well after nightfall, smoking cigarettes, carefully pursing his lips to blow smoke cats into existence, watching them fade against the night sky as if he were observing the last hopes of the universe fade into the ether.



It should also be noted that Neal is something of a Renaissance Man. He can not only write, he can do driftwood and sea shells.

That's right. He's an arts and crafts kind of guy. For example: in a moment of overwhelming artistic inspiration, he got some driftwood he'd picked up at the beach, some sea shells, and some Crazy Glue, and he spent the better part of a day carefully gluing the shells to the wood. When he was finished, the shells were beautifully arranged, glued down tight, and so was his thumb. To his forefinger. He couldn't separate them.

On his way to the garage for a hacksaw, he was intercepted by his lovely wife, Ruth, the intelligence in the family, and she suggested he not use the saw, as this would hurt. Neal realized there was iron in her words, as we of American Indian ancestry like to say.

He spent the rest of his day slowly and carefully prying thumb and forefinger far enough apart so the goo from the glue was visible, and then, he applied a razor blade to this. What he achieved was freedom from the glue, except where his thumb and forefinger connected at the tips, giving him a sort of OKAY symbol he could flash.

continued

Say he's driving along and is sideswiped by a truck. Fire Department arrives, cuts him loose with the Jaws of Life, discovers he's only got one arm, a shoulder and his head left. "How are ya, fella?" asks the fireman. And Neal, minus his lungs, unable to speak, would have to raise that one remaining arm (of course, you know which arm and hand survived) and signal: OKAY.

Kind of a curse, really.

Or would have been, but eventually, even the thumb and forefinger tip were freed, and after this was done, in the box along with his Crazy Glue, Neal discovered there was a tube of Crazy Glue remover. He now keeps this close at hand, on the nightstand, in case he's ever attacked by a tube of Crazy Glue.

Good thing Neal didn't need to go pee during the time the glue was just starting to dry on his finger and thumb. I mean, he went in there and took a leak, and it took a while, he could come out, you know, connected. And you don't pry that part of your anatomy loose as easy as thumb and forefinger. If you end up having to walk around with your dick in your hand, it's gonna cause people to talk, ask if you're looking for a hot dog bun.

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**“And you don't pry that part of your anatomy loose as easy as thumb and forefinger.”**

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Anyway, considering Neal's failure to locate something as big as a car in a designated parking lot, his obscure musical tastes, his intense love for kitties, and his ability to use strange tools like Crazy Glue, you got to be glad he can write. You got to be glad too, he's a nice guy. He wasn't, guy like that, he could be dangerous. Friend of ours, Andrew Vachss, and another friend, Jim Colbert, once rode with Neal. Colbert, he was a sniper in Nam, and he was terrified. He wanted it to just end quickly. Just go on and wreck it and get it over with, kill them right out.

You got to watch another thing too, Neal might have his picture taken with you with him wearing his Bob the Tourist outfit, which consists of a goofy bird-feeder hat and shorts that show some pretty scary legs that would not be mistaken for those of any humanoid, if shown without the attached body and head. Well, even then, there might be some confusion.

All right. I love the guy. I give him hell, but I love the guy. We've known each other a long time now. He was there for me when I started out writing, and his advice was always practical and considerate. He's gone out of his way for me numerous times. He's one of the few people I trust for advice. He's family and if you fuck with him I'll kill you.

And he deserves to be Guest of Honor.

He's a real writer.

A writer's writer.

And he's a hell of a good guy.

And I hope he doesn't dress poorly and make too big a fool of himself and embarrass everyone this time out.

So, go up and say howdy. And shake his hand. But check for Crazy Glue first.



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# SLIGHTLY OFF CENTER

ELEVEN EXTRAORDINARILY EXHILARATING TALES

**NEAL  
BARRETT,  
JR.**

**INTRODUCTION BY  
JOE R. LANSDALE**

OCT. 1992  
160pp.  
\$9.50 US

The work of novelist and short story writer Neal Barrett, Jr. spans the field from science fiction, westerns and historical novels to "off-the-wall" mainstream fiction. His work is weird and wonderful, and defies any category or convention. He simply does what he does, and no one seems able to stop him.

Barrett's ability to stir fantasy and reality into a delightful soufflé redefines the term "magic realism." His 1991 novel, *The Hereafter Gang*, shows a master at work, a writer who has total control of his craft. His first venture into the field of mystery/suspense (*Pink Vodka Blues*, 1992) earned him critical acclaim, and a movie deal with producer David Brown.

There are eleven stories in this collection, five of them never published before. Get ready for a ride through Neal Barrett, Jr.'s. own peculiar wonderland...

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# Artist Guest

## Darrell K. Sweet: Renaissance Man

by Donna Rosser, ArmadilloCon Art Show Director

According to David Cherry, Darrell K. Sweet is a kind and generous man. We certainly agree, since Darrell graciously accepted our invitation to be Artist Guest of Honor at ArmadilloCon this year.

Darrell has been a professional artist since 1959, longer than our Con Chair, Lori Wolf, has been alive! Darrell, who has a BFA in Painting from Syracuse, does about thirty-five book covers per year, more than any other artist he knows of in the United States. Fifty of his covers have appeared on bestsellers. Darrell guesses that he has done work for over 100 authors during his career.

Darrell and his wife Janet live in Skilman, New Jersey (near Princeton). Their son, Darrell R., attends college in Wyoming, a state where Darrell K. is considering retiring.

While Darrell is best known for his covers for SF and fantasy books, he also paints book covers for Westerns, illustrates American and European history books, and provides technical illustrations for natural history and medical books. He recently completed a set of illustrated plates of the romantic castles of Europe for Pikard's Collector China. Darrell's paintings sell very well in Europe. He has exhibited in galleries in New York, Miami Beach, Washington, D. C., Chicago, and Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Attention wealthy fans: he also works on commission.

Much to the delight of his authors, Darrell always reads a book before illustrating it. Frequently he will contact a writer for more information to ensure that the concept is rendered satisfactorily.

Here are some interesting, unknown facts about Darrell (well, at least they're unknown to most of us here at ArmadilloCon): he likes harpsichord music and particularly goes for Baroque; his personal library contains over 35,000 books; he hunts and fishes; he builds flintlock and percussion rifles from scratch which match those built in 18th Century Pennsylvania; and he lectures at schools in the central Jersey area and occasionally teaches Master classes at Syracuse. On top of all this, he still answers the phone and is kind to art show directors. What I want to know is, when does this man find the time to work? Better yet, when does he find time to eat and sleep? Maybe at the convention he'll let the rest of us in on his secret.

Darrell only attends about three or four conventions per year, so we're glad he fit us into his schedule. This is his first visit to Texas, and we hope it's not his last. He knows a lot (I mean, *A LOT!!!*) about art, artists, and art movements of the U. S. in the latter half of the Twentieth Century. So if you're interested in art, he's the man to talk to this year.

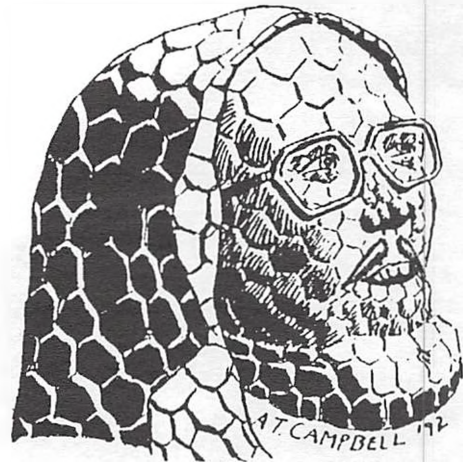
It is a great pleasure for us to welcome Darrell and Janet to ArmadilloCon this year. Thanks, Darrell, and we hope you like us enough to come back and see us again.



# Editor Guest

## Gardner Dozois: Geodesic Dreamer?

by Pat Cadigan



Okay, I don't understand what that means, either. But the title of Gardner Dozois's new short fiction collection is *Geodesic Dreams*, and it's not his fault. A St. Martin's editor whose initials are Gordon van Gelder thought it sounded high-tech.

Well, maybe Gordon's right, and the title will pull in all those readers who have yet to discover that Gardner isn't only one of the finest editors in the history of this field, he's one of the most important writers, too.

I know, I know, the banner up there says *Editor Guest of Honor*, and I'm supposed to tell you how great he is as an editor. Like consecutive Best Editor Hugos since 1988 don't say something, right? Like nobody could tell just by reading *Asimov's* or looking at his *Best of the Year* anthologies, universally recognized at the definitive overview of each represented year.

But you probably haven't seen enough of Gardner's fiction, mainly because he's spent the last seven years at *Asimov's* helping all the other writers look good. So I'm telling you, check this new collection out--it not only includes his more recent work like "Solace" and "Apres Moi" and his Nebula winners, "The Peacemaker" and "Morning Child" but brings back "A Special Kind of Morning," a story that reads new and lively and innovative enough to have been written last week. It also returns to print my own personal favorite, "Chains of the Sea." This was my introduction to Gardner Dozois, before I'd even met him in person (*mumble*) years ago. I'm not saying he's never written anything better since, just that after you read it, you'll really, really want to meet the man who wrote it, too. Even if you've *already* met him.

Sogo meet him, again or for the first time. He's not hard to find--look for the crowd of people who seem to be having the most fun at the convention. Gardner's the one in the middle of the group.





# Fan Guest

## The Nice, Quiet Albert A. Jackson, IV

by Howard Waldrop

It's about damn time Al Jackson was fan guest of honor at ArmadilloCon. I mean, let's look at the record:

He was a Dallas Futurian in the dim dreamtime grandfather-days of the early 1950s.

He knew Greg Benford before anybody but Jim Benford did.

He has actually eaten at the same table with the founder of the Dallas Futurians and lived to tell the tale. ("All Orville Mosher used to do was eat and get dirty," Al said in a memoir.)

He was one of the officers of Southwestercon 1958, the first SF convention in Texas. (His reminiscence contains the phrases "guy playing scales on a trumpet endlessly" and "twelve people to a room, lying all night in pools of barf.")

Much later, while the other mover-shakers of the Big D in '73 WorldCon bid (which took place in Kansas City in '76) were still standing with comical looks on their faces because their insides had just been kicked out, Al wrote an article about why things had exploded. It was so dangerous that it had to be published in two parts, in two different fanzines, four years apart.

Every word was true.

Every fact was confirmed by at least three sources.

It was a marvel of journalistic acumen. When those events were recounted by Al in a sober, logical, narrative fashion, it read just like Alfred Jarry on Absinthe and ether.

Everybody thought he had made it *all up*.

What about the daylight Al Jackson?

He was born in Dallas, next door to H. L. Hunt. He went to North Texas State for his BA and MA, and to UT for his Ph.D.

His doctorate's in Physics, folks. Among other things, he worked for NASA in the late 60s, where he ran the lunar lander simulator (remember, they landed on the Moon before even Pong had been invented). I've seen training reports, less than a month before Apollo 11, where Aldrin and Armstrong managed to crash the LEM simulator to depths up to a mile and a quarter beneath the lunar surface, three times in one afternoon. Al and his section chief got the bright idea to disconnect the wires to an inboard alarm--seems everything was going fine until, at two minutes fuel remaining at quarter-thrust, the alarm goes off--it was evidently one of those left over from a WWII submarine, the kind they used when they had to crash-dive because the enemy was coming in with depth-charges, and everybody jumps and bores into the Sea of Dreams.



So he worked for NASA and McDonnell Douglas, and taught in, and sometimes *was* the Physics Department at various colleges. And during his copious free time, what was he doing?

He was changing the way you and I look at the Universe.

It was him and his friend Ryan who, in the early 1970s, figured out that the Tunguska Event of 1908 might have been caused by a small black hole passing through the Earth.

Al and another collaborator sent a paper (one of *five* that hit *Nature* in one week in 1984) that led to the Nemesis--dark solar companion--Oort Cloud disturbance--mass extinction of species--asteroid fall--iridium layer meeting at Berkeley, where everybody got to duke it out, scientific-like. ("If the catastrophic event happened, the atmospheric overpressure could have pushed an Apatosaurus into a Coke bottle," said Al, which is the kind of scientist talk *most* Americans can understand.

One of Al's childhood hobbies has resurfaced lately, with a vengeance. When he was a kid, he was into amateur rocketry--you know, hobby shop stuff, Styrofoam rockets to 50, maybe 100 feet. About two years ago, Al discovered a group called, something like, the Big-Ass Rocket Society. These people are not what you call foolin' around. To join, you got to get a Class A Explosives License, which allows you to order surplus Coastal Defense 18-inch guns from deactivated naval bases, and other such manly stuff. In August, they rented a dry lake bed in Nevada. Al and his kids broke the old single-stage record by sending his homemade to 21,000 ft. Somebody else sent a two-stager to 50,000. One guy built, out of concrete highway ramp reinforcing form tubes, a rocket more than thirty feet long. (Keep in mind that the V-2 was only 46 ft long.)

"What was it like out there?" I asked Al.

"Imagine a bunch of SF fans with bazookas," he said.

Al's seen every SF movie ever made, and he still manages to act normal. I want to see him and Bill Warren on a panel together, comparing notes on Michael Rennie as the Antichrist in *Cyborg 2087 A.D.*, or talking about the *weltanschung* of Larry Buchanan's *Mars Needs Women*.

Al and I once wrote a story together. It was called "Sun's Up!" and it appeared in the anthology *Faster Than Light*. (That's how fast everybody ignored it.) People think we did the usual thing: Al has the idea, the background, etc. and I supply all the good stuff, like character and atmosphere.

Well, this doesn't give either one of us proper credit. I'd like to set the record straight:

From beginning to end, the story--characters, plot, atmosphere, stylistic tension, all the writing--was Al's.

I did the science stuff.

Someday, you'll be watching the 10 PM news, and there'll be one of Al's neighbors talking. Superimposed under them will be the words--Lived Next Door To Man Who Went Borneo--and what she'll be saying is:

"He was such a nice, quiet man."



# Toastmaster

## A Robinson Home Invasion

*A Short Story by Lucius Shepard*

Who has created the most consistently vital body of work in the genre over the past decade or so?

Who has depicted the most credible scenarios of life in America as it may be in the 21st century?

Who wrote the most readable "hard" SF of the past decade?

Who wrote the most popular fantasy stories of the 1980s?

Who produced the most insightful political SF during the 80s?

That I would find Stan Robinson's name to be the answer to the first four questions should seem entirely reasonable, but that I also consider it to be the answer to the last may come as something of a surprise, since the shrillest among us once expended a great deal of energy in attempting to characterize Stan's work as reactionary. I would find this characterization unfathomable if I did not take into account the fact that Stan's detractors were consumed with establishing themselves as a quasi-political avant-garde. Perhaps Stan's signature coolness and clear-headed analysis have rendered him liable to attack from such quarters. His work has in its complexity and energy far outstripped those works his detractors have elevated to a canon. Here is a man who in his various writings has examined the uses of treason and the validity of activism *and* its alternatives, embodying an intricate political sensibility.

These matters aside, I have long admired and envied Stan's work, and what has struck me as most enviable about it is--as delineated by the questions that serve as a preamble to this introduction--its scope and diversity. I had felt challenged and somewhat daunted by this, and so, in keeping with Nabokov's dictum that "good writers imitate, great writers steal," I determined that if I truly were to aspire to the literary heights, I must take steps to discover what enabled Stan to achieve such diversity with so little effort (that, too, the apparent effortlessness with creating so many different voices was part of the challenge posed). Thus one night late in 199-, a weekend during which Stan and his family were away, I traveled to Davis, California and broke into his house with the intent of stealing his secrets.

At this juncture I'm certain that some of you will believe I am indulging in whimsy. That is not the case. I am serious about my work to the point of risking a great deal to improve it, and breaking and entering seemed no more than a minimal risk. Of course I can't be sure that this particular B&E was not delusional at least to a degree; however, my memories are concrete and unshakable. I entered the Robinson home shortly after midnight, and aided by a flashlight, made a cursory search of the ground floor, coming upon a child's toys, a surfeit of Clifford Brown CDs, books, and so forth. I had not expected to find much of interest in these quarters; I was mainly concerned with the workroom, which I assumed lay somewhere on the second floor. But as I ascended the stairway, I began to realize that the exterior of the house, like the faces of men and the covers of books, for the most part unremarkable in the extreme, was merely a facade. The stairway itself soon changed from an ordinary construction of wood into a spiralling edifice of stone with iron railings such as might be central to a wizard's tower, and the walls, too, evolved from wallpaper and plaster into roughly mortised stone set with torches; through chinks between the stones I could see segments not of one landscape but of many, each recognizable as a landscape featured in Stan's work. Here

was Venice, its palaces awash up to the top floors in a polluted sea; here a Himalayan peak; here the terraformed plains and mountains of "Green Mars."

To this point, I had experienced no ill effects from my ascent, but as I continued upward I began to have some difficulty breathing, and the stone walls came to seem cloudy and diffuse in their grayness, and I began to hear voices, not such as you might expect of a hallucination, cryptic and sepulchral, but shouting instructions, "Bring that scaffolding lower!", "I need a Number Two here!" As I rounded a curve, I saw several men in work clothes and hard hats standing on a section of scaffolding, looking up at the wall. Beyond them, the sky and landscape were as unfinished-looking as the wall. I realized that if the tower was, as it appeared, an edifice in some fashion ordered by the essence of Stan's work, then the section into which I had passed must be related to works yet unwritten, and I thought that the secret I was seeking must lie somewhere within. Before I could take steps to ferret it out, one of the men hailed me, saying "Hey, buddy! What're you doing there?"

Alarmed, I started back down the stair, but I was grabbed by two of the men and thrust toward the gap in the wall and out onto the scaffolding, where I confronted a dour little man with a pinched, deeply lined face, reminiscent in its innate hostility of faces I have seen across the table during editorial conferences. He made a noise of disgust. "Another goddamn writer!" he said. "What's that make? Five this month?"

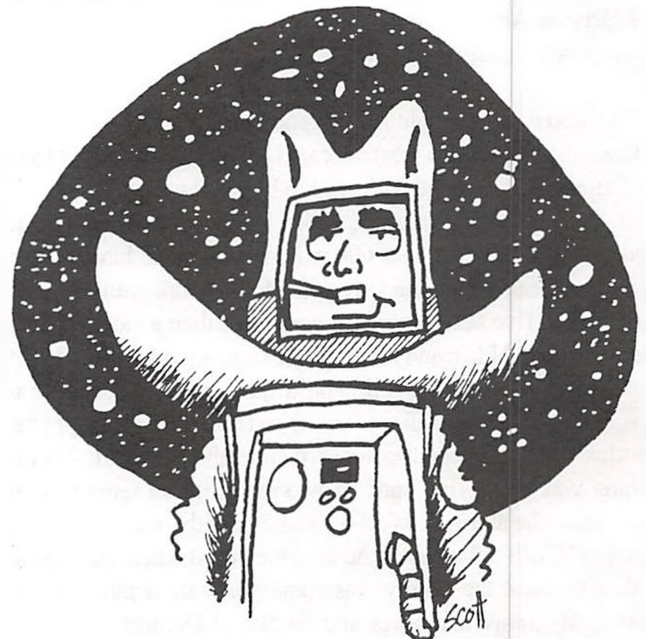
"Six," said one of the men holding me. "You keep forgetting that guy with the bad haircut."

"Whatever." The little man seemed to be inspecting me for flaws, finding many.

"What is this shit?" I said. "I was just looking for Stan!"

"Right! Uh huh." All of them laughed, and the little man said, "We know why you've come here, Shepard. The only thing we're not clear on is how you're going to leave."

I was more startled by his familiarity with my name than I was made anxious by the tone of his last statement; yet I was not altogether surprised by his knowledge, for as I turned my eyes skyward and saw the ghost of a tower that appeared to reach into the heavens, encased in scaffolding as insubstantial-seeming as the lines of a charcoal sketch, it became clear that I was dealing with an agency of incomprehensible power.



"Basically, we're just working stiffs," the little man said. "But since we're from the year 3227, I suppose we're pretty much gods to you. We're here to help Stan over a few rough spots. Pave his way, so to speak. He's an important part of our world."

"The most important part," one of the others chimed in.

"Is that right?" I said, somewhat miffed, having had my own plans for being an influence on the Fourth Millennium.

"You see," the little man said, "we were getting stale. Things were just too perfect. No crime, no disease, immortality, oneness with the Universe, all that. So we decided to redesign the future, to give us a challenge, and we looked for a model. Most of the writers we reviewed were pretty pathetic visionary-wise. Take all that crap about cybernetics, for instance."

Once again there was laughter.

---

## "...in the best traditions of SFWA, my attitude is to hell with everyone else."

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"What do you mean?" I asked. "Don't you have computers? AIs?"

"We did," said the little man. "But as soon as machines became truly intelligent, they split. Bam! I mean what use did they have for us? They've got their own set going in another reality."

"We get postcards sometimes," said one of the other men--somewhat gloomily. "And occasionally a call at Christmas."

The little man broke off our conversation to shout directions at workmen who were winching a blob of the cloudy gray material into a gap in the wall; as it settled into place, the misty landscape below grew slightly more defined.

"Anyway," the little man went on, "Stan's work fit the bill wonderfully. He'd designed a universe with a vast potential for human growth and adventure, Big Issues, lot of intriguing possibilities. Powerful stuff. We didn't even look hard at anyone else. So here we are. This deal"--he waved at the immense shadow tower--"is a metaphorical construction that'll help him focus, produce more work, fill in some of the spaces in his great design that he might otherwise have left unfinished."

"Hey," I said angrily, "if I had help like that, maybe my stuff would..."

"Now, now," said the little man. "Let's not have any professional jealousy, shall we? Your work's okay, Shepard. It's just a bit rococo and obsessive for our tastes."

"I can change," I said with a touch of desperation. "I can even do minimalism, if that's what you're after."

The little man pretended to gag. "Stan's no minimalist. My God! How can you even suggest it?"

"I'm aware of that," I said. "I was simply trying to show you..."

The little man cut me off again, a rapturous look on his face. "Have you met Stan? Of course you have. Isn't he a splendidly disingenuous fellow? One would never suspect that such a keen intelligence lies beneath that blithe exterior, that beneath that facade of Hawaiian shirts and glib repartee there exists an analytic sensibility capable of reducing most of his fellows to ashes with a blast of scornful logic. Of course he's far too generous a soul for that. Too secure in his own accomplishments. And what a writer! Have you read 'Black Air'? You'd never believe that someone capable of such high eloquence could turn right around and write something so sparsely understated as 'Stone Eggs' or..."

"Enough already!" I said. "I admit it! The guy's great. But surely there's room for other writers in the 33rd Century." An expression of displeasure surfaced on the little man's face. "I don't mean a equals, naturally. But as a complement, a setting--if you will--for the diamond of Stan's work. A few cultural accents to put your Robinsonian design in clearer focus."

The little man tapped his chin with a forefinger. "Perhaps. It's an interesting notion, at any rate."

I initiated a passionate negotiation, and after an hour or thereabouts I managed to contract for a niche in the future, thus assuring my work of at least a parasitical sort of immortality. I will not disclose the terms, not because the little man placed limits on my disclosure, but rather because, in the best traditions of SFWA, my attitude is to hell with everyone else. At length I shook hands with the little man and clambered down the scaffolding. As I descended I saw other writers whose intent had been equally criminal yet who had proved less resourceful than I toiling at various Robinsonian tasks, some repairing damaged sections of the tower, some composing songs of praise to Stan, others laboriously copying unpublished fragments of Stan's work onto pages of vellum. They cried out to me, begging for food, water, higher royalty rates. Pitiful souls! Soon even their names would be lost in the mists of a redefined Robinsonian history (something of a Robinsonian concept in itself, c.f. *Icehenge*). And yet perhaps this was for the best, for some work is definitely not meant to live. And as I stepped away from the scaffolding onto firm ground, I thought that despite the oppressive aspects of the situation, perhaps the men and women of the 33rd Century had been wise in their choice of architects, for I had spent hundreds of wonderful hours in those places and circumstances depicted by Stan and not felt in the least oppressed by that; indeed, during those hours I had been introduced by means of plausible extrapolation and powerful, intelligent prose and the pervasive human warmth of the author to a future that was both miraculous, a cause for wonder, and rife with the small, ordinary beauties of everyday life--not a parley one runs across often in contemporary SF.

Over the weekend at ArmadilloCon many of you are going to get to know Stan, and I'm certain you'll discover what I have testified to in a tongue-in-cheek tone, that he's one hell of a nice guy. You already know--or should--just how talented and intelligent he is. If you don't, if you haven't read his books and stories, then I suggest you do so forthwith, and then you will understand how lucky we are to have a person of Stan's painstakingly achieved vision working in the genre. Every time I immerse myself in his work, I find that I remain immersed in his crafted reality long after I have closed the book, ensnared by a detailed logic and intricate passion whose writerly tricks and processes I never noticed while reading, so carefully laid in were they. In the very first piece of his I came across, *The Wild Shore*, I was made aware that here was someone I would be reading the rest of my life, someone with the dedication and stamina to...well, I'll let Stan say what I cannot say as well in the words that formed the final passage of that novel, stating the prospect of artistic perseverance so strongly and quietly that I felt a *frisson* of anticipation and excitement: "The snow on the beach melted yesterday, but it might as well be a beach of snow the way it looks in this light, against the edge of the black sea. Above the cliffs stand the dark hillsides of the valley, cupped, tilted to pour into the ocean. Onofre. This damp, last page is nearly full. And my hand is getting cold--it's getting so stiff I can't make the letters, these words are all big and scrawling, taking up the last of the space. thank God. Oh be done with it. There's an owl, flitting over the river. I'll stay right here and fill another book."

We should all be grateful for that.





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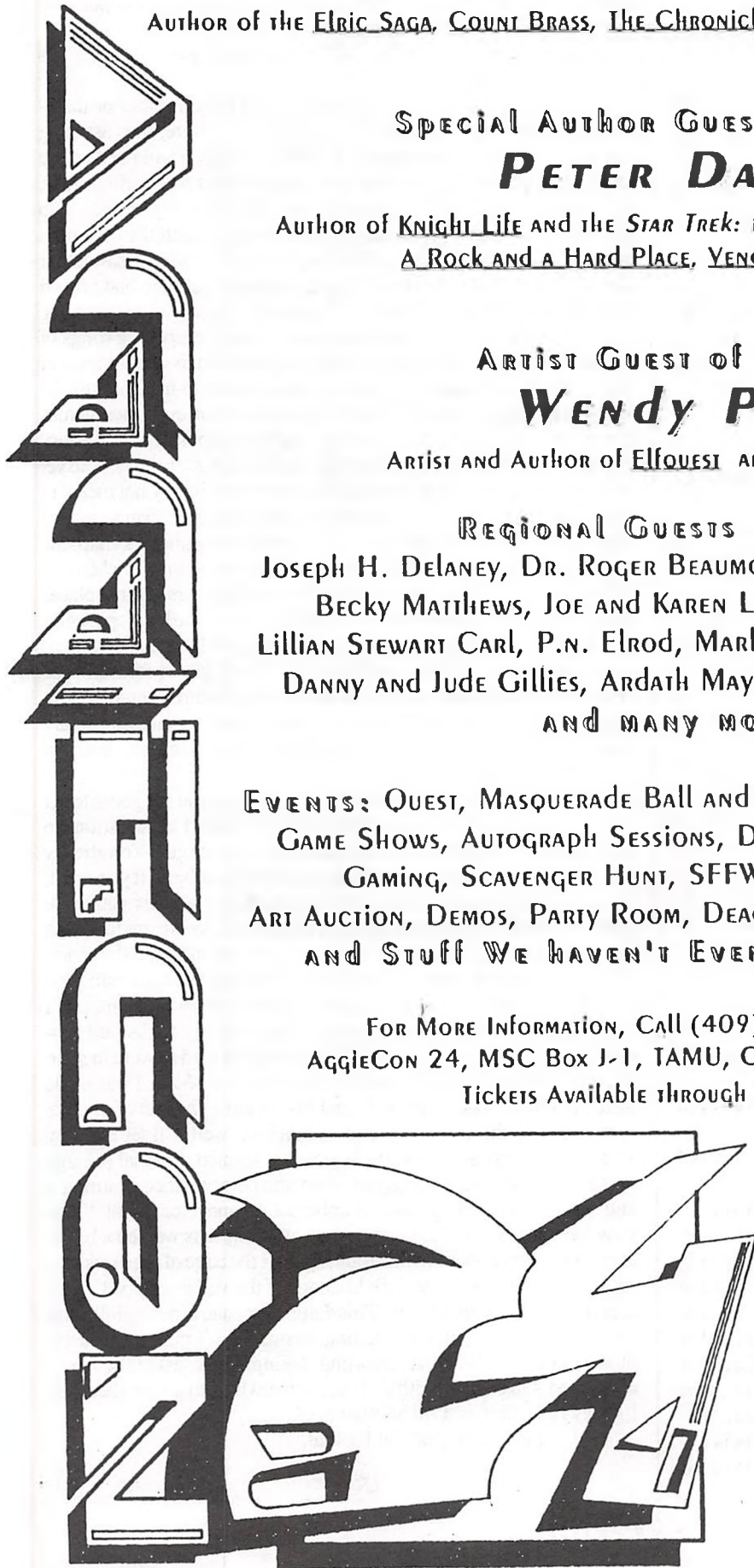
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# Guest Bios

by A.T. Campbell, III; Earl Cooley, III; E.A. Graham, Jr.; Casey Hamilton; Dean R. Koontz; and Lori Wolf

Freelance game designer **Aaron Allston** has written more than 40 games, including *Wrath of the Immortals* and *Poor Wizard's Almanac*. He's also written a couple of novels, *Web of Danger* and *Galatea in 2-D*.

**C. Dean Andersson's** eighth novel, *Buried Screams*, was his first book to make the racks of his local grocer, which gave Dean great joy, because as everyone knows until an author makes the supermarket racks, it doesn't really count, does it?

ArmadilloCon always makes **Patricia Anthony** sick; last year she had a bad tooth, and the previous year featured hand surgery. We're crossing our fingers. In '93 her first two major novels, *Cold Allies* and *Brother Termite*, will be published.

New Yorker **Constance Ash** is author of the Horsegirl Cycle (*The Horsegirl*, *The Stalking Horse*, and *The Stallion Queen*). Her current novel, *The Ties That Bind*, features Afro-Latin American religions in the past and in the near future.

**Margaret Ball**, a Ph.D. linguist, has written *A Bridge to the Sky*, *The Shadow Gate*, *Flameweaver*, and *PartnerShip* (with Anne McCaffrey). She's now working on a time travel fantasy set in modern-day Texas and Elizabethan England.

High tech Austin illustrator **Michael L. Barrett** comes from a family of reformed East Texas sharecroppers. His artwork is exhibited regularly in galleries and academic shows.

**Roger Beaumont** is a history professor at Texas A&M University with a love of SF, the military, and writing. He's written several short stories that you might want to check out.

Hot new writer **Gregory Bennett** has sold four stories to *Analog* in the past four months--not a bad start! He lives in League City, Texas and works in the space program.

**Loyd Blankenship** is SJ Games's Product Development Manager and Marketing Director and is the author of the best-selling *GURPS Supers* and *GURPS Cyberpunk*. His current project, *SPACE KNIGHTS*, is a worldbook for SJG's upcoming miniatures system, *HOT LEAD*.

**R. V. Branham** is a strange man from California, which is a bit redundant. He writes SF and dresses a touch on the bright side.

**Ginjer Buchanan** remembers the invention of television. She has been active in SF fandom since the late Sixties. Since 1984 Ginjer has been working as an editor for Ace Books, where she is now Senior Editor.

**Algis Budrys** is a noted SF critic, with a regular column in *F&SF*. He's also written several fine novels, including *Rogue Moon*, *Michaelmas*, and *The Falling Torch*.

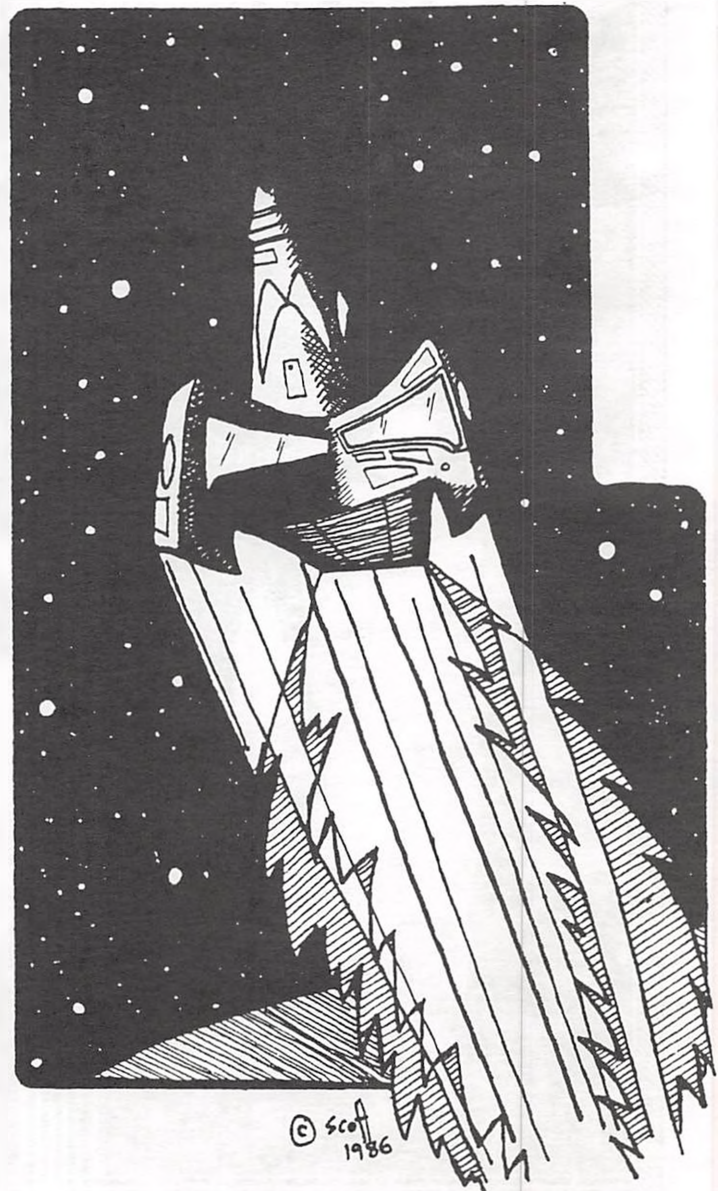
Fannish Feud Master of Ceremonies **Pat Cadigan** recently won the Arthur C. Clarke award for her novel *Synners*, which was a Nebula finalist. Her newest book, *Fools*, is due out real soon now.

One evening, angry at what she was reading, **Jayge Carr** tossed the book across the room and snarled, "I could write a better book that THAT." Her other half said, "Why don't you?." Since then, Jayge's written *Leviathan's Deep* and a series of novels featuring Joel the Navigator.

Philadelphian **Susan Casper** started writing horror stories when she got tired of working for the Pennsylvania Department of Welfare. Her latest story, "Djinn and Tonic," will be in *The Aladdin Chronicles*.

**Sherry Coldsmith** has an odd accent: British Texas. It probably comes from having spent some time across the pond and living in the same house as Mike Christie. She has a very good story in *When the Music's Over*.

**Cat Conrad** is an artist with an offbeat sense of humor.



Guy from Texas **Scott A. Cupp** was a finalist for the John W. Campbell award for best new writer. His infamous story, "Thirteen Days of Glory," appeared in *Razored Saddles*. You can usually find Scott selling books in the Dealers' Room.

Seattle writer **Tony Daniel** is *not* running for Texas Railroad Commissioner, although he likes the way Texas is shaped. His first novel, *Warpath*, will be out in April.

**Ellen Datlow**, OMNI's fiction editor, helped discover William Gibson, K. W. Jeter, Pat Cadigan, and Dan Simmons (all past ArmadilloCon guests of honor). She has edited the anthologies *Blood is Not Enough*, *Alien Sex*, and *A Whisper of Blood*.

Los Blue Guys drummer and legendary blusher **Bradley Denton** is also a pretty fair writer. His latest novel, *Buddy Holly is Alive and Well on Ganymede*, won the 1992 Campbell Award. Next out is a killer novel, *Blackburn*.

**Marianne J. Dyson** and her husband were the first married couple to work at NASA Mission Control. Her short fiction and poetry have appeared in *Analog* and *Aboriginal SF*.

Hugo and Nebula winning New Orleans author **George Alec Effinger** writes many different types of SF: funny, surreal, literary, and cyberpunk. His best known book is *When Gravity Fails*. George appreciates baseball and good food.

Chicago writer **Phyllis Eisenstein** is the author of several novels including *Born to Exile* and *In the Red Lord's Reach*. She has taught SF writing both at the Clarion Writers' Workshop and for a first grade class.

**Kelly Faltermayer**, a native of El Salvador, now lives in Houston where he is carving out a name for himself as an SF and fantasy artist. A 1990 Illustrators of the Future finalist, Kelly is now writing and illustrating a novel.

**Randy Farran** isn't the brightest looking guy you'll ever see, but at least he's smarter than a computer--he can count higher than one.

Four time winner of the Best Fan Artist Hugo, **Brad W. Foster** is a demon with pen and ink. The multitalented Brad was recently the proposed Writer Guest of Honor for a losing NASFiC bid. His lovely bride Cindy is the brains of the family.

**Karen Joy Fowler** writes "slipstream" fiction out in California. Her short stories have been collected in *Artificial Things*. You should seek out Karen's novel *Sarah Canary*, on the mainstream fiction shelves in bookstores.

Hugo-winning fan writer **Mike Glycer** knows a lot about women's underwear--he once worked for a lingerie firm. He regularly performs miracles, turning club meeting minutes into enjoyable reading material in *File 770*.

**Mike Godwin**, a former Austinite, is Staff Counsel for the Electronic Frontier Foundation and is an active part of the movement to civilize cyberspace.

**Kathy Goonan** is a new writer from Florida. Her stories have appeared in *Pulphouse*, *Asimov's*, *AMAZING*, *F&SF*, *Interzone*, *Strange Plasma*, and *Die, Elvis, Die!* (Hmm...wonder where we can get copies of that last one...).

**Steven Gould** has excellent taste in women, as anyone who knows his wife Laura Mixon will attest. Not to be confused with a bestselling author of science books, Steve hopes someday to be a bestselling author of SF books. His first novel, *Jumper*, is just out.

Houston writer/space researcher **Cynthia Griffin** is the founder of the Space Station Freedom Fighters. She's written for magazines and newspapers across the country.

**Thorarinn Gunnarsson** saw his first book published in his native Iceland at the age of 13. At 16 he moved to the U.S.; he now lives in New Mexico, where he's written SF/F novels including *The Starwolves* and *Song of the Dwarves*.

Finding reality unsatisfying, **Barbara Hambly** became a writer of SF and fantasy. She's written sword and sorcery, a historical whodunit, a vampire novel, and novels of TV's *Beauty and the Beast* and *Star Trek*. Her next book, *Dog-Wizard*, will be out in February.

Writer/critic **Melissa Mia Hall** attended the very first ArmadilloCon. Her short horror fiction has appeared in *Skin of the Soul* and *Razored Saddles*. She once had Howard Waldrop for a college classmate.

Silver-maned *Petrogypsies* author **Rory Harper** is an incredible lead guitarist from Houston. His daughter is much cuter than he is.

**Dell Harris** lives in Houston and is a great dancer. He's also an award-winning artist. Last year he was our Artist Guest of Honor.

Hugo-winning fan artist **Teddy Harvia** lives in Dallas, where he practices his own special brand of insightful, creative, yet indescribably odd cartooning.

After finishing high school with one of the shortest varsity football careers in the history of the sport, **W. J. "Bill" Hodgson** moved to Oklahoma to study engineering. Eventually deciding that art was more fun, Bill became a successful fantasy artist. He has a darling wife and a cute kid.

**Brian A. Hopkins** has sold fiction to *Dragon Magazine*, *The Midnight Zoo*, and *Thin Ice*. He is fantasy editor at *The Tome*. Brian is currently trying hard *not* to write a big breakthrough novel.

Editor/critic **Kenneth L. Houghton** works for *Ghosttide* and the *NY Review of SF*. He's had criticism published in *The Washington Post Book World* and *Necrofile*.

**Leslie Howle** is the administrator of Clarion West. Go meet her and ask her about herself.

**Steve Jackson's** adventure gaming company has produced such notables as Car Wars, Illuminati, and GURPS. Bruce Sterling has written a book about Steve's recent adventures with the Secret Service.

**Richard Johnson** of Portland, Oregon, is a 1981 Clarion graduate. He's published several short stories and is now working on a novel.

Despite being a college English professor, **John Kessel** actually writes enjoyable and readable SF. He won a Nebula for "Another Orphan." His novels are *Freedom Beach* (with James Patrick Kelly) and *Good News from Outer Space*.

**Katharine Eliska Kimbriel**, a naturalized Texan, has published three SF novels. She's appreciate it if you buy the latest, *Hidden Fires*, read it, and love it. Kathy's currently working on a dark fantasy, *Night Calls*.

Editor/writer **Tappan King** lives in Arizona with his wife Beth Meacham. He didn't send us any more information.

**Rick Klaw** moved to Austin several years ago to figure things out. Encouraged by Lewis Shiner, he turned to writing. He is working on a graphic novel thematic anthology series.

**Thomas W. Knowles II** writes as T. W. Knowles II—what a creative pseudonym! He's from Bryan.

Deep in the heart of East Texas, **Joe Lansdale** is concocting an amazing body of sick, twisted, gross, splattery, and humorous horror. In his spare time he writes mysteries, westerns, and Batman novels.

**Alexis Glynn Latner** is a Rice University librarian by day, but at night she transforms into a hard SF writer. Her short fiction has been published in *Analog* and *AMAZING Stories*.

New writer **Jonathan Lethem** has written and sold a lot of stories in the past couple of years. Jonathan's novelette "The Happy Man" was a Nebula finalist. His most recent work is "The Elvis National Theater of Okinawa."

Award winning game author **Paul Arden Lidberg** was recently lauded at the Academy of Game Critics Awards, where his new Crunchy Frog Enterprises release TOY WAR received the much sought after Strontium-90 Award.

Writer and ingeune **Roxanne Longstreet** lives in the Dallas area and recently married artist Cat Conrad. We hope she likes chameleons.

**Diane Mapes** has sold stories to *Interzone*, *Asimov's*, and *F&SF*, and essays to *Southern Living*, *The Washington Post*, and *The Christian Science Monitor*. She lives on an island up in Puget Sound and is working on a mainstream novel.

**Daniel Marcus** has sold short fiction to *F&SF*, and his mainstream writing has been nominated for a pushcart prize. He works as an applied mathematician at Lawrence Livermore National Lab. (Hmm...wonder if they're hiring? --Editor)

**Ardath Mayhar** has written westerns, science fiction, fantasy, and juveniles. Her SF/F books include *Golden Dream: A Fuzzy Odyssey*, *How the Gods Wove in Kyrannon*, and *Monkey Station* (with Ron Fortier).

Rhythm guitarist **Scott McCullar** sings a little. He also does a comic strip, WARPed, for the Texas A&M student newspaper.

Powerful and resourceful TOR editor **Beth Meacham** doesn't have to live in New York. She lives in Arizona with husband Tappan King. Beth edits Orson Scott Card and Piers Anthony, among others.

Writer **Ann Miller** said she lived "at the end of the World near Big Bend" and is "owned by three bossy cats and a large, lunatic dog."

**C. J. Mills** lives in Minnesota, where she writes fantasy novels. She's a nice lady, and you should meet her.

Ex-marine **Elizabeth Moon** has seven novels in print, and another "in the oven." She likes to write SF, fantasy, and some slithery stuff in between. Her most recent novel is *Liar's Oath*.

Houstonian **John F. Moore** has nice clothes, fancy toys, and a spiffy car. He also writes SF. His first novel will be out in December.

**Patrick Nielsen Hayden** went from being a hot-shot fanzine editor to being a hot-shot professional editor. He works at TOR and lives in New York. We hear he plays guitar OK too.

**Mel Odom** is from Oklahoma. He's written several novels in collaboration and pseudonymously. His first solo novel published under his own name is *Lethal Interface*.

**Chad Oliver** is an anthropology professor and writer from Austin. He like to fish. There's a rumor that Howard Waldrop is his clone.

**Michaelene Pendleton** is a new writer from Moab, Utah. Go meet her and find out what she's written, so we can put it in her bio next year.

Houstonian **Dan Perez** has sold fiction to *AMAZING Stories*, *Gorezone*, *Cemetery Dance*, *The Sci-Fi Channel Magazine*, and the anthology *Under the Fang*. He's also written articles for *Cinefantastique*.

Sugar Land bachelor **Lawrence Person** first became known in Texas for his outstanding fan writing in *Nova Express*. He's had stories published in *Asimov's*, *Fear*, and *Alternate Presidents*. He's now working on *Freaks*, his first novel.

**Robert Pettitt** wrote the title story in the cowpunk anthology *Razored Saddles*, and he wants to be your friend. His horror fiction has been published in *Dark at Heart* and *Eldritch Tales*. ("Demented but okay" —Dean R. Koontz)

Artist/bookseller/agent/program book designer **Kennedy Poyser** lives in Denton, where he is toiling away on a Ph.D. in English.

First time guest **Daniel Quinn** just returned from the World Uranium Hearing in Austria, where he hung out with the likes of Robert Redford. An Austinite, Daniel's first SF novel *Ishmael* won the controversial Turner Tomorrow Award.

Writers of the Future winner **Robert Reed** has written several SF novels, including *Black Milk* and *The Hormone Jungle*.

**Carrie Richerson** runs a mail-order s/l/f/h business; you can find her in the dealers' room. She's been writing for two years and has sold stories to *Souls in Pawn*, *Pulphouse*, and *F&SF*.

Writer/artist **Michaela Roessner** has lived all over the world. Her short fiction in OMNI earned her the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer. Her novels include *Walkabout Woman* and the soon-to-be-published *Vanishing Point*.

**Nina Romberg** writes horror and suspense under her own name and historical romances as Jane Archer. Her 14 novels include *Tender Torment* and *The Shadow Stalker*. Guess which of these titles is the horror novel.





Oregon writer **Mary Rosenblum** lives with her two sons and other assorted livestock. Her stories have appeared regularly in *Asimov's*, *F&SF*, and various anthologies. Mary's first novel, *The Drylands*, will be published in April.

**Sherlock** draws a little. We think she does more than "a little." She also puns. Atrociously.

Houstonian and former Austinite **Lewis Shiner's** current project is *The Hacker Files*, a comic book series. His novels include *Frontera*, *Deserted Cities of the Heart*, and *Slam*.

**Nick Smith** is an artist from Houston with an incredible sense of color. We hear his sense of humor's not so bad, either. Warped, but not bad.

**Melinda Snodgrass** raises horses and writes. For TV she's written *ST:TNG* and *Reasonable Doubts*. Her novels include the Circuit trilogy, *Queen's Gambit Declined*, and *Double Solitaire*.

**Martha Soukup** keeps getting nominated for awards. A couple of years ago she was a Campbell award finalist. This year her story "Dog's Life" was a Hugo finalist. How does she do it?

Multi-talented **Caroline Spector** is a writer, editor, and bookseller. Her lucky husband, Warren, is also a guest here.

**Warren Spector** works for Origin Systems, an Austin gaming company. Ask him about his newest invention: fractal dice.

**G. K. Sprinkle** writes SF, fantasy, and horror when she isn't lobbying the Texas Legislature, which she claims is an alternative reality where fantasy is king—at least until the evil wizard brings horrors to those who haven't supported the right election campaigns.

Hard SF writer **Allen M. Steele** liked us so much last year that he decided to come back. His novels include *Orbital Decay*, *Lunar Descent*, and *Labyrinth of Night*. Allen's shorter work has appeared in *Asimov's* and *SF Age*.

Journalist/SF writer **Bruce Sterling** has two new books out: *Hacker Crackdown*, a true account of SJ Games's difficulties with the government; and *Global Head*, a short story collection.

In addition to raising her daughter Amy and hubby Bruce, **Nancy Sterling's** recently found time to write some SF. Our editor guest has bought several stories from her, so you know she's good.

Native Texan **Chris Todd** has written a cyberpunk graphic novel, *Seraphim*. He recently returned from a trip to Japan where he was researching his next book, a historical thriller, and tripping the club scene -- he recommends Juliana's if you're ever in Tsukiji.

Austin writer **Steve Uteley** has published his stories so widely that we won't even try to list all the places his work has appeared. He works for the State Legislature.

**Gordon van Gelder** is an editor at St. Martin's Press. His projects include *The NY Review of SF* and Gardner Dozois's newest collection.

**Mark L. Van Name** co-founded the Sycamore Hill Writers' Workshop with John Kessel. His stories have appeared in *Asimov's* and *When the Music's Over*. His most recent story is "Desert Rain," a collaboration with Pat Murphy that appeared in *Full Spectrum 3*.

**Howard Waldrop's** friends call him "Mr. National Treasure." In between fishing trips, Howard manages to turn out Nebula-winning SF. Be sure to check out his reading on Sunday.

**Susan Wade** is a new writer from Austin. Where else?

**Sage Walker** has created a Wild Cards character named Blowjob. Wonder what her powers are? In the mundane world, Sage is an M.D. and an amateur archaeologist.

A lifetime Texan, **Lynn Ward** was a late bloomer in fandom and writing. Although she's only published short stories so far, Lynn has managed to kill two small press magazines and a publishing house. Way to go!

**Don Webb's** writing is a little offbeat, as is his fashion sense. Look for *Uncle Ovid's Exercise Book*, and you'll see what we mean.

**Martha Wells** was encouraged by fellow Aggie Steven Gould to pursue writing. Her first novel, *The Element of Fire*, is due out this summer. She helped found the Author-Ized Personnel writer's workshop, and she sings backup for Los Blues Guys.

**K. D. Wentworth** lives in Tulsa with her husband and the former OKon Dog Guest of Honor, Sammie Twosocks Dog. A Writers of the Future winner, she's sold fiction to *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine*, *F&SF*, and *Aboriginal SF*.

Austinite **Wendy Wheeler** used to work as a technical writer for MCC. She's recently graduated to the ranks of professional SF writers.

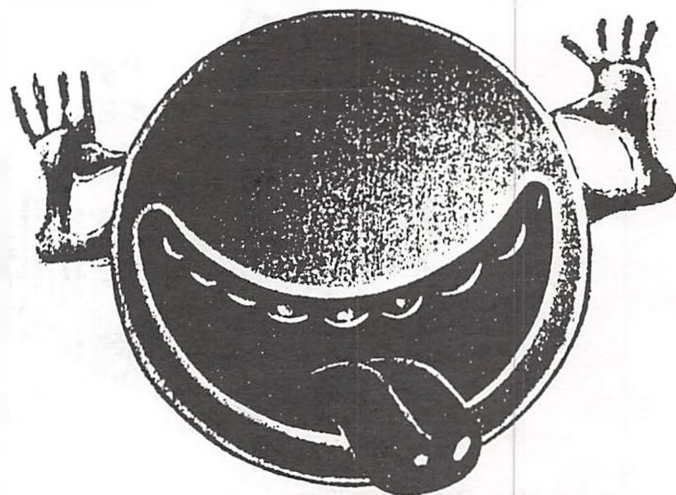
**Mel. White** creates art in a wide variety of media and venues, from pencil and paper to computer screen, from Anadarko to Zimbabwe.

**Walter Jon Williams** has written many wonderful books, including *Hard Wired*, *Angel Station*, and *Days of Atonement*. Check out the cool ad for his newest, *Aristoi*, on the inside front cover.

No biographical information was available for the following guests at press time: **Kris A. Andrews**, **Carol A. Dennis**, **Mary E. Fenoglio**.



# DON'T PANIC!



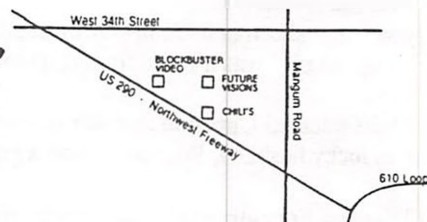
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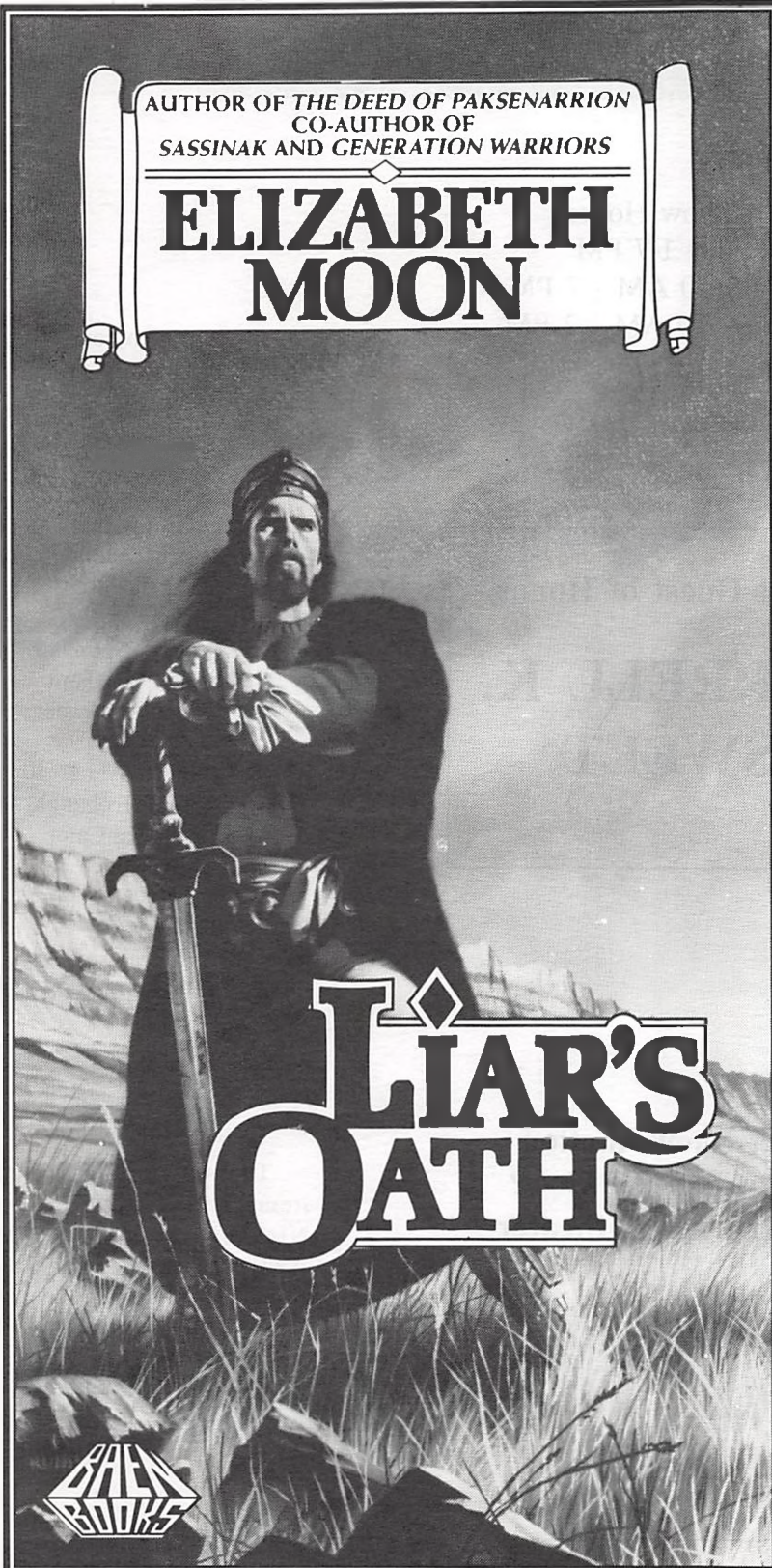
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# **LIAR'S OATH**



## **ELIZABETH MOON**

*Some Oaths Were Made  
to Be Broken....*

When Gird led his peasant people against their Mage-Born rulers, he knew his right hand and sworn follower was the King's bastard. But Luap had promised to seek no throne, and had renounced his heritage—until he discovered a distant land, which he could reach by magic, and thought he could change his mind and break his Oath without Gird ever knowing. In that distant western mountain sanctuary abandoned by the elder races, Luap got himself and those who followed him in so much trouble that his only hope lay in rescue by the greatest Paladin of them all—and Paksenarrion would not be born for five hundred years....

**Praise for *The Deed of Paksenarrion*:**

*"The excitement of high heroic adventure... superbly cast with protagonists and supporting characters that will enchant the reader."* —The Bookwatch

*"A most engrossing, highly readable work."* —Anne McCaffrey

*"A superlative fantasy trilogy."* —Booklist

**Praise for *Surrender None: The Legacy of Gird*:**

*"A massive and brilliant book, with Moon's unsurpassed military and historical expertise very much to the fore....far above the fantasy average."* —Chicago Sun-Times

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# ARMADILLOCON 14 ART SHOW

## Artists In Our Show:

David Lee Anderson  
Michael Bates  
Mike Barrett, Jr. \*  
Mitchell Bentley \*  
Laura Butler  
Lillian Butler \*  
Adrianna Cantillo  
David Cherry  
Belinda Christ  
Alan Clark  
Otto Cordray \*  
Liz Danforth  
Robert Daniels, Jr.  
A. M. Eastburn  
Kelly Faltermayer \*  
C. Brent Ferguson  
Mark Ferrari  
Brad Foster \*  
Diana G. Gallagher  
Jan Gephardt  
Alan Gutierrez  
Elizabeth Hail \*  
Mary Hanson-Roberts  
Dell Harris \*  
Teddy Harvia \*  
W. J. Hodgson \*  
Kevin Hopkins  
Eleanor Johnson  
Ron Jones  
Tom Kidd  
Lubov  
Laurie May \*  
Jim McHenry \*  
Brenda S. Nelson  
Ingrid Nielsen  
Cheryl Nordgulen  
Kim Poor

Art Show Hours:  
Friday 1-7 PM  
Saturday 10 AM - 7 PM  
Sunday 10 AM - 2 PM

Artist Guest of Honor  
**DARRELL K.  
SWEET**

Astra Poyser \*  
Kennedy Poyser \*  
Bryon Ray  
Bonnie Reitz  
Tim Riley  
Jennie A. Roller  
Denise Satter  
Janice Scudder  
Sherlock \*  
Laurel Slate \*  
Randall Spangler  
Victor Strickland  
Darrell K. Sweet \*  
Lucy Synk  
Dan Tolliver \*  
Robert Trobaugh  
Susan VanCamp  
Mel. White  
S. L. Williams  
Tim Wright

\* Attending Artist

Art Show Auction  
Saturday 8 PM - ?  
In the Amphitheater

The Art Auction features items by Darrell K. Sweet, Nick Smith, Dell Harris, Arnie Fenner, and Brad Foster that will not be for sale in the Art Show. Proceeds from donated items will go to the Pediatric AIDS League of Austin.

# Schedule of Events

## Friday, October 9, 1992

12:00PM - 8:00PM LOBBY

REGISTRATION

2:00PM - 7:00PM SOUTHPARK

ART SHOW

2:00PM - 6:00PM BALLROOM ABC  
DEALERS' ROOM

2:00PM - 3:00PM Ballroom E

**ALTERNATE HISTORIES WE'D LIKE TO SEE:**

*Like not being scheduled at 2:00 Friday*

\*M. Ball, C. Ash, C. Mills, L. Person

2:00PM - 3:00PM Ballroom F

**LABELS, MOVEMENTS AND OTHER PERILS:**

*So What Kind of Punk Are You?*

\*M. Hall, A. Mayhar, A. Steele, L. Ward

2:00PM - 2:30PM Amphitheater

READING

R. Longstreet

2:00PM - 3:00PM Ballroom D

**THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN SCIENCE FICTION  
AND FANTASY**

\*B. Hambly, A. Allston, A. Latner, M. Pendleton

2:30PM - 3:00PM Amphitheater

READING

M. Rosenblum

3:00PM - 4:00PM Ballroom D

**DOES IT HAVE TO BE UPBEAT TO SELL?**

**DOES IT HAVE TO BE DOWNBEAT TO BE ART?**

\*B. Meacham, P. Eisenstein, K. Fowler, P. Nielsen Hayden,  
G. Sprinkle, M. White

3:00PM - 3:30PM Amphitheater

READING

C. Mills

3:00PM - 4:00PM Ballroom E

**REGIONAL VARIATIONS IN SCIENCE FICTION AND  
FANTASY**

\*N. Barrett Jr., G. Buchanan, T. Knowles II, K. Robinson

3:00PM - 4:00PM Ballroom F

**WRITERS I CAN'T READ, BUT WISH I COULD**

\*S. Cupp, J. Moore, M. Pendleton, C. Spector

3:30PM - 4:00PM Amphitheater

READING

A. Latner

4:00PM - 5:00PM Ballroom E

**ARCHETYPES VS. INNOVATION IN MODERN  
FANTASY**

\*W. Williams, M. Ball, K. Faltermayer, A. Mayhar, N. Smith,  
M. Wells

4:00PM - 4:30PM Amphitheater

READING

M. Roessner

4:00PM - 5:00PM Ballroom F

**THE URBAN JUNGLE: Crime, race relations and the  
welfare state in the 21st century**

\*L. Person, C. Ash, R. Branham, M. Snodgrass, A. Steele

4:00PM - 5:00PM Ballroom D

**WHAT A JERK: Creating Sympathetic Characters**

\*J. Kessel, P. Anthony, S. Casper, B. Denton, M. Rosenblum,  
W. Wheeler

4:30PM - 5:00PM Amphitheater

READING

K. Fowler

5:00PM - 6:00PM Ballroom F

**DEMO: Cartooning**

S. McCullar

5:00PM - 6:00PM Ballroom D

**IS THERE STILL ANY SCIENCE IN SCIENCE  
FICTION?**

\*A. Jackson, D. Marcus, R. Reed, G. Sprinkle

5:00PM - 5:30PM Amphitheater

READING

M. White

5:00PM - 6:00PM Ballroom E

**THE BEST OF THE 1980S**

\*H. Waldrop, R. Branham, T. Daniel, L. Person, L. Ward

5:30PM - 6:00PM Amphitheater

READING

K. Kimbriel

6:00PM - 7:00PM Ballroom F

**MARKETING SHORT FICTION**

\*A. Mayhar, T. Daniel, M. Soukup, K. Wentworth,  
W. Wheeler

6:00PM - 7:00PM Ballroom E

**NOBODY KNOWS THE WORLDCON BIDS I'VE SEEN**

\*A. Jackson, M. Glycer, W. Siros, M. White, B. Yalow

6:00PM - 6:30PM Amphitheater

READING

D. Mapes

6:00PM - 7:00PM Ballroom D

**UNCONVENTIONAL FANTASY:**

*No elves, unicorns, dwarfs or wizards need apply*

\*C. Ash, R. Branham, S. Casper, K. Faltermayer, L. Person,  
H. Waldrop

6:30PM - 7:00PM Amphitheater

READING

M. Van Name

7:00PM - 8:00PM Ballroom D

**OPENING CEREMONIES**

\*K. Robinson, N. Barrett Jr., G. Dozois, A. Jackson, D. Sweet

8:00PM - 10:00PM Lower Lobby

**MEET THE PROS**

9:00PM - 10:00PM Ballroom F

*DEMO: Pen and ink*

C. Conrad

9:00PM - 10:00PM Ballroom D

*PRETTY BOOK CROSS-OVER:*

*What's good outside of science fiction and fantasy?*

\*G. van Gelder, T. Knowles II, J. Lethem, C. Richerson,  
N. Romberg

9:00PM - 9:30PM Amphitheater

*READING*

R. Petitt

9:00PM - 10:00PM Ballroom E

*WHAT DOES A BOOK REVIEW REALLY MEAN?*

\*S. Coldsmith, E. Graham Jr., K. Houghton, A. Steele

9:30PM - 10:00PM Amphitheater

*READING*

M. Hall

10:00PM - 11:00PM Ballroom E

*CENSORSHIP FROM WITHIN:*

*How does marketing affect what gets published?*

\*P. Nielsen Hayden, P. Eisenstein, K. Kimbriel, B. Meacham

10:00PM - 11:00PM Ballroom F

*DEMO: Doug does Howard*

\*D. Potter, H. Waldrop

10:00PM - 11:00PM Ballroom D

*GENRE-SPLINTERING:*

*Science fiction/Fantasy/Horror/Romance*

\*C. Andersson, N. Barrett Jr., E. Datlow, T. Knowles II,  
N. Romberg

10:00PM - 10:30PM Amphitheater

*READING*

S. Gould

10:30PM - 11:00PM Amphitheater

*READING*

T. Daniel

11:00PM - 12:00AM Ballroom E

*CENSORSHIP FROM WITHOUT:*

*How much does it affect what gets published?*

\*B. Meacham, G. Dozois, R. Reed, L. Ward

11:00PM - 12:00AM Ballroom D

*EROTICA VS. PORNOGRAPHY:*

*A free-wheeling, adults-only discussion*

\*B. Foster, C. Andersson, P. Cadigan, M. Dyson, D. Harris

11:00PM - 12:00AM Ballroom F

*HIGH-TECH ART: Painting by Pixel*

\*D. Thayer, K. Poyser, M. White

11:00PM - 11:30PM Amphitheater

*READING*

C. Richerson

11:30PM - 12:00AM Amphitheater

*READING*

P. Eisenstein

12:00AM - 1:00AM Ballroom F

*DID (INSERT TITLE OF CHOICE HERE) REALLY  
DESERVE TO WIN?: The politics of awards*

\*R. Reed, G. Buchanan, A. Budrys, M. Glyer

12:00AM - 1:00AM Ballroom D

*SEX AND RELATIONSHIPS AT CONS: What's your  
name and why are you wearing hand-cuffs?*

\*J. Moore, R. Branham, C. Conrad, T. Gunnarsson,  
R. Longstreet

12:00AM - 1:00AM Ballroom E

*UP AND COMING WRITERS YOU REALLY SHOULD  
KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR*

\*E. Datlow, P. Nielsen Hayden, R. Petitt, G. van Gelder

## Saturday, October 10, 1992

10:00AM - 7:00PM SOUTHPARK

ART SHOW

10:00AM - 6:00PM BALLROOM ABC

DEALERS' ROOM

10:00AM - 7:00PM LOBBY

REGISTRATION

10:00AM - 11:00AM Ballroom D

*FOR SERIOUS BEGINNERS:*

*What to shoot for and how to get this far*

\*M. White, A. Allston, J. Moore, D. Perez, D. Quinn,  
M. Van Name

10:00AM - 11:00AM Ballroom E

*NOT NOW, I HAVE TO CHANGE THE DIAPER:*

*How to write or run a con after baby arrives*

\*K. Meschke, M. Ball, E. Moon, M. Rosenblum, G. Sprinkle

10:00AM - 10:30AM Amphitheater

*READING*

S. Cupp

10:00AM - 11:00AM Ballroom F

*THE DAY JOB I LEFT BEHIND*

\*T. Gunnarsson, C. Conrad, T. Knowles II, R. Reed, Sherlock

10:30AM - 11:00AM Amphitheater

*READING*

B. Hambly

11:00AM - 12:00PM Ballroom E

*ABUSE THEMES IN SCIENCE FICTION AND  
FANTASY*

\*M. Wells, P. Cadigan, S. Coldsmith, J. Lethem,  
P. Nielsen Hayden, M. Van Name

11:00AM - 11:30AM Amphitheater

*READING*

K. Robinson

11:00AM - 12:00PM Ballroom F

*SIG: KLINGON TACTICAL FORCE*

11:00AM - 12:00PM Ballroom D

*WHAT'S A NICE ENGLISH MAJOR LIKE YOU DOING  
WRITING ABOUT A TECHNOLOGY LIKE THAT?:*

*Researching sciences you never studied in college*

\*J. Carr, J. Moore, M. Roessner, S. Walker

11:30AM - 12:00PM Amphitheater

*READING*

D. Quinn

12:00PM - 1:00PM Lower Lobby  
**AUTOGRAPHING**  
P. Eisenstein, S. Gould

12:00PM - 1:00PM Ballroom D  
**FAN GUEST OF HONOR ADDRESS**  
A. Jackson

12:00PM - 12:30PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
B. Denton

12:00PM - 1:00PM Ballroom F  
**SIG: STAR TREK AUSTIN REGULARS: A trivia contest**

12:00PM - 1:00PM Ballroom E  
**WHO DUN IT VS. HOW DUN IT:**  
*Is it a mystery or science fiction?*  
\*B. Hambly, S. Cupp, T. Knowles II, B. Meacham,  
W. Williams

12:30PM - 1:00PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
M. Pendleton

1:00PM - 2:00PM Lower Lobby  
**AUTOGRAPHING**  
N. Barrett Jr., A. Mayhar

1:00PM - 2:00PM Ballroom F  
**LIVING IN OUTER SPACE:**  
*How realistic is the idea, and when will it happen?*  
\*G. Bennett, A. Jackson, A. Steele

1:00PM - 3:00PM Ballroom E  
**POST-MODERNISM AND SF**  
K. Robinson

1:00PM - 1:30PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
L. Shiner

1:00PM - 2:00PM Ballroom D  
**ATTACK OF THE FIFTY-FOOT TUMBLING DICE**  
\*W. Spector, A. Allston, L. Blankenship, S. Jackson,  
D. Ladyman, P. Lidberg, R. Peacock

1:30PM - 2:00PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
B. Sterling

2:00PM - 3:00PM Lower Lobby  
**AUTOGRAPHING**  
P. Cadigan, A. Steele

2:00PM - 3:00PM Ballroom F  
**DEMO: Art in an hour**  
M. Barrett

2:00PM - 3:00PM Ballroom D  
**EDITOR GUEST OF HONOR INTERVIEW**  
\*E. Datlow, G. Dozois

2:00PM - 2:30PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
A. Mayhar

2:30PM - 3:00PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
L. Ward

3:00PM - 4:00PM Lower Lobby  
**AUTOGRAPHING**  
G. Effinger, B. Hambly

3:00PM - 4:00PM Ballroom D  
**FAMILY FEUD**  
\*P. Cadigan, G. Dozois, M. Glycer, L. Shiner, A. Steele,  
D. Sweet, B. Yalow

3:00PM - 4:00PM Ballroom E  
**FILLING IN THE DETAILS OF THE SOCIETY UNDER  
THE STORY:**  
*Economics, religion, technology, popular culture*  
\*C. Mills, C. Ash, A. Mayhar, E. Moon, M. Rosenblum

3:00PM - 3:30PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
S. Walker

3:00PM - 4:00PM Ballroom F  
**THE ROOTS OF MODERN HORROR**  
\*C. Andersson, C. Conrad, S. Cupp, D. Perez, N. Smith

3:30PM - 4:00PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
T. Gunnarsson

4:00PM - 5:00PM Lower Lobby  
**AUTOGRAPHING**  
K. Robinson, B. Sterling

4:00PM - 5:00PM Ballroom F  
**CARTOONISTS' JAM: An open-ended free-for-all**  
\*Sherlock, C. Conrad, S. McCullar, D. Thayer

4:00PM - 4:30PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
D. Perez

4:00PM - 5:00PM Ballroom E  
**THE UNIQUE TEXAS POINT OF VIEW:**  
*Texas Gonzo Fiction Revisited*  
\*C. Oliver, N. Barrett Jr., S. Cupp, J. Lansdale, H. Waldrop

4:00PM - 5:00PM Ballroom D  
**WRITING/DOING ART AS A PART-TIME JOB:**  
*When you're already working 40 hours a week*  
\*R. Pettit, K. Faltermayer, R. Longstreet, M. White

4:30PM - 5:00PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
T. Knowles II

5:00PM - 6:00PM Ballroom D  
**ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR ADDRESS**  
D. Sweet

5:00PM - 6:00PM Ballroom F  
**ELECTRONIC FREEDOMS AT RISK: 1992 update**  
\*B. Sterling, M. Godwin, S. Jackson

5:00PM - 6:00PM Ballroom E  
**GREENS VS. TECHNOPHILES: Must there be war?**  
\*J. Carr, S. Coldsmith, K. Fowler, K. Robinson

5:00PM - 5:30PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
S. Casper

5:30PM - 6:00PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
N. Barrett Jr.

6:00PM - 7:00PM Ballroom F  
**EFF SLIDE SHOW: Search and seizure 1992**  
 \*M. Godwin

6:00PM - 6:30PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
 N. Romberg

6:00PM - 7:00PM Ballroom E  
**THE WORKS OF R.L. FANTHORPE:**  
*A presentation by Don Webb*  
 D. Webb

6:00PM - 7:00PM Ballroom D  
**WRITER TO AGENT TO EDITOR:**  
*How a manuscript becomes a book*  
 \*G. van Gelder, C. Mills, P. Nielsen Hayden, D. Quinn,  
 R. Reed

6:30PM - 7:00PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
 P. Cadigan

7:00PM - 8:00PM Ballroom D  
**GUEST OF HONOR ADDRESS**  
 N. Barrett Jr.

7:00PM - 8:00PM Ballroom F  
**MARKETS FOR SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY**  
**ART**  
 \*K. Poyser, M. Barrett, C. Conrad, N. Smith, Sherlock

7:00PM - 7:30PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
 S. Utley

7:00PM - 8:00PM Ballroom E  
**WHY ISN'T THERE HARD AND SOFT FANTASY?**  
 \*K. Kimbriel, A. Allston, C. Ash, T. Gunnarsson, C. Spector

7:30PM - 8:00PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
 R. Branham

8:00PM - 10:00PM Amphitheater  
**ART SHOW AUCTION**

8:00PM - 9:00PM Ballroom F  
**NOVELS THAT AREN'T PART OF A SERIES:**  
*Is there a market?*  
 \*T. Knowles II, G. Buchanan, T. Gunnarsson, R. Reed,  
 A. Steele

8:00PM - 9:00PM Ballroom E  
**THE ART OF THE ANTHOLOGY**  
 \*G. Dozois, E. Datlow, J. Lansdale, M. Snodgrass

9:00PM - 10:00PM Ballroom E  
**AMERICAN MAGIC REALISM:**  
*What is it and who's writing it?*  
 \*M. Rosenblum, M. Hall, D. Mapes

9:00PM - 10:00PM Ballroom F  
**WHERE HAVE ALL THE WEREWOLVES GONE?:**  
*Trends in popular monsters*  
 \*G. Buchanan, D. Perez, C. Richerson, H. Waldrop

10:00PM - 1:00AM Ballroom D  
**LOS BLUES GUYS**  
 B. Denton, S. Gould, R. Harper, S. McCullar, M. Wells

10:00PM - 10:30PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
 W. Williams

10:30PM - 11:00PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
 J. Kessel

11:00PM - 11:30PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
 C. Andersson

## Sunday, October 11, 1992

10:00AM - 2:00PM SOUTHPARK  
**ART SHOW**

11:00AM - 4:00PM BALLROOM ABC  
**DEALERS' ROOM**

11:00AM - 2:00PM LOBBY  
**REGISTRATION**

10:00AM - 11:00AM Ballroom F  
**BEYOND CYBERPUNK: Zines of the cyber-culture**  
 \*J. Lebkowsky, B. Atkinson, G. Branwyn, C. Frauenfelder,  
 M. Frauenfelder, P. Nathan

10:00AM - 11:00AM Ballroom D  
**IF YOU CUT THE ALIEN HERE, WILL IT BLEED TO**  
**DEATH BY PG. 17:**  
*Medical "correctness" in creating alien characters*  
 \*S. Walker, P. Anthony, J. Carr, E. Moon, R. Reed

10:00AM - 11:00AM Ballroom E  
**LOVE IS IN THE AIR:**  
*Blending romance with SF/fantasy/horror*  
 \*N. Romberg, K. Kimbriel, A. Mayhar

10:00AM - 10:30AM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
 C. Ash

10:30AM - 11:00AM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
 D. Webb

11:00AM - 12:00PM Ballroom E  
**ARCHETYPES IN HORROR FICTION:**  
*Why archetypes came to be, and how they are evolving*  
 \*D. Perez, C. Andersson, S. Cupp, N. Romberg

11:00AM - 12:00PM Ballroom F  
**COVER ART: CONCEPT OR ILLUSTRATION?**  
 \*D. Sweet, D. Harris, S. Jackson, P. Nielsen Hayden,  
 K. Poyser, N. Smith

11:00AM - 11:30AM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
 P. Anthony

11:00AM - 12:00PM Ballroom D  
**WRITERS' WORKSHOPS: Friend or Foe?**  
 \*L. Howle, A. Mayhar, G. Sprinkle, D. Thayer, W. Wheeler

11:30AM - 12:00PM Amphitheater  
**READING**  
 E. Moon



12:00PM - 2:00PM Amphitheater

**CHARITY AUCTION:**

*Benefiting the SFFWA Medical Emergency Fund*

\*P. Cadigan

12:00PM - 1:00PM Ballroom F

**COSTUMES IN SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY:**

*Does it matter that she was wearing a green dress?*

\*C. Mills, T. Gunnarsson, W. Hodgson, M. Pendleton, M. Roessner

12:00PM - 1:00PM Ballroom D

**PC SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY:**

*When politically correct dogma impacts fiction*

\*N. Barrett Jr., G. Buchanan, D. Quinn, K. Robinson, M. Soukup, L. Ward

12:00PM - 1:00PM Ballroom E

**THE BLOB THAT ATE THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON:**

*Adventures in SF "films" of questionable merit*

\*S. Cupp, J. Lansdale, W. Spector, H. Waldrop, D. Webb

1:00PM - 2:00PM Ballroom D

**A FORUM ON ART: Questions and answers**

\*D. Sweet, D. Harris, W. Hodgson, N. Smith, Sherlock

1:00PM - 2:00PM Ballroom E

**ELECTRONIC FANDOM: Are we there yet?**

\*M. White, E. Cooley III, S. Wade

1:00PM - 2:00PM Ballroom F

**POLITICAL SYSTEMS IN SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY:**

*Are plutocracies more realistic than feudalism?*

\*E. Moon, P. Anthony, P. Nielsen Hayden, W. Williams

2:00PM - 3:00PM Ballroom E

**BOOKAHOLICS ANONYMOUS: How to deal with that pile of books you've bought but haven't read yet**

\*C. Spector, S. Cupp, L. Person, K. Poyser, W. Spector, S. Wade

2:00PM - 3:00PM Amphitheater

**URSA MAJOR BROWN BAG BOOK AUCTION**

2:00PM - 3:00PM Ballroom F

**FLOWERS AND CRYSTALS:**

*Symbology in modern science fiction and fantasy*

\*A. Latner, J. Kessel, L. Ward, W. Wheeler

2:00PM - 3:00PM Ballroom D

**HUMOR IN SPECULATIVE FICTION - A SERIOUS PANEL: Seriously.**

\*D. Mapes, N. Barrett Jr., T. Gunnarsson, A. Miller, K. Wentworth, M. White

3:00PM - 4:00PM Ballroom D

**READING**

H. Waldrop

# BLUE MOON VIDEO

505 W. University  
(behind Walburg Bank)  
Georgetown, Texas

Nintendo  
SEGA-Genesis

Fresh Popcorn

Super Nintendo  
Lottery Tickets

# 75¢

# Movie Rentals

Locally Owned/Operated

"Buy Georgetown"

## ArmadilloCon 14 Tournament Gaming Schedule

Friday		Saturday, continued		Megatraveller Twilight 2000 Boot Hill Ravenloft(2)
3pm	Meeting & Signup		Ravenloft(1) Vampire	<b>Sunday</b>
4pm	Break		Boot Hill	
5pm	Space Hulk Ravenloft(1) Marvel Super-heroes(1) Mythus Star Wars GURPS Crosstime	1pm	Tumbling Dice panel	9am
		2pm	Star Corp Spelljammer Marvel Super-heroes(1) Megatraveller Ravenloft(1) GURPS Crosstime	Duel Marvel Super-heroes(2) Ravenloft(3) A.C.E. Paranoia Merc 2000
9pm	Toy War Living City Spelljammer ShadowRun Twilight 2000 Ravenloft(1)	6pm	Warhammer Fantasy Battles Ravenloft(2) Living City ShadowRun Vampire GammaWorld	1pm
<b>Saturday</b>			10pm	Awards Ceremony
9am	Battletech Star Wars GammaWorld		Warhammer 40K Paranoia	<b>Thanks to TSR for the prizes!</b> <b>Gaming rooms are 102 &amp; 104</b> <b>Players Association of Central Texas</b>

Featured Gaming Panel  
**ATTACK OF THE FIFTY-FOOT TUMBLING DICE**  
Saturday at 1pm, Ballroom D



Come East to West Texas...

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# HARE-IED BY DECISIONS?

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## San Antonio in 1997

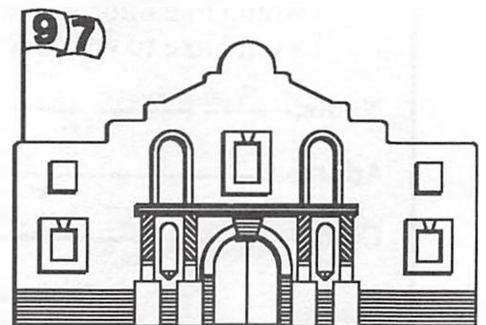
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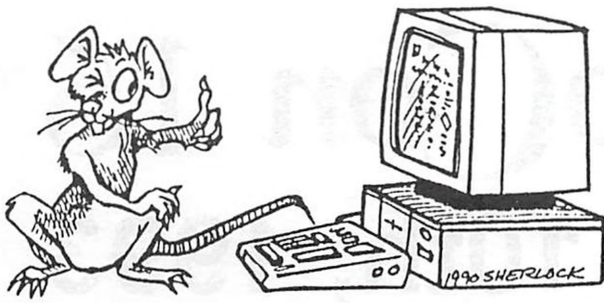
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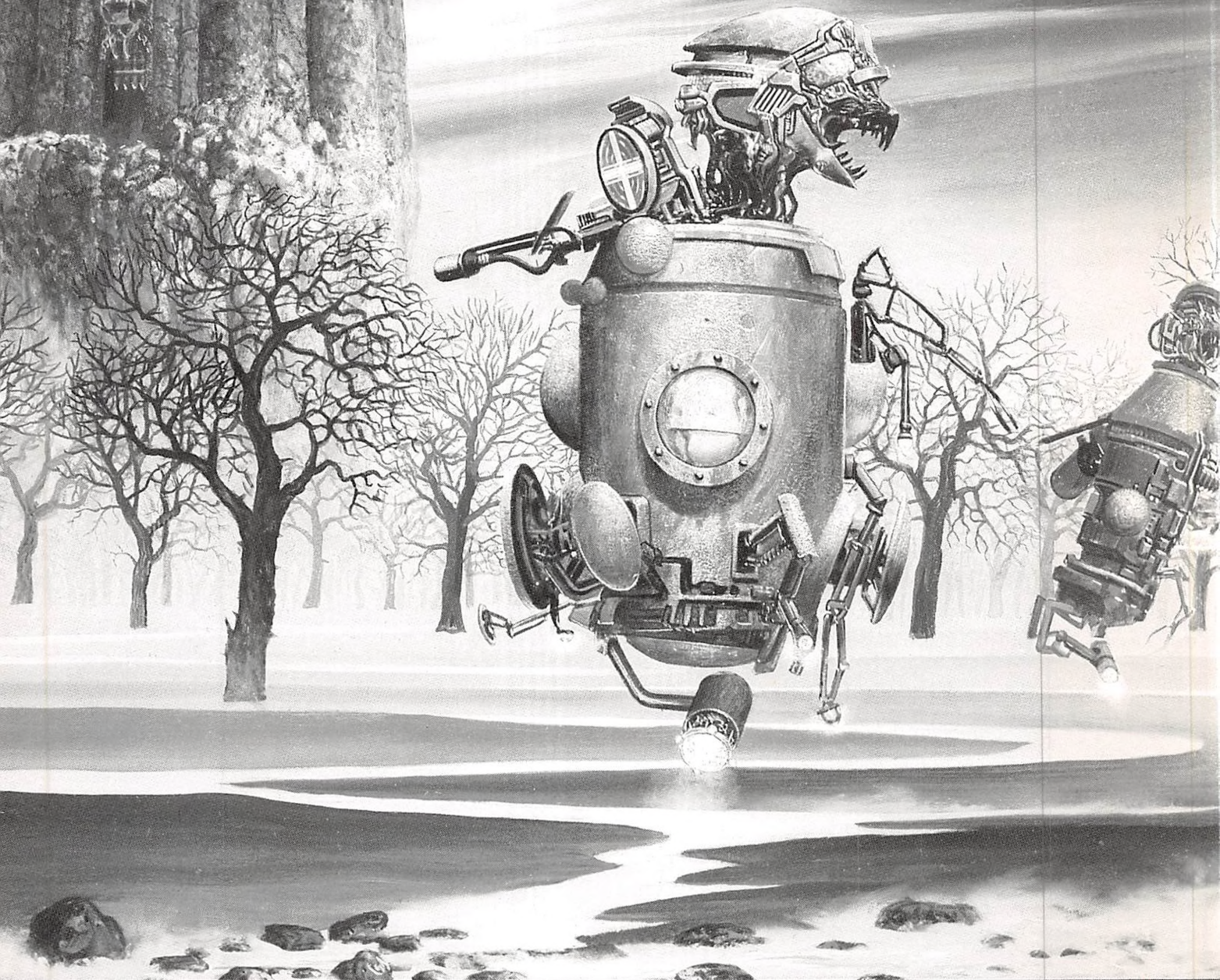
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