

# Armadillo Con 16



Austin, Texas

**Time for a major  
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# ArmadilloCon 16

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Sponsored by the Fandom Association of Central Texas, Inc., a 501(c)3 non-profit organization

## Convention Cast

Guest of Honor: Elizabeth Moon  
Artist Guest: David Cherry  
Fan Guest: Gregory Benford  
Editor Guest: Gordon Van Gelder  
Toastmaster: Bradley Denton  
Special Guest: Guy Gavriel Kay

Co-Chairs: ♀ E. A. Graham, Jr. & ♂ Casey Hamilton

Vice Chair: ♀ Donna Rosser

Art Show: ♂ Dan Tolliver

Con Suite: ♀ Karen Meschke & ♂ Dee Hayden

Dealers' Room: ♀ A. T. Campbell III

Hotel Liaison: ♀ Fred Duarte, Jr.

Program Book: ♀ Ruben Gamboa

Programming: ♀ Lori Wolf

Registration:  Star Trek Austin Regulars

Coordinator:  Jerrie Marchand

Treasurer: ♀ Bear

Volunteer Coordinator:  Mark Hayes

Special Thanks to STAFF, Teresa Patterson, Robert Taylor, Susan Wade,  
and Dwight Brown etal

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# Our Con and Welcome to it!

Welcome to ArmadilloCon 16! Our con this year promises to be a bang right from the start — don't miss the Bruce Sterling rant-off, scheduled right after Opening Ceremonies. Once again, we're lucky to have a great line-up of guests. So go ahead, introduce yourselves, let them know what Texas hospitality is all about.

This year, ArmadilloCon is being held in conjunction with ATCon, Austin's main gaming convention. If you're interested in tournament gaming, amble on over to the Butch Cassidy Room and ask for "Earl."

If you're new to cons, here are some useful hints. Parents, baby-sitting is being provided by bonded caregivers; ask the helpful people at registration for more information. Be sure and check the programming schedule in the pocket program. There are an incredible number of panel discussions, readings and demonstrations going on. And

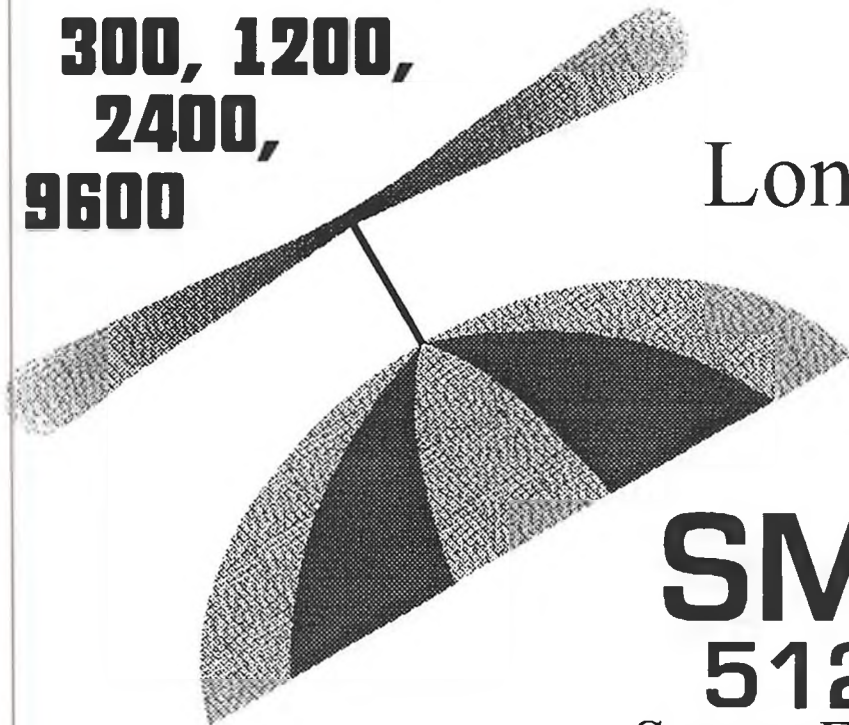
if you like books, be *sure* and drop by the Dealers' Room. There is literally no telling what kind of treasures are hidden in there this year. In the Art Show, you'll be able to find both originals and reproductions by established regional and national artists, as well as local amateurs. For delicious, healthy snacks, drop by the Hospitality Suite, and don't forget to keep an ear out for parties going on throughout the hotel.

Finally, if you live in the Austin area, but haven't joined FACT, now is the perfect time to consider it. Whether you're interested in reading groups, "BAD" movies, Sci-Fi television, running conventions, or just want to hang out and party with other fans, stop by the FACT table in the Dealers' Room and ask about us. Who knows, maybe you'll even want to work on *next* year's ArmadilloCon!

## The Fine Print: 'dilloCon Do's & Don'ts

1. Please wear your badge at all times while you're here. It's your pass to all programming events and function rooms.
2. Please act responsibly. We try to treat everyone like an adult, so please try to act like one (at least while you're 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 — of any kind — are allowed. Period.
5. We meant it when we said have fun. Anyone caught not having fun will be severely chastised.
6. Skip Rule 6.
7. Have fun. Period.

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# Elizabeth Moon: Guest of Honor

by Ellen McLean

I've known Elizabeth Norris (Moon) since she was in the first grade and thus beneath my third-grade dignity. We grew up in the "Magic Valley" of the Rio Grande in South Texas as Episcopalians in a strangely cosmopolitan, rural, post-World War II Baptist/Catholic region. We were daughters of divorcees who found intolerance intolerable.

We were both subject to the stern classroom of Stella Hargrove when each of us entered the third grade. We were lucky enough to draw the sainted Mrs. Gardner for our teacher, but were then summarily transferred to Mrs. Hargrove's tender mercies on the grounds that, as children of divorce, we were in need of firm discipline.

We both escaped by way of Science Fiction.

Many years later, we met again as we were both establishing new homes in rural Central Texas. Elizabeth had earned a degree in history at Rice and another in biology from the University of Texas, served as a



Photo: Martha Grenon

Marine officer during the Vietnam War, and married a doctor named Richard Moon.

She plunged right into life in Florence, becoming active in the local Chamber of Commerce, writing a series of melodramas for Florence's Friendship Days celebrations, and writing a column for the county paper. Elizabeth became an Emergency Medical Technician and helped establish a voluntary ambulance service for the Florence community.

She also raised vegetables and chickens (kept in line by an aged tennis racquet), while Richard established his practice. She brought a horse with her to Florence, and has never been able to leave her pastures empty for long.

She sold some articles to *Western Horseman* magazine, and began to think of herself as a writer.

When she began to write science fiction, I was lucky enough to one of her first readers.

The first book of Paksenarrian was written on her ancient typewriter. It was good. She caught my enthusiasm for computers, and she hasn't stopped upgrading yet. But she does write faster and better, which still isn't fast enough.

Elizabeth and Richard adopted Michael (our godson) as an infant and, since he has some unique learning difficulties, they have been home schooling him. Elizabeth has become a hands-on expert in special education.

And she's the only person I know, besides Richard, who can read *Nature* without glazing over. When she gets too wrought up over some writing difficulty, I make her come look at my cows for their tranquilizing effect. She now knows a lot more about cows than when I first met her. And she knows a lot more about horses than I ever will.

Elizabeth Moon is a true friend and a good read.

S E P T E M B E R 1 9 9 4

# The Plot's Afoot. Poison is in the Heir!

## ELIZABETH MOON SPORTING CHANCE

By the  
coauthor  
of *Sassinak*

When last heard from, in *Hunting Party*, Captain Heris Serrano, cashiered Captain of the Fleet, now captain of a rich lady's yacht, and her employer, Lady Cecelia, had just triumphed over a "Hunting Club" that used human beings as prey. Much to her horror, one of the hunters had been none other than Prince Gerel, first in line to the throne. While deeply uneasy about the morality of the whole venture, and unwilling to indulge in any "hunting" himself, the Prince had been persuaded of the legitimacy of the "club's" activities.

*How could he have been so stupid? ?*

Having volunteered herself and her yacht to spirit the Prince home so as to avoid a Royal Scandal, that indeed is the question that Lady Cecelia—of the Blood Royal herself—wants answered; she remembers her nephew the Heir Apparent as rather a bright young lad. But strangely, as the voyage proceeds the Prince goes from dumb to dumber. Clearly a plot is afoot, poison is in the heir, and he and our heroines have only A SPORTING CHANCE....

...

**Praise for *Hunting Party*,  
Captain Serrano's  
First Adventure:**

"A superior combination of the comedy of manners with action science fiction."

—*Chicago Sun-Times*

"Lots of action and well fleshed-out characters mark this outer-space thriller." —*Kliatt*

"Space opera meets P.G. Wodehouse in Elizabeth Moon's *Hunting Party*, a highly entertaining adventure featuring a female space pilot....thrilling."

—Carolyn Cushman, *Locus*

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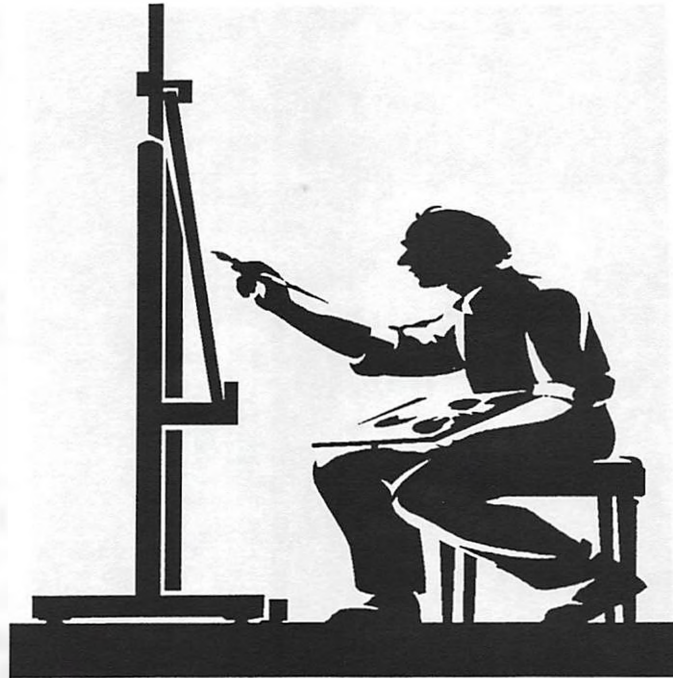
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# David A. Cherry: Artist Guest

by Scott Merritt

David Cherry is a man of many facets. In addition to his artistic talents one can be constantly amazed by his athletic prowess. Just ask him about his canoe adventures or the ski trips to Colorado. It's a wonder that he's survived with limbs intact to paint.

But that's our good fortune as well as his for paint he has. His cover paintings have graced the books of William Shatner, Stephen Donaldson, David Brin, C.J. Cherryh, and many more. While never formally trained in art, David has developed over the last twelve years into one of the foremost fantasy illustra-



*Not necessarily David Cherry at work*

June of 1993. In April they finished their biggest major collaboration with the delivery of Kassandra Leigh Shands-Cherry to the world.

Just as he came late to the world of SF&F illustration, (after practising as an attorney for several years) he's come late to the joys of parenthood. But David has devoted the same energy and attention to this as he has to his art, and it's obvious watching him with daughters Kira and KC, and spouse Davette that this is a happy man.

tors in the field. Over the last few

years he has won virtually every major award offered for Fantasy art and illustration. He's won the ASFA's Chesley Award numerous times, the Polly Freas Award, the Frank R. Paul Award, the Gremlin, as well as the Skylark Award. He's been nominated for the Hugo several times, but it remains ever elusive.

However, David won something much more important to him than any of those awards, winning the hand of Davette Shands in

artist. In addition to his book covers, he has had a book of his art published (*Imagination: The Art and Technique of David Cherry*), given numerous talks on copyrights and art techniques, done several of the *Star Trek* cards for Skybox, images for Legend Entertainment (a computer gaming company), and shortly will have collectible plates out from the Bradford Exchange. The man certainly know how to keep himself busy.

Armadillocon is pleased to welcome David as the Artist Guest of Honor. Go to the art show and prepare to be overwhelmed by David's art. But don't let that stop you from meeting and talking to one of most personable men I know. He'll be delighted to meet you and answer any questions about his art and techniques. What! You're still reading this. Scoot! Go to the Art Show. Bid, Buy, Buy!

Remember - "Baby needs new shoes!" (Well, it worked for Dell.)



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# Dr. Gregory Benford: Scientist, Writer and Fan

By Dr. Benford (and Casey Hamilton)

Gregory Benford is not only an award-winning "hard" science fiction writer, and a respected professor and astrophysicist. He's still a fan.

To give you some idea of this man's credentials for writing "hard" SF, Dr. Benford is professor of physics at the University of California, Irvine. He runs the high energy density laboratory and conducts research in plasma turbulence theory and experiment, and in astrophysics, and has published over a hundred scientific papers. He has a doctorate from the University of California, San Diego; was a Woodrow Wilson Fellow and a visiting fellow at Cambridge University, Torino University and the Observatory of Florence, AND has worked as an advisor to the Department of Energy, NASA, and the White House Council on Space Policy.

In addition to writing SF and for scientific journals, Dr. Benford has also written articles on science for *Smithsonian*, *Natural History*, *New Scientist* and *OMNI*.

And books, oh yeah. Great books. Over a dozen novels, to be semi-specific. Not the least of those books are *Timescape* (a Nebula award winner) and *Beyond the Fall of Night*, written with Arthur C. Clarke. His 'Ga-



lactic Center' series begins with the novel, *In the Ocean of Night*, then *Across the Sea of Suns*, *Great Sky River* and *Tides of Light* — all of which were just reissued in paperback. The latest installment in the series, *Furious Gulf*, just appeared in hardcover, with *Sailing Bright Eternity* scheduled to be out in 1995.

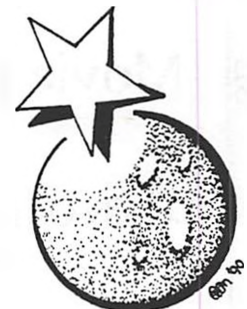
Dr. Benford not only won a Nebula and the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for *Timescape* in 1980, he also received a Nebula for "If The Stars Are Gods" (which was co-written with Gordon Eklund) in 1975. He has also won the Australian Ditmar award for international novel. In

1989, he won the United Nations Medal in Literature.

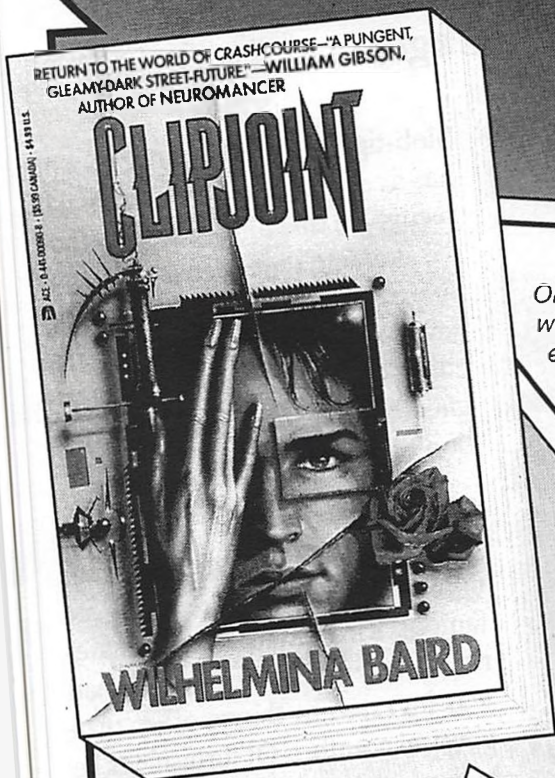
This is not much of a surprise, as his first published story, "Stand-In," back in 1965, won second place in a contest sponsored by *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*.

As a fan, Dr. Benford co-edited the fanzine *VOID* from 1955 to 1963 with (in order) his identical twin brother Jim, the noted editor and writer Ted White, the late noted editor and writer Terry Carr, and Pete Graham, who doesn't appear to be listed in *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*. In addition, he was an active Dallas fan from 1957 to 1963, attended the SoWesterCon in Dallas in 1958 and helped out with the aborted Dallas Worldcon bid.

But don't anyone worry that all the accolades and awards have gone to his head. He still writes for fanzines and belongs to an APA and makes fun of *Star Trek*, as a good fan should.







Once there were three of us and we lived in a clapped-out loft over an abandoned warehouse in the Ashton district of the North-East Strip back on Earth. Where everybody's unemployed who isn't aristocratic, which is just about all of us. We thieved, whored and, in Mokey's case, sculpted our lives so as to have the right to clear out and come someplace like Virginitiy.—Excerpted from *Clipjoint*

It's been two years since Dosh, Cass's lover, ended up dead. Now living in the asteroid colonies, Cass receives a vidclip starring an actor named Dein—who's a dead ringer for Dosh. Cass and Moke return to their dangerous hometown to confront the studio, vowing to stop at nothing until they avenge the death of their friend....

**Praise for *Crashcourse*:**

"A pungent, gleamy-dark street-future."—William Gibson, author of *Neuromancer*

"A giddy first novel with a neat and nasty premise."

—*The New York Times Book Review*

**WILHELMINA BAIRD**

Author of the acclaimed debut novel *Crashcourse*

September/\$4.99

That was the point at which both droids stepped back, shoved a teenage girl in my direction, and headed down-corridor. People scattered. A zonie looked, dropped his injector, and ran. The girl gave me the look most people do, amazed, and somewhat alarmed. There was something else in her expression too. Something that didn't make sense. Compassion? Pity? Awe? I wasn't sure.

—Excerpted from *Bodyguard*

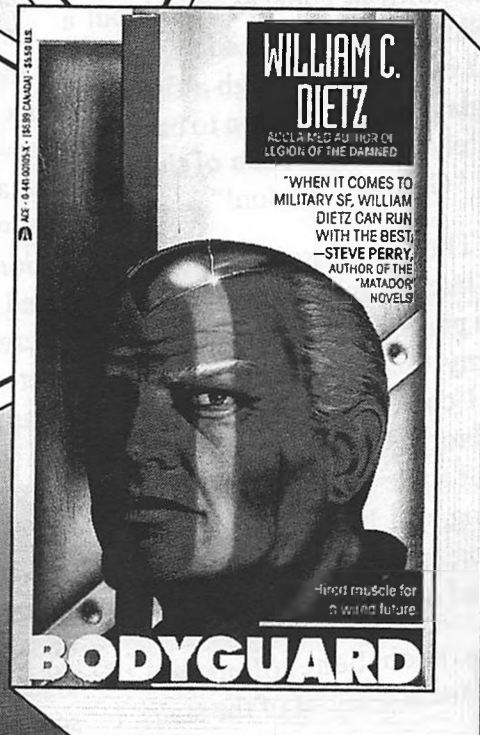
Ex-marine Max Maxon might expect a break from his dangerous duties as a bodyguard when he is hired to escort Sasha Casad, a wealthy teenager, to her home near Jupiter. Instead they are chased by somebody with plenty of money and ammo—and Max must do whatever it takes to get Sasha home alive.

"When it comes to Military SF, William Dietz can run with the best." —Steve Perry, author of the *Matador* novels

**WILLIAM C. DIETZ**

Author of *Legion of the Damned*

October/\$5.50



# Our Strange Dark Fealty to Gordon Van Gelder

## (Ms. Found in a Hamster Cage)

by Marck Wairdlaw

I could not understand why my editor had called his building “notorious” until, reaching Avenue A, I saw it looming in the dark, an ashen heap of a tenement barely holding itself erect above the pulse of Latin music and the papery seethe of trash borne in a derelict wind that staggered about at street level, warm and humid, redolent of the urine pools at which it lapped along its way. Lifting my trouser cuffs, I stepped gingerly over the comatose family inhabiting the stoop, and was about to search out the door buzzer labelled “Van Gelder” when I recalled he had warned me that the button was out of order. I would have to, as he’d put it, “call up.”



Photo: Van Gelder Family Album

Call? I wondered. In what manner, call? I saw no phone near at hand, nor did I wish to press on further down the street or enter the nearby corner store, behind its ominous barricade of fruit cups, to search out a public telephone. Instead I thrust my head cautiously through a fissure in the glass door and began to bark desperately in the direction of the stairwell: “Gordon! Gordon!”

The building swallowed my cries like a starved ratsnake gulping down pinks, and I had no confidence that my voice carried beyond the walls I could see. In fact it was not my editor who opened the door at last, but a pile I had mistaken for rag recycling, which slumbered just inside the door; apparently my screams had disturbed its repose.

No such benevolent guide awaited me at the foot of the stairs. I

was left to fight my way to the second landing through a landscape of plaster-based lifeforms that might have been menacing had they not sagged so dispiritedly. It was with something like relief that I finally planted my knuckles on the blackened, cracked surface of door 2-H, and felt them sink a good third of an inch into the sodden wood. My knock reverberated no more than a wet slap to a slab of Jell-O, yet my host somehow heard it. The door flew open. Gordon stood there looking pleased and melancholy at the same time; apparently I had interrupted him in the act of shaving over his stove, which was sandwiched just between his toilet and shower-stall/bike-rack in the tiny kitchen-cum-foyer which afforded a multipurpose gateway to his private domain. He had a series of butter knives heating on the burners, and he snatched up each glowing blade in turn and pressed it to his face, searing his whiskers down to a fine,

blob-tipped stubble. Anyone who has lived on an editor’s salary will recognize this time-tested method for avoiding the expense of disposable razors and saving cream. (I have long pitied the legs of female editors in similar straits. One begins to glimpse at last the dedication of such laborers....)

It grew apparent to me that, little as Gordon must have made in his calling (whose rewards are famous for being of the immaterial variety), what income he had was invested in things other than physical comfort. Of furnishings he had next to none; instead, the buckling, bulging walls of his grotto-like apartment were lined floor to ceiling with books and manuscripts packed so tightly that the building’s cockroaches and silverfish could scarcely find purchase. As I proceeded into the main living area (rendered exquisitely atmospheric by the prevalence of immense stucco stalactites which seemed to have been formed over eons of geologic time by the action of wind and water, without the intercession—perhaps even with the tacit approval—of a landlord), Gordon was quick to bring my attention to a small mountain of books in the middle of the floor, which he was in the process of unpacking from a ragged, stained blanket.

“I picked these up for fifteen cents,” he said with only mild gloating. “There was a bookseller spitting blood on the sidewalk a few blocks from here. He seemed glad for the money.”

It was with an heroic effort that I suppressed my visible envy of his bargain trove of nurse novels, water-logged gardening manuals, and Planet of the Giants foto-books. Gordon, I saw, was as eclectic in his reading tastes as in his editorial purchases. I knew once again that I was in the right hands, especially as my latest novel, the outline for which I carried in my backpack, was a science fantasy western medical thriller concerning a nymphomaniac nurse (in a parallel world where the Ancient Romans colonized Mars) who had retired from tending amputees on the Frontier (a la Cormac McCarthy) to raise blue-green algae for scientific supply houses, and who in her spare time solved crimes revolving around short-lived television programs from other dimensions. Any other editor, in today's conformist market, would have insisted that I throw an incongruous nanobot into this delicate mix; but Gordon, I knew, would respect my concept's integrity—would grasp instantly its brilliant subtlety, and extract from me the finest possible performance in its execution.

It is Gordon's rare combination of insight, trust and audacity which those of us in his care have come to appreciate in the harsh world of fantastic publishing; and only my utmost faith in Gordon's editorial powers could have lured me to such an unsavory environment. I had always felt inexplicably safe in his presence. After years of being aimlessly buffeted about the cold and alienating pinball machine of genre publishing, whacked by the paddles of unscrupulous publishing conglomerates, colliding head-on with marketing targets that absolutely refused to light or credit me with points (let alone an extra game), I felt I had finally found a safe chute, a place where my diffi-

cult and demanding work (including especially the Prepackaged Imps of Arcturus tetralogy) had a champion. Nor was I alone in my estimation. Many others had limped at last into Gordon's care with their wild ambitious books, books which one could hardly visualize crammed in beside Stark Wrek novels on the shelves at Moldenbooks, yet whose exploitable literary merits and best-seller potential Gordon could readily extol for the top brass at St. Marvin-of-the-Fieldhands Press. I had seen their works-in-progress piled in his office,

---

## ... whacked by the paddles of unscrupulous publishing conglomerates ...

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eagerly awaiting his attentions like unfinished puppies in some sort of abstract petshop window. His working shelves were lined with the manuscripts of every imaginable sort of writer, from Golden Agers who had never managed to find their niche for the '90s as purveyors of syndicated backdrops, down to the very latest crop of would-be has-beens, among whom I must number myself. Gordon had won to himself the exclusive patronage of Cayman and Daty Wight-Nilhelm, the revered parents of circular analysis, whose round-singing method of criticism has served to fine-tune some of SF's most astonishing voices. Then there was Dreadley Plankton, whose novel of a mass-murdering blackbird (Tweet, Tweet—You're Dead) has touched

the hearts of all who read it—save the eighty or ninety editors who rejected the book before it fell at last into Gordon's capable mitts. And Rickard Tawdrey, author of the stunning Mackrelphage (and the successful series of Culvert Couture fashion catalogs) whose short-sighted publisher had been unable to find a place in its generic line of triplet-novels for his brilliant follow-up, Spermacetti Du Jour. And the quirky, uncategorizable mysteries of Beagle Narragansett, Jr., for whom Gordon had specifically started his successful "Quirky, Uncategorizable Mystery" line with its eye-catching colophon of a question mark surmounted by a sales rep's cocked eyebrow. Nor can I fail to mention how Gordon's wide-flung net had drawn in the stylish works of Joeff Wrymmin, collected in the elegant anthology Undercover Discos, which belies the old maxim that every sci-fi collection must feature a nude rocket and a shiny steel woman on the cover. And, only recently "liberated" from Gordon's care, the angry-young-millionaire K. W. Jeepers, who in his days of struggle (before finding his fortune in an alternate reality designed by the crazed patron saint of SF, Filbert K. Id, an inconceivable dimension wherein SF writers could actually get rich at their trade) had entrusted to Gordon several savage novels of his own devising, including Hello, Sideways, Irritable Lands, and Don't Solenoids Gleam in Dyspeptic Sleep? (a posthumous sequel to Filbert Id's dystopian classic Gladebummer: The Motion Picture).

So many writers, having found Gordon, rarely moved on. We grew strangely content with our lot. I knew how hard it was to consider entrusting one's words to another editor after having been pampered, even

# The New York Review of Science Fiction

## What Do the Critics Say of Our Critical Journal?

"It moves disconcertingly (and fast) from chatty to pompous, and there is something to irritate everyone."

—Peter Nicholls, *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*

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—Gardner Dozois, *The Year's Best Science Fiction: Ninth Annual Collection*

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—Don D'Amassa, *Science Fiction Chronicle*

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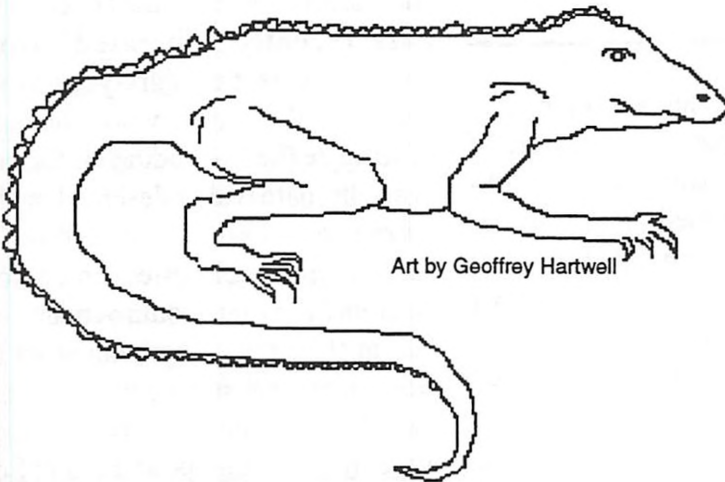
—*Locus*

"It's intelligent, literate, and only occasionally opaque."

—Ellen Datlow, *The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror: Sixth Annual Collection*

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—*Library Journal*



Art by Geoffrey Hartwell

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spoiled, by the “Gentle Giant” of St. Marvin.

Oh, happy were we in Gordon Van Gelder’s keeping. Little did I suspect how very, very happy we were, as I sank down on a pile of books artfully arranged to suggest a convertible sofa, and took out my latest manuscript for Gordon’s consideration. Instead of shelving it with a polite cough, as many editors would have done, he snatched it from my fingers and commenced reading at a rate that would have embarrassed the valedictorian of an Evelyn Wood Speed-Reading Seminar. Within moments, I was flattered to find myself forgotten completely. I was left to wander from den to kitchen, plucking at rare old pocket-sized Dell crossword puzzle books, peeking under the wallpaper to see what worms had wrought, and ransacking the fridge while Gordon littered the uncarpeted floorboards with my manuscript, too engrossed in the travails of Nurse Kitty to attend the fate of pages he had already drained of sustenance.

At last I found myself standing again in the den, listening to a restless squeaking sound from somewhere beyond a closed door. I had assumed it led only to a closet, since there was every indication that Gordon ate and slept in this room, among his books. Yet the squeaking was larger than that; and now I heard something else, faintly, from the same location: a soft tappity-tapping. Squeakity-squeakity, tappity-tap.

My skin ceased crawling only when I remembered the warning of Illin Catlow, editor at *Ubi* magazine, that Gordon, as she forebodingly put it, “Kept hamsters...” Surely the squeaking I heard was the sound of galvanized tin, a wire mesh wheel

going round and round beneath some furry creature’s taloned (or, as my spell-check program would have it, “thailand”) feet. I had never been much of a hamster man myself, but I thought it would be the courteous thing to exclaim excitedly over my editor’s prize collection of purebred Eurasian rodents. Therefore it was without much thinking (I was never much of a thinking man, either) that I opened the sealed door.

I heard my manuscript hit the floor as Gordon leapt to his feet, too late to stop me. In fact, his attempt to prevent me from entering the room had the paradoxical effect of propelling me into it. (We literary types are often somewhat lacking in the coordination department. You can imagine the scene.) And there I stood, unsure of what to feel — infinite horror, or cozy warmth?

The room was larger than I could have imagined, and it smelled of cedar shavings warmed by sunlamps. The walls were lined with cages, very large cages, the largest hamster cages I had ever seen, and they seemed to go on and on. The squeaking sound I’d heard was compounded of large exercise wheels spinning, it is true, but the tappity-tapping had another source.

As I moved slowly down the line, with Gordon waiting mute at my elbow, I read the names on the cages. And looking through the glass I recognized (from conventions and book jackets) the faces of my peers: Dreadley Plankton. Rickard Tawdrey. Beagle Narragansett, Jr. All of them hunched over word processors, intent on the act of creation. (K. W. Jeepers’ cage still gaped jaggedly where he had thrown his monitor through the glass to make his escape.) The strang-

est thing was that they all looked so damnably content! A few glanced up through the glass, waved briefly, smiled at Gordon, took a slug from their water bottles, and then went back to work.

“You — you beast-master!” I cried, rounding on him, all sorts of thoughts passing through my brain. All sorts, I say.

“Maybe you don’t understand,” he said uncertainly. “I — I wasn’t sure, ahem, if you were ready to see this. But...but reading your latest, I think the time is right.”

“What do you mean? You don’t like it? It’s only a first draft, I haven’t worked out half the kinks. I’ve got a whole subplot about nanobots to work in somewhere—!”

“It’s not that,” he hurried to comfort me. “It’s very, ahem, promising. I think it could be a brilliant book. But, well, obviously you’re writing under a lot of distraction. I know the pressures of your job, your family...it’s a hard life, believe me, I know.”

“Yes, yes. What are you saying?”

“Well, it’s...hum...I’m afraid all these distractions are weakening your book. It’s just not as focused as the Cheese-Wights saga, for instance. It seems to be written a dribble here, a droplet there. You really, ahem, need to make a concentrated effort to pull it all together.”

The other writers were watching me; I felt the gentle pressure of their soft wet eyes. I squeezed my own eyes shut and massaged my nostrils, feeling all the pressures of which

*Continued on page 15*

# Bradley Denton: *UnterMensch*

by Two People He Really Should Have Known Better Than To Trust  
(otherwise known as Casey Hamilton and Ed Graham)

Picture, if you will, a seemingly mild-mannered man of average height and build. Blond hair and beard, glasses atop his nose. He possesses an easy smile and toothy grin. Depending on how his hair's been cut, there's more than a slight resemblance to Eric Clapton. He is affectionate to his friends and pets.

But look into those eyes. There's something behind them that makes you wonder what lurks there...

Brad was born in the milds of Kansas, but his wife is a helluva lot smarter than he is, so they ended up here in Austin. Fairly recently, they decided to forego the bustle of the growing city and moved to the 'way-out 'burbs and got a huge yard. Personally, we think it was just an excuse to get a Tim-Allen-sized lawnmower.

But why, you ask,  
"UnterMensch?"

It seems to us that Brad's fiction has been under appreciated by the general public. Which, of course, puts him in good company with most other writers around here. His novels range from blow-your-eardrums-out-hard-rock (*Wrack & Roll*) to sublime, fantastic comedy worthy of Howard Waldrop himself (*Buddy Holly Is Alive And Well On Ganymede*) to deeply disturbing, yet thoughtful and moral, cold-blooded killers



Photo: Martha Grenon

(*Blackburn*). Brad is most noted for his excellent short fiction, regularly appearing in *F&SF*. He did achieve some recognition when he received the John W. Campbell Memorial Award from the University of Kansas. (Anyone want to guess where he went to school?) ((Sorry about them Horned Frogs, Brad...))

He's also an under-appreciated and underestimated self-taught drummer. ("How can you tell if a drummer's platform isn't level?" "He's only drooling out of one side of his mouth!" "What do you call a drummer who just broke up with his girlfriend?" "Homeless.")

Through his constant practice and performances with the bands "Los Blues Guys," "The Terraplanes," and "Ax Nelson," he

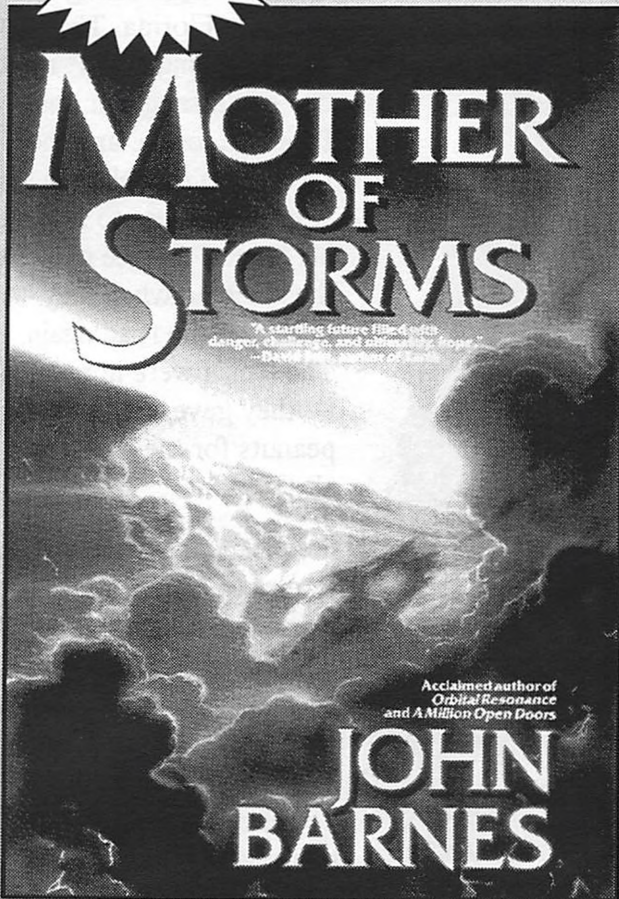
can hold his own with any semi-professional drummer here in the Live Music Capital of the World, and that's saying quite a bit. When doing a gig, though, he just gets warmed up by the time the show's over: Brad has been forcibly dragged from behind his drums on more than one occasion. He also sings an absolutely killer version of "I Just Want To Make Love To You" that will send most women into a swoon. (By the way, in most states it's illegal to do what he does to that microphone.)

As for his sense of humor — well, let's just say that it's understated (sometimes) and underestimated (all the time). This man has a truly sick streak buried in him. The mild exterior harbors a twisted demon that, on occasion, pops out to everyone's dismay (and a few people's delight).

Then, of course, there's the new book that Brad's been working on. He's keeping it under wraps, understandably. We'll bet 5 bucks on one thing about it — it won't be anything like his other books. That's an understatement.

There is one thing that Brad does that everyone knows is over the top: blushing. Just ask him about it...

1994  
HUGO  
NOMINEE



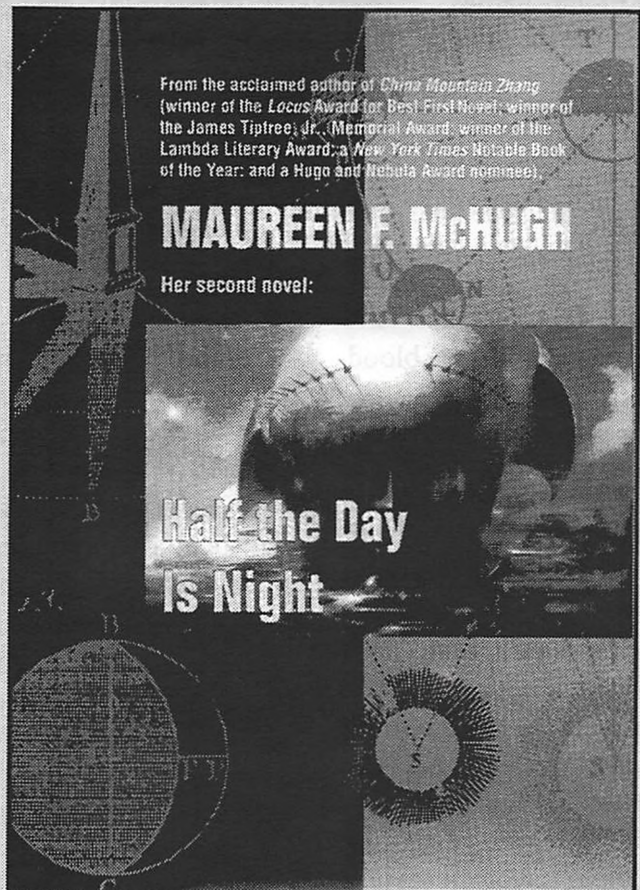
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# EXPANDING THE HORIZONS OF SCIENCE FICTION

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# Special Guest: Guy Gavriel Kay

by Katharine Eliska Kimbriel

High Stakes. The words nicely sum up the life — nay, the existence — of writer Guy Gavriel Kay. This man is no claiming race starter — we're talking Triple Crown material, here. For example, Guy is a lifetime member of the Plough Social Club, West Hanney, Oxfordshire, England cribbage team. This was *supposed* to be his recreation during 1974-75 while shoveling through boxes of notes on The Silmarillion. His team came in next-to-last in the pub league rankings. **BUT** — that same team won *EVERY* week in the money games that followed the league games. Talk about a running joke — the team needed money on the table to wake them up.

Really.

Clearly good bloodlines. And he makes good use of those bloodlines. He has a famous wit, a weakness for puns, and a keen eye.

About that eye... Guy supported himself in Crete one winter playing backgammon with a Canadian fledgling writer. The fellow had too much money and too much macho. It wasn't that Guy was that superior a player (they each won about the same number of games) but Guy noticed that his fellow writer could **NOT**, to save his life, refuse a double if a woman was watching.



Photo: Laura Kay

Guy did his best to make sure women were watching the game.

Really.

Guy always seems to hedge his bets; there's always a backup. He is a member of the Law Society of Ontario (that's a L.I.B, our Doctor of Law, to you Yanks and Texans) but spent a lot more time the week of final exams trying to win a pinball tournament. This division of his time resulted in his finishing second in the law school class and second in the tourney. What frustrates him, years later? Blowing that game on "Jumping Jacks," his favorite pinball machine.

[Some would say he redeemed

himself while driving with a friend to Florida. There was this "Jumping Jacks" machine in a small bar near Plains, Georgia, and the travelers were taking a rest stop... Needless to say, our heroes left 56 free games on the machine when they finally hit the road again. The locals were impressed — they gave the Canadians peanuts for the road. Really.]

Being a fiction writer is a precarious sort of existence, so Guy took full advantage of being single and started gambling with his career. He wrote half of The Summer Tree while in Toronto doing his lawyer thing (which included writing and directing work

for radio ["The Scales Of Justice"]) — then returned to the scene of many triumphs (Crete) and completed Summer Tree.

Travel is tax-deductible when you use the material in works for publication.

This arrangement worked so well, Guy wrote The Wandering Fire in New Zealand. He was stuck in Toronto doing The Darkest Road (you noted the dark undercurrent) but escaped to Tuscany for Tigana and Provence (twice! Once for research and the beginning, the second trip to complete the manuscript) for A Song For Arbonne.

Really.



As for The Lions Of Al-rassan, which will be arriving from HarperCollins UK next spring, Guy made a **THIRD** trip to Provence. Provence is clearly becoming a second home. He worked on his latest while in Provence, too, occasionally distracted by wife Laura, son Sam, and about four hundred different kinds of goat cheese. He lost count of the types of wine. This should bode well for the atmosphere of the book — full of good food and the mistrals of spring. Guy was looking longingly toward the warmth and gaiety of Spain, so we'll be getting the flavour of the Spanish early middle ages.

You'll have to ask him if he's redoing the Inquisition.

Are you getting the idea? Charming and talented writer capable of emptying pockets over cribbage or tennis (ha! Thought

athletics were safe, didn't you — challenge him to Scrabble instead.) is about to be turned loose on an unsuspecting group of Armadilloans. Caution: he adores puns, but can be bribed with single malt scotch (preferably Macallan, but he'll settle for Glenfarclas, Highland Park, or Cragganmore. Or Talisker....) Don't accept any free drinks you don't recognize the name of — I speak from personal experience.

Really.

Guy is still hedging his bets, writing scripts for a very popular legal television show on the CBC. This accurate portrayal of the law balances nicely with fantasy, and keeps the savings account in good nick. This leaves Guy with lots of time for his lovely and brilliant wife and dynamite son (I have yet to meet Sam, but Guy assures me he is

a terrific kid. Just this once, since I *know* that Laura is lovely and brilliant, I think we can trust him. Really!)

Exceptional student. Lawyer of the Bar. Globetrotter. Cribbage hustler. Punster and connoisseur. Selective flirt. Considerate and attentive convention guest. How did this cunning trickster, kin to Coyote, create some of the most moving, literate, and enjoyable fantasies of the last decade?

Well... I won't give away secrets, but for starters, I suggest that when you meet him, you look him in the eyes. And you'll start to have an answer to that question.

Really.

But don't believe him if he says I'm bankrolling his cribbage or backgammon.

## Gordon Van Gelder's Fictional bio (we hope it's fiction, anyway) continues

he spoke closing in on me like a sinus infection. It was true, so true!

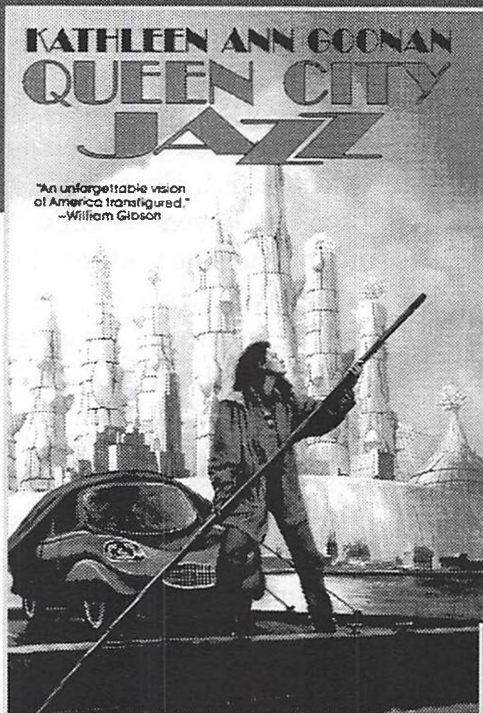
"But what can I do about it?" I gasped.

My editor cleared his throat. "Your cage awaits." And he handed me the keys. (Jeepers, I discovered later, had accidentally locked himself in.)

Now you know why we are so faithful to Gordon Van Gelder. Why we speak of him in tones of awe and reverence. Why we mail his business cards to our frustrated peers after their masterpieces have crawled back with form rejection slips from house after house. "If your book's too strange for anybody else, Gordon is the editor for you," we whisper.

The nurse novel is finished, by the way. It is better than I had ever imagined, thanks to Gordon's boundless moral and physical support (I speak now of the unending supply of kibble, so much more life-sustaining than mere encouragement). My next book is well underway; I am able now to devote my entire being to its creation. And because it pleases Gordon to hear me say so, and because I live to please Gordon, I am happy to announce that this one is going to be really weird....

— Marck Wairdlaw is the author of California, The Boy Who Ate Other Boys' Testicles, and the forthcoming The Big Modern Supernatural Horror Novel With The Title That Just Didn't Make Much of An Impression, all published by St. Marvin-of-the-Fieldhands Press under the editorship of Gordon Van Gelder.

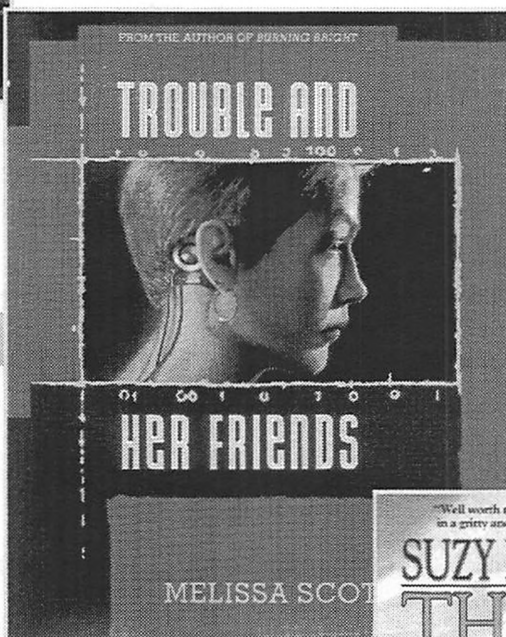


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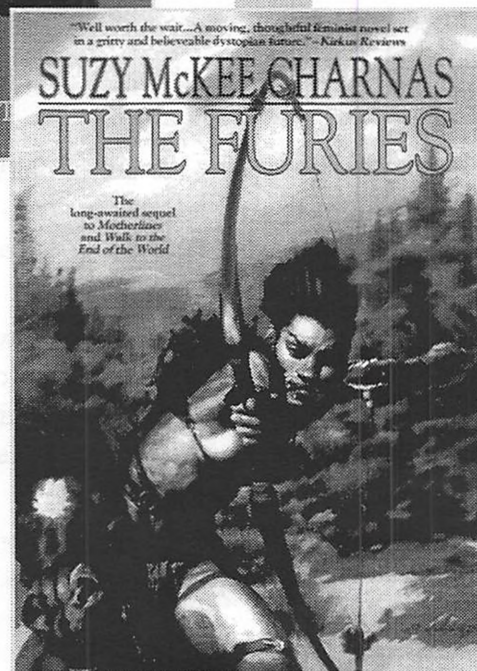
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# The rest of the gang

by F. Hupp (except for one)

♁ **Aaron Allston** — Born in Corsicana, Texas (the fruitcake capital of the Republic), Aaron is enjoying a misspent adulthood. Author of over 40 role-playing game supplements, he has recently switched from celebrating genres in games to abusing them in novels. His recent fiction includes Galatea in 2-D (artist with magical powers and his, er, brush with death), Double Jeopardy, and Doc Sidhe. He lives in the Austin area, and occasionally emerges from his haze of work and movie-watching to find out whether he'll disintegrate in sunlight.

♁ **David Lee Anderson** — bozo flake artist from Oklahoma City. He used to be President of the Association of Science Fiction/Fantasy Artists. He also used to be the lead singer for Van Halen, but was kicked out for messing around with Valerie Bertinelli. We're not sure whether he actually sent in his paperwork for the Art Show, so have fun looking there for his work. And if you find any, let us know.

□ **Wilhelmina Baird** — says next person to think she's 19 gets her vote as President of the Universe. Originally from Scotland; studied and taught English Lit for mumblety-mumblety years; now retired and living in rural France ["We're from France. Tell them you're from France."] Started writing SF mumblety-mumblety years ago. Only change she sees coming is maybe dying of starvation as a result of her above crimes against humanity.

□ **Margaret Ball** — is yet another of those many Central Texas writers (I think we're starting to achieve critical mass). B.A. in math

and Ph.D. in linguistics. Three books out recently, and another scheduled for December [pout, why not October?]. When not writing, she plays the flute, makes quilts, and raises kids in her spare time.

□ **Carolyn Banks** — hails from the Sausage Capital of Texas, aka Elgin. Not sure whether she lives there 'cause she's a sausage maven, or whether she's enamoured of pastoral settings. She's best known for her horsey comic mystery series, but has started venturing into erotic fantasy (our fave).

□ **Michael Barrett** — bozo flake artist from Houston. He's reputed to be the illegitimate son of Nurse Chapel and Mister Clean. We think his art is right next to David Lee Anderson's work in the Art Show.

♁ **Neal Barrett, Jr.** — "has written 38 novels and numerous shorter works. His work spans the field from SF, Westerns, historical novels, and young adult novels to 'off-the-wall' mainstream fiction. His 1991 novel, The Hereafter Gang, was hailed by The Washington Post as 'one of the great American novels.' His 1992 mystery/suspense Pink Vodka Blues will soon be a Paramount motion picture. Dead Dog Blues, his second mystery/suspense, was published in June. He is now completing Skinny Annie Blues."

□ **Roger Beaumont** — after making it big in Hollywood playing Beaver Cleaver's father, he later got a legitimate job in College Station as a history professor, but he still misses Barbara Billingsley. Oh yeah, he writes some too, and drinks good Scotch on paydays. Has to settle for Ripple other days.

## The ArmadilloCon 16 Punster Guide

We have to warn you: punsters run amok at ArmadilloCon. We hope our guide in our guests' bios helps you keep your sanity. Ignore it at your peril — and don't say you weren't warned!

- ♁ Tries to pun, but not really with it.
- ☹ Oblivious to puns, intentional or otherwise.
- ⊗ Incurable punster; please do not incorrigible.
- ⊗ Puns in Icelandic, so no one knows when to groan.
- ♁ Been known to make people try to jump from inside a moving car.
- ♁ Keep 'er away!!!
- We have no idea; proceed at your own risk.
- ♁ Definitely, no pun intended.

□ **Gregory Benford** — "twin son of different mothers," nope, wrong medium. We're gonna be nice, 'cause we don't really know him that well, yet. For more info, see elsewhere in this book.

♁ **Mitchell Bentley** — yet another bozo flake artist from Oklahoma (Tulsa, this time), but he's cuter and much more single than David Lee Anderson is. Heir to the once-large Bentley automobile fortune, he blew it all on a large black pimp-mobile with probative personalized plates. Be sure to ask him about his assets.

□ **Gene Bostwick** — has sold stuff to the *Writers of the Future* series, *Galaxy*, *Tomorrow* and a Saberhagen anthology. He attended Clarion West in 1992, and will discuss why rats will someday inherit the Earth and whether writer's block is better than sunscreen.

□ **Charles N. Brown** — edits *Locus*, and the power of the press is enough to scare us into polite behavior. 'Nuff said.

□ **Ginjer Buchanan** — we really like Ginjer, so we won't mention too many of her deep, dark secrets, like her long-lost cousin Pat. She edits for Ace, so buy her a drink. Hey, she needs it. She works for Lou

Aronica now, and he's not here so we can say whatever we want to about him.

☞ **Pat Cadigan** — sex goddess and mother of Bobzilla, scourge of the Midwest. Pat's also the quintessential MC for Family Feud; accept NO substitutes. We're pretty sure she's got a book coming Real Soon Now, or was that the one that came out last summer to rave reviews? And it's either from a small press, or from a publisher with a small name; we can't remember which.

☞ **Lillian Stewart Carl** — is one of those ubiquitous three-name name writers, Dallas chapter president of the UT-NW Club. She used to miss ArmadilloCons, because her son was in the band, man. He's graduated now, and the band broke up. She's the person responsible for introducing Lois McMaster Bujold (another member of the UT-NWC) to science fiction.

☐ **Jayge Carr** — is a close personal neighbor of Huxter Room wrangler A.T. Campbell. Every time we do her bio, we have to page up in the file, 'cause her real name doesn't begin with a C. If you pay us lots of money, we MIGHT consider telling you what her real name is. If she pays us lots of money, we won't. Oh, she's a writer.

☞ **David Cherry** — is yet another bozo flake artist, albeit not as flakey as some others, given his legal background. For more info (not necessarily accurate [okay, it's accurate] ) see the longer bio elsewhere.

☐ **Mike Christie** — recent immigrant from an unnamed Third World country near Ireland, he still doesn't speak 'Merican yet. He's written some stuff, hasn't he, and knows more about fanzines than you

probably want to ask him about. Oh yeah, he's married to Sherry Coldsmith.

☐ **Sherry Coldsmith** — is actually from West Texas, but spent enough time in Great Britain to pick up a funny accent. She's sold bunches of SF and horror stories to magazines and anthologies, and writes occasional reviews. Obviously an intellectual (not sure why she hangs around with us), she's working on a master's in postmodern film theory and the SF film genre.

☞ **Cat Conrad** — another bozo flake artist (this time from Dallas), aka Iguana Man. He got into art after his long-lost Uncle Robert barred him from the set of *The Wild, Wild West*, and his Uncle William fired him from *Jake and the Fatman*. He married a Dallas writer, Roxanne Longstreet, who only has two names.

☉ **Scott A. Cupp** — has a Batgirl fetish; ask A.T. to tell you all about it. He's also the finest cross-dressing fiction writer we know, but he's no pervert. His wife is. There's still a restraining order, complete with electronic dog-collar alarm, banning him from coming within 100 yards of the Alamo.

☞ **Ellen Datlow** — is still into alien sex, which is why the INS has her on their 10 Most Wanted list. Oh yeah, she edits fiction for *Omni*, so she has to live in New York. Buy her a drink. Please, whatever you do, don't mention the NY Knicks or Houston Rockets where she can hear you.

☞ **Bradley Denton** — is obviously demented, because he asked the co-chairs to write his Toastmaster bio (found elsewhere). Bwahahahaha!!!

☞ **Gardner Dozois** — Mafia kingpin and editor of *Asimov's*, really did think she was 19. Honest! Voted Most Likely to Have a Psychotic Episode, he's also president of the Roman Polanski Fan Club. He likes to edit "!" anthologies, so he's also a purveyor of passionate purple prose and a seller of salacious sex scenes. Oh yeah, he's written some good stuff too. Well-known editor of the abandoned project, "Getting Lawrence Laid!", otherwise known as "Last Dangerous Liaisons."

☐ **Marianne J. Dyson** — thought about changing her name after the Chicken Scandal Incident, but didn't, deciding instead to just tough it out. Poet with the soul of a rocket scientist. We're taking up a collection for an add-on so she can join the UT-NWC.

☐ **Claire Eddy** — has been editing for close to 10 years now, first freelance, and now with TOR Books. Working on a master's in medieval history, which is either helpful when editing fantasy or will eventually drive her absolutely bonkers, given the historical inaccuracies in most fantasy. We just hope it doesn't drive her over the edge into romance.

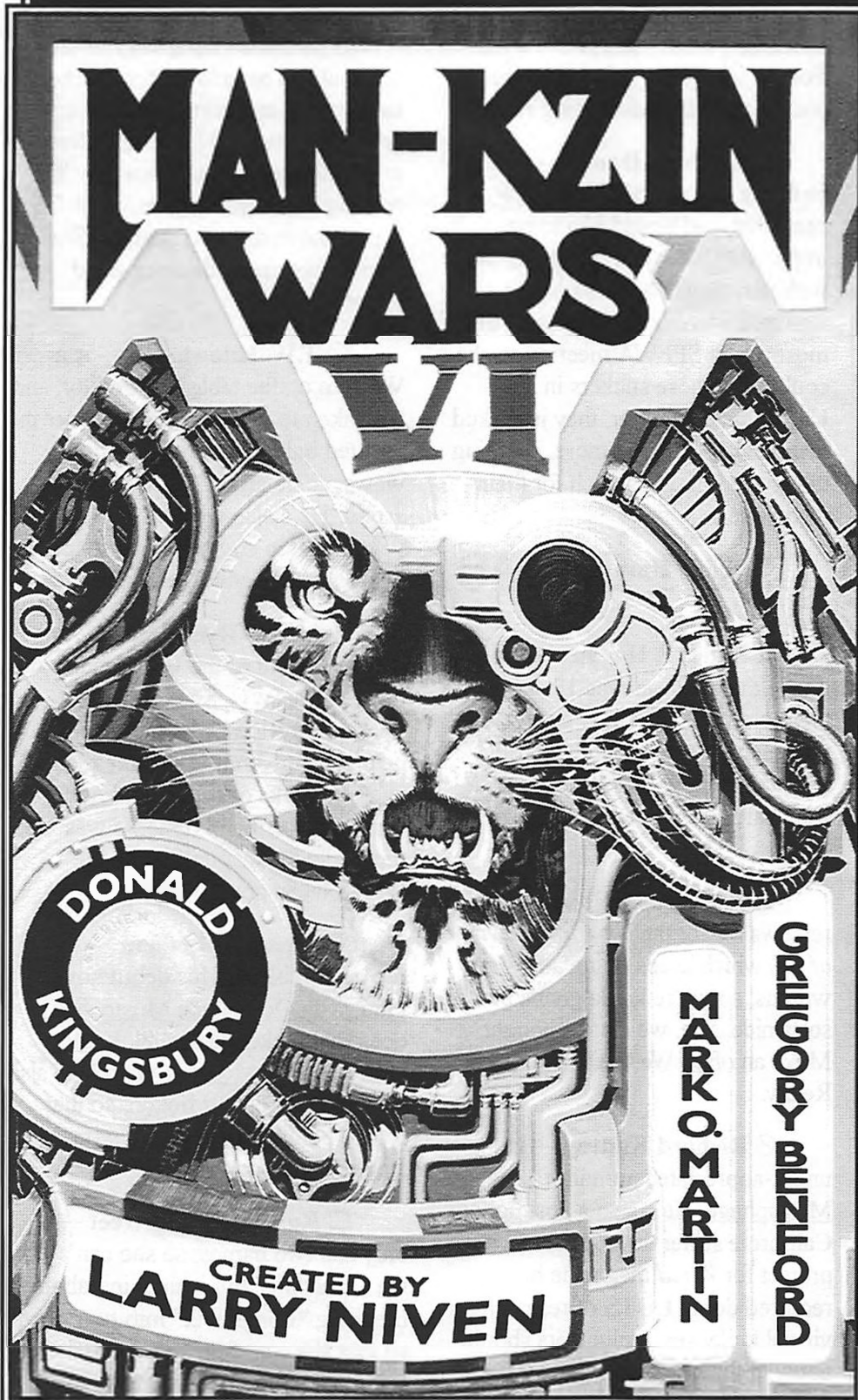
☉ **George Alec Effinger** — one of the founding members of the UT-NWC. Co-perpetrator, with Gardner Dozois, of Nightmare Blue, and inventor and sole practioner of preppy science fiction and fantasy. It's still rock and roll to us. And we didn't even mention New Orleans, baseball or barbecue. Aren't you proud of us?

☐ **P.N. Elrod** — seasoned Dallas writer of novels featuring characters long in the tooth. She's the spouse of tenderized weapons afficianado Mark Elrod. Let's all hope they don't have a son and name him L. Ron.

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☐ **Keith Ferrell** — is editor of *OMNI* magazine and is Ellen Datlow's boss, so we're going to be very nice to him, 'cause we like her a LOT.

⊗ **Esther M. Friesner** — is best known for her humorous (some people might even go so far as to say silly) fantasy novels. Her first full-length SF novel, which is set in Austin, is due out in February 1995 from Baen. She's also written a *DS9* novel and co-edited an anthology of tabloid-based SF. When she's not writing or editing, her husband, kids, two dangcats and the hamster find her a pleasure to live with (or with which to live).

☐ **David Gerrold** — is the author of *A Matter for Men*, *A Season for Slaughter*, and *A Day for Damnation* — sounds like an alliteration problem to us. Also known as "that guy who wrote that Tribble script," which is either a compliment or a curse, depending on how you look at things.

⊗ **John J. Gibbons** — monkey man writer from some small town in Central Texas, but he works here in the Thriving Metropolis of Austin. But we're not sure exactly what he's written, and neither is he since he can't read. Boy, that small-town Texas education system shure iz grate.

⊗ **Amy Grech** — just graduated from Ithaca College, where she majored in English and minored in Creative Writing. Her fiction has appeared in *14850 Magazine*, in Ithaca, New York, and is working at TOR Books as Melissa Singer's editorial assistant.

⊗ **Thorarinn Gunnarsson** — is apparently the long-distance boy-toy of Ginjer Buchanan. He also races sports cars, sings opera, stars in European movies, and comprises the

top 5 of Iceland's Ten Most Wanted list, because it was his turn. And he's single.

⊗ **Bruce Hallock** — *Writers of the Future* dude, who will have twin sons named L. Ron and A.J. He's a short, snappy dresser and all-around roundish person. And we lie a lot. Former hippie, he's found religion and quit writing advertising copy.

☐ **Barbara Hambly** — has foolishly become SFFWA's new president, and would like to be impeached for moral turpitude, but with that bunch, there's no way. Reputedly took a riding crop to the most recent SFFWA meeting so she could keep those suckers in line. Unfortunately for her, they just liked it and acted up some more, claiming they were doing research for their next novels.

⊗ **Teddy Harvia** — see David Thayer.

⊗ **James P. Hogan** — also swore that redhead was 19. Writes oxymorons — well how else would you describe an "economic thriller"? Irish tax emigre, he's now the best Irish hard SF writer since James Joyce.

☐ **Kenneth L. Houghton** — reviews SF for the *New York Review of SF*, which keeps doing ad swaps with us, so we're kinda gonna be sorta nice. See, we can be bought. Make an offer. We CAN be bought. Really.

⊗ **Richard Kadrey** — is the under-appreciated author of *Metrophage*. He's also a postmodern California surfer d00d. Most recent project for *Wired* magazine has required doing LOTS of research on virtual kinky sex. Volunteers should apply in the bar. Volunteers who are familiar with *Cybergasm* and "Bikers With Ice" will get extra rating points.

⊗ **Guy Gavriel Kay** — has a much bigger bio (he said "vivisection") elsewhere in this book, but we just wanted to let everyone know that he really DID think she was 19, and human!

⊗ **Katharine Eliska Kimbriel** — has held such obligatory itinerant occupations as gold caster, janitor, tech writer, and correspondence school instructor. Her new "alternative historical fantasy" novel will be coming out from HarperCollins USA sometime in the next century. She also brews pretty damned good bbeer.

⊗ **T.W. Knowles II** — is a Western coffee table book editor, and has taken to wearing hats to cover the reputed bald spot. He does interviews, so be afraid. Be very, very afraid. He's also worked as a surveyor, design engineer, newspaper photographer, editor, and a teacher.

⊗ **Alexis Glynn Latner** — is vice-president of the Houston chapter of the UT-NWC. She usta was a librarian at Rice University, but we hear she's given it up for the glamor and big bucks of full-time writing. One of her offhand remarks was reputedly the inspiration for the GoH's latest novel.

⊗ **Jonathan Lethem** — recently published his debut novel, *Gun, with Occasional Music*. So, does that make the sequel, *Knife, with Elevator Music* or what? He also writes a lot of short fiction, so that would be like *Pea-shooter, with Ad Jingles*.

☐ **Roxanne Longstreet** — only has two names, so she can't join the UT-NWC, but is thinking about breaking "Longstreet" into two words so that she can. She's also married to Cat Conrad, and writes fantasy and

# Baltimore in 1998



Artwork by Hannah M.G. Shapero © 1994

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horror, sometimes together, and we **REALLY** don't want to know about her sources of inspiration.

☐ **Jack McDevitt** — is like this nice guy from one of them Southron states. It's amazing that someone so nice can write SF so hard. His first novel won the Philip K. Dick Special Award; his second novel was a Locus bestseller, and his third novel is just out from Ace. Among other things, Jack's been a taxi driver, a naval officer, an English teacher, and a customs inspector.

☞ **C.J. Mills** — isn't a really nice lady from the northern wilds of Minnesota any more 'cause she's tired of that, but we're not sure whether she's related to Olan Mills Studios. She's a SF writer, not a fantasy writer. Her initial visit to ArmadilloCon several years ago was

as a spy for the Northern forces, but likes us so much she keeps coming back on her own.

☞ **Elizabeth Moon** — obviously had a tough name to live down in junior high. Lives in a town named after the star of *The Brady Bunch*, Madam Wesson. For more info, see elsewhere in this book.

☐ **Michael Moorcock** — may be here, if he's not still on business in England, where he used to live before he got smart and moved to the Texas Hill Country. Or then again, he may not be.

☞ **John F. Moore** — was the illegitimate son of President Kennedy and Mary Tyler Moore, but still hasn't been able to follow in either parents' footsteps. Instead, he helps pollute the Houston Ship Channel, as all chemical engineers aspire to do, and writes SF and fantasy. Women,

be forewarned, he's single and on the prowl, as all chemical engineers aspire to!!

☐ **Pat Murphy** — is apparently not related to the guy who came up with *The Law*. We just wish she'd write more quickly, 'cause we're tired of waiting for her next novel.

☐ **Pati Nagle** — is a native New Mexican, currently lives in Albuquerque, and has been writing since she could hold a pencil. In her spare time, she's into music and bridge.

☐ **Michaelene Pendleton** — walks, talks, and is generally successful at impersonating a normal human being. Files rejection slips under categorical headings. Does not own any other sort of cat. Prefers pets with scales because they are quiet, never need to go walkies, and eat other small live animals. Considers Gardner, Kim, Ellen, Kristine, and

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Shayne to be the true epicures of modern thought because they have bought her stories. Is capable of pandering shamelessly to aforementioned editors. Owns outdated computer equipment. Keeps a 1967 calendar just in case that year comes back. Counts words in autobios to ensure having precisely 100, as requested.

□ **Dan Perez** — had has stories published in a bunch of magazines and anthologies. He's currently at work on an SF adventure novel (yes, the same one as last year—DON'T ask). Non-fiction has appeared in magazines and Houston newspapers. He's a native Texan and a long-time Houston resident.

☛ **Lawrence Person** — had so much trouble convincing people of his species, he took it as his last name. Gardner Dozois has tried to help out his social life, but has recently given up on trying to get Lawrence laid. He used to write short fiction, but now he's a poet. We hear he's working on a bumper sticker trilogy. He swears he's also an unindicted Iran-Contra co-conspirator.

☛ **Doug Potter** — is yet another bozo flake artist (this time from Austin). Some of us miss his *Vicious Kitties*, and *Kitties in Chains* series. We can't remember what he's up to these days, 'cause we were drunk when he told us, foolish man!

□ **Robert Reed** — used to play the dad on *The Brady Bunch* opposite Madam Wesson, but went on to greater glory and better clothing as an SF writer. Better hair, too. Swears he once killed someone with their bare hands. His newish book is *Beyond the Veil of Stars* by TOR, and his next novel, *An Exaltation of Larks*,

will also be published by TOR sometime in the dark and mysterious void of the future.

☛ **Carrie Richerson** — Cats. Hill Country. Carpentry. *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*. Cadigan's fault. Corpses. Campbell Award nominee (twice). More cats. *Amazing Stories*. *Pulphouse*. *The Year's Best Horror Stories XXI*. Book catalogs. Computer insomnia. Too many cats. Too many books. Not enough time.

□ **Mary Rosenblum** — shares the mud of rural Oregon with her two sons, a couple of VERY large dogs, goats, chickens, horses, and a llama. If she's not farming, she's writing (or dancing ArmadilloCon guests into the ground). Two novels are already out, and a third is due out in December. Arkham House is doing a collection of her short fiction, due out next year.

□ **Kristine Kathryn Rusch** — has seen her novels translated into seven different languages. She's a Campbell winner, a World Fantasy Award winner and a Hugo winner, and a member of the UT-NWC. She edits *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*.

☛ **Sherlock** — is a San Antonio bozo flake artist, and puns indiscriminately, both aurally and visually. She claims to see art and humor in all kinds of materials and things, and merely coaxes it out. Yeah, right!

☛ **Lewis Shiner** — isn't a slumlord any more, but he's slipped into programming in C again, so we're really sorry for him. His latest novel, *Glimpses*, is a nominee for the World Fantasy Award for best novel. He doesn't live in Austin anymore.

☛ **Walton "Bud" Simons** — formerly a regular on the *David Letterman Show*, now has a better

deal doing 1-800-COLLECT commercials. He wanted to be a member of the UT-NWC so badly, he added a nickname. Make him happy; mention basketball. Next year, he's changing his name to Akeem "Bud" Alajawannabe.

□ **Dean Wesley Smith** — is obviously a member of the UT-NWC, as is his wife (see above). He's also a founding member of the publisher's auxiliary of the UT-NWC. We don't know this guy well enough to trash him, yet.

□ **Caroline Spector** — was born a small white child in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, in 1982. Since then, she has distinguished herself in the fields of dental hygiene, sled-dog racing, and macrame. She is also a World Champion Knife-Thrower (16 oz. Division), and haggis-stuffer. Her first novel, *Scars*, will appear from Roc/Penguin this coming winter, to be followed *Little Treasurer* and *Worlds Without End*. When not writing, throwing knives, stuffing haggis, or flossing, Ms. Spector has been known to randomly shoot men with ponytails using a Winchester 30-06 lever-action rifle with a 200X telescopic sight. "I do hates them dork knobs," Ms. Spector explains. Autograph seeker, be advised. [Author's name withheld by request]

☛ **William Browning Spencer** — is obviously a member of the UT-NWC, moving from the Washington DC chapter to the local chapter about three years ago. A short story from his collection, *The Return of Count Electric & Other Stories*, has been reprinted in Gardner Dozois' *Year's Best SF*. Short stories also due in *Borderlands 4* and Roger Zelazny's odd gambling story collection, and novels are due out next year.

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☛ **G.K. Sprinkle** — is unfortunately from the wrong branch of the lawn-watering dynasty, and didn't get any of the family fortune. She can't even afford enough letters to become a full name of the UT-NWC, and could only become a member of the double-initial auxiliary.

☛ **Bruce Sterling** — is the inspiration of the eponymous Friday night contest, the Rant-off. If you've read The Hacker Crackdown or have ever met him, you'll understand. We're all too traumatized to talk about it. His New Year's resolution is to be nice to white-haired old ladies.

☐ **Nancy Sterling** — foolishly told us she likes our bios better than anything she could come up with. We hope she never divorces Bruce and marries Ron Silver or she'd become Nancy Sterling Silver; or that she has another child a names him/her Pound. AACCKKKK!!!!

☉ **David Thayer** — see Teddy Harvia.

☐ **Mark Tiedemann** — has sold stories to *Asimov's*, *F & SF*, *Universe 2*, *Science Fiction Age*, and Esther Friesner's tabloid anthology. He's written three novels, none sold, all of which are in the hands of his agent and in need of care and feeding from a loving and understanding publisher. A close personal friend of Allen Steele's (but let's not hold that against him). By day, a commercial photographer. By night, an assuming life with his wife, dog, and a head full of competing ideas. "Thank you, and I hope I passed the audition."

☉ **Steve "Centerfold" Utley** — is the famous author of "Le Chien Couper la Fromage." Editor of the nearly-impossible to find Lone Star Universe, we hear he has a short story collection called Utterly Utley.

☉ **Gordon Van Gelder** — has, to the best of our knowledge, never harvested Rocky Mountain Oysters, but is a member of the editor's auxiliary of UT-NWC. For more info (well, sort of), see elsewhere in this book.

☐ **Mark L. Van Name** — has founded a new branch of the UT-NWC, three names and an initial, as well as co-founding the Sycamore Hill Writers' Conference. He has a thing for trees and hills and lives in North Carolina, but assumes NO responsibility for Jesse Helms. He's published half a dozen short stories and a kilo-gazillion computer-related articles.

☉ **Allen Varney** — is the national poster child for the Pun Deafness Telethon (only you can help them get the joke). Can't sing, can't dance, can't act, games and designs

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games a lot. Travels a lot. Left the US for seven months, even though the law wasn't after him.

☐ **Susan Wade** — knows every writer in the Central Texas area, at least according to Aaron. We're STILL waiting for her to introduce us to James Mitchner. She never wanted to be a waitress, but knows how to serve. Born in Melbourne, she escaped the dreary life of a housewife by answering an ad in New York looking for a trainer of hunting dogs. Collects rare and antique shotguns and keeps a Mossberg Bullpup leaning against her nightstand. Currently working on a novel about electromagnetic force as a primordial soup for artificial life.

☉ **Howard "Mr. National Treasure" Waldrop** — is the 8th wonder of the modern world in some alternate universe. In the summer, he's the second most popular attraction after the bats. Don't miss the reading...

☛ **Sage Walker** — "TOR has scheduled Sage Walker's first novel for publication in May '95. On the shelves now are offerings in Fred Saberhagen's Armoury of Swords and in Marked Cards, a Wild Cards novel. If George has turned in Black Trump, she's in that, too. You can also find her on GENie, SFRT1, Cat 13, top 23, or in the hot tub at this convention."

☐ **Bill Wallace** — is probably not related to the former governor of Alabama, but we do think he used to be on *The Bob Newhart Show* before the operation. Relatively new to ArmadilloCon, maybe he'll learn that it's a good idea to send in a bio. We only kinda skewer those people.

☞ **Lynn Ward** — is a self-confessed "late bloomer," who has been published in anthologies and

small press magazines. Is a 'dilloCon regular whose puns incite violence. Has single-handedly killed a publishing house and two magazines. Rumored to have recently disemboweled a literary agency. This woman is extremely dangerous.

☉ **Don Webb** — has a WWW home page. Wants to get a dog named Spider, a cat named Cob, and is a real big fan of *Dragnet*. Well-known physical fitness ghuru.

☐ **Toni Weisskopf** — used to be a chart-topping singer, whose best known hit was "Muskrat Love," but left the drudgery of the music industry for the glamour of being an Executive Editor. The Captain still hasn't gotten over it.

☛ **Martha Wells** — is a native Texan whose first novel, Element of Fire, was published in hardcover and is currently in paperback. Her second novel, City of Bones, at least that's what it's called so far, should be out sometime next year. She has a thing for guys with beards.

☐ **k.d. wentworth** — is only an auxiliary member of the UT-NWC, 'cause initials only count so much. She lives on Tulsa time, which means she shouldn't have jet lag coming here.

☐ **J. Craig Wheeler** — is more than just a writer, he's a UT physics professor-writer. There must be a lot of that physics professor-writer stuff going around. Auxiliary member of the UT-NWC, first initial/two names branch. No relation to Wendy.

☛ **Wendy Wheeler** — had two big achievements in the last year: Honorable Mentions in both The Year's Best SF and The Year's Best Fantasy & Horror. Just think, her name was typed by BOTH Gardner Dozois and Ellen Datlow. She teaches fiction writing for the UT

Informal Classes, and keeps bumping into former students everywhere she goes. She also co-founded the "slightly notorious" science fiction/fantasy/horror writers group, The SlugTribe.

☉ **Mel. White** — isn't quite a bozo flake artist, 'cause she writes, too. From the possibly Grater Dallas Area, the period does not qualify her for the UT-NWC. But if she changed it to "Mel Period White," it would.

☉ **Walter Jon Williams** — is a member of the New Mexico Mafia and founding member of the UT-NWC. He recently almost got screwed by a publisher, but screwed the publisher instead. Turn-about is, after all, foreplay. "Thank you, sir. May I publish another?"

☛ **Ben Yalow** — has been to over 400 cons, and worked on more than 150, including all but three Worldcons since 1971. Obviously a serious masochist. He's edited one Hugo-nominated non-fiction book, and is working on editing another book for NESFA Press. Also been known to go around impersonating the Good Humor Man.



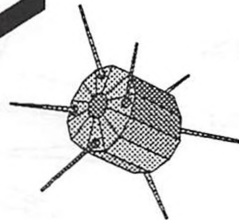
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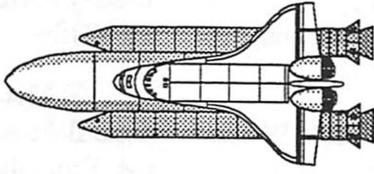
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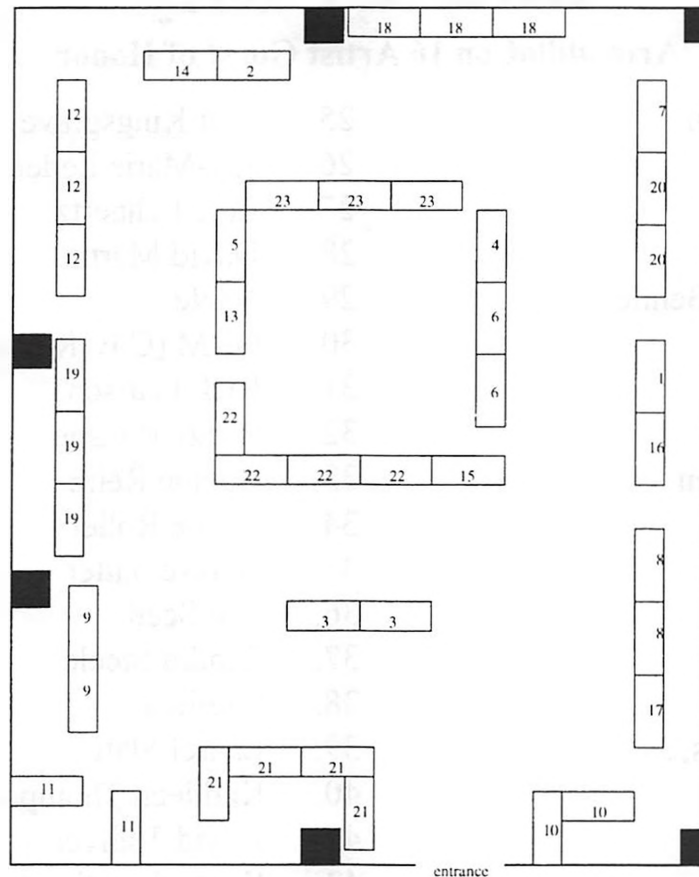
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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Atomic Comics: comics, books on tape, books</li> <li>2. Austin Books: used books, comics</li> <li>3. Autographings: scheduled signings</li> <li>4. ConDiablo: 1996 El Paso Westercon</li> <li>5. ConTroll: Houston SF convention</li> <li>6. Dark Destiny: books, including lots of horror</li> <li>7. Doc's Garage Sale: hats, gaming, stills</li> <li>8. Dreamhaven: SF/F books</li> <li>9. Edge Books: new and used books</li> <li>10. FACT: new books</li> <li>11. Fantasy Gallery: art prints</li> <li>12. Future Visions: books (new &amp; used), T-shirts</li> <li>13. Ellen Ginden: jewelry, miscellaneous</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>14. Hawk's: reference books, paperbacks</li> <li>15. Indigo Storm Designs: dragon pins, jewelry</li> <li>16. JoAllen's: jewelry, Star Trek</li> <li>17. LoneStarCon II: 1997 San Antonio WorldCon</li> <li>18. George Mabe: books &amp; related, videos &amp; animation</li> <li>19. Scott Merritt: music, miscellaneous</li> <li>20. Realms of Fantasy: books</li> <li>21. Richerson's Books: books (hardcover and paperback)</li> <li>22. Two Guys from Texas/Adventures in Crime &amp; Space: used books, British books</li> <li>23. WorldCon Bids: information &amp; presupports</li> </ol> |
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*ARMADILLOCON 16 ART SHOW PARTICIPANTS***David A. Cherry****ArmadilloCon 16 Artist Guest of Honor**

- |                              |                           |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. David Lee Anderson        | 25. Catt Kingsgrave       |
| 2. Robert Ashton             | 26. Joy-Marie Ledet       |
| 3. Michael Barrett           | 27. Edie Lehnertz         |
| 4. Ron Beller                | 28. David Martin          |
| 5. Mitchell Davidson Bentley | 29. NÉNÉ                  |
| 6. Margaret Berryman         | 30. ORM (C.E. Richardson) |
| 7. Toika Bridges             | 31. Rick Pearson          |
| 8. Nancy Cagle               | 32. Peggy Ranson          |
| 9. Margaret Carspecken       | 33. Bonnie Reitz          |
| 10. Tim Chessmore            | 34. Jennie Roller         |
| 11. Alan Clark               | 35. Denise Satter         |
| 12. Cat Conrad               | 36. Lee Seed              |
| 13. Douglas Cootey           | 37. Sandra Steele         |
| 14. Paula Cox                | 38. Sherlock              |
| 15. Robert "JR" Daniels, Jr. | 39. Laurel Slate          |
| 16. Michelle Ellington       | 40. Kathleen Thompson     |
| 17. Brian Giberson           | 41. David Tolliver        |
| 18. Stephen Goff             | 42. Kenneth Tolliver      |
| 19. Elizabeth Hail           | 43. Robert Trobaugh       |
| 20. Darla Hallmark           | 44. Susan Van Camp        |
| 21. Mary Hanson-Roberts      | 45. Donald Welch          |
| 22. W. J. Hodgson            | 46. Mel. White            |
| 23. Kevin Hopkins            | 47. Victoria White        |
| 24. Jane Irwin               |                           |

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This year, gaming at ArmadilloCon is actually being conducted by a different convention: ATCon 5 (no relation to the Dealers' Room wrangler — AT just stands for Austin, Texas, in this context). ATCon 5 is being held in the Butch Cassidy Room, right next door to most of the readings. For those of you who were here last year, it's in the same place; it's just being run a little differently this time around.

A three-day membership for ATCon 5 is just \$15. On the other hand, since you're reading this program book, one would assume that you have an ArmadilloCon 16 membership. If you are a full three-day member of ArmadilloCon, an ATCon 5 membership will only cost \$10.

ATCon will be awarding prizes for several tournaments being run, including: GURPS; GURPS: Head 2 Head; GURPS: Fantasy; GURPS: Illuminati; GURPS: Car Wars; and AD&D: Living City. Sincere thanks to Steve Jackson Games for donating most of the prizes.

Some of ATCon 5's other featured games include: Champions, Rifts, Call of Cthulhu, Supremecy, Axis & Allies, BattleTech, Ben Ellinger's A.C.E. (Advanced Combat Environment); Ray Morriss' Strike Team Miniatures, Team Magic: the Gathering.



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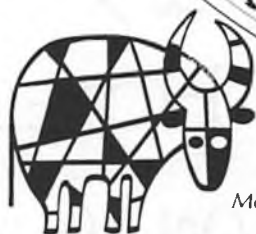
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Artist Guest:  
Vincent Di Fate

Fan Guest:  
Dick & Leah Zeldes Smith

Toastmaster:  
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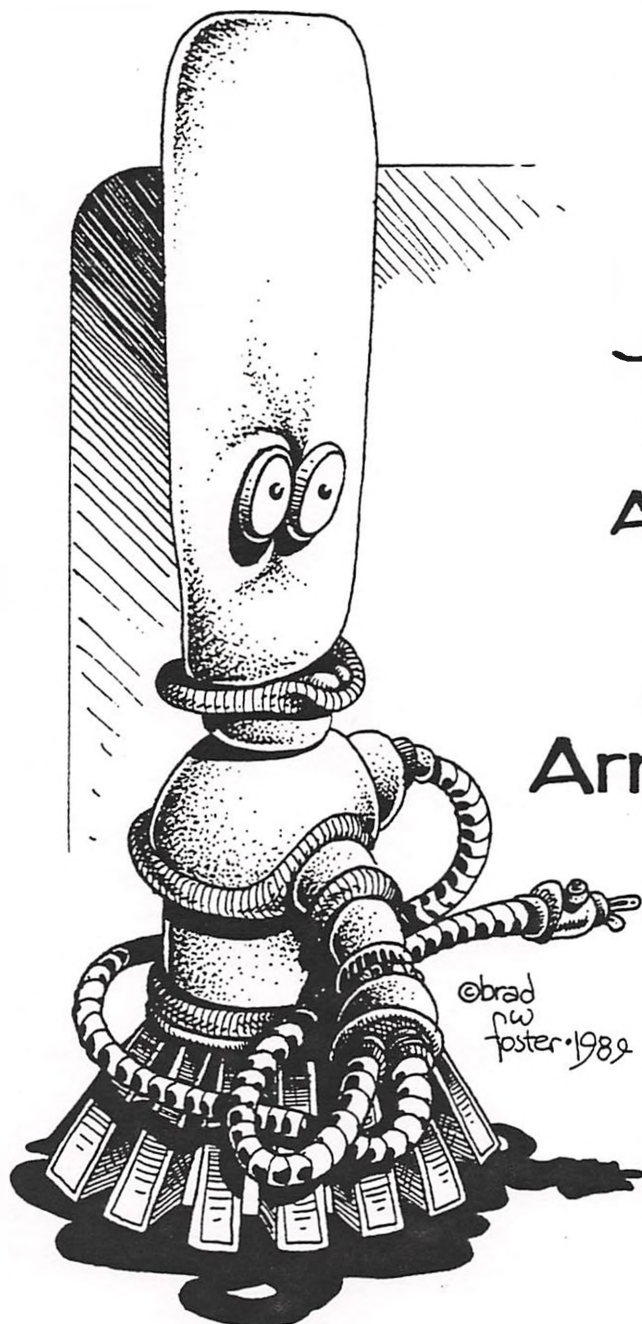
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