



ARMADILLOCON 11

# ArmadilloCon XII

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October 12th-14th, 1990

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**Guest of Honor: Pat Cadigan**

*Author of **Mindplayers, Patterns** and appearing in  
**Wild Cards***

**Artist Guest: Jean Elizabeth Martin**

*Recently appearing in "Amazing Stories"*

**Fan Guest: Debbie Hodgkinson**

*Direct from New Orleans and the New Orleans SFF Fair*

**Editor Guest: Susan Allison**

*Editor-in-Chief of **Ace Science Fiction/Fantasy***

**Toastmistress: Melinda Snodgrass**

*Author of the **Circuit** trilogy, appearing in **Wild Cards**,  
and Story Editor for **Star Trek: The Next Generation***

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Memberships are \$10.00 until 1 January 1990  
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**ArmadilloCon 12, P.O. Box 9612, Austin Tx 78766**

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

**ARMADILLOCON XI**  
**AUSTIN'S PREMIERE SCIENCE FICTION**  
**CONVENTION**

**OCTOBER 13-15, 1989**

**GUEST OF HONOR: LEWIS SHINER**

**FAN GUEST: MIKE GLYER,**

**EDITOR GUEST: PAT LOBRUTTO**

**TOASTMASTER: CONNIE WILLIS**

**ART GUEST OF HONOR: DON IVAN PUNCHATZ**

**Schedule of Events**

Art Show - Southpart A & B  
Friday 2:00 pm-7:00 pm  
Saturday 10:00 am-6:00 pm  
Sunday 11:00 am-2:00 pm

Con Suite: Room 102  
Friday 5:00 pm-2:00 am  
Saturday 10:00 am-2:00 am  
Sunday 10:00 am-5:00 pm

Dealers Room: Ballroom D & E  
Friday 2:00 pm until 7:00 pm  
Saturday 10:00 am till 6:00 pm  
Sunday from 11:00 am to 4:00 pm

Open Gaming: Ballroom F  
Check in the room for times  
of tournaments shedules for  
sign-up

Registration: Foyer  
Friday 1:00 pm-9:00 pm  
Saturday 10:00 am-8:00 pm  
Sunday 10:00 am-4:00 pm

Sponsored by the Fancom Association of Central Texas, Inc. a 501(c)3 nonprofit literary and educational organization, P. O. Box 9612, Austin, Texas 78766  
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Conventional wisdom says that people today want more of the same: the same old fast food, endless TV series, movie sequels, trilogies that spawn trilogies, and so on ad nauseam: Lew Shiner has to hope it ain't so.

Lew won't be tied down.

Need proof? Check out his three novels.

Frontera, the first, was diamond-hard science fiction, complete with Mars setting. Deserted Cities of the Heart abandoned Mars for a near-future Mexico. Cities walked a tightrope between fantasy and the mainstream; you could read its fantasy elements as drug-induced hallucinations, although to my mind it invited the fantasy reading. His newest novel, Slam, due out next year, is a mainstream book, through and through.

His stories form an equally fast-moving target. Sure, you can catch them in the old familiar places--Asimov's, Omni, the Wild Cards books--you know the gang. But check out also his western stories in Far Frontiers and Razored Saddles, or his contemporary thriller cum fantasy in Ripper!, or his short-short in a recent New Pathways. You can never tell where you'll see a Shiner short story, or what it will be about, or even in what genre it will fall.

That's not to say, of course, that there is nothing you can count on from Lew. Far from it. You can safely expect to see lean, muscular prose, a strong eye for details, a fascination with the interplay between men and women, and, very often, those precious moments when you put down the book and say, "Damn straight; that's how it really is."

If, like me, you treasure those moments, then take the time to prove the conventional wisdom wrong. Buy his books. Read his stories. Expend the energy it takes to track this particular moving target. You'll be glad you did.-Mark Van Name

Lewis Shiner would appear to have everything goin his way. His first novel, Frontera, was nominated for a Nebula Award and was also a finalist for the Philip K. Dick Award. His current book, Deserted Cities of the Heart is in the stores and receiving favorable reviews. Shiner has been published in virtually every major market in the science fiction field and has twice been included (by a respected coterie of female sf writers) on the "Cutest Guys in SF" list. But Lewis Shiner is, by nature, a hard man to satisfv.

He remains modest about his own talent, explaining that he needs several drafts of major revisions to produce anything he considers decent. Other writers and critics have been more generous, touting him as one of the major new voices in the field. -Bud Simons

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## CONNIE WILLIS

Maybe some of you might be a little shy about talking to the willowy and witty Connie Willis. Don't be. She loves to chat; she'll talk about Fred Astaire or the Black Death or the sex lives of walruses -- whatever's on your mind. Just don't ask her to explain her work to you. Although she can be relentlessly subtle, Connie is also a scrupulously fair writer. It's all there; you can be sure that if you pay close enough attention, you'll understand everything.

Willis fans will tell you this is the perfect time to be reading Connie; she's been on a streak. Her brilliant novella, "The Last of the Winnebagos" won the Nebula in April. If you haven't yet read her first solo novel, the Campbell Award winning LINCOLN'S DREAMS, go straight to the huckster's room and buy a copy. While you're there pick up a copy of LIGHT RAID, her delightful new collaboration with Cynthia Felice. You want to laugh? Check out "Time Out" in the July ASIMOV's and watch for two upcoming stories, "At the Rialto" and "Dilemma."

Actually it's easy to talk to Connie Willis, or any other writer, for that matter. Just tell her she's great -- and mean it -- and she'll follow you anywhere--James Patrick Kelly

Well, shoot, I think you all pretty much already know most of the mundane stuff about your toastmaster: what she looks like, how she acts, the jokes about Peter Pan collars, Tupperware and bulldogs, all that. If you don't know, then you just haven't been keeping current with the Locus Bulletin Board. If you read, you're quite aware of Connie's major literary reputation established after only four books (one collection, one solo novel, and a pair of collaborative novels written with clone sister, Cynthia Felice).

If you're impressed by the world's validation, you've noted the Hugos and Nebulae accumulated by Connie, the latest of which being the award for best novella of 1988, given at the recent Boston worldcon (yes, the one with the live re-enactment of Leni Riefenstahl's Triumph of the Will just prior to the Hugo ceremony) for "The Last of the Winnebagos."

If you want to check out a preview of next year's awards, pick up a copy of Byron Preiss's THE MICROVERSE (Bantam Spectra) this autumn and read Connie's contribution. Also you might consider obtaining some appropriate inoculations and putting in a reservation for her new novel about time-travelling historians and the Black Plague. She's closing in on the exciting climax (not, she has hastened to tell me, the scene in which I suggested she debut a comedic character named Bubo the Clown).

So. That's the public Connie Willis, the admirable sort of human being who finds herself battling censorship, religious intolerance, and a variety of other social evils on the alternate days when she's not writing--and frequently on the days she is.



But what about the other persona, the more secret Connie Willis, the one who wrote that batrachian story for *Worlds of Fantasy* 'way back whenever, in the dear, dead years when the New Wave had washed up on the beach and then receded?

Did I ever tell you the true story of how I met Connie? No? Well; it was a remarkable experience. Around 1974 or '75, I'd been enlisted to help begin a writers' workshop in Colorado Springs. For a while, we had the good fortune to have a regular meeting place provided by Bob and Cynthia Felice, who were then the proprietors of the Glen-Russ Motel out on East Platte. One Sunday it was announced that the following month there would appear a young writer very much interested in joining a classy, highly professional workshop. Her name was Connie Willis and she had published some pieces in the confession magazines.

A month later, the weather was miserable the day of the workshop. Overcast skies, rain, cold, all bedeviled us early- arriving writers. We assembled save for our expected new member, who was running late from her distant home in bucolic Woodland Park. Suddenly, as a car pulled up in front of the motel and a slender, self-assured form stepped out, the rain ceased. The clouds suddenly broke, clearing a patch through which shone golden shafts of sun, much like a spotlight highlighting our visitor. It was a lot like the climactic scene in Charlton Heston's *Michaelangelo* epic. The pool of molten sun followed the woman as she entered the motel office. "Hello," she said with utmost self-confidence and sublime charisma, "I'm Connie Willis."

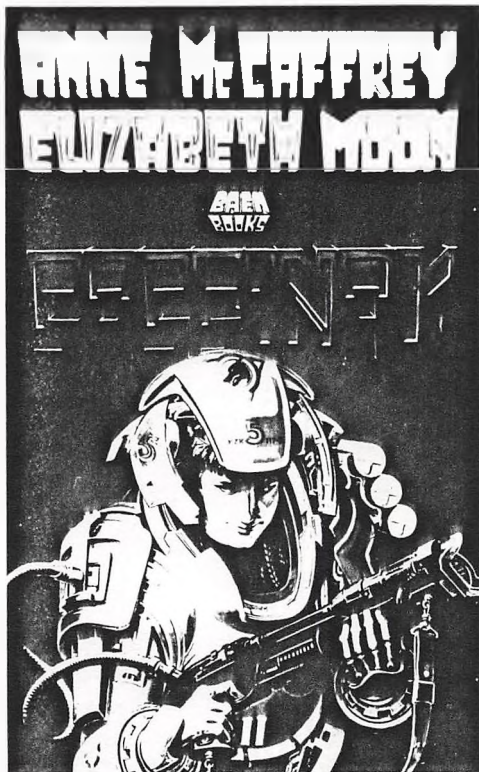
That's how I remember it. Connie may have a variant recollection.

It was shortly after that auspicious debut into the workshop that Connie received the first of two valuable bits of advice from yours truly. I suggested that the perfect confession title might well be, "I Called for Help on My CB and Got a Rapist Instead." She used it. It sold. In gratitude she dedicated her first book to me. Additionally she named the protagonist of an important story after me. The story was called "Attacked by Wild Dogs." It was about a little girl rescued from a pack of feral canines by the faithful family mutt. The dog was named Ed. I've never forgotten that. It still gives me a warm feeling, sort of like being patted with a rolled newspaper.

The other bit of information I advised Connie about was how to correctly pronounce the keyword in the title of her award-winner for this year. You never know when the oral tradition of storytelling may come back.

So that's it. Everything else in Connie's career, she's accomplished on her own. And done it extraordinarily well. I expect she'll be continuing that course with equal brilliance for a good many decades to come.-Edward Bryant

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Sassinak was twelve when the raiders came. That made her just the right age: old enough to be used, young enough to be broken. Or so the slavers thought. But Sassy turned out to be a little different from your typical slave girl. Maybe it was her unusual physical strength. Maybe it was her friendship with the captured Fleet crewman. Maybe it was her spirit. Whatever it was, it wouldn't let her resign herself to the life of a slave. She bided her time, watched for her moment. Finally it came, and she escaped. But that was only the beginning for Sassinak. Now she's a Fleet captain with a pirate-chasing ship of her own, and only one regret in her life: not enough pirates.

Anne McCaffrey, with over 14 million books in print, has seen every single one of her science fiction novels in the last decade hit the *New York Times* bestseller list. Her 1989 bestseller, *Dragonsdown*, is right now on the *New York Times* bestseller list, and on every other bestseller list as well. Elizabeth Moon, author of the highly acclaimed *Deed of Paksenarrion* series, is a former Marine Corps officer, and a genre bestseller in her own right.

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June 1988 • 65416-0 • 512 pp. • \$3.95

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Shawna McCarthy was the Bantam/Doubleday editor who actually bought and edited *DESERTED CITIES OF THE HEART*, but when production time rolled around she was on maternity leave. So the task of getting the book out fell to one Patrick LoBrutto. I'd never met the guy, only glimpsed him across the room once at a World Fantasy Con. I remembered him wearing a dark suit and looking intense. The rest of what I knew about him was that Joe Lansdale had worked with him and really liked him.

I kept waiting for him to call (a condition I would soon grow very familiar with), and finally got to where I couldn't stand it any more and called him. I didn't know what to expect. After all, Pat had run Doubleday's SF program for years virtually single handed, and now here he was having some other editor's book shoved down his throat. So I played it humble. I introduced myself, he said he was glad to hear from me, and had been meaning to call me (I'd hear that line again). I said (irching toward business) I understood he was taking over Shawna's books while she was on leave.

"Yes," he said, in his best Brooklyn accent. "In fact, I've taken over her office. In fact, I'm naked in her office, right now. Sitting naked right here in her chair. She'd kill me if she knew."

This about fifteen seconds into our first conversation, ever. I began to suspect that Pat would not be a difficult person to get along with.

What he is, is a difficult person to get ahold of. And there is a reason. He is one of the greatest telephone conversationalists ever placed on the planet. As with any great artist, he can't be rushed--not that you would ever want to. Not, that is, once you've actually gotten on the phone with him. The problem is when he's on the phone with somebody else.

There are a number of factors that make a great editor. Some of these include ruthless efficiency, eidetic memory, and the ability to get a check processed and in the mail in record time. These are not Pat LoBrutto's skills. But in all honesty, these are things a machine could do. What a machine can't do is read sensitively, appreciate and nurture an author's intent, and communicate a love for great writing. And this is where LoBrutto is unsurpassed in my experience. Those of us who've worked with him may be frazzled, and may have missed a couple of meals waiting to get paid, but Pat has made it up to us in what he'd done for our books.

Not to mention the great phone calls.-Lew Shiner

Without Pat LoBrutto, I might not have a career. This may encourage some folks to assassinate Mr. LoBrutto, seeing as how he's released me on the world, but I have him to thank. Beyond this, editor, or not, he's one of the finest people I've had the fortune to know. He's a friend, and I think he feels the same way about me. (Perhaps another low mark for both of us.)

He's been in editing since God was in diapers, and, of course, he looks it. But don't hold his advanced age against him. If he totters a little, pretend not to notice. If he forgets a little--and let me tell you, friend or no friend, this guy could forget to unzip before he pees--just pretend not to notice. You might want to borrow a few dollars.

Seriously, as all the bad comedians say, I love the guy, and I envy your having his company, and regret I can't be there. I hope he remembers to show up. -Joe R. Lansdale



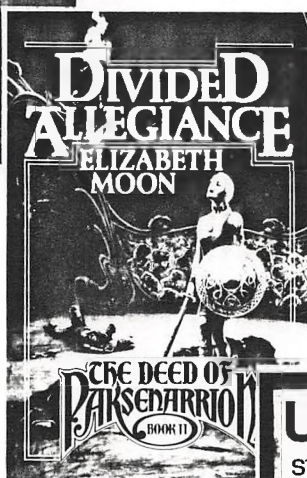
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**SIGNET**  
**SCIENCE FICTION**

## PROGRAM OF EVENTS

FRIDAY

- 5:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. Ballroom B  
My First Book!, What has this thing done for/to me...  
\*Kelly, Harper, Mixon, Denton, Ash
- 5:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. Ballroom C  
My First Convention!, What is it and where am I?  
\*Glyer, Hamilton, Taylor, J. Ward, Cadigan
- 5 p.m. - 5:30 p.m. Auditorium  
Reading - Mark Van Name
- 5:30 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. Auditorium  
Reading - Douglas
- 6:00 p.m. - 6:30 p.m. Auditorium  
Reading - Gunn
- 6:30 p.m. - 7:00 p.m. Auditorium  
Reading - Miller
- 7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. Ballroom C  
Opening Ceremonies/Meet the Pros; Welcome to Austin  
\*Willis and Guests
- 9:00 p.m. until ? Auditorium  
Movies-First Men on the Moon, Vincent, Death Race 2000
- 9:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m. Ballroom B  
Name That SF Tune with Ken Keller
- 9:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m. Ballroom C  
Science in SF: How hard is Hard SF?  
\*McDevitt, Maddox, Van Name, Carr
- 10:00 p.m. - 11:00 p.m. Ballroom B  
\*SF Trivial Pursuit with Richard Brandt
- 10:00 p.m. - 11:00 p.m. Ballroom C  
Humor is SF: Writing this stuff is SOOOO hard  
\*Williams, Blaylock, Harper, Gunn
- 11:00 p.m. - 12:00 a.m. Ballroom B  
Hack-n-slash: A necessary ingredient?  
\*Kimbriel, Moon, Douglas, L. Ward
- 11:00 p.m. - 12:00 a.m. Ballroom C  
Writing Together - Collaborating  
\*Waldrop, Gibson, Sterling, Kessel, Kelly



12:00 a.m. - 1:00 a.m. Ballroom C  
Post Modernism: Commodifying the Death-Reverent  
\*Kadrey, Shiner, Sterling, Datlow

SATURDAY

10:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m. Ballroom B  
Young Adult SF/F: Plots, characters & markets  
\*Mixon, Siros, Willis

10:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m. Ballroom C  
Why I'm Not Writing SF Anymore: Trading out  
\*Denton, McQuay, Douglas, Shiner, Jeter

10:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m. Room 104  
Cepheid Constant  
Knowles, Pitchford, Rylander

10:00 a.m. - 10:30 a.m. Auditorium  
Reading - Moon

10:30 a.m. - 11:00 a.m. Auditorium  
Reading - Kelly

11:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m. Ballroom B  
Sports in SF: The thrill of victory  
\*Miller, Kelly, Simons, Cupp, Duarte, Yalow

11:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m. Ballroom C  
Back to the Future: Looking ahead  
\*Cadigan, Williams, Gibson, Sterling, Datlow,  
Shiner, Maddox, Fairchild, Hill, Knight

11:00 a.m. - 11:30 a.m. Auditorium  
Reading - McDevitt

11:30 a.m. - 12:00 p.m. Auditorium  
Reading - Kimbriel

12:00 p.m. - 1:00 p.m. Room 104  
Manga  
\*Dunn, R. Gibson

12:00 p.m. - 12:30 p.m. Auditorium  
Reading - Bryant

12:00 p.m. - 12:30 p.m. Ballroom B  
Reading-Kadrey

12:30 p.m. - 1:00 p.m.	Auditorium Reading - Murphy
12:30 p.m. - 1:00 p.m.	Ballroom B Reading - Andersson
1:00 p.m. - 2:00 p.m.	Ballroom B Austin Writers League-SF New Games *Kelly, Evans
1:00 p.m. - 2:00 p.m.	Ballroom C Son of Tumbling Dice: The State of Gaming *Spector, Allston, George, Grubb, Nystol, Varney
1:00 p.m. - 2:00 p.m.	Room 104 FAST with Olin, Dunn
1:00 p.m. - 1:30 p.m.	Auditorium Reading - Cupp
1:30 p.m. - 2:00 p.m.	Auditorium Reading - Williams
2:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.	Ballroom B Short Story Collections *Willis, Bryant, Waldrop, Gibson, Cadigan
2:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.	Ballroom C Fan Guest of Honor - Mike Glycer
2:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.	Room 104 National Space Society *J. Strickland, E. Strickland, McCasmin
2:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.	Lower Lobby Steve Jackson Games Presentation
2:00 p.m. - 2:30 p.m.	Auditorium Reading - Kessel
2:30 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.	Auditorium Reading - Maddox
3:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.	Ballroom B Batmania: The impact of "The Dark Knight Returns" *Simons, Spector, Utley, Grubb
3:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.	Ballroom C Family Fued *Cadigan, Shiner, LoBrutto, Willis, Glycer, Yalow, Cupp

3:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.	Room 104 Antgard *Barrios, Watson, Fox, Christenson
3:00 p.m. - 3:30 p.m.	Auditorium Reading - Sterling
3:30 p.m.- 4:00 p.m.	Auditorium Reading - Gould
4:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.	Ballroom C The Editors: How NOT to get published *LoBrutto, Datlow, Buchanan, Weisskopf, Silbersack
4:00 p.m. - 5 p.m.	Auditorium Artist Guest of Honor - Don Ivan Punchatz
4:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.	Ballroom B Psychological Horror: It's all in your mind *Jeter, Keller, Andersson,
4:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.	Room 104 Friends of Fandom *Naff, Bushman, Davis
4:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.	Lower Lobby Hero Games
5:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.	Room 104 The Revision War *Allston, Nalle, Spector, Searle, Ladyman
7:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.	Ballroom C Lewis Shiner Guest of Honor Interview by Van Name, Simons
8:00 p.m. 10:00 p.m.	Ballroom F Art Auction
8:00 pm. - 9:00 p.m.	Ballroom B How I Live with a non-Writer *Cupp, Douglas, Kimbriel, Harper, Denton
8:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Auditorium Win, Lose or Draw - Virzi

9:00 pm. - 10:00 p.m.	Ballroom B Feminism in SF: Making a statement *Moon, Carr, Murphy,
9:00 p.m. until ?	Auditorium Movies Bugs Bunny Cartoons, Batman, 5000 Finger of Dr. T.
10:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.	Ballroom C World Famous Dance

SUNDAY

10:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.	Room 104 Ursa Major with L. Ward
11:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.	Ballroom C Days of Future Past; An Hour with the deCamps
11:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.	Lower Lobby Ragunat Presentation
11:00 a.m. - 11:30 a.m.	Auditorium Reading -Ward
11:30 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.	Auditorium Reading -Webb
12:00 p.m. - 1:00 p.m.	Ballroom C And The Beat Goes On: Musical influences *Gunnarsson, Snodgrass, Shiner, Oliver, Waldrop
12:00 p.m. - 1:00 p.m.	Ballroom B Will the Real Artist Please Stand Up? *Foster, Douglas, Potter, Kadry, Loubet
12:00 p.m. - 1:00 p.m.	Room 104 Paper vs. Computer Games *Allston, Spector, Dee
12:00 p.m. - 12:30 p.m.	Auditorium Reading - Romberg
12:30 p.m. - 1:00 p.m.	Auditorium Reading - Denton
1:00 p.m. - 2:00 p.m.	Ballroom C Writing for the Media *Bryant, Gibson, Snodgrass, McQuay, Gunnarsson

1:00 p.m.- 2:00 p.m.

Ballroom B

Academics in SF

\*Kessel, Maddox, Oliver, Carr

1:00 p.m. - 2:00 p.m.

Lower Lobby

Origins System Presentation

1:00 p.m. - 1:30 p.m.

Auditorium

Reading - Cadigan

1:30 p.m. - 2:00 p.m.

Auditorium

Reading - Mixon

2:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.

Ballroom C

Annual Obligatory Wild Cards Panel

\*Simons, Milier, Gerstner-Miller, Cadigan, Williams

2:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.

Ballroom B

Ideas; Why didn't I think of that?

\*Gould, Murphy, Kelly, Romberg, Andersson

2:00 p.m. - 2:30 p.m.

Auditorium

Reading - Gunnarsson

2:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.

Lower Lobby

TSR Presentation

3:00 p.m - 4:00 p.m.

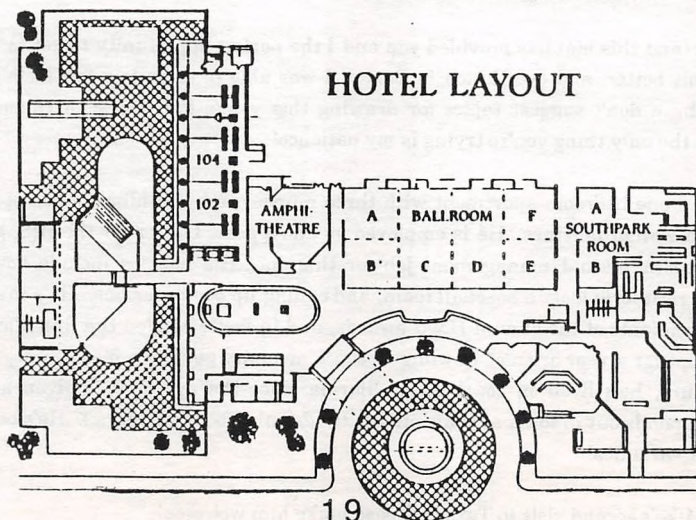
Ballroom C

The Famous Howard Waldrop Reading

4:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.

Poolside

Auction & Closing Ceremonies



## MIKE GLYER

When we last saw our intrepid Hero, he was in New Orleans, ready to board a plane for L.A., his sixth Hugo tucked under his arm. It was September 1988. Mike's part in the 1988 world science fiction convention was ended, handed to fanhistorians to recount and analyze. Only months before Mike had assumed the mantle of Programming Grand Pooh-Bah\*, which meant that he had had to untangle the work of his predecessor and the Committee, lay plans anew, and rebuild and schedule a worldcon program.

Back in L.A. life must have seemed pretty quiet--but not for long. Mike had a fanzine to publish. (Mike's been publishing File 770, frequent newszine and winner of a Hugo or two itself, for over ten years --that's about 80 issues by now.) The post Nolacon issue contained a thorough if controversial interview with Algis Budrys on the subject of the Writers of the Future Contest and its connection with L. Ron Hubbard and Scientology. Since then issues of File 770 have carried rebuttals and follow up to that interview, as well as articles and editorials on Nolacon, Robert Heinlein, the 1989 Hugo nominees, and possible Hugo voting irregularities. And of course the usual fan social news, convention reports, gossip and letters.

At this point, you're probably not surprised to hear that Mike just won another best fanzine Hugo. He's worked on some large convention committees, but I think most people know him for his fanzines. Before File 770 there was Scientifriktion and Prehensile. In fact Mike first pubbed his ish, Eliptic, when he was still in high school. Last month was his twentieth anniversary as a fan editor!

Mike isn't a close or longtime friend of mine --he's just about always lived in L.A. after all, and I'm a true-blue Midwesterner. Though I'd love to tell you a couple of knee slapping personal anecdotes, I just don't have any share; you'll have to corner Ross Pavlac or Bruce Pelz for that. I can assure you that Mike is a charming and witty man, a person you're going to enjoy meeting.

Armadillocon (and this bio) has provided you and I the perfect opportunity to get to know Mr. Glycer a bit better, and over lunch in Boston I was able to compile a few facts about Mr. G. If these don't suggest topics for drawing this year's Fan Guest of Honor into conversation, the only thing you're trying is my patience!

Mike lives in a one bedroom apartment with three mimeograph machines, a box of Hugo awards, and a wall of fanzines...He is employed as an Appeals Officer for the IRS, happy to have traded in his old management job for this one...His hobbies include bowling, "managing" a rotisserie league baseball team, and calling up computer bbs...He's involved in selecting recipients of the annual Hogu awards, and in fact attended the first Ranquet in 1972...Except for a year or so at Bowling Green University getting a masters degree in Popular Culture, he's lived in southern California since the age of 2. (Given all the weekends he spends out of town at conventions, that's only about 15 years.)...He's been to Disneyland 30-40 times!

This is only Mike's second visit to Texas. Please make him welcome!

\*That title was unofficial; he just kept collecting more work and responsibility as staff quit or were fired.-Spike Parsons

What can I tell you about Mike Glyer that you would want to hear?

Well, he has been in fandom for about 20 Years, and has been active in fanzines, clubs, and conventions. In the fanzine line, he has done genzines, apazines, perszines -- but mostly he is known for his newszines. Since he started the newszine FILE 770 in 1978, he has won six Hugos -- three for Best Fanzine and three for Best Fan Writer.

The other newszines he is known for are the various convention newsletters he has done at Westercons and Worldcons. Some of them are official publications, since Mike is frequently asked by convention committees to serve as newsletter editor, but the most-remembered are the unofficial ones which lampoon the official zines (and the convention).

Mike's club activity has centered around the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS) and the L.A.-based Southern California Institute for Fan Interests (SCIFI), pronounced Skiffy). He has been a member of both organizations' Board of Directors for the past decade, and an officer of one, the other, or both whenever we can talk him into it.

He has co-Chaired a Westercon and a Loscon; he has done Programming, or run the Green Room, or done the Publications, for conventions that range from Localcon to Worldcon.

Mike is interested in Fandom and its history. It is rumored that he even likes to read fantasy and science fiction books. But most of all, he likes to talk to people. And that's where you come in.-Bruce Pelz

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**G E T O N T H E S M O F**  
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# **ORBITAL DECAY**

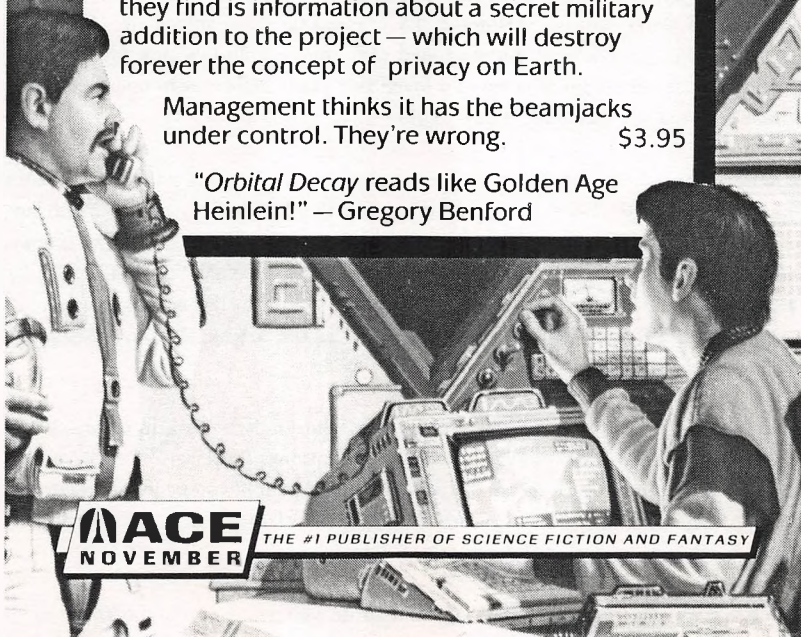
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## DON IVAN PUNCHATZ

'Long about grandfather time, say 1968, I started seeing all these great book and album covers that knocked me out. For one thing, they were weird, but even if they were on a sci-fi book, they didn't look like sci-fi art. They had interesting eye-travel patterns; in books published as sets, the art carried across all the covers--not the same scene, but the forms and figures and movements flowed into one another when you put them side by side. They were, you know, Art. "Gee!" I said. They were signed in what looked like a cross between Art Deco and German Black letter Gothic, the word DIP.

Then I was drafted and spent 18 months crawling through burning typewriter ribbons and exploding Disposition Forms. I was discharged and came back to Arlington TX, and after the tickertape parade and the Governor's speech of welcome and such, somebody said, "Let's go over to the Sketch Pad." I figured we were headed for a massage parlor or something. We parked in front of this nondescript brick building that hadn't existed when I marched off over there and whipped the Kaiser. The sign on the door said "Guarded by Tooter." We went inside.

There were people hunched over drawing boards, people with airbrushes, people covered with paint, people making models and puppets. I couldn't believe it. Art was actually being done in God's Armpit, Arlington TX. "Howard," said somebody, "Meet Don Ivan Punchatz." This grey-haired, mustachioed pipe-smoking dude shook my hand. I looked past his head. All those great covers I'd loved two years before were mounted on the wall behind him. This guy was DIP. "Gee!" I said.

While Don worked on something great, the phone rang. "Yeah?" said Don, still working. "When?" he listened. "No way. Bye." "Who was that?" asked someone. "Playboy," said Don, still working, his brush a blur. "Needed something by Friday. I'm way too busy, won't have any time till the weekend." The phone rang again. "Yeah?" said Don. He listened. "Okay. Sure. Send it on." He hung up. "Who was that?" asked somebody else, "Playboy again. They said they'd hold a section if I could do the art by Monday. My jaw hit the floor. Hef holds things up for this guy! "Gee!" I said.

I came to know Don as a person and through some of his best work in the next two years or so. Remember the Split Beaver centerfold in National Lampoon? That was Don. How about the one-headed-three faced Dracula-Mr. Hyde-Frankenstien monster cover for the book club edition? Don again. He's all over The Art of Playboy. I watched all that stuff happen. I was in total awe of the guy. "Gee!" I said.

Arnie Fenner called me two years ago. "Who do you want to do the cover of Strange Monsters, Howard?" "Don Ivan Punchatz" I said. Sometime later, Arnie showed me the cover proof. "Gee!" I said. ( Night of the Cooters will have another one.) Meschke called and said. "Punchatz is Art GOH! at Armadillocon. write the nicest thing you can about him." "Gee!" I said. "Gee! Gee! Gee!" - Howard Waldrop

All right. We're all friends here, aren't we? Good. Then I guess I can share a secret with you--but just between us, got it? I've got my reasons, so humor me. Ready? Ok... You know your Artist Guest of Honor, Don Ivan Punctatz? Yeah, that lanky, distinguished-looking fella over there? No, no, no--not him; that's Shiner. The one without the ponytail--yeah, him. well--now just between us, mind--this Punctatz is probably the best artist working today! Oh, sure. He'll deny it. And if you tell him I told you he'll probably put some kittycumbotty on my butt, so you didn't hear it from me. But it's true. Look at the facts.

Don's been one of this country's top freelance illustrators since 1966, and in the ensuing twenty-three years he's produced an outstanding array of work for IBM, RCA, Newsweek, Time, Playboy, Braniff, Bell Helicopter, U.S. Steel, The National Lampoon, Exxon (pre-Valdez days, of course) and a jillion others. He's painted covers for books by Ellison and Farmer and Waldrop and Asimov; he's done record jackets and movie posters (remember ...And Justice For All?--yep, that's Don's), corporate reports, and practically every other damn thing you could imagine. And as the founder of the Sketchpad Studio he not only proved that you don't have to live in New York to have a successful art career, thank you very much, but he also helped launch the known illustrators as Mike Presley, Stan Watts, Roger Stine and a passle or others.

Now, I admit that Don has been the recipient of his share of awards (from the Society of American Illustrators, CA Magazine, Print, every Art Director's Club that's formed since Columbus got lost on his way to Chinatown, et al) and honors (like having his work as part of the permanent collections of the Dallas Museum and that little place called The Smithsonian Institution.) But...

SF fans have never been able to get a handle on Punctatz, despite the numerous covers he's done for the field. I mean, just when they begin to think "Hey, this Punctatz paints realistic people better than Michael Wh..." (as in his Dancer trilogy of covers for the Janet Morris books) he's always thrown 'em a curve with a surrealist series of works (like the original Foundation covers). When they think "Ok, Punctatz does slick, interpretive art he pitches a slider, like his beautifully crude Biting on Tinfoil album jacket. You can't pin him down to a single style or look or medium. Hell, he's even been playing with computers when he gets a chance, so don't even try to figure out where he's going.

Ok. I've said enough. If you want to know more about Don, about his lovely wife Sandra, his talented kid Geger, or his art for the flora and fauna of Star Trek or his cover for the upcoming Waldrop collection Night of the Cooters... Ask him. Don's a nice guy and doesn't bite...hard. He might even do his impersonation of Arnold Swartzenegger playing his dream roll of FDR.

But keep all this stuff I've been telling you just between us, huh? I want to try to buy his original to the Bermuda Triangle album by Tomita. People start flappin' their gums, Punctatz'll get a swelled head, yankees'll start flingin' money his way, the whole damn Texas economy will turn around, the Cowboys will start winnin' and I'll have to cough up that extra five-spot to get my gahdamn painting. So... Shhhhhhhh.-Arnie Fenner

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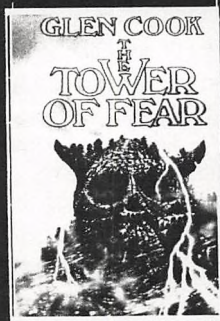
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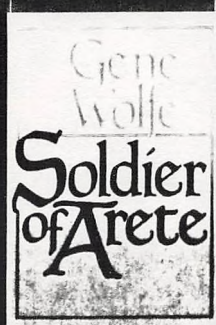
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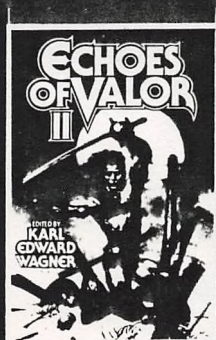
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