

CHATTACON 12



12

This Program Book is Dedicated to the Memory of Sal Magliente.
Taken from us in July, 1986.
Rest in Peace, Sal. We'll miss you.

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"The Wishing Game" © 1986 Larry Niven
"Experimental Science" © 1986 Timothy Zahn
"The Neurotic Coffee Machine" © 1986 Christopher Stasheff
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We would also like to extend a special thanks to our former directors whose help in putting on this convention has been invaluable

James Shepherd	Tim Bolgeo	Stuart Lamb	Eric Strotheide
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Letter from the Editor

Hi!

Well, we finally got the program book done. I say "we" because I really can't take credit for it as much as I'd like to. I would like to thank Michael Dillson and Sandy Paris-Barger for their patience and perseverance. However, I would like to credit Mr. Bill Zielke with any mistakes in this book due to his "hands-on" technique!

I hope you have a good convention. Party up before you return to the mundane world. I know I'm going to!

Lesley Gill

Badge Information

You know the old saying: you can't tell the players without a program. Well, the same can be said for this years badges & ribbons. Owing to the success of WorldCons ribbons, Chattacon has decided to use ribbons to differentiate the various professionals and staff attending our convention. There will be two badge colors, this year: Grey for adults and Red for minors. There will also be a number of different type ribbons as listed below:

Black	Chattacon Director
White	Convention Staff
Red	Authors
Peach	Artists
Purple	Program Participants
Green	Dealers
Yellow	Gamemasters

General Information

Chattacon T-shirts are on sale at the Chattacon Dealer's Table in the Huckster Room. As we go to press, prices are \$5.00 for all sizes. Shirts are available in heather blue, poisonberry and black.

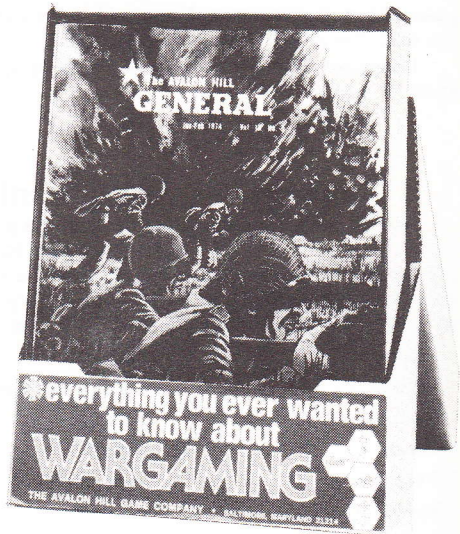
If you need any assistance during the convention, try to locate someone wearing a silver Chattacon shirt. These people are the insane ones who volunteered to put on this convention and can either help you, or point you in the right direction.

Remember: you must be 21 years of age to drink within the state of Tennessee. If you are not of age, and caught drinking, you will be ejected from the convention without refund. Please be advised that drunk driving carries a very stiff penalty in the state of Tennessee and that the Chattanooga Police Department is fully aware of the activities at this convention. Please, if you drink, don't drive.

Remember also that Tennessee has passed a law making seatbelts mandatory for front seat passengers and driver. It is a \$25 fine for being caught. Buckle up.

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Weapons Policy

The practice of carrying or wearing personal weapons at conventions is one of the oldest traditions in fandom. Chattacon respects this custom, and we would rather not do anything to interfere with it.

Unfortunately, in recent years, a few fans have created problems by abusing this custom and behaving very badly with weapons. Therefore, we have reluctantly adopted the following weapons policy. Please read it because it will be enforced.

1. All knives, swords, axes, shiraken, and other blades, whether sharp or not, must be covered by sheaths, cases, reinforced cardboard, or some other protective wrapping. All blades or other small weapons, such as nunchukas, must be secured to the wearer's person or clothing in all public areas of the Holiday Inn or Convention and Trade Center, including the hallways, the lobby and all function rooms. Exceptions will be allowed for dealers' displays in the Huckster Room and for Masquerade participants on a case-by-case basis.
2. All functional firearms, pellet guns, lasers, sound projectors and other projectile weapons are **absolutely forbidden**. No exceptions will be given.
3. Replicas, blasters, and zap guns are allowed. Any director, convention staff member or uniformed security guard may, at any time, require proof that a replica is not a real weapon.
4. Anything can be used as a weapon. Therefore, any object used in a dangerous or threatening manner or in such a way that it becomes a general nuisance to the attendees of the convention will be regarded as a weapon by Chattacon.
5. Any weapon being carried or misused in violation of this policy will be confiscated and held until the convention is over on Sunday afternoon, at which time the weapon will be returned. Anyone who refuses to surrender a weapon when asked to do so by a Chattacon representative will be ejected from the convention without refund. If the violation is very serious, the Holiday Inn will also be asked to evict the violator from the hotel, also without refund.
6. No assassination games will be allowed. Players will be ejected from the convention whenever caught. Please note that this item has been extended to include all Lazer Tag and similar games.
7. Anyone who deliberately or negligently injures or causes property damage to the hotel, trade center, or their contents, will be ejected from the convention, will be ejected from the hotel, and may be subject to arrest and to civil or criminal prosecution.
8. Interpretation and enforcement of this policy will be at the discretion of any Chattacon Director or convention staff member. In case of a disagreement about this policy, the decision of any two (2) Directors will be final.

Note

All attendees please note: the civil authorities in this area have been known to take a dim view of persons carrying swords, knives, martial arts weapons, and/or large-bore particle accelerators. Please show some discretion when making excursions into MundaneLand. Please remember, when in Rome...

Post No Bills

The Holiday Inn has expressed some concern about the posting of notices in the hotel. There can be no posted notices in the lobby or restaurant level. You can post notices in the elevator areas of the other floors, but only using masking tape or some other **easily** removed tape. Please do not staple or glue notices. There can be **NO** notices posted anywhere in the Hamilton County Convention and Trade Center. Please use discretion with your signs.

Larry Niven

Science Fiction Guest of Honor

Larry Niven has dropped out of college twice; both times science fiction was the cause. He entered the California Institute of Technology in September, 1956, and "flunked out" in February, 1958. This was "due to discovering a book store jammed with used science fiction magazines," explained Niven. After leaving school, he discovered that while science fiction provided intellectual stimulation, it didn't do much for his wallet. He took a job in a service station as an attendant. This, according to our sources, has been his only encounter with meaningful employment. Finding life in the private sector not to his tastes, he returned to school. He received a BA in mathematics from Washburn University, Kansas, in June, 1962. (Incidentally, most of Washburn College was taken away to Oz by a tornado less than a month after Niven's graduation.) Fortunately, it returned and awarded Niven an honorary Doctor of Letters degree in recognition of his literary contributions. He completed undergraduate work, but had finished only one year of graduate work at UCLA when SF caused him to drop out again. This time, instead of reading SF being the root of evil, writing SF was the root.

"The Coldest Place" was his first published story. It appeared in *Worlds of If* in December, 1964. Since that first story, Niven has published stories ranging from 700 unto 250,000 words. He has written primarily fiction, but has also done "speculative articles, speeches for high schools and colleges, television scripts, and seventeen weeks of a comic strip," and has "collaborated with various writers," such as Jerry Pournelle, David Gerrold and Steven Barnes.

Niven, 48, married Marilyn Joyce Wisowaty on September 6, 1969. They live in Tarzana, California. In listing his interests, Niven included SF conventions, but cons came in third after backpack hiking with the Boy Scouts and sailing. Last, he listed "saving civilization and making a little money". Niven has also been a driving force behind the L-5 Society, and is interested in moving mankind into outer space by any means possible.

Things like Hugos attest to his ability of "making a little money." He received his first Hugo in 1966 for Best Short Story, "Neutron Star." Ringworld brought Niven a Hugo and Nebula award for best novel of 1970. Ringworld has also been honored in Australia and Japan. "The Borderland of Sol", 1975 Hugo winner for Best Novelette, was the latest of his five Hugos. He has also received the "Forrie," the Ditmars, the Lens award, and various Guest-of-Honor plaques including one from ChattaCon VII. His latest novel, Footfall was also nominated for a Hugo as Best Novel.

As for the future, Niven has several works in progress. The Smoke Ring, a sequel to The Integral Trees is due out in June of 1987. The Legacy of Heorot, a collaborative effort with Jerry Pournelle and Steven Barnes is due out some time after that. Niven is also working on a sequel to the immensely successful A Mote in God's Eye with Jerry Pournelle. Also with Pournelle and Wendy All, a book called Avagadro's World, a children's book.

Hollywood has not ignored Niven's works. A Ringworld movie is in the gestation period. No details are available at this time, but maybe Larry will fill us in. Hollywood has also picked up the options to produce movie versions of Lucifer's Hammer and Dream Park.

Christopher Stasheff

Fantasy Guest of Honor

Christopher Stasheff started writing stories as a child, but never wrote down anything original until high school. He didn't major in English in college, but did write radio and television scripts for college productions. He also wrote the odd short story. Some of them were very odd – in fact, they were science fantasy. He did try to market them, but with no success. An English professor tried to help him weld some of these short stories into his first novel. It had all the usual first novel flaws, and probably a few extras – but it was done. It didn't sell; neither did any of his short stories. (To date, he has never sold a short story – though he did work “The Martyrdom of St. Vidicon” into The Warlock Unlocked.)

Somehow, he never had the audacity to write a science fiction novel. To write science fiction, you have to know something about science – and he is the first to admit that he doesn't. (Nonetheless, he likes to read hard science fiction and intends to eventually try his hand at a hard SF story.) But, in the summer of 1968, he had just moved to Nebraska and didn't have many friends. He needed something to fill his Saturdays. He saw a blurb in *Fantasy and Science Fiction Magazine* telling him of a contest for a story with a \$2000 first prize, and publication.

Well. A contest was different – that wasn't quite as audacious as submitting a novel to a publisher. So, he sat down and drew up a list of his favorite monsters. Then he created a planet on which all of these could live, firmed up the notions of the ideal SF non-hero that had been percolating around in his brain, and started writing. Well, dictating really – he never could get a constant narrative quality until he started dictating into a tape machine and typing it up later. A year later, he had the novel completely on tape; seven months after that, he had it typed up. He called it The Warlock In Spite of Himself.

Of course, by then, the contest had been over with for six months. So, what was he going to do with 500 pages he had sitting around? He mustered up the courage to stick it in an envelope, slap a mailing label on it, and ship it off to Ace. Twenty-four hours later, he was convinced that it was the worst piece of trash ever written. Two months later, Ace told him they wanted to publish it. There is still a hole in the roof of that apartment in Nebraska.

He immediately started on the sequel. As soon as it was done (King Kobold), he started on a third. Ace published King Kobold, but it didn't sell too well, so he was advised not to write any more in the series until he became famous. So, he tried to write something completely different. He did. It was too different. Then he wrote the story of Doc Angus and the time machine. He admits it was pretty poor. He dictated it in three days – and will always be suspicious of speed.

He got married around this time, and settled down in Montclair State College to begin building a broadcast department and a family. It took him three years to adapt and begin writing again – and A Wizard in Bedlam took a year to write, then a year to rewrite.

About that time, he connected with an agent, and was able to let her handle Wizard in Bedlam for him – and, for some reason, his career began to move at a much faster rate. She also mentioned that certain editors were beginning to talk about another Warlock book – so, in 1980, he finally wrote The Warlock Unlocked.

Since then, he has rewritten King Kobold, rewritten the novel that the editor rejected into Escape Velocity, written The Warlock Enraged, The Warlock Wandering, and The Warlock is Missing, has just finished The Warlock Heretical, and is just starting work on The Warlock's Companion.

David Cherry

Artist Guest of Honor

David A. Cherry was drawn to Fantastic Art from the legal world where he worked as an attorney. Phi Beta Kappa with General Honors in undergraduate work, Cherry graduated from the University of Oklahoma School of Law in 1975. Today he is ranked by *Locus* magazine as among the top Science Fiction/Fantasy illustrators in the United States and is emerging as a noted talent in the field of fine art. Cherry exhibited in the 1984 Touring Fantasy Art Exhibit sponsored by the Cultural Arts Council of Plano, Texas, the 1986 Invitational Exhibition of the National Academy of Fantastic Art at the Delaware Art Museum, Wilmington, Delaware, and is currently exhibiting at the Pendragon Galleries in Annapolis, Maryland and Los Angeles, California. The romantic flavor of his settings and subjects stems largely from his undergraduate studies in classical cultures and ancient history.

Timothy Zahn

Special Guest

Timothy Zahn was born in the latter half of the twentieth century, where he has spent all of his life thus far. Afflicted in childhood by chicken pox, mumps, measles, and science fiction, he recovered successfully from all but the latter, which had an unfortunately permanent effect on his brain. Dreams of becoming a physicist --- which had dragged him through four years of college at Michigan State and six years of graduate work at the University of Illinois --- were shattered when his thesis advisor died and he learned the department would make him start a new project from scratch. Having at that point sold a grand total of two stories, he decided he was having more success at writing than at physics, and so in 1980 he took the plunge and began writing full time.

Success came slowly, but he was persistent (some would say muleheaded) and he kept at it, selling stories to *Analog* and other magazines and publishing his first novel, *The Blackcollar*, in 1983. More novels and stories followed, until in 1984 he received science fiction's highest honor, the Hugo Award, for his novella "Cascade Point." The award, a silver rocket ship, has earned him the admiration of various SF fans, the attention of local media, and the scrutiny of airport security.

Now, with some forty-odd short stories and novelettes and seven books to his credit, he continues to work out of his central Illinois home; his wife Anna at his side, his five-year-old son Corwin under his feet. Becoming a full-fledged author has generally left him unaffected except for a slight tendency to go glassy-eyed in the middle of conversations and an inability to use first-person-singular in writing bios like this.

Beth Willinger

Fan Artist Guest of Honor

Chattacon's Fan Artist Guest of Honor is certainly a multi-talented lady. Beth is a prizewinning amateur artist in several unusual media, a huckster who runs a real mathom-closet, a breeder of oriental canines and felines and one of the chief apostles of "Southern Fried Cards." In addition to attending about a dozen conventions a year and shipping artwork to thirty or forty others, she also manages to run a household and keep her husband, three children, and miscellaneous friends well fed and tended.

Known as Lady Bethany Silverswan to the S.C.A. and Robynn, gold Remyth's rider, to the McCaffrey fans, one of her greatest pleasures is introducing new artists and other friends to the worlds of Fandom. With her quick wit and mischievous smile, she can brighten up any fannish get-together. If you haven't met her yet, get to know her soon; buy a piece of her artwork, visit her in the Huckster Room, or face her across the poker table; you'll please her mercenary little heart to no end.

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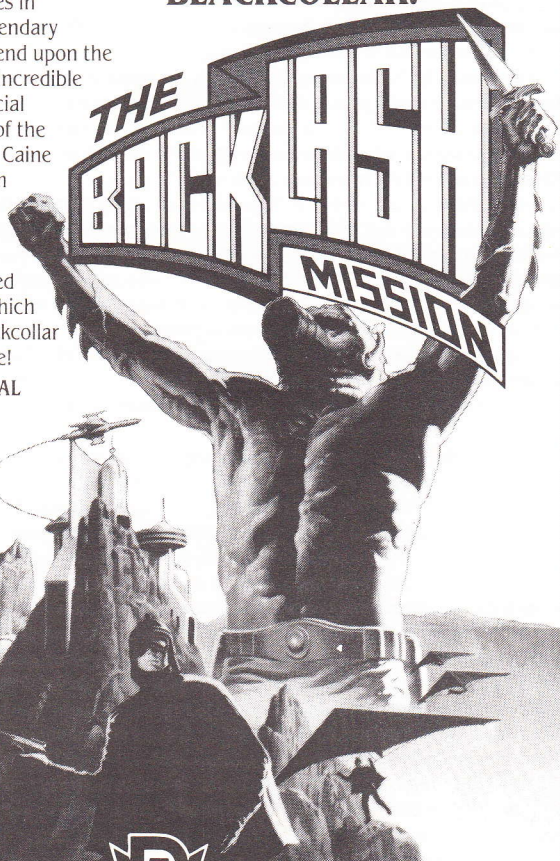
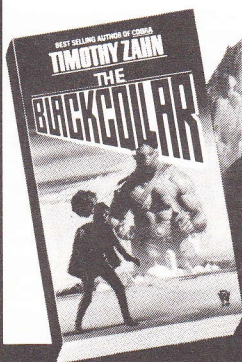
TIMOTHY ZAHN

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Wilson “Bob” Tucker

Master of Ceremonies

by Rusty Hevelin

My son, Wilson “Bob” Tucker, the writer, needs no introduction to regulars at any con in the southeast, but I have been asked to give the newcomers some background on this hired target. So here he is; yours to keep or kill. He originally came to us as a very young man in the year of the quiet sun. Born of an unnatural act, he came from that planetoid circled by the interstellar way station where you may have stopped if you have gone out to the Tombaugh Station.

We called him the Chinese Doll, until he was old enough to insist that his name was Hoy Ping Pong - though this was obviously a red herring of some sort. His wild talent for humor, practical jokes and some other weird practices forced the family and a rather large circle of friends to go along with it. As it was, careful as we all were to stay clear of his most precocious behavior, one of his youthful attempts to develop a time bomb nearly put a man in my grave too soon, though he meant no malice toward anyone.

Fortunately, he found verbal outlets for some of his interests and became a science fiction fan. Before he could go to a dozen or so conventions a year, as you and I do now, Bob sat at home and wrote letters and silly stories and articles which were printed in SF magazines both amateur and professional. Then he found a few early cons to attend and quickly became renowned as a raconteur and world traveler.

Bob became fascinated with good booze, good cigars and bad women at much too early an age. Because of some of his intentions in this area, he investigated the possibility of becoming a warlock, but failed because, at the time, he couldn't be serious about anything. He did, however, get involved in a close and enduring relationship with a zombie; some believe this affair may still be going on. There was a falling out with her, though, which brought on a large a long, loud silence in his usual activities for several years.

During a brief (very brief!) serious period in his life, Tucker edited *The Bloomington News Letter* so well, it turned into the publisher-sponsored *SF News Letter*. It was at that time that he joined an effete literary group called The Lincoln Hunters on his most famous trip, a hazardous journey to the city in the sea.

An incident occurred late on that trip to change him back to his frivolous earlier life-style, that which we see at conventions today. One host urged him to try spinach-juice “on the rocks.” An established booze-hound, Bob was so horrified at the thought that he cried, “Ice and Iron don't mix!” and pledged himself forever to Beam's Choice.

He vehemently denies that an arrangement with the time masters has anything to do with his ever-youthful appearance and insists it is due only to the proper application of the above-mentioned cigars, women and liquor. Since the latter is his main interest in life, he leads a procession of the damned through the halls of one convention hotel after another, stopping here and there only to knock out a window to let out cigar smoke, tie a towel on a doorknob, or ritually pass the Beam's Choice among his followers. Listen for the call of “smo-o-oth” and you, as have so many of us before you, may find pleasure in the company of the stalking man and join in hoping that Chattoon XII will not be the last stop.

Walt Baric

Fan Guest of Honor

Walt is such a regular at Chattoon that he doesn't really need introducing. What he really needs is explaining. Many incidents contribute to the reason we chose Walt for this “honor”. Among these is one from Indianapolis where he traded two lovely ladies for a mug?!? Or the time at our convention, when he decided he was going to outdo the Chippendales (Ask him about this one, ladies. It makes an interesting story.) How about explaining to us, Walt, how you managed to get snowed in here last year, when the temperature was 70 degrees.

But seriously, Walt is active in lots of fannish activities. He was on of the original Klingon Diplomatic Corps. He is also among the Masters level costumers as WorldCons.

Experimental Science

by

Timothy Zahn

Outside the observers booth, the techs were almost finished setting up the recording instruments. Peering through the multi-paned window, Dr. Randal Baiard watched them work, his mood a strange mixture of anticipation and sadness.

"Just a few more minutes," Dr. Crai Wilsn said briskly, coming up behind him. "Then we'll know if the theory's correct." He whistled softly between his teeth. "Just look at all that stuff. You experimentalists have all the fun."

"At nearly thirty percent of the year's budget it'd better be fun," Baiard said sourly.

"You on that again?" Wilsn asked. "Ah, come on, Rand---the way science is booming these days you're lucky you got them to notice you and cough up the money for this in the first place."

"I know," Baiard muttered. "But **thirty percent?** That's just crazy."

Wilsn shrugged. "What can I say?---the cost of everything has gone up, that's all. You ought to see what one of my computer simulations costs me."

"Computer simulations." Baiard snorted. "Remember back in school, when all these simulation techniques were going to revolutionize experimental science? Free us from the need for doing big expensive things like this?" He nodded outside at the experimental apparatus.

"Are you complaining?" Wilsn asked, his tone suggesting Baiard couldn't be serious. "The economy booms, money for science booms along with it, and you want to do simulations instead of the real thing?"

"No, of course not. But every once in a while I take a look at the way scientific progress is becoming a logarithmic function of money...and then I think of the sort of budgets the geniuses of the past had to make do with. Remember Edison? Watt? Bardeen?"

"Sure," Wilsn nodded. "They had minuscule budgets. They also were dealing with

much smaller problems." He gestured at the window. "When you get set to tackle something like gravity waves, you have to expect things to get a bit more expensive."

"Do we?" Baiard asked. "Is it **really** the subject matter that controls the costs; or is it the other way around? I can't help thinking that there might be cheaper and simpler ways to do our experiments if the money simply wasn't there to be spent."

"Keep that kind of talk up and you'll find yourself stoned to death by the rest of the scientific community," Wilsn warned, only half jokingly. "Even in boom times there are always a few sour-face bureaucrats out there looking for excuses to hack at the research budgets. Besides, **cheaper** and **simpler** aren't necessarily synonymous. Admit it; **this---**" he gestured again at the window--- "is about as simple a method of looking for gravity waves as you can get. So what if it doesn't happen to be the cheapest? You've got the money, after all."

"I know," Baiard sighed. "It's just that---well, I've always thought that, historically speaking, working on shoestring budgets helped scientists to keep their wits sharp. Forced them to be clever and innovative, and all that. What happens to all of us in an era when we don't **have** to be creative to do our work?"

Wilsn shrugged. "I don't know," he admitted. "But to be honest, I really don't think there's anything to worry about. Scientific creativity isn't going to evaporate just because there's real funding available for a change."

There was a **ping** from the control board. "Dr. Baiard?" the intercom said. "We're ready to go down here. Everyone's clear, and all the interlocks show green."

Baiard took a deep breath as he moved over to the window and activated the control board. *Maybe he's right*, he thought. *Maybe this really is the only way to try and find gravity waves. We did try---all of us did---to design*

(Continued on page 28)

Saint Vidicon in Hellmouth

by
Christopher Stasheff

When that the blessed Father Vidicon did seize upon a high-voltage line and did cleave unto it, aye, even unto death, so that the words of our blessed Holy Father the Pope might reach out through the satellites to all the world, for the saving of our most Holy and Catholic Church – aye, when that he did thus die for the Faith and did pass into one enduring instant of blinding pain, he was upheld and sustained by the knowledge that, dying a martyr, he would pass straightaway to Heaven, and would be numbered among the Blest.

How great was his dismay, then, to find himself, as the pain dimmed and awareness returned, falling through darkness, amidst a cold that did sear his soul. Distantly did he espy certain suns, and knew thereby that he did pass through the Void, and that his eternal fall was not truly so, but was only the absence of gravity. Indeed, he knew the place for an absence of all, and fear bit his soul – for thus, he knew, must Hell be: a place of lacking, an absence of being.

Then, in his terror, did he cry out in anger, “My God! For Thee did I give my life! Wherefore hast Thou doomed me?”

Yet no sooner were the word said than he did repent, and cursed himself for a faithless fool, thus to doubt, even now in death, that the Christ would uphold him.

And straightaway on the heels of that thought came the shock of insight – for he saw that, if he did die to cheat the Imp of the Perverse, defeating Murphy himself by his very perversity, he must need expect a reversal of expectations – which is to say that, if he died expecting the vistas of Heaven, he would most certainly discover the blankness of Hell.

Then courage returned, and resolution; for he did come to see that the struggle was not ended, but only begun anew – that if he did desire heaven, he would have to win to it. Then did he wonder if even the saints, they who dwelt in God, could count their toils ended – or if they could chose eternally to struggle 'gainst greater foes.

Then did his mission become clear to him, and the blessed Vidicon knew wherefore he had come to this Void. The enemy 'gainst whom he had striven throughout his life, endured still – and now would Father Vidicon confront him, and look upon his face.

With the thought, his fall slowed, and he saw the mouth of a tunnel ope in the darkness before him, and it did glow within, a sullen red. Closer it did come, and wider, stretching and yawning to swallow him; yet Father Vidicon quailed not, nor tried to draw back. Nay, bravely he stood, stalwart in nothingness; yea, even eagerly did he strain forward, to set foot upon infirm, fungoid flesh, and stride into Hellmouth.

As he strode, the sullen glow did brighten, gaining heat till he feared it would sear his flesh, then remembered that he had none. Brighter and hotter it glowed, until he turned through a bend in its tube, and found himself staring upon the Imp of the Perverse.

Gross it was, and palpable, swollen with falsehood and twisted with paradoxes. Syllogisms sprouted from its sides, reaching toward Father Vidicon with complexes of bitterness, and it stood but did not stand, on existential extensions.

“Turn back!” roared the Imp, in awesome sardonicism. “Regress, retrograde! For none can progress, that do come within!”

“Avaunt thee!” cried Father Vidicon. “For I know thee of old, bloody Imp! 'Tis thou who dost drive every suicide; thou who dost strengthen the one arm of the Bandit who doth rob the gambler compulsive; thou who dost bring down freezing snow upon the recumbent form of the will-leached narcotic! Nay, I know thee of old, and know that he who retreats from thee, must need pursue thee! Get THEE behind ME – for I shall surpass thee!”

“Wilt thou, then!” cried the Imp. “Then look to thy defense – for I shall undo thee!”

Then a great calm came upon the Blessed One, and he slowly stood straight, smiling

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Components: Rules Booklet, Paragraph Booklet, 218 Playing Pieces, one 16" x 22" Mapsheet, one 7½" x 22" Mapsheet, one 8½" x 22" Mapsheet, 90 Character/Vehicle Cards, 17 Mission Cartridges, one Cartridge View Sleeve, one Squad Record Sheet Pad, one Player Aid Card, two Decimal Dice, Counter Storage Tray. **Complexity:** Medium. **Solitaire Suitability:** Very High. **Time Scale:** Simultaneous, relative time. **Map Scale:** Ten yards per hex. **Unit Scale:** Individual soldiers and vehicles. **Players:** One (although play with 2 or more is an exciting variation). **Playing Time:** From 3 to 4 hours per Mission.

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Components: Rules Booklet, one 22" x 32" Mapsheet, 520 Playing Pieces, one Decimal Die, Counter Storage Tray. **Complexity:** Very High. **Solitaire Suitability:** Medium. **Time Scale:** Two days per turn. **Map Scale:** Twenty-eight kilometers per operational hex, and 280 kilometers per strategic hex. **Players:** Two (also highly recommended for team play). **Playing Time:** From 2 hours to 30 hours.

This innovative game system, simulating triphibious operations as no other system has done before, can be played in 4 different scenarios. As an additional bonus, rules are included to link *Aegean Strike* with its predecessor, *Gulf Strike*, to play a massive, dramatic scenario.

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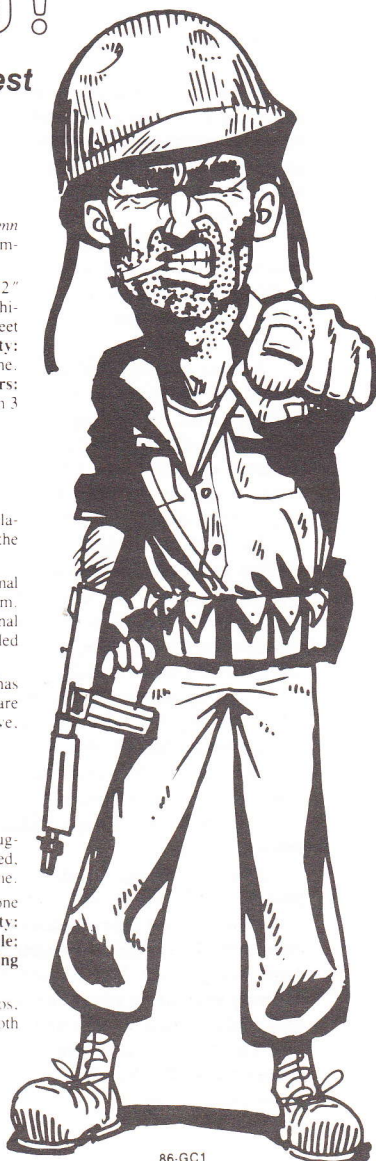
Components: Rules Booklet, two 22" x 32" Mapsheets, 520 Playing Pieces, one 8" x 11" Player Aid Card, one 10-Sided Die, Counter Storage Tray. **Complexity:** Medium. **Solitaire Suitability:** High. **Time Scale:** One month per turn. **Map Scale:** 7.5 miles per hex. **Unit Scale:** Division, regiment, brigade. **Players:** Two. **Playing Time:** From 1 to 15 hours, depending on the scenario.

The definitive simulation of the Korean War includes five introductory scenarios, each playable on a single mapsheet, and an Advanced Game scenario entailing both map sheets, spanning all of war-torn Korea.



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gently and saying, "Nay, I shall not - for I know now that to become defensive is to bend thy sword so that it strikes against thyself. Nay, I shall not defend, but offend!" And so saying, he leaped upon the Imp, striking out with his fist.

But the Imp raised up a shield, a plane of white metal, flat as a fact and bare as statistics, and polished to so high a gloss that it might not have existed. "See!" cried the Imp, full of glee. "See the monster thine offense hath wrought!"

And staring within, Father Vidicon did behold a face twisted with hatred, tortured with self-doubt. It wore a beard of assumptions, and was bound by the Roman collar of law.

Yet the Blessed One did not recoil. Nay, he did not so much as hesitate to question himself or his cause; only, with a voice filled with agony, did he cry, "Oh, my Lord! Now preserve me! Give me, I beg of Thee, some weapon against the wiles and malice of this Imp's shield of Distortion!"

He held up his hands in supplication - and lo! In his left, a blade did appear, gleaming with purity, its edge glittering with exquisite monofilament sharpness - and in the Blessed One's palm, its handle nestled, hollow to the blade folded.

The Imp sneered in laughter and cried, "See how thy Master requites thee! In exchange for thy life, He doth grant thee naught but a slip of a blade, which could not pierce so much as a misapprehension!"

"Not so," cried Father Vidicon, "for this razor is Occam's!"

And so saying, he slashed out at the Shield. The Imp screamed and cowered away - but the Blessed One pursued, slicing at the Shield of Distortion and crying, "Nay, thou canst not prevail! For I could have wasted Eternity wondering where the fault lay in me, that could so twist my face and form into Evil! Yet the truth of it is shown by this Razor, as it doth cleave this Shield."

So saying, he swung the blade, and it cleaved the Shield in twain, revealing hidden contours, convexities and concavities of temporizing and equivocating. The Imp screamed in terror, and the Blessed One cried,

"'Tis not my image that is hideous, but thy shield that is warped!"

Dropping its shield, the Imp spun away, whirling beyond Father Vidicon, to flee toward the Outer dark.

Filled with righteous rage, the Blessed One turned to follow it - but he brought himself up short at a thought; for 'twas almost as though a voice spoke within him saying, *Nay! Thou must not seek to destroy, for thus thou wouldst become thyself an enemy of Being. Contain only, and control; for the supporting of Life will lead Good to triumph; but the pursuit of Destruction in ITSELF doth defeat good!*

The Blessed One bowed his head in chagrin - and there, even there in the throat of Hell, did he kneel and join his hands in penitence. "Pardon, my Master, that in my weakness, I would have forgotten the Commandment of Thine example." And he held up the Razor on his open palm praying, "Take again the instrument wrought for Thee by Thy faithful servant William - for I need it not, now. For Thou, oh God, art my strength and my shield; with Thee, I need naught."

Light winked along the length of the Blade, and it was gone.

Father Vidicon stood up, then, naked of weapons and solitary in his feelings; yet his heart was light, and his resolution was strengthened. "Whither Thou wilt lead me, my Lord," he murmured, "I will go; and with what adversaries Thou shalt confront me, I shall contend."

So saying, he strode forth down the throat of Hell; but the song that rose to his lips was a psalm.

Function Room Schedules

Art Show

Trade Center Rooms 1 & 2

Friday

1:00 PM Artists only
4:00 PM Open to Public
10:00 PM Art Show Closes

Saturday

10:00 AM Art Show Opens
4:00 PM Art Show Closes

Art Auction at 8:30 PM in Trade Center Room 3

Sunday

10:00 AM Art Show Opens
12:00 PM Art Show Closes to Public
2:00 PM Art Show Closes

Dealers' Room

Trade Center Banquet Rooms B & C

Friday

12 PM Dealers' Room Opens
10 PM Dealers' Room Closes

Saturday

9:30 AM Dealers' Room Opens
9:00 PM Dealers' Room Closes

Sunday

9:30 AM Dealers' Room Opens
2:00 PM Dealers' Room Closes

Hospitality Suite

Holiday Inn East & West Rooms

Friday

2:00 PM Hospitality Suite Opens

Sunday

2:00 PM Hospitality Suite Closes

Video Room

Holiday Inn Ballroom A

Friday

2:00 PM Video Room Opens

Sunday

2:00 PM Video Room Closes

Registration

Foyer Outside Ballrooms in Holiday Inn

Friday

12:00 PM Registration Opens
10:00 PM Registration Closes

Saturday

10:00 AM Registration Opens
5:00 PM Registration Closes

Late Night Registration Will be done in Room 301.

Banquet tickets will be available at \$20 each until 12:00 PM on Saturday.

Programming Schedule Friday Night

Time	Hotel Ballroom "B"	Hotel Ballroom "C"	Trade Center Room 5	Trade Center Room 3
6:00 PM	T.B.A.	L-5 McDonnell-Douglas	Painting Miniatures	Speaking of Bearkiller
6:30 PM		Space Station Slide Show	The Infamous Tish	by Robert Edwards
7:00 PM	Opening Ceremonies	Airbrush in Artwork	Reading	Science Fiction
7:30 PM	<i>Welcome to our Convention</i>	Mark Maxwell & Debbie Hughes	John Maddox Roberts	Jeopardy
8:00 PM	Who Are All These Strange People, and Why do we work for them?	Women in Science Fiction	Reading	Walt Baric Interview
8:30 PM	Larry Niven, David Cherry, Wilson "Bob" Tucker	Sharon Webb, Sharon Green, Harriet MacDougal	Robert Jordan	by J. J. Johnson
9:00 PM	T'was a Dark and Stormy Night - Breaking into writing	Improv Story Panel - (Thinking FAST on your seat)	Reading	
9:30 PM	Charlie Grant, R. McCammon, Wendy Webb	Christopher Stasheff, Orson Scott Card, Timothy Zahn	Perry Chapdelaine, Sr.	

Saturday

Time	Hotel Ballroom "B"	Hotel Ballroom "C"	Trade Center Room 5	Trade Center Room 3
10:00 AM	D.C. Comics Presentation	Slide Show	TBA	Who is Who?
10:30 AM	by Julius Schwartz	Art of Doug Chaffee		ChattaWIIovians
11:00 AM	1001 Science Fiction Plot Ideas in an Hour		One on One	The Gentle Art of Costuming
11:30 AM	Orson Scott Card	Slide Show	Sharon Webb	Susan & Jeff Stringer, Kevin Gnewikow
12:00 Noon	The Logic of Fantasy	Art of David Cherry	One on One	That was the WorldCon that Was: A look back at the emotional and financial success that was Confederation
12:30 PM	Christopher Stasheff, Robert Jordan, R. McCammon		Sharon Green	Mike Rodgers, Scott Dennis, Jim Gilpatrick, Steve and Sue Francis
1:00 PM	T.B.A.	Slide Show - The Early Days of Science Fiction	One on One	T.B.A.
1:30 PM		Julius Schwartz	Orson Scott Card	
2:00 PM	A Coming of Zahn: Ethics in Science Fiction	The Great Larry Niven Autograph Party	One on One	NOLACon II Presentation

2:00 PM	A Coming of Zahn: Ethics in Science Fiction	The Great Larry Niven Autograph Party	One on One	NOLACon II Presentation
2:30 PM	Timothy Zahn		Wilson "Bob" Tucker	Guy Lillian III & Ann Chancellor
3:00 PM	Science Fiction or Fantasy: Both!	Larry Niven and a cast of thousands	One on One	Legends of Southern Fandom
3:30 PM	Christopher Stasheff, Robert Jordan, Sharon Green, & Orson Scott Card		Charlie Grant	Guy Lillian III, Ricky Sheppard, Khen Moore, & Cliff Amos
4:00 PM	Ah! The BAD Old Days		L-5 Commission Report & Slide Show	T.B.A.
4:30 PM	Rusty Hevelin, Wilson "Bob" Tucker, Julius Schwartz, & Perry Chapdelaine, Sr.			
5:00 PM	Horror, That's What I Like	Should We Abolish the Space Program?	One on One	
5:30 PM	Charlie Grant, R. McCammon, Harriet MacDougal	Larry Niven, Timothy Zahn, Orson Scott Card, Sharon Webb	Robert Jordan	
6:00 PM	T.B.A.	L-5 Society Program		
6:30 PM				
7:00 PM		Craziness		
7:30 PM		Orson Scott Card		

Sunday

Time	Hotel Ballroom "B"	Hotel Ballroom "C"	Trade Center Room 5	Trade Center Room 3
10:00 AM	T.B.A.	Slide Show		
10:30 AM				
11:00 AM	Secular Humanist Revival	Art of Alan Clark		The Many Media of DOCTOR WHO
11:30 AM		Slide Show		Nicki Lynch, Eva Griffey, Jeannie Schmidt et.al.
12:00 noon	Bro. Orson Scott Card			
12:30 PM	INTERMISSION	Art of Ron & Val Lindahn		
1:00 PM	Exploring Known Space			
1:30 PM	Larry Niven			
2:00 PM	Closing Ceremonies			The Science Fiction and Mystery Connection
2:30 PM	Another One Bites the Dust			Nicki Lynch & Sandra Lloyd

Banquet

Trade Center Banquet Room A
6:00 PM, Saturday, January 17, 1987

Menu

Grilled Breast of Chicken Supreme
Roast Sirloin of Beef Au Jus
Fluffy Rice Pilaf
2 Market Fresh Vegetables
Tossed Salad & Condiments
New York Style Cheesecake with Strawberries
Deep Dish Apple Pie
Chocolate Mousse Tarts

House Wine \$9.00 a Carafe

Cash Bar Available
Drinks \$1.50-\$3.00
Soft Drinks \$.75

You may not bring your own drinks into the banquet area.

Banquet Prices \$20 per ticket
Available at Registration before 12:00 PM on Saturday

Game Room

Atlanta's DAGR Group in association with local gamemasters have collaborated to bring you a good year of gaming. Gaming will take place in the Board and Directors Rooms as well as the hallway outside of Player's Court. Gaming will also be taking place in various other function space in the hotel. Check gaming schedule for further details.

Gophers

We need help! Not just psychiatric help, but genuine physical assistance. If you think you would like to help us with the convention, please notify John Trieber of the General Services Department, or tell the people at the Registration Desk that you would like to be a Gopher. They will take your name and get with you as soon as possible.

Art Show Awards

Once again, Chattacon will be giving out the People's Choice award in the Art Show. You will be able to fill out a ballot for the piece of artwork you feel is the best on display in the Art Show. The piece of art with the most votes wins the trophy. There will also be awards given for Best Science Fiction Piece, Best Fantasy Piece, and best Astronomical Piece in both Pro and Amateur categories for each award. Go see the Art Show, we think you'll enjoy it.

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The Wishing Game

by
Larry Niven

He was being pulled upward through the gritty sand, in jerks. Crunching and grinding sounds brought him half-awake. The stopper jerked free, sudden sunlight flamed in, and the highly compressed substance that was Kreezerast the Frightener expanded tremendously into open air.

Kreezerast attempted to gather his senses and his thoughts. He had slept for a long time...

A long time. A human man, an older man not in the best of shape, was standing above the bottle. There was desert all about. Kreezerast, tall as the tallest of trees and still expanding, had a good view of scores of miles of yellow sand blazing with heat and light. Far south he saw a lone pond ringed by stunted trees, the only sign of life. And this had been forest when he entered his refuge!

What of the man? He was looking up at Kreezerast, probably perceiving him as a cloud of thinning smoke. His aura was that of a magic user, though much faded from disuse. At his feet, beside Kreezerast's bottle was a cube of pure gold heavy with wild magic.

Gold? Gold was magic, but it would take no spells. It drove some species mad; it made humans mad enough to value gold itself. Was that why the man had carried this heavy thing into a desert? Or had it helped to guide him to Kreezerast's refuge?

Men often wished for gold. Once Kreezerast had given three men too much gold to carry or to hide, and watched them try to move it all, until bandits put the cap to his jest.

Loose white cloth covered most of the man's body. Knobby hands showed, and part of a face, nose and eyes and mouth. Deep wrinkles surrounded the eyes. The nose was prominent, curved and sharp-edged like an eagle's beak, and sunburnt. The mouth was calm as he watched the cloud grow.

Kreezerast pulled himself together. He stood now as a tremendous man. He shaped

a face that was a cartoon of the other's features, wide mouth, nose like a great axe, red-brown skin, disproportionately large eyes and ears. He bellowed genially, "Make yourself known to me, my rescuer!"

"I am Clubfoot," the man said. "And you are an afright, I think."

"Indeed! I am Kreezerast the Frightener, but you need not fear me, my rescuer. How may I reward you?"

"What I—"

"Three wishes!" Kreezerast boomed. He had always enjoyed the wishing game. "You shall have three wishes if I have the power to grant them."

"I want to be healthy," Clubfoot said.

The answer had come quickly. This was no wandering yokel. Good: brighter minds made for better entertainment. "What disease do you suffer from?"

"Nothing too serious. Nothing you cannot see, Kreezerast, with your senses more powerful than human. I suffer from sunburn, from too little water, and from various symptoms of age. And there's this." The man sat; he took the slipper off his left foot. The foot was twisted inward. Callus was thick along the outer edge and side. "I was born this way."

"You could have healed yourself. There is magic, and you are a magician."

Clubfoot smiled. "There was magic."

Kreezerast nodded. His own kind were creatures of magic. Over tens of thousands of years the world's mana, the power that worked spells, had dwindled almost to nothing. The most powerful of magical creatures had gone mythical first. The afrights had outlived the gods. They had watched the dragons sickening, the merpeople becoming handless creatures of the sea; and they had survived that. They had watched men spread across the land, and change.

"There was magic," Kreezerast affirmed.

"Why didn't you heal your foot?"

"It would have cost me half my power. That mattered, when I had power. Now I can't heal myself."

"But now you have me. What is your wish?"

"I've made my wish."

Did this Clubfoot intend to be entirely healed from all the ills of mankind on the strength of one wish? The question answered itself: he did. Kreezerast said, "There are things I can't do for you—"

"Don't do them."

Was there no way to force Clubfoot to make his wish more specific? "Total health is impossible for your kind."

"Fortunately I have not wished for total health."

The wish was well chosen. It was too comprehensive, and too simple to allow misinterpretation. The Frightener could not claim that he could not fulfill the conditions; they were too general.

Magic was still relatively strong in this place. Kreezerast knew that he had the power to search Clubfoot's structure and heal every ill he found.

To lose the first wish was no disaster. One did like to play the game to the end. Still it was preferable that the first wish come out a bit wrong, to give the victim warning.

Think! They stood in a barren waste. What was a man doing here? His magic must have led him to Kreezerast's refuge, but—

Footprints, parallel lines of foot-shaped marks and shapeless splotches. He traced them to the corpse of a starved beast, not long dead, half a mile north. Here was more life: scavengers had set to work.

The prints blurred as he followed them back. Dunes, more dunes...the prints faded, but Kreezerast's gaze followed the pathless path...a fleck of scarlet at the peak of a crescent dune, twelve miles north...and beyond that his eyes still saw, but his other senses did not. The mana level dropped to nothing, as if cut by a sword. The desert continued for scores of miles.

Saddlebags lay near the dead beast. They held (Kreezerast adjusted his eyes) only water skins. Three were quite dry; the fourth held five or six mouthfuls.

It tickled Kreezerast's fancy. Clubfoot would be obscenely healthy when he died. He

would suffer no ill save for fatigue and water loss and sunstroke. Of course he still had two wishes...but such was the nature of the game.

"You shall be healthy," Kreezerast said. "This will hurt."

He looked deep within Clubfoot. Spells had eased some of the stresses that were the human lot, and other stresses due to a twisted walk, but those spells were long gone.

First: brain and nerves had lost some sensitivity. Inert matters had accumulated in the cells. Kreezerast removed that, carefully. The wrinkles deepened around Clubfoot's eyes. The nerves of youth now sensed the aches and pains of an aged half-cripple.

Next: bones. Here was arthritis, swollen joints. Kreezerast reshaped them. He softened the cartilage. The bones of the left foot he straightened. The man howled and flailed aimlessly.

The callus on that foot was now wrong. Kreezerast burned it away.

Age had dimmed the man's eyes. Kreezerast took the opacity from the humor, tightened the irises. He was enjoying himself, for this task challenged his skills. Arteries and veins were half-clogged with goo, particularly around and through the heart. Kreezerast removed it. Digestive organs were losing their function; Kreezerast repaired them, grinning in anticipation. In a few hours Clubfoot would be as hungry as an adolescent boy. He'd want a banquet and he'd want it now. It would be salty. There would be wine, no water.

Reproductive organs had lost function; the prostate gland was ready to close on the urethra. Kreezerast made repairs. Perhaps the man would ask for an houri too, when glandular juices commenced bubbling within his veins.

A few hours of pain, a few hours of pleasure. For Kreezerast to win the game, his three wishes must leave a man (or an aflight, for they played the game among themselves) with nothing he hadn't started with. To leave him injured or dead was acceptable but inferior.

The man writhed with pain. His face was in the sand and he was choking. His lungs, for that matter, had collected sixty years of dust, Kreezerast swept them clean. He burned four skin tumors away in tiny flashes.

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The sunburn would heal itself. Wrinkled skin was not ill health, nor were dead hair follicles.

Anything else?

Nothing that could be done by an afright working with insufficient manna.

Clubfoot sat up gasping. His breathing eased. A slow smile spread across his face. "No pain. Wait—" The smile died.

"You have lost your sense of magic," the afright said. "Of course."

"I expected that. Ugh. It's like going deaf." The man got up.

"Were you powerful?"

"I was in the guild. I was part of the group that tried to restore magic to the world by bringing down the Moon."

"The Moon!" Kreezerast guffawed; the sand danced to the sound. He had never heard the like. "It was well you didn't succeed!"

"In the end some of us had to die to stop it. Yes, I was powerful. All things end and so will I, but you've given me a little more time, and I thank you." The man picked up his golden cube by two leather straps and settled it on his back. "My next wish is that you take me to Xyloshan Village without leaving the ground."

Kreezerast laughed a booming laugh. "Do you fear that I will drop you on Xyloshan Village from a height?" It would make a neat finale.

"Not any more," Clubfoot said.

Here the magic was relatively strong, perhaps because the desert would not support men. Men were not powerful in magic, but there were so many! Where men were, magic disappeared rapidly. That would explain the sharp dropoff to the north. Wars of magic did that: burned the manna out locally in a few hours. To east and west and south the level of power dwindled gradually.

So. "Where is this Xyloshan Village?"

"Almost straight north." Clubfoot pointed. "Rise a mile and you'll see it easily. There are low hills around it, a big bell tower and two good roads—"

The man's level of confidence was an irritant. Struck suddenly young again, free of the ever-present pains that came with age in men, he must be feeling like the king of the world. How pleasant it would be, to puncture the man's balloon of conceit!

"—Take me to Xyloshan Village without leaving the ground." Very well, I shall not leave the ground. But you will!

The Frightener didn't rise into the air; he "grew". At a mile tall he could scan everything to the north. Xyloshan was a village of fifteen or sixteen hundred with a tall, crude bell tower, two hundred miles distant. He could hurl Clubfoot...

No he couldn't. It was too far and he didn't have sufficient magic. Just as well. It would have ended the game early.

He still had two choices.

Clubfoot had made the wrong wish. It could not be fulfilled. The afright could simply say so. Or...

He laughed. He shrank to twenty feet or so. He picked up Clubfoot, tucked him under his arm and ran. He covered twelve miles in ten minutes (weak!) and stopped with a jar. He set Clubfoot down in the sand. The man lay gasping. His hands had a deathgrip on the gold cube.

"Here I must stop," Kreezerast said. "I must not venture where there is no manna."

The man's breathing gradually eased. He rolled to his knees. In a moment he'd realize that his minuscule water supply lay twelve miles in the wrong direction.

Kreezerast needed him. "And your third wish, my rescuer?"

"Whoof! That was quite a ride. Are you sure rescuer is the word you want?" Clubfoot stood and looked about him. He spoke as if to himself. "All right, where's the smoke? Mirandee!"

"Why should I not say rescuer?"

"Your kind can't tolerate boredom. You built those little bottles as refuges. When you're highly compressed and there's no light or sound, you go to sleep. You sleep until something wakes you up, perhaps by one of your own kind, perhaps because something interesting is happening."

"You know us very well, do you?"

"I've read a great deal."

"What are you looking for?"

"Smoke. It isn't here. Something must have happened to Mirandee. Mirandee!"

"You have a companion? I can find her, if such is your wish." He had already found her. There was a patch of scarlet cloth at the top of a dune, and a small canopy pitched on the north side, two hundred paces west.

Clubfoot played the game well. His companion was waiting just this side of where the land went magically dead, on a line between Xyloshan Village and Kreezerast's refuge. The afright had taken him almost straight to her. And to their camp. With two more beasts and his major water supply.

A puff of wind could cover that scarlet blanket with sand...

Two victories for the man. An afright would have gloated. The man picked up his gold and walked. In a moment he was jogging, then running flat out, testing his symmetrical feet and newly youthful legs. He bellowed, "Mirandee!" half in the joy of new youth, half in desperation. He ran straight up the side of a tall dune, spraying sand. At the top he looked about him, and then he was running again.

He must have seen the little whirlwind.

Kreezerast followed.

The man was in the shade of the canopy, bending over a woman. Kreezerast stopped as his highly sensitive ears picked up Clubfoot's near-whisper. "I came as quick as I could. Oh, Mirandee! Hang on, Mirandee, stay with me, we're almost there."

The Frightener could study her more thoroughly now: a very old woman, tall and still straight. An aura of magic, nearly gone. She was unconscious and days from death. The golden cube was beside her pushed up against her ribs. Wild magic...it might reinforce some old spell.

A man had wished for a woman who didn't want him. Kreezerast found her and brought her, but he left evidence, and watched her relatives take their vengeance. Humans took their lusts seriously...but this woman did not seem a proper object for lust. She'd be thirty or forty years older than he.

The man must have thought he was out of earshot. He rubbed her hand. "We got this far. The bottle was there. The afrit was there. The magic was there. The first spell worked. Look at me, can you see? It worked!"

Her eyes opened. She stirred.

"Forget the wrinkles. I don't hurt anywhere. Here, feel!" He wrapped the woman's fingers around his left foot. "The second spell, he did just as we thought. I don't think we'll even need—" The man looked up. He raised his voice. "Frightener, this is Mirandee."

Kreezerast approached. "Your mate?"

"Close enough. My companion. My final wish is that Mirandee be healthy."

This was too much. "You know we hate boredom. It is discourteous of you to make two wishes that are the same."

Clubfoot picked up the gold, turned his back and walked away. "I'll remain as courteous as possible," he said angrily. "I remind you that you carried me facing backward. Was that discourteous, or did you consider it a joke?"

"A joke. Here's another. Your...companion must be nearly one hundred years old. A healthy woman of that age would be dead."

"Hah hah. Nobody dead is healthy. I already know that you can fulfill my wish."

Kreezerast wondered if the man would use the gold to bribe him. That would be amusing. "I point out also that you are not truly my rescuer—"

"Am I not? Haven't I rescued you from boredom? Aren't you enjoying the wishing game?" Clubfoot was shouting over his shoulder across a gap of twenty paces. In fact he had walked beyond the region where magic lived, while Kreezerast was still looking for ways to twist his third wish.

There was no way to reach Clubfoot, no way to take vengeance directly. Kreezerast said, "You have bested me. I admit it, but I can limit your satisfaction. One more word from you and I kill the woman."

Clubfoot nodded. He spread a robe from the saddlebags against the side of a dune and made himself comfortable on it.

No curses, no pleading, no bribe? Kreezerast said, "Speak your one word."

"Wait."

What? "I won't hurt her. Speak."

The man's voice now showed no anger. "Our biggest danger was that we would find you to be stupid."

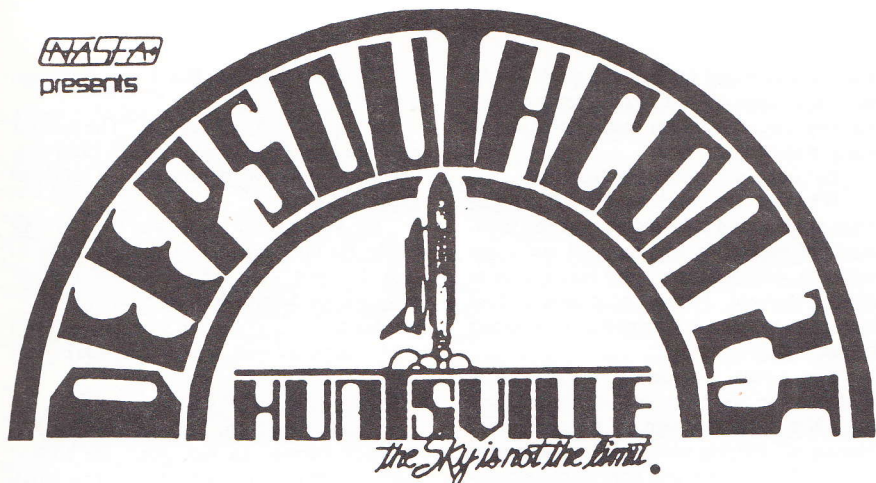
"Well?"

"I think we've been lucky."

The man spoke riddles. Kreezerast turned to black smoke and drifted south, beaten and humiliated.

A man had wished to be taller; Kreezerast had lengthened his bones and left the muscles and tendons alone. Over time he'd healed. A woman wished for beauty; Kreezerast had given her an afright's beauty. After-

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ward men admired her eery, abstract loveliness, but never wished her favors...and she was one who shied from men. Perhaps she was grateful.

But none had bested him like this!

What did the magician expect? Kreezerast had watched men evolve over the thousands of years. He had watched magicians strip the land of magic, until better species died or changed. He had no reason to love men, nor to keep his promises to a lesser breed.

The bottle beckoned...but Kreezerast rose into the air. High, higher; three miles, ten. Was there any sign of his own kind? None at all. Patches where manna still glowed strong? None. Here and here were encampments, muffled men and women attended by strange misshapen beasts. Men had taken the world.

The world had changed. It would change again. Kreezerast the Frightener would wait in his refuge until something or someone dug him up. A companion would come...and would hear the tale. Afrights didn't lie to each other.

So be it. At least he need not confess to killing the woman out of mere spite. Let her man watch her die over the next few days. Let him tend her while his water dwindled.

The key to survival was to live only through interesting times.

Here was the bottle. Now, where...

Where was the stopper?

The stopper bore afright's magic. Sand would not hide it.

Gold would. Wild magic. It was a box

The camp was untouched. The woman had not moved. Her breathing was labored.

Clubfoot lay against the next dune. He had gone for the beasts and the supplies in their saddle bags. He said nothing. The golden cube glowed at his feet.

Kreezerast said, "Very well. You can reach Xyloshan village and I cannot stop you, if you are willing to abandon the woman. So. You win."

Clubfoot said, "Why do I want to talk to a liar?"

The answer was obvious enough. "For the woman."

"And why will you stoop to bargaining with a mere man?"

"For the stopper. But I can make another."

"Can you? Then we've lost." The man sat up. "We feared you would twist the third wish somehow. We never dreamed you'd refuse to grant it at all."

He would have to remake stopper and bottle, for they were linked. And he could do that, but not here, nor anywhere on this manna-poor desert. Perhaps nowhere.

He said, "Give me the stopper and I will grant your third wish, or any other you care to make."

"But I don't trust you."

"Trust this, then. I can repair this Mirandee's nerves. In fact...yes." He looked deep into her body, deep into her fine structure. This one had never been crippled. Had never born children, either. Odd, for this was humankind's only form of immortality.

Clear out the capillaries, clean the jugulars and carotids. More blood flows to the brain. Myelin sheaths are becoming inert. Fix it.

She stirred, flung out an arm. Her breathing was faster now.

Kreezerast called, "So sensation has returned—"

She whispered, "Clubfoot?" She rolled over, and squeaked with pain. She saw the tremendous man-shape above her; studied it without blinking, then rolled to her knees and faced away. "Clubfoot. Stay there," she croaked. "Well done!" He couldn't have heard her.

"So her sensation has returned and her mind is active too," the Frightener called. "Now she can feel and understand pain. I will give her pain. Do you trust my word?"

"Let us see if you trust mine," the man called. "I will never give the stopper to you. Never. Mirandee must do that for me. You must persuade her to do that."

He might be lying...

The Frightener shrank until he stood some seven feet tall. He said, "Woman, your paramour has wished you to be healthy. If I make you healthy, will you give me that which he holds in ransom?"

"Certainly."

"Will you also keep me company for a day?" Postpone. Delay. Wait. "Tell me stories. The world is not familiar to me anymore."

"I will do that, if you will give me food and water. As for keeping you company—"

"I speak of social intercourse." To show Clubfoot's woman that he was a better mate would have been entertaining. If they were lovers. She was far older than he was...but there were spells to keep a woman young. Had been spells. She had been a powerful magician, he saw that. In fact (that unwinking gaze, as if he were being judged by an equal!) this whole plan might have been hers.

He had lost. He was even losing his anger. They had known the danger. What a gamble they had taken! And Kreezerast must even be polite to this woman, and persuade her not to break her promise after he could no longer reach her.

He said, "Then tell me how you almost brought the Moon to the Earth. But first I will heal you. This will hurt." He set to work. She screamed a good deal; and so he had kept that promise too.

Bones, joints, tendons: he healed them all. Ovaries were shrunken, but not all eggs were gone; they could be brought to life. Glands. Stomach. Gut. Kreezerast continued until she was a young woman writhing and gasping, new inside and withered outside.

Clubfoot did not run to his lady to help her in her pain.

They might still make a mistake. If nothing else thwarted them, perhaps he had one last joke to play.

She'd feel the wrinkles when she touched her face! She must give him the stopper. Kreezerast pulled her skin smooth, face and hands (but not where cloth covers her. Hah! She'll never notice until it's too late!) legs, belly, breasts, pectoral muscles too. (She might.)

The sun had gone. He set sand afire for warmth and summoned up a king's banquet. Clubfoot stayed in his place of safety and chewed dried meat. She didn't touch the wine. Mirandee and the Frightener ate together, and talked long, while Clubfoot listened at a distance.

He told her of the tinker and his family who had wished for jewels. He'd given them eighty pounds of jewels. They had one horse and a travois. Half the population of a nearby village was swarming to where they had seen the looming, smoky form of an afright.

But the tinker and his wife had thrown handfuls of jewels about the road and into the low bushes, and fled for a day before they stopped to hide what they kept. Forty years later their grandchildren were wealthy merchants.

Mirandee had seen the last god die, and it was a harrowing tale. She spoke of a changed world, where powerless sorcerers were becoming artists and artisans and musicians, where men learned to fish for themselves because the merpeople were gone, where war was fought with bloody blades and no magic at all.

Almost he was tempted to see more of it. But what would he see? If he ventured where the manna was gone, he would go mythical.

Presently, he watched her sleep. Boring.

They talked the morning and afternoon away. At evening Mirandee folded the canopy and gathered the blankets and bedding and walked away with it all on her shoulders. She had been strong; she was strong again. She crossed the barrier between magic and no magic. Kreezerast could do nothing. She came back to collect food and wine left over from the banquet, and crossed again.

She and her man set up their camp. Kreezerast heard them talking and laughing. He saw Clubfoot's hands wander beneath the woman's robes, and was relieved: he had not fooled himself, at least. What of the stopper?

Neither had mentioned it at all.

He waited. He would not beg.

Mirandee took Clubfoot's golden cube. She carried it to the margin of magic. Her magical sense was gone; would she cross? No, they'd marked it. She swung the cube by the straps and hurled it several feet.

Kreezerast picked it up. The wild magic hurt his hands. There was no lid. He pulled the soft metal apart and had the stopper.

Time to sleep.

He let himself become smoke, and let the smoke thin. The humans ignored him. Perhaps they thought he had gone away; perhaps they didn't care. He hovered.

The canopy and the darkness hid their lovemaking, but it couldn't hide their surging, flashing auras. Magic was being made in that dead region. They were lovers indeed, if they had not been before. And Kreezerast grinned and turned toward his bottle.

(Continued on page 28)

The Neurotic Coffee Machine

by
Christopher Stasheff

Accidents? No, I can't say we ever really had any accidents with the time machine. Except...well, maybe this once...

Oh, all right, I'll talk. But it wasn't anything wrong with the time machine, it didn't malfunction or anything, it was the coffee machine that did it.

Yeah, the coffee machine. We had a coin-slot coffee vending machine in the lab back then. Still do, as a matter of fact - it's the one standing in the corner over there.

It does look pretty ordinary, doesn't it? But don't let that fool you. It's neurotic. Yes, I mean neurotic, and No, I'm not kidding. Delusions of grandeur, mostly; it longs for the high life. Used to think it was a slot machine. Put in a quarter, and you might get anything: hot chocolate when you'd punched for black coffee, or maybe a cup of cream and sugar without the coffee, or a cup of coffee without the cup. Or you might get just what you'd ordered, plus thirty-five cents change; you never knew...

That, we could live with. It didn't cause any real trouble and, after a while, it fixed itself, gave what you punched for every time. That should have warned us...

You see, it started thinking it was a cocktail dispenser. You know, iced alcoholic drinks? And it's only geared up for hot water, nothing below 120 degrees. Talk about frustration...

But it did manage to come up with hot buttered rum once or twice, and it started spiking the coffee.

That's right, Irish coffee. We woke up the next morning with one hell of a hangover and some very weird settings on the time machine. What settings? Well, let's just say we found out where St. George's dragon came from and...well...

Oh, what the hell, I might as well tell you. You ever notice how nobody really knows where Shakespeare was between the time he left Stratford and when he joined Burbage's

company, ten years later? Yes, the Lost Years. Very.

Where? Well...that's sort of a professional confidence, but... Did you ever wonder why he wrote so many plays about Rome? And how none of the historians really knows where the Roman playwright Terence came from? He just sort of appears out of nowhere, writes six excellent plays over a ten-year period, sails for Greece and never gets there? Just disappears.

What? "The times are out of joint?" Say, did he really write that?

("The Wishing Game" continued)

In her youth she had chosen not to bear children.

Kreezerast had given them their health in meticulous detail. Mirandee's glandular system was in fine shape now. Her natural lust to mate had already set their auras blazing again. She'd have a dozen children before time caught up with her, unless she chose abstinence, and that would be a hardship on her.

Some human cultures considered many children a blessing. Some did not. Certainly their travelling days were over; they'd never get past that little village. And Kreezerast the Frightener crawled into his bottle and pulled the stopper after him.

("Experimental Science" continued)

something smaller and cheaper to use. And we are all top scientists. But something at the back of his mind refused to truly believe it. *Maybe it's just a corollary of Murphy's Law: scientific projects expand to fill the budget allowed.*

"Rand?" Wilsn murmured at his side. "You okay?"

"Yeah," Baiard sighed. "Well...here goes."

Lifting the protective cover, he pressed the button. Side by side, he and Wilsn watched as, in the blackness of interstellar space outside, the two neutron stars were rammed together.



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JAN. 16, 17, 18 • '87

This year's Chattacon logo was done by Randall Spangler, an artist of some renown from Missouri. I think it's one of the best logos that I have ever seen and would like to extend my congratulations to Randall for a job well-done.

Next year, Chattacon will, once again, be holding its logo contest. This year's contest drew fifteen entries from all over the country. The winner of the logo contest will receive the following: 2 free memberships to Chattacon 12, 2 free banquets, 2 room nights in the hotel, and 2 T-shirts. This logo will be used in advertising and will be used on the T-shirts for next year. If you wish to submit a logo, please send a **copy** to:

Chattacon XII Logo Contest P.O. Box 921 Hixson, Tennessee 37343

All entries must be received by June 1, 1987. Enter as many times as you like and you need not be present to win.

Mayor Gene Roberts Declares Science Fiction Week in Chattanooga

Mayor Gene Roberts has declared that, in honor of Chattacon, and in honor of the hundreds of fans that Chattacon brings to Chattanooga every year, January 12th through January 18th, 1986, will be known as Science Fiction and Fantasy week in the City of Chattanooga.

Mayor Roberts has also presented keys to the city of Chattanooga for Larry Niven, Christopher Stasheff, and David Cherry.

Governor Alexander Declares Science Fiction and Fantasy Week

Lamar Alexander, Governor of Tennessee, has declared the week of January 12th through January 18th Science Fiction and Fantasy Literature Week throughout the state. He has also proclaimed that Larry Niven, Christopher Stasheff and David Cherry be given the rank of Colonel and Aide de Camp to the Governor's Staff.

Come see the proclamations on display in the Registration Area!

