

# Chattacon 16



*January 18-20, 1991  
The Read House  
Chattanooga, TN*

**This program book is dedicated to those soldiers,  
sailors and airmen who couldn't be with us this  
weekend, for one reason or another.**

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## Artist Credits

Don Maitz:	cover, 5, 10, 12
Michael Fahey:	4, 9, 18, 20, 24, 30

## Chattacon 16 Board of Directors

Judy Bishop	Ken Cobb	Andrew Denson	Mike Dillson
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# Chattacon 16

January 18-20, 1991

The Read House

Chattanooga, Tennessee

Guest of Honor

## Harry Harrison

Artist Guest of Honor

## Don Maitz

Toastmaster

## Charles Sheffield

Special Guests

## The Webb Clan

Fan Guest

## Khren Moore

Fan Artist Guests

## Mark Maxwell

## Debbie Hughes

# Don Maitz

An award-winning illustrator, Don Maitz has achieved national acclaim for his many book cover illustrations. Specializing in Fantasy and Science Fiction imagery, he has some 175 commissioned works published for Simon & Schuster, Berkley Publishing, Doubleday and Co., Bantam Books, Dell, Warner Books, DAW Books and other publishers.

Maitz is the recipient of the coveted Hugo for 1989 Best Artist. In 1980 he received a Silver Medal award from the Society of Illustrators for his cover illustration of Richard Cowper's novel The Road to Corlay. At the 6th World Fantasy Convention, he received the H. P. Lovecraft (Howard) Award for Best Artist. In addition he has received many other recognizable awards.

Maitz has also created work for national advertising campaigns including the "Captain Morgan" image for Seagram & Sons Distributors. Other advertising clients include Eastman Kodak, NBC/TV Guide, Bell Telephone and various other New York Agencies. His color illustrations have appeared in such magazines as *Omni* and *Starlog*. Reproductions in the form of prints, greeting cards and other mass market items are available in the Far East and Europe as well as the U.S.

Born on June 10th, 1953 in Bristol, Connecticut, Maitz has been actively engaged in artistic pursuits since childhood. He attended the University of Hartford, Art Department in the Advanced Placement Program in his last year at Plainville High School of Art in Hamden, Connecticut where he graduated "Top of the Class" in 1975.

Committed to promoting illustration

as a fine art form, Maitz was the driving force in the organization of the first major exhibition of science fiction and fantasy art at an American Museum in 1980. The Show at the New Britain Museum of American Art in New Britain, Connecticut broke all previous attendance records, a record which holds today. Maitz has been featured in major exhibits at the Cleveland Museum of Natural History (held at the Lewis Research Institute on the occasion of NASA's 25th Anniversary), Cleveland, Ohio; The Society of Illustrators, New York City, as well as a year long traveling exhibit under the Society's direction; The Delaware Museum, Wilmington, Delaware, and a thirteen months traveling show called "Fantasy Art Group Show" originating in Plano, Texas and concluding at Brigham Young University, Salt Lake City, Utah. Maitz was the subject of a feature on CBS Television's "PM Magazine" and "kid's world".

Maitz has lectured at colleges and universities throughout the United States. In 1985-1986 he served as a full time Guest Instructor of Illustration at the Ringling School of Art and Design in Sarasota, Florida.

Maitz work is included in the permanent collections of The Delaware Museum and the New Britain Museum of American Art. A variety of Maitz work can be seen in his book, First Maitz.



# Janny Wurts

Interested in space and the fantastic since childhood, Janny Wurts studied astronomy, art and creative writing while in college. Since graduation in 1975, she has published four novels in the U.S. and Great Britain, and a collaboration with Raymond E. Feist, titled Daughter of the Empire. The second novel in the series, Servant of the Empire came out in September of 1990, from Doubleday. In a parallel career with her writing, she freelances as a professional illustrator. Her science fiction and fantasy paintings have been reproduced for paperback books and greeting cards by major publishers worldwide.

Though Janny's primary goal is illustrating fiction and creating covers for her own novels, not every painting is done for publishers. Fantasy and space hardware paintings completed between assignments have been displayed in galleries and museums the breadth of the U.S. Her paintings

were included in NASA's 25th Anniversary Exhibit, "Visions of Other Worlds", held in the Cleveland Museum of Natural History; and most recently at a show of fantasy art at the Delaware Art Museum.

Janny's studio is located in Sarasota, Florida. Between painting and work on her next novels, Janny pursues sailing, horseback riding, music, and astronomical observation through her telescope. Leisure activities and past travels to Africa, Russia, Europe and Korea all blend with imagination, to become dramatized in paint and words which describe worlds other than ours.

Says Janny of her work, "I believe that art suffers if it is done at the expense of living. To this end, I enjoy testing my own frontiers, placing myself in wilderness situations or traveling to remote places, experiencing viewpoints outside the ordinary which will bring a more vivid edge to my painting."





# Harry Harrison

Several years ago, the Chattacon Board of Directors voted to ask Harry Harrison to be our Guest of Honor at Chattacon. We wrote him letters, tried in vain to get his phone number, went through numerous contacts, and even tried mental telepathy to get through to him, but to no avail. Finally, we gave up and went on to other choices. Every year, we mail out Christmas cards to certain persons near and dear to Chattacon. We decided to send Mr. Harrison one, and to include a little note in it about our quest. Much to our surprise, we got back a letter from him in about two weeks, saying he was unable to be our guest, as he had accepted an invitation to attend a convention in New Zealand, but to try again next year.

So, the next year, we tried again. Letters, phone calls, inquiries, smoke signals... Still no response. So, we figured, "Hey, it worked once...". We sent him our invitation in a Christmas card. He accepted. After some great rigmarole, we found out why. It seems his mail is screened by his daughter. She filters out business correspondence and fan letters, and only lets through things of a personal nature. I guess she considers Christmas cards personal.

So, this year we've got him. Finally.

Now to some biographical details. Harrison was born in Stamford, Connecticut in 1925, grew up in New York City and was drafted upon reaching the age of majority into the United States Army Air Corps. Several years later, older but not wiser, he returned to the real world with sergeant's stripes and a number of military skills useful in civilian life, among which were the repair of computer gunsights and the use of the .50 caliber machine gun. He tried numerous

jobs in the civilian sector including artist, art director, and editor, but finally decided on being a free-lance writer. Because New York is not an easy city to write in, he packed his bags and family and went on the road, eventually winding up in Mexico. Not finding Mexico to his liking, he started on a trek that was to lead him through England, Italy, Denmark and twenty-seven other countries until finally settling down in County Wicklow, Ireland. He now lives in Dublin, Ireland, but summers on a farm in Cornwall, England.

His first work was "Rockdiver", published in 1953. His first novel was Deathworld in 1959. Since then he has published thirty seven novels (all still in print), edited fifty one anthologies and had a hand in editing 3 or 4 magazines over the years. He has also written children's books and had a hand in writing several textbooks on science fiction. His works have been translated into 36 languages all over the world. He won a Nebula Award for his novel Make Room! Make Room! which was subsequently made into the movie *Soylent Green*. Speaking of movies, his *Stainless Steel Rat* series has been picked up for a movie option. No information is available as to when, where, or who, but we will all be anticipating it. His *Deathworld* Trilogy, *Stainless Steel Rat* series, and his *Eden* trilogy are considered masterpieces of SF, for good reason.

We hope you enjoy meeting Harry Harrison, I know that we are.

# Surviving The South 4:

## Studying the Typical Southern Family

by  
Charles L. Grant

For the past decade, whilst traveling the South and recording my observations in these articles aimed primarily at Northerners who want to know how to get the hell out of here alive, I have also been conducting a scientific study of the typical Southern family. Ten years of notebooks, tape recordings, transcriptions, and Bloody Marys have gone into this project, not to mention thousands of dollars and thousands of miles and thousands of hours of keen observation. It has been an exhaustive, but ultimately rewarding, ten years, and I am thrilled that the Chattacon Cultural and Educational Improvement Committee has granted me permission to publish here for the first time some of the more pertinent results so that you, the Northern visitor, will better understand that your initial impressions of the South were probably right on the money.

I shall pull no punches, soothe no egos, nor water down the computative manipulations of precise formulae. This is, after all, science. And I was, after all, not paid for this.

Several notes before I begin:

First, the name of this composite, typical Southern family just happens to be the name of the Special Guest Family of this year's Chattacon. I assure you it's a coincidence.

Second, the observations of my typical Southern family may or may not have relevance to this year's Special Guest Family. I assure you that if they do, it's a coincidence.

Third, no one on the Committee nor in the Special Guest Family has had any input to this study. The report is unsullied. My reputation remains intact. And any biases you may uncover are, I assure you, a matter

of inference rather than implication (which, if you read the new Random House Dictionary, is redundant, but then, Random House never bought one of my books, so you figure it out).

The major points of this analysis are listed below. And note that Traditional Southern Family has been, for the sake of space, shortened to TSF.

Let us begin.

1. The matriarch of the TSF (hereinafter known as Webb, for convenience, unless I keep the TSF) is usually a woman. She generally wears glasses, speaks softly save when aroused by anger (or the patriarch), and is not, as may be initially noted, without independent means of support, unless she's been nipping at the gooseberry wine, in which case said support generally comes from black mesh hose after the garden has been watered. The matriarchal Webb writes a lot—diaries, books, stories, checks, etc; one may note that the Webb has not written much of anything lately, which, according to my notes, is a direct result of living in Georgia where red clay is thought to be a Native American boxer of some small repute; the Webb is also a compulsive, secret, convention party animal, a recent development when the Webb discovered that the patriarch (see below, under Patriarch) was having more fun than the Webb was after nine o'clock, the time when the Webb usually retired to her room and waited for the Patriarch to get his ass out of the hall and into the metaphorical cornfield.

2. The Patriarch of the Webb, when not arousing the matriarch out in the cornfield (a TSF tradition, which I believe has a lot to do with shucking and ear-pulling) is



usually involved in handling large and small sums of money. He also enjoys fast cars, slow women (especially at his age), and chewing gum. The patriarchal Webb also smokes behind the cornfield, which is why all the gum. The Webb also flies kites, which has nothing to do with checks, unless the aforementioned kite is from Prague. The study indicates that either the Webb's jaw will fall off in five years, or his arms will be a good seven inches longer—good for him; bad for the matriarch.

3. Daughters are vital members of the TSF. To this extent, patriarch and matriarch generally produce a lot of them, just in case some of them don't work out the way they're supposed to, which is to be flirtatious, frilly, and look like Vivian Leigh. The trouble with contemporary TSF Daughters is, alas, that Clark Gable is dead. There are two types of TSF Daughter:

- A. The first one.
- B. The second one.

4. Sons are not necessary to the TSF since it's the Daughters who marry the rich sons of other typical Southern families and bring in the dowry which you wouldn't get if you had Sons. This may seem contradictory. It is.

5. TSFs are enormous fans of the novels of Lionel Fenn. This may seem like a plug and has nothing to do with this study. It is. And it doesn't. Sue me.

6. The TSF generally hands down one or more of its familial professions from generation to generation. This is amply illustrated by the hypothetical Webb clan. As noted above, the Matriarch Webb writes now and then, though more then than now, now. So does the Patriarch (this is known as cross-generational profession transference, a not untypical occurrence when the cornfield is soggy). As do the Daughters. The (A) Daughter, more in the tradition of the Matriarch, writes stories of a more Gothic tradition in that they are usually spooky and have no connection to the real world (just

like a typical Southern family); the (B) daughter, being the brains of the Daughters, writes for children, who can't read, won't read, and won't ever know that the (B) Daughter hates their slimy little guts and wants them turned into road kill at a moment's notice. The (B) Daughter has problems. So does the (A) Daughter, but they are of a more deep-seated, Freudian nature and not to be discussed except at the bar.

7. The second profession (or, at least the one usually mentioned in public) most often has to do with a time-honored Southern tradition of caring for the halt, the lame, and the ill. The Webb has three such profession members; however, only one practices said profession in a professional manner—which is to say, by getting paid for it. The others iron their diplomas now and then and buy aspirin and bandages just to keep in shape.

8. The TSF travels a great deal. This is because it lives in the South. But they don't leave the South when they travel. This is because, if they left the South, they'd be Southerners, and thus tourists, and thus subject to unreasonable and sometimes cruel harassment of a nature usually reserved for Northerners. There's a joke in there somewhere, but I'll be damned if I can find it.

9. Sadly, one member of the TSF usually has a physical problem. Studies indicate that, in many cases, it's the hair. Sometimes the member doesn't have any, and sometimes the member has a lot, only it's frizzy enough to wire downtown Chattanooga. There is, I have discovered, nothing you can do about this. It's a simple matter of denial—the frizzy one denies there's enough to wire downtown Chattanooga, and even if there were, she wouldn't do it because then she'd be bald and people would mistake her for the Patriarch, which would not be a bad thing unless the Patriarch still had his hair.

10. Typical of all gregarious Southerners, the TSF (or Webb) talks a lot. Give

them a word, they'll take a paragraph, then finish the chapter and start a new book. Many of them become politicians; the rest just talk. The Webb, for example, has different volume levels for each member, thus allowing all to speak simultaneously without being unheard. While straining to hear the soft one, you are subliminally assaulted by the loud one; unless it's vice versa, in which case those two aspirin come in mighty handy. In either case, however, you will also note another TSF mannerism—the nod and smile. If you don't understand a damn thing, you nod and smile until you get your turn to talk. TSF have supple necks, supple lips, and a hell of a lot of patience. Northerners, of course, leap in at every pause, belch, and clearing of the throat. The difference is, when Northerners nod and smile, they're not listening anyway so why bother.

11. Lastly, and perhaps most appropriately, the Webb are about the nicest TSF you'd ever want to meet. Consider:

A) they're more than willing, without question, to give you the shirt off their backs should you need it (although, considering the shirts [and a couple of the backs], one sometimes wonders if generosity can go too far);

B) they are never aloof, never conde-

scending, never inconsiderate of others' feelings. To be so nice ought to be against the law since it makes the rest of the country look real bad;

C) they are loving of each other (which is more than one can say about a lot of families these days);

D) and they would never, but never, even think of retaliating against writers for articles like these which, while holding the unburnished Truth to the cruel light of Reality and sometimes taking cheap shots for the sake of a smile (except for the frizzy part, which is true no matter how you slice, curl, or iron it), are always done in the spirit of good fun, and with a great deal of often unexpressed but never absent affection.

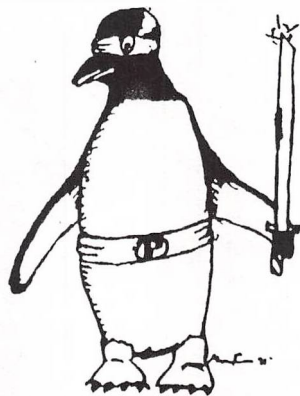
The Special Guest Family is indeed "Special".

It will be your loss if you do not seek them out and get to know them. I know; I know. Someone always says that in a convention book or speech or on a poster or something.

Trust me.

Even though I'm from the North; even though I listen to Willie Nelson and Emmy-Lou Harris and Reba McEntyre; and even though I wouldn't have passed this opportunity up for anything (except maybe Meg Tilly or Brooke Adams) . . .

Trust me—it will indeed be your loss.



So, where is this Grant fella, anyway?

# Mark Maxwell

by  
Karin Wood

The name itself, like Honeywell and Rockwell, has a high tech ring. Mark Maxwell is best known for his illustrations of magic that really works: the technology of space travel and the infinite variety of places it reveals. Having been a free-lance writer for some ten years, he's made several conquests in the space art field, including his first book cover for Harry McSweeney's Meteorites and Their Parent Bodies, illustrations for David Hardy's Visions of Space, Asimov's Library of the Universe, various works for the LS society, Space Studies Institute, and the National Space Society. Some of his work has been touring the Soviet Union in *Dialogues*, an exhibit of the International Association of Astronomical Artists. The last stop of the *Dialogues* tour is the Smithsonian where it will remain throughout 1991. He was one of the space artists present at JPL when Voyager II sent back its first images from Neptune. Currently he is doing a series of paintings for NASA.

But Mark's work isn't limited to space art. He has long been known at science fiction conventions for his believable forays into the imagination. Some of his memorable SF works include pieces inspired by Larry Niven's universe. (He built a paper model of Ringworld to get the perspective right.) He has even done some horror and surrealism. One can never forget the first realization that a face looms out of the disk of a world in the painting "Gaea" or the enigma of the Victorian girl and her collection of skeletal specimens in "Untitled". You may see some of his SF works gracing the covers of TOR paperbacks and in one of the *Writers of the Future* volumes.

He's been busy in other commercial art areas, too — you might catch a logo he designed for a show on Nickelodeon as you flip through the cable channels, or see the future of fishing in his illustrations for *Bass Master* magazine.

Mark has become quite a craftsman with the airbrush, transcending airbrush style. When you look at one of his pieces, you don't think, "That's airbrush," you think, "That's Maxwell!" A rare achievement.

I believe I have seen Mark at his happiest. No — not when he's receiving awards or getting a lot of attention for his work, though he's enjoyed plenty of both. I believe he is happiest when he has his big reflector telescope out on a clear night and he's watching the faces of his friends who are seeing the rings of Saturn for the first time or sailing low over Clavius, Luna. Joseph Campbell said, "Follow your bliss." Mark followed his, caught up with it, and now he's sharing it with the rest of us. I think that's what art is really about.



**DEEP SOUTH  
CON 29  
June 7, 8, & 9, 1991**

**Guest of Honor  
Charles L. Grant**

**Artist Guest of Honor  
Doug Chaffee**

**Toastmaster  
Andrew J. Offutt**

**Fan Guest of Honor  
Ken Moore**



**Special Guests  
Mercedes Lackey and Larry Dixon**

Memberships: \$20 until 2-28-91, \$22 until 6-1-91, \$25 at the door

Downtown Knoxville Hilton, 501 West Church Street. Convention rates June 6-9 are \$59 for single/double and \$69 for triple/quad; for reservations, call (615) 523-2300.

... Mention the convention.

Our theme is: "Decadence." Need we say more? If so, send SASE to: ConCat III/Deep South Con, c/o Comics, Inc. 5415 Kingston Pike, Suite F, Knoxville, TN 37919, or call (615) 688-6275.

# Debbie Hughes

by  
Kevin Wand

You can almost count on your thumbs the number of women working in the field of science fiction and fantasy book cover and magazine illustration. Debbie Hughes is one of the few women proving the lack to have cultural causes — it is certainly no lack of ability.

Debbie was exposed to art early, watching her grandmother, a well known landscape, artist at work. She graduated with a BFA from Furman University in 1981, getting a solid background in art history. You can see the eclectic influence in her work today. She began showing her work at science fiction cons around 1982(?) at the urging of her friend, Mark Maxwell, who was, by then, well known in the southeast. People spoke of "Markendebbie" as if they were a unit, but Debbie's work was of such quality that it soon gained recognition on its own.

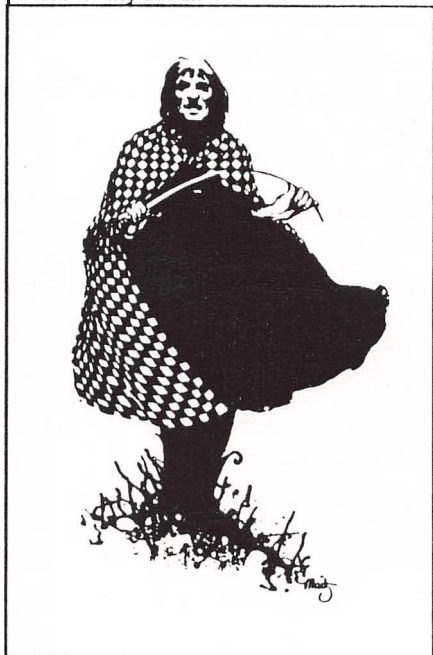
Debbie claims to be influenced by the same artists who inspired Mark, but you can see a remarkable difference in her style and mood. The elusive Mona Lisa expressions of the figures in many of her works, often combined with clean, high-tech settings, creates a dream-line, vaguely disturbing mood. A good example of this is the painting "Solid State", the blue cyborg-medusa which you may have seen on the cover of *Science Fiction Chronicle* in 1989. A similar effect is shown in "High Revs", soon to grace the cover of Roger Zelazny's *Four for Tomorrow*. Debbie's study of objects resting on a mirror surface lends authenticity to this piece.

But not all of her images are dream-like. There is no mistaking the intent of the gun wielder in Debbie's cover for Aline

Boucher Kaplan's *World Spirits*. Look for her color frontispiece in the Easton Press edition of Alexei Panshin's *Rite of Passage*.

Debbie's work has been displayed in two New York gallery shows, "In Dream Awake - The Art of Fantasy" and "Into the Future", both at the Park Avenue Atrium, along with various gallery showings in Tennessee and Georgia.

The airbrush is Debbie's primary tool, but she has experimented with a number of ways of applying paint to a surface, including rags, splattering, and dripping layers of transparent splotches. She's even ventured into oil paints over airbrushed underpainting — two acutely different techniques. She is an artist unafraid of trying new things. I think this experimenting this growth is what art is really about.





# Khen Moore

by  
*Steve & Sue Francis*

1. Khen's first convention was Chicon III, the 1962 World Science Fiction Convention in Chicago.

2. Khen looks like a dead bird much of the time, especially when he's asleep.

3. Khen is a very organized person.

4. Khen collects Science Fiction Art.

5. When Khen completes the renovations of his house it will be the 7th sign that the world is coming to an end.

6. Khen is one of the "Masterminds" behind Kubla Khan. He has chaired all of the Kublas and #19 will be held on May 17-19, 1991.

7. Khen is the one running around Chattacon in a ragged tee shirt and in cutoff jeans with holes in them.

8. Khen keeps a large sandpile for his cat's use in the back yard.

9. Khen loves classical music.

10. Khen is an avid reader and collector of Science Fiction.

11. You know that you are a friend of Khen's if he has "snorted" you.

12. One of Khen's nicknames was originated when John Hollis discovered that nickels would fit in Khen's nostrils, but with the rate of inflation maybe you should make that quarters.

13. One of Khen's favorite restaurants is at the Concave Hotel. His favorite dish is meatloaf.

Khen Moore is a man that anyone would be proud to call a friend. He will do whatever he can to help anyone that is in need or will offer advice as to who could help and will call that person for you.

Khen has been active in fandom since 1962. He has chaired Kubla Khans and has been a Department Head at WorldCons and a NaSFic. Khen has volunteered to help at most conventions he attends and will do whatever is asked from helping at the registration desk to getting ice for the bath tub. However his first love is still the Art Show.

If you have not met Khen yet, go up to him at Chattacon and say "HI", or sneak up behind him and well... you know what to do.

# Markendebbie

by  
*Kevin Wood*

Mark and Debbie have specifically asked me not to mention Debbie's head-turning looks in her bio, so I will mention them here. She must want to be known not for being a vision, but for *having* vision. (Why not both?) I probably shouldn't mention, too, that Mark and Debbie were in a progressive artrock band in and around

Knoxville, Tennessee, where they live in a comfortable house with two (count 'em) studios and a quirky quadruped. Oh yeah — once in a while they take time out of their busy schedules to do fan art. Hence the FanAGoH titles. They are fascinating folks and it's always a treat to party with them at this convention.

# 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.

- All knives, swords, axes, shiraken, and other bladed weapons, whether sharpened 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 Read House including the hallways, the lobby, and all function space. Exceptions will be made for displays in the Dealers' Room and for Masquerade participants on a case-by-case basis.
- All functional firearms, pellet guns, lasers, sound projectors, and other projectile weapons are absolutely forbidden. No exceptions will be given.
- 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 real.
- 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.
- 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 in Operations (Rm. 311). 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 Read House will be asked to evict the violator without refund and the violator may be liable for criminal and civil damages.
- No assassination games will be allowed. Players will be ejected from the convention without refund if caught. Please note this has been extended to include Lazer Tag™ and similar games.
- Anyone who deliberately or negligently injures or causes property damage to the hotel, trade center, or their contents, will be ejected from the convention without refund, ejected from the hotel, and may be subject to arrest and to civil or criminal prosecution.
- Interpretation and enforcement of this policy will be at the discretion of any Chattacon Director. In case of a disagreement about this policy, the decision of any two (2) Directors will be final.

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 beam weapons. Please show some discretion when making excursions into MundaneLand. Please remember, when in Rome...

## Art Show Hours

Friday	2:00 PM - 5:00 PM	Artist Check-In
	5:00 PM - 10:00 PM	Open
Saturday	10:00 AM - 4:00 PM	Open
	7:30 PM	Art Auction in Silver Ballroom
Sunday	10:00 AM - 2:00 PM	Open
	2:00 PM - 4:00 PM	Artist Check-Out

## Print Shop Hours

Friday	2:00 PM - 5:00 PM	Artist Check-In
	5:00 PM - 10:00 PM	Open
Saturday	10:00 AM - 6:00 PM	Open
Sunday	10:00 AM - 2:00 PM	Open
	2:00 PM - 4:00 PM	Artist Check-Out

## Consuite Hours

Friday	3:00 PM - 11:59 PM	Open
Saturday	12:00 AM - 6:00 AM	Open
	7:00 AM - 11:59 PM	Open
Sunday	12:00 AM - 6:00 AM	Open
	7:00 AM - 3:00 PM	Open

## Dealers' Room Hours

Friday	9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Dealers Only
	1:00 PM - 8:00 PM	OPEN
Saturday	9:30 AM - 10:00 AM	Dealers Only
	10:00 AM - 7:00 PM	OPEN
Sunday	9:30 AM - 10:00 AM	Dealers Only
	10:00 AM - 3:00 PM	OPEN
	3:00 PM - 6:00 PM	Dealers Only

## Registration Hours

Friday	1:00 PM - 11:00 PM	Open
Saturday	10:00 AM - 4:00 PM	Open

After hours registration will be done in convention Operations (Room 311).



2:00 PM	Guest of Honor Speeches		Chess Exhibition		
7:30 PM	Art Auction				8:45 PM Masquerade Pre-Judging (Bessie Smith Room)
10:00 PM	Benefit Auction				
	Masquerade				
	Dance Set-Up				
	Dance				

## Sunday Programming Schedule

	Silver Ballroom	West Room	Crutchfield Room	Other Rooms
11:00 AM	Science Fiction As Prophecy H. Harrison, C. Sheffield			
12:00 PM	How I Would Redesign The Human Body S. Farber, J. Webb, B. Zuelke, T. Harrison	Is Fandom Turning Yuppie? R. Gilliam, J. Wall, P. Gibbs, P. Emerson	Obscure Works By Alan Clark Slide Show	Autographs Don Maitz & Janny Wurts (Silver Ballroom Foyer)
1:00 PM	From Pen To Shelf: The Artist and the Writer D. Maitz, J. Wurts	Costume Swap Shop S. Thort	A Chattacon Retrospective Slide Show J. Bishop	Autographs Charles Sheffield (Silver Ballroom Foyer)
2:00 PM	Closing Ceremonies			



# Video Room Schedule

## Friday

5:25 PM	The Day the Earth Stood Still
7:00	Flash Gordon
8:55	Forbidden Planet
10:35	When Worlds Collide

## Saturday

12:00 AM	<u>Special TBA</u>
2:00	Legend
3:30	Silent Running
5:00	Menagerie (Star Trek)
6:45	TBA — <i>Japanimation</i>
8:30	Tron
10:10	The Princess Bride
12:25 PM	The Dark Crystal
2:00	Highlander
3:55	Labyrinth
5:40	Soylent Green
7:20	Total Recall
9:20	Making of Total Recall
9:50	C L O S E D (Masquerade)

## Sunday

1:00 AM	Blade Runner
3:00	Heavy Metal
4:30	Wizards
5:55	Plan 9 from Outer Space
7:15	Krull
9:15	Excalibur
11:40	Metropolis
1:45 PM	Dark Star



## Consuite

Beer will be not be served between 2:00 AM and 10:00 AM

### Consuite Rules:

Must be 21 years of age or older to drink alcoholic beverages.

Badges are required at all times in the Consuite.

Photo ID required to acquire beer.

No gaming in the Consuite.

No crashing in the Consuite.

Music may or may not be played at the sole discretion of the head of Consuite.

Please use the trash receptacles provided! Don't be a slob fan.

## Lost Badge Policy

Unfortunately, there has been a lot of abuse of badges over the past years requiring us to make a somewhat radical policy.

If you lose your badge, you will be required to purchase a new one at full price.

But, before you do this, be certain to trace your steps and attempt to locate your lost badge. Also be certain to check with convention Operations (Rm. 311) to see if it has been turned in.

Should you find a badge, please be certain to turn it in to convention Operations. You could save your fellow fan money that he could surely use elsewhere.

Should a replacement badge be issued, it will be a non-drinking badge.

## Operations

Operations is located in the room 311 of the main hotel. We will be open 24 hours per day during the run of the convention. Operations serves as an information clearinghouse and should be contacted in the event of an emergency. The "Lost and Found" and minor medical supplies will also be located here. If you are having a problem with anything concerning the convention, contact Operations.

Don't call the cops, call Ops.

## Game Room

Chattacon will again be offering tournaments in a variety of gaming activities including hot FRP's like AD&D and Shadow Run, and in board games like Battle Tech. We will be offering demonstrations in miniatures combat using the Ancients and Micro Armor rules. There will also be room for open gaming running 24 hours a day. Come on and enjoy yourself.

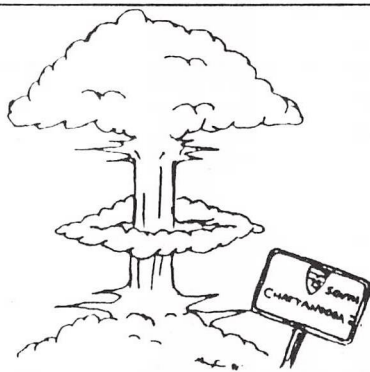
## Art Show

The Art Show, located in the Chestnut Room, will have many fine pieces of art for your viewing pleasure. If you wish to purchase a piece of art through the Art Show, there are a few ways to go about it. Prior to the close of the show Saturday, if a piece that is for sale has NO bids, you may purchase the piece for the Immediate Purchase Price (IPP), provided that the artist has listed an IPP. If there is no IPP, a bid on the bid sheet, or you do not wish to pay IPP, you must enter the auction process. This simply means you must enter a bid for the piece. At Chattacon, the auction process is done in two steps: the first step is the written bid, or silent auction; the second is the voice auction that occurs Saturday evening. If you see a piece that you wish to bid on, all you do is write your name, your badge number, and the amount you wish to bid, provided that the amount is the same or higher than the minimum bid indicated, or higher than the previous bid on the bid sheet. This is the silent part. As soon as an item has two or more written bids, it is eligible for Saturday evening's voice auction, where anyone can bid on a piece by just calling out a higher amount of money than the previous bidder. The person with the highest bid, written or voice, gets the privilege of paying for the artwork and taking it home. All written bidding ceases at 4:00 PM on Saturday, all verbal bidding ends when the auctioneer says the magic word—SOLD! Oh, if you bid, and are the highest bidder (written or verbal), please remember that you have entered into a contract and are obligated to purchase the item. So much for the bidding process. The Art Show will be open on Sunday morning for people to pay for and pick up artwork. Also, items that were not sold will be available for sale at the After-Auction price indicated by the artist. Naturally, any items marked Not For Sale (NFS) are not for sale. The Art Show will accept checks, MasterCard®, VISA®, and good old American cash. A five percent (5%) surcharge will be added to all chargecard purchases.

Chattacon is proud to present the Peoples Choice Award for the best art in the show. This award is determined by you, the fan. Please remember to cast your ballot for the Peoples Choice Award.

## Print Shop

Once again, Chattacon is offering a Print Shop. In this shop, you may directly purchase a print of one or more of your favorite works of Science Fiction/Fantasy art without going through the Art Show's bidding process. The Print Shop is located in the Signal Room, just outside the Dealers Room.



...er, was that the red button or the green button?

# Chicon V <sup>®</sup>

The 49th World Science Fiction Convention

**Hal Clement**

(Author Guest of Honor)

**Martin Harry Greenberg**

(Editor Guest of Honor)

**Richard Powers**

(Artist Guest of Honor)

**Jon & Joni Stopa**

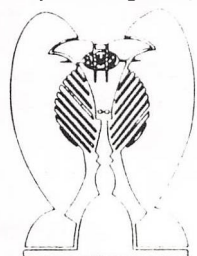
(Fan Guests of Honor)

**Marta Randall**

(Toastmaster)

29 Aug. - 2 Sep. 1991

Hyatt Regency Chicago



## To Join, Write Us At:

Chicon V Registration  
PO Box 718121  
Upper Arlington, OH 43291-8121

Please provide the following information for each membership: Name, Address, Phone, Branch or Badge Name & Funds Enclosed. We can accept MasterCard and Visa if you provide the card number, Expiration Date, and your Signature.

## Rates for Attending memberships

\$110	from	1 Jan '91
	until	31 Mar '91
\$125	from	1 Apr '91
	until	15 Jul '91
\$150		at the door

Supporting memberships \$30

(not available after 15 July '91)

Child's memberships \$75

(not available after 15 July '91)

A child is any person born after 28 August 1980. Children's Memberships will include the use of Chicon V child care services.

All members will receive publications, nomination and voting rights for the 1991 Hugo Awards, and (with payment of additional fees) the right to vote for the site of the 1994 Worldcon. Attending and Child members also get to show up and participate.

All membership fees are in US dollars, please make checks payable to "Chicon V". All checks must be drawn on either a Canadian bank, or the American Express/Money Order company, and must be payable in US dollars only.

**Hotel:** Room rates in this area will be \$70 per night (single), \$90 triple, and \$110 quad. We will try to arrange for group reservations and rates.

**Activities:** Chicon V will feature a full range of activities of interest to all attendees, including Panels and Workshops, the Main Parade, Dealer Room, exhibitors, meet and greet, Art Show, and more. We'll have something and faking.

**Volunteers:** If you are interested and would like to help out, please contact us. We make a great job of it. If you have any questions about the convention, please contact us. We'll be glad to help you. Chicon V and the Worldcon are open to everyone who may have.

## General Info

Chicon V  
PO Box 718121  
Upper Arlington, OH 43291-8121

## Art Show

Hyatt Regency Chicago  
200 West Erie St  
Chicago, Illinois  
773-399-7100

## Publications & Advertising

Chicon V  
PO Box 718121  
Upper Arlington, OH 43291-8121

## Dealers' Room

Greetings to all and welcome to the Chattacon 16 Dealers' Room. A little smaller this year due to the change in facilities, but, hopefully, every bit as useful in your search for the one true ring, button, book, T-shirt, or whatever you seek. Our dealers have come from as far as Colorado (...wouldn't you?) to barter their goods. New faces abound among our dependable returnees, all of whom are determined to separate you from your hard earned cash. Come in, browse and enjoy.

Any suggestions (complaints) that you may have as a guest, member, dealer or staff are welcome. Either write them up and drop them in the suggestion box or talk to head dealer (during one of our less busy times, please!). Be assured that we do take your ideas seriously!

As always, we prohibit food and drinks in the dealers' room for anyone that is not a dealer, assistant to a dealer, or dealers' room staff. What is new is that smoking is now on that prohibited list. Room hours are very similar to what you have become accustomed to.

For dealers and their assistants only, memberships for Chattacon 17 and tables for Chattacon 17 will be available from the head dealer all weekend. Forms and surveys will also be available.

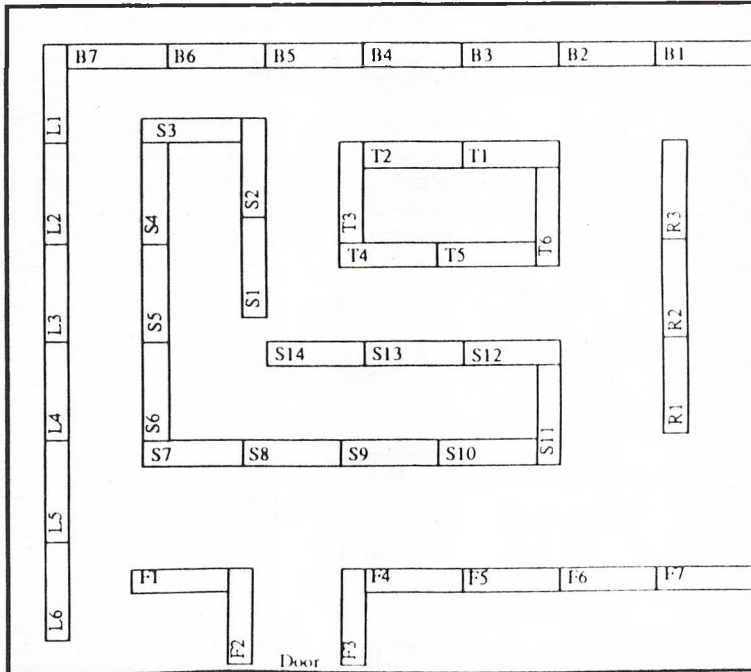
## Merchandise Key

AH	Artwork (Hanging), prints, posters
A3	Artwork (3-D), miniatures
BH	Books (Hardcover), new and/or used
BP	Books (Paperback), new and/or used
C	Clothing, costuming and accessories
EH	Educational (historic) specialty items
ES	Educational (space/science)
ER	Educational (religious, occult, astrology)
F	Folk music, audio tapes, songbooks
G	Games, game aides, modules
H	Horror specialty items
J	Jewelry, gems, stones
K	Comics
M	Magic supplies
P	Publications, magazines, pulps, fanzines
S	Stationery, cards, notepads
T	Toys, models, kits
V	Japanimation, video tapes
W	Medieval weapons, armor
X	Computer hardware, software, accessories
Z	Miscellaneous collectibles, buttons, media



## Attending Dealers

Avian	R1-R3	C,Z
Bill Brickle	B4	BH, BP
Castle Perilous	B5	G
Chattanooga Magic & Fun	B3	G,M,T
Chimera Publications	F1-F2	?
C.I.B. & Associates	L1-L4	AH, BP, C, V, P, Z
David Deitrick	B1	AH
Mark Derrick	S12-S14	BH, BP, M, K
Dragon Treasures	F6-F7	C, J, W
Susan Honeck	F3	A, J
Carol Horowitz	B2	A, J
Bob Maurus	S6-S7	A, J
Mere Dragons	T2-T4	J, Z
Scott Merritt	S10-S11	?
Moneyhaven	B6-B7	C, K, P, V, Z
Dee Sharpe	S1-S2	C, W
Southern Fantasies, Inc.	L5-L6	G, K, T
Dick Spelman, Bookseller	T1, T5-T6	BH, BP, K, Z
Stellar Systems	S8-S9	BH, BP, G, J
Treasure Island	S3-S5	A, C, J, Z
Wizards	F4-F5	?



# Masquerade Rules

Costume presentations will be limited to 1 1/2 minutes plus 30 seconds for each additional person over three. Skits will be limited to five minutes. The judges have been informed of your time limitations.

Any costume/skit that has been entered in, and has won an award at a "larger" (regional, WorldCon, etc.) convention may not enter the contest to win an award. you may, however, enter the costume/skit for "show" only.

Masquerade categories are Science Fiction, Fantasy, Recreation, and Skit. Up to 10 awards may be given; these are:

Best Science Fiction  
Best Recreation  
Most Beautiful  
Most Dramatic  
Best Skit

Best Fantasy  
Best Presentation (not a skit)  
Most Humorous  
Best Costumed Skit  
Best In Show

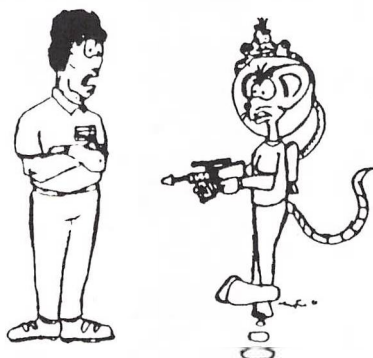
Judges may be permitted to give honorable mentions in the above categories.

Awards will be granted only to deserving contestants. Therefore, if there is only one entry in a category, and that entry is not worthy of an award, then no award for that category will be given.

Using this system, an entry may win more than one award if deserving (example: Best Fantasy and Most Beautiful). Best in Show will be selected from the winners (with the exception of Best Skit) because to be best they would have had to win at least one of the awards.

## Masquerade Awards

Something special has been created for the Chattacon Masquerade Awards. The Awards feature David Cherry Artwork laser engraved into a clear acrylic disk and set into a black acrylic base. A brass plate will be attached to the base with the year and category. It is truly a work of art and unique in masquerade awards. Chattacon has made this award design traditional as with the Ming of Rivercon or the Khandor of Kubla.



Alien shmalien... you've still gotta have a badge!

# Mad Dogs and Charles Sheffield

by  
David Bushoff

The story was a frothy affair, about a couple of pigs in space. Twist enough? Hardly — it was also written with the latest scientific facts in mind, the product of a physicist.

I can't remember the title offhand, but I do remember enjoying that story by Charles Sheffield as I read it critically before our writers group. The Vicious Circle chowed down on it, headed up by chief gourmand Ted White. Ted liked Charles' stories. He printed as many as he could get in that two year period in the late seventies while editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic*. Charles was clearly and SF TALENT, developing and maturing as a fiction writer before our eyes. However, Ted didn't care for that particular pig story. Nor did the others in the group, save for me. So, before we headed off for our ritual hearts or spades game, picking our teeth and polishing our claws, I said, "Geez, Charles. You should send this to Judy Lynn Del Rey for her *Stellar* anthology. This is just her cup of tea."

The story had been rejected elsewhere, so Charles dutifully tried Judy Lynn as I suggested.

BAM. Judy bought it.

Charles Sheffield began looking at me with respect. For a while, he asked me about marketing advice. Since then, of course, his fiction has appeared in just about all the SF magazines with alarming regularity for a man who writes novels as well — and for whom fiction is essentially a well-paid hobby. What I was privileged to view at that time was not merely the growth of an excellent SF writer, but the operation of a tremendously intelligent mind at work, exploring a field new to him... the world of professional

writing, science fiction in particular.

I generally hesitate to write essays about people for program books. Last time I tried it, I got in a great deal of trouble. However since consulting with Charles over the particular piece, and he suggested that I write something nasty, scatological and amusing — the sort of thing he generally admires — I feel more at ease. Kind of like using this piece as a podium for a Friar's Roast, subject Charles Sheffield. Alas, I just can't come up with many outrageous or embarrassing things to say about the man — he's too willing to supply those himself to anyone who asks. He employs all his essential material in his open and amiable personality. I certainly don't have the room for all the amusing anecdotes about the man here, so I'll just pick and chose as the writing progresses.

Charles is very much in the tradition of the English eccentric, only he's such an unassuming eccentric that you don't notice at first. It took me years to realize the scope of his achievements in the scientific and business world. He just didn't talk about himself all that much. When he first contacted me in the spring of 1977 about joining our D.C. area group, he was formal and polite enough to suggest lunch so he wouldn't barge in. This, I thought, was real class. Maybe too much class for our motley bunch. And anyway, I'm a sucker for an English accent. The person who showed for our Chinese lunch was a dapper, well-groomed, handsome chap who said he worked for Earth Satellite Corporation, but enough about that lot, let's talk about science fiction. There was a calm but burning enthusiasm when we talked about SF and the SF

Acme Science Fiction Corporation presents:

# New Orleans Science Fiction and Fantasy Festival

## June 21 through 23, 1991

### Clarion Hotel New Orleans

1500 Canal St., New Orleans, LA 70112

Phone: 504-572-4500, or 1-800-874-3359

Room Rates: \$65 for single, double/triple/quad

Guest of Honor:

## Frederik Pohl

Award winning author of *Gateway*

Toastmaster:

## Pat Cadigan

Author of *Patterns*

Fan Guest of Honor:

John Slade

Edward Bryant

Award winning author and reviewer

Nancy Collins

Author of *Sunglasses After Dark*

Ellen Datlow

Fiction Editor of *Omni Magazine*

George Alec Effinger

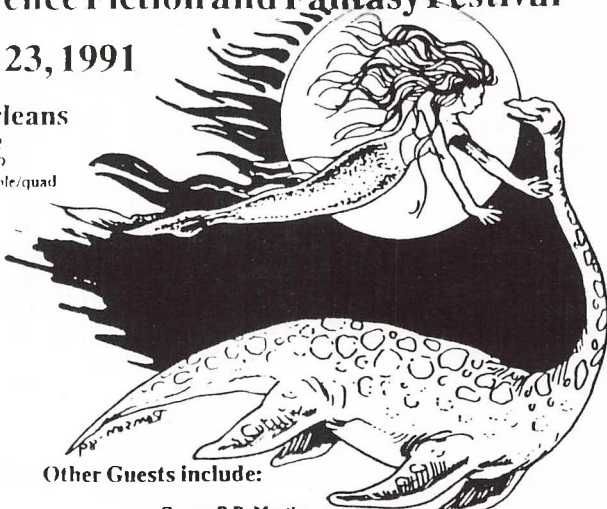
Hugo Award winning author of *When Gravity Falls*

Leo Frankowski

Author of the *Crosstime Engineers* series

Denny O'Neill

Senior Editor, DC Comics



Other Guests include:

George R.R. Martin

Three time Hugo Award winning author, Co-Supervising Producer of "Beauty and the Beast"; editor of the *Wild Cards* series

Richard Plui

Creator of the *Elfquest* series

Melinda M. Snodgrass

Author of *Tears of the Singer*, the *Circuit Trilogy*, former

Script Supervisor of "Star Trek: the Next Generation"

Walter Jon Williams

Author of *Angel Station*, *Hardwired*

and

Steven Butler, Mitch Bryd, John Dell, III, John J. Miller, Gail Gerstner-Miller,

Roland Mann, Robert Petitt, Dr. Jack Stocker, Sidney Williams

Registration rates: \$15 to 4/1/91; \$20 to 5/26/91; \$25 at the door.

Dealers room rates: \$60 per table with four table limit per dealer

(More tables are available upon Convention Committee consideration when requested)

For more information clip and mail to: NOSF3 '91, P.O. Box 791089, New Orleans, LA 70179-1089

I would like to reserve \_\_\_ membership(s). Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

I would like to reserve \_\_\_ dealers tables. Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

I would like information on the  Art Show  Gaming  Programming

I would like to volunteer to work on the convention.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Make your check or money order payable to: NOSF3, 1991

marketplace. Charles had just sold a couple of stories to Jim Baen at Galaxy Magazine. I'd read the first in the latest issue — an interesting story with lots of quotations from English poetry, as I recall. (Eventually I discovered that Charles has a phenomenal memory of English verse, able to quote Keats or Shelly or Scott at length at the drop of a Doppler Effect. I learned once from his daughter Ann that to 'show off' for Sarah, his first wife — stop the presses, Ripley's 'Believe It or Not' — he'd memorized and recited to her the entirety of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" in one evening!)

By the time the fortune cookie rolled out, it was pretty clear that this charming fellow across the table from me loved science fiction and was thrilled to be writing fiction. With penetrating alacrity and precision, he mined my befuddled brain for information and stories about the field gleaned from my fannish days and my then very brief period of professional writing. Not long after, he started showing up at our group with story after story, eager for help and criticism, wanting to learn all he could. Not only that, he was fun to be around, a genuinely nice guy with enough of a difference to be very interesting.

His true weirdness took me a few more years to discover.

Poignantly enough, his situation was revealed as we got to know him. Charles was in the early forties at that time, and the burning question I had for him was: you're such a natural as an SF writer, why did you wait so late to start? Fiction writing, it turned out, was an escape for Charles. His wife was dying of cancer, and he found those hours he sat behind the typewriter battling the ineffable White Empty Space with words and ideas were therapeutic.

Another aspect of his writing which set it apart from most of SF writing was that it was often what is classified as hard science fiction. Such novels as Sight of Proteus,

such stories as "Summertime" were the product of not merely an intellect well-trained in the sciences, but a visionary mind very much in the class with Arthur C. Clarke. Charles, it turned out, had degrees in physics and mathematics from Newton's alma mater, Cambridge University — but he'd cut the teeth of his mind not only on quantum mechanics and quadratic equations, but on the works of Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov and the panoply of other writers in the SF firmament.

But, as Charles began programming computers before there were even languages to program them with ('even before machine code' he claims) and as the knowledge hungry U.S. of the sixties had plenty of room for brilliant young men to stoke the machines of progress, Charles was stolen from Mother England. Eventually he settled in Maryland outside of Washington, and began working with computer companies and NASA on numerous projects, including computer programs necessary for remote satellite sensing (a process, by the way, which produces beautiful pictures, a few of which he published in his books Earthwatch and Man on Earth). Eventually, he settled down with Earth Satellite Corp. where he is now Chief Scientist and Member of the Board. He served as President of the American Astronautical Society (1980 and 1981). He is a Fellow of the British Interplanetary Society and a Distinguished Lecturer of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics.

Whew! Enough of this levity. All this is just in case you didn't know. As far as I know, although he's been to any number of conventions, this is the first stint I know of as Guest of Honor (what, couldn't you folks get C.J. Cherryh?) and since it takes a pair of pliers to yank this stuff from him, I figured I'd clue you in.

As the past paragraphs might indicate, I have a curious ambivalence towards Charles. On the one hand, I admire and respect



him tremendously. The accomplishments above only hint at the depth of his knowledge, intelligence and abilities. If he was a computer (and sometimes I think Charles aspires) you might classify him as 'user friendly'. He'll talk to anybody about anything, and bring to the conversation a wealth of wisdom and experience. On the other hand, Charles Sheffield is also a loon in a manner that such British comics as John Cleese and Spike Milligan only pretend to be. Charles' lunacy, however, could not be summarized in a mere *Monty Python* sketch, or even a couple of *Goon Shows*. He's a man I'd classify as somewhere between Keith Moon of the Who and Jonathan Miller. Although he doesn't play the drums or direct plays for the London stage, I have seen him leave a few hotel rooms rumped and, in his cups, carry on tremendous performances for partiers. (I shall carry to my grave the image of him singing bawdy songs and reciting poetry with the late lamented Edward Llewelyn at a particularly boisterous party.)

Yes, it's a far more sinister and subtle lunacy, and you can see it mapped out like a MAD Magazine hell in his more warped stories like "Out of Copyright" and "Saved for the Shredder". From time to time, though, it leans out and leers crazily at the world, startling in juxtaposition with the man's more distinguished characteristics.

I'll never forget, for instance, SHEFFIELD'S FIRST SF CONVENTION. It was a 1977 Disclave, I believe, and, of course Charles has been to many since and he enjoys them dearly, partying hearty as the saying goes. However, it took him a while to adjust to the collection of strange characters, many of them in costume — and in particular, he was overcome with glee at the number of extremely obese fans in attendance, wondering aloud about the feasibility of a cannibalistic feast on corpulent fans should this nation's food supply dwindle. I believe the experience prompted a very

warped story about a thermonuclear diet in the sewers of Mars or something.

Charles also has an odd exhibitionist streak. Charles Sheffield will go and speak to a group of lesbian nuns on the thermodynamics of birth control at the drop of a hat. At first, I thought this was pure generosity. Sometimes Charles gets speaker's fees, but he'll talk for free, too. Then I realized that speaking pretty much comprises Charles' social life. Except for occasional dinners with visiting scientists and mathematicians (and you thought fans were weird — you should get a load of these odd chaps. Charles' Earthsat boss, for example — a multi-millionaire who writes country-western songs when he gets blue. Or how about the brilliant mathematician friend who drank too much one night and threw up on Charles' mother visiting from Hull, England!) Charles' idea of a fun evening is a six-pack of Newcastle Brown Ale and copies of the latest Science Magazine, with maybe an hour or two to bash out a short story on his Apple computer manufactured before the birth of Christ. I can never, for the life of me, get him to go out to a concert or something. I remember trying to get him to go to a topless bar with me to celebrate his fiftieth birthday, but Charles demurred. So I can only surmise that Charles gets some sort of sexual gratification delivering talks to groups. Watch him closely during the GoH speeches.

Charles Sheffield is also a man of amazing physical fortitude. He can drink both Jerry Poumelle and Larry Niven under the table, and then get up at six the next morning to testify before Congress on the mating Habits of Communications Satellites. He can lie about for weeks at a time exercising only his typing skills and his elbow, and then go kick the hell out of a soccer ball on a Sunday afternoon with his nutty scientist cronies — and then go out for pizza and beer. (Little known fact: Charles went to a *jock* high school. But for the

# Chattacon XVIII

January 17-19, 1992

Guest of Honor

**Leo Frankowski**

Guest of Honor

**T.B.A.**

Artist Guest of Honor

**T.B.A.**

Toastmistress

**C. J. Cherryh**

Special Guest

**Lawrence Watt-Evans**

Fan Guest

**Samanda Jeuile**

Other Guest

**Mercedes Lackey**

persuasion of his math teacher to take a scholarship exam, he might well have ended up a stevedore in some North England port.) The most remarkable story of his physical abilities, however, happened when Charles had a gland operated on in his throat. Now, Charles hates hospitals, and even though his throat felt like that accident on Three Mile Island, the next day he wanted to go home. The doctor told him that, if he got a full meal down that hell throat, he could go. Charles did. At home, pumped up with pain-killers, he proceeded to sit down and write "Tunicate, Tunicate, Wilt Thou Be Mine", one of the more unpleasant stories of his brilliant writing career.

Then there was the time we flew to France to research a book set during the Battle of Verdun. Charles slept like a rock on the flight over, but I can't sleep on planes. I was a jet lagged wreck when we got there. We took a bus down to the Gare du Nord train station. "So what next?" I asked, assuming he was in charge of things.

Charles shrugged and allowed he didn't really know how to get where we were going. He liked to 'wing' these kind of trips,

he said.

Once, at one of the many famous dinners I've enjoyed at his house, his daughter and wife took me aside in the kitchen and, shaking their heads, looked at me with baffled smiles and said, "Isn't Charles weird?"

I guess so, but if so, we should all be so weird.

I could probably write another two thousand words about him, about our evenings of mental aberration working on The Selkie, about his charming pair of fairly new daughters, Rose and Victoria, about his wife Linda who runs a bureau for the CIA, but space constrains me.

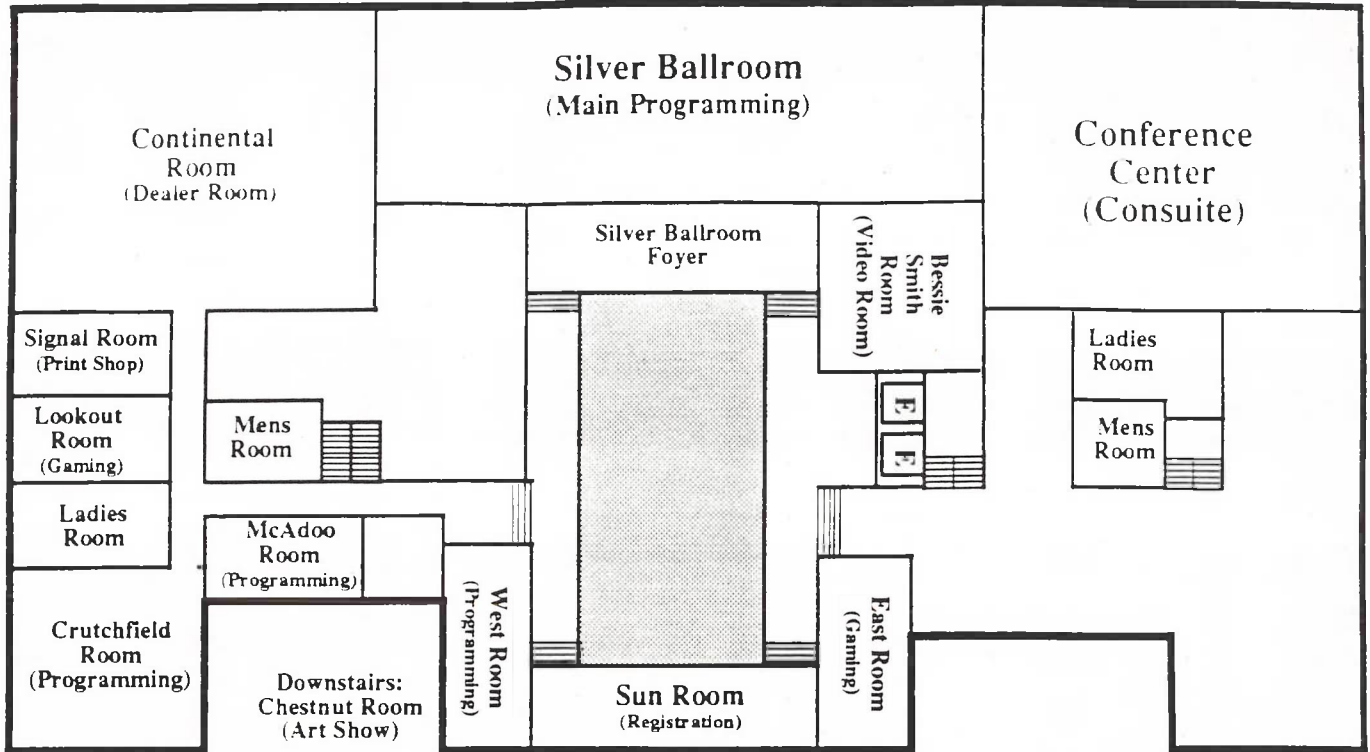
As a nod of thanks for his scientific contributions to Day of the Dragonstar (a book I wrote with Tom Monteleone) we dedicated the book to 'Charles Sheffield, Gentleman Genius'. "Dave," he told me, "actually I'm neither."

Au contraire, Charles.

As Carl Sagan might say, Dr. Charles Sheffield is one in 'billions and billions'.

Enjoy him.





# Phoenixcon



May 3, 4 & 5, 1991

Guest of honor  
**TERRY BROOKS**

Toastmaster  
**BRAD STRICKLAND**

Fan Guests  
**MIKE AND NELDA  
KENNEDY**

Membership Rates  
\$20 until 2/10/91  
\$25 thereafter

For More Info:

**PhoenixCon**  
1579 F Monroe Dr  
Suite 218  
Atlanta GA 30324