

Fourth  
Street  
Fantasy  
Convention  
1989



**“Tales of the Unanticipated  
is a surprisingly professional small press magazine of  
higher than average quality.”  
—Amy Thompson  
Locus**

## TALES OF THE UNANTICIPATED

features fiction, poetry, artwork and essays by rising stars!

#2 (Spring 1987) includes fiction by Eleanor Arnason, Dave Smeds, Janet Fox, Nathan A. Bucklin, and Peg Kerr; John Calvin Rezmerski's poem, "Challengers;" and Kate Wilhelm and Damon Knight interviewed. \$3.

#3 (Winter/Spring 1988) includes fiction by Arnason, Fox, Bucklin, Kerr, Phillip C. Jennings, Bruce Bethke, Colleen Drippe, and Kij Johnson; poetry by Thomas G. Digby; several writers on "SF Writing Groups: The Minnesota Scene;" and Chelsea Quinn Yarbro interviewed. \$3.

#4 (Fall/Winter 1988) includes fiction by Fox, Jennings, Bethke, Elissa Malcohn, Howard V. Hendrix, Terry A. Carey, and Dan Goodman; a Charles Nodier story translated from the French by Ruth Berman; poetry by Bruce Boston; and Larry Niven interviewed.

#5 (Spring/Summer 1989) includes a Clifford D. Simak section, with Simak's story, "Courtesy," and an essay about Simak by David W. Wixon; fiction by Jennings, Bethke, Kerr, Robert Frazier, Laurelm Winter, and H.W. Baichtal; poetry by Camilla Decarnin; and John Sladek interviewed. \$3.

#6 (Fall/Winter 1989, due in October) will include a Fritz Leiber section, with Leiber's story, "Lie Still, Snow White," essays on Leiber by Eric M. Heideman and Rodger Gerberding, and a Leiber interview; fiction by Berman, Bethke, Smeds, Mary Sass, Uncle River, Martha A. Hood, and Sherrie Brown; and poetry by Arnason and Margo Skinner. \$3.

Artists include Gerberding, Erin McKee, Ken Fletcher, Russ Miller, Kij Johnson, Randy Moore, Margaret Ballif Simon, Kevin D. Duncan, and Alfred R. Klosterman.

Four-issue subscription (5-#8 or 6-#9), \$10; eight-issue package (2-9), \$20. Checks to the Minnesota Science Fiction Society.

Tales of the Unanticipated  
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Reading submissions for #7  
October 1-November 15, 1989.



# Fourth Street Fantasy Convention

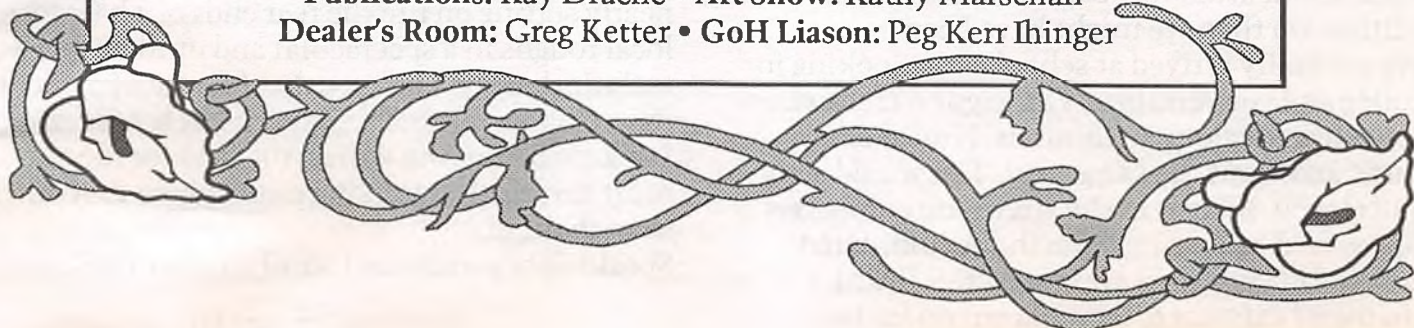
At the Sheraton Park Place Hotel,  
Minneapolis, Minnesota  
June 23, 24, & 25  
1989

Guest of Honor:  
**Tim Powers**

Guest Editor:  
**Beth Meacham**

## THE COMMITTEE:

**Chairman, Registration:** David Dyer-Bennet • **Treasurer, Parties:** Martin Schafer  
**Hotel:** Rob Ihinger • **Programming:** Steve Brust, Will Shetterly, Elise Krueger  
**Publications:** Kay Drache • **Art Show:** Kathy Marschall  
**Dealer's Room:** Greg Ketter • **GoH Liason:** Peg Kerr Ihinger





# Tim Powers

as introduced by James P. Blaylock

An introduction strikes me as a peculiar thing to write. I have none of the habits of literary critics or of book reviewers, and I'm certain that the story which follows would wag along for better or worse without my offering two cents first. Stevenson, in his preface to *An Inland Voyage*, writes, "When the foundation-stone is laid, the architect appears with his plans, and struts for an hour before the public eye. So with the writer in his preface; he may have never a word to say, but he must show himself for a moment in the portico, hat in hand, and with an urbane demeanor."

So here I am in the portico, writing in the first person—and me not even the author, but the author's friend, instead—while Powers waits up in the balcony, tapping his foot for close upon two thousand words before being allowed to put in an appearance.

We met about thirteen years ago, in college, both of us literature majors, both of us would-be writers, in the year after the Vietnam War ended and there was a sort of holiday for a time while everyone rested. All at once there wasn't as much to get worked up about—the Bank of America had been burned down; peace, finally, had been given a chance; hippies and yuppies had come and gone. All of it had left its mark on us, though, and both of us were more casual, perhaps, about attending classes and about self edification than we might have been.

We generally arrived at school early, looking for coffee and conversation. Our eight o'clock class too often got along without us. Nine o'clock came and went the same way. Ten would arrive, and eleven. By two in the afternoon our fingertips would be ringing from the accumulated caffeine of countless cups of coffee. It was a

2 shameful existence, which went on for two

years, happily enough—two years that saw the appearance of William Ashbless and the writing of interminable novels. Mine took up the theme of the Wildman of Borneo and dairies that brewed up poison milk out of plaster of Paris; Powers did well by men who rode through ruined futurescapes in sedan chairs and got dumped, as often as not, into fountains. We read Milton and Shakespeare on the side, and, among the lot of it, considered that we were preparing ourselves tolerably well for what would become our calling in life.

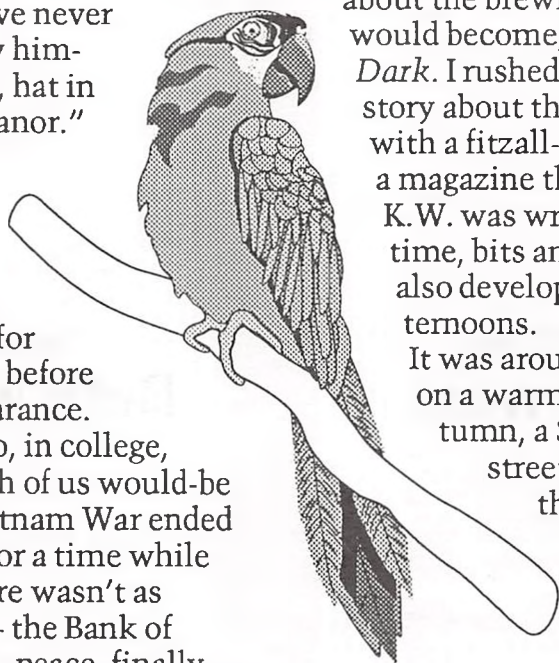
Late in 1975, after we both had graduated, Powers rented the apartment in Santa Ana where he still lives. The famous Thursday nights started up and would go on in one form or another for close onto eight years. We became friends with K.W. Jeter, and the three of us spent, over the next few years, a sizeable number of hours discussing literary matters in O'Hara's Pub. Tim, as I remember it, came away with peculiar notions

about the brewing of dark beer, which notions would become, of course, *The Drawing of the Dark*. I rushed home one afternoon to write a story about the plugging of a hole in space with a fitzall-sizes cork. And I sold it too, to a magazine that immediately went broke. K.W. was writing *Morlock Night* at the time, bits and pieces of which no doubt also developed out of those same long afternoons.

It was around then, at a library book sale on a warm Saturday morning in early autumn, a Santa Ana wind scouring the streets and alleys, that we first saw the flock of wild parrots (some fifty of them now) that regularly roams the skies above Orange and Santa Ana. That was two blocks up from the

Plaza in downtown Orange, where, at the annual street fair some three years later, Tim would, as a lark, drop burning groundblossom fireworks into the water of a circular fountain, nearly setting on fire the rear ends of a half dozen local toughs in a spectacular and unlikely pyrotechnic display. Look for that fountain (without fireworks or enraged toughs) in *Night Moves*. Look for Santa Ana winds, too, and for the almost mystical, signifying atmosphere that drifts in with them.

Speaking of parrots and wind, I remember one



(continued on page 11)



# Two Portraits of *Beth Meacham*

By Terri Windling

Make a list of all the novels that have been nominated for the Nebula, Hugo, World Fantasy, and Philip K. Dick awards in the last five years and list them by editor. You'll find one person with more titles on that list than any other editor—and yet she has never been nominated for a "Best Editor" award and the average Speculative Fiction reader has never heard her name. This is due not only to the general obscurity of book editors, but to the Art of Invisibility as practiced by Beth Meacham, a Zen Master of the discipline. Beth is the Editor-in-Chief of Tor Books, as well as Scout Leader to a pack of Consulting Editors that includes S.F. veterans David Hartwell, Jim Frenkel, Ben Bova, and Betty Ballantine; she has edited 3 1/2 of the last five Nebula Award winning books (the 1/2 book was an Ace Special that she worked on with editor Terry Carr); she has built one of the finest Speculative Fiction publishing programs in the field and made and saved numerous distinguished careers—but she'll sputter with embarrassment if you mention any of this in polite company. She insists she *likes* invisibility—but her list of accomplishments and admirers is growing too darn long to hide.

My own introduction to Beth happened

(continued on page 10)

By Tappan King

I'm going to reveal a secret about Beth Meacham that very few people know. There's evidence for it in the startling fact that she's managed to accomplish more in her first decade in publishing than any one person could, rising from an editorial assistant at Ace to Editor-in-Chief at Tor in only five short years, and managing to co-author four books at the same time, including *Barlowe's Guide to Extra-terrestrials*, and the Reader's Guides to Science Fiction and Fantasy. Here's the secret. There are actually several Beth Meacham—*seven*, to be exact—who take turns running her life. Since I've been asked to write a biographical sketch of her, it seems only fair that I introduce you to all of them.

1. Beth, the True-Blue Skiffy Addict. Here's a true story. One wintry November day in Newark, Ohio, a seven-year-old girl rode her bicycle to the local library. She'd already read up all the fiction, fairy tales, history and mythology in the children's section. A librarian broke the rule against giving adult books to children and handed her a copy of Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles*. The little girl took the book, curled up in her favorite chair by the window, and, as the

(continued on page 8)





## Restaurants

Count around \$10 per person for dinner without drinks for each \$ - depending on your tastes and appetite.

•*Restaurants worth driving for - and be prepared, the current season in Minnesota is 'road construction' - a selection of our special favorites.*

**Brandyberry's House of Prime Rib**  
5221 Viking Drive, Bloomington 893-1311  
At 494 & 100 All you can eat prime rib dinner just \$11.95 \$

**Christos Greek Restaurant**  
2632 Nicollet Ave., Mpls 871-2111  
\$\$

**Ciatti's Italian Restaurant**  
1346 LaSalle Ave., Mpls 339-7747  
\$\$

**Diamond Thai**  
1423 Washington Ave. S., Mpls 332-2920  
Sticky rice and peanut sauce, yes! Closes early (8pm) sometimes so call - Take-out too.\$

**El Meson**  
3450 Lyndale Ave. S., Mpls 822-8062  
Caribbean-Spanish. Sometimes slow. \$

**510 Restaurant**  
510 Groveland Ave., Mpls 874-6440  
Arguably the best fine dining in Minnesota. \$\$\$

**Fuji-Ya**  
420 S. 1st St., Mpls 339-2226  
Japanese, including sushi & teppanyaki. Ask for the O-Zashiki room. Slow. \$\$

**Great Wall**  
4515 France Ave. S., Edina 927-4439  
Our Szechuan favorite.\$ - \$\$

**It's Greek To Me**  
626 W. Lake St., Mpls 825-9922  
Authentic Greek cuisine, cafe atmosphere, \$

**Ichiban Japanese Steak House**  
1333 Nicollet Ave., Mpls 339-0540  
Teppanyaki.\$\$

**Jax of Golden Valley**  
604 N. Lilac Dr., Golden Valley 521-8825  
Steaks (old style - no kidding, that's what my notes say), Pretty easy to get to, but closed Sunday. \$\$

**Khan's Mongolian Barbeque**  
418 13th Ave. SE, Mpls 379-3121  
You choose the ingredients, including spices, for your dinner - consultants on duty. \$

**Kincaids Steak-Chop & Fish House**  
8400 Normandale Lake Blvd, Bloomington  
921-2255 Steaks and a large selection of  
single-malt scotches. \$\$\$

**Kinhdo Restaurant**  
2755 Hennepin Ave., Mpls 861-2491  
Vietnamese \$

**Mandarin Yen**  
2701 Southtown Drive, Bloomington  
888-8900 We recommend the Dim Sum. \$

**Pronto Ristorante**  
1300 Nicollet Ave., Mpls 333-4414  
Italian \$\$\$

**Saigon**  
317 W. 38th St., Mpls 822-7712  
Vietnamese \$

**Sawatdee Thai Restaurant**  
607 Washington Ave. S. 338-6451  
\$

**Shin-ons Sushi Bar**  
165 Western Ave. N., St. Paul 222-4144  
Tempura too, but our favorite for sushi  
(Also the furthest away, I'm afraid.) \$\$\$

**Ted Cook's 19th Hole**  
2814 E. 38th St., Mpls 721-2023  
Take out only on the best hot & spicy ribs  
around. \$

**Tejas**  
The Conservatory, 9th and Nicollet, Mpls  
375-0800 'Cuisine of the Southwest' \$\$

•*Walking distance - south of Hwy 12.*

**Lincoln Del**  
5201 Wayzata Blvd. 544-3616  
Kosher style delicatessen and restaurant. \$

**Manders at the Ambassador**  
5525 Wayzata Blvd. 545-5552

**Cafe Volpicelli**  
5617 Wayzata Blvd. 544-6202

**Yangtze Restaurant**  
5625 Wayzata Blvd. 541-9469  
Szechuan; Great Wall's little sister. \$-\$\$

**TGI Friday's**  
5875 Wayzata Blvd. 544-0675  
American cuisine \$

•*Walking distance - Across Hwy 12*  
**Schlotsky's Sandwich Shops**  
5320 Wayzata Blvd. 545-1328  
Specialty sandwiches, mostly to go. \$

**My Pie Pizza**  
5408 Wayzata Blvd. 544-5551  
\$

**Cocolezzone**  
5410 Wayzata Blvd. 544-4993  
Northern Italian A la carte - \$-\$\$

**American Cafe**  
5410 Wayzata Blvd. 544-5035  
\$\$

**Le Peep**  
5500 Wayzata Blvd. 591-5033  
Breakfast and lunch. Open 6:00AM-2:30 PM \$

**Patti's Restaurant & Bar**  
5500 Wayzata Blvd. 546-4000  
American cuisine, specializing in fresh  
seafood and entree salads \$\$

•*Less than 10 minutes on Hwy. 12 West*

**Ground Round**  
6400 Wayzata Blvd. 541-9028  
Steaks \$

**El Torito**  
6440 Wayzata Blvd. 544-3406  
Mexican \$\$

**Perkins**  
6920 Wayzata Blvd. 546-5404  
24 hour family restaurant \$

**Samurai Japanese Steak & Seafood**  
850 Louisiana Ave. S. 542-9922  
Teppanyaki. \$\$

**Fuddrucker's**  
6445 Wayzata Blvd. 593-3833  
Fancy burgers. \$

**Bennigans**  
6475 Wayzata Blvd. 593-5024  
American cuisine \$

**Paesano's**  
6501 Wayzata Blvd. 544-3162

**Embers**  
7525 Wayzata Blvd. 545-0494  
24 hour family restaurant. \$



## Saturday

**11:30 a.m. Fantasy and pseudo-science.**  
How does one write fantasy without giving tacit support to U.F.O.s, Bigfoot, Russian ESP experiments, and other supermarket tabloid headlines? Does it matter if you do? S. Brust, J. Ford, K. Dalkey, E. Kushner, H. Wood

**12:30 p.m. Rivendell Group.** Discussion of *On Stranger Tides*. Visitors Welcome.

**2:00 p.m. The Editor: Responsibility.**  
Some believe that purchasing and line editors ought to have their names on the books they acquire and edit. Some don't. The panelists will argue about it in front of God and everybody. S. Brust, B. Meacham, P. Nielsen Hayden, G. Wolfe, T. Windling

**3:00 p.m. Author's Intention and Accessibility.**  
Some writers seem to be writing intentionally for a small subset of readers. Is there anything wrong with that? Is it impossible to avoid? Do we have assumptions about what fantasy readers should know....a sort of Cultural Literacy of Fantasy? G. Wolfe, J. Ford, B. Meacham, T. Powers, G. Dickson

**4:00 p.m. Rape fantasies and moral fiction.**  
It's easy to dismiss certain works as being barely sublimated rape fantasies. Is it ever okay to write rape fantasy? When? Why? How is that different from writing about a rape? E. Krueger, D. Notkin, T. Windling, E. Kushner, W. Shetterly

**5:00 p.m. Subtext; or, Does it mean anything?**  
What's a story really about? What cleverly hidden assumptions and opinions are these crafty writers feeding us? Does every story have a subtext, or are some stories only "about what they're about"? P. Kerr, G. Wolfe, E. Bull, P. Dean, T. King

**8:30 p.m. Beth Meacham interviews Tim Powers.** And maybe Tim Powers interviews Beth Meacham.

**10:00 p.m. Art auction.**

**11:30 p.m. Beer and Fantasy.**  
An impromptu discussion in the con suite.

## Program Schedule

All programming will be held in the Terrace Ballroom, except as noted.

### Friday

**7:00 p.m. Opening ceremonies.**  
Meet the guests.

**7:30 p.m. Thrillseeking.**  
Is writing and reading adventure fiction sublimation, self-indulgence, or something else? Mr. Pirate likes to get out and do something dangerous every now and then. You've got to find something constructive for him to do, because if he makes his own fun, you won't like it. How does this affect what a writer writes, what a reader reads, what a character does, etc.? T. Powers, E. Bull, B. Meacham

**8:30 p.m. Dissecting characters: mutilation in fiction.** Some readers like to see the protagonist suffer. Others like to be convinced that the protagonist is mortal and that victory is not certain. Why do we hurt the ones we love? T. Powers, W. Shetterly, P. Kerr, T. King

**10:00 p.m. Stratocasters of Elfland.**  
Music by Cats Laughing (Steven Brust, Emma Bull, Bill Colsher, Lojo Russo, Adam Stemple). Note location: Park One.



## Sunday

### 12:30 a.m. Magic and history and fantasy.

We're not sure where this one will go. Maybe this'll be about the literary perception of magic in history. Maybe it'll be about the historical perception of magic. G. Wolfe, K. Dalkey, D. Sherman, J. Ford, T. Powers

**1:30 p.m. Death and fantasy.** Love and death may be the most important subjects of fiction. How is death handled in fantasy? How should it be handled? What attitudes do writers and readers have toward the fictional depiction of death? T. Windling, K. Dalkey, D. Sherman, J. Ford, T. Nielsen Hayden

**2:30 p.m. Provocative art: Art in your face.** Salman Rushdie did it. Mark Twain's been doing it for one hundred years. Does all good art slap someone in the face? Is that art with intent to assault, or just an emphatic wake-up call? D. Notkin, E. Heideman, B. Meacham, S. Brust

**3:30 p.m. Closing ceremonies.**



## Art Show

The Art Show is located in the North Terrace Room.

Art Show hours

Friday - Artist checkin 6:00-9:00 p.m.

Open for the public 7:00-9:00 p.m.

Saturday - 10:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m.

Sunday - 10:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m.

Artists may pick up art until 2:00 p.m.

There will be an auction Saturday night at 10:00 p.m in the Terrace Ballroom (main programming area). All art with three or more bids will be auctioned. Items with only one or two bids will be sold to the highest bidder after the auction.

Art with a marked "After Auction" sale price on it can be purchased Sunday for that price. Art with no "After Auction" sale price is no longer available (although we'll be happy to give you the name and address of an artist whose work you are interested in).

Art that has been bid on may be picked up by the buyer on Sunday (for pieces that did not go to auction) or during and immediately after the auction.(for pieces auctioned).

No cameras, large bags, packs or purses will be allowed into the Art Show. A check table will be provided at the door.

## Dealer's Room

The Dealer's Room is located in the Orchard Suite.

Dealer's Room hours

Friday - 5:00 -7:00 p.m.

Saturday - 10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m.

Sunday - 10:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.

The Convention Suite will be in Room 231.



(Beth by Tappan continued)  
snowflakes swirled outside, read the following words:

"One minute it was Ohio winter, with doors closed, windows locked, icicles fringing every roof....

And then a long wave of warmth crossed the small town. The icicles dropped, shattering, to melt. The snow dissolved and showed last summer's green lawns.

*Rocket summer...."*

From that moment on, Beth read science fiction constantly, omnivorously, devouring books in a few bites. Today, she takes more genuine joy in science fiction than any editor I've ever met. Her tastes are broad—from Delany to Dickson, Lafferty to LeGuin, C.J. Cherryh to C.L. Moore. You see, Beth always wanted to be a spaceman. And, failing that, the next best thing was a science fiction editor.

## 2. Beth, the Telepathic Editor.

This is the Beth most writers know. A quick learner and a great teacher. She's devoted to all of her authors, very sensitive to their needs, and has an almost supernatural gift for solving the central problem in a manuscript. She has several editorial heroes whose life and work she's studied, trying to incorporate a part of their style into her own work: Donald Wollheim for his instinct for pure entertainment, Betty and Ian Ballantine for their ability to make things grow, Judy-Lynn del Rey for her marketing genius, Terry Carr for his skill and compassion. (It's not surprising that after Terry Carr's death, she honored him in the only way that made sense to her—by editing *Terry's Universe*, an original anthology of authors who'd worked with, and loved, Terry.) This is the Beth who sat down with Tim Powers, when they both realized that, funny as it was, *The Anubis Gates* was too long by half, and with him lifted whole plotlines out of the book without destroying its structure, a process not unlike neurosurgery. Or who helped Stan Robinson revise *The Gold Coast* by asking a few pointed questions. One writer calls her "my other head." She doesn't just *edit* a writer, she becomes one with her, puts on her skin, and finds the sentence the author would have written, if only she hadn't been in her own way. Some editors impose their own visions on the book. Beth finds the *author's* vision and refines it until it rings like a bell.

8 For her, it's a way of "paying forward" what

Bradbury did for her, passing on the magic to eager, hungry minds.

## 3. Beth, the Bon Vivante.

This is the Beth you'll see at conventions and awards ceremonies. The snappy dresser with the glow-in-the-dark earrings. The consummate hostess who knows how to whip up a party out of two bottles of seltzer and a closet. Who can kindle the spirit in a matter seconds, mingle with everyone and find them genuinely interesting, and then close down the party at just the right moment without hurting anyone's feelings. This is the Beth who loves to boogie down on the dance floor, who makes devastating quips on convention panels, and who has occasionally been known to channel Martha *and* the Vandelas in a singalong at three in the morning.

## 4. Beth, the Samurai Publisher.

This is the role she least enjoys. She's also very, very good at it. She knows more about the publishing process than the entire executive echelons of most publishing conglomerates. She has a first-rate legal mind (as several agents have found out to their dismay after reading the contracts they've just signed). She has a knowledge of the physical production of books that would put most managing editors to shame (a legacy of hanging around the newspaper office while her father repaired Linotype machines). She understands the *business* of publishing on both the micro and macro levels, partly as a result of sitting behind the counter in The Science Fiction Shop in Greenwich Village for over five years. She's a gifted administrator, running a staff of twenty-five and acting as Ringmaster for a gaggle of consulting editors as well. She has a knack for putting out fires, and people keep making her do it. She can make a hardball pitch to a jaded sales rep and win him over, can calculate a castoff with one hand while running a P&L on the computer with the other. She's also a better art director than half of the people with that title in the business, and a crack copywriter who can slam out a gonzo piece of flap copy in a matter of minutes (and frequently *has* to!). Just one warning: Beth the Samurai Publisher can be subtle to the point of deviousness—but only in the service of truth, justice, and skiffy, of course.



### 5. Beth, the Avenging Angel.

Anyone who's worked with Beth at Ace or Tor has seen this side of her. It stems from a deeply felt sense of justice, of morality and ethics. One editor calls her "the most honest person I know." If a middle management type isn't doing his job, and one of her people, author or staff, is suffering for it, she can draw herself up to a full nine feet and stalk off, fire flashing from her eyes. One more thing. She values her word, treating promises she's made as blood oaths. And she expects others to do the same. She *does* keep score. She forgives instantly, because her standards for others are lower than the impossible ones she sets for herself. But she never, never forgets.

### 6. Beth, the Pataphysical Terrorist.

This one shows up late in the day after everyone is frayed around the edges and threatening to quit. Suddenly, there's a bright peal of laughter from behind the partition, and everyone relaxes, knowing that some weird cartoon or odd comment on the telephone has brought out the Queen of Silliness. The woman with a squeaking shark, a wind-up dinosaur skeleton *and* numerous stuffed animals on her desk. The person who will wear tasteful skull earrings to a sales conference just to keep the salesmen off balance.

This Beth likes Joan Jett and Guns 'n Roses and Def Leppard, has a favorite New Wave boutique called Kiss Kiss Kill Kill, and likes to make rude noises at Republicans. And she crows with delight when the latest Archie McPhee catalog shows up, delighted that she can order another bag of glow-in-the-dark cockroaches.

### 7. *The Very, Very Private Beth.*

This is the Beth I fell in love with, the one with soft maple syrup eyes and a husky, sexy laugh. It's the part of her that turns to molasses when she hears the six- or seven-year-old offspring of one of her authors call out, "There's Aunt Beth!" This is also the person who comes home after a day when she's accomplished more than any six other people could in a week, feeling like she hasn't done her job, badly needing a footrub. I'd say more, but this is the part I keep for myself. And besides, most of the foregoing isn't the real Beth at all. She is, after all, a Scorpio.



#### Artist Credits

Tim Desley: Covers, p. 3, 6, 9.

Loren Botner: p. 4.

#### Special Thanks

to Loren Botner, Scott Olejneckak,  
and especially Tom Juntunen.



(Beth by Terri continued)

when I was nineteen and fresh out of Antioch, the same Ohio college Beth and her husband, Tappan King, had attended a few years earlier. T & B had attained mythological stature in Antioch folklore, and I was eager to meet them. On a summer trip to New York with Mark Arnold, who had taught comic book classes with Tappan at Antioch, I finally got my wish. I remember the two of them intimidated me terribly; I just sat and absorbed it all as Mark and T & B lost themselves in fanciful worlds of wild talk. It was T & B who introduced me to champagne and fresh-ground coffee—the latter served with great formality in white porcelain kangaroo cups where one drank out of the kangaroo's pouch while holding on to its tail—and they seemed to me to epitomize city sophistication.

In my second year working for Ace Books, Beth hired on to work with Susan Allison on the science fiction list and with me on the fantasy list. Beth's love for the books was palpable and inspiring, and she quickly gathered around her an impressive group of like-minded souls, such as Tim Powers, Jim Blaylock, Kim Stanley Robinson, Greg Bear, and Orson Scott Card. My memory of Beth in those days is that she was always calm in a crisis and passionately committed to the idea that championing quality fiction and marketing books successfully were not mutually exclusive endeavors. She gained the respect of everyone at Ace, and many of the brightest spots of the current Ace backlist are due to her hard labor. After Ace was sold to Berkley, Beth allowed herself to be tempted away by Tom Doherty, publisher and creator of Tor Books, to head his science fiction, fantasy, and horror programs.

At that point we parted editorial company for a few years (although living around the corner from each other, we had no difficulty staying close friends) until last year when Beth asked if I would like to be a consulting editor for the Tor Fantasy line (causing one Ace sales rep to moan: "Uh oh, the dynamic duo are back together...."). The atmosphere of any publishing company is greatly affected by the attitudes of the people at the top; in Tor's case, Beth's personal magic, her intelligence and love of books, and her great integrity are evident from the moment one walks through the doors of Tor, where people still call books *books*, not "titles" or "product."

Debbie Notkin, who did a long stint as Beth's

right-hand-man, says that the most striking thing about her Tor experience was that "They were the most honest group of people I'd ever worked with." Honor is the key to Beth Meacham; many a publishing discussion has ended with her firm statement, "We can't do that. That would be wrong."

In addition to being the Invisible Zen Master of publishing, Beth is a multi-talented and surprising woman. She loves fast cars and loud rock-and-roll and clothes made of silk from Chelsea Design. She likes to sail and scuba dive; she can dance until dawn with a gang of leather clad Splatter Punks and still talk seriously with a sales rep the next morning. She's passionately in love with the American Southwest—the landscape, the pottery, the paintings of Georgia O'Keefe. Politically she's an avowed Bakuninist; aesthetically she loves desert colors and a sensuously rendered line and is one of the few verbally oriented editors with a keen eye for art. She has a silly streak a mile wide; her desk is covered with the most peculiar toy collection at Tor (which is quite a feat in the company that spawned the infamous Dada Wall). Beth and Tappan live in a rambling old house up the hill from the New York harbor full of books and music and black cats. (They claim they have only two cats, but either they lie or the cats know how to teleport.) Their guest room is usually filled with a stray writer, artist or filmmaker or two, and if you're invited to visit them you'll probably spend the night inventing three publishing ventures ("Megalomania Publishing" is still my favorite), saving the western world, learning a thing or two about an esoteric philosophy and an offbeat tangent of popular culture, and getting very drunk on a wine of excellent vintage. By morning they'll have coaxed out of you the dream hidden in the secret places of your heart, and they'll send you back into the world filled with the determination to make it come true. There are too many sides to Beth to capture them all—the cook, the computer wizard, the fairy godmother to Michael Reaves' daughter, the finest editor since Betty Ballantine, the loyal and gentle friend—but don't mention this to her, or she'll start sputtering again. Then she'll put on her cloak of invisibility like the hero in a fairy tale and march off to slay dragons while no one is looking.



(Powers by Blaylock continued)

time that Powers was sitting on his back balcony reading a book. It was early, his coffee cup was full, the sun shone, the warm wind blew. His landlord, sweating away in a t-shirt insufficient to cover his belly, sawed at a board in the courtyard below. Out of the west, shouting and flapping and generally carrying on, appeared the parrots—twenty or thirty of them. They landed crazily in two great carob trees along the curb, where they sat squawking and jabbering for a full minute before taking flight again, the whole lot of them, down into the courtyard where they flew in a tight circle around the landlord's head. He didn't look up, but hacked away with a dull saw at his board, muttering a curse.

Powers watched open-mouthed from the balcony until the parrots, satisfied with themselves, and, one supposes, dissatisfied with the landlord, flew away over the rooftops in a tornado of tropical color.

"Good grief!" shouted Powers, reeling just a bit from the almost biblical quality of the episode, "what do you make of those parrots?"

"Is that what they were?" asked the landlord, scratching his thin hair and squinting skyward for the first time, long after the parrots had disappeared. "I wonder if a man could trap 'em. Maybe sell 'em."

Powers, diplomatically, allowed that maybe a man could, but — to himself, of course — he rather imagined that the landlord had missed the point, blind as he was to the enchantment in a flock of tropical birds so far north of the equator, flying with such obvious purpose roundabout his indifferent head, and he having already lost interest even in the idea of selling the birds and having gone back to haggling his board in two. There's much the same sort of enchantment in a warm wind at night and in busy, neon-lit evening streets with palm fronds rustling in the curb trees and heaven knows what sort of airy flotsam sailing on the wind. If it's the task of a writer to see it (and I think it is) then Tim Powers has accomplished the task with room to spare in *Night Moves*. It's the sure hand of the magician that you'll sense when you read the story, ink-filled wand in his hand, deftly tracing the lines which reveal, bit by bit, the secret connections of things.

There's an old Palmer Cox book in which the goblins give to the brownies a pair of magical spectacles through which they can glimpse

strange and wonderful landscapes. Powers, frequenting the right sorts of 4th Street curio shops, seems to have gotten hold of those very spectacles, which he happily allows the reader to borrow here. I'll warn you in advance, though, that the landscapes that glimmer into focus in *Night Moves* are sometimes rather more horrifying than wonderful. I won't tell you anything more about them than that, since the story itself awaits you not too far beyond the end of the next two paragraphs.

I'll just put my hat back on now — to come round to the beginning again — and I'll step down off the portico and into the courtyard, where, we'll imagine, the landlord has sawn through his board and is looking around impatiently for his hammer, which, of course, he has mislaid, along with his nails. He wonders aloud if Powers can see them from the superior height of the balcony. No, says Powers, he doesn't know anything about the hammer and nails, but if it's seeing things particularly clearly that the landlord is interested in, there's this pair of spectacles... From over the rooftops, muted by distance but drawing closer by the moment, comes the raucous sound of parrots, the wind at their back, the sawdust roundabout the landlord's feet whirling up in a little wind devil and skittering away.

The landlord slips the spectacles across the bridge of his nose and looks around him with an eye toward his hammer and nails. But he's distracted by, as C.S. Lewis put it, "he knows not what." He hitches up his trousers and listens to the parrots, cocking his head and feeling the wind ruffling his hair. Then, nodding slowly, he hauls an old easy chair over into the shade, thinking to himself that the things roundabout him — the overarching trees, the wash of cloud-drift in the sky, his finny old automobile in the parking lot — have never been quite so sharply defined before. It beats all. Maybe he'll take the rest of the day off; maybe read a good book.

James P. Blaylock  
Orange, California  
1986

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# The Fifth 4th Street Fantasy Convention

June 15-16-17, 1990  
Advance registration \$20  
Only at 4th Street Four

## Financial statement for 4th Street #3, 1988

### Income:

Total registration income		4265
45 advance registrations @15	675	
115 preregistrations @20	2300	
43 at the door registrations @30	1290	
Program book ads		196
Artshow		128
Hucksters		50
<b>Total income</b>		<b>4639</b>

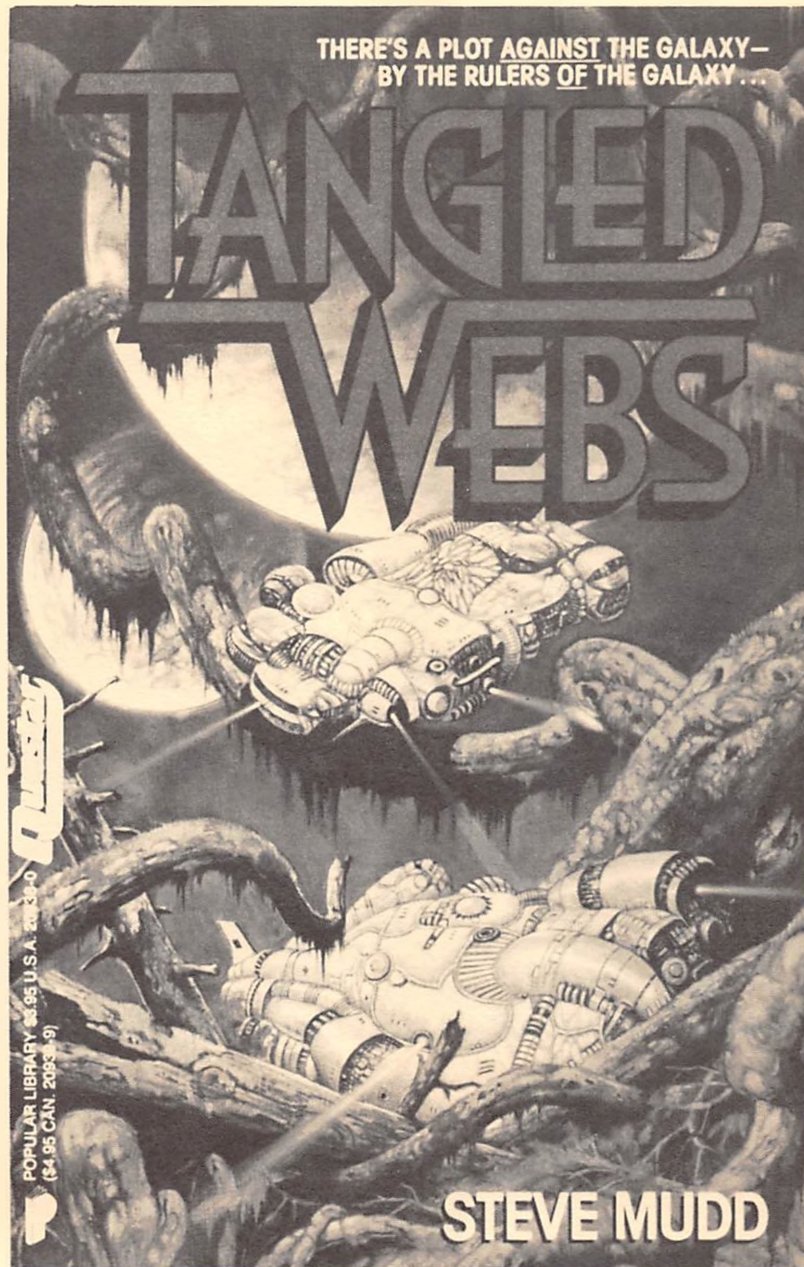
### Expenses:

Guests		1598
Hotel		1504
Parties		644
Publicity		595
Program book		266
Art show		86
Registration		78
<b>Total expenses</b>		<b>4771</b>

Loss: 132



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