

WINDYCON XVII



MELTON

WINDYCON XVII

November 9-11, 1990

at the Hyatt Regency Woodfield
this year featuring:

Author GoH - **Barbara Hambly**

Artist GoH - **Robert Eggleton**

Editor GoH - **Brian Thomsen**

Fan GoH - **Martha Beck**

Toastmaster - **Mike Resnick**

with special guests:

Barry  Longyear

George Alec Effinger

and, previewing the Chicon V guest list:

Hal Clement (Author GoH)

Richard Powers (Artist GoH)

Martin H. Greenberg (Editor GoH)

Jon and Joni Stopa (Fan GoH)

Marta Randall (Toastmistress)

Program Book Contents

Windycon XVII GoH's

Author - GoH bio _____	3
Editor - GoH bio _____	8
Artist - GoH bio _____	6
Fan - GoH bio _____	9
Toastmaster - bio _____	11

Chicon V GoH's

Author - GoH bio _____	13
Editor - GoH bio _____	16
Artist - GoH bio _____	14
Fan - GoH bio _____	16
Toastmaster - bio _____	17
Hotel Map _____	46
ISFiC Story Winner _____	31
ISFiC Story _____	32
Programming	
-Including Special Events, Masquerade _____	20
Films _____	22
Con Suite _____	28
Weapons Policy _____	29
Chairman's Letter _____	2
Operations _____	29
Staff Listing _____	29
Gaming, Filking, etc. _____	28
Art show & auction _____	27
Dealer's room _____	23

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Welcome to Windycon XVII. In case you hadn't realized it in the past, the Concom is under a great deal of stress, putting in long hours attempting to give you the best convention possible. It was under the great stress during a loong staff meeting that the idea of a polka party came to mind. A science fiction polka party. Egads, what a thought! No, really, we felt that the ideas had merit and the convention is giving it a try. On Friday night, polka lessons are to be given, and near midnight, the dance is to begin. When it's over, we will evaluate how it went and see for next year. Anyone for a Highland fling?

We have excellent guests attending this years convention. In addition to the Guests of Honor and Special Guests invited to Windycon, the Guests of Honor for Chilcon V were also invited to this year's convention., It was thought a chance for the Windycon attendees and the Chicon V guests to meet each other in the less formal and crowded atmosphere of Windycon would be nice. Also, if we're lucky, Mike Resnick may tell us about his latest trip to Africa. Added to this year's convention, is Saturday morning exercise classes. See you there! There will be surprises at opening ceremonies, a daily convention newsletter, and all the other happenings you have come to expect while attending Windycon. We hope you will enjoy the convention and we'll see you next year.

—Len Wenshe

(P.S.—Yes, Amy, I am sure.)



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GUEST OF HONOR: BARBARA HAMBLY

At age four, frustrated because she did not know the alphabet, Barbara Hambly began drawing stories. She had been born on August 28, 1951 in San Diego, California, where her father was stationed in the Marine Corps. She was the second of three children, with a sister, Mary Ann, two years older, and a brother, Eddy III, one-and-a-half years younger.

When she was about three, the family moved to China Lake, in California's Mojave Desert. "My recollection of it is that it was a trailer park in the middle of the desert. Of course, now I realize there was a military base there, too, but I don't remember it. But ever after that I've always liked the desert." That affinity is perhaps most evident in *The Witches of Wenshar*, although there are desert scenes in several of her books.

At four-and-a-half, Barbara decided to accompany her family when they moved to Montclair, California, east of Los Angeles and just into San Bernardino County. The move was occasioned when her father began working for General Dynamics, and the family has remained in that general area ever since. She soon busied herself reading the *Oz* books of L. Frank Baum and Ruth Plumley Thompson, and realized by age six that she wanted to be a fantasy writer. Other early reading included Kipling's *Jungle Book* and a lot of Sherlock Holmes.

Until age 14, she wrote basically for her own amusement. In junior high school, she began to write stories for her friends, and when *Star Trek* came on TV she wrote stories about that show's characters. One of those stories eventually grew up to be her *Star Trek* novel, *Ishmael*. (A second *Trek* book was recently turned in and is currently being edited.)

For one semester in the 10th grade her family moved to Blaxland, New South Wales, in the Blue Mountains of Australia, where her father trouble-shot problems with missiles sent to Australia, by the United States. This was during the second half of the first season of the original run of *Star Trek*, and Barbara was not happy with the move. "Can you imagine what it was like being the only *Trek* fan in the entire country? No one there had even heard of it, and I was desperate with it! Thank God, my best friend, Laurie Perry, sent me an aérogram every week with a detailed synopsis of each new episode,

the best bits of dialogue, and a description of what Mr. Spock looked like in a long, black cloak." At this time, Barbara discovered J.R.R. Tolkien. "Tolkien got me through Australia. That year was my introduction to both fantasy and science fiction on an adult level." (She is quick to point out that she is very much looking forward to a trip back to Australia next year.)

After returning to California and finishing high school, Barbara entered UC Riverside as an English major because she wanted to be a writer. The one creative writing class she took there showed her that she could probably write the kinds of things she wanted to read better than the teacher could. "I realized that I was an English major taking three history courses per semester and most of my friends were in the history department. I said, 'What am I doing here?' and became a history major." As part of that major, she spent a year as an undergraduate at the University of Bordeaux through the UC Foreign Studies Program. "I arrived in Paris on the evening before my 20th birthday. There were 110 California students at Bordeaux, and I didn't know any of them." But exploring Europe was "interesting and wonderful" to someone who was already a Medievalist. "Seeing Venice for the first time is like seeing *Star Wars* for the first time. As you approach from the sea, the city looks like a hologram of light reflected from and hanging above the water. Photographs don't capture this." Barbara's words did, though, in *The Ladies of Mandrigyn*, with Venice serving as the model for the city of Mandrigyn.

Barbara returned to UC Riverside for her senior year, and stayed for two years of grad school. During those two years, she took a lot of Medieval courses and became heavily involved in karate. "I went to Europe and learned about beautiful cities and strange backgrounds. I took courses in Medieval history, which taught me how to set up a non-industrial society. And I took karate, which taught me how to write a fight scene. Those are the things you need to know to be a fantasy writer." She ultimately attained the rank of first degree black belt. Her knees gave out shortly before her test for second degree, and she is no longer active in karate (but she can probably still take you, buddy, so watch it).

At the time she received her M.A. in history, Barbara's professor mentor was offered a position at the Medieval Institute at Notre Dame

and asked her to go there with him "as his pet grad student." Barbara says, "I looked at his two other pet grad students, one of whom had just found a job selling shoes, and realized that if I got my Ph.D. I would be just as unemployable as I already was with an M.A., but I'd be \$10,000 more in the hole. I was also just about to test for brown belt, and anyone who has been involved in karate knows it's very difficult to leave when you are just about to test for brown belt."

Torn and unhappy, she explained her situation to her mentor and asked his advice. He said, "If you want to see what a person really wants to do with their life, look at what they're doing."

"So," says Barbara, "I became a dojo bum for about a year and a half."

But she realized she was getting nowhere and needed a real job and a career. She had wanted to be a writer since she was six, but everyone had always told her that it was too difficult to break into that field, that she could never do it. It occurred to her that in order to pursue a writing career, she would have to find a part-time job that paid well enough so she could write in her spare time.

The search led her to the education program at UCR, since she felt that she could be a high school teacher and have all summer to write. "The Christmas I was doing my student teaching I started writing The Time of the Dark, and I realized I didn't want to do anything but be a writer. Unfortunately, I had borrowed a great deal of money from my father to finance the getting of my teaching credential, and I spent an intensely unhappy year. I was probably the only Democrat in California who was very happy when Proposition 13 went through, because if meant there would be no money to hire new teachers."

Barbara didn't bother to take the exam for her teaching credential, because her father also realized she wouldn't be able to get a teaching position and got her a job at General Dynamics. "This job paid twice as much as what I would have made as a teacher, and didn't cause me any of the emotional strain that my student teaching had. I did my job during the day, and went home at night and worked on The Time of the Dark." Barbara finished The Time of the Dark, sent it to Del Rey, and signed a contract for what would become the Darwath Trilogy three days before being laid off (with 25% of the staff) at General Dynamics. "Once again, I was the only happy one over the circumstances."

Having proved writing what everyone had told her about the difficulty of breaking into the field, she immediately became a full-time writer, and with the exception of one non-sf work, has sold everything she's written since. Barbara's 13 published novels have achieved both critical acclaim and huge popularity, with Those Who Hunt the Night chosen Best Horror Novel of 1988 in the LOCUS Reader's Poll. She handles the range of science fiction, fantasy and horror with rare adeptness, and is even able to meld these genres with elements of detective mystery fiction. Another uncanny talent she has is the ability to take a standard cliché of fantasy and do something completely new with it; her fantasy reads like science fiction because she applies the same rigorous logic and internal consistency to magic that, say, Larry Niven does to the physical universe. Additionally, most of her books—even when they deal with grim material—have generous components of humor in them, a commodity that is all too rare in the field.

Among her influences, Barbara lists L. Frank Baum, Rudyard Kipling, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Patricia McKillip, Dorothy Dunnett, Georgette Heyer, Dorothy L. Sayers, Manning Coles, J.R.R. Tolkien, Robert A. Heinlein and Edgar Rice Burroughs. "I tend to read a lot of murder mysteries, but I would not call myself a fan of the genre. I don't read fantasies much anymore, mainly because I find I can't read it while I'm writing fantasy. But for some reason, I find murder mysteries rather restful."

Barbara generally works by starting with characters and a situation. By the end of the first draft, she's got a plot pinned down, and it is developed on the course of subsequent rewrites. Barbara says, "I've noticed that a recurrent theme in my books is focused on the psychology of wizards: what is the effect on you of having a power within you that nobody else understands." This, of course, is a metaphor for the situation most writers find themselves in. She also frequently "casts" actors in the roles of her characters as she writes. I asked her to talk a little about the origin of some of her books and characters:

The Time of the Dark "came from a dream I had where Rudy and Gil are at a shack in San Bernardino. Rudy sees the Dark materializing and runs into the shack and slams the door, terrified, and Ingold says, 'Did you think our enemies were human?' The trilogy tells what led

up to that and what came after. I've been an Alec Guinness fan since I saw him in *The Lavender Hill Mob* when I was 16, and in my head I cast him as Ingold. Others have told me that they see Sean Connery in the role, and I think that's even better casting."

The Ladies of Mandrigyn: "I was one of the teaching assistants in a women's self defense class, and the day of the first class I saw the look in my sensei's eyes as he realized he was going to have to teach karate to 30 twittering women, until he exploded with, 'I can't stand this; everyone line up.' My casting for Sun Wolf has always been Richard Boone" (best known as Paladin in the TV western, Have Gun, Will Travel).

Dragonsbane is "a story I had in my head for years and years before I wrote The Time of the Dark; I'm not sure where it came from."

The Silent Tower and The Silicon Mage had their origin with the character of Antryg. "I always wanted to write a story about a completely mad wizard. The fun in writing it was setting up all the evidence in the first volume so that neither Joanna nor the reader could know for sure whether he is the hero or villain, so that Joanna's decision at the end of Tower is made on the evidence that reads both ways."

Those Who Hunt the Night: "Lying in bed, the idea of vampires hiring a human to find who was killing the vampires came to me as if I had turned a page and read it. I was in the middle of writing The Witches of Wenshar, and had to go straight from that to The Silicon Mage, so it was quite a while before I could even touch it. James Asher was the Sheriff hero of a couple of western short stories I wrote while I was still in college. I read a lot of Louis L'Amour and Ernest Haycox then; Ernest Haycox wrote my favorite short story, 'Smokey in the West'."

By Windycon, her 14th novel (a second Beauty and the Beast book) should have just appeared. Her next project is a major two-volume fantasy, the first book of which is called The Rainbow Abyss; it will be out in the Spring of 1991.

Barbara's fans will be delighted to know that her long-term plans include further books involving Gil and Ingold, Antryg and Joanna, Asher and Ysidro, and, of course, Sun Wolf and Starhawk.

In her spare time, Barbara paints, and designs and builds costumes. She now lives in Los Angeles with the two cutest dogs in the world.



"I scream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream."

ROBERT EGGELTON— A BIOGRAPHY

In any highly competitive field of endeavor, there is room at the top for only a few, the best of the best. And that is where you will find your Artist Guest of Honor, Bob Eggleton. Few artists can boast a track record nearly as impressive as Eggleton's or point to a future promising such great achievements to come.

Eggleton is honored not only by the publishers who work with him and the fans who marvel at his art but by his fellow artists as well because he is that thing that all serious artists strive to become, a creator who lives his work, who has reached that level of skill and concentration where he has begun to able, not merely to entertain with his work, but to communicate it, to show his emotions, opinions and visions and to move his audience accordingly. It is this ability to speak through his work, combined with the worth of what he has to say, that makes him so valuable as a fine artist and as an illustrator.

Eggleton first came to prominence because of his ability to bring us grand visions of civilizations in space. Astronomicals of awe-inspiring beauty, planetscapes of dazzling complexity, and scenes of ships and stations of mammoth scale viewed from dynamic perspectives were his initial trademark. But Eggleton's work, when viewed as a whole, covers a wide range of styles and subjects from painterly to slick photorealism and from hard science to horror and high fantasy, and each is handled with equal facility. It is not surprising, then, that his influences are as diverse as his interests. He has drawn inspiration from fine artists such as Alma-Tadema, Church and Constable, from illustrators such as Pyle, Wyeth and Bonestell and from contemporaries such as James Gurney, Ron Cobb, H.R. Giger and Richard Hescox, among many others.

Eggleton's grand visions and marvelous attention to detail have won acclaim in the field of fine art as well as in the field of illustration. In addition to recent exhibitions at the Delaware Art museum in Wilmington, Delaware and the Park Avenue Atrium in New York, Eggleton's art was part of the "Stairways of Humanity" exhibition which toured the Soviet Union in 1989 to wide acclaim, and he will be part of a combined Soviet/American show ("Dialogues—The Art of the Cosmos") scheduled

to tour North America later this year. Even the nation's premiere fine art fantasy gallery, Terry Booth's Brandywine Fantasy Gallery in Chicago, carries selections of Eggleton's creations.

Viewing Eggleton strictly as an illustrator, he takes a back seat to no one. He has worked for practically every SF/Fantasy magazine or book publisher you could think to name and is more in demand with each passing year. When a book project is important, more and more Eggleton is the artist of choice to deliver what the publishers are looking for in a cover. He has illustrated and/or done covers for too many of the top authors to list them all, but I can mention Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke, Robert Silverberg, Greg Bear, Gregory Benford, Marta Randall, H.G. Wells and Edgar Allen Poe to name but a few.

Eggleton's versatility and consistent quality have placed him high in LOCUS Magazine's ranking of the most popular illustrators year after year. The readership of Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine voted him Best Cover Artist of 1987. In 1986 and again in 1988 he won ASFA's Chesley Award for Best Magazine Cover of the Year.

And in both 1988 and 1989 he was nominated to receive the Hugo Award for Best Professional Artist.

Is there any way of stopping him? No way. Bob Eggleton is a dynamo, a natural force, always pushing, always on the cutting edge of his talent, always using every last drop of energy to go one step further, to make each painting more alive and exciting than the last. If he could, he would give up eating and sleeping as inconvenient interruptions of his work.

With all his honors, awards and success, you might imagine that Eggleton would have a swelled head by now, be charging money for his autograph, and view the rest of us with lofty condescension. Not at all. You won't find anyone more unimpressed with himself than Bob (or more fun to spend time with). He is so focused on what he is aiming for down the road (and so very critical of his own work so far) that he seldom takes time to realize what he has become or how far down that road he already is. In his own mind, he has accomplished very little—yet.

All we see is what he has done so far, and we are in awe of that. But Eggleton sees the glories of what he has yet to create and knows, as only he can, how pale the wonders of his works today

will seem in comparison. Knowing Eggleton, we can be sure that he will reach his goal and that we will benefit from that as much as he, but for now it is enough to have Eggleton and his art as we see them today. Both are already more than enough to inspire us, to excite us and to fill us with wonder.

—David A. Cherry

AWARDS:

Various SF Cons
Best Monochrome Artist (Amateur) -
Noreascon II (1980)

First Places/Honorable Mentions

Boskone
Philcon
Ad Astra
Miscon
Noreascon III
Nolacon II

Best Cover Artist (1987) as voted by the
readers of ISAAC ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE
Chesley Award - Best Magazine Cover (1986 &
1988)

Nominated for Hugo Award - Best Pro Artist
(1988 & 1989)

GALLERIES AND EXHIBITIONS:

(ONE MAN AND GROUP SHOWS)

Worcester Science Center (1985) - ASFA Show
Mythical Realism (1990) - Brandywine Fantasy
Gallery, Chicago, IL

The Farthest Realm Gallery (1986)

The Other Worlds Show (1986-88) - Toured N.
America, sponsored by the IAAA

Novagraphics Space Art Gallery, Tuscon, AZ -
Several limited prints

"Stairway of Humanity" (1989) - Two paintings,
part of group show, toured three Soviet cities:
Moscow, Minsk and Kiev.

Dialogues—The Art of the Cosmos (1990-91) -
Planetary Society/IAAA sponsored group show of
Soviet and American Space Artist touring North
America

Delaware Art Museum—The Art of Fantasy &
Science Fiction (Dec. '89 - Feb. '90) -
Wilmington, Delaware

Olympia & York—"Into the Future" (1990) -

Two paintings in theme show on Science
Fiction

Olympia & York—"When Dreams Awake"
(1990) - One painting on theme of Fantasy,
N.Y.C.

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Aboriginal SF
Amazing Stories
Signet Books
Baen Books
Dragon Magazine
William Morrow
Workman Publishing
Warner/Questar Books
Dark Horse Comics
Now Comics
Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine



BRIAN THOMSEN— MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR

For several years, Brian Thomsen and I have been editorially employed by Warner

Communications at 666 Fifth Ave. in NYC. He works for Warner Books on the ninth floor and I for DC Comics on the eighth floor—yet it wasn't 'til years later at the 1985 NASFiC Convention in Austin, TX, that we finally met. Now we often ride the Warner elevator together; indeed, the togetherness has spread to dining, socializing, partying and conventioning. The highlight of which was the 1987 WorldCon in Brighton and London (where Brian hung around for an expensive extra day to attend the musical show "Follies" and see his crush Diana "Avengers" Rigg in person).

Let's get in the the routine stuff: Brian is thirty plus years old—a graduate from Long Island University where he double-majored in English and psychology along with a minor in political science "so my parents would think I'm going to law school!"

During his junior and senior years at LIU, he managed to land a job as a student intern at Warner Books—then as a permanent temporary, staff employee, editorial associate and currently as senior editor.

"As an editor," Brian revealed on Harlan Ellison's HOUR 25 radio broadcast, "I feel like a high school teacher. I like working with the books and working with the writers. I love developing relationships with them. They call me up and say, 'I've got this idea for a short story' and maybe bounce it off me. The best thing that can happen when I pick up a script is that it makes me turn pages."

"What is editing doing to my life? It is my life and I'm enjoying it!"

David Hartwell advised him "if you want to go out and meet people—especially writers—and talk to them one on one—go where everyone isn't!" That's why Brian loves to go to regional cons.

TWILIGHT ZONE MAGAZINE named him Editor of the Year in 1987; in 1988 he was Hugo-nominated for Best Professional Editor. Brian knew he wouldn't win (book editors never do), so he asked to accept the Hugo for the absentee creators of THE WATCHMAN, a DC/Warner publication. That way, Brian figured his picture would be taken along with the other Hugo

winners and it would appear in LOCUS.
That's my pal Brian Thomsen.

—Julius Schwartz

BRIAN AND DONNA THOMSEN— MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS

I am not a writer. I don't know how to write. Like most literary agents, I'm barely literate. There are only a few people on this planet for whom I could get talked into doing this. Brian Thomsen is one.

I live in an building in Brooklyn that's infamous as a center of science fiction. Brian and Donna are the latest additions to our little sf community. I live on the fifth floor and they live on the sixth floor.

I know my job in writing this is to reveal "the dirt" on Brian. Unfortunately, I know Brian as a great editor and a nice friendly guy with a terrific wife. I talked to Donna about this dilemma. After all, where better to get the dirt than from the wife; she's the person who "edits the editor".

Would you be shocked or amazed to learn that Brian can carry on an intelligent sounding conversation discussing the merits of trashy films? I'm sure he has an opinion of "The Cannibal Women of the Avocado Jungle of Death" or "Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers". He may even have one sheet from these movies. He might discuss casting, editing, direction or even literary significance.

Donna and I both agree that it would be too gruesome to tell you Brian eats, in fact appears to enjoy eating, chilled grits and frankfurters—not necessarily together. His hatred of carrots is legendary.

In spite of these deficiencies, Brian is a very good cook who doesn't need a recipe in front of him to create a wonderful meal. He has an apparently endless supply of ideas for sauces for salmon.

This discussion was interesting but I wasn't getting you any dirt so I asked about traveling with Brian. "Oh it's terrible." Donna exclaimed. "He has friends in every city and not just here. . . even in London we ran into people he knows." Somehow I fail to see this as a difficulty so I questioned Donna further. She explained that when they were returning from England she was on the verge of being detained by customs while the customs agent and Brian got

into a long friendly discussion about science fiction. I suggested this might not be such a problem and I don't think this is the kind of dirt you readers are looking for. But Donna continued, "Even street people love him!"

I give up. Perhaps the awful truth is Brian really is a nice friendly guy and a great editor. Why don't you buy him a beer and find out for yourself.

—Ricia Mainhardt

MARTHA BECK, AN APPRECIATION

Fans are generally known for their primary activity in fandom; some write, some are artists, others may sing or play a musical instrument. Martha Beck appreciates. She appreciates a good story or an excellent joke. Fine food also has many charms for her, as well as good music. Martha Beck appreciates everything fine and good and true.

Most of all, Martha appreciates people: tall people, short people, talented people and all the varying types of people that make up our microcosm. She finds them all enjoyable because she brings out the best in all of them. She has been active in fandom since 1957, has many friends, and still takes the time to take neos under her wing and show them the wonders of fandom.

Martha began reading SF when she was four, and hasn't stopped for a day since. Back in the forties and fifties it was a proud and lonely thing to be a fan, and the publishing companies didn't help a bit. The fiction was printed on the cheapest paper possible, and although some of the zines kept to spaceships and futuristic looking cities on the cover, the bulk used variations on a theme; scantily clad females sporting brass bras being menaced by a BEM and a fully spacesuited male coming to her rescue. The covers were designed to appeal to the prurient interest of teenaged males. The stories themselves were written so that Mom could be reassured that said prurient interest would not be satisfied; in spite of misleading titles like "Out of the Iron Womb."

This made it a little difficult to just walk into a magazine store and walk out with an un-wrapped magazine for all the world to see. We are hardly talking about Harper's Bazaar. These really

needed plain brown wrapping in those days. Then there was the other factor such as "Do you really believe in that crazy Buck Rodgers stuff?" or the also common "Do you really think UFOs are coming to conquer the earth?" Given that most people seemed to think that way, Martha did a foolish thing by marrying Hank Beck before finding out what his attitude was toward SF. For the first three months that they were married, they were too busy jumping each others bones to find out if they had common literary taste. Then Martha found Hank's collection. If you have any curiosity about how long they have been married, the first issue of F&SF came out the month they tied the knot. Their collection of F&SF is complete.

Can you tell anything about someone by the person they mate? Hank Beck just retired as a Ford auto plant electrician. On the side, has been into geology, history, gem setting and a movie buff. Their hone is filled with neat paintings and frogs. It's set on a nice hilltop in Indiana with lots of trees and a basement that floods (sometimes).

It seems perfectly reasonable that her sister-in-law is Sally Rand. (The fan dancer, who also is an SF fan. A person, therefore, much more fannish than most.)

Back then the average reader had three ways open to find SF fandom. He could send for a fanzine; these were reviewed by the prozines. He could write to a prozine to write a letter to someone who appeared in the letter column. Or last, but far from least, note that there was a con in his town and attend; thereby meeting lots of people. Martha didn't do any of these. . . She spotted a letter by Fran Light asking if there were any other women who read SF. Martha was more direct. Seeing that Fran lived on the north shore of Chicago and she lived in Gary; she called telephone assistance and bot Fran's number. She called and talked for about \$5.00's worth and hung up. Fran called her back and talked for about \$5.00's worth, and they met the following at the U of C SF club on campus. Still doing things differently than most fans, Martha went to her first Midwestcon in 1958 and then on to the Worldcon in Southgate again in 1958. (there is a story behind that. . .)

Things went just fine in the Beck household for a long time; Martha and Hank went to the conventions to that she could meet people and discuss SF and Hank could go to the programs, meet people and discuss SF. Their daughter Irene found one problem; her birthday was on



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Labor Day weekend and she was gypped out of a birthday party. She too reads SF. Son Henry Jr. was delighted, he collected comics, and at that time there were plenty of comic dealers around at cons.

Martha's father lived with the Becks, because he was in his seventies and said that he probably wouldn't live much longer. That was 30 years ago and he is now 103. As time went along it became clear that they could not leave grandfather at home by himself. Hank did the noble thing and stayed home so Martha could go to the cons.

Since she has been fan guest of honor at many regional conventions and just missed being a fan GoH at a Worldcon. If you are wondering what makes her so popular, it's quite simple. Like so many fans, Martha has worn glasses all her life. Until just recently, when she was given new contact lenses by the Doctor. Unlike ordinary glasses hers had a special prescription that only lets her see the good side of people. Where you or I might see an egotistical monomaniac Martha sees a person who seems to know his own worth and knows an awful lot about the life and works of a particular author. These lenses also have a certain gold & rosy cast to present things in the best light.

They therefore color her memories. Martha always remembers people and places with more fondness than the average fan. Not that she has a bad memory; because she can shame the average elephant. She may not get the year right (but these things tend to blend anyway), but the details are always correct, especially if a practical joke was played on somebody. Her memory is so good she will often remember a certain friend as being there, and say so to the friend. The friend once claimed no memory of the event since she was only four at the time.

Special lenses and other devices the author has used here are only for literary effect because Martha is one of those rare people who really and truly enjoys the company of others. It hardly matters what your age or sex. . . Martha only cares about the real you. She is one of the few people I know that sits down and says "tell me about yourself" and means it.

Martha has long fulfilled her fannish non-party duties as a greeter for the National Fan Foundation. We've seen her woman the N3F hospitality room at Worldcons for years. She ran the Hevelin to Holland fund. In 1980 she raised funds to bring Earl Kemp, the Chairman of Chicon III to Chicon IV. (On her dark side, she

has been known to wake newlyweds at 7:30 AM; under the dubious philosophy "I'm up; everyone's up!")

Please don't get the idea that Martha is a sweet little old grandmother type because she isn't. Unless the average Grandmother has a wicked wit, is given to playing practical jokes, and likes to bring sex into just about everything. She is so warm in person that she can defrost cold feet at 30 paces, and bring the timid right out of their shell. If you haven't met Martha before now, this is the time to do it. And once you have done it, you will love her as much as the rest of fandom does.

—Jon & Joni Stopa

MICHAEL D. RESNICK, TOASTMASTER

Joan of Arc, Mother Teresa, Mohandas Ghandi and Mike Resnick. These honored individuals have something in common beside the fact that none of them graduated from the University of Chicago. And in due course we'll find out just what that is. But since this is supposed to be Mike's official program book bio, a gloss on his personal past is probably in order.

Even a rudimentary acquaintance with world history immediately tells you that Mike Resnick was destined for greatness. Showing remarkable prescience, Japan attacked and crippled the American forces at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. To no avail, for less than three months later, on March 5, 1942, Michael Diamond Resnick was born.

It took American technology another three years to develop and field the atomic bomb, but the fallout from the 1942 event is with us still.

Mike has always boasted that he has sold every word he has written since the age of 18 (which I can well believe, because the letter in which he revealed that fact to me cost me \$15.50). The age of 18 found Mike toiling away at the University of Chicago, an institution known for bursts of insight it inspires in its students. Sure enough, Mike reached satori not once, but twice.

Mike's first revelation: With his writing, Mike was constantly outearning the professor who was trying to teach him how to write—and who was less than satisfied with Mike's progress. Their paths soon diverged.

Mike's second revelation: Carol. After a whirlwind courtship, Mike and Carol became Mike-and-Carol on 1961. With Carol removed from circulation, the way was clear for such also-rans as Kim Basinger and Karen Allen to achieve the fame and fortune that were rightfully hers.

What Carol saw in Mike is anybody's guess. I do know, however, that Carol has since found a competent optometrist, but as a good Catholic, divorce is out of the question.

In due course came their daughter Laura and a whole kennel of dogs, all supported by an incredible stream of words pouring forth hunt-and-peccadillo-style from Mike's typewriter.

Now that Mike has won a Hugo (and almost won a Hugo—I'm sure he'll have plenty to say about that this weekend) and published a couple dozen science fiction novels, it would be easy to think of him as a lifelong science fiction writer. And I'm sure his imminent new releases—Soothsayer, Oracle and Red Tape War (with George Alec Effinger and Jack Chalker) will be up to his usual standard. (I think of Mike's books as bialys—all the taste and satisfying chewiness of bagels, bur without the holes.)

But the truth is he didn't always write science fiction. Because other forms of writing paid the rent. For many years, Mike wrote books on almost every topic listed in the Encyclopedia Britannica—which often was his uncredited collaborator. In fact, it's been said (by me) that Mike has written enough hack books to qualify for a taxicab license.

And then there were the sex books. In the old days, Mike used to churn one out every 72 hours: 60 hours for research and development, 12 hours for typing. He was so prolific, in fact, that for a time, the EPA declared pulpwood an endangered species.

Those days are long past, but their mammary memory lingers on in a nationwide network of Mike Resnick Commemorative Libraries. In most cities, you'll find one near the Greyhound station. It costs a quarter to get in. And you have to be 21 or over.

But it is as a science fiction author that Mike Resnick has achieved his enduring fame. Why him? What sets Mike apart from the normal SF practitioner who builds a world or two and then sinks back, unheralded, into the world of certified public accounting?

Ideas, that's what.

A quick story: Mike was the Programming Chairman for Windycon 2 in 1975. Meetings were held at his house in Libertyville (you

should never have sold that house). The idea-generating sessions were fascinating. Mike came up with perhaps a hundred ideas in 15 minutes.

Most of them stank. We all said so. And Mike agreed.

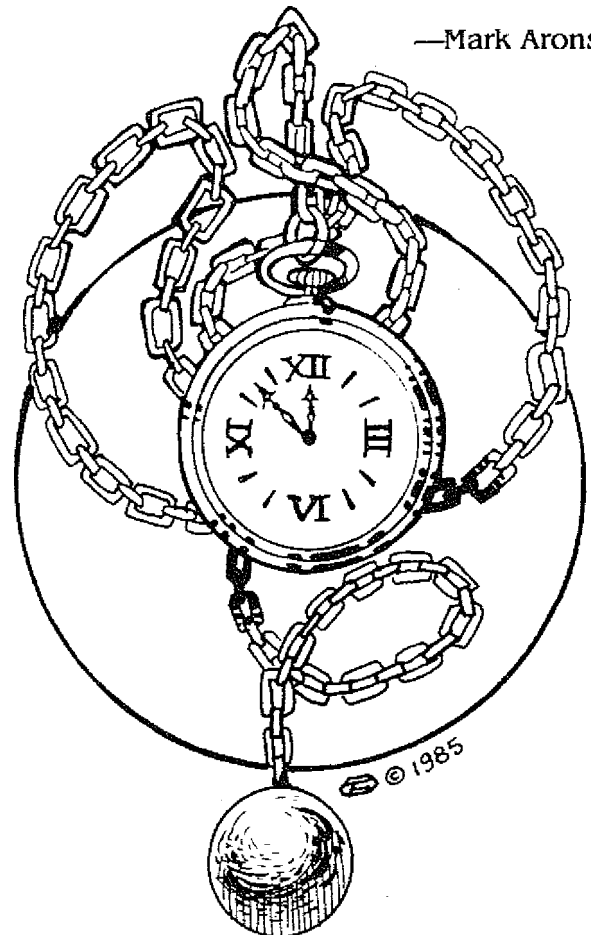
But the ones that were good were very, very good. And became the core of a very satisfying program (in the days before multiple tracks, when people actually attended programming. But I digress. . .) A Program built on ideas.

Mike builds his fiction on ideas—ideas and the people who live them. I don't know about the ones he throws away, but the ones he keeps tend to rather large ideas, large and sometimes uncomfortable. Would you build a galactic empire on human hubris—and then wipe out all of mankind (deservedly)? Would you give the Jehovah the finger?

The visions of Joan of Arc preserved a nation. The ideology of Mohandas Gandhi created one. The simple, powerful philosophy of Mother Teresa created a worldwide community of compassion. And Mike Resnick's ideas bring a few hours of entertainment to some thousands of people. A noble calling, even if Mike is (possibly) too modest to include himself among this company of ideowrights.

But, hey, that's what friends are for.

—Mark Aronson



HAL CLEMENT

Unlike most fans, I can't remember when I started reading science fiction. I can, however, remember the first book I read. I was rummaging through the paperbacks at my drugstore looking for a mystery I hadn't read (I'd read all the Perry Masons and hadn't discovered Agatha Christie yet) when I came across "Mission of Gravity". James Bond was always a good read and not finding any mysteries, I decided that a good adventure/spy story would do in a pinch. To my surprise and delight, the blurb on the back of the book told me the story inside was an adventure that gave new meaning to the phrase "out of this world".

I was hooked and I had Hal Clement to thank for it. It would be six years from that first paperback before I would discover fandom and another fourteen before I would have the chance to get even I mean thank him. With unconcealed pleasure I extended Chicon V's request to Hal Clement to do us the honor of accepting the post as Author Guest or Honor at Worldcon 49.

At Westercon that year (1988), I met him and received his "I'll be honored" in person. I was struck by his friendliness, wit and willingness to be overworked at conventions. (I didn't know 'til later how involved he had been in East Coast fandom.) We had only a short time to talk then as he was on his way to another program item and I to bid business, but in that short time, he was able to convey to me his love of children, passion for education and excellence at storytelling.

We met again at Marcon in 1989 where his Guest of Honor speech again demonstrated his ability to tell a sensational story. He told two

stories: one, the absolute truth and one a fanciful fiction and challenged us to tell which was which. Below is a short synopsis of each story. If you want to hear the much better told long version and/or which one is which, find Hal at Windycon or Chicon and ask!

"FICTION" ONE

During World War II, Hal's ship sank in the North Sea. He and his crewmates took to the lifeboats. They drifted to within visual range of the British coast and watched, with mounting agitation, the British citizenry ignore them. No one came out to their rescue for two days. Finally, a fleet of local boats inched their way out in exaggerated slow motion and helped the tired, hungry crew to shore. When they asked in outrage and confusion what took the British two days, they were told, "Sorry, but we lost the map to the minefield you were in!"

"FICTION" TWO

Again during World War II, Hal, a weapons expert, was invited to view the test of a new and extraordinary weapon developed by the United States. As he learned more and more about the weapon's design and the enormous precautions being taken to protect the viewers, he became aware of the danger he had gotten himself into. As he lay in a foxhole/bunker mere miles from ground zero, Hal was heard to utter, "Why am I here?"

So during World War II, was he adrift in a minefield for two days or a witness to the emergence of our world into the Atomic Age?

—Kathleen Meyer
Chicon V Chairman



"Demographics"

RICHARD M. POWERS (LAZ/ORG)

Let me tell you about Richard Powers. He is a close friend, the father of my son, Geoffrey, and I have about a dozen of his paintings in my home. Only some of them are SF illustration work (but those include *Childhood's End*, *Particle Theory*, *The Goblin Reservation*, *Brain Wave*, *The Drowned World*. . . eat your heart out, collectors). Years before I met Richard in the 60's, the first two SF paperbacks I ever bought had Powers covers and the covers, as well as the contents, helped set me on the road I travel today in the SF world.

I took Powers seriously then and still do. He can use paint, in a field where most of the artists still have to resort to comic book outlines, in a field where fashionable taste seems to have frozen at about the period of Virgil Finlay (early twentieth century romantic illustration). Okay, so SF fans don't have to like the present, but I got the idea from my reading and from Powers' art that SF is about change and progress. SF is supposed to expand the mind with new, visionary horizons. And Richard Powers has done this steadily, over thirty years, in the process doing more paperback covers than any other artist ever. I for one am tired of hearing him bad-mouthed in some quarters as "too modern" for SF.

But I digress.

The Powers personality is legendary in this part of the country (especially if you play tennis). He operates out of a house in Connecticut with a big, bright studio, a tennis court, a sauna, pool and several small buildings which he is often remodeling. He takes about 75 various vitamin pills a day and, in his seventh decade, is a compulsive and excellent tennis player, an omnivorous reader (literature, political and cultural essays, mysteries, P.G. Wodehouse), listens often to jazz and has sophisticated taste in classical music. He's an ex-boxer, football and baseball player, most often drinks Myers' Rum (and can tell great tales of disgraceful pub-crawls in Jamaica over the years). He's a Catholic kid from Chicago, tough, brash, self-confident, six foot three or four. He likes good science fiction, but doesn't find too much that is up to his standards these days.

Powers has been known to stand up in public and say that if no one ever paid him to do

another SF illustration, then he wouldn't do it just for fun, which makes some fans crazy. But you see, he's an artist and he would do art (not illustration) whether anyone paid him or not. The reason he's done so much SF illustration is that he could do some respectable art and get away with it (get paid) more often in SF than anywhere else. Come to think of it, I know writers who work in the field for the same reason. I think he's the most revolutionary SF illustrator since Frank R. Paul and Chesley Bonestell, popular with fans or not, and the best contemporary artist ever to work regularly in the SF field. The fashionable youngsters of the year could learn a lot of craft from him.

Richard was fashionable in the 1950's in the paperbacks when Ian Ballantine started his SF line. Ballantine used Powers almost exclusively for a decade for SF covers and Richard proceeded to bring most of the good ideas in contemporary art into SF illustration—I'll never forget the shock of those Ballantine covers when I was a kid, and then the greater shock when I visited the Museum of Modern Art in New York for the first time in the 60's and saw those same ideas on display all over the museum. Powers had challenged all the illustrators who have been fashionable at one time or another in the SF world for over thirty Years (ask Vincent DiFate—he'll tell you).

Richard Powers doses political cartoons (he did them regularly for years for the *Berkshire Eagle*), writes satirical poetry, and thrives on insult humor (watch out, he'll attack first). He is adept at the rare art of invective and has no mercy when pursuing a jibe.

As you can perhaps now see, Richard is not one of those people who will agree with you just to be friendly if he doesn't. He demands strength of character from himself and (more, I think) from those around him. He'll heap sarcasm on you, phrased in a mixture of precisely-used polysyllables and gutter insult, if you slip up in conversation; then laugh loud enough to rattle your bones. Actually, now that I've known him for more than fifteen years, I think he likes nothing better than disagreement. A blunt, tough argument wakes him up, keeps boredom at bay. He's an artist, but not one of those vague, non-verbal types. He looks at the world and really sees it, and can talk about it as well as paint it or draw it or sculpt it.

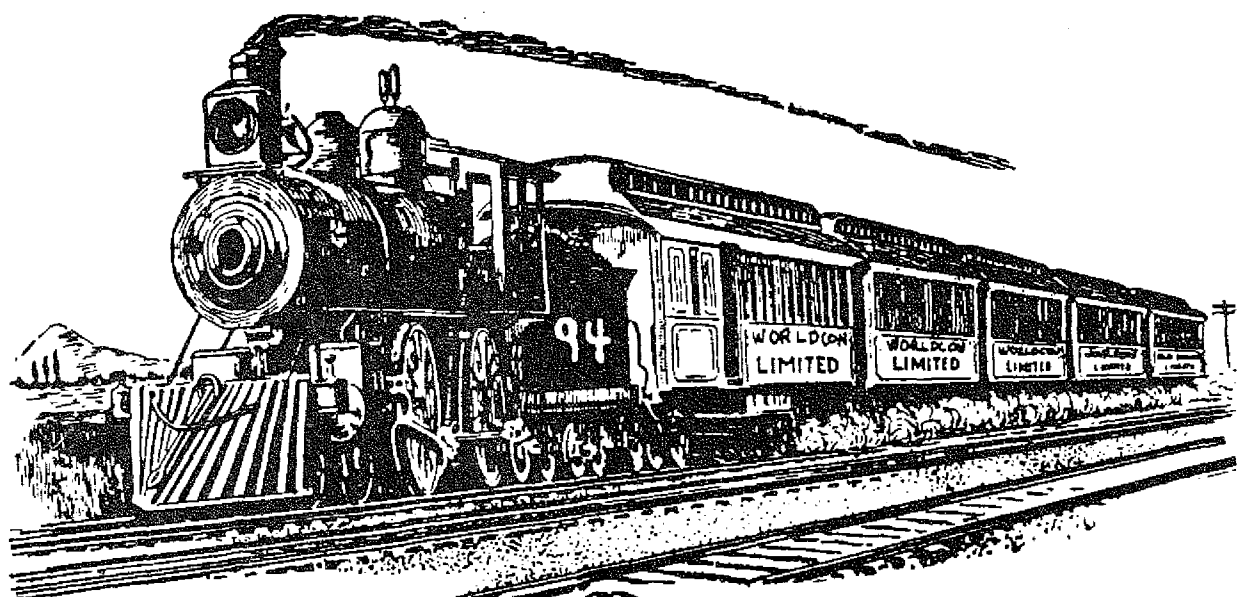
The range and level of execution represented by the work of Richard Powers, in a field where a

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lot of people prefer schematic diagrams to art, is a continual challenge to everyone who takes SF seriously. Powers' art is about visionary growth, change. We need him. He's a real pro.

—David G. Hartwell

MARTY GREENBERG

You know it's very difficult to write about one of the best friends you've ever had. You want to tell people how bright, gentle, funny and patient he is, but you want to say it in a kind of off-hand way so it doesn't get treacly.

You want to tell a story or two about how he's loaned you money, suffered with you through a dark week of nights when your health seemed threatened, and gave you reasoned advice that stopped you from making a bad business decision.

And you want to mention the sorrow you hear in him every so often—his first wife dead of cancer at a very young age; his beloved father too soon gone—and the dignity with which he bears it.

You want to say all these things so people will at least have some idea of what a decent man and honorable friend Marty really is.

But all these things said, you still don't have Marty down here on the page. His self-deprecation; his enthusiasm; his humor.

As we all know, literary folks don't take kindly to insults. Bad words often lead to punches. Not with Marty. One night I told him what another writer had said to me that afternoon. "You and Marty do good books, but not great books." Marty's response? He laughed and said, "That's just what women have said about me all my life. Good but not great." Good but not great became our running gag for the next six months.

I know you want me to say at least a few words about all the books Marty's edited and so I will. If you think they're impressive in the abstract, wait till you see them all neatly lining the bookshelves in his house.

But talking about the number of books Marty's edited misses the point. Let's talk about the careers he's helped revive, the new writers he'd helped bring to prominence, the badly needed paychecks he sends to desperate writers around the world.

His DAW anthologies with Isaac Asimov do

nothing less than chart the history of science fiction and show it off in all its splendid colors. For just one instance, I'd somehow never heard of Randall Garrett's "Hunting Lodge" before Marty and Isaac reprinted it. And, by God, I was the poorer for not knowing it. It's a wonderful story.

Marty is now my partner in Mystery Scene Magazine. He's brought stability, reason purpose to our mutual pursuit, and he's won the heart of my wife in so doing.

He's great to have as a business partner, knowledgeable, enthusiastic, sensible.

But he's even better to have as a friend and as the husband and father of the beautiful Rosalind and Madeline who have blessed his life so bountifully.

— Ed Gorman

JON & JONI STOPA

How do you write about two very special people who are Fan Guests of Honor at Chicon V, in '91? First you call them up and ask several thousand questions—you write the answers down while gossiping, talking, and put the notes away. Two weeks later, you get the notes out and have to have help deciphering them.

Elaine Devlin, who is my friend and neighbor, and luckily lives down the street from me (we won't mention she is a Trekker) is helping. Naturally, all the blame or praise can be heaped on her head. Let's begin with Joni.

In '61 she was in an Genzine with David Locke and Vic Ryan. Her first WorldCon was PittCon in '60. That was where I first saw her. It was my second WorldCon and I was surprised to see large groups of men, famous men, (like Asimov, etc.) following two beautiful young women (scantily attired) around the masquerade. It was Sylvia Dees and Joni Cornell.

Joni is one of the quiet heroines of our Fan World. A cat lover extraordinaire and a lover of wild life, we have seen raccoons and opossums dining outside her dining room windows many times. . .

Joni is:

1. A beautiful woman
2. A gourmet cook
3. A fine writer
4. A professional artist

All of the above which makes me very jealous. But then I lie down and it passes, or I go to visit

them and eat her great food. They are generous hosts. . .

Now to speak of Jon. Jon Stopa is a man for all seasons. He and his brothers run the family ski lodge in Wilmot, Wisconsin. He is a writer, he has been published in *Astounding* in '73 and '74 and in an anthology named *Eros in Orbit*, by Pocket Book. He is an artist who has done covers for *Advent*. One of the original partners in *Advent*, which included Ed Wood, Earl Kemp, Sidney Coleman and Bob Briney. George Price and Jim O'Meara became partners later.

At Baycon in '64, during a business meeting, he originated the NASFIC idea so there could be a Con in the country when the WorldCon went overseas.

Joining the Army in '58, Jon served one year in Japan, one year in Korea and worked on the Stars and Stripes. He moved to New York for one year and lived in the "HIVE", an apartment containing the Fanarchist Group. The three men he shared the building with were Bill Donaho, Art Saha and Chuck Freudenthal. He is a gentleman and a scholar, and because he has promised me an undisclosed amount of money, nothing further will be said except, I think I love him.

Jon and Joni met at SeaCon in '61, and were married in '63. They have a beautiful daughter (Deb), who made them grandparents on '90.

Noted for their many unique costumes at the masquerade balls, some of the best were:

Incubus and Succubus which in '63 took Best of Show.

Demon and Pet which in '71 took three prizes: Best of Show, Judge's Choice and Most Beautiful.

Medusa and Perseus which in '72 won Best Presentation (Joni had her head cut off) and Judge's Choice.

In '67, Joni appeared as A Thought Police (title courtesy of George Scithers), where she was seen with her laser gun, sterilizing people for their naughty thoughts.

Joni has many cats. Being allergic to cats, as much as I love them. I have slept on their screened patio many times. Episodes about gold stars being handed out to invited guests can only be told on a one to one basis. Ask me about it at the Con and I will lie about it.

These two people have been close friends for over twenty-seven years. I cannot write unemotionally about the many things they have done for me and mine. Year after year, they

would come by, kidnap me and take me to MidwestCon in their Audi.

Thank you both for some great memories.

—Martha Beck



MARTA RANDALL

Marta Randall is an adventuress and so she set the sights and her heart on rowing a boat, or at least paddling a canoe, through the Panama Canal. She learned, after reading on of those 'One Thousand and One Facts' books that it has never been done but almost at once it became her next goal.

Next goal because she had already met and conquered two others. She had long wanted to go white-water rafting down one of those dangerous West coast rivers and after a suitable period of training and in company with expert guides, she did just that—not once, not one river, but several times on rivers near to her. Having once conquered the rivers to her satisfaction, she turned her attention to mountain climbing. There were several suitable mounts in California and Oregon that tempted her again and again, and after prudent training,

she climbed her first one. It was exhilarating. During the preparation for her second climb, she chanced to visit her doctor on quite another matter and that doctor was aghast when she told of her plans.

The doctor cried "No! Absolutely not! What will happen up there if the child is born prematurely?"

Marta Randall took a turn at being aghast but she had the presence of mind not to ask "What child?"

Her daughter was born just over six months later. When that daughter was sixteen months old, Marta yearned for a new adventure.

That opportunity presented itself when she read the 'Facts' book and learned that something as easy and as mundane as passing through the Panama Canal in a rowboat, or canoe, had never been done. It fired her imagination. She began her preparations, but almost at once ran headlong into bureaucratic barriers. The Canal Authority at first neglected to answer her letters (possibly in the belief that she was some kind of a nut) but when she persisted they finally replied with a flat refusal and quoted bureaucratic codes. They advised (quote) "sports boating and other recreational water vehicles, as defined under Section Three, Subsection C, 1, 2, and 3 (a and b) Revised, of the General Public Access Code" (unquote) limited recreational water vehicles to Lake Gatun (outside the international shipping lanes) and to the Gatun River (not used by international shipping) but that transit of the Canal and its locks was restricted to ocean-going vessels. They hinted that she was not an ocean-going vessel.

Marta didn't want to ocean-go, she wanted to canal-go.

Taking the direct action of an injured citizen, Marta wrote to her Congressman and outlined her goal. There was silence. She wrote him again. The only reply was a form letter stating that he/they had received her first letter. Marta became angry and sent the hapless Congressman a blistering letter, stating precisely what she wanted to do, and asking him to state precisely what he was going to do about it.

After a passage of time, the Congressman replied. He told her that he could get permission for her to transit the Canal in one direction only, but that it would be both difficult and costly. For openers, she would have to file a number of

bureaucratic forms stating and swearing that she was not now nor ever had been a Communist, a Marxist or a Luddite. She would have to swear that she was not carrying on her person or on board her watercraft any explosive device or subversive literature. She would have to certify that she was not attempting to smuggle into the Canal Zone an illegal alien. And finally, she would have to pay (in advance) the normal fee charged to all ocean-going vessels for using the locks: \$18,250 in cash or certified check.

Now you know why Marta is here this weekend and not paddling a canoe through the Canal.

Many of you will remember her for good reasons. In 1982 she was the sparkling and inventive toastmistress and/or mistress of ceremonies at the Chicago WorldCon. She presided over the Hugo ceremonies in an eye-



catching tuxedo. She did something on stage to an award presenter that had never been done before, of since. The science fiction newspapers took nor of it and *Locus* said it "was the high (or low) point of the convention. She has no shame.

Marta is a past president of the Science Fiction Writers of America, and while in that post, she was responsible for the shaking up of a company call Timescape Books. (a subsidiary of Pocket Books). Several writers being published be that company had complained of shoddy treatment and Marta, together with the other officers and an attorney, set out to correct the mischief. She shook the tree vigorously. Timescape Books no longer exists and the chief executive officer of that company has moved on to greener pastures. Because of her activities, on behalf of the shafted writers, she was written up in *Publisher's Weekly* and the *New York Times*. Dear friends, Marta does have a bit of a temper.

She has published six months, and between fifteen and twenty short stories and novelettes. She doesn't remember the precise number, she merely cashed the checks and went on to the next story. And she has twice been nominated for a Nebula Award.

Finally, a word of caution for those of you who will appear with her on this stage, this weekend. When you are on stage together, never, NEVER turn your back on her. If you do that, if you are forgetful, it is likely that you too will find your name in print in the next issue of *Locus*.

—Bob Tucker

NOVELS BY MARTA RANDALL

A City in the North (1976)
Islands (1976)
Journey (1978)
Dangerous Games (1980)
The Sword of Winter (1983)
Those Who Favor Fire (1984)

BARRY LONGYEAR

How to describe an incredibly complex and intelligent man, the Barry I know can be—practical joker, expansive host, writing teacher, intellectual, moody, musician, painter, home improvement hobbyist, author in the

midst of a plot problem, child with a new toy, adult ready with comfort and advice, and not least a wonderful friend and husband.

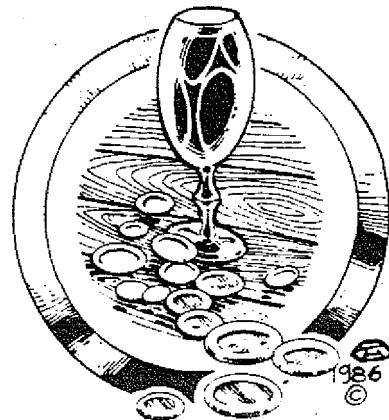
Barry's writing credits are well known—stories on *Asimov's*, *Analog*, *Omni*, novels like the *Circus World* series, especially his award winning novel *Enemy Mine*. His latest book is *Infinity Hold*. He is the first writer to win the Hugo, Nebula and John W. Campbell awards in a single year.

Although Barry rarely speaks about political or social issues, his fiction often exhibits a view if the universe and the human (and alien) condition as he would like it to be: sometimes ugly and vicious, but ultimately finding salvation; sometimes hopeless, but ultimately triumphant; sometimes tempted to avarice, but ultimately compassionate, or at least checkmated by someone with a better developed moral sense; and always touched by the grace of humor.

Barry would call himself an accomplished liar; he contends that's what all storytellers have been down through the ages—people who lie so convincingly that their stories are believable to an audience gathered around a primitive cooking fire or a decorative fireplace in an elegant sitting room, and all the variations in between. Which only means that he considers telling a story paramount. He tries to put characters we can identify with into situations which will be exciting, threatening, or humorous, and let them find their way out, or not—triumph or tragedy, cliched but accurate labels of man's situation.

My greatest thrill is reading Barry's stories hot off the computer, knowing that I am the first to see them. Because he now takes time off from work, it is truly fun. We brainstorm ideas together. I find conventions are wonderful adventures. We love meeting people—talking to fans and encouraging beginning writers through workshops and good conversation.

—Jean Longyear with Mary Ann Drach



GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER

Hugo and Nebula Award winning **George Alec Effinger** likes to offer toast to his cat. She is confused. At other times, he runs a writing workshop (which he founded) and teaches adult education classes at the University of New Orleans. Mostly, he writes amazing stories, wonderful things. . . you should read them. Talk to the man; he has interesting things to say. He likes baseball, if you need a conversation starter. Better yet, ask him about his upcoming book, Exile Kiss. It's a sequel to When Gravity Fails and it's at the editor's right now. You could also ask George about life in the French Quarter where the more colorful entertainers call him "Senor Excitement". No telling where that might lead.

PROGRAMMING

FAN PROGRAMMING

Fanzines 101— and introduction to the fanzine: how to get started, what kind of format, who to send it to, etc.

Fan Slang — Are you a Neo, a SMOF, or a TruFan? Which describes your approach to fandom: FIAWOL or FIJAGDH? Wouldn't you like to just GAFIATE right now? Come in and find out for sure.

Ask the WorldCons — Yes, Chicago fandom, this is your opportunity to ask representatives of Chicon V (1991), Magicon (1992) and maybe even ConFranisco (1993) what to expect at their WorldCon. Don't forget the \$10 off special for Chicon V — only at Windycon!

Meet the Bids — You can decide where the WorldCons after 1993 will be held and now is the time to find out from the bidders what they plan to offer if they win. (Hint: ask them how many days the convention will run and if there is a sizeable group leaving just prior to the WorldCon!)

ETHNIC PROGRAMMING

The UnOffishal Polka Lesson — Candis (the Polka Queen of Minnesota) and Jim (just Jim) will teach you everything you wanted to

know about polkas — including how to count to 3 without taking off your shoes!

Kolacky BakeOff — Come one, come all to the First Annual Windycon XVII Kolacky BakeOff. With a guaranteed Kolacky-virgin on the judging panel, the competition should be tough!

Sinkronized Swimming — Sink or Swim, you'll love the newest Olympic Sport — Windycon style! Water Wings optional.

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMING

D&D for kids — you kill the monsters, you eat them. Must be under 12 or accompanied by a child to participate.

Finger Painting Workshop and Children's Artshow — David Lee Anderson demonstrates finger painting techniques for the kids. Afterwards, the artworks will hang in the hall in the First Windycon Children's Artshow. Bids accepted on all kids' artwork.

Cookie Decorating Workshop — kids will be shown how to decorate cookies. No adults allowed unless accompanied by a child.

Story Time with Milk and Cookies — After the kids have decorated their cookies, it's time to eat them. What better way than with stories and milk to wash them down?

Filking Workshop — What sounds better than several pure young voices raised in song?

LITERARY PROGRAMMING

Writing Roles — Creating and writing roles for role playing games: the pitfalls and traps, not to mention mazes, secret doors and hidden rooms!

Fantasy, High and Low — What makes "high fantasy" high and "low fantasy" low? Is there a standard?

Fu Manchu Rides Again? — Now that the "Cold War" is over, who can we look to for our villains?

Story Backgrounds — The Third World is being used increasingly as the backdrop for some of the most innovative and critically acclaimed science fiction works today. Why?

What lure is there in the jungles of Belize, the frigid mountain air of Tibet or the arid desert wastes of Northern Africa?

Short Story: The Market — What is the market for short stories like these days? Is it getting better or worse?

Clarion Call — Are those expensive, intensive writers' workshops really worth the pain and money? Do the participants get more out of it than just writers' cramps?

Small Press — The small press is alive and well—or is it?

Team Tag — The agony and ecstasy of co-authorship.

War Stars — To the Stars with Sword and Blaster!

Quick, Knave! Hand Me My Thesaurus!
— Researching for the perfect word or image.

MISCELLANEOUS PROGRAMMING

The SciFi Channel Wants You! (and your Cable Company!) — representatives of the new SciFi Channel will be demonstrating their new "line-up" Saturday and Sunday in the Programming Foyer. Marty Greenberg, a member of the SciFi Channel Board of Advisors, will conduct a short question and answer session Saturday afternoon. Check Pocket Program for details.

SCIENCE PROGRAMMING

Radio vs. Optical Astronomy—The differences between the two with a demonstration on how to make your own radio telescope.

Commonwealth Edison Rebuttal—A speaker from THE electric company will be put on the hot seat to discuss (among other topics) the future of nuclear energy as a source of electricity.

Telecommunication in the year 2000—Illinois Bell Telephone will present its projection of telecommunications from the immediate future to the year 2000.

The How and Why of Lunar Base—A slide presentation of a projected Lunar Base.

A Martian Odyssey—A slide presentation of the Martian landscape as it is and suggestions for a possible Martian base.

A Debate: Who Should Be First?—A debate (with audience participation encouraged) to discuss which planetary body should be colonized first (Mars and the Moon being the logical choices).

ART PROGRAMMING

SATURDAY

10:00 AM DRAWING FOR NON-ARTISTS

P.D. Breeding-Black

The name says it all. Leave your inhibitions at the door and expect to have a good time.

11:00 AM IT'S NOT A BOOK COVER

Ron Lindahn, Darlene Coltrain, Barb Kaalberg

The book publishing industry has changed radically. Is it still possible to make a living doing bizarre pictures?

12:00 PM BEING YOUR OWN PUBLISHER

Ruth Thompson, Erin McKee, E. Michael Blake, Darlene Coltrain, P.D. Breeding-Black, Lucy A. Synk; P.J. Beese, Moderator.

The art of printing and distributing your own work.

1:00 PM I'LL SHOW YOU MINE. . .

David Lee Anderson, Bob Eggleton, Todd Cameron Hamilton; Lisa Golliday, Moderator

Relax! It's not obscene. It's three artists showing how to put together a good portfolio.

2:00 PM PREPPING FOR DISPLAY

Jackie Torres

Jackie Torres will demonstrate how to mat and frame your art for maximum visual impact.

3:00 PM BOB EGGLETON SLIDE SHOW

Bob Eggleton

Our Guest of Honor struts his stuff.

4:00 PM SAMURAI CAT SLIDE SHOW

Mark Rogers

Mark Rogers shows us the newest adventures

of the ever-popular Samurai Cat.

5:00 PM THE RON AND VAL SHOW

Ron and Val Lindahn

A wonderfully choreographed multi-projector, musically enhanced presentation (I strongly recommend this one).

These artists will be working in the hallway outside the Art Show on and off all weekend:

Todd Cameron Hamilton — acrylics and air-brush

P.D. Breeding-Black — watercolors

Ruth Thompson — hand colored prints

Barb Kaalberg — inking comics

Robert Beese — gem cutting

OTHER PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

Roland Green

Darlene P. Coltrain

George Alec Effinger

Robin Bailey

Phyllis Eisenstein

P. J. Beese

Frederik Pohl

Kathy Tyres

Mickey Zucker-Reichert

Ricia Mainhardt

P.C. Hodgell

Mike Resnick

Bob Weinberg

Will Shetterly

Lois Tilton

Terry Garey

John DeChancie

Steve Mudd

C.J. Mills

Kathleen M. Massie-Ferch

Valerie Freireich

Freida Murray

A.J. Budrys

David Lee Anderson

Buck & Juanita Coulson

Todd Cameron Hamilton

Elizabeth Hull

Pat Breeding-Black

Mitchell Burnside-Clapp

Glenn Cook

Jody Lynn Nye

Barry B. and Jean Longyear

Richard Knaak

Emma Bull

Kevin Randle

Rebecca Meluch

Lee & Pat Killough

ISFiC Guests

Val Lakey Lindahn

Ron Lindahn

Mark Rogers



FILMS

Welcome to our annual plunge into the murky depths of the science fiction film archives. This year we've surfaced with not one, but two festivals to test your staying power. First, come visit a strange and distant place—the 1950's. It's our "fiftiesomething spectacular", and not even Marty McFly would dare miss this trip! Then, discover that "It's not the size that counts: and spend Saturday afternoon with "the little people". PLUS there's lots more, so, as Unka Lenny says, "Stuff another pierogi in your mouth, sit back and enjoy!" (And check the Pocket Program for show times.)

THE ADVENTURES OF BUCKAROO BONZAI: ACROSS THE 8TH DIMENSION — Peter Weller B.R. (before "Robocop") plays the titled hero, saving the universe, righting wrongs and laying down some tasty rock and roll riffs (not necessarily in that order).

BILL & TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE—Get up to date on the out of date with historical tour guides Bill & Ted as they expound on and explore the past, courtesy of a special telephone booth. With George Carlin as a very hip alien. Bodacious, dudes!

CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON—From the Clearwater, Florida Gazette personals column: Non-smoking gill-man seeks shapely ichthyologist for midnight swim.

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL—Timeless classic. Klaatu, Borada, Nikto, hike!

EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS—Less than stellar B—movie, enlivened by Ray Harryhausen's special effects genius. including the destruction of Washington, D.C. (and, amazingly, no help from any politicians.)\

FORBIDDEN PLANET—Dashing space captain Leslie Nielsen lets his hormones loose on comely Anne Francis, and her jealous daddy's subconscious thoughts take an all too real form, wreaking havoc on Nielsen's crew. Robby the Robot rates this one ****.

HIGHLANDER—A race of immortals does battle in a parking garage to win "The Prize", selected especially just for them.

HONEY, I SHRUNK THE KIDS—Pint-sized thrills abound in this cute entry from the folks at Disney.

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN—No, it's not a documentary about Dan Quayle, just one of the best SF films of the '50's, not to mention a case study on the dangers of getting a suntan.

INNERSPACE—In a miniaturization experiment gone awry, hotshot test pilot Dennis Quaid is accidentally injected into supermarket clerk Martin Short's bloodstream, creating microscopic laughs.

THE SECOND ANIMATION CELEBRATION—THE MOVIE—From the folks who brought you "The Computer Animation Show". Includes a visit from "The Simpsons".

THE THING—Outstanding adaptation of John W. Campbell's "Who Goes There?" finds James Arness, a long way from Dodge City, as the titled alien.

TOTAL RECALL—Schwarzenegger does Mars. Winner of the 'Breaking Glass' award as the most shattering filmgoing experience of 1990.

TREMORS—Terrific, modest little picture that works hard to entertain, Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward are a couple of handyman who stumble upon some really slimy nasties beneath a small Nevada town.

20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH—When in Rome. . . a sight-seeing reptile from Venus develops a severe thyroid problem and terrorizes the city (Ghodzilla, where are you?).

Another Harryhausen extravaganza.

Tentative scheduling (All show times are approximate):

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9

4:00 PM — HIGHLANDER
6:00 — THE ADVENTURES OF BUCKAROO BONZAI: ACROSS THE 8TH DIMENSION
8:00 — THE SECOND ANIMATION CELEBRATION—THE MOVIE
9:45 — TREMORS
11:35 — FORBIDDEN PLANET
1:30 AM — CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON
3:00 — THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL
4:45 — EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10

NOON — THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN
1:45 — INNERSPACE
4:15 — HONEY, I SHRUNK THE KIDS
6:00 — (BREAK FOR THE ART AUCTION)
11:30 — TOTAL RECALL
1:30 AM — THE THING
3:15 — 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH
4:45 — THE ADVENTURES OF BUCKAROO BONZAI (THE INSOMNIAC EDITION)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11

NOON — BILL AND TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE
2:00 — TOTAL RECALL (ENCORE PRESENTATION)

DEALER'S ROOM

Once again, the Dealer's Room is located in the Mayoral Ballroom, on the lower level of the hotel. There are seventy tables of merchandise, where approximately forty dealers are presenting their wares for your perusal. Remember that it is not too early to begin Christmas shopping for your fannish friends. (And that it's never too early to begin Christmas shopping for yourself!)

HOURS OF OPERATION

Friday: 3 p.m. - 7 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.
Sunday: 11 a.m. - 3 p.m.

Smoking will NOT be permitted in the Dealer's

Chicon V[®]

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)



Chicon V Registration Form

Chicon V Registration
PO Box 218121
Upper Arlington, OH 43221-8121

We now accept MasterCard & Visa



Please supply the following information for each membership.

9010-wc

Name _____

Address _____ Apt _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

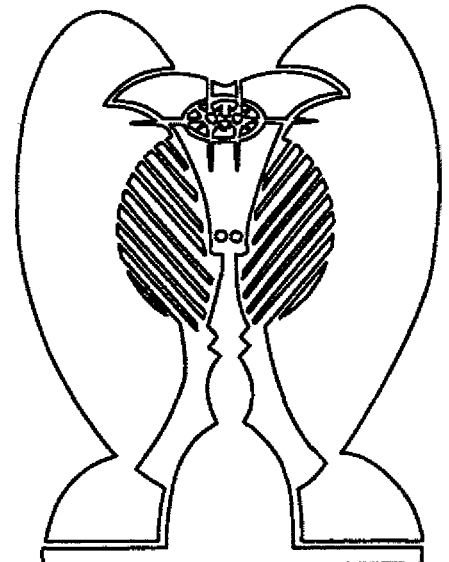
Phone (_____) _____ Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

"Fannish" or badge name _____ Signature _____

Funds Enclosed _____

29 Aug.
through
2 Sep.
1991

Hyatt
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Chicago



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Activities:

Chicon V will have all of the usual activities of a modern Worldcon:

- Panels
- Workshops
- Masquerade
- Dealers Room
- Art Show
- Con Suite
- Video/Films
- Gaming
- Filking
- & More

Volunteers:

If you would like to become involved in Chicon V as more than an attendee, we invite you to join our staff. To volunteer, please contact us at the Chicago PO Box. Give us some idea of what you would like to do at Chicon, and any convention experience you may have.

General Info:

Chicon V
PO Box A3120
Chicago, IL 60690-3120

Art Show:

Saddened by the tragic loss of Elizabeth Pearse, we are exploring our options for the art show. Please direct comments or inquiries to the general Chicon V PO Box listed above.

Publications & Advertising:

John Ayotte
528 Whitson Drive
Gahanna, OH 43230

To Join, Write Us At:

Chicon V Registration
PO Box 218121
Upper Arlington, OH 43221-8121

Rates for Attending memberships:

\$95	until	31 Dec '90
\$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.

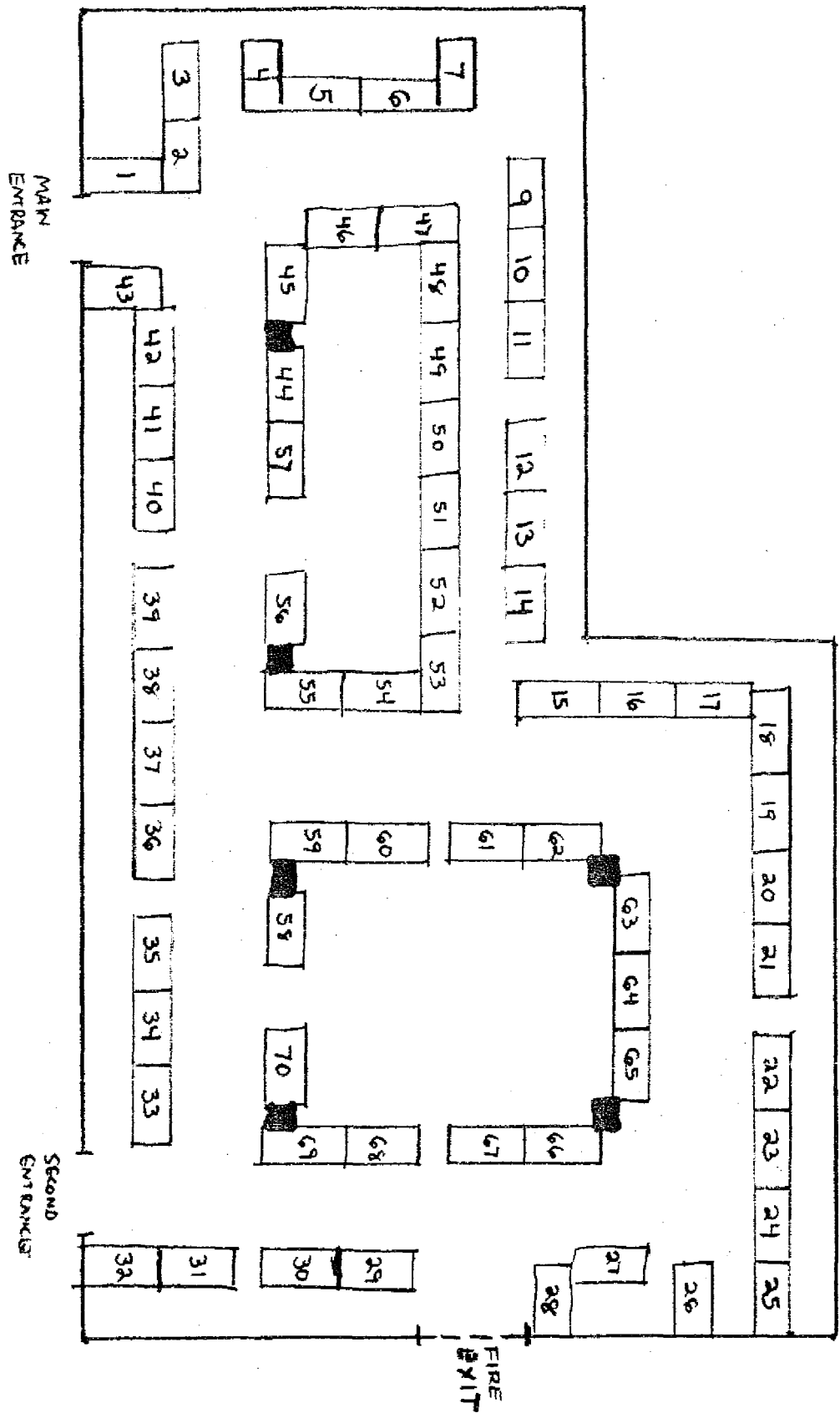
All membership fees are quoted in US dollars; please make checks payable to "Chicon V". All checks must be drawn on US or Canadian banks; we can also accept Postal Money Orders as long as they are payable in US currency.

Hotel: Room rates for Chicon V will be \$70 per night single/double, \$90 triple and \$110 quad. We will NOT be accepting room reservations until early 1991.



1990 WINDY CON DEALERS ROOM

MAXIMAL BALL ROOM



Room. Eating and drinking in the room are also no-no's (except for the Dealers while they are behind their own table).

— Mike Jencevice

**LISTING OF DEALERS
AND THEIR LOCATIONS**

This list is current and correct as of October 10, 1990. Actual locations may be subject to change.

TABLE NO.	DEALER NAME
1, 2, 3	Dick Spelman, Bookseller
4, 5	Robert Weinberg (Weinberg Books, Inc.)
6,7	Larry Charet (Larry's Comic Book Store)
8	There is no number eight
9	Elan Litt (Terra Incognita)
10	Steve Scherer
11	Karen Epstein (Traditional Treasures)
12, 13	Dusty Griffiths (Traditional Facets)
14	Tom Barber (Bronze Dragon Enterprises)
15	Elaine Moertl
16	Kate Raymond
17, 18	Hedwig (Lion's Nest Trading Post)
19	Val Lakey (Valhalla Studio)
20	Tullio Proni (Isher Artifacts)
21	Butch Honeck (Honeck Sculpture)
22, 23	Matthew Alschuler
24, 25	Mitchell Botwin (Dragon's Hoard)
26	Ken Manson
27, 28	Darlene Coltrain
29, 30	Alice Bentley (The Stars Our Destination)
31, 32	Ray VanTilburg (Offworld Designs)
33, 34, 35	Glen Cook
36, 37	Scott & Jane Dennis (Sleepy Lion Graphics)
38, 39	Mary Southworth (Southworth Books Ltd.)
40,41	Tony Taylor (Wode 'N Wood)
42, 43	Janet R. Cruickshank (Originals by Janet)
44, 57	Patti Lonehawk (Black Rose Enterprises)
45, 46	Mike Jencevice (Queen to Queen's Three)
47, 48	Elizabeth Dugan & Melissa Clemmer (Stellar Impressions)

49, 50	Beth Willinger (Dragonprints)
51	Steve Francis
52	Howard Lee (Brit TV)
53, 54	Bill Roper & Gretchen Van Dorn (The Secret Empire)
55, 56	Rusty Hevelin
58, 59	Bill Cavin (B.C. Books)
60	Erin McKee
61,62	Phil Kaveny (Phillip E. Kaveny, Bookseller)
63, 64	Hank Luttrell (20th Century Books)
65	Stanley Modrzyk (Sanctus Spiritus)
66, 67	Greg Ketter (Dreamhaven Books)
68	Buck & Juanita Coulson
69, 70	Carol Kurtz & Steve Mudd

ART SHOW

This year the Windycon Art Show will be better than ever. We are again going to have an artists' studio demo area and are making arrangements for a print shop. Both of these are in addition to our regular, excellent art show, of course.

ART SHOW HOURS

Friday: 4:00 PM - 7:00 PM
Saturday: 9:00 AM - 7:00 PM

WINDYCON ART SHOW RULES

- 1) Artist/agent must be a member of the convention.
 - 2) All art must relate to science fiction and/or fantasy subjects.
 - 3) All art must be matted or framed.
 - 4) All art must be clearly marked with artist's name, title, medium, and minimum price.
 - 5) No Mail-in art will be accepted.
 - 6) Hours: Artist Check-In begins:
Friday: 2:00 PM
Pick-Up Only: Sat.: During the auction.
Sunday: 9:00 AM - Noon
- Art which has been sold and not picked up by noon will be returned to the artist. Artist/agents must pick-up their art by 1:00 pm on Sunday. For any art left at that time, the artist will be charged for shipping and a handling fee of \$20.00.
- 7) Panels are limited to two (2) per artist or one half (1/2) table unless previous arrangements are made with the art show

direction. If you have special needs, please let me know.

8) NO PRINTS. . . NO PRINTS. . . NO PRINTS. . . NO PRINTS. . . NO PRINTS. . . The only exception will be signed and numbered fine art prints.

9) There will be a print shop. It will have the same hours as the dealer's room. All artist/agents leaving material with the print shop will be expected to contribute time manning it. A 10% commission will be charged on all items sold.

10) Fees:

\$0.50 hanging fee for each piece of art.

10% commission on all sales.

Please be prepared to pay hanging fees at check-in.

11) Artists will be paid on Sunday after all pieces of art are accounted for. Agents must have a letter of authorization from the artist to enable them to be paid; otherwise payment will be mailed to the artist. Checks will be issued on Sunday: 11:00 am - 1:00 pm.

12) Photography (and cameras) are not allowed in the art show.

13) Bags and packages will be checked.

14) The silent auction:

(A) Write-in bids will be accepted until the close of the art show on Saturday at 7:00 PM.

(B) Pieces with one (1) bid are considered sold to the bidder.

(C) Pieces with two (2) bids are considered sold to the last bidder.

(D) Pieces with three (3) or more bids will go to the voice auction.

15) The voice auction will be held Saturday night at a time to be announced.

16) THE LAST AND MOST IMPORTANT RULE: The Art Show reserves the right to be arbitrary. These decisions may be appealed to the Windycon chair, whose decisions are final.

— Vicki Bone

CON SUITE

The Windycon Con Suite will be open its usual late hours: from 3 p.m. Friday until 5 or 6 a.m. Saturday; from noon Saturday until 5 or 6 a.m. Sunday; and from noon Sunday until ???

We will have the usual comestibles, and possibly some unusual ones, too! The golden liquid (bheer) will be available from 5 p.m. until

2 a.m. on Friday, from 5 p.m. until 3 a.m. on Saturday and from noon on Sunday until the Con Suite closes. We have had some problems with our guests becoming over-served, so the Convention decided to limit the hours that bheer was being distributed to the standard liquor license hours in the Cook County area.

Be aware, also, that the legal drinking age in the State of Illinois is 21. The convention badges will be color coded, but please don't feel offended if someone on the Con Suite staff asks you for further ID; with the increased awareness of alcohol problems, we're just covering ourselves from problems with the Blue Meanies.

The Con Suite staff would also like to issue an urgent plea beg for anyone who would like to work in the Con Suite during the Convention. If you would like to work with our merry band of maniacs people, please see us in the Con Suite after you have registered, or see Operations and tell them that you want to work in the Con Suite. Especially appreciated would be people over the legal drinking age to assist in the distribution of the bheer. We would ask, however, that anyone volunteering for this job refrain from ingestion of the golden substance until their shift is over.

We will be in the same suite that we have had in previous years, and it will remain a non-smoking Con Suite.

If you want to work the Con Suite during Chicon V, please find John or Chuck in the Con Suite and let them know.

Come up and see us during the convention; it promises to be the usual crazy time! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

—John Donat

GAMING

Yes. Probably lots and very late. Please check your Pocket Program. Our thanks to the people at Software Plus for once again donating their services for this year's Computer room.

—Ken Hunt

FILKSINGING

You bet! Friday and Saturday nights at 10 p.m. in the Arlington Heights Rm. Bring an instrument and/or voice and join the fun!

—Bill Roper

OPERATIONS

Conventions such as Windycon don't work by themselves. They need able-bodied people to help run it smoothly. If you feel you would like to help, please stop by Operations and give us a hand. We are located in the Schaumburg Room. Workers will receive membership refunds as well as a few surprises. Come and be a part of the behind-the-scenes of a smoothly run Windycon. We'd love to see you help us all enjoy the con.

Thanks,

—Bill Krucek and
Mary Ellen Terlikowski

WEAPONS POLICY

Past incidents have forced us to adopt a strict policy concerning weapons. Consequently, no real or realistic-looking weapons will be allowed anywhere at Windycon. Such weapons cannot be worn or displayed in any way, at any time, and their sale is prohibited.

Violators of Windycon's weapons policy will be required to relinquish their weapons for the duration of the con, or surrender their memberships. In all matters regarding weapons and the enforcement of this policy, the Windycon Committee reserves the right to be completely and viciously arbitrary.

WINDYCON XVII STAFF

Chairman:

Leonard J. Wenshe

Vice-Chairman:

Marie Bartlett-Sloan

Art Show:

Vicki L. Bone

Child Care:

Marcy Lyn-Waitsman

Computer Services:

Roberta L. Jordan

Dealer's Room:

Michael Jencevice

Assistant Manager: Brendan Lonehawk

Staff: Barbara Darrow,

Linda Jencevice, Dick Spelman

Films:

Alan Sperling

Guest Liaison:

Amy Dobratz

Assistant: Ross Pavlac

Hospitality Suite

Department Manager:

John A. Donat

Hospitality Suite Assistant Department

Manager: Charles Bradford

Hospitality Suite Convention Functions Liaison:

Madrene Bradford

Senior Shift Supervisor: Joseph A. Merrill III

Shift Supervisor: Joan Palfi

Hotel Liaison:

Susan Haslwanter

Assistant: James Malebranche

Operations:

William Krucek

Assistants: Mary Ellen Terlikowski,

Robert Beese

Programming:

Catherine FitzSimmons

Assistants: Curtis Clemmer,

Ken Hunt (Gaming),

William Roper (Filksinging)

Publications:

Lanny Waitsman

Assistant: Michael Madaj

Registration:

Kirby Bartlett-Sloan

Assistant: Debra Wright

Special Events:

Dina E. Krause

Assistant: George Krause

Treasurer:
Tevis G. Smith
Assistant: Scott Freitag

ISFiC

"What's an ISFiC?" may not be the most popular party question at Windycon, but it does make for an excellent trivia question. Most fans, even in Chicago, are only vaguely aware that ISFiC exists.

ISFiC is the Illinois Science Fiction in Chicago, and is best known in its role as the parent body of Windycon.

But there's more to ISFiC than that.

ISFiC was formed in the early 1970's a period of great change in convention-running in SF fandom. The number of regional conventions was exploding, and it seemed every couple of months a new city would announce that henceforth they would be hosting an annual regional convention. In the course of about five years, the number of SF cons more than tripled.

Windycon was one of the conventions that led this surge. In 1973, Chicago fans felt frustrated at being in the second largest city in the country, right in the center of the Heartland, and nothing resembling a regional con existed nearer than Minneapolis. Since the Chicon III Worldcon in the early sixties, Chicago fandom had splintered, and there wasn't really a strong local club to serve as a focal point for a con committee, as was the case in

Boston, Los Angeles, and other cities,

The Chicago fans then hit upon an idea -- if a coalition of people from the various factions and clubs could work together on a local con, then a large single large local club wouldn't be needed. Thus was born Windycon. ISFiC was created as part of this process, to provide continuity in leadership and overall guidance.

But the vision for ISFiC and Chicago fandom went far beyond creating a regional con. Though the initial thoughts were vague, the idea was that ISFiC would act as a sort of clearing house organization for fan activities in Illinois, and do things to support fandom in general.

As with many fannish actions, there was also an ulterior motive. ISFiC's founders, notably Larry Propp, Mark and Lynn Aronson, and Ann Cass, very carefully crafted things as a staging ground to prepare for a Worldcon bid.

Their idea was to have Windycon not only publicize Chicago's name, but also to act as a training ground for local fans in preparation for a Worldcon bid. Their idea was to have Windycon not only publicize Chicago's name, but also to act as a training ground for local fans in preparation for a Worldcon. The other ISFiC founders, including Jon and Joni Stopa and Mike and Carol Resnick, supported the idea. Chicon IV, the 1982 World Science Fiction Convention, came to fruition as a result of this (though Chicon IV and Chicon V, the 1991 Worldcon, are separately incorporated and are not directly affiliated with ISFiC).

The early Windycons grew rapidly under such chairmen as Mark and Lynn Aronson Larry Propp, Doug Rice and Midge Reitan. Most of the Windycon staff worked on Chicon IV, and learned even more from that.

After Chicon IV, there was a lot of re-assessment of both Windycon and ISFiC. Having attained the goal of building an ongoing committee that could run Windycon from year to year (at least, as much as any local group can be said to do that), ISFiC thought about what could be done to make Windycon a better convention.

One factor in this was that Windycon's excess funds were starting to pile up. As a 501c(3) corporation, ISFiC is supposed to use excess funds for the benefit of fandom. So rather than let the money pile up or buy clubhouses, ISFiC decided to put the money back into Windycon in creative ways.

One way was in providing grants to

Windycon to bring in special guests over and above the normal guests of honor. In this manner, Windycon was able to compensate for the fact that most SF authors and editors live on the East and West coasts. Once we started bringing in authors and editors, many liked Windycon so much that they have continued coming back of their own accord.

Another successful ISFiC project is the ISFiC Writer's Contest, which is to encourage new writers. It is unique in offering as first prize a one-ounce bar of gold, thanks to the brainstorm of former ISFiC board member Curt Clemmer.

Once each summer, ISFiC sponsors a picnic in a Chicago park as a gathering for Chicago fandom.

Windycon is not the only activity ISFiC is involved in. Support has been provided to other Illinois conventions that have an SF, fantasy, or

space travel theme. In some cases, the Windycon art show hangings are rented for a nominal fee (to cover maintenance and upkeep costs). In other cases, grants are provided to bring in special guests. ISFiC is always interested in hearing from groups running Illinois conventions who have a specific project they would like some assistance with.

The ISFiC board of directors has nine members, with three directors coming up for re-election each year for a three year term. Any Illinois fan is eligible to be elected; come to the ISFiC board meeting at Windycon (held on Sunday afternoon) and nominate yourself.

Meetings of the ISFiC board are normally held at Windycon and Capricon. The meetings are open to the public.

By Ross Pavlac

ISFiC MEETING

There will be a meeting of ISFiC on Sunday, November 11, 1990 in Room 4321. The meeting will start at 12:30 and last until 2:30. All fan are welcome. Come and see ISFiC in action!

ISFiC STORY

Thanks to all the writers who sent in stories this year. We had a wonderful turnout (13 submissions!) after last year, and we are pleased to announce the Winner: Ailin's Castle by Robin Leigh Michaels. Our Honorable Mention goes to: The Cure by Vanessa A. Crouther. A heartfelt Congratulations to both of you!

The full text of the winning story, Ailin's Castle follows immediately.



Ailin's Castle

Ailin woke from a sleep longer than any before, and her castle was already full of soldiers.

Soldiers and something else: a voice, but not one of theirs; a heartbeat, a stir of movement not between her walls but inside one of them, in a long-sealed room in the upper gallery. It had sometime recently been torn open, then walled up again; she could feel the weakness of the mended place and the swift pulse of a life imprisoned within.

Armed men walked on the battlements. New masonry filled the gaps in the wall, where the old stonework had fallen. New sod had been laid on the roof of the hall, and a smoky fire shuddered in the hearth, that for years had been choked with trash. Women chattered around the fire, too busy with their clattering pots and bowls to notice Ailin's hollow-eyed figure behind them, or to feel the chill she left.

When had they come, that she had not known it?

Ailin withdrew slowly, her human shape dissolving to a vague darkness, and fled to the tower, far from the foreign sound of voices. An icy wind hissed behind her.

She would have to drive them out. This castle was hers.

Only hers.

The tower rooms were soothingly silent, dim and cool, their musty air unbreathed, ivy veiling the narrow windows, yellow lichen mottling the walls. Fat moon-colored spiders hung undisturbed in their spun-silver shrouds as Ailin passed, muttering, from floor to floor. Did she still have the power to kill them, after the ages of drifting? Perhaps it was too late, after all.

The wind whispered gently through the cracked walls of the tower's highest chamber, and in the gaps of the roof the stars shone, ancient and calm.

In the peace of the tower she heard, faint but clear, a solitary voice.

After a moment she remembered the man hidden like a mouse in her wall, the prisoner Ailin had almost forgotten. Something in the sound drew her first to listen, then to reach with her thoughts, curious, and find the place where his body pressed warmth into the cold stone. His voice seemed, for a moment, familiar, like and yet unlike something she had known—something she had heard before. For the first time Ailin struggled to find memory that was gone.

The voice faltered and stopped. In the silence, less-than-memory slid away like water, leaving the shade trembling with a sadness she did not understand.

As the half-moon rose, a silver crescent balanced on the tower's broken teeth, Ailin went in search of him, sinking from the star-touched, tranquil heights to the upper rooms, with their stagnant air and their spiders, then into the secret chambers of the wall. There, in the sealed gallery, with the soldiers' booted feet pacing the palisaded ramparts not far above, she found him.

His name was Jamie MacConachie, nephew of Andrew MacConachie, his chieftain. He was young and scarred from fighting, and condemned to these walls until his death. But that would not be long, he knew. Although the women passed him food and water each day through a chink in the wall, so he would not starve—still, he was sealed into the

stones of a castle, chill as death even in summer. Winter would surely end him. Mostly, he feared the winter; some days he longed for it, those days when he flung himself wild-eyed against the walls until the rock bruised his face and arms, pressed himself against them as if he could seep through, like the cold.

One window opened into his prison, a slender arrowhole cut deep in a lichen-stained niche, just enough to let in the damp, green-smelling air and a little patch of watery light, and sometimes rain or fog or the clouds of tiny biting midges that looked like fine black dust. One day it would let in snow instead. The window slanted outward, so that when Jamie leaned into the niche he could see the castle's roots, the slaty, jagged ridge, and below that the tumbling rapids and the falls, which he heard even in his sleep, foaming down into the gorge. Then when he raised his head—which he always tried to keep himself from, and nearly always failed—he saw hills like his own, long spires of barren rock and canted slopes black with tangled pine, sycamore, and oak, mist and heather softening the harsh edges, wild and as achingly beautiful as the hills he would die without seeing again.

When he looked at the hills misery rose inside him like a storm until his chest ached and his eyes burned with tears he would not release, though when the Earl's men sealed him in he knew he had wept in front of them like a child. He remembered everything, sweet Heaven, and guilt and despair were a choking sickness in his throat. Then, when he was weak, not guarding against it, he could feel the stones closing in, the terrible weight of stone pressing in behind and over him. Whimpering, he strained against the window as if he could tear himself free from his imprisoned body and fly.

But on the day that Ailin found him, Jamie did not look out at all. After the one thin strip of daylight woke him, drifting across his eyes, he lay on his back on the pallet, wrapped in his great woolen plaid, and stared at the blackish-green, ancient stains on the ceiling. The plaid stank of sweat and mildew, and worse, of smoke and blood, in spite of all his efforts to air it. Over its bright scarlet and green his tartan bore bloodstains—mostly not his own—that he had no way to wash out, whose reek filled his brain in his sleep and gave him dreams of violence and fire.

This morning the cold had a new, bitter edge. After he had thought about it for a moment, he pulled his eyes from the moss-stains and struggled to his feet, taking the plaid with him. A small stone bench leaned in the gloom against the other wall, filling most of what little space the mattress left. He stood barefoot and shivering beside it with the ends of the plaid trailing on the floor and drained the last water from his pitcher, water that still tasted faintly of pine.

Thanks to a fever brought on by the cold and damp, he could not be sure just how long he had been a prisoner, but he thought he remembered seeing at least five full moons pass. May had just begun when he came there. Jamie cast a reluctant glance toward the window. Would the heather be fading yet, the bracken dying, flame edging the ivy on the walls?

Before he could look out, a noise stopped him: the scrape of metal sliding over stone. Jamie jumped, then knew the sound. The shutter over the tiny gap at the base of the new wall had opened, and someone was pushing through a spoon and a wide, shallow wooden bowl filled with steaming food. After it came a leather jack of ale.

Jamie let the plaid fall, scrambled to find the pitcher and last night's empty dishes, and offered them to the gap like a sacrifice...flushed with shame as he did it, thinking: *so eager to beg kindness from blood enemies, Jamie, mo churaidh, my hero?* No, not begging. A game, that was all, the

goal a voice, a contact. Only that. But his heart was pounding against his ribs.

A small hand reached into the cell—the same hand again, the bronze ring on its little finger—found the edge of the plate, and fumbled with it.

“Hello, sweetheart,” Jamie said to the hand.

The hand jerked back, dragging the rattling bowl with it.

“Do you think,” he added, louder, first in Gaelic and then in halting English, for good measure, “you might speak one word to me before winter? You wouldna’ let a man die without the pleasure of hearing your voice?”

There was silence on the other side of the wall; but after a moment the hand returned, as steady as if he had not spoken. Jamie watched as it felt for the handle of the empty pitcher, unbearably tempted to pounce on that hand and with all his strength hold on until he forced its owner to answer him. But he didn’t dare. They might stop feeding him.

“Please,” he said.

But she was already gone, the shutter slamming over the gap, and in the unbroken silence the game, which was not a game, was lost again. And so was he.

Mo Dhia, the whole day ahead. It was more than he could bear.

After a while his hands reached out to curl of their own accord around the comforting heat of the bowl; he breathed the rich, salty smell of porridge and the musky sourness of strong ale, and his belly cramped with hunger. So he sighed, slowly gathered up his breakfast, and brought it to the bench.

He ate slowly, shivering under the plaid, thinking, *I should have died when I had the choice*. At once he was sorry he had thought of it, as the memory of fire blazed behind his eyes again. Shaking, he saw the piled bodies, the dead faces, the torches thrust into the pyre, the bloodsoaked brushwood smoldering, smoking black. Sparks catching in Andrew MacConachie’s hair, dark as Jamie’s own. Then the flames, opening like flowers.

And Jamie alive, chained, on his knees with the heat of the fire on his face, while his enemy offered him a sword in the heart and a pyre shared with his kin...or a prison and life.

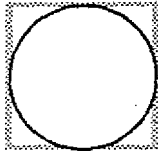
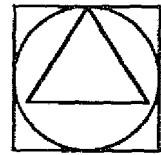
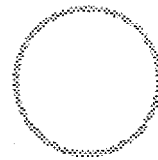
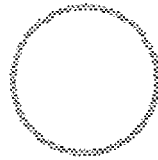
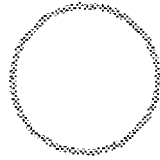
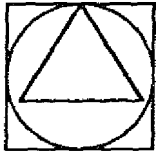
Well, he had chosen.

He shook his head to clear it and gathered the rest of his clothes. Too early for this; if he let himself go on he would be raving and beating on the walls again. With an effort, he began to dress. His still-trembling hands fumbled with the tarnished buttons on his doublet, with the buckle of his belt as he fastened the plaid in pleats around his body, and as he struggled to pin the heavy brooch at his shoulder, he ran the point of it into his thumb.

Jamie bit his lip and swore. For a moment, the aching thumb in his mouth, he considered the sharpness of the pin, the length of it: was it sharp enough to kill a man with no hope, would this have to be his escape? Surely not, such a little thing. It didn’t matter. He would never be—quite—desperate enough to try.

Suddenly he turned and flung the brooch furiously at the wall, so that it sprang back bent, then the dishes from the table, one after another. *That* for the damned Earl of Argyll and his whole damned clan, *that* for himself and his weakness, *that* for the MacConachies, for dying and leaving Jamie alone.

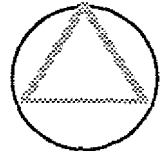
The cell was more than dark. It was utterly black, a thick, frigid, blind blackness, as if it had been swallowed by night. No moon or starlight had the strength to shine through arrow-slot and deep-cut niche, nor to



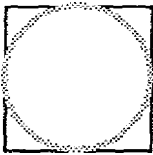
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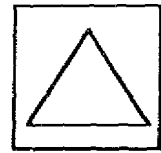
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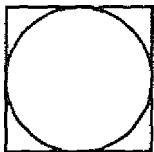
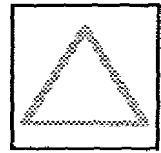
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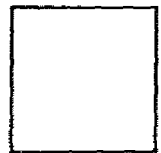


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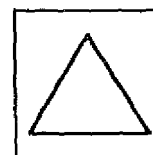
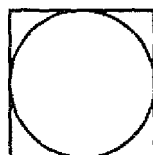
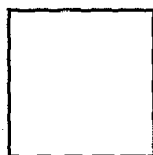
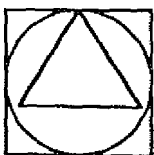
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Another little
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Chimera 1

keep back the weight of closing, unseen walls.

Jamie had learned to be safely asleep before the last faint daylight fled; but tonight he sat up rigid on the pallet, his back pressed hard against the solid stone, though the cold of it bit him through plaid, doublet and shirt as though his skin were bare. He shivered, fought against visions left by his dreams, and listened to the dark. Something had awakened him—and not the dreams themselves; not a fear at all: a sound not quite heard, a feeling just out of reach.

He was not sure how long he had been sitting, only that the weight of unseen stone for once had no power over him. Even the dark seemed full of expectation.

Then the ghost was there.

It was standing in his cell, unmoving, as if it had been there all along. Despite the heavy blackness Jamie saw it sharply, a figure welling with its own uncanny light.

For the first instant, he felt completely unsurprised and calm; then an icy thrill slid down his back, and a pulse began to jerk in his throat. He knew his own phantasms too well to believe this another one; this was real. The figure was still as nothing alive could be, shrouded in mists like the shadows of mortal raiment. Only its hands stood out clearly—slender, white fingers laced—and its face: a shimmering mask, perfect, frozen, the eyes black hollows, fixed silently on him.

It should have been terrifying, but...suppose he spoke to it, and it answered? Jamie thought he would give his life to hear a voice, any voice, even a ghost's. If ghosts had voices. He could welcome even the Devil come to claim him, just to hear him speak.

"What are you?" he whispered unsteadily. A ripple ran over the wraith. His heart pounded with the fear that the thing would vanish.

The icy lips parted, and a word, or a name, breathed from them and echoed hissing through the darkness: *Ailin...*

Without seeming to move, it was standing over him, two pinpricks of light starting in the depths of its hollow eyes. The white fingers unlaced, and one translucent hand drifted gently toward his face, so slowly he could easily have evaded it, except that his body would not move. His mouth had grown suddenly dry, the beat of his heart so heavy and fast he could barely breathe.

"Ciaran?" whispered the darkness. The hand touched his hair. A wave of unbelievable cold swept over him and passed. For that instant he saw, not a spectre, but a woman with a pale, beautiful face and black waterfall of hair.

"Ciaran?" she said again. This time he could see her lips move with the name, and her voice was husky and sweet. "*An tu, mo cridhe?*"

Ciaran? Is it you, my heart?

"Dhia, not I," Jamie muttered without thinking, then, "Don't go!" But the night had filled his cell again and the ghost was gone.

He was at his window when he felt her watching him again, leaning into the niche, his back to the cell. The day had been a grey one, the sky swathed in thick, woolen cloud, and now dark was falling early. Fine rain hid the hills, fog churned up from the thundering rapids, and the stones of his prison glistened with wet.

Then her eyes were on his back. His heart jumped when he realized it, more with joy than fear. Very slowly and carefully, so as not to startle her away again, he turned himself around and set his shoulders to the slippery wall. The ghost was sitting calmly on his bench in the gloom with her bone-

white hands folded on her lap, looking so ordinary and human that he almost laughed in disbelief. No eerie mists shrouded her; instead faded skirts spread around her feet, the pattern woven into them so dim and grey with age they seemed fashioned from the mottled stone of the cell. She wore a linen tunic over it, equally faded, and a great bronze-hilted dirk that hung from her belt. A twist of gold glinted at her throat. Her hair, black as a raven's wing, lay like a cloak over her shoulders to the floor.

"You are not Ciaran," she said.

Jamie took a breath. The low voice, the strangely accented Gaelic reminded him of darkness and the deathly chill of her touch, and made his neck prickle in spite of himself. "No," he answered softly. "My name is Jamie—Jamie MacConachie. And thank you for coming back."

She stared at him with eyes that were still in shadow. "Why are you here? Tell me, why are these soldiers in my castle?"

"They're Campbells," Jamie said. He was trembling, but with excitement and disbelief at his good fortune, that she would speak to him; that she would let him answer. "The Earl of Argyll had a feud with my family," he went on shakily. "He killed my uncle and my cousins and brought me here as a hostage to keep the rest quiet. But as to why he wants this castle, only Argyll himself can tell you that."

He faltered. In the midst of his speech, the haunt had risen to her feet.

However, she only smiled wickedly and said, "He may want it, but he cannot have it...MacConachie."

Darkness filled his tiny prison, and the clammy mist seeping through the arrow-slot beaded on Jamie's neck and hair. In the gloom the ghost was more clearly visible than before, her hair stirring in silken wisps as if a wind had touched it. He had not seen her begin to move, but she was drifting silently toward his window; she was beside him, almost against his shoulder, looking out as he had done. Seen so close, the perfection of her face—wide brow, perfect mouth, the curve of cheek and throat as if carved from snow—made Jamie's breath catch. The soft curl of hair around her ear turned to heavy sleekness spilling over her shoulders and down her back. At the base of her throat she wore a collar of twisted golden wire.

Except for that impossible whiteness he might have expected to touch her and feel solid, soft flesh under his hand. But the air around her cut him with its chill, and his nose and mouth filled with the cold, damp scent of moss and earth.

A grey glint showed in her eyes as she turned them back to him. "I am Ailin. This castle is mine. I built it and I held it, though my men died one by one. You are very like one of them, MacConachie," she said, her voice dying to a whisper. "I had forgotten him, all of them, before you came. It was so long ago."

Jamie flinched back suddenly as her hand unexpectedly closed on his shoulder. Behind the wash of ice pouring through his body he could feel the grip of her fingers, not ghostly at all but hard as iron.

"Other men thought I was a witch," she said. "Perhaps they were right. They were afraid of me, of course. That only made them more determined to be rid of me. My own brave followers were too few to hold them, though they broke their hearts and their bodies trying.

"I faced the enemy alone in the end, in the gate where blood ran down the stones, cursed them, and swore that I would hold this castle living or dead, so long as two stones stood together."

Jamie listened spell-bound and shaken. As Ailin spoke, he could see her, vividly, standing dirk in hand in an arched gateway among

the corpses, bare feet braced on the dark, slippery flags, blood-soaked skirts kilted up above her knees, her beautiful face contorted. The crowd of men facing her tripped over their own dead and each other in their haste to back away from her. Suddenly her body sprouted feathered shafts, and with a pang Jamie saw her fall—then thought again of his own battle, how he had failed at the last, and his stomach twisted with shame.

"They burned my body where I fell," Ailin said, "and said the witch was dead, the castle was theirs. But by the next morning," she finished with satisfaction, "not one of them was left alive."

She smiled again. Her teeth showed white and sharp. "They were also Argyllmen, as it happens."

Her hand released him, leaving him weak with relief. Trembling, he felt along the wall to his bench and sat down hard. The ghost was still at the window, watching him. Jamie found his water jug, now nearly full, and drank deep from it to moisten his dry mouth. The water was bitterly cold and tasted of rock.

"You died better than I may ever do, God knows," he said unsteadily.

Ailin regarded him almost tenderly. "What distresses you, MacConachie?"

Jamie leaned his head back against the mist-slick wall and shut his eyes. He was likely to get only scorn, if he dared tell his own so-different story.

"I was also the last left alive in a battle," he answered finally, "but I didna' acquit myself so well."

"You surrendered."

Jamie's eyes flew open. "Dhia, how can you know that?" He forced himself to look at her, braced for the first signs of contempt. "I thought I would rather fall fighting than be taken. It was easy at first. But when I was the last, when I knew I was about to die—I couldna' move, not to fight, not to run, not even when they knocked the sword out of my hand. Even though I'd heard Campbell swore to hang us if he could."

He had been afraid before, but never like that, the dread that paralyzed body and mind...though he had felt it often enough since.

"Why?" This time her white, bare feet showed under the edges of her trailing skirts as she approached him. "Had he cause to hate you?"

"Oh, more than enough," Jamie confessed. "There was a fight, and when it was over, it turned out we had killed the Earl's foster brother. My grief, if we had known!"

Ailin was standing over him. If only she would say some word of judgement—no matter how harsh; he could not hope that she would understand. Did she, a spirit, even remember how it felt to fear death? He took a breath and began again. "We were away from our own land, or our own Chief at Struan might have offered us some protection."

"Yet he has not hanged you after all," said the ghost.

"I wish he had," Jamie said. That was a lie. Though he sometimes longed for an end, his throat knotted at the mere thought of the gallows, anticipating the strangling embrace of a rope. And the shame of dying that way would almost be worse than the dying itself.

"Well, with my cousins dead, I am my uncle's heir, and a fine hostage," he admitted. "Still, I never thought of that at the time. God in Heaven, I thought sure he would only begin with hanging and go on to drawing and quartering, then feed what was left to his dogs! He was that fond of his foster brother."

The ghost studied him gravely. "I knew a man, long ago, who had let his brother die through fear for his own life," she said. "Yet all the world

accounted him an uncommon brave man. He drove himself harder than any other, you see, trying to make up for that one failure. And for the rest of his life he never did another cowardly thing."

Whatever reaction he had expected, it wasn't this. Jamie blinked at her, then stared in frank amazement as a tide of color suddenly rose through her marble skin like wine filling a cup, tinting first her lips, then her cheek. The tide reached her eyes and washed away the shadows, leaving them the clear grey of morning, and his heart contracted.

"He had nightmares," Ailin continued as if nothing had altered. "I used to hear him every night, talking to himself in his sleep. When I heard you, I remembered. I...thought you were he."

Was it his company that had changed her, made her seem so human, just because he reminded her of some long-dead friend? She had lost that uncanny stillness: her breast even rose and sank, languidly, a gentle parody of mortal breath.

So close to him the hem of her skirt lapped his foot, her scent surrounded him, not of moldering earth now but clean rock and pine.

Dhia, she was so beautiful.

But not human. In darkness too heavy to see his own hands, he saw her. No natural creature shone so from within, glowing with such false life and color against the night. He clung to that for his soul's sake, fighting the treacherous response of his body to that suddenly sweet shape of her limbs under the cloth, that silken weight of hair. God in Heaven, she was no woman, she was *dead*.

"I could free you, Jamie," Ailin said, confounding him utterly.

Just as abruptly her eyes hardened and she spun away, leaving Jamie dazed and shaken on his bench. She did not vanish, but stood a few steps distant with her back to him.

For the first time with her he felt as if he were in a dream.

"Free me...?" Jamie whispered. "*How?*"

She turned reluctantly back to face him. For a moment only the pounding voice of the falls filled the cell as she met his eyes with a new and guarded look.

"I meant I can free you from...dying alone, and from this waiting," she said, but he was certain that she had meant something entirely different before.

He could not answer, could only stare at her dumbly, not daring to guess what she might intend.

"Jamie..."

His given name again. Something trembled in him, something unwanted made his pulse race to hear her speak his name.

"I had forgotten what it was to have companions." She took a step toward him. "Now I remember. Because of you, Jamie."

She was before him. Her beauty dizzied him—more than that: he was standing on a precipice, and darkness yawned below. Hers was a deadly beauty; he knew it was, but he could not armor himself against her.

"My old followers are gone," she said, her voice full of appeal, "but you could join me, forever beyond the reach of your enemies—you need not be afraid, it would not be like dying—"

Then he understood. *Become what I am*. That was what she wanted of him.

Jamie found himself on his feet, trying to back away from her along the wall, but there was nowhere to go. His heels caught against the edge of his mattress, and he fell hard backwards onto the damp ticking, narrowly missing knocking his brains out on the stone beyond and finishing the matter at once. Ailin knelt swiftly beside him. He was in the corner, his

heart clamoring against his ribs as her hands reached for his face.

He might still push her back. He did not move. It was not dread of her that he fled or that drove his pounding heart, but the terrible conviction that a part of him wanted all too much what she offered: an easy escape...and something more. That traitor part of him, which could see only her unbelievable beauty and not the danger and made him want her in spite of all sense or fear of damnation, shuddered with desire.

Join me.

In the end he did nothing but shut his eyes as Ailin, so very gently, laid one hand on either side of his face, and leaning toward him, touched her mouth to his.

The cold struck into him like a knife. He would have cried out—but it was gone, in its place a delicious warmth spreading through him from the sweet core of Ailin's kiss. Fear dwindled to a distant point; with the warmth, an exquisite languor filled Jamie's limbs, and his thoughts spun and dissolved in pleasure. He felt his arms go around her. The heavy drumming of his heart drowned even the noise of the falls.

But that drumbeat was slowing, slowing, till each pulse rumbled through welling silence. Jamie, on the point of surrender, knew in a single moment of clarity that she was killing him. With his head still whirling he saw, nightmarish behind his closed eyelids, Ailin as she had first appeared: a hollow-eyed spectre, a figure white as death.

Fear returned in a flare of panic that cut through the haze. His heart began again with a hideous lurch.

No, he tried to say, but her clinging mouth stopped his breath. His arms slipped limply from around her; he tried with strengthless hands to thrust her away—and could not.

But Ailin released him of her own accord, sat back on her heels and looked at him with her grey eyes wide and dark.

"No," he managed at last. His voice made almost no sound. "Dhia, no."

He saw the bewilderment give way to anger. Gradually, her lips began to draw back from her teeth.

"I see," she said softly. Her face was as white as it had ever been.

"Ailin, don't—"

Jamie forgot what he would have said and fell silent, sick with shock, as her whole form shuddered like a torch-flame and dissolved into mist.

You will die anyway, Jamie MacConachie, the darkness raged, with Ailin's voice.

Then he was alone with the night and the chill that rushed in on him as if it had never been gone, dizzy and shaking and so weak he could hardly lift his head. He felt a cold stinging on his bare legs, then on his face; after a moment he felt at it blindly with his fingers and realized it was tiny crystals of snow.

With an agonizing effort he dragged his leaden body along the pallet to where his blanket lay in a sodden heap, and crawled under it. Only then could he give himself up to the terrible blackness that was in him, worse than the night itself, a blackness made of mingled regret and horror—and longing—and despair.

He did not expect to see her again.

Ailin's fury carried her to the heights of her tower and down again in a shriek of wind and thin, icy snow.

Ciaran, the wind howled.

All over the castle Campbells pulled their plaids over their heads and

swore in the unexpectedly bitter gale, and the fire in the hearth guttered.

He was Ciaran, and not Ciaran. How could he deny her? He could not, Ciaran had never denied her anything. But Ciaran was dead.

It was Jamie's voice that confused her, in the very pitch and timbre familiar, drawing her back from the long, slow fading...and his eyes, blue and vulnerable, showing every hurt.

Ciaran's eyes.

The wind muttered in her wake as she emerged unseen upon the battlements, beneath a sky starless except in the east, where a few stars, fading, showed below the tattered hem of the clouds. The shivering soldiers Ailin had all but forgotten stood out black against the dim purple of coming dawn. Instinctively she fitted them with faces out of returning memory, thought she heard them softly hailing her, *Ailin...*

Ciaran's eyes, bright with love and longing, gazed at her out of the irretrievable past. Ailin remembered: the feel of his hands on her skin, the taste of his mouth, the sweet weight of his body on hers; the sound of laughter and men's voices echoing from the gorge, the day they dug the first stones for the tower, Ciaran's voice ringing among them; faces around a fire in the hall, *her* followers, kinsmen, friends and broken men she had taken in—Iain *Ban* and Iain *Dubh*, Donnachaidh with his little yellow-haired boy on his lap, scar-faced Coinneach and Neall and Ewen...

Remembering, Ailin tasted a grief unwatered by the centuries. How could they be gone forever, when she was still here?

In a moment of pity she had nearly told Jamie the truth: that the stones of Ailin's castle, to him prison and executioner, to her might as well have been her own flesh and bone, and she could bring down the weakened wall that sealed him in almost as easily as opening her hand.

But having found Ciaran again at last, she could not bear to let him go.

The sky paled. In the growing light the soldiers, now wearing their own, Campbell faces, stirred and spoke to each other quietly as if they had recognized the daylight waning of Ailin's power.

Voices rang up suddenly from below, and the rattle of hooves on bare rock. The sentries straightened to attention as a clear voice, loud with authority, hailed them from the ground. Their Chief. But that was the Earl of Argyll, Campbell himself, Jamie's enemy; her enemy also.

The shade sank swiftly from the ramparts to the base of her tower, to watch Argyll ride through the gate of her castle followed by his "tail" of clansmen armed with bows, broadswords and muskets. They could not see her, a deeper darkness in the shadow of the arch; but the Earl's bearded henchman, riding at his Chief's right shoulder, shifted uneasily and glanced around. Argyll's horse shied as it passed the ghost, jerking its head and blowing out great puffs of steam in the cold air while its rider tried irritably to calm it.

He was angry, this Earl of Argyll, grim and splendid in his dark tartan, dressed in tight-fitting trews for riding, a great plaid thrown over his left shoulder and a clump of fir club moss, the Campbell badge, pinned to his bonnet, silver buckles on his belts and silver buttons on the green velvet sleeves of his coat. In the damp, chilly courtyard he dismounted first and, as more Campbells tramped in through the gate, stalked swearing into the main hall.

Ailin followed him in.

A thick gloom clung to the corners of the hall which morning could not reach, nor fires and lanterns ever quite dispel. The Earl and his men

settled near the light and warmth of the hearth, tightly wrapped in their plaids against the damp, while women ladled plates of stew for them from a steaming pot.

The last time Argyll saw this room, it had been little better than a midden heap. Obviously a deal of scrubbing and sweeping had gone on since then. Besides the stools around the fire, rough tables and benches had been set out, smoky lamps hung from the low ceiling, and a row of rifles and polearms leaned against the wall by a clutter of soldiers' pallets and gear.

"Then MacConachie is no more use to us at all, is he?" one of the castle garrison was saying.

"None whatever," the Earl's henchman replied. Argyll kept a glum silence. "Struan Robertson made the MacConachies choose a new chieftain and forbade them to try any rescue. He *said* it was because he doesna' believe our Jamie is still alive, but it's plain enough he wants no more trouble just when we have the king's favor again. Even if some of them disobey their Chief, we'll get no advantage from it now."

"Well, what do we do with our 'hostage,' then, *mac Caillein Mor*?" the first man asked his own Chief. "If we're to live in this castle, we canna leave him howling and groaning up there forever. He's worse than ghosts."

In a shadowed corner of the hall, a clot of thicker shadow moved.

Argyll rose to his feet. "I swore to hang any MacConachie I took alive," he said, "and you know well I am a man of my oath."

Jamie woke with a start, the nightmares fading. The snow had frosted his blanket with brittle, grey diamonds, a murky daylight had replaced the black of night, and the ghost was whispering his name.

He struggled to his knees, fighting his numb, frozen legs. The cell was empty except for himself.

"Ailin," Jamie gasped.

As he spoke, she appeared, eyes blazing, her dripping dirk in her hand, skirts kilted up, hair in two black braids that brushed the backs of her knees, and spattered and smeared with blood from head to foot.

"Jamie, Jamie *mo cridhe*, get up!" Ailin cried. She reached for him with misty-seeming hands, which nonetheless proved startlingly solid as she seized his shoulders and hauled him to his feet. "Jamie, you are to hang this day, this hour! Campbell has sent his men to knock down that wall and drag you out to be hanged from the top of the tower. They are already on the stairs!"

"Oh sweet God in Heaven," Jamie said, staring at her.

"Jamie MacConachie, I must ask you one last time," Ailin said. "Listen, Jamie! I know that you are not truly Ciaran, but I would have joyfully taken you in his place. My way brings no suffering, no dishonor, a death in body but not in spirit—but if you die unshriven and by mortal hands here, then I think you shall die altogether. Will you not take my offer now, or will you let them tear your life from you with a rope?"

Jamie took a long, trembling breath and fought for control.

"Ailin, I can't. I can't," he said shakily. "As God is my judge, if you were anything but what you are...but can't you feel how wrong it would be? Have mercy on me and don't tempt me any more, and don't hate me for this! I may not have carried myself like much of a man before now, but I at least want to die like one."

She looked away from him. In the silence he heard picks knocking on the other side of the wall, and had to bite down on his lip to keep from crying out.

When the ghost met his gaze again, though her grey eyes were still too bright, she was smiling; all the same, it was a sad smile.

"Well, I'm glad," she said. "I told you that you were no coward, Ciaran. I would have kept you with me forever if I could, but since I cannot...I will give you your life back instead."

She lifted her hand and touched the wall. For a moment nothing happened; then first one stone, then another, began to quiver. All at once the entire wall exploded outward with a crack of thunder and a roil of dust that swallowed everything.

There had been men in the gallery just outside, before the stones buried them. By the time the dust settled, the screaming had stopped.

Paralyzed, Jamie stared at the wreckage where a prison wall had been. "There you go, my hero," Ailin said, pressing something hard into his hand. "If you can make a way to freedom with this, Argyll will never bring you here again. Daylight or not, I can promise you that much."

He looked down to see what she had given him, and saw Ailin's dirk, the polished bronze hilt dully gleaming. Just then the spell broke and it hit him: he was—he was actually—free. Or would be, as soon as he could get out of Ailin's castle.

Thrusting the dirk into his belt, Jamie took two steps, then stopped. "What will you do now?" he asked softly.

"Ah well, it may be I've lost the desire I had for holding this castle without you, my buckie. Never you mind about that. There is no time, do you hear? Just go."

"Wait. You said..." He thought for a moment. "Your oath binds you to the castle as long as two stones stand together. That's why you're still here, Ailin. What could you do if you grew tired of guarding it?"

She bared her teeth and gave him a shove that sent him stumbling into the gallery, tripping over the fallen stones. "You forget that, Jamie-bach. I have been here for five hundred years and I shall be here for another five hundred, until you are as distant a memory as Ciaran. Now, if you love your life, run!"

He ran. But when the gallery began to curve out of sight of his cell, he stopped once more and looked back. Ailin was standing motionless in the passageway, watching him. She never stirred, but her voice spoke clearly in his ear:

Slan leat, Jamie.

Goodbye.

God in Heaven, why did he feel such bitter envy for a man who had been dead for five hundred years?

For the length of a heartbeat, the young man actually thought of going back.

Instead he turned himself away and ran for the tower stairs with all the strength he had left.

He was unprepared for the chaos he found when he reached the courtyard. Hysterical horses screamed and plunged in a mill of bodies as yelling men and women poured from the hall into the bailey-court and those already in the court blocked the gate trying to get out.

Rocks and pieces of their own weapons and gear came flying out of the hall door and viciously pelted the fleeing Campbells. Once in the open, they found themselves the target of more stones that worked themselves free of the castle walls as if alive and threw themselves at anyone that moved.

It seemed that Ailin did not intend to wait for nightfall to drive the invaders out.

The Earl stood in the gateway, trying to turn the rout into an orderly retreat. Jamie swore and ducked back into the tower. The confusion would have made perfect cover for his escape, but there was no way he could slip out right under the Earl's nose.

He had waited too long. Spotting the movement, Campbell's henchman slipped in to investigate and came face to face with the young MacConachie, whom he had last seen being led away in chains.

This man outweighed Jamie by a good four stone and was twenty years his senior, carried a basket-hilted broadsword in his hand—compared with Jamie's dagger—and at any moment could call a horde of Campbells to his aid, if he could get them to stop panicking long enough to listen. The very sight of him woke Jamie's memories of blood and fire and filled his mouth with the acid taste of defeat.

Once more Jamie felt his heart drop into his stomach and his courage with it, the familiar, crippling fear turning his muscles to jelly. But something had happened to him in the last two days. Now Jamie groaned, but stood his ground, although in imagination he already felt the blade sinking into his flesh.

Baring his teeth in unconscious imitation of Ailin, he fought the fear back far enough to step back out of range, feeling as if he were swimming in honey, as Argyll's man swung at him with the flat of his sword. Before the claymore could begin its return stroke, Jamie closed in.

He aimed for the exposed ribs, but he was too slow. The henchman, unable to get at Jamie with his blade, reversed the sword as he brought it back and struck the younger man on the temple with the pommel.

The world spun and broke apart as Jamie staggered out of the tower, but did not—quite—fall. The other came after him, driving him with stinging blows of the flat.

The cold air cleared Jamie's head, and he dodged the next stroke. Forcing his arm up, he slashed the wrist of his opponent, who drew back and eyed him more cautiously.

Sweat stung Jamie's eyes, and his heart pounded. Dhia, it was almost lucky the Earl had sworn to hang him. If Argyll's servant hadn't been trying so hard to take him alive, by now he would certainly have been a corpse.

Still dizzy and weak-kneed, outclassed in reach, strength and experience, Jamie had no hope of winning this fight or even of lasting much longer. Nonetheless a kind of reckless joy began to sing in his soul. For in fighting at all he had already vanquished an enemy far worse than any Campbell.

No, you won't hang me, you bastard, he thought, and grinned in the other man's bearded face. I'll make you kill me, right here.

For the final time, Ailin saved him.

As the man drew back his sword for a new attack, the keystone of the gateway arch, just over the Earl of Argyll's head, began to shift.

Turning pale, the henchman forgot Jamie and, shouting a warning, raced to the gate and shoved his Chief clear barely before the keystone smashed down on the spot where he had been.

A second after they reached safety, half the arch, bereft of the keystone's support, shuddered and collapsed. Then, at last, the castle fell silent.

Straggling out of the wreckage, the Campbells, including Argyll and his now-limping right-hand man, gathered on the slope and wondered whether it was safe to go back inside. Not even the henchman noticed Jamie

as he stumbled out of the castle, picking his way over the rubble and leading someone's horse. Caked rock-dust, blood and sweat had rendered him unrecognizable as a MacConachie or anything else.

Putting the castle between himself and his enemies, he rode away on his borrowed gelding along the top of the gorge, among stunted oaks with leaves of autumn bronze, the rapids roaring and foaming below. A rare beam of sunlight broke through thinning clouds and painted rainbows on the swirling mists.

He felt like a man who wakes from strange dreams and finds the lingering visions, at first, more real than the walls of his own room. Riding free in sunlight as he had never thought to do again, Jamie could see only grey eyes and hair like a black river; his horse's hooves rustled crisply in dying bracken and the cold wind sang in his ears, but he could hear only her voice.

At last he thought of Ailin's dagger and drew it out to clean it.

But this could not be the same dirk he had carried against Argyll's man. Aghast, he stared at it. The polished bronze hilt was green with verdigris, the blade pitted, corroded and black...a knife that might have lain in the earth for five hundred years.

When the rumble first began he ignored it, preoccupied with the dirk and anyway thinking it only the roar of the falls, a noise he had heard night and day for far too long to heed.

But this sound grew and grew until it was a deep-throated, soul-tearing bellow, louder than the falls, louder than the wildest storm, louder than any sound Jamie had heard in his life.

Alarmed, he reined the gelding to a halt, turned in the saddle, and looked back.

Ailin's castle was falling..

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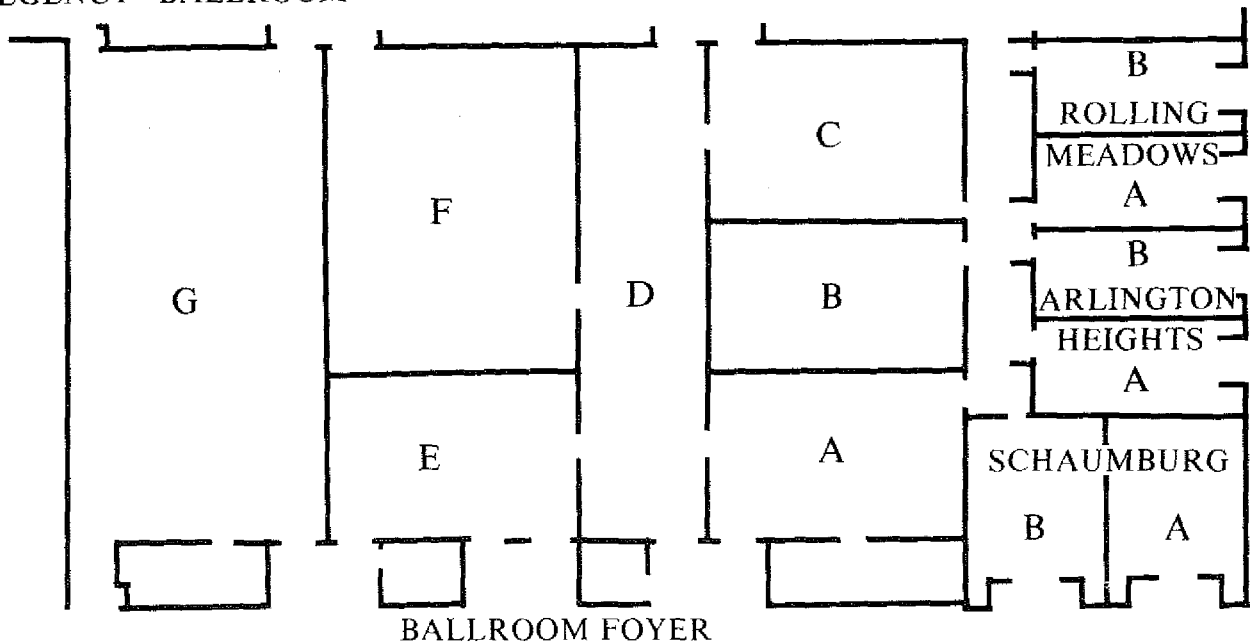
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Mother ... Mars Project:
Karen Bushman's last memory of Mars was the crumbled stone and dirt and rock that they had sifted through during the last seven months. She wasn't sure what they had found...she was now back on earth, looking at the cellular stone. It had changed from when she had last seen it. Cracks in the dark surface had gone from purple to red, and the small cones around the center were splitting....

HOTEL

Here's the map. Good Luck!

REGENCY BALLROOM



IMAGINING THE FANTASTIC WITH VAL LAKEY LINDAHN AND RON LINDAHN

Not many folk make it to Valhalla these days, but Val and Ron Lindahn have. Valhalla is their studio on the side of a lushly wooded mountain in North Georgia. Trees shade their strikingly designed house, creeks murmur over the stones around it and very possibly elves, trolls and gnomes occasionally drop by to pose for a portrait or two, for in Valhalla, the Lindahns create their internationally famous fantastic art.

Ron Lindahn hailed originally from San Francisco, and was born on the spot now occupied by Candlestick Park. He grew up to spend 11 years working for Westinghouse as a draftsman, electronics technician, photographer and film/videotape producer. In 1971, he became interested in meditation techniques which eventually led him to move to North Georgia where he taught for The Center for Spiritual Awareness and in his spare time ran a printing plant.

While in Georgia, Ron met Val, and the rest is history.

As for Val's history, she was born in West Virginia and brought up in Hialeah, Florida. Her father, now retired, was a commercial illustrator and her mom was a terrific cook. Val has always been interested in art and has worked to perfect her craft over the years. For some time she had a job with Screen Gems/Columbia Music; then she went back to school. She has also worked for Warren Publishing and with Dugent (they publish men's magazines). In 1976, Val sent a portfolio of her work to George Scithers at Asimov's and she immediately began to get assignments from that magazine and from Analog.

When Val and Ron got together in 1983, Ron learned illustration techniques from her. Now they work both separately and as a team, and their credentials are very impressive. Between them, they have illustrated or have designed covers for Vampire Junction and The Wine-Dark Sea (S.P. Somtow), Why Not You and I and Where the Summer Ends (Karl Edward Wagner) and The World in Amber and In The Ice King's Palace (A. Orr). They have illustrated Stephen King, Dan Simmons and George R.R. Martin in Night Visions 5; they have provided their own interpretations of Isaac Asimov's robot stories in

the Asimov Chronicles, and the latest from Dark Harvest, Prayers to Broken Stones by Dan Simmons; and the list goes on.

They also illustrated about a baker's dozen videotapes (mostly horror) from Vestron; designed and produced the acclaimed World Fantasy Program Book in Nashville; and have designed books for Corroborree, Scream Press and Dark Harvest. Val has drawn a humorous animal comic strip for two years, been a Hugo finalist twice and has been rated as one of LOCUS Magazine's top five professional artists. Together they have won numerous awards, including the coveted Frank R. Paul Award and Atlanta Fantasy Fair's Best Pro Artist Award.

Rangy, intense Ron and willowy, good-humored (and pretty) Val keep busy. They created, commissioned and designed the 1990 and 1991 Xanth Calendar under the auspices of Piers Anthony, and they are already at work in 1992's version, with an original story by Piers himself and artwork from a bevy of talented hands. Val is working for Analog; Ron also has his own publishing company, Valet Publishing, and is currently in a joint venture with Piers Anthony to direct market the 1991 Xanth Calendar, a Piers Anthony Video and related gift items. In addition, Ron produces TV commercials featuring such folks as Genghis Khan and Piers Anthony.

—Brad Strickland

MARK ROGERS

Mark E. Rogers was born April 19, 1952 in South Amboy, New Jersey, and spent his childhood in nearby Lawrence Harbor and Point Pleasant Beach; attending the University of Delaware, he received a BA in English Literature before embarking on his career as an author and illustrator. He is author of 11 books, including The Adventures of Samurai Cat, Zorachus, The Nightmare of God, and The Dead; he is currently working on a new Zorachus book, The Blood of The Lamb. His writing reflects a lifelong interest in medieval history and theology; his wife, Katherin, is a Doctor of Philosophy specializing in Christian Neoplatonism, particularly the work of St. Anselm. Mark and Katherin have three children; Sophia, Jeanette and Patrick, and currently reside in Newark, Delaware.

—Mark Rogers

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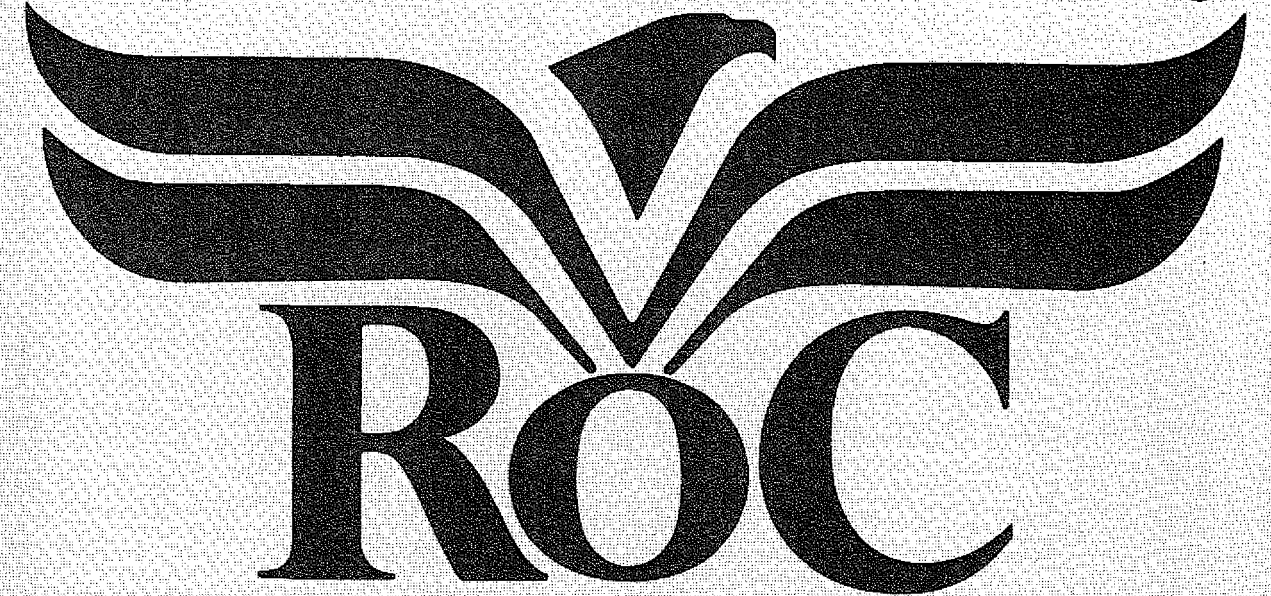
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