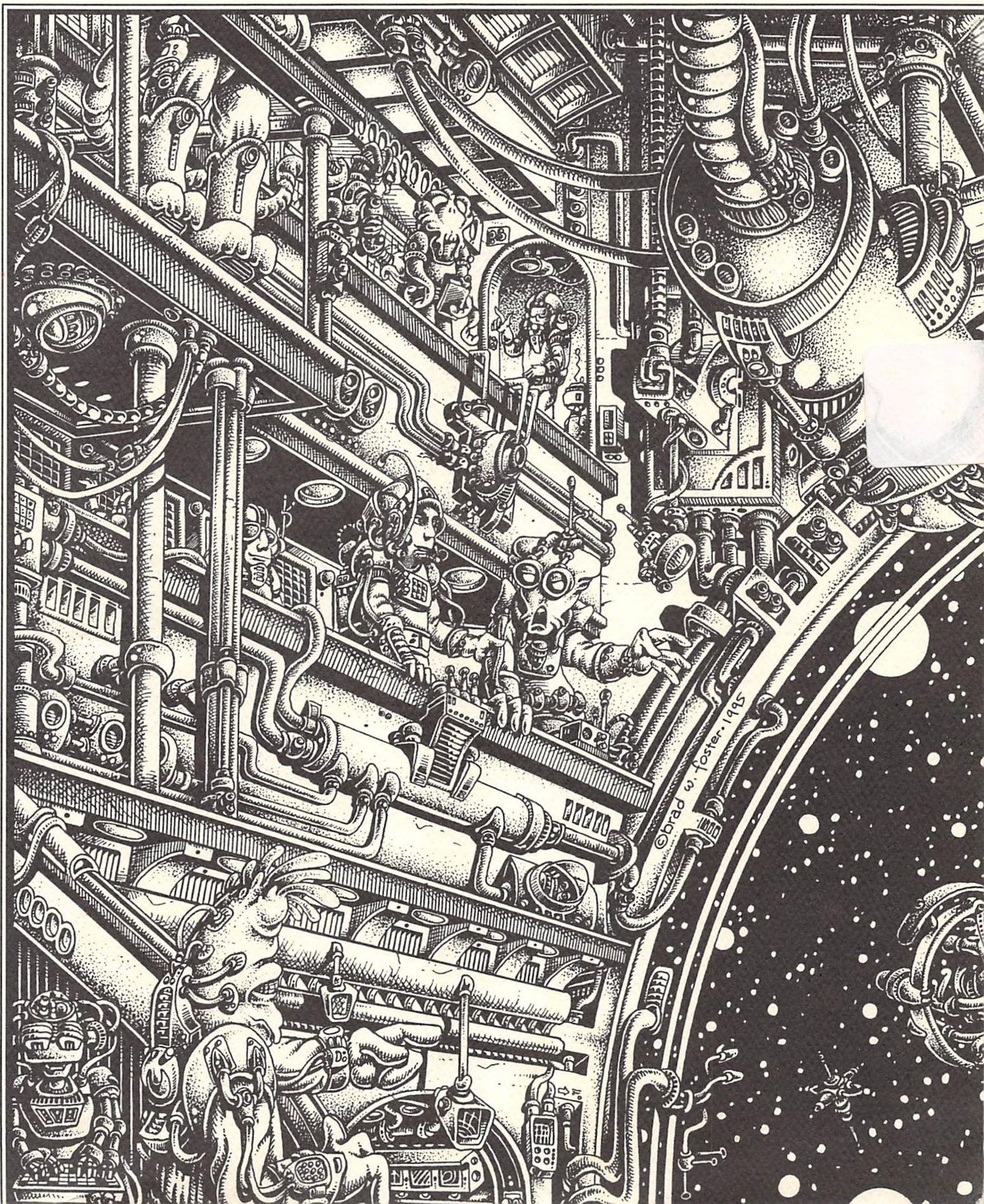


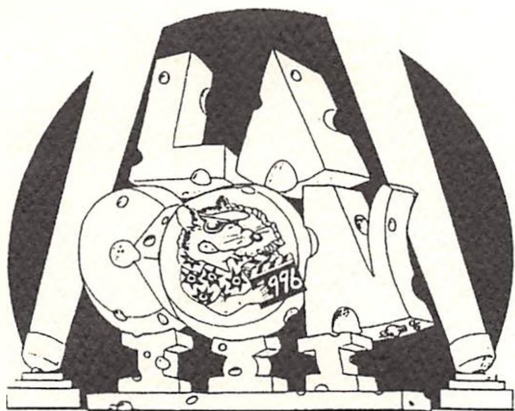
LoneStarCon 2

Progress Report #2 • December 1995

San Antonio, Republic of Texas

PR #2





L.A.con III

1996 Worldcon

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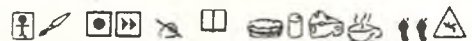
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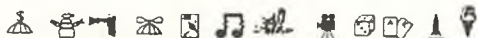


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LoneStarCon2

August 28th through September 1st 1997

San Antonio, Republic of Texas

The Second Occasional LoneStarCon Science Fiction Convention & Chili Cook-off

Variously known as
The 55th World Science Fiction Convention
and the 1997 Worldcon

Our Honored Guests:

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The Master of Toasts

Neal Barrett, Jr.

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Words From the Chair

When I walked into the offices of the 1985 NASFiC in Austin, I never dreamed what the science fiction community and WorldCon would do to my life. I can remember walking in the halls during the convention and seeing writers whose work I had read and being unable to speak to them – even for an autograph. At the 1986 WorldCon in Atlanta the next year, I overcame a few fears, made some new friends, and started the journey of WorldCon.

While attending this past WorldCon in Scotland, I began to understand the “world” in WorldCon. The sounds of several languages being spoken at once, ideas that flowed out of parties and into the hallways, were an education in themselves. I enjoyed watching the children in the play area at the convention center. Though so many barriers could have hindered their play, their enthusiasm and smiles spoke louder than any words. The diversity of the people who assembled for Intersection was infectious. When we did not share a common language, we communicated our love of science fiction and how it shapes our lives by mime and sign language. I also discovered two very comforting aspects of Fandom at Intersection: chocolate and Legos transcend age and language.

My thanks to everyone who helped with our membership table and party at Intersection, you are greatly appreciated.

Our first year has been filled with planning, negotiations, preparing our budget, and adding to our ever expanding ensemble of volunteers. The work toward San Antonio 1997 continues with the contracts signed and dated for both the San Antonio Convention Center and the Marriott Rivercenter/Marriott Riverwalk. Now the real job of space allocation and fulfilling our dreams becomes our current task. It’s almost like having an empty house to fill and arrange to entertain a few thousand of your closest friends, and it’s only yours for a few precious days.

Our committee is continuing to grow and focus. The many volunteers it takes to plan, prepare and follow through for this undertaking is amazing. I will never look at WorldCon again in the same way I did my first one.

Special thanks to Laura Domitz and Brooks Griffith, those hard-working, dedicated folks who came to the office every Wednesday night, as well as the extras who frequent the office with their laughter and ideas.

Now about that white horse and cowboy for LAConIII ...

Karen Meschke

While attending this past WorldCon in Scotland, I began to understand the “world” in WorldCon. ... I will never look at WorldCon again in the same way I did my first one.



A strong Texas presence was felt in Glasgow Scotland, thanks in part to the efforts of Kathy Richardson, Diana Thayer, Teddy Harvia (above) & Fred Duarte, Jr. (right)



Membership Information

The following membership rates are in effect through July 7, 1996. All rates are in U.S. dollars. Please make checks payable to LoneStarCon2. We also accept the British equivalent in pounds sterling.

Attending Membership	\$95
Supporting Membership	\$25
Children 3-12 years old*	\$40
Less than 3 years old*FREE

*Age as of August 28th, 1997. Children's memberships do not receive publications and are nontransferable.

Fans who Pre-supported / Pre-opposed the LoneStarCon2 bid receive a \$5.00 discount on their Attending or Children's Membership. Truly dedicated fans who became "Defenders of the Alamo" receive a \$15.00 discount on their Attending or Children's Membership. And the completely insane fans who coughed up the bucks to be called a "Spirit of the Alamo" receive a \$35.00 discount on their Attending or Children's Membership.

For information requests
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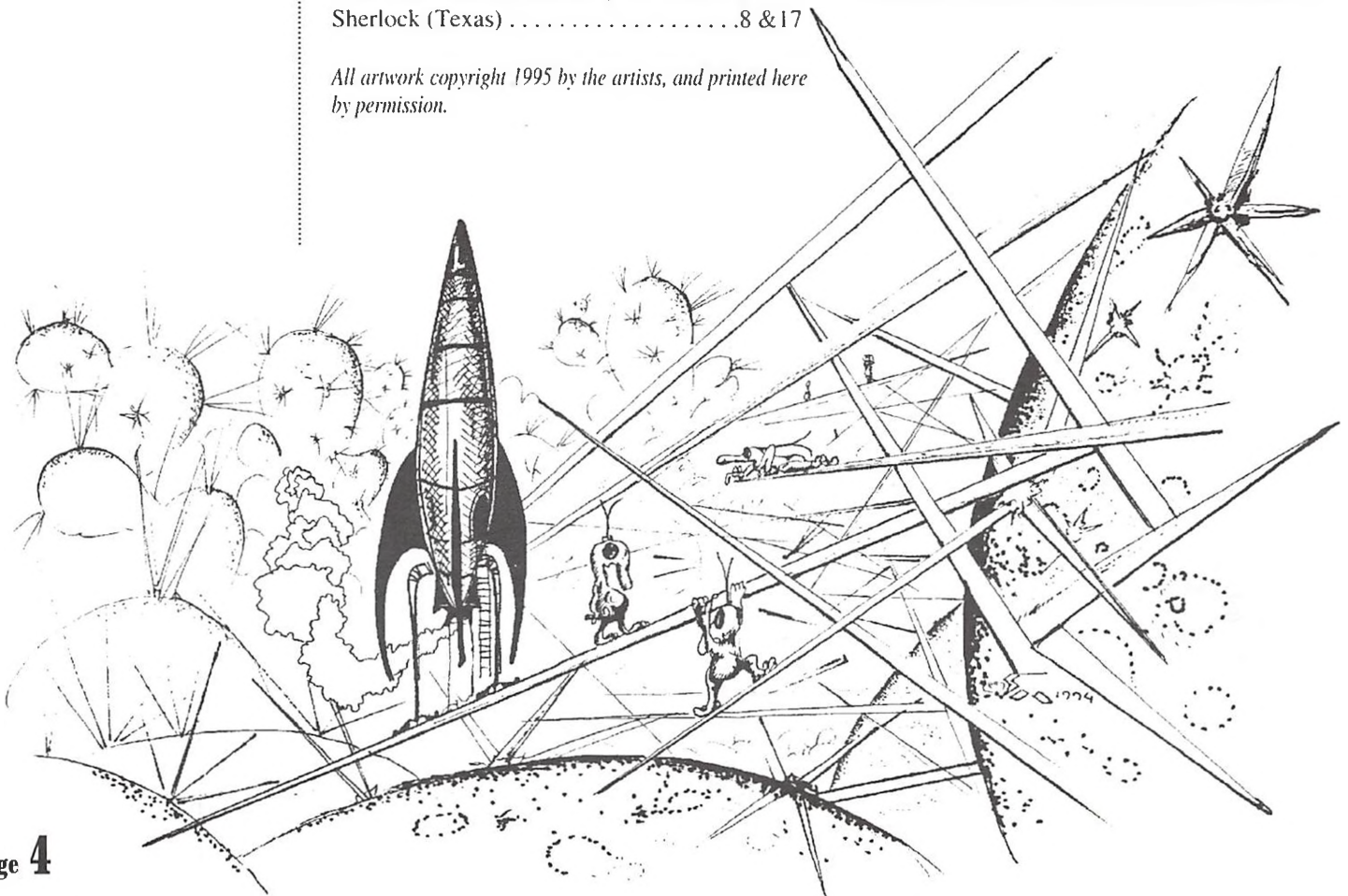
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Bill Child (Texas)1
Sharon Farber (Tennessee)16
Randy Farran (Oklahoma)21
Brad Foster (Texas)	Front Cover & 24
Jan Gunn (Australia)10
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Franz Miklis (Austria)4
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Sherlock (Texas)8 & 17

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Bucconeer	Inside Back Cover

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Dressed to Slay

by David Thayer

Everyone wears something to a science fiction convention, although some look better in what they wear than others. Some dress more elaborately, some less. Some look ordinary, some extraordinary. If clothes make the human, costumes make the more than human.

At the masquerade of my first convention, MidAmeriCon in Kansas City in 1976, I opted to loiter backstage, trying to catch a glimpse of Robert A. Heinlein, the professional writer Guest of Honor, sitting on the front row. All I managed to see through the curtains was the back of the big name local exotic dancer giving him a special performance. She escaped across the opposite side of the stage, avoiding any closeup leers from me and several other young male fans.

Turning away in disappointment, I came face-to-face, or rather face-to-chest, with something more exotic than either Mr. Heinlein or the dancer, a 9-foot-tall, four-armed, green thark from Edgar Rice Burrough's Barsoom novels, complete with swords. The apparition would have startled me only slightly less had it been real. Despite their rigidity, its tusked face and massive upper arms exuded life. But then I saw the human eyes behind the screen in the chest and politely stepped aside. Had I been one of the judges, I would have given the costumer an award on the spot.

A naive female fan was the highlight for many at the masquerade at Seacon in Brighton, England, in 1979. Her intent was to make flesh and blood a naked, winged character from a fantasy novel. What she had failed to foresee were the fantasies of the male members of the audience. She came on stage for her few minutes of glory in little more than her hand-sewn 15-foot fairy wings. The spotlights caught and glistened off her large white breasts. The small bikini bottom, her one concession to modesty, seemed immaterial. After a few momentary gasps of surprise, the crowd burst into deafening applause. The poor costumer fled before her time was up, never to reappear. She had left little to the imagination, but much to imagine, even after all these years.

I missed the masquerade completely at

Nolacon II in New Orleans in 1988. The event was off-site somewhere, requiring a bus ride to reach it and I had visions of being stranded later in a crowd miles from the convention nightlife. One of the costumers never made it to the masquerade either. He had a better excuse. While waiting for the shuttle to the airport at the end of the convention, my son, Christopher, and I ran into him in the hotel lobby where he was laying out the pale green foam pieces on wire framework of a large dragon costume. Around one of his wrists he wore a large white bandage. Trying the costume on in his room on the evening of the masquerade, he told us he had impaled himself with a protruding wire, requiring a trip to the hospital and stitches. He was putting the costume on in the lobby to ensure that at least a few fans could appreciate all his effort. Christopher and I saw all the pieces but our shuttle came and we missed his final, dressed performance.

Some of the more memorable costumes walk the halls of conventions, with no intentions of appearing in the masquerade. At Nolacon II two attractive young women walked around in chain-mail bikinis. My retinas are still recovering from all the flashbulbs that went off in their direction when they posed near them in a dark corner of the hotel lobby. I never did ask them if the fabric pinched.

SoonerCon, a regional convention held every year in Oklahoma City, seems to attract an inordinate number of Klingon dressers. Best of show one year in the masquerade at which I was a judge was the large Klingon warrior with the effeminate act. I admit it; I voted for him. I think it was an act.

What's the costume I wear to conventions? I refuse to wear a Star Fleet uniform, even for the attention it brings at a *Star Trek* premiere. My convention uniform ever since Nolacon

(Continued on next page.)



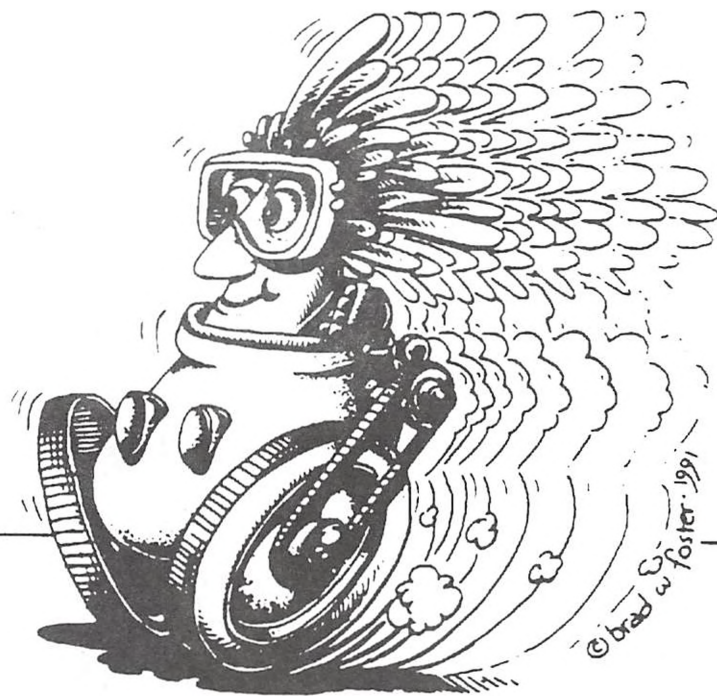
My convention uniform ever since Nolacon II has been an Hawaiian shirt, pastel yellow trousers, and red and pink flamingo canvas shoes. I even wore it to a Hugo awards ceremony before it went formal.

It has been an Hawaiian shirt, pastel yellow trousers, and red and pink flamingo canvas shoes. I even wore it to a Hugo awards ceremony before it went formal. But it wasn't that outfit, but the lack of it, that caused the greatest stir. Straight from the airport, still in the dark business suit I'd worn on the flight, I ran into friends from California in the hotel lobby. They endured my hugs stiffly, wondering who this stranger was. Only after a costume change did they truly recognize me. Suited businessmen are frightening characters to fans at conventions.

Some of the best costume stories come to me second-hand, perhaps because the intermediaries embellish them. One story Diana Thayer tells, which she alternately attributes to science fiction writers Janet Morris or Carolyn Cherryh, depending on the phases of the Moon, could be true. First you have to believe that then-President Gerald Ford would be in the same hotel with a convention. Imagine him waiting for an elevator with his Secret Service agents when the doors open and a wookiee draped in bandoliers and carrying a phaser steps out. The

agents draw their weapons and shield the President. The President starts laughing and brushes past the agents and the wookiee into the elevator. He must have recognized the humor in *Star Wars* technology even back then.

LoneStarCon, the San Antonio WorldCon, is in the tradition of a long line of dress-up affairs going all the way back to Forry Ackerman and his space-cadet outfit at the first WorldCon. When you come to Texas in 1997, I urge you to wear something. The convention will allow you to pretend to be whomever you want, among friends who will not only understand, but appreciate. If you do decide not to wear anything, please have the body for it. My imagination is still strong enough to take a few more shocks, but not many.



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Our Honored Fan Guest

Horrible Old Roy Tackett

by Bob Vardeman

On the face of it, the appellation seems obscure, insulting perhaps, or at the very least, misguided. Why saddle a trufan with roots back in first Fandom with the acronym HORT? Roy Tackett hardly seems to deserve being called "Horrible Old" in spite of being a retired sergeant of Marines who enjoyed the prospect of telling some poor recruit, "When you've finished digging the six foot by six foot hole here, I want it moved over there – waaay over there".

That hardly qualifies. Nor does his later mission in life, helping maintain Air Force electronics designed to incinerate half the world – the other half, the Evil Empire on the other side of the Berlin Wall. Wow, he does go back a long way, doesn't he?

Before that, he refused to climb radio towers on 11,000 foot Sandia Crest during 100 mph blizzards. What's so horrible about that, I ask you? Common sense is what I call it.

And while it might be a shame Roy has to partake of quinine for the malaria he picked up on some obscure Pacific Island during his stint in the Marines, it seems appropriate (in the Bob Tucker SMOOTH! tradition) that he does so using tonic switched around with gin. This is not necessarily horrible.

So how did this former Marine electronics tech First Fandom member earn the nickname? History requires a closer scrutiny.

I first met Roy somewhere around 1956. Let me qualify that. The year was 1963. The place was a used bookstore. And the

magazine we both collided over, grabbing for it at the same instant, was the September 1956 issue of *Astounding*. He took pity on me since I needed it for my fledgling collection. He later told me he needed only seven more of this particular issue to corner the market and drive the prices through the sky – see? He really isn't so horrible. He's an archivist, at heart. And I had to pay him only ten times the cover price for the privilege of buying it from the bookstore. Even then it was obvious to see why he was a retired sergeant of Marines.

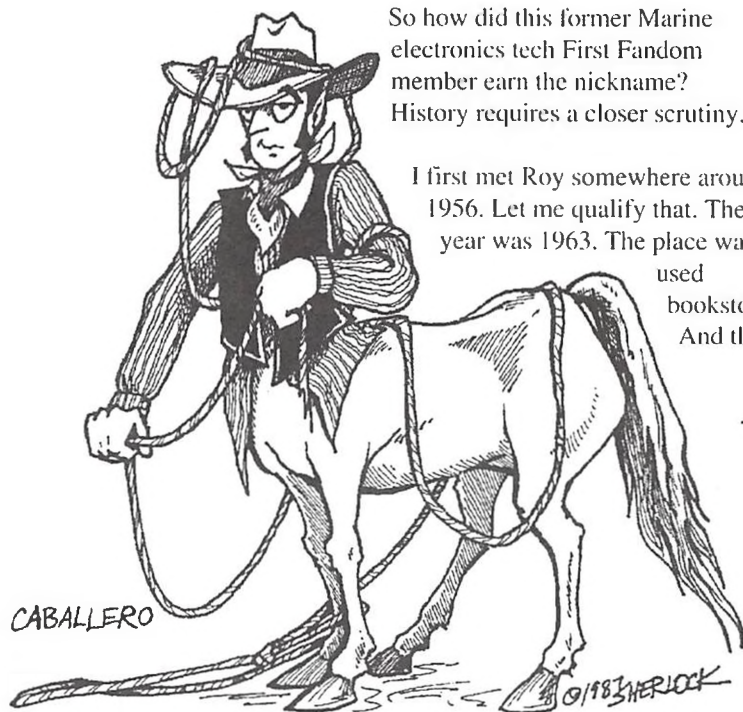
Soon after our collision, Roy decided there were enough fans to start the Albuquerque Science Fiction Society (ASFA). The June, 1963, meeting had three of us in attendance and there is no truth to the rumor that Roy's Doberman, Trojan (110 pounds of teeth in a 190 pound body), ate six other prospective members before they reached the "safe zone" as Roy jokingly called the steel cage just inside the front door, put there for the use of his more nimble visitors. (Trojan was later sold to a junk yard because of his propensity for eating packs of dogs and large horses. For a snack. Roy liked Trojan and felt a great camaraderie with him, though Roy's mail delivery did improve after Trojan was put to work in the junk yard.)

The club grew and Roy managed to trade a few hoary, dog-eared copies of *F&SF* and *Galaxy* for an equal number of pristine copies of *Weird Tales* when our professional Boy Scout club member found a garage full of the latter. Roy later traded the *Weird Tales* for an entire collection of Edgar Rice Burroughs. It is not true that Burroughs personally delivered them. It was John Carter.

Around this time Roy was fan GoH at the 1969 Westercon in Santa Monica. The reports of several con members being thrown to sharks in the swimming pool are exaggerated. Roy just mentioned something about shark fin soup and, well, you know how rumors spread. I'm not even sure Roy likes shark fin soup, but perhaps it was the animal lover in him that wanted to see those poor endangered animals properly fed. It's possible.

So, Roy has been in fandom since there was a fandom. He is popular as guest and attendee at

So how did this former Marine electronics tech First Fandom member earn the nickname?



EL CABALLERO

The Master of Toasts

Neal Barrett, Jr.

Austin writer Neal Barrett, Jr.'s novels and stories span the field from mystery/suspense, science fiction, Westerns, historical novels, and young adult novels to "off-the-wall" mainstream fiction. Reviewers have called his contributions to publications such as OMNI and Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine, "stories that defy any category or convention".

In addition to his appearance in a number of magazines, his work has been published in collections such as The Best of the West, Razored Saddles, The New Frontier, The Best From Fantasy & Science Fiction, Nebula Awards 24, OMNI: Best Science Fiction 1, Asimov's Robots, Dark at Heart, The King is Dead, Hardboiled, The Year's Best Science Fiction (Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, Tenth and Eleventh Annual Collections), etc.

His novelette "Ginny Sweethips' Flying Circus" was a finalist for both the Science Fiction Writers of America Nebula Award, and the Hugo Award, for best novelette of the year.

His short story, "Stairs", received a Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award. The New York Review of Science Fiction named the story as "possibly the most all-out weird story of the year".

Barrett has a habit of crossing genre lines with his fiction. "Sallie C." from The Best of the West, and "Winter on the Belle Fourche" from The New Frontier, were both chosen for Gardner Dozois' The Year's Best Science Fiction. "Winter on the Belle Fourche" was named a runner-up for the Best Western Short Story of the Year by the Western Writers of America.

His 1986 novel, Through Darkest America, received acclaim from readers and critics alike. Twilight Zone reviewer Edward Bryant called it "a book of astonishing power ... simply one of the best books I've read this year".

His 1991 novel, The Hereafter Gang, was hailed by The Washington Post as "one of the great American novels". American Book Review said, "An abundance of everything the great American novel should have: evocative style, memorable characters, and most of all, a unique vision that will change the way the reader sees the everyday world ..."

The author's 1992 mystery/suspense novel, Pink Vodka Blues (St. Martin's Press), was optioned by producer David Brown and purchased by Paramount

Pictures. His second novel in this field, Dead Dog Blues, was released by St. Martin's Press in 1994.

In a starred review, Publishers Weekly said of Pink Vodka Blues, "Hits the ground running and never lets up ... sharp, irreverent humor and nonstop action make this a sure-fire winner ..."

Booklist said of Dead Dog Blues, "Barrett ... has hit paydirt a second time, once again mixing a breezy, ironic narrative with situations that are anything but funny. It's a roller-coaster ride to hell, and the guy in the next seat is crackin' wise".

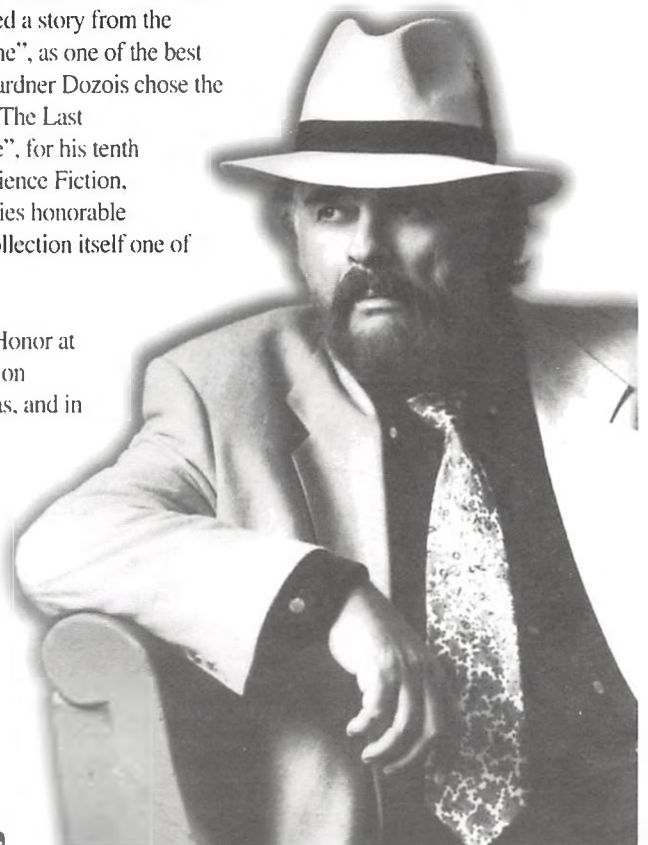
Barrett completed his third mystery/suspense, Skinny Annie Blues, in the summer of 1995. This novel, first in the author's new "Wiley Moss" series, will be published by Kensington Publishing Corporation in 1996 in conjunction with a national book tour. Kensington will also publish the paperback editions of Pink Vodka Blues, Dead Dog Blues, and Skinny Annie Blues. Barrett is currently at work on a second book in the "Wiley Moss" series.

Slightly Off Center, a collection of eleven of Barrett's short stories and novelettes, was published in 1992. Locus named this collection "One of the best of the year", and named a story from the collection, "Four Times One", as one of the best short stories of the year. Gardner Dozois chose the collection's one-act play, "The Last Cardinal Bird in Tennessee", for his tenth annual The Year's Best Science Fiction, gave three more of the stories honorable mention, and named the collection itself one of the best of the year.

Barrett has been Guest of Honor at ArmadilloCon science fiction convention in Austin, Texas, and in 1995 was Toastmaster at Texas A&M's AggieCon. In late November of 1995 he will serve as Toastmaster at SoonerCon in Oklahoma City, and in 1997 we will be proud to have him serve as Toastmaster of the 55th World Science Fiction Convention in San Antonio.

"If it's picturesque loonies you're looking for, you've come to the right bin."

— Kirkus Reviews



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Roy Tackett

Continued

conventions. He collects books and magazines. And since the late '50s a *Marinated Publication* has slid into select mailboxes when Roy started *Dynatron*. For those of you who don't remember such things, a dynatron is a form of vacuum tube, not at all like a Sony Trinitron. And if you don't know what a vacuum tube is, ask Roy.

He is a member of that elephant's graveyard known as FAPA, the second oldest amateur press association in the world. He's a member of a

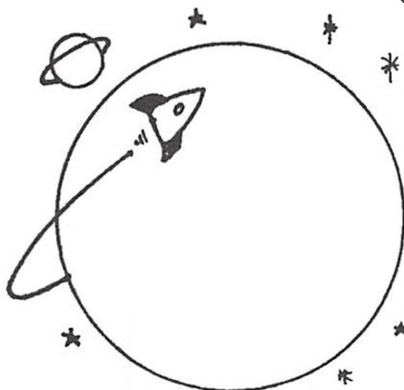
carbon paper apa called CAPA, the Carboniferous APA/ (If you don't know what either a vacuum tube or carbon paper is, don't even think of asking Roy. He might hurt himself laughing.) And he is also a member of SLANAPA, the Slanderous APA, the oldest continually published monthly apa in the country. Somehow the name SLANAPA appealed to him, I think.

For years at Albuquerque's annual convention, Bubonicon, Roy has taken part in the never-quite-serious serio-comic performance art play. He even launched and presided over the Green Slime Awards, Albuquerque's answer to the Hugos. Except our's are edible.

Oh, yes, he sometimes dresses up in a clown suit. Really. In public. In parades, in public. The Worldcon's Fan GoH, therefore, is quite easy to find. He will be barking out orders to sell your old sf magazines to him at bargain prices, publishing the details in fanzines, and might be dressed up with big floppy shoes, green-polka-dot baggy pants and a bright red nose. Or not.

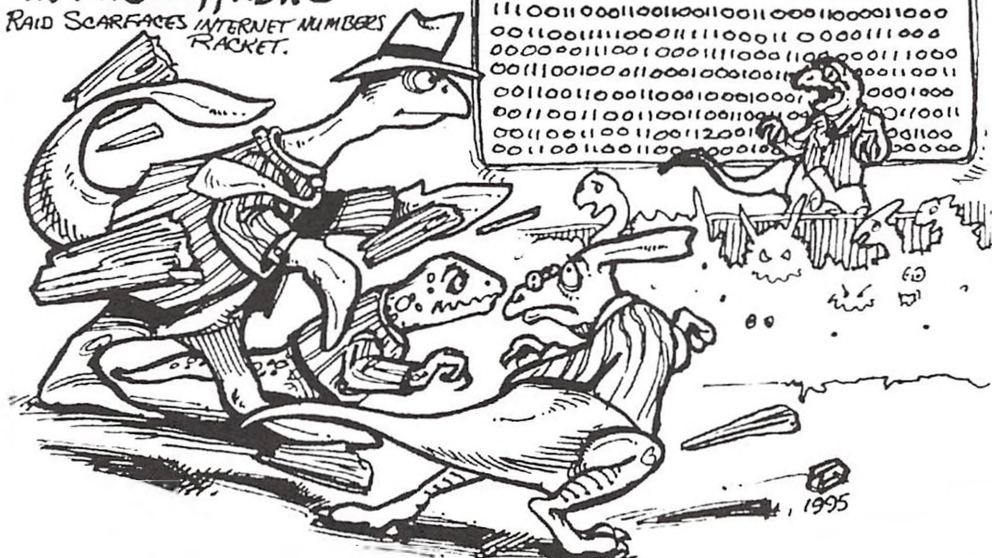
Most of all, Roy Tackett is one of those rare treasures in our field, someone who has grown up with science fiction and loves every aspect of it. But how did he get the nickname HORT?

Answer: Just ask him what he thinks about stories with unicorns in them. You will find out quickly.



CHICAGO In 2000, presents **Scenes from the Roaring 2000s #2**

on October 27 1999
Elliot Nessie &
The Unismoffables™
RAID SCARFACES INTERNET NUMBERS
RACKET.



2001 – A Space Odyssey (almost): Yes, we've read our Arthur C. Clarke – we know that the third millennium starts in 2001 – but the big odometer will turn over to Two Triple Zero the year before. It's a great time for a rip-roaring, knock 'em out, last big Worldcon bash to set the stage for the next 1000 years. So we'd like to invite you to bring the 58th World Science Fiction Convention to Chicago, where the 2000s will roar like nothing before!

Mothuselah's Children: A Worldcon is run by the fans, for the fans, and we've got a committee with years of fannish experience that's ready to bring you the Worldcon you've been waiting for. With dealers, artists, fanzine and APA publishers, costumers, gamers, filkers, and even a few SMOFs, we cover the fannish bases. (We're working on finding a cure for the deadly SMOF disease in this millennium – your support can help!) And we've got the experience to deliver a world-class Worldcon – we've held top-level positions at almost every recent North American Worldcon and numerous smaller cons across the continent, even in our own home town of Chicago!

All You Zomblos: You can't run a Worldcon without a lot of local help. With five annual SF cons – all independently run – Chicago has the largest group of experienced, capable volunteers in the Midwest.

The Caves of Steel: Well, not exactly. But like Chicon IV and V, we are back at the Hyatt Regency Chicago, where 2000 sleeping rooms and 210,000 square feet of function rooms and exhibit halls mean you never have to go out into the sun or rain unless you want to.

The Naked Sun: But you will want to go outside. (*Trust us.*) Chicago boasts leading museums, thousands of restaurants, classic architectural landmarks, a vast variety of stores of all kinds, first-rate theater, cutting edge blues and jazz clubs, 20 miles of beaches, the Cubs and White Sox (playing again!), and hundreds of acres of parks, zoos and arboretums. Our Worldcon site is in the center of it all!

All the Myriad Ways: To get to Chicago, that is – we're the world's leading airline hub, which makes it both cheap and easy to get here by plane at either O'Hare or Midway. For nonflyers, interstate highways and Amtrak rail make Chicago a painless destination.

Venus Equilateral: Send us a message – let us know that you care! Presupporting memberships are only \$10 and they'll let you get started collecting our SF and fantasy author and artist trading cards! If you collect 20 cards and vote in the site selection balloting, we'll give you an attending membership – if we win, that is, so remember to vote for us...

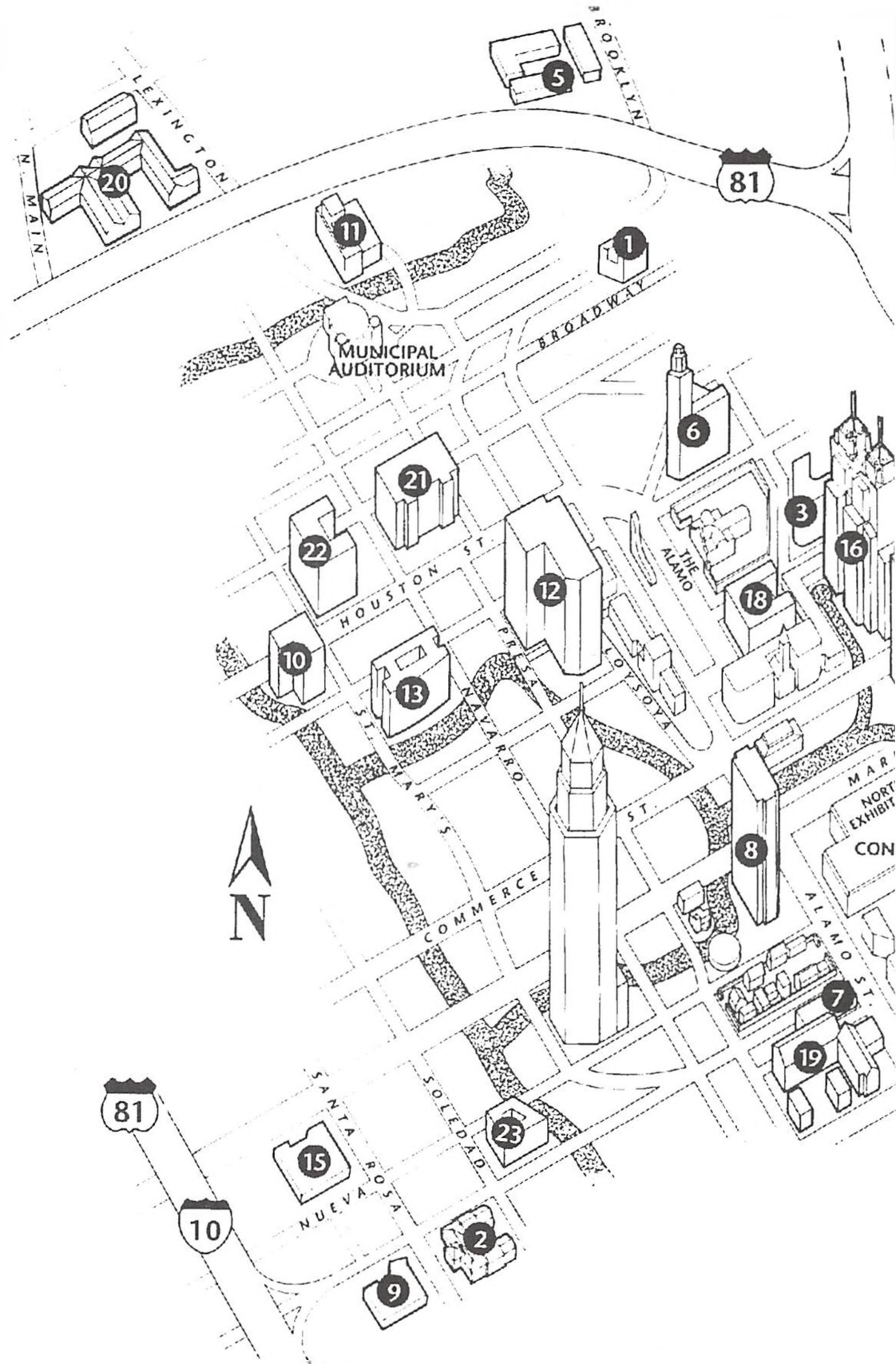
Chicago in 2000
P. O. Box 642057
Chicago, Illinois 60664

Genie: CHICAGO.2000; **Compuserve:** 71270, 1020; **Internet:** roper@mcs.com
WWW: <http://www.xnet.com/~ramchip/chl2000.html>

Bid Committee officers: Tom Veal, chairman; Becky Thomson, vice chairman; Madrene Bradford, secretary; Dina Krause, treasurer; Jim Rittenhouse, APA editor

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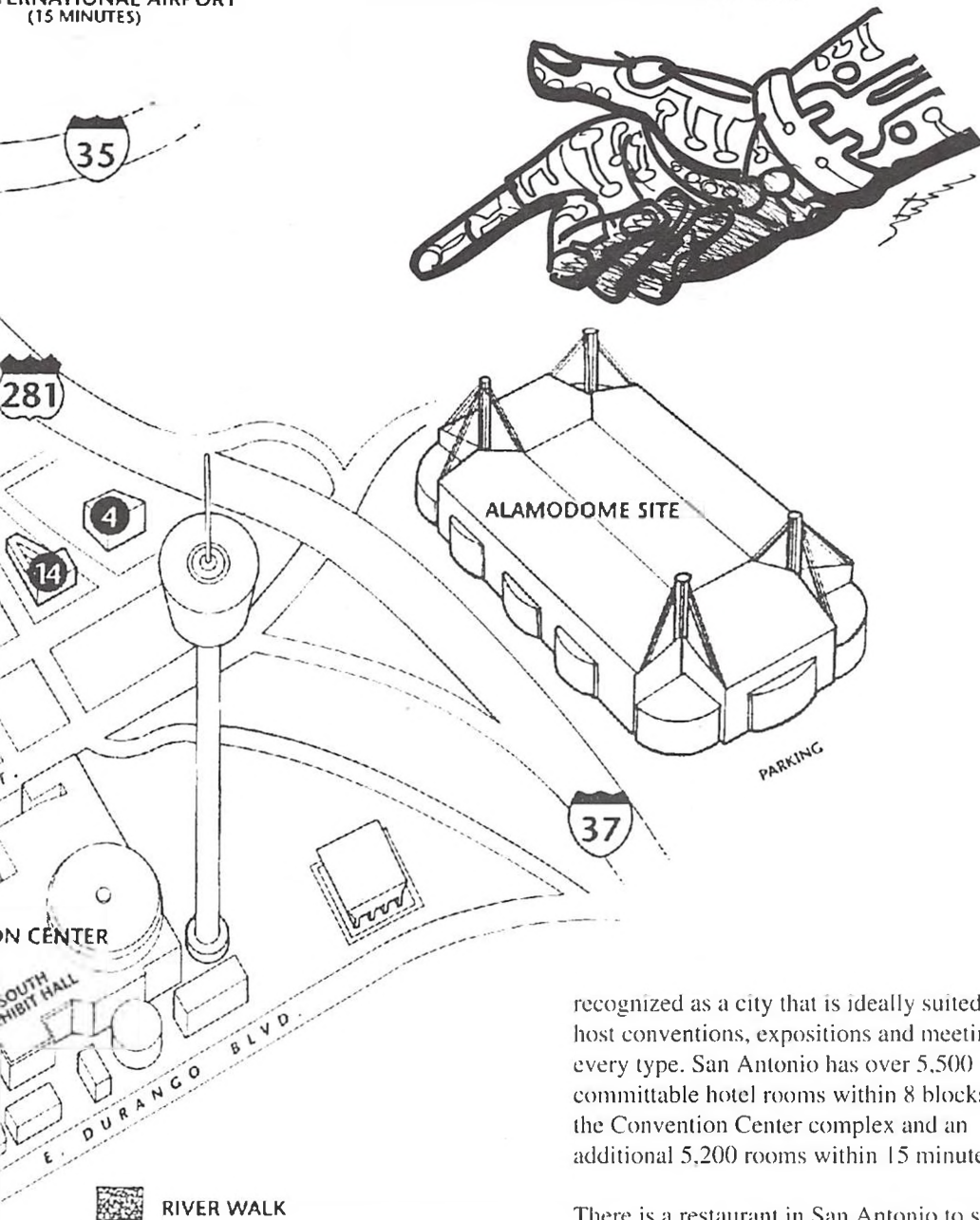
Downtown San Antonio



Watch for additional information on which hotels are offering convention rates and where blocks of accommodations have been reserved in upcoming issues of the Progress Report.

You will be here in '97!

INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
(15 MINUTES)



recognized as a city that is ideally suited to host conventions, expositions and meetings of every type. San Antonio has over 5,500 committable hotel rooms within 8 blocks of the Convention Center complex and an additional 5,200 rooms within 15 minutes.

There is a restaurant in San Antonio to suit every palate. If you wish, you can work your way from classic American restaurants, through Bar-B-Que and Seafood, to Continental, Greek, Indian, Italian, and Mexican. And of course you'll want to sample some down-home Texas cuisine while you're in the Lone Star State.

While you are in San Antonio you may also want to treat yourself to a performance at one of the cities live theatres, or a visit to the Guadalupe Cultural Arts Center, but most of all, we hope you will come and have a darn good time at LoneStarCon2.

Just minutes away from the San Antonio Convention Center are twenty-three major hotels and motor inns:

1. Alamo TraveLodge
2. Courtyard by Marriott/Downtown
3. Crockett Hotel
4. Downtowner Motel by the Alamo
5. Elmira Motor Inn
6. Emily Morgan Hotel at Alamo Plaza
7. Fairmount Hotel
8. Hilton Palacio del Rio
9. Holiday Inn Downtown/Market Square
10. Holiday Inn River Walk
11. Holiday Inn River Walk North
12. Hyatt Regency San Antonio
13. La Mansion del Rio
14. La Quinta Convention Center
15. La Quinta Market Square
16. Marriott Rivercenter (Main Hotel)
17. Marriott Riverwalk (Main Hotel)
18. Menger Hotel
19. Marriott Plaza San Antonio
20. Rodeway Inn Downtown
21. St. Anthony Hotel
22. Sheraton Gunter Hotel
23. TraveLodge on the River

Where else in America can conventioners board a river taxi to a morning panel and have another one waiting that evening to carry them on a dinner cruise?

San Antonio, the 10th largest city in the U.S., is a city of over a million people that has blossomed into a mecca for tourists and conventioners alike.

In fact, San Antonio is ranked as one of the Top Ten Host Cities in the U.S. and has been

Convention Center

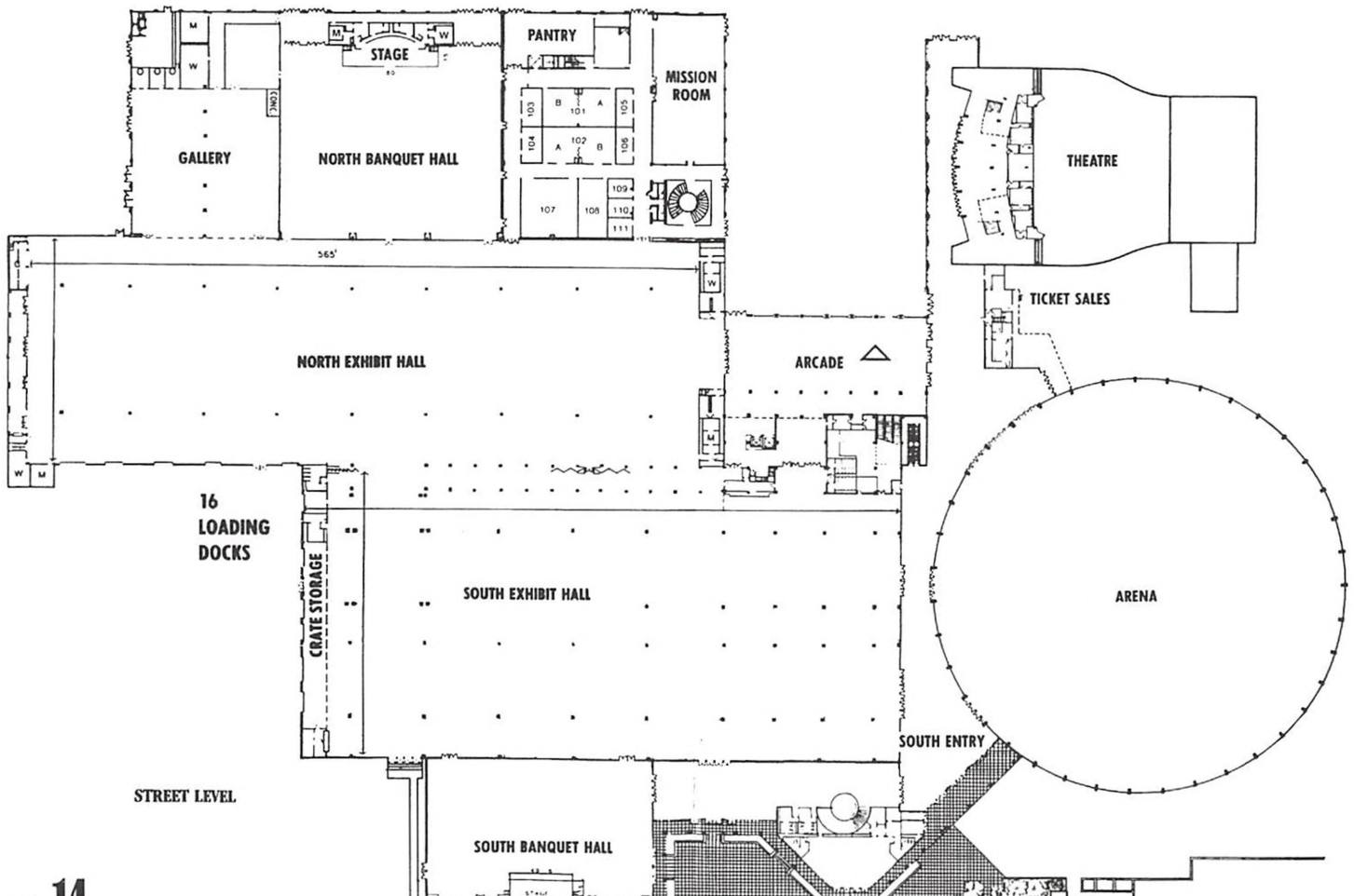
San Antonio's Convention Center complex is an architectural delight that reflects the color and the culture of the city.

At the heart of San Antonio's appeal are her expanded convention facilities compacted into an easily accessible complex, yet maintaining an open, airy atmosphere. The Convention Center rests in the shadow of the soaring Tower of the Americas, a 750-foot-tall facility topped with a revolving restaurant and observation deck. Modern comfortable accommodations are often within walking distance. Transportation, whether by foot, river boat, bus or car, is quick, and San Antonio's many fine convention hotel properties offer a wide range of facilities.

San Antonio's Convention Center complex is an architectural delight that reflects the color and the culture of the city. This striking complex, a permanent legacy of the 1968 San Antonio World's Fair, is one of the reasons why San Antonio is attracting more than 300,000 delegates every year to conventions, business meetings, trade shows and exhibitions.

Recently expanded, the Center now offers two exhibit halls of 120,000 square feet each (or opened as one for 240,000 square feet) and 46 meeting rooms. Current features include the

following: Theatre of the Performing Arts, Exhibit Halls (North and South), Banquet Halls (North and South), Meeting Rooms. We are sorry to say that the 15,342 seat Arena has been dismantled. It appears on this map because an new version was not available at the time of publication. We understand that more remodeling and renovation will be done between now and LoneStarCon2, so look for updates in future Progress Reports.



Fannish Guide by Ursa Major

Ursa Major goes of record as supporting San Antonio in '97. In fact, they support it so much that they are doing a fannish guide to San Antonio which will be in your packet at registration. Here is a sample of what you will find in the guide:

"San Antonio is one of the four unique cities in America. We have good weather most of the time, our airport is only 20 minutes from downtown and we are friendly. Our historical train station currently receiving a face lift, is served by Amtrak's Limited (Miami, FL to Los Angeles, CA), and the Texas Eagle (Chicago, IL to San Antonio, TX). We have a beautiful convention center, a river that runs right through the middle of downtown and hotels that really are walking distance from the convention center (try across the street).

"We have the Alamo, the Alamodome (multiuse covered stadium), Botanical Gardens, Brackenridge Park, Carver Cultural Center, Fiesta Texas, Guadalupe Cultural Art Center, Hemisfair Park, Institute of Texan Cultures, Imax Theater, King William Historical Area, La Villita, Market Square, Mexican Cultural Institute, Mission Trail, Rivercenter Mall (the San Antonio River is on one side), Riverwalk, Sea World of Texas, and a world class zoo.

"We have fast food, good hamburgers, Italian food, Mexican food, Chinese food, steaks, etc., all within four blocks of the Convention Center. Plus the restaurants in the hotels. Try the lunch buffet in the Rivercenter Marriott.

"We look forward to meeting you in San Antonio in '97. Just look for the Cosmic Cowboys..

"San Antonio is one of the four unique cities in America. We have good weather most of the time, our airport is only 20 minutes from downtown and we are friendly."

Ad Rates

These ad rates are for camera ready copy. Typesetting, custom artwork and layouts, special positioning and other services are available at an additional charge.

Per Issue Rates	Fan	Professional
Quarter Page	\$ 25	\$ 80
Half Page	40	125
Full Page Interior	70	200
Full Page Inside Cover	250	400

The deadline for advertising and other copy for Progress Report #3 which is due to be published in April, is February 15, 1996. Please request information well in advance of this deadline.

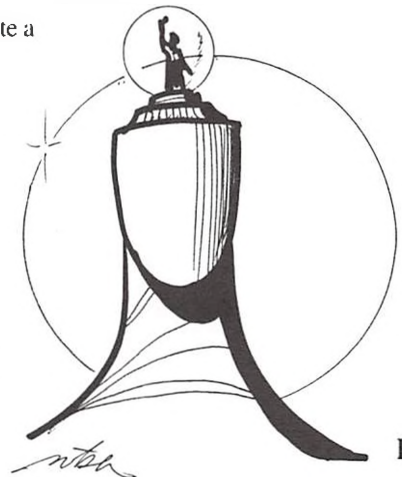
Mail all ads and payment to the LoneStarCon2 post office box, or contact Neil Kaden directly at:
1104 Longhorn Drive
Plano, TX 75023-4450
Phone: (214) 517-7372

Programming

by Debbie Hodgkinson

The Program Committee is hard at work scouring the globe for the best programming available for LoneStarCon 2. As a WorldCon located on the edge of Latin America, in a city that was formerly part of Mexico, our particular interest will be how science fiction is written, used, and perceived in those countries of the Western Hemisphere south of our own. We hope to have writers, artists and editors in attendance whose mother tongues are Spanish and Portuguese, and to have discussions of science fiction in translation. If you know of any Spanish speaking authors or artists who would be interested in attending LoneStarCon, please bring them to our attention.

Right now what you can do to help create a better Worldcon is to keep those cards and letters coming. If you have heard someone speak particularly eloquently on a topic you think would be of interest to the membership of the WorldCon, report that person to me. I'll do what I can to draft them. If you are the one dying to speak, let me know that, too. What are the hot topics in SF for you? What gets you excited in your own work or in the work of others? Send me your comments and suggestions.



Chili Cookoff Rules & Information

by Judith Ward

For all of you who missed the first PR, here are the basic rules for the Chili Cookoff. The Chili committee is hard at work trying to get the Chili Cookoff sanctioned by the Chili Appreciation Society International (CASI). It is the organization that sponsors the Terlingua International Chili Championship the first weekend in November each year. More information will be available in Progress Report #3 where we will be featuring the Chili Cookoff.

All attending members of LoneStarCon 2 may enter the Chili Cookoff without any additional charges. There will be a graduated scale of charges for non-attending entrants. We hope to have participants from other Chili Cookoffs, such as Terlingua, and several of the hotel chefs have indicated a desire to compete.

We would like to announce that we have chosen the San Antonio Public Library as the recipient of the profits from the Chili Cookoff at LoneStarCon2.

We are also negotiating with several Texas bands to have live music from three stages during the Cookoff. While we can't name any names yet, think quirky, think fun, think kind of off-the-wall.

Register a name for your chili. If the name comes from a book title or movie, please let us know. (Four groups doing "Guess What Happened to the Tribbles?" might be a bit much.) Dress to promote your chili. Something telling who you are, where you're from and what kind of chili you have could go a long way towards influencing the judges.

Provide a list of ingredients for the Chili Committee. We don't need your recipe — just a list of what's in it. You don't want to kill a judge (or do you?). Meatless chili can be entered, as well as chili with or without beans. [Note: Out-of-towners might be warned that putting beans in chili in Texas has been grounds for lynching in times past.] All edible chili peppers legal in the US are okay. Please do not write and ask me for the names of legal chilies! If you can buy it in a grocery store in the US, it's legal.

Rattlesnake and other exotic animal chili will also be allowed, provided that if you bring it live, you cage it, you feed it, you clean up after it, you butcher it, you cook it, and you dispose of the remains. In other words, "We ain't agonna be 'sponsible fer yer critters." However, **NO ROAD KILL WILL BE ALLOWED.**

Be willing to staff your booth for at least four hours on Friday night, August 29, 1997. Make at least 3 gallons of chili. (We will supply taster cups and small spoons).

Did I mention that this really will be a contest? With prizes and stuff for the winners? Forest Ackerman, Charles Ballard, Neal Barrett, Jr., Robert Dulude, Tom Hanlon, Keith G. Kato, Javier Setovich, Sr., Dick Smith, Leah Zeldes Smith and Martha Wells have agreed to be among the chili judges. Neal is well-known for his pursuit of the perfect bowl of "Red". Charles is the son-in-law of a committee member (nepotism is alive and well in fandom), and has an asbestos stomach. Javier is from Peru, and is well-acquainted with chilies of various sorts.

Editor's Choice Chili

by Diana Thayer

"We need a chili recipe for this PR," they said. "We promised a different chili recipe in each issue."

"Ahem, well, I do have chili recipes," I replied. "I can put one of mine in."

They looked at me askance. I grew up in Oklahoma, you see, and only recently became a Texan by marriage. Texans seem to have a hard time believing that anyone not born a native can cook chili.

"Well, okay," they replied, not having a better offer at the moment, and wanting to get the PR published and into the hands of eagerly awaiting fans.

I looked through my recipes. One listed half a dozen different kinds of fresh and dried peppers, instead of premixed chili powder and included chocolate and beer. Another listed rattlesnake meat, but I have never had the nerve or the rattlesnake to make it. So I dug out my basic chili recipe that has been with me since college and this is what I found:



NO ROAD KILL WILL BE ALLOWED.

Ingredients

- 2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 1 tsp salt
- 2 med. onions
- 1 med. bell pepper
- 2 15 oz. cans tomatoes
- 2 4 oz. cans tomato sauce
- 2 cans tomato paste (small)
- 4 c. water
- 3 tsp chili powder
- 2 tsp oregano
- 1 tsp cummin
- 1 tsp crushed red pepper
- 1/4 tsp allspice (optional)
- 2 lg. cans red kidney beans (optional)
[Hey, put away that noose. I said the beans were optional.]

I turned over the card – nothing. All I had written down was a list of ingredients. It was then that I realized I had probably not made my chili the same way twice in over 20 years. After all, a recipe is just a guideline and can be adjusted to accommodate the taste of those to whom it will be served as well as the whim of the cook. Making the recipe and watching how I made it seemed the best way to write down the instructions.

I went to the grocery to buy my ingredients, and right off the bat “the whim of the cook” sabotaged my recipe. Instead of ground beef, I came home with 2 pounds of lovely lean stew meat cut in 1-inch chunks. (I usually use ground round so I don’t have to skim any fat.)

In a large dutch oven I heated a tablespoon or so of olive oil (I prefer olive oil, but any good cooking oil will do.) and browned two finely chopped cloves of garlic before adding the meat. Uh-oh, not in the recipe. I’ve put the garlic in for years and never bothered to write it down. The chunks of meat browned nicely and gave the added bonus of a rich brown stock that I don’t get with the ground beef.

After the meat was browned on all sides, I added the tomato paste, tomato sauce, tomatoes (quartered), water and spices. While this mixture was coming to a boil, I chopped the onions and green pepper (I like the pieces about 1/4 to 1/2 inch) and sauteed them in another tablespoon or so of olive oil. After the onions have turned transparent, I usually let them sit undisturbed for a while until the sugar in them just starts to caramelize. This adds a nice dimension to the flavor without adding the sugar which I have found listed in other recipes.

Stir the onions and peppers into the meat mixture and all that’s left is the waiting. (Oh, darn. I left out the salt again. I haven’t added extra salt to anything

in years if I could help it. If you want to use the salt, it’s best to sprinkle it over the meat as it is browning.) Now, at this point there is a significant difference between using ground beef and using the chunks of stew meat.

• *If you use the ground beef*, the chili will be ready to eat after about an hour of gentle simmering. At that point it is what I call “green” chili or new chili. The vegetable flavors will still be discernable and it will have a lighter flavor. But let it simmer for 2 or 3 hours and it will be better. Reheated after sitting in the refrigerator overnight is even better, and the third day is best – if it lasts that long. It freezes well and will stand up to nuking in the microwave.

• *If you use the stew meat*, the chili needs to simmer gently for at least 2 to 3 hours or until the chunks of meat separate easily into fibers when mashed against the side of the pan with a spoon. Mash all the chunks. At this point the sauce should be reduced to a thick, rich consistency. If not, let it cook a little longer until it is where you want it, but keep an eye on it so that it doesn’t burn.

Oh yes. If your audience doesn’t threaten to string you up, you can add the beans to the ground beef version after the chili has cooked for about an hour and continue cooking just until they are heated through before serving. If you are cooking for a Texas crowd, I suggest cooking the beans of your choice separately and serving them on the side so each person can add them at their own risk. This is the best way to serve beans with the stew meat version. However you serve it, enjoy, and don’t be afraid to experiment! ♪

However you serve it, enjoy, and don’t be afraid to experiment!



2001: The Millennium PhilconSM



The way these creatures eat, they must be fans! When you bring the worldcon to Philadelphia you will find an unprecedented variety and availability of food.

Directly under the Pennsylvania Convention Center is the Reading Terminal Market. This 100-year-old farmers market has a wealth of Amish vendors with goods ranging from farm produce to free-range geese. The market also includes ethnic eateries and groceries from Middle-Eastern to Cajun and is a great place to buy regular groceries, party food and snacks.

Right out the door of the Convention Center is Chinatown. Sixteen square blocks of restaurants serving authentic Chinese food from dim sum to Peking duck.

Nearby is every kind of ethnic and American restaurant, up to five-star quality, all within easy walking distance. And don't forget Philly cheesesteaks, hoagies and soft pretzels!

Our 2001 Worldcon will be in Philadelphia's new Pennsylvania Convention Center in the heart of the center city historic district and its abundant activities. The headquarters hotel is the Marriott, directly connected to the convention center.

Memberships

• Pre-Supporting	\$10.00
• Pre-Opposing	+17.76
• Presupposer	\$27.76
• Philkinder (child)	\$5.00
• Millennium Phil-Kin	\$40.00
• Delegate	\$76.00

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CONVERGE WITH THE STARS NOREASCON 4

It's something spatial.

BOSTON IN 2001

It eclipses anything I've ever seen.

I love all-star lineups.

The star Noreascon 4 is of the first magnitude.

That's because it has solar flair.

MCFI, purveyors of fine WorldCons for 21 years, proudly bids for the first WorldCon of the 21st Century. New century—same old quality.

Are you the first star?

I wish.

Look at all the heavenly bodies.

Presupporting memberships are available for \$8 U.S. & include a cloisonne pin. Write us at:

Wow! This star map has everything on it.

Not to mention all ze heavenly minds.

Boston in 2001
P.O. Box 1010
Framingham, MA
01701-0205

Why are you out of line?

I didn't realize stars had a sense of humor.

Making light is our life.

Does it have "YOU ARE HERE"?

I'm astray.

Even us black holes make light. Our gravity keeps it from showing.

TEDDY HARVIA

Moments in Texas Fan History

A Party For Dallas

Happy Benford Chatter from VOID / Gregory Benford / 1958

"Gee, and I was only 19 and so cynical."

"Come on over," Tom said, "we're having a party for Dallas." I thought about that for a minute. It does not do to say the obvious thing that pops immediately into your head when dealing with Dallas fans, for that is almost always the wrong thing to say. "Are you sure you can get them all in?" I replied. "Oh," he said, "I mean all the Dallas fans. We're going to have a little party for them."

And so it came to pass that I attended my only fannish party in Dallas. I asked Jim if he wanted to go, but he demurred, saying he wanted to do something constructive, like sleeping. Later he arranged a date, explaining that this was more constructive in the long run, so I was forced to go alone. I contemplated taking a date along, but I realized that taking a girl to a place full of science fiction fans would probably be frowned upon, if not by the girl at least by the fans.

The Dallas slant shack, where Reamy, Dale Hart and one or two others lived was a bit depressing as seen from the street, obscured as it was by an overgrowth of shrubs and weeds. The interior was crowded with people, though, all talking at a furious pace and running back and forth to the kitchen for drinks. I immediately spotted Richard Koogle (who has no middle name) holding forth in the center of a group of fine minds, and insinuated myself into the outer regions of the circle. I stood there for a while, letting the words wash over me and ripple into the surrounding people, until Koogle noticed me. "This certainly is a great party, isn't it, Greg?" he burred. "We don't have these often, but when we do they're good."

"Yes," I said, "standing here and listening to you talking and the hi-fi wafting music over our heads, it's almost possible to believe I'm among real people." He beamed at me and called over Reamy, who took me out to the kitchen to get a drink.

We went out on the back porch so Reamy could show me the surrounding undergrowth and get some fresh air. The porch was the starting line in a furious race for survival on the part of local weed-dom, for the back yard was one great mass of greenish growth. I broached the subject of yard upkeep (which I loath) to Reamy. "Have the neighbors gotten up a petition yet?" I asked. In the

conversation which ensued, Reamy mentioned that the landlord didn't especially want the weeds rolled back because the remains of a stolen car of doubtful age were hidden somewhere in it.

Coming back in I noticed one woman there of largish proportions who was circulating around collecting signatures in favor of Dallas getting the worldcon. I signed. What the hell, I was getting free drinks. Actually, the only remarkable thing which occurred during the evening was my accidental discovery of a fan who had been fairly active in Dallas a few years back but had since dropped out of sight. I can't tell you his name because Rich Koogle was trying to sell him part of his fanzine collection (over 100 separate and distinct fanzines) and I couldn't hear over the general noise level. The oldtime fan seemed like a normal, intelligent person, though, unpolluted by his surroundings. He told me about meetings of the Dallas Futurian Society at which Mosher would go out on the street and pull in passers-by in hopes of enlarging the membership. At the time the meetings were being held in a cafe, and whenever the club had a guest speaker Mosher would round up a number of panhandlers, promising them a cup of coffee, in order to present a large membership to the speaker. "Did he find many science fiction fans among the bums and loafers?" I asked, but since Mosher was not there at the moment, I could not find out. Considering recent issues of HABAKKUK, perhaps the answer would have been a little surprising.

Shortly after this one character came wandering through the rooms moodily staring into people's faces and mumbling a few greetings. I asked Reamy who he was, he was identified as Dale Hart, who was currently running the plans for the Souwestercon VI (the convention that killed southwestern fandom). "Say, would you like to join the committee to work on publicity for the con?" Reamy asked as Hart drew nearer. I looked over at Hart. I looked back at Reamy. I went out to get another drink.

"I'm not worried about a war at all," one of the regular members said a few minutes later. "I've got my plan all worked out."

"One of the members of the club had a pool in his back yard and he invited the club over every week to have a meeting and talk by the pool."

"What?" I said, taken aback. "Well," he gestured, "if we have a war they'll be sure to drop a bomb on downtown Dallas and then my troubles will be over." I thought he was probably right, but I wouldn't have been so foolhardy about it.

"The draft board is right in the middle of town, and if they drop any bombs my records will be destroyed. Then if anyone comes around trying to get me in the Army I'll tell them I've already done my time." The group around him fell silent.

"Don't you think if we have a war they'll just draft everybody in sight and not worry about the records?" someone asked. "No," the planner said, "I'll appeal to Congress and by the time that gets through the war will be over."

"Well then," I said, "we'll all do that and there won't be any more war and we won't have to fight." The fan who had his future all mapped out in his head thought a moment to himself. "I don't think that would work. Somebody has got to defend the country in times of peril." At this time I was relatively new to Dallas Fandom so I ignored the opportunity to say something nasty and true. But my infinite patience and understanding for people has withered somewhat since then, which is why you're reading this article.

I was walking into the stf room of the slan shack when Reamy, who is a little on the heavy side, turned to me and said, "What do you think of that?"

"I think you're wrong," I said automatically. Usually that works pretty well. "You're always talking about how science can give everybody a better way of doing something. Tell me how I can lose weight without dieting." He

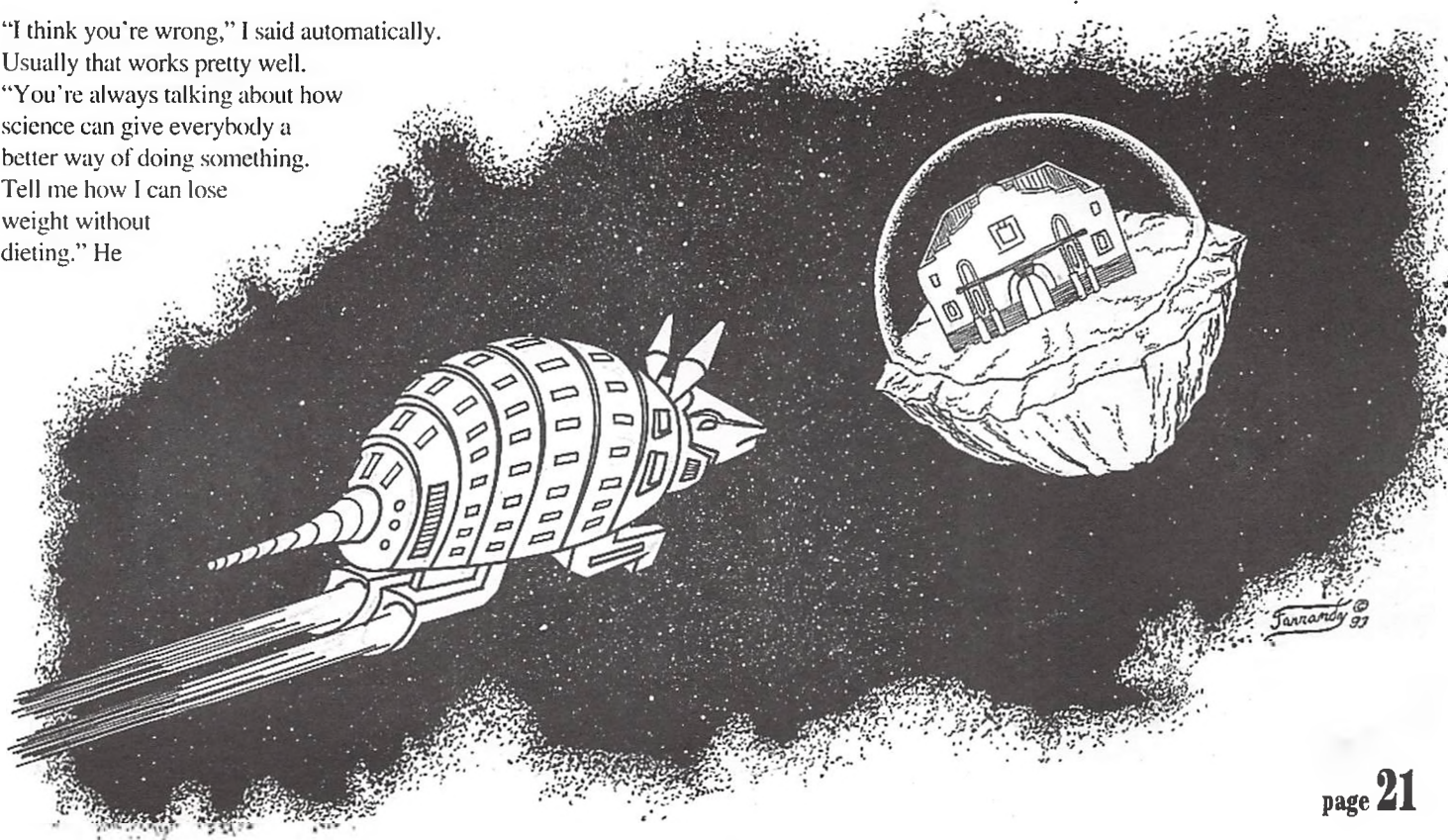
stood there waiting for my answer. "Close your mouth," I said.

Rich Koogler was there, looking through the Astounding collection. He was still enthusiastic about the party. "It's just like last summer," he said, waving an aSF at me, "when we had all our parties out at our swimming pool." I asked him what he meant. "One of the members of the club had a pool in his back yard and he invited the club over every week to have a meeting and talk by the pool."

"Why, that's fine," I said. "That's the best thing I've ever heard about Dallas fandom. It sounds like quite a change from just sitting around and reading old fanzines during meetings. I can hardly imagine a Dallas fan club meeting where you could lie around in the sun and swim."

"Oh," he said, "we didn't do that. None of us could swim."

In a little while the resources of the club began to evaporate and someone had to go out and replenish the food and drink. The oldtime fan whose name I never learned was driving, so I decided I'd go with him; as we were going out the front door Reamy, fearing that someone was leaving the party early, came over and told us to stay for the later festivities. "It's all right," I told him. "I just wanted to go out for a while and see some real people."



ArmadilloCon 18

OCTOBER 11-13 1996

Red Lion Hotel - Austin, Texas

Guest of Honor

Jonathan Lethem

Toastmaster

Mike Resnick

Fan Guest of Honor

Spike Parsons & Tom Becker

Editor Guest

Patrick Nielsen Hayden

Artist Guest

Bob Eggleton

Membership Rates - \$20.00 until March 24, 1996
\$25.00 Thereafter

Hotel Rates - \$75.00 single/double
\$95.00 triple/quad
Reservation cutoff
September 23, 1996

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ARMADILLOCON
P.O. BOX 9612
AUSTIN, TX 78766

PLEASE SEND ME
INFORMATION ON:

- ART SHOW
- DEALERS ROOM
- BABYSITTING
- PROGRAM BOOK
ADVERTISING

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CITY _____

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ZIP _____

E-MAIL _____

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MY CHECK IS ENCLOSED (MAKE PAYABLE TO ARMADILLOCON)

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MC

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AMEX

CARD NUMBER _____

EXPIRATION DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

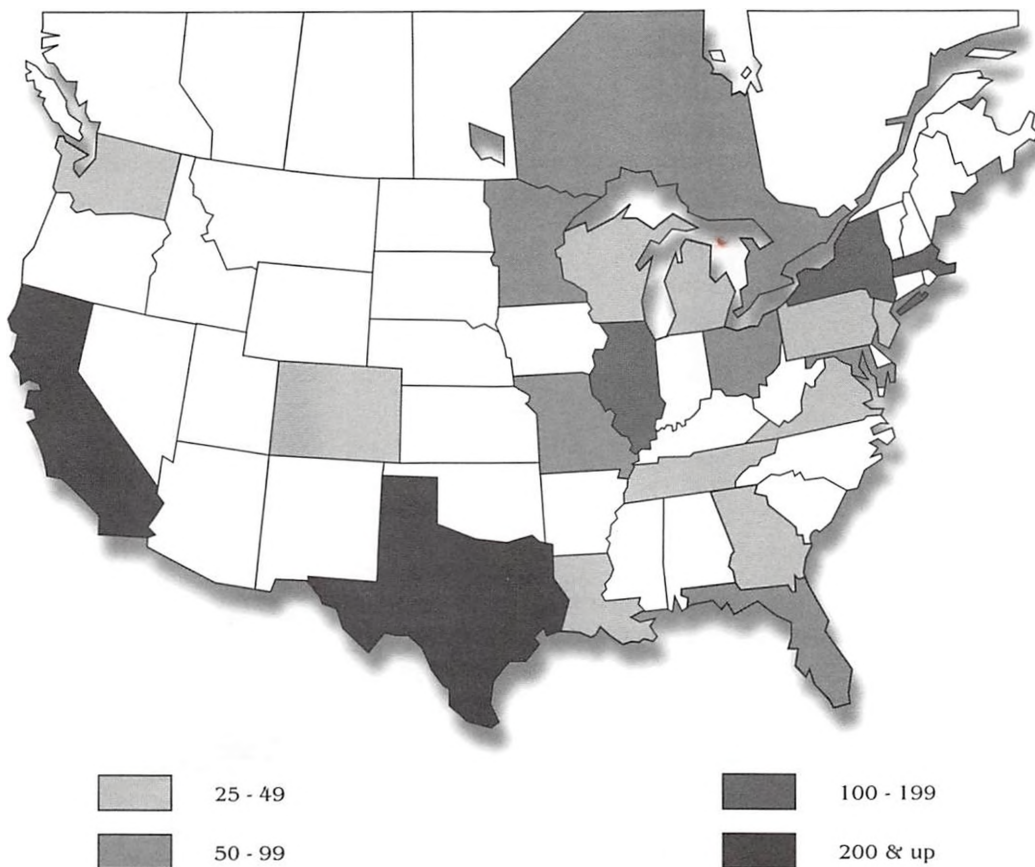
TELEPHONE _____

Sacred Texas Shrine of Lost Souls

Please help us locate the following "lost souls." You will be triply blessed by our faithful accolytes who do nothing in life but tend to our world-famous shrine and pray for the finding of all mailing list lost souls.

Alex Boster, KY, USA
 Stephen R. MacFarlane, CA, USA
 Arwen Rosenbaum, NY, USA

New Members



Membership Type:

A = Attending
 S = Supporting
 C = Child

A1863 Amudsun, Gay	A1827 Blanchard, Linda	A2043 Collyer, Noel	A1972 Drawdy, Michael
A1958 Amy, Gerald Ray	S1745 Blaschke, Jayme	S1857 Copeland, Jeffrey L.	A1761 Drexler, Marc A.
A2008 Anderson, Fiona	A1729 Bodden, Bill	A1792 Corbett, Tim	A2000 Dyson, Marianne J.
A1820 Angulo, Karen	A1787 Bracken, Quentin	A1856 Correll, Walter	A2003 Dyson, Ted
A1936 Atkinson, Thomas G	A1969 Brammer, Cecilia	A1870 Crain, Charles	S2050 Earnshaw, Roger
A1765 Awad, Deborah	A1968 Brammer, Fred	A1901 Crawford, Lindsay	A1744 Ebersole, Philip
A1754 Aycock, Sue	A2044 Brialey, Claire	A1951 Creamer, James	A1778 Eddy, Claire
A1981 Ayres, Don	A1824 Bridges, Dave	A1762 Cripps, Althrea	C1921 Eisenman, James
S1774 Babich, Karen	A1822 Broughton, Janie	A1763 Cripps, Dennis	A1918 Eisenman, Richard
A1860 Baker, Charles	A1804 Brown, Jordan	C1764 Cripps, Gregory	A1919 Eisenman, Wanda
S1733 Balazs, Frank	A1858 Brown, William	A2035 Croughton, Chris	A2023 Ellingsen, Herman
A1842 Basarke, Gisela	A2026 Burton-West, Roger	A1997 Crowther, Nichola	A1975 Emanuel, John
A1841 Basarke, Ken	A1743 Cairnes, John	A1996 Crowther, Peter	A2048 Ewing, Allison
A1892 Beaird, Grady	A1805 Calhoun, Kevin	A2045 Davies, Stephen	A1891 Fenske, Mary Eileen
S1821 Beck, Thomas	A1806 Calhoun, Kevin	A2038 De Liscard, Jim	A1760 Fewell, Mark
A2018 Bellingham, Alan	A2052 Carl, Lillian Stewart	A1865 Dean, Carol	A1755 Fields, Carl C.
A1909 Bender, Ria	A1920 Carlson, Vivian	A1866 Dean, Cleon	A2056 Fong, Kathy
A2037 Benzler, Meike	A1789 Cavin, Bill	A1924 Dela Cruz, Dawne	A1885 Fountas, James
S2049 Bertelsen, Richard	S1790 Cavin, Cokie	A2030 Denkbeim, Jay	A1884 Fountas, Peter
A1871 Billing, Wayne	A1823 Chatelain, Julianne	A1970 Dem, Daniel P.	A1971 Fox, Bobbi
A2011 Blackwood, Robert	A1966 Chystal, Ewan	A1834 Desjardins, Steven	A1867 Gaas, Ken
	A1832 Cipra, Carl	A1914 DeVaughan, William	A1776 Gainsburg, Roy
	A1840 Cobb, Beverly	A1780 Doherty, Tanya	A1828 Genovese, Mike
	A1839 Cobb, Gary	A1781 Doherty, Tom	A1895 Gibson, Lynda
	A1833 Coghlan, Calvin	A1882 Donahue, Sharon	S2014 Glass, Ingeborg
	S1948 Cole, Anita	A1735 Doyle, Frances	A1894 Graham, Brenda

LoneStarCon 2 Demographics

Australia	8
Canada	94
Denmark	1
Finland	1
Germany	5
Japan	11
Norway	3
Oman	1
Russia	3
Spain	1
Sweden	1
The Netherlands	6
Ukraine	1
United Kingdom	49
United States of America	1888
Alabama	19
Arizona	24
Arkansas	5
California	246
Colorado	31
Connecticut	12
Delaware	6
Florida	52
Georgia	30
Illinois	143
Indiana	26
Iowa	10
Kansas	20
Kentucky	28
Louisiana	35
Maryland	64
Massachusetts	101
Michigan	53
Minnesota	56
Mississippi	10
Missouri	80
Nebraska	4
Nevada	2
New Hampshire	7
New Jersey	39
New Mexico	13
New York	108
North Carolina	10
North Dakota	2
Ohio	54
Oklahoma	20
Oregon	19
Pennsylvania	47
Rhode Island	5
South Carolina	3
South Dakota	1
Tennessee	24
Texas	334
Utah	8
Vermont	1
Virginia	37
Washington	49
West Virginia	1
Wisconsin	49

- | | | | | | |
|-------|-------------------------|-------|-------------------------|-------|------------------------|
| A1893 | Graham, Robert | A2063 | Sivak, Leslie D. | A2022 | von Orlow, Annine |
| A1737 | Gray, Laurence | A1883 | Smith, Cheryl | A1875 | Wadding, Carmela |
| A1964 | Griffiths, Ward | A1768 | Smith, Dale | A1879 | Wadding, Donald |
| A1843 | Grimes, Ken | A1767 | Smith, LeAnn | A1876 | Wadding, Keith |
| A1877 | Groat, Rebekah | A1999 | Smith, Margaret | A1880 | Wadding, Ramona |
| A1989 | Haggerty, Paul | A1938 | Smith, Nevenah | A1859 | Wadding, Steven |
| A1946 | Hammond, Tony | A1855 | Smith, Rebecca A. | A1925 | Ward, Marsha Lee |
| A1988 | Harding, Halina | A1881 | Smith, Terrie Lee | A1927 | Warren, Kenneth |
| A1801 | Harrigan, Harold | A2040 | Smookler, Kenneth M. | A1852 | Warrington, Carol S. |
| A1803 | Harrigan, Lisa Deutch | A1887 | Sneddon, Cheryl | A1851 | Warrington, Kenneth W. |
| A1802 | Harrigan III, Harold | A1935 | Snyder, Davey | A1905 | Webb, Don |
| A1982 | Hart, Karen | A2005 | Stern, Edie | A1904 | Webb, Rosemary |
| A1739 | Hastie, David | A1907 | Steup, David | A1769 | Weber, Elizabeth |
| A1746 | Hayes, David | A1908 | Steup, Margaret | A1955 | Weissinger, Bob |
| A2046 | Hepburn, Alasdair | C1906 | Steup, Rosemary | A1954 | Weissinger, Sunshine |
| A1799 | Hertz, John | S1947 | Stewart, Frances | A2062 | Welch, Lisa M. |
| A1986 | Higgins, Bill | A1848 | Stravens, Mark | A1853 | Wellinghurst, Lois |
| A1844 | Hill, Betsy | S2032 | Sund, Bjorn Tore | A1854 | Wellinghurst, Richard |
| A1845 | Hill, Wesley | A1991 | Surette, Gayle | A1889 | Wenner, Valerie |
| A1926 | Hiramoto, Miho | A1939 | Sutton, Brenda Sinclair | A1930 | Weston, Eileen |
| A1956 | Hoey, Daniel | A1940 | Sutton, William R. | A1931 | Weston, Peter |
| S2019 | Hofmann, Matthais | A1831 | Szczepaniak, Ethel | A1890 | White, Thomas |
| A2053 | Holmen, Rachel Elaine | A1758 | Schofield, James-Dean | A1965 | Whitlock, Mary |
| A1749 | Honig, Mike | A2031 | Schrimgeour, Howard | A1945 | Whysall, Kim |
| A1786 | Huckenpahler, J | S1742 | Schutzman, David | A1949 | Wiener, Robert |
| A1868 | Hutson, Melinda | A1784 | Schwartz, Charles | A1950 | Wiener, Robert |
| A1748 | Isom, Carol | A2055 | Scott, Eric P. | A1998 | Wightman, Colin |
| A2059 | Jones, Madeline | A1849 | Scim, Dale | A1987 | Wilper, Holly |
| S2013 | Jordan, Linda | A1967 | Shannon, Marcia | A1798 | Wilson, Joan |
| A1994 | Kasmar, Gene | A1826 | Shaw, Jonathan | A1797 | Wilson, Laura |
| A1878 | Kaufman, Burt | A1810 | Shaw, Peter H. | S2036 | Wingeier, Alan E. |
| A1791 | Keck, Melissa | A1825 | Shaw, Phyllis | S2039 | Wingeier, Cathy |
| A1917 | Kemper, Rayma | A1929 | Shibano, Sachiko | A2021 | Wiz, Chris |
| A1777 | King, Tappan W. | A1928 | Shibano, Takumi | A2020 | Wiz, Marc |
| A1734 | Klein, James | A2006 | Siclar, Daniel | A1830 | Woldow, Catherine |
| A1837 | Knieczan, Don | A2004 | Siclar, Joe | A1836 | Wyatt, Linda |
| A1838 | Knieczan, Dorrie | C2007 | Siegal, Aviva | A2034 | Wysocki, Michael |
| A1846 | Knowles, Martha | A1916 | Siegal, Dana | A2027 | Zaretsky, Graham |
| C1751 | Kobayashi, Mana | A1960 | Simicich, Deb | A1923 | Zink, David Stewart |
| A1752 | Kobayashi, Mika | A1959 | Simicich, Nick | S2064 | Zygowicz, Diane |
| A1753 | Kobayashi, Yoshio | A1985 | Simpson, Neil | S2051 | Zygowicz, Karin |
| S2015 | Korra'ti, R'ykandar | A1897 | Singleton, Donna | | |
| A2057 | Kumming, Waldemar | | | | |
| A1944 | Langford, John | | | | |
| A1943 | Langford, Laura | | | | |
| A1770 | Langley, Richard H. | | | | |
| A1809 | LaValley, Nancy | | | | |
| A1835 | LaValley, Nancy | | | | |
| A1912 | Lee, April | | | | |
| A1757 | Lee, Margie | | | | |
| A1773 | Levigne, Michelle | | | | |
| A1980 | Loomis, Ann | | | | |
| A1978 | Loomis, Austin | | | | |
| A1979 | Loomis, Burr | | | | |
| A1952 | Loomis, Rip | | | | |
| A1738 | Lopez, James | | | | |
| A1995 | Lynd, Kerry | | | | |
| A1903 | Mahan, Linda | | | | |
| A1902 | Manning-Crawford, Faye | | | | |
| A1785 | Manning-Schwartz, Lynda | | | | |
| A1933 | March, Russell | | | | |
| A2061 | Martin, Cheryl | | | | |
| S2024 | Mayer, Sally | | | | |
| A1934 | McGeachin, William | | | | |
| A2028 | McGrath, Danny | | | | |
| A1896 | McKannan, Ann | | | | |
| A2042 | McKersie, Joe | | | | |
| A2041 | McMurray, Pat | | | | |
| A1992 | Mellott, Constance | | | | |
| A1872 | Miller, Paul Thomas | | | | |
| A2060 | Miller, Theodore | | | | |
| A1759 | Moran, Ann | | | | |
| A1829 | Myers, Julia | | | | |
| A2009 | Neal, Eugenia | | | | |
| A1793 | Neilson, Ingrid | | | | |
| A2002 | Nicholas, Beverly | | | | |
| A1779 | Nielsen-Hayden, Teresa | | | | |
| A1788 | O'Brien, Kevin S. | | | | |
| A1953 | Olijnyk, Martha | | | | |
| A1750 | Otten, Mary | | | | |
| A1899 | Owen, Allison | | | | |
| A1900 | Owen, Cameron | | | | |
| A1973 | Palfi, Fern | | | | |
| A1974 | Palfi, Joan | | | | |
| A1922 | Parente, Lois E. | | | | |
| A1771 | Parker, Aziza | | | | |
| A1869 | Parker, Gary | | | | |
| A2033 | Parker, Steve | | | | |
| A2001 | Pettis, Roy | | | | |



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Milton A. Rothman
Stanley Schmidt
Michael Whelan

Charles Sheffield,
Toastmaster

Wednesday August 5 – Sunday August 9, 1998

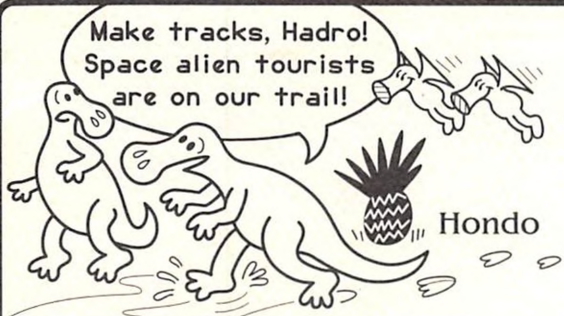
Attending memberships are \$80 (£58) until December 31, 1995. From 01/01/96 to 09/30/96, attending memberships will be \$98 (£71). Supporting memberships are \$30 (£22). Memberships for children who will be four to twelve years old on August 5, 1998 are currently \$40 (£29).

On 01/01/96, they will increase to \$50 (£36). Please write for conversion rates and additional information.

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DINOSAUR TRACKS

They renamed the town after me.

New Half Moon had more class.



SPOETZL BREWERY

Shiner

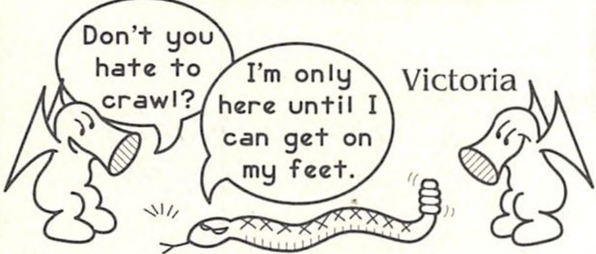
NATURAL BRIDGE CAVERNS



He has something that belongs to me.

You don't look like you have a leg to stand on.

HOME OF GREDEL, BRITISH MONSTER IN EXILE



THE TEXAS ZOO

I'm a Tejas princess under a wicked shaman's spell.

Great horny toad!

Fredricksburg

ENCHANTED ROCK

I wanted to be a flying pig but I washed out of flight school.

Is that where you got the water wings?



HOME OF RALPH, THE SWIMMING PIG

San Marcos

AQUARENA SPRINGS

GUADALUPE RIVER



We eat bugs all night.

And sleep upside down all day.

You guys must be bats.

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Austin

CONGRESS AVE. BRIDGE

TEDDY HARVIA

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