

CONNOTATIONS

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 3

FROM THE CENTRAL ARIZONA SPECULATIVE FICTION SOCIETY

THE QUARTERLY SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY, & CONVENTION MAGAZINE

FREE!



Biosphere 2: Oracle, Arizona

"They never knew what hit them..."

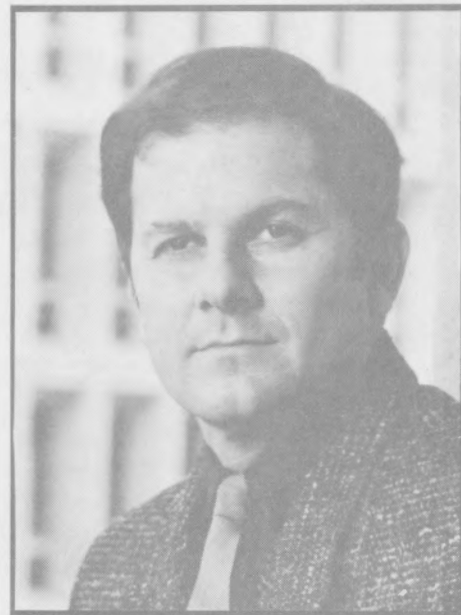
Mark Boniece

An Incredible BioSphere Tour:

People in a big glass house, sans stones

Featured Author Interview:

65 great books in 20 years: Author Alan Dean Foster



Beth Gwinn

PLUS: An excerpt from *Cat-a-lyst*, one of Alan's latest novels
WesterColt .45 Progress Report • HexaCon Review • ChiCon V Tour
Comic News • Book Reviews • New column: Advice from Dr. Mousse

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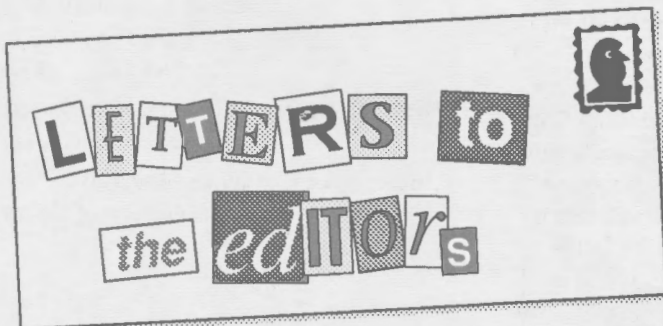
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Dear Editor:

In his first column, Ken St. Andre said Dave Arneson, co-creator of *Dungeons & Dragons*, "squandered" his fortune. He repeated this accusation in his second column in the guise of an apology.

According to our dictionary, the term "squander" means to "spend wastefully or extravagantly." Founding one's own game company, regardless of success, does not a squanderer make, nor does investing in legitimate business concerns that fail due to unforeseen events, nor does paying attorneys' fees incurred while

business relationship with Mr. Arneson, as we did several years ago.

Mr. St. Andre suggests Arneson should have banked his money, which is a valid, if conservative, approach. Some people prefer to accept the challenge of new business ventures rather than playing it safe by living off nominal salaries and fixed interest incomes derived from legal settlements. This does not make them fools, but vital, imaginative people willing to push the envelope. To condemn these souls is to display one's own biases by blaming the victims, not the

suing to recover monies illegally withheld. Dave Arneson has been the victim of unscrupulous individuals and bad luck, not wasteful or extravagant spending. Had we believed him a squanderer, we would never have entered into a

perpetrators.

Sorry, Ken, but that's the way we see it.
Jennifer Roberson & Mark O'Green

Dear Editor,

Issue #2 looked great! Any more professional and folks will mistake it for junk mail. If there's somebody who gives away awards for fanzines, please submit a copy to them.

Randall Whitlock

Dear Editor,

I'd like to see a little more comics coverage in your magazine, and how about a section on science-fiction related toys, both past and present. Some of those old Mego Star Trek and Super-Heroes are worth some big bucks. There has to be some interest level out there for this.

Thomas Wheeler

An article on SF toys would be great! Anyone out there a collector? — Ed.

About ConNotations...

CONNOTATIONS is the fan-published magazine of the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society (CASFS), an IRS-recognized 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Quarterly publication dates are the first of February, May, August, and November each year. Circulation is to over 10,000 readers for this issue, mainly to members of CASFS and attendees of recent Arizona sff conventions. If you know of someone who would like to receive this magazine, please send us their name and mailing address. This magazine is sent free of charge for the purpose of expanding science fiction/fantasy appreciation and to spread the news of regional science fiction/fantasy conventions and events.

Please... anyone who changes their address, let us know! This saves everyone money (lets you receive this newsletter plus know about Con price breaks and lets us save money on Change-Of-Addresses from the Post Office). This will also let us pass COA information on to Arizona conventions where you may also have a membership! Feel free to use the COA form located in the inside back cover of this issue. Anyone who wishes to receive or not to receive ConNotations only needs to request the same.

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Display Advertising

ConNotations reaches over 10,000 science fiction, fantasy, and horror fans throughout the Southwest and nationwide. Demographics show that these fans purchase an extraordinarily large number of books, comics, and games, and see a large number of movies. Our display advertising rate card along with full demographics are available on request. Please contact Advertising Manager Steve Burroughs at (602) 973-2054.

What is CASFS?

What really is behind putting on a convention? What are the funds raised by a convention used for? Why not attend a meeting and find out?

We're the sponsor of CONNOTATIONS, SmerfCons, PhringeCon 3, HexaCons, TusCons, CopperCons, and WesterCon 45. We are a charitable, IRS-recognized 501(c)3 non-profit organization that exists to further science fiction, fantasy and science fields in Arizona. We'd like to see you involved, too!

CASFS currently meets at Marie Callender's at 3434 E. Thomas Road in Phoenix, AZ. The meetings of CASFS begin at 8:00pm (FST) and are held on the last Friday of each month in January through September and the second Friday in October, November, and December. Everyone is invited to attend two meetings prior to becoming a member. Membership rates are \$12 per year (plus an initial \$3 application fee), or slightly more if paid quarterly or semi-annually. Rates are prorated for the amount of the year remaining. For more information, call Bruce Farr at (602) 730-8648. BYOLJello.

Submissions

Writers and artists are encouraged to submit work for publication. While we are unable to pay you for your efforts, your work will be exposed to over 10,000 science fiction and fantasy fans in the Southwest and across the country. Copies of ConNotations are also regularly sent to book, game, comic, and magazine publishers nationwide. You will retain the copyright to your work for future publication. To submit your work, send it to ConNotations, Attn: Margaret Grady, 2040 East Cypress, Phoenix, Arizona 85006.

Letters to the Editors

We welcome your feedback about ConNotations and anything relating to science fiction, fantasy, horror, and conventions. If desired, we can withhold your name. We reserve the right to edit letters for clarity and size. If you have an opinion, whether you agree or disagree with us, please send your letters to CONNOTATIONS, Attn: Editors, P.O. Box 11743, Phoenix, AZ 85061.

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Llama Joke Creation Meetings The Garden of Llama



Alan Dean Foster

Interviewed by Adam Niswander

I made arrangements ahead of time and drove up to Prescott on July 13th, Saturday. I found Alan autographing his new books, *A Call To Arms* (hardcover from Del Rey) and *Cat • a • Lyst* (paperback from Ace), at the B. Dalton's in the Ponderosa Shopping Center, accompanied by his lovely wife, JoAnn.

After the session, I followed them to their beautiful and secluded home at "the end of the road" and was greeted at the door by their dogs — one of whom has only three legs. They were great. JoAnn would have a housefull of animals if she could. As it is, they have quite an assortment of dogs, cats, fish and even a salamander. Their home is overrun with houseplants and isolated enough to allow them visits from javelina, porcupines, eagles, skunks, coyotes, and even cougars.

The house was built from bricks salvaged from a turn-of-the-century miners' brothel. It is truly spectacular.

It was already three-thirty in the afternoon and Alan had put in a long day, but he was extraordinarily gracious and answered all my questions. We sat in the living room, sipping grapefruit juice and my first request was for a thumbnail biography.

AN: Where were you born and when?

ADF: November 1946, in New York.

AN: Raised where?

ADF: L.A.

AN: Educated where?

ADF: UCLA. (He has a Bachelor's Degree in Political Science and a Master of Fine Arts in Cinema.)

AN: Been in Arizona how long?

ADF: 10 years.

AN: Where did you meet your wife, JoAnn?

ADF: On the beach in California — she had moved there from Texas.

AN: How many books have you published to date?

ADF: 64, but three are collections of short stories.

AN: Which is your favorite of all the tales you've told and why?

ADF: I honestly can't answer that. I guess I prefer my short stories. They show different sides of my writing. Just recently I was asked to contribute to a Christmas collection called *A Christmas Beastiary* and did three Christmas stories, all different. You can't do that with a novel.

AN: Your first sale, *Notes Concerning A Green Box*, appeared in the *Arkham Collector* in 1971. How much writing had you done prior to that?

**John W. Campbell
was my favorite editor.
[He] doesn't even
need an explanation.
He was the King-
Maker of editors.**

ADF: Twelve short stories — all of them rejected. I remember one was about an aluminum Christmas tree that got thrown out, took root and started to grow. I don't even have a copy of that one anymore. It was a good idea, but I still had a lot to learn about developing character and plot.

AN: When did you know you wanted to write for a living?

ADF: When I got that first check. Actually, I sold two stories very close together. The first was to August Derleth and I got paid \$40. The second was to John W. Campbell at *Analog*. It was titled *With Friends Like These...* (the lead story in a collection of that name). The

new book, *A Call To Arms*, is an expansion on that idea. Anyway, after those sales I decided to try a novel.

AN: The first novel to sell was...

ADF: *The Tar-Aiym Krang*. It was bought by Betty Ballantine and published in 1972.

AN: Which authors did you like when you were growing up?

ADF: Herman Melville with *Moby Dick*. I was also heavily influenced by Carl Barks, the creator of Scrooge McDuck.

AN: Who are your favorites in the genre?

ADF: John W. Campbell was my favorite editor and Eric Frank Russell was my favorite writer. Campbell doesn't even need an explanation. He was the King-Maker of editors. I like Russell because of his humor and the fact that he started dealing with ecology long before his time. I think Murray Leinster was the best pure story teller. I also like Robert Sheckley. His inventiveness continues to astound me.

When I attended my first SF Con — it was in Berkeley — I sat and talked with a man... I didn't know who he was — and told him my favorite writer was Eric Frank Russell. He said that was his favorite too. The man turned out to be John W. Campbell.

I also like an Australian artist named Norman Lindsay. He had to be the inspiration for Finlay and Frazetta and others.

I read a lot of non-fiction. I like P.J. O'Rourke. I just finished *The History of the Arab Peoples* by Albert Hourari.

AN: What about the new crop of writers?

ADF: I like William Gibson. I admire the richness of language and the depth of the societies he creates. I also like Kristine Kathryn Rusch. Her Matthew Brady novella is getting a lot of praise. Also, Nina Hoffman.

AN: Another writer once explained to me that going to Cons is important to him because a writer's life is often the life of an isolate. How do you feel about conventions?

ADF: Remember, I've been to a lot over the years. I love to attend occasionally. I love to meet the fans and talk to the people. However, one big con like the Worldcon, and one or two smaller ones a year would be enough. My wife and I like to travel too. Add them all together and you break up the year quite a bit. There wouldn't be time for writing if I did more.

AN: You've become well-known. Your novelizations have linked your name to the most successful screenplays in the genre. Your original works are selling well. Is it that you have a super agent, have learned to market your own work, or some combination of both?

ADF: I have a great agent — I think the best that there is. Mostly, though, I think people just like to buy what I write. My kinds of stories are upbeat adventure and humor. I've written an occasional story with a down ending, but they are rare. I really get into my own stories — why should I be depressed?

AN: Has everything you've written (novel-length) been published or is there work from the beginning of your career still tucked away somewhere?

ADF: I did a film script while I was at UCLA called *Green Thieves*. It was a cops and drugs SF comedy. I went back later and turned it into prose, but it didn't have much meat to it so it ended up at about 50,000 words. My agent has a copy and every once in a while, she'll ask me if I want to do anything with it. I take it out and look it over, but it's old and it isn't as good as I'd like so I put it away again. That's the only unpublished full-length (if you can call it that) piece I still have from the early days.

AN: I'll spare you questions like where do you get your ideas and how long does it take to write a novel. However, I am curious... what is the longest you've spent on a single work?

ADF: Six months on *Maori*, my historical novel. That was because of the research.

AN: The shortest time?

ADF: I remember doing a screenplay of 110 pages in two days when I was at UCLA, but I guess the safe answer is probably two weeks on one of the novelizations where I was working from a film script they furnished.

AN: My personal favorites of all your books are the ones about Flinx and his minidrag Pip. What captured my imagination, however, was the very first book and the Krang. Will we visit it again?

ADF: No... I don't know... maybe. The answer is probably yes, but we'll have to see. Actually there is a story about that. You know it was my first novel. I submitted it to John W. Campbell and he sent me a letter saying I had a pretty good yarn there, but he had suggestions. He did that a lot, you know. He really enjoyed editing and he would toss out these incredible ideas to everyone.

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It was like he was saying he didn't want to take the time to do it himself so he'd let others have the ideas for free. It was he who suggested that I include the Schwarzschild Discontinuity with the Krang. It lifted the whole concept to a new level. Campbell was always ahead of his time. That was back in 1971, remember?

AN: You've already told me which stories — your own and others — are your favorites. Once they've been written and published, do you re-evaluate their significance in your career or are they out of sight, out of mind?

ADF: Out of sight and mind unless I plan to continue them.

AN: Have you written anything outside the genre you consider significant?

ADF: Again, *Maori* is an historical. I am quite proud of it. I also had a great time doing the novelization of *Pale Rider*.

AN: What is your daily writing schedule like? Do you go to your office and work for a certain number of hours? Or does it depend on how inspired you are?

ADF: I work using dictation. I dictate into a recorder and then sit down with a little foot lever and type out what I said. That gives me my rough. I feel like I have to do something everyday (almost). I used to feel guilty about taking trips and things like that unless I had finished what I was working on. I guess I felt I would lose my train of thought or my concentration. I took a trip and found that wasn't so. Now it's no problem.

(Commentary — In fact, Alan and JoAnn love to travel and have spent time in Europe, Asia and the Pacific, as well as Tanzania and Kenya. I saw numerous souvenirs of these adventures. He has a giant bug collection — only three, but they include a 9" scorpion and a couple of magnificent beetles that look like jet aircraft. There were pictures of such delicate tasks as catching and eating piranha in the Peruvian jungle and photographing great white sharks off the coast of Australia — underwater from a shark cage (a la *Jaws*). Alan was also the first American SF writer to be interviewed in the offices of Pravda in the USSR.)

AN: Do you work on multiple projects at the same time or pretty much concentrate on the project at hand?

ADF: One at a time. I usually work on short stories in between novels. I did work on *Aliens 3* at the same time as something else, but that was unusual and I was working from a script. I didn't have to worry about confusing characters or anything.

AN: Do you still spec work or is everything sold before you proceed past the outline?

ADF: *Spellsinger at the Gate* was one I wrote for myself. I wanted to do a fantasy. That was back in 1979–80. It was a book Lester del Rey turned down and

actually was my first breakaway novel from Del Rey. Kathleen Malley at Warner Books bought it right away. *Maori* was also a spec piece. Same thing. I wanted to do an historical. Actually, Ace did it as a trade. They published *Maori* and I did an SF for them called *Glory Lane* that was quite successful. It worked out as a two book contract so I think it worked fine.

AN: Heinlein said never to rewrite anything except to editorial specification. What do you think?

ADF: I'm not sure I agree, but I remember submitting a story to Harlan Ellison for an anthology he was working on called *Dangerous Visions*. I took it to him in person and he looked it over but said it wasn't right and made more suggestions. I changed it again. Still not right. I was working on my first novel at that time and I had to decide whether to keep woodshedding the story or get on with the book. I chose to work on the novel. No one knew at that time that *Dangerous Visions* would turn out to be a seminal anthology in SF.

AN: You are addressing nearly five thousand fans in this interview, everyone who has attended an Arizona convention in the last few years. Is there anything you'd like to tell them?

ADF: Just that I intend to write until I drop. They should expect a lot more stuff.

And with that, we concluded the interview and I thanked both of them for their hospitality.

Then Alan and I went to do something vitally important — he showed me his book collection. (I only begged and whined a little.) It is not possible to describe this experience adequately. We spent a couple of hours with it and I saw things I haven't seen before. It was made even better by sharing it with a knowledgeable fellow collector.

The evening was topped off by a drive into Prescott for a light meal and some informal chat.

Thanks, Alan and JoAnn. You're great people.

Novels & Collections

The Tar-Aiyem Krang
Bloodhype

Icerigger
Midworld
Orphan Star
The End of the Matter
With Friends Like These...
Splinter of the Mind's Eye
Mission to Moulokin
Cachalot
Nor Crystal Tears
For Love of Mother-Not
Spellsinger at the Gate
Spellsinger
The Hour of the Gate
The Man Who Used the Universe
The I Inside
Voyage to the City of the Dead
Slipt
The Day of the Dissonance
Who Needs Enemies?
The Moment of the Magician
Shadowkeep
Sentenced to Prism
The Paths of the Perambulator
Into the Out Of
The Time of the Transference
The Deluge Drivers
Glory Lane
Maori
Flinx in Flux
To the Vanishing Point
Quozl
Cyber Way
The Metrognome & others
A Call to Arms — The Damned (vol 1)
Cat • a • Lyst
The False Mirror — The Damned (vol 2)
The Codgemetic Collusion
The Damned (vol 3)
Son of Spellsinger

Novelizations

Luana
Dark Star
Star Trek Logs One – Ten
Star Wars (as George Lucas)
Alien
The Black Hole
Clash of the Titans
Outland
The Thing
Krull
The Last Starfighter
Starman
Pale Rider
Aliens
Alien Nation
Alien 3

A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL AT

HEXACon 1

BY MARK BONIECE

HexaCon 1, CASFS' first effort at a full-sized convention dedicated solely to the pastime of Gaming, was a resounding success! The three-day event, held at the Caravan Inn, in Phoenix, Arizona over the weekend of August 2-4, 1991 was attended by approximately 400 gamers. Almost all aspects of gaming, including Role-Playing, Board Gaming, Miniatures Competition, and Computer Gaming were represented in the 8,000 square foot gaming area of the convention. Also featured was a Dealers' area for Gaming-related merchants to present their wares. A large ConSuite/meeting area was fully equipped with a soda fountain, food, and Japanese Animation for diversion. A gaming auction was held on Sunday afternoon, with over \$1,000 worth of games changing hands.

HexaCon 1 was home to three distinguished guests: Mike Stackpole, gamer, game designer, and writer of six *BattleTech* novels; Ken St. Andre, author of the popular *Tunnels and Trolls* role-playing game; and Don Harrington, gamer elite, and convention game organizer, as Fan Guest of Honor.

The Role-Playing section of HexaCon featured several new games hot off the presses from TSR and other companies. The tournament games that were played included Galactic Megatraveller *Antares Down*; AD&D games *To Cage a King*, *Fright at Tristor*, and *The Jade Monkey*; Champions game *To Fight the Good Fight*; Call of Cthulhu game *The Beast*; and Twilight 2000 *Laird O' The Isles*. Several prizes were awarded for tournament winners, Best Game Master, and Role Playing Champions.

The Board-Gaming section saw many games and tournaments played, including: *Lion of Ethiopia*, *Diplomacy*, *Starfleet Battles*, *World in Flames/Days of Decision*, *Euro Rails*, *Nuclear War/Nuclear Escalation*, *Great Battles of Alexander*, *Advance Squad Leader*, *Modern Naval Battles*, *Shattered States*, *Express*, *Black Gold*, *Operation*

Continued on page 26

HEXAGON 2

March 13-15, 1992 in Phoenix, AZ

Over 12,000 Square Feet of:

**Role Playing
Board Gaming
Miniatures
Computer Gaming**

Register soon at your local gaming store!

**Memberships are \$10 in advance,
\$15 at the door!**

A Convention for Gamers



DON BURKINHAM
OCT 91

An Excerpt from Alan Dean Foster's

Cat ▶ a ▶ Lyst

Copyright © 1991 by Alan Dean Foster

This is a fun piece from Alan Dean Foster's latest effort, Cat • a • Lyst, published by Ace, with permission by the author. By the way, Macha is a cat.

"Let's get movin'," Ashwood said briskly. "It ain't gonna get any cooler standin' here, an' the sooner we make it back to civilization, the sooner we can see to it that our friendly visitors from Contisuyu don't do any serious damage." She struck out in the lead, toward the path that led back to the river.

They had traveled a good ten yards when something enormous came screaming out of the sky to land with a colossal *whump* in the jungle less than a quarter mile away.

When the dirt and leaves and branches and dismembered insects had begun to settle, they rose cautiously. Macha peeped uncertainly out from beneath the ragged shell of a mistreated pandanus leaf.

"Maybe," observed Ashwood shakily, "the Contisuyuns are even more resourceful than we thought."

"If they can react this fast," Igor added fatalistically, "there's not much point in our trying to run."

A short walk brought them to the edge of a gully. Below, water from a newly diverted stream ran around the lower edge of a large, fluffy white cloud. It lay amidst shattered trees and other vegetation, looking exactly like something plucked bodily from the sky above and dumped intact into the jungle. It was not what they expected to see.

As they stared, the outlines of the cloud grew hazy. Carter blinked, but it was the cloud and not his eyes that were playing tricks on him. Slowly it transformed itself, until they found themselves

gazing down at a verdant hummock covered with a dense growth of small trees, ferns, and other succulents.

A single palm poked its head out of the hummock and swiveled to inspect its surroundings.

Minutes passed during which nothing happened. Then an opening appeared in the side of the hummock, revealing a dark interior. Something not unlike a large blotchy beige carrot standing on its thick end emerged. Instead of arms, thin root-like tendrils extended from the mid to upper portion of the creature's corpus. Locomotion was provided by a dense pad of six-inch-long cilia beneath the base. Scattered seemingly at random

Something not unlike a large blotchy beige carrot standing on its thick end emerged. Instead of arms, thin root-like tendrils extended from the ...creature's corpus.

around the upper third of the conical frame were a number of flat glassy discs varying from quarter to silver dollar size. If they were eyes they had no pupils. Several lumpy green straps crisscrossed the wrinkled body like rayon bandoleers.

As the incredibly apparition scuttled to the edge of the opening a second creature appeared behind it. It was identical to the first save for being slightly larger and possessed of a few more roots, or tentacles, or whatever the squid-like appendages were. This second nightmare nudged up against its predecessor, promptly knocking it over the edge to land with a discordant *splat* in the mud below.

Carter could not be certain, but instinct led him to suspect that this did not constitute the creatures' normal mode of disembarkation.

A third materialized and bumped up against the second, which overbalanced for a moment but did not follow its unfortunate companion into the muck. It turned, or rather pivoted, to confront the one behind.

Carter squinted in discomfort and grabbed at his ears. It felt as if a tropical bumblebee had chosen that moment to commence construction of a hive inside his head. The sensation was more disconcerting than painful. A glance revealed that his companions were suffering equally.

"I do not know what they are," Igor commented through clenched teeth, "but they are not Contisuyuns."

"Well, I've seen something like them before," Ashwood said.

Carter turned to her in surprise. "You have? Where?"

"Just last year, at a particularly good restaurant in Colorado, in the house salad."

"That's right," he snapped. "Get set to ingratiate yourself with them." He returned his attention to the fantastic scene below. "Actually they kind of remind me of some of the petroglyphs at Pusharo and Paititi. What are they, and where did they come from?"

"That must be some kind of camouflaged ship," Igor decided. "Since they do not travel by transmitter, it may be that they are not friends of the Contisuyuns."

"You hope," muttered Ashwood tersely.

The rugose cone which had landed in the mud picked itself up and began using its root-tendrils to flick muck from its flanks. It was about six feet tall, Carter estimated, though without knowing what it was made of he had no way of guessing its weight.

The creature standing in the opening suddenly pointed two tentacles in their direction. Both its companion and the one on the ground pivoted to gaze up the slope.

The irritating buzzing in Carter's head gave way to a crackling, popping noise as the been in his brain abruptly switched from hive building to grub frying. Just as he was about to start pounding his skull against the nearest tree to try and mute the internal cacophony, the crackling faded and he heard quite clearly.

"Hullo there, chaps."

Carter blinked, lowered his hands. Peering into the gully he waved hesitantly by way of reply. "Hello yourselves, whoever you are."

"Whatever you are," Ashwood murmured under her breath.

"All that matters to me is that they're not Contisuyuns." Igor held on to the branch of a nearby tree as he leaned over into the gully for a better look. "What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here?" the creature standing in the aperture replied. How he knew it was the one in the opening doing the talking Carter didn't know. It had no visible mouth. But he was certain nonetheless. "You don't look much like Contisuyuns, what?"

"We're not Contisuyuns," Igor informed it. "We're locals, natives of this world. But you know about the Contisuyuns?"

"We know a bit of them, yes. They don't know much about us. Now I'm afraid that may have to change. Pity, that. They refer to us as 'Those-Who-Came-Before.'"

Carter swallowed hard. "You mean, you're the people who built the transmitters and the learning machines?"

"All these centuries to develop and they're still slow-witted." The creature standing farther back in the opening gestured with several of its tentacles. "Of course we are," it replied.

"Quite so, quite." The one on the ground was still brushing at itself.

A hidden ramp silently extended itself from the lip of the portal to the ground, allowing the second pair of creatures to join their brethren below. It was an uncertain but fascinated trio of humans who descended to greet them. Macha

remained on the rim of the gully, observing the encounter with detached feline interest.

"I'm sorry," Ashwood announced upon concluding a preliminary up-close inspection of the visitors, "but you don't look like no superrace to me."

"Did we say we were super anything?" replied the most diminutive of the aliens, whom she immediately dubbed Shorty. Its companions she labeled Crease, for a particularly deep groove along its "front," and Tree, for being the tallest. They proffered no objections to the unrequested appellations, nor did they counter with names of their own.

Displaying unexpected flexibility, Shorty twisted slightly to regard its companions. "She thinks we're representatives of a superrace." Mental laughter tickled Carter's brain.

"I'm sorry," Ashwood announced upon concluding a preliminary up-close inspection of the visitors, "but you don't look like no superrace to me."

"What twaddle. We are no such thing." Crease seemed to be the most serious member of the trio. "We are simply very intelligent."

"Then why'd you go away and leave all the stuff on Contisuyu?" Ashwood asked it.

Root-tentacles ripples. "Groups of us like to establish ourselves on new worlds and then move on. We are easily bored, you see. Also, we harbor an intense dislike of packing. It's most enjoyable to begin anew with each new settlement, build new infrastructures and all that as we go along. Keeps us fresh, don't you know?"

"Not that we don't like to revisit old haunts every hundred years or so," Tree added. "When some of us went back to check on Contisuyu we found that the old homestead had been appropriated

by humans. Obviously some of them had stumbled over the old links we'd left behind here and made use of them. They seemed to be having such a sprightly time of it that we decided to step back and leave them alone, to see what they'd make of it.

"After a while we de-energized the link with this world so that they could develop on their own. Then a few months ago the agency on Booj, our homeworld, which keeps an eye on all registered transmitters, reported that several in this vicinity had unexpectedly been reactivated. So it was decided to send a team out this way to check on things."

"Why should you care?" Ashwood asked.

Tree inclined toward her. "Primitive locally developed technology does not impact upon our existence. Transmitters fall into another category entirely."

"Unfortunately," said Shorty, "some of the navigational aids we left here have been altered over the past millennia. As we never expected to have to return to this place, they were not maintained. In addition, our ship's tolerance for error was greatly reduced by our desire to utilize a high-speed approach in order to avoid detection. I am afraid our landing was rather less than perfect, the result of which is that our vessel has sustained some damage."

"It was all your fault," said Tree.

"Whose fault? Who was at navigation control during the final approach?"

"Don't try to put the blame on me." Tree's root-tentacles were waving around. "Who mismanaged a simple visual interpretation of the final coordination sequence as we came in over the major ocean?"

Carter hesitated. "You're not talking about the lines in the ground at Nazca, are you? Those don't really designate landing patterns."

All three aliens inclined toward him. "Well, of course they do, old chap. What on Booj did you think they were for? Don't you trust the evidence of your own eyes?"

"The drawings on the plains." Igor was confused. "What about the big drawings that can only be viewed properly from high overhead? The eagle, the puma, and the rest? Surely those aren't navigational aids as well?"

"Blimey, of course not." Crease sounded amused. "Those were executed by the humans who lived in the area at the time the patterns were installed, for the amusement of their visitors. Us. The designs are quite pleasant in a primitive sort of way, don't you think?"

"Obviously we're communicatin' by some kind of telepathy or mental projection," Ashwood noted. "But if you don't mind my pointin' it out, your English sounds kind of funny to us."

"As does yours to us," Shorty replied. "Doubtless this is due to our having learned it during our last visit to your world, which was somewhat over a hundred of your years ago. As I am sure you are quite aware, your verbalizations vary considerably with time as well as geography."

"During such occasional revisits to worlds where we have once dwelled," Crease went on, "we enjoy engaging isolated and exceptional representatives of the local species in conversation. The last human we had the opportunity to converse with was a most fascinating individual, a mathematician of extraordinary gifts and vision. The four of us spent many enjoyable hours together debating both the nature of your species and reality."

"Einstein!" Ashwood blurted excitedly.

Crease flexed upper tentacles. "Sorry. Don't know the fellow. Our gentleman was a chap named Charles Dodgson. A teacher and a bit of all right. Turned to your primitive photography for a hobby after we convinced him there was more of a future to it than the simple line drawing he'd been doing at the time. More than once he spoke of utilizing snippets of our conversations in stories which could be related in human terms. It would have been a supreme accomplishment on his part if he had been able to do so. I fear much of our terminology was quite beyond him, as was our math."

"Lewis Carroll," Igor exclaimed. Ashwood gaped at him. He ignored her. "You said your homeworld was called Booj? You would not by any chance refer to yourselves as Boojums?"

"That transliterates rather well, old chap."

Igor was smiling, reminiscing from childhood. "You might be interested to

know that your human acquaintance Mr. Dodgson eventually did make a pretty good attempt at humanizing some of your terminology."

"Look," Carter interrupted, "this is lots of fun, but we've got a real problem here. The Contisuyuns have been harboring a five-hundred-year-old grudge against the people who drove their ancestors off this world and now they've returned seeking revenge."

"You humans." Crease sounded disgusted. "I for one don't think you'll ever develop a real civilization. That's not for us to decide, of course. All that concerns us is the possible misuse of any technology which could conceivably affect the worlds on which we presently dwell."

"What exactly is going on here?" Shorty inquired.

Carter and Igor, punctuated by Ashwood's occasional pithy interruptions, proceeded to detail what they

**"That's the problem
with mass transit,"
Shorty added sagely.
"If one isn't careful,
any sort of riffraff
can make use of it."**

knew of the Contisuyuns' intentions.

"Dear me." Tree was distressed. "The transmitter system was designed to facilitate commuting, not foment aboriginal conflict."

"That's the problem with mass transit," Shorty added sagely. "If one isn't careful, any sort of riffraff can make use of it. We cannot allow the transmitter system to be used for aggressive purposes."

"Quite," Crease agreed. "It would set a bad precedent."

"Then you'll help us put a stop to whatever the Contisuyuns have in mind?" Ashwood asked them.

"From what you have told us it does not sound like they have a great deal to work with." Tree hummed thoughtfully. "Like their technicians, I do wonder what caused the old cargo transmitter to malfunction so."

"Are you sure you weren't the one who programmed it?" Shorty suggested archly.

"You couldn't program a route to a defecatory," the taller alien replied.

"Actually," Crease said apologetically, "the transmitter complex, like our navigational system, has never quite been perfected." As Carter recalled the number of times he'd already traveled by transmitter he discovered that he was sweating. "Occasionally we lose something, or someone. They usually turn up somewhere else, safe and sound but more than a little cross with the engineering. I fear we are often as impatient in execution as we are brilliant in theory and design."

"For example, immediately prior to our arrival it was noted that the local transmitter had once again become inoperative."

"I'm afraid that's our fault," an embarrassed Carter informed the alien. "My pet must've interfered with the field or whatever it is at a critical moment and the damn thing just blew."

"Actually, old chap, this part of the network was supposed to have been cut out of the system centuries ago, when your people began to develop mid-level technology. That it became operative again was doubtless due to some bureaucratic mix-up at Central Control which we're still trying to trace."

"Since you have conveniently removed this transmitter from service, however, we have only the two remaining at Nazca to concern ourselves with, and your destructive interaction may well have rendered them equally inactive."

"Then the Contisuyuns might be trapped there, unable to get back to their homeworld. They might be desperate. If that's the case, will you help us take care of them?" Ashwood asked. "If you think they can still do any damage with most of their invasion force disappeared, that is."

"Oh, there are other methods they can employ," Crease observed thoughtfully. "Being considerably reduced in number, I should think their next step would be to try to make use of learning machine technology."

Continued on page 26

Science Fiction Media Notes

by Lee Whiteside

One of the most noticeable aspects of science fiction fandom is the science fiction "media" fandom. With the coverage of the 25th anniversary of *Star Trek* in the national media this year, one would begin to think that *Star Trek* IS media fandom. *Star Trek* fans are definitely the largest group, but there is also fandom for many other TV shows and movies, producing fanzines, holding conventions, etc. In future issues of *ConNotations*, I hope to cover many areas of media fandom, not just the widely popular ones. If you have any suggestions or items to contribute, please send them to me c/o *ConNotations*.

Star Trek — Uniting the Old and New

There is a lot happening at the end of the year for *Star Trek*, with the Sixth (and supposedly) final movie featuring the crew from the original TV series, and *Star Trek: The Next Generation* well into its fifth season. What may overshadow the December 13th premiere of *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*, is the appearance on *ST:TNG* of Leonard Nimoy as a 130 year old Ambassador Spock in early November. This will be a two-part episode ("The Unification") which will make references to events in the movie, which in turn makes references to things we know from having watched *ST:TNG*. Spock appears very little in the first half of the story, but will be very involved in the second half. The episode will also feature Mark Lenard as Sarek, Denise Crosby as Sela and a trip to the Romulan homeworld.

Other things to look forward to this season are guest appearances by Matt Frewer (*Max Headroom*, *Doctor, Doctor*) as a time travelling con man, a reunion between Worf and his son Alexander, return visits from "Q", Lwaxana Troi, Wesley Crusher, and possibly some big name guest stars (such as Robin Williams).

Quantum Leap Fan Support

A good example of how fans can support a show is *Quantum Leap's* successful return to Wednesday nights last season. Much like the letter writing campaigns that kept the original *Star Trek* series on the air, *Quantum Leap* fans wrote to NBC demanding that the show be moved from the low-rated Friday night time slot it was moved to at the start of it's third season. NBC listened and even aired a commercial showing an NBC executive being dumped on by the thousands of letters they had received when they announced the move back to the Wednesday night time slot after they had placed the show on an unannounced hiatus.

To show their thanks to the fans, Don Bellisario (*QL's* producer) arranged a special screening in Hollywood for the fans of the first new episode to air. It turned into a mini-convention, with stars Scott Bakula and Dean Stockwell appearing to answer questions and meet their fans. *Quantum Leap* fans have been responsible for getting Dean Stockwell a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, which will be presented in February. The cost for the star has been paid for by fan's contributions from recycling.

Whither Doctor Who?

Coming up in November will be the 28th Anniversary of the airing of the first *Doctor Who* episode "An Unearthly Child" on the BBC on November 23rd, 1963. However, the last new episode of *Doctor Who* aired back in December of 1989, at the end of the 26th season. The future of the show is still in limbo as the BBC has yet to make a decision on which independent production company will produce the series. There have been plenty of rumors flying around, but the BBC insists that no decisions have been made.

TusCon XVIII Pro/Fan Gathering

by Daniel Arthur

Maybe you've been wondering if there's going to be a TusCon this year... well, the answer is yes! Instead of the traditional convention, filled with programming up to your ROM sockets, this year's TusCon will be more of a pro and fan "gathering." A way to mellow-out after World Fantasy Con, two weeks earlier.

TusCon will be held November 15-17 in Tucson, starting at 7:00pm Friday and going until 5:00pm Sunday.

There will be a ConSuite, Video/Japanimation Room and a small Dealers' Room. Gaming is a possibility, but unconfirmed at present. Anyone interested in doing a short reading, talk or one-man panel may contact Sue Thing at (602) 888-1500 (Monday-Friday, 9am-3pm).

There will not be a masquerade ball, an art show, an art auction, or a regular Meet the Pros party Friday night. The idea is "low-key," party with your friends and decompress.

If this sounds like fun to you, come on down to TusCon XVIII, the "best little Con in Southern Arizona." Remember, we're the Con so wild the "Splat Pack" doesn't dare attend (Schow-less for five years running). Only ten bucks at the door (no memberships in advance), at the ever-popular Executive Inn, 333 W. Drachman, (602) 791-7551. Special room rates for the convention will be available.

For additional information, please contact Cristi Simila, at (602) 881-3709, evenings from 5-10pm.



Much more than they bargained for...

BioSpheroids vs CASFSans

by Leonard Marinaccio

The "Brittain" settled to a stop in Area B and stood dormant for a moment as two similar crafts, "Lexington" and "Intrepid", came to rest. No one noticed as a group of 25 disembarked and traversed a half mile into a restricted area. Surveillance cameras and guards alike did nothing as the team slipped past and made contact with the target structure. Security had been compromised... and in broad daylight!

It has been said that if fandom was ever turned loose upon Biosphere 2, there was no telling what would happen. On September 28, 1991, a portion of CASFS proved it.

That morning, 25 eager people, mostly of CASFS, gathered for a trip to Oracle, AZ, the site of Biosphere 2. Only two days earlier, 8 scientists had sealed themselves inside the 3 acre structure of glass, aluminum and concrete for a projected period of 2 years. With our spirits high and our intellects primed, we boarded 3 vans rented especially for this trip, and discussed such things as the impact that the biosphere experiment would have on science, the feasibility of such a system in space and whether or not we would reach our destination in time for lunch.

The vans, "Brittain", "Lexington" and "Intrepid" (oddly, the same names as three doomed spacecraft in the Star Trek reality) left Phoenix at 11:15, a bit late as we had expected.

The enjoyable yet rather uneventful trip ended shortly after 1:00 as we stopped at the gate to the biosphere site and spoke with the guard there. After informing him that we had arrived for a 2:00 tour, he directed us to parking lot "B" where we disembarked.

After taking some group photos, it occurred to us that there was no one around and even less indication as to where we needed to be in order to begin the tour. While looking for any indications, we noticed a walkway leading away from the parking lot which, in acknowledgement of our excitement and impatience, we used.

Aside from offering us our first view of the biosphere, the walkway simply emptied out

onto a dirt road. As we approached the biosphere, we began to sense that something was amiss. Even as we came within spitting distance of it many questions came to mind. Why hadn't we encountered any people, official looking or otherwise? Just where were we going anyway? Which of us would have to go inside to ask for directions?

A sign saying "Tours" simply pointed at the biosphere so with that invitation we invaded the premises, gazed in at the rainforest and blew our lips up on the glass. The strange mixture of excitement and confusion ended several minutes later when we stopped a passing official who seemed somewhat disconcerted that we didn't have a tour guide. We

expressed our similar feeling and after some discussion discovered that we were to have been met at the parking lot by a shuttle which would have taken us to a completely different place to meet our tour guide. In short order such arrangements were made.

The official tour began with an infor-

mative and rather impressive slide presentation which explained the history of the biosphere experiment. This was followed by a walking tour of the test modules where plants and animals were developed, studied and selected for the project. Be assured that this portion of the tour is of tremendous fascination. The variety of species under study and the intricacy of the research necessary to create a stable and inhabitable environment impressed all of us.

After leaving the carefully controlled climate of the test modules the tour proceeded to the outside of the biosphere, a complete and self contained world. There we progressed around its perimeter viewing the rainforest (again), the ocean, the desert and much more. We even managed to see three of the "biospheroids" as we called them and have noticed that

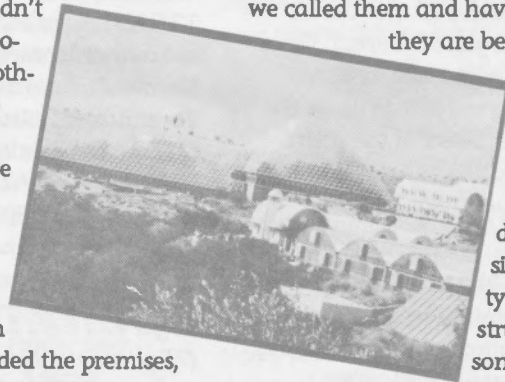
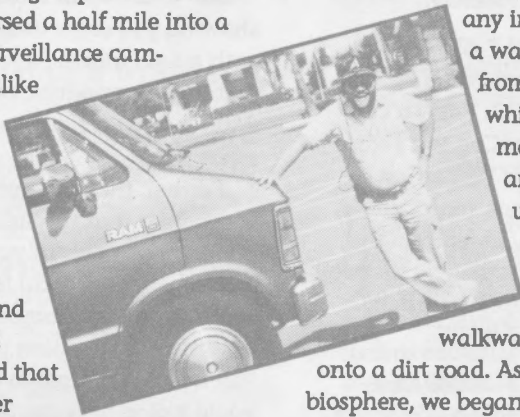
they are being conditioned to respond in like manner to tourists who wave at them.

At one point during the discussion of the integrity of the sealed structure, one person asked about the possible threat of

vandalism. We were assured by our tour guide that the security on the premises is quite thorough and nobody could get close enough to do any damage. Strangely, none of us believed her.

Once the tour concluded, we were transported back and strategically deposited at the gift shop. From there we migrated to an on site restaurant before departing for Phoenix.

The trip home was uneventful save for the discussion of environmentalism, politics, and blondes. As we dispersed later that night, we seemed in agreement that the tour was well worth the effort that had been put into it. It also occurred to some of us that CASFS might be the sole group of its size that, through a breach of security, has come closer than anyone to destroying an entire world.



Upcoming Events

Here we condense to essentials — date, time, event, what you need to bring, general location, and how to get more info!

NOVEMBER 15–17, FRIDAY–SUNDAY
TusCon XVIII at the Executive Inn, 333 W. Drachman, Tucson, AZ. Relax after World Fantasy Con with a mellow, smaller TusCon: ConSuite, Dealer's Room, minimal Programming, and a Video/Japanimation Room. Memberships are available at the door only — call Cristi Simila at 881-3709 (5–10pm) for more information.

NOVEMBER 22, FRIDAY 5–6PM — Autograph Session with Gregory Benford, author of *Tides of Light* and *Beyond the Fall of Night*, at Books Etc., 901 S. Mill Avenue, Tempe, AZ, 967-1111.

FEBRUARY 15–17, FRIDAY–SUNDAY — Eighth Annual Estrella War — the nation's second largest SCA event. Come mundane, come in costume, or come camp out! Guaranteed fun. Witness the thrilling hostilities between the great neighboring kingdoms of Atenveldt and Caïd at Estrella Park (near Litchfield Park, AZ)!

MARCH 13–15, FRIDAY–SUNDAY — HexaCon 2 (location to be announced). A gaming convention with Role-Playing Games, Board Games, Miniatures Games, Computer Games, Dealers' Room, Japanese Animation and a

ConSuite... all of this for the bargain price of \$10! Mail membership info to: HexaCon 2, P.O. Box 11743, Phoenix, AZ 85061. (Be sure to note your phone number, etc. if you're interested in running a game!) Sponsored by the Central Az. Speculative Fiction Society.

MARCH 27–29, FRIDAY–SUNDAY — LepreCon 18 at the Caravan Inn, 3333 E. Van Buren, Phoenix, AZ. Enjoy a condensed version of LepreCon this year, due to the proximity of WesterCon — everything except dance, masquerade, and organized gaming. Memberships are \$15 until 12/31/91, then go up. Mail your registration to LepreCon 18, P.O. Box 26665, Tempe, AZ 85285.

JULY 2–5, THURSDAY–SUNDAY — WesterCon (aka WesterColt .45) at the Phoenix Sheraton Hotel, Phoenix, AZ. Attending memberships are \$40 until 12/31/91, then \$45 until 6/15/92. Guests are author Jennifer Roberson, artist Rick Sternbach, fan Pat Mueller, and Toastmaster Wilson "Bob" Tucker. For memberships or info, write P.O. Box 27201, Tempe, AZ 85285. Sponsored by the Central Az. Speculative Fiction Society.

*To get your event listed, call 220-9785!
(All phone numbers noted in this section are in area code 602.)*

FAN FACTS:

Hi, fen! Another installment of "Lifestyles of the Weird and Infamous!"

Congratulations and best wishes to Lord Petruccio de Catalonia (Pat Cuccurello) and Lady Ronna Rosgaile Soilan Soilleir (Ronna Hodges), married October 5 at Estrella Park... and our regrets at "Petruccio's Demise."

Cinder-cat Smith is expecting. Litter due in May.

LL (Liz) Goble (the extremely polite young lady in the gray flannel jacket) is

BY JEANNE HILARY BURROUGHS

now officially a Phoenician. Congrats on the new job.

Philomena and Evelyn Craney have also moved to the Valley. Welcome, all.

Finally, our deepest condolences to the family of Marguerite (Peg) Bannon, who died on October 14. Also, Julie Douglas just recently experienced the loss of her father. Stephanie and Julie, our thoughts are with you.

COSTUMING 101

LESSON 2: ADAPTING THE BASICS

by Jeanne Hilary-Burroughs

Ok. You've decided that costuming might be fun. How do you get started? In future issues we'll be showing you some basic patterns that, with a little ingenuity, could supply a costume appropriate for 2500 B.C. or 2500 A.D. with sidebars into times that never were.

Further, there are several mail-order companies that specialize in historical patterns. However, if you don't want to wait, check your local fabric store. Many modern patterns can be altered to create an authentic-seeming period costume. Just do a little research on the period you'd like to recreate, isolating the specific details that characterize that period, then start reading the backs of patterns. (Ignore the illustrations — they can be deceptive!)

For example, let's take a basic man's shirt. Men's shirts were constructed in pretty much the same way from medieval times to about 1850. One very easy-to-use pattern that I rely on is Butterick 3217, but there are dozens of others. Look for a very loose fitting shirt with dropped shoulders, low armholes, and a band collar. Remember to cut the front on the fold of your material — shirts were always pull-over style. Use the same placket pattern that you use for the sleeves to bind the front neck opening, and add ruffles and flourishes as you imagination (or the historical period) dictates. Your finished Romance-style garment will seem authentic, but will be very much more comfortable than the "real thing."

Well, class, that's all the time we have for today's lesson. For additional tutoring see me after school, c/o the Southwest Costumers' Guild.



WesterColt .45 Progress Report

July 2-5, 1992 ★ The Phoenix Sheraton ★ Phoenix, AZ

CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

We're following the fannish tradition (meaning it's been done at least once before) of naming our WesterCon... WesterColt .45. We just figured we'd have a shot at doing a Western-style WesterCon. Hey, I didn't name it, so don't jump the gun and shoot the messenger.

The site of this year's WesterCon will be the Sheraton Phoenix, which hosted the 1988 WesterCon (it was a Hilton then) and the 1982 WesterCon (it was the Adams Hilton then). Hey, I didn't name it, etc.

For the Masquerade, we'll be using one of the best staging facilities ever: Symphony Hall. It has professional dressing rooms, permanent seating for 2400... you name it.

We're reducing the Program from the frenetic pace of recent WesterCon (if six tracks can be called a reduction). All events will be taking place in the main convention hotel, so you won't be walking back and forth and back again. This will also reduce your exposure to the cool Phoenix summertime sun, since all function space is accessed indoors.

Our main hotel, The Phoenix Sheraton, has 450 rooms blocked at an average rate of \$60. Reservation cards will be sent out with Progress Report #2 in February, 1992. Our overflow hotel, the San Carlos, is about a block away. And yes, boys and girls... er, cowboys and cowgirls, we will arrange for extended restaurant hours nearby, including the ice cream parlor across the street.

We're looking forward to seeing all of you in Phoenix in July, 1992... pardners!



DEALERS' ROOM

The Dealers' Room for WesterColt is sold out, and there is an extensive waiting list. Dealers include Fantasies Unlimited (Alicia Austin), Roaming Panther Games, Willow Zarlow (jewelry), Magickal Aardvark, Shipman's Books, Mere Dragons, Nighthawk Studios, Amber Unicorn, Blackheart Unlimited, Glass Dagger, Bent Cover books, The Rakish Blade, Rik Thompson Books, Phoenix Fantasy Film society, GraphXpress, Dunlop's Polished Junque, Marty & Alice Massoglia, Carolly Hauksdottir, Sign of the Unicorn, Patricia Davis, Unlikely Publications, Basement Books, Wail Songs, Bryan Barrett Books, Sleepy Lion Graphics, DAG Productions, Salamander Armoury, Adam's Books, Tom Cagle (books and pulps), and Quicksilver Fantasies. So bring money and plan to look us up on the third floor behind the art show.



CONSUITE

— Help Wanted —

Desperately seeking stories, jokes, anecdotes, memorabilia, and related apocrypha. If you know any fannish classics, please contact Jeanne or Steve Burroughs at (602) 973-2054.

We want this ConSuite to be a Time to Remember.

FACILITIES

The primary hotel for WesterColt .45 will be the Phoenix Sheraton (aka Phoenix Hilton or Adams Hotel, near the downtown Hyatt). Almost all functions will be in this hotel.

Other facilities will include the San Carlos Hotel and the Heritage Hotel for sleeping rooms, and we'll use Symphony Hall for the Masquerade.

Reservation cards will go out in a p.r. closer to the Con, and since we expect a full hotel, you'll want to get your reservation in early!



JAPANESE ANIMATION

Yes! We will have Japanese Animation... lots and lots of Japanese Animation. We'll be showing the latest and greatest videos plus the old classics... 24 hours a day throughout the convention. We have plenty of room, a great projection TV system plus surround sound. So be sure and check out what's happening. You'll be glad you did.



VOLUNTEERS

Soon we will all be meeting at WesterCon 45 for fun, parties and general mayhem. In order for all the mayhem to go off without a hitch, we will need help... lots and lots of help. That's where you come in (yes, you... you right there reading this).

WesterCon, like all conventions, is run entirely by volunteers and we would love to have you join us. For each four hours of help we are more than happy to invite you into our staff

lounge for a meal. For a mere 16 hours of help we would be happy to reimburse you for your membership (if sufficient funds remain post-convention).

Volunteering gives you a unique perspective on how a convention runs. You get the chance to see just how crazy things are behind the scenes. come on... take a chance and volunteer. We promise to be gentle. (smile)

For more information, call (602) 433-9624 and ask for Stephanie or write to me at P.O. Box 27201, Tempe, AZ 85285.



ART SHOW/ ROGUE'S GALLERY

The Gallery is accepting reservations for art flats and 3-D space. Space is limited, so *do not* send art unless you know you have reservations! What? You have asked for space and haven't heard? Good reason, none have been sent out as yet, but come November you'll get information and space reservation confirmation. Please be patient.

Artist Information: A 4'x4' peg-board flat is \$15 — 4 flats per artist limit. 3-D art is \$1 per piece — 10 pieces, or 2 1/2'x4' table area per artist limit. I repeat, *do not* send art unless you have space reserved! Please contact the convention at P.O. Box 27201, Tempe, Az 85285 for art show rules and other information.

Buyer/Bidder Information: Scream at me now, or forever hold your peace. I plan on not allowing any Direct Sales of art works before high noon (12pm) Saturday. This allows Cowpokes (attendees) that can't get to the convention before Saturday morning the same chance to buy art work as the early arrivals. What this means is that if any bid (even if it is yours) is written on the bid sheet, it will not be available for Direct Sale. There must be NO bid

on the bid sheet for a direct sale. However, if you see a piece of art with no bid any time after noon on Saturday, you can buy it direct. All art thus sold will remain hanging until the close of the Gallery.



VIDEO ROOM

“Buried alive... Buried alive.” That's the likely location for the Video Room at WesterColt .45, buried in the basement bowels of the Phoenix Sheraton Hotel.

Animation: Cel, Stop-Motion, and Clay. Television" Series, Made-For-TV-Movies, Interviews. Movies. We'll draw from these and other sources for our programming material.

There's one more important source: YOU!!! Send your programming ideas to Shane Shellenbarger, c/o WesterColt .45, P.O. Box 27201, Tempe, AZ 85285.

WANTED!!! Experienced and/or enthusiastic Video Room volunteers. We need your help to provide the entertainment the fans of the largest regional science fiction convention have come to expect. Write to me care of the above address if you would like to help out and remember: KEEP WATCHING THE STARS!



MASQUERADE

Just the facts, ma'am... on the WesterColt .45 Masquerade.

The WesterColt Masquerade is being held Friday, July 3rd at 7:30 pm in the Phoenix Symphony Hall.

All contestants and crew must be members of WesterColt .45 to participate in the event.

All entries are encouraged to pre-register (forms will be available at next mailing). At-Con entries will be accepted until 6:00pm, Thursday, July 2nd. Costumes with special needs must pre-register. Masquerade mailings will be sent out to pre-regis-

tered contestants as new information is finalized.

As mentioned earlier, Phoenix Symphony Hall is the event site. This facility is located about one-and-a-half blocks away from the Sheraton Hotel. But don't worry, because there are ample dressing facilities on-site located at stage level. Pre-registered contestants will have priority on dressing room assignments. The stage dimensions for the event will be 48' wide by 22' deep, with a 28' clearance from the stage floor to the masking. The emcee's podium will be located on stage right. The default entry is from stage right, with double-sided entries available upon request.

There will be a Green Room set up with "survival snacks" (ie, light munchies) and a repair table (for emergency fix-ups, not costume construction).

Some basic restrictions have been set up to protect costumers, crew, and audience. Please keep the following in mind when designing your costume and presentation:

1. No fire, flame, flash paper or powder will be permitted on stage.
2. All weapons and presentations involving weapons must be approved by the Masquerade Director and Security Chief prior to going on stage.
3. "Thou Shall Not Slime Thy Neighbor." This refers to any substance that may fall, rub or jump off your costume and onto another contestant.
4. No live animals are permitted backstage or on stage. What is cute and cuddly to you may not be to your neighbor.
5. Costumes are to be rated PG-13. We will have children in the audience. It is their parents' responsibility to teach them the facts of life, not yours.
6. One contestant, one costume on stage. You may enter more than one

costume provided it is on another body.

7. No rented, purchased, or hall costumes are to be shown in competition.

8. FYI — there will not be a live mike on stage for contestant use. You may use taped music, taped dialogue, or text for the emcee to read.

We will be having roving hall costume judging going on throughout the convention. Winners are encouraged to wear their creations to Friday's Masquerade!

If you have any further questions or comments, please feel free to contact me though the convention address. Your input is important to the success of WesterColt .45's Masquerade!



SITE SELECTION FOR 1994 WESTERCON

The site of the 1994 WesterCon (WesterCon 47) will be selected at WesterColt .45. Committees wishing to appear on the site selection ballot for the 1994 WesterCon must file with WesterColt .45 in accordance with the following rules:

Any site on the North American continent (and Hawaii) that is west of 104°W longitude is eligible, except for site with 75 miles of Phoenix. Until January 1, 1992, only sites south of 37°N latitude may file. If any eligible sites file by this time, the latitude restriction will continue. However, if no eligible sites file by January 1, then sites north of 37°N may file as well.

To be eligible, a WesterCon bid must have a) at least two persons declaring themselves Chairman and Treasurer, and b) a letter of intent or option from a hotel or other facility declaring specific dates for the conference.

Filing papers must be received at the WesterColt .45 address (P.O. Box 27201, Tempe, AZ 85285) by April

15, 1992 in order for the bid to be listed on the ballot. Questions regarding WesterCon 47 should be directed to Kevin Standlee at P.O. Box 95, Sutter, CA 95982, or CompuServe User ID 72377,3623.



GAMES & DIVERSIONS

Yes, the happy crew at Games & Diversions is looking forward to running gaming at our second WesterCon. We will have greater resources to put on a bigger, better gaming area.

We will have tournaments with prizes, check-out gaming, a miniatures painting competition and a used game auction. We will have role-playing games, board games, wargames, miniatures games, and any other type of games we can think of. One of the most common things that gamers ask for is "more", more of this type of game or that type, so we're going to try to have every different kind of gaming represented at this con.

That's because we really do try to respond to every bit of feedback we receive. Another common complaint is about "noise"; it's hard to hear yourself think sometimes when the gaming gets going. We've tried putting tournaments in a series of suites. That certainly helped but some people felt that that made it hard for them to see what all was going on. This time, we're going to try to satisfy both needs at the same time. Some areas will be left open for easy rambling, while others will be separated by sound-absorbing partitions. This should give people the opportunity to roam the area and scope out all of the action, while still keeping tournament players and referees from going deaf from all the outside noise.

Of course, I need your feedback now. What games do you want to see at WesterCon, whether as tourna-

ments or check-out games? What games are you willing to referee? Do you think we need more categories in the miniatures painting contest? Let me know what you'd like to see and we'll do our best to bring it to you.

Go ahead and drop me a line at:

Donald F. Harrington
3505 East Campbell #14
Phoenix, Arizona 85018
(602) 956-1344



DANCE

On July 2-5, you will have an opportunity to experience a Con Dance like no other before. We'll have lasers, a balloon drop, the *Time Warp* (from *Rocky Horror Picture Show*) at midnight, the *Hokey-Pokey*, and lots of other surprises!

Our music library consists of rock classics from Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven" to dance classics like Frankie Goes to Hollywood's "Relax."

If you plan on attending WesterCon, plan on attending the dance. Dances will be held on Friday and Saturday nights, and will last until approximately 3am.

If you have any special requests or if you'd like to volunteer suggestions that you feel will make the dance better, we are listening! Simply mail your requests or suggestions to: WesterCon Dance, P.O. Box 27201, Tempe, AZ 85285.

The planning for the dance is currently in the final stages, so if you have a request or suggestion, please send it in immediately...

Your DJs, Carey Holzman and John Zullo



MEMBERSHIPS

\$40 through 12/31/91, \$45 through 6/15/92, and supporting memberships are always \$15. Send the form on page 18 to WesterColt .45, PO Box 11743, Phoenix, AZ 85061.



COMIC NEWS!

First, let me give you the update on new *Sandman* materials, due out in September or early October. (September, for some reason or another was *Sandman* month.) Currently available are the *Sandman* poster, featuring Morpheus himself as well as his sister Death, drawn by Kelley Jones, and color by Steve Oliff. Out October 10 (theoretically), is the *Sandman Special #1*, which will feature Morpheus' son, Orpheus, as well as the Prodigal, who's been hiding since the series began. A set of three graphic novels are to be released: *Preludes and Nocturns*, *The Doll's House*, and *Dream Country*, covering issues 1-8, 8-16 (yes, there's overlap on issue 8), and 17-20 respectively. The first and the third trade paperback will also be available together in a slipcase package that has room for *The Doll's House* as well. Then there's a 10" porcelain statue of Dream for the measly price of \$89.95. Measly price... NOT! And for those fashion minded out there, there's the T-shirt featuring Sandman and Death, and the Sandman "Death" watch with a revolving skull as the second hand. These will cost you a lot and too much, respectively (\$12.95 and \$29.95). Well, at least DC didn't come out with forty-five different covers and print a trillion copies of issue seven.

Another big subject is the all the pissing and moaning about Marvel and its multiple covers kick. Well, darn it! If you idiots didn't whine about it, bought a couple hundred copies, waited for the price to go up (which won't now, because of all the whiners), you could have sold them at a healthy profit to some fool who thinks he could use another twelve copies of something everyone else has. But no! All of you had to open your big mouth and spoil it for the rest of us who were dumb enough to fall for it. By the way, need any extra copies? I've got plenty!

Well, now on to more productive ground (and hopefully more profitable). Chris Claremont has left the *X-men*. He sets up

the creation of two *X-men* titles, throws in enough hints and set ups for the next twelve years, and then he leaves. What this tells us is that he didn't leave because he's sick of the characters or story, but that it came down to more political reasons.

Of course, someone like Chris doesn't stay out of work long. First, Claremont's second novel has been released, *Grounded!*, which is the sequel to *First Flight*. Both books I highly recommend, even though that's not my part of this mag. Second, Claremont's writing a 96 page graphic novel for DC, *Star Trek: Debt of Honor*. The story will focus around James T. Kirk, starting from his days as a Lieutenant on the USS Farragut, and continuing up to somewhere between movies V and VI. Other projects include an Excalibur special project, and a Superman project. He may also try his hand at an Aliens and Predator type story for Dark Horse.

Now, here's a bit of what's coming up — in November there is a new Aliens series, "Genocide". Also to be released by Dark Horse in December, is *Star Wars: Dark Empire*, the story of which takes place six years after *Return of the Jedi*. The sequel to *Gotham by Gaslight*, will wing its way here in December as well, which will be entitled, *Batman: Master of the Future*. Marvel has *Hearts of Darkness*, a Ghost Rider/Wolverine/Punisher bookshelf edition, which features a double gatefold cover.

Now I will spend what little room I have left to plug some of the local black and white comic market, namely Hamilton Comics in Prescott, who publishes a series of "PG-13" horror comic books, and Top Line Comics, who publishes a horror comic of the darker variety. Hamilton's three titles, *Grave Tales*, *Maggots*, and *Dread of Night*, are set up in the traditional eight page shorts with a series of ghoulish "hosts" for each story. In December, they will be releasing a reprint of some of the best stories in a color format. The only drawback to these titles is

by
Ethan Moe

the ungainly size, which is somewhere between comic and magazine format. *Drawn to Extremes* is Top Line's horror comic and has a more open format for the individual stories, which may vary from two pages to possibly the entire book in the future. Issue two is to be out sometime in November and will feature a number of twisted tales, including the first multi-parter of the book (sniff, sniff, you smell something?) entitled "Heritage," a vampire story that's just like the author (whew! it's getting bad in here!) a little different. So make sure to snatch it up, 'cause, I think you're gonna like it (smell that? that's a plug!)! Pick up a copy or ten...

Everyone's a Winner!

In August, twenty *ConNotations* survey respondents were given passes to the preview of the movie *Double Impact*, and since, many have received promo teaser-copies of the new Niven/Pournelle/Flynn novel, *Fallen Angels*.

At CopperCon, *ConNotations* gave away nearly 50 prizes to helpful people who filled out surveys for us on the spot!

Sincerest thanks to all of our friends who have provided these great prizes: Adam's Bookstore & Gallery, Baen Books, Barclay Communications, Caer Ananda Beads, Fantasy Past, Present & Future, Hagar & Helga, Moirandall's Miscellaneous, Nighthawk Studios, the One Bookshop, Rakish Blade, Roaming Panther Games, Thunderbird Hobbies, Tomes & Treasures, and Waterloo Games! Send your Survey in for a chance to win more prizes in the future!

BOOKSBOOKSBOOKSBOOKS

A Company Of Stars: Book One of "Starship Trouper" by Christopher Stasheff, Del Rey hc, \$19.00, 309 pp.

I started this book with great anticipation since I have enjoyed most of the *Warlock* series, unfortunately it rapidly bogged down in long political spiels and an extremely slow plotline. It is possible to have a political position prominent in a book without making it bog down — the original *Starship Troopers* managed — but it isn't easy. Using the device of characters watching a politician give speeches doesn't keep the plot moving. And, although I liked the characters, I found the constant changes of point of view confusing and poorly handled.

I can't recommend this book, I don't even know if I will bother to read the next one in the series. It was a good concept, but.... If Stasheff felt *King Kobold* needed revision, this one needs major editing. — *M.R. Hildebrand*

Fallen Angels by Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle, & Michael Flynn, Baen Books pb, \$5.95, 394 pp.

I started this book with a wait-and-see attitude. Three writers doing what sounded like a fan fiction piece? Well I liked it — a lot. It's an us against them story, in an all too plausible future, where the space program has been scratched leaving an occupied Space Habitat in orbit. Not only are the spacers no longer supported, but as technology users they are blamed for causing the new ice age which results from the anti-technology regulations enforced to stop the greenhouse effect. (A premise which I found a bit hard to swallow, not the possible new ice age, but people allowing the government to perpetuate anti-greenhouse regs in an ice age.)

The Habitat isn't totally independent, it desperately needs nitrogen. When their scoopship is shot down and two spacers are stranded out on a glacier, fandom comes to their rescue smuggling them away from the authorities and eventually attempting to get them back out into orbit. You don't have to recognize the thinly disguised fans by name to enjoy this book, I didn't, but it does add a

chuckle here and there when you do. Fast-paced and well-characterized, this is one of the few near future books I've read and enjoyed. — *M.R. Hildebrand*

"The Powers of Light" by Kathleen O'Neal:

An Abyss Of Light, Daw pb, May 1990, \$4.95, 464 pp.

The Treasure Of Light, Daw pb, December 1990, \$4.95, 544 pp.

The Redemption Of Light, Daw, May 1991, \$4.99, 527 pp.

"The Powers of Light" is a well-written, well-researched trilogy that holds your interest once the somewhat scattered nature of the first few chapters weaves together.

The trilogy makes use of a blend of hard science fiction and fantasy with a basis in Jewish mysticism and history.

In *An Abyss of Light*, we find that space is dominated by the squid-like galactic magistrates. Only the humans known as the Gamants prefer to hold tightly to their heritage and the belief in the coming of the Mashiah rather than merge with the magistrarial mind set. The Gamants have an Interplanetary space Underground that has an ongoing war with the magistrates fleet.

Book one, *An Abyss of Light*, finds the Gamant population split into two camps, the old believers, and the followers of a Mashiah manipulated by both an evil political leader committing a massive pogrom in his name, and a supernatural being he believes to be his messenger from God.

However, the "angel" is also manipulating the leadership of the other side as well, resulting in a civil war that destroys the new Mashiah as well as much of the leadership of both sides. As the magistrarial fleet prepares to destroy the planet, the underground fleet manages to halt the process through a daring ruse.

The Gamants have still another factor working both for and against them, The Mea, an interdimensional gateway to God for its wearers. This also brings contact with Angels... or does it? And who are these Angels anyway?

REVIEWS BY:
M.R. HILDEBRAND
PAM ALLAN
MATTHEW YENKALA
ADAM NISWANDER

Book two, *The Treasure of Light*, continues the saga with the child leader of the Gamants on the way to the Magistrates on advice of the Mea. The Angel is still manipulating, and the Underground is still fighting the Magistrates.

The Magistrates have now decided that carefully run genocide will best lead to a peaceful galaxy. The implementation, however, starts to disturb two of their best officers. Verification causes a change of allegiance. Now the two most brilliant strategists, enemies for fifteen years, join together to save the Gamant people in the rush to Armageddon.

In the third and climactic book, *The Redemption Of Light*, the Magistrates plan to wipe out the Gamants, and all the small children that might be the Mashiah. The Underground prepares to strike at the heart of the Magistrarial civilization. Neither of them knows that they are all part of the last stage of a conflict that began before time and space existed. The conclusion will startle you.

All three books have well drawn characters that you care about, an involved and engaging plot, and action to carry it along. There is thought-provoking mysticism, and a some of the most charming bumbling heroes that ever accidentally showed up at the right place at the right time.

Although initially hard to get into, you get caught up in an epic mythos that holds you to the end. But it is a trilogy that should be read together for full enjoyment. — *Pam Allan*

Star Wars: Heir to the Empire by Timothy Zahn, Bantam hc, 1991, \$15.00, 361 pp.

Eight years after the release of *Return of the Jedi*, George Lucas has finally allowed his *Star Wars* saga to continue in *Heir to the Empire*, the first of a three-book

series of new *Star Wars* stories by Hugo Award winner Timothy Zahn.

The story is set five years after the destruction of the Death Star and the fall of the Emperor. The former Rebel Alliance is in the throes of setting up a New Republic to replace the largely defunct and thoroughly corrupt Galactic Empire. Key among the new government are Han Solo and Princess Leia, now married and expecting twins strong with the Force. Meanwhile, Luke Skywalker, still struggling with the Dark Side of the Force, and of himself, is the first in a hoped-for new line of Jedi Knights.

But the heroes soon learn that the last surviving Imperial warlord is mustering the remnants of the Imperial Fleet to wipe out the Alliance; and they have made two discoveries — a hidden Dark Jedi Master and an animal that creates an "anti-Force" field — that will surely weigh in their favor in the inevitable war to come.

All of the surviving favorites from the films put in appearances in *HTTE*, Chewbacca, R2-D2, C-3PO, Lando Calrissian and even Wedge Antilles; as well as such new faces as intergalactic crime lord Talon Karrde, and the revenge-bent former Imperial servant Mara Jade.

Though somewhat lacking in substance, and containing an annoying number of what Zahn must have thought were terribly clever "in-joke" references to the films (as if to legitimize his book as genuine *Star Wars*) *HTTE* is on the whole an exciting and engrossing story, and well worthy of the name *Star Wars*. Zahn handles the well-established and widely-beloved space fantasy universe and its characters quite well, and his plot is complex and intricately crafted. Indeed, as it ends rather abruptly, it leaves one regretting the indefinite wait for Volume Two. May it not be a long, long time before it comes to a bookstore in a galaxy very, very near.

— Matthew M. Yenkala

Outlander by Diana Gabaldon, Delacorte Press hc, \$20.00, 627pp.

In 1945, Claire Beauchamp Randall, an English nurse, is re-establishing her marriage after seven years of separation through World War II by touring Scotland with her husband Frank. While

near Inverness they secretly watch a sunrise pagan rite at an ancient circle of stones called Craigh na Dun. When she returns alone the next morning to gather a rare plant spotted within the circle, there is a distinct humming sound — as if from a hive of bees. When she innocently touches the tallest stone, it begins to scream and all the others seem to shout with the sounds of battle. Claire experiences a wave of elemental terror as she feels herself drawn into the heart of chaos. When she comes to herself again, she has been magically transported back to the year 1743.

That is how *Outlander*, by first-time Scottsdale author Diana Gabaldon, begins. And following this magical start, the story is a delightful historical adventure/romance with a few more touches of fantasy tossed in for seasoning.

This is a remarkably good book — especially for a first novel. The author has a fine flair and facility with dialogue, including the handling of Scottish burr without awkwardness.

How Claire Beauchamp handles being a modern woman cast back to earlier and more brutal times is a fascinating story. Filled with inner conflict and doubt, she is nonetheless an intelligent and capable heroine and does her best.

To save her from interrogation by a sadistic British Captain of Dragoons (who bears a disturbing likeness to her modern-day husband), she is married off to a young Scot named Jamie Fraser.

The love that grows between Jamie

and Claire is not all roses and easy times. There are many moments of doubt, misunderstandings, disagreements and separations — but amidst this conflict — is the fresh discovery of love between two people who truly need it. The story is highlighted by accusations of witchcraft, near-rapes, death and flight, but Diana Gabaldon has created scenes that will bring you to the edge of your seat and live in your memory. There is even an appearance by Nessie at the Loch.

The flow of the plot is sometimes uneven but the warmth and humanity of the principal characters bridges the gaps without effort. These are real people and little suspension of disbelief is required of the reader. Even the villain has some sympathetic qualities that may surprise you.

Outlander is the first book of a trilogy. The second has already been turned in to the publisher, Delacorte.

I recommend this tale with enthusiasm. Give it a high priority if you like fantasy, romance and adventure.

— Adam Niswander



CONNOTATIONS GENERIC CONVENTION REGISTRATION FORM

Name: _____

Badge Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Country: _____ Phone: _____

Enclosed is \$ _____ for _____ memberships in the upcoming _____

convention. (See Convention Calendar for appropriate mailing address.)

Please send me more info on: Masquerade Art Show Dealers' Room

Volunteering Other: _____

Please note: _____

ConSequiturs



Are you a Convention Junkie?

Do you plan your vacations around convention dates? Do you turn down other trips to plan and work for conventions? What makes a Junkie out of your average fan? For that matter what/who is your average fan?

I think your average fan is the one that pays his/her membership fee, attends most of the convention, goes to a few parties, attends some panels, maybe plays a few games, sees the art show and the masquerade and goes to a few more parties.

Next in line is the fan that "volunteers" for door sitting, being a gopher, running errands and the like. This is the first step (other than being there in the first place) in becoming a Junkie. You find out that when you aren't interested in what is doing on at the con, you can find some-

place to work and see/learn what really makes the convention get from start to finish. **SURRRRE.**

A couple more steps along and you find yourself on 'Staff', a position of responsibility. With regular hours to work and 'take over' for a while. Being 'Staff', at times, gives you a different colored badge or a ribbon telling everyone that indeed you are Somebody at the Con. And along the way you are making good friends (and possibly a few enemies) with others that are, like you, working in their spare time.

Then, if you apply any ambition, you're a 'Committee' member, with your own staff and volunteers. You are working both before and after the convention, and so are most of your friends. You find yourself volunteering to help out at other conventions, and what is even worse — looking forward to it! Then you find yourself attending con-

Guest Host this issue:
Doreen Webbert

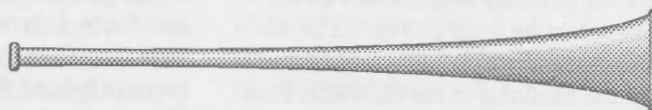
ventions on running conventions. You put out newsletters, you write fanzines, you write letters, you call pros by their first names (and they know who you are, and come to you for help when they run into problems). You are 'Fan Guest of Honor' at conventions. And the bigger the convention, the bigger the Junkie.

You are a BNF (Big Name Fan) — gasp! And as such are in much demand to do things for others, so it may or may not be worth the title.

Now, none of this is wrong. Actually it is a lot of fun. In fact, I fit most of the above. Truthfully, I think I skipped a couple of steps along the way, and I'm still

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Sound Off!



This column is provided for fans who would like to make a (controversial?) statement about convention life. Feel free to write in and respond if something gets yer dander up! Or if you have something you'd like to spout, here's your place! First, here's a note from Doreen Webbert, who wrote last ish's commentary:

I have been a little surprised that there weren't any comments in the mail about the last issue's Sound Off, "There Hasta Bee..." (the one on nixing convention bid parties). Several fans talked to me about it at ChiCon V and said they meant to write and add their two cents worth to what I said. I am not going to go into the 'hows' of fixing convention bidding — I'll wait and see if there are any comments from any of you before I stick my neck out any further on that subject.

Now, here's a new commentary:

The following editorial, in palatable lyrical form, was brought upon by impressions made to the writer while attending the recent CopperCon.

Science Fiction Creature

Copyright © 1991 by Kevin Birnbaum

*You strut your stuff to space-age views
and bare your midriff section,
you're jailbait and yearning
to be shown a new direction.*

*Your colored hair and painted nails
just hide your youthful graces,
with a patch of clothing barely on
in soft strategic places.*

*Tossed about what's real, who's not,
you're never really sure,
is reality a resting stop
sci-fi is such a lure.*

*You're a science fiction creature
and it's really such a shame,
that you've become the feature
and too many know your name.*

*You're a fantasy escapist
yet you'll never read a book,
with a party as oasis
you're worth more than just a look.*

*Two and three and four a.m.
your folks wouldn't approve,*

*from doobies to tequila
maybe two or three more ludes.*

*You're sittin' in a corner
guessin' perhaps you're smashed,
don't forget why you have come here
it's to think high, not get crashed.*

*In images of Dolby
and of wide screen vista-vision,
your brain has started showin'
its own film of sci-fi fission.*

*You're a science fiction creature
and it's really such a shame,
that you've become the feature
and too many know your name.
You're a fantasy escapist
yet you'll never read a book,
with a party as oasis
you're worth more than just a look.*

*And as your mind begins to buzz
and streak its colors at you,
the sounds you hear are not too clear
as options become too few.*

Continued on page 21

AN ARMCHAIR TOUR OF CHICON V

BY MIKE WILLMOTH

Chicon V. Chicago, Illinois. Someplace I had never been before other than the airport and by armchair tours myself. Have there really been that many World Science Fiction Conventions there? That's about 1 in 10.

Chicago won the right to hold the Worldcon there after winning the votes in New Orleans in 1988. That was my first Worldcon as well as my wife's first. We had been at NASFIC (CactusCon) in 1987 here in Phoenix; in fact, that was our first working con. But NOLACon II was our first taste and although it was a flop, the French Quarter was wonderful.

But since Chicago was the first one we got to vote for or against, we decided we were going to go.

After the trials and tribulations and revised plans that usually go along with taking a vacation, we finally arrived and checked in at the hotel in Chicago. First stop after that was Registration. Down the elevators we went and exited on the second floor. We walked by tons of fans, down the escalator to the first floor. Here we took in the whole hotel. Looking up you could see a glass enclosure surround the entire first two or three floors.

More escalators? Down we went to the next level and here we could go down again, left and around the corner or through a tunnel taking us back to the other section of hotel. Our friends dragged us down one more level to the ballroom level and to the right. From here the corridor took us past some function space, into a mini-lobby and there was Reg! Against the wall were counters with LED signs saying who was what and where. After minor snafus and misspellings, we got our badges.

From here we could turn left and hit the smaller meeting rooms, Green Room and Program Ops desk. Nearby were other escalators taking fans down to the Art Show. It turns out that the Art Show and Dealers' Room were in the lowest level and back to back, but separated by a fabric barrier for security reasons. No, we can't get through to the Dealers' Room here; we must go back up, by Reg and around the escalator which brought

us down to this level. Then, down one more escalator and voila! The Dealers' Room.

Gee, folks, where's ConSuite? Back up to the Ballroom Level, then up to the tunnel level, down the tunnel and a quick left. This is the non-smoking ConSuite with beer, soft drinks and munchies. Around the corner is the smoking one. Outside of ConSuite are more escalators going down to the exhibit areas where the future Worldcon's bid tables are located. To the right was one whole room devoted to photographs of as many participants as they could cram onto the pegboard flats. At the far end was films.

The center area was a counter where we would be voting for 1994's Worldcon site later that weekend. Beyond there were more tables with Atlanta, Winnipeg and miscellaneous Soviets begging for meal and transportation assistance. Lots of maps and souvenirs were located in these areas. The large room in behind these tables were more films and in front was a display room for DC Comics, Chicago's Battletech Center and some other stuff.

Yes, Chicago does have the only computerized Battletech Center so far, but others are in the works. They had a videotape demonstrating what it was all about, where it is and how much it costs (they also had special rates for Con attendees). I went to check this out later during the Con, but they informed me they couldn't get me in for about an hour; just the amount of time I had to kill. Oh well; not today.

I roamed around the corner from the demo area to the smaller meeting rooms and found a computer demo going on in one room and other meetings in other rooms. I watched a demo of an Amiga computer with a Video Toaster board do some really nice special effects. Across the hall from there was where everyone met who had signed up for the Chicago White Sox baseball game expedition. We all had a great time going to see them play. One fellow who was a baseball fan who gave us a pep talk turned out to be

the winner of a Hugo award later on. Interesting guy.

I backed out of that hallway and into the main area, found everyone waiting for me and up the escalator we went. Now, instead of turning right to enter ConSuite or going straight to recross the tunnel we hung a left and went around the escalators to the freebie tables. Yeow! Table after table after table of white, pink, green, yellow and every other color of flyer, 'zines and stuff from all over the world.

Across from the stairs away from the freebies were more meeting rooms. Here they had Art Programming during the day and Filking at night. After perusing the freebies with a quick pass we headed past the escalators once again, across the tunnel to the main tower and up one more escalator to the first floor of the Hyatt.

The main ballrooms across from Registration were also used for programming, Masquerade, Hugos, Guest-of-Honor speeches and closing ceremonies. The smaller meeting rooms around the corner from Reg was where the Chesley awards were presented.

Between Reg and these meeting rooms was the Voodoo (or Message) Board on one side and advertising on the other. The Con printed out all the names of attendees on these poster boards and if you wanted to leave a message for someone, just place a red sticky dot next to their name, write your message down on a slip of paper available on the tables nearby and drop it into the card file of alphabetical indices. When you see a red dot next to your name you remove it and put it back on the wax paper, remove the message, read it and swallow it. Of course, you don't have to do this last step if your security clearance doesn't warrant you receiving any top secret messages in the first place.

We used this system to meet up with a friend of ours we conversed with via BIX (Byte Information Exchange — a commercial computer bulletin board system). Nico was from the Netherlands and

wanted to see what a real American Worldcon was like. He had worked at ConFiction in the Hague, but now he wanted to compare notes. Nico also came out to Phoenix after Chicago to attend our own CopperCon, but that's another article.

As for the Con itself it had good points and bad. The Pocket Program (PP) only had one "sort" and that was by day/time/room. The maps left most fans confused and forced them to use their inertial navigation systems to get around. If you wanted to find when a particular participant would be where, you looked sequentially throughout the PP. They did categorize all panels as to Science, Art, Cities (this one confused me until I realized the architectural significance of many buildings in Chicago), Filking, etc.

Rumors had it that there was dissension amongst the troops. First, there was NO Con Ops! Imagine a con of any size where there was no one place to go for help. Program Ops ended up being the de facto Con Ops as they refused to pass fans on to another area if they were in trouble; they would find out where or who or how if it killed them and several came close. Pre-con Programming failed to supply At-con Programming with ANY printouts of any kind.

More rumors had it that the Masquerade pipe and drape plans weren't even worked up until the day before the contest. The contest was so far behind that it started an hour late and they were still hanging the World Science Fiction Society banner as the Master-of-Ceremonies was talking into the mike to test the sound system. Mike Resnick was MC. The entries we saw in the Masquerade were not top quality as we knew it, so after one hour we left the room and party-hopped. Since the Masquerade was on internal TV we didn't have to wait in the line that stretched from the Grand Ballroom, down the hall, up the escalator, down the tunnel and into the tower with the ConSuite. How glad we were for that bit of technology.

Speaking of parties we visited Louisville and Winnipeg in '94; Winnipeg edged Louisville out by 53(?) votes. The vote counters did an all-nighter counting over 2000 votes and all

for that difference. I really have to admire those diehards. We also saw Glasgow and Atlanta in '95; absent was Sydney's contingent from down-under (Australia).

My highlights were not only getting to listen to the animated, funny, intelligent, witty persona known as Clifford Stoll, but getting to meet him and being turned down when I invited him to WesterCon 45 (WesterColt .45) for programming. Clifford is the Astronomer cum Computer Security Expert who tracked down the West German hacker from his Berkeley computer site. He's had a special on Public Broadcasting channels and is even zanier in person than on TV. Imagine this guy roaming all over a huge ballroom, talking a mile a minute and going off on tangents of thought that only fans and schizoids could follow. He was an instant hit when he began to recount his exploits with this German fellow.

The science track was very strong with authors, scientists and the like discussing all sorts of stuff from the space program to future colonies. The art program had demos and intimate (not biblically speaking) sessions with good artists. Programming caused some snafus that upset some artists (just ask Armand Cabrera about it next time you see him), but was interesting none the less. Filking was well attended and they had some wonderful computer animation and regular animation films shown.

There's so much more to say and show you that I could go on forever and not get any sleep. So, I'm going to wrap this article up by saying that we had a great time, enjoyed what the con had to offer and let the glitches (and there were huge ones) roll off of us. No, it was not another NOLACon II, but parts of it were certainly reminiscent of it. However, others were closer to NoreasCon when it came to interest, popularity and efficiency. I'm just sorry I had to write about it here since most of you couldn't attend. You missed out.

So, until next time I bid you farewell and if you need or want more info on anything I mentioned here then just contact me either in person or via ConNotations' Editor. Be seeing you....

ConSequiturs

Continued from page 19

here, in fandom doing things. Working conventions, writing for the zines, running departments, and going to conventions about running conventions.

But I don't think I have a Convention Junkie's life. I do other things beside what I do in fandom. I have not given up anything I wanted to do because of a convention. I do like attending them and will sit down and plan out which ones I want to attend, but I no means go to all I could. A lot of conventions I attend are to see the people/friends that are going to be there. (Anyhow, that is my excuse — and it sounds good to me!)

But, back to the start of this, are you a convention junkie? And how would you define a convention junkie? What do you think? Write in and let me know.

Sound Off!

Continued from page 19

*Ride the storm on gallant ships
of starlight to its edges,
and see how your mind can cope with things
an intoxicator dredges.*

*It seems you've done the real thing
that others only hoped for,
you've traveled space from just one place
curled up upon the dance floor.*

*You're a science fiction creature
and it's really such a shame,
that you've become the feature
and too many know your name.
You're a fantasy escapist
yet you'll never read a book,
with a party as oasis
you're worth more than just a look.*

*The Wright
brothers flew
right through
the smoke screen
of impossibility.*

— Charles F. Kettering

Regional Pro News

by CASFS President
Adam Niswander

Greetings denizens of Sol3 and Fen. I've only just returned from the Inn of a Thousand Sleeping Cats in Ulthar via Titus' TimeClock and discovered that the deadline has arrived for me to once again report on the activities of our local dream weavers.

Jennifer Roberson checked in and said she is relieved and exhilarated to have her Robin Hood novel turned in to Zebra. The final draft came in at 257,000 words and is tentatively titled *Wolf's Head*. From start to finish the manuscript took eleven months and three weeks to finish. Revisions and final acceptance remain to be completed. The final *Cheysuli* novel has been rescheduled from summer to fall of 1992 to afford the busy author a brief vacation from writing... she says she is taking October off!

G. Harry Stine reports that the 12th and final *Warbots* novel has been turned in and accepted by Zebra/Pinnacle. *Warbots 11*, titled *Warrior Shield*, is due for release in February. Harry is currently negotiating with a new publisher on a proposed new series. Hopefully, we'll have more to tell you about it by the next issue.

Paul Cook reports he'll have a story in the November issue of *Amazing Stories* titled *The Character Assassins* and that there are "things in the works."

Peter Manly reminds me that his short story scheduled to appear in *Infinity Ltd.* #3 is titled *Death And Taxes*, not *Death In Texas*. Well, Pete, they sound similar, don't they? Sorry.

Michael McCollum, who was our co-Guest of Honor at CopperCon, is busy completing final revisions on *Sails of Tau Ceti*.

Rick Cook continues to work on his story about the haunted shopping mall. Steve Martindale continues to work on *Coyotes*. Annis Shepherd continues to work on *The Living Bridge*.

B.D. Arthurs is the proud editor of *Copper Star*, the anthology of Southwestern horror stories created specially for World Fantasy Con just held in Tucson. B.D. is working on several story ideas to be pitched to Paramount for *Star Trek: the Next Generation*.

Diana Gabaldon just returned from an autographing tour in California for her new book, *Outlander*. She tells me that the British version was retitled *Cross-Stitch* and that she has received her author's copies. Apparently they gave it a whole new cover as well. She is currently working on the revisions to *Dragonfly In Amber*, the second book of the trilogy.

Steve Crompton stopped by the store and delivered copies of all the *Lejentia* material he and Holly Bennett have developed, including the *Lejentia Stanza Adventure Pack*, the *Fort Bevits Campaign Pack*, the *Lejentia Campaign Book* and issues one and two of the graphic novels. It looks like a lot of fun. Check it out.

I spoke with Alan Dean Foster just a week ago and he is off now on vacation. (See the interview elsewhere in this issue for an update on what this busy author is doing currently.)

If you are a Pro and didn't get mentioned, remember you can contact me through Adam's Bookstore (see the ad on the back cover) and let me know what you're up to. I'll be happy to share it with the readership. I'd also like to expand our area of focus to include any Pro across the country who receives *ConNotations* — just write or call!

Well, by the clicking, whirring and chiming of the TimeClock, I see that it is time to return to Ulthar. I'll tell those at the Inn of a Thousand Sleeping Cats that the Phoenix Fen wish them good dreaming. Til then, have a most superior life.



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WANTED

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Do you have the time and inclination to mend clothing, sew on buttons? If so, give me a call and let me know what you'd charge. I'd love to be able to reactivate this part of my wardrobe, and just don't have the necessary time. (602) 220-9785, ask for Margaret.

Wanted attractive female for convention team toy for LepreCon 18 & WesterCon 45. Duties include: completely waiting on and pampering (young male) team, backrubs, full-body massages, and some grooming. To be used as mascot and toy, any other physical contact optional... maybe. Please send color photo, body measurements, and current medical records to us c/o *ConNotations*, attn: Team.

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Alicia Austin full-color catalog of Limited Edition prints, notecards, postcards. \$3 p/h: Fantasies Unlimited-C, 6507 Franrivers Ave., West Hills, CA 91207.

REUNIONS

FUTUREQUEST REUNION — g'head, it'll be 10 years come WesterCon! Plan to be there, if you dare. We need your current address, so call Daniel (602) 243-6937 or Margaret at (602) 220-9785 to touch base.

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*Whenever he
thought about it,
he felt terrible.
And so, at last,
he came to a
fateful decision.
He decided
not to think
about it.*

— Anonymous

DEATH IN TEXAS

Copyright © 1990 by Peter L. Manly.

BY PETER L. MANLY

The Texas Sun pounded my shoulders and made digging in the hard clay even tougher. Sweat and dust mixed into a fine mud which penetrated my clothes. I dug fast, too fast for a complete paleontological survey but this time I knew the exact location of the large dinosaur bones. I knew because I'd been there — seen the dinosaurs die. The shovel clanged as I threw it down and grabbed a pick from the battered old ranch truck.

The upper soil layers containing small skeletons of later mammals no longer interested me. My main objective ceased to be even the dinosaur bones themselves. I just wanted to unearth them, sell them to the highest bidder and deliver a check to the hospital in Austin where Grandpaw Karl lay dying. Only a massive infusion of money into the medical industry could save him.

Grandpaw Karl raised me and often pointed out the bones of ancient monsters, exposed by the stream erosion behind the ranch house. Like all boys, I went through a phase of being interested in dinosaurs. In my case, however, the phase lasted thirty five years — so far. The fossils developed into a high school science project which resulted in a scholarship and eventually supported a thesis. Grandpaw Karl never let anybody else dig on his land so I knew I had a rich field of completely preserved specimens all to myself.

He would come out and make suggestions on digging locations. "Over behind where you got your truck parked, Son. That's for sure a much better place."

I looked at the flat, dry scrub but could see little difference between any two spots. "How do you know?"

"Where you're diggin' don't look like no dinosaur grave." He leaned on the hood of the pickup, silent but smiling. He watched me dig for six more hours until I came across a small, fingernail sized bone. "Shoot! You coulda done better, son. That's not much for half a day's work." I gave him a look of disgust and picked at the hard, dry clay. Next to it I found a second, slightly larger bone.

That led to a third, even larger bone, obviously the three tip bones of a long, sinuous tail. Within two weeks I unearthed a complete Allosaurus skeleton from about 180 million years back. Its head lay right where Grandpaw Karl had first indicated I should dig. He commented, "Some times young folk have to do things the hard way."

Grandpaw received no formal education and showed little understanding of archeology, yet he always seemed to come up with the right digging locations. At first, I didn't question his abilities and chalked it up to his living on the ranch for over three quarters of a century, memorizing every small hill and gully. He certainly possessed a sixth sense about the old place — even knew exactly where to sink a well when the stream ran dry. After I left to pursue a career in archeology, he kept the remote ranch going by himself. The few cattle he raised seemed only to serve as an excuse to remain on the land which he loved. I visited him as often as I could, more to escape the city than to dig in his fields. His dinosaurs made me comfortable but not wealthy as an associate professor.

For the past two months Grandpaw Karl lay gasping on a sterile white bed, surrounded by tubes and electrodes connected to machines. I knew he would rather have been at home on his lumpy old mattress, worn by time into a familiar shape but I couldn't just let him die. He remained all the family I had known since the tornado chewed up my childhood home. At times, as a boy and a young man, I thought Grandpaw Karl didn't really care about people. We could go for a week living in the same old rambling ranch house without saying one word. "Are you mad at me?" I'd ask.

"Nope."

"Then why don't you talk to me?"

"Don't got nuthin' to say."

"Look, you're supposed to be my guardian, raise me, give me guidance. What about that?"

"Yer doin' fine. Don't need no guidance just now. I'll let you know if'n you

do." And he did. Once — no, twice — when I stepped out of bounds, he talked to me all night. Serious discussions. No, he wasn't — isn't — talkative. All he ever said was just everything that needed to be said. Nothing more. Not one word more.

I threw down the pick and took up the shovel. The layer of caliche clay, hard like impure concrete, required strenuous work. Underneath that lay the softer fine clays bearing the bones. Much as I hated the caliche layer, it protected the fossils for millions of years. I wanted to stop and take a break in the shade of my truck but I promised myself that I'd at least punch through the hard layer before I rested. As I worked, I remembered how Grandpaw Karl always knew exactly where to look for dinosaurs.

Years before, he helped me with my doctoral thesis project; a full fossil skeleton of a brontosaurus from the Jurassic Period. That one even included an intact skull. When I examined the bones carefully and found the copper jacketed steel tipped slug in one of the vertebrae I didn't know what to do. The well preserved bullet appeared to be a 30-06. Dimensionally, it matched one of the Winchester SPRG types I found in my pack, left over from the last hunting trip with Grandpaw Karl.

I drove to the ranch to be alone with my thoughts and away from the University. The discovery of a modern bullet in my dinosaur could foul my thesis and wreck my doctoral candidacy forever! After several hours of silence, Grandpaw Karl sensed my trouble and asked, "Anythin' wrong, Son?"

"Just my whole future!"

"Oh."

I waited for a couple of minutes for more questions but they never came. We just sat in silence on the front porch watching the Sunset. Finally, I said, "I've got a problem with that brontosaurus. There's a bullet in it. A modern bullet."

Grandpaw Karl jumped a bit, "Well, I guess I'd better fess up then."

"Fess up?" I couldn't imagine my grandfather ever doing anything requiring confession.

He remained silent for several moments before saying, "It was my great grandpappy who found it."

"The dinosaur?"

"No, the time machine. Out by the old hen house. Not the chicken coop we have now. The old one that blew down in the summer of '17."

"The what!"

"Time machine. You listenin', boy? Cause I ain't gonna tell it but once." He paused, mustering his thoughts. "His son, my own Grandpaw, figgered it out 'cause he could read and such. Caused quite a stir in those days. My Grandpaw made a pile of money bettin' on the races at the county fair. He'd just slip up a few days ahead, buy a paper with the race results, come back and lay down his bets. Trouble was, he got greedy. Local folk figgered he was doin' something to the horses. Tarr'd and feathered him and run him out of town on a rail. Grandmaw came back to the ranch and raised my paw. She never seen Grandpaw again.

"Grandmaw said there never was nothin' good came from that machine. Told me never to touch it. Well, there

The discovery of a modern bullet in my dinosaur could foul my thesis and wreck my doctoral candidacy forever!

ain't no tellin' a young buck not to do somethin'. I wasn't greedy, though. All I ever did was look at the weather a few days ahead so's I'd know to bring the stock in. Always got to plan ahead, boy. Look to the future.

"Then I made one trip way up twenty years ahead. Found out who I'd marry and found out I'd better get married quick 'cause there was a war comin' and they'd let married ranchers alone. Otherwise I'd of been an infantryman for sure, me bein' a crack shot. I did make one trip into the far future — more'n a hundred years — saw things that come after we're both long in our graves."

"What's it like in the future?"

"Well, I just wanted to make sure the land didn't spoil. It pains me to think of the whole state of Texas paved over from end to end. There are little parks, howev-

er, and our purty little valley will be one of them."

"But the machine, where did it come from?"

"Don't know."

"I mean, is the machine from our own future? How did it get here? Is it from some other planet? Some alternate Universe?"

"Don't rightly know. Might look into it some day."

"Well, did you go into the past?" I paused. "Obviously you went into the past — there's this bullet in a dinosaur bone."

"Well, that happened in the summer of '59. Remember? Mabel was still alive then. The grass all died off and the creek went dry. The livestock was gonna die too. I looked in your high school textbooks and learned about water tables. Figured that I could find an old underground stream bed to tap into if I went back in time."

"That's how you knew where to dig!"

"Yup. Problem is, that's how I found out that times past were dangerous. Came on a damn saber toothed tiger. Shot him clean through the neck."

"By the well?"

"Where the well was gonna be. He was slurpin' water at the stream when I came on him."

"Is that the fossil I dug up for my high school science project?"

"Either that or there's another one close by. Anyway, you were so tickled that I kept goin' back, bagging old mammoths and then I went really far back and got you some dinosaurs. Figgered I was plannin' ahead. Providing you with a future. I'm really sorry about that bullet. I usually dug them out of the carcass. Guess I missed that one."

We remained silent for a time and it all became clear. Grandpaw Karl knew exactly where to dig for fossils because he'd put them there. I looked out at the grassy rangeland. "Grandpaw, are there any more dinosaurs out there?"

"Just two. Maybe more that died naturally on the spot. There's a funny looking thing with a duck bill and another — oh, I can't remember the name. You took a small one out for your master's project. Big teeth — real nasty lookin'."

"Tyrannosaurus Rex."

"Yeah, the mean, green, eating

machine. Only he wasn't green. Reddish brown. Anyway, he was eating the one with the duck bill and..."

"Hang on, Grandpaw! Duckbills and Tyrannosaurus didn't live at the same time. Nearly the same but they weren't around together. All the books say that."

"Well, maybe them two lizards didn't read your fancy books. Anyway, that tyrant thing was about as big as your cousin Elmo's Peterbuilt truck. Bigger'n the dinosaur bones you took me to see in Chicago."

"Where are the skeletons?"

"Right next to the barn, East side."

"Grandpaw, I'd like to see the dinosaurs in action. Could your time machine take me back?"

Grandpaw and I took only that one trip back together. We went to see the fight between the Tyrannosaurus and his prey. The machine itself looked like a fat telephone booth — not at all what I'd envisioned. Then again, what is a time machine supposed to look like? I'd expected a spectacular trip through time but our surroundings just changed quietly when Grandpaw activated the controls. Sort of like going from one scene to another in a movie. The rolling hills appeared different, of course, and the vegetation grew much taller in that age. Through a stand of giant reeds we could see the Duckbill dinosaur feeding in a shallow swamp. His peculiar mouth parts swept up only one variety of leafy plant, leaving the rest intact. He moved ponderously, like an aged fat man. Occasionally he raised his head to a full three meters and gazed around. He saw us and stared for almost a minute before returning to his meal. Then he sloshed into the shallows and continued eating with his mottled brown back to us.

Grandpaw nudged me and pointed off to one side. There stood several tons of frightening carnivore. Tyrannosaurus Rex, as he is depicted in the movies, doesn't come close to the real thing when it comes to instilling fear. He stood motionless, crouched down in the reeds. His smaller forelimbs gently touched the ground and he shifted his weight slowly, lifting a hind foot noiselessly. It took half a minute for him to move it forward and place it in the mud without even snapping a twig. He slowly shifted his weight and repeated the stalking maneuver,

advancing a couple of meters with each silent step. His eyes riveted on his prey as he approached the fleshy plant eater. It amazed me that such a large animal could move so quietly.

At the edge of the reeds he took one large, slow breath and then he lunged into the shallow pool. In two steps he pounced upon the feeding vegetarian, who had just started raising his head to see his attacker. Tyrannosaurus tore into the smaller dinosaur, his clawed toes ripping the side of the Duckbill's flanks and tearing off a ton or more of meat. The spiked teeth of the attacker sank into the other's soft neck and they went down together, spraying the far side of the swamp with a huge wave of water. The momentum of Tyrannosaurus carried him over the smaller dinosaur and he lost his grip. The Duckbill raised himself slowly as the Tyrannosaurus got up for a second attack. I could see the Duckbill's mortal wounds but he still staggered

***When the
Tyrannosaurus moved
in for the kill, a shot
rang out from one
side. Tyrannosaurus
twitched and kept
moving ponderously.***

erect and faced his attacker with clawed forelimbs and a wobbling stance. When the Tyrannosaurus moved in for the kill, a shot rang out from one side. Tyrannosaurus twitched and kept moving ponderously.

The sound surprised me and I looked questioningly at Grandpaw. He said in a rather casual whisper, "That's me — thirty years ago. It'll take two more shots to finish." A second shot rang out and Tyrannosaurus staggered. The carnivore looked at the reeds where the shooter lay hidden. Grandpaw whispered, "That's about the most scary look I ever got. Even worse than your Maw findin' out about the still I was runnin'."

Tyrannosaurus paused, staring at the reeds while the smaller dinosaur wavered on injured limbs. The third shot raised a puff of dust just above

Tyrannosaurus's eye. He closed his mouth and collapsed on the smaller dinosaur, knocking him over.

The two bodies lay in the shallow water looking like a bizarre caricature of lovers embracing. One of them twitched, sending ripples across the pond. I looked at Grandpaw and he said, "I waited over an hour before I went to get the bullets out of it."

Intrigued at the thought of seeing my grandfather as a younger man, I said, "Can we go meet him — you, that is?"

"Got no call to meet myself thirty years ago. I had more hair then and I was a damn fool when I'd been good at hunting. Talk your ear off, I would, braggin' and such." He paused, pondering. "Besides, I don't remember seeing an old man and a kid out here so I guess we ain't going to meet me."

I kept digging in the dry clay, slowing down as I neared the level of the dinosaurs. I hoped the bones of two large dinosaurs would bring enough money for Grandpaw Karl's operation. A few hours of digging uncovered the first of the large leg bones and revealed traces of the Duckbill's ribs. Indeed, they had lived and died together in spite of all the books. I knocked off for the day and completed photographing the nestled bodies of the two giants. Some day I'd go back with a video camera and record the Tyrannosaurus stalking his prey. I wondered if I'd go meet myself or the younger version of my grandfather.

The following day, I used a rented backhoe to remove the topsoil from around the site. It took almost two months to dislodge and pack the bones while Grandpaw Karl became weaker and weaker. I visited him almost every night and told him of my progress, not knowing whether he could understand me through the haze of drugs flowing through his veins.

When I finally sold the bones and visited him once again, he appeared more alert. "Grandpaw, I don't know if you can hear me or not. You're going to have the operation." I looked around past the maze of machines and tubes to assure our privacy. "I dug up the Tyrannosaurus and the Duckbill — sold them to a museum in the Middle East. Can you understand, Grandpaw?"

He moved his mouth with effort and I

edged closer to the bed. I couldn't understand the cracked, dry voice but he kept licking his lips. "Do you want water, Grandpaw?"

He nodded and I reached for the plastic cup with its bent straw. It seemed like a struggle for him to suck up enough to wet his tongue but he succeeded. Finally, he could speak, "Yer a damn fool!"

"What do you mean, Grandpaw?"

"Got your head in the past — all them books on history and such."

"I don't understand, Grandpaw. What is it that you want?"

"Help me beat this lump in my gut. Got to plan ahead!"

"But that's what I've done, Grandpaw. I've been digging up the bones — sold them to a museum and now we can afford the operation."

The machines clicked and hummed around us while Grandpaw gathered strength. "Not the right way. Damn quacks don't know squat about bein' sick." He took a laborious breath. "Got to get out of here."

I smiled "Grandpaw, we'll have you back home right after the operation. Doctor Wilson says ..."

"Damn queer kid! Puts his hands on you when he don't need to!"

"He's just trying to reassure you, Grandpaw. It's called bedside manner. He's ..."

"And you! Thought I raised you to use your head!"

"But Grandpaw, I ..."

"You and them damn fool books about the ancient history. You live in the past, son. Think about the future!"

"Grandpaw, right now, all I want to think about is getting you well. After that..."

"Ain't going to be no 'after that' unless you wise up!"

"Wise up?"

"Damn right! We got a damn time machine and you put me here with these — these witch doctors! Get me out of here and take me to a time where this rock in my gut isn't any more problem than removin' a wart. I swear, son, you been thinkin' too much about the past. Think about the future a little."



HEXACon 1

Continued from page 4

Crusader, and a double-blind variation of *Axis & Allies*. Prizes were also awarded in this area for Tournament winners.

In Miniatures we saw, of course, *BattleTech*, which ran a large tournament game over a two-day period. In addition, several other games, including *Ancients*, *Micro Armor*, *Warhammer 40K*, *Napoleon's Battles*, and *Johnny Reb* were played. Again, prizes were awarded for Tournament winners.

Computer Gaming was not as "polished" as we would have liked it, because of staffing problems, but this was overcome, and the participants were seen to be having their usual great time saving Lemmings, shooting Klingons, killing each other, protecting the universe, and flying circles around the bad guys in several variations of *Flight Simulator*. And I'm afraid that there were several reliable reports that a moustache was drawn on an Amiga image of Marina Sirtis (Counselor Troi)!

The convention facilities and staff were sized for a Con that was less than half the actual attendance of 400. "The gaming community in this area was an unknown quantity," said Bruce Farr, Treasurer and Hotel Liaison for HexaCon, "but now that we have more of a feel of what to expect, we can plan appropriately for the future." Despite a few problems with the hotel, and difficulty meeting staffing requirements, the attendees' needs were serviced well, and everyone left happy.

"You guys did a really great job!" commented Mike Stackpole, who exuberantly wandered about the convention site, greeting fans and watching all of the activity. "I'm glad that someone finally put together a decent local gaming convention. It's been overdue for a long time." To quote the Chairman, Ozzie Osman, "I saw an awful lot of people having an awful lot of fun!" "It was a damn fine Con," said Robert Barber, Gaming Coordinator. "We made a few mistakes, but we learned from them, and next time it will be even better!"

Because of the unquestionable success of HexaCon 1, plans are already in the works for HexaCon 2 — to be held in the

middle of March 1992. The summer time slot utilized last time is not available because of close proximity to WesterCon 45, to be held in Phoenix, and Origins/Gencon, the gaming equivalent of Worldcon.

HexaCon 2 will be bigger, better, and have more of what gamers like best — gaming! Additions to the program will include chess and some other more "traditional" games that were absent from the last effort, and multi-user on-line computer gaming from GENIE. The ConSuite will be "beefed up" (no pun intended), and we will definitely have a functioning PA system for announcements.

Negotiations are currently in progress with several potential guests, including Jordan Weisman, the inventor of *BattleTech* and President of FASA Inc. (makers of *BattleTech* and *Shadow Run*), and war-gaming guru Gene Billingsley, founder of GMT games. There will also be a track of programming at HexaCon 2, featuring panel discussions about gaming related subjects, and demo gaming from the national gaming manufacturers.

If you have a suggestion for HexaCon 2, please give your input to me personally (like at a CASFS meeting), or write me in care of HexaCon, P.O. Box 11743, Phoenix, Arizona 85061.



Cat•A•Lyst

Continued from page 9

Carter frowned. "I guess I don't understand. What harm can they do with something like that?"

"The learning machines are designed to implant information directly into a subject's mind. Very useful for educating the reluctant student." Crease paused for impact. "Such implants need not be benign."

"You mean they could influence politicians' minds or something?"

"You don't need high technology for that," Ashwood noted dryly. "Can you keep them from doing that?"

"No, but the effects can be neutralized if we can get close to their equipment, which can then be destroyed. After all, we are the inventive geniuses, not the Contisuyuns." He lapsed into a contemplative silence before commenting further.

"It will take the self-repairing instrumentation of our ship a while to restructure itself. Meanwhile we will aid you in seeing to it that the Contisuyuns do not misuse our technology. We will help if such help is in order, so that those marooned on your world do not act with hostile intent."

A soft hiss sounded from the vicinity of Carter's boots. Looking down, he saw that Macha had decided to vacate her perch and rejoin them. Now she was confronting something whose arrival none of the humans had noticed. The two animals circled each other slowly, curious and unaggressive.

The new arrival was slightly larger than Macha. While neither ocelot nor margay it was as indubitably feline as its presence was puzzling.

"Where'd this little guy come from?" he wondered aloud.

Quite unexpectedly, Shorty tilted forward to stroke the cat's spine with the tip of a root-tentacle. "This is" — the mental projection sounded vaguely like "Grinsaw" — "our companion."

"Oh, I get it." Ashwood smiled. "You guys picked up some cats on your earlier visits."

"Not at all," said Crease. "Cats have always been among us, from our earliest days on Booj. They are quite charming company. In fact, every civilized society we have encountered coexists with cats.

Their presence among your kind bodes well for your future."

"But cats evolved here," Igor insisted. "They are native to this world."

"Can you be certain of that?" Crease pressed him.

"Well, no. I mean, I have not been around for the entire duration of vertebrate evolution. It is simply what I was taught in school."

The Boojum was understanding. "And I'll bet you wouldn't recognize a mimsy borogove if it displaced right on your head. You people have much to learn, what?"

"They seem to be hitting it off," Carter commented. He was far more interested in Macha's immediate well-being than in possibly conflicting histories of her ancestors. The two cats were darting hither and yon now, cavorting about rocks and bushes with all the comportment of a couple of old friends.

"Are there any other transmitters hid-

"Well, for one thing, we can't just stroll into Cuzco in the company of three giant ambulatory vegetables."

den on Earth?" he asked as the thought suddenly occurred to him.

"No. Only the one here and the two at Nazca. Transmitters are intended for mass transit. Isolated visitations are always carried out by ship."

"If you will convey us to Nazca by domestic means," Tree informed them, "we will see to it that any technology of ours which the Contisuyuns intend to pervert to inimical ends is rendered permanently dysfunctional."

"I'm afraid it's not going to be that easy," Carter replied.

"What complications do you foresee?" the Boojum asked him.

"Well, for one thing, we can't just stroll into Cuzco in the company of three giant ambulatory vegetables."

"Ah, quite," said Crease. "It is noted that we resemble your flora somewhat more than your fauna, and that this dis-

parity could engender some comment."

Igor had been devoting some thought to the obvious problem. "Why don't we turn that to our advantage?"

"Kid, you been out in the heat too long," Ashwood said.

The guide was quite serious. "Many times have I helped scientists take their precious specimens down the river to Puerto Maldonado for shipment back to Europe or the U.S. If our friends can remain motionless when necessary we can simply tell the curious that we are carrying three large and important botanical specimens to Cuzco for shipment to America." He eyed the aliens.

"You can act like plants for a little while, can't you?"

Carter quickly warmed to the idea. "We can say that their devices are scientific instruments. I can pass myself off as a botanist. I played a microbiologist in *Red Plague from Orion*."

"There is no plague in Orion," Shorty insisted. "Only antisocial agitators."

"What about the park rangers?" Ashwood wondered.

"I will deal with them in the unlikely event we encounter any," Igor assured her.

"This will be jolly amusing." Crease was pleased. "We are agreed."

"Good. Now I got a question."

Ashwood stood quite close to the bulky Boojum. "If you ain't got no mouths, how do you eat?"

"Infrequently," Crease informed her. "Except for our minds, our metabolisms are quite slow. That is why we live to what you would consider a great age." The leading edge of his base curled up slightly to reveal the cilia beneath. "There is a mouth in the center of our locomotive digits."

"So you sit in your food. Great. Remind me not to invite you to my next fancy dinner party."

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Clubs & Organizations

SF/F oriented organizations are welcome to send info for a listing to *ConNotations* — Club Listings at P.O. Box 26665, Tempe, AZ 85285.

When contacting a club, please send a SASE (Self-Addressed, Stamped Envelope) for return reply!

Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society, Inc. (CASFS)

The non-profit corporation that puts on CopperCon conventions, SmerfCons, HexaCon, WesterCon 45, and publishes *ConNotations*. Best described as SF/F generalists with a strong bent towards literary SF/F. Meets at 8pm on the last Friday of each month in January thru September and the second Friday in October, November and December at the Marie Callender's at 3434 E. Thomas Road in Phoenix, AZ. Write P.O. Box 11743, Phoenix, Arizona 85061 or call Bruce Farr at (602) 730-8648 or Doug Cospier at (602) 245-1440 for more information.

Earthlink Sci-fi Club

Sf generalists with some focus on comics and environmental issues. Meets at various conventions and occasions. Publishes a quarterly newsletter called *Cosmic Wavelengths*. For information contact them at 8508 E. San Lorenzo, Scottsdale, AZ 85258, or call Nohl Rosen at (602) 991-8847.

The Empire of Chivalry & Steel Inc.

A non-profit medieval recreation and historical group based in Arizona. They have experts in the fighting arts as well as the creative arts, all of which will be on hand to assist you as you enter into the current middle ages. For more information, contact Bart Smith (Phoenix) 602-937-6995 or Leonard Bird (Tucson) 602-742-2432.

Finnegin's Isle

A club set around *Finnegin's Isle*, to discuss and misunderstand the Cargo Cult and the

mystery around *Finnegin's Wake*. Meets every other Thursday night. Have also started a Robert Anton Wilson study group, meeting each Sunday night. For more information write: 2080 E. Greenway, Tempe, AZ 85282.

Igen Weyr

A Phoenix-area local club based on the *Dragonrider* books by Anne McCaffrey. For more information, call Kim Farr at (602) 730-8648 or write to 1844 E. Sesame St., Tempe, Arizona 85283. Publisher of the fanzine, *Weyr Notes*.

LepreCon, Inc.

One of the two Phoenix area corporations that puts on yearly conventions. Best described as SF/F generalists with a main thrust into SF/F art. Quarterly meetings are held on the second Saturday of February, May, August and November. For more information, write P.O. Box 26665, Tempe, Arizona 85285 or call Eric Hanson at (602) 968-7833.

Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS)

Los Angeles based SF club. Meetings are always at 8:00pm every Thursday at the clubhouse, may not be open other times. For information write LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601.

The Mad Dwarf's BBS

A sf/f discussion group (with some really bad jokes) that includes info about upcoming Arizona conventions, reviews of past conventions and a few on-line role playing games. Contact the Mad Dwarf at (602) 278-6196 (computer line).

NEW ON THE LIST! The Magrathea BBS

Discuss your favorite science fiction books, TV shows, and movies electronically on the Magrathea BBS at (602) 833-9216. Available for online reading are episode guides and information files for sci-fi TV shows. 300/1200/2400 baud, 24 hours a day.

Compiled by Eric Hanson

National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F)

Correspondence and fanzine-oriented national SF club; no meetings. Publishes *The National Fantasy Fan (TNFF)*, the club zine, and *Tightbeam*, the letterzine, bimonthly. Club apa (N'APA), round robins, story contests, several bureaus & activities. Approx 300 members. Dues are \$12 per year. For more information write: Donald Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91606.

Northern Arizona Speculative Fiction Society (NASFS)

A club best described as SF/F generalists with a main thrust into the literary field. Puts on the annual convention, CraterCon. For more information contact Jon Bonnell at P.O. Box 20001, Flagstaff, AZ 86001.

The Phoenix Fantasy Film Society

Film society for classic SF/F film. Membership is \$25 lifetime dues. PFFS also rents projectors, films, and video tapes. Contact PFFS, Box 30423, Phoenix, Arizona 85067.

Phoenix Japanimation Society

Local chapter of japanimation/general animation oriented fans — meets monthly. Membership is free, though optional monthly newsletter is \$5/year or \$.50 per month. Call Tom Perry at (602) 996-2196 or write P.O. Box 5189, Glendale, Arizona 85312.

NEW ON THE LIST! RAW Games

(Role-players & Wargamers, Inc.) is the Valley's oldest role-playing and wargaming club. Currently meeting at Carrow's Restaurant at 7th Street & Monte Vista in Phoenix every Sunday from 3pm-9pm (except during conventions and other spe-

dial events). Open to new members — call (602) 849-9515.

The Society for Creative Anachronism

In the Kingdom of Atenveldt doth lie the Principality of the Sun (Arizona); within fair Principality can be found four primary Baronies: Atenveldt, Mons Tonitrus, Sun Dragon and Tir Ysgithr. For information on any of these, or for general information on thy past tomorrows, thou mayest contact: Countess Larissa Alwynn Clarewood (Trish Raley); Principality Seneschal, 1310 W. McKenzie, Phoenix, AZ 85013, (602) 241-0236 after 6pm; or her deputy, Mistress Helen Jennet (Pam Foley) 1345 E. Palm Ln, Phoenix, AZ 85006, (602) 495-1760.

Society for Creative Anachronism (Tucson)

Or how to get in touch with your past. Contact SCA Inc. DBA Tir Ysgithr, Box 43335, Tucson, Arizona 85733.

Southwest Costumers Guild

A Phoenix-area branch chapter of the International Costumers' Guild, based in Maryland. Dedicated to exploring, teaching, researching and enjoying all aspects of costuming. Dues are \$14 per year (which includes \$7.00 International dues). For more information contact Mahala Sweebe at (602) 938-9319 (leave message) or write c/o P.O. Box 36994, Phoenix, AZ 85067.

Starbase Tucson

Star Trek readers/writers who correspond, critique, collaborate and occasionally publish in pro publications. Interests also include *Sime/Gen*, *Quantum Leap*, *Dr. Who*, *Companion*, *BattleStar Galactica* and *Stingray*. Write to: Kathryn Kane, P.O. Box 449, Oracle, AZ 85623.

T.A.R.D.I.S.

(The Arizona Regional Doctor [Who] Interest Society) *Dr. Who* fan club of Phoenix, in addition to an interest in *Star Trek*, *Blakes 7*, and a varied SF interest. Memberships are \$15.00 and include a monthly newsletter, business cards & a TARDIS key. Meets every two weeks at various locations around the valley. Contact Belle at T.A.R.D.I.S., Box 63191, Phoenix, Arizona 85082 or call (602) 246-4440.

United Federation of Phoenix

The Phoenix area *Star Trek* club. Meets every two weeks at various locations around the Phoenix area. For information, write P. O. Box 37224, Phoenix, Arizona 85069 or call Jim Strait at (602) 242-9203.

United Whovians of Tucson

A well-informed and very active *Dr. Who* club. \$12 yearly membership includes four issues of their fanzine, written by semi pro's and other dedicated fans. For more information contact Tracy A. Murray, 7242 E. Calle Cuernavaca, Tucson, AZ 85701, or call (602) 722-6812.

It's... An Advice Column?

Ask Dr. Mousse!

Dear Dr. Mousse,

I'm sixteen and a sophomore in high school. I guess my problem is that I'm a big sci-fi fan and that gets me cast as a nerd or space cadet. I'm into sci-fi and fantasy, role-playing games, conventions (obviously), computers (gaming and programming), comic books, Japanimation, and just general weird or bizarre stuff. I'm not like a total junkie or anything, but this is what I like. Every time I mention any of this to people at school, I get scoffed at and ridiculed. How do I deal with all this?

Man of Two Worlds

realize it. If brought to their attention some of the mainstream science fiction they watch, they shouldn't be so critical. Keep being the way you are, because these other people lack individualism. At least you recognize and are trying to solve the differences between people, instead of warding off all that is new, innovative, or different. Stick with your guns and continue looking toward the future.

And just think, one day some of those comics you own will be worth more than most people make in a month!

Dr. Mousse

Dear MoTW,

First off, you're not a geek. All of the things you like are enjoyed world wide, by many different people. If there weren't so many other people that like science fiction and fantasy, then there wouldn't be such a huge industry putting it out. Actually, a lot of people like science fiction as well, they just don't

Yes! This is a real column now, so send us your tired, your hungry, your legible, masses of letters and Dr. Mousse shall give you answers that you wouldn't pay for... I mean advice that you don't have to pay for... And put stamps on your letters, it works better that way! Send you questions on any topic to Dr. Mousse, c/o ConNotations, PO Box 11743, Phoenix, AZ 850061.



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