

# CONNOTATIONS

VOLUME 2, ISSUE 2

FROM THE CENTRAL ARIZONA SPECULATIVE FICTION SOCIETY

THE QUARTERLY SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY, & CONVENTION MAGAZINE

**FREE!**

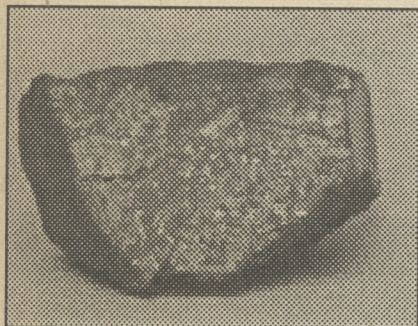


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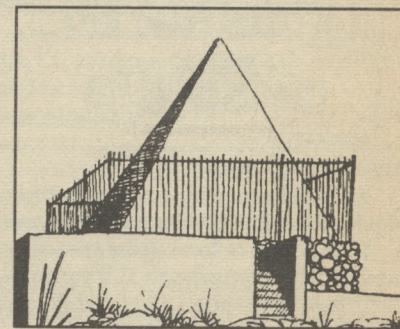
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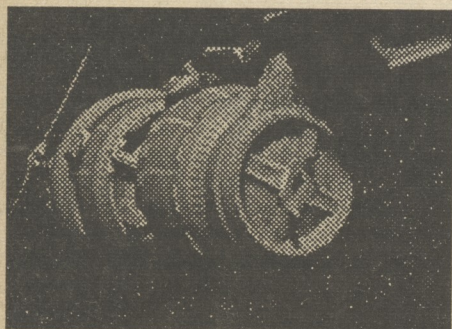
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**About ConNotations...**

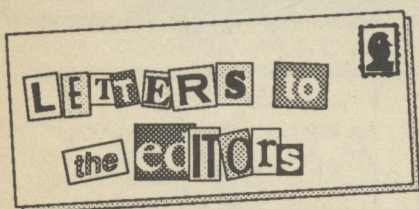
CONNOTATIONS is the fan-published magazine of the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society (CASFS), an IRS-recognized 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Quarterly publication dates are the first of February, May, August, and November each year. Circulation is to over 10,000 readers for this issue, mainly to members of CASFS and attendees of recent Arizona sf/f 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 Margaret Grady or Matthew Frederick at (602) 220-9785.



Dear CASFS People,

Please take me off your mailing list for *ConNotations* and save yourself some money.

I can glance at *Locus* in the specialty shop and see what's wrong with SF these days — I don't need to be driven into a frenzy by your zine, too.

Tell your *Sound Off!* columnists that if they don't want to be frustrated by a cliffhanger ending by the kinds of people they insist on reading, they should never pick up a book with a number on it.

Enough.

Your bitter pal,  
Howard Waldrop, Austin, TX

Editors,

Thanks for your continuing support of my need to know about events and friends in

**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 Spinners, 3333 E. Van Buren 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. A quick snuck-in note here: does anybody read this inside-front-cover stuff? 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 — just ask. 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, 2040 East Cypress, Phoenix, AZ 85006.

Arizona. *ConNotations* and its predecessors have given me a free ride for a long time.

In response to your appeal (Vol.2, Issue 1), here's a modest donation to help a good thing keep getting better.

Hope to see you at some event this summer.  
John Hoffman, Mountainview, CA

**Dear Two-Headed Dragon,**

The *ConNotations* magazine arrived in a most timely manner, today. It was one more piece of good luck on this Friday the 13th; it started with a smile from a black cat. Fan Facts was the first stop, best gossip I never read. Upcoming Events and Classified Ads are must-reads. Check out the [Con] reviews, compare it with my own notes and wax nostalgic. Wow, books reviews, well-spoken and diverse — hey I read that, yessir. But the real fun comes in the ads. Things wild and wicked, unknown and needed, new and unusual, seasonal and welcome and destined to be used. As yourselves say, "People read these and use them." Congratulations on the start of Volume 2.

Fannishly,  
Zetta Konrardy, Tempe, AZ

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Eileen Phillips  
Randall Whitlock  
Thank you all very much!

**Mah-velous Llama Compliments**  
The Fernando Llamas

We, the Editors, would like to personally thank the friends of *ConNotations* who have generously donated some of their hard-earned buckaroonies:

Daniel Arthur  
John Hoffman  
Zetta & Shadrick Konrardy  
M.G. Raymer  
Cristi & Sleepyhawk Simila

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## An Interview with G. Harry Stine...

# The Timeless Flight of the Rocketman

By Adam Niswander

**ConNotations:** Harry, you've been around science and science fiction for a long time. Give us a brief biography.

**G. Harry Stine:** Born in Philadelphia in 1928. Degree in Physics; Chief of Controls and Instruments Section, White Sands Proving Grounds, U.S. Naval Ordnance Missile Test Facility; engineering jobs in design; and consulting jobs in the aerospace industry; first book published in 1953; called the Father of model rocketry. Currently a freelance writer and head of The Enterprise Institute, a Phoenix-based "Think-Tank."

**CN:** You and Barbara were married when?

**GHS:** 10 June 52.

**CN:** When were you first published and paid for it? Was it fiction or fact?

**GHS:** It was fiction — a story called *Galactic Gadgeteers*. It was bought by John W. Campbell at *Astounding* in 1951 (May cover story). Interestingly enough, that story could have served as a *Star Trek* script but it had one flaw — there were no women in the crew.

**CN:** How many novels have you written?

**GHS:** 22 novels — nine as **Lee Correy**, though there was a big gap in the middle there (there were no Lee Correy novels from 1957 to 1980). Nothing came out in fiction between *Contraband Rocket* and *Star Driver* — I was working on non-fiction during those years.

**CN:** How many individually authored non-fiction books?

**GHS:** Six, and one comic book.

**CN:** What was your favorite of each?

**GHS:** The *Handbook of Model Rocketry* had had five editions, and *The Third Industrial Revolution* — both had at least short

term impacts when they came out. As far as fiction goes, the most recent is always my favorite.

**CN:** How long have you been writing *The Alternate View*?

**GHS:** Started in 1979 — planned to be a column every other month. It turned out to be a lot more than that.

**CN:** With your longevity, you have hob-nobbed with the best and brightest. Who was the most influential scientist in your life?

**GHS:** Dr. Clyde Taumbaugh, no question.

**CN:** Who were the most influential writers in your life?

**GHS:** Again, no question. Robert Heinlein and John W. Campbell. Like Heinlein, I believe technology is a tool for human beings. If you use it incorrectly, it lets you know. I'm always interested in the question, "How do we use it?"

**CN:** You are called the Father of Model Rocketry. How did you get so involved in it? When did you write the *Handbook*?

**GHS:** Involved? No, I started it. That was my deal with White Sands. There were all these kids writing letters, wanting to know everything about how to build their own rockets. The first *Handbook of Model Rocketry* was written in 1964 and published in 1965. There have been five editions to date. I'm getting ready to sign the contract for the sixth edition. It will be due next year.

**CN:** What years did you work at White Sands? Give us a chronology.

**I was Science advisor to CBS during the Apollo mission. Walter Cronkite and Arthur C. Clarke sat up on the platform and I sat just below, passing pieces of paper (scripts) up through a hole in the floor to Cronkite. "Here, Walter, this is what you say next."**

**GHS:** In 1951, I worked there between my college junior & senior years. Then I was employed there from 1952-57 and worked on the rocket engine test stands. That was where I got to know Werner Von Braun. Then the Navy offered me a civilian job as an operations engineer. I became flight safety engineer and got to blow up the failures. (He holds up his hand) I have a \$5 million finger. Everything I learned there is in the model rocketry material.

There was a shoe store owner in Norfolk, Nebraska who wrote me a letter, thanking me for the safety guidelines and kids orientation. He was a fireworks expert — made them in his basement. His brother was into model airplanes. He combined them and invented model rockets. His name was Orville Carlisle. My contribution had to do with standardizing safety regulations and promoting the hobby.

**CN:** Your book from Ace titled *Earth Satellites and the Race for Space Superiority* got you in hot water. Exactly what happened?

**GHS:** At the time, I was working on the Titan Missile for Martin in California. Everyone knew you could turn a Titan into a space vehicle — the Russians were doing the same thing. The night Sputnik went up they called two people — Heinlein and Stine — I just told what I had said in the book. We didn't have an ICBM and the Russians did. Martin fired me the next day — not for breach of security, but because I spoke to the press without their permission.

After that, I was Science advisor to CBS during the Apollo mission. Walter Cronkite and Arthur C. Clarke sat up on the platform and I sat just below, passing pieces of paper (scripts) up through a hole in the floor to Cronkite. "Here, Walter, this is what you say next."

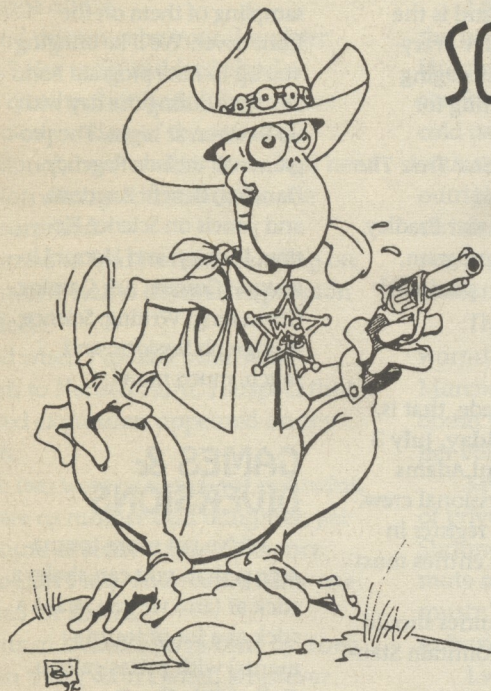
# WESTERCOLT 45

SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

The 45th Annual Westercon

July 2-5, 1992

The Omni Adams  
Phoenix, Arizona



4 FULL DAYS ARE JUST \$60!

ONE-DAY MEMBERSHIPS AVAILABLE AT THE DOOR

With Guests of Honor

FANTASY AUTHOR

Jennifer Roberson

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION ARTIST



Rick Sternbach

SCIENCE FICTION AUTHOR AND TOASTMASTER

Wilson "Bob" Tucker

HUGO-WINNING FAN AUTHOR/PUBLISHER

Pat Mueller

 PLUS 

AUTHORS: MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY ▶ HAL CLEMENT ▶ RICK COOK ▶ ANNE McCAFFREY  
LARRY NIVEN ▶ MICHAEL STACKPOLE ▶ G. HARRY STINE

ARTISTS: ALICIA AUSTIN ▶ FRANK KELLY-FREAS

GAME DESIGNER

KEN ST. ANDRE

TV'S *BABYLON 5* PRODUCER

J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI

COMIC BOOK WRITERS AND EDITORS

MARV WOLFMAN & LEN WEIN

 MORE INFORMATION ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES! 

## CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

Once more into the breach, dear friends... er, cowpokes. Another Westercon is almost upon us, and gosh are we excited! In the flavor of the Old West, our convention is named "WesterColt .45," in honor of the 45th annual Westercon (us, that is).

The site of this year's Westercon will be the Omni Adams Hotel, which hosted the 1988 Westercon (it was a Hilton then). It's the site of almost all convention functions and is the official party hotel. Our plans are to coordinate the decor around the facility to give everything a Western feel (no jokes). 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 pleased to be featuring our Guests of Honor: author Jennifer Roberson, *Star Trek: The Next Generation* artist Rick Sternbach, fan writer and Hugo winner Pat Mueller, and author/toastmaster Wilson "Bob" Tucker. We're also pleased to have Marion Zimmer Bradley, Anne McCaffrey, and many other professionals confirmed as participants in our program.

We're looking forward to seeing all 1,600 of you in Phoenix, July 2-5, 1992... pardners!

## MASQUERADE

Throw open the barn doors! The show's ready to start! (WesterColt's Masquerade, that is, pardner.) WesterColt's Masquerade will be held at 7:30 pm on the evening of Friday, July 3 in the Phoenix Symphony Hall, located conveniently within 2 blocks of the Omni Adams Hotel. It will feature professional quality staging and lighting operated by a professional crew.

Since the Masquerade is on Friday this year, it is extremely important that you register in advance. *All entries must be received before 6pm Thursday, July 2, 1992.* Advance entries must be in the mail by June 18 to make this deadline.

You're invited to enter the Masquerade and join in the fun — entries and inquiries should be directed to Gail Wolfenden-Steib — call her at (602) 967-7063 before 11pm Mountain Standard Time.

## GUEST OF HONOR INFORMATION

### JENNIFER ROBERSON

Jennifer lives here in the Phoenix area with her husband, Mark O'Green. She writes fantasy under her own name and occasionally writes romance novels as Jennifer O'Green. Her fantasy novels include two series, the eight-volume dynastic "Chronicles of Cheysuli", and the recently completed "Sword Dancer" saga. Her final Cheysuli novel, *A Tapestry of Lions*, is set for October, and her 257,000 word *Lady of the Forest*, a Robin Hood novel written from Maid Marian's perspective, will be out later this year. She is a past Rodeo Queen, still loves to ride horses, and trains dogs.

### RICK STERNBACH

Rick started out as an astronomical artist and was talented enough to have landed a job with *Star Trek: The Next Generation* as their art director. He has published a technical manual on *ST:TNG* along with his cohort on the show, Michael Okuda, which is already in a second printing after making the bestseller's list for many weeks. We are fortunate to have Rick as our Artist GOH.

### WILSON "BOB" TUCKER

Tucker, as he likes to be called, has been around a long time, both as a fan and an author, and has made tremendous contributions towards the advancement of science fiction fandom. Phoenix's local CopperCon had him as Fan GOH several years ago and he was very pleasant and entertaining. He is an excellent speaker in front of an audience and he should fill the title of Toastmaster for WesterColt .45 quite well.

### PAT MUELLER

Pat Mueller is a Hugo-Award-winning-editor/writer/publisher of many fanzines. Her work includes the aforementioned award-winning *Texas SF Inquirer* and *Pirate Jenny*. She was instrumental in helping to put on the 1985 Austin NASFiC as well as many other conventions. Pat lives with her husband Dennis Virzi and their 3-year-old daughter in Austin and is being honored at WesterColt for her contributions to published fandom.

## PROGRAMMING

We have over a hundred pros and fans planning to participate this year in our program — there's a small sampling of them on the front cover. We'll be bringing you up to nine program items at a time during the day with up to seven at night. The program will include Regency Dancing, Benefit Auctions, and panels on Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Literature; Comics; Art; Gaming, Costuming; Writing; Science; Autograph Sessions; and much, much more!

## GAMES & DIVERSIONS

We've got more tournaments than you can shake a stick at (and we can shake a stick at a lot of tournaments) with prizes galore: *Call of Cthulhu, Pendragon, Harnmaster, Quebec, Other Suns, Villains & Vigilantes, BattleTech, Shadowrun, Centurion, Nuclear War, Tunnels & Trolls, Dark Conspiracy, Twilight 2000, Fantasy Battle, Warhammer FRP, Warhammer 40000, Blade-Storm, Cyberspace, Champions, Aliens, Living Steel, British Rails, Euro-Rails, RIFTS, Car Wars, GURPS Cyberpunk, GURPS Horror, GURPS Fantasy, Star Fleet Battles, Cyberpunk, Mekton II, Paranoia, TORG, Junta, Vampire, Star Force Terra, Naval Battles, and Micro-armour.*

We'll also have the ever-popular check-out gaming. We will also have a miniatures painting contest, with prizes for small figures, large figures, mechs and vehicles, and vignettes & dioramas. And don't forget the ever-popular game auction on Sunday.

## CONSUIITE

Howdy, pardners! This here's the Head Wrangler for the WesterColt .45 ConSuite, passin' along the latest word on what's going on. We'uns is gonna have fun this year, with squirt gun target shoots, good grub, and music!

We is going to set up the "Best Westercon Museum West of the Pecos". This one needs help from y'all. If you've got any WesterCon mementos, like pictures, badges, or whatever, please let us borry it. We promise to take right good care of it, and get it back to you after the con. Contact Jeanne or Steve Burroughs at (602) 973-2054.

So head 'em up and move 'em out, to WesterColt .45, and the ConSuite — we're rustlin' up some tee-rrific vittles!

## ART SHOW

Some incredible examples of science fiction and fantasy art from the genre's best artists will be on display and for sale this year. Our art auction will be held on Sunday afternoon.

## FACILITIES

The primary hotel for WesterColt .45 will be the Omni Adams (aka Phoenix Sheraton/Hilton/Adams Hotel, near the downtown Hyatt). The Omni is located at 111 N. Central Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85004, phone (602) 257-1525. Almost all functions will be in this hotel. Parking in the hotel lot is free to *guests of the hotel*. The party block will be on the 5th, 6th, and 7th floors, so if you want peace and quiet, we suggest getting a room above these floors. The room rates for the Omni are: Single/Double — \$60, Triple/Quad — \$65. Suites are as follows: King Parlor — \$90, Queen Parlor — \$110.

Please book all suites *through the convention* rather than through the hotel. If you have any questions, call our Hotel Liaison, Sam Stubs, at (602) 968-7833. We highly recommend the Queen Parlor for parties — it's about twice the size of a regular hotel room! (At this time, the Parlor Plus One/Two Bedrooms are all sold out.) Note: as is normal with hotels, expect a credit card deposit to be run through immediately, not held until the convention.

**An important note about the Omni: any alcohol seen being carried through the lobby will be confiscated — and you must travel through the lobby to reach all Omni hotel rooms. Read the above sentence carefully, and think before you act!**

The overflow hotel, the San Carlos, is a quaint and rather elegant hotel from the turn of the century. The San Carlos is located at 202 North Central Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85004, phone (602) 253-4121. It is across the street from the Omni and it is expected to fill up quickly. Room rates at the San Carlos are Sgl/Db/Trpl/Quad — \$50. Two room suites are \$149 for two people plus \$10 per night for each additional person. Parking in the San Carlos' approved lot is free for their guests.

**Attendees will be required to get their convention badge before checking in to their hotel room. This way, the hotel will make sure you get the convention rate for your room. Also, expect to sign a form indicating you will be responsible for room damages.**

**SEE Y'ALL AT WESTERCON — JULY 2-5 — CALL US AT 602-730-8648 FOR MORE INFORMATION!**

## DEALERS' ROOM

We'll have over 25 dealers this year, including Fantasies Unlimited (Alicia Austin), Roaming Panther Games, J.A. Stelnicki, Willow Zarlow (jewelry), Magickal Aardvark, Shipman's Books, Mere Dragons, Nighthawk Studios, Amber Unicorn Books, Waterloo Games, Glass Dagger, Bent Cover Books, The Rakish Blade, Rik Thompson Books, Phoenix Fantasy Film Society/Graph XPress, James Odbert, Dunlop's Polished Junque, Marty & Alice Massoglia, Tomes & Treasures, Carolly Hauksdottir, Sign of the Unicorn, Patricia Davis, Unlikely Publications/MZB's Fantasy Magazine, Basement Books, Wail Songs, Sleepy Lion Graphics, DAG Productions, Salamander Armoury, Adam's Books, Tom Cagle (books and pulps), and Quicksilver Fantasies.

## VIDEO ROOM

"Buried alive! Buried alive!" That's the location for the Video Room at WesterColt .45, buried in the basement bowels of the Omni Adams 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.

## FILKING

Filking will be held in the basement of the San Carlos Hotel on Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings. We may even do a welcome filk on Thursday evening if we have a quorum, i.e. more than two voices and a guitar. We're planning a panel or two, bardic and performers circles simultaneously each evening with a concert in the basement of the Adams on Saturday afternoon from 4-7 with one-shots following if time allows. We're encouraging Filkers to register at the San Carlos. The Phoenix Filk Circle is standing by to welcome you to our city.

## DANCES

On July 3rd & 4th, you will have an opportunity to experience Con Dances 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! Plan on attending the WesterColt .45 dance!

## JAPANESE ANIMATION

Yes! We'll have Japanese Animation... lots and lots of it. Lots and lots of subtitled videos... 24 hours a day throughout the con. We'll be showing the latest and greatest videos plus the old classics. We have plenty of room, a great projection TV system, and surround sound. Whether you're a long-time fan of Japanese Animation or you're just wondering what all the excitement is about, be sure and check out what's happening. You'll be glad you did.

# UPCOMING EVENTS

Here we condense to essentials — date, time, event, general location, and how to get more info! (Be sure to also check out our *Convention Calendar* for more info on the cons.)

## July 5, Sunday, 1:00–2:30pm —

Anne McCaffrey autograph session at Books, Etc., 901 S. Mill, Tempe, 967-1111.

## July 17–19, Friday–Sunday —

EconomyCon VI gaming convention at the Campus Village West Shopping Center, in west Phoenix. No admission fee. For info, call Roaming Panther Game Co. at 820-2083.

## August 8–9, Saturday–Sunday —

CorsairCon III pirate convention in Scottsdale. Memberships \$15 'til 7/24, then \$20 thru the door. For info, call 894-1985. (See the ad on page 43.)

## September 11–13, Friday–Sunday —

CopperCon 12 SF & F literary convention in Scottsdale. Memberships \$25 'til Aug. 28, then \$30 thru the door. If

you're alert you can get it for \$20 at WesterCon. (See the CopperCon Update on page 33 for more info.)

## ONGOING —

**Paganism 101.** An informal class is being organized that will explore pagan religious beliefs, with an emphasis on Wicca and Asatru. The group will begin as soon as a location is arranged. For more info call Pati Cook, at 973-8611.

**Friday Night Frolics.** Essentially for singles, a night out on the town each 4th Friday of the month. Call Diana McClure at 482-0105 for info.

**Friday Night Inevitables.** Anyone who wants to party, come on over — each 2nd Friday of the month. Starts at 7pm, 3738 E. Pershing (north Phoenix), costs \$1, please BYOB. Call Diana at 482-0105 for info and directions.

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



by Lee Whiteside

The United Federation of Phoenix started in 1974 when several Arizona State University students decided to get together socially with other students who were interested in *Star Trek* and science fiction. Sparked by the new tv series *Space: 1999*, they organized a get-together, posting notices on campus bulletin boards and were surprised when over 60 fellow fans turned up. Starting on Sept. 8th, 1974 (the 8th anniversary of the premiere of *Star Trek*), the club has continued on to be the longest surviving *Star Trek* fan club in existence.

U.F.P. is a non-profit, independent, social fan club, with interests in *Star Trek* as well as other areas of science fiction. Members participate in activities such as picnics, gaming, attending movies, miniature golf, camping, stargazing, holidays, video meetings, camping, attending conventions, or any other fun activities we can think of. Meetings are held every two weeks at various locations throughout the Phoenix Metro area, and is open to receiving new members.

U.F.P. has helped raise money for various charities, most recently for the Salvation Army's Christmas Angels and for the Make-A-Wish foundation in memory of *Star Trek's* creator Gene Roddenberry. U.F.P. has produced six issues of the *Questar* fanzine, and has a monthly newsletter, 'Subspace Chatter.' U.F.P. has produced "*Star Trek: The Home Movie*" and is currently working on a new club video effort. U.F.P. has participated in local conventions, most recently sponsoring Mike & Denise Okuda at PhringeCon 3 and helping with the WatchamaCon gaming conventions.

Upcoming activities include a trip to Out of Africa, a picnic, stargazing, gaming day, and putting on Science Fiction Squares (ala Hollywood Squares) at WesterColt 45. Membership is \$10 per year, due at the start of the club's year (September). For details on upcoming meetings or more information on U.F.P. send a SASE to the United Federation of Phoenix, P.O. Box 37334, Phoenix, AZ 85069. ♦

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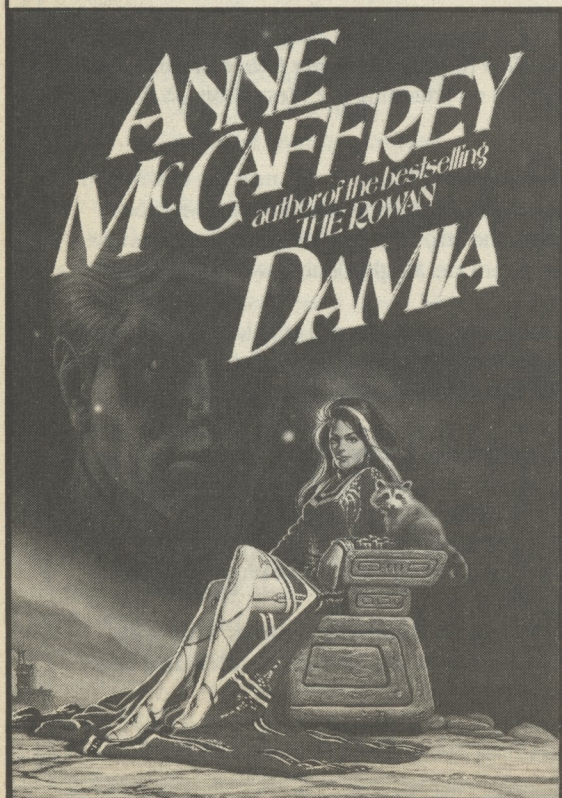
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# HAVE YOU FOUND A METEORITE?

by Randall Whitlock, M.S., G.i.T., B.F.D.

Almost everyone has seen a meteor blaze a streak across the sky. Some of these bits of space debris survive their passage through the earth's atmosphere to become our only samples of material from beyond the earth-moon system — meteorites.

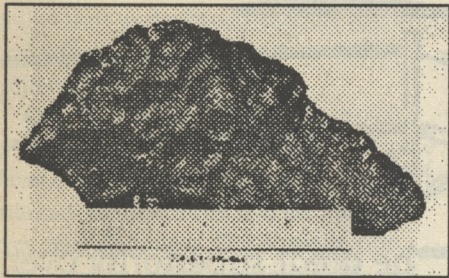


Figure 1. This iron meteorite shows a glossy fusion crust with indented "thumbprints." Photo from the Center For Meteorite Studies Archives.

Most of the meteors you see on a cloudless night burn away without reaching the earth's surface. They do, however, leave behind ash and dust collectible by special high-flying aircraft. The meteors that appear to land "just past the horizon" are actually hundreds of miles away. A meteorite that lands anywhere near you will appear at the zenith, seeming to come straight down on you. Three or more sightings of this kind from different locations can allow investigators to trace the area where the meteorite came down.

A far more common situation is to find a meteorite that came down some time in the past. The dry conditions of Arizona can protect meteorites from corrosion for thousands of years. If you enjoy hiking, or have a job that involves excavation, you have an excellent chance of finding one eventually. Here's what to look for:

- As meteorites fall through the atmosphere their outer layers burn away and leave a thin, dark, glossy fusion crust. This crust may still be present if the fall occurred recently. Look out, however, for the dark desert varnish that often occurs on terrestrial rocks in Arizona.

- Meteorites are denser than rocks

from the earth's crust. A meteorite will weigh twice to four times as much as an earth rock of the same size.

- Most meteorites contain metallic iron and are classified on this basis. *Irons* are almost all metal. *Stones* contain only traces of metal. *Stony-Irons* are about 50/50. **Metallic iron does not occur naturally on earth.** If you find an object that contains iron metal, it must be either a meteorite or a human artifact. Use a grindstone to expose a small part of the interior of the rock. If metal patches or fine metal flakes are present, you probably have a meteorite. Do not use a torch or chisel, as this can disrupt the crystals that a scientist will want to study.

- Meteorites are usually irregular in shape and are seldom round. Common surface features include "thumbprints" and fine, radiating lines, caused by turbulence as the meteorite falls through the atmosphere.

- The most common stone meteorites have a texture composed of caviar-sized spheres of mineral and glass, densely packed together. These spheres are called **chondrules**, and a meteorite that contains them is called a **chondrite**. Chondrites represent the left over primitive material from the formation of the earth and other planets, and have a composition similar to that of the sun (minus the hydrogen and helium).

- Many objects, nicknamed "meteor-wrongs" can be mistaken for meteorites.

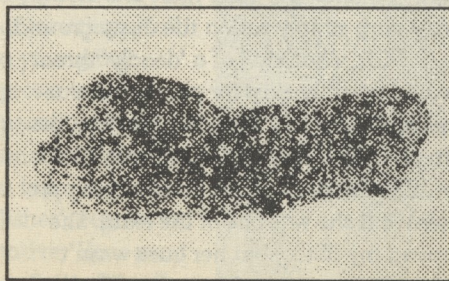


Figure 2. This stony meteorite, photographed in polarized light, shows "Chondrules", which are spheres of mineral that form only in zero gravity. The sample is about 1.5 inches wide. Photo by Randall Whitlock.

These include blast furnace and smelter slag, iron oxide concretions, desert-varnished volcanic rocks, and badly corroded iron machine parts.

Meteorites have some commercial value as curiosities, but their scientific value is much greater. If you find a suspected meteorite that passes the tests mentioned above, contact the **Center For Meteorite Studies**, Arizona State University, Tempe, AZ 85287.

The Center publishes a pamphlet titled *Have You Seen a Meteorite*, which summarizes how to recognize meteorites and includes color photographs. For a copy, send a self-addressed stamped



Figure 3. The bright flecks on the cut surface of this stony meteorite are nickel-iron metal. Due to the abundance of oxygen, iron metal cannot form in the earth's crust. The stone is about two inches wide. Photo by Randall Whitlock.

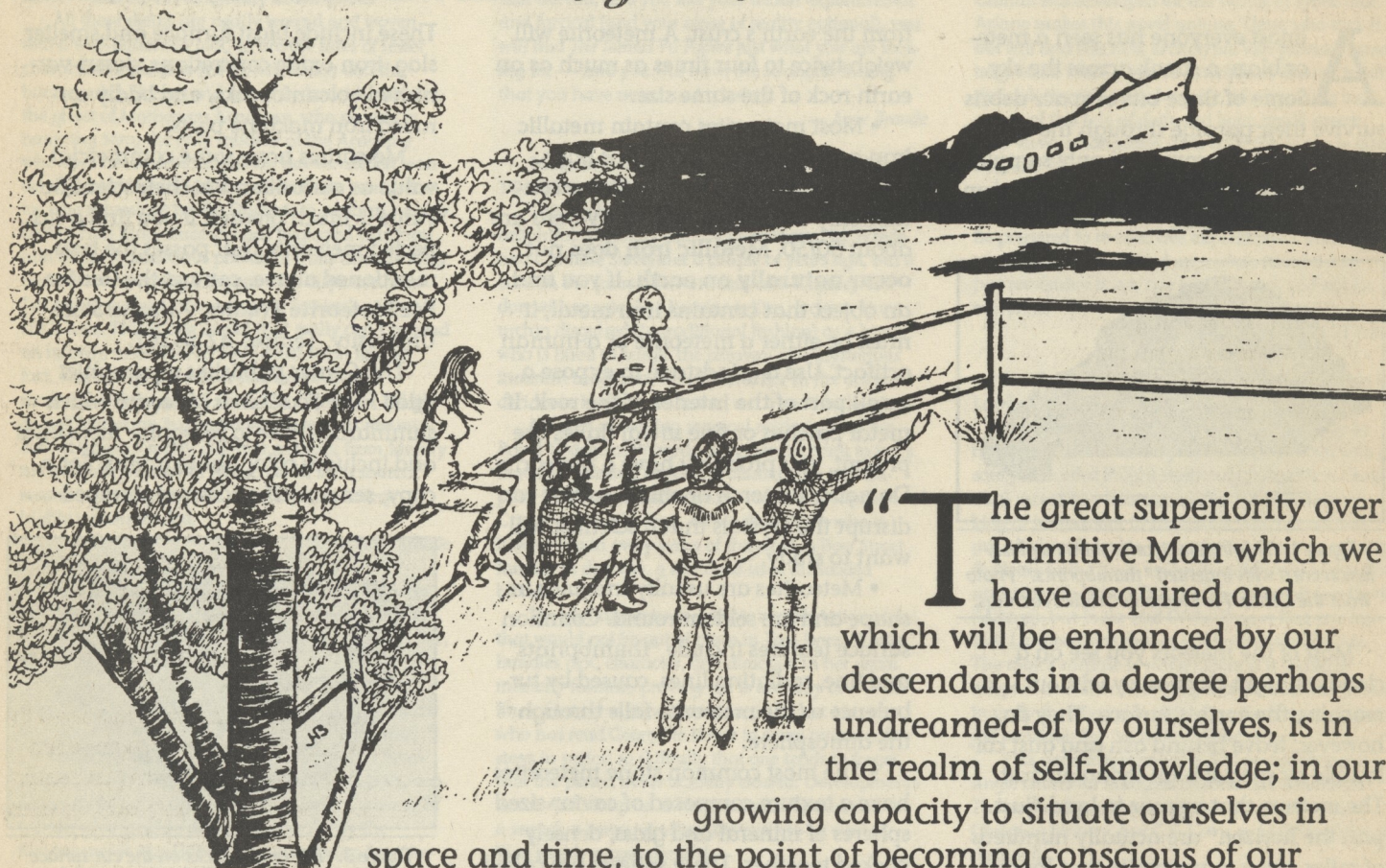
envelope to the above address.

In addition, the center has a variety of meteorite specimens on display, located on the ground floor of the "C" wing of the Bateman Physical Science Building, on the ASU campus. The display room is open 9 to 5 on weekdays.

Books that you might find of interest include *Meteorites and their Parent Planets*, by Harry McSween (presumes a knowledge of Geology or Chemistry), *Asteroids: Their Nature and Utilization*, by Charles Kowal (discoverer of the planetoid Chiron), and *Find a Falling Star*, by H.H. Nininger (noted private collector). All of these books are available at the ASU Library and can be checked-out through inter-library loan at any public library. ♦

# Goddesses, Wizards, and Star Ships

by G. Harry Stine



“The great superiority over Primitive Man which we have acquired and which will be enhanced by our descendants in a degree perhaps undreamed-of by ourselves, is in the realm of self-knowledge; in our

growing capacity to situate ourselves in space and time, to the point of becoming conscious of our place and responsibility in relation to the Universe.”

— Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, “A Note On Progress,” Paris, August 10, 1920

## Chapter One

“All right, Gil! Now that you’ve got us all together, why the hell do we need a star ship?” Heliode Graham asked me in a very direct and pointed manner.

I could understand Hellie’s discomfort. Her almost transparent skin was protected against the unfamiliar ultra-violet radiation of the intense Arizona sun by a floppy cowboy hat and garments that completely covered her body. And she wasn’t used to one-gee.

“Because we’ve found something new out there. It could be deadly!” I told her firmly but gently. Hellie was an old friend. I’d willingly take flak from her without returning fire.

A mutter of disbelief ran through my four guests ranged around the corral.

Marcina Sakarhi sat on the upper rails. Dr. Rhys Madhu leaned against one of the wood poles, obviously not acclimated to the persistent strong pull of the Earth’s gravity field. The quiet man known only as Kaaru simply sat on the dusty ground.

“Gil, what kind of a ‘deadly’ threat could possibly exist for people like ourselves?” Marcina Sakarhi piped up, tossing her dark hair out of her eyes. I had mixed emotions about Marcie being present. But she was one of the team. She raised my libido, but her aura wasn’t right. She was disturbing, so unlike her twin brother, Mark, who was my research partner. “It’s hard to believe what you said about finding an extraterrestrial ego-force that may be a god.”

“Marcie, we’ve done our homework. Our research in mental science has turned up a contact that looks like a threat,” I snapped back at her sharply. Sometimes I haven’t been known for my tact and diplomacy when riled or pushed. But I knew that deliberate rudeness often pays off, especially in the neo-Victorian culture that prevailed then on Earth and most of the large habitats in the Solar System. Rudeness has always had a social shock value if carefully used under conditions where a challenge in rebuttal is unlikely. As host and elder, I was practically immune to challenge from this group.

“Look, I reported to you that our research here in Skull Valley has revealed

three time domains, not the two we knew about," I reiterated what I'd told all of them in the long voicecomm messages when I'd convinced them to come from the far corners of the solar system for this get-together. I needed their help. "We found this god-like ego force in the new time domain."

"New time domain? Hell, we've done fine with only two this far!" Heliode pointed out. "Why the hell complicate the Universe with yet another one?"

"I find no more difficulty in postulating a third time domain than our forebears did when they discovered the second one, psi-time, seventy-five years ago," Dr. Rhys Madhu remarked from where he stood leaning against the corral. Rhys was an expert on metaneurology which provided the physical foundation for most of our mentic theories. He was also an outstanding medical technician. Living as he did in the Belt, he had to be. Hospitals don't exist on every rock out there. "With intelligence amplifiers, symbolonics, and radionics, anyone can transition mentally into their psychological or psi-time base. Using modern technological tools, it does not surprise me that you've discovered yet a higher level."

"And we've learned to make the transition to that next level," Mark Sakarhi picked up the thread and went on. "Here in the Skull Valley labs, we call it xi-time. Pi-time links you with the clocks of the physical world. Psi-time runs on your own neural clock. We don't know what paces xi-time. But we think it's a linking of our individual ego forces with some super-ego that encompasses the whole universe. Call it... well, God, if you care to use that term."

The group sitting and standing around the corral was silent for a moment. The only sounds were the breeze sighing through the ponderosas and the distant whinny of a horse. The sky was its usual brilliant blue. The hills that ringed Skull Valley stood out clear and stark in spite of the thick atmosphere of Earth.

These people were scientists who had become fascinated with the human mind

as a result of their own professional work. Except for Heliode Graham who was space frontier person, they were passive and non-violent. Maybe Rhys could become violent if he had to. He wasn't a frontiersman although he lived and practiced in the Belt.

"The discovery of one's relationship with the Cosmic All is certainly nothing new," Rhys reminded us. "That's a very ancient concept."

"Is that what you meant when you told us you'd found an extraterrestrial god?" Marcie wanted to know.

It was Helliie Graham who cut us back to the problem. I suspected she knew what was coming. "Look," she stated flatly, "it was a long trip to Earth from Ceres. Gil, you discovered this higher time domain. It was worth coming just to find out more about it. But I've got to ask you my usual embarrassing question, Gil. Are you ready for it?"

.....

*Is this extraterrestrial  
god going to come  
down out of the sky  
throwing thunderbolts  
and causing  
Armageddon?*

.....

"Helliie, I'm always prepared for your embarrassing question," I told her, then added lightheartedly, "I know why you're an expert in almost anything you need to be. You nose around among the experts and learn the most embarrassing question to ask. Fire away!"

"We've all been quietly working in mental science for years now. You and Mark do it here in the wilds of Arizona where no one bothers you. Rhys and I play around out in the isolation of the Belt where no one pays any attention as long as we pay our air bill. Kaaru enjoys such high standing in Japan that no one bothers him. So...", Helliie paused for effect.

She was a good actress. She'd never played New York or SoCal, of course. But

from time to time she'd paid her air bill in Luna and the Belt by running an "entertainment facility." There she'd satisfied the need for live entertainment by herself and by others who needed to make a few fast value tokens. She'd had her physical appearance arrested in what she called the "saucy old bitch" stage. It made it easier for her to run those facilities. She was an entrepreneur involved in the "oldest profession." She was known for giving value received.

"So what I want to know is why you punched the panic button. You got us here by telling us we're going to have to take a trip to the stars. What's the threat? The god-like ego force?"

"Yes, darling, what can a pure ego-force possibly do?" Marcina jumped right on the tail end of Helliie's statement. It was obvious that she wanted to be part of the action. She was certainly audacious. Sometimes it was fun. Usually it was just bothersome. "Is this extraterrestrial god going to come down out of the sky throwing thunderbolts and causing Armageddon? Are we in immediate danger?"

"Maybe. I was the one who made the contact," my daughter Nerissa spoke up for the first time.

Nerissa was still somewhat awed by these adults. She'd grown up knowing them, of course. But she was just maturing into a beautiful young lady. In many ways she was still a child. It was apparent she considered my menticist colleagues as adults who must be accorded respect. She'd been quiet during the discussion thus far. She'd always been a quiet child. Now she'd spoken up in a tentative voice. She didn't say more right then. But she had lots to tell us.

But before she got the chance, the situation started to come unraveled. I'd planned this meeting with great thoroughness. It wasn't going to happen that way.

My wristcom whistled at me and said, "Stiffy here, Boss. Up by the railroad overpass. I've got a visual on an aircar coming in low and fast from the northeast. Charter, I think, becuz it's got an N-number on it."

I looked to the northeast but couldn't see anything. It wasn't in visual range yet.

---

*Here are the first two chapters of a science fiction novel I wrote earlier this year. It's now on the market.*

*I hope you get the chance to read all of it when it finds a publisher. — G. Harry Stine*

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---

"Who the hell is barging in here? What do they want?" I asked in an irritated voice. "I didn't invite anyone else!"

"I did," Hellie said.

"Hellie, what the hell gave you the right to...?" I began.

"When you told me what this was all about on voicecomm," Heliode explained briefly, "I knew damned good and well none of us could hack it alone. Or even as a joint venture. Who the hell has enough in the garter to charter a star ship? Not me! But I knew someone in the Outer Worlds who did. And that someone who should have been a member of our group long ago."

Rhys was smiling. "Of course! But I didn't think it possible!"

"Hellie, you've got a hell of a lot of nerve..." I began.

"Damned right I do! I would have been killed decades ago if I didn't!" Hellie snapped back. Then she laid a hand on my shoulder. "But don't fret, Gil. You won't be angry at me very long!"

Mark and I had bought the ranch in Skull Valley, Arizona because it was out of the way, yet close enough to Phoenix and Prescott that we could get into town when needed. The old railroad still ran past the place, but the road wasn't used very much any longer. It was a perfect place to engage in mentecist research.

Besides, after nearly a century, I value privacy. And I don't like it invaded by unknown and unsuspected guests. However, I swallowed my pride right then out of respect for Hellie and because I had been educated as a gentleman. Hellie had given an invitation, albeit without my knowledge.

I readied myself for the difficult: welcoming an uninvited guest I couldn't turn away because Hellie's invitation was as good as mine. Had to be. *Mi casa est su casa*. We always operated that way.

But it was a fruitless endeavor. I could never have readied myself for what actually happened.

When the aircar came closer, I saw it carried a North American registration number plus a corporate name and logo boldly blazoned on its side "Titan Enterprises, Inc."

Then and only then did I realize who Hellie had invited.

"And right on time, too!" I heard Heliode exclaim.

The aircar — an expensive one that was also well armored — swung in over the ranch. The driver apparently saw us in the corral. The vehicle swung around, headed our way, and settled silently into the dusty space outside the corral. It didn't even raise a puff of dust as it landed about thirty meters from us.

As the Eiki lifters drained off and let the aircar settle on its pads, the door swung out and down.

Out the TEI aircar stepped a woman clad in the form-fitting blinding-white fabric of an elastic-pressure space suit.

I heard Nerissa gasp.

The woman was absolutely gorgeous. And she looked like my late wife, Rhea.

.....

*"I knew damned good and well none of us could hack it alone... Who the hell has enough in the garter to charter a star ship?"*

.....

## Chapter Two

"I'm glad you could make it, Thea. And right on time, too." Heliode Graham got to her feet. Acting as if she was born in terrestrial gravity, — which she wasn't — she walked over to the Woman Who Looked Like My Wife. Hellie hugged her.

It was the feminine voice of one who is used to leading and commanding. In some ways, she projected a dominant male image.

The incredible woman reciprocated. "Hellie, when I tell you I'll do something, I do it. You know that," she replied and destroyed the hallucination that she was somehow Rhea Reincarnated. Her voice was different — strong, throaty, and totally unlike Rhea's clear and pleasant tone. It was the feminine voice of one who is used to leading and commanding. In some ways, she projected a dominant male image.

But her skin-tight elastic space suit didn't hide that she was completely female in all physical respects.

I knew who she had to be. But in all my years, I'd never met her. And I'd wanted to. In fact, every man in the Solar System wanted to meet this woman. I was stunned by her sudden arrival.

I pulled myself together and walked over to her. As the host, I had to greet her. And I didn't want to wait for Hellie to introduce me formally to this incredible woman.

"I'm Gil Hunt. Welcome to the Hunt Ranch," I told her with a formal bow that seemed quite out of place in this western American locale. Reaching out, I took her gloved hand and kissed it in European style. Women like that.

I couldn't tell if she liked it or not. She merely looked at me. "Yes, I know. At last, we meet. It should have happened before this."

I had been deeply in love with Rhea. However, as the first genetically-engineered child and the first citizen of the new millennia, a certain notoriety followed me all my life. It had always made me a target for women of all kinds from my puberty on. However, in the neo-Victorian culture of the mid and latter part of the twenty-first century, the repressive sexual mores of the earlier Victorian age didn't exist. They'd been destroyed in the previous century by biotechnology and the romantic aquarian movement. As a result, I'd become a willing target many times. Rhea knew it and didn't care because she was also a twenty-first century person. However, it had been a couple of years since I'd shared enjoyment with a woman.

Biotechnology had helped refute the myth of progressive sexual dysfunction with increasing age. Although I was nearly a century old at that point, I'd had my physiology and appearance arrested at a physical age of forty. Hellie often told me I was the ultimate Dirty Old Man in a mature jock body. She had plenty of experience on which to base that assessment. So I didn't argue with her. But I wasn't thinking about that right then. I found this incredible woman affecting me *strongly*.

"Gil, you screwed-up my formal introduction," Hellie complained. "Anyway, to hell with it. Since you haven't

met her before and should know her, this is Thea Shannon."

I knew who she had to be even though I'd never seen pictures of her. No one except her subordinates, business associates, and close friends knew what she really looked like. And it was said she never looked the same twice. Yet from the moment I first saw her debouching from the aircar, I knew she had to be Thea Shannon. She was the infamous, famous, untouchable, unknowable, reclusive Titaness! Among the kinder sobriquets laid on her, "Titaness" not only seemed aptly given now that I'd seen her, but it also applied to what she owned.

Ever since Dana L. Shannon in command of the claiming expedition to Titan had set foot on that almost invisible saturnian satellite's surface sixty-three years ago, the Shannon family had owned Titan. They claimed it, they were capable of defending it, and they exploited its most precious resource.

Of all the planets and satellites in the Solar System, only Titan had the most valuable element needed by people living in space: a boundless source of nitrogen at the bottom of a shallow gravity well. No matter how sealing technology improved, space habitats and ships lost life support atmosphere constantly because of minor leaks and incomplete airlock scavenging.

Oxygen is readily available almost everywhere.

But not nitrogen.

Nitrogen had to come from Earth at the bottom of a twelve kilometer-per-second gravity well, from chondrite planetoid material at high cost in extractive and processing energy, or naturally from Titan. It was cheapest to get it from Titan, even at the prices charged by the Shannon family.

Thea Shannon was Dana Shannon's granddaughter. She'd taken command of Titan Enterprises, Incorporated directly from her grandfather. She carried on the business and the tradition:

You could buy your nitrogen from TEI. Or you could try to get your environmental impact permit and your non-renewable resources extraction permit and your export permit and then expend the energy to haul your nitrogen up from Earth. Or you might find an

unclaimed chondrite, set up your extraction mill, build the solar collectors to get the energy, and then work like hell to recoup your massive capital investment.

Thea Shannon had the reputation of either a pirate or one who drove a hard bargain, depending upon your opinion of private enterprise. She was known to be incalculably wealthy.

And she looked it.

She was known to exploit her appearance as part of the business. And she was also known to use the mystery of her appearance, too.

In our super system of total visual and audio communication, Thea Shannon was a renegade. She never permitted anyone to take video or photo images of her. Occasionally, someone would try to get her on film or tape with a hidden camera or a long-focus lens. No one knew why an extremely persuasive man would suddenly show up to take possession of the film or

.....  
*In our super system  
of total visual and  
audio communication,  
Thea Shannon was  
a renegade. She never  
permitted anyone  
to take video or  
photo images of her.*  
.....

tape, always leaving a suitable amount of monetary compensation for it. Was it any wonder that Thea Shannon was the mystery woman of the Solar System?

Some said she was a fiction. No man in the Solar System with any fire in his groin hadn't fantasized about her.

Thea Shannon was the modern incarnation of the legendary Helen of Troy.

Have you ever read a description of Helen of Troy? No, because she was never described by Homer. But every person, man and woman, has a mental image of Helen of Troy, the Face That Launched a Thousand Ships and Burnt the Topless Towers of Ilium.

Thea Shannon had used that tactic. It was very effective because she was

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more beautiful in reality than a man could imagine.

And she was certainly no fiction!  
And she looked like Rhea Olgierd Hunt!

I was having a great deal of trouble controlling my dexter hemisphere, to say nothing of my cerebellum.

I looked at her and told her frankly, "I mean this as sincere flattery. You're far more beautiful than any of the legends suggest."

"Business not only depends upon brains, but also on image," she remarked. "I don't bother to alter the legends."

"You don't have to."

But I could sense that her impregnable facade had a weakness of conflicting interest behind it. Or was I just being a man and merely kidding myself? Thea Shannon was cool, detached, and businesslike. Except for some subliminal and brief relaxation of her non-committal expression that I briefly detected, she was trying to be unemotional and rational. Or maybe that was merely an act on her part. I had no doubt she was a practical actor.

# GAMES, GAMES & MORE GAMES AT HEXACON 2

## BY MARK BONIECE

**H**EXACON 2, the second full-scale gaming convention sponsored by the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society, was greeted enthusiastically by over 600 gamers, on the weekend of March 13-15, 1992 at the Celebrity Hotel in Phoenix, Arizona.

Almost all aspects of gaming — Role-Playing, Board Gaming, Miniatures Competition, and Computer Gaming

— were represented in the over 12,000 square foot gaming area at the Con.

There was also a Dealer's area for Gaming-related merchants to present their wares. A ConSuite/meeting area was fully equipped with a soda fountain, food, and Japanese Animation. Our used-game auction was held on Sunday afternoon, with over \$2,500 worth of games changing hands; our guest team of out-of-state auctioneers really lent the event a special "feel" with their technique. Our miniatures contest, judged also on Sunday, had many very fine submissions.

Many new things were tried at HexaCon 2, in order to determine their feasibility for the future, some of them were very successful, and some weren't. One of the pleasantly successful, was our track of

programming, that included several distinguished guests: *Dragonlance* saga author Tracy Hickman; FASA's *Shadowrun* game creator Tom Dowd; *BattleTech* author/ gaming expert Mike Stackpole; and publisher of *Strategy* magazines Dr. Christopher Cummins, among others. Thankfully, the outdoor programming area was not assaulted by inclement weather.

I think everyone was happy with the convention Program Book, new for HexaCon 2. It was very helpful to everyone, since all event schedules, descriptions, and other important information could be found in one handy place. My hat

goes off to Matt Frederick, who did a fantastic job on both.

The Role-Playing section of HexaCon featured new games from TSR, and other

companies. Many events were sponsored by the RPGA organization. Tournament games included *Ravenloft* "Dance of the Dead," *Galactic Megatraveller* "Got

the Time," AD&D "Rats for Hire," *Twilight 2000* "Laird o' the Isles," *Torg* "The Storyteller," several variations of *Champions*, *Vampire* "Gothic Punk on an Alternate Earth," *Dark Conspiracy* (novels written

by our guest, Mike Stackpole), *Call of Cthulhu* "Dreams Can Become Nightmares," many variations of *Gurps*, several variations of *Cyberpunk*, *Amber* "Shadow Stalkers,"

variations of *Shadowrun* (game created by our guest Tom Dowd), *Palladium Fantasy* "Korgon's Tower," and we can't forget *Bullwinkle & Rocky* "Moosylvania Forever!". Prizes were awarded to tournament winners.

We saw many repeats of the great board games played last year at HexaCon 1. These included *Diplomacy*, *Starfleet Battles*, *Modern Naval Battles*, *Nuclear*

*War/Nuclear Escalation*, *Great Battles of Alexander*, *Shattered States*, *World in Flames/Days of Decision*, *Advanced Squad Leader*, *Euro/Express Rails*, *Black Gold*, *Advanced Civilization*, and of course, *Axis & Allies*. Board Gaming also saw many great games played that were new to HexaCon. These included

*Junta*, *Circus Maximus*,

*Kingmaker*, *Acquire*, *Fortress America*, *Cro-predy Bridge*, *Battle of the Bulge*, *Campaign Trail*, *Midway*, *Quebec 1759*, *Air Superiority* and *Cosmic Encounters*. Games and prizes were also awarded in this area for winners. We saw demos of new games by our guests, including the *Sicily/Salemo* Demonstration from *Decision* games.

In Miniatures we saw FASA's *BattleTech*, which had a large tournament game and several smaller and beginner games.

Other games played include *Ancients (De Belles Antiquitatis)*, *Micro Armor*, *Warhammer 40K*, *Warhammer Fantasy Battle*, several Napoleonic games, *Centurion 2nd Edition*, *Bladestorm*, *Drums of War*, *Battletroops* and *Johnny Reb*. Again, prizes were awarded for Tournament winners.

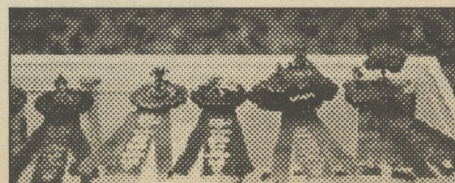
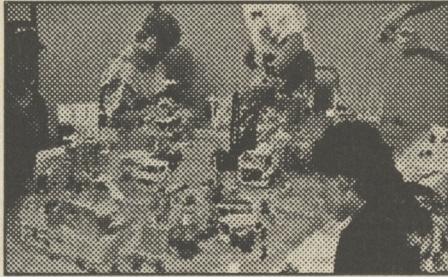
In Computer Gaming, the runaway hit

was the Online MechWarrior Tournament, sponsored by GENIE and Mike Stackpole. The participants were paired off on opposite sides of the room, and battled

each other via graphical images coordinated by the GENIE mainframe computer. During one particularly heated battle, I remember a player firing missile after missile into his opponent's mech vehicle, but it still remained standing as the enemy pilot, across the room controlled his machine. The player was screaming "Die! Die! Die!"; I was struck by the total immersion the players felt in the pseudo virtual-reality environment of the game.

Another big hit at the Con, also involving computers, was the *DuelMasters* Tournament sponsored by RSI (Reality Simulations, Inc.). In this game, a role-playing environment is supported by a computer simulation in which literally hundreds of players may interact and battle with each other. RSI

was very happy with the turnout, and plans an even bigger event next year. I was curious about the RSI guy sitting in



the corner tweaking the actual simulation program, running on a 386 machine, but they wouldn't let me anywhere near him!

"Everyone seemed to be going away happy," commented Guest of Honor Tom Dowd. "This was a nice sized Con, with a definite 'personality' of its own." "I think we pulled it off, and everyone had fun!" said Gregg Fischer, Gaming Director. "Definitely a thumbs up for all the gamers in Arizona," voiced Robert Barber, role-playing coordinator. I heard lots of good comments from people that were very pleased about the door prizes that were given out at the Game Auction — "Some really nice stuff!" to quote Alan Emrich, guest auctioneer. "Nice Con," said guest Mike Stackpole, who was very happy with the way the con turned out. I want to personally thank Mike for the help and suggestions he gave the chairman, and for supporting the GEnie demo.

The Celebrity Hotel (formerly the Caravan Inn) had been newly remodeled, and was very nice indeed, complete with a fully functioning restaurant (the food wasn't bad, either). We didn't have many of the logistical problems with the hotel that we had last time, but unfortunately, it is obvious that we've already outgrown that facility, and must look elsewhere for future Con facilities.

Because of the successes of HexaCons 1 & 2, a Committee has been established to prepare for HexaCon 3. The most likely date is the same March weekend (12-14) in 1993, pending hotel confirmation. Decisions on guests, and other matters have been postponed until a Chairman is elected, and a hotel is locked in. The Committee is also looking into the possibility of having the Regional *BattleTech* Competition at HexaCon 3.

The registration process is being re-examined, since there were a few "glitches." Unfortunately, records show that some GameMasters got into the Con without paying. This and other factors led the Committee to decide to issue all credits due now for HexaCon 2, and the future, in scrip "HexaBucks," which will be usable at registration, in the dealer's room, game auction, or redeemable for cash. The HexaBucks are hot off the presses, and are now being sent to GameMasters for HexaCon 2. ♦

# SOUND OFF!

by Eric Hanson

How much is too much? How much should all of us have to stand before we stop what is going on around us and start having the type of convention that we can all enjoy?

This year's LepreCon was very enjoyable as far as the convention was concerned, but there was an element that left a very bad taste in a lot of people's mouths. I am talking about all of the vandalism and damage that is done to hotels during Phoenix conventions.

Phoenix conventions have had a problem with vandalism for several years now, but the recent LepreCon reached new lows. A hotel room was rented for a party, and somebody broke into the room next door to double the size of the party. Both rooms were then trashed in such a way to leave thousands of dollars of damage.

And this was not the only hotel room maliciously damaged — elsewhere walls were drawn on, cigarette holes were burned in the carpet inside and out, and canvas screens were cut with a knife. It is hard for me to understand the mentality of a person (or group) who causes such damage. I found one of the plastic patio tables where somebody had ground their cigarettes out into the table, creating a circle of burn holes around the ashtray. Now I ask you, what kind of person would treat private property in such a disrespectful manner?

This kind of behavior results in hotels refusing to host our type of conventions. And as a direct result of the vandalism at LepreCon 18, the Celebrity Hotel has already informed us that they do not want to see us back. Now, you may say that this is only one hotel, and there are lots more — but hotel managers communicate amongst each other about each group. If you have any doubts on that statement, just ask a CASFS member on the problems they have had in arranging a hotel to hold CopperCon this year.

This sort of damaging behavior cannot be allowed to continue — it takes money out of your pockets each year! We aren't able to lower Con prices, and will likely have to increase them just to pay for the

hotel and other damage. LepreCon 18 paid several hundred dollars to the hotel to help cover the cost of fixing and replacing the damaged areas of function space. Because the conventions already make next-to-no profit, this cost can only be passed on to the attendees with reduced services and higher membership costs.

Some of the damages are being done by people who have not paid for convention memberships. They tell the hotel they are with the convention in order to get the special rate, and then they do as they please. Not all gate-crashers are vandals, but there are always some people who feel they can take advantage of the situation and not be held responsible. A convention is not the place to "get away from reality" — the real world will always be a part of your life.

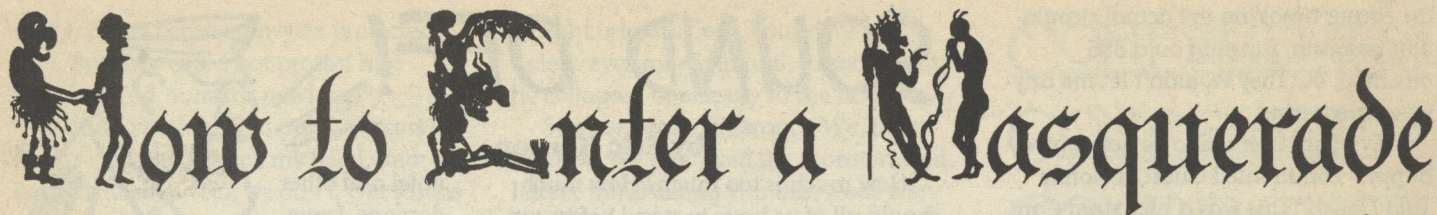
Science fiction conventions are held for people that enjoy getting together with their friends, having a good time, and interchanging ideas on science, science fiction, fantasy and horror. It is not a weekend set aside for people to "flip out" and do as they please.

We are already in danger of losing the privilege of having conventions because of these brigands. To make matters worse, each year we lose the help of friends who no longer wish to devote precious time and energy to a function that is a hassle. This trend cannot be allowed to continue.

Basically stated, only we convention attendees have the power to keep conventions going. We can no longer turn a blind eye to the problems caused by a few disturbed individuals who come to the hotel during our convention. If we work together to prevent this sort of action, and keep an eye on the idiots, we can continue to meet every year and have our fun.

The choice is in your hands. Without your help we can't do it... then we might as well just stay home, because Arizona SF conventions will become a thing of the past. ♦





# How to Enter a Masquerade

One of the most popular events at a science fiction convention is the Masquerade. Held on Friday or Saturday evening, the Masquerade attracts almost everyone at the Con, either as audience or contestants. The audience has lots of fun, but the real fun is in *entering* the competition.

Contestants range from small children to master costume crafters and makeup artists, with everyone in-between equally welcome. The Masquerade is ostensibly a competition, with prize categories including *Workmanship*, *Humor*, *Historical*, *Judges' Choice* and *Audience Choice* in Novice, Journeyman, and Master levels. The judging is secondary, however, to the simple fun of showing off your best work, and nothing feels quite so good as a strong audience reaction.

Entering a Masquerade is easier than it looks. A sign-up sheet is usually present at the con registration desk on the first night of registration. Pre-registration by mail is preferred since it is easier on the organizers and guarantees your place in the masquerade. Pre-registration instructions are always published in the flyers sent out by the Con Committee.

Registration for a Masquerade involves completing a form that tells the Director who you are, how your presentation should be classified (Historical, Fantasy, Humor, etc.) and at what skill level you should be judged. The registration process also tells the Director what you need for your presentation in the way of lighting, music, and narration. There is usually a mandatory meeting for contestants to allow them to get familiar with the particular stage and technical crew for the Masquerade and to make sure that the MC pronounces your name right.

Just before the Masquerade, the contestants gather in a "green room" to assemble their costumes, find their place in the queue, and make last-minute repairs.

Here are some of the people you will be meeting:

The **Masquerade Director** has been with the Masquerade from the earliest

planning stages. Her word is physical law. Look for the person losing hair in tufts.

The **Technical Director** and **Stage Manager**, often the same person, are responsible for the physical set up of the stage and lighting.

The **Sound Person** is the person to give your music and narration tape. Make sure the SP knows that your tape is queued up and when to stop it.

Your **Den Mother** is responsible for getting you and a few other contestants to the stage entrance. This person can be a lifesaver when you are dying of thirst inside your costume, or forgot the duct tape.

The **Catchers** wait at the stage exit (usually a stairway or ramp) to guide you off stage. This is an important safety job as many costumes have limited visibility or mobility.

The **Master of Ceremonies** (or MC) introduces your presentation, reads narrative, and gives credit to the makers, models, and inspirations. The MC is also the unfortunate individual who has to stall for time when a complicated costume falls apart backstage, or the Judges are taking a long time to decide.

The **Judges** usually consist of a panel of master costumers, and the convention's guests of honor. They award prizes for best of show, workmanship, and special categories.

A Masquerade, like any human endeavor, has rules of etiquette to follow. Some are spelled out by the Masquerade Director, others are unwritten. The general theme of these rules is, "Thou shalt not slime thy neighbor." Blood packs, dripping ooze, fireworks, and other special effects that may negatively affect the stage are usually ruled out. A slimy monster may be striking to look at, but if it leaves behind a slick spot that makes the warbot who's next in line slip and break his neck bolts; it wasn't worth it.

Remember, also, that the con organizers usually have to pay nasally for insurance and cleaning deposits. One blood spot on the carpet can cost a bundle that should have gone into next year's Masquerade.

by **randall whitlock**

Why enter a masquerade in the first place when assembling a presentation is so much work for just one night? If you have to ask, you probably aren't hooked yet. A poll taken among the inmates of the Science Fiction ward of the Ahwatu-kee Home for the Incurably Silly yielded these results:

## Top ten reasons for entering the Masquerade:

10. Self expression
9. Pride of workmanship
8. Chance to create a unique character on stage
7. Appreciative audience
6. For the experience/helluvit
5. Irresistible site gags
4. Incredible stage & lighting this year at Symphony Hall
3. The dressing rooms have showers this year
2. Backstage video monitor means you get to see the other presentations
1. Gail Wolfenden-Steib told you to!

## Bottom 10 reasons for entering the Masquerade:

10. Extraterrestrial mistaken for contestant
9. Really serious identity crisis
8. Your mother dresses you funny
7. Laundry accident
6. Serious acne problem taken for makeup
5. Trapped in regency corset since 1988
4. Got lost trying to find the ConSuite
3. Didn't notice when disco suits went out of style
2. Signed wrong paper at volunteer table
1. Randall told you to!

Take this with a grain of salt, and remember DesCartes' fundamental statement, "Incognito Ergo Sewn" — I costume therefore I am. ✧

# STAPLES & INK

BY JEFF CASLAKE & JENNIFER SCHREIBER  
OF ALL ABOUT BOOKS & COMICS

## A Look at Summer Comics

**W**ell, here we go, into another summer of fun and great comic reading. Compared to the record-breaking number-ones and multi-part crossovers of last year, the summer of '92 will seem rather quiet. This is not to say that comics this summer are going to be boring, quite the opposite; this summer should give every reader out there something to look forward to.

Topping the list this year is the movie, *Batman Returns*. DC is gearing up for the big sequel with a variety of bat-related books. First off, *Shadow Of The Bat*, the fourth monthly book, hit the stands in May. It brought us a darker Batman, more akin to the movie version. Add this to *Batman*, *Detective*, and *Legends of the Dark Knight*, and batfans will have a new book every week! Other related specials included *Catwoman* and *Penguin* one-shots in May, and the three-part "Run Riddler Run" series began in April. In May, we also got the trade paperback format of *Red Rain*, an Elseworlds story whose hardcover version sold out in one day last fall. This, with the variety of non-comic merchandise being peddled for the movie, could signal the rise of batmania once more.

DC's other summer project focuses on its annuals. *Eclipso* leads off the summer's look at the dark side of heroes as they each must struggle against their own "evil" sides. It begins in *Eclipso* #1, travels through the major annuals, and is concluded in *Eclipso* #2. The nice thing about this multi-part crossover is that each book stands alone. You can pick and choose which ones to read, or read them all and enjoy the story either way.

On the subject of multi-part crossovers, this summer Marvel's big one will be the *Infinity Wars*. This sequel to the highly successful *Infinity Gauntlet* will involve nearly every Marvel title this summer. Will there be any major changes in the Marvel Universe this

summer? Probably not. We will certainly see many more spin-offs from the *Wars*, and perhaps even a new face in the crowd, but so far, Marvel has no plans to try and top it's 7+ million copy run of *X-Men* #1 from last year. Look for Marvel's annuals to be mainly 4 to 6 part stories like last year, tying into each other only where it seems necessary.

There is some speculation that the exodus from Marvel of a good portion of their "hot" artists will hurt their sales. This is unlikely, because Marvel seems to have an unending supply of new artists waiting to step in and become hot.

The big explosion to watch for this summer may be the emergence of **Image Comics**. Image is the company that many of Marvel's current hot artists have formed. By the end of May both *Youngblood* by Rob Liefeld (*X-Force*, *New Mutants*) and *Spawn* by Todd McFarlane (*Spiderman*) should be going strong. Advance orders on *Youngblood* are over 500,000, the largest order on a direct market non-Marvel/DC book to date. They may not effect Marvel much as things go, but they will certainly give some of the smaller independents a run for their money.

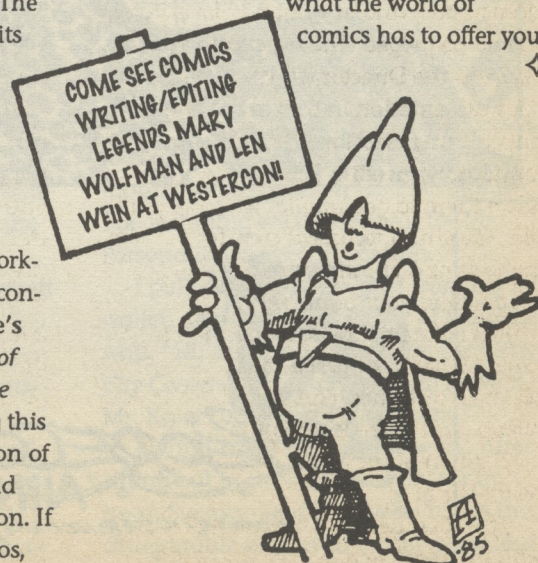
Here's what the independents are doing this summer: **Dark Horse** has its formula pegged with the mini-series. The *Aliens 3* movie adaptation, as well as its new *Terminator/Robocop* mini series should both do well this summer. **John Byrne's** *Next Men* and the *Star Wars* — *Dark Empire* series are both going strong with back issues getting harder to come by.

**Innovation**, another company working with a lot of licensed products is continuing its adaptations of **Anne Rice's** *Interview with the Vampire* and *Queen of the Damned*; as well as its *Lost in Space* and *Quantum Leap* stories. Beginning this spring, they also started an adaptation of the classic movie, *Forbidden Planet* and the *Dark Shadows* comic is due out soon. If you're tired of the same old superheros,

and like great art with good writing, pick up one of Innovation's books, it's well worth the look.

The only other major summer event this year is from a company called **Valiant**. About a year ago, Valiant began publishing an updated version of some old **Gold Key** characters from the 50's. *Magnus Robot Fighter* and *Solar, Man of the Atom* quickly joined the ranks of the hot and hard to find back issues. In the last year they added original titles like *Harbinger*, *X-O Manowar*, *Rai*, and *Shadowman*. Each book is selling out in a matter of days and early issues are nearly impossible to get a hold of. The common link to these books has been strong writing and good art. That tie will grow this summer as two new titles are introduced; the *Eternal Warrior* and *Archer & Armstrong*. Together these eight titles will form *Unity*, Valiant's first crossover. *Unity* #0 was given away in May, and all the May and June books tie together and culminate in *Unity* #1. The Valiant world is a unique cross of superheroes, science fiction, and the supernatural that seems

That pretty well covers the major comic action for the next few months. As always, if you have questions or comments you can reach us at All About Books & Comics. So get out there and see what the world of comics has to offer you!



# The Future of LepreCons...

LepreCon Inc. is the organization responsible for the running of the annual LepreCon convention. It was formed several years ago to provide a sense of continuity to the convention, and provide a stable base from year to year. We have been looking at LepreCon recently and we have decided that the convention needs a change. It's not that the convention is bad, it's just that we feel it needs to renew its focus.

LepreCon began as a fannish get-together taking place on or around St. Patrick's Day, hence the name. After a few years it was decided to feature artist guests, and to bring a definite emphasis of science fiction and fantasy art to the convention. Since then our artist guests have included George Barr, Alicia Austin, Frank Kelly-Freas, Phil Foglio, Kim Poor, Alan Gutierrez, Richard Hescox, Rowena Morrill, and Ireland's Jim Fitzpatrick; as well as local artists Sleepyhawk & Cristi Simila, and Deb Dedon & Earl Billick. The artwork accompanying this article are samples of LepreCon's badge art over the years.

As more and more people began attending LepreCons, we expanded to include additional areas of interest, such as gaming, computers, and the dances — we tried to provide something for everybody. And so has CopperCon.

While LepreCon and CopperCon are both good conventions, lately they have begun to feel the same. With the addition of an annual HexaCon, we've decided this is a good time to change the look of LepreCon — bringing it back into a more focused effort. We have been experimenting with the last two LepreCons, and will continue to do so, until we achieve the right feel for the convention. We are considering removing some areas of the convention that are duplicated at other local Cons.

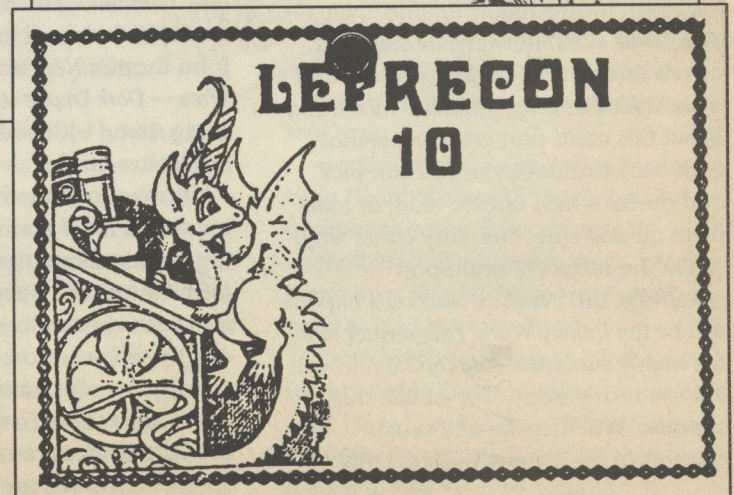
With HexaCons going on, we think possibly that organized gaming at LepreCon can be dropped. The dance has been a lot of fun for several years, but it really doesn't tie into the science fiction theme. The Computer Room is just plain hard to get computers for. The masquerade is enjoyed by many, but

by Eric Hanson  
and David J. Hiatt

contestant participation is unpredictable without a pre-registration. (We have gone from a high of 18 contestants to a low of 4, without any advance notice.) Do we require advance registration for participation in the masquerade, keep it the same and wing it, or change it, perhaps to a masquerade ball?

All of the ideas that we have are in the planning stages right now. This is your chance to let us know what kind of convention you want to attend. The governing body of LepreCon will be meeting soon to discuss changes, so if you would like to have any input, please send it to us at this address — LepreCon, P.O. Box 26665, Tempe, AZ 85285.

We will continue to inform you, the convention attendee, through the pages of this zine of the changes that will be made to the LepreCon convention. This is the chance to participate in the future of your local convention. Watch this zine for more news as LepreCon changes it's look. ☘



# LepreCon 18 In Review

by Eric Hanson

LepreCon 18 was held over the weekend of March 27-29, 1992 at the Celebrity Hotel in Phoenix, with approximately 300 people in attendance over the three days. Artist Guest of Honor, **Liz Danforth**, is best known for her meticulous work in pen and ink. And as usual Liz was a delight to have at the convention. Our Author Guest of Honor, **Mike Stackpole**, is known for his gaming and dark fantasy novels. And to paraphrase Mike, if you want to see the venue of LepreCon 36 just read his novel *A Gathering Evil*. But be careful when you pick up the book, it was obviously printed on paper made from the ironwood tree.

This year LepreCon attempted some new things — the concert on Saturday evening by **Joe Bethancourt** was attended by everybody at the convention, and all agreed that it was a great change. There were several new ideas in the area of programming, voted a success by everyone that I talked to. While the decreased size was a disappointment to some, to most of the attendees the

ability to spend a good bit of time one-on-one with the attending pros was the best way to spend the day.

There were a few complaints, however. The ConSuite was scaled down at the request of the committee, but this was a disappointment to some attendees. Also cut from this year's convention, for numerous reasons, was the masquerade. While some were pleased with the substitute of the concert with Joe Bethancourt, not everybody was pleased that the masquerade was not there. (It seemed like a good idea with West-Con's major Symphony Hall Masquerade just around the corner.)

The guests were entertaining, the programming interesting, parties were fun, and, unfortunately, destruction was rampant [see *Sound Off!* article by Eric].

I would like to thank all of the pros and panel participants for their effort and all of the work that they put into their presentations at LepreCon. The time you put into the Con is a huge part of what makes a convention a success,

and this was no exception. Overall comments at the "Compliments and Complaints" panel were favorable.

The committee, staff, and volunteers who spent hundreds of hours before and during the convention to make it run smoothly deserve a round of applause. Many of the same people do this convention after convention, and they are not paid. And they bust their butts for one reason — to put on a good convention for the enjoyment of the attendees. Eventually, though, old-staffers get tired and want to relax, so CASFS and LepreCon, Inc. are always looking for new and enthusiastic people willing to devote time and energy to make the next convention a success. If you want to help, volunteer. [Check-in at the Con's Volunteer Desk —ed.]

Each convention is a little bit different due to the different types of people who work them, but all are willing to listen to new ideas, especially if the person espousing them is willing to help! ♣



**LEPRECON 14**



**LEPRECON 18**

March 27-29, 1992  
Celebrity Hotel  
Phoenix, Arizona



# Lady of the Fantastic: a Profile of Jennifer Roberson

"The book had only been out for three weeks and I was already getting letters saying, 'You can't stop now!'" Such is the reaction from readers of the finale of the *Sword-Dancer* series, *Sword-Breaker* written by Jennifer Roberson (pronounced *Robber-son*).

While in high school, Jennifer decided she wanted to be a published author. Four novels and three rejections later, Roberson submitted *Shapechangers*, to the Scott Meredith Literary Agency (in 1982). In 1984 the book was published, beginning a series that will culminate in 1992 with the eighth book, *A Tapestry Of Lions*. This year will see an end to her other popular series, *Sword-Dancer*, now that the fourth novel in the collection, *Sword-Breaker*, has been released.

"I'm glad to be ending them, because it's time to put them both away. I want to do other things because I'm interested in other things."

Among those "other things" is the recently completed, *Lady of the Forest* (originally titled *Shadows in the Wood*, then *Wolf's-head*), a re-telling of the Robin Hood legend with a change of perspective.

"This is the first full-blown, fully fleshed novel that gets into the heads of all the characters. With multiple viewpoints, you know why everybody is doing what they're doing. You find out how each character justifies his or her actions. Initially, I intended the book to be primarily from Marian's point of view. I wasn't going to do it first-person, but it was going to heavily emphasize the events of the times and how they were perceived by Marian. As I started work, I realized that although I wanted very much to maintain Marian's importance and contribution to the story, as a reader I was as fascinated by the idea of examining the other characters in the story. Traditionally, it's always been Robin Hood who was the primary character and the others were mere foils to him."

The book was larger than Roberson anticipated, and she has the statistics to

prove what a weighty tome it will be.

"It took eleven months, three weeks to write. There are 257,000 words covering 11,000 pages. It used six printer ribbons and the manuscript weighed in at thirteen pounds. Zebra is planning a first edition of 50,000 books and they will be sending me on a twelve-city author's tour," she said.

Roberson had some hopes for a screenplay produced from *Lady of the Forest*, until the release of last summer's *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*.

"A lot of people thought that my Robin Hood book had all the ingredients for a large-scale movie, but with the wonderful Robin Hood series from England appearing on Showtime, the Robin Hood movie that was on Fox-TV, and *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*, I think there is negative chance that my book will be picked up."

With a wry smile, Roberson added, "I actually was ahead of these people. I came up with the idea and sold the book before any of this stuff came out. It's just that I didn't get it out fast enough because I had to finish *Sword-Breaker* and some other contracts. Consequently, by the time I really got going on the book, everybody else was coming out with their Robin Hood material."

She spoke of her aspirations for her other characters. "Personally, I would love to see *Sword-Dancer* filmed. I think it is an eminently filmable book. The two characters are a lot of fun, and I've had people compare it to *Moonlighting* and *Remington Steele*, with that sort of ongoing banter between the male and female protagonists. I think with the sword and sorcery setting and the humor involved, it would be a good movie and would work. Few fantasy films have ever really worked."

Although she has tried screenwriting, Roberson isn't interested in converting her novels to motion pictures. "I adapted my western, *Kansas Blood*, to a script for a college project. My instructor told me I

by Shane Shellenbarger

should try to get it sold, because he thought it worked well. I haven't pursued it. Scriptwriting is a demanding formula, with little leeway for details, which are left up to the director. I wouldn't say I'll never try it, but I respect the people who make their living writing scripts." If one of my books was purchased, I would probably let a scriptwriter do the adaptation. She would have to make it or break it."

*Sword-Breaker* completes the cycle of oath and revenge with Tiger and Del pursued by religious zealots while contending with a wizard-possessed magic sword. Roberson explained what elements go into this stand-out fantasy set of books.

"The way I play with themes in the *Sword-Dancer* series is that women are virtually slaves in the South. Tiger was a slave in the South, so he can approach Del's treatment from that standpoint, whereas a Southern male who was not a slave would not have his consciousness raised – certainly not as quickly as Tiger's was raised.

"Another theme that runs throughout my books is the rite of passage, personal growth within a character, whether it's a human being with no magical powers or a magical individual who has power but doesn't know how to use it. I like to think that by making sacrifices the individual's humanity will grow, even if he or she has great magic.

"If you build in flaws, you make your characters more understandable to the readership. If they can have sympathy for an otherwise powerful character you are speaking to the readership. You want the language to be so clear and so vivid that the readers *feel* they *know* the characters. If they don't feel they know the characters, you haven't accomplished your goal as a writer. You have *failed* the reader."

Roberson studied the market prior to becoming an author and she provided this simplified explanation of



had a couple of authors who wrote these big juicy, lusty, busty romances and they sold like hotcakes. The next thing you know, the editors are publishing everything, even the horrible dreck, because everybody out there is buying it, because they've never had it before and they're going 'give me, give me.' Then people get sick of it, and the marketplace gets sick of it and they say, 'It's all dreck, it's all garbage, 90% of everything is crap, now everything is crap.' The bottom of the market falls out. Editors say, 'This sort of stuff isn't selling anymore, so I guess we'll stop publishing it.' Then the cycle has to start over again."

Roberson gave this report on the sales of

*Sword-Breaker*. "The first week it was available, it made the top fifteen on the bestseller list for B. Daltons, Waldenbooks, and Barnes & Noble for all mass market paperbacks."

Although Roberson has finished the *Sword-Dancer* series, completed the manuscript for *Lady of the Forest*, and was recently concentrating on the March deadline for the final *Cheysuli* novel, she has no plans to rest once those projects are complete. "1992, '93, and '94 will be devoted to the hardcover fantasy trilogy of Machiavellian machinations, which begins with *Shade and Shadow*, coming out from DAW. Then I have *Glen of Sorrows*, another historical mainstream novel that I want to write, which is set in the Scottish Highlands. I was able to do on-site research during my honeymoon. I stood on the rock where the signal fire for the attempted massacre of the MacDonalds by the Campbells was touched off. Following that will be the big, stand-alone fantasy novel, *The Nature of the Beast*, which will

how a book is published and promoted. "It's a combination of factors. First of all, you have to have a manuscript that excites the editor enough to say, 'I want to take a chance. This is different. This isn't like everything else that's out there. But this means that I have to market it in a special way, because it isn't like everything else that's out there.'"

Marketing starts with the in-house campaign for the sales reps, because you have to sell them on the books before they go into the bookstores and try and sell the buyers on the books. The bookstore buyers then turn around and stock the books and try to sell the readers on the books. There's this very complex formula that goes into it. An editor figures out how to pitch the marketing to the readership. 'New and improved,' all the buzzwords and then they put it out there, and if it does well, they say, 'There's a market for this.'

"Consequently, they turn around and start buying up anything and everything they can find that is just like the book that sold well. That's what happened with the romance genre in the 70's. You

# Whatever Happened to the Picts?

by Joseph of Locksley,  
OL, Pel, & c.



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The Picts were the aboriginal inhabitants of what is now known as Scotland. The name "Picti" refers to several tribes that were extant in the area in classical times; the Caledonii, the Scotti, the Maeatae, the Britanni, and so forth. The name of "Pict" does not occur in writing until the end of the third century, however.

By the seventh century, we find a Pictish Kingdom, defeating the Angles at the Battle of Dunnichen in 685, but from that point on their history declines into an unknown darkness.

The primary point of note in modern eyes concerning the Picts is their custom of painting themselves blue, in a similar fashion to the rest of the native Britannic tribes. This custom will be shown to be a significant point in our search for the Pict's descendants.

Scotland was invaded by the "Scotti" from Ireland, and by the Danes in the north, both of whom took over the Highlands. The invasion of 1066 led to the Lowlands being overrun by Normans and perhaps a few displaced Anglo-Saxons to add to the Angles already there from previous invasions.

So what became of the Picts? Where are the people that Rome feared so much? Where are the "blue men" of Caledonia?

There are several theories. One of the most probable is that the Picts wound up being absorbed into the rest of the populations of the Highlands, and there is

Venture to page 39...

Migrate to the next page...

"Picts" continued from the previous page

# FAN FACTS

OR  
WHAT'S GNU  
WITH EWE?

BY JEANNE HILARY-BURROUGHS

archaeological evidence in the Isles that this fact did occur to some extent, but...

In the absence of historical records, and with the paucity of archaeological evidence, we must look to that other source of historical information: Folklore.

It is quite common for the aboriginal inhabitants of a land to devolve to the status of "little people," of elves and fairies. (This corresponds to the old saw about the gods of the old religion becoming the devils of the new.)

In the folklore of the British Isles we find this thread. We find elves, fairies, kobolds, dwarves and the like, many times described as "little people." In addition, they are described as wearing caps much of the time, and have a knowledge of magic. They tend to be described as "good folk," showing that they are probably considered to be "nice" and kindly in nature, albeit mischievous at times.

In Scotland, we see the "Cruithneach," who are also known as "Pechs" in the vernacular of southern Scotland — from *Pict* to *Pech* is an obvious lingual change — and they fit the above description.

Therefore, we need to find a race of people who are:

- 1) small in stature
- 2) blue
- 3) who wear caps
- 4) know magic, and
- 5) who are considered "good," though mischievous

We find... Smurfs!

A smurf is nothing but a very small Pict!

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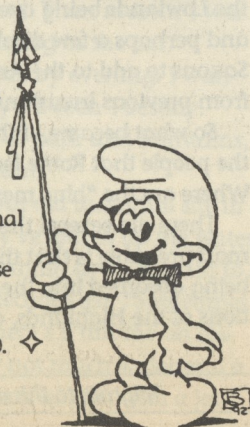
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This issue it is my solemn duty to report The End Of An Era. On Sunday, March 29, 1992, the attendees at LepreCon bore witness as JAILBAIT officially assumed her Legality. In a splendid ceremony, presided over by JAILBAIT'S FATHER, the title was formally bequeathed to BAIT II and BAIT III. These lovely young ladies earnestly swore to uphold the traditions of Baitdom: to tease and beguile, bewitch and inspire, but to never, ever, defile the pure nature of Bait. The retiring Bait was then borne off, on the shoulders of her admirers, to sample the sweet rewards of maturity. The audience was then pleased to turn its attention to the Changing of the Guard. With awesome pomp and grandeur, Jailbait's Father instructed the new Father in his terrific Responsibilities, then administered the Oaf of Office, inducting him into his new Estate. The Father-Elect appeared pale but stern, strong, and erect, yet, as the fierce indument of Duty settled upon him, seemed to stagger under the strain. The outgoing Father, like Atlas freed, seemed to miraculously shed the weight of years, and, in his gratitude, cried out, "Free at last, free at last — thank God almighty, I'm free at last!"

■ High Honors! At CostumeCon X, GAIL WOLFENDEN-STEIB and FRANCES BURNS were awarded, for their performance in "The Picnic," the first *Spazzy* ever given for historical costuming! Presented by the Sick Pups (the New York/ New Jersey Costumers' Guild), this prestigious award represents the highest achievements in sick and demented humor and gleefully demented and disturbed costuming. Excellent job, ladies; you represent Phoenix well! Oh, yes, they also took Best of Class (Novice) in the Historical category. [Sorry — the photographs won't reprint well here. Gail and Frances portrayed a lady and gentleman out for a picnic — Gail's huge bustles concealed a basket full of food and a thermos full of drink, and her skirt, turned inside-out, served as a tablecloth, red checks and all...] ■ Small Matters. MIKE AND TERI MORRISON have a

baby boy, SHAWN MICHAEL, born April 29, 8 lbs.-12oz. (3.97kg), 22" (55cm) long. DAN AND CINDER SMITH have a baby girl, KYLA GABRIELLE, born May 21, 7 lbs.-4oz. (3.3kg), 20 1/2" (52.4cm) long... and dubbed in-utero "Jailbait: The Next Generation." Other than acute sleep deprivation, both families are doing well. Congratulations! ■ Ouch! Right after LepreCon, LEA SCHULTZ stepped off of a (guess!) handicapped ramp and broke her foot. The next week, while learning to manage her crutches, she fell — and broke the other foot too. Last April, while teaching class, PATI COOK was mugged by a disgruntled student. On June 1, MARGARET GRADY was in a car accident. It's been a rough few weeks, but everyone's doing better now. ■ AMY GOULD was selected to participate in, and was awarded a scholarship for, the Project YES program at UCLA this summer. This is a science seminar that allows exceptional high school students to explore issues and careers in microbiology, biochemistry, geology, astronomy, and other disciplines. Way to go, kiddo!

■ KEVIN BIRNBAUM, graphic artist and screenwriter, recently completed a pilot that satirizes TV talk shows. He hopes it will be picked up as a weekly show to air on a Phoenix independent station. he also has a sf screenplay, "The Soul Chamber," that is in the financing stage, with video distribution pending.

■ Don't forget 'THE INEVITABLE FRIDAY NIGHT PARTY' on the second Friday of each month — DIANA MCCLURE'S house, 3738 E. Pershing Avenue (PV). The phone number is 482-0105. Come and enjoy. [See last ish for more details, or just call Diana —ed.] ■ If there's something happening in your life that you'd like to see mentioned in Fan Facts, please call (602) 973-2054. ✧

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# Science Fiction Media Notes

by Lee Whiteside

There is a lot to cover this time, with the forthcoming startup (finally) of the cable Sci-Fi Channel, more news on *Babylon 5* and *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*, *Star Trek: The Next Generation* finishing up its fifth season, and *Doctor Who* still in limbo, both in the U.K. and right here in Phoenix.

## Cable Sci-Fi Channel Sets Fall Premiere

After several years of promises and delayed start dates, the **cable Sci-Fi Channel** will finally start broadcasting this fall. The channel has been purchased by the cable USA Network. Laurie Silver and Mitchell Rubenstein, founders of the channel back in 1989, will stay involved as Vice-Chairmen. Plans are to debut with a prime time airing of *Star Wars* this fall.

The Sci-Fi Channel has already acquired the rights to *Dark Shadows*, early *Doctor Who*, *Space: 1999*, *The Prisoner*, *Flash Gordon*, and the animated *Star Trek* episodes in addition to hundreds of movies. With the purchase by USA Network (50% owned by Paramount), other series and movies will be added to the list such as *Star Wars* and the *Star Trek* movies.

With the good news that the Sci-Fi Channel will finally happen is also possible bad news about how the programming will be presented. Original plans were to present shows like *Doctor Who* and *Dark Shadows* in their entirety, with wraparound segments and special features. With USA Network now involved, presentations may now be edited showings with plenty of commercials which has been the case with series such as *Land of the Giants* and *Lost In Space* on the USA Network.

Promotional material for the Sci-Fi Channel has in the past promoted original programming such as a series based on *Isaac Asimov's Robot* stories, *The Comic Book Show*, *The Haunted House Game Show*, a science fiction talk show, and a NASA Watch show. These are now under review by USA Network with other possible shows under consideration.

Locally, only Cable America, which serves part of Mesa, has said they will carry the Sci-Fi Channel. Dimension Cable, the largest cable system in the

Phoenix area has said they will not carry it. With USA Network involved, it is more likely they will give the channel serious consideration. If you want to see the channel on your local cable system, let them know about it in writing and by phone.

## SFAN — Sci-Fi Competition?

Recently announced to compete with the Sci-Fi Channel is the **Space, Fantasy, and Adventure Network (SFAN)** which is currently negotiating for funding with no announced launch date. Bjo Trimble is the Director of Viewer Relations and is organizing a write-in campaign to convince the major cable operators to give their channel a serious look. **Walter Koenig** is spokesperson for the channel and would host a movie/TV-oriented talk show on the channel. For more information on this channel, write to SFA Network, Suite 372, 1807 Slaughter Lane #200, Austin, TX 78748-6200.

## Babylon 5 Set for KUTP in Feb. 1993

*Babylon 5*, the new science fiction series created by **J. Michael Straczynski**, will air its two-hour premiere movie *The Gathering* in mid-February to kick off the new Warner Bros. network which KUTP, Channel 45 in Phoenix, will be a part of. Plans were originally to air the movie in November, but it was pushed back because Warner Bros. would not have its other new series (*Time Trax* and a new *Kung Fu* series) ready to air until next February.

Look for J. Michael to present a sneak preview of *Babylon 5* at WesterColt .45 in July. Filming of the movie will not start until August, but expect to see a very impressive demo of the computer animated special effects being produced for the show. For those of you with access to the **GEnie** computer network, J. Michael Straczynski has a very active Topic on *Babylon 5* (Page 470, Cat 18, Topic 22) in the Science Fiction Roundtable.

In the special effects area, *Babylon 5* will be making use of the latest computer animation technology to do the space scenes WITHOUT building models. Ron Thornton, who has worked with NewTek on the Video

Toaster, is expanding the state-of-the-art in computer animation in his work on *Babylon 5*. Expect to see effects as good as, if not better than, the effects in a major science fiction movie. I saw a presentation on the show at the Gallifrey One in 3D convention in February and the prototype video shown of the space station was impressive. Pre-production drawings presented a good idea of the detail and thought going into the development of the series.

## Star Trek: TNG and Deep Space Nine

With the advent of *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*, Paramount now has plans to continue *Star Trek: The Next Generation* past the upcoming sixth season. With all the main actors having options through only the sixth season, Paramount will need to negotiate new contracts, or write some of the major characters out of the show to continue on another year. Expect them to still be around, since *Star Trek: The Next Generation* movies are likely to follow.

When *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* starts in January, 1993, the opening two-hour movie will feature heavy involvement with the current Enterprise crew. The show will be set up when the Cardassians decide to withdraw from the Bajoran system (Ensign Ro's home planet) and asks the Federation to keep the peace. This will leave a Federation crew residing on a space station orbiting Bajora, where the Ferengi own the concessions, which includes saloons, casinos and holodeck brothels. After a stable wormhole is discovered, the Cardassians decide they'd like the system back.

The Commander of Deep Space Nine will have a 12 year-old son to deal with in addition to running the space station. He does not get along well with Captain Picard, since his wife was killed by the Borg in the battle at Wolf 359 when Picard was Locutus.

Ensign Ro will be transferred to the station, having received a promotion to Lieutenant in *ST:TNG's* sixth season. The science officer will be a Trill, the species that inhabits a host body as seen in the *ST:TNG*

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Warp to page 39...

# COSTUMING 101

## PART 4: HALL COSTUMES

BY JEANNE  
HILARY-BURROUGHS  
& KIM MARTIN

**Y**ippee ti ya, pards! Ya'll got yer fancy duds all ready fer WesterColt .45? This time we'd like to take the opportunity to encourage everyone who's planning on attending WesterCon (and that's hopefully all of you) to go ahead and and try wearing a costume.

If you're too shy to enter the Masquerade, just wear a hall costume — you wear it when you want, it's fun, there's no pressure, and really adds spice to the whole convention experience. You can go with a

hall costume of a historical nature, or you can get outrageous or silly... (this Con has inspired more atrocious puns and amusing costume ideas than we've heard in years). From Miner '49ers (asteroid, of course) through Robo-Sheriff to the more serious historical pioneer, Native American, or mountain man — there's a concept to spark any imagination.

If you don't have an outfit ready, don't give up. Western wear lends itself to impromptu costuming. Thrift shops

often have a good selection of western shirts, accessories, etc. or, if your budget is ample, try western or square dance shops. If you have a few hours to sew, patterns are readily available. McCall's #4229 is a quick and easy prairie dress, pinafore apron, and sunbonnet ensemble that is a fine theatrical-historical.

*The Book of Buckskinning* (several volumes) offers excellent patterns for Native

*Go bobbin' to page 43...*

## THE BUCKSKIN DRESS (FOR INDIAN MAIDENS)

### Directions

1. Get three very large, well-stretched and tanned deer hides, or an equivalent amount of soft, split leather or fabric that doesn't ravel. (If authenticity is not your kick, suede-look cloth is inexpensive, lightweight, and will likely require the use of a sewing machine instead of lacings.)

2. Use your largest hide for the yoke. Folded, it should reach approximately to your waist. Cut a slit or T in the center for the neck opening, trim as needed, then fringe all around. (See Figures 1 and 3.)

3. The remaining two hides form the skirt. They should fit from right under the bust to

about mid-calf. Trim into two trapezoids, allowing plenty of ease over the hips. Fringe the bottoms. The sides could have a narrow fringe or be left smooth. (See Figures 1 and 3.)

4. To assemble your garment, lay the yoke out flat, wrong side up. Mark two straight lines on either side about 1" above the fringe. (See Figure 4.) Position the skirt pieces on either line. The easiest attachment is a double row of holes. Start at the center and use an awl to make a line of holes about 1/4 to 1/2" below, and even with, the first line. (See Figure 4A). Run lacing through each pair of holes to the outside of your dress and tie, allowing the ends to become part of the fringe.

5. Turn your dress right side out and align the skirt pieces. Working down, from yoke to hem, punch holes along each side through both pieces at about 5" intervals. Run lacing through each pair of holes and tie.

### Tips and Variations:

Use double-sided tape, carpet tape, or just a dab of leather (rubber cement) to hold your pieces in place while you make the holes. Always test first on scrap material to be sure the tape or cement doesn't cause any damage.

There are many interesting ways to attach the yoke to the skirt. You might try X's (four holes), stars (a double X), zig-zags, etc., or use ribbon, contrasting lacing, feathers, beads, anything. Be imaginative and have fun!

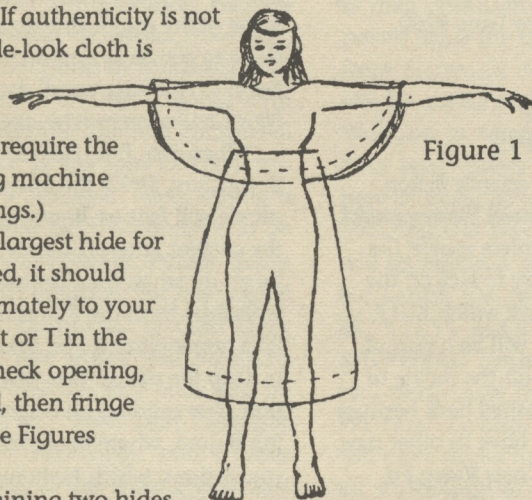


Figure 1

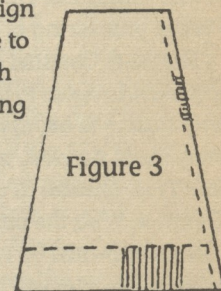


Figure 3

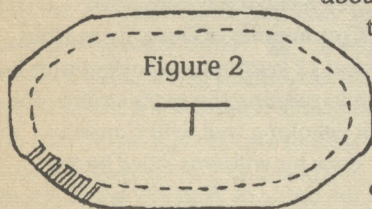


Figure 2

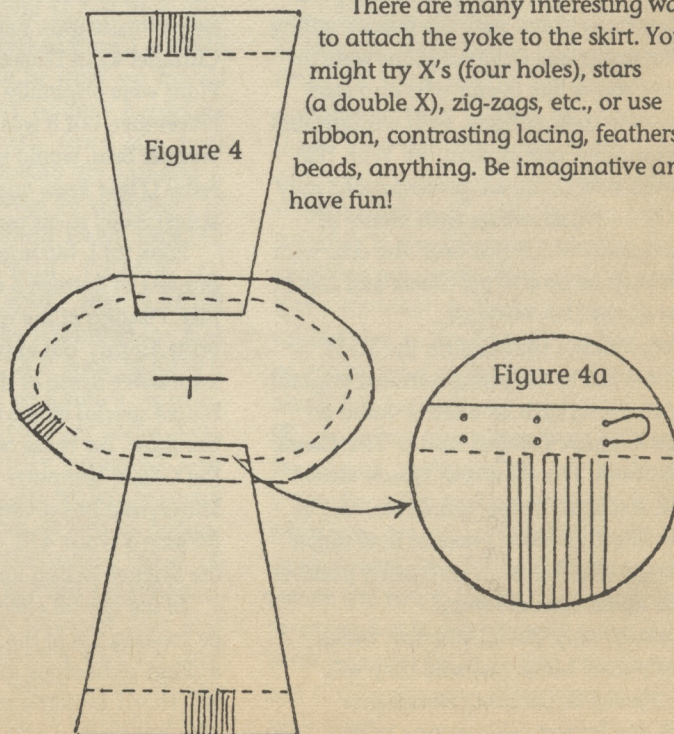


Figure 4

Figure 4a

# ConSequiturs



By definition: **etiquette n.** The usages of polite society. In this case, how we get along with one another during a con.

Conventions are a great social vehicle — a time to learn new things, to buy books and our own personal form of toys (so we can accumulate enough to get into heaven), and to see old friends. However, since this involves interacting with a large number of people (some of whom are not fans, such as the hotel staff and other hotel guests), some formal and other informal rules have developed to help smooth this interaction.

1) Please don't hassle the hotel staff.

This includes everything from being polite to the hotel staff to obeying their reasonable requests. If you think requests are unreasonable, that's one reason why the convention has a Hotel Liaison on its staff — the person designated as knowing the language the hotel staff understands. Contact him/her through the convention's office.

2) Please leave the hotel still standing.

Not only does hotel damage make hotels in town not want to host sf cons, it will also cost the person who rented the room whatever the hotel charges for repairs, plus a visit from the police.

3) Please remember that this is your convention, too.

If you see or hear someone causing problems, especially vandalism, contact the convention office or the hotel's front desk. It also doesn't hurt for you to tell the person (especially if it's someone you know) to knock it off. The most effective weapon against this problem is peer pressure. If you don't remember and don't act as if you have a vested interest in the convention, we could end up with the animals taking over the zoo.

4) Please observe the legal limit to how many people share your hotel room for the night.

Hotels are not allowed by law to have more than a certain number (usually 4) stay overnight. Realize that 10 sleeping bags left out is a sure hint that you've overstepped the bounds. The reason why a hotel wants ANY convention to use their function facilities usually is tied to the number of hotels rooms the group can fill. Therefore, overcrowding a room results in fewer rooms being sold, which not only means that function space costs get higher, it also becomes more difficult to get the hotel to have the convention return.

5) Please don't allow under-age drinking in your room.


If you are hosting a party, realize that the hotel could eject you from the premises, the convention could revoke your badge, and you could be arrested for providing alcohol to a minor. DON'T DO IT! Obviously, this goes for any other illegal substance as well.

## From the Ubiquitous Bruce Farr

6) Please don't come to the hotel unless you intend to be a member of the convention.

If the convention is informed that a group will be meeting during the convention and non-members will be there, sometimes that's okay. At WesterCon, for example, all parties MUST be registered with the convention, or they may be subject to being shut down by the hotel. We've had to take this measure because of damage caused at past conventions by people hosting parties attended by non-members.

Please have a good time! These rules are common sense and really do work to let everyone get along with everyone else. Have a good time, make a new friend, and play it smart. ♦



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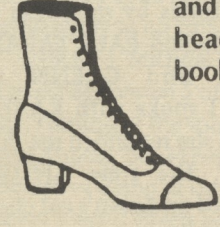
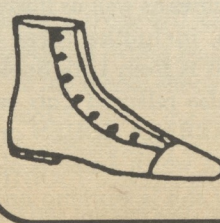
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# REGIONAL PRO NEWS

BY CASFS PRESIDENT ADAM NISWANDER

GREETINGS DENIZENS OF SOL3 AND FEN. ■ PETE MANLY met with his fiction agent at LepreCon and has completed his fantasy novel titled *Dragon 329'er*. He proudly reports that he has two winning entries in *It Was A Dark And Stormy Night: The Final Conflict*, published by Penguin Books, which came out early April. Sales on *Unusual Telescopes* from Cambridge continue to go well. ■ I received an update from JENNIFER ROBERSON letting me know that she and MARK O'GREEN have moved to Chandler, a house on an acre with pool and jacuzzi. Mark is still on-line for GENie, and is in the throes of initial world-building for a new computer game. Zebra has officially titled Jennifer's 'Robin Hood' book *Lady of the Forest*, scheduling the hardcover debut for September, with a massive marketing campaign. ■ ALAN DEAN FOSTER is in Australia so I was unable to contact him this time. He'll be gone for a number of weeks. [We will, however, be seeing him at CopperCon 12 this September! — ed] ■ I spoke with SIMON HAWKE. He has just completed the second book in his *Sons Of Glory* trilogy, titled *Catch the Devil*. He is writing a *Star Trek: The Next Generation* novel to be titled *The Romulan Prize*, for Pocket Books and Warner. In addition, he has signed to do a trilogy for TSR set in their Dark Sun Universe. The series will be titled *A Tribe of One*, and the first book will be called *The Outcast*. As if that were not enough, he is in negotiation with Warner for continuations of the *Wizard*, *Reluctant Sorcerer*, and *Catseye Gomez* series. Simon was a guest at Once Upon A Con in Denver over the Memorial Day weekend along with Rick Cook. ■ Speaking of RICK COOK, he is rushing to finish the novel about the haunted shopping mall. He tells me he has become at least peripherally involved in the initiative to put "None of the Above" on the ballot in all Arizona elections. Rick is also GoH for Once Upon A Con in Denver. He says he has a good start on the next *Wiz* novel as well. ■ Kelly Freas sent us a press release announcing the re-release of *The Astounding Fifties*, a collection of pen and ink illustrations from *Astounding*

magazine. It will have five press runs of 250 copies (A-E). It will be signed by the artist and is available from Databank Press. The release says this may be the last time we will see these styles again. ■ MICHAEL STACKPOLE is currently finishing up with *Evil Triumphant*, the third book in the *Dark Conspiracy* series. This summer he will be working on *Once A Hero*, his first fantasy novel for Bantam. In the Fall he'll begin work on a new *BattleTech* novel. By the way, *Natural Selection*, the fourth book of the *Blood of Kerensky* series is due out late June or early July. Mike did the original outline and worked on the *Star Trek 25th Anniversary* computer game from Interplay. ELIZABETH DANFORTH did a lot of the scripting. The game has sold over 100,000 in just two and a half months. Liz is working on the interior map illustration for Jennifer Roberson's *Lady of the Forest*. She is also completing illustrations and a poster map for the *Bard's Tale 4* project from Electronic Arts. Both Liz and Mike will be guests at Conduit in Utah, and at WolfCon in Mississippi in the Fall. [And both were guests of the recent LepreCon here in town, as well! —ed] ■ MICHAEL MCCOLLUM reports his *Sails of Tau Ceti* will be released in August from Del Rey. He sends his regards to all the fen. ■ STEVE MARTINDALE and ANNIS SHEPHERD continue to work on novels and participate in the Adam's Bookstore Writers' Group. Both (and me too) will have stories appearing the *Antholog 1*, an anthology of stories by members of the group, also including PAUL FARAH, LARRY REINER and GLENN G. O'BANNON. ■ I spoke with KAREN KUYKENDALL and she reminded me that *Mark of the Cat*, the new ANDRE NORTON book based on Karen's cat characters, is out in hardcover from Ace-Putnam. Also recently released was *The Costume-Maker's Art* which features fantasy and sf costumes as well as historical reproductions, including three of Karen's creations. It is from Lark Books. Little-Brown has also released *Cats and Their Women* by BARBARA COHEN and LOUISE TAYLOR, in which Karen is also featured. Currently she is working on a

book titled *Selinity: Karen's Cats in Color*. ■ BRUCE D. ARTHURS tells me he has completed his historical western screenplay and is just setting about marketing it. His story "Shadows Do Not Bleed" was in *Sword & Sorcerers #9*, edited by MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY, from DAW. He tells me he is now on GENie as well. ■ DIANA GABALDON reports that the paperback edition of *Outlander* is scheduled for June release. The second book in her series, *Dragonfly in Amber*, is due out in hardcover in August. Popular both within sf and romance, *Outlander* is garnering award nominations. *Romantic Times* has nominated it for Best New Age Novel of 1991. The Romance Writers of America have put it on the ballot for the *Golden Choice Award*. It is also a finalist in two categories for the RITA — Best First Novel & Best Historical Novel. The winners of awards will be decided in July. Currently, Diana is working on the third book in the series. ■ G. HARRY STINE indicates that *Warbots 12: Judgment Day* is scheduled for release in late August or September. It is the final *Warbots* book. He is currently working on the second book in his *Supersub* series. *First Action*, the first in the new series, has been turned in and accepted. ■ WesterColt .45 will premiere some interesting electronic media products. G. Harry is working on a book-on-disk to be titled *PC Space*, which he describes as a multimedia book without the multimedia. It will be a disk-plus-book package. Along with text, the disk will also have animation — publisher is PC Globe. ■ Top Line Printing is working on a similar project involving my novel, *The Repository*, and will have at least a demo of multimedia capabilities at WesterCon. Look for panels on multimedia at the Con and learn more about this exciting new area of publishing. ■ And that about wraps up this report. See you all at WesterColt .45. Don't forget, if you are a Pro and want the fen to know what you are up to, contact me through *ConNotations* or Adam's Bookstore and I'll see we add you to the list. Next issue, I hope to expand this column and make it even more regional by including pros in Southern California and New Mexico (so call me!). TTFN. ◇

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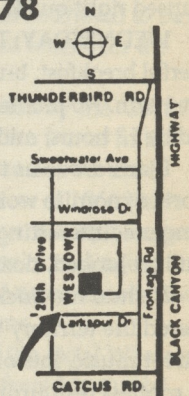
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# Intercon Trip Report

by Larry Niven



Intercon is a once-per-two-years convention at the University of Oslo, Norway. At the Holland Worldcon they asked me to attend as the Guest of Honor from USA, with Mary Gentle from England, and two locals.

**SUNDAY:** I drove Marilyn to Los Angeles International. She's running next year's Old Lacers convention. This year's is in New Jersey. So it's Marilyn in New Jersey and her husband in Oslo.

**MONDAY:** I wrote down the exact location of the car in Lot C, phoned and left it on my answering service for Michelle Coleman to transmit to Marilyn in New Jersey. SAS boosted me to Business Class. The seats are perfectly orthopedic when reclined, and a shelf pops up under your legs too. They'll bust your back when upright if you don't kill the curve with a pillow, but SAS supplies a pillow.

**TUESDAY AFTERNOON:** landed at Oslo Airport. Nine hour time difference. My back felt fine. The seats work!

Bjørn Vermo had volunteered to escort me around. He drove me to the Nobel Hotel, then walked me around Oslo for a couple of hours. Walking after a long plane flight seems to be a powerful antidote: I felt wonderful. And I collapsed right quick.

**WEDNESDAY:** The Nobel serves a wonderful breakfast, brunch-like, terminating at 10am. No problem. My body had shifted by 12 hours, and stayed that way.

Bjørn drove us to Alfred Nobel's historic dynamite works, now a museum, at Engene. Interesting. Then more... I was still jet-lagged, dozing in the car.

He had me back by evening. I wandered the territory I'd seen Tuesday. Street music, lots of park and fountains, a roofless restaurant.

**THURSDAY:** An old industrial site in a deep valley. "They've locked up the waterfall" — in pipes running down the cliff to a power plant, all decades old. "Sometimes they let it out." There's a turbine on display, designed for not much water and a pressure head of half a mile, with a jet

that could cut Superman in half.

The old captains of industry followed powerful obligations to their workers. Early this century, one noticed his people were going nuts without sunlight in winter. He set up an early cable car system to get his people up to the crest in winter, where the sunlight was.

We went up and wandered the crest for awhile. Wonderful view.

Up the canyon to the power plant, and the site of the Nazi heavy water plant. Allies tried to bomb it, but the canyon's too deep. They couldn't get an angle. Norwegian saboteurs went in, blew it up, went out, a hairy exercise that ran smooth as silk. They later starred in a movie about it. The Nazis fixed the plant, we did bomb it, and the Nazis (believing that they needed heavy water to make their bomb) quit.

Upslope still, to a dam made with no concrete, just rock. It's a Norwegian technique. Dinner: an isolated restaurant, wonderful view, an unfamiliar but delicious fish. Then —

Bruce Pelz had warned me not to leave Norway without seeing a stave church. Bjørn took us to a working stave church at dusk (9pm.) It's truly wonderful, and indescribable.

**FRIDAY:** Five in the morning, I woke with an allergy attack. It gets me in the eyes. Cause: fatigue, shortage of sleep. It eased off after four hours or so. I got some shopping in before Bjørn showed up at noon.

Oslo is surrounded by primeval forest. Bjørn was set to take me walking there. But Intercon was due to start at 6pm, and my GoH speech would follow. "Just make sure I'm at the hotel for a couple of hours on my back," I said, "or I'll collapse."

Nordik law allows anyone to pick berries in the forest; it's one reason the forest has to be protected with such ferocity. We ate blueberries and wild strawberries as we went. Bjørn took us to a tremendous view over Oslo.

Then he got us lost. Three kilometers

down a wrong path, in the rain, and back too far, before he realized that he'd been reading his compass with his knife blade directly underneath it. I didn't make it back to the car. I boarded a bus a kilometer short of that target; sat around 10-15 minutes waiting for the bus to move; and saw Bjørn in his car at the next stop.

The hotel shower was all that I'd dreamed of during the walk in the rain. Heaven.

I'm afraid I short-changed the speech somewhat. My mind just turned off. But I'd gone for show-and-tell, because of the language gap: I'd tossed stuff in my luggage, *Ringworld* Game and Comic illustrations, design specs for *Dream Park* paraphernalia, interesting badges, the TrantorCon Restaurant Guide, *Fallen Angels* and the T-shirt with the cover, other books: things to pass around. I hope they spoke for me. (I think I'll try it again at my next convention.)

**SATURDAY:** Everyone in Oslo seems to speak English. It was like a standard little convention in some respects. In others, no. They take it for granted that the GoHs will vanish frequently to do tourist things.

I was lucid again for the morning panel. Then we (Bjørn and Mary Gentle and her husband and some others) went to lunch and the Viking Ship Museum. Viking ships are awesome in the complexity and skill of their creation.

*Sirius* magazine had published one of my stories. They fed me Danish beer and Linaea Aquavit: chive-flavored vodka that has been shipped to the southern hemisphere and back (across the Line) as a guaranteed means of aging. It's wonderful.

Nightfall, 9pm: Heidi Lyshol (the energy source for Oslo fandom) and her husband took me and Mike Jittlov to Emmanuel Vigeland's Sculpture Garden. This is the right time, she says. See it in half-darkness, without swarming tourists. We wandered among over a hundred statues of people at every age

and in almost every possible human mood, and not a scrap of clothing among them. Nice, somber mood.

**SUNDAY:** My back was still fine: good enough that I admitted I'd sign autographs. Good enough that I went back to Vigeland's sculpture garden to see it by daylight. Heidi's wrong. The statues fit just fine among a seething swarm of tourists. (One artist's vision shaped all of these, with apprentice help. They have a generic look, as if Vigeland forbade any detail beyond some level.)

When I reached the U, Mary and her husband were fighting. Swords. Demonstrating a technique they evolved themselves, swordsmanship turned on its side so that nobody gets hurt. Meanwhile, someone had made off with around \$900 in convention receipts, a paper bag of Norwegian kroner clearly labeled as to value and left sitting at the desk. Oslo is delightfully crime-free, but Intercon may have to invent Security real soon now.

A Soviet publisher brought his wife with him to translate, and his one-and-a-half-year-old daughter. He wants rights to some of my books. The baby's just learning Russian. When her mother begins speaking gibberish, she flies into an instant screaming rage.

So Daddy would speak; then Mommy would begin to tell me in English what stories were wanted, conditions, terms; and the girl would begin a shrieking fit. She didn't like me talking either!

They tried various approaches. Mother retreated, nursed her, got her calm... returned and spoke English, and BOOM.

The format that ultimately worked must have been fun to watch. Daddy's carrying the girl, swinging her, soothing her, way the hell at the far end of the hall. Back he comes, and he speaks several paragraphs of Russian to me. Then he's briskly off with Daughter, out of earshot while Mommy translates. I answer. Daddy swings back for more... a long elliptical orbit....

He asked me to attend a Russian convention. Annual. In February. Sounds cold. 1992 looks busy for me, so I begged to be asked for 1993....

(And now Gorbachev's down and back up, the Gang of Eight Stooges is imprisoned, and who knows?) [Note — this was written August '91. — ed.]

Two o'clock, Heidi takes us off to a

different sculptor Vigeland's mausoleum, "the most secret museum in Europe." Pass through an outer and inner door: the tomb is dimly lit, with rows of chairs down the center. Vigeland shaped statues inappropriate to the public sculpture garden, and painted the walls with human figures, and skulls, and his own portrait twice, living and dead. Every door handle is a snake in a unique configuration. The urn with his ashes sits over the inner door, under the only complete skeletons in the place: they're fucking in missionary position. It's awesome, it's somber, it shouldn't be missed.

As the convention wound down, so did I. After closing, a handful of us retreated to Ellen Andresen's for dinner. I was nearly comatose. Dinner was late but both good and strange, built around hot cereal with a sour cream base. And Heidi took us (me and Mike Jittlov) home.

**MONDAY:** I packed the bottle of PAN liqueur Bjørn gave me. But I found and bought Linie Aquavit duty-free. Now my backpack weighs a ton.

The plane takes off at 10:30, no sweat, bound south for Copenhagen. I'll change planes and double back over the north pole.

Yeah... but they can't get our plane to start. From 12:30 they've postponed to 7:00. But they've arranged to take us all to lunch at Tivoli Gardens. It could be worse. I didn't phone Marilyn yet; it was 3am in Los Angeles.

Three busses reached Tivoli. I'd forgotten where we were bound for, so I just stuck with the crowd... and lost them, and may have gotten two other passengers lost too. Two twenty-year-old girls, one from California, one from Sweden. We did our best to hunt down the restaurant, and finally I bought them lunch at random.

We wandered around together, then they went off to shop. My energy was dwindling. Music, flowers, games, crowds... and my back was starting to

hurt, so I sat down a lot. I got rained on. I'd checked my backpack at the airport, sweater and all. No sweat. I drank a cappuccino under a roof, and waited for sunshine.

Back aboard a bus at 5:00. The guy in front of me was a fan; had gone to college with Alex Pournelle; was just starting Brin's *Earth*, which I had finished on the trip. He had some data for me if I ever planned to go to Russia. We talked a little. He says he's very prone to coincidence...

And SAS had postponed to 7:30, to use a plane due in from Japan.

I asked for the return of the money I'd spent on three lunches, and an SAS man got it for me. I bought a haircut, and a ton of chocolate. I phoned Marilyn.

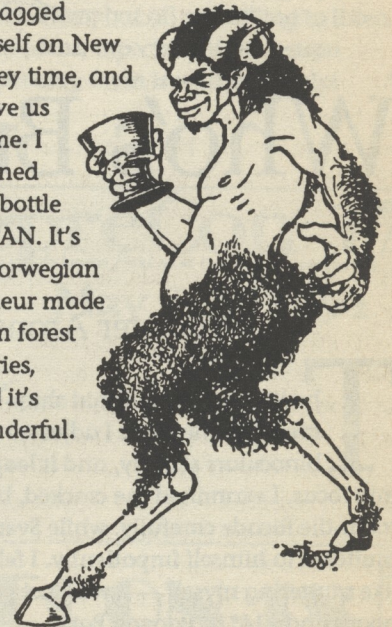
It took off on time. They boosted me forward again: reclining seats. The guy next to me was an engineer with an intense interest in the sciences and none in science fiction. A fascinating conversationalist. We all pretended to sleep, as the plane flew through an endless white-out afternoon....

And when the flight was over, my back had stopped hurting. I LOVE SAS.

Marilyn met me,

jet-lagged herself on New Jersey time, and drove us home. I opened the bottle of PAN. It's a Norwegian liqueur made from forest berries, and it's wonderful.

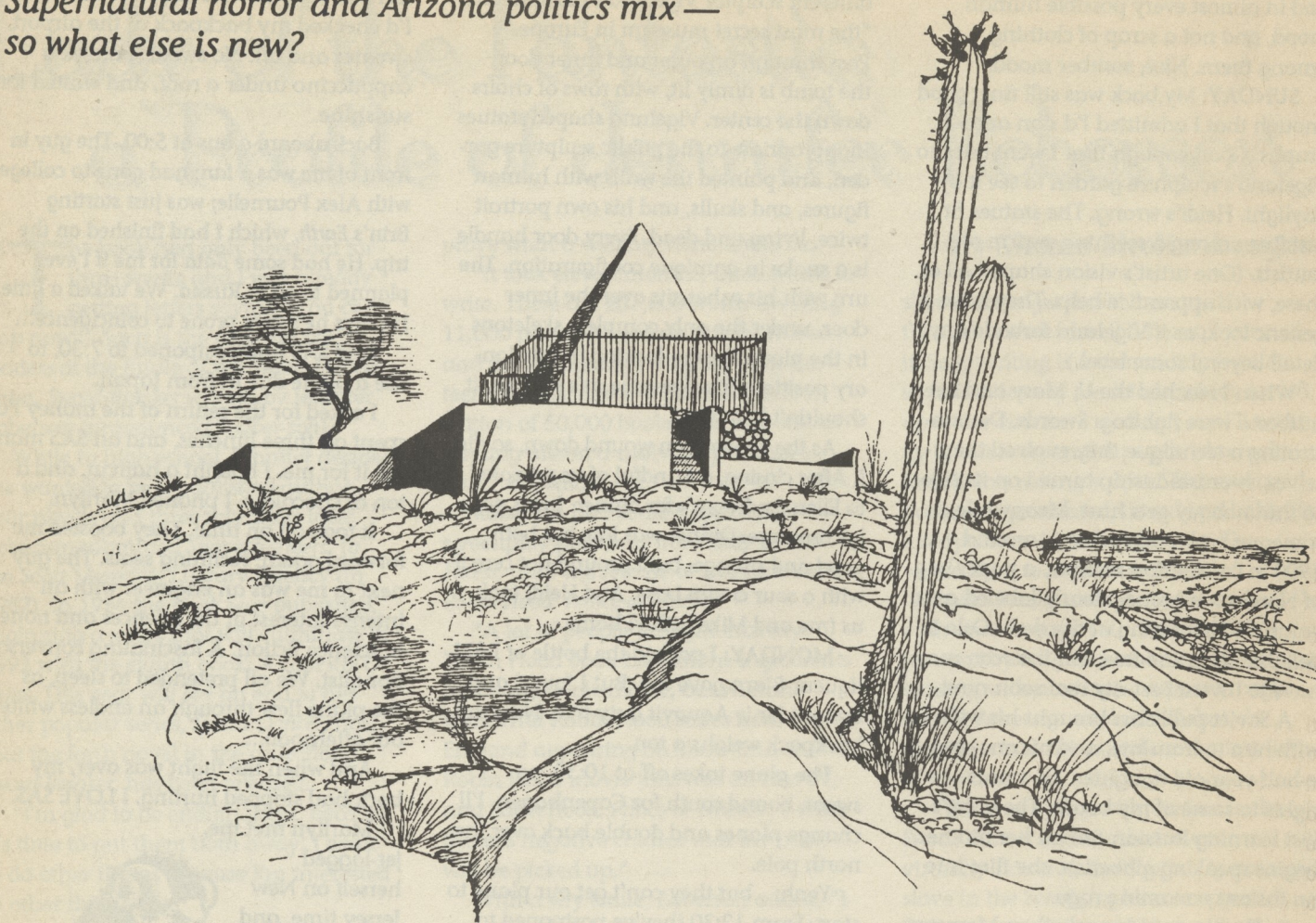
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## Next Issue:

An interview with Roger Zelazny •  
CopperCon 12 info • Rejection letters  
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Supernatural horror and Arizona politics mix —  
so what else is new?



# Who's Buried in Hunt's Tomb?

An Eddie Marlow Story

by Peter Aronson

**T**he little white pyramid shimmered in the heat. I adjusted my binoculars slightly, and it leapt into focus. I examined the cracked, bathroom-tile facade carefully, while Svenson muttered to himself impatiently. I felt like muttering myself — it was just past noon, and 114° in Papago Park.

"Well, what do you see?" he demanded.

"Hunt's Tomb."

"I know that! Is it in there? You're the wizard, you should be able to tell."

"Necromancer, actually." A white necromancer to be exact. As evidenced by the fact the Svenson was still alive — a black necromancer would have killed

him by now, if only to shut him up.

"Necromancer, wizard, sorcerer, whatever. You're supposed to have all those fancy magical senses, use them!"

I sighed to myself. This was what came of operating a detective agency specializing in "unusual" cases. Mostly that means computer crime — I'm a fair hacker. But a small percentage of my cases require *special* talents. Like trying to serve process on a werewolf, or working for the client who really was from hell. And the clown next to me.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Get to it!"

"When I'm ready, Svenson. Let me think." How did the man live to his current age? Never mind that his profession was dangerous enough — he was a pro-

fessional monster hunter — but why hadn't someone murdered him by now? I'm sure even his mother must have been tempted.

Svenson glared at me, then turned to his equipment bag. He pulled out an ash stake and started sharpening it, pointedly ignoring me. Which was fine as far as I was concerned. Taking a deep breath, I spoke three rasping, throat-twisting words. A small amount of power flowed from my ring into my eyes. For a moment I felt nothing, then twin ice-picks stabbed into my eye sockets, and for a second I went blind with the pain.

When I could see again, the world looked brighter and more colorful. Living plants glowed a lush green, animals pink or red. The distant power lines

burned with a harsh white light. And Hunt's Tomb, the burial place of Arizona's first governor, had gained a faint, sickly green aura. I reported the last to Svenson.

"So you were right. Accidents can happen," he grumped.

He just didn't want to admit I'd known what I was doing. Well, Svenson had hired me to find the most ostentatious grave in Phoenix. If Hunt's tomb wasn't it, I didn't know what was.

"You keep watching, Marlow. As soon as the temperature rises another degree, it will come out of the tomb."

"What will it look like?"

"Heat shimmer."

Great. That ought to be easy to spot. The air above the tomb was already boiling, and come to think about it, so was I.

A few minutes later, Svenson called out, "115°, Marlow. It should be emerging any moment now."

He was right. About a minute later, the sickly green glow concentrated at the tip of the pyramid, then drifted off into the summer air. Svenson was also right about how it looked — if I hadn't been using *the sight*, it would have looked like a slightly denser patch of heat flicker. I told Svenson what I had seen.

"Which way is it going, Marlow? Which way?" Svenson was pounding on my shoulder hard enough to hurt.

"It's heading south by southwest, at about three to four miles per hour. Wait, it's gaining speed. It's moving about ten miles per hour now."

"Quick, into the car! We have to follow it. If we get there in time, maybe we can save the victim!"

We piled into the car, with him driving and me tracking the thing — an *Annunaki*, Svenson had called it. One of the Judges of Hell. The name had been familiar to me from a comp lit course I took years ago. The texts had included the Sumerian poem, *Inanna's Journey to Hell*.

According to Svenson, the *Annunaki* was accustomed to the fires of Hell and could not tolerate cold — it hibernated when the temperature fell below 115°. Its preferred resting place was inside a long-dead corpse. When the weather was hot enough, the *Annunaki* would rise up from whatever dead body it was inhabiting and possess people, so it could judge them. Somehow it never seem to find its

victims innocent, no matter who they were or what they had done. The *Annunaki* always executed the "guilty" by drinking their life force. Svenson had been tracking it for months, following a trail of prematurely aged corpses.

"Which way is it heading now, Marlow?"

"South, toward the Salt River."

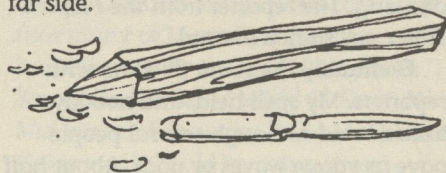
"It'll have to turn — they can't cross large amounts of running water."

"What running water? There's more water in an average bathtub than in this part of the Salt in July."

"Oh. Which way next?"

"Straight. Across the bridge."

We followed the thing five or six miles, right up to the edge of the South Mountain Park. I swore under my breath, and Svenson groaned in disappointment. There was no way we could follow it into the mountains in our car, and it was moving far faster than we could move on foot. We would have to go around, and hope to catch it on the far side.



But we were in luck — at the last moment, instead of continuing on into the mountains, the *Annunaki* suddenly turned and dived into the top floor of a tall office building that crouched at the edge of the park.

"It must have found its victim!" Svenson exclaimed when I told him.

"I guess so." I looked up at the building with a sinking sensation. The Kaler Tower. Twenty-three stories of post-modern bad taste and wasted Italian marble. Its location at the edge of the park was the result of the unsubtle application of considerable political influence and large amounts of money (as if there were any difference between the two). On the top floor, where the *Annunaki* had entered, were the private offices of Everett Chadworth Kaler, III, himself.

Kaler's the sort of character that Arizona seems to be overrun with. I suspect it's the heat — cooks people's brains. Kaler was a big real-estate developer. He owned expensive properties all over the Valley, most of which hadn't earned a dime since the real-estate mar-

ket collapsed. Oh, he owned a couple of Savings and Loans, too. Somewhere the government had dozens of lawyers and accountants investigating those banks. Seems that they made a lot of bad loans, then went under. Some of those loans, strangely enough, went to corporations that Kaler owned stock in.

Kaler claimed he was innocent of all wrong doing. That the government was out to get him because he was an enemy of the "secret powers" that were behind it. Of course, he'd been going on that way for years. Besides being a sharp businessman, Kaler was a conspiracy theorist par excellence. He could "prove" that everything from air-pollution to declining SAT scores was part of some government plot or another. Kaler was a perennial write-in candidate for governor on an ultra-right-wing, lunatic fringe platform. It says something about this state that he usually got at least two or three percent of the vote.

We parked the car and rushed into the lobby of the building. "In case *the sight* doesn't work, how can we identify the victim?" I asked Svenson.

"He'll be ranting and raving and speaking in tongues for the first few minutes after possession."

"Hmm. That might not be very easy to spot, here."

"Huh? What do you mean, Marlow?"

"You haven't encountered many Arizona Republicans, have you?"

We took the elevator to the twenty-third floor. There we found ourselves in a tiny lobby facing a glass security wall — one of those set-ups where you have to be buzzed in by someone inside. Behind the wall was a receptionist who looked like she had been stuck out in the desert and left to dry for a few years.

As we walked up to the wall, Svenson looked like he was about to open his mouth, so I stepped on his foot. Hard. The last thing we needed was for Mr. Personality to open his mouth.

I pulled a fake press-pass from my wallet, and waved it in front of the glass wall. "Hi. I'm Art Beamis from the *Circle City Conservative*, and I'd like to know if Mr. Kaler could spare a moment."

I didn't really expect it to work. After sitting out in the summer heat for an hour, Svenson and I looked a bit on the disreputable side, even for the press. But

Kaler was a publicity hound from way back, so I figured it wouldn't hurt to try.

To my surprise she reached right down and buzzed us in. "You guys sure got here fast! We just finished calling the press. I'm afraid they're still setting up the conference room. Would you please wait out here for a few minutes?"

Good timing on our part. Or was it? Kaler called a press conference every other week or so, usually to announce his latest conspiracy theory. Most of the local papers usually sent a junior reporter in case they needed filler. But the timing of this one seemed suspicious. It had been twenty minutes since the Annunaki had vanished into this floor of this building. And they had just finished calling the press a few minutes ago....

A few minutes later, we were shown into a conference room with a podium set up at one end. We were the only ones there.

I asked Svenson, "Is an Annunaki affected by the body in which they sleep?"

Svenson blinked. "How the hell would I know? And what difference would it make, anyway?"

Just then, a reporter from the *Arizona Reactionary* came in, and we had to shut up. I watched the reporter nervously. Kaler's staff might not realize there wasn't any *Circle City Conservative*, but another reporter certainly would. Fortunately, the reporter had obviously been drinking. He slid into his chair and stared glassy-eyed into space.

Obviously, I couldn't depend on *all* of the reporters being drunk, so I got out of my chair, dragging Svenson with me. (He started to protest, so I stepped on his foot again. Hard. It must have been getting sore, because he limped quietly behind me after that.) We stepped out of the conference room, and ducked into a bathroom.

"What are you up to now, Marlow?" Svenson barked.

"Shhhhhh. Keep it down. Just a little spell so that no one notices that we don't really belong here."

Svenson muttered something under his breath. I ignored it.

"Just stand still and keep quiet," I told him.

Drawing a gentle stream of power



from the ring on my finger — my talisman — I began to chant quietly in archaic Latin. As I chanted, the room began to *blur*. Soon, nothing could be seen but flickering light. As I chanted the last word of the spell, the room came back into focus with a sudden snap.

Svenson looked impressed, for once. "What does that do?"

"The spell has two parts. The first part is *familiarity*. For the next several hours, anyone who looks at us will find us vaguely familiar, like someone they met several years ago, but can't quite remember where. The second part is *avoidance*. Anybody who doesn't actually know us will feel a reluctance to talk to us, a faint sense of embarrassment.

Together, the two parts ought to help us avoid embarrassing questions. If we keep our mouths shut — the spell isn't *that* powerful."

We reentered the conference room. Several other reporters had arrived, and I was right, not all of them had been drinking. The reporter from the *People's Times* was stoned instead.

Eventually the room filled up with reporters. My spell held, and nobody talked to us, although several people gave us vague waves or nods. About half an hour later, Kaler entered, flanked by a pair of large, muscular "aides." He looked calm and in control, but to *the sight*, his entire body glowed with the sickly green light of the undead.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for coming. I realize that I have, in the past, called frequent press conferences, for little more purpose than to expound on my paranoid fantasies of government conspiracies. But today I intend to tell you something different. Today, ladies and gentlemen, I intend to tell you the *truth*."

And he did. He described how he sold uninsured junk bonds to retirees, who were told they were insured. He related how he had bilked the state of millions of dollars of highway construction funds using inside information from the Department of Transportation. He told of how he had purchased votes from members of the state legislature, not forgetting to name names and amounts. (The reporter sitting next to me commented under his breath to her partner: "Well,

there goes a third of the legislature into jail, again." He replied: "Don't exaggerate, it was only ten percent last time.") Kaler went on and on, detailing illegal campaign contributions, investments in Mafia-owned casinos, political action groups disguised as charities, and worse. A seemingly endless litany of greed, corruption, and hypocrisy.

When he finished, the room exploded into questions. Drunk or not, the reporters had scented blood and wanted some. And he gave it to them. For 45 minutes he answered any and all questions he was asked, in complete detail. His memory appeared phenomenal — he reeled off details of byzantine business deals without a pause and without recourse to notes. Which was strange — I'd never heard that Kaler had total recall. It had to be the Annunaki, of course.

Eventually, Kaler seemed to tire, and I noticed that his green aura had dimmed somewhat. He spoke briefly to one of his aides, then turned, and abruptly left the room. The reporters surged after them, but the way was blocked by the two aides, who between them had about thirteen feet of height, and over five hundred pounds of muscle.

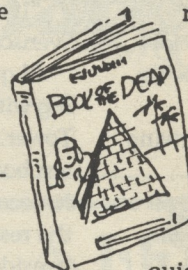
One of them spoke in a deep, gravelly voice. "Mr. Kaler regrets to inform you that the press conference is over. He will not be available for the rest of today."

That was all anyone could get out of them. Some of the reporters tried to go around them by using the conference room's other door, but the corridor outside was filled with uniformed building security.

The muscle boys started herding everyone out to where security could lead them to the elevators. I hooked Svenson's arm, and pulled him into the corner. "Keep very quiet — I'm going to try something." I told him.

Concentrating on my already running "Don't Bother Us" spell, I pulled additional power from my ring to strengthen it. It seemed to work, because when they cleared the room, they managed to miss the two of us.

Once everyone else had left the conference room, Svenson turned to me and said: "Now's our chance! We can confront the Annunaki, and with luck, send it back to hell!"



"Are you *sure* you can do that?"

Svenson smiled. "Just look at what I have here." He pulled out a squirt gun.

"Filled with holy water, no doubt?"

"Blessed by the Pope himself. And look at this, too." Svenson pulled out a tiny metal case in the shape of a Torah. "A copy of the *Sh'mai*, written out by Rabbi Jacob Yitzhak of Lubin. But I have more —"

I raised a hand. "Enough. I believe you. Shall we go find Mr. Kaler and his uninvited guest now?"

We set off in search of Kaler's office. The spell held up, and nobody paid any attention to us, except for an occasional distant nod or wave of the hand. Frankly, I was surprised at how well it was working. Normally with so many people, we should have encountered *someone* with a shred of magical talent — it's pretty common. Of course, it is almost always paired with a strong imagination, and I rather doubted that Kaler valued imagination (except, of course, in his bond salesmen, but he would hardly let them on the same floor as him).

Eventually we found Kaler's office. We were standing in the lobby outside, wondering if the spell would let us simply walk past the private secretary, when the door to the inner office opened and Kaler stepped out.

He looked ten years older than he had at the press conference. The Annunaki was obviously eating his life force at a tremendous rate. He turned to face us. "Gentlemen! I've been expecting you, please come in and be seated."

It took a few seconds for Svenson and me to pick our jaws up off of the pile carpet. I walked into the office, trailed by Svenson. It seemed best to conduct our business with the Annunaki in private.

Kaler closed the door behind us, then turned and faced us. Or I should say, the Annunaki turned and faced us. To my magically-enhanced sight, its sickly green glow totally permeated Kaler's body and spirit.

"Who are you two?" It demanded. It pointed at me. "I can see that you're some kind of magician." It pointed at Svenson. "And you, you're carrying all sorts of religious artifacts. Do you two think you're going to exorcise me, or something?"

Svenson thrust out his jaw determinedly. "Exactly, demon! I'm here to send you back to hell where you belong!"

While Svenson was talking, I quietly began preparing two spells: a spell to reflect a spoken word back onto the speaker, and a spell of banishment. Not that I expected the spell of banishment to do much good — according to my friend Tisaphoné who taught it to me, any creature weak enough to banish was probably too weak to bother banishing. But it might serve to distract the thing. If not, I would have to resort to my *other* talisman, but I'd really rather not.

The Annunaki threw Kaler's head back, and laughed. "Send me back to hell? You two? No! Rather I shall stay in this world and judge the living as I once judged the dead."

The spell was ready, needing only the final word of activation, so I could talk again. "Is that what you're doing in Kaler — passing judgement on him?"

It turned and looked at me thoughtfully. "Exactly. As I rested in the corpse of he who had once been George W. P. Hunt, and read the shreds of his thoughts that echoed softly in his remains, I decided, in homage to my resting place, that I would start by seeking out the man or woman in the city around me who George Hunt would have most despised, who most represented the "vested interests" Hunt spent his life fighting, and bring him my justice."

"And just what gives you the right to judge the living, you undead monster!" Svenson sputtered.

"I give myself the right. I know what is right, and what is wrong, what is good, and what is evil, for within me dwells the very spirit of justice itself. I have decided to judge this world, and I will not be gainsaid!"

Great. Just what Phoenix needed — a supernatural vigilante. An incredibly arrogant supernatural vigilante. I wondered if in a previous existence the Annunaki had been a Federal District Court judge.

I looked at Svenson, and he looked at me, and nodded slightly. I spoke the final *word* of the banishment spell, while Svenson whipped out his water pistol,

and fired.

The Annunaki shrugged off the spell as I expected, but the holy water smoked where it landed on its shirt. Seeing that it was momentarily distracted, I tackled it.

One thing about being a magician — your opponents generally don't expect you to use physical force against them. Kaler's body was as fine-trained as expensive health clubs could make it, but the Annunaki controlling it was so surprised that I had it pinned before it started to resist.

Unfortunately, once it started fighting back, it had superhuman strength. I hate that. It twisted beneath me, then suddenly I was flying through the air, heading for a nice, soft teak desk.

I couldn't have been out for more than a few seconds. When I came to again, Svenson had a copy of the *Egyptian Book of the Dead* in one hand, and a medicine rattle in the other. The Annunaki was slowly circling him, apparently unable to close with Svenson due to all of the religious paraphernalia he was carrying. Then I noticed that each circle the Annunaki made was just a bit smaller — it was actually a spiral. In a minute, Svenson would be within arm's reach of the thing.

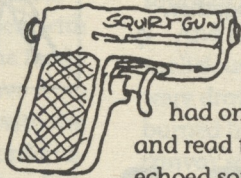
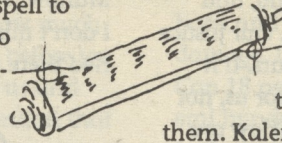
It was time for desperate measures. I reached for the small sheath strapped to my lower right leg, and drew out the dagger within. My other talisman — Parlabane's dagger. A magical artifact that was only a little more dangerous to its target than its wielder.

Ever tried to sneak up on someone walking in circles? It's not easy. Before I had crossed half the room, dagger in hand, the Annunaki spotted me. It apparently knew enough about magic not to like what it saw.

"That weapon is... unnecessary, human. I really meant you and your companion no harm — neither of you wear the stink of corruption. I was only defending myself. If you banished me, I would not be able to bring justice to the really guilty."

"Did you ever stop to think that we might not *want* your justice? That we might prefer our own?" I asked it.

"But your justice is so unsure! This creature I now inhabit has flouted it for years, and was prepared to flout it indefi-



nitely. His expensive lawyers protected him. But they could not protect him from me. You humans need me!"

It had something of a point, at least in Kaler's case, but I shook my head, and kept advancing. "No, we don't. Our justice might not be perfect, but it is ours. If it needs to be fixed, that's a task for us, not for some supernatural agency. How are we to learn otherwise? And besides, have all your victims been as guilty as Kaler?"

It shrugged. "They were guilty enough for me. You are beginning to annoy me,

human. Since you will not leave me to my holy work, I must destroy you!"

Kaler's body took a deep breath, and spoke *'the word that tortures the spirit'*, the word that once caused the Goddess Inanna to sicken and die.

And I cast my spell of reflecting a spoken word. Ah, the advantages of a classical education.

The effect was dramatic. The Annunaki exploded out of Kaler's body in a blast of sickly green flame, then coalesced into a glowing ball that sank out

of sight into the floor, bound for hell. Kaler's eyes rolled up in their sockets and he collapsed bonelessly to the floor.

Svenson was exuberant. "We did it, Marlow! We destroyed the monster! God, I don't mind telling you that I was worried there for a moment. But we've come out on top."

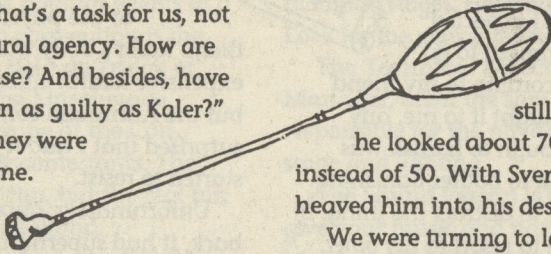
I checked Kaler. He was still alive, although

he looked about 70 years old instead of 50. With Svenson's help I heaved him into his desk chair.

We were turning to leave, when we heard a voice behind us. "Who are you two? And what are you doing in my office?"

I turned and faced Kaler. His green aura was gone, leaving just the basic sleazeball. "It doesn't matter who we are — we're just leaving. However, you might want to talk to your press secretary, real soon. I suspect he has some interesting things to tell you."

Svenson and I walked out together, whistling a jaunty tune. ♦



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# SUMMER '92 BOOK REVIEWS

**High Aztech** by Ernest Hogan, TOR 1991, \$3.99 pb, 248 pp.

Local author Hogan's second novel is a fun-filled romp through a garish and kaleidoscopic Mexico City (now called Tenochtitlan) of the mid-21st Century. A limited nuclear war in the Middle East set off a



world-wide depression that reduced the US to a third-rate power, and gave room for Mexico to fill the void and become a major world power. A revival of Aztec and pseudo-Aztec style, design and lifestyles is a dominant factor in Hogan's world. Wherein maverick cartoonist Xolotl Zapata finds himself with two problems: 1) he's been infected with a designer virus that's reprogramming his mind to fervent belief in Aztec religion, and which he passes along to everyone he touches, and 2) everybody — the government, the Mafia, the street gangs, even the garbage collectors (a powerful group in the largest and most crowded city on Earth) — are out to either capture or kill him. What's a *pilliguetl* to do?

Two minor drawbacks to the book: 1) Hogan uses a 21st-century slang derived from Spanish and Nahuatl fairly frequently, and while there's a glossary in the back of the book, it's mildly frustrating to have to turn there every page or so until the terms become familiar, and 2) I thought the framing device Hogan used for the narrative was somewhat awkward and unnecessary. In all, a good book, fun read, and a lot of promise for Hogan's future work.

— Bruce D. Arthurs

**Stations Of The Tide** by Michael Swanwick, AvonNova 1991, \$4.50 pb, 252 pp.

This Nebula-nominated novel is a treasure chest of imagination and thought. Every several centuries, the

planet Miranda is virtually inundated by a catastrophic melt-off of its ice caps. The newest flood is approaching, and towns and outposts built on the lowlands are being abandoned, looted, and deconstructed as humans prepare to flee to the few areas that will remain above water.



But a "magician" named Gregorian has stated that he can induce in humans the land-to-aquatic metamorphosis that Miranda's lifeforms undergo during the Jubilee Tides. Is he a fraud, and luring his followers to their deaths? Or has he somehow obtained the near-miraculous high-technology of the "floating worlds," the space and cyberspace colonies that rule the stars, and which is forbidden to planet-bound civilizations? The "bureaucrat" is sent to find out, and is faced with confusion, mystery, betrayal, false identities, spirits of the dead, and the enmity, machinations, and secret agendas of those who sent him. All leading to the final face-to-face confrontation with Gregorian, and the bureaucrat's pivotal decision. The plot twists and turns in unexpected, sometimes bizarre, ways. The world and society depicted looms in one's mind, long after the book is finished.

— Bruce D. Arthurs

**Crisis On Doona** by Jody Lynn Nye & Anne McCaffrey, Ace Books 1992, \$4.99 pb, 328 pp.

This is a direct sequel to *Decision On Doona* and is a replay of the same plot. Unlike the *Locus* reviewer I have no difficulty believing in a prejudiced politician staying in office for twenty-



five years (remember Proxmire?), but I do wish this book had been written with a little more thought to the fact that adults would be reading it.

I can't say much about the development of Hrriss, since we are given no guidelines as to how long it takes for a Hrruban to mature. Todd, however, seems more like a teenager than a human male in his early thirties, and the writing is on a level of complexity of the old Winston Juveniles. Didn't anyone in the colony want it to fail? Were they all so sane and honest, except for the one obligatory bad guy, that they understood that they would be cutting off their noses to spite their faces to have the colony fail? Doesn't sound like the humanity I live with. There were many well thought-out parts (using the snake hunt as a tourist attraction and the basic plot to incriminate Todd and Hrriss) but the overall impression was of an age 9-12 book which had been accidentally released as an adult novel.

*Decision On Doona* had an adult message underlaying its cuteness, i.e., sometimes the only way to handle a situation is to trust and take it at face value. *Crisis On Doona* had no such virtue.

— M.R. Hildebrand

**The Gate Of Ivory** by Doris Egan, DAW Books 1989, \$4.50 pb, 319 pp.

**Two Bit Heroes** by Doris Egan, DAW Books 1992, \$4.99 pb, 319pp.

These two novels (*Two Bit Heroes* is a direct sequel to *Gate Of Ivory*) walk that interesting line between fantasy and SF. You see, only on the planet Ivory does magic work and no one knows why it works there. So if the mixture of magic and science isn't to your taste, skip these; but if adventure, mystery, and magic are your cup of tea, these are extremely enjoyable.

In *Gate Of Ivory* we meet Theodora of



# BOOKSBOOKSBOOKSBOOKS

Pyrene, an anthropology student accidentally abandoned on Ivory with no way back to the University. After two years of fortune-telling in the Bazaar, she is hired to read a very special deck of cards for a



wealthy and powerful sorcerer, Ran Cormallon. Soon she is swept into a maelstrom of intrigue and disaster where loyalty and self-interest are opposed.

In *Two Bit Heroes* (Grand Tragedy Heroes have logical plot lines and classic endings where people learn something, Two Bit Heroes just dribble on from week to week going from one problem to another), Theodora and Ran take on an investigation and wind up involved in a plot with bandits and nobility which seems to have no satisfactory conclusion, but our ingenious heroes win out with a little luck and a lot of cleverness. Full of fun; I enjoyed these.

— M.R. Hildebrand

**Voyage To The Red Planet** by Terry Bisson, AvonNova Books 1991, \$3.50 pb, 236 pp.

This is an extremely enjoyable and somewhat wacky tale of mankind's first voyage to Mars. Bisson extrapolates a Grand Depression which has bankrupted the US, forcing it to sell its assets to the multibillion dollar international business conglomerates (for example, Disney-Gerber buys the National Park System and Beatrice-Texaco the U.S. Navy).



Using blackmail, bribery, and any other tactic he can think of, a movie producer named Markson plans to make a movie on Mars. The ship, which was

secretly prepared for a joint US-Soviet Mars mission, has been mothballed in orbit behind the nuclear waste belt for twenty years, but Markson persuades a film crew and a group of aging astronauts & cosmonauts to attempt the trip.

The book has clever and amusing extrapolations of the future, a few very old cliches, and a good feel for character and pacing all fitted together with good craftsmanship. If you grew up on comic books, Winston juveniles, and/or sf movies you'll love this one.

— M.R. Hildebrand

**Catnap: A Midnight Louie Mystery** by Carole Nelson Douglas, TOR Books 1992, \$17.95 hc, 235 pp.

Foul play at the American Booksellers Association convention in Las Vegas. A publisher of medical thrillers has been murdered (with a knitting needle!) and the feline mascots of a wholesaler have disappeared! Its Midnight Louie to the rescue — an 18 pound extremely streetwise black furrperson who decides its his duty to assist Miss Temple Barr, PR person for the convention center ("a feisty doll... a sweet-and-tart little dish", says Louie) in apprehending the culprits.



This is a fast-paced romp seen from both Temple Barr's perspective and Louie's as they individually and together sort through the suspects, trying to solve both cases before the close of the convention (all the while trying to maintain the reputation of the convention center and assist police Lieutenant Molina in her investigation). And it doesn't help that Temple Barr's boyfriend, the magician, had disappeared under mysterious circumstances not that long ago.

Louie is a charming rogue reminiscent of Nathan Detroit or Dave the Dude. Some of you may have had a chance to meet Carole Nelson Douglas

when she was GoH at LepreCon 17. She is a charming lady herself and has continued to stretch her boundaries, writing SF (*Probe, CounterProbe*), fantasy (*Sword and Cirlet* series, *Cup Of Clay*) and mysteries (*Good Night, Mr Holmes* and *Good Morning, Irene*). Of course she had some help from Louie with this one, but it definitely leaves one thirsting for more.

— David J. Hiatt

**Mirabile** by Janet Kagan, TOR Books 1992, \$18.95 hc, 276 pp.

The planet Mirabile was colonized by a group of Terrans who brought an ample supply of genetic material from earth to populate the planet with all manner of plants, insects, birds, mammals, etc. from the home planet. The colonists only have two problems. Much of their data was scrambled on the long voyage to their new home, and the scientists back on Earth had decreased the number of viable germ plasm by piggybacking DNA from one species onto another. So, this meant that two horses, for example, if conditions were right might produce a dog. But given the first problem (scrambled or lost data) the colonists had no idea what would produce what. So each mating season was a surprise. And of course there were the indigenous flora and fauna to contend with.



And there were the "dragon's teeth" — unpredictable combinations of sometimes lethal subspecies like the kangaroo rex or the vicious frankenswine. This book is in fact a series of short stories tied together by some very simplistic text, but it really doesn't matter because they flow nicely together chronologically. The characters are interesting, running the gamut of ages. The main character is Annie Jason Masmajejan, a rather headstrong mover and shaker, head of a team of troubleshooting genetic explorers whose job it is to check the DNA of

# BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

any and all unusual critters that pop up.

There is action aplenty, and a lot of tongue-in-cheek humor to satisfy most palates (and a bit of romance for spice). Each episode has its own distinct flavor and once you start thinking about it, the possibilities for further adventures are endless. This is Ms. Kagan's third book, the first being *Uhura's Song* and the second *Hellspark*. I'll be looking for more!

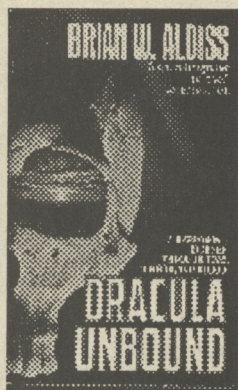
— David J. Hiatt

**Dracula Unbound** by Brian W. Aldiss, HarperPaperbacks, May 1992, \$4.50 pb, 275 pp.

We meet wealthy Texas industrialist Joe Bodenland as he puts the final touches on his presentation for the Department of the Environment, a demonstration of his latest invention, something resembling a time machine. The difference, however, is that rather than sending an object into the past or future, it simply halts the item's progression through time, as we sweep on by. The perfect hazardous waste disposal unit, it seems, since the object is never seen again.

Meanwhile, Joe's long-time friend, archeologist Bernie Clift, has discovered the remains of a human-like skeleton, coffin and all, that dates back over 65 million years — 60 million years before the first primitive man walked the earth. Add to that a mysterious craft flying over the discovery site, the disturbing words inscribed on the coffin, and a silver bullet lodged in the skeleton's rib, and Joe can't help being launched into an adventure that leads him to the beginning and end of time, with some interesting stops in between.

Brian Aldiss' *Dracula Unbound* is one of those rare stories that's simultaneously exciting, thought-provoking, and so engrossing you'll be hard-pressed to put it down. Aldiss effectively crosses the



horror/science fiction genre line, while giving us a bit of a history lesson and some interesting insight into mankind's ability to explain away any phenomena, no matter how much man misunderstands it.

Note that while Aldiss uses some of the same characters as his *Frankenstein Unbound*, this book stands completely alone, with only the briefest reference to the former, more as an inside joke than anything else. Because he doesn't delve too deeply into the scientific explanations of time travel and keeps the story from getting too horrific, Brian Aldiss has given us an adventure that fans of any genre should enjoy. I thoroughly recommend this entertaining book.

— Matthew Frederick

**Time and Again** by Clifford Simak, Collier Books 1992, \$9.00 tpb, 235 pp.

Collier, a division of Macmillan Publishing, has an interesting line of trade paperbacks out in its Collier Nucleus Science Fiction Classic series. This story, originally published in 1951, is a well-told science fiction yarn that shows Clifford Simak at the top of his form.

*Time and Again* tells the story of Asher Sutton, an agent of Earth's government who has just returned after vanishing on assignment over twenty years before. He comes back in a ship that can't fly and has no working life support system, yet manages to get him safely on the ground. He immediately becomes embroiled in a multi-party conspiracy that stretches over thousands of years into the future and past, with his briefcase containing either mankind's greatest salvation or worst destruction, depending on your point of view.

This well-told story stands up effectively to the best of today's science fiction — forty years of scientific advancement and our plunge into the computer age



don't harm the plot or its devices a bit. The only telling anachronism occurs when a character 4,000 years in the future, the head of one of the largest corporations in the galaxy, sits listening to Sutton while flipping paper clips into his inkwell — who knows, maybe electronic data storage will go out of style and quill pens will make a comeback. Remember Captain Kirk's line in an episode of *Star Trek* when he reminisces about his school time pranks, including dipping little girls' pigtails into inkwells? Ah, fickle fashion...

I recommend this tale without reservation to any fan of science fiction, hard or "soft." It's tremendous fun and quite sobering to read this excellent story written before half of the world's science fiction fans were born. Enjoy!

— Matthew Frederick

**The Voyage of the Space Beagle** by A.E. van Vogt, Collier 1992, \$8.00 tpb, 240 pp.

Another book in Collier's Nucleus Science Fiction Classic series, *The Voyage of the Space Beagle* was originally published in 1939. Certainly having earned the title "Classic," *Space Beagle* is

really a series of adventures aboard the same-named 1,000 man exploration ship. I do mean "1,000 man" — there isn't a woman to be found in the entire story. Consider the social mores of 1939 — this is, after all, a *scientific exploration vessel*, not some kind of cruise ship....

The book's main character is a scientist named Elliott Grosvenor, expert in the new science of Nexialism, a field that includes the study of all other sciences and concentrates on a more holistic approach, something virtually unheard of in 1939, and still not really in use today. Nexialists manage to become experts in many fields through special education techniques that include hypnosis and subliminal learning, methods that



# BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

still have yet to see much use in the world of 1992. These impressive scientific predictions by van Vogt are enjoyable, but the rest of the book suffers considerably.

The stories are surprisingly similar: Beagle meets alien species, bureaucratic scientists and military men argue over how to handle the deadliest threat the ship has ever encountered, and Nexialism (through Grosvenor) saves the day. Each alien does have a special power or ability that undoubtedly seemed exciting and different in 1939, but they seem rather familiar today.

One of the stories, "Black Destroyer," is said to be the inspiration for the movie *Alien*, and while it does bear a couple of marked resemblances, it is for the most part very dissimilar. The bureaucratic machinations, while perhaps fairly realistic (particularly in the absence of a strong and intelligent leader), get rather monotonous, particularly since Nexialism seems to be the cure-all, if only the ship's leaders would see.

This book suffers from age much worse than does *Time and Again*, the other Collier Nucleus SF Classic reviewed above. Anachronistic references to technology aren't too difficult to overcome (though Grosvenor's reference to having his handwritten report typed by the secretarial pool so he can bring it to his supervisor is rather humorous from today's viewpoint), the social and cultural outdatedness make the story less enjoyable. Certainly a classic in the van Vogt style, I only recommend *The Voyage of the Space Beagle* to readers interested in what the "Golden Age of Science Fiction" was like.

— Matthew Frederick

**Ole Doc Methuselah** by L. Ron Hubbard, Bridge Publications 1992, \$18.95 hc, 265 pp.

It was the early 1970's, and I found a book that would introduce me to one of my favorite characters, Doc Methuselah. When I heard Bridge Publications was reprinting some of the short stories of Doc Methuselah from the 40's and 50's I had to have a copy.

This book consists of the seven short

stories in the Doc Methuselah series. These stories were written during the end of the pulp era, and height of the space-opera period, and are wonderful examples of space adventures. All have a puzzle, a mystery to figure out that isn't explained till the very end of the story.

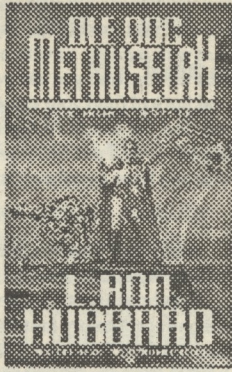
Doc Methuselah is one of the immortal founders of a society of physicians called the Soldiers of Light. They control all medical knowledge that a government could use against people, or other Governments, and keep disease under control. They owe allegiance to no government, may not interfere with non-medical matters and are inviolate by any person or government, but they can be killed.

Doc Methuselah takes on medical, moral and political problems of the universe in these space adventures, without interfering of course. The stories are humorous, fast-paced, and always interesting. If you like old-fashioned science fiction, you will love *Ole Doc Methuselah*.

— Barry Bard

**Far Cry** by Michael Stewart, HarperPaperbacks, April 1992, \$4.99 pb, 263 pp.

This seemingly well-researched science-horror story tells the tale of Jonathan Hall, a young boy prone to some peculiar seizures, and Frank Fuller, a traveling publisher's representative. They meet as Fuller literally runs into the boy with his car one stormy evening. Just as he gets out of his car to help, Jonathan begins going through tremendous convulsions, cursing and



claiming that his name is Tommy. As the story progresses, we see that Jonathan's seizures are clearly not of the standard epileptic sort, and Frank's psychiatrist friend begins taking extreme interest in the boy's case.

Described as the "Master of the Dark Side of Modern Science" by the publisher, Michael Stewart doesn't do a very good job with the "Dark" portion at all. *Far Cry* disappoints as it attempts to add a little darkness to an otherwise boring medical mystery — it is in no way frightening, or even particularly disconcerting, with the possible exception of the emotionally distressing relationship young Jonathan has with his mother.

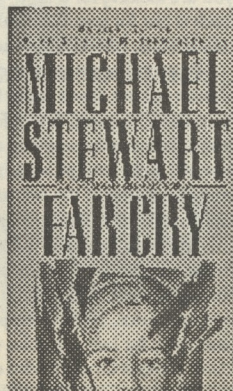
Just as I don't recommend this for horror fans, I also don't recommend it for medical mystery buffs. The scientific analysis of Jonathan's condition is amazingly dull and never comes to any useful conclusion. If you like medical mysteries, stick with one of Robin Cook's stories, like *Coma*. If you like horror that ends with a scientific explanation, try something from Dean R. Koontz, like *Strangers* or *Watchers*. Either way, stay away from this rather mundane, vague, and seemingly pointless book.

— Matthew Frederick

**The Gnome's Engine** by Teresa Edgerton, Ace pb, \$4.50, 265 pp.

This is the sequel to *Goblin Moon*, reviewed by Hilde in an earlier issue. I disagree with her about the setting, which I think resembles Holland in the 17th or 18th century rather than medieval England; but we are in agreement about the author, one of the brightest new fantasy talents to emerge in quite a while. Here she takes the surviving characters from the previous volume to the New World, where they seek the treasure of the antediluvian world: Seramaeais, the Philosopher's Stone, is believed to be buried on a sunken island which they hope to raise with the help of a magical machine built by a gnome artisan.

All this is entangled with the fates of two pairs of star-crossed lovers: Sera the necromancer's granddaughter and the enigmatic Francis Skelbrooke; and her



# Where Do We Go from Here?

Commentary by Matthew Frederick

Science fiction conventions are great, don't you think? They're an excellent opportunity to meet the authors of your favorite books. A chance to look at, and if you're interested, purchase some of the greatest SF and fantasy art in the world. And of course there's all that neat stuff the dealers bring, the incredible Japanese animation, new people to game with, and a chance to get in on some great SF-oriented discussions via the panels and presentations. And most important for many, conventions provide an opportunity to get together with old friends and a chance to meet some new ones.

But science fiction conventions in Arizona, and for that matter nationwide, are in big trouble. It seems that certain groups have chosen to use cons as their party stompin' grounds, an opportunity to wreak havoc and blow off some steam — to their detriment and everyone else's.

As a very clear-cut example, let me relate a true story. I'm the chairman of a convention coming up this fall — that means it's my opportunity to pick the Guests of Honor, to decide what kind of activities will take place at the con, and my responsibility to locate a hotel to hold it in. It's the latter that has caused the most trouble.

You see, the hotel we held the convention at the last couple of years is a great place to hold a con — we virtually get the whole thing to ourselves, it has a 24-hour coffee shop with decent food and reasonable prices, it's plenty big enough, and the staff is usually terrific. But there was a problem with negotiations — due to an only partly-deserved reputation we acquired there, the hotel wanted us to pay a lot more money for the facilities. You may or may not know that most of our conventions only make about \$1,000, which is used as seed money for the next year's event and to help pay for CONNOTATIONS. The hotel wanted us to pay considerably more than that, with a final result of not being able to hold our convention there.

So, we chose a hotel located not far away — they had a little less space, and we would probably be sharing the place with a fair number of mundanes (non-convention attendees), but overall, not a bad place. We initiated negotiations and prepared a contract. Everything moved along smoothly for quite some time, until the new hotel called the old one.

It seems that the old hotel told stories about us, none of which was accurate, but all of which made us look very bad. The one story that probably caused the most trouble was the one where a convention attendee supposedly pulled a gun on someone. This, understandably, was unreasonable and unacceptable behavior as far as the new hotel was

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**Let me tell you the true story about the gun, and keep in mind that any problem that takes place at a con can get blown out of proportion like this.**  
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concerned, and so we were politely told, late in our negotiations, that we weren't welcome there.

Let me tell you the true story about the gun, and keep in mind that any problem that takes place at a con can get blown out of proportion like this.

It seems that the Scottsdale Police were called out to the convention due to some difficulty — that alone is bad enough. A group of people, there to party, behaved in an unacceptable manner, and we decided to let the police handle it. Shortly after the officers entered the group's hotel room, one of the occupants informed them that he had a gun

in his luggage, and that if they were going to search the place, not to be alarmed — a warning made strictly for the safety of all concerned. There was no search, and the situation ended very peacefully, but through the magic of the rumor-mill, the new hotel got word that a gun was pulled.

As you may or may not know, hotel managers and salespeople talk with each other regularly — it only takes ONE incident like this to convince every hotel in the valley that we're bad news, and this is just one of many similar stories that have sprung up over the last few years. And this, my friends, could easily spell the end of cons in Arizona.

And it's not just Arizona, either: I've been reading newsletters and fanzines, and a recent issue of the fanzine *File770* reported that a San Francisco-based convention received rules from their hotel as follows, and I quote *File770*:

*The new rules required all room parties to end by 2:00 a.m., limited maximum occupancy to four people, promised expulsion of anyone found sleeping in the hotel outside a guest room, forbade public displays of affection, banned unregistered guests from the hotel between 2 a.m. and 5 a.m., prohibited "prafane [sic] gestures", set a dress code that required shoes and shirts in public areas (other than the pool), barred selling out of guest rooms, and reinforced half a dozen other points... that are public laws. In every case, an infraction of the rules would be dealt with by eviction from one's guest room and/or being escorted off the property.*

Well, wouldn't *that* be lovely? What a happy and wonderful situation. At this rate, **THAT IS THE NEXT STAGE IN OUR CONVENTION EVOLUTION.** And if

Shoot over to page 42...

cousin, the aristocratic but frail Elsie, and Sera's childhood friend Jed, the poor wharf rat with a bright future in the Glassmaker's Guild.

The four are pursued by the vengeful half-fairy Duchess of Zar-Wildiungen and her henchman (or rather henchtroll) Baron Skogskra. This sinister pair is accompanied by the even more sinister undead wizard Thomas Kelly, who has his own plans for the stone — and for his temporary accomplices.

All these skeins are neatly wound and woven into a well-patterned plot, as are the fates of lesser characters of old (like Jed's Uncle Caleb and the homunculus Eirena) and new (like Izrael Barebones, the ghost of Mothgreen Academy, who persists in haunting Sera, the only resident of the Academy who does not believe in ghosts). But we are left wondering about the fate of the unfortunate young doctor who is brought by the Duchess to perform surgery on the Troll King, since she has neglected to inform him of the regenerative powers of trolls and the King has a habit of eating humans who displease him. I'm afraid malpractice insurance just isn't going to cut it here. This is one sequel that really can't be read on its own, so be sure to buy *Goblin Moon* first. In fact, why not go the whole hog and buy her medieval Celtic fantasy series *The Green Lion Trilogy* as well? Edgerton is a writer whose work is reminiscent at times of many different authors, from Malory to Georgette Heyer, but whose use of such sources results in an original and unique product. Very highly recommended.

— Anne Braude

**The Jamais Vu Papers: or, Misadventures In The Worlds Of Science, Myth, and Magic,** Wim Coleman and Pat Perrin, Harmony Books 1991, \$15.00tpb, 327 pp.

This book resembles a cross between Douglas Adams' *Dirk Gently* books and Eco's *Foucault's Pendulum*, as created by the sort of quantum mechanic who works out of a chop-shop, perhaps after dropping acid with Joseph Campbell. *Jamais Vu* is the sensation that you've never been here before, a sense of wonder greatly to be desired, especially by the famous movie star Hilary, who is suffering from terminal *deja vu* — the feeling that "eternity has gone into reruns."

When she disappears (accompanied by a small green rug) from the office of psychiatrist Hector Glasco after taking a mysterious experimental drug, his desperate attempts to find her lead him in and out of the universe of lucid dreaming. Along the way we encounter the sinister Imogene Savonarola; the ladies of the Elmbright, Ohio Book Club and Sewing Circle, who not only are in the book but are reading and discussing the book, dropping little notes to the author as to what should happen in the next chapter, and suddenly finding themselves confronting the same characters they are reading about ("There's a deconstructionist in our kitchen... and he's eaten all the brownies," said Ethel); and Professor Joseph Xavier Brillig of James Fenimore Cooper Junior College in Sequester, Missouri, the least imaginative being in the universe, who may or may not be God but in any case has suddenly began to channel the Cardiff Giant in his Intro to Lit classes.

There are also guest appearances by real people (at least they were real before they got into this book), including novelist Tom Robbins, philosopher Daniel C. Dennett, satirist Paul Krassner, physicist Fred Alan Wolf, and Timothy Leary; oddly enough, the newsletter THE JAMAIS VU PAPERS is also real and existed before the novel. If you are the sort of reader who believes that a story should begin at the beginning, go on to the end, and then stop, this is

not for you. It is episodic, playful, and much of the time downright confusing. Hector does eventually locate Hilary; other than that you can't be sure of much.

The action takes place against a background that is a bewildering purée of Jungian myth, speculative physics, and New Age moonshine. But if you believe that with reading, as with bussing, getting there is half the fun, and you like your fiction experimental and farcical (and your sense of reality optional), you will find *The Jamais Vu Papers* just what you are looking for — and you will have the strangest feeling that you have never read it before.

— Anne Braude

**Mairelon The Magician** by Patricia C. Wrede, TOR 1991, \$17.95, 280 pp.

This book is not a sequel to *Sorcery and Cecilia*, the delightful epistolary fantasy co-authored by Wrede and Caroline Stevermer a couple of years ago, but it is set in the same alternate universe: Regency London with magic. The heroine is Kim, a clever street urchin disguised (in traditional fashion) as a boy, who is hired to burgle the caravan of a mysterious itinerant magician, who catches her in the act but decides to hire her, as he can use a good lockpicker.

Accused of stealing magical artifacts from the Royal College of Wizards, Mairelon is trying to track down the missing items and discover the real culprits. Suspects and distractions include a Napoleon of Crime, a wicked baron. A French émigrée who is bewitching in every sense of the word, a Bow Street Runner in disguise, a standard-issue airheaded blonde.

The plot climaxes in an epic confrontation scene that would not be out of place in *Tom Jones*. Wrede handles plot, character, and dialogue in her usual masterly fashion, proving she is not only one of the finest fantasy authors now practicing but also one who has read Georgette Heyer to some purpose. She stays in period so skillfully that one tends to forget that the period never actually existed. Developments in the end set up an awfully promising situation for a sequel, a consummation devoutly to be wished. Very highly recommended.

— Anne Braude

**Moonwise** by Greer Ilene Gilman, Roc, \$4.95 pb, 373 pp.

If you enjoy multiple layers of metaphor and archetype, and aren't afraid to re-read passages several times, you may find this first attempt from Greer Ilene Gilman an intricate, exciting new challenge. If you are looking for a light, quick-read, however, this book is not for you. Gilman's old-world language creates a dank, foreboding tone.

From the beginning, she nurtures a sense of a distant culture, like a room full of treasures unopened for years, full of forgotten smells and remnants. Her careful weaving of language leads us into a world quite foreign, which transcends the concepts and dimension of the twentieth century, into the childhood dreamworld of Sylvie and Ariane.

The book begins as Ariane returns to her friend Sylvie's house for a visit, many years after they have last seen each other. After a short period of re-acquaintance, Sylvie disappears. Ariane, while searching for her, stumbles upon an unworldly child (later named Croabh) who appears in the wood near Sylvie's home. Ariane realizes Sylvie has been transported to this child's land, and together with Croabh, she finds her way to this alternate world.

Sylvie and Ariane, in their separate journeys, meet with colorful foes and allies alike. They struggle to find out why they have come to the shared world

of their childhood dreams, and what battles they must face if they are to return home. Gilman's carefully-crafted language is like a fine new wine to be slowly studied and sipped, not chugged like Ripple.

The problem is, you can find yourself losing interest while waiting for something to happen. Not everyone appreciates forty-dollar-a-bottle wine. However, the layered, metaphorical language which Gilman has developed for the worlds of Sylvie and Ariane makes this novel unique. Those who stick it out will find this rich, archetypal fare provides some tasty brain food. If you're determined enough to sift through the sometimes-murky, albeit striking language of this tale of dark and light, you'll stretch your views of language. This book forces you to question and ferret out meaning, if you are to grasp not only character action, but the intricacies of a physical and metaphorical journey between two worlds. Be prepared to re-read this experimental work, if you want to understand and appreciate its subtleties. Just remember this is not a quick read, and not for everyone.

— Daniel Arthur

**In The Hall Of The Dragon King** by Stephen R. Lawhead, Avon, \$4.99, 370 pp.

This novel starts off another fantasy trilogy by the author of the *Pendragon* trilogy. We begin with a sorely wounded knight stumbling into a (non-Christian) monastery bearing a letter from the missing king of Mensandor to his Queen. You are not surprised when Quentin, an acolyte, volunteers to carry the letter to the King; and none of the rest of the plot surprises you either. This can be done well (see David Eddings), but *In The Hall Of The Dragon King* you feel as if Lawhead has chosen your adventure for you. The major surprise is when Quentin is suddenly adopted as ward of the King, but goes back to Dekra to study the Mysteries of the One God, leaving himself available for the next volume or two.

This generic fantasy goes 370 pages without a single character that goes beyond one dimension. The author's greatest strength is the fact he writes Christian fantasy, but C.S. Lewis or Madeline L'Engle do it well.

— Pam Allan

**Firefly** by Piers Anthony, Avon, \$5.99, 466 pp.

Listed as a novel of ecstatic terror on its cover, this departure from Anthony's usual writing almost defies genre placement. What it is not, with the exception of the last paragraph, is horror in the traditional sense.

In rural Florida, something is ingesting all but the skin and bones of the local fauna. When it works up to a hunter, both the authorities and the local absentee Daddy Warbucks prefer to keep things under wraps until the crisis is over. The hunter is found by the caretaker of the Middle Kingdom, the very private retreat of Mr. Middleberry. Mr. Middleberry initiates the problem solving and cover-up, using some of the most interesting and effective emotional basket cases I've read since *David and Lisa*.

While working through their own horrors (Firefly conveniently gets two bad guys, one kid, one good guy, and various local animals), we delve into their psyches in a fairly involving manner. You can't help liking Geode, May Flowers, Cyrano, and Oenone as they pursue Firefly to its death. There is a lot of good character development in *Firefly*, but it is more a psychological study of man's abuse of man than a thriller. It is a serious reminder that what we create the next generation of predator.

— Pam Allan



## Goddesses, Wizards, and Star Ships

Continued from page 11...

Thea Shannon was certainly a mysterious woman, and this merely added to her strange allure.

"And this must be your daughter, Nerissa." Her voice suddenly had a strange quality that hadn't been there before, a relaxation of the rational, unemotional, businesslike tone. And her expression changed, too. Briefly, she looked surprised.

I turned to find Nerissa standing on my right. She had a shocked expression on her face.

And when I looked from Thea Shannon to Nerissa Hunt, I suspect that a shocked expression appeared on my face, too.

The two were as twins, yet not twins. They were as mother and daughter, yet not because of some subtle difference that I couldn't tag. They could have easily passed for sisters.

I was so locked into pi-time by Thea Shannon that I didn't catch whatever passed between her and my daughter in psi-time. I thought something did, but I didn't know what.

Nerissa behaved as she never had before with a total stranger. "Thea, you're always welcome here from now on," my daughter said levelly and kissed her on the cheek.

"Thank you, Rissie. You are your father's daughter." She returned my daughter's kiss.

The Titaness had used the childhood love-name given to Nerissa by Rhea. How did she know?

That greeting shook me. Was Nerissa reacting to Thea's acutely similar appearance to her mother? Or was Thea Shannon reacting to Nerissa as she would see herself in a mirror?

I was so set-back that Nerissa had to perform the introductions to the others present.

It was merely a formality.

All of my mentecist colleagues knew Thea Shannon.

Surprisingly, this included Marcina Sakarhi. But it wasn't surprising that Marcie greeted Thea Shannon in a man-

ner that resembled a cold front moving through Skull Valley from the northwest. Both were beautiful women. No, that's not right. Stunning is the correct word.

I sensed some sort of rancor between the two. It wasn't apparent from Thea Shannon's expression or greeting to Marcie. But Marcie remarked in a voice as cold as slush hydrogen and dripping with sweetness that barely missed being outright sarcasm, "Thea, *darling*, you're certainly looking much better. Would you give me the name of the bio-regeneration clinic you used?"

The Titaness smiled with very little warmth. "You know I don't use one, Marcina. Either one has the genes or she doesn't." There was no hint of hostility in her voice.

My own interaction with the world of private enterprise told me that Thea Shannon was undoubtedly a consummate actress. Most business managers mustn't permit their true feelings to show in business dealings.

I wasn't surprised that Kaaru knew the Titaness, too. "I'm pleased you are here," he told her, rising to his feet and bowing formally. "Our enterprise needs you. I'm pleased that you could spare the time from your business responsibilities and constant commercial duties. I find it interesting that you know of our situation."

"Kaaru-san," Thea Shannon told him flatly yet with a tone of respect in her voice, "I was carefully educated and even more thoroughly trained in the basic concept of free enterprise. If one is to supply items of value for value received, one must be constantly aware of what's happening. If one is to direct and manipulate events, one must use the military principles of seek, find, take

the initiative, and maintain security."

"You have always done well in that regard," Kaaru observed.

"I am always pleasantly surprised at your appearance each time I see you. You are an artist in that regard."

Thea Shannon shook her head. "I'm not an artist, Kaaru-san. I'm an engineer. I deliberately permit my appearance to deceive those who can't see beyond it. They discover — sometimes too late — that a successful business person must be able to think under stress of all sorts."

She smiled at Kaaru. "You may have taught me the theory, but I'm a practical person. You're one of the greatest mental scientists, but I might be considered a mental engineer. I'm a pragmatist. I've used what you've discovered. Some day it will no longer be important for me to maintain my image. Some day, I may let it be known what it really is, what I've done with it, and what I've done with the money I've made as a result. But the time isn't yet."

I didn't know this enigmatic woman yet. I only knew the legends. Was she being unusually open and frank with Kaaru because he had apparently been one of her mentors at one time?

I couldn't understand Thea Shannon because I didn't know what was motivating her at the moment. But whatever was behind her visit and behavior, she acted in a very strange way. She anticipated. She reacted in advance. She moved in ways that were alien to my experience with people.

This was very pronounced when she came over to stand next to me. Looking at all of us one by one, she announced, "I know why you're here. I know what Nerissa has found. You need me if you intend to search for extraterrestrial intelligence." ✧

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# Lady of the Fantastic: a Profile of Jennifer Roberson

Continued from page 19...

probably take me two years to write. That almost takes me to the year 2000. I have ideas popping up all the time. I don't know what I'll be writing in the next century, I just know that I'll be writing something."

I asked the Arizona author if she felt the longstanding division between the worlds of science fiction and fantasy writing still prevailed. "A lot of panels at fantasy and science fiction conventions discuss the inherent conflicts between writing fantasy and science fiction. A number of my fellow writers seem to think there is no logic to writing fantasy. Anyone who writes fantasy understands that there is a great deal of logic in creating a fantasy novel or series. There have to be realistic aspects, or it is so far-fetched that it is difficult for the reader to suspend his disbelief. Therefore, I wanted to make a point to myself, that what is otherwise a magical series can have logical aspects as well. I purposely based the solution to *Sword-Breaker* on what is a nitty-gritty, down-to-earth idea.

I wondered if Zebra Books had any concerns about her expanded sphere of markets. "The publishers are bringing out *Lady of the Forest* under the name Roberson, trying to pick up some cross-over audience from my fantasy following. We'll see what effect there is."

Shoe-horned into her demanding

writing schedule is husband Mark O'Green, an ex-fighter pilot and software designer. The couple share their home with a collection of cats and dogs, and among them is Champion Kismet Cheysuli Wld Blu Yond'r CD, aka "Pilot", a Cardigan Corgi.

Training and showing her dog allows Roberson an avenue of escape from the insular world of the writer. "As a writer you work in a vacuum, without any real feedback. So when I take the dogs to a class or a show, it's a totally different world. I'm dealing with an animal instead of a computer and you get a certain amount of feedback [from dogs] that you cannot expect from editors.

"You also get unconditional love, which is a very nice reward for an author, because so often we are unrewarded for the work we do. People may like it [your work], but they don't tell you. Editors may like it, but they don't tell you. It seems as if editors are afraid to say you are doing well because you might ask for more money, although my editors have always been very good about it."

Although her fantasy series are coming to an end, Roberson says we may not have seen the last of her characters. "There may come a time in both series, when I come back around and write another *Cheysuli* book or two. Not a series necessarily, but individual books that slot themselves into specific time periods.

"I will almost certainly write a couple more *Sword-Dancer* books featuring Tiger and Del, because they're just too much fun not to do anymore. It's time for the two of them to go off and do other things without being published for awhile, so that when I do come back to them, I will feel fresh again. I will discover them all over again. Anytime the author feels fresh, the writing is fresh, and the readers get more out of it than if they are just reading the same old thing regurgitated countless times."

After the challenging books ahead of her are complete and she returns to the characters that started her career, I'm sure the resulting works will be the better for the time Jennifer Roberson spends in her "other realities." ♦

Come meet Jennifer Roberson July 4th-week-end at WesterColt .45, where she will be fêted as Author Guest of Honor!

SF Media continued from page 21...

episode "The Host." The security chief will be a shapeshifter, with shape shifting being very taxing. Chief O'Brien, provided Colm Meaney agrees to do so, will be transferred, along with his wife and daughter. Also, Lwaxana Troi and Guinan may make regular appearances on the show as well. ♦

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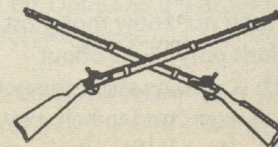
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"Where" continued from page 40...

things get bad enough, that stage could be skipped and we'd proceed right to the next stage, NO CONVENTIONS IN PHOENIX.

What can be done? Well, several things. First of all, BEHAVE — see this issue's ConSequiturs on page 23 for some thoughts on behavior. Second, peer pressure is more effective than any rule — if your friends or anyone you see is causing a problem, STOP THEM.

And finally, we can attempt to change the feel of the convention. At the convention I'm running, there will be no dance — not to punish the people who enjoy the dance, but to help dissuade those who are attending the convention just to party. You CAN hold a good SCIENCE FICTION convention without a dance. I'm also not offering any kind of discounted nighttime memberships. If you want to attend a science fiction convention, as opposed to a party, you can pay the regular rate and enjoy the panels and such the next morning as well. Another thing I'm going to attempt is fully enforcing the badge rule — if you don't have a convention badge, you must either purchase one or leave the hotel.

Please, let's stop this while we can, because I want to attend in-state conventions, not travel hundreds of miles to enjoy fannish company. Of course, if things don't change at other cons, that may cease to be an option as well. ♦

## An Interview with G. Harry Stine (continued from page 2)

**CN:** Now you have your consulting business and The Enterprise Institute. Exactly what do you do?

**GHS:** EI got formed because McDonnell-Douglas asked me to do work on the X-30 spaceplane — NASP. They said they'd rather deal with a company than an individual. I had done work with The Hudson Institute (Think Tank) and several other aerospace companies during that time, so I opened The Enterprise Institute in 1988. We consult for the aerospace industry.

Consulting work ceased to exist after the Gulf War, however. There was either no money, or the companies keep the work in-house.

**CN:** *Warbots 12* is due for release in August or September. That's the last of the *Warbots...* at least for now. Now you are creating the *Supersub* series.

**GHS:** Yeah, the *Supersub* series is different than the *Warbots*, though. I have proposed three books and there is an underlying storyline — it isn't just going from adventure to adventure like the Washington Greys did.

**CN:** You and I are both involved in new publishing ventures in electronic media. Is this the future of publishing?

**GHS:** I think so, at least part of it. All the arts are entertainment, and with information transfer technologies (computers) we are beginning to see experiments in how to further involve the machine.

The new project called *PC Space* is an educational look at astronomy with a lot of fun side-trips. The graphics and anima-

tion are spectacular.

**CN:** What else can you tell me about G. Harry Stine?

**GHS:** I try to write SF that basically addresses the biggest problem we have — we live in a world of wealth but we have to learn to be rich. The human race grew up with a philosophy of scarcity. That is part of the bigger problem of how to learn to be rich. All my characters are basically Heinlein-type characters — competent, duty-bound, honorable — with the same problems as everybody else — but they do something about them.

I am about as sexist as you can get — women are different — in every way. If women ever get real equality, they'll get the short end of the stick. As for race, I defy any reader to tell me the skin color of any *Warbots* character.

I used to have long phone conversations with my friend Gene Roddenberry. We felt the same way. We must learn not to be afraid of the differences between people, but to enjoy them. It would be a boring world if everyone were the same.

I used to call myself an Encyclopedic Synthecist. Now I say I am a Techno-Capitalistic Humanist.

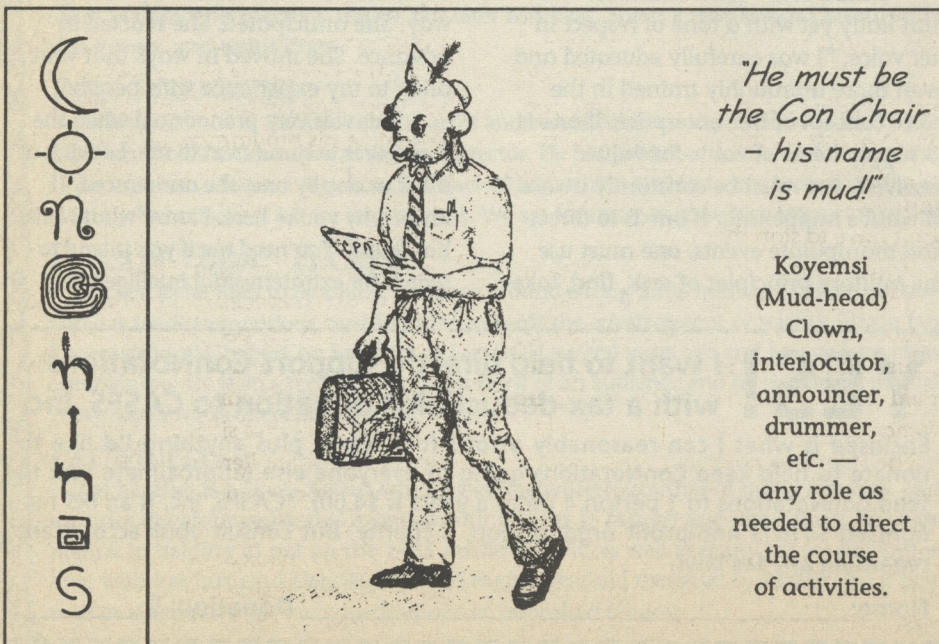
**CN:** Is there anything you'd like to tell the fen?

**GHS:** Yes. It's all very well and good to read about and imagine the future — that is part of the sense of wonder — but the future won't happen unless we make it happen. In other words, get out there and bend tin — do whatever your particular talents allow you to do.

Come meet G. Harry Stine, the Father of Model Rocketry, at WesterColt. 45! Here's a list of the books he has written so you can check them out. ('L.C.' indicates it can be found under the *nôm de plume* Lee Correy.)

*Starship Through Space* (L.C.)  
*Rocket Man* (L.C.)  
*Contraband Rocket* (L.C.)  
*Rocket Power and Space Flight*  
*Earth Satellites and the Race for Space*  
*Superiority*  
*Man and the Space Frontier*  
*The Handbook of Model Rocketry* (5 eds.)  
*The Model Rocketry Manual*  
*Model Rocket Safety*  
*The Lionel Train and Accessory Manual*  
*The Third Industrial Revolution*  
*The New Model Rocketry Manual*

Rocket to the next page...



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*Continued from the previous page...*

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- The Space Enterprise
- Star Driver (L.C.)
- Shuttle Down (L.C.)
- Space Doctor (L.C.)
- Space Power
- Confrontation in Space
- The Abode of Life (L.C.)
- The Hopeful Future
- The Silicon Gods
- Manna (L.C.)
- Bits, Bytes, Bauds, and Brains, the Untold  
 Story of the Computer Revolution
- Handbook for Space Colonists
- On the Frontiers of Science: Strange  
 Machines You Can Build
- A Matter of Metalaw (L.C.)
- The Corporate Survivors
- Thirty Years of Model Rocketry: A Safety  
 Report
- Warbots #1-12
- ICBM, The Making of the Weapon That  
 Changed the World
- The Quest Model Rocket Design Handbook
- Super Sub #1: First Action

## COSTUMING 101: HALL COSTUMES

*Continued from page 22...*

American garb. What about a simple woodland dress? While authentically done in leather, these also work in suede cloth, or could be done in any fabric for a whimsical effect. (One done in tree-bark camo might be a real scenery stealer.)

The SCA publication, *Forward Into the Past*, contains a good, basic T-tunic pattern. Not just for medieval clothing, a Native American shaman can be created from that ubiquitous pattern, and you don't have to stop there.

What about a Space-faring Shaman — Iroquois Federation: The Next Generation? Since the Plains Indians had a hunter-gatherer society surely someone could design a costume based on Where Nomad Has Gone Before.

The West was notorious for its badmen, but if you don't want to be a western outlaw, how about a western in-law? Could you be a Rhinestone cowboy complete with lederhosen? The women of the West were also wonderful. How about a

dance-hall girl in corset and feathers, a school-marm, even a school-marmot? Hmm... a lycanthropic prairie dog?

Need more ideas? How about all those old movies? From *Blazing Saddles* through *Cat Ballou*, *Battle Beyond The Stars*, and *WestWorld* to *Zorro*, there are numerous amusing variations on the basic theme. How about a console cowboy, who keeps his floppy disks in his holster, a cyber-cowboy in his programmable yoke shirt, or a Chisolm Trailblazer (basketball optional)? If an Oriental immigrant married a Native American might they have a child named Obi Wan Coyote?

Have you considered doing a kachina costume? If many people came as kachinas we could have a MaskParade. (Who was that masked man?)

I hope this bit of silliness gives you some inspiration. Remember that hall costumes are done just for fun, and enhance everyone's enjoyment of a convention. Play, relax, and leave your horse parked outside the hotel!

*Next issue — The Ultimate T-Tunic!* ♦

# Clubs & Organizations

SF/F oriented organizations are welcome to send info for a listing to *ConNotations* — Club Listings at 2040 E. Cypress, Phoenix, AZ 85006, or call us at (602) 220-9785. (If you find an address or phone number which no longer works, please let us know. Thanks!)

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

## BEASTCONNECTION (LAS VEGAS)

The Las Vegas area *Beauty & the Beast* fan club, which is responsible for the TunnelCons (the international con for "Beastdom"). Meetings are on the 1st Monday of every month (except for Monday holidays) at 7pm at the Nevada Power Building on Sahara Ave. (at Jones Blvd.). For info send a SASE to BeastConnection, P.O. Box 81557, Las Vegas, NV 89150-0557, or call Betty Neiswender at (702) 878-6192 (ans. mach.). Come and help us to "Keep the Dream Alive!"

## CENTRAL ARIZONA SPECULATIVE FICTION SOCIETY,

(CASFS) The non-profit corporation that puts on CopperCon conventions, SmerfCons, HexaCons, 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 Newton's Prime Rib at 915 E. Van Buren in Phoenix, AZ. Write P.O. Box 11743, Phoenix, AZ 85061 or call Bruce Farr at (602) 730-8648 or Doug Cosper at (602) 245-1440 for more information.

## THE DARK ONES

(*Därk-wunz*) n. 1. An organization formed for the expression and exploration of various cultural themes including, but not limited to, the Dark Ages and the Renaissance through forms of art including, but not limited to, painting, drawing, writing, photography, spoken word, and acts of characterization. 2. a member of this organization. 3. Information available from Shadowstalker (Jeff Jennings) at (602) 978-9314.

## 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.

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## FANTASTIC FICTION CLUB OF UNLV

The oldest existing fan organization in Las Vegas, this group is responsible for *Neon Galaxy*, the sf journal for the southwest (published on a semestery schedule). Meetings are held during the Fall & Spring semesters. For info send a SASE to Paul Andricopoulos/UNLV Fant. Fict., c/o UNLV Student Govt., UNLV, 4505 S. Maryland Py, Las Vegas, NV 89154, or call Paul at (702) 739-6559.

## 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, AZ 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, AZ 85285 or call Eric Hanson at (602) 892-2837.

## 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 MAGRATHEA BBS

Discuss your favorite SF 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 SF tv shows. 300/1200/2400 baud, 24 hours a day.

## NEW ON THE LIST!

### MYTHADVENTURES FAN CLUB

THE authorized fan organization of Robert Asprin's *MythAdventure* series has moved headquarters from California to Scottsdale! Members receive the quarterly newsletter *MythInformation*, as well as other goodies. For more info, send a SASE to MAFC, P.O. Box 13836, Scottsdale, AZ 85267-3836, or call (602) 951-1407.

### 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 &

## Compiled by Margaret Grady

activities. Approx 300 members. Dues are \$12 per year. For more information write: Donald Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91606.

## NOR.THERN ARIZONA SPECULATIVE FICTION SOCIETY (NASFS)

A club best described at 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, AZ 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, AZ 85312.

## THE PHOENIX REGENCY CLUB

Dancing, dining, and dalliance! A chance to recreate the fun and frivolity of the Georgian, Regency, and Victorian eras. Meets on the second Saturday of each month at 5130 W. Creedance, Glendale, AZ. For more info, call (602) 973-2054.

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

## NEW ON THE LIST!

### SHADOW KEEP BBS

RPG Discussions and Gamer info center! Separate boards to discuss AD&D, comics, *Champions*, *BattleTech*, books, movies, SF, current affairs, conventions and much more!! No fees!! All we expect is that you contribute to the discussions. Shadow Keep Bulletin Board Service at (602) 993-4995. All you need is a computer and a modem! 24 hrs a day, 300/1200/2400 baud. All computers welcome!

### SHUTTLE VESUVIUS (LAS VEGAS)

New chapter of "Star Fleet" in Las Vegas which meets on the 2nd Wednesday of every month at the Sunrise Library (located in Sunrise Manor). For more info, send a SASE to Maureen & Dayne Lake, 4801 E. Sahara Ave. #125, Las Vegas, NV 89104, or call (702) 641-6269.

SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

# Convention Calendar

Compiled by Margaret Grady

ConNotations makes no representations of these conventions other than simply providing a listing service. All conventions may be listed here free just by sending the information about your convention to this zine. Send the convention info to ConNotations — Convention Calendar, 2040 E. Cypress, Phoenix, AZ 85006.

When contacting any convention, please remember to send a Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope.

**WESTERCOLT .45**

July 2-5, 1992 WesterCon at the Omni Adams Hotel in Phoenix, AZ. Attending memberships are currently \$60 thru-the-door. Supporting memberships are always \$15. Guests are Author Jennifer Roberson, Artist Rick Sternbach, Fan Pat Mueller and Toastmaster Wilson "Bob" Tucker. For specific info, call (602) 730-8648. Sponsored by the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society. (See Progress Report also in this issue.)

**GALAXY FAIR 92 WITH ART CON IV**

July 2-5, 1992 with Guests of Honor Diane Duane, Alan Gutierrez, Kristine Kathryn Rusch, Keith Birdsong, Jack Crain, Neal Barrett, Jr, David Cherry, Carole Nelson Douglas and oodles of others. Membership rates are \$30 at the door. For more info write P.O. Box 150471, Arlington, TX 76015-6471 or call (817) 467-0681.

**ECONOMYCON VI**

July 17-19, 1992 gaming convention at the Campus Village West Shopping Center, 4920 W. Thunderbird Rd. No GoHs, no membership fee. For more info call Roaming Panther Game Co. at (602) 820-2083 or (602) 547-0239.

**VEGASCON '92**

July 25-26, 1992 at the Palace Station Hotel in Las Vegas, NV. All profit from this show will be

donated to Special Olympics! This is the only fan-run SF/comic/gaming convention in Las Vegas. The con will feature 24-hr. gaming, videos, panels, and a huge dealers's room! Guests include Greg Gorden, Mike Grell, and Mike Nystul. For room reservations call 1-800-634-3101 (\$40/50). To register, send \$18 payable to Vegascon '92 by 7/10/92 to Vegascon Inc., 4210 Chatham Dr. #1, Las Vegas, NV 89119, or call (702) 733-7470 for more info.

**CORSAIRCON III**

Aug. 8-9, 1992. Party pirate-style at the Hospitality Suites Hotel, 409 N. Scottsdale Rd., Scottsdale, AZ. Activities will include tavern brawls, costume balls, and "The First Bi-annual Pirate olympics." Memberships are \$15 thru July 24, and then \$20 at-the-door. (Reduced rates available for children, and one-day memberships will be available at-con.) For more info, call (602) 894-1985, or write: CorsairCon, P.O. Box 64051, Phoenix, AZ 85082. (See ad also in this issue.)

**MAGICON**

Sept. 3-7, 1992 50th annual Worldcon at the Orange County Convention and Civic Center in Orlando, Florida. Honored Guests are: Jack Vance, Vincent Di Fate, Spider Robinson as Toastmaster, and Walter A. Willis as the Fan Guest of Honor. Attending memberships are currently \$110 'til July 15, then \$135 at the door; supporting memberships are \$25. For more info contact the convention at P.O. Box 621992, Orlando, FL 32862-1992.

**COPPERCON TWELVE**

Sept. 11-13, 1992 with Guests of Honor Roger Zelazny and Alan Dean Foster! Membership rates are \$25 thru Aug. 28, then \$30 at the door. For more info write 2040 E. Cypress, Phoenix, AZ 85006, or call (602) 220-9785.

Sponsored by the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society. (See ad also in this issue.)

**SILVERCON II**

Apr. 2-4, 1993 general sff con (guests TBA) at the Aladdin Hotel on the Las Vegas strip. Membership rates are \$15 thru Nov. 1. For more info write P.O. Box 95941, Las Vegas, NV 89193-5941. Hotel rates are \$45 garden, \$60 tower — call (800) 634-3424 for reservations.

**WESTERCON '93**

July 4th weekend, 1993 Westercon, Seattle, with Guests of Honor: Greg Bear, George Barr, George Alec Effinger as Toastmaster; F.M. & Elinor Busby and Wally Weber as Fan Guests of Honor. Attending memberships are currently \$40 thru Dec. 31, and supporting memberships are \$20. For more info contact the convention at P.O. Box 29492, Seattle, WA 98123.

**CONFRANCISCO**

Sept. 2-6, 1993 Worldcon at the Parc Fifty Five and the Le Meridien in San Francisco, and the Moscone Convention Center. Note — change in hotel and expanded dates! Honored Guests are: Larry Niven, Tom Digby, Alicia Austin, Jan Howard finder, Guy Gavriel Kay as Master of Ceremonies, and Mark Twain as the special Dead Guest of Honor. Attending memberships are currently \$85, and supporting memberships are \$25. Discounts available for 1993 site-selection voters and/or pre-supporters of the SF in '93 bid. For more info contact the convention at P.O. Box 22097, San Francisco, CA 94122. Dealer's contact Clint Bigglestone at 1384 Skyline Dr., Daly City, CA 94015. Art Show entrants contact Vince Sanders at 5408 Parkville Ct., Sacramento, CA 95842. Inquires may also be made via CompuServe™ Electronic Mail to user id 72377,3623. ♦

**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: Mistress Rhianwen o Enfys DisBerod (Linda Peck); Principality Seneschal, 902 S. Eli Drive, Tucson, AZ 85710, (602) 747-1512 until 10pm; or in Phoenix, Mistress Helen Jennet (Pam Foley) 1345 E. Palm Ln, Phoenix, AZ 85006, (602) 495-1760.

**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 39504, Phoenix, AZ 85069.

**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, AZ 85082 or call (602) 864-8848 (eves) or 255-5131 x149 during weekdays to leave a message.

**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, AZ 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 Cuemavaca, Tucson, AZ 85701, or call (602) 722-6812. ♦

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