

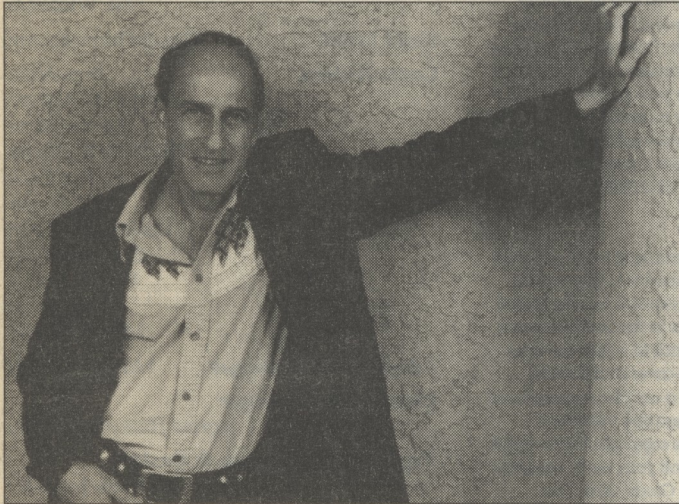
CONNOTATIONS

VOLUME 2, ISSUE 3

FROM THE CENTRAL ARIZONA SPECULATIVE FICTION SOCIETY

THE QUARTERLY SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY, & CONVENTION MAGAZINE

FREE!



An Interview with Roger Zelazny

An interesting look
at the true Lord of Amber • Pg 2

"Bring Me the Head of Prince Charming"

An excerpt from the latest collaboration of
Roger Zelazny and Robert Sheckley • Pg 3



Convention Updates

CopperCon 12, LepreCon 19,
Westercon 45, World Horror 2,
CorsairCon III, HexaCon III

Plus . . . Book Reviews, Movies & TV, Short Fiction, Comics, more!

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 s/f/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.

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 The Spaghetti Company, 1418 N. Central Avenue 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 (besides Aleta!)? 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.

Dear CONNOTATIONS:

Really enjoy your publication! I like your eclectic inclusion of all the local fandoms. Always thought it ironic that the Trimble wee castigated for years for "crossing fan lines," and even now I'm viewed as "only" a *Star Trek* fan when I've more than paid my dues in "literary fandom." But another fan was honored as a Worldcon Fan GoH for being an "all around fan"... oh well.

It was super being in AZ again; all that heat without drowning in the humidity!

Thanks for CONNOTATIONS, which has been a good source of fan information for *Space-Time Continuum*.

Best,
Bjo Trimble, Kingwood, TX

We, the Editors, would like to personally thank all the friends of CONNOTATIONS who have generously donated some of their hard-earned buckaroones:

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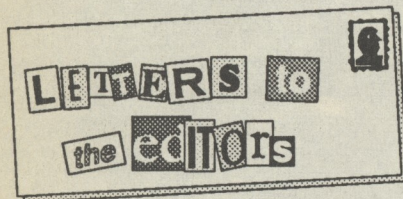
Photo Credits

Beth Gwinn (Cover)

Last Issue's Mailing Squad

Sorry, we forgot to write everyone's name down this time, and in order not to slight anyone, we'll just say:

Thank you all very much!



Eds:

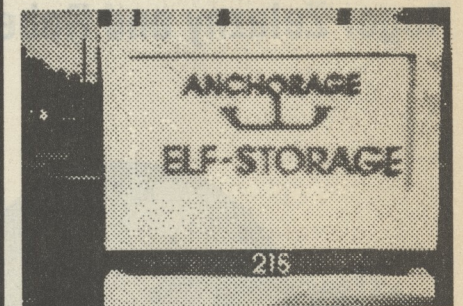
Boy, what a grumpy letter from Howard Waldrop! (Vol 2, Ish 2)

I think CONNOTATIONS is quite well done — and is a welcome sight in my mailbox. Thanks — and keep up the great work!

Michael Whelan, Brookfield, CT

P.S. The cartoon on Page 32 was "oh-so-real"... I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry!

By the way, we noticed that the aforementioned Howard has been nominated for a Hugo award for Best Novelette. Good luck, Howard (even though you can't read this!).



So that's where Keebler gets 'em...

Lois Cassady Jeffrey Lu
Manuel Fierro Bjo Trimble
Donald Franson Catherine Wells
Madeleine Johnston Daniel Arthur
John Hoffman M.G. Raymer
Zetta & Shadrick Konrardy
Cristi & Sleepyhawk Simila

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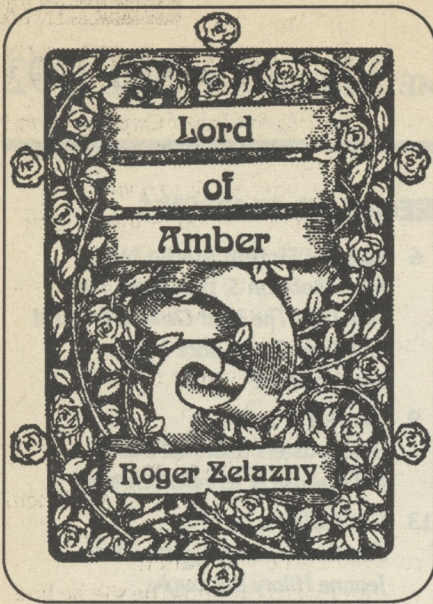
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ROGER ZELAZNY

INTERVIEWED BY DANNETTE L. GIRON



In the short time I spoke with Roger Zelazny, I found him to be a down to earth person who truly loves his work. With over 150 short stories and articles as well as over fifty published novels and novellas under his belt, he has established himself as one of the most talented authors in science fiction. Numerous awards, including six Hugo's and three Nebula's, dot his thirty year career. Mr. Zelazny is married to Judith Callahan. They have two sons; Devin and Trent and one daughter; Shannon. Born, Cleveland, Ohio, they now live in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Although I did not have the pleasure of a face to face interview with Mr. Zelazny, I was able to catch up with him by phone.

Dannette Giron: The Amber series is your most famous. Is it your favorite?

Roger Zelazny: It's easy to write as opposed to *Eye of Cat* or *Lord of Light*. It's pretty much a straightforward adventure story once the background is in place and it has been in place since the first book. In that sense they're easy to write. My favorites are *Lord of Light*, *Eye of Cat* and a new novel called *Night of the Lonesome October*.

There are rumors of movie rights to Amber. Have there been any new developments?

They're under option. I had lunch last month with one of the fellows who has the option. They're still putting together the treatment. I won't hear anything until the end of the year, so I'm just waiting right now.

The last book in the Amber series, Prince of Chaos, left us hanging. Will there be a follow up book?

I'll probably get back to it one day and carry it a little bit farther. Right now, I'm busy doing other things.

How did the idea come about?

That's hard to say. The trumps were an accident. They appeared in the story and I decided their function later. I introduced them so that I could describe all the characters quickly and not have to worry about descriptions for the rest of the book. Then I had to satisfy myself as to what purpose it served to have a deck of cards with all the characters' pictures on them. I'm a subconscious plotter I can feel when I have a story in place and I'll just start writing. If I want to see what the story is, I can drag it all out but I just write the partial now and surprise myself as I go along.

What do you think are the most essential elements to a good science fiction story?

The idea is very important, but I feel the characterization is the most important. You can have a wonderful idea, but if your characters aren't all that well developed, your story reads a lot better with stronger characters.

How do you begin to create a character?

Usually I get the character before I have the story. They develop slowly. I will catch a glimpse of a face, hear a name. I'll start thinking about a personality. Then, when there's enough of a person there to work with, I try them out in different situations. Until I find the one that is more suitable and I develop my story along those lines.

How do you begin to develop a story line?

My point of attack on a novel is usually my characters. I try the character in different situations I've said and done. When I find one that seems particularly appropriate, I start with that and try to get him to the next one. Between point A and point B, other developments usually occur and I can see farther along to where he's headed.

How long have you been writing?

Next week it will be thirty years.

What are some of your biggest obstacles in your writing?

For my first 7 years I was a part time writer. I had a job with the government when I started and that was an obstacle. I had to work around that until everything got to the point where I could quit it. Since then, I haven't had any terrible obstacles.

Any advice for aspiring authors?

The same advice that I've always given, try to write something everyday. Keep writing until you've gotten a story out and if it comes back, send it somewhere else. These days the competition is stiff. Persistence pays.

If you could kill off one character, which would you kill?

If I could kill off on book it would be *To Die in Italbar*. I wrote that in a hurry to make some money after I quit my job. I don't know about a character. I don't kill characters lightly.

Have you written anything out of the genre?

I'm just about finished with a western historical novel that I've done in collaboration with Terry Houseman, another fellow here in Santa Fe. We put a book together... it's something different I've always wanted to try. He started telling me about his idea and got me interested in it, so we started working together. I'm very happy with it.

Have you done many collaborations with other authors?

In recent years I've done more than in the past. I've done a couple with Fred Saberhagen, Thomas T. Thomas and Robert Sheckley.

Did you always see yourself as an author?

Yes. Even when I was six years old I remember writing stories. That's what I always wanted to do.

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BRING ME THE HEAD OF PRINCE CHARMING

From *BRING ME THE HEAD OF PRINCE CHARMING* by Roger Zelazny and Robert Sheckley. Copyright © 1991 by the Amber Corporation and Robert Sheckley. Reprinted by permission of Bantam Books, a division of Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

Chapter 3

"Oh, master, it's so good to be home!" Frike said, throwing back the bolt of the front door of the big mansion in Augsburg.

"It is nice," Azzie said. "Brr." He rubbed his claws together. "It's chilly in here! You must build a fire as soon as you put away the body parts."

Demons, despite or because of their long association with hellfire, enjoy a roaring hearth.

"Yes, master. Where do they go?"

"In the cellar laboratory, of course."

Frike hurried out and unloaded the cart. On it, wrapped in various ichor-soaked cloths, were a number of body parts; enough, if Azzie's calculations proved correct, to make up two entire bodies, one male, the other female, to be known thereafter as Prince Charming and Princess Scarlet.

They began working on the bodies the next day. Frike proved to have a useful hand with needle and thread. He put Charming together as neatly as a tailor makes a suit. There were seams and stitch marks, of course, but Azzie told him not to worry about them. Once the bodies were reanimated, they would lose these stigmata of their rebirth.

Those were pleasant domestic evenings. Azzie would settle into a corner of the lab with his copy of *King Solomon's Secrets*, which he had always meant to read but never found the time for. Now it was very pleasant to sit in the lab with its smells of fuel oil, kerosene, sulfur, ammonia, and permeating it all, the rich, complex odors of scorched and putrid flesh; to sit there with his book open on his knee glancing up every now and again to watch old Frike, his hunch-backed shadow thrown monstrously against a wall by a low-set light, bent over his work with a tiny steel needle.

The needle had been hammered out for him by the Ruud, smallest and most cunning of the dwarves of central Europe. The thread was the finest silk from Taprobane, so gossamer and transparent that it seemed as if the lips of the

gaping wound separating an arm from shoulder were adhering to each other by some sort of physical magnetism, or by magic. But the only magic in this case was Frike's tiny needle, making its neat little holes and forming, bit by bit, a whole man from the pile of body parts stacked neatly at his left side on a bed of glacial ice.

Frike was a careful workman, but he did bear watching. More than once he put feet where arms should be, either because of dim-sightedness or some perverted sense of humor. But when he joined the Princess' midsection to Charming's head, Azzie decided that this was too much. "Stop that nonsense," he told Frike, "or I'll put you in a Pit where you can fuse gravel into rock for a few centuries to teach you seriousness."

"Sorry, master," Frike said, and worked with exactitude and propriety thereafter.

And so the bodies took shape. Apart from the pending matter of appropriate eyes, the only real problem was Princess Scarlet's mismatched hands. It was not so important that they were of different sizes. But one was yellow and the other white, and this could not be permitted. Azzie discarded the yellow one and made a quick expedition to the Schnachtsburg Doctoring Center. There, in a shop dedicated to necrophilious memorabilia, he was fortunate enough to find a pick-pocket's hand for Princess Scarlet.

Soon after his return, Azzie received word from Supply that his castle was ready for delivery to his coordinates in Transylvania. Azzie departed immediately, flying across the Alps to the plain of Hungary. The land stretched ahead of him, lushly green, tree-scattered. He found the exact spot he had picked, which he remembered from the grove of tall purple trees that bloomed there, the only ones of their kind in the world, trees whose existence ended before modern science could declare them anomalous. Merioneth was there waiting for him, a thin, ill-favored demon from Supply who wore pince-nez and carried a scroll

attached by brass studs to a well-smoothed piece of wood — the progenitor of the clipboard.

"You Azzie Elbub?" Merioneth asked.

"Of course I am," Azzie said. "Why else would I be here?"

"You could have your reasons. Got some ID?"

Azzie showed the black credit card with his name engraved on it.

"It doesn't have a picture," Merioneth noted, "but I'll accept it all the same. Okay, where do you want it?"

Azzie looked around. The site he had chosen was rolling countryside. He looked it over critically.

"I want the castle right there," he said.

"Over there on that flat piece?"

"That's it. But first you must put down a glass mountain."

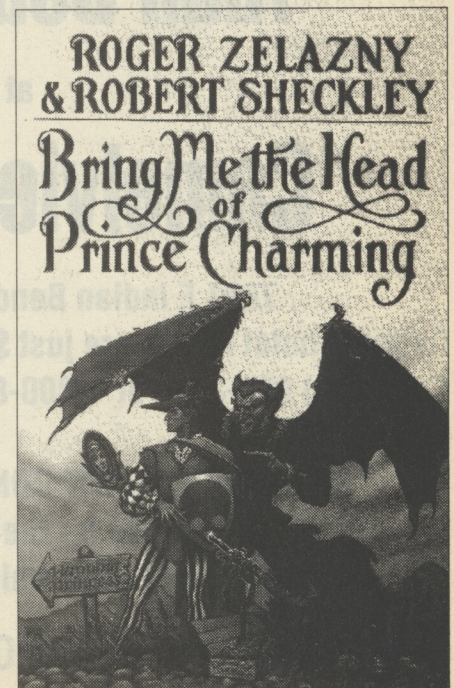
"I beg your pardon?" Merioneth said.

"I want a glass mountain. The enchanted castle must sit on top of it."

"You want the castle on top of a glass mountain?"

"Of course. That's where enchanted castles always stand."

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SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

September 11–13, 1992

with Guests of Honor

Roger Zelazny

and

Alan Dean Foster

at the

Camelview Resort

7601 E Indian Bend Rd, Scottsdale, AZ

Optional hotel rooms are just \$39 per night for up to 4 people!
Call (602) 991-2400 or 1-800-852-5205 to make reservations.

REGISTER FOR THE CONVENTION AT THE DOOR!

Just \$30 for the entire weekend,
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CALL (602) 220-9785 FOR MORE INFORMATION!

CopperCon 12 Information

OUR GUESTS OF HONOR

We're excited to have two of the best science fiction & fantasy authors in the world as our Guests of Honor. When you attend CopperCon 12, you'll have a chance to meet these gentlemen, have them autograph your books, and learn about what's next for your favorite characters!

Roger Zelazny is the Hugo- and Nebula-award winning author of the incredible *Chronicles of Amber* novels (*Nine Princes in Amber*, *The Guns of Avalon*, *Sign of the Unicorn*, etc.), *This Immortal*, *Lord of Light*, *Jack of Shadows*, *The Changing Land*, *Dilvish the Damned*, *Eye of Cat*, *Frost & Fire*, *The Black Throne*, *Coils*, *A Dark Travelling*, *Bring Me the Head of Prince Charming*, and many more!

Alan Dean Foster is the author of over 65 fantastic novels including *Splinter of the Mind's Eye*, *Nor Crystal Tears*, the *Spellsinger* series (*Spellsinger*, *The Hour of the Gate*, *The Day of Dissonance*, etc.), *For Love of Mother-Not*, *Shadowkeep*, *Sentenced to Prism*, *Glory Lane*, *Maori*, *Cyber Way*, *Quozl*, *The Codgernetic Connection*, *The Damned* series (*A Call to Arms*, etc.), and many more!

PANELS AND PROGRAMS

Hey, everybody, guess who's back... in the programming seat? It's that devious redhead, Cinder, wondering what kind of outrageous trouble she can get herself (and some program participants) into this time! (OK, so that "Safe Sex in Space" panel was a little bizarre, and we won't even talk about what was done to poor little Smurfs and Care Bears....) This time, though, we're talking BIG, BIG concepts:

Friday: Be there for Opening Ceremonies as the con kicks off into high gear with the Cosmic Coffeehouse: Counterculture of the Future. Think of it as a psychedelic cross-time underground club that has yet to exist. Or where Mos Eisley (the Star Wars cantina town) meets Haight-Ashbury. Cash bar, alternative music and (many) prizes for costumes.

Saturday: The year is 1965 — the Cold War is at it's height. Suddenly, from out of

CopperCon 12 Information

the blackness of space comes an alien ship. "People of Earth," they broadcast, "We come in peace. We are here to establish contact with your planet and wish to land in Earth's leading nation." What will the UN Security Council do? Are we remaking *War of the Worlds*? No, this is the premise of Arizona's first "hyper-panel" where you can get involved!

Best of all are our spectacular Guests of Honor, Roger Zelazny and Alan Dean Foster — wow! These are authors that I've heard of! Roger Zelazny, of the *Nine Princes in Amber* series, and *Lord of Light* (a Nebula & Hugo winner), *Damnation Alley*, *Wild Cards*, and lots of others. Alan Dean Foster has done the *Flinx* series, the *Spellsinger* series, a whole variety of other books, and just about every SF&F movie novelization. Very, very prolific and talented writers!

I promise you, this will be a convention to remember. The programming crew and I are working extra hard to come up with panels that are fresh, entertaining and most of all, enjoyable. I've spoken to a lot of people to get input, but I'd love to get more feedback. Drop me a line at: 828C S. Hacienda, Tempe, AZ 85281 and I'll get back to you when the baby's asleep.

GAMES AND DIVERSIONS

This year we've got an expanded game area with lots more gaming. We're going to run 24 hrs with scheduled tournaments running from 5pm-12m on Friday, 8am-12m on Saturday, and 8am-1pm on Sunday.

Events will include *Warhammer Fantasy Battle*, *Warhammer 40K*, *Bladestorm*, *Space Marine*, *Battlemasters*, *Star Wars RPG*, *Bushido*, *Psi World*, *Villains and Vigilantes*, *Rolemaster*, *Champions*, *Vampire*, *Call of Cthulhu*, *Twilight 2000*, *Shadowrun*, *Micro-armor*, *Centurion*, plus lots of *Battletech* and *AD&D*.

Also several local game designers and companies are going to be running their games including Cutting Edge Games (*Age of Ruin*, *Badlands*), Flying Buffalo (*Lejentia* and the new *Nuclear Proliferation*), and Phil Eklund will be doing his *Lords of the Sierra Madre* and *Insecta* games. Also we're

CopperCon 12 Information

arranging to have the GDW playtest team show up to demonstrate the new Gary Gygax game *Dangerous Journeys*.

All of this plus the usual Miniatures Painting Contest and Sunday Game Auction. So stop by and we'll keep you busy.

MASQUERADE

CopperCon's masquerade will be Saturday evening. In addition to the regular ribbons, we will be giving three prizes — personally autographed hardback books from one of our GoH's. (One prize per entry.)

To be in the masquerade, your entry must be received by Saturday morning at 10:30am. There will be a contestants meeting Saturday afternoon, for which we will need to have at least one representative for each entry.

The stage is 12'x16', and we will only have default lighting — house lights down and stage lights on. We will be going with the standard rules, i.e., keep the costumes at a PG-13 rating, do not slime the stage, take all your props with you, and the masquerade director has final say on all weapons, etc.

Volunteers for the backstage crew will be gratefully put to work. There will be special seating for hall costume winners who are in costume, blood donors, and wheelchair attendees. I hope to see lots of costumes both on stage and in the audience.

See you at the masquerade!

HALL COSTUME CONTEST

This year we will have Hall Costume Judges out roaming the Con giving out awards to costumes that catch their eyes on Friday and Saturday until the Masquerade.

All Hall Costume winners will be eligible for a prize drawing that will be held during Masquerade intermission. You must be present to win. In addition, Hall Costume winners who wear a costume to the Masquerade will be given preferential seating.

So dig out those costumes from the far back corner of your closet, and wear them at the Con!

CopperCon 12 Information

DEALERS' ROOM

The Dealers' Room is now officially full. The room will be a little smaller than the last few CopperCons, but as usual we will attempt to provide a variety of merchandise for you to spend your money on — some of the old faces back again, and a few new faces to hopefully pique your interest.

The Dealers' Room will open at 2pm on Friday, 10am on Saturday and Sunday. Closing hours are not yet finalized. We may remain open through the masquerade this year, for those who want to kill time while the judges are debating; and we will try to stay open on Sunday long enough for disgruntled art collectors who didn't get their pieces at auction to be able to come in and buy something to console themselves.

So, come in, browse, spend money, let the dealers know that you appreciate them schlepping all that stuff to the Con!

THE ART SHOW

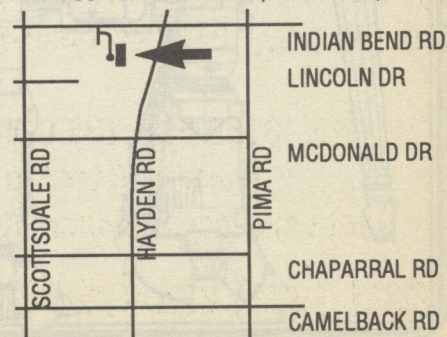
Science fiction and fantasy artists from all over the country have sent us some incredible pieces for this year's Art Show. The Show hours will be Friday from 2pm to 9pm, Saturday from 10am to 7pm, and Sunday from 9:30am to 11:30am with the Art Auction to be held at 1pm.

CONVENTION REGISTRATION

Convention Registration will be open on Friday from 11am to 9pm, Saturday from 9am to 9pm, and Sunday from 9am to 1pm. You can purchase your membership badge at any point throughout the convention and one-day prices are available.

THE CAMELVIEW RESORT:

7601 E. Indian Bend, Scottsdale, AZ



UPCOMING EVENTS

BY MARGARET GRADY

COMING SOON —

September 11-13, Friday-Sunday —

CopperCon 12 literary science fiction convention, with Roger Zelazny & Alan Dean Foster. Be there or be square. Camelview Resort, Scottsdale. Call 220-9785 for more info. (See the CopperCon Update on page 4.)

September 12, Saturday, 1-3pm —

Jennifer Roberson autograph session at Waldenbooks in Fiesta Mall, Mesa. Bring your own book, or buy her new one!

September 26-27, Saturday-Sunday —

The Environmental Club of Scottsdale Community College is hosting the first annual Earth Expo. Info on request from Nohl Rosen at 991-8847.

October 3, Saturday, 1pm —

John Vornholt (*Star Trek* novel author) autographing session at Books, Etc., 901 S. Mill, Tempe, 967-1111.

October 3-4, Saturday-Sunday —

Univeritus Ateneveldtus, a wonderful opportunity to see new things and learn new skills (a la SCA) at the Los Olivos Senior Center, 28th St. north of Indian School. For more info, contact Viscountess Mistress Roslyne of Saxony (Vicki Bostwick) at 636-0047.

October 24-25, Sat/Sun, 9am-9pm —

WhatchamaCon III game festival at Sandpiper Preschool, 4501 N. 19th Ave., Phoenix. One day admission is \$4.50 in advance, \$5 ATD, and two days is \$8 advance, \$10 ATD. Call Jennifer (before 10pm) at 277-0354 for more info.

ONGOING —

Paganism 101. An informal class that explores pagan religious beliefs, with an emphasis on Wicca and Asatru. The first meeting will be on Wednesday, September 16, 6:30pm, at Los Olivos Park, 28th St. north of Indian School Rd. For more info, call Pati Cook at 973-8611.

Socializing Las Vegas Style. It's been said that fans will go to any length to find a good party. Here's your chance to prove it! Vegas fans Arnie and Joyce Katz will "inevitably" be hosting a fannish frolic called The Monthly Social. For dates, times, and locations, call (702) 648-5677, Monday-Friday, between 9-5.

All phone numbers listed in this section are in area code 602, unless otherwise noted.

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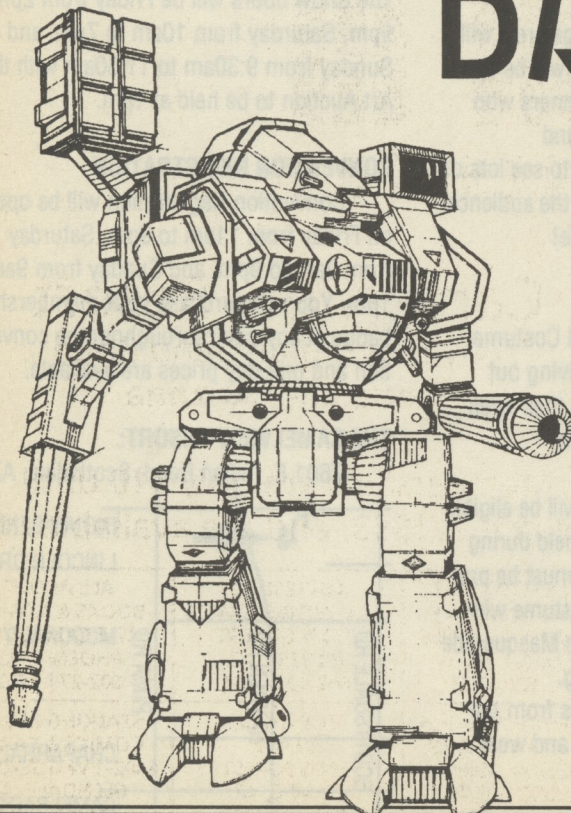
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SCIENCE FICTION MEDIA NOTES

BY LEE WHITESIDE

Babylon 5 Filming Underway

At WesterColt .45, J. Michael Straczynski's presentation on *Babylon 5* was very well received. He presented some of the computer animation done for the show as well as a short promotional video featuring him and other behind-the-scenes crew talking about the show. At the time of the presentation, casting was still in process, so only character details could be presented.

Now, however, the main cast for *Babylon 5* has been picked and filming began on the pilot movie, "The Gathering," on August 10th. Most of the actors are well regarded in the industry and a few of them may be known to science fiction TV and movie viewers. Following are character descriptions, casting details plus some background on *Babylon 5*. Thanks to J. Michael Straczynski (*Babylon 5* creator) for the casting details.

Babylon 5 is a United Nations-like space station in the year 2257. It is nearly five miles long and is run by the Earth Alliance. It is host to a wide range of aliens and humanoids, and orbits a planet near a jump point between Earth and four alien territories. Jeffrey Sinclair is the commander of *Babylon 5*, representing the Earth Alliance. Also represented are the Minbari, The Centauri Republic, the Narn Regime, and the Vorlons.

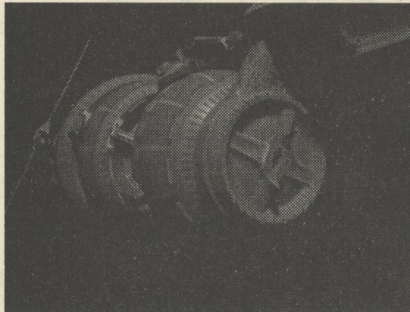
Commander Jeffrey Sinclair is the titular head of *Babylon 5*. His concerns, though, tend to be more broad in scope... acting as the informal representative of the Earth Alliance, dealing with questions of policy and procedure, and keeping an eye on the Ambassadors. He's in his late thirties, good looking, but curiously haunted.

Sinclair will be portrayed by Michael O'Hare, a classically trained NY actor, a Juiard graduate, who's done a lot of Broadway work, all mainstream drama, a number of movies (*By A Thread*, *Into Thin Air*, *Pursuit*) and TV shows (*Rage of Angels*, *Adams Chronicles*, *Equalizer*, *LA Law*, *Case of Deadly Force* miniseries, and others).

Tamlyn Tomita has come aboard *Babylon 5* as Lieutenant-Commander Laurel Takashima, who in concert with Commander Sinclair has primary responsibility for running *Babylon 5*. She has considerable interaction with the ambassadors and others coming aboard the station. She's tough, and smart, and resourceful and she can also take care of herself physically QUITE well.

Tamlyn has had major roles in *Come See the Paradise*, *Orange Curtain*, *Hawaiian Dream*, *The Karate Kid II*, and such television projects as *Quantum Leap*, *The Trials of Rosie O'Neil*, *Tour of Duty*, and *Santa Barbara* (a series regular).

Ambassador Londo Mollari represents the Centauri Republic, which is the most human of the other alien races and also the first race contacted by Earth. This contact and resulting trade sped up



Earth's technological development and we discovered that the Centauri Republic was long past its prime, and is actually now one of the weakest races. They have a very indulgent society, and Londo reflects that. Overweight, prone to gambling constantly, and fond of women and drinks, he understands his role and doesn't try to push it. He is, by turns, a comic figure, and a tragic figure.

Londo will be played by Peter Jurasik, who has appeared in films like *Problem Child*, *Enemy Mine*, *Tron*, *Straight Time*, *Mr. Jones* and others, and in TV shows such as *Columbo*, *Hill Street Blues*, *Civil Wars*, *Remington Steele*, *MacGyver* and others.

The Narns once were very much under Centauri control, and they received in many ways the most brutal treatment of any "protectorate" in Cen-

tauri jurisdiction. A little under a hundred years ago, as the power of the Centauri Republic was fading, the Narns broke their chains in open revolution and expelled the occupying army, achieving independence.

Which brings us to Ambassador G'Kar (pronounced JAH-karr), of the Narn Regime, married to a female war hero, whose fathers on both sides were also distinguished veterans of a hundred campaigns. In the main, his task is to use the facilities of B5 wherever possible to Narn advantage — from arranging tech-smuggling to military objectives and so on — while doing all possible to interfere with the basic purpose of the station, to create the peace. Peace is not in their best interests, though they give the opposite impression. They want to keep all sides divided and at each others throats so that they're occupied while the Narns grow and expand quietly in the background. The last thing they want is an alliance aimed against them before they're ready.

Ambassador G'Kar of the Narn Regime is Andreas Katsulas (best known as the Romulan Tomalak on *ST:TNG*). His film work includes the latest Woody Allen film, Blake Edwards' *Sunset*, as well as *Someone To Watch Over Me*, *Communion*, *Next of Kin* and many others. On television, he has appeared in *ST:TNG*, *Alien Nation*, *The Equalizer*, *Max Headroom*, *The Human Factor* and many more.

Carolyn Sykes has been romantically involved with Commander Sinclair for a couple of years when we meet her. She knows quite a bit about him, but there are some things he still hasn't told her. They have a very adult, sexual relationship, and they are both independent and equal. She is the owner, and pilot, of the trading vessel *Ulysses*... a self-made woman who's an established and respected trader in a variety of goods. She works mainly within the Earth Alliance colony worlds, though in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17 ▼

STAPLES & INK

BY JENNIFER SCHREIBER & JEFF CASLAKE

Well, now that the summer flood of new comics is slowing a bit, let's take a look at what sold well, and what was good to read (rarely the same book).

Marvel and DC both did well with their summer annuals, although it appears that DC kept the readers' interest longer with their "Eclipso" stories. Marvel did a series of four part stories in their annuals. Some, like the X-books story "Shattershot," sold out, but most of the others are just sitting on the stands.

Valiant pulled way ahead with their "Unity" story line, and it appears that post-Unity sales are still on the rise. The early parts of this story are still available at most stores, and I highly recommend it for comic readers as well as collectors.

The biggest news in the comic world is the huge success of Image Comics. This month was a record-breaking one for

Image, as their parent company, Malibu beat out DC for the number two slot for greatest dollar sales. This is the first time in many decades, that DC has not been one of the top two companies. Image is a company run by some of the hottest artists around, and they have come up with a good story or two. The two best, so far, in my opinion, have been *Spawn* (typical superhero fare, but better than average), and *Savage Dragon*. Both are superhero books, *Spawn* being spectacular for its artwork by Todd McFarlane, and *Savage Dragon* is just fun to read. Okay, off my soap box, and on to other comic news.

Topps, the trading card people are getting into comics this fall. Their first project will be the adaptation of Coppola's *Dracula*. From the preview art I have seen, this is going to be a beautiful four issue adaptation. Anne Rice fans

will be glad to know that Millennium will be adapting her novel, *The Witching Hour* for comics beginning in November. Marvel Comics has recently acquired the trading card company Fleer.

Star Trek and *The Next Generation*, both have fairly long-running comic series from DC. If you haven't checked them out, give them a look. The art is decent, and the writing good. *Deep Space Nine* comics, on the other hand, will be published by Malibu Comics. They outbid DC for the rights, and I am interested to see what they do with it.

That's about it for this time. If you have any questions, or would like to hear more about any aspect of the comic world, drop a line to *CONNOTATIONS*, or stop into a store and ask. By the way, for all you Zelazny fans, DC is supposed to be adapting *Nine Princes in Amber* sometime in early '93, so stay tuned!



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WEEDING

BY PETER L. MANLY

On the day after the aliens landed I desperately searched through the video channels to find more news of them. They had hinted at time travel and, as a physics student, I sought more information. I'd have expected more of a reaction when the first signals arrived from an extraterrestrial intelligence two years earlier. Well, maybe people were tired of the boom and doom predictions which evaporated when the year 2000 passed quietly. All I could find were reports about the video tapes from the White House bedroom scandal and the collapse of the Sino-Japanese stock market. Then the doorbell chimed. Interruptions, interruptions!

A small, crisp woman with a row of tiny, white, sharp teeth stood at the door. "Ms. Yarborough?"

I replied, "Yes?" Two men stood behind her and three of the largest women I'd ever seen waited behind them. I became wary.

The small woman continued, "You have been selected."

"Ah, selected? I'm afraid I don't ..." Then it hit me. The aliens had announced that they worked for another race, the Memnoths, who manipulated time.

I recalled the alien's arrival speech; after a sparse description of their galactic confederation he had given us depressing news and made a strange offer. No species had perfected a faster than light drive. Indeed, there were no more breakthroughs to be made in physics. With travel times in excess of a century to the nearest stars, there could be little trade of goods. As we had suspected, fusion power remained the only reasonable energy source but we would have to solve the waste heat pollution problems ourselves. Most other civilizations in the galaxy had grown to about our technical level and only by a planet-wide effort could a small ship be sent to the nearest stars.

The alien implied that nothing much new could be discovered in the Universe. He advised that we merely try to make our citizens as happy and as comfortable as possible. A life span of two centuries, while adequate, was about the limit of

interest of a single individual. People grew tired of life after a while.

I had become so depressed that I almost missed the offer which the alien made toward the end of his speech. He said, "...and we know, from studies in future time paths, of singular events which can shape History and force civilizations to change dramatically. Although the Memnoths are the only race who have achieved a control of time, other races such as my own aid them by carrying out their instructions. As a present to your planet, the Memnoths have offered to adjust your future history on this one single occasion. They will eliminate, before the event, the future sources of wars, disastrous innovations and political upheavals. The Memnoths are a gentle race and they do this only with the greatest reluctance, for innocent people are involved.

"Their method is to have us remove from your planet those individuals who will, at some time in the future, cause great hardship. In order to minimize the disruption, they may select ancestors of particular individuals who would have caused pain and loss. Thus, as I say, innocent people may be involved. As an example, if we had arrived a century ago, we would have removed a rather innocuous Austrian corporal and landscape painter. We would have removed the great grandfather of both the inventor of the neural pain injector and the architect of the greatest African drought ever. We also would have removed an unbroken succession of five American presidents or their common ancestors."

He paused and held up an envelope. "I have here the names of twenty individuals now living who are destined to harm society. If you wish to have them removed to a safe planet we will do so. Please note that most of them have never consciously harmed anybody. If you wish to sacrifice their freedom for the greater good of all, we will transport them immediately. You must take either all of them or none of them."

The thin woman in her starched business suit still stood before me. She flashed

her plastic smile and said, "It is hoped that you will come along without trouble. This is for the good of all humanity. Certainly you understand, as an intelligent woman, the sacrifice that is necessary."

I made it about as easy for them to handle me as, say, a scared, wet, cornered porcupine. In a blur of elbows and knees, I could tell that they had been instructed to subdue me without injury. I received a couple of bruises and quite an affront to my dignity as I was carried out of my apartment in a very short nightshirt. Three of my abductors left in ambulances.

As the van moved toward the airport it began to sink in that I was in deeper trouble than I'd ever imagined. Mentally, I ticked off the things that I would do when I could get to a phone but the emotions of shock and hurt overwhelmed rational thought.

I had a whole transport plane to myself until they dumped in the heavily sedated senator. I'd never met the famous politician but I recognized him easily. We took off and landed within an hour, picking up a rosy cheeked boy of eight or nine and a rather surly looking woman with bright red hair. I was still trussed up in my flimsy nightshirt and a straight jacket when they removed us from the plane somewhere on the East Coast. The woman and the boy walked off, some medics carried out the senator and I was taken to a Marine Corps brig. They untied my feet but left the straight jacket on. At least I could go to the bathroom.

Some time during the night they dragged a teenage girl kicking and screaming into the next cell. As they slammed the door shut and helped a wounded guard down the hall, she broke into tears. I went to the bars separating our cells and said, "Don't worry, Honey, I know how you feel. They got me too."

She looked at me and said, "Ich verstehet sie nicht. Sprechen sie Deutsch?" Suddenly she looked scared and about five years younger than I'd first estimated. I regretted my monumental lack of language studies in favor of technical subjects. After trying a little pidgin Span-

ish and French on her without success, she appeared to try Italian and Russian on me. No go. At least she could reach through the bars and release the straps on my jacket. My arms ached to be free and I thanked her in as many languages as I knew.

Hours later, they escorted a distinguished looking gentleman and a Latin American peasant into adjacent cells. Both ignored our efforts to communicate. Neither the peasant, whom I had dubbed Pedro, nor his homespun clothes appeared to have seen soap or water in months. The gentleman in the far cell simply lay down and went to sleep.

I awoke to the rattle of a billy club being run across the bars. My sweaty nightshirt had rolled up and left me in a very exposed posture. The guard leered at me and I knew the true meaning of the word "pig". They released us individually into a corridor leading to a shower. The doors were operated remotely so we couldn't reach the guards. I could see guards peering at me from a wall slit near the ceiling as I washed and then dressed in a smock they provided. They motioned me back to my cell and after entering, I could hear the lock snick shut.

Then they released the German girl. She ran to each corridor door, pounding it and trying to escape. She jumped upward toward the observing slit but could come nowhere near it. I could hear the guards shouting at her in German but she ignored them. Finally, the guards poked water nozzles through the slit and hosed her back into the cell. She collapsed, wet and ragged, onto the small cot, sobbing uncontrollably.

Pedro was next and he behaved like a perfect gentleman, following the guard's directions in broken Spanish. He reappeared in trousers and slacks similar in color to my smock and fitting about as well. The older gentleman initially declined but when the guards produced the fire hoses, he thought better of it.

I hadn't eaten in more than a day and I asked for some food but the guards didn't respond. After an hour, they came for me again and put manacles and chains on my hands and feet. I resented being treated like a common criminal and wondered, as I had all night, about the nature of my offense against humanity. Could I be the future inventor of some

hideous device? Most probably I would be the mother or grandmother of somebody important. Anybody who has seen me knows intuitively that wars would not be fought for possession of my beauty.

As they marched me along, I mentally prepared a plea to whatever court would hear my case. I'd promise to change my life completely, give up my studies, never marry or have children. Anything but be deported to some prison planet for the crime of having a future. I felt that if only I'd been closer friends with the law students, I'd have known better how to delay the hearing or trial.

They put me in a truck and closed the door. Ten minutes later they dumped in the German girl. She was unconscious and bleeding from the mouth. We drove off and continued for the better part of an hour. I prepared a long harangue on due process of law, failure to produce arrest warrants, inhumane treatment of prisoners, failure to allow a phone call to my parents and a host of real and imagined indignities. They stopped, opened the door, grabbed me, carried me across a bright expanse of concrete and unceremoniously dumped me in the airlock of the Alien's shuttle ship.

The outer hatch slid shut and another one before me opened. So much for due process of law and the rights of the individual. Three of the aliens picked me up, placed me on a low rolling cart and wheeled it down the length of the ship. Finally they put me in a small cubicle and I felt a pin prick in my shoulder. Within a minute the world faded away and I just didn't care any more.

I awoke late in the afternoon, judging by the sun's position as seen from the tiny porthole mounted high on the cabin wall. My restraints were gone and I found myself alone in a room barely larger than the acceleration couch which took up one wall. The couch and the room dimensions were of unusual proportions, probably made for aliens. The shuttle sat on the ramp at a military airfield and I could see several Air Force transports outside. Occasionally I could hear them launching or landing. I tried the oddly shaped door mechanism and found it either locked or unusable by human hands.

After several hours, a foreign transport taxied up. It looked like one of the Pacific Cartel's designs. Three people were led off

and walked toward the ship. At the last moment, one of the men broke away and ran across the ramp. A soldier raised his rifle, took careful aim and winged him in the arm. The prisoner went down, started to get up and then collapsed. Soldiers dragged him back to the ship and I could hear them dump him in the airlock.

I felt we were being treated as the trash of the Earth. My hopes fell and I realized fully that they were throwing me off my native planet for something which I had not done — yet. Oh, maybe I would do something heinous later, but up until that point I had always thought of myself as a good person. I lay in the couch having a good feel-sorry-for-myself cry when the ship moved. The seat belts and shoulder harness didn't appear to be made for humans but I fumbled with them until they sort of fit. Through the blur of my tears, I didn't bother to take a last look at the Earth.

I'd never been in space, although I'd always planned on a vacation there some day. They used a fairly conventional horizontal runway launch and I could feel the craft turning and banking to line up with its intended orbital plane. I could observe only a tiny patch of sky which became darker as we rose higher in the atmosphere. After a while the tug of gravity lessened and the steady push of rockets or scramjets became the only sensation. Finally, they ceased and I floated free in my harness.

I was probably about as clumsy as the next tourist but I managed to get to the porthole and see out. In the blackness of space I couldn't find the Earth, but the Moon, looking about the usual size, appeared to one side. Occasionally I could see another larger craft, the alien mother ship, as our shuttle approached it. Eventually a slight jar indicated we had docked on the back of the larger ship. It seemed like an eternity before the door to my cubicle opened and one of the aliens gestured for me to follow. Pulling on the wall handrails, we finally entered in a large conference room. The alien indicated a seat for me and requested that I put on a headphone. Pedro, the German girl, and several others were already there. I strapped in and put on the phones. They didn't quite fit, having been designed for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41 ▼

SURVIVING REJECTION LETTERS

BY MARIAN CRANE

Would-be writers face three barriers: inspiration, dedication, and rejection. Diligent readers can find at least a hundred published articles per year that deal with how to find the creative spark, woo it, glue it to a typewriter or computer screen, and keep it fresh and intoxicating for the duration of a novel, article, poem, or short story.

But what about rejection? That damn-able postcard or letter that says: "Sorry, this doesn't fit our current needs. Please try us again." Just as in sports or business, there are common-sense strategies to overcoming the problem of rejection:

Make it look good

The first weapon in the fight against rejection letters is simple. **Try not to get them.** Improve a manuscript's chances by submitting it in the accepted format. Sounds too simple? Think of grammar, punctuation, and all those other excruciating points as the fine detailing and cleaning done on a new car at the showroom. These minutiae will make the story stand out favorably at first sight.

Learn the language

Why would anybody send fiction submissions to a non-fiction news magazine, or a slasher horror story to a "family" oriented fantasy fanzine? Neophytes do so regularly, unaware that these and similar mistakes instantly brand them as unprofessional. Think of a manuscript submission as a risky trip to a foreign country. Troubleshoot as much as possible before that envelope slides into the black maw of the mailbox.

Read market reports like *The Writer's Market*, *Writer's Digest*, *Publisher's Weekly*, *Locus*, *Science Fiction Chronicle*, and as many small-press newsmagazines as possible. Research them religiously, because these publications keep writers posted about sudden trends and personnel changes in the publishing fields.

Send for publishers' individual guidelines, to learn about their needs and specific gripes. Knowledge of the markets

can give even lackluster writers the critical edge over technically better but less-informed neophytes.

Mail that puppy

Commercial advertising bombards the public with helpful messages like the Arizona Lottery's "You can't win if you don't play" and Nike's "Just do it." So why do so few new writers heed that advice? The fear of rejection can be so traumatic that many neophytes are afraid to submit anything to a publisher. This is actually Nature's way of helping the publishing industry separate winners from losers. By mailing out a submission, a writer has already overcome the first hurdle — the fear and inertia that leaves so many fine stories rotting quietly away in lockboxes and private journals.

Try a reality check

Most people have paranoid reactions the first few times their work is rejected. This is normal. After all, the writer feels as if his or her soul has just been stomped upon. The outraged writer's retaliation often takes the form of naive and damaging beliefs:

"The editor hates me." Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, an editor will not have a personal vendetta against a particular writer. Most editors that I've interviewed are incredibly gracious and forgiving of past errors, unless a writer has been unredeemably foolish and/or annoying. (Unsolicited phone calls or faxes to an editor's office will have this effect, so be warned.)

"They rejected it so they could steal the idea for themselves." No, they rejected it because they've seen umpteen versions of the same thing. They've already published the better ones. Intentional plagiarism is not that common, and fiction is like chicken: there are only so many variations. It's just the flavoring that changes. Themes in publishing come and go. The typical two-year lead time between purchase of a manuscript and publication can foster confusion in readers. Neophytes who

don't keep track of the trends usually jump on a theme three months before the publishers go on to something new.

"They just don't understand true Art." People who write only for their private satisfaction can afford to be sloppy, to have temper tantrums over rejection, and stage whinefests about their fragile egos. Writing for publication is a business. To be successful, it must be approached not only with creative passion and love for words, but with sensible business judgement. This is more difficult than it sounds. Once the rules are learned, they may have to be broken or ignored. **Sometimes a writer may be correct.** Editors may **not** know a shining story when they see it. Instead of moaning about it, try another publisher.

Distance yourself

Many writers remember their first few submissions as a Life-or-Death matter, like Christmas morning, a love letter, or a critical doctor's report. The fate of the world hung on whether or not that one story was purchased. This total involvement can frighten mail carriers, trigger writer's block and/or ulcers, and cause a catastrophic letdown when and if the rejection letter arrives.

One way to reduce the sting of a rejection is to deaden the pain with repetition. Lawrence Block, a well-known mystery writer and lecturer, stresses the importance of relentlessly re-submitting manuscripts within a week after they've been rejected. This gets the story back out to another market, gives the writer another wellspring of hope to look forward to, and gets the writer used to the idea that rejection is not the end of the world.

The next method is to keep exacting records of when and where a story was submitted. This prevents embarrassing accidental re-submissions, provides a clear picture of market conditions, and reduces the emotional impact to a mere datastrang of dates, markets, and comments. One fact sheet that I use divides a story's progress into these categories: the story title, its genre and word count, the

market I've aimed it at, the date I sent the story out, the date it came back, and the resolution (a column titled **Yes, No, Maybe, or Never Darken Our Door Again**).

Any reply is valuable

Many larger publishers are no longer sending rejection letters at all, even when a manuscript is accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE). So when a rejection letter comes back, it at least means that someone may have read the story. If there is no reply, the writer never knows if his or her work has been rejected or merely lost in the depths of the slushpile.

Learn what they really say

Form rejection letters, the most common, are bland for two reasons. Editorial staff members don't have the time or the desire to critique all stories. Many would-be writers cannot understand constructive criticism, goes the popular publishing philosophy, so why bother? Editors certainly don't want to antagonize writers, because angry submitters can become angry subscribers. But even a form rejection letter means one important thing: the writer cared and dared enough to send in a submission.

The next level of rejection is the **computerized form letter**, which uses macros — pre-written generic statements that provide a more personal touch and give the writer a better idea of the reasons

for rejection. A writer still hasn't sold, but has got the editor's fleeting attention.

Some enlightened publishers have gone to a more detailed generic style called the **ladder rejection**. The ladder is a checklist of the common things that get a story or article rejected. This failure chart starts at the bottom with a statement that basically translates to "Are you sure you speak and write English?", and ends with "This is very professional, but we either bought one just like it this morning, or we don't have the space for it right now."

The Holy Grail of all rejections is the **personal letter**, which falls into three categories:

The first is sheer **hate mail**. Sometimes, though rarely, an editor will get so ticked off by a writer's arrogant mistakes or naive assumptions that a personal letter is warranted. Hate mail rejections tend to be slightly more common in the fanzine and small-press fields. Their editors have more time to respond to each submission, and they are often more personally involved with their work. These rejections can pinpoint the greatest flaws in a writer's submissions and viewpoints. They also serve as a litmus test to probe an editor's professional status and tact. Like any other job interview situation, it's best to get disagreements out in the open before money and manuscripts change hands.

The second type of personal rejection is the **wimp-out**. Sometimes, an editor

just can't decide on a story, and tries to take the easy way out by placating the writer with empty words. I know of at least one editor who delays rejection response time for fear of hurting the submitter's feelings. This, too, is a gauge of the editor's professional status. An editor who wimps out on a rejection is more than likely going to be weak in promoting writers who do make the grade.

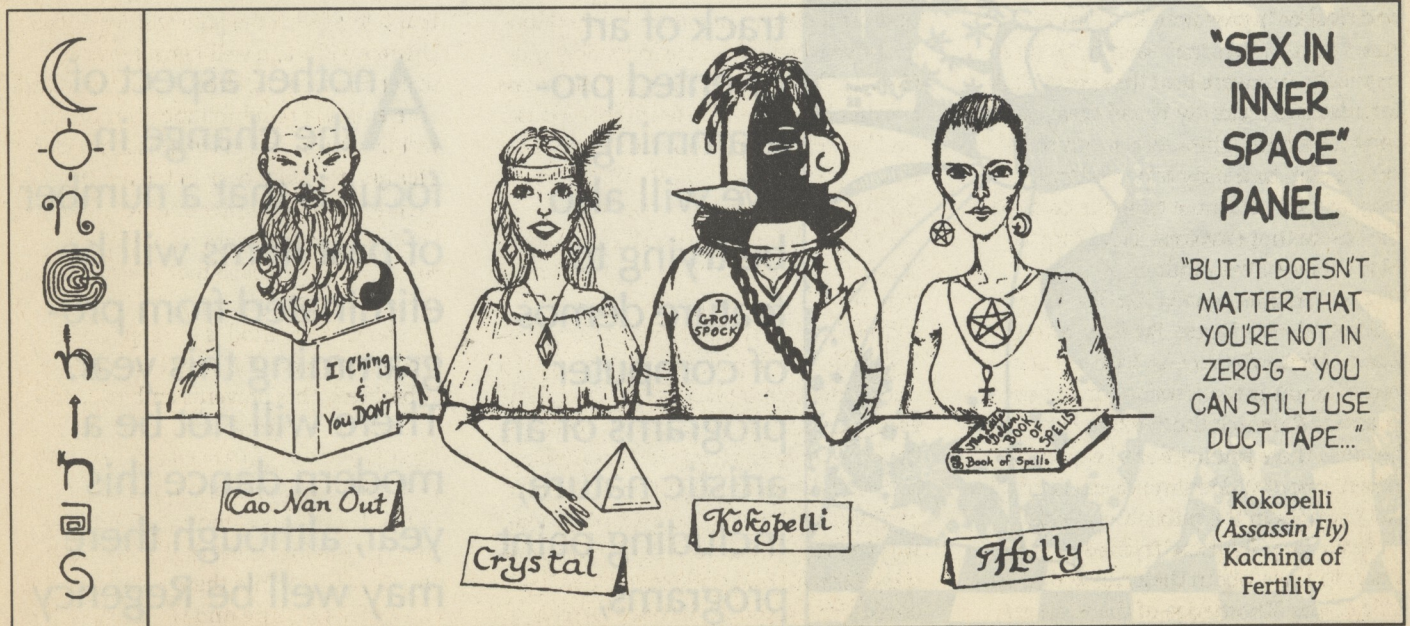
The third type of personal rejection is a **friendly discussion of the flaws** in the submission, often with a hint or outright request for a rewrite. Many editors will try to steer a good writer toward more compatible markets if their own publication cannot take a story or article.

Personal rejection letters of any type are extremely valuable to a newer writer. They provide feedback and vindication. The more-positive comments can be quoted in the next round of cover letters. A writer's first personal rejection letter may not signal "having arrived," but it can offer a glimpse of hope.

Find your own best revenge

If all else fails, and a rejection letter threatens to derail all creativity and persistence, try Max Regar's solution. In his *Lexicon of Musical Invective*, the German composer answers a particularly vile critique in this way:

"I am sitting in the smallest room in my house. I have your review in front of me. Soon it will be behind me." ●



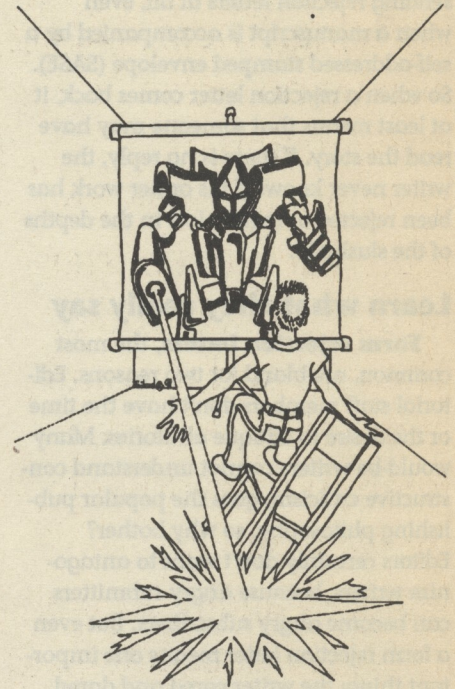
LepreCon 19 & the

Leprecon 19 will be held in early or mid May 1993.

Memberships are \$15 through the end of CopperCon, \$20 through the end of January, \$25 until preregistration cutoff and \$30 at the door.

As noted in a previous issue of *ConNotations*, the Leprecon board of directors is mandating that Leprecon have a number of changes in content and focus.

An increased focus on Art will be marked by an enhanced art show and an attempt to have an entire track of art oriented programming. We will also be trying to feature demos of computer programs of an artistic nature, including paint programs,



animation, music, and anything else we can come up with.

Another aspect of the change in focus is that a number of past items will be eliminated from programming this year. There will not be a modern dance this year, although there may well be Regency



Future of LepreCons

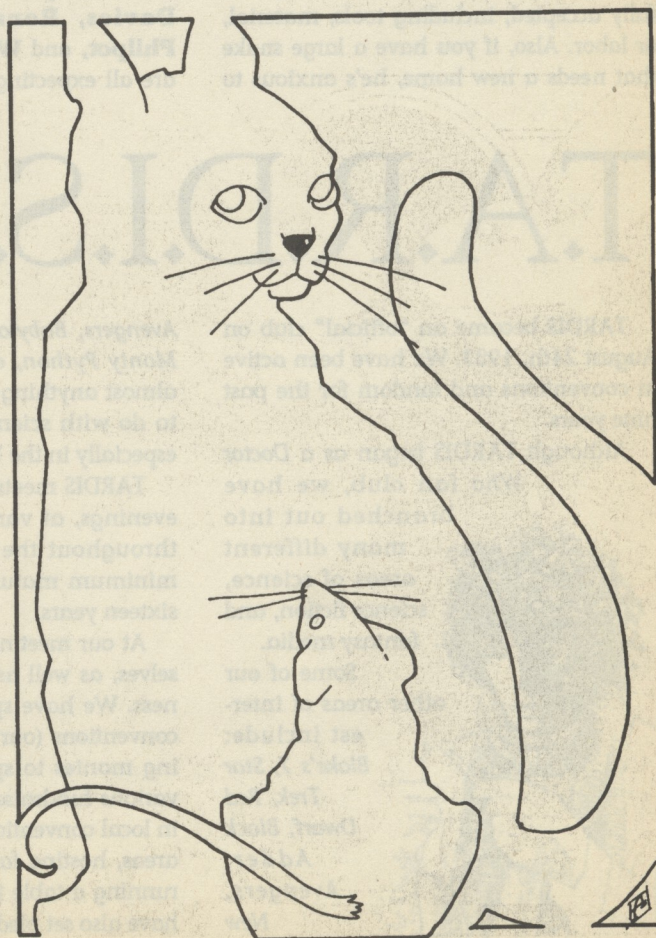
Dancing. There will also be no video presentation of anything that can be rented at Blockbuster or other video outlet. The rare and unusual items of the kind featured in past 'drive in movies' will be featured again, as well as Japanimation.

Ever increasing costs unfortunately dictate a reduced level of service in the ConSuite. There will still be basic munchies and something to drink, but the convention will not be attempting to run a cafe.

Organized gaming will not be featured as this will have been the emphasis of HexaCon III just a short time prior. There will, however, be open gaming.

In the past the convention has tried to serve as a buffer between convention members and the hotel.

Unfortunately the increasing number of incidents have grown beyond the abilities of the committee. As a result the hotel will be playing a greater role in controlling disruptive behavior at the convention.



FAN FACTS

COMPILED BY JEANNE HILARY-BURROUGHS

On July 29, 1992, Chaos Forge, the enterprise of **Little John Allen**, suffered a devastating fire. Losses were about \$60,000, and included all seven snakes (two large boas and five rattlesnakes.) There was no insurance. However, I am very pleased to report that Chaos Forge does not depend on the physical plant, but on the skill, optimism, and determination of the artisan. Little John has reopened for business; he is gradually replacing stock (including the material for fangs!) and has begun selling at Fighter Practice (Wednesday night, Encanto Park). His new workshop doesn't have retail space, but his new mailing address is: 2824 E. Indian School, #14-196; Phoenix, AZ 85016; his phone number is 484-0468. If you have ordered merchandise from him, call and make arrangements to show him a copy of your receipt; many records were destroyed in the fire. Any donations would be gratefully accepted, including tools, material, or labor. Also, if you have a large snake that needs a new home, he's anxious to

work out a deal; he misses his friends. ■ We are saddened to announce the death last spring of **Fran Weber**, Frances La Rouge, Viscountess of Atenveldt. Our condolences to her family, her household, and her many friends. ■ Not only in Eastern Europe can one watch the origin of a new country. This summer, right here in the Principality of the Sun (aka Arizona,) a new Barony was born. Twin Moons encompasses the south-east valley, including Mesa, Tempe, Chandler, and Gilbert. It is ruled by Baron Master Mathghamhain MacAlpine and Baroness Bess (in Mundania, **Matt and Beth Richardson**), and boasts of the brawn of its fighters and the skill of its inkleweavers. Call (602) 926-9279 for more information, or come by their Fighter Practice, Thursday, 7:30 pm, at Fitch Park in downtown Mesa. ■ New-FanLand! Speaking of births... **Rebecca Davies**, **Ronnie Duran**, **Wendy Philpot**, and **Wendy (Blondie) Baker** are all expecting babies within the next

four months. Congratulations! (Next spring, StrollerCon??) ■ Another Phoenix newfan is **Steven Horbachefsky**, age 14. He'll be making his home here with his grandparents, Doug Cospier and Julie Douglas, and his older brother, Jaison. ■ Vegas fan **Woody Bernardi** will be playing "Joe Fan" from *The Enchanted Duplicate* at the MagiCon tribute to Walt Willis. He, along with **Arnie and Joyce Katz**, also will be introducing Las Vegas fandom and SilverCon to the world in the fabled "Minneapolis in '73 Bid Party" suite! ■ **Melanie Fritz** and **Gail Wolfendstein** are doing costumes for Green Show at the Arizona Shakespeare Festival. You'll be able to admire their creativity at South Mountain High School, weekends from September 24 - October 3. ■ If anything is happening, going to happen, or has happened recently, and you want Fandom to know (and gossip) about it, call Jeanne at 973-2054. She will, maybe, include it next issue. ●

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

Club Spotlight

BY LEE WHITESIDE

TARDIS became an "official" club on August 24th, 1983. We have been active in conventions and fandom for the past nine years.

Although TARDIS began as a *Doctor Who* fan club, we have branched out into many different areas of science, science fiction, and fantasy media.

Some of our other areas of interest include: *Blake's 7*, *Star Trek*, *Red Dwarf*, *Black Adder*, *Avengers*, *New*

Avengers, *Babylon 5*, *Sapphire and Steel*, *Monty Python*, etc. We tend to watch almost anything (sooner or later) having to do with science fiction and fantasy, especially in the British genre.

TARDIS meets bi-weekly, on Saturday evenings, at various member locations throughout the valley. We do have a minimum maturity age requirement of sixteen years.

At our meetings, we try to amuse ourselves, as well as handle necessary business. We have sponsored guests to local conventions (our usual means of acquiring monies to sponsor these guests are various fundraisers). We also participate in local conventions by "working" specific areas, hosting fan gatherings, and often running a table in the dealer's room. We have also set pledge drives for KAET-8.

TARDIS' yearly membership fee is \$15.00. All members receive a TARDIS membership key, as well as regular newsletters. On your second thru sixth years of membership you will receive a rhinestone which is set into your membership key. We also have a subscriber membership for \$12.50 which receives the regular newsletters. They, as well as other guests, are welcome to attend two meetings in a one year period.

TARDIS is a "social club," although we do not allow smoking or alcoholic beverages at any TARDIS functions. We meet to socialize and have fun. If you are interested, or wish more information, feel free to contact Belle Relaford, at 864-8848, or Lee Whiteside, at 962-9415, or write to: TARDIS, P.O. Box 63191, Phoenix, AZ 85082-3191. ●



CORSAIRCON III

BY ZETTA KONRARDY

Friday was as promised — no activities except a nice party atmosphere. Saturday started with a scaling down on Pirate Olympics, since “somebody” forgot the props for the Caught-in-the-Sack Race. Next was a rousing game of Giant Marbles, a ton of fun and sure to be repeated at a house party in the near future.

We then went on to setup the Nintendo systems (wish we'd had more than three) — to everyone's surprise “Bible Stories” was the favorite game because filling Noah's Ark was a real challenge.

We went then to play Water Bomb Catching... everyone got wet and were awarded points for playing. Diving for Octoons (pieces of eight) was the best

idea for midday fun, but there wasn't enough ‘team’ interest for a good game of Marco Polo.

The Belly Dancing competition brought out a crowd, and Jeffrey ‘Pond’ Lu was a stand-out in an exhibition of martial arts dance.

The rest of the afternoon was taken up by a rousing game of Win, Lose or Draw Your Sword, a device drawing and blazoning class, a meeting of/and dancing with the Regency Dance Club, and a packed house to watch “Hook.”

Saturday night was a real blast. The Dark Ones brought in their sound system and we took over the dance floor in Trapper's bar. A play, “The Plundering Musical Pirates,” provided a good laugh,

and the exotic/erotic costume contest was a hit. Prizes for this, and for the Adult Scavenger Hunt were awarded male and female “Be Prepared” Pouches.

Sunday morning we rounded up all winners for the Captain Morgan's prizes: t-shirts, keychains, hats, and sunglasses went to runners-up. A bust statue, pewter cups, a mirrored tray, and a ship's wheel clock were awarded to Olympic, Belly Dancing and Costuming winners. The best costume award went to a relative newcomer, Christopher White, a Moroccan Crusader who went home with a beautiful statue of “The Captain.”

The “Dead Pirate Party” was small and mellow, and “Let's do it again, real soon” was the consensus. ●

▲ “MEDIA NEWS” CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

last few years she's added routes in the Centauri sector.

Carolyn Sykes will be played by Blair Baron, most recently seen as the daughter in the opening sequence of the movie *A League of Their Own*.

Dr. Benjamin Kyle is Babylon 5's resident xenobiologist. He's in his late forties or early fifties, black, very thoughtful, very dignified... with a sly sense of humor (not sarcasm) that tends to catch one off guard. He began as a physician on Earth, and was a leading researcher into xenobiology there, gaining a quick grasp of the ins and outs of the few alien cultures that we (then) were in contact with.

He has seen, catalogued and operated on more alien lifeforms than just about any other Earther in this time. And had his share of close scrapes, as well. Some races consider it sacrilege for any other race to “enter” their bodies through surgery... Ben will take the risk if it means saving a life.

Dr. Benjamin Kyle is played by Johnny Sekka, an African actor who has appeared in films such as *The Fever*, *Ashanti*, *Southern Star*, *Khartoum*, *Woman of Straw*, and in TV including *Roots Second Generation*, *Master*

of the Game, and others.

Security Chief Michael Garibaldi has a long and not terribly salutary history. He's been bounced from one job to another for years, always getting into trouble with someone or other, usually because he won't back down from a fight, and won't obey orders that involve hidden criminalities. He's also been framed on occasion... all of which drove him into serious problems with alcohol. He's largely overcome those problems... at least, so he now believes.

He's in his late thirties or early forties, with a face lined by the troubles he's survived. He was brought to B5 by Commander Sinclair, over EA objections, because Sinclair wanted someone who would do what was required, even if it involved him. Someone with allegiance only to the truth. He got it. Now he has to figure out if that's really such a good idea or not....

Garibaldi is played by Jerry Doyle. Films include *Kidnapped* and *Being in Time*. TV appearances include *Reasonable Doubts*, *Homefront*, *The Bold and the Beautiful*, *Moonlighting*, and others.

Although the station was always intended as a sort of mini-U.N. as well as a free-port, with an Ambassador from

each different alien alliance present, the Minbari refused to name an ambassador until the station commander was named first. Shortly after Sinclair was named Commander, the Minbari assigned their first ambassador to the station. His name is Delenn. And he stays very close to Commander Sinclair. Some say he is keeping a close eye on Sinclair. Some say he is Sinclair's friend. And some say there may well be something very lethal behind those unreadable Minbari eyes.

Minbari Ambassador Delenn is played by Mira Furlan, a Yugoslavian performer who has been working exclusively overseas, and is a major star there, who is going to be entering American TV via B5.

Lyta Alexander is the station's resident rent-a-telepath. She works for Babylon 5, but she is available for businessmen who need to make sure that the person across the table can really deliver what's promised. She is a proper, licensed (Psi-Corps, Level 5) Telepath. Bound by all the regs of the P-C. No random scanning, no access to the gaming tables, no unauthorized dipping, all deals must be on record. She's in her early 30s or late 20s.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24 ▼

IN OUR BOOK...

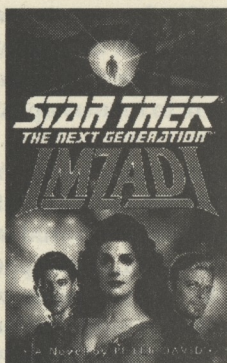
EDITED BY M.R. HILDEBRAND

Star Trek: The Next Generation:

Imzadi

by Peter David, Pocket Books: 1992, \$20.00 hc, 342 pp.

This book is a combination of action and character development which will truly delight Star Trek fans. In *Imzadi* we get a deeper look into the relationship between Deanna Troi and William Riker. The story tells us of an older and embittered Riker (long after the events of the television series) who feels that he failed Deanna by not preventing her death. In flashbacks we learn of their first meeting and of the reasons behind their unique relationship.



When Riker learns that Deanna's death was not necessarily fate, but may have been caused by someone meddling with the Guardian of Forever, he lays everything on the line to try and prevent her dying. This Trek novel is one of the very few I have read which has a truly professional quality of writing while maintaining the emotional level which usually attracts readers to fan fiction.

— M.R. Hildebrand

The Reluctant Sorcerer

by Simon Hawke, Warner Books: 1992, \$4.99 pb, 199 pp.

Dr. Marvin Brewster is a brilliant but absent-minded scientist with a beautiful fiancée, who is working on inventing time-travel. Yes, I know you've heard this one before, but believe me Simon



Hawke has taken all the standard cliches and given them his own zany touch. For

one thing the characters have individual touches: The fiancée is extremely brilliant and out to marry the doctor because he's the only man she ever met smarter than she is. And the Leprechaun, who is the first person he meets, dabbles in Alchemy. Another difference is the book is written in "Rocky & Bullwinkle" style with the narrator making comments and even arguing with the villain.

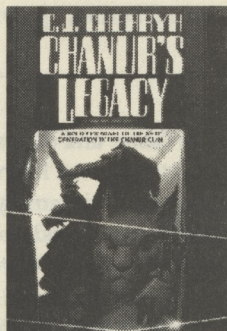
There are few surprises in this book, but a lot of chuckles. Recommended strictly for fun.

— M.R. Hildebrand

Chanur's Legacy

by C.J. Cherryh, Daw Books: 1992, \$15.00 hc, 400 pp.

This book could stand alone, but I highly recommend reading the previous tetralogy *The Pride of Chanur*, *Chanur's Venture*, *The Kif Strike Back*, & *Chanur's Homecoming* before you start *Legacy*. In the previous novels Hilfy Chanur's aunt Pyanfar has made a decided impact on the Compact (a loose alliance of intelligent life) as well as on their homeworld social structure.



Legacy takes up not long after *Homecoming* ends. Pyanfar left Hilfy as head of clan Chanur, but Hilfy finds herself unhappy in that role and delegates another clan member to be head while she becomes captain of the new ship, "Chanur's Legacy".

The novel then is about the adventures that befall "Chanur's Legacy" as ship and crew endeavor to deliver a Kif artifact. At the same time they must cope with a young hani male who has been abandoned on a Compact station far from home in suspicious circumstances. Hilfy is stretched, but manages to cope in a style similar to her aunt's style, but definitely her own.

One of the things I liked about *Legacy* was that as in real politics, last time's good guys might be this time's bad guys. I'm not usually a big fan of fiction which centers around politics — trying to figure out what's going on in real life politics is enough confusion and excitement — but C.J.'s politics are clear enough to keep track of without being simplistic. A refreshing change.

— M.R. Hildebrand

Wolfking

by Bridget Wood, Del Rey: 1991, \$10.00 tpb, 614 pp.

This book is an interesting blend of fantasy and science-fiction. In a future time after a nuclear war, life in Ireland is hard; recovery has been a long difficult time and many things have had to change. Marriage/sex, called now 'cojoining', has become a serious business, not a matter of free choice; the climate has become harsher; the Glowing Lands must be guarded; and mutants must be sent to the 'Gealtacht', where they are neglected or abused at their keepers whims.



Joanna and Flynn, young lovers, take all of this for granted until Joanna's father cojoins her with a neighboring farmer who attempts to rape her. Frightened Joanna flees into the 'Glowing Lands'. Here the sidh call her into an older Ireland straight out of mythos. There Joanna meets Cormac, the Wolfking, imprisoned in the Castle of Shadow by Eochaid, of the lion clan and his mother, Mab who have taken over High Tara, center of ancient Ireland.

With Joanna's help Cormac wins free of his prison, but Joanna now has been ensorcelled by the Wolfking, forgetting her love for Flynn. But Flynn has not forgotten her and with two companions, Amaingen, chief of the guardians of the

'Glowing Lands' and Portan, a mutant, he too crosses into the past to face the Erl-king and the three sisters, Morrigan, Macha, and Neman. So there are two battles, the one between the demi-gods and the one the forces of life against evil.

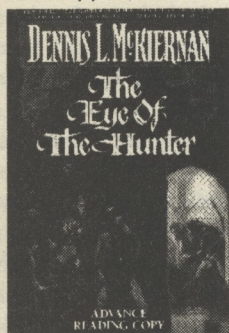
Using the elements of Irish myth as her colors, Ms. Wood has painted a picture of a culture both alien and yet familiar in larger than life strokes. It is definitely an interesting view of a mythos more familiar to most of us in the silted Victorian sepia of collected Irish folklore. Highly recommended for those who don't mind a few liberties taken or who — unfamiliar with Irish myth — will find this an interesting, if not wholly accurate introduction.

— M.R. Hildebrand

The Eye Of The Hunter

by Dennis McKiernan, Roc: October 1992, \$15.00 tpb/\$25.00 hc, 624 pp.

If you are a reader of McKiernan's previous books you will find that this one connects with *The Iron Tower Trilogy* and *The Silver Call Duology*. If you have never read any of other of his work don't worry, this one stands alone very well.



A thousand years after the demonic shapechanger, Baron Stroke, fell into the ice, a prophecy warns of his reappearance as the Eye of the Hunter appears in the skies. A small band, two elves and two Warrows (or halflings), aided by Urus, a were, must take up the chase once more as the Baron again gathers his evil servants to assault the world.

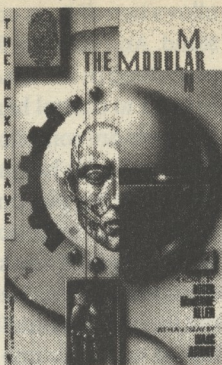
The only real flaw I find in McKiernan's work is the stilted style. It always takes me several pages to accustom myself to it so that it stops coming between me and the story, but the stories are well worth the effort. Tales of fantasy with characters you can care about, who do marvelous deeds in rich settings. If you like high fantasy or even TSR, I recommend you try Dennis McKiernan.

— M.R. Hildebrand

The Modular Man

by Roger MacBride Allen, Bantam Spectra: June 1992, \$4.99 pb, 306 pp.

This book is the fourth in the "Next Wave" line — science fiction books with a particular emphasis on science. Each volume is a novel based on a particular area of science; S.C. Sykes' *Red Genesis* dealt with the colonization of Mars, Stephen Leigh's *Alien Tongue* with "first contact", and Thomas R. McDonough's *The Missing Matter* with astronomy and physics. Each volume also contains an essay on the science of the story.



The "Next Wave" books are produced by Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc., a prominent "book packager". As a general rule, I tend to be wary of "packaged" books. Too often, the basis for the package/book is too market-oriented, the guidelines for the writers too narrow. What results is, too frequently, a book that lacks that spark of commitment, of interest on the writer's part; it's too much a work of contract, too little a work of love. And I, for one, would find some inner part of myself quailing a bit at the knowledge that the copyright on something I wrote would be held by a corporation, not by myself.

The "Next Wave", however, seems to be largely avoiding these inherent problems in book packaging. This may be from several factors: The basic idea behind "Next Wave" is much more general and widespread than for most book packages; there's much more of a sense of freedom for the writers of the various volumes. It probably also helps that "Next Wave" is being published under the auspices of Bantam Spectra, which — under Lou Aronica's editorship — has become the leading edge of sf publishing; "Next Wave" has to meet the standards set by that leading publisher's regular line. And it certainly helps that the novels in the series have tended to have interesting and real characters acting and reacting in situations and societies affected and being affected by the changes in technology and knowledge

envisioned by the various writers. Sykes' *Red Genesis*, in particular, rated high on many "Recommended Reading" lists for last year.

The Modular Man is no exception. The subject area for the novel is cybernetics and robotics, particularly the question of where the dividing line between man and machine is to be set, with machines becoming more manlike, and men becoming more and more machine as prosthetics and other cyborg-like enhancements become more common.

Cybernetics engineer David Bailey, trapped in a damaged, slowly dying body after a vehicle accident, attempts a dangerous and illegal experiment: a complete mindload into a cybernetic machine. Whether the process works or not, Bailey's organic brain will be destroyed by the process; it is, in effect, suicide.

Cut to several months after Bailey's body has been found dead in his workshop. Two police officers arrive at the Bailey household, to serve a warrant for murder. The victim: David Bailey. The accused murderer: Herbert... the household cleaning robot.

But *did* Herbert "kill" Bailey? *Did* Bailey download his mind into the robot? And if so, why hasn't he spoken or given any indication of human intelligence in the months following? Can the government actually be accusing David Bailey of his own murder?

Against a powerful bureaucracy that's pursuing its case for hidden reasons, three people fight to save the... life?... of Herbert. Bailey's wife, horribly maimed and handicapped in the same accident with Bailey; Phillippe Sanders, one of the warrant-serving police officers and a technical expert, intrigued by the scientific puzzle of the case and compelled by his private connections to the cyborg subculture; and Samantha Crandall, an ambitious reporter who finds herself becoming part of the story, not the teller of it.

The Modular Man is a murder mystery, a courtroom drama, a technical puzzle, a human interest story, some remarkable (and disturbing) speculations on the implications of human/machine interfacing, and, finally, a love story. It is one of the most satisfying books I have read this year.

— Bruce D. Arthurs

Kingslayer

by L. Dean James, TSR Books: June 1992, \$4.50 pb, 307 pp.

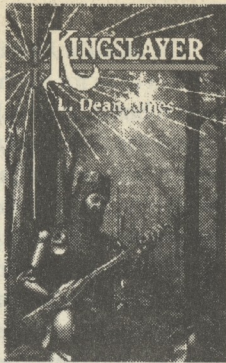
Kingslayer is the sequel to *Sorcerer's Stone*, however it does stand alone. There is no reference to the series continuing, but the ending leaves the possibility open.

With the exception of an alien deus ex machina, Ms. James has written a fairly traditional fantasy of a magic wielding king trying to control a bloodthirsty mystical blade capable of destroying his world.

The novel begins with Gaylon Reysson, the Red King, having wasted eight years running away from himself and responsibility. However, after a serious illness and an attempt on his life which kills his friend, Arlin, Gaylon decides he has to take control of his life and kingdom again. Doing so is complicated by charges of necromancy based on his bringing Arlin back to life and the attempts of his father-in-law to annex his kingdom. He is helped by Arlan, his wife, an alien, and the son of an old friend. They help him deal with the sword and his enemies.

Kingslayer is not a great fantasy, but it's a pleasant way to pass an afternoon.

— Pam Allan



one knows except her psychiatrist, and he doesn't believe her. She is extremely isolated; the only emotional contact she allows herself is an occasional one night stand. And then she falls in love. It alters everything in her life and she is motivated to learn to control her shapechanging.

There are complications with her lover and with her psychiatrist, but on the whole the plot and action are not up to the characterization. This is the novel's greatest weakness. The book's strengths are the characterization and the mood of sensuality, which is maintained with only one graphic sex scene. It is not easy to maintain an interesting degree of eroticism without drowning in it. It is an unusual love story which touches some archetypes we don't always let into the light. A good first novel, it will be interesting to see more from this writer.

— Pam Allan

Lost Boys

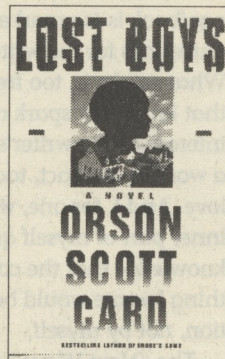
by Orson Scott Card, Harper Collins: October 1992, \$20.00 tpb, 256 pp.

I've never met a book by Orson Scott Card I didn't like (though some more than others). *Lost Boys* is no exception to the rule.

Billed as his first mainstream novel, *Lost Boys* touches the supernatural in the final chapters, its primary interest lies with the problems of a transplanted Mormon family trying to maintain the values they hold dear. Perhaps it is the struggle of the very real characters to make it through difficult times that makes the introduction of the paranormal so effective. The depth of the emotional ties cause the realization and acceptance of Stevie and the other lost boys to be gentle and bittersweet. It is a well written, well plotted moving story.

The exploration of Mormon beliefs enhances the story rather than digressing into a polemic exposition and Card's usual elegant prose makes it a book you can't put down easily. With this as a first mainstream product, I can only hope that he doesn't abandon genre fiction. He handles both so well.

— Pam Allan



Achilles' Choice by Larry Niven & Steven Barnes, Tor: 1991, \$4.99 pb, 243 pp.

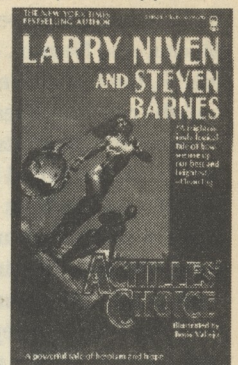
A chilling look at the Olympics of the future, *Achilles' Choice* is also a look at honor and responsibility. Jililian Shomer does not want to "Boost", i.e. to have her brain stem reticular core operated on.

Boosting causes the mind and body to override its safety factors choosing winning over longevity: Achilles' choice. The price of Boosting is the body and mind losing control until death, rather like a machine a full speed beyond tolerance. Those who win enough gold medals are linked into the computer overmind, which then takes over controlling and balancing bodily functions.

As the book progresses she finds more and more disturbing anomalies in her society, until she feels she must take the chance of Boosting to try for enough information and power to correct the problems she has found.

In *Achilles' Choice* Niven and Barnes have built a very believable future and placed people in it who you feel are not only very real, but very likeable or hateable. This is an enjoyable read with some extremely thought provoking ideas mixed in. If you enjoy Heinlein, you'll like this one.

— M.R. Hildebrand



Wilderness

by Dennis Danvers, Pocket Star Books: June 1992, \$5.50 pb, 309 pp.

Wilderness is hard to classify. It is a werewolf book that is more romance than horror, more mainstream than traditional fantasy. It is a first novel where the characters are well written; in fact I'd like to meet Alice White.

Alice White is a werewolf. Every month at the full moon, she changes into a wolf from sunset to sunrise. To survive, she has shaped her entire life around this fact. No



The Adept Book Two:

The Lodge Of The Lynx

by Katherine Kurtz & Deborah Turner Harris, Ace: 1992, \$4.99 pb, 426 pp.

This second book in *The Adept* occult series stands alone very well. There are continuing elements but they are adequately covered in opening chapters, explained without leaving you more questions than answers.



This time our heroes are up against an occult group committing human sacrifice to obtain the power to bring an elemental into this world. Using a druidic torc, they are summoning a being referred to as "the Thunderer" who can wield lightnings on command and on target.

In general content and tone **The Adept** series is much like "The Sixth Sense", "Dr. Strange", or the pulp fiction which preceded them. What makes the books superior is better characterization and a lot more attention to details; suspension of disbelief is much easier.

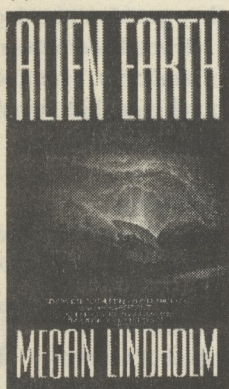
— M.R. Hildebrand

Alien Earth

by Megan Lindholm, Bantam Spectra: July 1992, \$5.99 pb, 385 pp.

Despite humanity's efforts at repair, the Earth is headed for ecological collapse and the extinction of human civilization. Until the massive Beastships, organic living starships, appear and humanity is contacted by the Arthropiana, the unseen masters of the Beasts. We will give you refuge, humanity is told, we will provide sanctuary and guidance for the best, the healthiest, among you. All you have to do is follow certain conditions....

Thousands of years later, the descendants of those refugees from a dying Earth have a fragile toehold on the planets Castor and Pollux, but at a cost. Life is rigidly ruled by the overwhelming requirement to make no impact on the ecologies of the new planets, places where evolution has evolved along lines of cooperation, rather than competition. Disturb nothing, unbalance nothing, waste nothing. An act as simple as a curious child's crushing of a leaf can be grounds for psychological Adjustment and a lifelong banishment to the "dirty-tech" space stations that orbit Castor and Pollux. Humans are being bred smaller, with prepubescent periods lasting nearly a hundred years, and repro-



duction taking place almost exclusively by artificial methods. And beneath the seeming calm and balance of the new human society is a widespread dissatisfaction, expressed openly only by the lunatic fringe of Earth Affirmed, a society seeking evidence that the Earth has *not* died at its own hand. To obtain that evidence, Earth Affirmed will do anything.

Including blackmail John, the Human "captain" of the Beastship Evangeline. Travelling between the stars in suspended animation, John and other spacefarers are leftovers from earlier generations: taller, stronger, a bit less... adjusted. For over a hundred years, he finds, Earth Affirmed has been setting him up, providing the contraband copies of forbidden Old Earth literature that is one of his few vices. And now they've called in his marker.

On a supposed scientific mission to Earth, John has a secret agenda that will lead him to the Earth's surface, and possibly to a fabled "time capsule" left by those of Earth Affirmed who stayed behind. With him is his crew, Connie, a young woman recently Adjusted, and finding to her terror that she is still, in

her own mind, a nonconformist, a danger to the stability and placidity of her culture. There is also Tug, the Arthropiana owner and master of the Beastship Evangeline, a manipulative and deceptive being who also has a longtime obsession with Human mystery novels (leading to a morbidly hilarious passage where Tug spins out an elaborate conspiracy theory in a Sherlock Holmes pastiche). There is the Beastship Evangeline herself, merely an animal of limited intelligence. Or is she? And finally, unknown to the other Humans, there's Raef, last survivor of the original refugees, who has spent centuries hidden in Waitsleep within Evangeline, dreaming the last dreams of the original Human civilization.

Dreams that are about to be shared with a most unexpected collaborator....

Alien Earth is a prime example of science fiction, taking one of the myriad paths of "what if?" and extrapolating from it to unexpected consequences, involving interesting and believable characters in the resulting worlds.

— Bruce D. Arthurs

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The Ship Who Searched

by Anne McCaffrey & Mercedes Lackey, Baen Books: 1992, \$5.99 pb, 312 pp.

This collaboration is the most successful that Anne McCaffrey has done to date. In my opinion *The Ship who Searched* is as good as *The Ship Who Sang* (which I wish they would reissue as my



original copy seems to have gone missing). I suppose it shouldn't be surprising that MacCaffrey & Lackey work well together since interpersonal relationships and characterization are strong points for them both.

The Ship Who Searched is about a girl, Hypatia, who finds a "medical contaminated waste" dump of a long dead civilization and contracts a new, crippling disease. Since she is a very bright and adaptable youngster, she is accepted for the "shellperson" program although she is much older than anyone who has previously undergone the conversion.

Hypatia is obsessed with finding the home of the disease so that it can be researched and no one else will ever be crippled as she has been. How she fares as a "brainship" and where her quest leads are interesting and enjoyable fare. I hope the partnership of MacCaffrey & Lackey will give us more about this enterprising young woman.

— M.R. Hildebrand

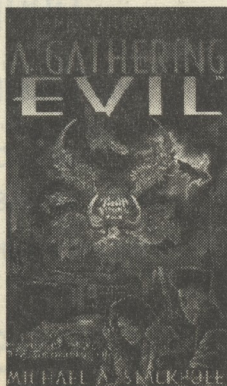
Dark Conspiracy: A Gathering Evil

by Mike Stackpole, GDW: 1991, \$4.95 pb, 327 pp.

Dark Conspiracy: Evil Ascending

319 pp.

These are bar-none the best books written in a game universe I've ever read. Of course they have lots of action, but they also have strong characterization and more than a dash of humor. Set in a



future Phoenix where the city is covered by a roof of solar cells, leaving the average citizen to exist in a dark, smoggy, hot hell, the books center around a fight against the evil forces intruding from other dimensions to prey upon humankind — you know, the usual.

I don't tout these as being great literature, but if you enjoy action and a bit of tongue-in-cheek humor these are a great afternoon's entertainment.

— M.R. Hildebrand

Damia

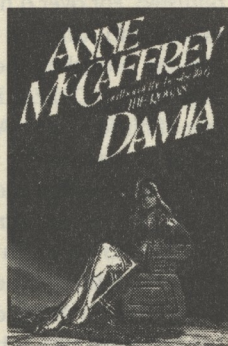
by Anne McCaffrey, Ace/Putnam: 1992, \$21.95 hc, 336 pp.

This is an interesting book, because you find yourself spending a great deal of the book rehashing the events of *The Rowan*, without being bored.

Told from the point of view of the Rowan's second in command, Afra, the story is primarily about the Rowan's talented daughter, Damia. It is about what it is like to grow up different, in the shadow of an enormously talented parent. I was so interested in the people and their problems, that when action was introduced in the form of first contact with aliens, I almost found it an interruption.

If you want action, this book isn't your cup of tea, but if you enjoy people watching, you'll love it.

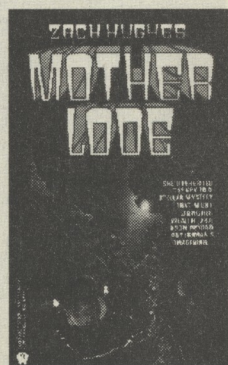
— M.R. Hildebrand



Mother Lode

by Zach Hughes, DAW: 1991, \$4.99 pb, 208 pp.

This is a plot driven book, with lots of action — two different batches of bad guys and some of the nastier aliens I've come across lately. That isn't to say the characterization is terrible; it isn't. The author does very well with the dog; the people are okay. As far as world building



went, there was a fairly decent job done, but absolutely no surprises. Several possibly interesting ideas were thrown in, mutants from old Earth for example, only to be completely ignored in favor of the boy and girl next door.

As Erin Kenner hunts gold, fights bad guys, and struggles under the mental domination of a very nasty female alien you feel that while Hughes has written a very politically correct book he hasn't made you feel terribly connected with his characters. I guess what I'm trying to say is that good characterization leaves me feeling I know and like these people; I often wonder what happened to them later. I didn't really care what happened to Erin and her boyfriend, but I was glad they got Mop (the dog) a mate.

If you liked fifties movies, there's a lot of similarity. I felt it was alright for a quick read, but I wouldn't give it a high priority.

— M.R. Hildebrand

Earthgrip:

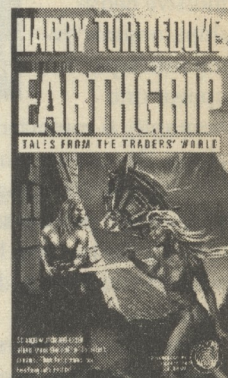
Tales From The Trader's World

by Harry Turtledove, Del Rey: 1991, \$4.99 pb, 264 pp.

This isn't a novel; it's a two short stories and a novella which have previously appeared in *ANALOG*; John Campbell would have approved. The heroine, Jennifer Logan, is a scholar of Middle English who greatly enjoys reading the literature of the period: Robert Heinlein, Sherlock Holmes, Larry Niven.... To make her resume stand out from the rest she apprentices on a trading ship to alien worlds.

Turtledove's sense of humor and fine touch with detail make these tales a treat and his heroine come alive. Perhaps it's a reaction from all the times I've been told reading SF is a waste of time, but Turtledove's having his heroine use fictional ideas on real life problems was a treat. I'd definitely like to read more about Jennifer.

— M.R. Hildebrand



A Specter is Haunting Texas

by Fritz Leiber, Collier Books 1992 tpb, \$9.00, 245 pp.

As I mentioned last issue, Collier Books (aka Macmillan Publishing) is releasing a series called "Collier Nucleus Science Fiction Classics" consisting of reprints of some great SF works. Originally

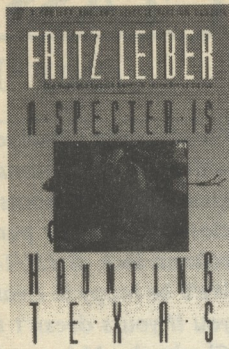
copyrighted in 1968, *A Specter is Haunting Texas* is a fine example.

Christopher Crockett La Cruz is a thespian extraordinaire from Circumluna, a lunar-orbiting space station, Earth's only space station to date. He is also a Thin, born and raised in zero-G, extremely tall and skinny, with only enough strength to support himself in 1/6 earth's gravity (one lunagrav) — in order to survive the crushing pull, Crockett wears a powered steel exoskeleton.

His mission on earth is to recover the mining rights his family owns in Yellowknife, Northwest Territory. Circumluna hasn't been in touch with earth since World War III, so Scully (his newly bestowed nickname) isn't aware that Yellowknife, along with most of North America, is now part of the fine country of Texas. To make matters worse, the spaceship Tsiolkovsky drops him off in Dallas, Texas, Texas instead of Yellowknife. And the downtrodden Mexicans on earth have decided he's *El Esqueleto*, their savior and leader of their revolution. And a Texan mad scientist wants to thoroughly dissect his exoskeleton and leave him helpless in the process. Plus the Texan big-wigs have decided to use him as an unwilling dupe and victim of their not-so-bloodless political takeover. Things get hilariously worse from there.

A Specter is Haunting Texas portrays a very funny future contrasted with a frighteningly possible picture of racism in 250 years. Scully's journey to Yellowknife is filled with a wide variety of characters and situations, but Leiber manages to pull the whole thing together into a cohesive plot. If you're not a Texan, you'll love it.

— Matthew Frederick



The Face in the Abyss

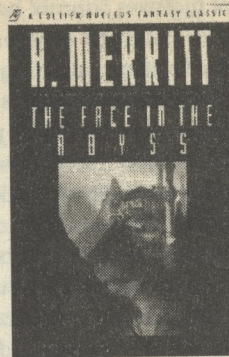
by A. Merritt, Collier Books: 1992, \$9.00 tpb, 343 pp.

A Collier Nucleus Fantasy Classic, *The Face in the Abyss* was first published in 1931. Since the story takes place in that time period, it holds up very well.

Reminiscent of Doc Savage and others in the pulp genre with a little more fantasy thrown in, Merritt tells the story of Nicholas Graydon, a man in search of South American gold along with two partners. Before long, his partners succumb to their greed and Graydon finds himself in a hidden valley ripe with spider-people, dinosaurs, reptile-men, magic, and more.

A Face in the Abyss is indeed a fantasy classic, and the tale shows its age only in Graydon's attitude towards women and non-white races, but they match the feelings of the time. If you're interested in this genre, give Merritt's classic a try.

— Matthew Frederick



Helliconia Spring

by Brian W. Aldiss, Collier Books: 1992, \$12.00 tpb, 361 pp.

Originally published in 1982, *Helliconia Spring* isn't nearly as old as most of the other books in Collier's Nucleus SF Classics, but I believe it qualifies just as well.

Helliconia is a planet that circles one of two binary stars. It's orbit around Betalix takes 480 Helliconian days — Betalix' vast elliptical orbit around it's sister star, Freyr, takes 1825 Helliconian years. The end result is that every 2592 terrestrial years Helliconia goes from a complete and solid Ice Age winter to a temperate spring, into a heat blasted destructive summer, on into a temperate fall, and back to winter again. During the winter and summer most of the life on the planet is destroyed, only to begin the rebuilding and repopulating



process again in the spring and fall. It's just such a spring that this book describes.

Aldiss builds a fascinating alien world replete with a human-like race, a completely non-human race, and a tremendous variety of flora and fauna. Billed as science fiction, a mere 42 paragraphs scattered throughout the book hint at the SFnal nature of the book — it otherwise qualifies as pure fantasy.

Watching multiple generations rise from the cold and discover science, medicine, different religions, economics, and more, and watching the various well-developed characters live, love, learn and grow is fascinating. Aldiss' *Helliconia Summer* and *Helliconia Winter* complete the series, with Collier editions coming out this fall and next spring, respectively. Don't miss this incredible book.

— Matthew Frederick

Belladonna

by Michael Stewart, Harper Collins: 1992, \$20.00 hc, 342 pp.

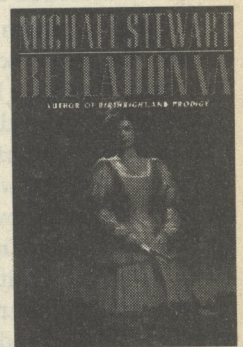
My review of Stewart's *Far Cry* in the last issue of *ConNotations* wasn't exactly glowing, and so it was with some trepidation that I decided to try out *Belladonna*. Thankfully I encountered a pleasant surprise.

Belladonna is the story of Matthew Cavewood, an Oxford-educated historian from America who is fascinated with a 17th century scientist/chemist named Nathaniel Shawcrosse. It seems that Shawcrosse led a brilliant career as one of the few bright lights of his time, but one day in his prime, simply vanished from the history books. Cavewood's obsession with the alchemist begins to take him over the edge as he sees Isabel Hardiment standing in his study — Shawcrosse's mistress dead 300 years.

Author Stewart's tale brings us suspicious characters, a glimpse at the nature of reality, and enough twists to keep you turning the pages in rapid succession.

Congratulations to Michael Stewart on a fine piece of fiction!

— Matthew Frederick ●



Lyta Alexander is played by Patricia Tallman. Film roles include *Night of the Living Dead* (remake), *Army of Darkness*, *Sweet Justice*, *Knightriders*, and *Monsignore*. Television roles include *Generations*, *Tales from the Darkside*, and *Miracles*.

The Vorlon Ambassador, Kosh Naranek, is a one of the mysteries of *Babylon 5*, since no one has ever actually seen what a Vorlon looks like. Our atmosphere is poisonous to them, so they are concealed within encounter suits which reveal very little about the being (or the actor) contained within.

If you would like to get on a mailing list for a *Babylon 5* newsletter (being produced with the cooperation of J. Michael Straczynski), send a POSTCARD with your name and address to *BABYLON 5 NEWSLETTER*, c/o Moonfire Productions, Box 2325, Oakhurst, CA 93644. Mid-September is planned for the first issue.

Harve Bennett's *Time Trax*

Along with *Babylon 5*, Warner Bros. will also air another science fiction series, *Time Trax*, with Harve Bennett as creator/co-executive producer. Harve was executive producer/writer of four *Star Trek* movies, leaving when his idea for a Starfleet Academy movie was scrapped for *Star Trek VI*. *Time Trax*, will be produced in Australia, with a two-hour premiere movie in January with 21 additional hour episodes to follow.

Time Trax (an acronym for Trans-Time Research and Experimentation) is set two hundred years in Earth's future (2192) where Dr. Mordecai Sahmbi, a research scientist (played by Peter Donat) has developed a time machine after 10 years of research. However, it turns out that people can transport for only one round trip. Any more and the body will not be able to withstand the molecular bombardment of the journey.

With these limitations, the government stops funding on the project. Sahmbi decides to continue, obtaining funds by offering criminal fugitives the chance to transport 200 years back in time (to present-day Earth) where they can start over with a new identity.

When the government finds out, they enlist Darien Lambert (played by Dale Midkiff, star of *Elvis and Me* and *Pet*

Semetary), a "fugitive retrieval specialist" from the U.S. Marshall's Office whose job is to round up Sahmbi and the hundreds of fugitives Sahmbi has sent back in time. Lambert's assignment is to catch the fugitives, injecting them with a chemical that enables him to send them back to the future for prosecution by the authorities. Lambert will not always send the fugitives back. He will be able to make judgment calls and may let them stay if they have reformed.

Helping Lambert out in his assignment will be SELMA, an acronym for Specified Encapsulated Limited Memory Archive, a female hologram that is projected from a credit card sized computer. Selma is being played by Australian-born actress Liz Alexander and has the "looks and manners of Julie Andrews in *Mary Poppins*," according to Harve Bennett.

Look for both *Time Trax* and *Babylon 5* in Phoenix on KUTP, Channel 45, which will be part of the Warner Brothers Television Consortium.

ST:TNG New Season News

The sixth season of *ST:TNG* will get underway on September 21 with the conclusion of "Time's Arrow" with the whole crew back in 19th century San Francisco. Following episodes will feature the return of Dwight Schultz as Barclay, and John deLancie as Q. The big news is that James Doohan will appear in the episode "Relics" as Montgomery Scott from the original *Star Trek* series. Scotty will end up in the 24th century due to a transporter malfunction, which keeps him in stasis for 75 years. Look for his future appearances on both *ST:TNG* and *ST:Deep Space Nine*.

ST:Deep Space Nine Casting

Commanding the DSN space station as Commander Benjamin Cisco will be Avery Brooks, best known for his role of "Hawk" on *Spenser for Hire*. The shapeshifting security officer, Odo, will be played by Rene Auberjonois, who was in the *Benson* tv series and appeared as Colonel West in the video-only footage in *Star Trek VI*. The only other casting announced at presstime is Mike Gomez as the Ferengi Quark. Look for a full run-down of cast and characters for *ST:DSN*, which premieres in January, in the next issue of CONNOTATIONS. ●

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IN THE BEGINNING

BY ELIZABETH BURNHAM

Well, now that I've got your attention, let me tell you about filk. What's that you say? You're not interested, and besides you heard filk once, and you'd rather listen to music? Too late, sez I; you're already reading this (heh, heh, heh).

Filk — the name was derived from a type of "folk" — is that particular branch of fandom that writes poetry about all aspects of fantasy, science fiction, and fandom itself. Then, Ghod help us all, they set it to music. This can be either some one else's tune, or an original one. Existing poems can also be 'set,' usually to original music.

These filk songs are sung (caterwauled, screamed, etc.) by dedicated groups of fen in the evening after regular programming is suspended. Filksings can — and do — go on all night, right up to 6am in some cases. At that time the demented

crazoids involved go to breakfast, and then up to bed. There are persistent rumors to the effect that certain filkers of note are, in fact, card-carrying vampires, since they're never seen in the daytime.

Be that as it may, filk is a legitimate segment of fandom, if not one of the biggest or most widely appreciated. Its roots can be traced back to some of the earliest, and most esteemed, members of the fan community.

Filk has been written by some of the most unexpected people; the late Isaac Asimov (to Gilbert and Sullivan, yet!), Ben Bova, Gordie Dickson, Poul Anderson, Peter Beagle and Larry Niven, just to name a few. Some of them will even admit to doing this.

Because filk has such a host of subjects to draw on — everything seems to be grist for its mill — you can sit in the filk

room and hear songs on anything from space exploration to the latest SF novels, post-holocaust survival, the last unicorn, and of course the media; Star Trek, Beauty and the Beast, and Dr. Who, to name but three of the many shows filks are written about. You may not like all you hear, but I can guarantee you'll never complain about the monotony.

As an offshoot of folk music, filk is usually accompanied by an acoustic guitar. In the last few years, however, electric guitars, keyboards, and other high-tech gadgets have started to show up in filk rooms. It appears that exciting new changes may be just around the corner, and isn't that what fandom's all about?

The next time you're at a Con, stop into the filk room and see what all's going on. You may be pleasantly surprised. See you there.

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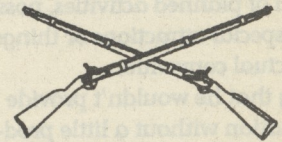
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POINT • CONVENTION

BY TOM TUERFF

**What's Wrong —
and What's Right —
with Phoenix Conventions**

A couple of years ago, at Westercon 43 in Portland, I went to a panel where 1993's three bidders for Worldcon — San Francisco, Zagreb and Phoenix — were making their last pleas for votes before that year's site selection at Worldcon.

You could tell San Francisco was going to win, based entirely on the amount of preparation they had already done. They were the best organized. They already had ideas for con events. They knew that con-goers would not be spending every waking minute at Worldcon, so they were organizing trips. They would provide detailed maps. They'd do this. They'd do that. They wanted that convention.

Next up was Yugoslavia. After a promise from the Zagreb rep that we probably wouldn't be killed if the Worldcon were held there (the breakup was 16 months away, but talk was in the air), the Phoenix representative gave reasons why Phoenix was the best place to hold the 1993 Worldcon.

All he could come up with was that several new restaurants had opened near the convention hotel, and some of them had installed outdoor misters to fight the oppressive summer heat. Apparently he felt this was exciting enough and made no mention of planned activities, possible guests, special attractions or things to do at the actual convention.

Figuring that he wouldn't provide this information without a little prodding, I raised my hand and asked him, just loudly enough to be heard down the hallway, "What do you have planned to make sure that the convention doesn't suck, like the last big Arizona convention?"

The room erupted in laughter, but quite a few people nodded their heads in agreement. They had been to Phoenix. They knew how mundane the conventions there could be. (A friend of mine from Phoenix, in fact, spent most of the Portland convention telling everyone she

saw to vote for San Francisco.)

In response to my question, the speaker said that the committee was always open to suggestions, and if I wasn't happy, why didn't I suggest some things.

He gave me an address of a woman who was coordinating future cons (not necessarily the Worldcon) and I did send them a long list of panel ideas, event ideas, all kinds of things that I would like to see, or had seen at out-of-state conventions.

One or two of those ideas actually materialized at WesterCon .45... but it took two years!

What I'm getting at is that no one who regularly sits on the Con committees seems to care if people at Phoenix conventions have a good time or not. They seem to feel that there's no reason to make things better. I've noticed this behavior has increased over the years.

Here are my major complaints, along with some suggestions on how to make things better.

Big Gripe #1: You Ask For Help, And Then...

How many times have you heard a member of the Con Elite (or C.E. — that rather exclusive group of people who seem to hold the reins on every convention here) ask for volunteer help? Lots of times. You see it in every progress report.

Now, how many times have you talked to a con volunteer and heard, "They don't appreciate the help. I'm not doing this again." Lots of times!

Ask the C.E. why there are so few return volunteers, and their answer is usually "Hey, it's not our fault if they quit on us."

But in many cases, it is the fault of the C.E. Some department heads have no concept of how to handle a staff, or they really don't have any idea where to start or what to do themselves. Volunteerism is fine. But if you don't know the first thing about leadership, don't lead! It's that simple.

**Big Gripe # 2:
The Conventions Aren't
User-Friendly.**

Too many heads of the various departments at a convention seem to think that the main point of fronting a con committee is to make the experience as easy as possible for them.

As a committee head, you're attending the convention for free. You're supposed to be working your butt off. Making things easier for you makes things harder for the paying conventioneer. And that's not the idea.

Example: WesterCon .45. Thursday afternoon, I'm sitting at work, looking over a con program that I picked up at lunch. I'm glancing casually at it when the Masquerade section catches my eye. (My son was at that very moment rehearsing his bit at home for the next evening's contest.)

It's a good thing I looked, because I see the following: ALL CONTESTANTS MUST BE SIGNED UP BY 7:00 P.M. THURSDAY.

I dashed through the rush hour traffic to the Omni Adams and signed my son in. The head of the masquerade was sitting behind the table. I told her that this deadline was ridiculous. Her answer: "It was mentioned in every one of the progress reports." I asked, "What about people who aren't on the mailing list or don't read the progress reports word for word?" Her brilliant reply: "Well, that's their problem. Besides, this gives me more time to do what I have to do."

I told her there was no way that she could keep this deadline. Too many people would come in on Friday and complain. She said it didn't matter. Seven p.m. Thursday was the deadline and that was that.

Of course, when my family arrived the next day, the sign-up sheet was still there with a new deadline: 11:30 Friday. As it should have been all along. (In fact, entries should have been accepted right up to the start of the contestant's meeting.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28 ▼

COUNTERPOINT • THIOI BY MARGARET GRADY

Well, Tom, I know you're probably not the only one who has some of these complaints. So I'd like to take this opportunity to respond to some of your statements where others can also hopefully benefit from reading them.

First I would like to address your statement "...no one who regularly sits on the con committees seems to care if people at Phoenix conventions have a good time or not. They seem to feel that there's no reason to make things better."

Any present or former committee member is probably cringing at this comment. OF COURSE they want people to have a good time, and OF COURSE they are looking for improvements. Most take great pride in coming up with new ways to do so. Just like, undoubtedly, your own efforts as a committee person.

On... Programming

You mentioned sending a list of program ideas to "a woman who was coordinating future cons." (For one thing, there is no such role. It is possible you might have the same person do the Program for more than one con, but *no one* "coordinates future conventions.")

Your letter probably went to one person coordinating one convention's Programming. With any luck, this person passed along unused ideas to another con's Programming committee person. (Passing information from one convention to another is, amazingly, a concept that is just developing here, and that's one of *my* big gripes.)

Your programming ideas were combined with the ideas of the committee member (after all, that's a big reason for doing the position) and other ideas submitted. These ideas are then sent out to potential panelists to see which topics they are knowledgeable about or otherwise willing to discuss. (WesterCon panelists reviewed 10 pages of micro-type panel ideas!) There are, as a result, many leftover ideas that can be saved and passed along for future use.

On... Volunteering

The claim that we have few return volunteers is unfounded. Committee members who regularly run the Volunteers department say that a large portion of our volunteers return year after year. When I hear a volunteer (or staff or committee person) complain about a lack of appreciation, it is usually referencing ungrateful attendees. I'm sure that some volunteers experience frustration, and some don't like to wash dishes, and some don't hear enough in the way of a thank-you. I can't do anything about the dishes, but I can say THANK YOU! When we're bogged down we don't always say it, but we do always mean it.

While I'm sure that not every committee person or con chair is a great leader, they at least have an interest in trying. If we waited for people to study the latest in leadership techniques before they volunteered, we wouldn't have enough people to run any conventions. All I can say, is bear with us (or don't), or if you think you can do a better job, please step up and offer your services. I think it would be great if you would try your hand at running Programming.

On... the Mail

I agree this is an area in which we have had a real problem. The person who has been Gatherer and Disperser of the Mail has not been able to do the job consistently, due to interferences from this crazy thing we know as the Real World. (And unfortunately, volunteer work usually is Priority Two at best.)

In an effort to resolve this problem, we are about to move the location of the PO Box (so look for the new address), and other people will share the responsibility of Gathering and Dispersing.

On... Spending More Money

Yes, we could spend money buying an ad. We haven't tried that except for ads in convention program books, national magazine listings, and an ad for HexaCon 2 in *Dragon Magazine*. We're not sure how effective an ad is in increasing memberships because results are hard to track. But this is a decision ultimately made by each chair.

Yes, we could spend more money on exotic guests. Sometimes we do spend a lot (like Jim Fitzpatrick from Ireland, and Keith Laumer's first-class-for-two from Florida). But we also think it is very valid and necessary to also honor people in our own "back yard" sometimes, too. (Your comment about seeing local and L.A. authors and artists at any CASFS meeting is pretty funny — obviously you've never been to one.)

About inviting media guests to our conventions — CopperCon is a literary convention and as such invites authors, LepreCon as an art convention has artist guests. Large regional conventions are mainly of the literary persuasion as well. (Despite this, over the years we've "snuck in" a few B-type actor guests like Phil Fondacaro, Robby Kiger, Kane Hodder, and Noah Hathaway.)

The only media convention we've had in a long time was PhringeCon 3, as you know, and that was so poorly attended that future Phringes are unlikely. I am certainly disappointed myself about the results of Phringe, as I am also a (*shudder*) media fan. The only other game in town is Creation (aka FerengiCons) — where for \$20-30 a day you can see a star for one hour, watch some old episodes, see the ancient blooper reels, bid in the auction to benefit Creation, and tour through the skimpy dealers' room, and be home by 6pm because the convention is over. Blech.

On... Conventions Elsewhere

From the outside, out-of-state cons appear to have a rosy glow, but once you work on one you quickly find out that they are no different than us... they are still volunteers, they have their communication flaws, their hotel glitches, their last-minute snafus. Some of them try extravagant new ideas or budget unrealistically and lose lots of money. (And of course, some charge incredible rates and clean up.) We may seem a bit conservative comparatively, and we are. We also have strikes against us with our average daily temperature and lack of city ambience. And let's face it, if

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29 ▼

Being on a convention crew is like having a job. You're only allowed to enjoy yourself when your job is finished. Quit worrying about your free time and get to work! Or don't head the committee. Or, volunteer for a job that requires it to be done by the time that the con starts. Then you can kick back and enjoy yourself.

Big Gripe #3: No One's Minding The Store.

Let me tell you why I no longer volunteer for conventions.

Last year, Margaret Grady graciously asked me to help her get guests and auction items for Phringecon 3. I accepted because she's a friend, and she appreciates it when you do work for her (which, in my experience, separates her from 99% of the C.E.).

I booked Mike Jittlov, in spite of the fact that he hates warm weather. I got items from Elvira, Will Vinton at Claymation, and oodles of other things.

And I almost booked the president of Pacific Arts Corporation — Mike Nesmith. Yeah, that's right, the executive producer of *Timerider* and *Repo Man*. Liquid Paper heir, Ex-Monkee, whatever.

Instead, I got embarrassed by someone I'll never meet, working within the PhringeCon 3 organization, who made me look like an imbecile to the Pac Arts people.

Here's what happened. One day in January 1991, I faxed a letter to Mike Nesmith, inviting him to the Con and asking if he could donate something to the auction. Then I went to lunch. On my return, I had a message that he had called back.

I called and talked to his secretary. She said he was interested in coming, and could I please explain what a science fiction convention was, since he'd never been to one. (Trying to explain a science fiction convention is like trying to explain the term "tutti frutti." But I digress.)

I did my best. She asked what Mike would be doing that weekend to keep him busy, and I faxed her a list of panels he could do, promotions, etc.

Faxes were flying fast and heavy for about two months. Then suddenly, all the correspondence started going from me to

them, but none the other way. I figured that he'd probably decided not to come, but since I hadn't heard anything, I kept calling and faxing.

Three days before the convention started, I went to my mailbox and found a forwarded letter from the Phringecon 3 P.O. Box. The postmark was TWO MONTHS OLD! It was in fact a letter from Pacific Arts saying that Mike Nesmith couldn't make it.

So for two months, I was making an ass of myself with a company who must have been wondering why I couldn't take a hint.

I was very, VERY angry. How could NO ONE in the C.E. have checked the mailbox in over two months? How many checks were in there, written by people who wondered if maybe their checks had been lost?

That mailbox should have been checked every single day. There's no excuse for things like this. You lose a lot of good volunteers that way — like me.

(Incidentally, the "held check" problem has been a gripe of mine since I started going to conventions. I once sent a check to a local con 6 months in advance and it didn't clear the bank until after the convention. Dumb.)

In other words, if it's not in your heart to care about the people and the convention, act like you do. Or get out!

Big Gripe #4: It Takes Money To Make Money. Spend Some!

After griping about the lousy cons in Phoenix for years, in 1987, I decided to do something about it, and ran promotions for NASFiC.

At the first meeting I attended, I asked what kind of an advertising budget they had. The room went dead silent until Bruce Farr said, "What budget?"

My suggestions to buying a full-page ad in a science fiction magazine (which would have been paid for with as little as five memberships) was met with looks of abject terror.

"We can't do that!" they said. "No one does that!" So obviously, they figured, it could never be done.

All of the meetings after that one were held at a place called Photon, behind locked doors in a room that was made

known to everyone but me. One night I spent two hours in that place looking for this room. Employees couldn't find it. "I know they're here," one of them said. "I just don't know where!" I decided to pursue promotions on my own, and never attended another meeting. Not the best idea, maybe, but I sure got a lot done! I never did find that room, though.

I know that CASFS is a non-profit organization. But no one says that you can't spend what profits you have on future conventions. That's what you do anyway, isn't it? So use some of the money to advertise! Quit depending on regulars to fund your conventions. You'll get more advance memberships and newcomers if you advertise in magazines that these people read!

Another way to spend money wisely is to get better guests and pay their way here. Now, I'm not saying that you need to bring Arthur C. Clarke in from Sri Lanka. (On the other hand, maybe I am.) But all too often, local conventions depend on authors and artists who live in the Valley, or the same "old dependables" who come in from L.A. If I want to see most of these people, I could go to a CASFS meeting for free.

Anne McCaffrey was a good start. Keep it up.

Another thought: who suddenly decided that it's not a good idea to have actors who once appeared in science fiction shows or movies to come to our conventions? Most of these people haven't worked in years, and appreciate the money they make from personal appearances. And it's not that much. Stunt men are nice, but come on! What about former members of the "Lost in Space" cast? Or actors and actresses from famous "B" movies? Get them now — some of them won't be around much longer. And it's not tough to do. Last year, we invited Vincent Price to PhringeCon 3. How? We called him (his number is in the LA phone book). He had to decline due to his health, but he was very nice about the whole thing.

Most actors work through agents, people who have outer crusts made of stone but who break pretty easy if you know how to talk to them. The sooner you do, the sooner you'll have more interesting guests showing up.

I'm just starting to scrape the bottom of

the barrel. Some other quick suggestions:

1. Don't play the dance music so loud. And get a better mix that reflects a science fiction theme. At Westercon 43, every song they played came from a science fiction movie or had a science fiction feel to it, and the dance floor was packed all night. Plus, the sound system was crystal clear.

2. If you're going to ask for contributions in the ConSuite, use it to buy better food. Again, anyone who went to Westercon 43 in Portland will tell you how well this worked. You can feed people well all weekend if you do it right. The idea that the ConSuite isn't there to feed the people is stupid if you're asking for contributions.

3. The next time a regional or national con is held here, get a bigger dealer's room and art show area.

4. Put child care in the hotel. Not four blocks away. Provide babysitters and games. You really don't need inoculation records just to have your kids babysat for an hour or two. In Portland, my son (who was 5 at the time) couldn't wait to go to the babysitting room. It was in a hotel room and it was very reasonable in cost.

5. Provide half-time entertainment at the masquerades! That 30-60 minutes when the judges are out can be really annoying with nothing to do. Get some of the musicians to can actually write, sing and carry a tune to do a concert. Get a comedian. Put on a play. Do something!

And Now, The Things You're Doing Right:

#1. Joe Bethancourt.

I'm sure glad he likes coming to local conventions, because since Funnyfellows disappeared, seeing Joe Bethancourt has been kinda tough to do.

I got to introduce Joe at the WesterCon here in '87 (or '88, I don't remember which) when I emceed the Masquerade. He was the half-time entertainment. I remember telling the out-of-towners to stay seated or they were going to miss something special. And he was. I saw many people with their jaws hanging open. The more you can get this guy to show up, the better. Way to go, Joe.

#2. You're Starting To Take Suggestions.

Okay, so it took two years from when I

suggested a life drawing class to actually do one. And the model was clothed. But you did it. It was at a lousy time, but hey, that can always be fixed in the future. (For those of you who weren't at WesterCon 45, the life drawing class was held from 10:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. I don't know of too many people who feel like drawing at that time of night.)

The more you, the con-goer, suggest things, the sooner it'll happen. Take it from a squeaky wheel.

#3. Barry Bard

Barry has more connections than a power station. Here's hoping the con committees never piss him off! It's always a kick to watch Barry bring out the freebies. People leave panels to see what's new. The giveaways are always great and we all appreciate it.

#4. Excellent Graphics

Hats off to whoever is designing the programs, the information books and all con-related material. It's all easy to read and even easier to understand. This is definitely one area where Phoenix shines above cons in any other city. (I'm still trying to figure out how much money I owe to San Francisco for Worldcon '93. The price grid on their flyer is like a roadmap through hell.)

Phoenix conventions have a long way to go before they can compete on a level with cons in other cities. But the potential is there. Let's communicate a little more, never say never, and weed out the pessimists. That's how you make conventions better. And you'll see the results almost immediately.

▲ "COUNTERPOINT" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

you live here already, you're less likely to care about side trips to local sights. (Although our larger conventions certainly provide the info to all guests.)

What Else is Right?

I agree that Joe Bethancourt concerts are a good thing, that the freebies Barry gets are great (*and media-oriented!*), and the publications are divine (a kiss on the forehead to my sweetie).

I also think that the development of HexaCon is a good thing, and I would like to see more special interest conventions come about. And particularly so, now that LepreCons will be focusing primarily on art. I think a local costuming convention with plenty of workshops would be good. And maybe a filk gathering. And if somebody gets a line on a cool movie or tv star that doesn't charge an arm and a leg, maybe we could even have another media convention.

I also think it is a good thing that people make suggestions, and that new people volunteer to do convention jobs. We always need that influx of fresh thought, new approaches, and new skills to make our conventions vital. So tell us what you'd like — take a risk, raise your hand, write a letter, make a call. We're looking for a few good fen... so let us know if you are interested!

And thank you, Tom, for bringing up some very good points. I hope our future chairs and committee people are listening.

CONNOTATIONS GENERIC CONVENTION REGISTRATION FORM

Name: _____

Badge Name: _____

Name: _____

Badge Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Country: _____ Phone: _____

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

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

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

Volunteering Other: _____

THE COMPLEAT T-TUNIC BY PATI COOK

The T-tunic is the basis of most early European costumes, as well as being a major part of Byzantine and Roman costume, and is used in variations in later periods. Men or women can wear the basic T-tunic with very minor differences. It can be modified by changing the sleeve length, sleeve shape, tunic length, neckline shaping and trim. Tunics can be layered over other tunics of differing lengths and sleeve shapings, or worn with pants ("braies") or skirts.

The Pattern

The front and back of the basic T-tunic are similar; the only change is in the neckline shaping. A single pattern piece can be made with both front and back neckline shapings on it, or separate front and back pattern pieces can be made.

First you will need to gather the following measurements:

- A) Head circumference
- B) Neck circumference
- C) Neck width (across nape of neck)
- D) Chest (bust)
- E) Waist
- F) Back waist length (nape to waist)
- G) Hip
- H) Hip length (waist to widest part of hip)
- I) Desired length of tunic, plus hem allowance
- J) Desired length of sleeve (from center back horizontally along extended arm), plus hem allowance
- K) Width of sleeve at hem (1/2 circumference of sleeve)

Materials Needed:

For the pattern: Paper, scissors, scotch tape, pencil, tape measure, straight edge, French curve (optional).

For the garment: Fabric (yardage should be twice measurement I), shears, straight pins, thread and trim (measured from the completed pattern).

Making the Pattern:

Measure a piece of paper 2" wider than your measurement J, and about 4" wider than your measurement I. See Diagram 1.

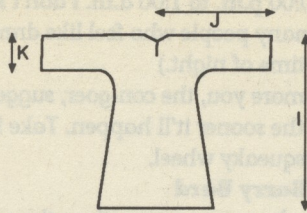


DIAGRAM 1

Designate one long edge of the pattern as the center back. The adjacent short edge will be the top. Mark these edges to be on the fold.

Shape the neckline first (Diagram 2). Point AA is the center back. From there, measure out 1/2 of measurement C plus 1" to find point A. Mark point A on the top fold line.

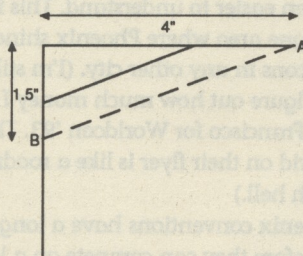


DIAGRAM 2

Point B is determined by measuring 1-1 1/2" down from Point AA. Mark point B.

Connect points A and B to form a shallow "V" neckline (dotted line, Diagram 2). The cutting line (solid line) should be 5/8" toward the corner and parallel to the seamline. *Note: If the neckline is too wide, the tunic will slide to one side or the other, if it is too narrow it may be uncomfortable.*

Mark the center front slit for the neckline about 4" down to accommodate the head size. Measure the seamline of the neck, including the slit. This measurement must be larger than measurement A to allow the tunic to pull over the head. The stitching line is indicated by a dotted line in Diagram 3 (about 3/8" in from the fold line). *Note: The center front neckline may also be scooped out a little more (1/2-1") if desired for comfort, since the front of a person's neck is lower than the back.*

Starting at point XX (Diagram 4), mark point X on the side of the pattern

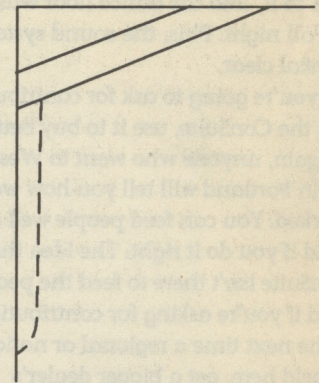


DIAGRAM 3

opposite center back. The distance from point XX to point X equals measurement K, the desired width of the sleeve.

Measure down from the neckline seamline along center back to the back waist length, measurement F, to point F (Diagram 4).

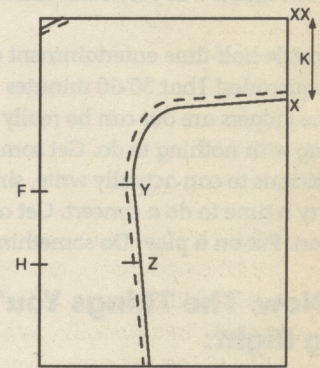


DIAGRAM 4

Measure horizontally across from point F to point Y. F-Y should be 1/4 chest measurement, measurement D. This is the waistline, the narrowest part of the garment, but it must be full enough to fit over the chest. If the tunic is to be layered over others, add 1/2" to F-Y.

Measure down center back from point F to point H, hip length, measurement H. Measure horizontally across from point H to point Z. H-Z should be 1/4 of the hip measurement, measurement G, plus 1/2-1 1/2".

Connect points X, Y, and Z as illustrated in Diagram 4, dotted line. Be sure not to curve in beyond point Y or the tunic will not pull over the chest. The

tunic should flare somewhat from the waistline, but not excessively. *Note: Waist and hip may be made fuller by marking points Y and Z farther from center back. The "right amount" of fullness is a matter of personal preference in fit.*

Mark the cutting line (solid line, Diagram 4) 5/8" outside the seamline.

To make a facing for the neckline, use a piece of pattern paper 3" wider than the neckline width and 7" longer than from the top fold to the bottom of the slit at center front. Fold this paper crosswise at about 4". (Diagram 5a) Duplicate the neck edge of the tunic on the facing pattern (both cutting and seam lines). Mark the slit on the front (longer part of the pattern only).

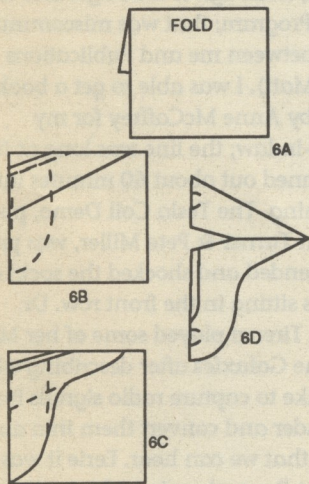


DIAGRAM 5

Make marks 2 1/4" from the seamline all around the neck shape and center front slit (dotted line, Diagram 5b). Connect the marks in a smooth line, curving the line at the corners as illustrated in Diagram 5c. The entire finished pattern piece is shown in Diagram 5d. Mark the shoulder point (fold).

To avoid shoulder, center front and center back seamlines, open the pattern piece and place center front and center back on a fold when cutting.

Trim Needed: Carefully measure the areas where trim is to be applied. Since most trims will shrink when laundered, purchase 1/2-1 yard more than needed. Any leftovers can be used on accessories. An average tunic will usually take 4-5 yards of trim.

Fabric Needed: Purchase enough to go twice the distance from shoulder to the desired length of tunic, plus two hem allowances.

Cutting out the fabric

Fold the prewashed fabric in half lengthwise, then in half again cross-wise. Check that it is even. You should have four layers. Pin the pattern on the fabric as in Diagram 6. Cut the main tunic pattern first. *Note: If the sleeve extends beyond the fabric then it must be pieced. Cut 2 pieces,*

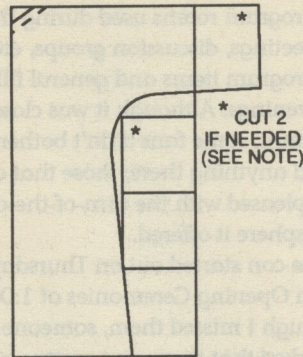


DIAGRAM 6

from the excess fabric, which measure twice the width of the sleeve in length and are wide enough to give the extra length needed for the sleeve, plus a seam allowance of 1-1 1/4".

Fold one of the excess pieces of fabric parallel to the selvage and cut out the facing (Diagram 7). *Note: Do NOT cut the slit on either the tunic front or the front facing, it is much easier to sew the facing on and then cut the slit.*

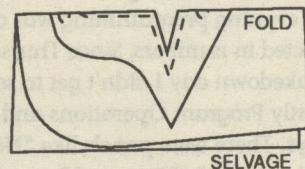


DIAGRAM 7

Constructing the Tunic

Clean finish the outside edge of the neckline facing. Staystitch the neckline of the tunic, being sure to stitch with the grain of the fabric. (Diagram 8)

Pin the facing to the neckline of the tunic, matching raw edges. Pin at center back, shoulders, and down the center

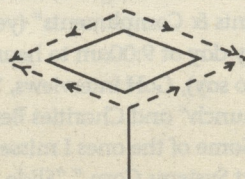


DIAGRAM 8

front as illustrated by the dotted line in Diagram 9.

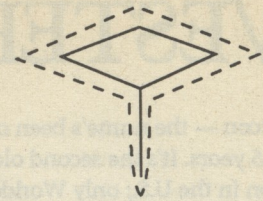


DIAGRAM 9

The stitching lines for the center front slit will be about 3/4", but taper to a point at the bottom. When sewing to a point, take 1-2 stitches straight across before sewing up the other side. To reinforce, stitch over all corners, using 16-20 stitches per inch.

Grade seam allowances, clip into all corners and down center front slit. Turn the facing to the inside, press, and understitch. If trim is to be used at the neckline or shoulder line, apply it now. Be sure to miter wide trim at corners.

Piece the sleeves if necessary by sewing together with selvages even (Diagram 10) using a 5/8" seam. Press open, or press in

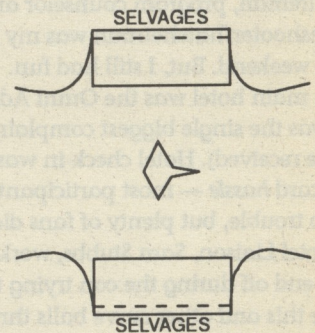


DIAGRAM 10

one direction and topstitch to hold the seam allowances flat.

With right sides together, fold, the tunic at the shoulders, keeping the raw edges even. Starting at the bottom, sew the side and sleeve in one seam. Reinforce the curve in the underarm area by stitching over the first stitching using a short stitch length (16-20 stitches per inch).

Finish the seam edges. Press the seam open. It may need clipping at the underarm curve (Diagram 11).

Try on the tunic and mark the sleeve length and the hem length. Press up the sleeve hems and the bottom hem. Make

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WESTERCOLT .45

BY MIKE WILLMOTH

Westercon — the name's been around now for 45 years. It's the second oldest convention in the U.S.; only Worldcon is older. Fans who've been involved in fandom for many years have many different pictures of what a Westercon brings to mind; fans who've recently entered fandom may only have a few under their belt. I am probably one of the latter.

This Westercon was obviously different for me than others I've attended — I ran Programming & Scheduling this time. WesterColt .45, the 45th annual West Coast Science Fantasy Conference, wasn't my first regional; that was Westercon 41 here in Phoenix in 1988.

WesterColt was an experience. Since I had someone else running at-con programming I had an opportunity to wander, check on program items and socialize with some of the participants. Chief fireman, program counselor and troubleshooter/hatchetman was my lot for the weekend. But, I still had fun.

The main hotel was the Omni Adams (and was the single biggest complaint that we received). Hotel check-in was a credit card *hassle* — most participants had no trouble, but plenty of fans did. Our Hotel Liaison, Sam Stubbs, worked his aft end off during the con trying to handle this and other curve balls thrown in his direction; fortunately, he was able to help many fans get checked in despite the policy (thanks Sam). The hotel also decided to change their Sunday check-out time, causing a bottleneck that I haven't seen since Las Vegas during a 100,000 plus trade show.

The Omni held most of the programming and other events: Art Show, Dealers' Room, Video Room & Japanimation, Children's Program, Computer Room, Green Room, Registration, Con Ops, ConSuite, Staff Lounge, Participant Hospitality, and SFFWA & ASFA suites. Despite the attendee problems with the Omni, Program Operations had fantastic help from the staff and I received nothing but compliments from my at-con staff as to their capabilities; just shows that one hotel-hand has nothing to do with the other.

The other hotel was the San Carlos and was directly northwest from the Omni across an intersection. It housed two program rooms used during the day for meetings, discussion groups, etc. with Filk program items and general filking in the evenings. Although it was close to the Omni, some fans didn't bother to attend anything there; those that did were pleased with the turn-of-the-century atmosphere it offered.

The con started out on Thursday, July 2 with Opening Ceremonies at 1:00pm. Although I missed them, someone remarked that they went pretty well. The Chair introduced the Toastmaster, Wilson "Bob" Tucker, who then went on to introduce the other guests. Jennifer Roberson was Author GoH, Rick Sternbach was Artist GoH and Pat Mueller was Fan GoH. The highlights of the program were briefly mentioned and then regular programming started at 2:30pm.

Unfortunately, attendance at the first few panels was sparse. That's the way it goes early on in the con. By 4:00pm the participants were seeing more folks show up and evening programming was close to expected in numbers. Since Thursday was shakedown day I didn't get to see a lot; mostly Program Operations and hallways. There were panels like "Now You're An Artist," "History of Paper & Papyrus," "Demo: Pen & Ink," "Fanzines & Technology," "Interview: Hal Clement," and "Stage Presentation 101."

On Friday I stuck my head in several panels and there were the usual assortment of fans in the audience: Star Trek uniforms, medieval garb or just weird by any standard (except California). Friday had the Blood Drive, Masquerade Contest and Modern Dance.

Some of the items I got to see were "Complaints & Compliments" (yes, I was there every day at 9:00am to hear what you had to say), GoH interviews, "Mock Shuttle Launch" and Charities Benefit Auction. Some of the ones I missed were "Spaceport Systems Corp," "Slide Show: Frank Kelly-Freas," "What's Next for the *Next Generation*," "Joe Bethancourt Con-

cert," and "Demo: Airbrush." The masquerade was the best I've ever seen, as far as the entries go; they ranged from pretty good to superb. It was held at Phoenix Symphony Hall, about a block and a half from the Omni (in the other direction from the San Carlos). There was some mixups with the lighting and sound, but nothing too severe. Good job, Gail.

Saturday was the big day. We had a participant reception (Meet-the-Pros) at 7:00pm, although it didn't get into the Pocket Program; that was miscommunication between me and Publications (sorry, Matt). I was able to get a book signed by Anne McCaffrey for my mother-in-law; the line was long at first, but thinned out about 60 minutes into the signing. The Tesla Coil Demo, put on by Brent Turner & Pete Miller, was pretty well attended and shocked the socks off the fans sitting in the front row. Dr. Fiorella Tirenzi played some of her Music From the Galaxies after describing what it was like to capture radio signals from out yonder and convert them into audio signals that we can hear. Eerie it was (and not Pennsylvania, either); pleasant, too. Westercon held its required Business Meeting, the Art Show had an auction, and Programming featured "Can SF Ideas Be Portrayed in Comics," "Costuming 201: More Advanced," "Sex, Fandom & AIDS," and GoH Jennifer did a reading from her newest book *Lady Of The Forest*.

Sunday was the last day for the attendees and I was fatigued by then. We helped some participants get back to the airport; some were staying until Monday. We had a BBS (or Information Service) demo of BIX. Barry Bard showed a preview of upcoming movies. The Shire of Kalanne of the Adrian Empire held a live steel sword demo. Dr. Gaubatz from McDonnell-Douglas flew out from California to present his project, the *Delta Clipper*; this conical craft will take off and land vertically after dispensing its payload in Earth orbit. There was a discussion of "Animal Behavior in Fiction" and we closed with the Closing Ceremonies at 4:00pm. The Chair thanked everyone for

coming, especially the Guests of Honor. Tucker admitted that this was a first for him... until now he had never been thrown out of a party, particularly one held in his honor; the hotel did so during the Participant Reception for having his own bottle! Those that attended gave applause to the convention committee, staff & volunteers. Our Chair gave the proverbial scepter of power over to the chair of next year's Westercon, Richard Wright of Seattle. Richard gave a brief speech and then ours, Bruce Farr, mentioned that Los Angeles had won the bid for 1994's Westercon (they ran unopposed). This concluded WesterColt .45 for the attendees, and our work began again.

Pack up that stuff! Collect all those things from the program rooms. Make sure that your stuff gets piled up together so when you're ready to leave you'll know where it is and we'll know not to touch it. You get the idea. By evening the hotel was rather deserted and the halls were once again silent. Fandom had exhaled as it left the hotel and life was close to normal (?) once again, albeit with a hollow feeling in my exhausted body.

Monday we had some equipment pickup and final shutdown. I had an opportunity to meet some more participants and future committee members from LA. I even broke fast with a participant from the east coast (thanks, Alexandra) along with a really burnt-out Hotel Liaison. Anything beyond blah, blah, blah was beyond his comprehension at that time; that's ok, I wasn't far off.

All in all we had almost 1800 paid attendees with about 180 participants. Those that showed up unhappy were in good spirits when they left. Other than hotel complaints most everyone had a good time. Conclusion: successful con! The thank-yous that came during the con, and afterward, made all those sleepless nights and frustrating moments worthwhile. I'm sure I don't speak alone when I say thanks for coming and bearing the heat (even though the week after it jumped 10 degrees and 20% humidity). We're tired and just now recuperating, but it was worth it. Thanks for attending and participating. Be seeing you (perhaps next year in Seattle — as an attendee)!

▲ "T-TUNIC" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

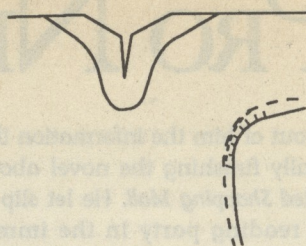


DIAGRAM 11

sure hem allowances are even, then press under 1/4-1/2" of the raw edges (Diagram 12).

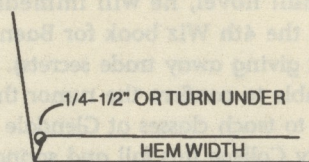


DIAGRAM 12

The hems may be hand or machine sewn. Machine hem stitching is durable, saves time and can be covered with trim.

Sew the trim to the sleeves and/or bottom of the tunic, using the garment edge as a spacing guide.

Enjoy wearing your new T-tunic!

Next issue we will show you how you can fashion your own cavalier boots and other former footwear. Later on we'll show you some variations on the T-tunic theme — talk about versatile!

▲ "ZELAZNY" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

What do you do in your free time?

I travel, walk, read. I read a bunch of books at a time. I'm reading 17 right now. It's usually somewhere between twelve and seventeen. Most of my reading is non-fiction; History, life science, general fiction, poetry, travel guides.

Up and coming projects include If at Faust You Don't Succeed, a collaboration with Robert Sheckley, due out in March (see details at the end of the Bring Me the Head of Prince Charming excerpt in this issue) and Night of the Lonesome October is due out in August.

▲ "CHARMING" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

"Usually, maybe even often, but not always. I can cite several traditional tales —"

"This castle is going to stand on a glass mountain," Azzie said.

Merioneth took off his pince-nez, polished them on his gray fur, put them back on. He opened his briefcase. It was made of well-tanned human skin, and its clasps were yellowed teeth. Azzie admired it and decided to get one like it when he had the time. Merioneth opened the case and shuffled through papers. At last he selected a sheet and read it with pursed lips.

"This is your original work order," he said. "It says nothing here about a mountain."

Azzie came over and read the work order. "It says here you will supply standard landscaping."

"Standard landscaping does not include a mountain of glass. Why not have us move in an existing mountain?"

"It has to be of glass," Azzie said. "As far as I know, there are no existing mountains of glass."

"So why not take a dead volcano instead?" Merioneth said. "With lots of obsidian?"

"It won't do," Azzie said. "Glass mountains have been a feature of folklore since people began telling tales. Surely you have one somewhere in Supply?"

Merioneth pursed his lips and looked doubtful. "Maybe we do and maybe we don't. The point is, it isn't on the work order."

"Can't we put it there now?"

"No, it's too late."

"Can't we get around that somehow?" Azzie asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I'll pay the extra myself. Can I put it on the card?"

Merioneth shrugged again. "It's not a matter of that. The work order has already been filled out and signed."

Azzie looked at it. He pointed. "You could write it in right there, just above the signature. 'One glass mountain, and one enchanted forest.'"

"If my supervisor ever found out..."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36 ▼

REGIONAL PRO NEWS

BY ADAM NISWANDER

Greetings denizens of earth and Fen. ■ I have tried to resist the compulsion I feel each quarter to report on these matters, but the creatures (my editors) who control this hideous urge are completely merciless and cruel. My fate, I fear, is to discover the secrets of my peers and then shamelessly divulge them to my evil masters, whether I will or not. There is but one way in which I might escape, but such a course would require that another act in my behalf (a publisher). ■ Slinking about, my custom always at these times, I espied **G. Harry Stine** fondling a small black book with a garish cover. As I sidled up, the better to catch a glimpse of the strange volume, I noted it was called *Warbots 12*. G. Harry did not notice me at first and I heard him muttering to himself. "Free at last." His face glowed with fanatic glee, as if he had seen the completion of some momentous task. (*Warbots 12 — Judgment Day* — the last of the Warbots — has been released by Zebra/Pinnacle [September] and is available at Adam's Bookstore). □ In my usual sneaky fashion, I wheedled out of him the fact that, after 19 years in the same house, G. Harry recently moved to newer quarters. He has just signed the contract for the Sixth Edition of *The Handbook of Model Rocketry* with Wiley, which will be due next year. I saw some papers protruding from his pocket titled *Second Contact* and rightly surmised that the Rocketman is working on the second book in the "Supersub" series. In my nefarious way, I have also obtained a limited number of copies of his milestone book, *ICBM*, and it is available through Adam's at the spectacular discount price of \$14.95. I elicited even more information when I discovered that the computer project called *Discover Space* now has a delayed release date in January due to the purchase of PC Globe by Broderbund. As I excused myself, I chuckled at how transparent these authors are. They can hide nothing from me. ■ Next I contacted the shy and retiring **Rick Cook** — it is difficult to get him to open up, you know — and

pried out of him the information that he is finally finishing the novel about the *Haunted Shopping Mall*. He let slip plans for a reading party in the imminent future. His story, yclept "...And He Did Ride," will appear in the December *Analog*, sold on the basis of the description "Through the great gruesome swamp by mechanical Frog..." Upon completion of the mall novel, he will immediately begin the 4th Wiz book for Baen (talk about giving away trade secrets). I was also able to confirm the rumor that he plans to teach classes at Glendale Community College this fall and spring. The Science Fiction class will require at least a dozen pre-registrants, so I must remember to tip my friends off to this inside information. Unless there are enough students, he will not hold the class. Ha! He is subtle, that Rick Cook, but I am more than a match for him! ■ I then contacted world traveler **Alan Dean Foster** who recently returned from six weeks in Northwest Australia where he had been gathering background material for his new book *Ascending Whine* for Ace. While there he visited Aboriginal burial sites, rode 40-foot whale sharks and skindived in pristine locations no one has visited before. He also travelled to Bungle Bungle National Park, arriving on the first commercially scheduled flight ever to land there. □ His book *Son of Spellsinger* will be finished in September and delivered to Warner. □ He is undoubtedly up to something. He spent time in such odd locations as Broom and One-Arm Point as well as Bungle Bungle. I will see him next when he is Guest of Honor at CopperCon 12 in September where I shall endeavor to unearth yet more of his secrets. ■ I then spotted **Don Markstein**, recognizing him despite his clever disguise of zoris, shorts and t-shirt. He pretended not to see me, but I spied upon him and heard him muttering into the phone in Danish, undoubtedly firming the deal he has made with Walt Disney Comics in Copenhagen. They seem interested in the adventures of a certain high tech character named Launchpad

McQuack who is quite intimate with Markstein. Oh, the sadness! Markstein is undoubtedly selling McQuack's secrets to the highest bidder. Apparently they will pay him in *kronors* which means that, after the collapse of the dollar, he will have real money. He then mentioned that he had been both editor and art director for *The Prince Valiant Companion* which is to be released by Manuscript Press just any day. I slunk away from this master secret seller lest I be overcome with professional jealousy. ■ As I rounded the corner, I encountered the beautiful **Diana Gabaldon**, who could easily be a Scottish spy. Her knowledge of that far land is unusually detailed for an Arizonan. She claimed she was keeping busy doing book signings. Though I attempted to sound casual, I was pleased when I tricked her into revealing that the paperback edition of *Outlander* has been 8 weeks on the Bestseller list for the chains, and that it won the award for Best Book of 1991 from the Romance Writer's of America. The new work, second in the series about Jamie and Claire, titled *DragonFly in Amber*, is already in its third printing and holds the #10 spot on the Waldenbooks Hardcover Best Seller List. One wonders how a new author could enjoy such immediate success, but I happen to know the woman is dabbling in time travel and magic. I also know for a fact that dark-haired Diana is already planning to perpetrate a crime. But, of course, she would have us believe it is a fictional effort. She claims that, after completing the third book, titled *Voyager*, in the Jamie and Claire saga, she will begin work on what she refers to as a contemporary crime novel. Ha! What else could I expect her to say? ■ I then checked in with my cohort, occasional partner in crime, sometime informant, **Pete Manly**. His book *Unusual Telescopes* continues to sell well for Cambridge Press. I found him "pumping away" footnoting his new book for Cambridge to be titled *The 20cm Schmidt-Cassegrain Telescope*. Scintillating title, huh? Talk about drama and pathos! Actually, the sus-

pense is killing me. Did Schmidt know what Cassegrain was doing? Did Cassegrain care? I just can't wait to see how it comes out. Pete was still recovering from guesting at BuboniCon. I shall ferret out the rest of the story over a six-pack of Cutter's. He always gets talkative when drinking. Of course, he gets talkative when drinking water too. ■ Often seen in the company of a rather shady cat called Rhudiprrt, The Prince of Fur, **Dwight Decker** is editing for Walt Disney Comics in Copenhagen doing translations to English. The second issue of his comic *Skye Blue* just came out from Mu Press in Seattle. ■ Then I encountered the powerful magic wielder **Jennifer Roberson** who has spilled her guts to the world by telling all the secrets of Robin and Marian. She was lounging about the palace alone having dispatched her mate to Origins in Milwaukee. Her shameless exposé of Locksley and the Maid (*Lady of the Forest*) is currently out from Zebra, receiving rave reviews and selling like ammo at the Alamo. Her magic will soon encompass the globe for agents have managed to transport her report even as far as Japan. Poor Robin and Marian, unable to any longer keep their privacy intact. □ As well, Jennifer let slip the tidbit that the final revelation about the Cheysuli, called *A Tapestry of Lions*, will be loosed on the world in December by DAW. Nor is she satisfied with the power she has thus far gained. I have it on the best authority that next year will see the start of another ceremony of magic to be called "Shade and Shadow." The first book will be titled *Prince of Night*, the second will be *Queen of Sleep*, and the third will be *King of Dreams*. ■ Her mate, **Mark O'Green**, conveniently out of the way, is involved in a conspiracy with **Michael A. Stackpole** and **Liz Danforth** working with Interplay, and they have also begun work on ideas for *Star Trek*. At Origins, I am told all three have stories debuting in a *Tunnels and Trolls* anthology based on Ken St. Andre's world, as does Ken. None of the three of them were available at the time of this writing, but I shall discover the truth of their plots and adventures before the next issue. ■ **Ernest Hogan**, something of a magician in his own right, has two books already in print titled *Cortez on*

Jupiter and High Aztech, both from TOR in the US and also from Mandarin in Great Britain. Canny and secretive, his newest proposal is for a sci-fi titled *Smoking Mirror Blues* and I was able to discover that he is currently doing research for a book about Mars and toying with the idea of setting more stories in the *High Aztech* universe. Also an artist-cartoonist, he recently did the cover for *The Science Fiction Eye #10* as well as an illustrated essay and plans to do more artwork for them. There will be another illustrated essay in the same publication in a future issue. ■ **Emily Devenport** has two sci-fi novels, the first titled *Shade* already released and the second titled *Larissa* due out in July 1993 from ROC. The first book was published by ROC and then picked up in Great Britain by The Women's Press. Her approach to sci-fi is mainstream — the character is most important. Right now she has two proposals for sci-fi novels along the lines of the first two; the first is *Beasty Brains*, the second *Stripe*, an expansion on the theme. Not afraid of the seamier side, she is currently working on a new proposal for what she describes as a sleazy novel with a strong feminine heroine — including video prostitutes, whips and a nasty disease called the blue clap. Her work seems to be characterized as Tough Girls on Rough Planets — sounds like a great idea for an anthology. ■ The mysterious **Simon Hawke** has completed his *Star Trek* novel titled *The Romulan Prize* and it has been turned into Pocket Books. He is currently working on the TSR project mentioned in my last report, the series set in the Dark Sun universe "A Tribe of One," the first book being *The Outcast*. Warner books has signed a four-book contract which will continue his "Wizard" series and others but the details are still being worked out. I learned that Simon plans to attend CopperCon 12 and will be starting his classes in writing science fiction and fantasy, called Dragon-Slaying 101, at Pima Community College on September 8th. Classes will be held at the Community Services Campus and the numbers to call for information are 884-6720 or 884-6866. ■ I tracked down **Michael McCollum**, whose book *Sails of Tau Ceti* from Del Rey is selling well. He is currently marketing a trilogy titled "Gibraltar Stars." The first book will be called

Gibraltar Earth, the second *Gibraltar Sun*, the third *Gibraltar Stars*. Working at Garrett, he is carrying a heavy schedule while they pitch space station proposals — working 12 hours a day with only a day off each month. He comments that this is slowing him down. ■ Finally, my spies informed me that **Bruce D. Arthurs'** *ST:TNG* episode "Clues" is now being seen overseas. It is now classed as non-domestic as well as domestic. BD continues to work on script ideas. He has also officially sold a short story to be included in the 1993 World Fantasy Convention's paperback *Grail Anthology*. ■ I can feel that familiar pressure building. It must mean that my evil masters are about to trigger the mechanism (deadline) which forces me to instantly transmit my ill-gotten information. Since I am helpless in the face of their demands I can only comply and hope fervently that my sources will forgive this shameless deluge of revelation. There! Ahhhh! I can do nothing to impede the flow. And once again, I have been used, then I will be cast aside until they once more have need of me. ■ I suspect you will be hearing from me again. ●

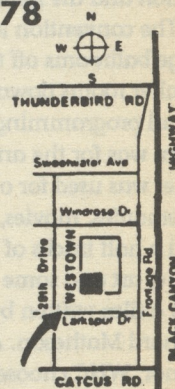
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WORLD HORROR

BY MIKE WILLMOTH

The Second Annual World Horror Convention was held March 5-8, 1992 in Nashville, Tennessee. The First Annual WHC was also held there over the first weekend of March in 1991. My wife and I were able to attend both along with Jim & Doreen Webbert.

Although World Horror (WHC) is just getting started, it is doing quite well. It saw participation by Americans, Canadians, Japanese and Europeans. WHC is not set up like World Science Fiction (Worldcon), but more like a World Fantasy Convention. It has a Board of Directors who were chosen from the field, give it direction and choose its locations.

The first two WHCs were chosen to be held in Nashville where a large contingent of horror pros and fans are located. The 1993 site was chosen to be Stamford, Connecticut and the 1994 site will be here in Phoenix. Bids were also submitted at the business meeting this year for the 1995 site selection; Niagara Falls and Atlanta were the competitors. No choice was made prior to our departure.

We arranged to fly into Nashville on Thursday so as not to miss anything and we stayed at the same hotel as in 1991, the Holiday Inn downtown. It's a nice highrise with a good restaurant, health club, and large, open area between registration and the lounge on the first floor.

The convention itself was held in large ballrooms off the second floor with smaller rooms down the hall for additional programming. One large ballroom was for the art show while the other was used for opening and closing ceremonies, movies, etc. WHC offers two and a half tracks of programming: literature, art and some film. In this case I saw a film written by the Author GoH, Richard Matheson. As for Guests of Honor, WHC chooses an author, artist, media, and a toastmaster or master of ceremonies. Members of WHC, prior to the con, also get to choose a Grand Master. Obviously, the first WHC had to choose ahead of time since there weren't many pre-reg members; most showed up at-con.

1991's Grand Master went to Robert Bloch, author of *Psycho*. Author GoH was Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Artist GoH was Jill Bauman and MC I've misplaced. 1992's Grand Master was voted by the members and went to Stephen King; he was unable to attend. Author GoH was Richard Matheson, Artist GoH was Harry O. Morris, Media GoH was Richard Christian Matheson and Master of Ceremonies was Brian Lumley, from England.

The chair of 1991 & 1992 WHC was Maurine Dorris of Nashville. She's been running conventions for years in the South and did a good job on these two as well. Maurine opened the con by welcoming everyone in attendance and introducing the GoHs briefly and then the MC. Brian went on to introduce the GoHs more in depth, using his wit and charm. The opening ceremonies went well and were over in about 30 minutes.

The remainder of the con went well. We checked out the art show and saw some really ghastly stuff — of course, that's horror. Quite a bit of it could cross over into SF or Fantasy, but it emphasized horror quite well. They had a print shop set up in the rear of the ballroom for those who couldn't afford originals (like most of us). As with WHC 1991 you could also bid on the electrical box sticking out from the wall; it had its own ID slip and minimum bid.

The dealers room was also on the 2nd floor, offering mostly books covering horror authors. One could also find horror and fantasy prints, jewelry, arts and crafts. In other words, it had something for everyone. I even found some SF books that I didn't have.

The program items were well attended and popular, with titles like *Do The Dead Sing?* and *The Required Vampire Panel*. I won't bore you with all the details — it was interesting and complete.

WHC doesn't offer a banquet, so don't expect to see fancy tablecloths with expensive meals. They do offer a wine and cheese tasting for an artists reception. Feel free to wander the art show with glass in hand and cheeks stuffed like

chipmunks. The hospitality suite upstairs is well stocked with quality munchies like fruit, cheeses, occasional chocolates. Some of the publishers also throw parties in the evenings there; get in before they put the books out, or you'll never see them with the piranha in the way.

We couldn't stay for the closing ceremonies since we had to catch an early flight home, but we heard that the closing ceremonies were as concise as the opening. We had an opportunity to visit some of the surrounding countryside and drop by a bookstore or two while we were there. As we traveled around we absorbed the atmosphere of southern-style homes with their attractive lawns and blossoming trees. It's quite a bit different than the desert and a welcome change. I look forward to going back someday. ●

▲ "CHARMING" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"And I'll make it worth your while," Azzie said. He reached into a pocket inside his cloak and took out a small satchel. It was here that he kept his valuables. Here, in a chamois bag, he had the gemstones Rognir had invested with him. He took out a handful and showed them to Merioneth.

"So?" Merioneth said.

"Yours," Azzie said, "if you write me in a glass mountain."

Merioneth looked at the jewels. "I could get into a lot of trouble over this."

Azzie added a few more gems.

"I guess I can do it," Merioneth said, taking the stones.

He bent over the work order and scribbled, then looked up. "But an enchanted forest — that's another matter."

"Enchanted forests are no big deal," Azzie pointed out. "They're not rare, like glass mountains. Everywhere you go you find enchanted forests."

"Until you need one in a hurry," Merioneth said, his gaze on Azzie's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39 ▼

CONSEQUITURS

GUEST HOST FRANCES BURNS

The Naked Blade

We all know, and some of us love, costumes that require knives, swords, or other edged implements to look and feel right. If you're into one of these personae you feel down-right naked without the tools to complete it. Unfortunately, most of us haven't had training in proper weapons safety and etiquette. I get very nervous when I see one of these items improperly carried, or worse, carried like it's a rubber toy. Even if you're really using plastic or rubber replicas, treating them like the live steel is a good idea. Security people assume, "If it looks real, it is real."

Accidents happen with edged cutlery. A guy I know, who's safely used an axe for years, was chopping wood. He was distracted, missed the wood, and chopped his foot through heavy-duty work boots. Likewise, a hiker up in Yellowstone was wearing a knife on his right hip. He fell and just missed carving through the main artery on the inside of his left thigh. Unfortunately, these incidents, and others like them, don't take any special talent.

Another major concern is children getting hurt. Some kids are attracted to bright, shiny objects; some to sharp, pointy things, and most just don't look where they are going. Very few kids in our society know how to behave around kitchen knives, much less swords, axes, or hatchets. Kids just don't realize how dangerous these implements are. (For convenience I will be referring to all of the above as weapons for the balance of this article.)

1) Always maintain control of your weapon. How do you maintain control? Carry it properly! Any weapon you carry must be securely sheathed and the sheath firmly fastened to your costume. Do Not carry a weapon to a science fiction convention that cannot be attached to your costume.

2) Always know where your weapon is in relation to the people around you. This can be hard. A weapon, or even a bulky costume, can dramatically increase your personal space. It's imperative that you practice wearing anything bigger than a pocket knife. Wearing it around before going out in public allows you to become familiar with the size, length, weight, and

how awkward it is to safely carry. The larger the piece the more practice you need. Imagine trading in a VW bug for a stretch Cadillac and consider the extra room you would need to maneuver. (Take it everywhere you go, including the bathroom. There is nothing like trying to manage a broadsword in a tight bathroom stall without prior experience.)

An additional benefit is that your weapon starts looking like part of your everyday attire, instead of like part of a costume. Just a suggestion, if your costume includes a cloak, loose sleeves, flowing drapery or long skirts, practice wearing your weapon with your costume. Getting a sword tangled up with a full cloak is no fun, except for the spectators.

3) Proper costume for your weapon. Remember, a sheath is designed to **protect the weapon**. This does not mean that it will protect you or some fool from your weapon. A sheath protects the edge from nicks, dust, dirt, oil, etc. It is only a side benefit that it also protects you and the bystanders from casual cuts and gouges. A sheath should cover the entire sharpened edge of the weapon. If the edge is not covered the weapon is not sheathed. What material do you use in a sheath? The most common is leather, although some good sheaths are made from wood, metal, or even plastic. Duct tape and masking tape are not acceptable sheaths!

Another accessory is a peace bond. The purpose of a peace bond is two-fold. First is to keep some down from coming up and pulling your blade out of its sheath. The second is to demonstrate your peaceable intent. I consider the first reason to be the most important; there are an awful lot of fools out there. If your temper is such that you might pull a blade in anger at a Con, you shouldn't be wearing it. Besides protecting your weapon from fools and people who don't look where they are going, peace bonds and sheaths can add to the overall appeal of your costume. Why not take advantage of the opportunity they present and work up something that fits your persona?

4) Onward to proper etiquette. When, where, and how can you remove a blade from its sheath without getting people

upset? When and where are tied fairly closely together. (*In the coffeeshop while waiting to pay the cashier is definitely out. No lie; I once saw this happen. - JHB*) If you are in your room or a friend's room, and a party isn't in progress, you're in good shape. But let's talk about the more typical non-ideal situation. Do not draw anything in a crowd. Try to find a quiet area where you will not be disturbed. If you cannot find a quiet area, set up another time to meet — do not draw your weapon from its sheath. The size of the quiet area you need depends on the size of your weapon. Understandably you'll need more room for a sword than for a knife. Please don't go meandering around with an unsheathed item. Naked steel creates a hazardous situation and tends to give people the wrong idea. When you have found a suitable quiet place to display your weapon there is a proper way to hand it to someone else.

First, verbally notify the people around you, even the people not directly involved. Hand it to the other person hilt first. This behavior demonstrates to bystanders your peaceable intent. Yes, you know your intent, but others may not. Handing the weapon hilt first also allows the person receiving it to get a good grip on it. If you are examining someone else's weapon, accept it carefully. Never make any practice swings without first checking the area to make sure no one would be endangered even if, by some freak chance, you lose hold of the weapon. When you assume the worst, you tend to cut down on accidents. After examining the blade, hand it back to the owner with the same care it was given to you. Security people have, quite justifiably, impounded or confiscated weapons because of improper handling.

If you want to learn how to actually use a weapon, find someone to train you. Wielding a weapon takes skill and practice. Don't assume that you can handle a blade simply because you purchased it.

Wearing costumes that include weapons is fun and, with a little effort, safe. Proper control of your weapon, sheaths, and peace bonds increases the authenticity of your costume and actually make it more comfortable to wear. ●

24 FRAMES

BY MATTHEW W. FREDERICK

Although *Batman Returns*' returns weren't very impressive, *Batman 3* (or whatever the title will be) rumors are flying with the studio considering a directorial replacement — genius **Tim Burton** makes incredible films, but not necessarily incredible cash cows — someone more action-bent is likely. A **Nicholson** reprise is being considered, and the studio is attempting to nab **Robin Williams** as the Riddler (though he hasn't played an evil character to date). Expect the *Returns* video in late October for \$24.98. ■ Speaking of the Dark Knight, try *Batman: The Animated Series*. The prime time premiere was September 6 on your local Fox station, with a regular place in Fox' daily cartoon line-up beginning the next day (KNXV-15 at 4:30pm in Phoenix). The *Series* certainly retains Burton's look... ■ Speaking of **Tim Burton**, his next film will probably be about everyone's favorite barber, *Sweeny Todd*. ■ While many of us hoped it wasn't so, Paramount looks pretty serious about *Star Trek VII* with a probable release of Christmas '93. *VI* was so good, it seems a shame to tack trash onto the end, but that may very well be what we see considering the fact that it may be based on a **Shatner** plot about Kirk's romance with a young lady. ■ Director's cuts are everywhere — the *Blade-runner* cut should be in your local theatre as you read this, the semi-infamous cocoon scene from *Alien* will be back in an October video release, and *The Abyss* will finally get those incredible ILM effects up off the cutting room floor and onto videotape (and laserdisc) this November. Perhaps **Ridley Scott** and **James Cameron** have had sufficient recent successes to pull a little weight. ■ Disney's magic animators are at it again with *Aladdin* using **Robin Williams** as the voice of a very flashy genie. Look for the Magic Kingdom's first fully computer-animated character to come from Pixar (the folks who created that incredible Tarzan-Listerine bottle) — it'll be *Aladdin*'s flying carpet with an attitude. ■ Little **Stevie Spielberg**'s next big-budget blockbuster, Michael Crichton's *Jurassic Park*, has plenty of giant

dinosaurs courtesy of special effects whiz Stan Winston. Word around Tinseltown was that Steven wasn't very happy with his work, though. Realistic giant dinosaur models are tough to create, though why they didn't learn their lesson from the miserable *King Kong* remake is a mystery. It turns out that Spielberg is only disappointed because the EFX don't come close to the incredible computer graphics being created for the film. ■ Let's talk superheroes: the never-released *Captain America* movie should be in video stores as you read this. **James Cameron** will be bringing us *Spider-man*, with rumors of the extremely unlikely casting of **Arnold Schwarzenegger** as Doctor Octopus and **Jack Nicholson** as the Green Goblin. Don't hold your breath for either of them. Wesley Snipes will appear in Marvel's *Black Panther*, and **Bruce Willis** and **Michael Jackson** may be duking it out for the lead in **Spielberg**'s possible *Plasticman*. ■ **Stephen King**'s *Tommyknockers* should make it to ABC television before long, with most of the filming being done in Utah. ■ Locals make good: **Matt Marich** still lives in Phoenix when he's not set designing and prop-creating — he recently completed work on *Invasion of the Body Snatchers 3*. Filming in the Alabama swamps, this Solo Films (*Car 54, Where Are You?*) production is a stand-alone picture, not a direct sequel. Matt created 160 background pods for this flick. ■ Matt is also producing his H.P. Lovecraft-based *The Tomb*, a 16mm silent short subject that will be edited on video. Production should wrap up about next March, and a well-known cable channel has expressed interest in showing it. ■ Former local **Gino Acevedo** painted the bodies in *Death Becomes Her* — according to sources, he's now a "rich guy in LA". ■ Speaking of *Death*, it's time for some reviews. **Robert Zemeckis**, probably best-known for his *Back to the Future* films and *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, has created a very black comedy in *Death Becomes Her*, starring **Meryl Streep**, **Goldie Hawn**, and **Bruce Willis**. □ Streep plays an aging actress obsessed with her appearance and her age. Streep's

plastic surgeon advises her that his craft can only do so much for her, but perhaps she'd be interested in someone who has a unique anti-aging technique? □ She eventually decides to try it and meets **Isabella Rosellini**'s character, a mysterious beauty with a potion that can imbue the consumer with eternal youth. She's warned to take care of her new young body because she's going to have it for a long time — less than an hour later, though, she gets herself killed. She can't actually die, so her body just stops living. □ The special effects are truly impressive, some of the best I've ever seen. The story is a little too dark, though, particularly as Streep's and Hawn's dead-but-not-dead bodies begin to fall apart, but the writing and directing are strong. The acting was acceptable, particularly Streep and Willis (who finally plays a role unlike his stock character) — Hawn was a lot better in *Housesitter* (recommended). If decomposition of the human body doesn't bother you, try this film. ■ "Phone phreaking" was very popular in the 60's — young electronics geniuses built "black boxes" that generated all the proper tones and clicks required to convince Ma Bell's switching system to give you free long distance. As minicomputers began to pop up on college campuses all over the country, a more sophisticated version of phreaking became popular — electronically breaking into other people's computers, called "cracking" (or improperly, hacking). Universal Pictures' *Sneakers*, features **Robert Redford** as a grown-up "cracker" that hasn't given up his habit. □ Redford and his team are hired to bypass companies' security systems in order to show them their weaknesses. International espionage rears its ugly head and the tension mounts. □ A movie with a large cast — this one includes **Dan Aykroyd**, **Mary MacDonnell**, **River Phoenix**, and **Sidney Poitier** — is often a signal of a weak script or low production values, but *Sneakers* is a pleasant surprise. Suspense and a healthy dose of humor make this film work. It's only real weakness is its goodie-two-shoes depiction of our National Security Agency (see *Iran-Contra*). ●

chamois bag. "I suppose you want a road through it, too, huh?"

"Nothing fancy. A dirt track would be fine."

"And who's to survey it, eh? I'd need a surveyor. And a surveyor's services —"

"I know, it isn't on the original work order." Azzie selected four more stones and gave them to Merioneth. "Will that do?"

"That takes care of the forest and the basic landscaping. But you also want it enchanted. Right?"

"That's what I told you. What good would it be if it weren't enchanted?"

"Don't get huffy with me," Merioneth said. "This forest is nothing to me. I'm just trying to understand the order. What sort of enchantments did you have in mind?"

"The usual stuff," Azzie said. "Animated flame trees will do nicely. There are always plenty of them in stock."

"You're a horticulturist that you know that?" Merioneth said caustically. "Fact is there are damn few flame trees available at this time of year. And I suppose you want them to have magic thorns?"

"Of course."

"Magic thorns aren't standard."

A few more gems changed hands.

"Now, let's see," Merioneth said.

"What exactly should these magical thorns do?"

"The usual thing," Azzie said. "When a traveler passes who is not pure in heart, or not in possession of the proper magical counterspells, they impale him."

"I thought you'd want that! Impaling's extra!"

"Extra! What in hell are you talking about?"

"I got more to do than hang around here jawing with you," Merioneth said, and unfolded his wings. Azzie paid over a few more gems. The chamois bag was empty. He had gone through Rognir's treasure in a surprisingly short time.

"I guess we're in agreement on basics now," Merioneth said. "There are a few more refinements I can think of, stuff you might like, but it'd cost more."

"Never mind the refinements," Azzie said. "Just do what we've agreed upon. And quickly, please! I have other matters to attend to."

Merioneth called up a work crew and the demons started building the forest.

They worked rapidly, thorough professionals once they got moving. Some of the younger demons were obviously unaccustomed to manual labor. But the supervisors kept them up to the mark and things proceeded nicely.

As soon as the basic forest was in place, with the spells set up but not yet activated, the head work-crew demon left an underling to put in the shrubs and wildflowers and turned his attention to setting up the castle. Crews up in Limbo threw down the building blocks with gusto, and the demons below cursed and dodged and caught up the pieces and put them together. Piece by piece a high structure of crenellated walls and pointed turrets rose into the air. It was historically inaccurate but definitely of fairy-tale design. At this stage there were a few small mix-ups. When it came time to dig the moat around it, they found they lacked earth-moving equipment. A team of dragons was summoned and bribed with an offering of maidens. After they had dined, the dragons scooped out a fine moat, twenty feet wide, thirty feet deep. But of course there was no water in it, and no one seemed to know who was in charge of getting the water. Azzie finally solved the problem by ordering a weather spell from Supply and calling up a brief but very heavy rain. This, plus the water from the runoffs, did the trick nicely. A pair of swans added a touch of class.

Soon the castle stood, tall and stately, a lofty collection of stone towers in the midst of domed shapes. From the topmost towers bright banners floated in the breeze. The place was unfurnished, of course, and extremely drafty, because no one thinks of closing up the chinks and gaps in magical castles. Azzie ordered furniture from Supply. There was a problem on how to light the place. He decided upon magical lighting, since it was difficult to see anything with oil lamps. At last it was all together.

Azzie stood back a few hundred yards and admired. It was a castle that Mad King Ludwigh would have loved. It would do.

Azzie returned to the mansion to finish work on the principals. The bodies looked fine now in their vats, all seams faded. The ichor and spells had done their work to perfection. But the bodies had no intelligence as yet, since that comes last, and they did some strange things as one part of the body or another came to life. Azzie worked to stabilize them and, at last, had them set up properly.

Then Frike pointed out that both creatures were still blind. "You're right," Azzie said. "I was saving that for last."

He sat and remembered Ylith. Yes, he'd saved that for last.

If At Faust You Don't Succeed is the newest novel by Roger Zelazny and Robert Sheckley, due in March 1993 as a Spectra Trade Paperback. Here's the publisher's description:

*The plot is hatched at the Halfway Tavern in Limbo, where the Archangel Michael meets with Mephistopheles himself to discuss the Millennial Deeds contest between the powers of good and evil. The previous competition — chronicled in *Bring Me the Head of Prince Charming* — ended unexpectedly for all concerned. Now the future of humanity rests upon the unwitting decisions of a flunked monk named Mack.*

Mack is inside the chambers of the well-known magician Johann Faust, relieving the good doctor of a few items of value, when Mephistopheles appears in a flash of fire with an offer that Mack can't refuse. The ex-monk agrees to accompany Mephistopheles through time and space to turning points in humanity's history. At each point, Mack will be asked to make a moral choice. His answers will decide the winner of the Millennial Deeds contest — and the fate of humanity for the next thousand years. ●

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- Three stale Doritos and a root canal
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the alien's slightly smaller heads.

A smooth voice in the headphones said, "Welcome to our humble ship. Your government has elected to accept the gift of the Memnoths. We sincerely regret any inconvenience which you may have experienced. I assure you that you will be treated here with dignity and respect. You will not, however, be allowed to return to your planet or to communicate with its inhabitants. Each of you will be assigned a counselor who will help you adjust to life on our ship, to learn the galactic dialect and to become more at ease with your own situations. Now, if you have any questions..."

The senator stood immediately and said, "I'm afraid there has been a terrible mistake! You surely meant to detain the Senator and I am his twin brother."

The alien looked at him complacently and asked, "You are Richard and not Anthony?"

"I am Richard Chambers, brother to Senator Anthony Chambers. There are times when I take his place, for diplomatic reasons or when he is too busy with his work. I assure you, the meeting with that woman..."

The alien interrupted him with, "Mr. Chambers, you are the one we sought. Your brother will be turned out of office within a week without your political maneuverings. That brush fire war in South America will end peacefully, the munitions plant in which you are a silent partner will fail and the great Spanish/Portuguese Language War will not slaughter nine tenths of the continent's inhabitants."

The distinguished man who had spent the night in the brig with us spoke up in French. In my headphones I could hear a translation. He simply asked, "Why am I here?"

The alien answered, "I am sure that all of you are asking yourselves that question. In your case, Monsieur, you would write a fairly interesting and entertaining novel which would be misinterpreted by a minor religious sect and which would, within a hundred years, become the basis for a philosophical tyranny which would last the better part of a thousand years and span three continents. It would be the third most lethal religion in Human his-

tory, costing seven hundred and forty million lives. If I might be permitted to risk some slight embarrassment, your mistress would also bear you two sons. One would discover the world's most effective anesthetic, which is easily producible with the simplest of laboratory equipment, safe, non-addictive and, when combined with a common salt solution, would become the world's next great drug problem. The other son, in an excess of zeal, would befriend a shattered old wise man and together they would start a failed revolution of the poor which would divide the world firmly into the haves and the have-nots for generations. Your novel would spawn a religion which would feed upon the misery resulting from the war and assure a virtual dark age for humanity.

"Before any more of you ask me why you are here, consider that some of you will perform despicable acts. If you would rather that your fellow passengers not learn of this, please ask your counselors privately."

I spoke up and asked, "Where is the older red haired lady we saw earlier? I thought she was one of us."

The alien looked pained and responded, "She has elected to retire from life. I fear that her love of power and domination was too great. When faced with a loss of all of her sensual, ah — servants, she could not cope. We tried to dissuade her but she was a very determined woman.

"That brings me to a new subject. Before you make any decisions or take any action, I urge you to reflect. This transition has been a shock to you and I fear that the methods used by your fellows have been less than honorable, although we do not pass judgement on Earth's legal systems. Right now you are feeling used, put upon and shamed. In a few hours, or two days at most, you will look upon this with a different perspective. Please be patient with yourselves and learn to accept membership in our humble circle."

I asked, "What happened to the little boy? I don't see him here either." The alien consulted his notes and replied, "He is a special case. You will not see him for quite some time. He would have murdered his father brutally next year. The following year he would have caused the death of his mother by deliberately setting a fire which killed many other people. Shortly after that he would have

raped his sister and she would have killed him. She would then have spent her very long life and considerable talents successfully generating hatred between men and women. Her illegitimate daughter, product of that incestuous union, would incite sexual battles as no other religious or political leader has ever been able. It would be nearly a millennium before the damage healed. Last night that innocent looking little boy strangled a Marine guard to death and then — ah, assaulted her corpse. He has also seriously injured one of my own people."

The man whom I had dubbed Pedro spoke up. The translation sounded in my headphones; "I am not a criminal and I cannot become rich or powerful enough to harm people. Perhaps one of my children will invent a bomb. I am not afraid of the truth. Why am I here?"

The alien addressed him, "Jose, you are perhaps one of the most innocent here, for you never took advantage of anybody in your life. You have suffered much. You would have suffered more and your goodness among your people is exemplary. We considered removing your whole family, to spare them the loss of your working hands. But your children will live to become a healer, a philosopher and a president of your republic. Their people need them. We were forced to remove you because you would become that shattered old wise man whom Monsieur Delacourte's son would befriend. The image of your hard work unrewarded, the story of your life, your very existence is enough to kindle the fever of revolution against the oppression which you withstood proudly. The Memnoth time scholars labored long over your case. When they simulated removal of Jacques Delacourte, they found that a reporter would meet you and your picture would appear on the cover of the world's largest weekly news video review. A soldier of fortune would then seek you out and befriend you. The failed revolution would occur later, but just as violently. When we simulated removal of that reporter, we found that another would appear and interview you live on a global news program. You are an eloquent man, Jose, and the revolution would surge even without a visible military leader on that simulation trial.

"You are, quite literally, the right man at the wrong time. You have com-

mitted no crime other than to be born poor and honest and strong. I deeply regret what we have done to you and I hope you can forgive us. Make use of the educational opportunities in our humble ship and perhaps you will become one of the great philosophers of the Galaxy. Even if you do nothing but vegetate for the rest of your life, you will have served your species well by example.

"There are others among you equally as worthy. I offer you the services of this humble vessel to live in for the rest of your lives." I could hear a gasp from the group as it became clear that we were on a prison ship. "You will have lengthy and comfortable careers here or, if you wish, you may be placed in a state of sleep until we arrive at our next destination. If you should choose that alternative, it will be several centuries before you awaken. Our destination is a cosmopolitan world which will accept your alien forms. You may even become prosperous and productive citizens there. The single limitation on your lives is that you not return to the planet of your birth. Now, I urge you to meet with your counselors, become acquainted with your fellow passengers and enjoy a dinner which has been specially prepared for you. Later, there will be entertainment from a dozen worlds in this lounge."

I was stunned, speechless. The German girl got up and pulled herself toward the cubicles where we had been kept. Before she reached the portal, she sobbed and floated aimlessly into the door frame. One of the aliens reached out and halted her spin, touching her gently and guiding her to an alcove.

I noticed a young man beside me and the thought flashed through my mind that he was probably the only available male for me. I looked questioningly at him and he said, "I don't know why I'm here. I'm just a theology student, striving to better Man's lot on Earth and open to him the understanding of God."

I replied, "I don't know why I'm here either."

"Perhaps there's been a mistake," he ventured.

"I don't think so. You heard what the senator's brother went through. I feel confident they got the right people. Maybe some day I'll invent something which will be misused like that drug.

Maybe one of my children will grow up to be Atilla the Hun, Bluebeard and Lizzie Borden all rolled up into one."

"You have children?" he asked.

"Not yet but it's always a possibility," I quipped. I was amazed at myself for being able to be flip. Perhaps I just wanted to cheer up the dour young man. He appeared to be having a hard time of it.

The counselors rounded up the passengers and herded them to a dining area. The soft lighting and warm surroundings looked comfortable. The smell of food reminded me I hadn't eaten for more than a day. I found myself drifting toward a table with the dour young man, who finally introduced himself as Bill Keystone. The senator's brother joined us and helped me into my seat, introducing himself in the process. While he seemed polite and charming, I felt dirty where he had touched my elbow. The alien who had addressed us also joined us. He said, "I hope you enjoy this meal. We have excellent culinary facilities on board and will probably be able to satisfy your every whim. Our courses tonight are taken from your own native lands. There are no extraterrestrial dishes being served, so for me this is quite an exotic treat."

I nodded and asked him to introduce himself. He swiveled his elongated face toward me and replied that his name was rather unpronounceable and that we should give him a nickname. "I pronounce you Napoleon, since you seem to be the leader here."

As he settled into a chair, his robes flowing downward slowly, he said, "I fear that Monsieur Delacourte might find offense; perhaps another appellation would suffice?"

I replied, "Then you shall be Oz, for your green robes remind me of a story character." We strapped ourselves into chairs and prepared to eat in zero gravity.

Oz nodded. "Indeed, you must tell me of this story later." He gestured around the table. "I take it you have all introduced yourselves." The slim alien paused and then continued, "You all have questions of me."

Bill spoke up; "I'd like to see — what did you call it — my counselor? It's not at all clear why I am here. I still hope it's all a big mistake."

Oz replied, "My son, you are here for a very good reason. I shall be happy to

enlighten you after we dine. Or you may wish to meet your private counselor." He composed himself. "It may be difficult for some of you to fathom the myriad reasons for your removal. Time is required to study the nature of the future." He folded his hands. "Most important, you must divorce yourself from the very events which you study. View them dispassionately. This may prove difficult. Indeed, some who try, cannot accomplish the task."

Richard Chambers, the senator's brother asked, "I still don't see why we were removed. I'm a firm believer that history, not individuals, spawn events. When it's time to invent railroads, people start railroading. If you remove the one individual who is credited with the invention, ten others will spring into the gap. You might delay things for a short while but history will march on with much the same results."

Oz responded, his fork suspended halfway to his mouth, "You have a very good point there, my friend. If the Wright brothers had not succeeded with their airplane, then Langley and his pilot Charles — oh, I forget his name — or perhaps Bell or half a dozen others in France, England and Germany would have succeeded. An excellent example is our fellow passenger Jose. Removal of three of the journalists who would discover him served only to allow the next journalist to complete that part of history. The result was always the same war, more or less. The world will be ready for a class struggle. Even with his removal, there will still be a minor revolution, although it will not have the intercontinental devastation which Jose's presence would assure.

"There are individuals, however, who form unique cusps in history. As an example, if Salk had not invented his vaccine, we know that the dread of polio would have been used by racists to turn the white majority against blacks and Hispanics in your country since they had a higher incidence of polio in their communities. The resulting fear would have divided the country and concentrated its energies on the internal violence wracking its citizens. You would never have become involved in a war in Southeast Asia and the violence there would have been much greater."

"Greater?" asked Bill. "How could it have been more devastating than it was?"

"It would have resulted in genocide for millions in Cambodia..."

"But it did, that's exactly what happened!" asserted Bill.

Oz remained composed. "...and Thailand, Laos, Malaysia, Burma, Bangladesh, Sumatra, Borneo and New Guinea. China would have overrun the Phillipines and Korea. Japan would have become the poorest and most crowded country on Earth, isolated from her neighbors by politics.

"No, Mr. Keystone, that vaccine changed the world greatly. There are other, smaller cusps in history which often go unnoticed. In an earlier theoretical study of your culture, the removal of an itinerant book binder in Genoa late in the thirteen hundreds would have caused the Americas to be populated by the Indonesians. The word of Allah would rule the world entirely, the Renaissance would never occur and Europe would be referred to as the Third World. The poorer European coastal nations would become colonies of the richer and more powerful African and Oriental states."

I asked, "How can you know this so accurately?"

"I expected such a question from you, young lady. Always a student of physics, you shall be. The Memnoths do not reveal their methods but they are exceedingly accurate in their predictions. It has to do, they tell me, with pair production of alternate universes — whatever that may mean to you." He paused to savor a bite of food. "Some races consider the Memnoths to be oracles. Others worship them as creators of the Universe itself. I am merely content to serve those more knowledgeable than I. Now, will you please pass that dish of sauce?"

Bill asked, "But how can you be sure that you are getting the right people? You might be able to stop a war by eliminating any one of a hundred different generals. And how do you know that you're not going to remove someone who is a danger and at the same time will also do great good?"

I took up the argument. "Yes, you may stop a war but in times of war there are great technological innovations. What is it that you lose when you remove all of us from our planet? Surely there are good things which we will do. I refuse to believe that any of us is so evil that we will fail to

at least leave one positive mark on our society, no matter how small. How do you know that the removal of this group and no other combination of people will benefit Mankind?"

Oz replied, "Indeed, many millions of simulations were run and the results analyzed. We applied the solution which removed the least number of people. There is only the smallest possibility that removing a different set of people would be better."

I asked, "You mean better for our planet?"

Richard interrupted with, "Bill brought up an important point. When you remove us and stop all the wars and conflicts, doesn't that make the remaining people rather complacent. I'd always viewed conflict as the driver which spurs us on to greater accomplishments. Granted, wars aren't pleasant but that's not my fault — I don't start them, I just make the best use of them."

"On the contrary, Mr. Chambers, had you remained on Earth you would have indeed started a war — and you would have profited from the sale of munitions greatly. I hardly think your actions are above reproach as judged by your society."

The senator's brother bristled. "I can safely say that I have never started a war. You and your mumbo-jumbo aliens accuse me of starting a war in the future. I can't be held accountable for something I haven't done yet."

"Again, on the contrary, my friend. Your government has apparently done exactly that. They have tried and convicted you of a future crime and your presence here is a clear indication of the verdict." Chambers got up and left the table in a huff. Oz turned to me and continued, "I am sorry if I have upset you. It was not my intention to spoil your first meal on board, but that particular man has no call to question his own presence here. He had already done more than enough to warrant removal — he had simply not yet been caught."

We ate in silence for a few minutes as I gazed around the room. Finally I asked, "Has any society ever refused the Memnoth's offer of removal?"

"One refused. All others have rid themselves of their dangerous members."

"What happened to them? Did they kill themselves off in some final catastrophe?"

"No, it is my own race. We have, in the past five centuries, advanced from a stone age tribe to quite sophisticated spacefarers. We have not fought wars nor have we stumbled into vast calamities."

"But I thought that keeping those people in your society would cause disasters," I said.

"Only if we left them there unchanged. The knowledge that they were there allowed us to look for them and redirect them before they were able to do their damage. Sometimes we were successful — other times we were not. Most often, I think that our individual self examination allowed us to search out the demons within ourselves. One will never know how we might have fared if we had sacrificed some of our people. The Memnoths will not reveal our other possible futures to us.

"We are very uncertain, as are all races, as to our future. Others in the galaxy regard us as misfits, for we still have remnants of the despots, the tyrants and the demented technologists among us.

"We have a second theory, however. It parallels what Bill, here, said concerning removal of those who would benefit a society and also harm it. But first I must clarify a misunderstanding. You have all assumed that the Memnoths optimized their calculations for the peaceful future of your own society — the people of Planet Earth. But you now belong to a greater association — a society which spans the Galaxy — and that is the society for which the Memnoths optimize. It is their own society, of which all of the races including yours are now an integral part."

Stunned, I asked, "You mean our removal wasn't necessarily the best solution for Earth but it was the best solution for the Memnoths?"

Oz turned to me and visibly composed himself. "As I look at your qualifications, young lady, I find it difficult to believe that you would become a fanatical technical expert in a suicidal religious war. I think it more likely that you are the one individual from your planet who might, had she been left alone, have found the keys to time manipulation. And that, my child, is the sole technology which could threaten the Memnoths." ●

Clubs & Organizations

Compiled by Margaret Grady

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 Spaghetti Company at 1418 N. Central Avenue 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.

THE EMPIRE OF CHIVALRY & STEEL INC.

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

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 semesterly 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 *Finnegins's Isle*, to discuss and misunderstand the Cargo Cult and the mystery around *Finnegins'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 put 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.

MECHFORCE NORTH AMERICA

The best Mechwarriors all belong to Mechforce North America, the only Battletech players' organization sanctioned by FASA. Get quarterly newsletters, new Battletech products, and much, much more. For more information, write Mechforce North America, 2101 W. Broadway #305, Columbia, MO 65205-6018 or call (314) 445-AWOL.

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

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.

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.

NEW ON THE LIST! SOUTHERN NEVADA AREA FANTASY AND FICTION UNION ("SNAFFU" — LAS VEGAS)

A non-profit general sf & f club in Las Vegas, creators of fanzine *Situation Normal??* and sponsors of SilverCon, a new sf convention. Write SNAFFU,

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.

COPPERCON 12

Sept. 11–13, 1992 with Guests of Honor Roger Zelazny and Alan Dean Foster! Membership rates are \$30 at-the-door, with one-day & weekend rates available. (See Progress Report on page 4 for details.) For more info call (602) 220-9785. Sponsored by the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society.

CON-CHORD 8

Oct. 2–4, 1992 filk gathering in California. Write c/o Rick Weiss, 13261 Donegal Dr., Garden Grove, CA 92644.

WHATCHAMACON III

Oct. 24–25, 1992 game festival held at Sandpiper Preschool, 4501 N. 19th Avenue, Phoenix. Each game costs \$1 — prizes awarded for every game. One day \$4.50

advance, \$5 at-the-door; two day \$8 advance, \$10 ATD. For more info call Jennifer at 277-0354. Sponsored by the United Federation of Phoenix *Star Trek* club.

TUSCON 19

Nov. 13–15, 1992 general sf/f relaxacon (guest TBA) with a small dealers' room, video room, and a consuite. Room rates are \$33/39 (and suites start at \$65) at the Executive Inn, 333 W. Drachman, Tucson, AZ 85705, (602) 791-7551. For membership rates, write TusCon at P.O. Box 26822, Tucson, AZ 85726, or call Cristi at (602) 881-3709 after Sept. 6.

SILVERCON II

Apr. 2–4, 1993 general sf/f con with guests of honor Poul Anderson, Julia Ecklar, William Rotsler, Dr. Jane Robinson, and Cynthia McQuillan at the Aladdin Hotel on the Las Vegas strip (800-634-3424), with room rates of \$45/\$60. Membership rates are \$25 at-the-door. (But if you get one at *MagiCon*, it's only \$10!) For more info write P.O. Box 95941, Las Vegas, NV 89193-5941, or call Woody Bernardi at (702) 227-9335.

WESTERCON '93

July 2–4, 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.

Attn: Aileen Forman, P.O. Box 95941, Las Vegas, NV 89193-5941.

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 Ysglthr. 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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