ConNotations

The Quarterly Science Fiction, Fantasy, & Convention Magazine



ARNOLD GETS BIT

Vol 3 Iss 2

Earth to ConNotations... Earth to ConNotations...

Letters to the Editors

(with editorial comments by Margaret)

Shared Space

I would like to see some way for people going to cons to find lodgings, roommates, etc.

Jon Schild
Clearfield, UT

Might I recommend a classified ad? If there is a great enough request for this, we might set up a special section of the magazine for this purpose. Also, anyone in Utah — feel free to contact me if this gentleman's offer interests you.

A Positive Note from WI

I knew I enjoyed receiving *ConNotations*, but didn't know how much until I thought about not getting it! Here's $5 post-haste (an oxymoron if ever there was one) and my congratulations on your quality, variety, and really nice production. Arizona knows how to do fandom right; I miss it, and enjoy keeping track of old friends and new names through the 'zine.

Thanks — and All the Best!

D.K. Painter
Milwaukee, WI

That Old Time Religion

Enclosed is $5 for a subscription to *ConNotations*. Thanks for sending it to me for several years. It was, I know, the result of having attended part of the CopperCon in 1989.

I had attended as a result of a visit to my home by longtime friend Roy Lavender. At CopperCon, I discovered that Roy's was the only familiar face I saw.

Inasmuch as I know so few non-ancient fans, and find many of the interests to which the Cons now cater totally disinteresting, I don't know whether there's really anything but First Fandom left to me. (I'm an Associate Member, perhaps the first.)

I go back pretty far. I started reading science fiction in 1935 when I was 8 years old. I started writing letters to the mags in 1943. I was able to find Cincinnati fans in 1946 (after getting out of the Navy) as the result of a letter which had appeared in *Astounding*. I edited and published the Program booklet for the Seventh World Science Fiction Convention (Cinvention) in Cincinnati in 1949. I transcribed the wire recordings from the speeches given at Cinvention and edited the Memory Book. My wife and I attended at least four additional Worldcons. I was in on the founding of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group when we took on a name. I helped with the Midwescons after they moved from Bellefontaine to Cincinnati until I left there in 1968.

My formal educational background is a B.Sc. in Physics (lots of math) and evening graduate school with courses in theoretical mechanics, fluid flow, and thermodynamics. I'm now retired.

On the basis of that summary, if there's anyone locally who would find me interesting and who I might find interesting, I'd appreciate hearing from you. Otherwise, I shall continue to confine my fan activity to First Fandom, as noted above.

Yours truly,

Stan Skirvin
Scottsdale, AZ

If someone would like to get ahold of Stan, feel free to call me (220-9785) or write to the zine's PO Box, and I'll hurry and pass your info on to Stan.

Counter-counter-counter...

In response to the group of letters in the last *ConNotations:* Everyone should take an Ego Break. Lighten the f*ck up! It's just a convention.

Brad
Scottsdale, AZ

I love that your letter was written on a napkin — thank you! And I couldn't agree more.

Dear Sirs: *[...ahem.]*

I have just finished reading my first ever issue of *ConNotations*. I must say that receiving it came as a very pleasant surprise. Thank you.

CopperCon 12 is the only convention I've ever attended, and I was pleasantly surprised there, as well. To all those who contributed, thank you. I think you all did a fine job. I should point out that I'm not a particularly nice person, nor do I deal well with strangers and new things. In spite of my critical nature, I have only praise for those who hosted this convention, and I look forward to this fall.

As to your newsletter, the advertisements are just what I've needed. Frankly, I find it hard to believe something as grand as LepreCon, CopperCon, etc. could get so little publicity. I would think that they would rate at least as much as the Indoor Swap Meets. I mean, the Valley's overpaid "news" teams can talk about lettuce with leukemia (or whatever that stupid segment was) and can't mention a convention?

But I digress. You have a great newsletter. My only complaint is for those who wrote to Point/Counterpoint. May I say, that while I agree with the great volumes of insight you all contributed on common sense and basic human decency, I find it depressing to think that there's nothing better for us to write about than a handful of pitiful, selfish, childish jerks who complain at conventions. For those who complained politely and for valid reasons, you may ignore that slur. For those who recognized that remark as aimed at them, congratulations on being able to read.

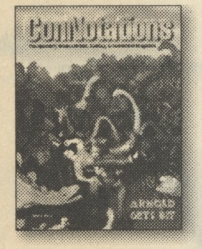
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About ConNotations... *ConNotations* is the fan-published magazine of the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society (CASFS), an IRS-recognized 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Quarterly publication dates are the first of February, May, August, and November each year. Circulation is over 13,000 readers for this issue, mainly to members of CASFS and attendees of recent Arizona sf/f conventions. This magazine is sent free of charge to anyone who has attended a CASFS- or LepreCon-sponsored science fiction convention in the last two years and to all CASFS Members. You may also subscribe to *ConNotations* — four quarterly issues are just $5 within the United States (Bulk Mail); $9 in Canada and Mexico (First Class Mail); $14 in Europe (as Air Mail); or $10 in all other countries (as Surface Mail). Other countries please inquire for Air Mail. Your subscription is extended one issue each time you submit an article, story, or artwork for publication. ¶ Articles and artwork in this publication are copyright © of their respective authors and artists unless otherwise noted. If no author or artist is given credit, the article or art is copyright © of the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society. Artwork in *ConNotations* is used by permission of the artists and may not be used except with their express consent. Publication date of this issue is August 12, 1993; mailing date is August 18, 1993. **Display Advertising** *ConNotations* reaches over 13,000 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, HexaCons, TusCons, CopperCons, and other conventions. 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! A quick snuck-in note here: do you folks actually read this *every* issue? ¶ CASFS currently meets at Carrows, 2327 E. Van Buren 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) 274-3014. 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 13,000 science fiction and fantasy fans in the Southwest and across the country. 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/Point • Counterpoint** 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.

ConNotations

The Quarterly Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Convention Magazine

Volume 3, Issue 2 • Summer 1993



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24 Frames by Matthew Frederick

In the Battle of the Summer Movie Blockbusters, the reigning King of Hollywood gets chomped by the mighty EWADs and some puppets.



FEATURED FICTION

Dragon Three Two Niner 2

By Peter L. Manly

A tale of a princess, her dragon, and a loving sibling, with air traffic control of an unusual sort.



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Kim Poor, Astronomical Artist . 12

Interview by Shane Shellenbarger

Creating pictures of places only imagined but scientifically realistic requires a very special talent.

SPECIAL INSERT

Convention Survey . . . . . Insert

The largest and most complete survey of Phoenix Fandom taken to date, this is your best opportunity to tell the people who run them what you want to see at conventions and what you don't.

ALSO FEATURED

The Gentle Art of Self-Promotion 15

By Eve Paludan

Tips for writers on self-promotion, etiquette, and keeping a publisher happy.

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By Henry Vanderbilt

A new space society is forming — one with a difference. Here's your chance to learn more.

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Thanks to Last Issue's Mailing Squad *(Apologies if we've forgotten anyone...)* Diane Elliott, Sharan Hoyle, Randal Rau, Jeanne Hilary-Burroughs, Lee Whiteside, Margaret Grady, Matthew Frederick, David J. & Kim Hiatt, Randall Whitlock

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Puzzled Alpaca Inuhduh Llama *(based on a suggestion by Sherlock — thanks!)*

Dragon Three Two Niner



by Peter L. Manly

Painting by Armand Cabrera

"Dark Castle Approach Control, this is Princess Irulana aboard dragon November Bravo Three Two Niner requesting landing instructions." Georgine labored easily beneath me, sensing the end of a long flight. Her silver-dark wings stretched outward as she caught a slight updraft and made the most of the altitude gain.

I mused that the castle tower operators must be asleep at the switch and was about to call again when they finally answered, "Ah, dragon Three Two Niner, this is Dark Castle. Hold at the outer marker over the Enchanted Forest beacon. We have some traffic to clear."

"Dragon Three Two Niner," I acknowledged, slipping the empathy shell into my tunic and making sure it remained secure. Whatever one said into the shell came out of its twin, kept at the castle. It's a neat spell and it works well. Unfortunately, the system required a separate shell for each castle at which I might land. With the recent proliferation of landing fields, one accumulates a rather lumpy collection of shells.

I hated holding over the forest. It harbored of downdrafts, probably caused by the constant use of magical energy and arcane forces. Georgine responded to my slight nudges, banking off to the right in one of her perfect turns. She's a good old girl and she really likes to fly. I could see her glancing off to the left at the castle, however, and sensed that she would rather have taken a straight-in approach. I began searching for the beacon, an energized jewel placed on a golden pillar for all dragon flyers to navigate by. Off to my right soared a large gray passenger dragon, circling high over the forest and we flew to a point underneath them. The pillar was there but the jewel was gone, probably taken by the Coastal Elves again. They'd give it back later after some concessions and maybe the sacrifice of a virgin but meanwhile, night flyers would have no beacon. Local politics — ugh!

The downdrafts weren't too bad over the forest but Georgine had already flown the long distance from the Blue Mist Mountains and I wanted to get her bedded down. She kept looking longingly toward the castle, her large green eyes searching for a rookery which could provide shelter.

The Lesser Sun had already set. Its sharp blue cast was now missing on the landscape below. In the slanting rays of the reddish Greater Sun, the scenery took on a soft ruby glow, enhanced by the leaves of the trees preparing for winter. The first snows had fallen early in the mountains and I wanted to finish my business at the castle quickly, lest my return trip become a winter ordeal. All I had to do was find a reasonably competent Sorcerer, have him break the spell on my older sister's gown and return home. Any little trinkets I could scare up — a magical amulet or a portable curse — would be pure profit. Maybe I could flirt with one of the Knights too — but business came first. The Oracles had predicted that if my older sister, the Greater Princess Katrashkip of Granite Keep, couldn't wear the gown at the Midwinter Ball then she probably wouldn't wed the Prince of Dark Castle. Without a wedding to cement the uneasy truce among the castles of the Northlands, a terrible war would break out and we would be plunged into a dark age for millennia. The seers were very specific about that point. I, for one, was glad to be a Lesser Princess so I wouldn't have to marry for politics.

Ah, dragon Three Two Niner, this is Dark Castle. Hold at the outer marker over the Enchanted Forest beacon. We have some traffic to clear.

My trip would also allow me to do some research at Dark Castle's library. I wanted to investigate rumors of strange changes in the forces of the arcane fields, a study which had been interrupted by my errand.

Above me, I noticed the passenger flight turning toward the castle. Georgine watched the larger dragon head for the rookeries and grunted a bit as we kept wheeling over the empty golden pillar. I patted her neck and hugged her a bit with my knees. "Don't worry, old girl. We'll probably be next." She made the humming rumble which indicated she was pleased with me and we flew on. I let her drift a bit from the pillar in order to catch a weak updraft and she played with it for several minutes.

I was picking up the empathy shell to call the castle when it came to life, "Dragon Three Two Niner, come to a heading West by Northwest, maintain altitude."

"Dark Castle, where are you vectoring me?"

"Dragon Three Two Niner, we're sending you out over the ocean for a long approach to runway niner zero left at the castle. You can follow dragon one twelve heavy in."

"Ah, Dark Castle, we're a small flight. Request a straight in approach to the timber rookery."

"Negative, dragon Three Two Niner, your dragon hasn't been fire suppressed. New Air Transport Safety Regulations prohibit fire breathing aircraft from utilizing timber facilities. You'll have to land on the old stone parapets."

"Three Two Niner out." God but I hate the

©1992 Peter L. Manly. This story originally appeared in Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine, *Issue 5.*

bureaucrats! Georgine wouldn't belch any fire in a rookery. She's much too civilized about things like that. I searched for and found the large passenger dragon descending ahead of me. We turned to line up with them and Georgine strained to catch up. She likes to fly tight formation but I held her back. We were going to have to allow the larger dragon time to land and clear the apron before we swooped in.

I kept up my altitude over the Troll thickets. The last time I'd gone through their airspace they'd fired off a few of arrows at me and at least one of them had a dragon spell on it. Although they were supposed to be civilized, they were not above plundering booty from airliners which chanced to crash in their territory — and I'd always suspected that they pushed the concept of "chance" to its limits.

I looked to the right and saw six military dragons flying in close formation as two flights of three.

As we approached the cliffs of the coast, I knew there would be updrafts. Georgine could sense it too and I could see the fine tendrils on her snout feeling for the change in wind direction. I was going to ask Approach Control for permission to spiral in the wave of air which climbed the cliffs but they called me first. "Dragon Three Two Niner, traffic alert at your three o'clock position. Please acknowledge."

I looked off to the right and saw six military dragons flying in close formation as two flights of three. They cruised down the coast, taking advantage of the updrafts along the cliffs. "Dark Castle, this is dragon Three Two Niner, I have them visually." Their wings didn't move as they glided in precise, tight groups. They soared over me and then peeled to the left, one by one, making for a pretty sight. As they came around in wide sweeping left banks, they separated into a line of dragons, following me as I flew out to sea. The passenger dragon ahead of me had started his cross wind turn and I lengthened my downwind leg to give him more unloading time.

Georgine made a normal approach. The passenger dragon was unloaded quickly and the landing apron cleared. I looked behind and saw the six military dragons strung out behind. "Ok, girl, just hit the big D in the white circle and we'll be down for the night. Make it a clean one, we're visitors here." Georgine hummed and straightened her wings, preparing for the final swoop and stall. As we came in over the parapet, she dropped her clawed talons and placed the tips lightly on the lettering of the dragon port. She made a single beat with her wings and was down without even ruffling the banners on the watch tower. It was a perfect landing and I was proud of her. She folded the dark silver wings and hummed as I patted her back.

Swinging one leg over the thick neck, I urged her head downward so I could slide to the ground. Once on my feet, I called to her, "Come on, girl, give Mamma a kiss." She dipped her large fanged head and I kissed her below the eye while rubbing the huge tooth which protruded from her lip. She hummed and exhaled a mixture of gas and breath but she didn't ignite it. As I said, Georgine's a cultured lady.

I still had the reins in my hand so I led her off the landing ground before the first of the military dragons arrived. The ground crew approached and I said, "We'll be here several days. Need a look for the dragon and a refuel." At their hesitation, I proffered my Wizard's Express credit card — I wouldn't leave the Keep without it. They were satisfied.

The red Greater Sun sat on the horizon as I walked Georgine down the old stone ramps to the dragon rookeries. I could look out over the leaden water and see a storm approaching from the North. The parapet to the ramp supported stone gargoyles of hideous shapes which would effectively hold the ghosts and wraiths of the night at bay. The rookery was a well sheltered cave with bays for individual dragons. Several of the animals were permanently quartered and one of the females was tending two cute babies. They were barely as tall as I and must have been newborns, although they were already spitting a few sparks. There were few dragons quartered in the visitor's spaces, it being late in the flying season. We were shown a large dry cove for Georgine and before the ground attendant left I said, "She will sleep for an hour or so. Then she'll feed. Let her have two barrels of Dragon Chow and half a barrel of water. I'll come down later and give her a treat. Now, help me get the saddle and pack off. I'll need a bearer to take these to my rooms." Georgine hummed as I bedded her down and sat with her until slumber overtook her.

The attendants took my saddle and packs up the ramp while my guide ushered me to a small door in the cave wall which I hadn't seen on my previous trips to the Castle. I was unsure of what he was doing until he disappeared upward in a whoosh of scintillating light. I'd heard of elevator spells before but I'd never used one. Dark Castle was certainly acquiring all of the modern conveniences. I was lifted easily to the main courtyard of the castle.

Getting my bearings, I walked toward the great door of the Royal Arms Hotel. As I approached the gate, I was met by a Grade Two Flunky who made a medium bow and said, "My Lady, how may I serve you?" He exhibited just the correct deference not to offend even the highest queen but not so much that he'd be making a fool of himself if I turned out to be a swine herder.

I stopped, straightened my back, held my head high and placed one hand on the hilt of my jewelled dagger, "I am Irulana, Lesser Princess of Granite Keep, Dragon rider first class, balladeer and Acolyte

to the High Priestess of Imbriana."

He stood his ground. I flashed the credit card and he bubbled over with welcome, "My, Lady, please follow me. Do you have luggage?"

"It will be brought from the dragon rookery. Have it placed in my room. Gently. I should also like a bath drawn for me immediately and a pig only half roasted — for my dragon — to be ready in one hour. For now, I shall take refreshment in the salon and quench my thirst while the room is being arranged."

He bowed, then hurried off across the echoing lobby while I headed for the bar. The hotel seemed moderately full of travellers and locals. Entering the dimly lit room, I could make out the usual bands of soldiers, salesmen and scalawags. The single Knight present sat surrounded by several fat merchants. The juke box played Country. Is that a law in most bars? The ladies present appeared not totally decadent but I felt I shouldn't tarry too long if I hoped to maintain my reputation in the castle.

As I accepted a tankard of ale from the proprietor, it struck me that I really needn't worry. As the younger daughter of a minor nobleman, I was probably unknown in the bigger castles. My older sister Katrashkip carried all of the responsibility of marriage to Royalty for political purposes. Indeed, the object of my mission to Dark Castle was to rid her gown of a spell so she could wear it and snag a husband. The Goddess knew she wouldn't catch one without using the arcane ways, for Katrashkip had buck teeth, a hook nose and the personality of a wounded viper with cramps. I, on the other hand, remained free to dabble in magic, a trade normally forbidden to women. I could also ride dragons — and ride them better than most anybody else. I wore green leather flying pantaloons and a jaunty cap and I carried a weapon (only a small dagger and it had just the slightest blood spell) — all to the distress of my parents who wished that somehow I would act more like a Princess. As I gazed at the heavy oak beams of the salon, I remembered their attempts to civilize me. The music from the bar reminded me of my failed studies in the gentler arts. First the dance lessons and then music. When I showed an interest in the Arabic veil dances and salty sailor's tunes they hid my musical instruments, dispatched my instructors to the hinterlands and started me on classical studies.

They made me an Acolyte to a High Priestess. I fingered the talisman of my office as I waited in the dim lounge. Imbriana, the Goddess of Domesticity, is a minor deity but she lent sufficient respectability to my status as a Lesser Princess. The High Priestess also practiced as a closet magician and a powerful one. From her I learned both the arcane ways and the practical knowledge of being a young woman. She encouraged my work with dragons and fuelled my interest in spells. She tolerated my dress and usually tolerated my outrageous ideas. The most recent of these, that a great evil would rise up from the past, she politely quelled by heaping history books on my desk and announcing that I should study all of the tomes before I took action. Unfortunately, the history books failed to agree with my best sources in the tabloid journals. The idea had no form as yet, but my intuitions are never wrong.

The door keeper, accompanied by a footman, interrupted my reverie and announced that my room was ready. "My Lady, if you will walk this way..."

I'd be damned if I'd walk the foppish way he minced along but I would follow his lead. We crossed the lobby and ascended a grand staircase. Some day I would have to make an entrance down such a staircase just to see what it felt like. Perhaps wearing the magic gown... naw, not my style. The footman rushed ahead to open the room door. He said in a nearly breathless voice, "Princess, your luggage has been delivered to your room and the chambermaids are drawing your bath." He held the door and said, "After you..."

> Let her have two barrels of Dragon Chow and half a barrel of water. I'll come down later and give her a treat.

The room was very adequate. Comfortable. Not too large, with a view of the ocean. The footman stood with his hand out, waiting for a tip. As an Acolyte of a Priestess, I can circumvent a tip by bestowing a magical blessing. I bade him bow down and said the sacred words. A faint golden corona passed over his face and he felt the tingle of a truly unique spell. He thanked me profusely and backed out the door. Should he ever become married, the spell will make him more adept and at peace with the role of being a subservient homemaker.

Before sliding into a warm bath, I decided to call home and tell them I had arrived safely. I rummaged in my pack and located the empathy shell which connected with Granite Keep. As I whistled into the opening of the hand-sized pink seashell, my mind envisioned the dark crags of my home castle. A disgustingly cheerful voice on the other end said, "Hello, the Baron and his staff aren't available right now but if you'll leave your name..."

"Lizzie is that you?" Lizzie was my rather scatterbrained maid in waiting. Being a Lesser Princess, I wasn't entitled to the best or the brightest of help.

"Irulana?"

"Yes. Can you take a message?"

"Not really, I can't see to write. The candles..." She couldn't read or write even in the broad light of both suns.

"Yes, I know. Now try to remember this. I've arrived at Dark Castle safely. I'll see the Sorcerer tomorrow. If everything goes well, I should be on my way home in a couple of days. Got it?"

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NO, IT'S NOT HALLOWEEN YET, IT'S

COPPERCON 13

Arizona's Science Fiction, Fantasy & Speculative Fiction Convention



SEPTEMBER 10TH–12TH, 1993

At the

HOLIDAY INN CORPORATE CENTER

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I am also interested in: ❑ **Art Show Entry** ❑ **Dealers' Room Table** ❑ **Volunteering**

Progress Report #1

COPPERCON 13

September 10 - 12, 1993



Special Guests of CopperCon 13

Robert Sheckley
- Michael Stackpole
- Simon Hawke
- G. Harry Stine (a.k.a. Lee Correy)

Wayne Barlowe
- Rick Cook
- Adam Niswander

Regular Convention Activities

- Guest Panels
- Masquerade
- Japanimation
- Dealers' Room
- Filking
- Organized Gaming
- Regency Dancing
- Art Room
- Modern Dance
- And Much More !!!

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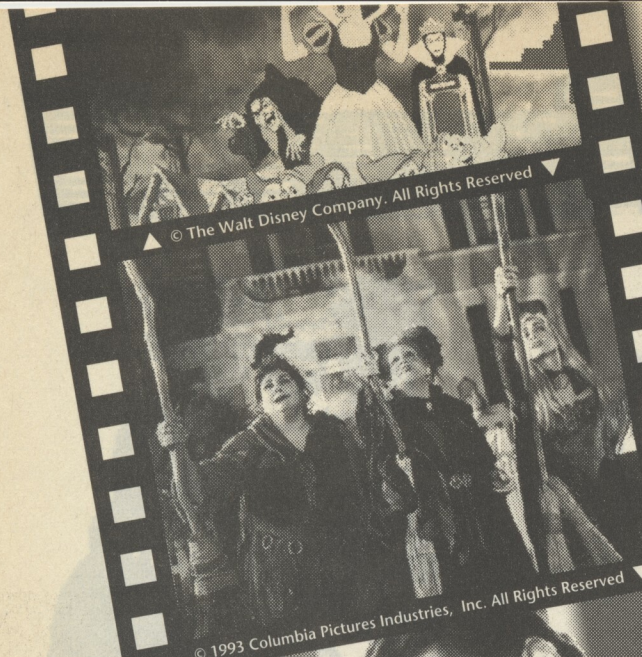
Qty.	Room Request	Rate
○	King	$49 S/D
○	Double/Double	$49 S/D
○	Triple/Quad	$54 T/Q
○	Rollaway (Additional)	$10
○	Non-Smoking Room	
○	Crib (Complimentary)	

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Movie News & Previews

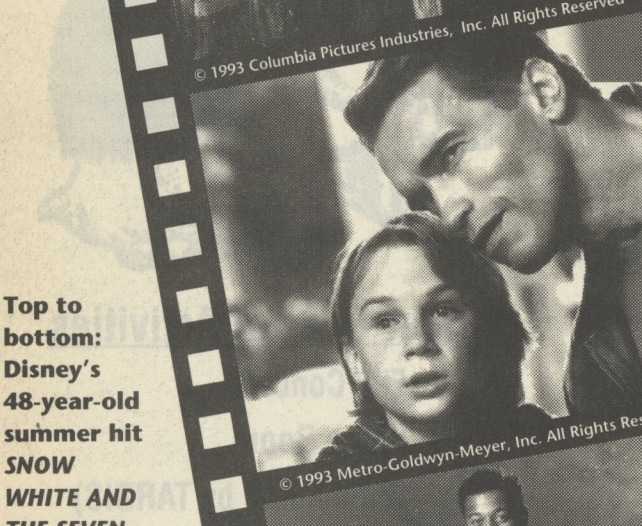
24 Frames

By Matthew Frederick

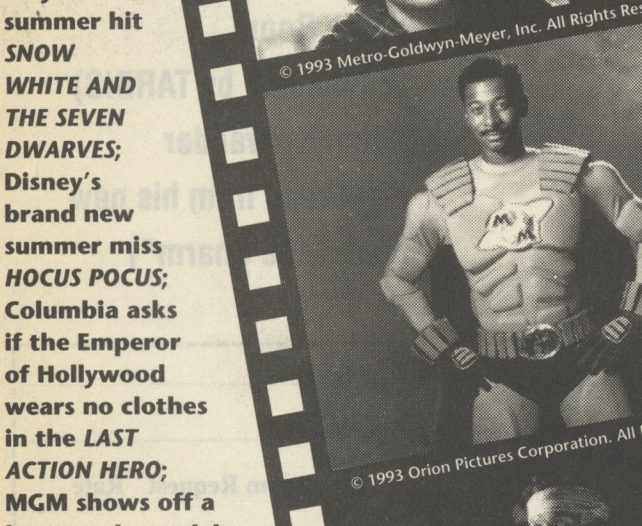


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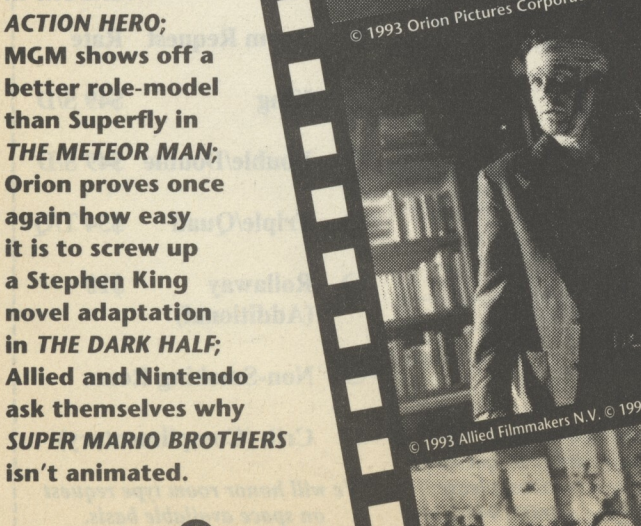
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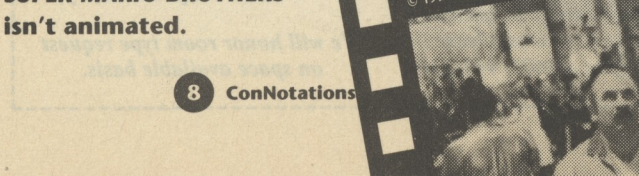
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Top to bottom: Disney's 48-year-old summer hit *SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARVES*; Disney's brand new summer miss *HOCUS POCUS*; Columbia asks if the Emperor of Hollywood wears no clothes in the *LAST ACTION HERO*; MGM shows off a better role-model than Superfly in *THE METEOR MAN*; Orion proves once again how easy it is to screw up a Stephen King novel adaptation in *THE DARK HALF*; Allied and Nintendo ask themselves why *SUPER MARIO BROTHERS* isn't animated.

Jurassic Park Eats *The Last Action Hero*

AS YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD, ***Jurassic Park*** is breaking all kinds of box-office records, both in the United States and overseas. **Arnold Schwarzenegger**'s ***The Last Action Hero*** is breaking a box-office record as well — Columbia has lost almost as much money on the film as many of Arnold's other pictures have made. Some actual statistics: as of July 8th, *Jurassic Park* had a box-office gross of $244 million while *The Last Action Hero* (released only a week later) had a gross of $45 million. While that may sound like a lot, it cost more than that to make the film.

If you haven't seen *Jurassic Park* yet, that puts you in the minority of movie-going Americans. But just in case, I'll recap: insufficiently-evil-millionaire [IEM] **Richard Attenborough** builds island theme park with real dinosaurs; investors (represented by obviously-evil-lawyer [OEL]) send crummy-theoried-mathemagician [CTM] **Jeff Goldblum**, good-hearted- curmudgeon/paleontologist [GHC/P] **Sam Neill**, and goody-two-shoes-but-likes-to-touch-dinopoop-paleobotanist [GTSBLTTDP] **Laura Dern** for a report on the park's safety; IEM brings too-cute-for-their-own-good-grandchildren [TCFTOGG] to the island to heighten suspense; could-never-survive-in-the-real-world-computer-"expert" [CNSITRWC"E"] **Wayne Knight** tries to steal industrial secrets but releases extremely-well-animated-dinos [EWADs] in the process; EWADs kill CNSITRWC"E" because he's fat and stupid (which always seem to go together in movies); EWADs eat OEL because he's a lawyer (good lesson for children); EWADs threaten TCFTOGGs (rescued by GHC/P); EWADs stomp on CTM; EWADs threaten TCFTOGGs more (rescued again by GHC/P); EWADs threaten IEM, GTSBLTTDP, CTM, NTTAH-PGW (needs-to-take-a-happy-pill-game-warden), and TBCSCE (token-black-chain-smoking-computer-expert); EWADs threaten GTSBLTTDP (saved by herself); EWADs eat TBCSCE (because he went off alone, another good lesson); EWADs eat NTTAHPGW (because he's too grouchy, yet another good lesson); EWADs threaten TCFTOGGs again (saved by themselves); EWADs eat each other (because everyone left is either a star or too cute, a crummy lesson); all remaining living humans escape.

Produced and directed by wishes-he-was-still-a-child-and-has-the-money-to-pretend-he-is [WHWSACAHTMTPHI] **Steven Spielberg**, *Jurassic Park* is saved by some incredible special effects. The first time we see EWADs, the matting isn't well done, and the muppet-baby-dino looks like one, but generally the FX were incredible. If you had any dino-fantasies as a child (and who didn't?), you've got to love *Jurassic Park*. Highly recommended.

That brings us to *The Last Action Hero*, an overly-maligned film if there ever was one. True, it's no *T2*, but I recommend the film nonetheless. *TLAH* is the story of a boy who gets to be part of his favorite fictional hero's life. While the writing was a little stilted and the plot wasn't perfectly clean, the movie was well-acted and quite enjoyable. It's no worse than half of Arnie's films, and that's saying quite a bit.

Someday Soon

The life story of **Ed Wood**, creator of such seminal B-movie classics as *Plan 9 from Outer Space, Glen or Glenda* (aka *I Changed My Sex*), *Orgy of the Dead,* and *Bride of the Monster*, will be brought to the silver screen in glorious black-and-white if producer and director **Tim Burton** (*Beetlejuice, Batman*) has his way. The project is currently in turnaround, though, largely because of Burton's insistence on using that colorless medium. Hats off to him, though — Wood's pictures weren't in color either. Look for **Johnny Depp** (*Edward Scissorhands*) in the starring role.

Kenneth Branagh's (*Dead Again, Much Ado About Nothing*) new version of ***Frankenstein*** (as mentioned last issue) will star Branagh as the good doctor and **Robert De Niro** as the monster ("Arrrgh… you talkin' to me?"). Sadly, Branagh's wife **Emma Thompson** will be missing from this one.

A ***Lost in Space*** film is in pre-production at Paramount, who promises an updated action-adventure rather than the campy TV version — the budget is set at $40–$50 million. This time, the Space Family Robinson actually makes it to Alpha Centauri, and most of the movie takes place there. Technically, they aren't really lost anymore, are they?

The exploits of a young English monk captured by a band of Vikings are chronicled in ***The Northmen***, filming in January in Scandinavia. Morgan Creek produces and **John Milus** directs.

Nippon-TV, Japan's main network, will be showing "an all-new multimedia arena megaspectacular live extravaganza" to celebrate their 40th anniversary. The description is from producer Kenneth Feld, the man behind Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, Walt Disney's World on Ice, and Siegfried & Roy's extravaganzas in Las Vegas. The show will be called **"George Lucas' Superlive Adventure,"** and will feature performers singing, dancing, and recreating scenes from *Willow, American Graffiti,* the Indiana Jones films, *Tucker,* and the *Star Wars* films. It will also feature movie clips, dubbed live by many of the original actors who dubbed the films into Japanese the first time. Amazingly, it's budgeted at $25 million — for a TV special! Unheard of in the U.S., it kinds of makes you wish you were living in Japan, doesn't it? Nah…

Before *Cliffhanger* director **Renny Harlin** moves on to direct ***Sergeant Rock*** (with Stallone? — yecch!), he'll probably take a moment to direct ***Mistress of the Seas***, a pirate action-pic starring **Geena Davis** and possibly **Harrison Ford**. Paul Verhoeven (*Total Recall*) ducked out of the film because Columbia and Ford wanted to tone down Davis' powerful female character.

Demolition Man ("futuristic action film"), coming this Christmas, will probably end up costing as much as $50 million instead of the $18 million it was budgeted at. The addition of a "name" villain (**Wesley Snipes** at $4 million) and the loss of a week's shooting due to muscle damage for **Sylvester Stallone** ($10 million). The frozen pucks mentioned last issue seem to play a part in this film.

Lee and Janet Batchler will be writing the third ***Batman*** pic (which won't be directed by Burton) as soon as they finish Michael Crichton's ***Congo***. We'll probably see the Boy Wonder in this one (played by a black actor) along with The Riddler, possibly played by Robin Williams. The Robin character was cut out of ***Batman Returns*** because director Tim Burton felt that The Penguin and Catwoman were plenty.

The Fantastic Four movie is currently scheduled for a Labor Day weekend release. Those of you who enjoyed the ***Captain America*** and ***Punisher*** movies (did anyone see either?) should love the *FF* — produced by **Roger Corman** for $2 million and shot in 25 *days*, the film doesn't look too promising. There are a few pluses, though: everyone involved in the film loves the *FF* comic, and Stan Lee was on the set consulting. The film features no "name" stars, and features the origins of the FF and Doctor Doom.

Keep your eye out for Corman's ***Carnosaur***, a low-budget film about a government-created virus that makes women (including **Diane Ladd**) give birth to dinosaurs.

A serial killer gets into the electrical system and threatens **Karen Allen** (*Raiders of the Lost Ark*) in 20th Century Fox' ***Ghost in the Machine***. Taking advantage of trendy virtual reality, the film looks extremely weak, particularly its plot (the toaster is one of the evil madman's tools). Of course, the plot looks pretty good in comparison to *Carnosaur*'s.

Christopher Lambert (*Highlander*) will star as a prisoner in the futuristic ***Fortress***… A new James Bond film is finally in the works, quite possibly with Timothy Dalton again… Keep your eye out for ***NOTDOFDOFSOT-BOTROTROTTOTAOTEMHZF-ES-HLDP4***, the acronym for a new movie from the Palmer Film Group — send me an 19¢ stamp if you want the non-abbreviated title.

Next Time in 24 Frames

Lots more movie reviews (both genre and not) along with the usual crop of news and previews. Plus, why science fiction movies only win Oscars for technical achievement, and a contest to challenge your wits.

PANTECHNICON

Comics News & Previews

If you live in Phoenix (or anyplace that gets Phoenix' Public Access Channel), check out Four Color Productions' *Comic News & Previews* on Friday nights at 7:00pm on channel 22.

The program features the latest comics news, up-to-the-minute previews of all the hot new releases, and interesting interviews with national and local pros.

Production quality is low, a standard for public access, but the content is impressive — the interviews are poignant, the news is actually new (unless you catch a rerun), and they often have specials on topics such as manga (Japanese animation). If you're a fan or collector, the show is well worth your time.

If you'd like more information about the show or would like to obtain episodes to air in your city or state, contact Producer Rex Matthews at 602•864•6861.

Koenig's Heart & More

As of this writing, Walter Koenig (Mr. Chekov of *Star Trek*) is recovering from a heart attack he suffered after a convention in Chicago on July 25.

It's not as though his life wasn't busy enough: In addition to convention appearances, he's scheduled to play a character on several episodes of *Babylon 5* (see SF Tube Talk), and is writing the three-book comic series *Raver* for Malibu (illustrated by Dan and David Day) that combines superpowers with psychology. The *Babylon 5* episodes will be pushed back due to the illness.

Saddam Hussein Demands More *Beauty and the Beast*

On a recent episode of *Late Night with David Letterman*, anchorman Dan Rather revealed a fascinating bit of trivia from his private interview with Iraqi ruler Saddam Hussein and his television viewing habits.

Iraq has only one TV station, completely government-controlled, that bows to the whims of its ruler. Rather revealed that Saddam is a huge fan of the *Beauty and the Beast* live-action TV show (Linda Hamilton, Ron Perlman, formerly on CBS... you know). Whenever he wants to see another episode, he calls the station and demands one — they put it on immediately, interrupting whatever was on at the time.

The question now: Will American fans want him in the fan club?

Free Bookplates, RPG Guide

Many gamers will instantly recognize the name Greg Costikyan — he's a five-time Origins Award winner with 22 game designs under his belt including *Paranoia, Toon,* and *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game.*

Prodigy computer users may recognize the name as well — he's been serializing his fantasy novel *By the Sword* there in weekly installments for quite a while. The novel is now available in hardcover from Tor Books, and to publicize it, Costikyan's giving away a free signed bookplate (with art by Paul Jaquays) and/or a four-page guide to role-playing in the world of his novel.

If you're interested in either or both, send a 29¢ stamp (*not an SASE*) along with your name and address to Greg Costikyan, 306 Eighth Street, Jersey City, NJ 07302.

N3F Contest

The National Fan Federation (N3F) continues its annual Amateur Short Story Contest this year. The contest is open only to amateurs (those who have sold no more than two stories to professional SF&F publications).

Entry is $4, with $50 in prizes awarded. Contact Donald Franson, 6543 Babcock Avenue, North Hollywood, CA 91606-2308 or *ConNotations* for an entry blank. Your story must be received by December 1st, 1993. N3F assumes no publishing rights or obligations.

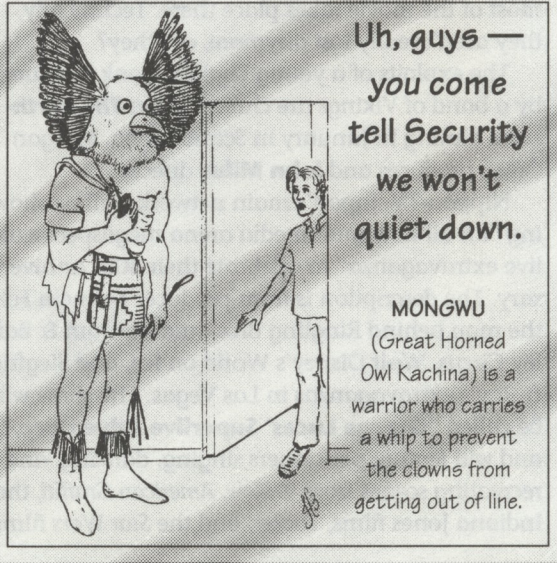
Chaos Defeats Kleptobibliophile

A small independent library in South St. Paul, Minnesota, discovered a steady drain on its small collection (60,000) of books, particularly in the science fiction section. In late April, the librarians picked a short, graying man in rumpled clothes as the suspected thief of these books. The librarians, under the direction of the police, planted science fiction books on the browsing shelf and watched to see if they disappeared at the same time as their suspect's twice-weekly visits.

The next time he came in, the did indeed notice some books missing, but were too slow to catch their man. They planted a book called *Hand of Chaos* on the shelf before his next visit, and the librarians (with help from the police) nabbed him.

The 40-year old suspect, Gerald Lapre, was described as "a nice guy, very intelligent" by one of librarians, but opinions changed when they found his rusty old car stuffed with 500 stolen books. Lapre directed the police to his St. Paul apartment and two large storage lockers where 30,000 stolen library books from all over the Minneapolis/St. Paul area were found. The police don't feel Lapre was selling the books, but was instead "an avid reader."

Conchinas



PANTECHNICON

Nomads of the Cons

Poetry by Marian Crane

Some of them are stupid
And some of them
are bright
Some not only march
to different drums
But see to different light.
Some of them are
moneyed
But most of them are
poor
All hear the siren song
of fandom
As they're heading
out the door
Laden unto danger with
suitcases and trunks
To protect their costumes
Or serve as makeshift
bunks
For the hotel may
be overbooked
And the lobby's always
barred
And satchels make
fine pillows
In a bathroom cold
and hard
For the nomads of
the cons,
Migrating nomads of
the cons!

Some of them are artists,
Some of them are fans
Some are would-be
writers
With manuscripts
in hand.
Some go for the panels,
Some go for the games
Some just sit in con suites
And call each other
names
While listing all the
parties crashed
From coast to shining
coast.
Is it a mark of feeble
minds
Or fandom's sterling
boast
To be nomads of the cons,
Migrating nomads of
the cons?

Club Spotlight on... Nevada's SNAFFU

The Southern Nevada Area Fantasy & Fiction Union (SNAFFU) is the largest local Science Fiction club in, well, the Southern Nevada area. SNAFFU started in January 1991 when Alex Borders put out a flyer asking "Do you want to meet people who don't think Heinlein is a kind of beer?" and has been going strong ever since, with a current membership of around 50 people. We hold two meetings monthly: a business meeting to handle that aspect of the club, and a program night which could be anything from a pizza party to a lecture. Our members have access to the largest lending library of SF & F books in the state. With over three thousand titles, we have more to offer than the public library system.

SNAFFU members also enjoy gaming, filking, fanzine publishing, and book discussions, but mainly seem to enjoy parties. Arnie and Joyce Katz put on a monthly Social, and there's either a pool party, lake party, pizza party, Halloween party, Christmas party, birthday party or SilverCon (our yearly convention) going on throughout the year. We're planning a Haunted House this year as a fun fund raiser. We have a very vocal and excitable group and they all want to talk at once, from whence came the tradition of the "speaking stick." Whoever has the foot-long, carved, mesquite stick has the floor. If the interruptor doesn't cease, then the stick becomes a handy weapon.

Yearly dues are $10, which covers the printing and mailing cost of *Situation Normal??*, our monthly clubzine.

Since our club is reasonably young, we're still finding our niche, and adjusting to nationwide fandom. SilverCon appears to be popular with filkers and fanzine publishers, but we're trying to get more involved with a broader range of interests, from gaming to media, costuming to art. We hope that future growth will provide more members with even more talents, and plan to have even more fun in the upcoming years. For more information see the SNAFFU listing on page 44.

— Woody Bernardi

Pantechnicon Contributions

ConNotations is looking for contributions to this section of the 'zine. The kinds of things you see on these two pages are good examples — small newsnotes about all kinds of fannish things.

The more humor, the better — "The Summoning" is an excellent example of the kind of thing we're looking for. Small newsnotes about SF&F people and events, an occasional piece of poetry (particularly if it relates directly to fandom), club information, and the occasional press release (with opinion added by the editors) are all ideal.

Any contributions will be appreciated!

The Summoning

A Tale of Supernatural Horror

The Archmage Merlin paced restlessly in his laboratory.

"The apothecary has warned that my old and frail heart cannot take another such," he thought, "but the ancient burning hunger consumes me. I find that I must, just once again."

Merlin crossed the room and regarded the mystic wheel mounted upon the wall, the wheel of ten mystic numerals and twenty-five lettered symbols, the wheel of the star of action and the pound of initiation. He cleared his thoughts, concentrating upon memories and formulae best forgotten.

Merlin reached forth. He spun the wheel once. Twice. Seven times.

When the vibrations subsided, he raised the wand and chanted:

> "In the name of the discus of crimson and golden-white, whose symbol is the rectangle of the three spots, let there be brought forth that which I desire!
> "Let there be a thing unleavened, drenched with the shed blood of the Sweetest of Nightshades, the soured secretions of the Bovine Herd, the cured flesh of the Wild Boar!
> "Let it be brought forth!
> "Let it be brought forth now!"

A disembodied voice responded, "Your wish will be granted Magister. But know you that there is a price."

"It will be paid," responded Merlin, "But if my wish is not granted with all due haste, the price shall be paid but half."

"It is done!" quoth the voice.

The Domino's driver arrived in less than thirty minutes, of course.

— Ladnar Lockwhite

The Heavenly Riches of Kim Poor Astronomical Artist

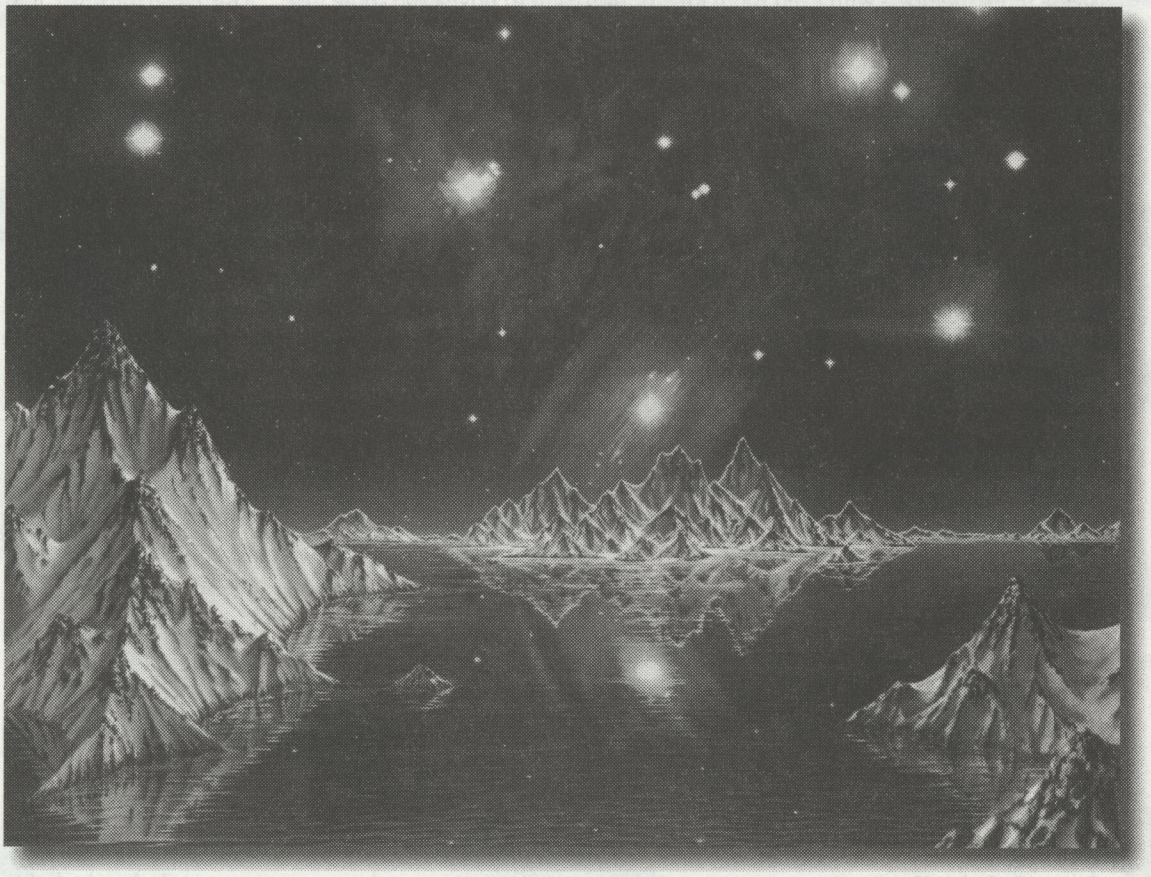
While I was waiting to interview award-winning Tucson artist Kim Poor, a delivery-man brought Poor his lunch. While the artisan gathered together payment, the man looked around at the planets and starfields captured on canvas and asked Poor if he used a computer to produce his art. Poor admitted that he had a computer on which he could create this type of art, but that the materials he was selling at the Old Town Tempe Arts and Craft Festival were drawn and painted by hand. The delivery-man could only look around him in amazement.

The high school-aged Kim Poor might have been just as amazed that his cartoonist work on his school paper in the early 70's would lead him to painting, first as a hobby and later as a full-time occupation.

Interview by Shane Shellenbarger

Starting with sales to friends around 1977, his first professional sale to *Discover* magazine in 1981, Poor has branched out. "I use the 'shotgun' approach to sales and I recommend it to other artists," Poor says. "You go in a bunch of different directions: freelance, mail-order, arts and craft shows, private sales, commissions, and see what works the best. It doesn't follow that what's working will continue to work, so you have to see where it's going and be ready to move on it."

Part of Poor's movement has been away from magazines and toward work for collectors. "The magazine work has dropped off perceivably for everyone in the last few years," says Poor. "Magazines are going out of business, the rest are turning to computer graphics or in-house artists, so there isn't as much need for freelancers. A lot of those magazines used to nurture my particular art form and a lot of those editors are gone, so there's not much freelance work except for books or print collections."



Ladies of the Lake

While he is still contacted by publishers to do cover and interior art, more of Poor's sales are beginning to come from art festivals. "Last year I did four. This year I've already done eight, so I'll probably do twenty to thirty by the end of the year," says Poor. A tough way to make a living. "It is, especially since I have two small children, but it's the only way to bring in some money," Poor notes. "The mail-order is slowing down, freelance has pretty much disappeared,

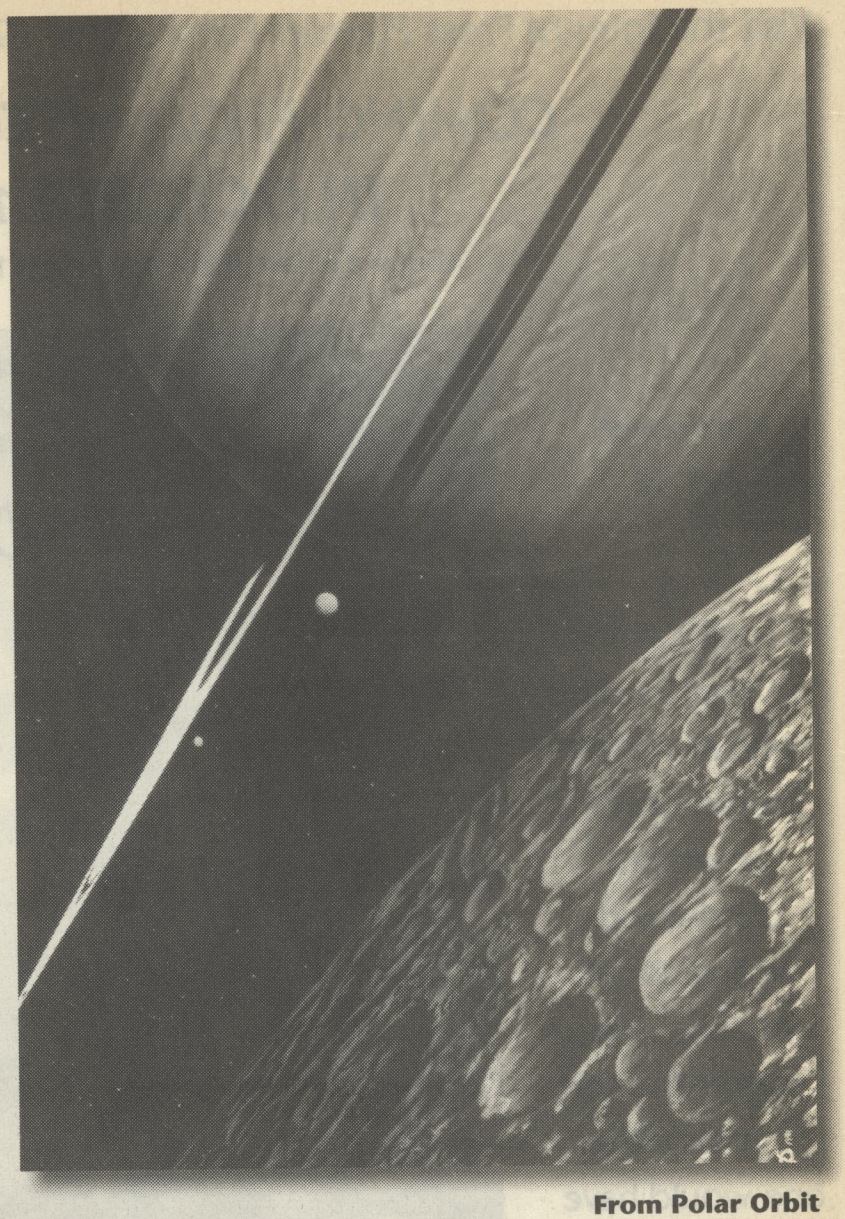
so you go with what's working if you want to stay in the business."

Poor believes that part of the problem lies in a basic change toward spending. "The spendthrift attitude of the 80's to buy artwork, big cars, or just to spend money for the sake of spending, is gone," says Poor. "It may come back to some extent once the recession disappears, but I think there's been a wholesale change in the way people view spending money."

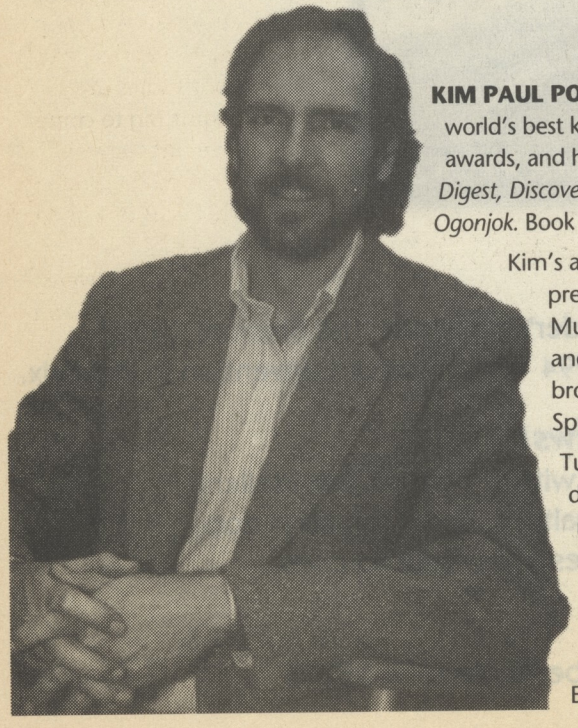
Despite the narrowing of the market for astronomical art, Poor stays true to his perceptions of what art is and what he wants to accomplish with his art. Part of that choice of what to accomplish is deciding whether to paint realistically or fantastically. "About 90% of my art tries to be scientifically accurate, but I also do Southwestern landscapes. Nebulas could be considered both because they are my chance to do abstract art," says Poor. "Since nebulas come in every shape and color they can be plausible but don't necessarily reflect something that actually exists."

When asked if scientific accuracy or art values drive his creations, Poor responds, "It depends on who I'm doing it for, but I like the aesthetic values a little bit more. Science can change (and has been known to) — even though the scientists would like you to think these things are etched in stone, they're now starting to realize that's probably not true."

What I hope remains true is the vision of Kim Poor and his ability to show us what we cannot yet see, to take us where we cannot yet go, and like that lunch delivery-man, to make us look at his art in amazement.



From Polar Orbit



KIM PAUL POOR was born in Phoenix, Arizona in 1952. Now living in Tucson, he is one of the world's best known space artists. His dramatic color and perspective have won him numerous awards, and his work has been featured in many publications worldwide, including *Omni, Science Digest, Discover, Astronomy, Sky & Telescope,* Germany's *Kosmos,* and the former USSR's popular *Ogonjok.* Book credits include *Smithsonian Books, Time-Life Books,* and Carl Sagan's *Comet.*

Kim's art is also found in textbooks, encyclopedias, planetarium shows, and scientific presentations. His work has been commissioned by the National Air & Space Museum and is found in collections worldwide, including those of many astronauts and NASA personnel. He headed an American delegation of space artists who were brought to Moscow in 1987 to display their work for the thirtieth anniversary of Sputnik. His work hangs in the Yuri Gagarin Museum in Star City, Russia.

Tucson is surrounded by more than 25 major observatories and is home to hundreds of top astronomers. From this base of knowledge he painstakingly researches and renders his subjects. Kim lives in the mountains outside of Tucson with this wife Sally, daughter Kelsey, and son Nathan. He was a founder and the first President of the IAAA, the international guild of space artists.

If you're interested in receiving a catalog of Kim's work (as well as that of several other excellent astronomical artists including Robert McCall, Don Davis, and Bob Eggleton), contact Novagraphics, P.O. Box 37197, Tucson, AZ 85740.

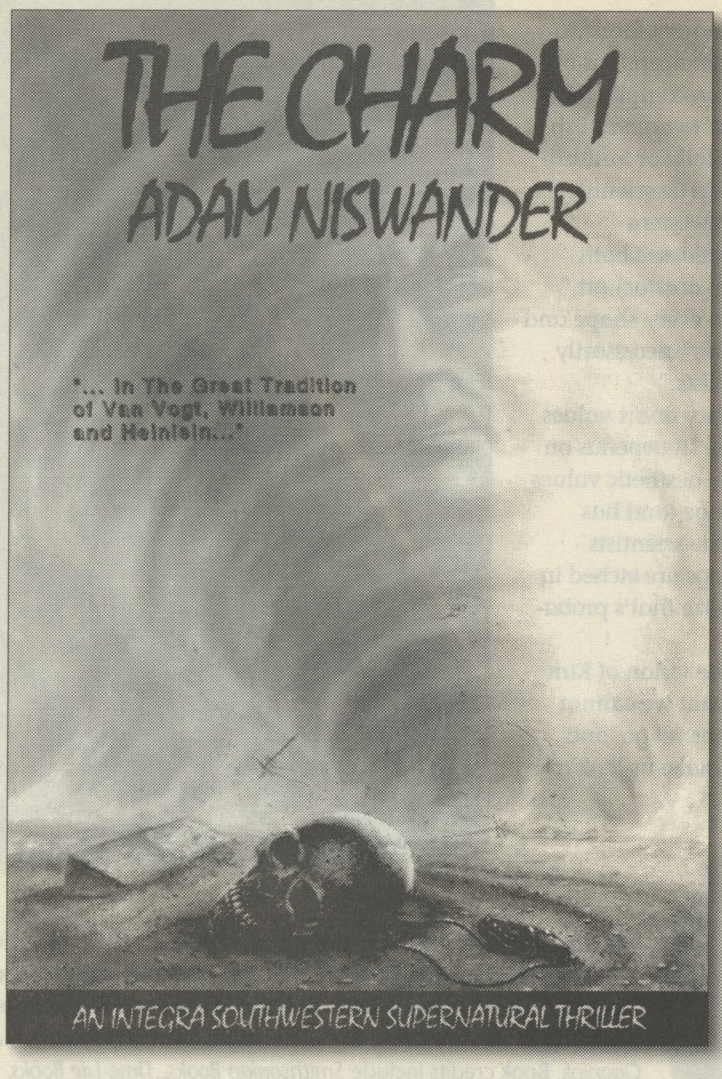
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Announcing!

Integra Press will publish the second of Adam Niswander's novels in "The Shaman Cycle," *The Serpent Slayers*, in March 1994 and premier it at the 1994 World Horror Convention in Phoenix.

And More Good News!

Sci-Fi Distributors has concluded arrangements with B. Dalton's Booksellers, and *The Charm* will be carried nationally at B. Daltons, BookStar, Bookstop, Doubleday, and Barnes & Noble bookstores from coast to coast.

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The Gentle Art of Self-Promotion

Notes 'n Tips from WesterColt .45's Panel of Authors

by Eve Paludan

JUST IN CASE YOU MISSED THIS PANEL, I TOOK NOTES FOR YOU...

The Positive Side of Rejection

Have you ever thanked an editor who rejected your work?

T. Jackson King, a prolific science fiction/science fact author, suggests that writers follow up rejections with a personal reply.

As a panelist for a workshop on author etiquette, King named specific points to include in the rejection followup letter. First, thank the editor for the time and effort he or she spent to review your manuscript. Second, express your appreciation for any helpful comments or critique. Third, inform the editor that your letter does not require a written response.

Follow-up-after-rejection letters keep the communication open between you and editors, and will earn you their respect. And, by handling rejections in this professional manner, you conclude business on a positive note.

As Marion Zimmer Bradley admonished, "If you can't handle rejection, you're in the wrong business. You might as well take up plumbing or pumping gas. Everyone gets rejections, even me." MZB also said, "Don't write back to negative letters especially if they tell you you're a horse's behind."

Wilson "Bob" Tucker, a Hugo award winner, agreed. He emphasized, "Don't write snotty letters to editors who rejected you. You'll be very sorry if you do, because they all know each other in New York, and they talk over lunch. And never write letters in response to a bad book review. If the reviewer didn't understand your book, whose fault is that?"

Self-promotion Through Multimedia

Susan Allison, a TOR editor, encourages authors to send photocopies of clippings from news releases, especially profiles and reviews.

This proves you're familiar with promotions and consider press coverage an integral part of your writing career. Clippings reveal something of your personality to editors, so choose mailouts with care, in order to project the most professional image.

August 24, 1992

Merlin Smith
Editorial Director Fantasy Books
1001 Zimmer Avenue
Avalon, OH 12345

Dear Mr. Smith,

I just wanted to thank you for giving your personal attention to my book manuscript, THE LAST DRAGON, which was submitted through literary agent Uther Pendragon.

I appreciate the time and energy you and your staff expended to give my manuscript fair consideration.

Although I'm disappointed that Fantasy Books rejected THE LAST DRAGON, your comments and advice will be helpful in placing this manuscript elsewhere.

I look forward to submitting other book manuscripts to Fantasy Book (through my agent, of course!), and hope that we will have an opportunity to build a working author-editor relationship in the near future.

As this is just a thank-you letter, no written response is required.

Sincerely,

Gwen Camelot

Gwen Camelot

Michael Stackpole, a SF and horror novelist, suggests authors write a profile for their hometown paper about their success, sort of a 'hometown boy makes good elsewhere' story. Most small town or independent newspapers are hungry for this type of feature.

A lesser known method of self-promotion, also suggested by Stackpole, is making yourself available to local cable channels that do author interviews and/or book reviews. (It doesn't hurt to send an autographed book, profile clippings, and bookmarks with your cover letter to the show's producer.)

G. Harry Stine, the father of model rocketry and a prolific writer, calls himself a "technocapitalistic humanist." That means he networks with his computer. Harry has moderated and participated in writer's conferences via modem, self-promoting through the concept of name recognition, as well as reaping

other benefits from electronic networking.

Diana Gabaldon, author of *Outlander*, was in effect "discovered" on an electronic network. Being an electronic writer's workshop addict paid off, when her E-mail and comments led to her introduction to an agent through another workshop participant.

Gabaldon also suggested that workshop partners write each other letters of recommendation to agents and editors.

So, writers, don't be stingy. Share your contacts with colleagues!

"Unless your name is Stephen King, don't expect your publisher to do major promotion"
— Dafydd ab Hugh

Prolific and Professional Presentation

Susan Allison said, "Write a good book and cross your fingers while you write the next one and the next and the next. Just keep turning out good books at a steady pace."

Marion Zimmer Bradley won't read submissions that aren't professionally presented, double-spaced on white paper, etc. She doesn't feel that editors should have to teach authors how to submit their work or how to write, either.

Dafydd ab Hugh, SF/Fantasy author, maintains his professional objectivity by letting an agent handle any real problems with editors, because 'an agent can say it better.'

Self Promote With Free Goodies

Paula E. Downing (aka Paula King), former editor of *Pandora Magazine* and current Del Rey author, mails out autographed bookplates and postcards printed with her book cover. The postcards are offers to do booksignings or promotions at bookstores. She also utilizes a reader fan's mailing list for autographed bookmarks and announcements.

G. Harry Stine starts his promotions when he gets the cover proofs, using them to make bookstore and mailout flyers.

Dafydd ab Hugh cautions authors to check with their publicist before beginning any self-promotions to make sure it doesn't conflict with any publisher's promotions that are already in the works.

Fan Mail

Stine knows the importance of personal communication with his readers: "I take the time to answer all my fan mail. Time is the only thing I have to sell. Faxed fan letters get answered right away. So does fan mail with self-addressed stamped envelopes. As for the others, I wait for a royalty check, buy a roll of stamps and answer those, too." Stine paraphrased Robert Heinlein who once said, 'There are only two places I love to sign my name. One is in the front of my books. The other is on the back of a check."

Author to Editor Etiquette

Paula Downing says it's very insulting to editors if an author turns one page of their manuscript upside down. Most editors do read every page, and are wise to other tricks in this same vein. Remember, a foil like this may be new to you, but an editor has seen it time after time.

Also, make your story original and fresh. The ironic twists that an author thinks are wonderful are frequently cliches to an editor.

Marion Zimmer Bradley cites examples: "Stop sending me stories about vampires with AIDS! One is worse than the next. And dragon stories! I've seen too many of them."

Bookstore Etiquette

Dafydd ab Hugh advised, "Don't go into a bookstore and start turning your novels face out instead of spine out. Be nice to bookstore managers. They decide whose books go face out." Likewise, don't complain about the location of your books, or the number displayed. Don't sign copies of your book without checking this out first with the manager. The manager may want to check your ID, since there have been several recent incidents of SF authors being impersonated!

Paula E. Downing links her name with her publisher's when approaching bookstores, so they won't think she's trying to push a self-published book, which some bookstore managers avoid promoting.

T. Jackson King revealed why he spends his time and money doing bookstore appearances: "Self-promotion is a long term investment in your writing career. The twenty books you might sell at a booksigning aren't for the money. You do it to build up a larger readership and name recognition. THAT'S what self-promotion is all about."

Diversify for Maximum Exposure

G. Harry Stine, who pens an *Analog* column, as well as science fiction/science fact, advised fiction writers to try to get a regular non-fiction column in a trade magazine. He emphasized the importance of writing it under one's own name.

Marion Zimmer Bradley, who is of course a well-known author of sci-fi, fantasy and occult novels, said she just sold a "love" novel to TOR. She said the editor there was impressed because she did not use any four letter words

in her novel.

Dafydd ab Hugh urged novelists to write and sell short stories to magazines and anthologies to self-promote within their own genre. The reason? A magazine has a larger circulation and more diversified audience than do novels. Readers who are exposed to an author's shorter works may very well grow into novel fans.

Publisher's Promotion

Don't count on it.

Dafydd ab Hugh noted that "Unless your name is Stephen King, don't expect your publisher to do major promotion. The publisher may invest money in promoting your book if it's already selling well, but if you're an unknown, or have only written a few novels, you have to do your own promotion."

Dafydd also talked about "dumps," those cardboard bookstore displays that attract customers with a blow-up of the book cover. "Publishers pay extra for your book to be displayed in dumps, or next to the cash register, which is called 'point of sale.' However, if you're very nice to bookstore managers, it is possible to get point of sale for free."

Also, don't underestimate the power of grocery store managers to place your book in the unofficial top ten rack or near the checkout registers. Discount department store managers in K-Mart, Wal-Mart and Target's book departments are also on your "be-nice-and-I-might-help-you" list.

Schools and Libraries

Marion Zimmer Bradley urges authors to keep in close touch with their audience: "Make friends with your local librarians. Donate several copies of your book to libraries, especially Spanish translations. Offer to do talks for students at local schools, especially to teenagers, who are the main audience of sci-fi fantasy. When I was a kid, they used to take away science fiction and burn it. It wasn't allowed in schools or libraries. Now of course, things are different, thank goodness, so donate books to school libraries, too."

Final Advice

Susan Allison has her own simple formula for authors on the self-promotion trail: "Make as many friends, and as few enemies as possible."

Space Access Society

Remember that pro-space outfit down in Tucson called "The L5 Society"? Yeah, the one they sold down the Potomac in spring of '87... I, Henry Vanderbilt, first came to Arizona a year before that, when I took a job with L5 to beat their membership database into shape, a mere kid of thirty, full of idealism and ready to build rocketships.

Well, I didn't get to build rocketships, and I left a lot less starry-eyed than I came, but this Boston boy did like his taste of God's Country AKA Arizona. So much so that I decided last winter that Phoenix topped my list of places to move to. Several twelve-hour drives and one adventure with the CHP (via the Bay Area) later, I was here.

Did I mention I'm a fan? ("No, I'm not! Honest, I just read the stuff!") I'm also an amateur futurist, being the guy who designed the "Solsys" year 2051 space-based cultures role-playing sim for Contact VIII.

Mostly, though, I'm still a space advocate. My experience with the demise of L5 made me keep my obsession under control, playing the pro-space game low-key and behind the scenes, with only an occasional magazine article or position paper or meeting to eat chunks of my time. Under control right up until last summer, that is, when I jumped into the deep end again — he started a new pro-space outfit, Space Access Society.

(Is there a twelve-step program for people who volunteer compulsively?)

OK, so what's different about this one? Yes, we at SAS know that there have been hordes of little startup pro-space outfits since L5 was eaten. In fact we were seriously considering calling ours YASS (for Yet Another Space Society) until reason prevailed. (American Space Society was right out.)

The difference is simple: We know what to focus on.

We've all been hearing grand plans to explore the Solar System and settle space for years now, at least those of us with any interest in such. Bring together any two space advocates, you'll instantly have three different space schemes being argued. Solar power satellites, tourism, L5 colonies, settling the Moon, mining asteroids, capturing comets — endless variations.

These all have one thing in common: None of them work once you factor in transportation costs. If you had a way to turn lead into gold in low orbit, at current US launch costs you would LOSE MONEY doing it.

We at SAS believe that high launch costs are the key to the current space logjam. Solve that and everything else will fall into place. We believe that the best way to solve the problem is reusable launch vehicles. Air travel would cost a lot too, if you scrapped the airliner after every flight.

We're currently supporting the government Single-Stage To Orbit (SSTO) development program, starting with the DC-X subscale takeoff-and-landing test vehicle (currently under test at White Sands) which should eventually (fingers crossed) lead to some sort of orbital X-vehicle.

We're also putting together a space conference in Phoenix next spring (Space Access '94, March 11–13) that will focus on the economics, politics, and technology of cheap access to space. This will be an expanded, improved version of the space programming SAS put together last winter for Making Orbit '93, a Bay Area space/SF convention we ran in partnership with Terry and Dave Berry. This year we're doing our own — anyone interested in helping should contact Doug Cosper at (602) 245-1440. It'll definitely be a change of pace from World Horror Con the weekend before.

For more information about SAS, or just to say "Hi!", write to Space Access Society, 4855 E Warner Rd #24-150, Phoenix AZ 85044, or call us at (602) 431-9283, or send email to hvanderbilt@bix.com. OK



Southwest Regional Pro News

GREETINGS DENIZENS OF SOL3 AND FEN.

Jennifer Roberson is halfway through ***Glen of Sorrows***, her new Scottish historical novel. She and Martin H. Greenberg have begun work on an anthology which will be a tribute to Marion Zimmer Bradley. (Note: This is not an open anthology, fellow writers, so do not bombard them with submissions.) The lovely and talented Jennifer also has a story appearing in the anthology ***Tales From the Star Wars Cantina*** edited by Kevin J. Anderson. The book will feature stories about the aliens in the Cantina, how they got there, how they connect with our heroes, etc. Finally, the paperback of ***Lady of the Forest*** will be released by Zebra in September. I try not to succumb to professional jealousy. I really do.

RICK COOK
ELIZABETH DANFORTH
DWIGHT DECKER
ALAN DEAN FOSTER
DIANA GABALDON
ADAM NISWANDER
MARK O'GREEN
SIMON HAWKE
PETER L. MANLY
STEVEN MARTINDALE
MICHAEL McCOLLUM
JENNIFER ROBERSON
ANNIS SHEPHERD
MICHAEL STACKPOLE
G. HARRY STINE

Mark O'Green has kept busy, finishing the *Star Trek* scenario (with Mike Stackpole and Elizabeth Danforth). His involvement with National Videotex Network continues, now as Game Sysop. He is working on an on-line, multi-player, role-playing fantasy game for them. Another mostly completed live role-playing game opens in May. Mark is wearing several hats and learning the joys of delegating.

Michael A. Stackpole just turned in the galleys for ***Assumption of Risk***, the new *BattleTech* novel scheduled for release in August. His fantasy novel called ***Once A Hero*** is scheduled for release from Bantam in the spring. He is also working on a story to appear in an anthology put together by **Roger Zelazny** to be titled ***Forever After***, which will include Roger, **Robert Asprin**, **David Drake**, **Jane Lindskold** and Mike based in a universe created by Zelazny. Our favorite skeptic is also contracted to write the third book in a series based on a new game called ***Mutant Chronicles***. The first two will be written by other authors.

Elizabeth Danforth recently completed a passel of illustrations for Iron Crown and illustrated Mike's new *BattleTech* novel (as she did with ***Natural Selection***, the last one). Liz is also keeping busy, having recently completed her part of the *Star Trek* computer game for Interplay. Currently she is doing editing for TSR and planning more projects with Iron Crown.

G. Harry Stine has been a busy man (so what else is new?). He turned in the second ***Supersub*** novel to NAL and is currently hard at work on the 6th edition of ***The Handbook For Model Rocketry***. As noted in the last *ConNotations,* Harry and Mike Stackpole were plenary speakers at the Arizona Business and Computer Exhibition at Civic Plaza in March.

Diana Gabaldon, who has risen quietly into superstar status in her own right, has just completed the third book in the Jamie and Clare saga titled ***Voyager***. She has signed a new contract with Delacorte for 4 more books and I have it on good authority that they gave her lots of money. One of the four will be a short prequel to ***Outlander*** containing three novellas. There is yet one more major book in that series.

In addition, she will do two contemporary mysteries under the new deal. The paperback of ***Dragonfly In Amber*** is scheduled for release in December. *Voyager* is set for January release. In addition to writing, she will be attending several conventions both here and out of state.

Simon Hawke remains a busy man. He is contracted to complete 8 books by the end of the year. His first *Star Trek* book, ***The Romulan Prize***, is just out. His current project is the second book in the series published by TSR called *A Tribe of One* — title of this one will be ***The Seeker***. He will write two more *Star Trek* novels, one featuring the old crew and one for *ST:The Next Generation.* In addition to the writing, he is working on his Masters in English and History at Western New Mexico University. He still teaches Dragon Slaying 101 in Pima County. He is about to leave for a two-week course studying archeological ruins in New Mexico and has begun studying martial arts again.

Annis Shepherd is currently working on a wonderfully macabre suspense tale/mystery.

Steven Martindale is working on a collection of three novellas set in Iceland and Greenland.

Peter L. Manly has turned in the book about the Schmidt-Casgrain telescope to Oxford and is working on magazine articles.

Alan Dean Foster has finished a new book for Ace titled ***Ascending Whine***, and another book is due out from them called ***Greenthieves*** later this year. The third book of *The Damned,* titled ***The Spoils of War***, is now available in local bookstores, and the second in that series, titled ***The False Mirror***, is scheduled for paperback release in December (from Del Rey). He has also edited a humorous anthology of fantasy stories titled ***Betcha Can't Read Just One***. Alan recently returned from a Warner book tour for ***Son Of Spellsinger*** which is also just out.

Michael McCollum reports his book ***Clouds of***

Saturn has been purchased by Heyne Science Fiction & Fantasy in Germany. He had a short story in ***Amazing Science Fiction*** titled "Dreamworld," in the April 1993 issue — premise is that modern life is merely a bad 1956 science fiction story.

Dwight Decker sold a story to Berkley anthology ***Larger Than Life*** edited by Ricia Mainhardt and John Varley — title of Dwight's contribution is ***Origin Story***, based on super heroes. He is still editing for Disney Comics in Copenhagen, correcting English usage for foreign copy.

Rick Cook completed his haunted mall novel and turned it in to Baen, presently scheduled for December publication under the title ***Mall Purchase Night***. He is currently hard at work on the next Wiz novel, ***The Wizardry Consulted*** — also for Baen. In it he hopes to do for/to computer consultants what he did for software engineers in ***The Wizardry Cursed***. He has just signed a contract to do yet another Wiz book, no title yet, but he tells me it is laid out in his head and it makes extensive use of a colorful character we will meet in *Wizardry Consulted*. He has been traveling lately, to San Diego for Con-Dor, a trade show in San Francisco and another in Geneva, Switzerland.

As you may have noted in the last issue, Integra Press of Phoenix has contracted to do the first book in my (**Adam Niswander**) *Shaman Cycle*, titled ***The Charm***. Scheduled for release in October (premiering at the World Fantasy Convention in Minneapolis over Halloween weekend), *The Charm* will feature cover art by Armand Cabrera. Integra is now taking orders for a signed/limited edition of 250 copies — it will include an additional painting by Armand as a frontispiece, and will be available for $75. The first trade edition (library bound/smythe sewn/acid-free paper) will sell for $21.95. A Southwestern thriller, the tale is about Native American medicine people, an archaeologist, and a demon dust devil called The Beast.

Integra plans to publish the next two books, ***The Serpent Slayers*** and ***The Hound Hunters***, in 1994 and 1995 respectively.

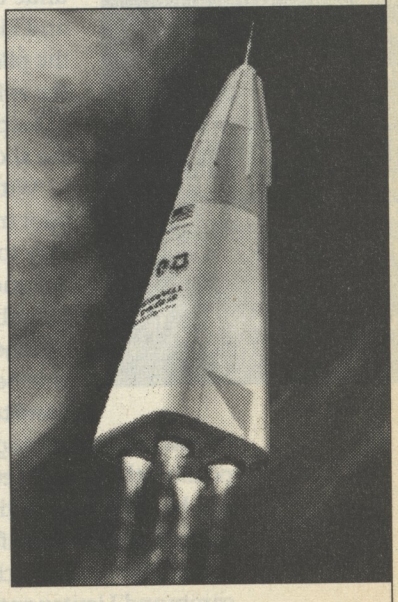
My newest book — half completed — is a science fiction novel titled ***The Struggle For Sparta***, and NASA artist Robert McCall has already agreed to do the cover (I'm ecstatic!).

That concludes this scintillating chapter of my report, gentlebeings. Until once more we meet between the pages of this awesome rag, take care and have a superior life. CN

ConNotations reaches 13,000+ avid science fiction and fantasy fans and is growing monthly!

So We Put A Man On The Moon — What's Next?

Moon Colonies??? Asteroid Mining???
U.S.-Russian Enterprises in Space?



Powerful practical ideas about space development can be found only in the ***Journal of Practical Applications in Space.***

Past issues have included articles on: Space-based solutions to questions facing our environment, space tourism, research on new space technology and a cost-benefit analysis of single-stage-to-orbit vehicles, to name only a few.

"If you care about going into space...then I recommend you read the *Journal*." — Dr. Jerry Pournelle, ***Byte*** Columnist and Co-Author of ***Fallen Angels, Mote in God's Eye*** and ***Footfall.***

Contributing authors include: Arizonans G. Harry Stine and Pete Manly, Maxwell Hunter (creator of the Thor launch rocket), Dr. Buzz Aldrin, Dr. Robert Forward and Dr. Fred Ordway III (technical director of the film *2001: A Space Odyssey*).

Annual subscription to the *Journal of Practical Applications in Space* is $200. However, because you are actively interested in the future and space development, the **SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATE** for *ConNotations* readers is **$30 - 1 year, $55 - 2 years, $75 - 3 years.** So save money and participate in the future at the same time! (Foreign orders add U.S. $10 for airmail.) Call **1-800-873-4734** to order using Mastercard, Visa or American Express, or write to:

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Media News & Notes

SF Tube Talk

By Lee Whiteside

In Brief

Babylon 5 will start filming this fall for a 22-episode run to begin airing in January. Harlan Ellison will be the creative consultant and among the writers. Some of the cast has been changed, including the addition of Walter Koenig as a recurring guest star.

Star Trek: The Next Generation will be filming a seventh and final season followed by a *ST:TNG* movie 12/94.

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine has been renewed for a second season and may have some big-name guest stars.

Doctor Who 30th Anniversary Special will be broadcast sometime in early 1994.

Mystery Science Theatre 3000 and **The Sci-Fi Channel** have some interesting changes in store.

Plus info on other science fiction and fantasy TV.

Babylon 5 a Series!

The broadcast of the ***Babylon 5*** pilot movie in February drew very good ratings all across the country, comparable to *ST:TNG* and *ST:DS9* in most markets. The fan response in letters and phone calls impressed Warner Bros. and the local stations. In late May, Warner Bros. announced that a *Babylon 5* series of 22 episodes will begin airing in January on Warner's Prime Time Entertainment Network (PTEN).

According to **J. Michael Straczynski**, *Babylon 5* creator and co-executive producer, filming will start in late summer with nearly half of the scripts for the first season in hand. Working on the series as creative consultant is **Harlan Ellison** with **Lawrence DiTillio** as story editor. Writing episodes for the show are **Harlan Ellison**, **D.C. Fontana**, **David Gerrold**, **Lawrence DiTillio** (*Captain Power, The Hitchhiker,* and others), **Christy Marx** (new *Twilight Zone* and others), and **Marc Scott Zicree** (*Friday the 13th* TV series and author of *The Twilight Zone Companion*). Stewart Copeland will continue to do the music for the series and Richard Compton, who directed the pilot movie, will direct many of the episodes as well as be a producer to help maintain a consistent look to the show.

With the time lag between the pilot movie and the start of the series, they took a good look at what they did and figured out how to make the series better. Thus, there will be changes to the show, the most noticeable being cast changes with **Tamlyn Tomita**, **Johnny Seka**, and **Blaire Baron** not continuing with the series, although it is possible they could return later. These departures will be explained in the series, which will pick up around six months after the events in the pilot movie. New regular characters will be second in command Lieutenant Commander Susan Ivanova, played by **Claudia Christian**. The most recent member of the *Babylon 5* team will be Dr. Stephen Franklin, a mid-30's African-American played by **Richard Biggs**. Uncast at press-time is the role of Commander Sinclair's new love interest, Catherine Sakai, who surveys asteroids and planets for an Earth corporation.

In addition to the cast changes, Straczynski has said that some sets will be redesigned along with some changes in the uniforms. With a series, they will be able to have more alien characters in the background as well as involved with the storylines.

New recurring characters to appear in the *Babylon 5* series include Knight One — the code name for a character played by **Walter Koenig** (he will appear in two episodes with an occasional role afterwards, see Pantechnicon on page 10) — and n'grath, a non-humanoid alien. We will see the assistants to the Ambassadors: Virell, a male Centauri assistant to Londo; Ko'Dath, a female Narn, second in command to G'Kar who's looking for personal advancement; and Lennier, a male aide for Delenn, who having lived a monastic life will be a true innocent on *Babylon 5*.

Star Trek in its Various Forms

Rick Berman, executive producer of the two *Star Trek* TV series has been given the go ahead to produce one more season of ***Star Trek: The Next Generation*** to be followed by a seventh *Star Trek* movie featuring the *Next Generation* cast. The movie might also feature some of the original series cast and will start filming after they complete filming for the last *ST:TNG* season with a Christmas 1994 release planned. Look for **Ben Vereen** to appear in an early seventh season episode as LaForge's father.

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine has been renewed for a second season and will start off the season with a three-part episode featuring **Frank Langella.** According to Rick Berman, many stars have expressed interest in appearing on *Star Trek* including **Robin Williams**, **Lyle Lovett** and **Christopher Lloyd**. Paramount is already planning another *Star Trek* series for fall 1994 as a replacement for *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

30th Anniversary *Doctor Who* Drama Special

After announcing that the BBC would co-produce with BBC Enterprises a 30th anniversary ***Doctor Who*** drama special to be broadcast in late November, reports are that it has been postponed until early next year. The story features **Tom Baker's** Doctor with the other actors having minor roles... and at least one of them pulled out after learning how

minor. However, since Tom Baker had allotted the time for the special and a production crew had been lined up, a different script is being developed to feature Tom Baker, **Liz Sladen** (Sarah Jane), and **Nicholas Courtney** (the Brigadier). If this does actually happen, it will be the first new *Doctor Who* story televised since 1989. There will definitely be a radio drama series featuring **Jon Pertwee** and Liz Sladen this fall, which will be made available on audio from the BBC for those not able to pick up BBC radio.

Sci-Fi Channel Notes and Thoughts

With Dimension Cable's recent upgrade in some parts of the valley to more channels, some parts of the valley now have the Sci-Fi Channel, including where I live. Before you get too jealous, keep in mind that a large part of the programming on the channel is old series such as ***Lost In Space, Buck Rogers, Battlestar Galactica, Space: 1999*** and many movies that have appeared on local stations on weekend afternoons. Due to present day cable commercial time requirements, most of the shows aired on the channel have several minutes cut from them. They have stuck both ***Dark Shadows*** and *Doctor Who* in mid-day time slots, which limits their exposure. In the case of *Doctor Who,* they have only shown part of the shows from the Tom Baker era with only one episode a day in an hour time slot that is filled up with old Republic serials.

Some of the bright spots on the channel include their original programming, special events and the regular time slot for rare and short run series. *Sci-Fi Buzz* is their magazine show which features reports on science fiction movies, television, conventions, and authors. A regular feature on the show is "Harlan Ellison's Watching," a commentary by **Harlan Ellison** on whatever he feels like talking about. Topics have included the death of Superman ("...haven't we seen this before?"), science fiction rumor-mongers on computer bulletin boards ("...mow them all down with an Uzi"), how people forget the past using the Holocaust as an example, and a moving tribute to **Isaac Asimov**. *Inside Space,* currently hosted by **Billy Mumy**, has reports ranging from looks at NASA missions and plans, interviews with space artists, and showing how space is created by special effects wizards. Airing daily in short segments are "FTL Newsfeeds" from 2143 reporting on news from the future using a virtual reality newsroom.

One weekend a month, they have a special event. Recent ones have included a Dracula weekend, a *Doctor Who* Celebration, a Sci-Fi Pilot Playhouse, and *Star Trek* and *Star Wars* weekends.

In their weeknight *Sci-Fi Series Collection,* they show limited run series interspersed with interviews from people involved with the shows. These are usually shows that have not been seen since they originally aired and are worth catching even if they have been cut. Recent shows have been ***The Invisible Man*** with **David McCallum**, ***Kolchak: The Night Stalker***, and ***The Magician*** with **Bill Bixby**. Other series such as ***The Time Tunnel***, ***The Invaders***, and ***Misfits of Science*** have had weekly showings on the weekends.

The launch of the channel has been a success, however, and it looks like it will survive. In mid-June, due to response from viewers, they changed around their schedule some. They have plans to cut back on the late-night infomercials and hope to establish "edit sensitive" program blocks where they can show series uncut. As they get more original programming, the channel may become a place to see classic science fiction television and movies as well as current and ground-breaking shows.

Mystery Science Theatre 3000

In addition to the Sci-Fi Channel, Dimension also added Comedy Central to some areas. One of the shows on Comedy Central of interest to science fiction fans is ***Mystery Science Theatre 3000***. It is in its fifth season on cable after a year on a local Minnesota UHF station. The premise of the show is that Joel Robinson (played by **Joel Hodgson**), a technician at Gizmonic Institute, has been exiled into space by his mad scientist boss. Joel is forced to watch bad movies while the mad scientists monitor his mind. To keep himself company, Joel has built several robots who watch the movies with him, and that's where the fun starts.

During the movies, Joel and the 'bots make wisecracks and talk back to the screen throwing in references all over the map at the rate of 800 per two-hour show. Comments range from snide remarks about **Pia Ziadora**'s Golden Globe award during ***Santa Claus Conquers the Martians*** to referring to Jack London's short story "To Build a Fire" during the same movie. Most of the movies screened are science fiction in nature, such as ***Rocketship XM***, ***Giant Gila Monster*** and ***Fire Maidens from Outer Space***. Others, such as ***Side Hackers*** and ***Jungle Goddess*** are just waiting to be made fun of.

In addition to the movies, they have "host segments" around the commercial breaks where they

Continued on page 35

SF TV Scorecard

CURRENT SHOWS

ST:TNG
Riding the crest of the wave

ST:DS9
Riding the TNG coattails

Babylon 5
Gearing up for a series!

Time Trax
On an even track

Highlander
Quickening its pace

Quantum Leap
Leaped its last...

Space Rangers
Shot down at launch by CBS

Doorways
Doors closed by ABC

ON THE HORIZON

SeaQuest DSV
Looking to make a big splash next fall on NBC

Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman
Hoping to avoid Doomsday ratings on ABC

Robocop: The Series
Wants to enforce big ratings

Star Trek: Fall '94
Paramount's cash cow continues

Science Fiction & Fantasy Videophile

Reviews by Don Birmingham

Witchcraft V

Death Magic

HI KIDS! Welcome to *ConNotations'* new video review column. But hey, I know what you're thinking, you're thinking "Don, *ConNotations* already has a movie review column — why do we need another one?" Good question, let me explain.

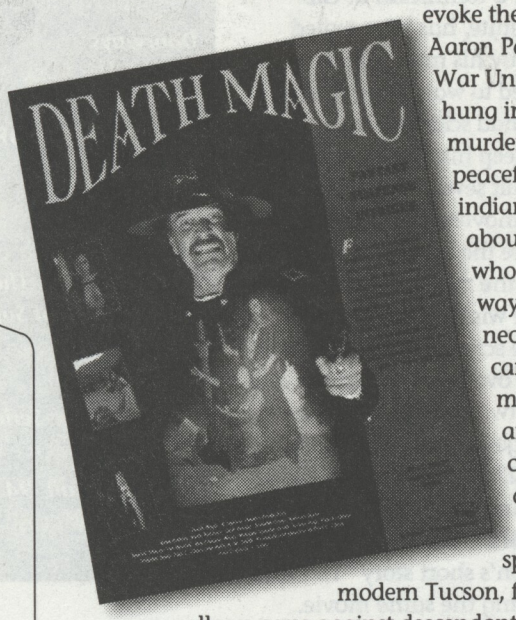
24 Frames reviews new theatrical films and coming attractions, while the Videophile will look at direct-to-video films and shorts. Because these type of films have much smaller budgets and don't get big ad campaigns, you may not hear about them otherwise. Let's open the file and see what's there.

FILE 1

Death Magic

Domino Theatre '93
Directed, Produced, and Screenplay by Paul E. Clinco. 93 minutes. Unrated. Fantasy/Suspense

Death Magic is the first feature film from Domino Theatre located in Tucson, and is the brain-child of first-place Writers of The Future winner Paul E. Clinco (AKA Paul Edwards). For a first effort, it's not too bad.



It's about five young ceremonial magicians who evoke the shade of Aaron Parker, a Civil War Union major hung in 1875 for the murders of a tribe of peaceful Papago indians and just about anyone else who got in his way. But the five necromancers can't control the major's shade and he proceeds to run amok on a killing spree in modern Tucson, fulfilling a gallows curse against descendants of those who had a part in his death.

Can the remaining magicians compel Parker to return to the place from whence he came? I'm not telling, but I had fun finding out for myself.

The small budget was used well and the story moves along without too much unintentional humor (but wait, was that an air conditioner on the roof of an 1875 court building?). Lots of gratuitous nudity and keeno gory special effects, so if that stuff isn't your cup of tea, you may want to steer clear of this one. Otherwise, give it a try. Note that Paul E. is the preacher at the start of the film.

Contact Domino Theatre at PO Box 57637, Tucson, AZ 85732 for ordering info (and tell them *ConNotations* sent you).

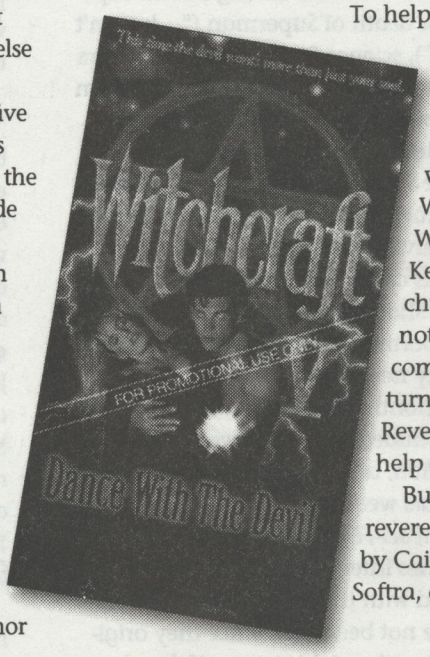
FILE 2

Witchcraft V: Dance with the Devil

Academy Entertainment, 1993
Screenplay by Steve Tymon and James Merendino. Directed by Talun Hsu.
94 minutes. Rated R/Unrated. Horror

Since I never saw *Witchcrafts 1–4,* I know nothing of the past episodes or how this film ties in. For the most part, though, it worked as a stand-alone story.

This film probably won't win any awards for plot or direction, but goes something like this: Evil nasty dark warlock Cain returns every sixth day of the sixth month of the sixth year to collect souls for Satan. If Cain can meet his soul quota, then Satan can "break the gates of Hell and return triumphant." Bad news fer sure.



To help him collect his quota, he possesses a prostitute and a good-guy/lawyer/white witch(?), William. Now Will's girlfriend Kelly, a good church-goin' gal, notices a big change come over Will and turns to her pastor, Reverend Meredith, for help and guidance.

But wait, the good reverend was possessed by Cain's arch-enemy, Softra, a fallen angel

Continued on page 35

Fan Facts



By Jeanne Hilary-Burroughs

THIS ISSUE, FAN FACTS WILL BE A BIT DIFFERENT. A reader recently asked us to provide bios on some of Arizona's temblors, founders, and SMOFs; he especially expressed his interest in M.R. ("...she's so cute I'd like to give her a big hug...") "Hilde" Hildebrand. Quite an understandable reaction, and we'll enjoy providing a bio, but for hugs — you're on your own!

Hilde (she asked me *not* to mention what M.R. stands for) is a native Phoenician, and has been a fan for many years. "I read my first science fiction book more years ago than I intend to admit to — when I was about seven years old, and I got hooked on science fiction very quickly." Books, especially science fiction, and conventions have played an important part in her life. However, she first learned about organized fandom while living in Berlin, where her husband was stationed; she had to wait until they returned to the states to attend her first convention, Worldcon in LA in '72.

She became active in Phoenix fandom in February of '74. "The reason I know (the exact date) is because I was pregnant with Chris — and you never saw such a group of *nervous* males in your entire life. I was the only female in the group at the time... they really didn't know that many females... and I was *pregnant*... they acted like I was fragile crystal!" That original group was called OAFs — Organized Arizona Fandom.

Hilde and then-husband Greg Brown started attending OAF meetings, where people were talking about wanting to start up a local Con. "Over at Curt Stubbs' (house) in Tempe one day Tim Kyger came up with the idea of *LepreCon,* considering that we were trying to have it in March, fairly close to St. Patrick's Day — this was when you could still afford a hotel in March in Phoenix... [it] went over very well."

Greg Brown chaired the first three LepreCons; the WorldCon bid came between LepreCons 1 and 2. That is also when Greg and Hilde separated — a sequence of events not completely unrelated. Then came '78, and Iggy. Phoenix fans were so busy with Worldcon that they considered not having a LepreCon that year; Hilde said, "No, if we make it an on-and-off thing people will drop out more; we need to keep the momentum going." So, Hilde chaired LepreCon 4, worked on Worldcon, and, somehow found time to marry B.D. Arthurs!

Concerning IguanaCon, Hilde says succinctly, "Iggy was a mess!" Phoenix, who bid for the Worldcon as a joke and won it by default, had never run a Con bigger than three to five hundred people; they just weren't ready for the pressures and problems inherent in a Con ten times that size.

Although not destroyed, Phoenix fandom had definitely been cracked on the Anvil of Ghod (to the uninitiated, Phoenix Civic Plaza), "but we did keep LepreCon going." After taking the time to ease back and recover, people again wanted to do something more. "We decided that one convention a year wasn't enough to satisfy our convention cravings, so we started up CopperCon," (in 1980) and put together a bid for the '82 WesterCon. Hilde chaired CopperCon that year, for the same reason she chaired LepreCon 4: to maintain the momentum. Hilde is one of the people we need to thank for almost twenty consecutive years of Phoenix conventions.

Over the years Hilde has enriched fandom, both local and national, in many ways, but in my biased opinion (having survived on her wonderful soups!) her greatest contribution is the Go-fer Hole. Before Hilde, Staff Lounge meant chips and popcorn — no more food than in ConSuite. Volunteers, often with no money to buy a real meal, were running all weekend, without sleep, on junk food. Hilde decided, "We'd better feed those kids something solid!" Suiting actions to words, in the early '80s, she and B.D. ran Staff Lounge at LosCon with honest-to-Ghod food — and influenced every Staff Lounge since!

Hilde ruefully admits that rheumatoid arthritis has inconvenienced her somewhat. She hasn't run a Go-fer Hole since NASFiC '87 (CactusCon). These days she "only" runs Out Of This World Books (a discount mail-order service for new books), makes jewelry, acts as SFWA liaison and publisher liaison, does SFWA auctions, deals filk tapes, and edits *ConNotations'* book reviews. At Con, she can usually be found smiling behind her dealer's table; "I really got into that so I'd have someplace to sit and have the people come to me."



If there's someone in fandom that you would like to know more about, send in your suggestion to ConNotations, P.O. Box 62613, Phoenix, AZ 85082. Thanks!



The Great Con Game

The Game's Afoot

By Bill Scott and Don Harrington

"THE BEST CON GAME," a nineteenth century wag commented, "is one in which you end up with everything the mark has and he still invites you back to his child's christening." But this has nothing to do with the content of this article.

This article, based upon copious research at HexaCon 3 and earlier conventions, is about the best games to play when you're at a convention. The hallmarks of a good con game are simplicity (easy to learn is a must) and a certain "bowb your buddy" attitude (team play is the antithesis of a good con game).

Jurassic Park

Take a simple game like *Jurassic Park* from Milton Bradley, for instance. It's dead easy to play, and it's every man... reptile... whatever, for itself. *Jurassic Park* saw heavy play at HexaCon 3, characterized by tables crammed with people waving plastic dinosaurs at each other and screaming "Your character is lunch! He's history!" at the top of their lungs.

The goal of the game is simplicity itself: get to the safety of the visitors center from your starting point at the opposite end of the park. Movement is controlled by cards. The only thing standing in your way are a few dinosaurs and those really vicious predators, the other players. In each turn you get to move your own piece and one dinosaur. It's the second part that brings out the screaming banshee in otherwise reasonable people. Normally mild and pacifistic types will go out of their way to, say, leap on your character with a T-rex. The odd thing is they seem to enjoy it just as much whether or not the move aids in winning the game. It's this "game at any cost" attitude that a good con game encourages. It's also why six to eight middle aged folk will get wildly involved in a game marked "ages eight and up."

Legions of Steel

For the more "serious" gamer, there's a winner from Global Games Company called *Legions of Steel.* This one pits the United Nations of Earth Commandos versus alien terminator-like robots known as the aforementioned Legion of Steel. Like *Jurassic Park,* the quality of the playing pieces is an important selling point. Legions comes with a full pound of lead, enough to poison most of the Roman aristocracy. And well-molded figures they are, too. The mapboard is a jigsaw collection of corridors and room parts and that can be put together in a variety of maps. It is not done randomly, however; there are carefully constructed scenarios and layouts throughout the rules. Players enter at different points on the map, usually seeking some specific objective, but play quickly degenerates into the classic "Bug Hunt" scenario, with troopers and aliens coming abruptly face to face around slagged steel corners, with blaster bolts a-flying. There are a lot more rules here, but they are fairly well arranged and there is a summary table in the back of the book. It's a tactically addictive game, because you always want to play a scenario over just to see what would happen if you took a different approach.

A big plus is the game's compromise between

Continued on page 35

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COMIC NEWS!

By
Ethan Moe

Superman is alive. He was dead, but now he's alive. This is no surprise — we all knew he'd be back long before he left, so it's no big deal. Superman's temporary death did manage, however, to sell a total of six million copies including reprints. Go figure.

Now that that is out of the way, we can get onto less obvious news. Continuing with DC, Batman is currently going through the crisis of his life in a crossover in ***Batman*** and ***Detective Comics*** as well as other related titles called "Knightfall," which leads to *Batman* #500. Every weirdo in Arkham Asylum has escaped and Batman has a very bad cold. The writers, **Doug Moench** and **Chuck Dixon,** spin a tale of harrowing action and suspense. **John Ostrander** and **Vince Giarrano's** *Batman: Seduction of the Gun,* in spite of its occasional bloody scenes should be required reading for everyone in the country. It is a "realistic" story about guns and the people who use them. The ending, suffice to say, is not happy and quite unforgettable. My only gripe is the nearly neon coloring popular today. It detracts from a wonderful and dark story.

Vertigo's new title *Sebastian O,* is very impressive, in an ironic twisted sort of way. Set in a technologically altered Victorian society, Sebastian O has escaped from a high security asylum and returned home to bathe and dress in the "most exquisite of finery," which in his mind, seems to be the only attire one should wear when committing the vilest of atrocities. In spite of Sebastian's ruthless behavior, the reader quickly begins to wonder if he is the worst of the bunch.

Marvel is hanging generally at status quo. *X-men Unlimited* is the new quarterly X-title and has art by the one and only **Chris Bachalo,** who has done *Death: The High Cost of Living* and recent issues of *Shade, The Changing Man.* A ***Fantastic Four*** movie is being made and should be hitting the bargain racks at your local video store any month now (I'm being sarcastic, but I've seen *The Punisher* movie and have heard that *Captain America* is worse!).

On a lighter note, ***Marvel UK*** is gaining its own imprint, ***Frontier.*** The new imprint will debut four new titles: *Bloodseed* by **Paul Neary** and **Liam Sharpe,** *Children of the Voyager* by **Nick Abadzis** and **Paul Johnson,** *Dances with Daemons* (ugh!) by **Simon Jowett** and **Charlie Adlard,** and *Immortalis* by **Nick Vince** and **Mark Buckingham.**

New things are happening with ***Epic,*** Marvel's adults line. *Akira* is back! After a one year hiatus with nary a word from Epic, *Akira* returns as a monthly title and should continue to the very end. As it turns out, Katsuhiro Otomo was dissatisfied with the ending and set about rewriting it. Mike Vosburg has created his own world in *Offcastes,* a sci-fi story of action and intrigue. The first story is to be entitled "Rash Young Man," a pun off of Akira Kurosawa's *Rashomon,* a story told from the perspective of the different characters.

Image's newest release, *Stormwatch,* has some of the best flying scenes I've ever seen! **Sam Keith's** *The Maxx* is intriguing and the characterization is excellent. **Marc Silvestri** and his brother **Eric** have come up with *Cyberforce,* which is the closest thing to Chris Claremont's style in the X-men that I've seen in a long time. This is definitely something to pick up if you miss Claremont's ability with characters as much as I do. A plethora of comic crazies have teamed up for the 1963 series. The stories are entertaining and the letters, ads, and bull-pen are absolutely hilarious.

At this point, I would like to make a few comments about **Rob Leifeld** after reading an interview with him in *Wizard.* The first thing we must remember is that we don't underestimate his abilities as a saavy businessman and a ruthless competitor. He seems to be an excellent promoter and has a fanatical, adolescent energy that could easily make him an idol for the masses of adolescent males that buy his comics. He still can't write and his warped artistic

Continued on page 35

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Costuming 101

Tight Buns

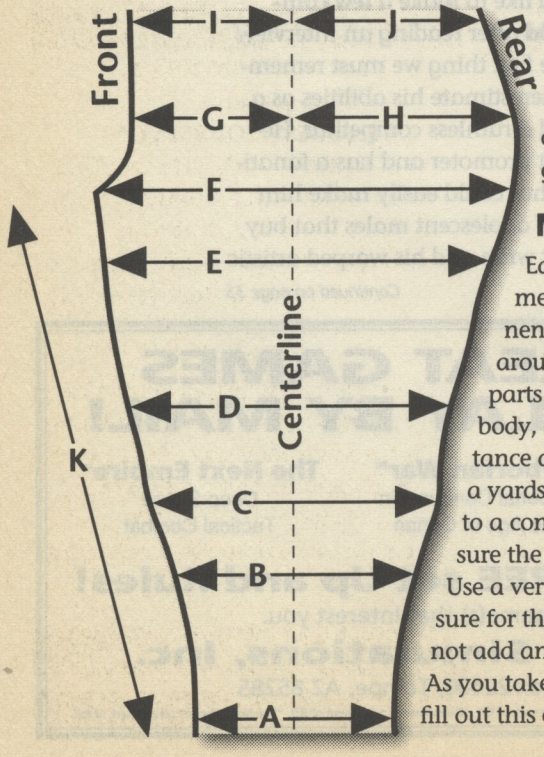
By Randall Whitlock

SINCE PREHISTORIC TIMES men have felt compelled to cover their butts. Often this need has even extended to their choice of clothing. Many costumes, from medieval or renaissance recreations to modern superhero outfits, meet this need by using snug leggings, commonly called "tights." To achieve this look, most people settle for dance tights purchased off the rack.

Dance tights may have many disadvantages. They are usually made of synthetic material which looks and feels like plastic; the colors and textures are never quite right (just try to find Spiderman-web or medieval particoloring in a dancewear shop); they get runs easily; they are cold in winter, and unbearably hot in summer; and, worst of all, they *never* fit. If the legs are long enough, the waistband rests somewhere around the armpits, and in order to keep the crotch from migrating to the knees, one must employ a "dance belt," a torture device which can raise the voice by an octave or more.

The surprisingly easy and inexpensive solution to all these complaints is to make your own individually fitted tights. Here's the formula for making your own pattern and assembling a pair of tights that custom fits you.

The basic garment requires about 1.5 yards of 60-inch wide somewhat-stretchy material. Single knit jersey (T-shirt material) which is at least 30% cotton is cheapest and easiest to work with, but 100% wool jersey, cotton/lycra blends, or even synthetic fur with a lycra backing can all be used to good effect.



Measurements

Each of these measurements has two components: a circumference around each of these parts of your leg and body, and its vertical distance above the floor. Tack a yardstick or tape measure to a convenient wall to measure the vertical component. Use a very flexible tape measure for the circumferences. Do not add any seam allowance. As you take the measurements, fill out this chart:

	Circumference	Vertical
A Ankle, just above joint		
B Calf, below muscle		
C Calf, middle of muscle		
D Knee		
E Middle thigh		
F Thigh just below crotch		
Body at hip joint **G** Front 1/4 **H** Rear 1/4		
Body at waist **I** Front 1/4 **J** Rear 1/4		
K Inseam		

Measurements **A** through **F** are complete circumferences around your leg. Measurements **G** through **J** are partial measurements around the body, designed to compensate for differences from front to back in individual bodies. (You can think of this as describing your buttock to belly proportion.)

G and **I** are measured from a point plumb with the navel around to the middle of the outside leg. **H** and **J** are measured from the middle of the outside leg around to the spine.

Measurement **K** is a straight line measured from the ankle along the inside leg to where the crotch of the garment will be formed. This should be just below the level of the genitalia. Do not make this line too long or too high, or you will create tights with a permanent wedgie.

The Pattern

Obtain a sheet of paper of sufficient length and width to plot all of the measurements. Brown wrapping paper works well, or leftover Christmas wrap... even newspaper pages taped together will do in a pinch.

Use a yardstick to draw your "tree" trunk. This is a vertical line drawn up the middle of your pattern paper. You will use this center line as a basis to plot your measurements on.

Plot measurements **A** through **J** as "branches" at right angles to the tree. Measurements **A** through **F** will be centered on the tree. **G** through **J** will have their endpoints on the tree.

Measurement **K** is not actually plotted, but will be used as a basis for choosing a crotch point on the front aspect of the pattern. (The endpoint of **K** will *not necessarily* wind up at the endpoint of **F**, as it does on the illustration at left.)

Draw smooth curves connecting the outer ends of the branches on the front and rear aspects of the pattern. The curve along the front aspect should have a kink at the crotch point, determined by the endpoint of **K**. (The front aspect should be concave above the crotch point, while the rear aspect should be convex.)

Cutting and Assembling

Rest the paper pattern on fabric which has been folded with its right sides together. Make sure that the principal direction of stretch is at right angles to the center line of the pattern. (This allows the tights to stretch around flexing muscles.) Trace around the outside of the pattern with chalk, then cut the fabric along these chalk lines. This will create two pieces of material which are mirror images of each other. Do not add any seam allowance. The stretch of the material is more than enough to make up for seams.

Fold each fabric piece along the centerline, right sides together. Close each leg by sewing from the (now joined) endpoints of line **A**, up to the crotch point.

Join the two legs together with a single curved seam running through the crotch, joining the endpoint of line **I** on each leg to the endpoint of line **I** on the other leg, and likewise joining the endpoints of line **J** on opposite legs.

Form a hem at the bottom of each leg. If you will be wearing low shoes with your tights, you may wish to run a stirrup of cloth from the inside ankle bone, under the foot, to the outside ankle bone.

Form a hollow waistband by turning under the top of the garment and sewing. Thread a drawstring through this hollow waistband, to allow the tights to be cinched in about your waist. Since the waistband can stretch quite a bit, allow some extra length on the drawstring. Your tights are finished!

More experienced costumers will find the tree pattern very easy to adapt. For particolored tights simply cut the pattern in half along the centerline, and use to cut two front and two rear panels. Cut one front and one rear panel from each color, and sew them together so that the colors alternate around the body. With the addition of a narrow-fall front and waistband you can simulate 19th century pantaloons; by also shortening the legs you can create 18th and 19th century breeches. This pattern can even be used to construct tights or breeches from woven materials cut on the bias. To accomplish this simply take the vertical component of each measurement **A** through **K** and multiply it by 1.10 before plotting it on the tree pattern. Do not change the circumference measurements. This 10% extra length should provide enough stretch for everyday wear. (If you have thick legs you may wish to allow even more.)

*This article has been adapted from the book, **Randwulf's Ramblings**, available from MoiRandall's Misc. For more on tights and other costuming tips, see Randall's book, which is mentioned below in the Classified Ads section.*

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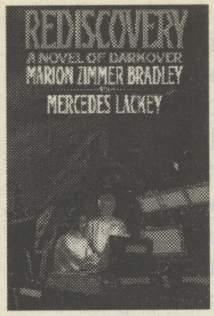
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PERSONALS

Book Reviews

In Our Book...

Edited by M.R. Hildebrand



Rediscovery
by Marion Zimmer Bradley and Mercedes Lackey, DAW hc: 1993, 307 pp. , $19.00

This is a long awaited treat; the story of the Terran Empire's coming to Cottman Four, known to its inhabitants as "Darkover." It is both more than I had expected and less. From two of science fiction/fantasy's best writers I had expected a good story with plenty of tension and I got it. In fact the book was almost too vivid and intense in some areas. It was less than I expected because it didn't truly cover the events before *The Spell Sword.* Why didn't the Terrans continue in the Hellers? When and under what circumstances did they obtain the land that became the large spaceport in the Lowlands described in *Bloody Sun*? Nor did I truly feel that the stories of David and Elizabeth or Leonie and Lorill had been brought to a conclusion — more as if someone had paused in a narrative rather than finishing the tale.

But as a whole the book was excellent. Marion Zimmer Bradley was probably one of the major influences on Mercedes Lackey's writing (as Leigh Brackett was for Marion) and this made for a smooth collaboration which should satisfy the many fans of both of these popular and talented writers. If you've never read any Darkover books this would be a good one to start with, and if you're an old Darkover fan (as I am) it is a wonderful addition to your collection. — *M.R. Hildebrand*



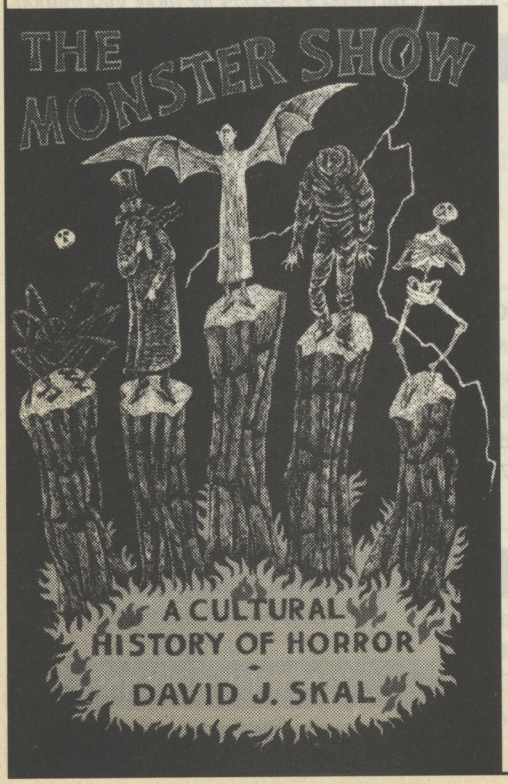
The Thread That Binds The Bones
by Nina Kiriki Hoffman. AvoNova pb: 1993, 311 pp., $4.99

This is by far the most enjoyable book I've read in a long time. It pushes all of my personal buttons. There is a marvelous sense of wonder here as well as a basic belief that most people are good or would like to be. And when you have the two major characters fall in love at practically first sight, what more could a romantic like myself ask for?

The book follows Tom Renfield, who has always been able to see non-physical things, but has spent much of his life suppressing these talents. After desperately manipulating the strange things he can see to save a pair of suicidal teens, Tom flees from notoriety in Portland and finds refuge in the small friendly town of Arcadia. When he drives a woman to her home Tom finds himself taking part in a wedding ceremony — as one of the grooms! Tom learns a lot about his own abilities by watching as his strange in-laws work with their own powers. Finding a friend and a young girl being held against their will by what is essentially a spell of compulsion, Tom frees them. His bride, Laura, hates what her family has done, but is too weak to fight back; Tom isn't.

Despite the book's strong elements of romance, the focus is on ethics when people with paranormal powers, ghosts, and other non-corporal entities deal with "normal" people. The plot moves well and is interesting. Nina Kiriki Hoffman has succeeded in giving us a well-written book which reminds me strongly of Zenna Henderson. I think fans of Mercedes Lackey would also enjoy *The Thread That Binds The Bones.* — *M.R. Hildebrand*

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Star Trek: Best Destiny
by Diane Carey.
Pocket Books hc: 1992, 398 pp., $20.00
In *Star Trek: Best Destiny* Ms. Carey gives us a glimpse into her vision of Kirk as a youth, as well as showing us Captain Robert April, the Enterprise's first Captain. The personalities of those in the past are overall well thought out, the personalities of the present are consistent with the established canon, and the stories, past and present, have drama.

Ms. Carey's young Kirk is a rebel, scarred by his experiences on Tarsus IV, and resentful of what he sees as his father's neglect. George Kirk is portrayed as the typical father of a teen: confused, trying to do his best, and somewhat guilty, for both the affair on Tarsus IV and his absences. Captain April is the real surprise here with a laid-back style of leadership which is very hard to maintain and even a little difficult to believe in.

The past story of Kirk's growth overshadows the current story, because the early story deals with true character growth. The current story is handicapped by what I call "the Series Factor," that is the necessity of leaving your major characters the way the public (and the media people) expect them to be. Having Kirk discouraged and ready to quit has been the character crisis in all of the movies but one, and recycling it in print doesn't make it any fresher. There is action aplenty in both stories though, cloaking the stale crisis in an interesting sauce of threatened danger as well as an interesting puzzle concerning an abandoned world.

If you're into *Trek* this book is easily worth the hardcover price. If you like *Trek* but are primarily an SF fan wait for the paperback, but do get it.

— M.R. Hildebrand



Star Trek: Deep Space Nine: Emissary
by J.M. Dillard,
Pocket Books pb: 1993, 274 pp., $5.50
This is a novelization of the first episode of *DS9*. The only extra material in it is the meeting of Jake and Nog, which is used in a slightly modified manner in a later episode. It reads well, but I prefer more depth in written material.

A good reference work for *ST* trivia buffs, but from the viewpoint of general reading material, if you saw the show you can save your money.

— M.R. Hildebrand



My Sister The Moon
by Sue Harrison,
Avon pb: 1992,
402 pp., $5.99
If the time period covered here had been recorded, this might have been classed as a historical novel. But working in the prehistorical Aleutian islands requires the same skills as writing science fiction; first research everything available, then extrapolate according to human nature as you know it.

Sue Harrison's first book, *Mother Earth Father Sky* (reviewed in a previous issue) was excellent. That made me start this one with trepidation; after all, Jean Auel started out well too.

But Ms Harrison maintained her high standards, giving us an excellent story based on Aleut legend while continuing her story of a people fighting against the tides of change. I recommend both Harrison books to anyone who enjoyed *Clan of the Cave Bear.*

— M.R. Hildebrand



Beggars In Spain
by Nancy Kress,
AvoNova/Morrow
hc: 1993, 438 pp., $23.00
This is an excellent book. Ms. Kress has expanded a Nebula Award-winning novella into a novel that has depth and richness while remaining lucid and energetic.

Beggars In Spain examines the attitude of American culture toward intelligence, as well as exploring the responsibilities of an individual to society and to other individuals. The book follows the life of Leisha Camden, the genetically altered daughter of an extremely rich man. Leisha has been engineered not only to be intelligent, beautiful, etc., but to be "Sleepless." This not only allows her more time, but increases her intelligence still further, while making her more stable.

As we see society's attitude toward the Sleepless harden from fear into hatred, Leisha is caught between her belief in society and her peer group. Most of the Sleepless withdraw into Sanctuary, an armed and guarded area, but although Leisha must hire guards and protect herself, she remains as much as possible in mainstream society and refuses to join the Sleepless.

Her struggles to understand the less gifted "Sleepers" and to cope with a world that treats her as, at best, a freak, and Sanctuary's attempts to establish a stable society make a fascinating read. I haven't been this impressed with a science fiction book since *Stranger In A Strange Land.*

— M.R. Hildebrand



Honor Harrington: On Basilisk Station
by David Weber,
Baen Books pb: 1993, 422 pp., $4.99
This is obviously the beginning of a series, and long may it last at this quality of writing. The central character (named Honor Harrington, surprise surprise) is an intelligent and gifted officer of the Royal Manticorian (Space) Navy and the book's plot line is an old one — an extremely competent officer is exiled to a dirty job and not only does it well but foils the enemy.

Much of the novel's development is predictable as Honor struggles to do her duty with inadequate equipment and too small a crew. What makes the story enjoyable is excellent characterization and a skillful mix of action and politics. I personally hope that Nimitz, her six-limbed, empathic "treecat" has a larger role in future novels.

The author dedicates the book to C.S. Forester and has in my view equalled the master. Bujold, perhaps, does it slightly better than either one, but there can never be too many good books.

— M.R. Hildebrand



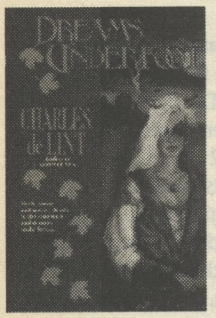
Fortress Of Frost And Fire
by Mercedes Lackey & Ru Emerson,
Baen Books pb: 1993, 297 pp., $5.99
I was disappointed in the last novel of *The Bard's Tale*™ and wouldn't have bought this one, but Baen Books sent it to be reviewed. It was a very pleasant surprise. The plot is a role-playing style adventure, with our brave band seeking out a valley where the snows never melt, but the authors manage to insert small touches such as the fairy tale elements in the castle which make it a lot more enjoyable.

The backgrounds are developed well also.

The characters are very much alive — from the young bardic apprentice who is seeking for T*R*U*T*H, to his dark elf master who struggles against the temptation to return to necromancy, to the self-righteous paladin.

I won't say this is an excellent book, but I think the skill of two extremely good writers have raised it above the mediocre.

— M.R. Hildebrand



Dreams Underfoot
by Charles de Lint,
Tor hc: 1993,
414 pp., $22.95

This is a collection of short stories all in the same urban setting, many of them with characters in common but the tones varying widely. Most of the *Newford Cycle* has been published before in small press or anthologies, but reading them as a whole gave them a new depth.

Some of the stories speak of pain and loss. In "Timeskip" the major character loses his lover to a ghost; in "Winter Was Hard" an old man dies, but more importantly the city loses 'gemmin'. De Lint defines Gemmin as "the spirits of place, just like hobs are spirits of a house. They're what make a place feel good and safeguard its positive memories." Many of the losses de Lint mourns are losses of the city, i.e. our society. But the strongest story in the book is "In the House of My Enemy" which speaks of the very personal pain of child abuse.

But more of the stories speak of hope — in "The Conjure Man" a poet replants the 'Tree of Tales' which has been cut down by an insensitive librarian (a nice touch of irony that). In "Uncle Dobbins Parrot Fair" an older woman and a young man succeed in retaining the magic that lives within themselves. My personal favorite, "The Moon Is Drowning While I Sleep," has a woman winning a set of trials in classic fairy tale style, but they were only dreams — weren't they?

Charles de Lint is one of the few authors whom I buy in hardcover automatically and have never regretted doing so; he writes mythology for today.

— M.R. Hildebrand



The City Who Fought
by Anne McCaffrey & S.M. Stirling, Baen Books hc: 1993,
436 pp., $19.00

This is the third in Anne McCaffrey's 'Brain and Brawn' series and in my not-so-humble opinion it's the best. This time the shellperson, Simeon, is running a large space station, SSS-900, the City of the title. But his ambition is to pilot a Space Navy ship and his hobby is playing war games. Simeon is resentful of his Brawn's retirement and has demanded his replacement Brawn fit a list of requirements.

His new Brawn is Channa Hap, a strong and independent woman who has just had her dream assignment snatched out of her hand because she was the only person who could fill Simeon's list.

Much of the early portion of the book is about Channa and Simeon as they learn to work together on managing the space station and on socializing a youngster named Joat. Joat is an feral child, who has never been registered as being on the station. A mechanical and electronic genius, Joat has been hiding in Simeon's repair corridors for years.

But Channa and Simeon have much more serious concerns to worry about soon. A shipload of refugees from an isolated religious colony is leading ships filled with pirates to SSS-900. The pirates are a group of physically superior survivors of a penal colony who feel that the rest of the human race are their rightful prey.

With the help of Amos ben Sierra Nueva, the charismatic leader of the refugees, Channa and Simeon must keep the pirates from destroying the station before help can come.

Despite the violence — the pirates seem to see rape as obligatory and killing as a national pastime — this is a great read. Both the interpersonal relationships and the action are very well handled. I hope that the authors can make time in their busy lives to tell us more about these fascinating people. *— M.R. Hildebrand*



Maze of Moonlight
by Gael Baudino,
Roc pb: 1993,
351 pp., $4.99

This is the sequel to *Strands of Starlight*, reviewed in the last issue (Spring '93) of *ConNotations*. The story, however, revolves around new characters — it is fifty years later and few of the original principals are still alive — centering on the grandchildren of the previous book's characters.

Christopher, Baron of Aurverelle, has been haunted by what he sees as weakness in his grandfather. After coming back from crusade, the Baron befriends a peasant girl who has been badly beaten. Because Christopher sees himself in the young woman (she is damaged nigh unto death physically; he emotionally), he does his best to heal her. When she recovers, the woman, whose name is Vannesa, frightens Christopher's people by her uncanny knowledge.

The struggle of these two to understand themselves and their power is interwoven with medieval politics, both temporal and spiritual. The backdrop is a land which never was, but which has been carefully fabricated by a knowledgeable writer.

A highly enjoyable fantasy which holds a mirror to both yesterday and today. *— M.R. Hildebrand*



Wildcards: Cardsharks
edited by George R.R. Martin, Baen Books pb: 452 pp., $5.99

Although labeled "Book I of a New Cycle," this is actually the 13th in the long-running and popular *Wild Cards* shared-world series. The "Book I" reflects that 1) Baen is the new publisher for the *WC* books, and 2) that a

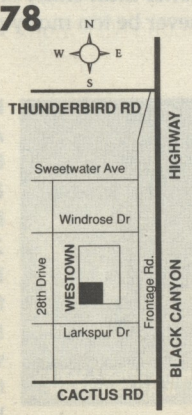
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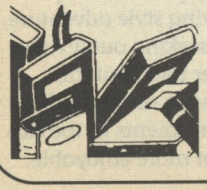
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new story arc has begun.

The story here begins with the homicidal arson of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Misery while fully occupied, killing hundreds of "Jokers," disfigured and altered victims of an alien virus released on Earth decades before. This same virus, in a small percentage of cases, grants its recipients powers and abilities "beyond those of mortal men." This is a world where superheroes and supervillains, and many in between, really exist.

Arson investigator Hannah Davis begins to find evidence that the arson was caused by a long-running anti-Joker conspiracy with powerful ties. So powerful that the authorities place heavy pressure on her to close and forget the case. And when that doesn't work, Hannah finds her own life targeted.

The personal stories of the Jokers and Aces that Hannah questions during her investigation are all well-written. Set variously from the 1950's to the present, the stories also fill in some of the details of Earth's altered history since the alien virus was released in 1946. (James Dean survives his car crash, but his passenger Elizabeth Taylor doesn't; a Marilyn Monroe who doesn't die ends up portraying Cleopatra.)

Contributing writers include Roger Zelazny, Melinda Snodgrass, William F. Wu, Laura J. Mixon, Kevin Andrew Murphy, Victor Milan, Stephen Leigh, and Michael Cassutt. — *Bruce D. Arthurs*

The Hound and the Falcon Trilogy
by Judith Tarr, St. Martin's Press, tpb

Okay, so this series has been out a while, and I've had it in my to-be-read-eventually pile for some time; but Ms. Tarr was in Phoenix for WesterColt .45, and after getting the opportunity to see and hear her in a couple of panels I was intrigued enough to sit down and read them. [Ed. note: these three books were recently re-printed as a single-volume trilogy trade paperback by St. Martin's/Tor — look for it as *The Hound and the Falcon* by Judith Tarr.]

Ms. Tarr's expertise is medieval history, and these books do an excellent job of bringing the period to life, and they provide a number of very interesting characters who made me care about what happened to them. There is a fantasy element involved, with a mysterious group of long-lived people (mutants, fairies?) who have a number of mystical powers (which are of course deemed satanic) including telepathy and shape-shifting. They reside primarily in the kingdom of Rhiyana under the good king Gwydion.



The Isle of Glass
Bluejay, 1985,
276 pp.

This book introduces Alfred of St. Ruan's, a shy, retiring monk whose one desire is to stay in the abbey and study and teach. But Alfred is a rather unique individual, for even though he has been in the monastery for over sixty years — since he was left as a babe at their doorstep protected by three snowy white owls — physically he looks to be in his teens; and his life is about to be turned topsy-turvy.

It seems that there is this troublesome Duke on the border of the neighboring kingdom who has been making raids across the border trying to instigate a war. He captures and tortures the emissary of King Gwydion, but the man escapes and finds his way to St. Ruan's — and Alfred. It seems there is a bond between them. Since the emissary's wounds preclude him from completing his mission, it falls upon Alfred to go out into the world, taking the road to his destiny. He takes with him a young student, Jehan de Chevigny — a younger son of a petty noble who has been sent to the priesthood. The two go to King Richard with Gwydion's request for a summit meeting, having adventures along the way and eventually meeting another of his "people," a woman called Althea, who can appear as a hound to be closer to Alfred. She makes it her duty to help him come to terms with his power despite his unwillingness to learn.

Intrigues abound, and Alfred comes close to being burned as a witch, but his mission ends in success. But in the process Alfred changes, grows, and can no longer remain in the monastery. He decides to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.



The Golden Horn
Bluejay, 1985,
262 pp.

Several years have passed, and Alfred is still wandering. Having been to Jerusalem he travels north. He continues to have an intermittent and stormy relationship with Althea, and his powers have developed quite a bit.

Circumstances find him staying with a Greek family living in Constantinople, and he gets work as a healer in a local hospital. Strife finds him once again, however, as the latest crusaders decide that God would be just as well served by the sacking of Constantinople as Jerusalem.

Again intrigues abound, and Alfred finds himself embroiled in the conflict while trying to protect his adopted family from harm. His old friend Jehan is present too, now a warrior priest with the Christian army.

Ms. Tarr again does a fine job of bringing the flavor of the period to life, while maintaining interest in the characters of Alfred, Althea, and Jehan, as well as the members of House Akestas. The city eventually falls, and Jehan helps Alfred, Althea, and the Akestas children get to safety. Alfred decides it is time for him to go to Rhiyana.

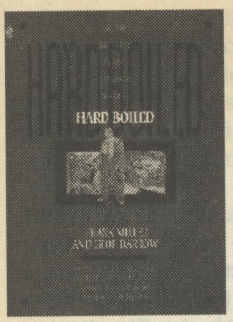


The Hounds of God
Bluejay, 1986,
344 pp.

This volume deals more with the fantasy elements than the first two. Alfred has become the Lord High Chancellor of Rhiyana, and his powers have continued to grow. Althea has become pregnant and in a very difficult delivery brings twins into the world. But the militant faction of the Catholic church has pressured the new pope into taking action against the "witches" in power in Rhiyana. A holy war is called for. And then a force reaches into the heart of the citadel and takes Althea and her children — leaving the crown prince dead, his mind fried, in the process. It is a powerful mind, more powerful perhaps than Alfred or any of the others. But they are alive, and they are traced to Rome. So Alfred goes hunting, with his friend Bishop Jehan de Chevigny — who had been visiting on his way back to his new bishopric, and young Nikephoros Akestas — Alfred's young protégé from Constantinople, who cannot speak but has been taught by Alfred to communicate telepathically.

Their search takes them into a number of directions and run the gamut of emotions from love to terror, as Alfred has to face a man who could be his brother, as well as an old enemy consumed by hate, while an army marches on their home left weakened by the absence of their most powerful minds.

Do they succeed? Well, I guess you'll need to find the books and read them to find out. All I will say is that they are very well written, and left me wanting to read more of Ms. Tarr's work. Highly recommended. — *David J. Hiatt*



Hardboiled: A Graphic Novel
by Frank Miller & Geoff Darrow, Dell tpb: 117 pp., $14.95
In its earlier 3-issue publication, this work won an Eisner (a comics-industry award) for its writer and artist.

When we first see Nixon (who is also Carl Seltz, who is also Harry Seltz, who is also Harry Burns, who is also Unit Four) on page 3 of this graphic novel set in Los Angeles of 2029, there are shards of glass embedded in his back and scalp, one side of his face lacerated and blood-spattered, one leg shot up, one hand (the one not holding a Very Large Gun) mangled and broken, and his hair and trenchcoat are on fire.

He's starting to get annoyed.

Before the concluding pages, there'll be bullets beyond counting, multiple explosions, high speed car chases, and hundreds of dead bodies.

Hard Boiled comes close to being "too much;" I found it both disturbing and fascinating on several levels.

On an artistic level, Geoff Darrow's work here is incredibly detailed, with hundreds of people, vehicles and/or buildings depicted on a page. (Some pages, particularly the final 2-page spread near the end of the book, seem almost like a deliberate parody, one set in a Clockwork-Orange-on-speed world of Where's Waldo?) And it is done so skillfully, so classically (his line style reminds me of Alicia Austin's), that I look over these scenes of incredible slaughter and bloodshed and think "That's beautiful work."

On the literary level, Miller seems to be toying with several old themes here. But they're never resolved cleanly or neatly. If the rogue robots are supposed to be trying to gain freedom from the Evil Corporation, what does it mean when the robotic Barbara casually (oh, SO casually) twists the neck of a corporate scientist, then calmly dices the body and flushes it down the toilet of a public restroom?

What does it mean when Nixon can cause the death of hundreds of innocent bystanders and not NOTICE it because he's so singlemindedly intent on his goal?

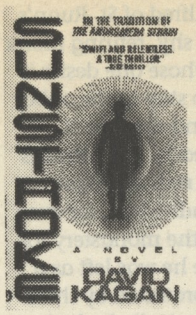
Are these really the Good Guys? Is there really a difference between those who choose to reject their humanity, and those who are simply incapable of it?

And that may be Miller's point.

Disturbing. Fascinating. Thought provoking. But NOT for everyone. (And definitely not a "comic book" that I'd give to children.)

Is this review a recommendation or a condemnation? I'm not sure about that, either.

— Bruce D. Arthurs



Sunstroke
by David Kagan, Berkley/Diamond pb.
Phoenix Author David Kagan has written a tight, taut, thriller about a solar satellite run amok. This is a very good tale, logically laid out, thoroughly researched, and a very fine first novel. I find considerable promise in Kagan's work. It is vibrant and immediate. The man knows how to spin a yarn... an exciting new talent in techno-thrillers.

But it disturbs me. The tone is anti-technology. It is true that science and the military have combined in the past to produce aberrant misjudgments. David Kagan's *Sunstroke,* like the *Andromeda Strain* to which it is compared, is a story all too real, all too frightening — especially in light of the book's revelation that such a project is actually on the drawing board.

This presents conflict for me. I want the space program to get more funding. I want to look more closely at the Monuments of Mars. I want man to spread out from this little globe and establish colonies elsewhere. I am a space exploration advocate, and anti-technology scenarios paint with too broad a brush, blackening the good and bad within science equally. I would like Mr. Kagan's tale to be more uplifting, to resolve more questions than it creates.

Sunstroke has some of the earmarks of a first novel. There are a few logic clunkers. I found one in the middle of the book which upset me a bit and a couple toward the end that asked me to stretch beyond my ability to suspend disbelief. Some of the characters seem, at times, inconsistent in their behavior or thought processes. No matter. His book rises above these minor peccadillos.

Sunstroke is entertaining. That is what fiction is about for me. This story is a powerful, well-conceived, highly tense and entertaining novel. Buy it, read it, and see what you think.

— Adam Niswander

User Unfriendly
by Vivian Vande Velde, Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich (A Jane Yolen Book) hc: 1991, 244 pp., $16.95
One of the nice things about the Jane Yolen imprint is that by offering good Young Adult (YA) books by familiar names in the adult SF and fantasy field, it leads the adult reader enticed by the familiar into trying previously undiscovered writers of juveniles whose work is quite enjoyable to adults.

I'm glad to have discovered Vande Velde. *User Unfriendly* recounts the adventures of a group of teens on their first attempt to play a "virtual reality" computer fantasy role-playing game. Complicating the game is the inclusion of the narrator's mother, who makes up in enthusiasm what she lacks in knowledge of gaming. (Her expertise is on a par with that of your reviewer — which is to say, about as much as the average Chia Pet). What is worse, they are playing a pirated version of the game; hence the title.

This book reminds me of other fantasies where characters with modern sensibilities find themselves in magic universes, such as Glen Cook's *Garrett* series, John DeChancie's *Castle* series, and some of Esther Friesner. Vande's characters display intelligence and humor, and there are some real surprises about the players themselves along the way as they cope with real pain and hunger, authentic period smells, and actually killing people. This is very much a character driven book, though the plot is well done, too. Get it for your favorite Dungeons and Dragons-addicted adolescent, but read it yourself first.

— Anne Braude

Dragon's Bait
by Vivian Vande Velde, Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich (A Jane Yolen Book) hc: 1992, 131 pp., $16.95
One moment fifteen-year-old Alys is going along as she has all of her life in the village of St. Toby's, caring for her ailing father and trying to carry on his tinsmith's business for herself; the next she is falsely accused of witchcraft by a greedy neighbor, tried and condemned by a venal Inquisitor with the tacit assent of her lifelong friends, and staked out as prey for a marauding dragon.

This, the climax of most dragon tales, is only the beginning. The dragon proves to be a shapeshifter with the cunning of a fey and ancient beast, the glamour and good looks of a courtier, and the sincerity and reliability of a used car salesman. Intrigued by his prospective dinner's lack of fear (born of despair), he offers to help her get revenge, which he regards as an art form.

This is an engaging tale of justice and vengeance, in which good and evil are not as simple as they seem at first. Most fascinating is the relationship between Alys and her accomplice and the vivid depiction of what it is like to be alone in the world except for your new best friend, who just might decide to eat you at any moment; you can't be sure because you don't know why he decided not to eat you in the first place. As in all good moral fables, both learn from the experience.

This is an even better book than *User Unfriendly,* and one I can recommend to the adult reader with more confidence. It is very like Tanith Lee's YA novels, though the

prose has a Shaker simplicity that sharply distinguishes it from Lee's gorgeously Baroque effects. This is a vintage draught for the palate of the discriminating reader of fantasy. — *Anne Braude*

The Mark of the Cat
by Andre Norton, Ace hc: 1992, 248 pp., $17.95
Norton's latest is set in the world of the Outer Regions created by Arizona artist Karen Kuykendall in her "Cat People" paintings and Tarot. It contains the usual Norton ingredients: a hero disdained and eventually outcast by his people who proves himself and triumphs in the end, and intelligent nonhumans (here feline) with whom he bonds and who aid him.

(These are not clichés; they are among the basic ingredients of what Tolkien called the Cauldron of Story and what Joseph Campbell also described as the elemental quest. If you think I just made two allusions to soup, go to your room.)

This is well-above-average Norton, with a complex and sympathetic hero and a fascinating new world and the diverse cultures that scrounge subsistence in their varying ways from its arid realms. Norton's intelligent felines usually tend to display a snotty superiority toward their human cohorts; but here the sandcat Murri is barely out of cubhood, so he and the herdsman Hynkkel are much better matched, learning and rescuing each other in turns.

At the end of the book Hynkkel has won a crown, by brains and character more than standard heroics, but his troubles are just beginning. There is a setup for a sequel at the end, promising more of Hynkkel's allies, the sorceress/dollmaker Ravina and her young assistant Allitta, and perhaps an encounter with the sorcerer-ratlord Ylantilyn. Such a book will begin where Norton's usually end and promises to be unusually interesting.

This one is definitely recommended to all Norton fans and is a good one for readers who don't know her work (or who think they don't like it) to try. — *Anne Braude*

[I agree with Anne's review, but I found the background somewhat off-putting. Ms. Norton's desert is top heavy, with a great many animals and very little vegetation. I kept wondering what kept the sand-cats' prey alive; the only vegetation described was aquatic and there were few pools and even those had sometimes been fouled by the rats. — *MRH*]

The Oathbound Wizard
by Christopher Stasheff, Del Rey hc: 1993, 392pp., $20.00
This sequel to *Her Majesty's Wizard* stands alone. In it Queen Alisande decides to break her betrothal to the Wizard Matthew since the good of her kingdom requires her to save her marriage to form a future alliance. Hurt and angry, Matt says that he will gain a throne of his own and vows before God to "kick the monster-monarch [of Ibile] off his throne or die trying." A careless vow spoken in anger, but in the universe Stasheff has created, a vow sworn to is binding.

Matthew finds himself traveling alone into Ibile on a quest to free it from the sorcerer Gordogrosso. As he travels, Matt finds himself acquiring some strange allies — a dracogriff, a cyclops, a maiden in distress, Puck (Stasheff seems fond of him), Grendel (for a short time), a ghost, Robin Hood and his band, the Demon of Entropy, and an army of good folk led by the Black Knight. As Matt goes deeper into the enslaved kingdom he is followed by Alisande who has gathered an army and is determined to save her Lord Wizard.

The basic concept Stasheff uses is that in this universe the medieval beliefs are true — an oath before God is binding, a king's worth is reflected in the well (or ill) of the land, etc. Weaving this concept with a goodly knowledge of legend, he has written an adventure that is sometimes amusing, sometimes thought-provoking but always entertaining. — *M.R. Hildebrand*

Red Mars
by Kim Stanley Robinson
Red Mars is easily the best book this reviewer has read on the colonization and terraforming of Mars. I especially enjoyed the vividly accurate descriptions of what it would be like to wander the surface of the planet.

This novel is one of those grand, sweeping epics, whose plot is difficult to describe succinctly. The story is told from several points of view and, as in real life, different people interpret the same event in remarkably different ways. Politics and religious differences, often ignored in science fiction, play crucial roles in plot development.

Although *Red Mars* is the first volume in a proposed trilogy, it is complete in itself. There are no loose ends or unanswered questions to be dealt with in the next book. *Red Mars* is a joy to read; this is Kim Stanley Robinson at his very best. — *Melinda Hutson*

A Sudden Wild Magic
by Diana Wynne Jones, William Morrow (An AvoNova Book) hc: 1992, 412 pp., $22.00
This book reminds me of buffalo steak. For the palate accustomed to the author's much-praised juvenile fantasy, her first adult fantasy seems at first a little "off" — near enough to the familiar to seem a flawed version of it rather than a different kettle of bison altogether. One misses the usual blend of intricate and interesting family relationships found in *The Ogre Downstairs* and *Fire and Hemlock* and the sheer wackiness of, for instance, the *Chrestomanci* books. The adult aspect seems to mean simply a lot of sexual and political intrigue.

But the book improves as it goes along. It seems that powerful wizards from another universe have been messing with ours: swiping ideas and technology to solve problems of their own and even introducing such problems here in order to exploit our solutions (hence Chernobyl, World War II, and now global warming). A band of kamikaze witches from Britain voyages to the other universe to stop them, and finds the situation — and the entanglements between the worlds — more complex than expected. The book gets funnier (I do like the idea of saving the multiverse by dancing the conga), and the plotting and magic are interesting and well done; but in many ways the YA-labeled *Fire and Hemlock* deals with more mature themes. Not one of her best, but even second-rate Diana Wynne Jones is worth at least one reading. — *Anne Braude*

All Hallows' Eve
ed. by Mary Elizabeth Allen, Walker hc: 1992, 247 pp., $19.95
When I was inducted into fandom in the mid-sixties, Georgette Heyer fandom was a flourishing subculture. Alas, she is no longer with us (though currently being reprinted yet again); but the world of Regency England retains its appeal to fans, largely because Heyer's version of it is a fully and perfectly crafted second universe. There is even a fantasy alternate-world Regency England with magic, created by Patricia C. Wrede and Caroline Stevermer in *Sorcery and Cecelia,* with a second novel by Wrede, *Mairelon the Magician,* set in the same universe.

This anthology, *All Hallows' Eve,* part of the Walker Regency line, seems almost inevitable: a collection of tales of the supernatural set in the Regency period, by a mix of SF/fantasy/horror and romance writers. (The former actually predominate and include such familiar names as Marvin Kaye, S.N. Lewitt, Morgan Llywellyn, Andre Norton, and Caroline Stevermer. The absence of Wrede strikes me as a glaring error.)

Listed as a romance writer but actually better known for fantasy and horror is Joan Aiken, whose "Peer Behind the Scene" is one of the best stories in the book and slyly summarizes both the romantic fascination with the period and its realistic obverse. It would be the perfect conclusion to the book — which unfortunately is organized alphabetically.

The themes include out-of-body experiences, time travel, witchcraft, curses, and of course ghosts — ghosts seeking to right wrongs, to avenge wrongs done to them, and to warn the living. The stories are too short in general to have much depth, but the most memorable ones are, on the whole, by the fantasists. The best story by a romance writer is Elizabeth Brodnax's "Oakdean" in which a gravely ill soldier left for dead in the Peninsula returns in spirit to

his family home. Marvin Kaye's "A Portrait of Faith" is hardly supernatural at all but a moving vision of the transforming power of love. Andre Norton's "The Nabob's Gift" is frustratingly brief in its account of a cursed betrothal gift. Two writers use contemporary settings with Regency haunts: S.N. Lewitt's "Pipe Dreams" has a drug-hazed rock star encountering Mary Shelley and Morgan Llwellyn's "The Mistletoe Bough" is a startling revised version of the legend of the title. I think the best story in the book is Stevermer's "Waiting for Harry," in which a murderous heir waits to hear word of the slaying he's arranged and wonders why the family ghost hasn't turned up to announce his lordship's death — and finds out that ghosts are harder to fool than relatives.

This book is probably not going to inspire a Regency addiction in the uninitiated, i.e., those who can't understand why anyone would want to read *Pride and Prejudice* seventeen times. But I recommend it to my hooked-on-Heyer cohorts. — *Anne Braude*

The Spiral Dance
by R. Garcia y Robertson, AvoNova pb: 1993, 244 pp., $4.99
This is something you don't see very often; a fantasy which is woven so carefully into history that it seems seamless. In *Spiral Dance* the author follows Anne Percy, Countess of Northumberland as she journeys with a crowd of people from all walks of life to challenge Queen Elizabeth. Their motives are as varied as their stations. Some march to fight higher taxes and rents, some to bring back Catholicism, and others to put Mary, Queen of Scots on the throne of England.

Lady Anne is strongly heartened by a vision of Mary, but of course the effort fails. Anne Percy, once a rich woman, becomes a poor fugitive aided by an impudent but resourceful werewolf. In her flight she also acquires a young maid. Pursued at first by the English for treason and later by the Scots as well on a charge of witchcraft, Lady Anne finds herself traveling some strange paths as she journeys to "Lands End."

Because of the historical accuracy (even the fantasy is kept true to the historical events and attitudes) this book requires some extra thought, but the author has been skillful in giving you the background you need without boring you with long dry explanatory passages. He has also worked hard to keep the magic true to the period and place. If you have any interest at all in history this is a must read; if you aren't interested in history it's still a worthwhile and interesting book. — *M.R. Hildebrand*

Garden of Rama
by Arthur C. Clarke & Gentry Lee, Bantam Books pb: 518 pp., $5.99
Garden of Rama is the third volume of the series begun with *Rendezvous With Rama.* *Rama II* was less than excellent. The third volume is a leap downhill into a mire of minute detail where it drowns. It has scope. It is an epic. Unfortunately, the main characters seem to be spectators in their own lives. If they aren't involved, how can we be?

With *Garden of Rama,* we find that the Raman's handy sentient life form collector is bringing Nicole des Jardins, Richard Wakefield (scientist) and General O'Toole (religious fanatic) to the Node, a base on Sirius. Nicole marries Wakefield. They have children. One daughter marries O'Toole and stays at the Node while the rest of the family goes back to earth to collect some settlers for further study by the Ramans. They will live in a veritable Eden with everything provided.

Alas, the human sample proves typical of the species, exhibiting every vice known to man (pun intended). One of the cardinal sins committed by the book is boring the reader. I don't recommend this one. — *Pam Allan*

Logan's Run,
Logan's World, Logan's Search
by William F. Nolan (*Logan's Run* with George Clayton Johnson), Dell tpb: 384pp., $12.00
Logan's Run began a 1960's event. After the novel, there was the movie, the comic book series, the television series, and even an album. In 1977, *Logan's World* came out, followed in 1980 by *Logan's Search.* Dell has now come out with the trilogy in one volume. It's a good idea.

For the few people that are unfamiliar with Logan, a brief overview. In an overpopulated future, death is compulsory at age 21. To enforce the computer monitored lifespan, children are implanted with a device in their hand that turns black on their last day. It also acts as a tracer for the Sandmen, a police force that hunts down the runners who try to evade their death.

In *Logan's Run,* Logan, a sandman, turns 21, and runs, with the sister of his last runner. Their trials in reaching sanctuary constitute the adventure. The theme is survival in a coldly mechanistic society.

In *Logan's World,* Sanctuary is destroyed. Logan, Jessica, and a few others return to destroy the giant computer that runs the world.

In *Logan's Search,* Logan is kidnaped by aliens to do it again in a parallel universe for their viewing pleasure. Logan makes it home.

Even if *Logan's Run* was not a classic, the writing in all three would justify the purchase as hard SF action adventure. The trilogy's message doesn't interfere with the fun or the suspense. — *Pam Allan*

Glitterspike Hall
by Mike Jefferies, Harper pb: 447 pp., $4.95
Hall of Whispers
by Mike Jefferies, Harper pb: 470 pp., $4.95
These are the first two books in a series continuing in the world of his *Loremasters of Elundium* trilogy. In the first book, we find a swamp world run by a mad king lacking a male heir. In the midst of seers (called mumblers) prophesying, he changes the competition for his eldest daughter's hand to a free-for-all marshmen competition for the throne itself. When his eldest attempts to compete, he banishes her and a house scullion to the frozen marshes without even a cloak between them. She finds a working relationship with the mudbeasts, a marshgirl she rescues and Krann, a fugitive from whatever happened in the first trilogy, and succeeds in taking the Gnarlsmyre throne on the last line.

The second book, *Hall of Whispers,* picks up with the next breath. Here, Marrimian, the new queen, has to patch up the kingdom, feed the populace, terraform the marshes, and in her spare time, defeat her evil sister and the crones who do magic in her behalf. She does. Then pregnant with Krann's child, she sends him off to find himself in Elundium... on the last line.

Sorry Krann, I never got enough characterization to care if you found yourself. In fact both books gave me plot devices and stereotypes rather than a story unwinding with real persons. Yaloor, the defending mud beast, and Ansal, the scullion, are the best drawn characters. Everyone else seems dysfunctional. There was no real basis for Marrimian to change into a self-sacrificing lover who would send our hero off. The only reason visible is to enable the author to write Book Three. Personally the hero could have saved himself the trouble; I won't rush off to buy book three. — *Pam Allan*

In The Mothers' Land
by Elizabeth Vonarburg, Bantam Spectra pb: 487 pp., $5.99 (translated by Jane Brierley)
This novel is set after the end of the world as we know it. It takes place after "the decline," but don't look for post-war marauders, pirates, or much action adventure. Instead, *In the Mothers' Land* is a thoughtful excursion into the heart and mind of a new feminist world. Its growth and changes are told through the growth and changes of Lisbei, a mother designate of Bethely, and a key observer.

This is not a book to be summarized. It is well-written, demanding, its passions intellectual rather than visceral. Its roots are in Europe, rather than in the United States, and unlike many Canadian writers Vonarburg writes in French. Jane Brierley does an able job of translating, but the style never loses its French inflection. This adds to the dispassionate sense of observation. Those who enjoy Ursula Le Guin, and Margaret Atwood will enjoy reading *In The Mothers' Land.* — *Pam Allan*

SF Tube Talk

Continued from page 21

expand on something in the movie (such as pointing out the tennis shoes spotted on aliens in one movie). The robots have distinct personalities, with the two major ones, **Tom Servo** and **Crow T. Robot**, stealing the show most of the time. They have recently announced that Joel Hodgson will be stepping down from in front of the camera midway through the fifth season to be replaced by **Mike Nelson**, who has been writing for the show and appearing occasionally in a guest role. Whether they can change the lead character and keep the show's audience will be determined soon. It's definitely worth catching if you have Comedy Central (currently midnight Monday–Friday, and 7pm Saturdays) and if you don't, find someone who does. In the end credits, they ask viewers to "Keep Circulating the Tapes," acknowledging the fan network that has grown for the show, with the haves helping out the have-nots.

SF TV News Tidbits

Quantum Leap has been cancelled by NBC with the last show having aired in early May. The producers attempted to convince NBC to pick the show up as a mid-season replacement and also looked into other other outlets and came up empty. It looks like *Quantum Leap* is over as a TV series with maybe a feature film revival a few years down the road?

BBC2's ***Red Dwarf*** has finished filming a sixth series of six episodes which will air in the U.K. this fall. KAET in Phoenix has still shown only the first two series and seems to have forgotten all about the show. The American adaptation for NBC has been dropped at the pilot stage. The two books based on the show, *Infinity Welcomes Careful Drivers* and *Better Than Life* have been released in the U.S. after having been available only as imports. The third and fourth series of *Red Dwarf* will be released on home video in August by Fox video.

SeaQuest DSV, the underwater adventure series from **Steven Spielberg** for NBC, will be using computer-generated special effects instead of models, as *Babylon 5* did with Amiga computers and Video Toasters. The show will star **Roy Scheider** as Captain Nathan Bridger, features a dolphin ensign, and takes place in the year 2018. It will air on Sunday nights at 7pm MST at the same time as ***Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman*** on ABC. It remains to be seen if either show will be able to survive against CBS on Sunday night.

George R.R. Martin's *Doorways* series was not picked up by ABC.

Highlander and ***Time Trax*** have both been renewed for a second season.

Starting in February, 1994 will be a ***Robocop*** TV series, distributed by Rysher Distribution (*Highlander*).

Comic News

Continued from page 25

style may very well become the male version of the Barbie syndrome, but there's more to this "adolescent, high school punk" then what was first apparent. It would be detrimental to underestimate him, and the last thing we should do is ignore him; he could be the Pied Piper of Hamlin.

Now that I've finished my "angry young man" bit, I suppose we can move on to other things. **Scott McCloud,** the creator of *Zot!,* has created an amazing book about sequential art. *Understanding Comics* explains exactly how comics tell stories with words and pictures in an informative and entertaining way. And speaking of **Chris Claremont,** Chris has written the up and coming *Aliens/Predator* series.

The comics industry has once again invaded a new media. Now, if you have Dimension Cable, you can watch ***Comics News & Previews*** every Friday at 7:00 pm on channel 22. Some of their up and coming shows will feature japanimation and manga, modeling, and interviews with **David Ammerman, Adam Hughes, Jim Valentino,** and **Dave Sim.**

Videophile

Continued from page 22

trying to get back on God's good side by fighting Cain. The Reverend's transformation via an energy transfer from a street person was confusing, though, and didn't seem at all thought out.

Well, the good guys triumph over evil and beat Cain — or do they? Here's a clue: there's a "V" in the title.

The copy sent for review was the unrated version which bordered on soft-core in a few places. Academy also offers an R-rated version. The film had mostly good production values, though with some skimping on special effects. Should be a big renter at video stores — it could even make late-night cable. Watch it if you dare — this should be available in many of your local video stores.

Why did I review these particular films? Easy, really — the filmmakers sent them for review. If you or someone you know has a film they'd like reviewed, send it to me c/o of the *ConNotations* PO Box. If you know of a video available in stores that you'd like to see reviewed, send me its name at the same address. See ya!

Game's Afoot

Continued from page 24

realism and simplicity. The weapons are limited and their use immediately understandable. The mechanics are clean and easy with a minimum of "rules lawyering" needed or even possible. However you can still have your troops do nearly anything you want from covering a corridor, to using a grenade, to vaporizing a particularly annoying enemy. The scenarios have all been designed with clear objectives, and the commander can assess his success at any given point with no difficulty. This is particularly easy when half your squad goes down in a hail of weapons fire from those stupid terminators-in-sunglasses, but I digress. The scenarios can be played in a couple of hours and are just right when waiting for that big "Peasants and Pigsties" tournament to start.

Legions of Steel was checked out all the time at HexaCon, so it was obviously a big hit, but for sheer volume of play, *Jurassic Park* squeezed into the lead (blame the recent release of the movie for that). Both games are fun to play, but *Legions* will keep your attention for a lot longer. Both Bill and Don say "Two thumbs up!" Buy them today.

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Dragon Three Two Niner

Continued from page 5

"Well, I'll try to remember."

"OK. I'll call again tomorrow afternoon. Anything going on that I should know about?"

"Well, your sister Katrashkip stormed out of here right after you did."

"Oh, any reason why?"

"Well, the scuttlebutt around the lackey's quarters is that she thinks you're going to use the gown to enchant the Prince yourself. She's flying to Dark Castle to stop you."

"Great! All I need is old Horseface mucking around while I'm making delicate negotiations with a feisty Sorcerer."

"Pardon?"

"Oh, nothing, Lizzie. Look, just tell Pops — ah, the Baron, that I've arrived safely and will call tomorrow. OK?"

"OK. Have a nice day."

"Lizzie, how many times have I instructed you not to tell me what kind of day to have?"

"Uh, three?"

"More like three hundred. Good bye."

I went to the next room anticipating a long relaxing soak. The bath was just right. It was warm, not scalding. There were perfumed scents and soaps handy. There was a glass of chilled wine by the tub. There were soft, dry robes waiting. Unfortunately, in the center of it all was my elder sister Katrashkip, her large, angular shoulders and fatty thighs submerged in the tub which I had ordered. Picture a hippopotamus with a hook nose. One look at me and she threw a bottle of scent, screaming, "You bitch! You think you can sneak off with my magic gown and capture the heart of the Prince? Well, you've got another think coming, you little... you little... you little... bitch!"

I calmly closed and locked the door to the bathroom and picked up the room's empathy shell. "Front desk? I'd like a different room, please. Yes. Preferably one without a screaming demon in the bathroom. Thank you. I'll return the key on my way down to the dragon rookery. And please have my things moved. Thank you again." I'm going to be really glad when she does marry some poor hapless Prince and is out of my castle once and for all.

The walk down to the dragon's rookery was cool, the sea breeze bringing a salt tang to my nostrils. As I approached Georgine's cove, she rumbled with pleasure. She even stopped eating for a few moments while I rubbed the spot behind her ears which causes her to go limp. After a while, the half roasted pig arrived and Georgine smelled it long before she saw it. Her humming rumble reverberated throughout the cavern and she sat up, her tail banging against the wall in a solid thumping sound. At times like these, at the end of a long and successful journey, the bond between dragon and rider was cemented.

I sat leaning against her large leg as she slowly finished roasting the pig to perfection. Then with my dagger I cut off a token slice and left the rest to her. Since I had missed dinner, I made my token a bit larger than usual but Georgine, ever the grand hostess, did not begrudge me the extra meat. The leather flagon of wine I had brought added the last touch to a perfect meal.

Soon, Georgine lay on her bloated stomach, snoring peacefully at about two point eight on the Richter scale. I became drowsy myself so I quietly stole away and headed for the hotel. After I'd gotten my new room key and headed toward the stairway, I was confronted by a rather garishly dressed fop with ladies of questionable merit on either arm. He was obviously drunk as he let one of them go and reeled toward me while slurring, "Hey, baby! You wanna grab a little gusto?"

He wrapped his arm around me and placed his hand on a portion of my anatomy normally reserved for sitting. If I'd been able to reach my dagger, he'd have pulled back a bloody stump. As it was, I merely loosened several cartilage joints in his wrist as I returned his hand to a more polite location while saying, "If there's one thing I can't stand, it's gustoes that are..." I looked at his midsection "... little!" It made my day.

The room was better this time and the bath felt wonderful. After a long day travelling, it was comforting to know that I'd bedded down Georgine and all I had to do was relax. As I stood on the balcony, wrapped in a long warm robe, I finished the last of the wine and felt at peace. Sleep came swiftly and the morning slowly.

I awakened early, as usual, and I checked on Georgine. She appeared too bloated to fly, of course, but tomorrow we'd make a short flight for the exercise — and just for the fun of it. I made a note to find somebody else to fly with. Perhaps they would know of the good soaring areas locally.

After breakfast, I set out along the narrow passageways above the market to find the old Sorcerer. The scents and sounds of foreign traders rose from the stalls and tables of the hawkers, following me through the slim corridors of the ancient guilds. Finally I arrived at the crooked door of the Sorcerer, his weathered sign advertising, "Licensed Magician Doing Business At The Same Location For Over 50 Years!" I could sense a lock spell on it so I knocked. Nobody answered. I waited and then knocked again. The lock spell wavered, then held steady. Somebody or something had moved through the field, probably someone on the other side of the door looking at me through a spy-hole. I knocked firmly again and waited. Finally, I shouted, "I'm going away to get a good book and something to eat. Then I shall come back, sit on your step, take my meal and read until I finish the book." There was no answer. "Then I'll get another book and come back."

The spell disappeared and the door creaked open. Cobwebs hung across the opening, as if nobody had entered the Sorcerer's shop in a long time. The dark room appeared mostly empty but the hearth smelled of recent use. On the mantle sat an owl. I couldn't tell if it were stuffed or alive so I watched it for more than a minute until it blinked. Alive, then. I scanned the musty interior, noting the vials and potions lining the walls.

"All right," I spoke to nobody in particular, "When do I see you?" I waited in silence, the owl watching my every move. Near the window stood a tall stool and I sidled over to it. As I sat, I called out, "Remember, I am prepared to spend a long, long time waiting."

After another minute, a short balding man came bustling through a doorway from the back and said, "The Sorcerer will not be able to see you today. Perhaps tomorrow. Now please..." He motioned to me with his hands almost as if he were guiding a flock of chickens. "... I must ask you to leave. He is a very busy man. An appointment is required. The procedures, you know..."

I could feel the power in the funny little man and knew he was the Sorcerer. The fact that he did not have an assistant to shoo me out spoke of his poverty. In an age of increasing technology, magicians and Sorcerers fell on hard times. I reached into my pouch and withdrew a large gold

coin. He didn't notice it until I spoke his name, "Fastasertine!" Knowing a Sorcerer's true name deprives him of some of his power over you. It was only a quirk of luck that he had, in his younger days, tried to bed a Priestess of Imbriana and she had, in her later days, given the secret to me.

He froze and hissed, "You guess!" His eyes locked on the gold piece, as they would gaze upon a lover.

I smiled and countered, "I know, Fastasertine! I know who you are and I know how much you want this gold. It would warm you in the winter, lend power to your spells and ward off the cold fate of age which gnaws at your bones."

The Sorcerer licked his lips and asked, "What is it that you want?"

We both relaxed, our contest of wills complete. We had now established who would drive the bargain and who would follow. "A simple task, really. I have a magic gown. She who wears it is irresistible. Unfortunately, some magician has put a spell on it rendering it useless. I need the spell removed."

A light beamed in the Sorcerer's eye, "Surely you have no need of such a gown, for you are indeed irresistible."

"The gown is not for me. It is for my sister. She wishes to wed the Prince of Dark Castle."

The Sorcerer cast his eyes downward and said after a pause, "My lady, I am perfectly willing to remove the spell but first I must warn you. The Prince is not... Well, he just hasn't... I mean, perhaps he is not the right man for your lovely sister. The Prince is, in fact a weakling, a drunkard and a womanizer. Only last night some wench in the hotel broke his wrist — and he had two other hussies with him at the time. I was called to mend the bones this morning and the harlots were still with him. I pray that you warn your sister of his ways. Perhaps if you were to meet him yourself..."

"We've met. Now break the spell." I removed the gown from my pack. It was a quite ordinary ball gown, neither too revealing nor too prim. I could, however, feel the power of enchantment in the garment.

The old man took it and felt it, sniffed it, closed his eyes and ran his hands over it. "The gown is ancient. Hundreds of queens and Princesses have used it to gain power. Others have used and misused its enchantment. Adulteresses have worn it more often than maids. There is much sorrow and misery in the gown, much more than there is happiness. Are you sure that it is wise to break the spell blocking the gown's use?"

"Positive. You haven't met my sister. She needs it."

He chuckled and replied, "Probably not as badly as the poor wench I met at the hotel this morning. The face of a beaver combined with a gargoyle, the chest of a dead man and the hips of a rhinoceros. Now she could..."

"Then you've met her." Nobody else could possibly fit that description.

"Oh my," he chuckled, "the Prince would really get what he deserves." He thought for a moment. "But is that fair to your poor sister? Although she may look..."

I interrupted him with, "I'm not entirely sure, but I believe she had several people killed in order to obtain this gown. Good people. And if she didn't, then I still believe she's capable of it."

"I see. And if I remove the blocking spell then they will both get what they deserve. May I also suggest a spell of my own as a wedding gift?"

"And what is that?"

"I have one and only one portable spell left. It insures absolute fidelity in a couple. Absolute!"

"How does it do that?"

He paused and gave me a fatherly frown, saying, "You don't want to know."

"Oh." My mind raced through several unpleasant methods of insuring fidelity. All were acceptable. Some were funny. Some were disgustingly funny.

I gestured toward the gown, "Then the spell, you can break it?"

"Oh, yes. It's a class five spell, not too old, say a century and a half. Feels like a couple of rank amateurs have tried to break it recently — put some dents in the spell but no harm done." He spread the gown out on his work bench, mumbling to himself and gathering some powders from the glass vials on the nearby shelf. He looked, for a moment, like a man thoroughly happy doing what he does best. "Step aside, there, young lady," he said as he made preparations. "Never know when some fool has put a hidden backfire on one of these. Some people have a strange sense of humor."

It was when he was smoothing the gown and pressing the wrinkles out that he said, "Oh, my!"

"A problem?" I asked.

"I do believe so."

"Well?"

"The spell, it was made by a Guild brother of mine. I'm afraid I can't just go off willy-nilly breaking Sorcerer's Guild spells. It wouldn't be ethical!"

"Well, how can you tell who made the spell?"

"It's here in the back of the neck. See the label?"

It took three more gold coins to convince him that guilds weren't what they used to be. As I left the shop with the newly reactivated gown, I considered wearing it for a grand entrance down the staircase at the hotel. Then I mused that the Prince might once again be in the lobby and shelved the idea. Back in my room, I called home and reported success in my mission. I'd stay two more days and then fly home on a leisurely southern route. Daddy (The Baron) rumbled his approval and gave me the verbal equivalent of a pat on the top of my head. Why is it that fathers feel they have to pat their daughters on the head? Then again, why is it that daughters like it so much?

I took the gown to big sister Katrashkip's room to present it to her but found she had checked out and gone to the dragon rookery. Since I had to check on Georgine anyway, I went to the rookery, thinking my sister had perhaps rented a dragon to fly home. The thought crossed my mind that I might have to rescue my elder Princess since her skill at flying dragons really stank. She knew it and any dragon she got on knew it.

Georgine was gone!

There was a letter with my name on it nailed to the gate. It read, "Return my magic gown intact and I won't kill your stupid lizard. It's being kept under a fear cage spell at Bloody Cove. Don't show up without the gown. Katrashkip, Greater Princess of Granite Keep."

My sister does some really dumb things but most of them don't affect me so I don't bother to try and beat any sense into her head, as she well deserves. This time, however, she had gone too far. Georgine was a sensitive, gentle friend who trusted even idiots like Katrashkip. I hurried to the rent-a-dragon lot and endured a sales pitch of high order before I gave the dragon jockey the ultimatum; either shut up and rent me a dragon or point me toward his competitor. The charge card helped, although he pointed out that I was reaching my credit limit rapidly. I'd worry about that tomorrow.

"Dark Castle, this is Rent-A-Wing November Echo One Two Seven requesting clearance for departure."

"Ah, November Echo One Two Seven, we don't seem to have a flight plan filed for you."

"Dark Castle, this is a local flight."

"November Echo One Two Seven, it's still recommended..."

"OK, we'll do it your way. Dark Castle control, this is Rent-A-Wing November Echo One Two Seven declaring an emergency. Dragon theft, suspect at Bloody Cove. Do not, repeat do not, apprehend until dragon is set free. Dragon is under a fear cage spell."

"What are your intentions, November Echo One Two Seven?"

"Suspect has requested ransom. I intend to apprehend the suspect and free the dragon. If any military forces land, she'll kill the captured dragon. Understand?"

"Understand, November Echo One Two Seven. You are cleared. We will scramble a military flight but will hold off until you give the word." I took off without acknowledging his clearance and I could hear him shouting into another empathy shell, "Air Force Bravo and Charlie, operational scramble — this is not a drill! This is not a drill! Follow that dragon!"

The blare of the klaxon reached us and spooked my rented dragon. I nudged her and gave her a soothing sound. Usually I try to establish rapport with a dragon before I'm airborne but there just wasn't time. I nudged her again to bank left and follow the rugged coastline South. The military dragons were leaving the castle behind me and forming up. Bloody Cove wasn't far, just a few minutes flying time away. As I circled the cove I could see my precious Georgine cowering under an invisible net of fear. Katrashkip stood out on the headland, her long stringy hair blowing in the wind and revealing her bald spot.

She shouted something at me as I approached but I couldn't make it out. I circled once again and landed inland, near the grassy slope which led to Georgine's prison of fear. Katrashkip came running to me screaming, "You little Bitch!"

"Back off, big sister! I've got the gown and I'm even going to let you use it. Now what have you done to my dragon?"

"Your stupid lizard is OK. It's only in a fear cage. Now give me the gown!"

"First, I've asked you repeatedly not to refer to Georgine as 'it' or 'stupid lizard'. Georgine is a 'she' and some times I think she has more common sense than you do."

"Well, if you ever hope to fly on 'it' again, you'd better get off that dragon and hand me the gown."

"First you release Georgine."

"First you get off that dragon and show me the gown." We were at a stalemate. "Remember, I can make the cage smaller and drive your pet lizard insane with fear." Round one went to Princess Katrashkip.

I slid off the rented dragon, holding the pack with the gown. "Where did you get that portable cage spell?"

"It's really simple, you just add water. Daddy gave it to me." She looked pleased. "He said it might come in handy if I were ever assaulted — you know, by some sex starved maniacs." I mused that anybody sexually interested in Katrashkip would have to be certifiably insane and perhaps legally blind so I guess it made sense.

"OK. Here's the gown. Now, release Georgine."

"Not until I'm on the rented dragon — with the gown."

I smelled a rat but I had the Air Force backing me up so I let her get on the dragon. "OK. Now how do you nullify the cage spell?"

She nudged the dragon upward into flight and shouted, "You think I'd tell you, sucker?"

The dragon had made one tentative flap of her wings and was about to make her takeoff thrust when I shouted the secret command which only dragons and a few humans know. She was commanded to land immediately and she faltered, falling on her chest and dumping Katrashkip in an unglamorous heap on the ground. I ran to my ungrateful big sister and knocked her down with a flying body slam (and Daddy said I wouldn't ever learn anything by watching professional wrestling!).

Katrashkip had the wind knocked out of her and I grabbed her in a half Nelson. She managed to get a good elbow into my ribs but I held on, fighting for supremacy and finally turned it into a full Nelson. I rolled her over onto her face and spat, "OK, big sister, either you tell me how to release Georgine or you die right here. Right now." I really wasn't going to kill her but I gave her a knee in the ribs to remind her just how serious I was.

She sobbed and said, "Can't... Can't breathe!"

I let up on her and she squirmed out of my hold, scrambling free. I backed away warily, remembering previous fights with her in which she merely sat on me, allowing her considerable bulk to win the battle. She had grabbed my dagger and was brandishing it toward me in a rather amateurish manner. Sometimes an amateur can be fairly lethal but I was well trained in unarmed combat. It was a simple kick maneuver to free the dagger from her grasp. I'm proud to say that I did it without damaging the blade. As to Katrashkip's wrist, well, her backhand will never be the same.

Her face contorted with frustration. "By the Old Ones, I'll get you for this, Irulana!" She used to employ foul language like that for its shock value but it's become her standard fare.

She came at me again, fighting like a girl fights. It's no match for somebody who has trained well. In a few punches it was all over. She was lying on the ground and I stood over her. "Well?"

"Well what?" She put her hand to her face. Her nose may have been broken but I thought it could be a definite improvement.

"Well, how do you release Georgine?"

"Oh. Just whistle. You know how to whistle, don't you?"

I stuck two fingers in my mouth and let loose. Georgine shot into the air and wouldn't come near the cove again. The Air Force boys gave me a lift back to the castle where I soothed Georgine for a week before she would fly with me again. Oh yeah, the Air Force Boys; well, I convinced them it was all just a big misunderstanding — family squabble and all. No charges pressed.

And the moral of this tidy little tale? Sometimes you have to damn near kill the Princess just to rescue the dragon.

Contact Pete via the Internet at petemanly@bix.com — let him know what you think of and where you read this.

Advertisers hit their target in *ConNotations!*

Earth to ConNotations

Continued from inside front cover

Now, be good enough to get a little cultural education so we mature types don't have to waste space in Point/Counterpoint correcting your boorish behavior.

There. I feel better now. I propose that we all come up with something clever for next issue. For example, let's explore why we never see Ferengi females on *ST:TNG*. Or can a wizard develop powers independent of the forces of Good and Evil? I'm sure it would make for a refreshing change from all the whining and scolding.

Respectfully,
Mike McConeghy
Tempe, AZ

Brief comments: 1) Yes, unfortunately, the news and other local media have successfully ignored these cons despite press releases for the last several years; 2) I don't think we will be seeing female Ferengi... as I recall they keep their women naked.

Gadzooks! The Tom Tuerff bashing in your opinion pages has all the professionalism and validity of the Rodney King beating. The nerve, Tom, of not staying down on the ground where you belong... (I told you not to be so nice!)

And Carey Holzman: I *loved* your whining, complaining letter about how you hate people who whine and complain. I didn't know that *ConNotations* had added a humor feature. But then, it takes a funny guy to think that anyone under the age of 65 likes the "Hokey Pokey."

I propose that Phoenix doesn't need Science Fiction conventions at all. The same amount of interpersonal conflict can be had free in your mailbox! Sooner or later something in this zine will annoy one enough to pen some reactionary vitriol. War is swell.

Why don't you give over these pages to out-of-state convention advertising, so that fans can comparison shop for themselves. Only personal experience convinces anyone of anything. Tom, and the many fen who support him, have had bad experiences. Nothing you say will change that. No one is going to lend you credibility just because you write essay after essay patting yourself on the back.

Debora Wykle
Tempe, AZ

Gee, Deb, talk about reactionary vitriol. I've personally observed a hundred teens dancing the Hokey Pokey at a con and enjoying it, probably because it's silly. Relatively harmless behavior. As to Phoenix's need for sf cons... well, obviously it's more like an occasional desire. But I do think there is certainly a need for some event to bring these people together to socialize. Most fans are shy and many feel a con is the only place where they can be themselves and be accepted. Oh yeah, and as for out-of-state cons advertising... we've pursued Westercon '93, Worldcon '93, and DragonCon to no avail. Maybe you have some connections that could help?

Comic-Con parties and food are not subsidized in any way by comic book publishers (or anyone else, for that matter). We put on three big parties and an awards banquet and offer a con suite without subsidies.

Nor is Comic-Con a trade show. It is a convention, run by fans for fans. The San Diego Comic-Con is a non-profit corporation dedicated to advancing the popular arts. The fact that just about every big name in comics attends (along with famous sf people, animators, and film/tv personages) must be due to some other reason. Maybe it's because Comic-Con is a good place for professionals to talk with publishers, renew friendships and meet their fans. Maybe it's because of the weather and the Zoo.

Comic-Con does sponsor a comics industry trade show, but it takes place before the convention and isn't open to fans. It's where publishers, distributors, comics shop owners and other business people meet to discuss business matters. Many of these people stick around for the convention itself, but the trade show and the con are two separate events.

Sincerely,
Mark Stadler
San Diego, CA

P.S. I am secretary of the Comic-Con Board of Directors, which puts me in a good position to provide the above information, but this letter reflects only my personal opinion, not that of the Board or committee.

Thanks for the straight dope on the Con, Mark. I suspect many professionals are there because of that trade show, the weather... and because their companies pay their way! Now if we could only inspire a publisher to send us a few dozen authors for free.... Also, I have heard that there are company-sponsored events — perhaps they are during the trade show.

I've personally worked a number of local conventions out here in the Valley. A large portion of the "regular" staff at the cons give curt, rude answers to questions, are most unhelpful, and generally give an attitude that if you aren't working for the con, you must be working against it.

I worked a masquerade with Gail and I wouldn't do it again because her attitude was that if it wasn't done her way, it shouldn't be done at all. Heaven forbid if anyone else had an idea.

I have been to convention meetings where I have been told that if I am not a member of the committee, I should keep my mouth shut. I have friends who volunteered to bring a guest or two in free to the local conventions, but the convention staff wouldn't return their calls.

The problem with the dances was that they started too early. And maybe the volume should be adjusted to accommodate the volume of people in the room (less people, less volume).

The ConSuite does have a variety of food, but it is in limited supply. Perhaps the cons should ask local fan groups to sponsor the ConSuite and save the convention the hassle and money. Then those convention funds can go toward other projects.

Just as a point of information, I go mainly to out-of-state cons now. Local ones just aren't worth the money to me any more. At a couple of out-of-state cons, I had been talking to people for awhile when they found I was from Phoenix, they said they didn't want anything to do with someone involved with "cut-throat fandom" and walked away. Phoenix fandom does have a lousy reputation. Ripping each other to shreds about whose fault it is and being defensive about it won't help any. However, allowing everyone their own opinions, taking suggestions, and communicating with people might.

Gina D.
Phoenix, AZ

First of all, Gina, I suggest you take your own advice and not shred (although it's much less obvious in this edited version of your letter). Next, I think an experienced committee person has the right to do things their way, and doesn't have to follow every suggestion. I also think that if you think you know a better way, and if you have leadership skills and friends to help you, you should offer to run a masquerade!

I've been to a hundred committee meetings and never heard anyone telling others to keep their mouths shut, but I obviously haven't been to them all. Taking suggestions depends entirely on the existing plans of individual committee people.

I think the idea of having clubs sponsor ConSuite is great. If any club member out there is reading this, feel free to bring it up at your next meeting. An average CopperCon ConSuite costs $1500, and we'd welcome additional support.

As for Phoenix having "cut-throat fandom," I think that's an ancient rumor. Things in CASFS got politically messy in 1982, and a few troublemakers took their time in fading away, but all in all since then, Phoenix has been very sedate (in my opinion). Come to just one CASFS meeting and you'll see how achingly sedate it can be. If you get snubbed again, maybe you could ask what they mean and find out specifics. I, for one, would like to know!

I liked the [recent] *ConNotations* issue — especially the *variety* (of stuff, of typefaces/sizes, of pictures, etc.). Of course I'm partial to the humor pieces...

I think the only Real problem with the [WesterColt] masquerade was that the audience didn't know when things would start up again (during judging intermission). People were angry about the time. Someone shoulda said "be back in an hour, folks!" I myself wondered if I'd have time to Visit the Facilities without missing anything. Little did I know I could've gone out for dinner!

Sherry "Sherlock" Watson
San Antonio, TX

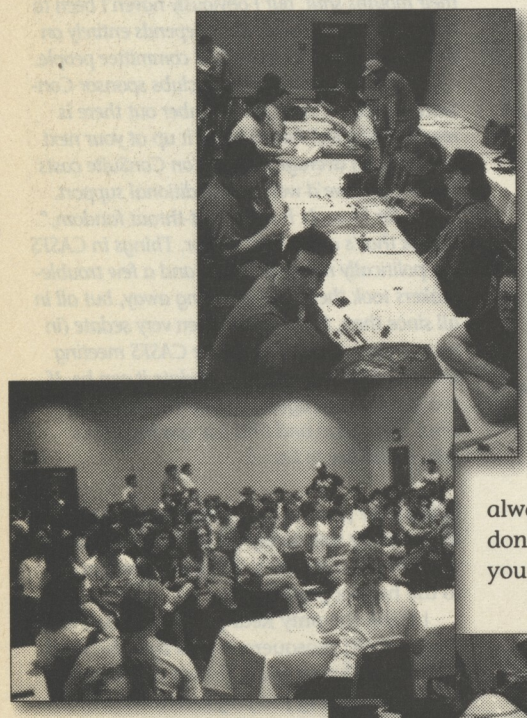
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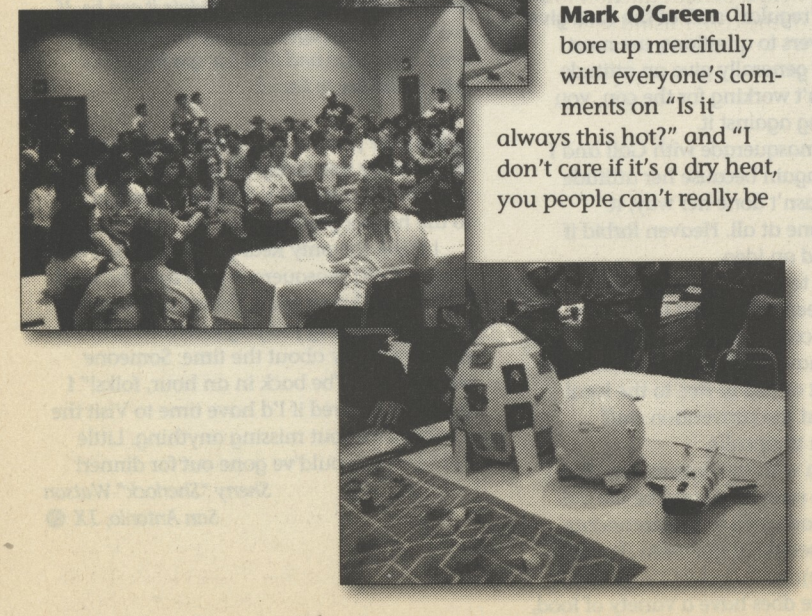
HexaCon 3

June 18–20
Camelview Resort
Scottsdale, AZ

HexaCon 3 is now history. Bigger than ever with almost 750 people attending, we descended on the Camelview resort and its guests without mercy. (The Miller family was celebrating a 50th wedding anniversary at the hotel on Saturday night. They liked us so much, they took to calling their party MillerCon. All their kids came over to check us out, and everybody had a good time.)

Our guests came from all over the country (well, from California to Virginia anyway, although one was born in England), and were suitably impressed with the heat and good old Arizona hospitality. **Larry Bond** (writer of *Harpoon* and techno-thriller novels) took a side trip to the Champlin Fighter Museum, in between panels and demo games. **Lori and Corey Cole** (computer game designers extraordinaire) took the opportunity to visit relatives once the convention was over. **Tim Olsen** (from Task Force Games) stepped in at the last minute to fill some empty time slots, for which we're eternally grateful. And **Mike Stackpole, Liz Danforth, Ken St. Andre,** and **Mark O'Green** all bore up mercifully with everyone's comments on "Is it always this hot?" and "I don't care if it's a dry heat, you people can't really be living here all year round!" (And once again, a special thanks to Liz Danforth whose beautiful art graced all of our publications.)





We certainly had plenty of gaming, hitting over 200 sessions. Walking through the main tournament area was kind of like descending into Dante's inferno (at least 3rd level), a grinding cacophony of noise, intense expressions, and an interesting bouquet comprised of equal parts of pizza sauce, printer's ink, Coke, and sweat. And, of course, the snippets of conversation you pick up are always entertaining... "No, look, the rules are quite clear on this point — on page 175, 2nd paragraph, it states that you MAY pick up radioactive waste without suffering attack modifiers..." "OK, OK, we're sorry we insulted your wizard, so please don't call down the wrath of the heavens on us, OK?" "So I pop around the corner and there's a DracoMech in ferro-carbo-nitro-oxidous-plasti-steel-armor, like say defense 57..." "So I pop around the corner and there's three orcs swilling beer wearing mithril-artifact-ensorcelled scale armor, like say class –5..." "Gee, I don't get it, the dice never roll like this at home." "Die, die, kill you all, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, red rum red rum red rum red rum..."

And it wouldn't have been complete without at least one wild, rampant animal adventure. Yes, a fierce creature of the wilds did threaten various members of the hotel staff with huge fangs and claws and red, glaring eyes. Well, actually, Ozzie found somebody's pet rat roaming around the function space and gave it to the hotel staff, who promptly gave it to me (putting it in a box and pushing the box gingerly with their fingertips across the counter). He was just a little spud and obviously somebody's pet (according to the staff Biologist; of course we have a Biologist on staff, doesn't everybody?), but the owner could not be found. By the time we rounded up a home for the little guy, we had nicknamed him Mr. Hexarat and had adopted him as a mascot. (I tried to give him to Ken Lemons, the chair of HexaCon 4, sort of as a continuing tradition, but for some silly reason, he turned me down.)

Wrapping up, the general consensus of the attendees was "Great con! Let's do it again, soon!" None of it would have been possible without the tremendous work done by my staff, all of whom probably need psychiatric exams for putting that much energy into a hobby. I'm looking forward to chairing HexaCon 5 and feel sure, thanks to the hard work put in by the staff and volunteers, that HexaCon will continue to be a bigger and bigger success as the years go by.

— Don Harrington
HexaCon 3 Chair

Gallifrey One Goes Forth

February 26–28, 1993
Burbank Airport Hilton
Burbank, CA

For the last four years, the Los Angeles area has been host to a fan run *Doctor Who*/Science Fiction Media convention called Gallifrey One. Each convention has had a slightly different name with this year's convention being called Gallifrey One Goes Forth. The conventions have always featured several *Doctor Who* related guests plus local science fiction authors.

The *Doctor Who* guests were **Frazer Hines** (Jamie), **Nicola Bryant** (Peri), and **John Levene** (Sgt. Benton). Also appearing were **J. Michael Straczynski, David Gerrold, J.M. Dillard,** and Gallifrey One regular fan guests **Eric Hoffman** and **Larry Stewart**.

As in the past, the convention was a small gathering that gave everyone a chance to talk with the guests and meet other fans. With this year's convention, the Saturday night Cabaret was included as part of the membership. The highlight of this year's cabaret was Frazer Hines and Nicola Bryant performing "Doctor Who Had a Farm."

Other special events at the convention were the opening night "Gallifrey Tonight" panel, set up like a talk show with each of the *Doctor Who* guests appearing. This was followed by an Ice Cream Social and a dance. Saturday saw the return of Trivia Squares, a version of *Hollywood Squares* done with science fiction celebrities in the squares including Morticia Addams, Carl Sagan, Doctors #2 and #7, Holly from *Red Dwarf* (female version) and others. The convention also featured an art show, a dealers' room and a con suite.

Nicola Bryant arrived in L.A. a couple of weeks before the convention and was planning on staying for several months in order to attempt to break into show biz in Los Angeles. She has also signed with Virgin books, who publish the *Doctor Who* novels, to do a recollection of her years on *Doctor Who* in a diary format. She asked for assistance in getting NTSC tapes of her *Doctor Who* stories and got many offers from fans at the con. She has been doing a series of videos produced by the BBC Film Club with Colin Baker (the Sixth Doctor) where Colin plays a character called "The Stranger" and Nicola plays a character called "Miss Brown." She has enjoyed doing them and feels they have been getting better with each one. She plans to return to England when they are ready to tape the next one, which may feature other actors from *Doctor Who* in addition to her and Colin to help celebrate the 30th anniversary of *Doctor Who*.

Frazer Hines arrived Friday evening direct from the airport after a transatlantic flight. He was a lot of fun in his panels and in his cabaret appearance. He is currently busy on the *Emmerdale Farm* series in the U.K. (and has been for several years), and was recently featured on *This is Your Life*. He recounted at the convention what his wife and others went through to keep it a secret from him. Deborah Watling (Victoria Waterfield on *Doctor Who*) made an appearance via videotape on the show representing his years on *Doctor Who*.

John Levene was entertaining as usual. He has recently acquired his Green Card and appreciates all the help he had from fans who wrote letters to support him. He married in the past year, and he hopes to get more involved in being a producer (he isn't as interested in acting as he once was). John also showed his musical capabilities in the Cabaret and in an afternoon Coffee House.

J. Michael Straczynski did his first convention presentation on *Babylon 5* after the show had aired, getting feedback from the fans and answering questions about the show. He commented that since he had been doing cons for the last year promoting the show so that fans would watch it, it was strange to do a panel where everyone in the audience had already seen the show. He also showed a tape of one scene cut from the movie as well as a very funny "behind the scenes" tape produced by one of the members of the *Babylon 5* visual effects team.

J.M. Dillard talked about her experiences with *Star Trek* novel writing and adapting of the recent *Star Trek* movies to book form, which allowed her a chance to make more sense out of the movies. David Gerrold held a benefit auction for AIDS research at the con, raising several hundred dollars.

Larry Stewart, a Canadian fan who has been a guest at each of the Gallifrey One conventions, kept everyone amused with his impressions of all of the Doctors and *Star Trek* characters, and emceed the Cabaret. Eric Hoffman, a Los Angeles *Doctor Who* expert, presented tributes to Frazer Hines and Patrick Troughton and provided some musical comedy during the Cabaret.

It was announced at the Cabaret that the convention had done well enough that they would make money this year (which hasn't always been the case).

See the Convention Calendar on page 43 for information on next year's convention, A Fifth of Gallifrey One.

— Lee Whiteside

SilverCon II

April 2–4, 1993
Union Plaza Hotel/Casino
Las Vegas, NV

SilverCon II was an artistic and financial success. Pro GoH **Poul Anderson**, Fan GoH **William Rotsler**, Filk GoHs **Dr. Jane Robinson & Cynthia McQuillin**, Toastmaster **Art Widner**, Honored Professional Guest **Julia Ecklar**, and Honored Fan Guest **Karen Anderson** were all magnificent.

The convention facility was paid for by Friday night. By late Saturday, the necessary funds to cover the hotel costs were raised, and the banquet paid for itself. The Dealers had their big day on Sunday. The auction, postponed until 3:00pm on Sunday, did phenomenally well.

Poul and Karen Anderson arrived on Friday and they attended the FAPA (Fantasy Amateur Press Assoc.) party late Friday night, immediately following the Meet the Pros party, where Poul quickly became a center of attention. They stayed late discussing matters of interest and reminiscences. Poul also delivered a GoH speech at the banquet which left the audience wanting more.

We Need Reviews

If you'd like to review a convention you attended, feel free to give us 350–500 words — try to include info on each area of the convention, and then focus on the areas you particularly enjoyed.

Poul and Karen were accessible to all who desired contact: they attended panels they were not sitting on, and they milled around the ConSuite. The Andersons even attended the Dead Dog Party, where, after midnight on Sunday, Karen turned to me and said something to the effect of "Well, I think that the last dog has been hung."

William Rotsler arrived on Thursday in time to attend the precon APA party which Arnie and Joyce Katz hosted. He proceeded to illustrate his surroundings almost immediately and by Friday was already leaving his big mark (or illo) on the con. His cartooning and fannish sense of humor were enjoyed by all.

At the Banquet on Saturday, during which Rotsler honored Charles and Cora Burbee (also in attendance), he illustrated the Plaza's plain white china. The china wasn't plain when Bill was finished. We left a few unsigned pieces as testimony

that while the dishes had been drawn on, we did not take them with us.

Dr. Jane and Cynthia McQuillin arrived on Thursday in time for the Thursday night filk party hosted by Allen & Beth Brown. Dr. Jane & Cynthia were gracious and high spirited at the Meet the Pros party on Friday night, indeed during the entire weekend. They were true to form at each of their performances evoking glee at the Friday night filksing and entertaining all at their concert performance on Saturday night.

The Saturday night filk panel (Filk for Fun & Non-Profit) was attended by several dozen filkers and was lively on the subject of the need for fandom to recognize filk once and for all. This discussion went well over the 60 minutes allotted and had to be continued in the corridor so that the concert could start.

On Sunday evening, Dr. Jane and Cynthia were interviewed on the University of Nevada radio station and they aired one-and-a-half hours of filk interspersed with discussion. The DJ, an SF reader, seemed genuinely interested in the subject.

Julia Ecklar arrived on Thursday and attended the precon filk party at the Brown's home. Julia conducted a six-hour writer's workshop during the con and one attendee mentioned that she would have gladly paid over $200 for this (in less lean times). There isn't enough space to list all the praise I heard for Julia's workshop. She should be encouraged to conduct more of these workshops... she possesses a great skill for writing and is an outstanding instructor.

The concert went off without a hitch with Dr. Jane and Cynthia leading things off. A Las Vegas local, Marcie McDowell (former SCA Bard) premiered several pieces, including **The Tourists in Las Vegas**, which will appear in *Marquee*. A trio from Phoenix — Elizabeth Burnham, Chris Dickinson, and Debbie Boudoin — performed *a cappella*, producing some amazing sounds according to the Filkers of Note present. Joey Shojl and Larry Warner did some solos, duets, and even a trio piece with Kathy Mar, who wrapped up the concert for us.

Leonard Zubkoff was on hand for recording at the concert as well as at the filksings. Look for his SilverCon II tape which he hopes will be available at Con-Francisco. The Saturday night filksing lasted until dawn.

As usual, Don Fitch presented the FAPA party and the ConSuite with his hospitality in the form of luscious candies from **Trader Joe's**. There were more than 10 FAPAns at SilverCon II, and a few non-FAPAn fanzine fans. Charles Burbee, who was in a wheelchair following a stroke, was in excellent form all weekend, but it was at the FAPA party on Friday night that I observed his wit and charm. I had never met him prior to SilverCon II, though I'd heard a lot about him.

All in all, a great con for filkers and fanzine fans. Here's looking forward to next year's!

— Woody Bernardi
SilverCon II Chair

LepreCon 19

June 4–6, 1993
Camelview Resort
Scottsdale, AZ

I had a wonderful time at LepreCon 19 although it was a very confusing time for me (Art Show, Suns Game, Dealers' Room, Suns Game, Japanimation, Suns Game, Vampire Hunt, Suns Game, what do I do?). The Author GoH was **S. P. Somtow** and the artist GoH was **Sue Dawe**. Needless to say, there were plenty of things to do.

For starters I went to check out the Art Show and Dealers' Room. The Art Show had some very nice pieces up for purchase or auction, as usual, I spent a few hours just looking around.

The Dealers' Room was full and had many fine items for purchase. There was a wide selection of jewelry, books, art, shirts, and music. One vendor had every *Star Trek* disc ever printed and several hard to find soundtracks. I even found some hardcovers I'd been looking for at really low prices (thanks, Barry), but I did notice that there wasn't a gaming dealer there, which was disappointing because I forgot my dice and couldn't buy more.

The Japanimation room had many wonderful, blood & oil drippin', mech destroyin', evil spirit killin', sexy girl filled animation flicks they presented (God, I love the stuff). There was a video room that showed many recent and classic sci-fi and fantasy films all weekend... though I never made it in because it was so crowded. Even the ConSuite had a VCR playing *Blade Runner* one of the times I was in there.

There were, as usual, many panel discussions and demonstrations. I must say I enjoyed the masquerade a great deal this year... it was held at midnight by the pool, and it was a very nice night for it. Everyone was having fun viewing the costumes shown.

For those over 21, the Dark Ones party had beer and loud rock music to enjoy. If you haven't attended one of their parties, you should... it's a great social gathering, and you can meet all kinds of people there.

I would like to give my compliments to the fine people who put on the Vampire Hunt — I thought it was one of the best activities at the Con. We selected characters, pre-made by the G.M., then attended a meeting in character to find out needed information. The hunt took place over 3 three-hour periods, one on Friday, and two on Saturday, so it took up a great deal of Con time, but the fun involved made it well worth it. And if you're lucky, you get to kill the vampire at the end. I am told there will be more hunts at future Phoenix-area conventions, so keep your eyes peeled.

Overall it was a wonderful convention. Everyone I talked to had a good time. Best of all, people stayed relatively civilized and out of trouble. This makes the convention more enjoyable for the rest of us. The good news is the convention made money, so there will be a LepreCon 20 next year. I would like to compliment the LepreCon Chairman, Committee, Staff, and Volunteers for putting on a great convention. See you next year!

— Shahn Cornell

GENERIC CONVENTION REGISTRATION FORM

Name: _____

Badge Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Country: _____ Phone: _____

Enclosed is $_____ for ____ memberships in the upcoming _____ convention. (See Convention Calendar for appropriate mailing address.)

Please send me more info on: ☐ Masquerade ☐ Art Show ☐ Dealers' Room ☐ Volunteering ☐ Other: _____

USE THIS FORM TO REGISTER FOR JUST ABOUT ANY CONVENTION!

SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY

Convention Calendar

Compiled by Margaret Grady

COMIC-CON

Aug. 19–22, 1993 • Annual comic convention at the San Diego Convention Center, San Diego, CA. Attendees are expected to number 26,000, including 3000 working professionals. 9-track programming, 24-hr japanimation & movies, 300 dealers' booths, early reg. available 8/18 — for hotel info, call Travel Planners (800) 221-3531. Membership rates will be $50 for four days, $18 for one day, ages 7–16 half-price, and kids younger than 7 get in free with a paid adult membership. For more info write San Diego Comic Convention, PO Box 128458, San Diego, CA 92112-8458, or call (619) 544-9555.

BUBONICON 25

August 20–22, 1993 • General SF/F con with GoHs Kevin J. Anderson and Robert C. Cornett, Toastmasters Jennifer Roberson & Mark O'Green, and artist Anne Marie Eastburn. Odd events include the Rock 'Em Sock 'Em Robots tourney, the Cereal Bowl, and the Green Slime Awards. The hotel is the Howard Johnson East in Albuquerque, NM, and membership rates are $24 ATD (one-days will be available). Room rates are $42 s/d. Contact Bubonicon at NMSF Conference, PO Box 37257, Albuquerque, NM 87176, or call Craig at (505) 266-8905.

CONFRANCISCO (51ST WORLDCON)

Sept. 2–6, 1993 • Worldcon at the Park 55 and the ANA hotels in San Francisco, and the Moscone Convention Center. 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. ATD membership rates will be $145. For more info write 712 Bancroft Rd #1993, Walnut Creek, CA 94598, or call (510) 945-1993. Inquiries may also be made via CompuServe Electronic Mail to user id 72377,3623.

COPPERCON 13

September 10–12, 1993 • Literary SF/F con with GoHs author Robert Sheckley, artist Wayne Barlowe, and deceased Rod Serling. The hotel is the Holiday Inn Corporate Center at Peoria & I-17 in Phoenix, and membership rates are $25 thru 8/15/93, $30 ATD. Contact CopperCon at PO Box 62613, Phoenix, AZ 85082, or call (602) 954-9155.

CON-CHORD 9

October 8–10, 1993 • Filking con with GoHs Dave Clement and toastmaster Molly Bennett. The hotel is the Hilton in Burbank, CA and membership rates are $30 thru 9/7/93, then $35. Contact Rick Weiss, Con-Chord 9, 13261 Donegal Drive, Garden Grove, CA 92644.

1993 WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

October 28–31, 1993 • Bloomington, Minnesota. (Membership is restricted to 750 attendees, so get yours now if you're going.) Guests of honor include: Roger Zelazny, Poul Anderson, John Crowley, Tom Canty, Neil Gaiman and Basil Copper. Membership rates are $100 from 8/1/93 on. Contact the WFC at PO Box 2128, Loop Station, Minneapolis, MN 55402, or call (612) 379-8924.

TUSCON 20 "THE REUNION"

November 12–14, 1993 • General SF/F relaxacon with GoHs author Simon Hawke and fan Kate Daniel. The hotel is the perennial Best Western Executive Inn at 333 W. Drachman in Tucson, and membership rates are $20 thru 10/15/93, $25 ATD. Contact TusCon at PO Box 26822, Tucson, AZ 85726, or call Bruce Wiley at (602) 321-4696.

LOSCON 20

November 26–28, 1993 • General SF/F con with GoHs author Roger Zelazny, and fan Paul Turner. The hotel is the Airport Hilton in Burbank, CA, and membership rates are $25. Contact LosCon at L.A.S.F.S., 11513 Burbank Blvd, North Hollywood, CA 91601.

A FIFTH OF GALLIFREY ONE

February 18–21, 1994 • *Dr. Who* & SF media con with GoHs *DW* scriptwriter Terrance Dicks, *DW* producer Barry Letts, actor John Levene, and more TBA. The hotel is the Glendale Red Lion Inn, in Glendale, CA, and membership rates are $25 thru 10/15/93, $30 thru 2/1/94, $35 to the door. Contact Gallifrey Conventions, PO Box 3021, No. Hollywood, CA 91609.

1994 WORLD HORROR CONVENTION

March 3–6, 1994 • Literary horror con with GoH authors Charles M. Grant, Dan Simmons, artist Gahan Wilson, and toastmaster Ed Bryant. Held at the Fountain Suites Hotel, Phoenix, membership rates are $65 thru 12/31/93, then $75. Contact '94 World Horror Convention at PO Box 60008, Phoenix, AZ 85082-0008, or call (602) 841-5153 or (602) 945-6890.

PHIL & ED'S EXCELLENT CONVENTION

March 31–April 3, 1994 • Getting back to the good old days of SF&F conventions is the theme of this first-year convention. 24-hour-a-day films, filking, gaming, and con suite, plus a large media museum are all featured. Held at the Burbank Hilton Hotel in Burbank, CA, membership rates are $35 through February 1, and $40 at the door. For more info, write PO Box 1064, Lomita, CA 90717-0646.

TUNNELCON 3

June 8–10, 1994 • 3rd International *Beauty & the Beast* fan convention at the Stardust Hotel & Casino in Las Vegas, NV. For more info, write 3492 Montego Drive, Las Vegas, NV 89121.

HEXACON 4

June 17–19, 1994 • Gaming con in Mesa, AZ at the Sheraton Mesa and Mesa Centennial Hall. Guests TBA. Membership rates are $10 'til 1/31/94. Room rates are $54 s/d, +$10 per addt'l person. Contact HexaCon 4 at PO Box 62613, Phoenix, AZ 85082, or call (602) 954-0374. CN

ARIZONA
CopperCon 13
HexaCon 4
TusCon 20
1994 World Horror Con

CALIFORNIA
Comic-Con
Con-Chord 9
ConFrancisco (Worldcon 51)
Gallifrey One 5
LosCon 20
Phil & Ed's Excellent Con

MINNESOTA
1993 World Fantasy Con

NEW MEXICO
Bubonicon 25

NEVADA
Tunnel Con 3

CLUBS & ORGANIZATIONS

SF/F oriented organizations are welcome to send info for a free 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!

AERIAL MIRAGE JUGGLING CLUB
International Juggling Association affiliate club meets 7–10pm Wednesday evenings at Encanto Park. No dues, everyone welcome. All levels skill exchange in many areas of object manipulation. Devils' Club meets Fridays 4pm north of the Hayden Library on the ASU campus. For more info, call (602) 267-8255, or write 4950 E. Brill Street, Phoenix, AZ 85008.

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, PO 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, INC. (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 PO Box 62613, Phoenix, AZ 85082-2613 or call Bruce Farr at (602) 274-3014 or Doug Cosper at (602) 245-1440 for more information.

N E W O N T H E L I S T !

CHILDREN OF THE FIRSTBORN
For all you lovers of the Cheysuli and their lir, and Sword-Dancers and their swords, join us, the "Children of the Firstborn." COTF is the official worldwide Jennifer Roberson fan club. The newsletter is set quarterly, containing readers' opinions, topic discussions, creative works, messages, and even a personal letter from Jennifer. For more information, send a SASE to: Children of the Firstborn, 610 N. Alma School Road, Suite 18, Box 104, Chandler, AZ 85224.

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

KLINGON ASSAULT GROUP
Western Fleet (Pacific time zone) is looking for a few good Klingons for their ships. Club does community service, wears Klingon fashions to conventions, and networks pen pals, as well as local activities. National monthly newsletter is $7. For more information, send a legal-size SASE to Klingon Assault Group — QelDaS, PO Box 9406, Santa Rosa, CA 95405.

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 Feb., May, Aug. and Nov. For more information, write PO Box 26665, Tempe, AZ 85285 or call David Hiatt at (602) 820-1093.

LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY (LASFS) Los Angeles based SF club. Meetings are 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 and downloading are episode guides and information files for SF TV shows. 300/1200/2400/4800/9600 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 now calls Scottsdale home. Members receive the quarterly newsletter *MythInformation*, as well as other goodies. For more info, send a SASE to MAFC, PO 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 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 3241 E. Altadena, Phoenix, AZ 85028.

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.

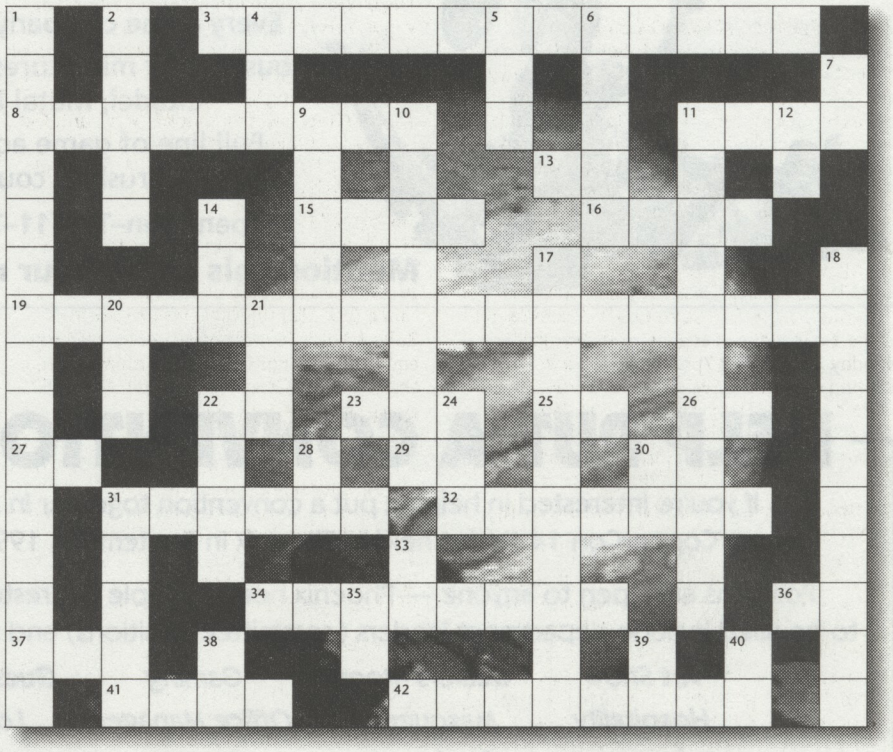
SOUTHERN NEVADA AREA FANTASY AND FICTION UNION ("SNAFFU" – LAS VEGAS)
A non-profit general SF&F club in Las Vegas, creators of fanzine *Situation Normal??* and sponsors of SilverCon. Write SNAFFU, Attn: Aileen Forman, PO Box 95941, Las Vegas, NV 89193-5941.

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 Ysgithr. For information on any of these, or for general information on thy past tomorrows, thou mayest contact: Mistress Rhianwen o Enfys DisBerod (Linda Peck); Principality Seneschal, 902 S. Eli Drive, Tucson, AZ 85710, (602) 747-1512 until 10pm; or in Phoenix, Mistress Helen Jennet (Pam Foley) 1345 E. Palm Ln, Phoenix, AZ 85006, (602) 495-1760.

ConNotations Crossword #1 — Faraway Places

This is the first in a regular series of *ConNotations* Crosswords. Some will be focused on SF&F media, others on literary topics, and some mixed (like this one). Each of the clues and answers relates to a setting — world, dimension, or other place — in a science fiction or fantasy book, movie, or television program. Some clues might have more than one answer, but not more than one that will fit — note that some creative license was taken here and there.

The first 10 respondents with correctly completed puzzles (or photocopies) sent to the PO Box will get a prize from our treasure chest.



ACROSS

3. *Space:1999* setting
8. Niven's circular society
11. Here be dragons and threads
13. Creator of **22. Down** (init.)
15. Barsoom
16. Eden's apple-biter
19. Superman & Doc Savage both have polar ones
22. Creator of Mallorea (init.)
23. *Riddlemaster of* _____
25. His character is Corellian (init.)
26. Creator of Melniboné (init.)
27. Home of Munchkinland
29. *ST:TNG's* Bajoran
30. Creator of Rebma and its reverse (init.)
31. What Olivia Newton John & Kublai Khan have in common
32. Where the knights like to push the pram a lot
34. Namor, Kull and Aquaman all ruled here
36. Creator of Lankhmar (init.)
37. Bruce Sterling's electronic world
41. Home of frosty taun-tauns
42. Straczynski's new series

DOWN

1. Pinis' Elfquest planet
2. ERB's Carson Napier lived here
4. Inhabitant of Deep Space Nine
5. McKillip *Earth-*_____ trilogy
6. Jupiter 2's destination _____ Centauri
7. Creator of Witchworld (init.)
9. A Romulan homeworld
10. MZB's World of the Bloody Sun is the setting for this series
11. Kryptonian prison dimension
12. Creator of Majipoor (init.)
14. John Norman's never-ending saga
17. Home to the Dark Knight
18. Where Clark Kent hangs out
18. Creator of Cimmeria (init.)
21. Eden's apple-picker
22. Arrakis featured here
24. His father, Clark Savage, died in Hidalgo
28. Wore webs in *Man from Atlantis*
30. Merry Men leader's given name (kind of)
31. Magical land that bears a striking resemblance to Florida
33. Creator of **31. Down** (init.)
35. Creator of Skaith (init.)
38. Wherever it was, he wanted to phone it
39. Hot little moon o' Jupiter
40. Good location for a space station

CLUBS & ORGANIZATIONS

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 msg) or write c/o PO Box 39504, Phoenix, AZ 85069.

S.T.A.R. SAN DIEGO
The largest SF society in the San Diego area. Initially a *Star Trek* club, S.T.A.R. has grown and widened its perspective to include interests in fantasy, gaming, costuming, writing, films, animation, computers, and much more. Meetings are on the 3rd Saturday of each month, and are free (one-time $1 voting membership available). S.T.A.R. has about 100 active members and is over 20 years old. For more information, call (619) 286-0377, or write S.T.A.R., PO Box 15373, San Diego, CA 92175.

TARDIS
Science fiction media fan club with interests in sf television such as *Dr. Who, Star Trek, Blake's 7, Red Dwarf,* and others. Memberships ($15) include a monthly newsletter (The TARDIS Index File), TARDIS business cards & a TARDIS key. Subscriptions to the newsletter are available for $12.50 a year. Meets every two weeks at various locations around the valley. Contact Diane at TARDIS, Box 63191, Phoenix, AZ 85082, or leave a message at (602) 962-9415.

UNITED FEDERATION OF PHOENIX
The Phoenix area *Star Trek* club. Meets every two weeks at various locations around the Phoenix area. For information, write PO 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, PO Box 77513, Tucson, AZ 85703, or call (602) 290-6045.

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HELP PUT A CONVENTION TOGETHER

If you're interested in helping put a convention together in a committee or staff position at CopperCon 14 (to be held in Phoenix in September, 1994), here's your opportunity.

Positions are open to anyone — Phoenix needs people interested in helping. Positions remaining to be filled include department leaders (committee positions) and staff members in the following areas:

Art Show	*Dealers' Room*	*Gaming*	*Guest Liaison*	*Historian*
Hospitality	*Masquerade*	*Office Manager*	*Logistics*	*Programming*
Publications	*Registration*	*Security*	*Volunteers*	*Other positions*

No experience is necessary, but a general understanding of science fiction conventions is appreciated — experienced persons are welcome to apply, too. Note that these are all volunteer positions (no pay)!

If you are interested (even if you're not ready to commit), please contact Matthew Frederick, Chairman, by September 1, 1993, by phone at (602) 220-9785 or by mail at 2040 E. Cypress, Phoenix, AZ 85006.

ConNotations

Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society, Inc.
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