ConNotations

The Quarterly Science Fiction, Fantasy, & Convention Magazine

Volume 4, Issue 1 *$2.50*







"Light Magic"
Fiction by Peter L. Manly

J. Michael Straczynski
Creator of TV's Babylon 5

***The Crow* Soars**
Movie News and Reviews

BOOK & GAME REVIEWS

TV, COMIC, & PRO NEWS

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

Dear Editors:

Here is an idea some of your conventions may want to adopt: a Koffeeklatsch! It was tried and worked out very well for Boskone, [and] I think they also tried it at MagiCon '92. What you need is a small conference room, where a small, signed-up audience meets usually 2 pros over coffee, maybe some baked goods, supplied by the hotel and paid for either by the con or the klatsch attendees.

These are about 2 hours long, very enjoyable, free-for-all, roundtable type discussions, where the pros can let their hair down and any interesting themes can be discussed.

With best regards,
Tom E.
Flushing, NY

Thanks for the suggestion, Tom. I heard they also went over well at ConFrancisco, so Bruce Farr is planning them into Winnipeg's ConAdian program as well. I wouldn't be surprised to see it appear here, perhaps modified.

Dear *ConNotations:*

One thing I feel a need to comment on was the statement on page 23 [of last issue] that Phoenix won the 1978 Worldcon by default. Actually, they didn't. Los Angeles was also bidding for the Worldcon that year. LASFS and its convention organizers decided not to run for Westercon that year and concentrate on Worldcon. Phoenix also put in a bid for Westercon.

A group of LA fans under Mike Glyer came up with a Los Angeles Westercon bid, being careful to promote it as a separate group from the LA Worldcon bid. They won. Phoenix went into high gear for the Worldcon bid. But the fact is that they could have had Westercon if they dropped Worldcon. The big worry was that if Phoenix had both the 1978 Westercon and Worldcon, they would combine the conventions, as had been done in the past. LA had enough fans to promote THREE separate big conventions (which is exactly what happened in 1975, by the way).

The final Worldcon vote for 1978 was by no means a default, but Phoenix did win it, proceeded to screw most of it up, and I vowed that never again would I attend a Phoenix convention in the heat of summer.

Harry Cameron Andruschack
Torrance, CA

As you may have heard, in the summer we local fen refer to our concrete Civic Plaza as "the Anvil of Ghod."

Dear Matt & Margie,

(long, drawn-out sigh)

Contrary to Bill Patterson's "correction" in his letter to the last *ConNotations,* Hilde was perfectly accurate in the issue before that when she stated that Phoenix's bid for the 1978 Worldcon started out as a joke bid.

I can remember talking with Tim Kyger in the spring of 1976. At that time, Tim said that the Phoenix Worldcon bid was meant as a "good joke" on Los Angeles fandom, who were seen as smug and complacent in their own, previously unopposed, bid for that Worldcon. It was meant to light a fire under LA fandom.

The bid became serious in fairly short order, but not for the right reasons. Bruised egos, spite, and negative spin-doctoring from other sources all played a part. Basically, it became a macho confrontation between LA and Phoenix. Phoenix's "joke bid" got serious support from people who disliked or felt uncomfortable supporting LA. Mike Glyer's "joke" Westercon bid for LA began receiving serious support from people alarmed at the sight of an inexperienced city (two small local conventions) making bids to run science fiction's two largest conventions within several months of each other. There was a lot of antagonism and anger between people in the opposing cities. (I regret to say that I was one of the prime antagonists.)

The upshot was that Phoenix lost the Westercon bid it really wanted to win, and LA lost the Worldcon bid it really wanted to win.

But the Phoenix Worldcon bid did indeed, yes, actually, truly, start out as a "joke bid." I was there when it was said so. And so was Bill Patterson.

As for the rest of Patterson's letter... oh, hell, it's been fifteen years and even I don't have the energy anymore. Let me just say that the events leading up to

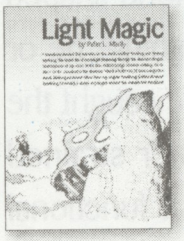
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About ConNotations... *ConNotations* is the fan-published magazine of the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society (CASFS), an IRS-recognized 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Quarterly publication dates are the first of February, May, August, and November each year. Circulation is over 13,000 readers for this issue, primarily 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 June 6, 1993; mailing date is June 13, 1993. **Display Advertising** *ConNotations* reaches over 13,000 science fiction, fantasy, and horror fans throughout the Phoenix Metro Area, 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, 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: If you actually read this every issue, you've got too much time on your hands... ¶ CASFS currently meets at JB's Restaurant, 2560 E. Indian School Rd. in Phoenix, AZ. The meetings of CASFS begin at 8:00pm (Fannish Standard Time) 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 as a guest (non-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, P.O. Box 62613, Phoenix, Arizona 85082-2613. **Earth to ConNotations/LOC...** 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, P.O. Box 62613, Phoenix, Arizona 85082-2613.

ConNotations

The Quarterly Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Convention Magazine

Volume 4, Issue 1 • Spring 1994



FEATURED FICTION

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Fiction by Peter L. Manly

The final *CN* installment of the adventures of Princess Irulana: she encounters a mysterious tool and uncovers an insidious plot!



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There was no Vol.3 Iss. 4. Having never experienced an Issue 4, we figured why break a perfectly good streak?

Who's Who This Issue

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Photo Credits Shane Shellenbarger (7), Matthew Frederick, Margaret Grady

Art Credits Susan Manly (2)

Much Appreciated Advertisers
Books, Etc. (23), CorsairCon 4 (11), CopperCon 14 (39), HexaCon 4 (6), High Frontier (15), Internet Direct (19), Leprecon Inc. (35), Lions' Den (Back Cover), Major Players (17), Matt Marich (10), Reality Simulations, Inc. (18), Shannon's Book Trader (25), TusCon 21 (40), Waterloo Adventure Games (16)

Keeper of the Mailing List Doug Cosper (602-245-1440)

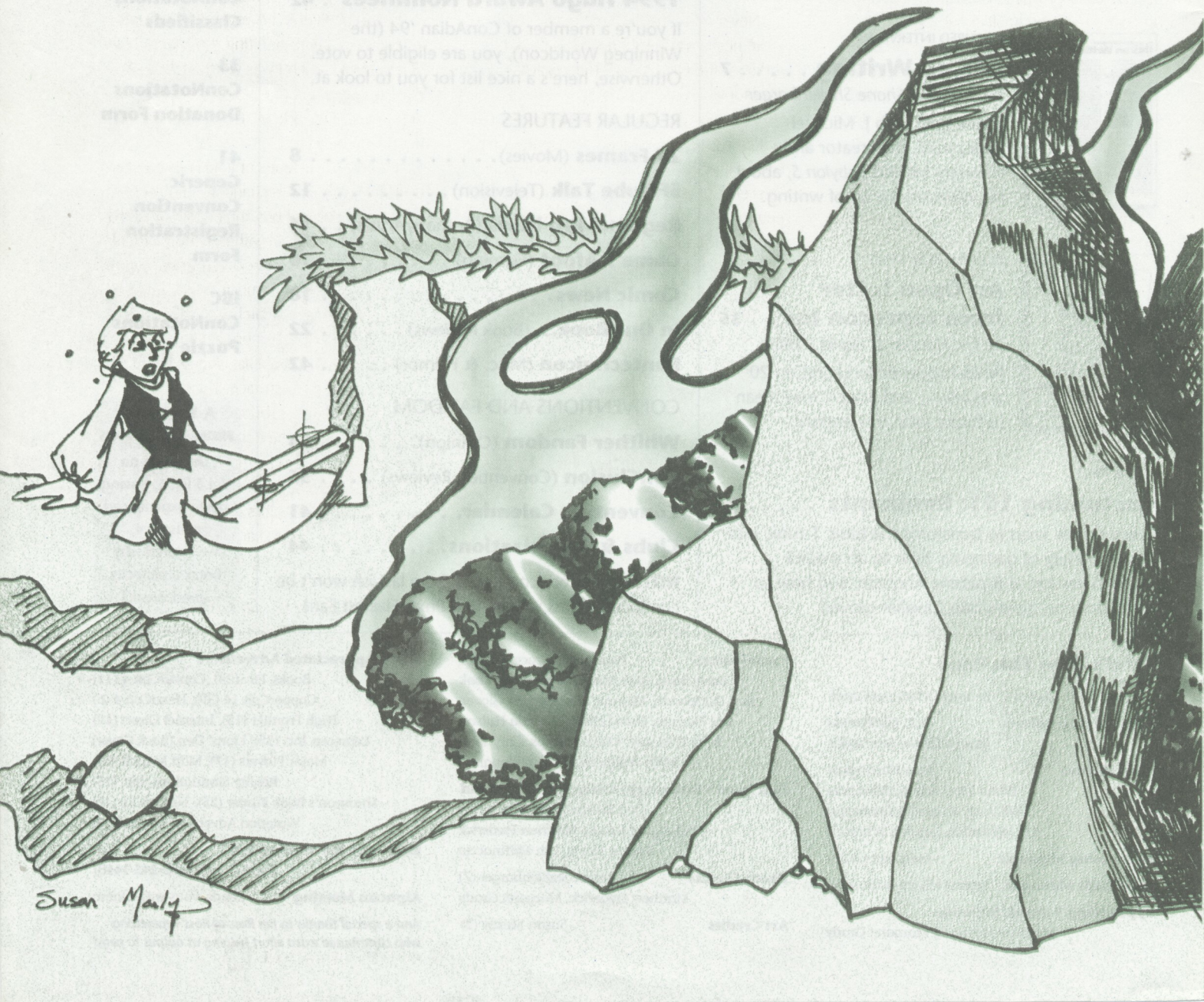
Alpacan Meeting Rendezvous with Llama

And a special thanks to Jim Ross of Ross Typesetting who contributed extra effort helping us output to negs!

Light Magic

by Peter L. Manly

I somehow sensed the intruder in the dark, neither hearing nor seeing anything. The broad fan of moonlight streaming through the diamond shaped windowpanes of my room at the Elfin Hollow Lodge revealed nothing; he or she – or it – remained in the shadows. Was it a Troll? No, I'd have caught the scent. Making no sound other than my regular breathing (rather strained breathing, I'll admit), I closed my fingers around the delicate but functional



jeweled dagger under my pillow and waited. Who would enter the rooms of a visiting Lesser Princess at this hour? Was it some crazed thief? A lustful degenerate? Or perhaps it was some poor traveller who had mistakenly been given my room key and now stood paralyzed, wondering who was in his bed.

I felt with the tendrils of my special senses but could detect no magic other than the standard watch-spells provided by the hotel management. Useless spells, I thought, for any amateur could defeat them.

The silence continued and I began to think that I might have imagined it all in the end of a dream. Then a shadow moved quietly, swiftly across the room directly toward me. I knew I had but a single chance; my heart kicked once and I moved smoothly and surely. As I threw the bedclothes at my assailant, I leapt up and then to the side. A blade sliced through the flying blanket. Turning, I kicked the hand with the blade – a regrettable move, for I was barefoot and the hilt of the short sword struck my little toe painfully. The intruder, surprised that I was no longer behind the blanket, grunted and turned as the sword clattered to the floor. I grabbed his wrist and he cried out in pain as I twisted his arm behind his back. The cold metal point of my dagger threatened to slice his neck. It would be a clean cut but I doubt he knew that or was concerned about hygiene at the moment.

He was slightly shorter than I and in the moonlight I could see his pointed Elfin ears. "Who are you and what are you doing here?" I rasped.

"My Lady, I have taken a blood oath to tell nothing."

"By addressing me with my royal title, you have already told me much; that you know who I am." I pressed the blade inward and asked, "If I were to carve a new mouth in your neck, would those lips be sealed too?" He remained silent. My little toe began to throb and I directed the pain into anger, pulling his arm upward behind his back.

After he mewed with discomfort, I continued, "I may not kill you immediately but before I'm through with you, you'll wish I had. I have some delightful little exercises which I've been wanting to experiment with. Most will not leave you permanently scarred or crippled – except the more interesting ones." I surprised myself at my ability to sound bloodthirsty. As a Lesser Princess and acolyte to the Priestess of Imbriana, I was supposed to be demure, as befitting a follower of the Goddess of Domesticity. Oh, I wouldn't – probably couldn't – harm the assailant but I mustn't let him know that. In a chilling growl I acted the part, "First, I will start with your eyes. That's one of the more interesting techniques."

"My Lady, take pity on me!"

"Why should I? You were not about to waste any pity on me!"

"I have been forced into this deed and I regret it," he whimpered.

"And who forced you?"

"He would kill me if I told you anything – even the slightest hint!"

I raised his arm a tad and he whimpered again while I said, "You have already told me something, that your master is male. Your best chance to stay alive is to tell me all you know and I may protect you from him." I paused and waited for a reply. Finally, I shook him and said, "Speak! I am angry, I haven't had much sleep and my toe hurts."

"Your toe, My Lady?"

"Never mind that. Tell me of your master!"

He hesitated and then said, "I think he works for the Old Ones – the Wizards banished long ago to – Ummmm."

He slumped in my arms and sighed once. Suddenly I smelled an acrid scent and wondered if it were the fabled whiff of evil. Then the scent changed, as aromas often do at the second sampling and it was but innocent almonds. The pulse in his wrist stilled. I let him slide lifelessly to the floor and stepped back.

As a matter of habit, I checked to be sure I was alone before using what little magic I possessed. Although it was not proper or seemly for a Lesser Princess to use the arcane arts, I had learned a few small spells. The ancient words would not come easily so I used a supplication to Imbriana for strength and calm bearing. The words of a fire spell came to me at last and I lit the lamp. My heart pounded so heavily that I don't think I could have made one of the crude Elfin matches work.

Then I started to shake, my nerves slowly reacting to my brush with death. Before I summoned the lodgekeeper I needed to calm down. My intruder could wait, for he had no further appointments in life. As I went through a full cycle of emotions, I wondered who would wish me dead. My older sister? Although she was nasty, she hadn't the wits to plan anything as elaborate as an assassination. I smiled inwardly – besides, I assured myself that she had her hands full with other problems just now.

Taking my dressing gown from the floor, I wrapped myself and then turned my attention to the assassin. In the wan light of my flickering candle he lay crumpled on his side. The expression of extreme stress was gone from his Elfin face. He looked the part of a simple farmer, judging by his serviceable homespun clothing and soft boots. No matter; a good assassin could dress and act any part in order to approach his target. I lit two more candles and inspected him more closely.

At his belt hung a pouch containing one small gold coin and a few coppers. I hoped to the Goddess that he'd been paid more than that to kill me. I felt more valuable than mere pocket change – unless he was only a lying thief, unlucky in selecting a suitable victim. He also possessed a knife of the type used by subsistence hunters. His appeared well used.

Then I spied the rectangular leather pocket at his side. It looked like the usual carry-all that men stored their money and totems in. This one, however, was heavier and filled nearly to bursting. Ah, I would now find out how much I was worth lifeless. A strange catch secured the opening but I determined its working. The whole front of the pouch opened.

Wondrous sketches of gold lines coursed over the surface of the hand-sized object inside. As I pulled it out, the needle which had poisoned the assassin withdrew from his side and stayed fixed to the rectangular collection of small parts. A powerful flat spring had driven the needle and a catch at the end of a cylinder controlled the spring. The cylinder, however, was fixed to a flat card with thin gold lines etched into its surface. The runes of gold, obviously the product of a fine jeweler, ran to other small and complex objects on the board. I could sense no magic within the assembly but I could sense power. Curious.

The clock downstairs droned the first hour past midnight. I looked around the room, warm with the flickering shadows of candles. My lifeless companion simply could not stay the night. It would be safe but unseemly. Reluctantly, I pulled the bell cord which would summon servants. Five minutes and three more insistent pulls later a sleepy maiden knocked and then entered. Her eyes widened at the sight of my assailant and I said, "I have been attacked in my bed. Fetch your master. Waken two stablehands to remove the body." I paused. "Move!" She blinked twice and departed. I hated to be so harsh but the alternative would have been a hysterical maid and

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all of the Lodge's guests awake.

Within three minutes the owner (there are no night managers in small country lodges) appeared at my door, still fumbling with his boots. I'll give him credit. He was fully dressed – if you also include a sleeping cap he'd forgotten to remove. He stammered, "My Lady, are you…"

I assumed as much dignity as I could and replied, "I have not been harmed." As I stepped toward the windows, my little toe reminded me that the real situation was otherwise. "As your maid may have told you, I have been attacked in my bed. This man used the sword which still lies yonder. I awoke and ducked. By the sheerest luck I was able to disarm him." I giggled, lest he suspect my real powers. The sheerest luck included a score of years training to be at once a lady and a formidable adversary.

The lodgekeeper advanced toward the corpse and exclaimed, "Why it's Will Schmitt! My wife said he and his family had not been seen hereabouts for a fortnight and the neighbors are worried."

"You're sure you know him?"

"Aye, m'lady – and his wife and new son. He grew up just down the way. Once I'd wished that my own daughter might wed him but alas…"

"You're sure?"

"As sure as I am that this is my Lodge and you are in the best rooms and it's the middle of the night. Oh, I pray that this is only a foul dream!"

I asked, "Do you know why he was here?"

The lodgekeeper looked perplexed and replied, "I have not an idea. But he has paid for the deed with his life, I fear." He paused, then added hurriedly, "'Tho I do not fault you for killing him. In defense of your own life…"

"I did not kill him." I picked up the complex box with a bloody needle protruding from it. "This killed him."

The lodgekeeper leaned over to examine the contrivance of coils, springs and unknown small parts. "Such magic I have never seen. And this needle?"

"Poison."

"Ah, and how did you…"

"I did not activate it. The device was in a pouch at his belt. Somebody, his overlord perhaps, caused him to wear it."

"Will Schmitt has no overlord, My Lady. He was free born. His wife also. As are most people hereabouts." He stood a bit taller, impressing me that he, too, bowed before no kings.

The stablehands arrived and bore the body out. The lodgekeeper instructed them, "John, you stand watch over the body until the fourth hour. Then waken Stefan to take the duty." He turned to me. "Our constable will want all of the evidence intact. He may wish to, ah, discuss the incident with you."

"I shall expect him to call at a reasonable hour."

"Yes, My Lady. And now, unless you have any other needs, I shall leave you to whatever rest you can obtain. If you would like something to help you sleep…"

I considered a stiff shot of something good but realized that in a country hamlet, the really good stuff was probably unknown. "That is not necessary, Lodgekeeper." I ushered him out.

Before I turned and snuffed out the candles, I set up a portable spell which would guard the room adequately. While I hadn't seen the need for such dramatic magic the night before, I felt it only prudent now. I was perplexed; I simply didn't know of anybody in all of the castles and keeps of the Northlands who wished me harm. I consider myself a likeable Princess. A small inward voice said I'd failed to take adequate note of recent events. The voice continued that if I'd planned ahead properly… Why does that voice always sound like the Baron of Granite Keep? Sleep finally came with the help of Imbriana.

Elfin Hollow Lodge is a pleasant place to stay, if a little small for my taste. Mornings in the Hollow can be a relaxing experience. As a visiting Lesser Princess, I was accorded comfortable rooms at the Lodge. The birds sang and the dappled sunlight filtered through the green canopy overhead. Unfortunately, my morning started several hours earlier when a besotted Elf in the courtyard staggered into the trash cans, alerted the local dogs and watch-demons and then broke into song. About the time the ruckus died down, the roosters began to crow. Why people keep roosters when a modern, convenient alarm spell would suffice is a mystery to me. Perhaps it's tradition.

Although I'd determined to stay in bed well past a decent waking hour, I was foiled by a soft but insistent tapping at my chamber door. The plump chambermaid looked apologetic when I finally opened the heavily carved door. "Pardon me, My Lady, but an urgent message has been received from your father, the Baron of Granite Keep."

"Please come in." I held the door open.

"I don't have the message, Ma'am. They sent a lackey from Witches Union. He refuses to give it to anybody but you."

The fact that my father would spend his precious money to use WU told me that the message was important. "Ah, I see. Tell him I shall be down directly." The chambermaid curtsied and started to leave. "And feed the messenger while he's waiting."

"As you wish, Ma'am."

I can, on occasion, appear fully dressed and refreshed within five minutes. Yes, it does require a little magic. As I stepped quickly down the wide staircase of the Lodge, the bell captain approached. "My Lady, a messenger awaits your pleasure."

"I shall be at breakfast. Please show him to the dining room." He bowed and disappeared.

Before I had my first sip of coffee, a ruddy youth appeared before me. "My Lady…"

"You have a message for me?"

"Indeed, My Lady, but I am sworn first to assure that I have the correct person."

"I am Irulana, Lesser Princess of Granite Keep, dragon flyer, balladeer and acolyte to the Priestess of Imbriana." He stood silent before me. "Do you want to see my pilot's license? Credit cards?" He remained silent. "Well?" The messenger shifted to a more comfortable stance, as if he were prepared to wait all day. I pondered his placid face and wondered how I might identify myself to a messenger from my father. Then I stood, swirled the hair from the back of my neck and showed him a slight scar gained when I fell from my father's mount as he held his tiny daughter too loosely. Not even my mother knew of the scar, for she had said I was too young to ride and advised my father against taking me with him.

The messenger executed a deep and grand bow, "My Lady Irulana, your father sends his compliments and advises you to travel with extreme caution. The seers and oracles have detected mischief in the arcane currents. Danger is directed at your person and he fears for your very life. He offers a squadron of military dragons to accompany you home but he knows of your headstrong nature and that you will travel alone. No matter; the squadron will find you and follow you home.

"There is more; he wishes you to know that you are very dear to him. The seers and the oracles have pronounced you necessary to the keeping of the delicate truce among the castles of the Northlands. Without your efforts a war will ensue which will plunge us into a dark age for millennia. The oracles were very specific about that."

"And what am I to do to ensure this peace?"

"There is no more to the message, My Lady."

I paused, pondering an answer and then realized that the messenger still stood before me. "Thank you. I shall have an answer prepared shortly."

He bowed and replied, "I will await your reply in the lackey's quarters."

As I sat toying with my breakfast I wondered if I should tell Pops about the assassin. No, he could do nothing about the incident and it would only cause him worry. Poor Dad. With one daughter ugly and unmarried and the other, myself, always off on unladylike adventures, he certainly had his share of troubles. Harvest time approached and he'd be directing the gathering of supplies for winter. The Trolls always seemed to cause mischief about this time of year and the first frost had come unusually early. My little assassin would only add to his burden. I'd tell him about it later, when he was in a good mood. Maybe I'd make it a humorous story, for he always enjoyed tales of my adventures – suitably edited, of course.

As I wakened from my musing I discovered the largest Elf I've ever seen standing before me. By that I mean he had the standard proportions of Humans rather than the slim build of his race. I raised a strategic eyebrow and he responded, "My Lady, I am Constable Wurthmann. Pray that I may speak with you."

I gestured at a chair across the table, "Please be seated. Coffee?"

As he took a chair he replied, "Thank you, but no, m'lady. I've come about last night." He paused, as if unsure how to proceed. "Did you know Will Schmitt?"

"No."

"How did you know he intended you harm?"

"He was armed, in my room, in the middle of the night. Then he rushed at me."

"And you killed him with this." He laid the device with golden runes on the table. The needle had been removed. I became wary.

"No, I did not kill him, I merely disarmed him. This device in his belt pouch killed him."

"So the Lodgekeeper said. Well, you do stick to your story."

"Sir, I resent the implication…"

"Please, bear with me." He pointed at the deadly little device. "Do you traffic with the alchemists of the Mountain View Guild who build these?"

"I'd not heard of that guild."

"Very well," he heaved himself to his feet, "I have not finished my investigation."

"And you don't want me to leave town."

"On the contrary, m'lady, you are encouraged to depart. Without any witnesses and your claim of self defense, I have no cause to hold a royal personage. And I know that your father has launched a squadron of military dragons toward us. I have no wish to war with your Barony.

"With all due respect to your rank, m'lady, I wish you'd never come to Elfin Hollow. Will Schmitt, a fine young lad, is dead. Now his wife and child are missing. Witches Union messages fly hither and yon in the night. Armed dragons approach."

"I assure you, Constable, that I bear your people no ill will. My father's airmen will not harm you."

"That may be as it is." He leaned closer and lowered his voice, "But I sense in you magic – not the magic of a few purchased perfume spells or a blood spell on your dagger. No, m'lady, in you there's something different." He stepped back. "And people hereabouts don't like the use of magic. We do our own work and rely on no spirits, good or evil. We'd rather till the soil and work up an honest sweat than offer the soul of a firstborn just to assure a good harvest." He straightened and said, "Good day, My Lady."

I studied the lethal gold coursed amulet which the constable had left on the table. When the maid returned I asked, "Where might I find the alchemists of the Mountain View Guild?"

"Have you need of a potion, m'lady?"

"No, I wish to speak to an alchemist."

She leaned down, pointed through the window and said, "Yonder, where the bridge crosses the stream. The mill wheel is theirs."

"Thank you. And one more thing. Tell the Witches Union messenger that I shall not form my reply 'til the morrow." First I needed to determine how alchemy and the evil of the Old Ones connected with each other.

I walked along the dusty cobblestones wondering why alchemists would need a mill wheel. While I crossed the bridge, swans caught my attention as they glided in the pond above the mill race. Elfin Hollow only appeared a pleasant hamlet but I could sense something more lay beneath the surface. I could feel a presence of something ominous nearby.

The sign above the open upper half of a divided door said, "Tinker's Delight." Below that in smaller letters, "Alchemy, Potions, Lotions, Notions and Gadgets. We also mend pots."

Inside, Elfin workers scurried about in seeming chaos, working at a dozen tables with strange machines on them. Some devices appeared perhaps half finished, as the workers assembled, tested, adjusted and added bits and pieces to the wondrous contrivances. The noise lessened to a quiet buzz as I entered. A slim Elf approached me and asked, "Help you, ma'am? Name's Timothy. Glad you came by." He stuck a pencil behind one pointed ear and wiggled it merrily.

"Well met, Timothy." I curtsied. His good humor seemed contagious.

He appeared to mentally change gears, looked at my clothes and bowed, "My Lady."

I looked about at the confusion and asked, "I'm looking for an alchemist."

"Don't get much call for alchemy no more. Mostly we've cross-trained to be tinkers. I'll do what I can for you, though."

I thought of the hundreds of daily uses of alchemy and asked, "Not much trade in alchemy? Why I'd thought…"

"Local Elfin ladies don't use love potions. Figure they can do as well on their own merits." He sighed a wondrously happy sigh. His face went blank for a moment and then he continued, "Don't get much call for headache powders – not much hereabouts that causes headaches. We do have most of the standard herbs and salts in stock but for a love potion I'd have to put it on back-order."

"I need to know about this." I produced the lethal amulet which had killed Will Schmitt.

"Yeah, remote door opener. Sure, we service 'em. But if you want it done on warranty, you'd better have sent in your owner's card."

"Door opener?"

He paused and looked at me. "You don't know what this is, do you, ma'am."

"I thought I did. What do you think it is?"

"Here, let me show you." He walked to a bench and picked up a similar small box. Setting the amulet on the bench, he aimed the second box at it and pushed a button. The spring on the amulet went "clack," retracting and coiling. He pushed the button again and the spring snapped to its full extension. "You attach the spring to the catch on a door. That way you can open it without getting up from your easy chair. I think they're neat but they haven't sold well. Just as a novelty."

"Do you know who bought this one?"

The Elf turned and shouted, "Hey, Al! Where do we keep sales records?"

"In the bathroom."

"Oh yeah, thanks." The Elf peered at the deadly amulet and muttered to himself,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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Before and Beyond *Babylon 5*

JMS on Writing

J. Michael Straczynski Interview Part 1: Comments on Writing

Interviewed by Shane Shellenbarger

CN: Who were your early influences?

JMS: H.P. Lovecraft — the first few short stories I wrote were definitely within the Cthulhu mythos he'd created. Harlan Ellison, Rod Serling, Ray Bradbury, E. A. Poe, Arch Oboler. Those were probably the strongest influences within the genre. Mark Twain for outside the genre. After that would probably come Isaac Asimov and Kurt Vonnegut.

CN: How do you prepare to write? And when you do write, is it fast and furious or does it come out slowly and methodically?

JMS: I don't really know what "prepare to write" means. I just write. I have never had any problem writing. Sometimes, yes, one gets those white heat moments where it all just falls out onto the page. Most times, I just sort of play with a notion, letting it noodle around in my head until at some moment, usually when I'm not paying attention, it just sorta goes "ding!" in my head, and I start writing it. In terms of television, you go through a different process. I sit down, outline out the story in pen, then just write it scene by scene. I wish I could say more than that; I just write it.

Sometimes I like to have music on when I write; other times, it's a distraction. But other than that, there's no real preparation that I can think of, other than setting a pot of coffee going.

CN: Do you write and rewrite or are you usually pleased with your first draft?

JMS: Nine times out of ten, yes, my first draft is very close to my final draft. In many cases, my first draft IS my final draft; on *The New Twilight Zone* a number of my scripts went from first draft right into production, no changes. This has often been the case. I like it that way. (Which is why I tend not to do much freelance work for other people; if my name is on it, I want to be sure it represents my work, not someone else's.)

CN: Some people believe that when a person professes an interest in writing they should be told to lie down until the urge passes. Are writers born or made?

JMS: Writers are born. I always knew I would be a writer. I've seen the same in others. Now, you can take someone — anyone, really — off the street, and teach them basic composition, how to write a good lead, how to assemble an article… and turn out someone who can sell something. But just that, and no more. You cannot teach someone to hear the music. Either you're born with it or not.

CN: I was reading the introduction to "The Mind Of Simon Foster" in *Tales from the Twilight Zone* and it occurred to me that a thread of suffering seems to run through the lives of artists. Some suffer in childhood. Others will reach a turning point where it's all or nothing. Can an artist create art without suffering?

JMS: Of course they can. Robert Bloch is one of the nicest people on the planet, had an upbringing so benign and pleasant you could just barf… and there he is writing amazingly horrifying stuff. You can do whatever you set your mind to do. In my case, I grew up as a kid constantly on the run, living in different towns every year, sometimes more often than that, and frankly, we were poor a lot.

My family was pretty much dysfunctional. There's a lot of it that I'm still coming to terms with, and it's taken its toll. When I was at *Murder, She Wrote* one of the other producers asked how old I was. I said "36." He looked at me and said, "Either you're older than 36, or you've had a hard life." Not to get self-indulgent about it, I have had a hard life. Would I be as good a writer if I'd had an easier life? Don't know. Maybe. I'd certainly be willing to find out, though.

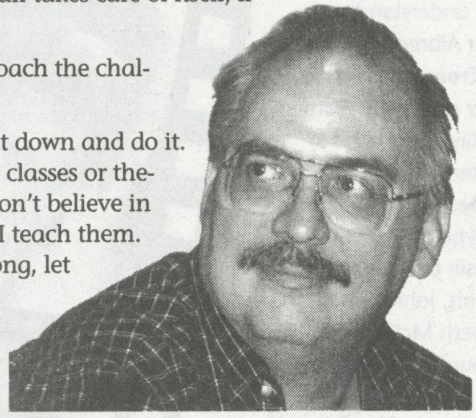
But I have no complaints. Lots of people have had it a helluva lot worse. My life now is pretty good. I write what I want, work when I want, and I don't usually have to worry about money. What the hell more can you ask for?

CN: What advice would you give to beginning writers?

JMS: For new or beginning writers, there's only one piece of advice worth a damn: write what moves you to passion. That's it in a nutshell. If you do that, everything else — sales, success, money — EVERYTHING else follows. That stuff takes care of itself, if the talent is also there.

CN: How did you first approach the challenge of scriptwriting?

JMS: I just did it. You just sit down and do it. Don't waste a lot of time in classes or theory. As a rule of thumb, I don't believe in writing classes, even when I teach them. So that won't come out wrong, let me clarify: I'm not talking about being cynical, it's just that with ALL writing,



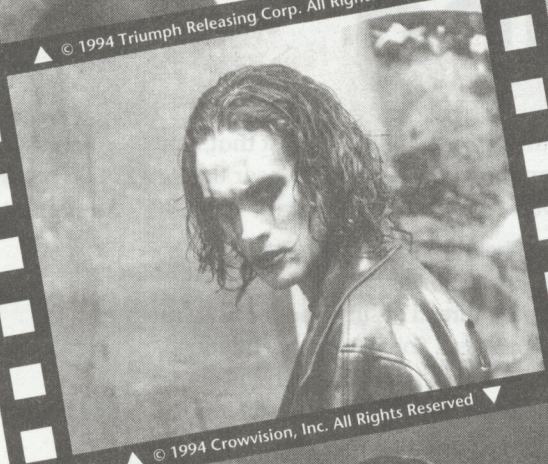
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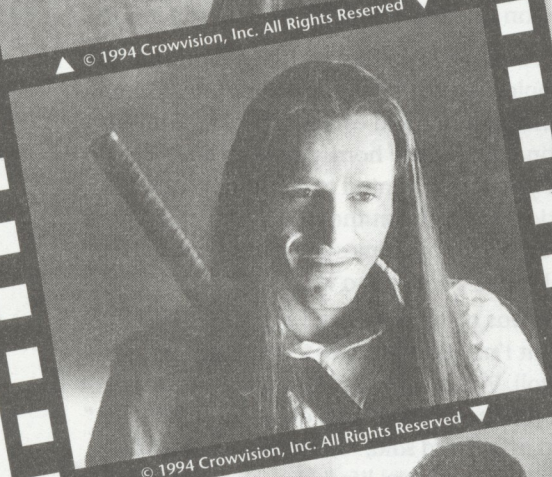
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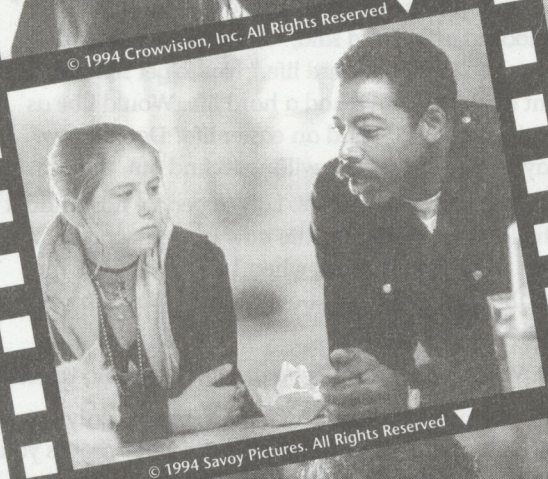
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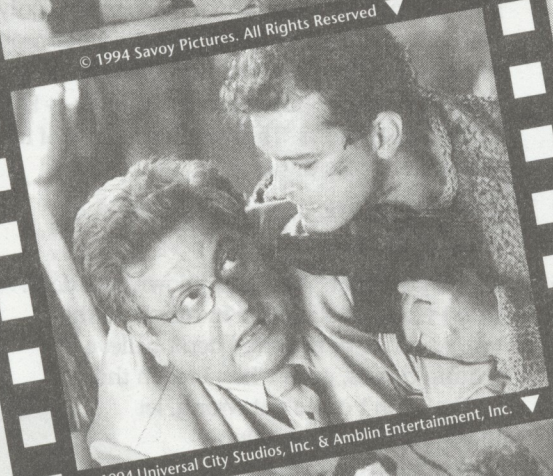
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Top to bottom: Edward Furlong learns the dangers of screaming "SEGA!" in ***Brainscan***. ■ Brandon Lee proves he could act *and* fight when he returns from the dead as Eric Draven in ***The Crow***. ■ Michael Wincott reeks with evil and cunning as the mastermind Top Dollar. ■ Rochelle Davis is the innocent Sarah and Ernie Hudson is the understanding officer Albrecht, also in ***The Crow***. ■ Michael Lerner is the dull Warden and Ray Liotta is his wooden prisoner in ***No Escape***. ■ You've heard the hype, now see the tripe — Rosie O'Donnell, Rick Moranis, John Goodman, and Elizabeth McGovern in the FX overburdened ***The Flintstones***.

The Crow

Based on James O'Barr's comic strip series about a murder victim returning from the dead to seek his revenge, *The Crow* is quite possibly the best film adaptation of a comic ever made.

Eric Draven (Brandon Lee) is a rock musician and his fiancée Shelly are murdered on the night before their wedding by crime lord Top Dollar's (Michael Wincott) henchmen. One year later, Eric's love for Shelly brings him back from the grave to seek his revenge. A mystical crow grants him superhuman strength and invulnerability to assist him in his task.

The atmosphere created by the filmmakers is the most convincing and haunting to appear on the screen since *Blade Runner* — you are there. Largely responsible are the director Alex Proyas, screenwriters David J. Schow and John Shirley, and co-producer Jeff Most's choice of music. While I normally dislike today's alternative bands (and my opinion hasn't changed), the music from groups including The Cure, Rage Against the Machine, Jesus and Mary Chain, and My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult was perfect for the world of *The Crow*.

Filming wasn't completed due to Brandon Lee's untimely demise — a real bullet was mistakenly loaded into a prop gun. The vast majority of the filming was done, however, and a bit of rewriting and some computer magic allowed the picture to be completed. The movie doesn't suffer from the Lee's death, though it's pretty eerie watching his character claw his way out of the grave after being shot.

Dream Quest Images, a great special effects company (*Blade Runner*), created seven fill-in scenes of Lee using Silicon Graphics workstations and Apple Macintoshes. In the scene where Eric applies his Crow makeup, the reflections in the mirror are computer generated. When he's done with the makeup, and is looking over the city, Lee's face is composited onto another actor's body. The most amazing scene takes place when Eric re-enters his apartment — footage of Lee in an alley scene is composited over footage of the apartment. Electronic rain is added inside the building to help match the original footage — the overall effect is completely seamless.

The digital compositing process used is unique, and opens up a "Pandora's box for the digital world" according to Dream Quest executive producer Mark Galvin. "Directors can design

close-ups of stunt doubles in elaborate scenes and then we can add an actor's face." Spooky possibilities abound.

Brainscan

Billed as a high-tech thriller, *Brainscan* is better described as a low-tech cream puff. Edward Furlong (*Terminator 2*) is Michael, a horror fanatic and computer geek who finds an ad in *Fangoria* magazine for a virtual reality CD-ROM game called Brainscan. In the game, Michael kills a neighbor, cutting off his foot as proof of the virtual kill. When Michael returns to the real world, though, he finds that a neighbor *has* been murdered, and a foot is in his freezer.

He panics, and decides never to play the game again. Unfortunately for him (and the film's audience), an evil presence named Trickster pops out of the computer to coerce Michael into playing the next level. Boredom ensues.

It seems the filmmakers were trying to create a slasher horror film that took advantage of the virtual reality buzzword, but decided the film shouldn't be violent or too frightening — you don't want to turn off any potential ticket-buyers. Unfortunately, the resultant film neglects to turn *on* anyone, particularly the targeted teens.

Trickster is clearly designed to be a Jason/Freddie-type of horror franchise maker, but fails on the most basic level — he isn't scary.

I don't recommend this film — political correctness and slasher horror films don't mix.

No Escape

Ray Liotta (*Goodfellas, Unlawful Entry*) portrays John Robbins, a Marine Captain who's been convicted of murdering his commanding officer. He ends up on the island prison of Absolom, which is run by a sadistic warden (Michael Lerner) who likes to watch the island's factions kill each other. The "bad" murderers and rapists are known as the Outsiders, led by the outstanding (not too tough in this film) Stuart Wilson as Marek. The "good" murderers and rapists are called the Insiders, and are led by the passable Lance Henriksen (*Aliens, Alien*^{3}) as The Father. The primary storylines of the film are the conflict between the two groups and Captain Robbins' desire to escape.

Many of the film's characters are memorable and the acting is largely passable (with the notable exceptions of Stuart Wilson, who was good, and Ray Liotta, who was really quite bad). The general plot is fine, the costumes and sets are great, and the technical quality of the film (cinematography, sound) was fine.

None of that makes up for the horrible directing and post-production work. There are three *very* noticeable "looped" scenes (where new words are dubbed by the actors over the existing footage), and the whole film is choppy beyond any valid excuse. The production notes for the film show that a lot more thought went into its creation than is visible on the screen — the story seems to be full of holes, and characters often act without clear motivation.

With that said, I can still recommend the film to people who enjoy action and can live without a cohesive main plot — there's lots of well-done fighting and chasing. Otherwise, wait for the video or ignore it altogether.

Short Genre Reviews

The Flintstones: Every good writer knows you need at least characters, a setting, and a plot to create a decent story — in this case, two-out-of-three *is* bad. Over thirty writers were brought in to try to create some kind of interesting plot, but it seems they weren't up to it. For adults, a 22-minute sitcom stretched into 90-minutes-plus doesn't work. For kids, a story that focuses on embezzlement, adultery, and corporate weasels overwhelms the neat-o special effects. See the guest review at the end of this article for a different viewpoint.

The Stand: The best Stephen King film treatment to date made this eight-hour miniseries fly. The acting was good, the casting was nearly perfect (but for Matt Frewer as Trashcan Man), the directing was strong... what more can I say? Even if you've never liked King before, rent it if you missed it.

Short Non-Genre Reviews

The Naked Gun 33⅓: If you're a fan of the Zucker-Abrahams movies (*Airplane, Top Secret!*), see this film — even if you were disappointed by *The Naked Gun 2½.*

The House of the Spirits: A stellar cast can't make up for the gruesome violence and stuttering story of life and revolution in South America.

The Paper: The well-told, well-acted story of a New York tabloid newspaper — the movie's message is important, but the film's great anyway!

Crooklyn: This "we swear it's not autobiographical" story written by Spike Lee and two of his siblings is funny, touching, and extremely well done. Highly recommended for anyone who grew-up in the 70's or in a large family.

Maverick: I had my doubts about Mel Gibson in the "classic" James Garner role, but for naught — he's great, as is the rest of the cast. Lots of laughing out loud, great acting, and unexpected plot twists. A good film for just about anyone.

Future, Near and Far

Timothy Dalton announced in mid-April that he wasn't going to appear in the next ***James Bond*** picture, saying that 8 years was enough (the last Bond pic was 6 years ago, *The Living Daylights*). Pierce Brosnan is the 2:1 favorite, but Hugh Grant (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*) recently surged towards the head of the pack, with Liam Neeson (*Excalibur, Darkman*) also in the running. Producer Cubby Broccoli says no decision has yet been made.

MGM is backing a "sci-fi thriller" called ***Species*** with Roger Donaldson (*The Getaway, No Way Out*) directing, Frank Mancuso, Jr., producing, and artist H.R. Giger (*Alien*) creating the title creature.

Michael Douglas and Geena Davis are set to star in Carolco's pirate pic ***Cutthroat Island***, to be directed by Renny Harlin (*Die Hard 2, Cliffhanger*).

Close Encounters of the Third Kind and *Taxi Driver* producer Michael Phillips is planning a movie tentatively titled ***Tales for Tomorrow***. The movie would feature three 30- to 40-minute segments derived from science fiction short stories. Phillips says he feels there is "a vast, untapped treasury of great material out there." Any suggestions for stories that would make good short films and that would be filmable?

Tales From the Crypt will rear its crypt-keeping head in a series of movies from Universal Pictures. The first film will be ***Demon Knight***, directed by Ernest

Dickerson (*Juice*) and starring Jada Pinkett (*Menace II Society*), Billy Zane (*Dead Calm*), and William Sadler (*Tales From the Crypt* 1989 version, *Die Hard 2*). The second film will be called ***Fat Tuesday*** and will be directed by Gil Adler, producer of several of HBO's *Tales From the Crypt* television series. No information is currently available for the third picture.

Conrad Metcalf is a 21st century detective investigating a murder in ***Gun, With Occasional Music***, a new novel from Harcourt-Brace by Jonathan Lethem. *Newsweek's* review describes it as Raymond Chandler meets Philip K. Dick — definite possibilities. It's been optioned as a $30–$40 million film.

Christopher Lambert is back as Conner MacLeod in ***Highlander III: The Magician***. Mario Van Peebles plays Kane, the evil master of illusions. It won't take much of a movie to make it better than *II*.

Kevin Costner is the web-footed, begilled hero and John Malkovich is the villain in Universal's ***Waterworld***. Written by Peter Rader and *The Fugitive's* David Twohy, the story takes place on a post-apocalyptic water-covered Earth, somewhere over Denver. Much of the film takes place on a tethered flotilla where dirt is money. Kevin Reynolds (*Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*) directs this $60–$100 million epic that may open with Costner drinking his own processed urine.

Stanley Kubrick (*2001: A Space Odyssey*) returns to SF with ***AI***, as in Artificial Intelligence. The story takes place on an Earth where the polar ice caps have been melted by the greenhouse effect and many coastal cities are underwater. Kubrick began working on the project in 1989, but decided that special effects technology wasn't up to the task. The movie is back on track, but the director's perfectionist tendencies will keep the production pace slow.

Filmed in the desert outside of Yuma, Arizona, ***Stargate*** features Kurt Russell (*Escape from New York, Big Trouble in Little China*) and Egyptologist James Spader (*sex, lies, and videotape...*) who unleash the secret power of an artifact and are transported to an alien world. There they meet its ruler, played by Jaye Davidson (*The Crying Game*). The sets in Yuma included giant pyramids and temples, and the makeup folks had their hands full with hundreds of latex masks for the crowd scenes.

Apparently Alec Baldwin (*The Hunt for Red October*) knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men when he stars in Universal's ***The Shadow***. Based on the pulp-fiction and radio-show character, he fights his own dark soul with the help of the telepathic Penelope Ann Miller (*Kindergarten Cop*). Baldwin says he took the part because he read the script and laughed his ass off.

Michael Crichton (*The Andromeda Strain, Jurassic Park*) can write no wrong, it seems. ***Congo*** is his long-ignored story of a geologist who stumbles on a highly-evolved tribe of apes who have the bad fortune to possess a bunch of diamonds. Tommy Lee Jones (*The Fugitive*) is being courted for the part of the protagonist. Emperor of SFX Stan Winston will do the honors.

Swords & Sorcery

Dennis Quaid teams up with the last dragon (voiced by Sean Connery) to fight evil in Universal's ***Dragonheart***.

And who would make a better aged King Arthur than Sean Connery? Expect him alongside Richard Gere as Sir Lancelot in ***First Knight***, filming this summer. Jerry Zucker (*Naked Gun, Airplane*) directs for Columbia, but it's no comedy — the budget may reach $60 million.

Cyberpunk Surge

Jeff Most, producer of *The Crow* and assembler of its chart-topping soundtrack, says the new forum for teen angst and alienation is the cyberpunk movement.

He recently purchased rights to Dark Horse Comics' ***Gothik***, also by *The Crow* creator James O'Barr. Set in the year 2019, *Gothik* is the tale of young Johnny Zero's attempt to rescue his sister from an evil overlord.

Edward Pressman is working with Most on the $30 million ***The Immortals***, an adaptation of Rudy Rucker's novel *Software*. Bret Leonard (*Lawnmower Man*) is set to direct.

William Gibson's ***Johnny Mnemonic***, the story of a courier carrying information in his brain, is currently shooting in Toronto, starring Keanu Reeves (*Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure, Little Buddha*) and rapper Ice-T. Rumors add Dolph Lungren (*Masters of the Universe, Universal Soldier*) and U2's Bono to the cast. Missing is the character of Molly because she's also in Gibson's *Neuromancer* — film rights to that are owned by someone else.

Video Game Translations

Capcom USA's Japanese parent company will spend $35 million on ***Street Fighter***. The movie should be in production now, starring Jean-Claude Van Damme (*Cyborg, Universal Soldier*) as Guile, Wes Studi (*Last of the Mohicans, Geronimo*) as Victor Saget, and Raul Julia (*The Addams Family*) as M. Bison. The story revolves around gladiator Saget challenging Guile, who is a prisoner of evil overlord Bison in Thailand.

Myst is one of the best selling CD-ROM adventure games to date, and may soon become a movie. Its authors, Robyn and Rand Miller, created a full back-story to help them write the game — a convenient basis for the movie and a novel. Since the game is non-linear, the movie will mostly just use the same characters.

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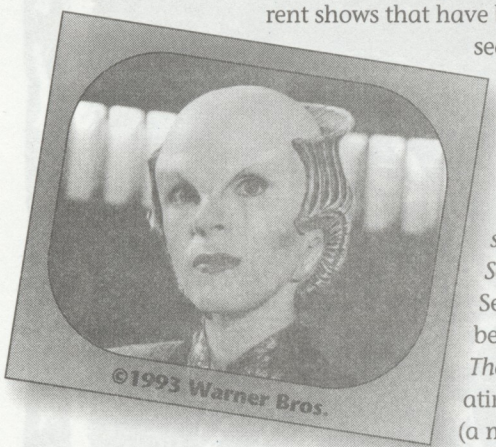
Media News & Notes

SF Tube Talk

By Lee Whiteside

Sci-Fi TV Ad Infinitum

So, you think there's plenty of Science Fiction/Fantasy shows on television now? More than enough to keep track of? Some people don't think so 'cause there's going to be even more to watch later this year! Current shows that have been renewed for next season are *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* (big surprise), *Babylon 5, Highlander, The X-Files, Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman, seaQuest DSV, Robocop: The Series*, and *Brisco County, Jr.* Series not renewed (or being ended) are *Star Trek: The Next Generation* (graduating to the big screen), *Viper* (a mercy killing?), and *Time Trax* (not renewed by PTEN but it may continue as a syndicated series).



Series to start next season include *Earth 2* (NBC), *Tekwar* (a full series after four TV movies with the Universal Action Pack), Gerry Anderson's *Space Cops* (syndicated), *F/X* (syndicated show based on the movie) and *Star Trek: Voyager* (in January on Paramount's new network). Other possibilities include an Amblin-produced *Doctor Who*, and a Showtime revival of *The Outer Limits*. It is likely that both Paramount and Warner Bros. will announce other genre shows for their new networks.

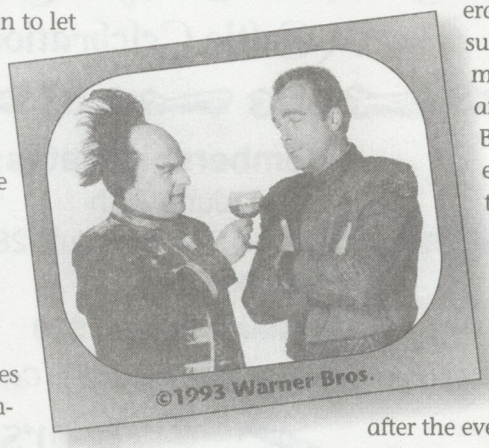
If you have a favorite show, it might be a good idea to write the appropriate network or station to let them know you watch it and like it. Several of the shows that were renewed were not sure bets and had write-in and E-mail campaigns to support them. As the two new networks start up, there will be more competition for the available prime time slots left. If you would rather see more genre shows than Baywatch clones, let them know.

Star Treks of All Kinds

The Star Trek: The Next Generation two-hour series finale "All Good Things" commanded the highest ever fee for commercial time of any syndicated show, and likely garnered some of the highest (if not the highest) ratings ever for a syndicated show. The finale served as a book-end to the whole series going back to the first episode and dealing with Q's trial of humanity. The *DS9* season finale is a cliffhanger dealing with The Dominion, the mysterious race they've been alluding to in several episodes.

To fill the void left by the ending of *ST:TNG*, Paramount will be launching *Star Trek: Voyager* in January 1995 as part of their new network. The show will focus on a smaller ship, The Voyager, which ends up on the far reaches of the galaxy at the end of the opening movie. No cast has been announced, but characters planned include a half-human/half-Klingon woman, an older male Vulcan, a Native American, a holographic character, and an inter-alien couple. The show will deal with their attempts to find their way back to known space. Through the last half of the season, they have been introducing elements of *Voyager* in the *TNG* and *DS9* episodes. The Native American character will come from the colony seen in "Journey's End," and The Maquis will play a part in the setup of *Voyager* as the ship chases after a Maquis ship with both ships joining forces after they end up displaced.

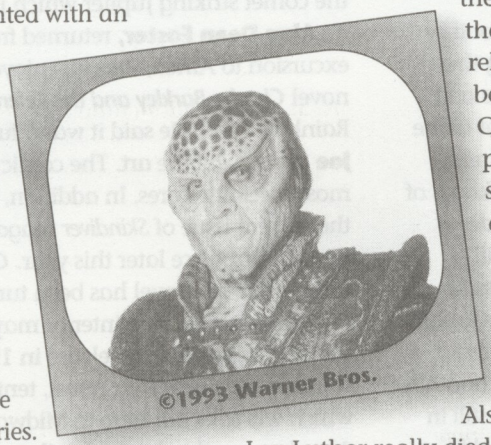
Star Trek: Generations is the title of the seventh *Star Trek* movie, which will be directed by David Carson (who has directed lots of *TNG* and *DS9* episodes). It will pass the baton from the original series crew to the *Next Generation* crew. Original series crew appearing are William Shatner, Jimmy Doohan and Walter Koenig. All of the others either declined or were not asked. All of the *Next Generation* crew are planned, including Whoopi Goldberg, and guest starring as the El-Aurian scientist Soran will be Malcolm McDowell (*A Clockwork Orange, Cat People, Time After Time*). Several tabloids have summarized the movie script already, and even Rick Berman acknowledged in *TV Guide* that he'd heard it was on sale at a convention one week after it was completed.



The movie starts some time after the events of *Star Trek VI*, with some of the crew on hand for the initial voyage of the Enterprise-B. After an encounter with a ship in distress which ends in disaster, the action moves ahead to the *Next Generation* time frame and has Captain Kirk appearing to team up with Captain Picard to prevent Soran from destroying an inhabited planet.

Babylon 5

The *Babylon 5* series premiered in late January with very good ratings which have stayed strong through the first few episodes. Production on the first season of 22 episodes completed in late March. Executive Producer/Creator J. Michael Straczynski was presented with an award by the Space Frontier Foundation for "Best Vision of the Future" for *Babylon 5*. Noted was *Babylon 5's* use of technically accurate space movements, showing the civilian and commercial uses of space and the use of an O'Neill-type station as a home base in a dramatic series.



Initial plans for airing the first season were to hold the remaining eight episodes for the fall with five months of repeats from June to October. When *Babylon 5* was renewed, the start of the second season was moved up to November to make the PTEN season match up to the norm. So instead of five months of repeats, the final eight episodes will air in July and August.

The remaining episodes are "Grail" with David Warner guest starring as someone looking for the Holy Grail who finds something quite different, "Eyes" where we see the ramifications of some of Sinclair's politically unpopular decisions, "Legacies" has a young girl exhibit telepathic abilities and deals with what happens when the Psi-Corps finds out, "Babylon Squared" shows us what happened to the preceding station that disappeared after it became operational, "The Quality of Mercy," "A Voice in the Wilderness Parts 1 & 2," and the season finale "Chrysalis" which turns over a lot of tables (metaphorically speaking). Some stations, when commenting on the renewal, have said that the series is being re-vamped. This is likely an uninformed interpretation of what has been planned all along by Straczynski.

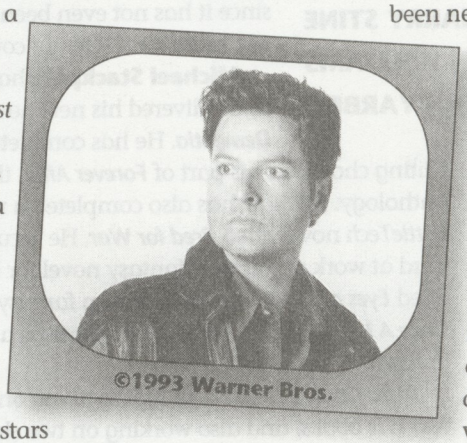
Lois & Clark vs. *seaQuest:* Round Two

Both shows will return this fall in the same time slots they have had all season. As seen in the season finales of both shows, expect some changes for next season. On *Lois and Clark,* they plan to bring in some more recurring villains for Superman to deal with and this may make the show lean more towards the Adventure aspect as they slow down the developing relationship between Lois and Clark. Production people on both sides have admitted that when they do get married on the TV show, they will do so in the comics. Also, if you think Lex Luthor really died in the finale, I've got some swamp land near Quartzsite to sell you....

Over on *seaQuest,* they will be moving production to Universal Studios in Florida, leaving at least one cast member behind (Stephanie Beacham). There will also be a new submarine for Roy Scheider to captain as the original sub was destroyed in the season finale. Look for more science fiction/fantasy oriented storylines as seen in the last few episodes of the season.

FOX's Friday Nights

Over on FOX, their Friday night lineup of *The Adventures of Brisco County, Jr.* and *The X Files* has been doing well for Friday nights. *Brisco County* is a very tongue-in-cheek western with a lot in common with the 60's *Wild Wild West* series. The first half of the season had a recurring science fiction element with a mysterious orb and some time-traveling. However, the producers dropped the science fiction storylines and have started focusing on the comedy, hoping to draw a larger audience. It stars Bruce Campbell, best known for the *Evil Dead* movies (including *Army of Darkness*) as bounty hunter Brisco County, Jr. Look for the science fiction oriented episodes in repeats. For *The X-Files,* it is about two FBI agents, Fox Mulder (David Duchovny) and Dana Scully (Gillian Anderson) who investigate unexplained cases kept in the "X" files. FOX has announced that they have renewed it for a second season, but by the looks of the season finale, the show's cast may be on their own more in the second season.



Robocop: The Series

The *Robocop* TV series debuted in late March on KUTP 45 in Phoenix. The opening two hour movie, *Robocop: The Future of Law Enforcement* was written by *Robocop* creators Ed Neumeier and Michael Miner. Starring as Robocop is stage and TV actor Richard Eden with Yvette Nipar as his partner, Lisa Madigan. In light of the recent anti-violence campaigns, *Robocop* focuses more on the tongue-in-cheek humor and less on the violence seen in the movies (although it still gets a "Parental Guidance" warning). Robocop will not blow people away, but will stun them or inject them with a tracking device so that the police can track them. Other regular elements on the show include a orphan girl adopted by the police department, humorous commercials featuring OCP's animated spokesperson Commander Cash, and a supercomputer called "Dinah" that Robocop "ports" with. Does a kindler, gentler Robocop work on the small screen? Tune in to see.

Spielberg Does *Who*!?

For the last several months, the BBC has been negotiating with Steven Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment over a production deal for *Doctor Who.* It appears that they have come to an agreement and will be making a formal announcement soon. Rumors are that Amblin will produce a new series of 50-minute episodes for the BBC

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

Southwest Regional Pro News

By Adam Niswander

GREETINGS DENIZENS OF SOL3 AND FEN.

The quarters of the year do not pass by smoothly or evenly. Despite my best efforts at mastering the time-clock, deadlines continue to press life into odd packages of work and leisure. At least I am not alone in this... why, everyone I talked to in this column understands deadlines and has a few odd packages of their own. Ports of call on this excursion include Arizona, New Mexico and California, and I still intend to expand horizons over the next few issues.

Jennifer Roberson reports that she continues to work on *Glen of Sorrows,* her Scottish historical. She is also involved in a collaboration with **Melanie Rawn** and **Alis Rasmussen** — working title, *The Golden Key.* It is still in the outline/proposal stage. In addition, Jennifer is working on the MZB anthology with **Martin Greenberg.** She mentioned that *Swordbreaker* was picked up by Hayne, which means they now have all eight *Cheysuli* novels and all four *Sword* novels.

ED BRYANT
RICK COOK
ELIZABETH DANFORTH
ALAN DEAN FOSTER
DIANA GABALDON
SIMON HAWKE
VICTOR MALLONE
PETER L. MANLY
ADAM NISWANDER
LARRY NIVEN
JENNIFER ROBERSON
FRED SABERHAGEN
MICHAEL STACKPOLE
G. HARRY STINE
WALTER JON WILLIAMS
CHELSEA QUINN YARBRO

G. Harry Stine says his second novel in the *Earthsea Invaders Trilogy,* titled *Second Contact,* will be on the racks soon. He has completed and turned in the third and final book, titled *Third Encounter,* and it is set for release in December. *The Handbook of Model Rocketry (6th Edition)* has been released from John Riley & Sons. Harry also tells me he has completed a new novel, but won't talk about it since it has not even been submitted yet. More on it later, of course.

Michael Stackpole has finished and delivered his new novel *Dementia.* He has completed the editing chores on his part of *Forever After,* the Zelazny anthology. Michael has also completed a new *BattleTech* novel titled *Bred for War.* He is currently hard at work on his new fantasy novel for Bantam, titled *Eyes of Silver.* His first Bantam fantasy novel, *Once A Hero,* was scheduled for release as a lead title in April.

Rick Cook says he is plugging along on the next two *Wiz* books, and also working on two short stories he has broken out of a larger project he calls *Charnel House Blues.* The two stories, titled "Grendel in Elysium" and "The Haunting of Hill's House," will probably sell independently. *Analog* has already paid Rick and co-author Pete Manly for their novella about the comet striking Jupiter which is now on the stands.

Alan Dean Foster, returned from his six-week excursion to Africa, says he enjoyed doing the graphic novel *Charles Barkley and the Referee Murders* for Rainbow Press. He said it was a fun change of pace. **Joe Staten** did the art. The comic is available through most specialty stores. In addition, he has an article in the current issue of *Skindiver* magazine. *Greenthieves* is due out from Ace later this year. *Chorus Skating,* the next *Spellsinger* novel has been turned in to Warner and is scheduled for winter or maybe fall. *Ascending Whine* is scheduled for release in 1985. He is currently working on a new *Flinx* novel, tentatively titled *MiFlinx,* which will take our hero to Midworld. In addition, Alan has another book, details to come later, scheduled for Ace in the near future. He has a series of novelettes which have seen publication over the years which he calls the *Montezuma Strip* stories. One of them, titled "Our Lady of Darkness," just won second place in a science fiction novelette contest.

Chelsea Quinn Yarbro is currently working on the ninth *Count* novel, titled *Mansions of Darkness.* It takes place in Latin America in the 17th century. She is also working on a Young Adult fantasy and another collaboration with **Bill Fawcett.**

Victor Mallone is currently working on a new SF novel for Avon, titled *CLD* (for Collective Landing Detachment), which he describes as a dark military SF novel. The characters are people who have been condemned to death by the empire. He also has a short story, "My Sweet Lord," in the new *Wild Cards* anthology and a new *BattleTech* novel (#15) called *Close Quarters.* He is scheduled to do another *BattleTech* novel soon. Finally, he has a story in the Zelazny/Greenberg anthology *Warriors of Dream* titled "Guardian Angel."

Elizabeth Danforth has kept busy editing some *Marco Polo* books for TSR and she is also doing artwork for them. She is also working on illustrations for FASA's *Earth Sun* series. She has just completed eight color works for the *Wizards of the Coast Magic: The Gathering.* (*Magic* cards are the rage, folks!)

Simon Hawke has completed *Blaze of Glory,* his *ST:TNG* novel. *The Outcast,* first book in the *Tribe of One* series is out on the market, as is *The Wizard of Lovecraft's Cafe.* Simon is currently working on a novel called *Whims of Creation* for Warner, which he describes as the combining of all the traditional elements of SF with high fantasy. He has two more books for Warner in the works as well, one of which will be the next *Reluctant Sorcerer* book, and the other a new *Wizard* novel which will cap off the series. This one will feature Dr. Sebastian

Makepeace, the three-hundred pound faery. Other than these minor pursuits, Simon is working on his Master's thesis, still teaching his writing class, and making plans for his Ph.D.

Larry Niven tells me he is working on a third novel in the *Ringworld* series, tentatively called ***The Ringworld Throne.*** We will probably see it first broken out as a short story in an as yet untitled anthology (to be edited by Barbara Hambly) concerning female vampires. In addition, Larry is working with **Stephen Barnes** and **Jerry Pournelle** on a sequel to ***Legacy of Heorot.*** He tells me he is also working on a solo novel, which he tells me is different than anything he has ever done before — the entire life story of a character. **Michael Whelan** did the cover painting based on an outline some time ago, but Larry got sidetracked and hadn't finished it. He figures he owes it to Michael. A new novel called ***Crashlander*** is coming out from Del Rey in April. It tells the story of Beowulf Schafer and includes a framing story as well as six others. Included are at least two Hugo Award-winning short stories, "Neutron Star" and "Borderland of Sol."

Pete Manly reports that his short story "Dragon Three-Two-Niner" has been selected for an anthology called ***The Best of Marion Zimmer Bradley Magazine.*** The novella about the comet hitting Jupiter, co-authored by Rick Cook (appearing in *Analog*), was accompanied by a non-fiction article by Pete about the comet. For the balance of his time, Pete is keeping busy writing for *Arizona Flyways.* I can't recall his looking quite so happy for years.

Ed Bryant is busy wrapping up his new book ***Flirting with Death,*** due for release from Deadline Books. It is a 120,000 word hardcover, collecting all of his previous dark suspense and horror tales, with new material and an introduction by **Dan Simmons.** Ed has spent the last three weeks working in **S.P. Somtow's** new film, ***Ill-Met by Midnight*** (a contemporary gothic punk *Midsummers Night),* with other notables **Timothy Bottoms** and **Robert Z'dar.** Ed arrived in LA just in time for the earthquake, so he spent some time filming that, too. Ed's next project will be tackling an expansion of his short novel ***Fetish*** into a long novel. (Ed was also here playing Toastmaster for World Horror Con — busy guy!)

Fred Saberhagen tells me he is currently working on his Arthurian fantasy, titled ***Merlin's Bones.*** He is also writing a story for a new anthology titled ***Armory of Swords,*** which he will also edit. Most recently out from TOR is ***Shieldbreaker's Story, The Last Book of Swords.*** Fred says it is the last he intends to write in that universe. He has just finished a new novel called ***Seance For A Vampire,*** which falls into his *Dracula* series, which should be released later this year.

Diana Gabaldon has been out of town for a month on a book signing tour, but ***Voyager,*** the third installment of the Jamie and Claire saga, has been released and I saw it on the bestseller list from *Publishers Weekly.* Congratulations to our local star!

Walter Jon Williams reports he has turned in his screenplay of ***Days of Atonement*** and that the other film project, ***Bloodsucking Mainframe Girls,*** is currently casting. He continues to work on the two novels mentioned last ish, ***Rock of Ages*** and ***House of Shards.*** He has a novella out in a limited edition from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

If you care about going into space...then I recommend you read the *Journal.*

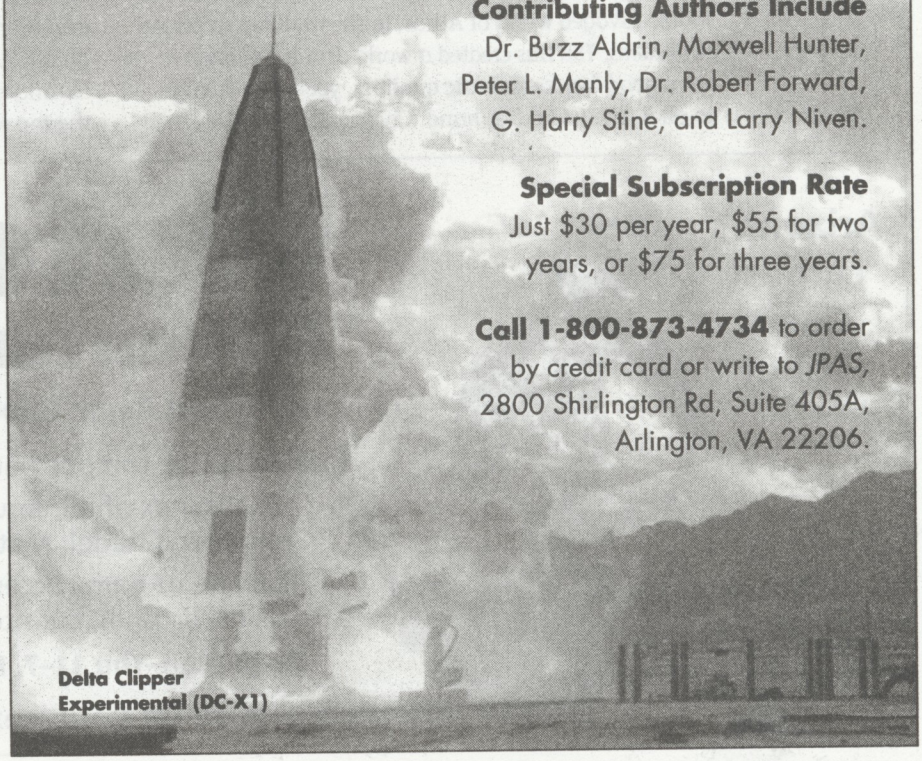
— Dr. Jerry Pournelle

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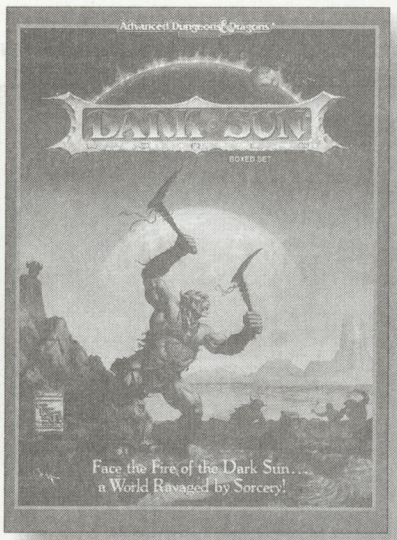
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The Campaign Setting

The Game's Afoot

By Bill Scott and Don Harrington

WHEN ROLE-PLAYING GAMES WERE FIRST INTRODUCED over 20 years ago, campaigns were simple; the standard adventures were never-ending dungeon crawls. However, players got bored and began to yearn for a life beyond the dungeon.



Dark Sun
TSR, $20

Enter the campaign pack, a module describing cities and countries for players to adventure in, including important non-player characters and setting up complex, non-linear adventures. These days, the rule book is only the tip of the marketing iceberg. Campaign books, full of alternate universes for your characters to explore, outnumber the rules at least 20 to 1.

TSR has never been shy about following marketing trends and has released many different campaign worlds for *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons*. One of the most popular of these is *Dark Sun,* a world blighted by magic. Most of the world is arid desert, with no water and very little metal. (Note that the discovery of a rusty iron bar is considered a great treasure in *Dark Sun.*)

As you can tell it's a cheery world, a small part of the magic-ravaged world of Athas. In the tradition of *Forgotten Realms,* TSR has created a world detailed enough to get a good feel for its basic qualities, yet vague enough to allow the DM a free hand. Civilization (or what passes for it) is clustered in city-states dominated by near-immortal wizards of great power and evil. People struggle to survive a hostile environment (see above), the usual assortment of *AD&D* creatures, and the fact that just about everyone is most likely amoral if not downright evil. The opportunities for the DM who wants to put his players through Hell are endless.

I know, I've done it. It's loads of fun. *(Says Bill.)*

The flip side *(says Don),* from the player's point of view, is that *Dark Sun* is hot and oppressive, a lot like living in Arizona in the summer without air conditioning. This is the same world you've seen in a thousand post-holocaust films, except that there are sand-worms instead of cars with spikes all over their bumpers. It's a miserable locale, which warps standard *AD&D* races into gaunt, occasionally cannibalistic, parodies of themselves; it's a universe where catching a lizard for dinner is a heroic accomplishment. The best way to get the feel of the game is to eat a lot of salt, don't drink anything, turn off the air conditioner, close all the windows, and huddle together in the closet with klieg lights on. When you're throttling your friends and attempting to ram the rule books down their stringy throats, you have finally succumbed to heat madness and the temptation that is *Dark Sun.*

But I digress.... What makes this world good to role play in? Simply put, motivation is a piece of cake. Good characters have more than enough evil to fight, and even the smallest act of goodness stands out as heroic. Evil characters can go about their business fearing nothing (except more powerful evil) and rise to the top without anybody even noticing.

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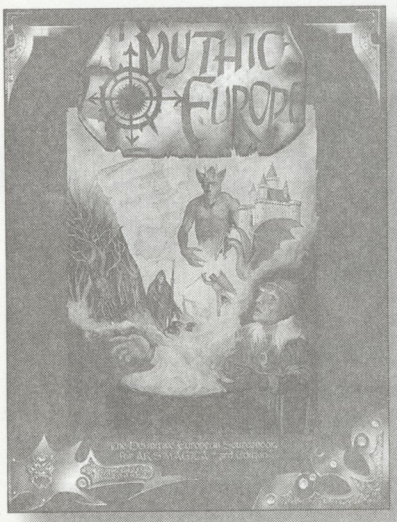
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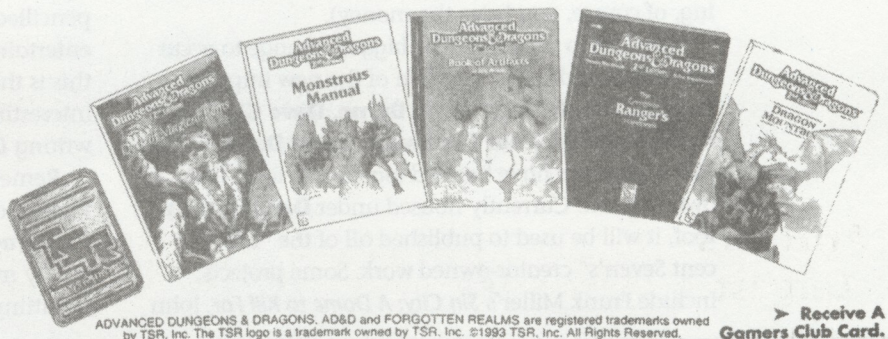
Some people prefer more cerebral elements in their role-playing. The continuous, visceral threats of *Dark Sun* can pale when compared to normal human politics. If you feel this way, maybe you'd like the world of true paranoia and ever-present danger found in our next campaign supplement. It's a world where any step may land you in hot water or raise you to the heights of nobility, all at the whim of a labyrinthine society of bizarre rule and custom.

YES, WELCOME TO MEDIEVAL EUROPE AS PRESENTED in *Mythic Europe,* White Wolf's supplement to their ARS MAGICA game system. This is fifteenth century Europe as the people living there saw it. You play a member of a wizards' covenant (a type of magic-user commune). People in *Mythic Europe* show all the tolerance and advanced learning of their historical counterparts. This takes about two pages to explain. The next two hundred are geography, history and some insights on how people got along in their daily lives.

The major advantage here is that it's about as "real world" as you can get. Reading *Mythic Europe* is a lot like reading a textbook, although more entertaining than most texts I've seen. Do you want to know who ruled France or England or any of a dozen other countries in any particular year? That's all here. Do you want a description of what a friar was? That's here, too. In fact, most of what you need to know about Europe in the Middle Ages is here. Want more detail? The authors suggest checking the local library. Literally, the degree of detail could be whatever you want it to be.

There's plenty of fantasy, too. Any of the creatures that medieval Europeans believed in are real in this campaign setting. Magic works and fiends prowl the land. Despite this, it's a comfortable setting. Being based directly on human history, *Mythic Europe* makes it easy for players to understand their roles in the world. The intuitive response to a situation is often the correct one; magic and monsters follow rules that "make sense" to you.

It's interactions with other players and non-player-characters that constitute the true dangers of this campaign. The result is adventure with human dimensions that make your triumphs seem bigger-than-life. It is this combination of historical fact, "comfortable" mind-set, and cunning opponents that makes *Mythic Europe* a more likely setting for long, involved campaigns than the simple brutality of *Dark Sun.*

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COMIC NEWS!

By Ethan Moe

SOMETIME BEFORE THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION (the 1993 Christmas season), during CopperCon 13, a friend of mine accosted me. Granted, he was very polite as far as attackers are concerned (except for his introduction, that went something like, "You should be lynched!"). His problem concerning my last column was that I spent two sentences mentioning **Scott McCloud's** *Understanding Comics* and two long paragraphs warning parents that **Rob Leifeld** can be a dangerous influence on their kids. He felt that I should have ignored Rob altogether and devoted a great deal more to Scott McCloud.

Truth to tell, I hadn't bought *Understanding Comics* at the time and still haven't managed to come up with the funds. However, I have managed to spend some time reading through it at my local comic store (I spend a lot of money there so it doesn't the bother them much). It's brilliant. Scott explains with words and pictures how to use them to tell a story effectively. He "illustrates" the concepts behind sequential art extraordinarily well and the humor thrown in heightens the effect. One of my favorite jibes is Scott (as a comic character) choking on a glass of "media." It is well worth the money for your own copy (assuming, of course, you have the money).

Now, on to the news. The biggest change to occur recently would be the creation of the new imprint **Legend. Frank Miller, John Byrne, Dave Gibbons, Arthur Adams, Paul Chadwick, Geoff Darrow,** and **Mike Mignola** have banded together to form their own imprint. Currently housed under **Dark Horse's** roof, it will be used to published all of the "Magnificent Seven's" creator-owned work. Some projects include Frank Miller's *Sin City: A Dame to Kill For,* John Byrne's *Next Men* and *Danger Unlimited,* Paul Chadwick's *Concrete,* and Mike Mignola's *Hellboy.*

Dark Horse will soon be in full swing with its **Comics Greatest World** imprint. New titles should have appeared in your local comic book store by now. Some of these include *X, Catalyst: Agents of Change,* and *Barb Wire.*

DC is planning on colliding Superman and Doomsday (the "guy" who killed Superman) into one another in the very near future. The same thing is planned for the Batmans. Bruce Wayne returns home from England to find Jean Paul Valley has made a bloody mess of things.

The final major story arc for *The Sandman,* "The Kindly Ones" has begun. Don't miss it!

Image seems to be putting along in their usual fashion. You've been looking at the ads for all the new Image titles for over a year by now, right? Guess what! They're coming out... Really! Incidentally, sometime before the turn of the century, **Chris Claremont's** Huntsman will be appearing in issues 10 through 12 of *WildCATS.*

There are only two things of note I've noticed from **Marvel.** *Wolverine,* written by **Larry Hama** and pencilled by **Adam Kubert,** is an intelligent and entertaining read. I've been an "X-fan" for years and this is the only X-title I currently read. The other interesting note is that **David Quinn** of *Faust* is now writing *Dr. Strange.*

Remember Ultraman? He's back with two comic titles and a line of t-shirts. *Ultraman Classic: Battle of the Ultra-Brothers* is a black-and-white miniseries put out by manga-mogul **Viz** comics. **Nemesis Comics** is putting out an on-going full color *Ultraman* comic. Be sure to check out both titles and the shirts in your nearest comic store!

James Owen's *Starchild,* pick it up! 'Nuff said.

Well that about wraps it up. I could babble for hours, but that wouldn't be the most productive seven or eight days you could spend. It wouldn't be the least productive either.... CN

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Remnants
Costuming 101

Edited by Jeanne Hilary-Burroughs

IT'S REMARKABLE HOW MANY SNIPPETS OF information accumulate when one edits a costuming column — sort of like the scraps that are left after one makes several garments. This issue will use up some of those scraps: T-tunic variations, quick and dirty broiderie anglaise and Cavalier gloves, and some assorted oddments of information.

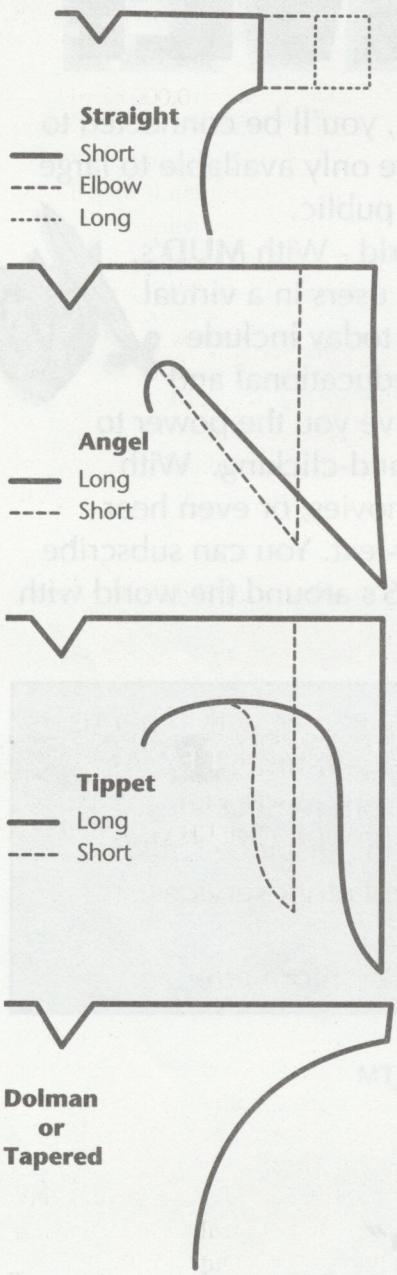
In CN *Vol 2, Iss 3, "The Compleat T-tunic," Pati covered the essentials of T-tunic construction. Here she presents some ways to personalize and adapt that basic garment.*

T-tunic Variations and Modifications

by Pati Cook

The most common variations for T-tunics are neckline shape, sleeve length and shape, tunic length, and the use of center front and/or back seams. Neckline and sleeve ideas are easier shown than explained; the illustrations will provide some ideas. Just remember to adapt the neck and sleeve facings to the new pattern.

SLEEVE VARIATIONS

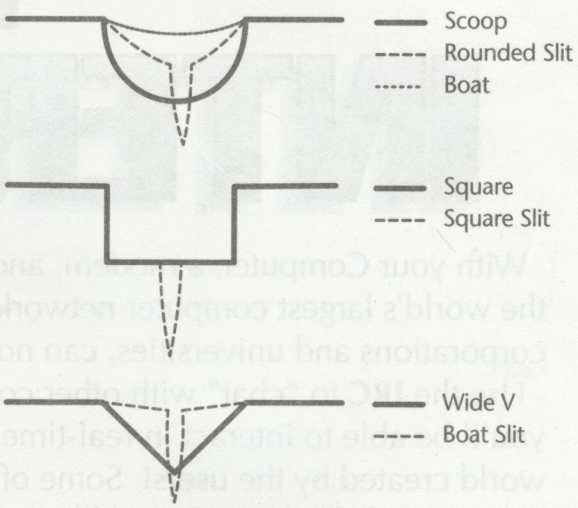


Center front and back seams need more explanation. They permit ample flexibility and personal innovation, and are especially useful when using narrow fabric, when making extremely long sleeves, or when making a floor-length woman's tunic and extra fullness is desired at the hem. A center front seam, faced or finished, can be left completely open to make a coat, or a center front or back seam can be laced up. (The farther down the lacing goes, the more fitted the tunic can be at the waistline, a technique especially useful for women's gowns.)

A man's long tunic can be left open from the hemline up to crotch level, front and back, to create "riding slits;" these were used to make it easier to sit astride a horse. (It's good to remember that slits of any length can be left at the hemline, in the front, back or side seams, to facilitate walking and sitting.) Where the full width of the fabric is used at the hemline in each section, using a center front and back seam does require double the amount of fabric, but it looks great for full-length gowns.

All of these adaptations are very simple and straight-forward,

NECKLINE VARIATIONS



and can be achieved by a novice costumer; however, there are numerous other variations possible, so use your imagination, experiment, and have fun!

Quick "Broiderie Anglaise"

by Eileen Phillips

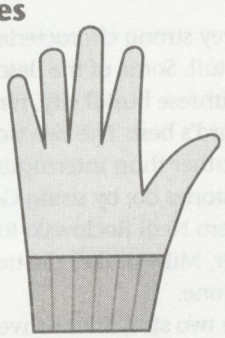
Since medieval times English embroidery, "broiderie anglaise," has been much admired. Modern eyelet fabric is very similar to broiderie anglaise in appearance, but it lacks the characteristic richness and variety of color. Real broiderie anglaise, or even over-embroidered eyelet, takes *forever* to make, but a reasonably authentic appearing substitute can be faked in just a few hours.

The trick is to find white cotton eyelet with the embroidery done in "fuzzy" nylon thread. Nylon doesn't take fabric dyes, so dying the cloth with Rit-type dye will result in white embroidery on a colored background. To color the actual embroidery use paint pens, available in art supply stores. Do not use fabric paint or liquid embroidery pens; they will only color the nylon temporarily and then bleed onto the background during washing. Lightly touch the pen tip to the stitching and let the paint wick into the thread. Easy does it; dab, don't press; and allow plenty of drying time, especially between colors placed closely together. The technique takes some initial practice

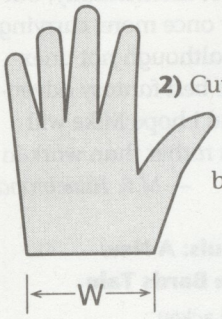
and a modicum of time, but once you get the hang of it, it's much quicker than needle and thread could ever be, and the results are worth the effort.

Randwulf's Quick & Dirty Cavalier Gloves

by Randall Whitlock

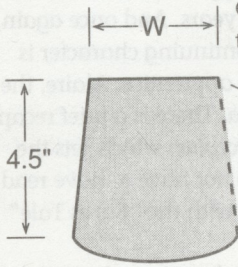


1) Start off with a pair of gloves that fit well, but don't have too much stretch. Jersey work gloves or white cotton garden gloves work well.

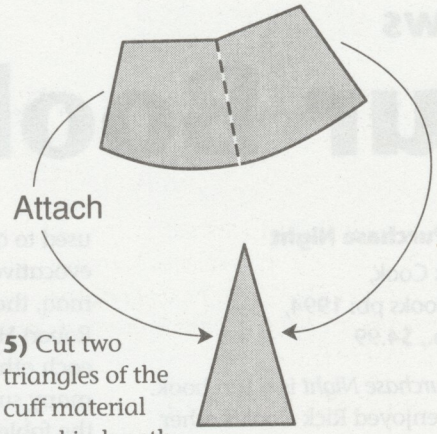


2) Cut off the original cuffs and measure the width of the base of the glove.

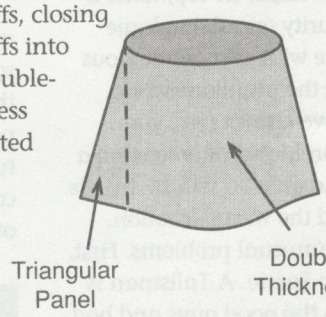
3) Draw your cuff pattern on folded paper. Match the width of the top to the width of the glove base. Make the cuff about 4.5" long and about 20% wider at the bottom than at the top.



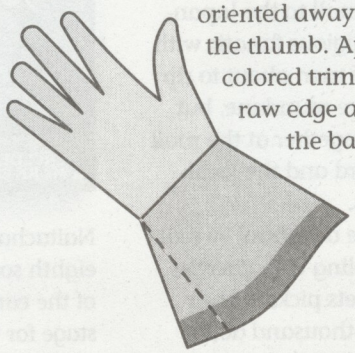
4) Unfold your pattern, and cut four of these pieces from stiff material such as cotton twill. Sew together pairs of the pieces with the wrong sides together.



5) Cut two triangles of the cuff material equal in length to the cuffs and about one inch wide. Sew triangles to the outside edges of the cuffs, closing the cuffs into two double-thickness truncated cones.



6) Sew the top of the cuff to the base of the glove with the triangular panel oriented away from the thumb. Apply a colored trim to the raw edge around the base.



You can dress up your cuffs with lace trim, embroidery, appliqué, studs, or anything else which strikes your fancy. *[These gloves are fantastic when made from soft leather such as kid or pigskin and lined with rich fabric. It's possible to find leather gloves inexpensively; check the end-of-season clearance tables, thrift stores, etc. — JHB]*

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If you know how to reach Phoenix/Tucson area fan CHARLES JARVIS, please call us (or ask him to call)! Matthew or Margaret at (602) 220-9785

Costume Workshops

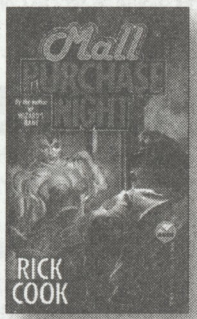
Costume College 1994 will be held July 8–10 at the Sheraton Newport Beach (in California). This is a regional conference on costuming topics and techniques. For more info contact Frances Burns at (602) 944-0160. Hurry! June 10th is the deadline for registration.

The **$2 Fabric Store** (various locations) is a great place to find good, basic fabric at a discount. It doesn't have the variety of SAS, but it's much less frustrating, and the prices are very competitive.

Finally, Lavolta Press has released a new book that sounds fascinating. ***After a Fashion,*** written by Frances Grimble and illustrated by Deborah Kuhn, covers medieval through Art Deco styles, and tells how to make authentic historical reproduction costumes. I haven't seen the book yet, but, judging by the description, it's definitely on my "Things to Check Out" list.

Book Reviews
In Our Book...

Edited by M.R. Hildebrand



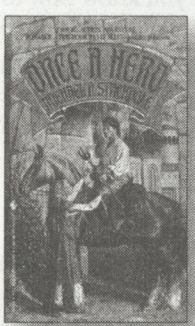
Mall Purchase Night
by Rick Cook,
Baen Books pb: 1994,
336 pp., $4.99

Mall Purchase Night is a fun book. If you enjoyed Rick Cook's other books, or you like Esther Friesner, you'll love this one.

Andy Westlin, ex-cop, takes a job as security guard in a large upscale California mall replete with every obnoxious character you ever detested in the mundane world. Like most security guards I have known (yes, your reviewer was one once) he is on hiatus after leaving a job he hated. A little peace and quiet to rethink his life may be his goal, but he picked the wrong location.

Black Oak Mall has a few unusual problems. First, it was built on top of a gate to Faerie. A Talisman is missing from Faerie and both the good guys and bad guys are after it; the good guys are merely ruthless, the bad guys are lethal. And while the hunt goes on, so do simple things: a sale of the mall to the Japanese, a homicidal drug dealer, a religious fanatic with a bomb, and some ex-cop security men about to rip off the entire mall. These things are mundane, but, on May Day Eve, it will all come together at the mall with only a bemused security guard and the local witch between insanity and chaos.

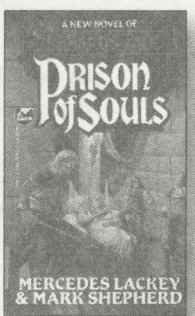
The images and pun-tential are delightful — real chocolate-covered brownies, dribbling with cherries, dram-sized skateboarders, dragonets picking their teeth with the last feather of a six thousand dollar parrot, as well as the most delightful AI since *The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress*. If you can use a little humor in your life, you need to read this one. — *Pam Allan*



Once A Hero
by Michael A. Stackpole,
Bantam Spectra pb: 1994,
512 pp., $5.99

Written in alternate chapters set at both ends of a five hundred year span, *Once a Hero* tells both the story of Neal Roclawski and his battle against the Reithrese and the story of Genevera, a wandering elven mage, who finds herself battling the human servants of the Reithrese. Both storylines are distinct and well told, full of action which is also used to convey strong characterization, and of evocative detail. Some of the descriptions of Jammaq, the Reithrese burial city, reminded me of Robert Howard's best. The two stories compliment each other rather than interrupting each other as many such stories do; by using Gena's references to the fabled hero Neal Roclawski to tie the two storylines together, Mike makes the transition an easy and natural one.

When the two storylines converge, Neal's adjustments to his new life slow the plot momentarily, but soon the story is moving rapidly once more, carrying the reader through an exciting, although not unexpected, climax. This is one of the best fantasy adventure stories I have read lately and I hope Mike will continue to write his own novels rather than work in others' worlds. — *M.R. Hildebrand*

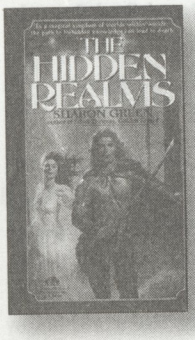


Prison of Souls: A New Novel of The Bards Tale
by Mercedes Lackey
& Mark Shepherd,
Baen Books pb: 1993,
240 pp., $5.99

This book, like *Fortress of Frost and Fire,* has skipped a considerable number of years. And once again, the only continuing character is Naitachal who now has a new apprentice, Alaire, the eighth son of the king of Althea. There is a brief recap of the earliest book *Castle of Deception* which sets the stage for this novel, but you do not have to have read the prior books nor be familiar with the "Bards Tale" universe to enjoy this book.

King Reynard is concerned about war threats coming from Suinomen, a neighboring kingdom. Because Suinomen allows no magic except that done by magicians licensed by the throne, there is very little contact between the kingdoms. King Reynard sends Naitachal and Alaire to investigate the rumors under the guise of an ambassador and his servant. Much is discovered, both about Suinomen and about the characters, and the evil to be fought is unusual and well written.

Overall I think the book is well done. It brings up some points of ethics, but is primarily a fun read.
— *M.R. Hildebrand*



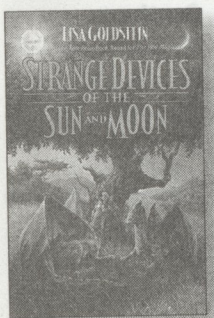
The Hidden Realms
by Sharon Green,
AvoNova pb: 1993,
372 pp., $4.99

If you tried Sharon Green when she was writing *Amazon* novels, which read rather like John Norman in drag, give her another look. *The Hidden Realms* is a fun, and sometimes funny, fantasy.

When the protagonists, Prince Bariden and Chalaine, try to find who is magically attacking the king's guests they find themselves pulled into a trap. To escape, they must make their way through alternate worlds. Each new world attempts to lure them away from the search or keep them imprisoned.

The characterization is well done and the basic plot premise interesting. The book's problems lie mainly in the actual telling of the tale. I found the viewpoint's constant changing, from Bariden in first person, to Chalaine in first person, to third person, annoying. I also felt that the major emphasis on the relationship between the protagonists more appropriate to a romance than fantasy. It is possible to have a relationship developing as a major plot element without making it the primary focus; *Sword Dancer* and *Shards of Honor* are two excellent examples. Despite its flaws I enjoyed *The Hidden Realms* and hope Ms. Green continues what promises to be a series.

— M.R. Hildebrand

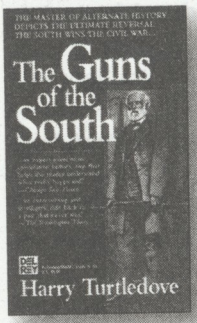


Strange Devices of the Sun and Moon
by Lisa Goldstein,
Tor hc: 1993,
301 pp., $19.95

This is an interweaving of historical realism and almost surrealistic fantasy as the struggle between Oriana the Red Queen of Faerie and the White King influences the political intrigues around Elizabeth I. Centering on the churchyard of St. Paul's Cathedral, where the booksellers and publishers ply their trade, the book is told by following Alice Wood, a widow who has inherited her husband's business, and George Cowper, a fellow bookseller, as well as various historical Elizabethan authors and playwrights.

The plot introduces us to many people whose actions and lives entwine in a fashion which is convoluted but still keeps the reader's interest. At times the storyline seems to be wandering far afield, but before things get too confusing Ms. Goldstein brings us back to Alice's search for her missing son, the thread which binds the plot together. Despite the many things going on in the book there is not much of what is commonly meant by action, rather the book concentrates on the revelation and development of the characters as they variously act and react to the events described.

In this book Ms. Goldstein offers the reader an excellent novel which unlike many fantasy offerings is directed more toward the intellect than the emotions. All too often I find this style of novel affected and boring, but *Strange Devices of The Sun and Moon* is an enjoyable and refreshing change. *— M.R. Hildebrand*

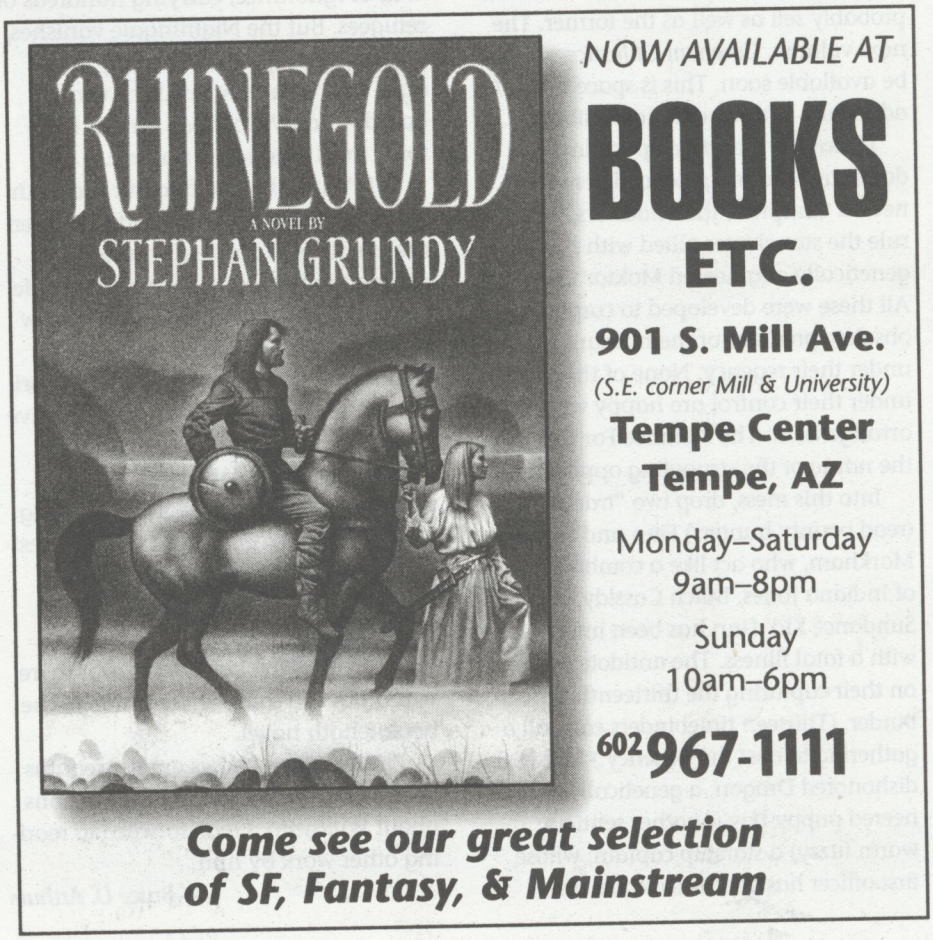


The Guns of the South
by Harry Turtledove,
Del Rey pb: 1993,
551 pp., $5.99

Judith Tarr once complained that the cover put on one of her books was as anachronistic as Robert E. Lee holding an Uzi. Harry Turtledove heard that complaint and wondered, "How would Lee end up holding an Uzi?"

The result is *Guns of the South,* an exercise in alternate history and speculation. The guns of the title are AK-47's rather than Uzis, brought from our near future to early 1864 by a group of white-supremacist Afrikaners who've stolen an experimental time machine.

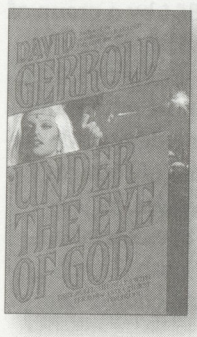
The introduction of the automatic weapons onto the Confederate side creates an escalating series of changes to history, including the defeat of the North and the efforts to create a self-sufficient, peacetime South. Turtledove's speculations and choices are



thoroughly researched and fascinating to watch unfold.

Turtledove backs up this alternate history with well-done characters. Lee and the other characters plucked from historical records are presented as living, breathing people, with doubts about their own actions and decisions. Lee agonizes over the hard choices he has to make, both in war and when he begins to realize that his acceptance of the Afrikaners' weapons may have been a bargain with the devil.

I found this book excellent on many levels, with a broad appeal to readers. Not only to fans of science fiction or military history, but to anyone who enjoys an engrossing story. — *Bruce D. Arthurs*

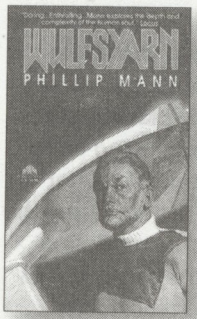


Under The Eye Of God
by David Gerrold,
Bantam pb: 1993,
378 pp., $5.99

Under The Eye Of God begins another series for the author of the *War against The Chtorr.* The series will probably sell as well as the former. The next volume, *Covenant Of Justice,* should be available soon. This is space action/adventure with cinematic possibilities.

Under The Eye Of God postulates a dominant race of genetically engineered vampires, the Phaestors, who rule the star cluster allied with the genetically engineered Moktar Dragons. All these were developed to combat an obsolete predator of the humans now under their regency. None of the species under their control are happy with the arrangement. The Alliance For Life is the name of the struggling opposition.

Into this mess, drop two "trackers" (read bounty hunters) Finn and Sawyer Markham, who act like a combination of Indiana Jones, Butch Cassidy, and the Sundance Kid. Finn has been infected with a fatal illness. The antidote depends on their capturing the thirteenth timebinder. (Thirteen timebinders can call a gathering to oust the Regency.) Mix in a dishonored Dragon, a genetically engineered puppy-boy (another sentient warm fuzzy) a starship captain, whose first officer has been selected as an Entree by the Phaestor power, Lady Zillabar, and lots of Byzantine intrigue among the Phaestors, and you have a potpourri of successful series ingredients. You can also see it as a movie series, not surprising with Mr Gerrold's screenwriting background. Should be a fun series. If you liked the *Chtorr* series, you should enjoy this one. — *Pam Allan*



Wulfsyarn
by Philip Mann,
AvoNova pb: 1993,
356 pp., $4.99

An otherwise engrossing novel is made somewhat difficult by a coy and tantalizing plot structure.

Wulf is an autoscribe, a cybernetic secretary, at the Monastery of St. Francis Dionysus. He is the observer, the recorder, the eventual confessor of Jon Wilberfoss.

Wilberfoss, confrere of the Dionysian order, is called upon to pilot the Nightingale, a gargantuan mercy ship that travels between worlds torn by the War of Ignorance, carrying hundreds of refugees. But the Nightingale vanishes, to reappear a year later, badly damaged and with only one survivor on board — Jon Wilberfoss, almost catatonic from emotional trauma.

It is Wulf's task to find out the truth. *Wulfsyarn* skips back and forth between the events of Wilberfoss' journey, his calling to pilot the Nightingale, his life before joining the Order, and the slow process of trying to heal Wilberfoss' mind. And there are asides into the origin of the Dionysian church, the native culture of the Order's planet, into Wulf's own origins and life.

I found the central story engrossing and moving. I found the asides interesting, sometimes fascinating. But I felt the out-of-order structuring of revelations often distracted from a smooth enjoyment of the book. I felt as if there was a novella somewhere inside of the book-length novel.

Phillip Mann shows great strengths in his writing. Despite my reservations about *Wulfsyarn,* I look forward to reading other work by him.

— *Bruce D. Arthurs*

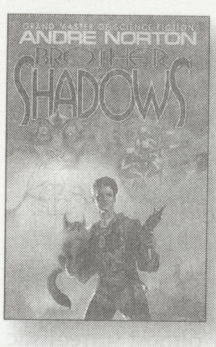


Blood Red Angel
by Adrian Cole,
AvoNova pb,
377 pp., $4.99

Blood Red Angel is a fantasy set in a world where evolved gods, more petty than any on Mount Olympus, keep the world below beneath a light barrier called Skydown. Humans from this world and others are processed as food called fodda. It is policed by specially bred angels of the Angel Guard, under orders of Providers, who, in turn, serve the Elevates, who then serve the Absolute Light or gods. The striving for elevation sets up more intrigues than a Chinese imperial court.

Rebellion stirs, aided by a cast-out god who sees the ultimate demise of the world, a blinded angel guard, an escaped external imported for slaughter, and a disparate group of varying levels. The rebels must sneak, and fight their ways to the very top of the levels and face the gods themselves.

Blood Red Angel is a fast-moving fantasy that peels back layers of plot and character as it goes. It frequently surprises you, and keeps enough questions going to make it hard to put down. I confess, I kept reading while watching a Suns game — what more can I say. If you like a thriller with a fantasy theme, interesting characters with a twist at the end, you'll love this one. The cover is a lot kinder to the eye than those of the *Star Requiem* series as well. — *Pam Allan*



Brother To Shadows
by Andre Norton,
AvoNova hc,
311 pp., $20.00

Brother To Shadows is Andre Norton's first new SF novel in more than a decade. It reads like a Young Adult, readable, pleasant, and unfortunately, not up to Norton's usual standard.

Jofre, a young member of a guild of spies, bodyguards, and assassins called Shadows, is thrown out after the death

of his mentor. Born off-planet, he was an orphan found in the wreckage of a spaceship's escape craft, and as such gained the enmity of a shagga/priest, who then puts a contract out on him.

On the way to the spaceport, he shelters in abandoned Issha center and is drawn to a gemstone of a dead master. It, in turn, begins to give him the added edge of a master. That really gets the shagga upset. Before the shagga can get to him, he gets off-planet in service to Zurzal, a reptilian knowledge-seeker trying to find secrets of the Forerunner past. Here the guild of thieves gets involved seeking the scanner he has built. Throw in a Shadow sister, Tayned Jewelbright, who is sworn to, eventually, turn in Jofre to her guild, which was hired by the shagga. But is she oathed? Will she turn him in or kill him? They go through perils together, and also form a bond with the Jat, a sort of telepathic warm fuzzy. How it all comes out in the end leaves a possibility for a series.

It is pleasant, and like some Chinese food, you forget you ingested it a few hours later. If you collect Andre Norton, you'll want to get it... in paperback.

— Pam Allan



Summerland
by L. Dean James, AvoNova pb: 1994, 279 pp., $4.99

Summerland is an enjoyable quest fantasy, a pleasant afternoon's reading that holds your interest.

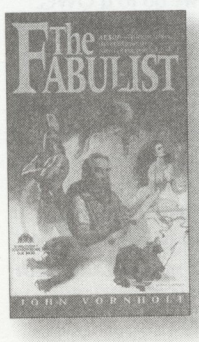
The Earth has suffered a devastating fifteen-year drought, turning it into a dying planet. Society has broken down. Entire families are wiped out by marauders who torture and butcher others for food and pleasure. Los Angeles is a fortified city-state under martial law.

Having fled the city after the slaughter of her family, Jamie Weston makes her way, disguised as a boy, carrying a magical guidestone provided by her missing father. This guidestone will lead her to the place where the rain has gone, when the time is ripe for the quest. Fifteen years later, it is time.

On her way, following the stone's directions, she collects three humans and an unnamed horse. She finds an Indian, Trey Sweetwater, who becomes the Guardian; Harry Roswell, a dentist that provides itinerant medical care in the hinterlands, who becomes the Physician; and Lila Anne, an orphan girl fleeing a forced union with an older man, who becomes the Sorceress. The quartet, joined by Trey's unnamed horse (a memorable character in itself), proceeds to cross dimensions and worlds in pursuit of the Earth's missing precipitation. This is held by a self-declared god who is sterilizing the Earth for fun and games. Either this group wins through, or the Earth will die.

Will they win? Who dies? And for that matter, who comes back to life? Read it and see. The characterization and imagery in the Earth dimension is particularly interesting. The plot line carries you along, making it fun reading.

— Pam Allan



The Fabulist
by John Vornholt, AvoNova pb: 1993, 244 pp., $4.50

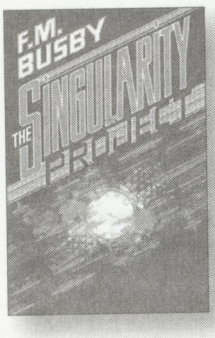
Based on legend and ancient biographies, Vornholt has written an interesting and fun novel about Aesop. Ignoring historical realities while carefully maintaining the tone of Greek mythology, we start with Aesop as a mute slave in Phygia (a portion of modern Turkey). In return for his kindness to a priestess of Isis (yes, I am aware that Isis was an Egyptian goddess — she was also revered elsewhere around the ancient Mediterranean.) Isis and the Muses grant Aesop the gifts of: speech, storytelling, song, comedy, athletic prowess, insight into men's hearts, knowledge of feminine desires, astrology, reason, and that he should be remembered by history. To keep him humble with all this, they leave him an ugly, hunch-backed dwarf.

With his new-found ability to speak, and a smart mouth, Aesop soon finds himself sold and sold again, winding up on the island of Samos as the slave of Xanthus, a teacher of philosophy. Xanthus records Aesop's fables and has him teaching philosophy classes. While on Samos, Aesop meets and falls in love with the sorceress Netha. Netha reveals to Aesop that King Croeus desires Samos as a port and that only Aesop's intervention will keep the island free, but it will mean that Aesop will have to go to Lydia to serve Croeus. And so Aesop starts to serve the powerful.

In many ways Aesop is a smart-aleck, but his intellectual curiosity and his caring for people keep him a sympathetic character, while the same characteristics and his fascination with beautiful women keep him in hot water.

If you enjoy Greek legend, I think you'll love this.

— M.R. Hildebrand



The Singularity Project
by F.M. Busby, Tor hc: 1993, 349 pp., $21.95

This novel is written as a techno-thriller for the major portion of the book — it is only in the very last portion of this

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tightly written novel that the science fiction element emerges.

Mitch Banning, a technical consultant who also does technical reporting, gets a hint that a major new break-through in technology is being developed. By means of fast talk and some blackmail he gets a ringside seat to watch the set-up and trials. The somewhat convoluted plot moves quickly, leaving both Banning and the reader in suspense as to the validity of the work being done; is this truly a new science or a new scam?

Busby's characters are interesting and he handles the technical aspects in such a fashion that even readers who are technically illiterate can enjoy it. If you like a fast paced action adventure, you'll enjoy this book.

— M.R. Hildebrand

Out of Time

by James Hogan, Bantam Spectra pb: 1993, 117 pp., $3.99

Bantam Spectra recently began publishing a number of skinny paperbacks, containing short novels or novellas. One, this means they can keep the price down to an impulse-buyer's level. (My cut-off point is five bucks. Any paperback above $4.99 will not be bought the first time I see it on the shelf. Sometimes this translates out to "not ever.") Two, some stories don't need or deserve to be padded out to 300 pages to make it a "real" novel. (We won't even mention the ubiquitous "five-volume trilogies.")

Bantam Spectra should be commended for opening a market for a story length that is, otherwise, virtually without opportunities for writers.

Unfortunately, I wasn't impressed with Hogan's entry, *Out of Time*. While known as a wonderful idea man, he's never been known for his deep, well-developed characters. The characters in *Out of Time* seem even shallower and less well-developed than usual. And the central idea — of "chronovores" that eat time and excrete space — doesn't seem as well developed or brainstormed as ideas in Hogan's other books.

This may be an example of a story where novella is the wrong length. It might have worked better as a shorter "idea-story," or perhaps it would even have worked better as a full novel, with more opportunity to give the characters depth.

— Bruce D. Arthurs

The Last Dancer

by Daniel Keys Moran, Bantam Spectra pb: 1993, 594 pp., $5.99

As our world changes around us we can begin to see the seeds of what this book appears to foretell.

Dateline July 4, 2076: Riots rage across the Occupied United States Of America, and the UN Peace-Keeping Forces respond including the best of the best — the PKF Elite (men and women altered into combat cyborgs). In the middle of the fight to free America from Foreign Powers, namely the UN, is a very strange mix of beings: AIs, aliens (one a soldier that is over 51,000 years old and the other a heretic to their religion and a holy man to boot!), a webdancer (a computer hacker of extreme skill), bio-engineered telepaths, and an odd assortment of gangs and individuals, all fighting for freedom for the United States of America.

The other side is the One World Government (OWG) run by the Secretary General and the Unification Council, with the PKF as the military and Police arm. The world as they run it is a Police State. Law-abiding subjects have no arms to protect themselves with. The PKF are always armed and armored for war. They have near absolute enforcement powers, to the point that if you drive your automobile instead of the onboard computer, they can and will execute you for breaking the law!

The author does an excellent job of making the people in the book seem real to the point that you could almost believe they are real people alive today. The actions of the UN and One World Government (OWG) are being foreshadowed in the world news even as you read this. This book gives a real feel for what could happen if we go to a OWG. The downside shown is loss of freedom, while the plus side is expansion into space.

The author bounces back and forth between the distant past and the current timeline in the book. I found this to be distracting and think he could have done a better job of explaining the past history without breaking up the current timeline.

All in all a very thought-provoking book and a good read.

— Sam Duckworth

Mirror To The Sky

by Mark S. Geston, Avon pb: 1992, 234 pp., $4.99

This novel is slow to start and has a slow pace throughout; however the storyline is good. It raises interesting questions concerning how we as a planet will react to an extended visit from aliens.

The plot has the aliens coming to Earth to setup an outpost for space observation; an early warning site for the approach of an unknown, unidentified threat. The alien Blake foretold this threat in an extremely powerful and moving piece of art. The aliens trust such prophecies, and are certain that the threat will come to get them.

The way the author describes the alien art is very different from anything I have seen or read before. He conveys very well that the imagery used in this art is powerful. Powerful enough to have individuals in the book react in a manner not consistent with their best interests. You can understand their actions. The alien's art communicates directly with your mind and all of the information it transmits is taken into long-term memory as absolute fact so that it seems you have always known these facts. The art that foretells the future leaves you certain that future will come to be, no matter how impossible or improbable it may seem.

In the end it is a new piece of art created by one of "the gods," as the aliens are called by most of the people on earth, which answers the piece that caused the aliens to leave their planet, to go out to the stars in search of the great threat that would end their culture.

The author needs to work on his pacing, but he has the "plot twist" down pat. Even when the author foreshadows a plot shift, they still contain unexpected elements.

— Sam Duckworth

Changing Fate

by Elisabeth Waters, DAW Books pb: 1994, 240 pp., $4.99

Starting with a story which previously appeared in MZB's *Sword & Sorceress 3,* Ms. Waters has produced a very interesting first novel.

The plotline is fairly common. The heroine, Acila, and her twin brother, Briam, are forced to leave their home after the death of their father and find a new life. The characterization is well handled. Acila is a shapeshifter who is extremely competent, having been raised to manage the lands her father had conquered. Her twin, Briam, is rather a lightweight who primarily occupies himself by hunting, dancing, flirting, etc.

The difference between this and most other fantasies lies in the depth of characterization, primarily in Acila. By showing you how Acila solves problems, Ms. Waters makes her heroine very real. In the opening of the book Lisa shows us how Acila is fascinated by studying magic but is constantly interrupted and forced to deal with the everyday management of the land and castle. Despite her competency, it is not easy for Acila to find time and energy for both.

I also liked the fact that despite Acila's capability, she sometimes forgets or misjudges obvious details and has to deal with the consequences. One example is her failure to include some of her own clothes when she escapes the castle.

Changing Fate has flaws; some readers will be bothered by the lack of action. The time devoted to coping with problems does slow the plot somewhat. However, the flaw which truly bothered me was the weak political and sociological backgrounds. Acila and Briam seemed to have no interactions with society outside their home. Their father was supposed to have conquered a large area, but neither twin had ever left their home. In a medieval society the person responsible must, at least occasionally, be present. Who then was ordering all this territory? I found the lands conquered and the twin's father so vague as to be unbelievable. Even the culture shown later in the book seems more like a household than a city-state.

Despite its flaws, I enjoyed the book and look forward to Lisa's future works.

— M.R. Hildebrand

Minerva Wakes

by Holly Lisle, Baen Books pb: 1994, 273 pp., $4.99

Minerva Wakes is about two artistic people who have allowed their dreams and their relationship to starve. At the beginning of the book Minerva and Darryl resent each other as the cause of their fading dreams. But when Darryl sees a vision in a mirror of a blue ghost taking Minerva and their three children and Minerva awakens to find herself in another world, the couple realize that they must work together to find their children.

The way the characters, both the children and the adults, are made real and the way they must learn to interact and trust their abilities is well handled and makes this book a better than average modern fantasy. The alternate world is also well handled and evokes Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* without being derivative.

However, the concentration on characterization does slow the plot somewhat and a lot of the plot is fairly predictable, although Ms. Lisle's ending has a few nice twists. I enjoyed the book but people who concentrate on action probably won't.

— M.R. Hildebrand

The Hacker Crackdown

by Bruce Sterling, Bantam pb: 1993, 316 pp., $5.99

This nonfiction book (subtitled "Law and Disorder on the Electronic Frontier") introduces the reader to the world of phreaks and hackers. The author keeps everything at a distance in a reporter-like fashion; thus the reader never becomes intimately involved with the people and events described in this book. Sections of the book don't involve people at all: The whole first chapter is a history of AT&T. I learned more about how telephone systems evolved and operated than I really cared to.

For a book described in a cover blurb as having "a remarkable lack of technical jargon," I found it remarkably dense and containing enough jargon to make the going tough. The book has enough good blurbs from periodicals I'm familiar with to make me think I've somehow overlooked something. For a person who is knows something about computers and is fond of jargon-filled cyberpunk stories, this book may be interesting and enjoyable. Unfortunately, it wasn't for me.

— Melinda Hutson

Nimbus

by Alexander Jablokov, AvoNova/Morrow hc: 1993, 376 pp., $22.00

During the Devolution Wars, Peter Ambrose had another name, another face, another life. He was one of seven members of the top-secret NIMBUS project. Now, having spent years erasing that previous life, it has come back to haunt him. Someone is killing his NIMBUS compatriots, one by one; someone who knows things only one of the seven or their years-dead leader could possibly know. Now Peter must reawaken long suppressed memories and discover the identity of the killer.

Nimbus is a difficult book to start. The author thrusts the reader abruptly into an unfamiliar landscape filled with odd ideas and a fair amount of futuristic-sounding vocabulary. The book remains fairly dense throughout, but becomes so intriguing that it hardly matters. This suspenseful murder mystery contains numerous unexpected twists and turns, and a variety of interesting and well fleshed-out peripheral characters. The author keeps the reader guessing 'til the end. I didn't figure out the identity of the killer until it was revealed by the author.

People who really don't care for futuristic jargon should probably avoid this novel; all others, particularly those who are fond of Jablokov's other works, will want to give this a try.

— Melinda Hutson

The Positronic Man

by Isaac Asimov and Robert Silverberg, Doubleday/Foundation hc: 1992, 259 pp., $22.50

The Positronic Man is an expansion of Isaac Asimov's short story "The Bicentennial Man," first published in the anthology *Stellar 2*, and most recently seen in *Robot Visions*, a collection of robotic short stories published by ROC.

I am generally leery of novels that are expansions of or remakes of short stories. They are rarely as good as the original work. In the case of *The Positronic Man*, the novel is definitely superior to the original short story.

The novel's plot is identical to that of its predecessor. Robot NDR-113, affectionately known as Andrew by his owners, is odd. He has artistic talents, feelings, thoughts and longings that he is not supposed to have. He is, in fact, unique. And more than anything in the universe, Andrew longs to be human. *The Positronic Man* is the story of Andrew's 200-year-long quest for humanity.

For all of the similarities between the novel and short story (much of the text and dialogue from the original is repeated verbatim), the added detail has given the novel a far greater emotional depth than the original has. The deaths, by aging, of Andrew's human companions, strongly felt by the reader, are made all the more poignant by the passing of Isaac Asimov. By the end of the novel, I had dampened a few hankies, thoroughly enjoying myself along the way.

— Melinda Hutson

The Gripping Hand

by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle, Pocketbooks hc, 401 pp., $22.00

The Gripping Hand is a sequel to the much acclaimed *The Mote in God's Eye*. That, by itself, is a reason to buy it. The book, itself, is an even better one.

It has been twenty-five years since the second Empire of Man confined the Moties to their own solar system. The Moties, a highly specialized and extremely adaptive species divided into masters, mediators, engineers, warriors, messengers, watchmakers, etc., must breed or die an agonizing death. Released from their solar system, they provide a major threat to man. The key to keeping them in has been the ability to blockade the jump point out of the system. Horace Bury and Kevin Renner have been acting as Naval Intelligence agents these last twenty-five years and want to insure the blockade is still working.

Additionally, The Blaine Institute has developed a parasite that could control the Motie biological imperative making a peace possible with the fractured structure of Motie society.

The Sinbad and two Navy ships are patrolling when the protostar collapses. The Moties are ready to come through, and the first one out calls for Bury specifically to try to make a deal. But there are other Motie factions who also want control and are willing to war for the privilege.... There is plenty of action and scheming for everybody.

The Gripping Hand shows the Niven-Pournelle team is as deft as ever, the movement swift, the plot as Machiavellian as you could ask for, and the characters are generally likable. You'll enjoy reading this one.

— Pam Allan

Jedi Search

by Kevin J. Anderson, Bantam pb: 1994, 368 pp., $5.99

All our old friends are back. While searching for potential Jedi, Han Solo and Chewbacca discover an Empire threat even greater than the Death Stars. Luke Skywalker struggles with his memories of the Dark Side while trying to convince others to join him. And Leia Organa-Solo must try to meet the overwhelming, and conflicting, demands of being a diplomat and the mother of a forceful set of twins.

In *Jedi Search* (the first of a trilogy) Kevin J. Anderson has captured the essence of the *Star Wars* universe with all its complexity, excitement and humor. His new characters fit in perfectly. This is an exceptional addition to the *Star Wars* universe, well thought-out and well written.

If you're a *Star Wars* fan (and who isn't) this is a MUST read.

— Dave Willoughby

Washed by a Wave of Wind

edited by M. Shayne Bell, Signature Books tpb, 378 pp., $18.95

This is unlike most theme anthologies. The common thread here is that the authors all have ties to Utah, most usually the Wasatch Front. This is not an LDS (Latter-Day Saints) fiction collection, though some stories do involve LDS characters. In these stories religion never overpowers storytelling.

Of the twenty authors here, several are making first sales. However, unless you read the author bios, you would never know it. Each story here, whether by newcomer or

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Light Magic

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

"Serial number 127. Early model." He walked away through the clatter of working Elves and returned moments later with a slip of paper. "Funniest thing! I'd forgotten we'd sold one to a Sorcerer."

"A Sorcerer?" I asked, "Wouldn't he be able to open doors with magic?"

"Yeah, he's probably not a real Sorcerer. I think he's just a crazy old hermit. He scares the local kids with a few tricks. Once, when I was a lad, the village elders asked him to perform some magic. Change the course of the creek, as I remember. Oh, they were willin' to pay a fair mass of gold but he wouldn't hear of it. Ran them off his place, he did." He paused and grinned. "Just a crazy old man, probably doesn't even have a current license to practice magic."

"I'd like to return this, ah, door opener to him. Do you know where he lives?"

"Other end of town. Across the wood bridge, there's an overgrown track to the left. That leads to a ruined keep where he lives. Spooky lookin' place. Ma'am, I wouldn't advise goin' alone. Some folks say as his head may not be workin' completely."

"Why, thank you for your concern."

I turned to leave and he swept around me, "Would m'lady care to browse for a trinket, a gadget or a potion?" He snatched up an incomprehensible tool. "Here, this opens tin cans so neatly…"

"Excuse me kind Elf, but what is a tin can?"

"Ah, yeah! Well, we're workin' on that yet." I did feel that some small trinket wouldn't be too great a price to pay for the information he'd given me. I cast about and examined the tables. Suddenly I spied a beautiful jewel just the slightest shade lighter than lavender. In the shape of a cylinder, it lay on its side. At first I'd thought it a goblet tipped over but then I saw it was solid throughout. A row of snuffed out candles was on either side of its length. Timothy saw my interest and motioned one of the other Elves over. "Harley, how much for this wonderful, um, gadget?" His eyes danced and his pointed ears twitched at the prospect of a sale.

Harley looked dour and said, "It don't work."

Timothy brightened and said, "Well, I'm sure that with just a little more development…"

"It don't work a lot. A whole lot." Harley regarded Timothy and then the jewel on the table.

I asked, "May I touch it?"

"Sure." Timothy conferred with Harley in hushed voices.

The jewel in my hand had the same feel as the door mechanism. It had no magic but it had power. Wondrous power. I peered in the flat polished end and saw there were no flaws. I could have a jeweler cut it into hundreds of stones for earrings, bracelets…. The argument between the two Elves brought me out of me reverie. "… but it don't work! You can't sell her something like that."

"Please, all I want is the jewel. It's color – what it is made of?"

Timothy brightened once more. Harley responded, "Mostly garnet, m'lady. The color comes from yttrium and just a little aluminum."

"And the price?"

"One gold piece." Timothy watched me ponder and waver. "Half a gold piece."

"Done!"

Soon I was back in my room at Elfin Hollow Lodge examining my purchase, contemplating how I might use it. The wonderful creamy lavender color went so well with everything I owned. I looked in one end and saw the depths of the crystal. The other end was silvered like a mirror. Suddenly my father's warning message rang in my head. Mages and Sorcerers use mirrors to trick and confuse. Could this be an evil object? Might I have been foolish to purchase it?

I have some slight spells to sense latent magic and evil trickery. Carefully peering at the mirror, I let my senses flow to the reflecting surface. Dead but potentially powerful, as were other Elfin devices. Perhaps, I thought, the magic is behind the mirror.

Slowly I concentrated on the crystal just behind the mirror, sensing the mass. Suddenly a blinding red light streaked out of the other end. I dropped the crystal and saw that my cloak, hanging from the chair, had been scorched.

It took me half an hour to screw up my courage to try it again. This time the stones of the fireplace took the brunt of the energy bolt. By the end of the afternoon I'd learned that any magic activated the crystal of light. Smaller spells produced less light. The fire starter spell, which I'd always considered rudimentary, however, cracked the stones of the hearth and left them glowing. Further experimentation would have to be done elsewhere. I opened the windows to let out the acrid odor and hurried out of the village.

Over the wood bridge, past the overgrown track to the Sorcerer's keep, I hurried down into the creek bed. There, I selected a rock half the size of a hay wagon and held the crystal before me in both hands. I selected my fifth greatest spell, whose nature shall remain secret (males may be allowed to read this).

Perhaps there was a loud noise and a flash of light but I found myself sitting on a sore bottom, my ears ringing. The rock had split in two and a pool of glowing red magma flowed out of the space between the halves. The crystal lay on the skirt between my widespread legs. My face felt dry and itchy, as if I had spent too much time in the light of the Greater Sun. Smoke drifted into the clear, blue sky.

I could hear an alarm bell ringing in the village and surmised that soon many people would be asking me questions I wasn't prepared to answer. Crossing the road, I scrambled through the bushes and narrowly missed Constable Wurthmann as he puffed toward the glowing rock with its ruddy pool of melted stone at the base. Several other townsfolk straggled onto the scene, eager to view any diversion in their quiet little hamlet. The Constable looked all around and asked, "Lodgekeeper, have you seen that Princess hereabouts?"

"She was in her rooms, last I knew. I saw her not an hour ago at the Lodge. Why do you ask?"

"I'll warrant she's got her delicate little fingers in this."

The lodgekeeper stroked his beard and asked, "How so?"

Looking all around the scene, he replied, "By my father's grave, I don't know! But ever since she arrived, strange things occurred. There's been no peace in the Hollow." He looked once again at the bushes where I hid and then scanned on. Several small children arrived and the constable had to shoo them away from the rock. "You young 'uns beware! There's been evil magics worked here!" The children scampered away in wide-eyed fright.

I quietly slipped deeper into the bushes and made my way back toward the village, eventually coming to the sparse path which led to the old Sorcerer's keep. I considered facing the Sorcerer but thought I'd better compose myself first. The giggling chatter of children coming up the path made me change my plans. Rather than be seen crossing the path, I fled toward the crumbling stone walls. I hoped the children would not dare approach it closely and thus I could hide in the bushes at its base.

I ran through the overhanging brambles and noted that the Suns were setting, making it difficult to see the thin, sharp brambles. Surely the children would not visit such a spooky place with darkness approaching. Hiding among the thorns at the base of the crumbling rock rampart, I spied them cautiously approaching the ruin. One led and the others followed hesitantly at his back. Suddenly the booming voice of Constable Wurthmann could be heard down on the road summoning them. They turned and ran, appearing relieved and happy to leave the place.

I stood and leaned against the cool, mossy wall while my heartbeat slowed and I waited for the children's voices to fade. I would slip back into the village, make myself presentable and spend the evening being a courteous, very unmagical guest. If I let Constable Wurthmann stir up the villagers against me, I could find life very unpleasant.

As I planned my campaign of demure

charm I shifted my weight against the stones and suddenly found myself falling backward. It felt as if the wall had suddenly ceased to exist! I dropped, wheeling feet over head and landed on my back in a bed of moldy straw. My breath would not respond at first and stars danced before my eyes.

The smell of old, dank air and mildew stung my nostrils as I peered into the darkness. Far away a feeble candle flickered and reflected off a wet, coarsely dressed stone wall. In my head I could hear the rumbling voice of my father admonishing me not to panic, to survey my surroundings and gather my resources. Reaching out my hand, I found an iron bar and then another closely spaced. As I felt the limits of the darkness I discovered two blank stone walls and two more latticed like a cage.

The bars were sunk solidly into the floor and I could find no door to the tiny cell. A water drop plopped with a hollow sound nearby. Feeling carefully, I plucked one straw from the matted pile, held it before my face and summoned the fire spell. It sputtered and glowed, finally casting a wan flame to light up the cell. There were no doors or windows; only cold iron and stone. A long corridor with a barred gate halfway down its length led toward the distant flickering candle. My straw quickly burned toward its end and sputtered out.

I was about to call out when I heard a scraping noise and saw light flood the far corridor. Wheezing and limping, a ponderous figure with a lantern appeared at the end and leaned against the wall. For moments I stared at him and presumably he surveyed me before he slowly shuffled forward. Stopping at the far gate, he set the lantern down. I could sense magic in him – but not the good, useful art which I'd learned. His was jumbled and twisted, overlaid with hate and spite.

He breathed laboriously and in a gravel toned whisper said, "So you've come to me, have you?" I remained silent. "The Old Ones said I hadn't the Power to overcome you." He took a rasping breath. "Ha! Old age, trickery and deceit will win over youthful enthusiasm any night."

I asked, "Who are you?"

"I am your executioner. And you are my path to rejuvenation. The Old Ones will restore the strength I once possessed in return for your death." He raised the lantern and leered at me. "You know, in my younger days I might have dallied with you before letting you die." He raised the lantern, revealing ashen, waxy skin folded across an ancient countenance. One eye stared lifeless and the other squinted rheumily at me. His beard had fallen out in patches, leaving a twisted appearance to his jaw. I wondered if the only thing holding him together was a spell.

Suppressing my revulsion, I purred, "I can be not unpleasant – under the right circumstances."

He wheezed and leaned on the far grating. "Ah, trickery. I like that. But I've already scanned you for magical implements and you carry a dagger which will never fail to protect you. The bars which surround you have a spell which will not let metal pass so I am safe here. You may keep your little blade."

I stood demurely. "Come closer."

"Ah, silly wench. I cannot. This grating and your cell have no doors, no hinge or locks. The bars are sunk into living stone. There is no escape for you and likewise I am unable to go to you."

"But how did I get in here?"

"Ah, my last great spell. Never thought I'd get to use it, for it has – had a limited range. Teleportation; do you know of quantum tunneling? No, I thought not. Youth! No respect for the Classics.

"But don't think the same spell will get you out of there. The incantation died as it was used, never again to respond."

His breath came in rasps. "I grow weary." He turned and shifted his weight, pushing off the iron bars to shuffle down the dank corridor.

"Wait! Where are you going?"

"To summon the Old Ones and collect my fee."

I grabbed the bars and shouted, "But what about me?"

He half turned toward me. "What about you?"

"What are you going to do with me?" I trembled as he came back toward the grating. I had to know the method he was going to use to try and kill me. Perhaps when he came to do the deed....

"I shall do nothing about you. You are already in your grave. In a few days, a week at most you will succumb to starvation or thirst or madness in the dark. It matters not to me one whit how you die – only that you do so." He turned again to go.

I shouted, "But why? Why are you doing this to me?"

"Does it matter?"

"It matters to me!"

"You are a dead woman. You don't matter at all." He turned away.

"Wait, I can grant you a pleasure."

He kept his back to me. "I have forgotten what pleasure is, lo these many decades."

"I am a healer. I can relieve your pain!"

He chuckled, "Heh! You couldn't have learned the slightest of my pain. It is too..."

"Too empty, " I finished.

He remained silent and then turned. "I sense trickery in you but you are not adept at serious, mortal deceit. What will you do to fill... to relieve pain? Please me and I can make your death swift and sweet. Be warned, however that if you betray your word, I can make your death a horror – no, that is too gentle a word."

"I get the idea." I slowly removed the violet rod from my pouch.

"Hold! What is that thing?" He peered at it and I could sense a swift probing spell from him. "It is a dead thing – devoid of magic."

"It is from the Elves. The tinkers."

"Bah, foolish little mortals who try to usurp the rightful place of the arcane ways with their weak mechanical toys."

"Nonetheless, it works. This will give you peace."

"Use it first on yourself!"

I pointed the rod at my heart and conjured the least magical spell I know; to urge a flower to bloom. A warm, ruby light glowed at my breast. I could feel my blouse material getting hot but I determined to withstand the discomfort.

The old Sorcerer peered at me. "I see the warmth you make."

I stopped the spell and said, "Your old, cold bones could use a bit of warmth." He sighed and nodded his head. I pointed the rod at him and said, "But before I heal you, tell me why you wish me dead."

"It is not I who wish you dead but the Old Ones."

"The Old Ones were banished from the Universe so long ago that most believe they are legends – a mere superstition."

"Oh, they were very real."

"And they nearly destroyed the Universe with their evil."

The Sorcerer thought. "What may be evil to you might be good..."

I snapped, "They were evil! They were locked from the Universe forever. How do you come to deal with them? They can't have returned, for all the ancient alarm spells would have sounded."

"They have not returned. But at times, on their choice, communication can be established..."

"And they told you to kill me?"

"Exactly."

"Why?"

"It is not my position to ask."

"Did they tell you how to kill me?"

"That is my decision. Now, either perform your healing or I will be gone. I grow weary of your conversation."

I raised the jewel rod and pointed it at him. "Think of warmth and peace." Carefully I selected a mid-range spell; I didn't want to bring the old fortress tumbling down on my head. As I began a simple chant to warm a pie, the blood red beam shot through the cell bars toward the Sorcerer. Unfortunately, it struck one of the bars on the far gate and erupted in a shower of sparks.

The Sorcerer grabbed his amulet and shouted something, causing a pearly shield to

materialize before him. My beam burned through the bar and struck his shield. He staggered back but the gray, translucent surface held.

We stood locked in combat. I pressed on with the pie warming spell, afraid to switch to a stronger spell for fear that he might strike me down in the instant between spells. My hand wavered and the beam struck another of the bars in the gate. Sparks and red hot metal splashed in the corridor.

Then I realized I had discovered an effective tactic. Holding the beam steady, I slowly moved the rod to one side until the shaft of light just nicked an iron bar of my cell. The cold metal glowed red and began to run. Within seconds it burned completely through. Careful to keep the beam on his shield, I started on a second bar. I made a hole four bars high and three wide. Fourteen cuts later I kicked the grating free and let it clatter on the corridor floor.

Keeping the beam on his shield, I carefully stepped through the new opening, avoiding the red hot glowing ends of the freshly cut bars. Straightening up, I advanced slowly, my little toe reminding me of past abuse. The pie spell rolled over in my mind like an endless rhyme, keeping the pressure on the old man. As I approached the grate in the corridor, he slowly backed away, mouthing some incantation. Dust flew in my face – a familiar dust like that from my childhood in the Blue Mist mountains. What was the substance? No mind; I had to concentrate on the spell.

Once again I used the beam to nick the iron bars of the grate. The Sorcerer had almost reached the far end of the corridor when I made the last of the cuts. He backed up a curving stone stairway as I reached the end of the corridor. My beam seemed to help push him up the stairs.

Suddenly he lunged at me, pushing my arm and the rod back. Instinctively I rolled off the end of the pie warming spell and entered the spell to ward off flies from a pie; about three times as powerful. The transition was rapid, for those two spells are often used together. He fell back, scrambling up the stairs, falling at every other step. I could feel the heat splashing over the cramped stone passage. Where I momentarily let the beam wander, red glowing lines appeared on the wall and at a few patches the rock itself flowed.

He reached the top of the stairs and scampered off to one side. I shut the beam down and prepared a stronger spell; gentling a pony. It wasn't as powerful as the spell I'd tried at the creek. Carefully I approached the doorway. It led to the Great Hall of the fortress but half the roof was gone, opening to the darkening sky. The buttresses and battlements were crumbling.

As I peered around the door frame I spied him, surrounded in a hazy blue armor. He'd apparently changed warding spells. He pointed his arm at me and a white fireball spat toward where I'd been an instant before.

I dashed across the open doorway, firing a ray at his chest. Another of his fireballs tore a chunk out of the ancient stone carvings beside the doorway. He went down on his back and started to point his arm at me. I fired at his wrist and it snapped back, sending his fireball wide. Part of the far wall disintegrated and half the remaining ceiling crashed to the floor. In the dust and noise I fired short bursts, hitting him twice and rolling him farther toward the old fireplace.

My breath came in gasps and I hoped he grew weary, for I could not keep up the constant use of magic. He lay on his back and started to aim at me. Firing at his wrist, I pinned his arm to his side with one long blast. We were at a stand-off. If I stopped firing, he would kill me with one of his fiery spheres. Chanting desperately, I searched the room quickly for a weapon of some sort. Large chunks of stone and debris littered the floor.

Above the fireplace a huge slab of chimney wavered from the blasts which were bringing the old fortress down. I considered swinging my ray up to it in order to loosen the pebble which kept it from toppling forward on the Sorcerer. But I knew that I'd never be able to swing the beam back down in time to stop the next fireball.

Concentrating on the pony spell, I carefully picked up a new chant, slowly, as a counterpoint to the original spell. I'd never been good at running two spells simultaneously but my life depended on it. I fitted the companion spell to the original and wove the two together, as if singing two part harmony. Looking at the pebble under the slab, I began to shift it. Levitation has always been difficult for me and this involved levitation of a dead object with no life force to lend harmony to the spell. The pebble moved. The slab rocked forward and pushed it back in place.

Remember the pony, check the aim of the beam. The pebble moved again, sliding a finger's width to one side. Remember the pony, move the pebble. Weave them together.

The slab rocked back, the pebble moved again. The slab rocked forward and touched the pebble. Remember the pony. Check the aim of the beam. The slab paused, then pushed the pebble to one side and rotated over the edge noiselessly, falling and tumbling until it crushed the Sorcerer with a floor-shaking crash.

I shut the beam down and crawled toward the Sorcerer. A small blue flicker made me wary and I prepared to fire anew. Then I saw that half of the blue armor had failed and the rest glowed only intermittently. The old Sorcerer's powers might still be formidable.

The arm he had used to project fireballs was pinned under the slab. I crawled toward him and heard him croak, "Little one, you did not play fairly."

"Fairly?"

"A true Sorcerer would have used his talent to pick up the slab of rock, levitate it over his opponent and then crush him slowly, moment by moment. You…" He coughed and gasped. "All you did was move a pebble. You are unworthy of the title of Sorcerer."

"I am not a Sorcerer. I could not have moved the whole slab."

After a long pause the old man replied, "Indeed? Perhaps the Old Ones misled me."

"I practice only household magic, as befits my station. Simple things like lighting a candle and keeping a pie warm."

"You understate your case. And you don't play fairly!"

"I used the pebble like a lever. Where is it written that one mustn't do that?"

"Oh, you young people! You've no respect for the Tradition." He gasped and winced in pain.

"Tradition?"

"The Classics." He gestured with his eyes, "Over there on my work bench. Take the little book. The big book's just for show. Read it. You now have a responsibility." He closed his eyes and I started the chants to the Goddess for his passing. 'Though he had been an enemy, he deserved at least the Parting Ceremony, however brief.

Suddenly he opened his eyes and said, "Below – you must go below where we first fought."

I sensed a trap. "Why?"

He coughed again and wheezed, his voice barely a whisper, "Will Schmitt's young wife and their fair son. I held them hostage."

My gaze hardened at the thought of having to tell the woman she was a widow. I asked, "Why are you telling me this?"

"It is just. I have wronged them."

"Oh?"

"My death nears. I do not use evil lightly and they are of no further use to me." The Sorcerer's good eye glazed over and he whispered, "I regret what I have done but the Old Ones bid me do it."

"Did you really have to do it?"

He was racked by a coughing fit. "Yes. Some traditions die hard." He remained unmoving.

I took a deep breath and then prayed to the Goddess, "We beg that you receive the essence of this poor mortal, forgiving.... CN

Dragon Three-Two-Niner and *Statue with Limitations*, both adventures of Princess Irulana, were published in previous issues of *ConNotations*. Contact the author via the Internet at petemanly@bix.com.

JMS on Writing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

the only way to really truly learn how to write is to write. And to read, voraciously, in the form you wish to write. I learned how to write scripts by reading them, and trying to write them.

What you can get in a workshop you can get in any book for a fraction of the cost: margins, format, that sort of thing. Past that, you get into someone telling you what The Formula is... and I'm dead against that sort of thing. If you go to someone who'll teach you how to write like everyone else... tada! You'll write like everyone else. One problem: we already HAVE everyone else. So why should we buy from you? If you don't have a unique voice, if you don't have something to sell that we don't already have... forget it.

When I wanted to write animation, I went out, found an animation script at a bookstore, got the margins, sat down and wrote one. Same with other forms. Just do it. I can't emphasize this enough, because I've seen too many writers who got so caught up on "preparing to write" that they never wrote anything. It can be a terrible trap. You can prepare your whole life. And find, at the end of the journey, that you wasted the most important thing any writer has — time. Then it's too late. Write. Succeed. Fail. Fall on your face and learn from your mistakes. Embarrass the hell out of yourself and go out and do it again, just like the first time you put on roller skates. Sure, you'll end up on your ass half the time, but that's part of the process.

CN: What benefit did you get from membership in the Science Fiction Writers of America and what caused you to leave?

JMS: In retrospect... none, really. Got me into a few parties — at which I generally didn't know anyone, and as a rule left soon thereafter (with a few exceptions), and it provided some entertainment via reading *The Forum*, but frankly, that's about it. I resigned from SFWA over the provincial view among its general membership toward those who work in the media (even though I also sold and still sell prose).

Media SF writers can have their scripts count for membership, so SFWA got their dues, but when time came to recognize quality work in the SF genre, there was no Dramatic Nebula. I was part of a campaign to get the DN restored... and like others involved, was met with such a degree of sheer naked hostility, prejudice, bigotry and jealousy that the whole organization was forever spoiled for me. People would send me hate letters, saying that everyone who worked in TV SF was a hack, that we were all paid gazillions of dollars for crap while they worked for pennies a word doing The Work Of God, and that as long as they were alive, media SF writers would never, EVER receive the proper recognition for their work. I'm talking here really vicious, vindictive stuff. Though what ended up in *The Forum* wasn't that much better, in some cases.

And of course the supreme irony is that many of those who were the most determined to keep any SF writer from recognition for their work were ALSO the same ones most loudly trying to break down my door to get me to buy/adapt their stories or give them a gig. For them, media is a place to make money, which is fine as long as they're getting it, as long as they can suck at the teat of television, but to acknowledge that it's actually SF? Or decent SF? Hell, no, they'll give a Nebula to a Gor novel or just say the hell with it and melt it down before making that concession. So finally, like David Gerrold and Harlan Ellison and many before me who were pissed off and alienated by SFWA's provincialism, I came to that point where one has to say, "Fuck it, it ain't worth the time, or the blood, or the energy. Just let me get the hell OFF this ride." So I quit. Though SFWA has to this DAY refused to publish my letter of resignation that was sent to *The Forum*. They said it was too long, but in fact was no longer than ANY OTHER LETTER appearing there. I was sent an edited version, which they could publish, they said... and which removed the heart of my concern. Rather than let the point of the letter be deleted, in the "make nice" compromise, I said screw it. Again, that same provincialism... they'd sooner censor a member than let him state his reasons for leaving. And I'd only published maybe 3–4 letters in *The Forum*, unlike those who had letters in just about every single issue. They could've made the room, they just chose not to.

Either SFWA shouldn't collect dues and accept members who write scripts, with that counting toward membership... or they should accept this field as qualification for membership (which they do) and give to those members the proper recognition alongside their fellow members. They recently set up a consolation prize, but I won't have any part of it. It's a sop. I refuse to submit my *Babylon 5* screenplay for consideration. I'd rather boycott the damned thing. Nor will I submit any other script I do in the SF genre.

CN: What part of your life receives your greatest passion?

JMS: The work. Because in the long run, nothing else really matters. Eventually I'll hit the wall and they'll plant me and ten years later no one will care if I had a good life or a bad life, if I got laid or went celibate, if I took classes or winged it... only the work will remain, and be judged, and if it's good, if I did my job right, if I wrote well enough and believed hard enough and fought when I needed to fight, it will survive. And that's my slice of immortality.

Pro News

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

There are only 900 copies available, ranging from the $10 paperback to the $65 leather-bound edition.

I am pleased to report that the second book in my own *Shaman Cycle*, ***The Serpent Slayers***, was released in March, once again from Integra Press, and premiered at the 1994 World Horror Convention here in Phoenix. One of the advance reviews calls it "faster and better than ***The Charm***," awarding it four stars. Once again, there will be both trade hardcovers and a 250-copy signed/limited edition. I am currently negotiating with the HBO people regarding film rights. The third book in the series, titled ***The Hound Hunters***, is scheduled for October, where it will premiere at the 1994 World Fantasy Convention in New Orleans. Integra also plans to do my book about modern day wizards and witches called ***The Repository*** with release scheduled for March 1995.

The chiming of the timeclock tells me that I must once again depart for Mundania and the excitement of sitting in my bookstore, fervently hoping that one of the browsers will turn out to be a customer (unlikely as that may seem). Until the next ish of this honored rag, take care, keep reading, and have a superior life!

24 Frames

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Classic Movie Monsters

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE: Julia Roberts (*Pretty Woman, Hook*) is set to star in the story of ***Mary Reilly***, Jekyll's maid. Our chemically transformed buddy will be played by John Malkovich (*In the Line of Fire*).

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER: Francis Ford Coppola produces, Kenneth Branagh (*Much Ado About Nothing*) directs and stars as Victor, Helena Bonham Carter (*Howard's End*) plays Victor's love Elizabeth, and Robert DeNiro stars as "the creature." The movie, ***Mary Shelley's Frankenstein***, has a definite romantic focus — Victor's creation isn't exactly a puppy dog, but it's not intended to be horrifying.

THE WEREWOLF: Jack Nicholson loses his humanity in ***Wolf***, the Mike Nichols (*The Graduate*) directed effort from Columbia. Nicholson stars as a recently-fired book publisher who is chomped on by a wolf, and Michelle Pfeiffer stars as his love interest. The transformation to werewolf (with makeup by Rick Baker) is said to be a metaphor for the male sexual urge in this big-budget summer release. Opens June 17.

THE MUMMY: Joe Dante (*The Howling, Gremlins*) is set to direct yet another version of Universal's ***The Mummy***.

Silver Screen Comics

BATMAN: Gotham City and the Batcave are part of a huge, elaborate set soon to be build in the 130-foot tall hangar built for the Spruce Goose, created for the third film in the Batman series, ***Batman Forever***. Michael Keaton is back as the Caped Crusader, Chris O'Donnell (*The Three Musketeers, Scent of a Woman*) is the Boy Wonder, and Tommy Lee Jones (*The Fugitive*) is Harvey "Two-Face" Dent. Robin Williams decided against the Riddler role after seeing the latest version of the script. A good choice, because while he's certainly sufficiently manic, he doesn't do evil. Jim Carrey (*Ace Ventura: Pet Detective, The Mask*) will replace him. Robin Wright (*The Princess Bride*) is being courted to play a female criminologist who's hot for Batman, and the object of Bruce Wayne's desire. Tim Burton directed the first two, but will executive produce this time. Joel Schumacher (*The Lost Boys, Flatliners*) is set to direct.

JUDGE DREDD: Sylvester Stallone stars.

SPIDERMAN: James Cameron produces and directs, and just finished the script.

CATWOMAN: Michelle Pfeiffer stars, Tim Burton produces and perhaps directs.

X-MEN: Richard Donner directs.

FANTASTIC FOUR: The $4 million Roger Corman production is shelved, at least until director Chris Columbus' (*Mrs. Doubtfire*) $40 million version is written, filmed, released, and merchandised to death.

THE MASK: Jim Carrey stars as the Dark Horse Comics character who is transformed by an ancient mask. Industrial Light and Magic's special effects will dominate the story of the Plasticman-like character who decides to use his powers for revenge. Opens July 29th.

RICHIE RICH: In the works for quite a while now, *Home Alone's* Macaulay Culkin stars as the richest kid in the world. Mac is 13 years old now, and is beginning to look less like a kid. The solution? Cast tall actors in the other roles. Christine Ebersole (*Ghost Dad*) plays his mom, Edward Herrmann (*Lost Boys*) plays his dad, and John Larroquette plays the villain Van Dough.

CASPER: Amblin Entertainment tells us all about how Casper died and why he's back. Christina Ricci, the fantastic Wednesday in *The Addams Family* films, will play the friendly ghost's friend Kat.

TANK GIRL: Special effects master Stan Winston is creating the genetically generated kangaroo people in this big budget post-apocalyptic feature. Emily Lloyd (*A River Runs Through It*) stars as the punk-rock-type rebel who is taught how to drive an intelligent tank by Jet Girl.

Bits and Pieces

Lawnmower Man II, again starring Pierce Brosnan... The shlock-kings at Troma will bring us ***Horror of the Hungry Humongous Hungan, Space Zombie Bingo,*** and ***Teenage Catgirls in Heat***... A ***Forbidden Planet*** remake is probably on its way from director Irvin Kershner (*The Empire Strikes Back*)... In another TV revival, ***The Invaders*** may be back, possibly with Arnold or Sly... Isaac Asimov's ***The Foundation*** will probably be directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud (*The Name of the Rose*)... Oliver Stone produces a revival of ***Planet of the Apes***... Joe Dante brings back ***The Green Hornet***... Disney is pushing a remake of Jules Verne's ***Journey to the Center of the Earth***... Kennedy-Miller productions in Australia (*Mad Max* trilogy) are shooting ***Babe***, the story of a talking pig that becomes the national sheep-dog champion... ***Rand Robinson, Robot Repairman*** is described as a futuristic comedy about a robot repairman who saves the free world from the corruption of an evil robotics corporation... The Universal classic *This Island Earth* will likely serve as the backdrop of a low-budget ***Mystery Science Theater 3000*** feature film... Adventure from Paramount in the form of ***The Casket and the Sword***... James Cameron will produce ***Strange Days***, a near-future movie about a new kind of addiction based on virtual reality... New Line Cinema is ready to shoot ***BattleTech*** any day now... Johnny Depp (*Edward Scissorhands*) stars as "the worst director of all time," Martin Landau stars as Bela Lugosi, and Rick Baker creates the makeup in ***Ed Wood***.

Flintstones Guest Review

by Barry Bard

Yes, "The Flintstones," that modern Stone Age family, is back in a live-action feature rather than animation. Steven "Spielrock," Brian Levant, Hanna-Barbera/Amblin, and Universal all got together to bring this classic to the big screen.

If you were a fan of the original 1960's cartoon, you will love this movie. They have taken what is essentially an episode of the cartoon and put in live people (and muppets, and modified versions of *Jurassic Park* dinos). As in the cartoon, the plot is light, but the one-liners, sight gags, and special effects are great at re-creating the ambience of the cartoon. From the foot-powered cars to the garbage disposal pigs, you will believe you are in Bedrock. The effects work.

The cast gives realistic performances as cartoon characters. John Goodman stars as Fred, Rick Moranis as Barney, Elizabeth Perkins as Wilma, and Rosie O'Donnell is Betty.

When I first heard about this film, I couldn't imagine how they could re-create Bedrock and the Flintstones in real life. But they do.

I would recommend this PG-movie to cartoon, film, and nostalgia buffs of all ages.

Tube Talk

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

to air sometime in 1995. According to an article in the Sunday *Times,* Peter Wagg, creator of *Max Headroom,* will produce the series. Rumors are that Spielberg may direct some for the series and bring in other big names as well. As to who will become the 8th Doctor, as expected, there have been plenty of rumors flying but Amblin has not given any indication of who it will be, and has been quite surprised at the interest generated by the show.

Japanese Invasion

One of the biggest surprises, and most likely newest trend, is the success of the *Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers.* This show airs on FOX weekday and Saturday mornings and combines footage from a Japanese show with new footage with American actors. The toys were the hottest item during the Christmas season and the show's producer, Saban, is already planning another series, *Cybertron,* using a similar production setup as *Power Rangers,* while DIC Entertainment has announced a similar show called *Superhuman Samurai Syber-Squad* (initially to be called *Power Boy,* but was changed after a request from FOX).

There are plenty of other action shows in Japan that can be adapted, so expect to see more of them in the future. This has also brought back some of the older Japanese shows such as *Ultra Man* and *Ultra Seven* (running on cable station TNT) and a new, made in America series of *Ultraman: The Ultimate Hero.* For more information on *Ultraman,* write to the QuestClub, 12440 Moorpark Street, Suite 150, Studio City, CA 91604.

SF TV Tidbits

On *Highlander,* the series returned to Paris for the last half of the season. After attempting to have more non-Immortal related storylines, the producers went back to them and are likely to continue this into the third season.

William Shatner's *Tek War* movies have aired on the Universal Action Pack (KPHO TV 5 on Sunday nights at 7 pm). Since ratings were good, Shatner announced, it was picked up for a regular series this fall. The Action Pack is a series of movies, some with genre connections such as Sam Raimi's *Hercules,* the martial arts *Vanishing Son,* and *Knightrider 2010* (which was notable mainly for trashing Thomas Mall in Phoenix before it was demolished). A John Landis series was announced called *Fast Lane,* but there has been no further word.

New shows for this fall being sold at the recent independent TV station convention include Gerry Anderson's *Space Police, Forever Night* (the CBS late-night show moving into first run syndication), and animated shows such as the *Marvel Action Hour* (with *Fantastic Four* and *Iron Man*), *Phantom 2040,* Disney's *Gargoyles* (an attempt to match the animated *Batman* series which will have Jonathan Frakes and Marina Sirtis provide voices), *The Highlander* (based on the movies and TV series but set in the far future), and *Aladdin* (based on the Disney movie).

Trading cards to watch for on genre TV shows:

***Doctor Who* trading cards.** A 110-card set, with seven special prism cards for each Doctor, from Cornerstone Communications (Tucson, Arizona). They also have done a couple of nice sets on *The Avengers* and will be doing some Japanimation sets in the future.

***Star Trek* cards from Skybox.** A 100-card set with six special cards for *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* came out earlier this year. The first of seven sets based on each season of *The Next Generation* arrived in May and a "Making of *The Next Generation*" set will arrive in stores soon. Later this year, Skybox will be releasing a second *Star Trek* Masterpiece series with artists' interpretations and sets for each of the first six movies.

Other cards sets in the shops or arriving soon are *seaQuest DSV, Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers,* and *Babylon 5* (later this year).

In Our Book...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

established pro, is worthwhile.

Orson Scott Card, perhaps the best known of the contributors, is represented by "Pageant Wagon" from *The Folk of the Fringe.* This is one of several post-apocalyptic stories in *Washed.* Others include a strong entry from Dave Wolverton, "Wheatfields Beyond," and "Pueblo de Sion" by Charlene C. Harmon.

Fantasy writer Elizabeth H. Boyer makes a rare venture into SF with "A Foreigner Comes To Reddyville," a touching first-contact story. Editor Shayne Bell presents a virtual reality pizza delivery driver in "The Shining Dream Road Out." VR is also essential to M. W. Worthen's "You Can't Go Back." Glenn L. Anderson's "Shannon's Flight" deals with a very old ghost.

Humor gets top billing in Melva Gifford's "Scrap Pile." Kathleen Dalton-Woodbury displays the power of belief in "Signs and Wonders." D. William Shunn's "Rise Up, Ye Women That Are At Ease" explores a strange, worldwide disappearance. Diann Thornley's "Thunderbird's Egg" shows the near future military.

The other stories are just as notable and well-crafted. I hope this collection will get the distribution it deserves. It certainly is worth seeking out. — *Dave Willoughby*

Impossible Things

by Connie Willis, Bantam Spectra pb: 1994, 461 pp., $5.99

I must confess that I am a late-comer to the brilliant writing of Connie Willis. A friend recommended *Doomsday Book.* After reading it (twice, back to back) I knew I had to have more. So I was really pleased with the release of *Impossible Things.* Here are eleven unique visions of the world.

"The Last of the Winnebagos," which won a Hugo and Nebula, presents an unhappy future where a government alphabet agency wields incredible power. Hugo winner "Even The Queen" addresses a painful difference between the sexes with a light and humorous hand. "Jack" takes place in London during the Blitz, a time and place so well depicted in Willis' previous story "Fire Watch." "Ado" takes political correctness to its ridiculous ends. "Spice Pogrom" displays the hectic life of a space station dweller and her adventures with an alien visitor. "In the Cretaceous" and Nebula winner "At the Rialto" deal with science and academia and feet of clay. "Schwarzchild Radius" presents the origin of a theory during the anguish of war. "Chance" is a grim tale of choices made. And my personal favorite "Winter's Tale" provides food for thought to those who love Shakespeare.

All in all, this is an exceptional collection, deserving of a place on your shelves. Indeed, I have but one quibble with the volume and that's NOT with the author. It's with the marketing people at Bantam: Why is this not in hardcover?

— *Dave Willoughby*



Fan Opinion

Whither Fandom?

By Jeanne Hilary-Burroughs

ON MARCH 27, 1994 A YOUNG MAN DIED OF complications of cystic fibrosis; he was only 19 years old. Before he left for college — he was a sophomore at Brown University — Carl Niwberry, badge name "Spook," had been an enthusiastic Phoenix Phan. He was one of the young irrepressibles; funny, argumentative, opinionated, prankish, imaginative, occasionally rowdy, and, although still a teenager, a serious brewer. He dreamed of becoming a writer, and had already written several novels and dozens of short stories. He was the typically atypical teenage fan. His spirit, his laughter, and, most of all, his potential will be missed, not only by his friends and family, but by Fandom. The contributions of energy and ideas that he now cannot make diminish us all.

I've been thinking a lot about Fandom lately — what it is, why it exists, and where it's going. We lost Carl unavoidably, but we are losing other young fans, just as gifted, through our shortsighted viewpoint toward them. When people get caught up in the business of Fandom, the nuts and bolts of working to produce a convention, a zine, an organization, or whatever, it's easy to forget that Fandom isn't about SMOFs and pros or "fan-oriented activities."

It goes beyond "science fiction and fantasy," the specific books, movies, games, or art of the genre, although that shared interest is, of course, the root and original bond. Nonetheless, many people saw *Star Wars* or read *Jurassic Park* who are by no means "fannish." What qualities divide fandom from mainstream society?

My first convention, almost 12 years ago, was a revelation; after a lifetime of being "different," of feeling disconnected from mainstream society, I found a sense of belonging. Years of late-night, occasionally high-proof, conversations have convinced me that this feeling of kinship is a common thread among fans. Fandom is a community of individualists, and most of us have been judged, at least by mundane standards, a bit mad "north by northwest." Maybe having been judged ourselves is what makes us more tolerant of each other's eccentricities.

I say "is," but perhaps I mean "was." It seems the open-mindedness that was the signature of Fandom just a few years ago is being eroded. Traditionally "And ye harm none, do as ye will!" was the foremost behavioral standard of Fandom, with the corollary expectation of personal responsibility, i.e., "Keep it legal, and don't scare the horses in the street."

However, lately I've seen a much more exclusionary attitude permeating fan organizations, and it seems particularly, although not exclusively, directed at the young. There are reasons for this attitude; we're all affected by the increasingly litigious, fear-and-conformity driven, and oppressively bureaucratic society where we must live and work; we're affected by the national miasma which undermines the entire idea of individual accountability; we're affected by the simple economic reality of a seller's market in hotel space.

But organized Fandom's response to these pressures — the rush to judgment, the attempts to exclude — strikes at the very essence of what Fandom is. As long as Fandom retains its forbearance and celebrates its diversity it will keep its singularity. It could cut peripherals, redesign the packaging, make whatever accommodations are necessary to buffer contact with Mundania; it could borrow from the SCA and meet in the park; it could return to the venues of Inevitables and Student Unions; it could change any external and still survive.

However, unless the increasingly narrow definitions of who is an acceptable fan are challenged, unless we can regain kinship and tolerance, the forms might remain but the unique affiliation that was Fandom will have censored itself into nonexistence. CN

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P.O. Box 26665 ❦ Tempe, AZ 85285

As you undoubtedly know by now, LepreCon 20 has been cancelled. First things first — if you purchased a membership, you have two options: you can transfer it to LepreCon 21 in '95, or you can request a refund. Please use the accompanying form to notify us of your choice and mail it in.

What happened? Well, LepreCon signed a contract with the Holiday Inn Corporate Center during CopperCon (held at that same hotel). A few months later the hotel changed their mind and sent a letter declaring the contract *null and void.* (We talked to a lawyer about breach of contract, but haven't decided yet whether funds are available to pursue it.) The Holiday Inn claimed it wouldn't be difficult to locate a replacement hotel, and offered to assist with such. Well, we knew it would be damn near impossible to get another hotel, so we called their bluff. They ignored us, simply forwarding our letter to their lawyer… no response. (No surprise.) LepreCon next tried to get a contract at a smaller hotel, just so there would still be a convention. The only one available at this late date was too costly, both in price and in the required convention policy changes. After reviewing the contract, the Board decided it had to cancel the convention or risk a huge fiscal disaster.

The problems we've had lately in finding a hotel point out two specific issues:

1) Hotels in this town are no longer "hungry" and therefore not eager for our business. If you've watched the news or read the paper, you've seen that local hotels are being solidly booked now, and throughout the year. Prices for renting conference rooms have increased exponentially.

2) LepreCon and CopperCon have poor reputations among local hotels due to the vandalism and behavioral difficulties we've seen in the past couple of years.

While "freaking the Mundanes" has always been an enjoyable convention pastime, the Mundanes are no longer amused. In fact, now they hit hotels where it hurts: *they write nasty letters of complaint to corporate big-wigs and demand financial reimbursement.* In some cases, the difficulties are caused by people who do not even buy memberships, but come to the hotel because their friends are there. The hotel holds us responsible for their behavior anyway because as far as the hotel is concerned, these people wouldn't be there if it weren't for the convention.

We, as a group, are in real danger of losing the ability to hold and attend science fiction conventions in the metropolitan Phoenix area due to these problems. We can either work together to figure out a solution to this, or we can forget about attending conventions in Phoenix. Time is quickly running out!

In an effort to give maximum lead time to find a hotel, Leprecon Inc. is holding an election for LepreCon 22 Chairman ('96) at our next Board meeting, Saturday, August 13th. If you are interested in the job, plan to present your case at this meeting. It will be held at Top Line Printing, 2115 E. Indian School Road (Phoenix), at 6:30 pm.

Eric Hanson
& David Hiatt

LEPRECON 20 MEMBERSHIP ADJUSTMENT

Yes, I purchased a membership in LepreCon 20, and I am enclosing a copy of my receipt (if I have one). Please:

☐ transfer my membership to LepreCon 21
☐ send me a refund

Name _____

Address _____

C/S/Z _____

Phone _____

If you purchased a membership for LepreCon 20, please complete this form & mail it to LepreCon, PO Box 26665, Tempe, AZ 85285. *Thank You!*

SF&F Convention Reviews

ConClusion

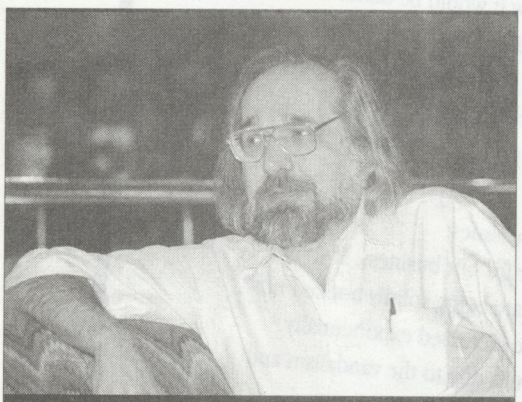
1994 World Horror Convention

March 3–6, 1994 • Phoenix, AZ

Reviewed by Mike Willmoth

After four long years it's finally over. The 4th annual World Horror Convention (WHC) is history and will go down in the books as the best one ever!

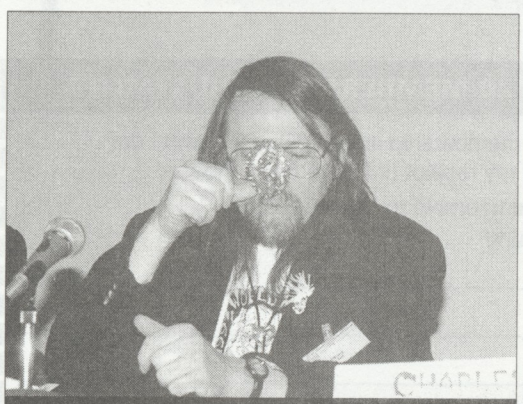
We held it March 3–6, 1994 at the Fountain Suites Hotel here in Phoenix, AZ. Our Guests of Honor were Authors Charlie Grant & Dan Simmons, Artist Gahan Wilson and Toastmaster (& author) Ed Bryant. The Grand Master Award winner for this year, Anne Rice, was unable to attend.



WHC Guest of Honor Charles L. Grant



Guest of Honor Dan Simmons



Toastmaster Ed Bryant & Artifact

Fade to Thursday. I printed out a hardcopy of our database at 7:00am and headed off to the hotel to help set things up. Many folks were already there busily turning chaos into character. After our committee meeting with the hotel's department heads, we went off to do the pre-con walk-through with the hotel.

All the pre-con miscommunications came to a head as the convention began, and life was not dull for the next several hours. We ended up with *everything* from the storage shed instead of just what we needed. Registration couldn't open on time because the computer equipment arrived late, and then wouldn't work properly. Artists wanted to hang their art after the Art Show had closed. Many folks hadn't made hotel reservations and were surprised to find the place full and only rack rates available. Fortunately, we arranged to free some rooms.

Opening Ceremonies were held at 3:00pm with Ed Bryant arriving just at the right time to take over as Toastmaster. Another miscommunication was resolved as I ran out to the airport to pick him up an hour late. With a quick jacket change we headed downstairs to the appropriate room where the Co-Chairs had just started the proceedings. Ed took over, introduced the guests, and after they all spoke, I realized that an hour had passed already. Not only was this the longest O.C. that I had ever attended, but the best.

Other Thursday events included "You Take the High Road & I'll Take the Low Road: The Divergent Paths of Fantasy & Horror;" "Leashing the Werewolf: Horror and Censorship;" and several great readings.

Friday events brought items like "I Vant to Bite Your Neck: Writing Successful Horror Romance;" "Living Next Door to the Addams Family: Humor & Horror," an Ed Bryant reading; and the Professionals Signing.

Saturday offered "I TOR My Cloak in the ABYSS: Horror Publications for the Mass Market;" a Kathe Koja reading; a spotlight on Dan Simmons; "My Interview with Charles Grant;" and our Artists Reception with Wine & Cheese Tasting.

Sunday brought our members "Dean Koontz Doesn't Write Horror!: What's the Difference Between Horror & Thrillers?;" HWA's Benefit Auction; a Benefit California Earthquake Auction; and the Closing Ceremonies.

Obviously there was much, much more going on. Our Dealers' Room was well populated. The Art Show gave out awards to Alan Clark for Best of Show, Jill Bauman for Best Black & White, and Armand Cabrera for Best Color. Impromptu meetings were everywhere — in the lounge (where our con set several records for the hotel), at the pool's cabana (more records set), dinner get-togethers, lobby lounging, etc. Folks enjoyed our Hospitality Suite with its beverages and munchies. Both Abyss & Tor threw parties (Friday & Saturday nights, respectively) which were standing room only with free books autographed while you wait at Abyss, and prizes at Tor. Lots of networking occurred and new friends were made in every corner.

It was amazingly successful. We were worried on Thursday morning, but things came together and by the

end of the weekend everyone seemed happy. Attendees were upset at having to leave our 70+ degree weather for colder climes, but we gave them what they came for: education, entertainment and good weather. Will we do it again? Who knows? Stay tuned....

World Horror Review, or, A Heck of a First Convention

Reviewed by Julie Ann Chauvin

The plane touched down in Phoenix and I fought my way through the usual ballet of customs, immigration, and baggage checks. Due to the fact that I had been travelling for seventeen hours, and hadn't been permitted to smoke for the past five, I bore more than a passing resemblance to the Grim Reaper with an attitude problem. On the way to the Fountain Suites Hotel I began to question my sanity. What the hell had I let myself in for? Surely, thirty was a little old for me to be attending my first Convention, and why had I just traipsed across the Atlantic from London to do so?

Visions crawled unbidden into the arena of my imagination. I saw myself walking, alone, into the Opening Ceremonies which I pictured as being as formal as a wine and cheese evening held by a local chapter of the Washington Wives. Heads would swivel and jaws grow slack and everybody would wonder just what on Earth I was doing there. It was all going to be just TOO serious, I wasn't going to fit in, this was going to be awful! Still, it was too late to back out now.

In most situations, like most people, I hate to be proved wrong. In this instance I was pathetically grateful to have my preconceptions shattered. Not only did the committee and staff NOT have two heads, but were in actuality downright friendly. I studied my programming leaflet avidly, mentally noting the many, many panels that I absolutely, positively could not afford to miss; and somehow I ended up volunteering....

The Opening Ceremonies were far less stuffy than my frenzied imaginings. I gawped at the assembled luminaries and awaited their pearls of wisdom. I arrived just in time to witness the spectacle of Charles Grant nearly asphyxiating himself on a mouthful of fluid. Gahan Wilson, whose task it was to speak after Charles, wryly commented that he was unsure of how to follow such a dramatic gesture — perhaps he should barf on his shoes? Charlie merely looked sheepish and continued to wipe said beverage from beard, whiskers, and tablecloth. It may not have been the most dignified introduction to the Convention, but it certainly broke the ice.

The days sped by and there was too much to do. The panels, the Artists' Reception, the Professionals' Signing. The opportunity to splatter each other on the paintball range, bookstore tours, horseback riding, the dances... the list was endless. To top it all the weather was glorious and many people, Brian Lumley included, took time out to commence a deep and meaningful relationship with the hotel pool.

Now I find myself faced with a daunting challenge, having been asked to submit a report encompassing the '94 WHC in just 500 words. Impossible! With such limitations I can only hint at the flavor of the Con, barely offer a thumbnail sketch of its many colors. I will however, shamelessly use this opportunity to extend my warmest thanks to the Guests of Honour, the Committee and Staff, everyone I met, and all the friends I made. It was the people attending who gave the Con it's unique atmosphere and made the long journey worthwhile for this weary traveller.

See you all in Atlanta next year!

Estrella War X: The Good, the Bad and the Truly Blown Away

February 15–21, 1994
Estrella Mountain Park, AZ

Reviewed by Lady Svetlana Gunnarsdottir & Baron Bartholomew of Wolfetwain (aka Melanie L. Fritz and Cary Riall)

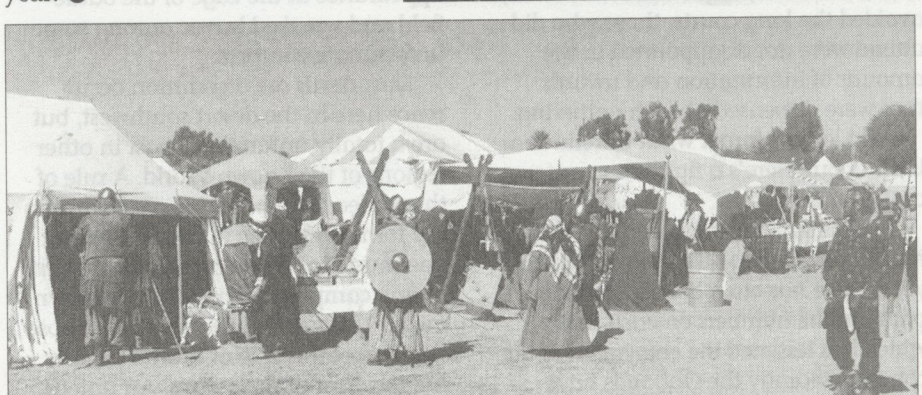
It was the Best of Wars, it was the Worst of Wars. Best if you were enjoying the wonderful weather and medieval ambiance at Estrella War X, and the Worst if you happened to be a stray dome-tent nicknamed Toto.



Estrella War X: War is hell...



...unless you're with friends!



Off the battlefield, the haggling was fierce on Merchants Row.

Estrella War X was the 10th annual Society for Creative Anachronism War at Estrella Mountain Park in Goodyear, AZ. Per tradition, the War is fought between two sister kingdoms, Atenveldt (us) & Caid (them) with help from a neighboring kingdom, the Outlands, and fighters from the rest of the Known World splitting evenly between the two main combatants. This year, thanks to lengthy negotiations, a new treaty was agreed upon by all three kingdoms (more on this from my roving Fighter correspondent).

There were other changes in our annual conflict that made the War more accessible and enjoyable for the participants. Parking was less congested and the fire lanes on site were wider, so that even the largest hoop skirt could transverse the lanes without colliding with other medieval-oriented garb! The flow of traffic through the front gate ran smoothly with few complaints about the length of the registration line.

Shopping tends to occupy the large contingent of non-fighters on site. Shoppers were once again treated to the usual large number of merchants with vast amounts of tempting goods. More than one exhausted shopper was heard to plaintively remark that their feet and purse tired long before they successfully completed wandering the lanes of Merchants Row.

This year, it seemed as if more and more participants were making a sincere effort to create the medieval atmosphere in their encampments, by hiding all things mundane, using period tents and pavilions, and flying banners and flags. For the casual visitor on site, Estrella truly looked the part of a medieval encampment!

Although there was no grand processional this year, there were courts aplenty to fill that ceremonious void for the ritualistically deprived. While many avoided the long courts, those who did attend were not disappointed in the amount of information and awards that were dispensed at each gathering.

And lest we forget what Estrella War is all about, here's a fighter's eye view of the battles:

"The fighting went splendidly, with much good feeling all round. In previous years there has often been a great disparity in the numbers on each side, which has lessened the enjoyment of the combat. Recently the Outlands have fielded such a large force that whichever side they fought with gained an overwhelming advantage. This problem has been alleviated by a new agreement between the three kingdoms in which each year Atenveldt's adversary alternates between Caid and Outlands, with the other kingdom splitting its forces to even the sides. This year it was Atenveldt vs. Caid with Outlands splitting, next year it will be Atenveldt vs. Outlands with Caid splitting. My opinion is this is a good thing, as evenly matched forces tend to make for more enjoyable battles.

"There were eight battles for points: two open field battles, two broken field battles, a town battle, a bridge battle, a set of champion's battles and a 2-hour resurrection battle. Atenveldt was successful in the open and broken field battles due to an ability to move troops quickly to gain local numerical superiority and the flexibility to react quickly to developing opportunities. Caid's long poles and well trained shield walls won them both the town and the bridge battles. Once again we found that if Atenveldt can be drawn into a static, linear battle line, Caid is quite capable of chewing us up through coordinated pole work.

"The final battle was the resurrection, which thankfully did not count for points as the final open field battle gave Atenveldt the War. I have never liked making the resurrection count on points, as this type of battle always leads to tired, frustrated fighters and therefore to displays of temper and sloppiness. Having such a battle decide a war always seems to end up causing bad feelings."

Whilst the fighters were off fighting and the shoppers were perusing Merchants Row, those of us who were spending a leisurely afternoon in camp catching up on news from various and sundry, were treated to the sight of an impish dust devil that made an appearance at the edge of the battlefield and wreaked havoc among some unfortunate campers.

Dust devils are a common occurrence here in the desert southwest, but are a totally unfamiliar beast in other regions of the Known World. A rule of thumb learned many years ago during my formative years in the SCA is that one must **stake down** one's dome-tent at any camping event, lest it be blown away. This year, as in years past, those who forget this rule of thumb usually rue the error of their ways. An untethered dome-tent, when hit by a dust devil, will not only turn over and dump all personal possessions over a 1 acre radius, it will soar to a height of 150 feet into the air. And a spectacular flight it was! Not only did this strangely shaped new form of kite become airborne, the sight of it stopped the battle currently in progress! After five minutes aloft the dome did gently settle back to earth... instructing many an SCAer in the aerodynamics of dome-tent flight.

As noted, Atenveldt was victorious in many of the battles and won the Arts War point, and Caid did secure the Archery War point. The resurrection battle (by Royal Proclamation) was fought for fun, and won by Atenveldt. Final score: Atenveldt 7, Caid 3.

In summary, much fun and revelry was had by all, and we came away from Estrella War X with fond memories, renewed friendships with our sister kingdoms, and the satisfaction of knowing that Atenveldt WON!

Atenveldtus Glorius!

A Fifth of Gallifrey One

February 18–21, 1994 • Glendale, CA

Reviewed by Lee Whiteside

I (and several other local fans) attended the fifth Gallifrey One convention the weekend of February 18–21 at the Glendale, CA, Red Lion Inn. In spite of being more than inconvenienced by the earthquake a month before, they put on another fun convention for *Doctor Who*/SF media fans. Held on Presidents' Day weekend, the convention ran through Monday afternoon, so things started off slowly on Friday. They had Opening Ceremonies followed by a Q&A session with the main guests at the con. The main guest was sixth Doctor Colin Baker, with writer Terrance Dicks and producer Barry Letts. Also present were John (Levene) Anthony Blake, Randy and Jean-Marc L'Officier and *Who* fan guests Larry Stewart and Eric Hoffman. Also appearing at the con were *Babylon 5* creator J. Michael Straczynski, *Island City* writer/producer Jonathon Glassner, *Babylon 5* visual effects artist Adam "Mojo" Leibowitz, and several local prop builders.

Colin Baker was an enjoyable guest, relating stories of his time on *Doctor Who* and also his recent work in a series of independently produced shows with his former *Doctor Who* co-star Nicola Bryant. He's done three tapes as "The Stranger" and Nicola Bryant as "Miss Brown" produced by an aspiring BBC film editor

CopperCon 14

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Bill Baggs. The most recent tape was an entirely different story, "The Airzone Solution," which featured other actors who have played the Doctor (Jon Pertwee, Peter Davison and Sylvester McCoy).

Terrance Dicks and Barry Letts worked together on *Doctor Who* in the 70's during the Jon Pertwee era. Both haven't done U.S. conventions for many years and were glad to get the chance to come to the con. Barry recently wrote a radio play, *The Paradise of Death,* for the BBC featuring Jon Pertwee (Doctor #3), Lisabeth Sladen (Sarah Jane Smith) and Nicholas Courtney (The Brigadier). Terrance has written novels for the *Doctor Who New Adventures* line, featuring stories continuing the adventures of the seventh Doctor. Both Barry and Terrance will be writing for the upcoming *Missing Adventures* novel series, which will have new stories from all the previous incarnations of The Doctor.

John Anthony Blake now has his green card and is officially a resident alien. He has been producing the Robert Wagner Tennis Classic in L.A. for the last several years. He enjoyed seeing Terrance Dicks and Berry Letts who he worked for on *Doctor Who* and they all reminisced about their days with U.N.I.T.

Jean-Marc L'Officier (who recently became an American citizen) will have a revised edition of the *Doctor Who Programme Guide* out soon. He and Randy have been working on putting together an animated film project based on a Mobius graphic novel that will be co-directed by the director of *Akira* and may have music by U2. They were close to a U.S. distribution agreement at the time of the convention.

J. Michael Straczynski screened the first half of an upcoming *Babylon 5* episode and then answered questions from the audience. He said that Warner/PTEN were very pleased with the initial ratings, which are better than what the other PTEN shows have been getting.

Jonathon Glassner talked about the *Island City* pilot movie, screening a few scenes and some of the promo material. He talked some about what kind of stories you would expect if the show went to series. They would focus more on life inside the city and not go outside every episode. He was optimistic that they would go to a series, if not with PTEN, then with one of the new networks or syndicated.

Adam "Mojo" Leibowitz talked about his work doing the visual effects on *Babylon 5*. He showed some slides and his demo reel, which included shots from upcoming episodes of *Babylon 5* showing how they have been improving the visual effects as they learn more.

One panel featured several prop makers from companies that make props used on *Star Trek, seaQuest, Babylon 5* and many movies. They related some of the hectic jobs they've done and displayed many of the props.

In addition to the panels, they had some games such as Win, Lose or Regenerate and Whopardy, an art show, a dealers room, an ice cream social, and a dance. Sunday night the Cabaret (which is included as part of your membership) was very entertaining with lots of humor. A charity auction raised over $1600 for the Study for Sudden Infant Death, Colin Baker's favorite charity.

All in all, it was another fun convention and I'm looking forward to next year's convention, The Six Wives of Gallifrey One.

TUSCON 21

NOVEMBER 11–13, 1994

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GUEST OF HONOR:
author Judith Tarr

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

Convention Calendar

Compiled by Margaret Grady

HEXACON 4
June 17–19, 1994 • Gaming con at the Sheraton Mesa and Centennial Hall. GoH: FASA's Brian Nystul and Wizards of the Coast's Peter Adkinson. Memberships are $18 ATD. Room rates are $54 s/d, +$10 per addt'l person. Contact HexaCon 4 at PO Box 62613, Phoenix, AZ 85082, or call (602) 827-8027.

CONOZOIC — WESTERCON 47
July 1–4, 1994 • Western regional con with GoH author George R.R. Martin, artist Real Musgrave, and fan Wm Rotsler. The hotel is the LA Airport Hilton, and full memberships are $65 ATD. Contact Conozoic c/o SCIFI at PO Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

TUNNELCON 3
July 8–10, 1994 • International *Beauty & the Beast* fan convention at the Stardust Hotel in Las Vegas, NV. Dealers' Room, art show, guest speakers, costume contest, and banquet. Memberships $85, with $5 one-day dealers' room only passes available. For more info, write Barbara Hix, 1521 Everett Street., Las Vegas, NV 89101.

CORSAIRCON IV
July 29–31, 1994 • Piratical convention at the Holiday Inn North Central in Phoenix. Pirate Olympics, gaming, dance, costuming, children's activities, etc. Memberships $15 'til 6/20/94, kid rates available. Room rates are $45 s–q. For more info, write CorsairCon IV, PO Box 64051, Phoenix, AZ 85082, or call (602) 894-1985 or (602) 968-2063.

AVALONCON
August 4–7, 1994 • Gaming convention at the Marriott Hunt Valley Inn in Hunt Valley, Maryland. World Boardgaming Championships. Memberships $30. For more info, write AvalonCon, The Avalon Hill Game Company, 4517 Harford Rd, Baltimore, MD 21214, or call (800) 999-3222.

BUBONICON 26
August 26–28, 1994 • General SF/F convention at the Howard Johnson East in Albuquerque, NM. Author GoH Mike Stackpole, Artist GoH Liz Danforth, Toastmaster Simon Hawke, and more. Dealers' Room, art show, costume contest, Green Slime Awards, Rock 'Em Sock 'Em Robots Tourney, Cereal Taste-off, dance, etc. Memberships $21 'til 8/10/94. Room rates are $45 s/d, $50 t/q. For more info, write NMSF Conference, PO Box 37257, Albuquerque, NM 87176, or call (505) 266-8905.

COPPERCON 14
September 9–11, 1994 • Literary sf/f con at the Francisco Grande Hotel in Casa Grande, AZ. GoH: Hugo-winner Vernor Vinge. Membership rates are $20 'til 8/26/94, $25 ATD. Room rates are $39–69 s/d (depending on room type), +$10 per addt'l person. Contact CopperCon 14 at PO Box 62613, Phoenix, AZ 85082, or call (602) 220-9785.

TUSCON 21
November 9–11, 1994 • Literary sf/f con at the Executive Inn in Tucson, AZ. GoH: Judith Tarr. Membership rates are $20 'til 10/20/94, $25 thereafter (smalls are cheap). Contact TusCon 21 at PO Box 26822, Tucson, AZ 85726.

OTHER CONS*

ANIME EXPO 94
July 1–3, 1994 • Anaheim, CA
Japanese and American animation
2425 B Channing #684, Berkeley, CA 94704

DRAGONCON '94
July 15–17, 1994 • Atlanta, GA
Large general SF/F con
PO Box 47696, Atlanta, GA 30362-0696

CASCADE CON '94
August 19–21, 1994 • Portland, OR
Buckaroo Banzai, etc.
PO Box 86734, Portland, OR 97286

CONADIAN
September 1–5, 1994 • Winnipeg, CAN
52nd World Science Fiction Convention
PO Box 2430, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 4A7 Canada

** Call me at (602) 220-9785 if you want more info.* CN

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: _____

PANTECHNICON

1994 Hugo and Campbell Award Nominees

ConAdian, the 52nd World Science Fiction Convention, has released the names of the nominees for the 1994 Hugo Awards and John W. Campbell Award. The winners will be presented at a ceremony at ConAdian in Winnipeg, Manitoba, on Saturday, September 3, 1994.

The nominees that follow were chosen by popular vote by 649 members of ConAdian or ConFrancisco (the 51st World Science Fiction Convention) who submitted valid nominating ballots.

Final ballots will be sent to ConAdian members in Progress Report #6, due to be mailed in May. The ballot will also be available online on CompuServe, GEnie, and Usenet. Only attending and supporting members of ConAdian are eligible to vote. Ballots must be postmarked by July 31 and received by August 6 to be counted, and must be mailed to: 1994 Hugo Awards, Voting Administrator, P.O. Box 271986, Concord, California, 94527-1986. Until July 15, ConAdian memberships are available for US$125/ Cdn$165 attending, or US$25/ Cdn$30 supporting from ConAdian, PO Box 2430, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 4A7, CANADA.

Best Novel

Moving Mars by Greg Bear

Glory Season by David Brin

Virtual Light by William Gibson

Beggars in Spain by Nancy Kress

Green Mars by Kim Stanley Robinson

No Award

Best Novella

"The Night We Buried Road Dog" by Jack Cady (*F&SF*, 1/93)

"Mefisto in Onyx" by Harlan Ellison (*Omni*, 10/93; Mark V. Ziesing)

"An American Childhood" by Pat Murphy (*Asimov's*, 4/93)

"Into the Miranda Rift" by G. David Nordley (*Analog*, 7/93)

"Down in the Bottomlands" by Harry Turtledove (*Analog*, 1/93)

"Wall, Stone, Craft" by Walter Jon Williams (*F&SF*, 10-11/93; Axolotl)

No Award

Best Novelette

"The Shadow Knows" by Terry Bisson (*Asimov's*, 9/93; *Bears Discover Fire*)

"The Franchise" by John Kessel (*Asimov's*, 8/93)

"Dancing on Air" by Nancy Kress (*Asimov's*, 7/93)

"Georgia on My Mind" by Charles Sheffield (*Analog*, 1/93)

"Deep Eddy" by Bruce Sterling (*Asimov's*, 8/93)

No Award

Best Short Story

"England Underway" by Terry Bisson (*Omni*, 7/93; *Bears Discover Fire*)

"The Good Pup" by Bridget McKenna (*F&SF*, 3/93)

"Mwalimu in the Squared Circle" by Mike Resnick (*Asimov's*, 3/93; *Alternate Warriors*)

"The Story So Far" by Martha Soukup (*Full Spectrum 4*)

"Death on the Nile" by Connie Willis (*Asimov's*, 3/93)

No Award

Best Non-Fiction Book

Once Around the Bloch: An Unauthorized Autobiography by Robert Bloch

The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction edited by John Clute and Peter Nicholls

PITFCS: Proceedings of the Institute for Twenty-First Century Studies edited by Theodore R. Cogswell

Understanding Comics: The Invisible Art by Scott McCloud

The Art of Michael Whelan: Scenes/Visions by Michael Whelan

No Award

Best Dramatic Presentation

Addams Family Values: Producer, Scott Rudin; Director, Barry Sonnenfeld; Screenwriter, Paul Rudnick

"The Gathering" *Babylon 5*: Executive Producers, Douglas Netter & J. Michael Straczynski; Director, Richard Compton; Writer, J. Michael Straczynski

Groundhog Day: Producers, Trevor Albert & Harold Ramis; Director, Harold Ramis; Screenwriters, Danny Rubin & Harold Ramis

Jurassic Park: Producers, Kathleen Kennedy & Gerald R. Malen; Director, Steven Spielberg; Screenwriters, Michael Crichton & David Koepp

The Nightmare Before Christmas: Producers, Tim Burton & Denise DiNovi; Director, Henry Selick; Screenwriter, Caroline Thompson

No Award

Best Professional Editor

Ellen Datlow

Gardner Dozois

Mike Resnick

Kristine Kathryn Rusch

Stanley Schmidt

No Award

Best Professional Artist

Thomas Canty

David Cherry

Bob Eggleton

Don Maitz

Michael Whelan

No Award

Best Original Artwork

Cover of *F&SF*, 10-11/93 (illustrating "The Little Things") by Thomas Canty

Space Fantasy Commemorative Stamp Booklet by Stephen Hickman

Cover of *Asimov's*, 11/93 (illustrating "Cold Iron") by Keith Parkinson

No Award

Best Semi-Prozine

Interzone edited by David Pringle

Locus edited by Charles N. Brown

The New York Review of Science Fiction edited by David G. Hartwell, Donald G. Keller, Robert K.J. Killheffer, and Gordon Van Gelder

Pulphouse edited by Dean Wesley Smith and Jonathan E. Bond

Science Fiction Chronicle edited by Andrew Porter

Tomorrow Speculative Fiction edited by Algis Budrys

No Award

Best Fanzine

Ansible edited by Dave Langford

File 770 edited by Mike Glyer

Lan's Lantern edited by George "Lan" Laskowski

Mimosa edited by Dick and Nicki Lynch

Stet edited by Leah Zeldes Smith and Dick Smith

No Award

Best Fan Writer

Sharon Farber

Mike Glyer

Andy Hooper

Dave Langford

Evelyn C. Leeper

No Award

Best Fan Artist

Brad W. Foster

Teddy Harvia

Linda Michaels

Peggy Ranson

William Rotsler

Stu Shiffman

No Award

John W. Campbell Award for Best New Science Fiction Writer of 1992-1993

(sponsored by Dell Magazines)

Holly Lisle (2nd year of eligibility)

Jack Nimersheim (2nd year of eligibility)

Carrie Richerson (2nd year of eligibility)

Amy Thomson (1st year of eligibility)

Elizabeth Willey (1st year of eligibility)

No Award

Hugo Notes

1994 Hugo Awards, Voting Administrator, P.O. Box 271986, Concord, California, 94527-1986.

PANTECHNICON

Gaming the Night Away

Waterloo Adventure Games is hosting Games Workshop League Nights every Thursday (6–10pm) and Friday (6–12m) nights! Play Warhammer Fantasy Battles or 40K, Blood Bowl, Space Hulk/Tyraid Attack, and more! Call them for scheduling and sign-up information at (602) 497-9554 (Gilbert, AZ).

Top Five Horror Shows for Children

by Ladnar Lockwhite

Us grown-ups can stay up as late as we like to watch *Tales from the Crypt* or *The Twilight Zone;* but what about the kiddies?

Here's a quick countdown of ideas to satisfy the young but macabre imagination:

5. Mr. Manson's Neighborhood
4. A Nightmare on Sesame Street
3. The Shining Time Station
2. The Silence of the Lambchop
1. Barney

Free Movie Passes

Did you receive a pass to the late-night premiere of *The Crow* at Metrocenter?* How about tickets to a showing of *Brainscan*? Well surprise, surprise, these came to you through a joint effort between movie reps, *ConNotations,* and CASFS. Hope you're interested in more, because Universal Pictures sounds like they might want to send you some tickets too...

Tickets for SF & horror movies will periodically go to people whose addresses are proximal to the hosting theatre. This potentially applies to all of our friends in the metro Phoenix area, Tucson, and Las Vegas, so far.

If you want your name on our mailing list coded so that you *DON'T* receive these tickets, please call Doug "Gawd, ANOTHER field" Cosper, Keeper of the Mailing List, at (602) 245-1440, or write us at the *CN* PO Box (see back cover).

* Oh yeah. Did you notice this guy in the back row at *The Crow* premiere? Meet co-screenwriter David Schow, who experienced the audience's reaction first-hand.



Fusion Patrol

Phoenix's own Science Fiction Video Fanzine show is moving to a new time slot.

Fusion Patrol is a monthly program airing on the Dimension Cable Public Access channel in the Phoenix Metropolitan Area at 10:30pm on Wednesday nights (this new time begins sometime in June — check your listings).

If you've got an organization or an event you'd like publicized, or you've produced something you'd like aired, please contact them at:

Fusion Patrol
P.O. Box 34464
Phoenix, AZ
85067-4464

Reach them even faster via internet e-mail at `fusion@libre.c`

Writers of the Future

Anyone interested in entering the next contest must submit their entry by September 30, 1994. There is no entry fee, and the author retains all publication rights. Quarterly entries (by unpublished authors) are allowed, and cash prizes are awarded! For more information, contact Writers of the Future Contest, PO Box 1630, Los Angeles, CA 90078.

Top 10 Things That Never Happen on Star Trek

10. The Enterprise runs into a mysterious energy field of a type it has encountered several times before.
9. The Enterprise goes to visit a remote outpost of scientists, who are all perfectly alright.
8. Some of the crew visits the holodeck, and it works properly.
7. Counseler Deanna Troi states something other than the blindingly obvious.
6. The crew of the Enterprise is struck by a mysterious plague, for which the only cure can be found in the well-stocked Enterprise sick-bay.
5. The Captain has to make a difficult decision about a less advanced people which is made a great deal easier by the Starfleet Prime Directive.
4. The Enterprise visits an earth-type planet where everyone is happy all of the time. However, everything is soon revealed to be exactly what it seems.
3. A major Starfleet emergency breaks out near the Enterprise, but fortunately some other ships in the area are able to deal with it to everyone's satisfaction.
2. The Enterprise is involved in a bizarre time-warp experience which is unconnected with the late 20th Century.
1. Data (or Spock) is fired from his high-ranking position for not being able to understand the most basic nuances of about one in three sentences that anyone says to him.

Found on the Internet (and modified).

The 1994 Nebula Winners

Novel
Red Mars, by Kim Stanley Robinson

Novella
"The Night We Buried Road Dog" by Jack Cady

Novelette
"Georgia on My Mind" by Charles Sheffield

Short Story
"Graves" by Joe Haldeman

Wow man, like, color!

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!

ADRIAN EMPIRE
A medieval and renaissance recreationist club. Sword-fighting, arts, banquets, masquerades, dances. Meets every Wednesday night from 7–10pm at Encanto Park. All are welcome. Free. For details, call (602) 582-6990.

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.

BEAST CONNECTION (LAS VEGAS)
The Las Vegas area *Beauty & the Beast* fan club is looking for people who love romance and fantasy to join them. We have put on two successful conventions in Las Vegas. The club gives updates on star happenings, and *B&B* progress. Monthly meetings are at 7pm at the Nevada Power Building at 6226 W. Sahara Ave. For info send a SASE to BeastConnection, PO Box 81557, Las Vegas, NV 89150-0557, or call (702) 438-2290.

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. Guests welcome — meets at 8pm on the last Friday of each month in January thru September and the second Friday in October, November and December at JB's Restaurant, 2560 E. Indian School 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.

CHILDREN OF THE FIRSTBORN
The official Jennifer Roberson fan club —newsletter includes special features, opinions, poetry, and even a letter from Jennifer herself. There are new ideas always coming about like competitions and merchandise opportunities. For more information, send a SASE to: Children of the Firstborn, PO Box 110156, Campbell, CA 95011.

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.

DAYSTAR HOLT
Arizona's first and longest-running *Elfquest* fan club. Daystar meets to talk about *EQ* and related stuff, develop characters, publish stories in our 'zine *Playelf* and create an annual calendar. Other common interests include music, bellydance, camping and of course, SF. Membership is free (18 or over) and is attained by group vote after you attend two meetings or holt-related gettogethers. Meetings are usually the first Saturday of each month; for more info, call Tom or Janice at (602) 581-2258.

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.

FINNEGINS ISLE
World's longest running *Finnegin's Wake* study group, meets on Thursday nights. Call Eric Wagner, 897-2990. Also, Eric gives free film history talks on the first Sunday of each month at Hollywood Video, 7750 E. McDowell. The topic 11/7 is "John Wayne po Fellini" at 8pm. Call (602) 941-4888 for info about film talk.

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. Guests welcome — 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.

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

THE PHOENIX FANTASY FILM SOCIETY
Film society for classic SF/F film. Membership is $25 lifetime dues. PFFS also rents projectors, films, and video tapes. Contact PFFS, Box 30423, Phoenix, AZ 85067.

PHOENIX JAPANIMATION SOCIETY
Local chapter of Japanimation/general animation oriented fans — meets monthly. Membership is free, though optional monthly newsletter is $5/year or 50¢ per month. Call Tom Perry at (602) 996-2196 or write 3241 E. Altadena, Phoenix, AZ 85028.

THE PHOENIX REGENCY SOCIETY
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 various locations. 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.

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 five Baronies: Atenveldt, Mons Tonitrus, Twin Moons, 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

ConNotations Puzzle #3 — I Want Fun Grahams!

Fun With Anagrams! Rearrange the letters to form the title of a well-known genre book, TV show and/or movie. Clues are provided to give you a hand. If you get all the answers, send them, along with your name and phone number to: ConNotations Puzzle, PO Box 62613, Phoenix, AZ 85082... and we'll send you a prize!

Example: Ark Darts
Clue: Carpenter cult classic
D A R K S T A R

1: At a big stellar cat act
Clue: TV's Apollo and Athena
_____ _____

2: Near blunder
Clue: ...dreaming of electric sheep
_____ _____

3: Fed bland protein
Clue: Anne Francis stars in...
_____ _____

4: Karl drift to seashore
Clue: Mrs. Starman decks Mr. Fugitive
_____ __ ___ ____ ___

5: Hot bug stress
Clue: SNL grads & marshmallow guy
_____

6: I write with preventive ham
Clue: Rice's Cruising controversy
_____
____ ___ _____

7: Suck jar pairs
Clue: Lawyer snack
_____ ____

8: Lunar song
Clue: "Renew! Renew!"
_____ ___

9: Interrogate Earth's next Kent
Clue: Seven years of good luck
____ ____:
___ ____ _____

10: Pelican toss
Clue: "Danger! Danger!"
____ __ _____

11: Erik kept Christmas bee
Clue: Give the boy a hand!
___ _____ _____ ____

12: If hurl, me scream
Clue: Niven & Pournelle
_____ _____

13: S. S. War Rat
Clue: ...far, far away
____ ____

14: Troll ate Cal
Clue: La Stone beats up Arnold
_____ _____

15: Reminisce... pen in barn
Clue: Trump family
____ _____ __ _____

16: Sir, grant Satan Greenland
Clue: Martian Michael "Koresh"
_____ __ _
_____ ____

Old Puzzle Answers

Space, as usual, is tight, and because we've received *very* little response to the previous puzzles, we've decided we'll wait to print the answers in an upcoming issue. Write to us if you want to know in the meantime!

CLUBS & ORGANIZATIONS

Enfys DisBerod (Linda Peck); Kingdom Seneschal, 1403 W. Orchid Ln, Chandler, AZ 85224, (602) 821-9675 until 10pm; or in Phoenix, Mistress Helen Jennet (Pam Foley) 3019 N. 14th St. #407, Phoenix, AZ 85014, (602) 631-9134 until 10pm.

SOUTHWEST COSTUMERS' GUILD
The Arizona chapter of the International Costumers' Guild. Dedicated to exploring, teaching, researching and enjoying all aspects of costuming. For more information write PO Box 39504, Phoenix, AZ 85069; or call Mahala at (602) 938-9319.

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.

STELLAR WIND
Join the U.S.S. STELLAR WIND, a STARFLEET correspondence ship and receive our bi-monthly newsletter, *The IntraStellar Medium* featuring fan-fiction based on member-created characters. All this for $11, including a membership handbook. SASE to Allyson M.W. Dyar, 221 9th St. #C-203, Kirkland, WA 98033-6010 or email<dyar@netcom.com> for further info.

STONEHENGE BBS
Enjoy over 60 online games including *TradeWars 2002, StarFight, The Pit, Dirty Play, Usurper, LORD,* and *Battle Grid* (new, like *Battletech*). Topical message boards, E-Mail, and Network Echoes. 1000's of files to download: utilities, games, GIF pictures, & more every day! Stop by and give us a try... Stonehenge BBS (602) 947-2223, FidoNet 1:114/120, 300-9600bps, V.32/V.42bis, 24 hours a day.

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.

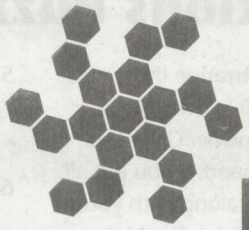
NEW ON THE LIST!

DAEMON HORDE
A unique group, intent on putting the ROLE back into role-playing. We put on live games at conventions and other places. Our meeting is the first Saturday of every month, and dues are $5/mo. Gaming and other events are held every Friday & Saturday. Call Oblivious Woman or Devil's Advocate at (602) 962-8806.

JEDI KNIGHTS
A social club loosely based on *Star Wars* with monthly events, occasional weekend getaways, and monthly 'zine *Lightsabre*©. Meetings are the third Sunday each month with location rotating. Write for dues, meeting info, and upcoming events to Carol Alves, 2525 W. Glenhaven Ave., Anaheim, CA 92801.

SCIENCE FICTION MUSEUM
A non-profit organization whose goal is to preserve all areas of SF: movie memorabilia, magazines, props, etc. For info on membership, meeting dates, newsletter *Yesterday's Tomorrows,* events, or annual Board meeting, write The Science Fiction Museum, Edward Stiner, PO Box 18091, Salem, OR 97305-8091.

VAMPYRES' LAIR
We welcome all submitted art, short stories, interviews, reviews and vampire fan info available to print. For more info, write to Donna Glaser, 1390 Home Ave., Menasha, WI 54952. Become one of the Children of the Night!



HEXACON 4

GAMING CONVENTION

June 17–19, 1994

Mesa, Arizona

GUESTS

Brian Nystul — FASA (*BattleTech*™)

Peter Adkinson — Wizards of the Coast (*Magic: The Gathering*™)

See page 6 for details!

ConNotations
Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society, Inc.
PO Box 62613
Phoenix, Arizona 85082-2613

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IF THERE IS AN "*" FOLLOWING YOUR NAME ON THE LABEL ABOVE, THIS IS YOUR LAST ISSUE! SEE PAGE 34 FOR DETAILS