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# LEPRECON 12

## Guests of Honor

Kim Poor  
Jo Clayton  
Peggy Crawford  
and  
Special Guest: Jennifer Roberson

May 29 - June 1, 1986  
Phoenix, Arizona



# FROM THE CHAIR

Welcome to LepreCon 12. It seems like I say that phrase almost every year. But every year it is true, you are all more than welcome at LepreCon. You are, after all, why we do this.

I have been asked several times why we put in all the time, energy, and work to do this for nothing. What people who ask that don't understand is that it is not for nothing. Science fiction/fantasy convention committees get paid in a coin that cannot be minted. That coin is friendships and love. I have friends literally from every corner of this country and some from Europe and Australia. I owe that all to conventions. These friendships are often very fleeting but are no less valued because of the brevity of contact. On the other hand, there are the friendships that are formed within the committee. These friendships can be very long lived and very full. You sometime learn more about yourself and others in the cauldron of convention problem solving than you ever thought possible. There is also the feelings of satisfaction and love that comes from a job completed. I wouldn't trade all the money in the world for all of this. And for all this I thank each and every one of you, for without you I wouldn't be able to do this on a regular basis.

I would also like to thank this year's committee. Doreen, who has had to create programming out of imagination and time. Dave, who continues to fill the dealer's room and manage to make it all look easy. Clif, you can be a pain in the neck, I count on you. Eric, who will help you all this weekend and who gets to coordinate all this next year, GOOD LUCK. Zetta and Rick, who want you all to feel welcome in the con suite. Wayne, who has once again put together an outstanding film/video program. Don, who has lots of fun and games planned for all of you. Eileen, who will help us all keep it together. Rikki, who puts so much of herself into the masquerade. Sam, who will work you all to a frazzle if you let him. John, who hopes to compute his way to your heart. Bruce, who keeps us fiscally responsible. And to lots of others: too numerous to mention whose work before, during and after this convention have probably saved my neck. THANKS, THANKS, and THANKS AGAIN. And a special thanks to my husband and the person who put together our great art show, Ray, who puts up with all my foibles and faults.

We all hope you enjoy yourselves at this year's convention. If this is your first convention, please remember that you only get out of a convention what you put in to it. Feel free to explore all our nooks and crannies and let yourself be open to new people and ideas. We hope to see you often in the years to come.

**TERRY GISH**







# GUESTS OF HONOR

Our Guests of Honor and our Special DAW Guest this year are a special group. Kim Poor is an outstanding air brush artist, Jo Clayton has had 15 fantasy books published, Peggy Crawford has been active for many years in conventions on the west coast , and Jennifer Roberson writes several different types of fiction.

As many of you know Don and Elsie Wollheim were originally scheduled to be in this weekend, but due to Don's illness they did not feel that it was wise to come at this time. We would still like to dedicate this convention to Don and Elsie for all their work in setting the standard for science fiction/fantasy novels.



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## HELP WANTED

Jobs/Part time - Fans willing to work. Flexible hours. Possible membership reimbursement. Variety of jobs. No skills or experience needed. Must be willing to have fun on the job. For further information -- find the volunteer office. Posted at the Registration Desk.

Sam Stubbs

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Blast Off  
for  
The Valley  
of the  
Sun

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*The Committee includes the chairs of 18 conventions, including LepreCon's, CopperCon's, the 1982 Westercon, 1985 World FantasyCon, and the 1987 NASFiC. Additionally, they have served on numerous convention committees and staff, including WorldCon's and WesterCons.*

Valley of the Sun WesterCon Bid supported by LepreCon, Inc  
and Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society, Inc.



# TO DON AND ELSIE

Don

Elsie

Legend

everyone says

everyone knows

In the beginning they were

everyone say

In the beginning

Root and stem with the few

Root and stem of this brief history, this, whatever, SF

everyone knows

He knows the field

everyone says

SF Sci Fi Sciffy Spec Fic ah yeah

Everyone knows his name, her name

His fact, her face

Everyone knows

Everyone

I know

What do I know

Feeling drippy down dull worthless, writing blandities unfit

For garbage

Miserias like viruses

Infecting the keyboard, crawling into every word

I write,

Kindness

A voice on my telephone

(no waiting for the serpentining slither of the mail)

Saying

No, no, want the book, it's all right, you're doing fine

The letter confirming comes later, unimportant

After the voice.

Kindness

How cats doing?

Tigerlily climbing doors?

Selené with her sniffles?

Postman knocks

A package

Splendidly superior scratching post.

Kindness



That's the thing, you see  
That's the thing I know  
Two people  
Faces not a corporate logo  
Kindness

Legend? ah yeah  
More.  
Don and Elsie

jo clayton

---

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*Thanks* to the following artists whose works grace our program book: Cody, S.S. Crompton, Liz Danforth, Hop David, Frank Kelly Freas, Lynne Anne Goodwin, Brian McCrary, Erin McKee, Ingrid Neilson, and William Rotsler.

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## CAN A ROCK MUSICIAN WHO STUDIED POLITICAL SCIENCE AND CLASSICS FIND PEACE, LOVE AND HAPPINESS IN SPACE ART?

OR

### AN APPRECIATION OF KIM POOR

I appreciate Kim Poor, I really do. I have to. The guy is good and he makes more money than I do.

Depending on who you ask, Kim is either one of the best or THE BEST astronomical air brush artist around. He began selling his work in the mid-seventies; he did his first commercial interior illustration for Discover magazine and has since done illustrations and cover work for Science Digest, Omni, and the L-5 monthly. His most recent achievement is illustrations for Carl Sagan's COMET, (Random House, 1985). Before he discovered air brushes, he used canned spray paint. He is self-taught and although he has opportunities to teach, he insists of pursuing a chancey life of a self-supporting artist who does conventions and mall shows throughout the Southwest. Which is why it took 6 weeks to catch up with him. He'd been in Santa Fe.

Kim started out as a normal child, born in Phoenix some 34 years ago, but somewhere in his college years he jumped the regular track of politics, classicism and rock music and tumbled beyond the blue event horizon into the singularity of space art. You can blame that on his wife. SHE'S the reason we all stand and stare and drool and spend money. She coaxed him from the merdy depths of rock music and boosted him into earth orbit. He's flown from small painting that went for \$50 in the 1980's to paintings definitely larger that sell for definitely more...like 10 and 20 times more and then some. Paintings like "Titanesque" (a cool blue and white view of Saturn from the rusty boil of Titan's clouds, over which I drooled for months, to no avail), or "Morning Launch" (his favorite - the shuttle launch) or "Emerald Dawn" or "Veil Nebula" or...or..never mind. The list is long and impressive and out of my price range. Fortunately, frustrated art lovers can sometimes find Kim at a Dealer's table or at a mall show with an array of his prints, which are definitely for the high of mind and low of budget. And patient art lovers with disgusting amounts of money can always commission him.

For the past 4 years Kim has been the Art Director for the L-5 Society, which is headquartered in Tucson. He is also a founding member and officer of the International Association of Astronomical Artist (IAAA), which has as one of its goals the establishment of Space Art as a dominant art form by the 21st century, if not before. They accomplish their ends through newsletters and workshops in far flung earthly regions such as Hawaii or Death Valley or the Galapagos or Iceland. The IAAA is alert for new space art talent to



fill the expanding field. Interested space artists should submit slides to Marily Vicary, 1201 E. Ponderosa Parkway, #201A, Flagstaff, Az 86001.

Since the Space Art market seems to increase with every good space film or shuttle success, Kim's point of view is that space is the place to be, for now and for the future. I fully expect NASA to launch him.

D.C. DEDON



Jupiter from Io



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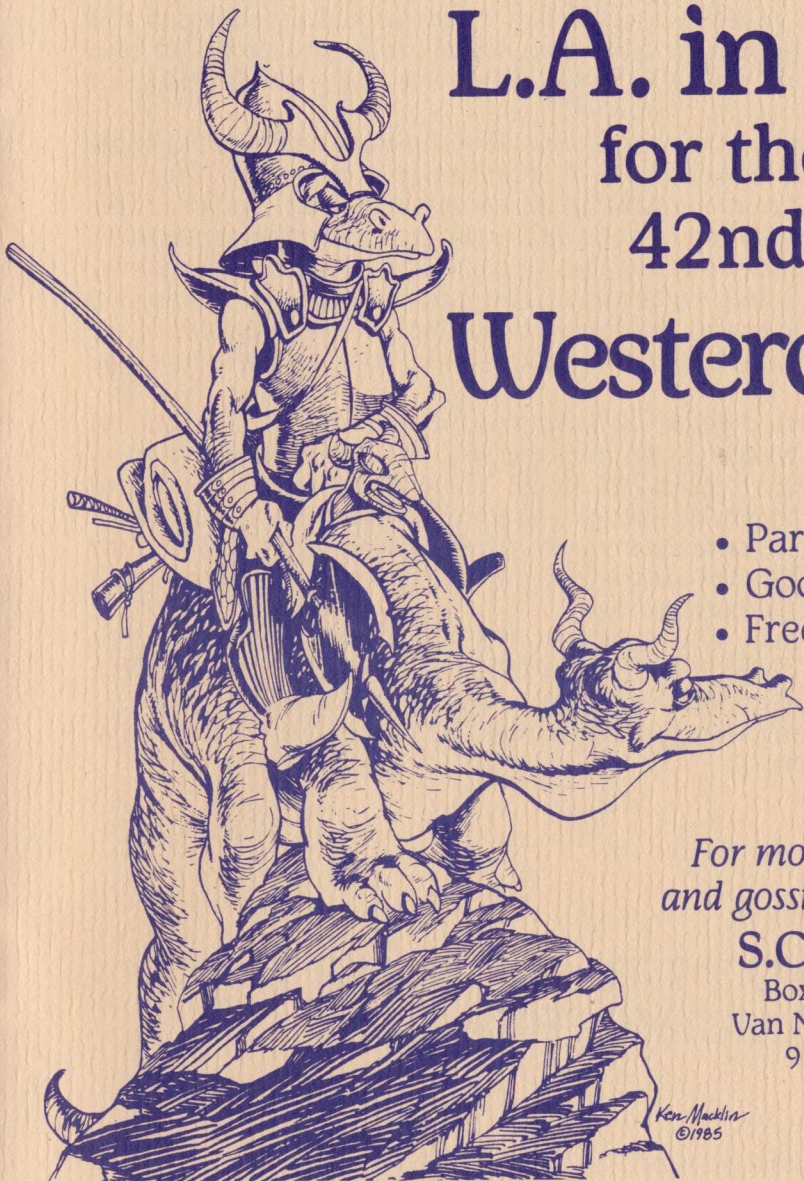
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# JO CLAYTON

First of all we would like to thank Jo for coming to this convention on shorter notice than we of the committee would have liked, and for giving us some marvelous copy for the program book.

Even more we would like all of our members to get to know Jo. I met Jo at last year's World Fantasy Convention. She and some friends were frequenting the convention hospitality suite (This impressed me to begin with since many pros at that convention did not come to the con suite). During one visit Rick Foss and I got silly and ended up with broken shoe strings and crushed hat. Jo laughed with us and at us and had a wonderful time. All this indicated to me that she is not a Pro Pro but rather a Fan Pro. She seems to enjoy fans.

After we invited Jo to help us fill out our guest list, I started reading her books. I was very pleased. What I found was a series of books called the Diadem books. These books are like a string of silver baroque pearls, when you reach for another one you are never sure exactly what texture you will find or where you will find the highlights. You only know that you will find texture and there will be highlights, sometimes many.

Jo has also written the Duel of Sorcery series (MOONGATHER, MOONSCATTER, and CHANGER'S MOON), BAIT OF DREAMS, and her new one DRINKER OF SOULS. I personally am looking forward to delving into all of them and all the others to come.

TERRY GISH

## NEGOMAS THE DRUMMER AND HIS GRANDMOTHER TALE

clayton

Negomas stroked his drum drawing a buzz soft as a deepwater flow and stared into the fire. "Ahh," he breathed. "Yes. I have a story. This is a grandmother tale, mine told it to me so I wouldn't wander away from the house and get myself eaten by what hunted in the grass or under the trees."



Before my grandmother's grandmother was born or her grandmother or hers, in the dreamtime when the world was shapeless and soft as a fresh cowpat, animals could speak like men and lived in villages like men and planed corn and yams and other things just like men.

A clan of dogpeople lived beside a water called the Moonbrother's Bathing Pool, because the Moon Man's twin brother crept down on cloudless nights to swim there with the fish. The water was deep and dark and cold and some of the animals who lived around it said you could see straight through to the backside of the world which was just like the front except everything was reversed, black was white and hot was cold and things like that.

In the dogpeople village lived a dogwoman called Momohunhu. She had no children and was mean and spiteful to the women who did; she made up stories to get those dogwomen in trouble with their husbands and their kin. She was sneaky mean to the children too, beating the boys when no one was looking, pinching the girls, then going smarming around their mothers and fathers telling all sorts of lies on them, so their fathers beat them and their mothers slapped them and sent them to bed without supper.

Sneak here sneak there  
Momo go whispering:  
Oh oh sichichi did this  
Oh oh kivuvu did that  
Oh oh wamame did this with matu  
Oh oh matu did this with wamame

Husband beat wife, beat child, wife throw flour on husband's head, won't cook, won't go in blankets with him. Children hide and cry hoo hoo hoo. Momo watch, go hee hee hee.

One day a dogwoman name Yomami put her sonbaby in his sleeping basket and go to grind corn and gossip with her aunts and cousins. Momohunhu watch her go, then she go sneak sneak into the stick house and she steal sonbaby out of his sleeping basket and then she go sneak sneak into the bush. She cradle the sonbaby in her arms and coo to him, she sing to him the bye-go-bye songs, and when he is sleeping, she put him under a bush and go back to the village.

Go here  
Go there  
Whisper whisper  
Matu do this with wamame  
Wamame do this with mate oh oh  
Kivuvu do this oh oh  
Sichichi do that oh oh





crawl away.

Dogpeople go oh hoo oh hoo.

Bbrrribbib crikki-crikki-harrump-harrump I see I see  
sonbaby look down and down in cold black water I see I see  
downbelow twin look up I see I see sonbaby reach down reach  
reach reach his hand to downbelow twin reach down reach  
reach reach ah!

Dogpeople go oh hoo oh hoo.

Truthsniffer snuff up the Weliwati smoke blow it out  
hhshee hssshee.

Sonbaby ghost pop out of the water into the Weliwati  
smoke, sonbaby ghost go wa wa wa.

Dogpeople go oh hoo oh hoo

Yomani say oh hoo sonbaby oh hoo

Brrribbib crikki-crikki-harump tell your mama,  
sonbaby tell who take you from Tumago's house who sonbaby  
take you away?

Truthsniffer frogman he blink his west eye Boybrother take  
you away?

Truthsniffer frogman he blink his east eye

Momohunhu take you away?

Truthsniffer frogman he say to smokebaby

Point smokebaby point who take you away?

Smokebaby look east look west look east  
look west.

Smokebaby cry wa wa wa.

Smokebaby point to  
momohunhu wa wa wa.

Dogpeople growl,  
dogpeople howl, dogpeople they  
tear Momohunhu into little bitty  
pieces and throw the pieces into  
the Moonbrother's Bathing Pool  
and from that day to this, a Momo  
Ghost go sneak sneak about  
dogpeople villages and manpeople  
villages, sniff sniff for boy  
children to steal and hide away.  
And all grandmamas tell this story  
to their boy children and say, don't  
go running away, or old Momo  
Ghost will get you and take you  
off and drown you like she did  
Yomami's boybaby.





Sneak here  
Sneak there  
Whisper whisper

And all this time Momo watch the stick house out the corner  
of her evil yellow eye. Watch Watch

When the sun is high Yomami go home with cornmeal to  
cook laakatis for her man Tumago and she go get sonbaby from the  
sleeping basket, it time for him to suck.

Yomami come rushing out, cornmeal fly this way, that way.  
She scream, my sonbaby gone, my child be gone, my sonbaby gone  
oh hoo oh hoo.

The dogwomen they scream, oh hoo oh hoo, the sonbaby  
gone. They run here, run there. Sonbaby is nowhere.

The dogmen they shout, OH HOO OH HOO, THE  
SONBABY GONE. They run here, run there. Sonbaby is  
NOWHERE.

Yomami's boybrother come, pull at her arm. I know, I  
know, he say listen to this boy. I know who take sonbaby. I see a  
someone sneak sneak into Tumago's house. I know who take  
sonbaby. I see a someone sneak sneak out, a something in her  
arms. It is Momohunhu I see. I see Momohunhu take a thing from  
Tumago's house.

What what? Momo say. What what? You lie on me,  
boybrother. Lie. Lie. Lie.

Kiwachidei head dogmen he say. Boybrother say this, we  
do not hear him, we do not hear boytalk. Momohunhu say that, we  
do not hear her, we do not hear a no-child women. Kiwachidi say  
this, all hear, we take boybrother and Momohunhu to frogman  
Truthsniffer.

Truthsniffer was a frogmen who lived in a hole in the  
ground beside the Moonbrother's Bathing Pool. When Kiwachidi  
called to him, he came hopping out, his big round eyes blinking and  
he sat with his chin on his hands, listening while Kiwachidi told the  
tale and asked the question.

Truthsniffer he set Yomami's boybrother to the west, he set  
Momohunhu to the east, they he build him a bright fire of Weliwati  
wood, green wood to make much smoke.

He snuff snuff the smoke. Snuff in. Snuff out. Go  
crikki-crikki-harrump.

Dogpeople go oh hoo oh hoo.

Boybrother say nothing, sit high and wait.

Momohunhu squinch tight her eyes, sit low and wait.

Frogman look one eye west, one eye east, go crikki-crikki-  
harrump. Frogman blow out his lip brbbbribbib.

Frogman say I see I see Sonbaby sleeping under bush  
I see I see sonbaby waking up I see I see sonbaby go crawl.



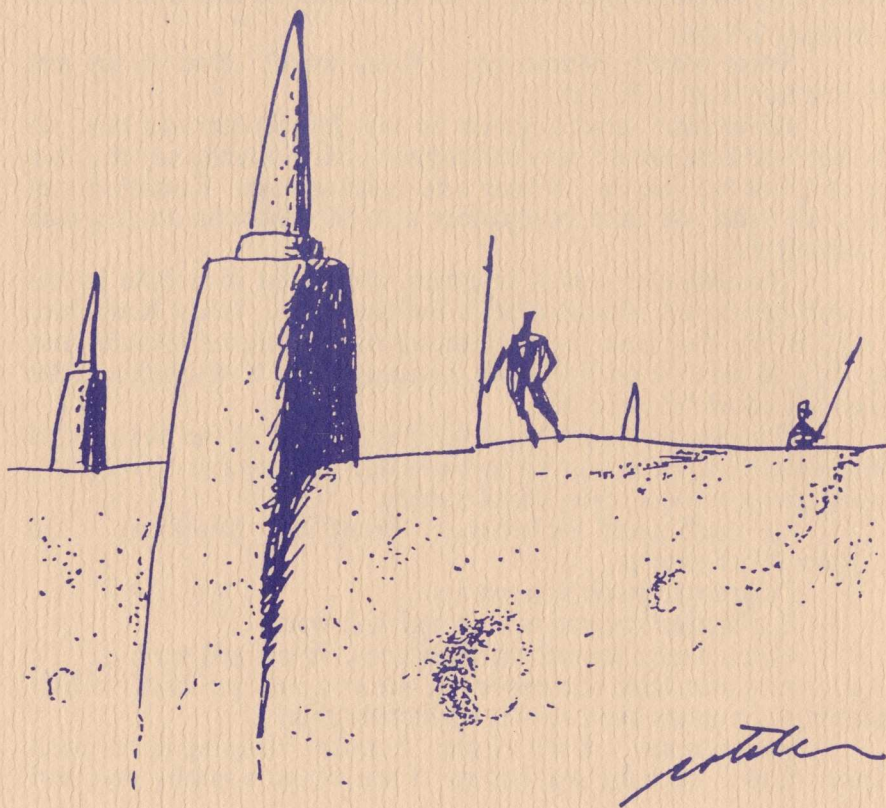
## PEGGY CRAWFORD

I have been given the honor of writing a brief bio for our Fan Guest of Honor, Peggy Crawford. Peggy says that she's not really a Fan. That's what she says, but actions really do speak louder than words, especially to those of us that have worked with her and her late husband, Bill. We know better.

Since she and Bill founded the Witchcraft and Sorcery Convention which later became Fantasy Faire, there have been a total of 27 Crawford cons. If it were not for Peggy, fandom would have been the poorer by quite a few very pleasant conventions. Bill was the dreamer, but it took Peggy to help make those cons a reality, and to keep things on an even keel. Bill and Peggy made a great team and it couldn't have happened without both of them working very hard.

The Volunteer staff of the "Crawford Cons" think that LepreCon has a great way of saying "thank you" for all of us. As one who has felt like a member of the family for years I take great pleasure in saying a personal "Thanks Peggy".

Keith Williams





# Jennifer Roberson: An appreciation

Jennifer Roberson is a writer who has true appreciation for her craft. Since her first novel submission, at the age of 14, she has written and worked at writing with a power and skill that is rare in a writer twice her age. She has a grasp of texture and emotion that allows her to weave it into her novels so the works hold the reader, consume him, and leave him wanting more. The body of this appreciation, then, will be a discussion of the true psycho-emotional neosymbolism in Jennifer's work, especially as it applies to Protean manipulations of characters in modern fantasy.

OK, now that bunches of folks who don't think anything literary could ever be discussed about fantasy skip to the last paragraph (because we all know they can't stomach reading the boring tripe their opinion of writing generates) I can tell you all about the true Jennifer Roberson.

I first met Jennifer at a CopperCon where I did my best to rescue her from a fan who was telling her all about the vast, multi-work saga he was PLANNING to write. I was horrified because here was this pro writer at her first convention, sitting politely and paying attention to a discourse that has since been classed as a major civil rights violation by Amnesty International. I distracted him and Jennifer escaped, though she returned the next day to be kidnapped by Tom Watson and me. The three of us sat in the bar for two hours, got to know one another, and decided to form a Writers' workshop. (You know, "Jennifer's group" as noted in *Sword and Sorceress II*.)

In a writer's group you learn a lot about others and yourself (like whether or not you are capable of murder). Jennifer always read the stories we passed around, and even inflicted them on herself twice to make sure she'd not missed anything. Her criticism was always complete and offered gently (though suggesting I translate a story into English was a bit difficult to take). What impressed me deeply, though, was Jennifer's ability to understand and use criticism on her work. She even submitted a whole novel to the group and used our criticisms, as well as her constantly increasing skill, to turn it into a yet stronger book than it started out as. (Of course we won't mention the Rainbow tale.)

Still, we all know being a writer is easy. (If it weren't, why would everyone tell writers they meet, "Oh yeah, I want to write a book." If it was hard, like splitting atoms or running a roto-rooter, no one would want to do it.) And if you wanted to know Jennifer as a Writer you'd sit home and read her books (*Shapechangers*, *Song of Homana*, *Kansas Blood*, *Legacy of the Sword*).



OK, ok, I'll let you in on some secrets.

Jennifer is socially graceful. You can dress her up and take her out to dinner. She's a carnivore: to her rare means it was warm the day the animal died. And waiters should avoid suggesting, "Of course the ladies would only like a half carafe of wine." when Jennifer is included. This should suggest Jennifer drinks a great deal; she just twists the caps off her own beers...

In an emergency Jennifer can be a tower of strength. If her truck is not firing right she knows enough not to keep the brake on while two very tired boys are pushing it up a hill. Hypothetical situation: an overheating van stranded on I-40 outside Tucumcari. Jennifer doesn't panic. She defines the word *marc* as the sound made by a dog with a hairlip. And when her compatriots have forgotten to get banquet ticket at the World Fantasy Convention she manages to extort 5 out of a group of New Yorkers...

Woe to the Russians if they ever attack Arizona. Jennifer's a neo-amazon warrior when you put a paint gun in her hand. She deftly crawls around rocks and hides beneath fallen trees, waiting until prey traps itself. Heck, when she defeated a US Air Force Academy graduate in small arms combat she married him! And she abides by the Geneva Convention in dealing with him...

Best of all Jennifer know to be good friend. She shares her defeats as well as her successes, and she takes pride and joy in the accomplishments of her friends. She's got a sense of wonder that seldom fades, and it's only set aside when hard work and serious attention is needed to solve a problem. She's always willing to offer advice and encouragement, and often seeks the same when she reaches new ground and is unsure. And above all she's one who doesn't refuse a challenge, no matter how tough it might be.

Look, I've got to wrap this up so I can do a scholarly last paragraph for the folks who've not read anything since then. (To





fool those folks you should probably talk about the validity of my thesis during the con, OK?) Jennifer is a writer who is always growing and getting better. And this con is your chance too get to know her, so you can see more in her work, and try to get answers out of her for those 2001 questions you have about the Cheysuli or *Kansas Blood*. (Back to our previously abandoned discourse. Go buy Jennifer a beer while I finish this...)

In conclusion it is obvious to even the least discerning reader that the overwhelming tendency of metamorphic subjects in fantasy to assume predatory creatures arises from the deep fear structure in all humans. In reaching this central core of our collective conscious being, Jennifer Roberson plucks with gentle fingers at the chords of our humanity and brings to light, through the exploration of transformation, the dreams of mankind has harbored since the dawn of time. This brings a timelessness to her work that assures its and her immortality as a literary artform and *artiste*.

Michael A. Stackpole

## SWORD-DANCER

a novel of heroic fantasy  
by JENNIFER ROBERSON

### (EXCERPT)

In my line of work, I've seen all kinds of women. Some beautiful. Some ugly. Some just plain in between. And--being neither senile nor a man with aspirations of sainthood--whenever the opportunity presented itself (with or without my encouragement), I bedded the beautiful ones (although sometimes they bedded ME), passed on the ugly ones altogether (not being a greedy man), but allowed myself discourse with the in-betweeners on a fairly regular basis, not being one to look the other way when such things as discourse and other entertainments are freely offered. So the in-betweeners made out all right, too

But when SHE walked into the hot, dusty cantina and slipped the hood of her white burnous, I knew nothing I'd ever seen could touch her. Certainly Ruth and Numa couldn't, though they were the best the cantina had to offer. I was so impressed with the new girl I tried to swallow my aqive the wrong way and wound up choking so badly Ruth got off my left knee and Numa slid off my right. Ruth commenced pounding on my back a while and Numa--well-meaning as ever--poured more aqivi and tried to tip it down a throat already afire from the stuff.

By the time I managed to exticate myself from both of them (no mean feat), the vision in the white burnous had looked away



from me and was searching through the rest of the cantina with eyes as blue as Northern lakes.

Now it so happens I haven't ever SEEN any Northern lakes, being a Southroner myself, but I knew perfectly well those two pools she used for eyes matched the tales I'd heard of the natural wonders of the North.

The slipping of the hood bared a headful of thick, long hair yellow as the sun and a face pale as snow. Now I haven't seen snow either, being as the South has the monopoly on sand, but it was the only way to describe the complexion of a woman who was so obviously not a native Southroner. I am, and my skin is burned dark as a copper piece. Oh, I suppose once upon a time I might have been lighter--must've been, actually, judging by the paler portions of my anatomy not exposed to daylight--but my work keeps me outdoors in the sun and the heat and the sandstorms, so somewhere along the way my skin go dark and tough and--in all the necessary places--callused.

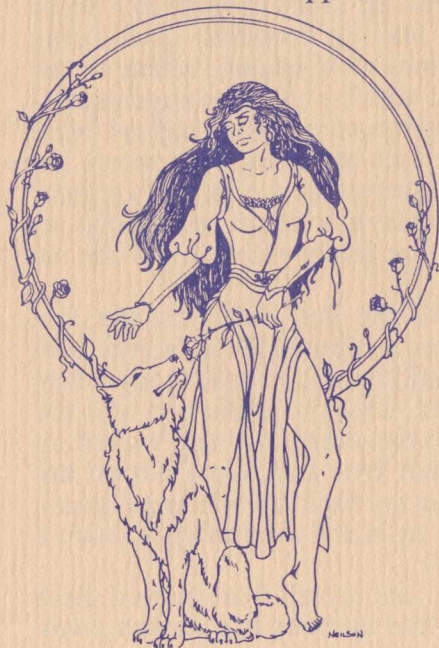
Oddly enough, the stuffiness of the cantina faded. Almost, it seemed cooler, more comfortable. But then it might have had more to do with shock than anythin else. God of valhail, gods of hoolies, but what a breath of fresh air the woman was!

What she was DOING in this little dragtail cantina I have no idea, but I didn't question the benevolent, generous fate that brought her within range. I simply blessed it, and decided then and there that no matter who it was she was looking for, I'd take his place.

I watched in appreciation (sighing just a bit) as she turned to look over the room. So did every other male in the place. It isn't often you get to look on beauty so fresh and unspoiled, not when you're stuck in a dragtail town like . . . HOOLIES, I couldn't even remember its name.

Ruth and Numa watched her too, but their appreciation was tempered by another emotion entirely. Called jealousy.

Numa tapped me on one side of the face, trying to get my attention. At first I shook her off, still watching the blonde, but when Numa started to dig in her nails I gave her my second-best sandtiger glare. It usually works and saves me the trouble of using my BEST sandtiger glare, which I





save for special (generally deadly) occasions. I learned very early in my career that my green eyes--the same color as those in a sandtiger's head--often intimidate those of a weaker constitution. No man scoffs at a weapon so close to hand; I certainly don't. And so I refined the technique until I had it perfected, and usually get a kick out of the reactions to it.

Numa whimpered a little; Ruth smiled. Basicly, the two girls are the best of enemies. Being the only women in the cantina, quite often they fight over new blood--dusty and dirty and stinking of the Punja, more often than not, but still NEW. That was unique enough in the stuffy adobe cantina whose walls had once boasted murals of crimson, carnelian and lime. The colors--like the girls--had faded after years of abuse and nightly coating of spewed or spilled wine, ale, aqivi . . . and all the other poisons.

MY blood was the newest in town (newly bathed, too), but rather than sentence them to a catfight I'd taken them both on. They seemed content enough with sharing me, and this way I kept peace in a very tiny cantina. A man does not make enemies of any woman when he is stuck in a boring, suffocating town that has nothing to offer except two cantina girls who nightly (and daily) sell their virtue. Hoolies, there isn't anything ELSE to do. For them OR me.

Having put Numa in her place (and wondering if I could still keep the peace between the two of them), I became aware of the presence newly arrived at my table. I glanced up and found those two blue eyes fixed on me in a direct, attentive stare that convinced me instantly I should change the error of my ways, whatever they might be. I'd even make some up, just so I could change them. (Hoolies, what man WOULDN'T with HER looking at him?)

Even as she halted at my table, some of the men in the cantina murmured suggestions (hardly questions) as to the status of her virtue. I wasn't much surprised, being as she lacked a modesty veil and the sweet-faced reticence of most of the Southron women (unless, of course, they were cantina girls, like Ruth and Numa, or free-wives, who married outlanders and gave up Southron customs.)

This one didn't strike me as a cantina girl. She didn't strike me as a free-wife either, being a bit too independent even for one of them. She didn't strike me as much of anything except a beautiful woman. But she sure seemed bent on something, and that something was more than a simple assignation.

"Sandtiger?" Her voice was husky, low-pitched; the accent was definitely Northern. (And oh-so-cool in the stuffy warmth of the cantina.) "Are you Tiger?"

Hoolies, she WAS looking for me!  
(to be continued September 1986, from DAW Books)



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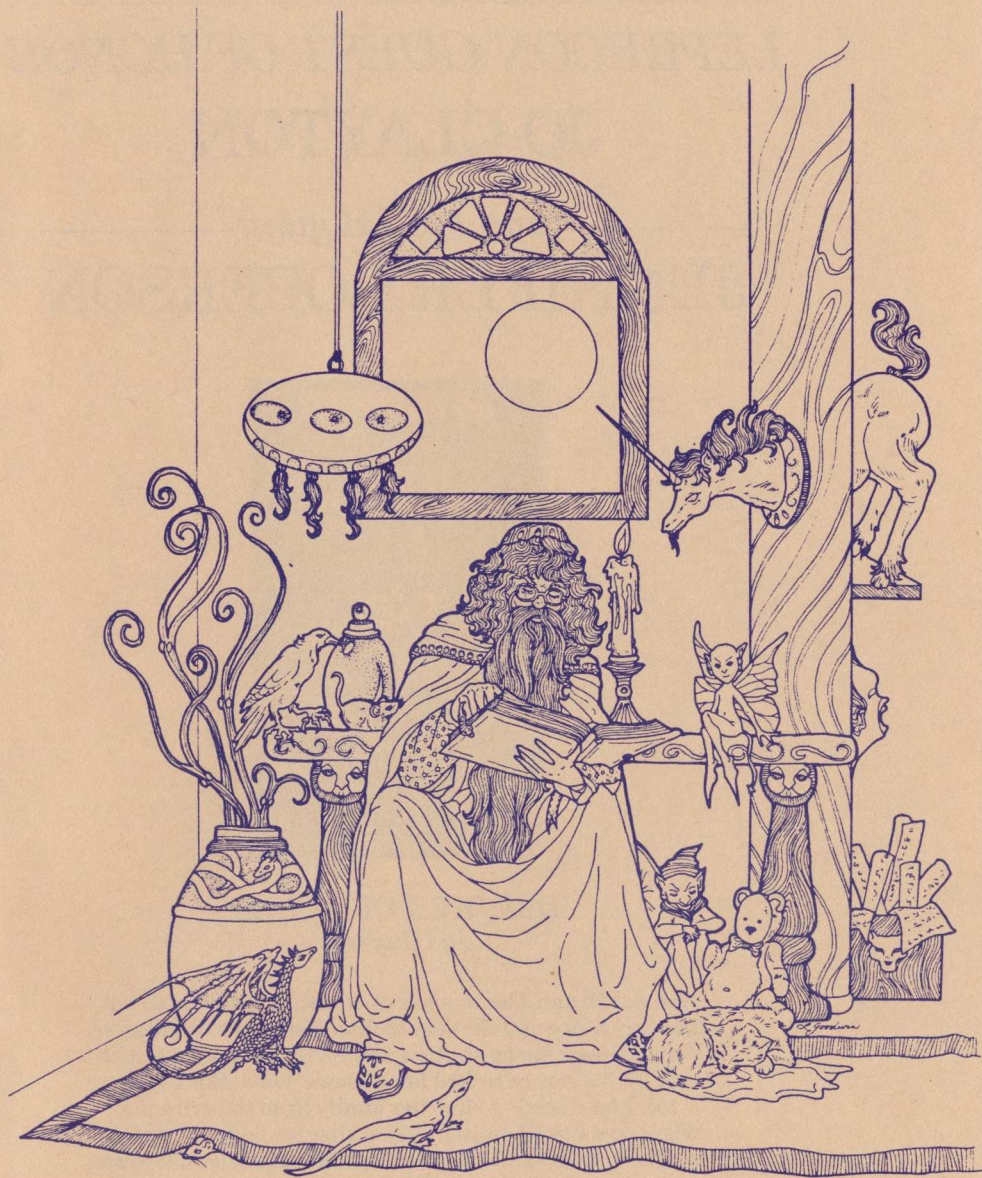
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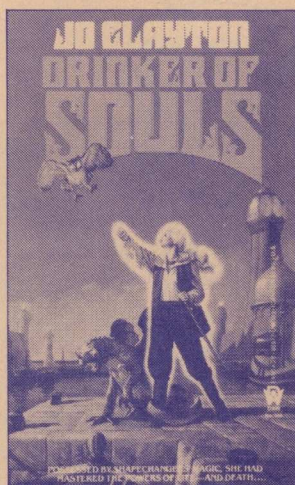
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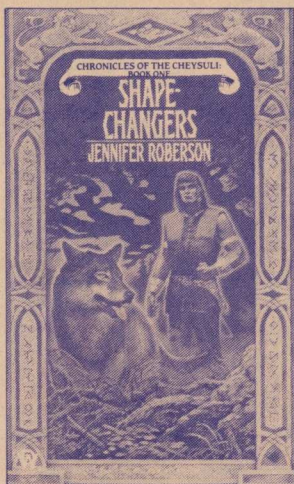
JENNIFER ROBERSON



### DRINKER OF SOULS Jo Clayton

She was Brann, the Drinker of Souls, from whom all but the very brave and the very foolish fled in fear. Bonded to twin demonic shape-shifters, she roved the land in search of rich life source to feed her demons' need. But Brann, too, had a need—to free her family from the evil king who'd enslaved them, on a quest that would take her into magical realms ruled by witches and werewolves, lawless lords and murderous villains, and the ever-present ghosts of the restless dead.



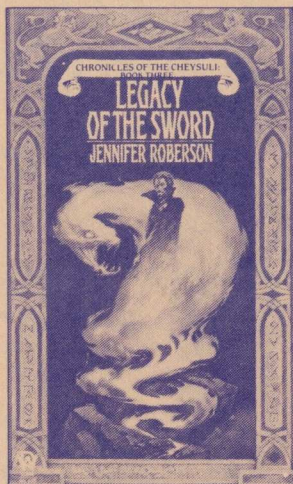


*Chronicles of the Cheysuli*  
*BOOK I*

## **SHAPECHANGERS** Jennifer Roberson

They were the Cheysuli, a race of magical warriors gifted with the ability to assume animal shape at will. For centuries they were allies of the King of Homana, until the day a king's daughter ran away with a Cheysuli liege man and the Cheysuli became hunted exiles in their own land.

This is the story of Alix, daughter of that ill-fated union between Homanan princess and Cheysuli warrior, and her struggle to master the call of magic in her blood and accept her place in an ancient prophecy she cannot deny.



*Chronicles of the Cheysuli*  
*BOOK III*

## **LEGACY OF THE SWORD** Jennifer Roberson

Victims of a vengeful monarch's war of annihilation and an usurper king's tyrannical reign, the Cheysuli clans have nearly vanished from the world. Now, a young Cheysuli prince is being groomed to assume the throne for the first time in generations. But can he overcome the people's fear of his special magic and unite the realm in a battle against enemy armies and evil magicians?

---

*And be sure to read THE SONG OF HOMANA:  
Chronicles of the Cheysuli, BOOK II.*











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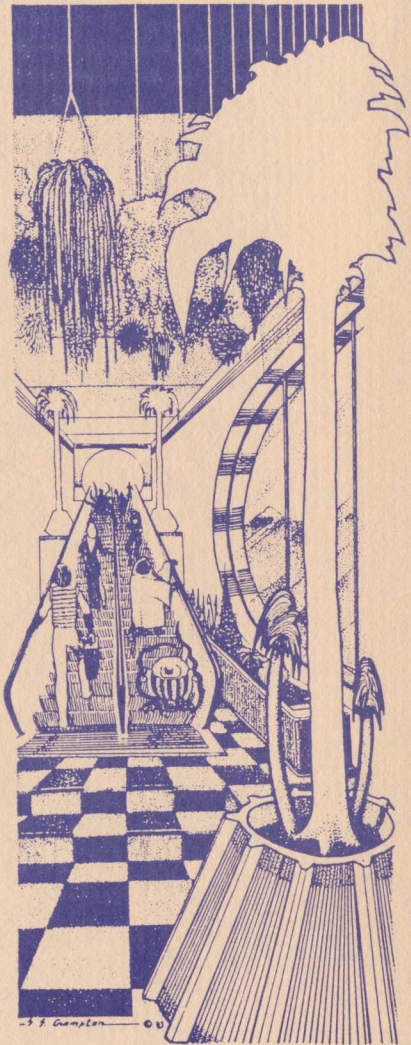
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## ART SHOW

Be sure to come into our wonderful art show. Last year's show was great and this year's show will probably be even better. As this publication goes to press we already have almost as much art in as we had mailed in for last year's show and more is arriving daily.

The art show will be in the Colonade Room and will be open Friday by noon and will remain open until 8pm. Saturday's hours will be 10am. to 7pm. and Sunday we will be open for final bid from 10am to 11am. Auction will be at 1pm.

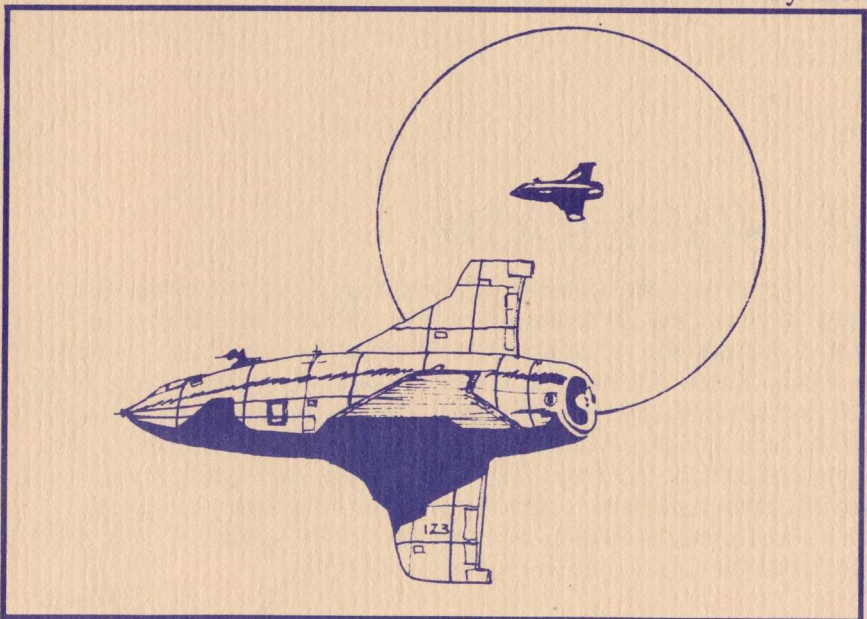
There will be lots of art from Kim Poor, our Guest of Honor and the LepreCon art collection will have its premier showing this year ,too.

Bids will be accepted on all art from opening on Friday through 11am. Sunday. Buyer checkout will begin during the art auction and will continue until we close the room. Artist pick-up will basically be the same hours. Please be patient with our artshow staff as they have lots to do at close-out. (MasterCard and Visa will be accepted for art purchases.) There will be a 5% surcharge on all art sold. However, a 5% discount will be given for cash or checks.

PLEASE NOTE: Buyers will be held responsible for all pieces they have bid on. We will be asking bidders who leave their pieces to send us both the money for their pieces and shipping and handling charges.

We expect a great show, so come and enjoy it.

Ray Gish





# PROGRAMMING

Is everybody HAPPY?

That's a leading question, but unless we ask we'll never know. If you really hated something or liked something say so.

Programming tries to have something different so you'll remember this convention when you've forgotten all the others you've attended. But programming can only do so much. That's where you come in. You have to do your part. You have to go to the panels, demos, games, videos, movies or what have you.

Look at your pocket program and see what your guests of honor are doing at this convention. Learn more about them. Jo Clayton, Kim Poor, and Peggy Crawford, with Jennifer Roberson as special guest and the added skills of Paula Crist-how can you not want to share their loves of ideas and action?

Learn to role play, or build a world of your own. Join G. Harry Stine and out guess NASA-or back into childhood and play games. It is all here-for you. So enjoy.

It's important for each and every convention you attend that you take part in the programming. After all, the people on the panels, or doing the running of films or slides, are doing it to share something they love with you. And if you aren't there to receive this love they may someday stop giving it.

That's all programming really is, a sharing of one's love of an idea, theory, story, plan, or joke and if you aren't there to hear this idea or joke, you're missing half the convention. And no doubt should have your membership recalled for lack of use.

Doreen Webbert

# MASQUERADE

This year's masquerade will be divided into two categories: children's competition and adult masque. Prizes this year include hand-tinted scrolls, medallions, and hand-painted plaques donated by Sandy Kahn. Announcer will be Jan Howard Finder. Leslie Fish will provide half-time entertainment. Orientation and walk through will be held at 3 pm, Saturday. Assembly for adult contestants is at 7 pm; children, at 7:30 pm. The masquerade will start at 8 pm. Anyone arriving late for assembly will not be able to participate.

Hall costume awards will be original art buttons. If you want to be a judge, come to the masquerade info table.

Rikki Winters



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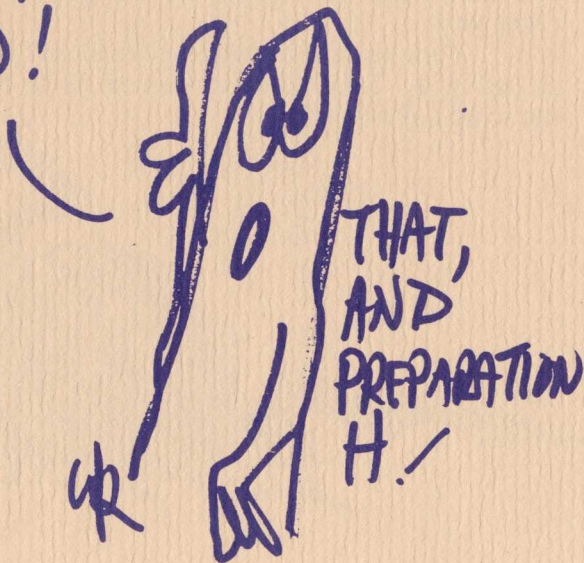
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# SECURITY

## REALITY IN A FANTASY SIMULATION

I am the Chief, thy Security. Thou shalt have no other blankets before me.

Thou shalt not wear real or realistic weapons, or weapons that shoot or project anything.

Thou shalt not wear spiked apparel.

Thou shalt have a "hard protective" case that will protect anybody from the point or edge of thy knife or thy sword. Alterations may be allowed for the masquerade only with the permission of Rikki Winters and Eric Hanson.

Thou shalt not sleep in areas that are not set up for sleeping and not in convention function space.

Thou shalt not profane the language of common sense, nor shalt yea interfere with the doings of your neighbors or your neighbor's wife. Thou shalt instead remember that all around you have their rights and you may not impose upon them as they may not impose upon yours.

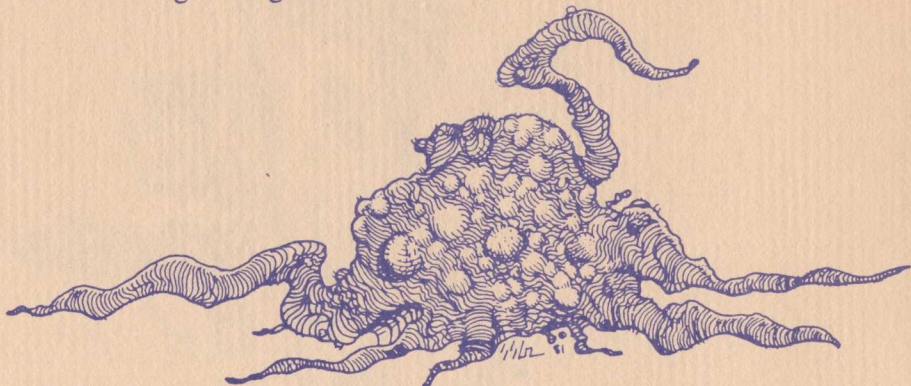
Thou shalt not drink alcohol if thou are underage. If thou weren't born before Jan. 1, 1966 thou art too young to imbibe.

Thou shalt remember that all walk-ways are actually hallways and thou shalt not run.

Thou shalt remember that badges pulled for cause, as stated by the head of security, will not be refunded. The convention shalt retain the right to remove any individual who cannot work within the confines of common courtesy and common sense.

Thou shalt remember the convention and keep it fun, for it was conceived that a weekend shall be set aside every year for this convention and we shalt do our best to insure that we can have one every year.

Thou shalt enjoy this weekend and partake in all the delights of this land. This weekend was set aside for the enjoyment of all and to all a good night.





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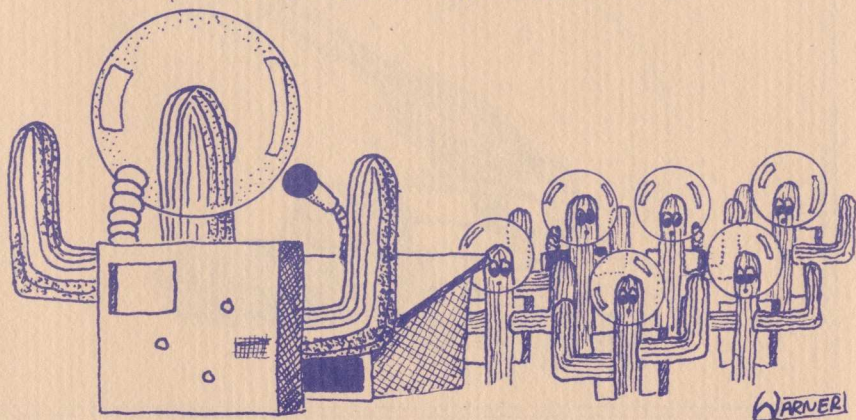




# CACTUSCON

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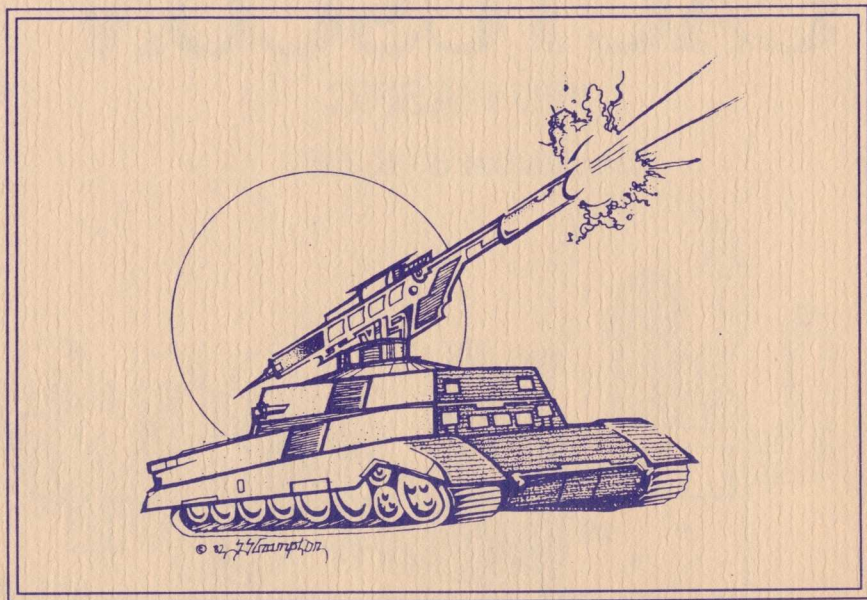
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## GAMES and DIVERSIONS

We are offering a wide variety of entertainments at LepreCon this year, including boardgames, role-playing, miniatures, computers, and even a live Murder Mystery. There is sure to be something interesting going on for most every hour the Convention is open. This year, we have an even bigger selection of games for check-out to Convention members. Check-out will be open for business on Friday from 1:00 pm to 11:00 pm, on Saturday from 10:00 am to 11:00 pm, and on Sunday from 10:00 am to 4:00 pm. This will also be the place to sign up for tournaments, advertise for other gamers, and see when our events are scheduled. On Friday, look forward to AD&D, Justice Inc., miniatures, and much more. Saturday will offer Fantasy Hero, Champions, Roderick the Sly's Arena of Death, more miniatures, the infamous Paranoia, Murder Most Foul - a live whodunnit, and many others. On Sunday, scheduling includes many fine games but also contains something new - a used game auction. We are trying this for the first time this year. If you wish to sell off some of your old games, you may bring them to the Game Check-out room during it's open hours on Friday and Saturday. There will be a limit to how many games we can accept for auction. The acution will begin at 10:00 am on Sunday. I hope to see everyone at the Convention enjoying themselves in the Games & Diversions rooms! **SPECIAL NOTE - MOTIVE CLUE (4 parts) - I.** Painting, sculpture, and music are all



## BEAT THE HEAT CON SWEET

Welcome to our beat-the-heat Con Sweet Retreat. We have lots of ice cold lemonade and brownies for all. There is the usual fountain Coke products and summer fruits and veggies. Lots of extra special munchies, like deep fried veggies are on tap in the evenings.

An extra special continental breakfast will be served Sunday morning, first come first served. Danish, bagels and cream cheese, OJ, coffee and tea will be available for a \$1 charge; we do reserve the right to limit portions.

There will be special doodle art sheets in the rooms and if you wish to compete for door prizes, please include your badge name; and if you are under 16, your age, too. We are providing some art supplies, but you are welcome to bring your own.

We are located in suite 124 in the southeast court. We will be open Friday 10am to 2am, Saturday 9am to 7:30pm (closed for the Masquerade) then 10pm to 3am and Sunday 10am for breakfast to ?? (until the last dog dies).

We hope all of our members can spend time with us as we put Arizona hospitality into the LepreCon Hospitality Suite.

Zetta and Shadrick Konrardy

## VIDEO/MOVIES

This year's media programming for LepreCon takes on a slightly different aspect. There will be one video room operating nearly 24 hours a day for the length of the convention showing major movies. There will also be video rooms sponsored by local clubs showing their specialization, such as Dr. Who and Japanese animation.

This year, confirmed films (or tapes, as the case may be) include: *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*, *Death Race 2000* and *Little Shop of Horrors* (two Roger Corman classics), the cult classic *Buckaroo Banzai*, *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and the ever popular *Adventure of Chip and Dale*. With luck we will also be showing *Bladerunner* and *The Blues Brothers* ("No ma'am, we're musicians."). We may also have *Ghostbusters*, all in 6 ft video splendor.

We will also be showing taped collections of short excerpts from Japanese video, James Bond films and horror/science fiction movies. It proves to be an interesting convention.

As I've said before, we plan on keeping the video room open 24 hours throughout the convention. It will be closed occasionally to be cleaned and so we can flog our staff. If you would like to work for us in the video room, see our Volunteer Co-Ordinator for more information.

Wayne West





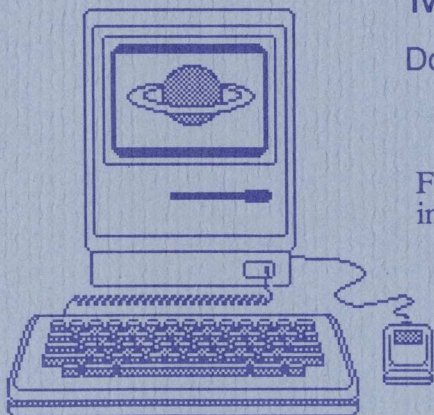
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---

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Cincinnati is a friendly, sophisticated city of 5 million. Set upon the northern bank of the Ohio River, Cincinnati's seven hills dominate the southwest corner of Ohio, and set Cincinnati apart as the Midwest's most picturesque city (Charles Dickens, noted British fantasy writer, loved it).

Tour the area by horsedrawn carriage, visit the riverfront parks and overlooks, see the Art Museum (one of America's ten best), see the zoo, home of exotic cats, or go to the King's Island Amusement Park just north of the city. All of this set in a city where eating is an experience to remember, from chili parlors to five star French restaurants open night and day -- stay over on Labor Day to watch the spectacular fireworks over the river.

**Our Facilities:** We have reserved 300,000 square feet in the Cincinnati Convention Center plus additional space in our hotels. Over 2800 hotel rooms are located within three blocks of the hotel.

Cincinnati has an answer to the problems of heat, hurricanes, and traffic: skywalking. The skywalks are a system of enclosed walkways located above street level that connect our Convention Center and hotels.

**Our Philosophy:** We are planning a responsibly run, financially sound World Con. Our committee is composed of people from all over North America with a broad range of convention experience. We are planning a diversified multi-track programming with your needs in mind.

Presupporting memberships \$5 and \$20.  
For more information, write us c/o the PO Box.



Cincinnati in '88 is an activity of FANACO, Inc., a non-profit Ohio Corporation.



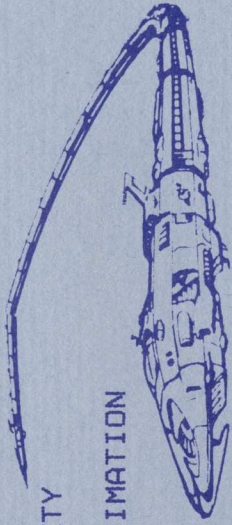


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**WHAT IS A TRIVIA CONTEST?** A test of knowledge, speed and the ability to notice the fascinating little details that go right by most of the people.

**WHY JOIN A TRIVIA CONTEST?** It is a wonderful intellectual stimulation in an age of I LOVE LUCY reruns and DALLAS (the nighttime soap, not Steve Dallas of Bloom County Comic Strip fame). It is good clean fun.. It will let everyone know that you really do know what you are talking about. Provide your own reason.

**HOW IS A TRIVIA CONTEST RUN?** (Pay no attention to the people who say badly). Two teams play against each other answering questions which are worth varying amounts of points. At the end of each particular contest the lower scoring team is dropped and the higher scoring team advances to the next round (double elimination is a possibility if there are few enough teams entered). In the event that both teams have the same score there will either be an elimination question or both teams will be advanced to the next round (this will be determined by circumstances such as the number of teams entered but will be consistent for the entire contest).

**WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?** That depends on what you want. The intellectual stimulation for a job well done. The EGOBOO of knowing that you did better than everyone else. Having the Thrill of Victory for yourself. Knowing that you handed the Agony of Defeat to someone else. Winning the PRIZES. Yes, there will be prizes for at least the first place team and maybe others as well (depending on available money and the number of teams).

**WHAT ARE THE QUESTIONS ABOUT?** Every subject that questions can be acquired about. Television, movies, Dr. Who, Star trek, Star Wars, and lotts and lotts about main-stream hardcore Science Fiction. No area is excluded deliberately but some will not be covered due to a lack of submitted questions covering the subject (HINT HINT, not so subtle appeal for people to submit questions).

**WHAT ARE THE QUESTIONS LIKE?** Many questions will be in the GE COLLEGE BOWL format. First a 10 point question is read. The first person to indicate knowing the answer gets a chance to provide the answer, EVEN IF THE QUESTION HAD NOT YET BEEN COMPLETELY READ. If the answer is correct, this earns the ten points and a chance for that team to collaberate on answering a question worth more points. If the answer is wrong, the entire question is reread to give the members of the opposing team a chance to answer the question thereby giving them 10 points and the chance to answer a high point question.



## ARE THERE ANY OTHER KINDS OF QUESTIONS?

There will also be some bidding type questions where the teams will bid against each other for the right to attempt to answer the question. Such a question would be like "How many puns from Piers Anthony's Zanth books can you give?" One team would bid 1, the other 2, the first 3, and so on until the first team bids 189 and the second team gives up. If the team winning the bid is unable to provide the number of items that they have bid there will be a penalty assessed, probably in the form of giving the team that did not get the bid a free chance at answering the question. There may be other forms of questions as inspiration of whim dictates. If there are more styles of questions provided, details will be made available.

## RULES AND UNPLEASANTNESS (subject to change)

**TEAMS WILL BE FROM 1 TO 4 PLAYERS EACH.** So if you only need 2 people to beat all the opposition or cannot find a fourth (even though this is trivia, not bridge) you are welcome to join in anyhow.

**NO ONE CRAZIER THAN THE MODERATOR WILL BE ALLOWED TO PLAY** (don't worry about this as it will not exclude anyone).

**NO COACHING FROM THE AUDIENCE.** If you want to answer the questions out loud, join the contest. Also coaching from the audience will result in the question being thrown out. (I will also entertain suggestions that the coach be thrown out or be forced to join the contest.)

**THE DECISIONS OF THE MODERATOR ARE FINAL** (although somewhat flexible). The moderator is willing to accept in many instances the massed judgement of assembled fans known by the moderator to be very knowledgeable that the answer provided is wrong.

**THE TEAM IS EXPECTED TO BE READY TO PLAY WHEN CALLED.** But if your team cannot appear when called (because of Bheer, Colitis or whatever) every effort will be made to work you into the contest later if possible. But please let the Moderator know what's going on since if he doesn't know you need help he cannot help you. **NO TEAM WILL BE ALLOWED TO "BYE" FROM ONE LEVEL TO THE NEXT BY MISSING A CALL TO COME AND PLAY.** Details of how this will be handled are still being worked out.

**SUGGESTIONS FOR QUESTIONS OR THE CONDUCT OF THE CONTEST.** These may be made at the convention by contacting Doug Cosper.





# Space to Work

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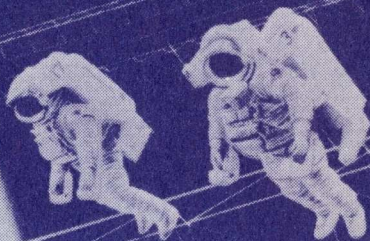
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## L5

L5 Society

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**Space for Everyone to Live,  
Work, and Play**



Artwork by Mark Maxwell