



PO Box 656, Washington, DC 20044 - (202) 232-3141 - Issue #53 - Aug. 1994

### ΛΨΦ

#### JULY MEETING MINUTES by Michael Cornett

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The July meeting opened a tad late, with Gaylaxicon concomm members dashing over from Peter's place following their final pre-con meeting. The first order of business was drafting Yours Truly to take the minutes - a job for which I am abominably unsuited (so please forgive any inconsistencies, Dear Reader).

The presence of First Speaker Loree (and First Baby Kai) was formally acknowledged, whereupon Second Speaker Carl proposed a different meeting format: instead of a free-for-all, the floor would pass from person to person around the room. (Nice try, Carl!) Carl began by brandishing a videotape of Weird Al Yankovic's "Jurassic Park" (clay-mation, sung to the tune of "MacArthur Park), which would be shown after the completion of the meeting. Loree offered up some Star Trek mags; and Wayne I passed around a cartoon from *The City Paper* and solicited book donations for SMYAL. Barrett reported on the presence of a Trekker in the FCC, as well as rumors of an uncut version of Coppola's *Dracula* to be possibly released in the near future. Also making the rounds were a new genre mag called *Cinescope*, an ACLU newsletter with an article about

pornography by Ursula K. LeGuin, and an all-AIDS issue of *The Amazing Hulk* comicbook. Word also came about an Enigma comic that features both a gay comic writer and characters that are "made" gay(!).

Things pretty much deteriorated at this point, with various cross-discussions of *Wolf*, gay characters in *The Lion King*, etc. Order was restored long enough for reports on *TV Guide* articles on *The X-Files* and *The Mighty Moron Power Rangers*. (I beg your pardon - I meant *The Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers*.) There was also discussion of that comet's imminent impact with Jupiter.

Order was short-lived, however, as the meeting then split into simultaneous discussions of kisses on *Roseanne*, kisses on *Northern Exposure*, kisses on *Melrose Place*, Andrew Shue, and Wil Wheaton on the QVC.

I left at this point to fetch some games from Philip's place and returned later to find that Peter had *finally* arrived and was giving a con report. Following this, the meeting dispersed for eating and socializing.

### ΛΨΦ

### GAYLAXICON V MEMORIES SOUGHT!!!

*Ye Olde Newsletter Editor (and Keeper of the LSF Scrapbook) actively seeks the following: (1) short articles about Gaylaxicon V, for the Newsletter; and (2) photographs taken at Gaylaxicon V, for the scrapbook. Send them to me c/o the LSF PO Box or my home address, or hand them to me at a monthly LSF meeting. Thank you for your help & support.*

### WAVELENGTHS DEBUT AT GAYLAXICON V reported by Carl Cipra

A wonderful new publication made its big debut at Gaylaxicon V. It's called *WaveLengths*; and it will be published quarterly by the CoastLine SF Writers' Group. Its avowed intention is to review "gay, lesbian, bisexual and 'of interest' science fiction and fantasy." They intend "to review both mainstream and small press books, and to hold both to standards of craft and to the standards of the genre."

But who are these "Coast-Line Writers' Group" people, you ask? Well, there are some pretty familiar names here: Lisa A. Barnett (Managing Editor), Don Sakers (Senior Editor), Melissa Scott (Contributing Editor), and Thomas G. Atkinson (Contributing Editor). I don't think I need to repeat their weighty credentials here. (What? You don't know them? Then look 'em up in the "Distinguished Guests" section of the Gaylaxicon V Program Book. I'll wait...)

The first issue of *Wave-Lengths* is jam-packed with fascinating reviews of *The Furies* by Suzy McKee Charnas, *Trouble and Her Friends* by Melissa Scott, *Larque on the Wing* by Nancy Springer, *Ammonite* by Nicola Griffith, *Gossamer Axe* by Gael Baudino, *Dancing Jack* by Laurie J. Marks, *Songs of Chaos* by S.N. Lewitt, and seventeen others. Besides the editors, the other contributing reviewers for this issue are: Stan Leventhal, C. Elisabeth Carey, Carl

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## CONFESSIONS OF A GAYLAXICON VIRGIN

by Philip Wright



It's finally over. A year ago, I had absolutely no idea exactly what a Gaylaxicon was all about. Well, now this deprived (some might say *depraved*) virgin has been fully initiated and would like to share the experience.

Friday, Jeff (my current and *last* love) arrived at the hotel amid a flurry of excitement and confusion. After a few hotel problems at the beginning, the weekend started off with a wonderful surprise: Joe Parra greeting us in the lobby with his usual robust laughter to start off the Con weekend right. I think camaraderie exemplified the best aspect of this convention, and Joe embodies this camaraderie. We discovered that this convention weekend revolved around enjoying old friendships and making new ones.

Well, after a difficult and tedious set-up of the Dealer's Room, I got down to the business of enjoying the Con. First of all, I took a trip around "my baby" (the Dealer's Room) to see what the people I'd been working with for so long had to offer. And, although one dealer (who shall remain nameless...for now) tried my patience, the majority of them were all wonderful, with lots of goodies for me to spend my money on. I became very nervous when my credit card began to smoke from all the use I put it to in the upcoming hours. I purchased a wonderful new mask for my collection, several buttons (including one bought for me by my sweetheart), a couple of books, and several new videos for my collection - including a copy of *The Fantastic Four*, which I understood wasn't even released yet.

Everyone was so excited (particularly Brian S. and Michael Cornett) about the purchase of *The Fantastic Four* that I felt compelled to offer my video *coup* up for viewing in the Con Suite that night. Word spread like wildfire, and at least thirty of us squeezed into the livingroom area of the Con Suite to view the mysterious video that I bought only hours before. Among the viewers were

many of the old familiar faces from LSF, but there were an equal round of new faces of our friends from all over the Gaylactic Network. I felt badly about competing with the films down in the Con Video Theatre; but I know Joe will forgive me - especially if I let him borrow my new film classic. Although *The Fantastic Four* didn't quite rise to my usual standards for a science fiction film, I still love my one-of-a-kind purchase. Overall, a good time was had by all that night.

Saturday presented me with the first *real* problem at the Con. With so many panels to choose from, I discovered that the choosing process was difficult. I particularly enjoyed participating on a couple of panels where I engaged other panelists (and in one case, Jewelle Gomez from the audience) in fiery debates. The subject, "New Sci-Fi Worlds on TV," provoked many interesting points of view as to whether or not the new sci-fi TV shows offered any promise either to a general audience or to a gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgender audience in particular. We reached no conclusions but did open up a lot of interesting new intellectual perspectives. Afterwards, Jewelle and I affectionately spoke about our differences, which made the whole ruckus become a wonderful memory I'll cherish for a very long time. She's *really* nice.

Then came the big event of the day: The Masquerade. We invested so much time and worry on this event, I wondered what the final product would be. A long parade of spectacular costumes and happy faces started off the evening. Jack Frost led the way with his phenomenal (and tight) "Jack Frost" costume; it was perfectly clear why he was chosen to run the Masquerade - his superlative skills as a costumer sparkled like the glitter on his costume. If you missed the Masquerade (I'll presume you didn't miss the Con), look up the details in the article in *The Blade*. The music at the dance also made a hit: "The joint was jumpin'," as the song goes. Several times I looked in to discover the dance floor

packed to capacity with frenetic partiers. Unfortunately, Jeff and I took this time to have our portraits done by the lovely and talented Hannah Shapero, so we only enjoyed the dancing music when the party began to slow down a bit. I don't regret either move on our part. Neither Jeff nor I like crowds, so we danced lovingly in each other's arms amid only a few other romantic couples who, like us, stayed 'til the bitter end. On top of that, we got a wonderful portrait of the two of us that we'll have, to remember this Con by, forever.

Sunday rolled around; and Jeff and I leisurely breakfasted in our room. This became a kind of "honeymoon" for us, since this was our first trip together anywhere. And although *romance* was not part of the official Gaylaxicon V program, we decided early on that we would include it in our itinerary. We found that the feeling of pride and community that Gaylaxicon embodies helped us to discover a romantic side to the weekend, along with all the sci-fi activities.

After chairing my final panel on Sunday morning, I attended to a few "DealerRep" chores and prepared for our final panel of the day: "Dish the Con" - or, as I called it, "Lots of Whiny People and Their Petty Agendas." If I could survive this panel, I could survive anything. All in all, this convention reached 'way beyond my greatest expectations. Perhaps my expectations can't compare with those of the seasoned Gaylaxicon attendee, but some of the criticisms came off more like nit-picking and unrealistic approaches to this convention.

I want to personally thank Peter, Carl, Joe P., Michael, Norman, Joe R., and all the other Con Committee members for making my first Gaylaxicon a thing to remember for all the rest of my life.

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**WHERE ARE ALL  
THE WOMYN?  
A Discussion Panel Topic  
at Gaylaxicon V**  
by Loree Cook-Daniels



More than a dozen women (and one man) joined panelists Susanna Sturgis and Lisa Barnett and moderator Loree Cook-Daniels early Sunday morning to ponder the perennial Gaylaxian question: "Where are all the womyn?"

Although none of the panelists was excited about the topic (Susanna even had to be retrieved from another room), the conversation ended up being spirited and informative. Most Gaylaxian members from other clubs indicated that their female/male ratios are similar to LSF's (which is under 10% female), although Albany actually has more women and one predominantly-male club sponsors an annual trip to Ogunquit that attracts *far* more women than men.

The suggested reasons why the clubs don't attract more women were quite varied. And while I was appalled at some of the stereotypes voiced that morning, it's important to remember that women who never attend their local club are, of necessity, stereotyping what happens there. It therefore behooves us to at least be aware of these stereotypes.

One whole group of reasons panel participants thought women don't participate in Gaylaxian clubs is that lesbians tend to be far more politically-involved than gay men. "I'm meeting-out," one woman said. Another believes that when she gets involved in a group, she needs to devote time to its maintenance, and she simply can't take on more responsibility. Many said they were so busy with their other political activities that they just couldn't handle another group, particularly since "I now think of meetings as work."

Related to the perceived higher political involvement of lesbians is the lesbian/feminist community's view of science fiction. One participant said that SF is perceived as a "tool of the patriarchy" by some lesbians, a view which makes it difficult for lesbian SF fans to be open about their interests.

Many of the suggested reasons

clustered around women's discomfort in being in predominantly-male groups. "If men are in charge," one woman said, "their issues predominate." Another woman pointed out that she's primarily interested in books with strong women characters, but almost none of the men in her club will read such books, so she has no one to talk with. One soft-spoken woman pointed out that, aurally, men's voices carry further and so women club members literally can't make themselves heard.

General laughter and agreement greeted the statement that as individuals and couples, "gay men are just like us, but when they get to a critical mass, something changes -- and that mass is 3." It's true, someone else said, lesbians in Gaylaxian clubs have to have a very high tolerance for camp, and not all lesbians do. Finally, several participants pointed out that when they do attend Gaylaxian meetings, they're treated as "the representative" of all women (and, in the case of Black lesbians, as the representative of all African-Americans as well). "What do women think?" they're asked, or "Could you get us more women members?" Workshop participants wanted both to be treated as individuals and to have the *men* help attract more women.

Finally, some women pointed out that they have made a conscious choice to participate in a club that is primarily male and don't have any expectation that their need for female companionship will be met at the club's meeting -- they meet that need elsewhere. These women are either happy with the way things are or at least are unwilling to spend their limited energy in trying to change the club's gender ratios.

Workshop participants did make

some suggestions for clubs that want to attract more women. Special events, particularly with themes or speakers attractive to women, seem to bring out a higher proportion of women. Clubs can sponsor all-women events, which often create a positive feeling for a mixed group and can result in more women joining the mixed group. Cons can sponsor all-women parties and/or meeting space to help shy women make the one-to-one connections that will lead, in turn, to their feeling more connected to the SF community as a whole. Special efforts can be made to reach female SF readers who may not know about the SF community (for instance, club flyers at readings by SF authors and advertising in women's publications). Male club members can make efforts to read and discuss books of interest to lesbians. And, finally, the men can do the outreach to lesbian groups with potential members.

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*We've got a world in which physical  
miracles are commonplace--  
and nobody's happy.*

*We've got what it takes  
to feed all the billions of us--  
and half of us are starving.  
You can show a dozen guys  
murdering each other on TV,  
but you can't ever show  
two people making love.*

*A naked blade is reckoned less  
obscene than a naked [person].  
Isn't it about time we started  
trying to get a handle on love,  
from any and all directions?*

---Jake

(excerpted from  
*Off the Wall at Callahan's,*  
by Spider Robinson)



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## THINGS THAT WENT BUMP IN THE NIGHT

video reviews by Joe Parra



"From ghosties and ghoulies and long-legged beasties and things that go bump in the night, good Lord deliver us!" - so reads the ancient Scottish sooth. Fortunately, the bulk of the following three films aren't anything to fear...

*The Dark* (Imperial Entertainment, 1994) is an interesting tale about a prehistoric monster (quite different from anything ever seen) that resides underneath a modern northern California graveyard. The beast subsists on human flesh, dead flesh. Of course, every now and then, it'll kill to get said flesh. An FBI man and his partner are on the trail of the monster - and it eats the partner! This act is witnessed by a professor who, while getting liquored up visiting his wife's grave, is wounded by the FBI guy pursuing the creature. The professor is told by the FBI man to forget everything he saw - or else! Jump ahead 2 years. The prof hasn't forgotten and has indeed trailed the beastie and found out loads about it. It is a large (8-foot or better) prehistoric rodent which has evolved along with man. The monster has dug a series of tunnels under a graveyard in a small town. The prof and the now-retired FBI man are in pursuit... This is a low-budget (but well-put-together) story, with a unique creature as the centerpiece. Stephen McHattie (*Look What Happened to Rosemary's Baby*) is the beleaguered professor, and Brion James (*The Horror Show, Mom, and The Player*) is the maniacal FBI agent. Craig Pryce directed this nicely-paced (if slightly uneven) tale; and Ron Stefaniuk designed the neat monster. If taken with a grain of salt, you'll have a respect for *The Dark*.

(Rating: 2½ out of a possible 4)

\* \* \*

*Body Bags* (CORP 187/Republic, 1993) was originally produced for Showtime as a pilot for a *Tales from the Crypt*-type anthology horror series. John Carpenter (*Hallowe'en, The Fog, The*

*Thing* [1982], *Starman*, etc.) produced this as well as directed, co-wrote, and starred in the role of the coroner/story-teller. In the first tale, "The Gas Station," a young college student gets a job as a midnight shift gas station attendant. As her pal drops her off for her first night, they hear about a homicidal maniac who is preying on the countryside with his machete. Naturally, the college student is in line to be the next victim. She is told by the attendant whom she is relieving that all sorts of oddballs come to the station for gas. And come they do, from a skid-row wino to a normal-looking, down-to-earth high-roller. Ah, but who among them is the killer? By the time the predictable answer comes forward, the body count has risen substantially. David Naughton appears in this episode, as does Robert Carradine. The problem with psycho stories in anthologies is that there is no time to build the needed heights of suspense; and this yawner bears that out. "Hair," on the other hand, works quite well, despite a truly bizarre comicbook ending. Stacy Keach stars as a man desperately afraid of losing his hair. He tries all the usual lousy remedies and then encounters the off-balance doctor (played by David Warner) and his equally strange nurse (Deborah Harry). They cure Keach's baldness, but at a horrible price. This story is well-paced and nicely acted and directed. "Eyes" is a throwback to the old horror movies where someone gets blood/limbs from a killer and then becomes one. Mark Hamill plays a devoutly evangelistic baseball player who loses his right eye in a car accident. His doctors (played by horror director Roger Corman and 50's leading man John Agar) transplant an eye from a killer into his socket. While the inevitable results are plain to see [*Ed. note - Oh, Joe!*], the getting there is quite interesting - what with bizarre visions and religious overtones. The results of this pilot anthology are still up in the air (or cable, as it were); but this feature had

a slight leak in one of the *Body Bags*.

(Rating: 2 out of a possible 4)

\* \* \*

*Addams Family Values* (Paramount, 1993) is the sequel to the sensational *The Addams Family* and has a special charm of its own. In this installment, Morticia has a baby, little Pubert Addams. The other children, Wednesday and Pugsley, are murderously jealous, so Gomez and Morticia feel that a nanny will provide the attention the children crave. The nanny, unfortunately for them, is Debbie, a serial killer with her eye on Uncle Fester. She is a calculating murderess along the lines of Theresa Russell in *Black Widow*; she investigates and marries wealthy men and then arranges "accidents" for them. Fester is quite taken with her; but the children have their suspicions - so they are trotted off to a horrifying yuppie kids camp. To discuss any more would do disservice to this film. While it isn't quite as much fun as its predecessor, *Values* is a nice continuation of gay scribe Paul Rudnick's tale. He penned the original as well as this one; and Barry Sonnenfeld and Scott Rudin also repeated their duties as director and producer. The entire cast of Addamses repeats as well, with the exception of Carol Kane replacing Judith Malina as Grandmama. Kane adds her own strangeness and special charms to the character. Joan Cusack is hilarious as the *femme fatale*. There's much fun to be had!

(Rating: 3 out of a possible 4)

\* \* \*

As you can see, there is no reason to be afraid of *The Dark*; then count 2 out of 3 *Body Bags* and add a healthy assessment of *Addams Family Values* - you won't be able to help but ENJOY!!!

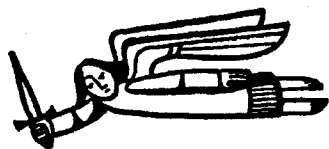
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## ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD

A Solid Base Hit!

by Philip Wright



Well, fellow sci-fi/fantasy friends, the summer is upon us and several new films have graced the silver screen. One of these, *Angels in the Outfield* (from Disney), is a remake of a 1952 film with a similar name. Roger, a poor kid in a foster home, hopes his father will take him back. His father says that Roger will only have a family again when the local baseball team, the Angels, win the pennant. So, after a prayer to God, Christopher Lloyd (the Chief Angel) and his eerie band of Angels set out to make the team the hottest in the League. Along the way, Roger is befriended by the coach of the team, wonderfully played by Danny Glover.

Overall, the special effects are tremendous, and the story, although schmaltzy at times, is fun and well-crafted. I would say that the Angels (the heavenly ones) do not appear enough; they are so well done that we would really love to see more of them. Perhaps the production company ran out of money, so they had to forgo extra portrayals of these heavenly specters.

Over all, this is a fun film, with an interesting '90's approach to the idea of relationships, religion, and baseball. I suggest you go, whether or not you like "kid" movies, just to see the Angels in action...both the heavenly ones and the baseball players...both are fun to watch.

Overall Grade: B

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## ALADDIN ON DISNEY

by Carl Cipra



This is a follow-up to a previous unfavorable commentary by Peter regarding the new Disney video release, *The Return of Jafar*.

Sunday morning at Disclave, while I was packing up and getting ready to check out of the hotel, I happened to run across some familiar-looking cartoon characters on the Disney Channel: it was the cast from *Aladdin* (except for Jafar) on a regular Sunday-morning Disney Channel animated series! This particular episode was entitled "Much Abu About Nothing" (argh!). It should probably have been sub-titled "Aladdin Meets Jurassic Park" -- it recounted how Aladdin, the Genie, Iago, the Rug, and Abu "the Liberator" (the monkey) save a mountain village from the predations of a Tyrannosaurus rex! (There was no explanation given as to how this dinosaur

got there in the first place.) The animation values for this series are not as good as the feature-length *Aladdin*, but they're still quite good.

Gilbert Gottfried is still an absolute scream as the voice of Iago the parrot and Robin Williams is definitely *not* the voice of the Genie. (The credits rolled by too fast for me to catch who was.) Sounds like a rehash of Peter's review of *The Return of Jafar*, doesn't it?

As you may remember, Peter feels that the immediate video-release of *The Return of Jafar* was a rip-off, make-a-quick-buck ploy by Disney. Imagine how I feel when I see them shamelessly cashing in on the recent dino-craze with this particular episode. It was a cute story with a wholesome Disney moral, but *sheesh!* A dinosaur in the world of the Arabian Nights, and the Genie couldn't stop it?! Give me a break!

I don't get the Disney Channel at home, so I have no idea what the quality of any of the other episodes is like. Check it out for yourself, if you're interested - Sunday mornings, about 10 AM.

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## WAVELENGTHS

(continued from page 1)

Cipra (Who?), Susannah Sturgis, Leigh Grossman, and Martha Soukup.

If the premiere issue is any indication of what you can expect from this publication in future, then I *highly* recommend that you subscribe to it. It's well-written and informative and *directly* addresses the literary interests of the gay/lesbian/bisexual sf/fantasy community. Subscriptions are \$13 per year (4 issues) or \$24 for two years (8 issues). Make your

check payable to "WaveLengths" and send to:

CoastLine SF Writers Group

PO Box 6554

Portsmouth, NH 03802-6554

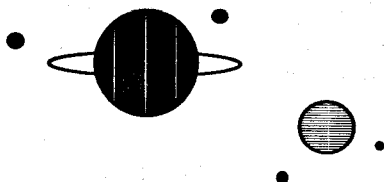
They're also actively seeking new reviews and/or rebuttals to reviews they've already published. (Send to the Coastline SF PO Box for guidelines on reviews.)

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The delusion that one's sexual pattern is the Only Right Way To Be is probably the single most common sexual-psychosis syndrome of this era, and it is virtually almost always the victim's fault. You cannot acquire this delusion by observation of reality.

--Lady Sally

(excerpted from *Off the Wall at Callahan's*, by Spider Robinson)



**\* \* INFORMATION ABOUT LAMBDA SCI-FI: DC AREA GAYLAXIANS \* \***

Lambda Sci-Fi is a Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror fan club for Gay people and their friends. Annual membership fees are \$15, for which you will receive this monthly newsletter and a membership directory. Newsletter submissions are always welcome.

Meetings are generally held on the second Sunday of each month at a private residence. The next Lambda Sci-Fi meeting will be held at 2:00 PM on Sunday, August 14th, at Jim C.'s apartment: 1414 17th St., NW, Apt. 413 (near Dupont Circle). Please bring some munchies or soft drinks if you can. Hope to see you there!

Lambda Sci-Fi: DC Area Gaylaxians is an affiliate of the Gaylactic Network, an international organization for gay people and their friends who are interested in science-fiction and fantasy.



## Con Calendar

by Carl, Peter, and Jim C.



Sept. 1-5, 1994 **CONADIAN, the 52nd World Science Fiction Convention**: Winnipeg Convention Centre (Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada). GoH: Anne McCaffrey; Artist GoH: George Barr. Attending memberships: presently \$110 in U.S. funds (cost still going up). Make checks payable to "ConAdian" and send to: CONADIAN, P.O. Box 7111, Fargo, ND 58109, Attn: Membership.

October 14-16, 1994 **FARPOINT 94**: Marriott's Hunt Valley Inn (Hunt Valley, MD). Guests: George ("Sulu") Takei, Nana ("Kira Nerys") Visitor, Jonathan Brandis ("Lucas" from *seaQuest DSV*). Cost: \$37.50 for weekend (daily rates available at door). Make checks payable to "Farpoint, Inc." and send to: Farpoint, Inc., 7859 Marioak Dr., Elkridge, MD 21227.

October 28-30, 1994 **BIGE CON**: Omni International Hotel - Waterside (Norfolk, VA). Guests: Majel Barrett-Roddenberry ("Lwaxana Troi"/"Nurse Chapel"), Bill Campbell ("Trelane"/"Koloth"), James Doohan ("Scotty"), Robert O'Reilly ("Gowron"), Armin Shimerman ("Quark"), Michael O'Hare ("Cmdr. Sinclair"); featuring optional tours of the aircraft carrier *USS Enterprise* (CVN-65). Membership: \$40 (*Enterprise* tours \$10 extra). Make checks payable to "Trek Rec Deck, Inc." and send to: Trek Rec Deck, Inc., PO Box 10658, Towson, MD 21285-0658.

November 18-20, 1994 **PHILCON '94**: The Adam's Mark Hotel (Philadelphia). Principal Speaker: Larry Niven, Artist GoH: Jim Burns. Cost: \$30 until 11/4/94. Make checks payable to "Philcon '94" and send to: Philcon '94, PO Box 8303, Philadelphia, PA 19101.

November 25-27, 1994 **DARKOVER GRAND COUNCIL MEETING XVII**: Holiday Inn, Timonium (Timonium, MD). Special Guests: Marion Zimmer Bradley (health permitting) & Katherine Kurtz; Artist Goh: Rikk Jacobs. Cost: \$30. Hotel rooms: \$61/night (up to four people in room). For membership, make checks payable to "Armida Council" and send to: Armida Council, PO Box 7203, Silver Spring, MD 20907. This is a *very* "gay/lesbian/bi-friendly" con.

May 19-21, 1995 **GAYLAXICON VI**: Radisson Hotel Niagara Falls (Niagara Falls, NY). Guest of Honor: Don Sakers, Artist Guest of Honor: Heather Bruton. Membership: \$20 until 12/31/94, then \$25 until 5/1/95 (\$30 at the door). Make checks payable to "Gaylaxicon VI" and send to: Gaylaxicon VI, P.O. Box 160225, St. Louis, MO 63116-8225.

July 13-16, 1995 **NASFiC (North American Science Fiction Convention)/DRAGON\*CON 1995**: Atlanta Civic Center & Atlanta Hilton and Towers (Atlanta, GA). Honored Guests: Orson Scott Card, George Alec Effinger, Bjo Trimble, Michael Whelan, Timothy Zahn. Cost: \$45 until 9/15/94. Make checks payable to "NASFiC'95" and send to: NASFiC/Dragon\*Con '95, P.O. Box 47696, Atlanta, GA 30362-0696.

