



# LAMBDA SCI-FI



DC Area Gaylaxians

PO Box 656, Washington, DC 20044 - (202) 232-3141 - Issue #98 - May 1998  
E-MAIL: LAMBDA SF@AOL.COM WEBSITE: <http://members.aol.com/lambdasf/home.html>

## May LSF Meeting

The next meeting of Lambda Sci-Fi:DC Area Gaylaxians will be held on Sunday, May 10th, at James Crutchfield's apartment: 1414 17th St., NW, Apt. 413 (near Dupont Circle) - 1:30 PM for business meeting; 2:00 PM for social meeting. Please bring some munchies or soft drinks if you can. Hope to see you there!

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GAYLAXICON 1999



\*\*\*EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!\*\*\*  
Gaylaxicon 1999 Committee  
Meeting Set for May 2nd

GAYLAXICON 1999



The next official meeting of the Gaylaxicon 1999 convention committee will be held on Saturday, May 2nd, at Rob-and-Peter's place. All members of the con-comm should be there by 4:00 PM.

This meeting is also open to anyone who is interested in helping out with the convention. If you'd like to be one of the "insiders" who'll help make

this convention a success, please drop by the meeting and volunteer your services. Peter & Rob live at 1715 15th St., NW, #30. The nearest Metro station is DuPont Circle. Ph. #202-483-6369.

For information on Gaylaxicon 1999: The 10th Gaylaxicon, see the Convention Calendar on page 6 of this newsletter.

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## Countdown to Gaylaxicon 8

Only a couple of more months until Gaylaxicon! It'll be held on the weekend of July 3-5, 1998, at the Troy Marriott Hotel (in Troy, Michigan). The Guest of Honor will be science-fiction author Anne Harris; and the two Artist Guests of Honor will be Kurt Erichsen and Frank Gembeck, Jr.

The special convention room rate at the Troy Marriott is \$75 per night. For reservations, call 800-228-9290 and make sure to mention Gaylaxicon 8!

Membership at Gaylaxicon 8 is \$35 for the weekend. Make your check payable to "Gaylaxicon 8" and send it to:

Gaylaxicon 8  
PO Box 700392  
Plymouth, MI 48170



## The Awfully Short Minutes of the April LSF Meeting

by Rob Gates

We came, we saw, we watched movies. Well, okay - there was a little more to it than that. But not much, even though we had two "issues" to discuss.

The group eagerly decided to participate in this year's DC Pride Festival. The cost increase for the table is minimal; and our treasury is in fine shape. In fact, people had numerous ideas on how to make this year's Pride festivities even more successful for Lambda Sci-Fi than last year's. Planning for the event will take place at the May meeting, so bring your ideas!

We also discussed the Gaylactic Network "Awards Proposal." After a lengthy discussion, the group voted to accept the proposal put forward by the Network's Award Committee. Again, some good ideas for

polishing up the mechanics of the award were bandied about; and anyone with feedback can talk to Rob (me) at the May meeting.

Finally, our regularly-scheduled random silliness ensued. A number of items were passed around; and Peter and Jennifer commented on *Lost in Space*: Peter gave the film "two thumbs down," while Jennifer gave Judy Robinson "two thumbs up." The consensus seemed to be that the special effects are nice but...

That was about it. We then segued into another entertaining edition of "Video Madness," with fun and food for all - including the ferrets.

Stay tuned next month for another installment of... The Minutes of Our Lives.

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## WHAT'S INSIDE?

A Double Dose of Film Reviews (pg. 2); *The Children of God* (book review - pg. 3); "Phall-out" from Philcon (book reviews - pg. 4); A Cartoon by Chris Browning (pg. 5); Information about Lambda Sci-Fi: DC Area Gaylaxians and Con Calendar (pg. 6)



*Deep Rising*  
(Shallow Waters - Good Monster)

I always wanted to take an ocean cruise on one of those mega luxury liners...until now. *Deep Rising* showed me that if the cruise line is successful (or isn't), I could be robbed by modern day pirates/terrorists/hoods/whatever - OR, even worse, be eaten by a horrific beastie from the deep! This Hollywood Pictures release sunk deep into Disney's pockets to give sfx director Rob Bottin free reign in designing the terror(s) from the deep. Unfortunately, this caused them to skimp in other areas.

A fantastically large luxury liner - replete with gambling, good food, video games extraordinaire, *et al* - sets sail on its maiden voyage, when it is set upon by incredibly bad weather, a power failure, and... something else... At about the same time, a good-sized modern cargo speedboat heads toward the huge liner with its small crew and sinister passengers, who've hired the boat to haul its peculiar cargo of explosives. In short order, the passengers of the cargo boat reveal themselves to be vicious, murderous pirates who commandeered the cargo boat so they can storm the luxury liner and rob the wealthy patrons. When the pirates reach the liner, they ready a torpedo to sink the liner after they rob it of its treasures; then they board the vessel, machine guns a-blazing. All this gunplay is rather useless, for as the pirates enter the liner's main ballroom, they find that practically everyone on board is dead -- horribly slaughtered. There is carnage everywhere they search. As I said, *practically* everyone is dead - but not all. The pirates come across a woman who is a professional thief, the ship's owner, the captain, and two of

the ship's officers - all of whom are hiding from... them. What are "them"? A bizarre mutant variety of *Aroyo* - strange little sucker worms which annoy deep sea divers. *These aroyo* aren't tiny, however - the smallest is about 12 feet long... perhaps. Will it be possible to escape the monsters which have infested the entire ship?

The plotting of this sea-beastie adventure is rather briny, as far as the pirate-cum-thief subplotting goes - along with the performances therein. This film was announced about four years ago. Supposedly it took most of that time to develop the necessary computer graphics for the undersea menace. The time wasn't wasted - the graphics for the monster(s?) are fantastic and expertly done. What else should we expect from Rob Bottin, the man who reinvented werewolves in 1980's *The Howling* and the gooey whatsits in John Carpenter's remake of *The Thing*? As I mentioned earlier, Hollywood Pictures' parent, Disney, gave Bottin carte blanche; and he outdid himself. What a shame the screenwriter/director, Stephen Sommers, drew a blank where everything *but* the monster was concerned. The dialogue is trite to the point of being totally asinine. The pirates, though adept with firearms, seem ill-equipped to deal with the small band of survivors they find - to the point of causing one to wonder just how these jugheads would have been able to handle a whole ship full of people. The leads - Treat Williams, Famke Janssen, Wes Studi, and Anthony Heald - try to mask their tedium, but fail miserably. But to Hell with all that, for the monster is so strange and so unique that IT makes the entire process bearable. While the form may be basically familiar, the specifics are fascinating. Just when you think you have the crea-

ture figured out - BAM!

I have sat through the late 1980s' boom of lousy sea monster movies: *Leviathan*, *Deep Star Six*, *Lords of the Deep*, *Endless Descent*, etc. - complete with dopey plots and laughable monsters. At least, monster-wise, this is a shift in the right direction. Enjoy - the deeperiser, anyway!

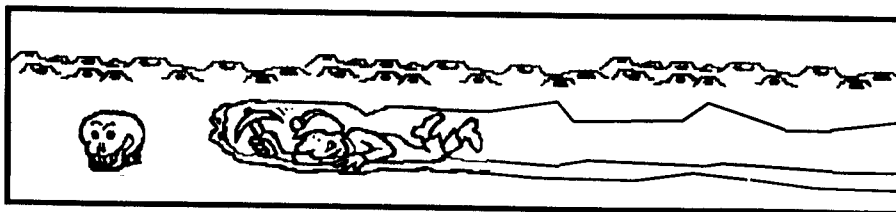
**RATING:** 2 out of a possible 4  
(for the monster!).

*Phantoms*  
(Phudge!)

Dimension Films' trailer for this film says: "We were always told that the terror would come from above. What if it came from below?!" Come it does, in this filmic adaptation of one of horrormeister Dean Koontz's earliest successful novels. The film is rather faithful to the novel, with Koontz serving as the film's scenarist. As directed by Joe Chapelle, the story unfolds as though we (the audience) walked in on Page Two of the script, instead of on Page One.

A woman brings her wayward sister to her small home town in Colorado to help her get her life back in order. Upon arrival, they find that the town's populace has either vanished completely without a trace or been most bizarrely murdered (having their brains and veins savagely torn and drained) by some unknown killer. Besides the woman (who is also the town doctor) and her wayward sister, the only other survivors are the town sheriff and two of his deputies. This band of survivors manage to convey their situation, via a scratchy two-way radio, and are able to enlist the aid of the military. The military, in turn, enlist the aid of a long-disgraced paleontologist, who now writes for a tabloid newspaper about something called "The Ancient Enemy." It is the paleontologist's claim that, at various points in history, the disappearances of various civilizations (for example, the "Lost Colony" at

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## *The Children of God*

by Mary Doria Russell

reviewed by Rob Gates

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Last year at Worldcon in San Antonio, I had the pleasure of hearing a bright, articulate, and passionate woman talk about religion and science fiction. That woman was the author of a single novel, *The Sparrow*. I picked up a copy right away and had it signed by the author who had so impressed me with her comments. Amazingly, I discovered that this single novel had been making increasingly large waves - winning praise from critics and garnering the James Tiptree Jr. Award. I moved it up to the top of my reading list. It was everything that science fiction can be and more. (See the Nov. '97 LSF newsletter for my review of *The Sparrow*.) As many of you know, I've been praising this book vocally ever since, at every opportunity. I've described her writing as "science fiction on the level of LeGuin." Now I have something else to praise about Mary Doria Russell: her ability to sustain that astounding quality through a second novel.

*The Children of God* picks up the story of *The Sparrow* just three or four days later. Emilio Sandoz is slowly trying to regain some semblance of a life. Though he has been able to detail the events of the first mission to the planet Rakhat, he is haunted by the things he has seen and done and had done to him. He is bitter at the Church, more so at God. But our interaction with Rakhat is not over: the music we hear from their world is changing; and a second contact mission is being put together. Sandoz refuses to return, but forces are at work to insure that he confronts the consequences of the first mission. Those forces include the Jesuit Father General (who believes that there must be a reason for what happened to Sandoz), the Pope (who believes that Sandoz is still beloved of God and must regain his connection with God), and the Camorra (who know that Sandoz's knowledge of Rakhat will be instrumental in arranging good trade deals). Sandoz refuses and re-

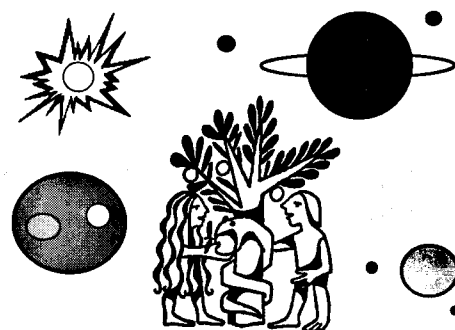
fuses and refuses again, as he tries to build a new life with a caring fiancée and her daughter. But what must be, must be; and in the end the Camorra make him an offer he cannot refuse.

But *The Children of God* is not just the story of Sandoz's return to Rakhat. For, as we watch events in Sandoz's life unfold, we are taken back to Rakhat to see the changes engendered by the events in *The Sparrow*. The fragile relationship between the two native intelligent species is breaking down; revolutionary change is under way, led by Sofia Mendes, who was last assumed dead. The populous Runa are striking back against their masters, the Jana'ata; and Jana'ata society is being turned into chaos due to the changes wrought by the Jana'ata male who had brutalized Sandoz, changes which include allowing females more influence and allowing the Runa more freedom.

And mostly *The Children of God* is a story about children - the children of war, the children of villains, the children of heroes - and the price they all pay for the actions of their parents, as well as the changes they can bring about. Foremost among these children are Isaac, the autistic child of Sofia Mendes and Jimmy Quinn, and Ha'anala, the child of Supaari VaGayjur. While the fighting between Runa and Jana'ata escalates, Isaac and Ha'anala form a colony comprised of both species, living and working together in peace. But the Jana'ata are in chaos, the Runa are rampaging against their former masters, and humans are returning to Rakhat - peace may not be possible.

As with *The Sparrow*, Russell tells her story by moving from time to time and from place to place; and again it works marvelously. Her societies are well-crafted, her characters are emotionally full and motivationally defined, and her prose is magnificent. Whereas in *The Sparrow* we knew the ending, in *The Children of God* we must wait - learning about what happens one page at a time, not knowing the future.

Like *The Sparrow*, it is not the brilliant writing, the intriguing races and



cultures, or the action that is at the heart of *The Children of God*. It is the moral and ethical questions the story raises. We see that people are not just evil or just good, that we are all capable of both great and horrible things. We see the ways that violence and revenge can cloud the hearts of good people. We see that children are often the hardest hit by the actions of their parents, bound into ways of acting that they cannot change and carrying the baggage of generations past. But, most importantly, we find an answer to many of the questions raised by *The Sparrow*. At the heart of *The Sparrow* was the question of Job: if a Divine Being exists and is all-powerful and loving of all creation, why is there evil in the world, why is there suffering, why do bad things happen to good people? The answer we find in *The Children of God* is that perhaps we simply can't see enough of the canvas to understand - that, over time, wonderful things can happen because of a single horrible moment.

The most rewarding thing about *The Children of God*, though, is the message of redemption and hope. There is nothing that cannot be overcome if we look and try hard enough. Emilio Sandoz remembers how to cry, to feel, and to laugh. Sofia Mendes remembers how to love. The children can create new ways of thinking. And we all walk away the better for it.

Find this book. Read both it and *The Sparrow*. You won't be disappointed; and you won't walk away unchanged.

**RATING:** as a stand-alone novel, 9.5 out of 10; coupled with *The Sparrow*, 10 out of 10.

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## "Phall-out" from Philcon

two short book reviews

by Carl Cipra

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[Ed. note: I sent this article along to Peter *before* my most recent "Arabian Adventure" - and, now that I'm back, I see that he hasn't used it yet! Harumph! OK, then I'll use it! Actually, with a couple of minor alterations, the first of my two reviews fits in rather nicely with Rob's review of *The Children of God*.]

### *The Sparrow*

by Mary Doria Russell

Rob has been recommending that I read *The Sparrow* for quite some time now. He finally talked me into picking up a copy (Fawcett, trade paperback) in the dealers' room at Philcon last year; and I added it to the stack of books I took to read while visiting my family over the Christmas/New Year's holidays. Wow! What a powerful, thought-provoking book! I wish I'd read it earlier! Rob already beat me to the punch and reviewed it in the Nov. '97 LSF newsletter; but I just couldn't resist putting in a few additional comments myself.

*The Sparrow* is, at first glance, a "first contact" story. It tells the story of a mission to Alpha Centauri planned and sponsored by the Jesuits in the year 2021 - and of its disastrous results. The story is told in two "tracks" that trade off every chapter or so. One "track" tells the story of the discovery of alien radio signals in 2019 by a researcher at Arecibo, followed by the planning of the mission to Alpha Centauri and the account of the mission itself. The second "track" follows the rehabilitation and de-briefing in Rome in 2059/2060 of Father Emilio Sandoz, the disgraced and horribly injured sole survivor of the mission. The two "tracks" converge as the novel progresses, gradually revealing to the reader how a mission that started out with so much promise ended up so disastrously. Throughout the novel, Ms. Russell demonstrates a marvelous ability to believably "build" the world

of Rakhat: linguistics, culture, society, biology - all woven together into a fascinating whole. Behind the "first contact" story, however, is a deeply moving examination of such topics as celibacy, martyrdom, sainthood, personal faith, Divine Will, and the role of God in the world. (The novel's title, in fact, is derived from the provocative Biblical verse about God and the falling sparrow - Matthew 10:29.) I found Father Sandoz's crisis of faith easily as disturbing as the descriptions of his physical deprivations.

As I read *The Sparrow*, I was inescapably reminded of another book I'd read some years ago: *Black Robe*, by Brian Moore. Moore's novel recounts the appalling experiences of Jesuit missionaries among the Iroquois, Hurons, and Algonquins in 17th-century North America. Although *The Sparrow* is in no way a simple "science-fictionalization" of *Black Robe*, Russell consciously sets out to explore many of the same kinds of "first contact" experiences and consequences that Moore depicts in *Black Robe*; but Russell explores them in the light of a more "modern" era, an era supposedly benefitting from over two centuries of scientific advances.

I was very pleased with Russell's handling of the gay content in the story. One of the members of the expedition to Rakhat turns out to be gay (certainly not the one I expected!); and the interactions between him and the other characters are handled sensitively and believably. Beyond this, however, *The Sparrow* effectively explores another concept of abiding interest to the les/bi/gay community - the concept of "family" as more than just a biological unit. The Jesuit-sponsored expedition is, after all, mostly composed of adults who are not related to each other and who have no close biological relatives back on Earth. (Even the older married couple - a medical doctor and her engineer husband - are childless.) Over the course of the years-long voyage, they become a close-knit, caring "family" (which makes the expedition's tragic failure all the *more* tragic).

At the end of this edition of *The Sparrow*, there's "A Reader's Guide" which contains an interview with the author and which offers some fascinating insights into the novel and its creation. I definitely recommend that you hold off on turning to the "Guide" until you're done reading the novel itself; it contains some "spoilers" that could lessen the impact of Russell's story.

Russell's "successor" novel, *Children of God*, is now on the bookstands. It's already jumped to the head of my reading list! I was very happy to see that Rob says she's managed to sustain what she started in *The Sparrow*.



### *What Mad Universe?*

by Fredric Brown

It's usually Michael C. who reviews the "golden oldies" for the LSF newsletter - he frequently reviews little-known Gothic fiction, and a couple of months back he reviewed a couple of classic fantasy novels: A. Merritt's *The Ship of Ishtar* (1924) and Henry Kuttner's *The Mask of Circe* (1948). I figure it's *my* turn now! So here's a short review of *What Mad Universe?* (1949) by Fredric Brown. I first heard about this particular novel - among others - in Mike Resnick's "Forgotten Treasures" column (*Fantasy & Science Fiction*, Feb. 1997); and I was intrigued by Resnick's comments.

Fredric Brown was a classic SF author from the pulp era. He sold dozens of short stories and over 50 vignettes (500-word short stories) to various pulp magazines. In fact, *What Mad Universe?* itself was first published in a "condensed version" in *Startling Stories* in 1948. With those credentials, I guess Brown could be considered an expert on pulp-style SF. Well, he took that expertise, gathered up a bunch of those tired old pulp clichés that were "tired" and "old" even back when *he*

(continued on page 5)

## Film Reviews

continued from page 2

Roanoke) are attributable to one single, malevolent, terrestrial force - rather than an extraterrestrial one. What everyone finds is *the* most ancient being on the planet, which believes itself to be Satan. The task before our heroes is to write a gospel of this monster if they wish to survive. The entity makes life difficult by sending out doppelgangers of its varied and sundry victims, to make sure its wishes are being obeyed. The monster itself is rather unique - think of Jello with a mind, able to take whatever shape it desires (*à la* John Carpenter's version of *The Thing*).

This film plays exactly the way the book reads - between blinks. To be fair, I have never been a big Dean Koontz fan. I don't care for any of his myriad slice'n'dice tales; and his supernatural and sci-fi tales tend to be retakes of other authors' ideas, with a few innovations thrown in. Koontz, as screenplay author, has forgotten that even though film is obviously a fairly visceral medium, he must let the audience's imagination feel free to roam within the boundaries given. As with the novel it's based on, one feels as though this film is some sort of poorly-entered-into sequel (even though it isn't). Koontz's images are dry. A prime example of this is the monster (the one thing I enjoyed about the book) being pared down to the apparent off-spring of *The Blob* and *The Thing*. Koontz has also let reason fly to the wind by giving us no cause for any of the survivors (save one) being left to tell the story. One also has the feeling, from the screenplay and direction, that Koontz and Chapelle viewed John Carpenter's *In the Mouth of Madness* once too often and tried to play "flash-image" in a tale that cries out to be told in a straightforward manner.

The three main protagonists - the doctor, her wayward sister, and the paleontologist - are handled in a very pulp-fiction manner, being flip and eloquent-while-attempting-wit. The performers - (respectively) Rose McGowan, Joanna Going, and Peter

## "Phall-out"

continued from page 4

was writing, and fashioned one heck of a tongue-in-cheek, pulp-style, golly-geewhiz sci-fi adventure. The main character, Keith Winton is the editor of a pulp science-fiction magazine; and he's unexpectedly hurled into some sort of alternate universe where reality is actually based on those tired old pulp clichés. In this alternate version of 1948 America, everybody uses "credits" as money (instead of dollars), BEMs (bug-eyed monsters) roam the streets, space travel has been common since the early 1900s (based on some sort of improbable technology), and bikini-clad "spacegirls" are wandering around the cosmos. This novel really is a hoot! Yes, it's a deliberate send-up of the pulp sci-fi genre; but Brown manages to pull it off without being too cutsey or "wink-wink, nudge-nudge" about it all. Resnick even thinks that *What Mad Universe?* may be the first recursive SF novel - that is, an SF novel about SF.

I recommend *What Mad Universe?* - it's a fun read. The only problem you'll probably have with this novel

O'Toole - come across like caricatures. Every once in a while, a flash of brilliance comes across their faces; but, on the whole, they appear to be mouthing their lines. Peter O'Toole gives it the old college try - after all, he has to work at playing down to the other performers' level. Getting back to the director, Chapelle has helmed a few horror sequels, such as *Halloween 6* and *Hellraiser: Bloodline*. Perhaps this is the problem - Chapelle has worked in "sequel-land" and has no concept of a first-time film; and, working so closely with Koontz (who writes in that same manner) Chapelle was unable to come up with something that didn't look as though it should have been shown on television - including commercials.

A CARTOON BY CHRIS BROWNING



"I've been waiting...  
Where have you been?"

is in *finding* it. "Forgotten Treasures" like this one aren't exactly as easy to find as Resnick's column would lead you to believe. I was *finally* able to dig up a copy of this one at a specialized dealer's table at Philcon '97. This treasure was, however, worth the hunt.

ΛΨΦ

The monster, supplied by Steve Johnson's XFX, is familiar; but it's at least well-executed. XFX manages to convey *some* life into the old beast. If only Koontz would have kept the strength of his convictions where the monster was concerned, perhaps the beastie could have nudged us with a wink, instead of with a shove. Perhaps this is true of all Koontz's work; for, as is evident here, he is all talk - he has something interesting to say but bores us with garbage in the telling. The title of the film refers to the unreal doubles the monster sends forth; unfortunately it also refers to the finished work: *Phantoms*. So-so enjoyment.

RATING: 1½ out of 4.

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**\* \* 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 on Sunday, May 10th, at James Crutchfield's apartment: 1414 17th St., NW, Apt. 413 (near Dupont Circle) - 1:30 PM for business meeting; 2:00 PM for social meeting. 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 James



**DISCLAVE 1998** (previously scheduled for May 1-3, 1998) has been cancelled.

June 26-28, 1998 **SHORE LEAVE 20**. Marriotts Hunt Valley Inn (Hunt Valley, MD). Guests: Robert Duncan McNeill (*ST:V's* "Tom Paris"), Bill Mumy (*B5's* "Lennier"). Hotel rooms: \$89/night (call 410-785-7000 for reservations. Membership: \$45 (deadline for mail-in registration - 5/31/98). Make checks payable to "Shore Leave" and send to: Shore Leave 20, P.O. Box 6809, Towson, MD 21285-6809 (include 2 SASE's).

E-mail: ShoreLeave@aol.com

Website: <http://members.aol.com/shoreleave>

July 3-5, 1998 **GAYLAXICON 8**. Troy Marriott Hotel (Troy, Michigan). Guest of Honor: Anne Harris; Artist Guests of Honor: Kurt Erichsen, Frank Gembeck, Jr. Hotel rooms: \$75/night (call 800/228-9290 for reservations & *make sure to mention Gaylaxicon 8!*). Membership: \$35. Make checks payable to "Gaylaxicon 8" and send to: Gaylaxicon 8, PO Box 700392, Plymouth, MI 48170.

E-mail: Gaylaxicon 8@aol.com

Aug. 5-9, 1998 **BUCCONEER (the 56th World Science Fiction Convention)**. Baltimore Convention Center & surrounding hotels. Guests of Honor: C.J. Cherryh, Stanley Schmidt, Michael Whelan. Attending membership: \$130 thru 6/15/98 (higher at the door). Make checks payable to "Bucconeer" and send to: Bucconeer, Post Office Box 314, Annapolis Junction, MD 20701.

E-Mail: baltimore98@access.digex.net

Web page: <http://www.access.digex.net/~balt98>

October 8-11, 1999 **GAYLAXICON 1999: THE 10TH GAYLAXICON**. Washington, DC. Guest of Honor: Diane Duane; Artist GoH: Nancy Janda. Membership: \$40 until July 5, 1998, then \$50 until Sept. 1, 1999, \$60 at the door. (No mail-in registrations after Sept. 1, 1999.) Make checks payable to "Gaylaxicon 1999" and send to: Gaylaxicon 1999, c/o Lambda Sci-Fi, PO Box 656, Washington, DC 20044. For more information, call 202/232-3141.

Send e-mail to: [lambdasf@aol.com](mailto:lambdasf@aol.com)

Also check out: <http://members.aol.com/lambdasf/home.html>

November 6-8, 1998 **SCI-CON 20**. Holiday Inn Executive Center (Virginia Beach, VA). Guests: Will Shetterly (GoH) & Emma Bull (Special GoH), Coleen Doran (Artist GoH). Hotel rooms: \$66/night (sgl. or dbl.) - for reservations (deadline 10/17/98) call 757-499-4400 or 1-800-HOLIDAY (*Ask for Sci-Con rate*). Membership: \$25 until 4/30/98, \$30 from 5/1 to 10/31/98, \$35 at the door. Make checks payable to "Sci-Con 20" and send to: Sci-Con 20, P.O. Box 9434, Hampton, VA 23670. E-mail: [ghnat@aol.com](mailto:ghnat@aol.com) -or- [tgray@norfolk.infi.net](mailto:tgray@norfolk.infi.net) Website: <http://www.scicon.org>

