





presents...

Con†Stellation XIII: Musca

4-6 November 1994
Tom Bevill Center
Huntsville, Alabama

Guest of Hono(u)r	Spider Robinson
Master of Ceremonies	Timothy Zahn
Artist Guest of Honor	Alan M. Clark
Fan Guest of Honor	Sue Thorn

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Spider Robinson

by John Varley

Your first question probably has to do with his name. Was he born "Spider Robinson" or something else? That's a tough question — and so are all the others. Real facts about "Spider" are hard to come by. Lessons learned early in life are the hardest to break, and interviewers approaching "Spider" soon find he will answer nothing until he's made his one free phone call to his lawyer.

But, through diligent research and a few modest bribes, I have unearthed a sketchy biography of this man known as "Spider," and I'd like to share some of the facts with you — at least, the ones where the statute of limitations has expired.

The tiny kingdom of Freedonia lies wedged between Chile and Argentina. It is the only place in the world where Esperanto is the official language. There, on a date lost to history, in the capital city of Hundofliki (in English, roughly, "Dogpatch"), a child was born to Jackie and Bill Rubekolofilo (roughly, "Son-of-the-Red-Breasted-Nuisance"). Christened Juan Araneo Rubekolofilo, the child quickly picked up a nickname, "Sput-

infaneto" (Baby-who-spits-up-a-lot), even more quickly shortened to "Sputter."

His childhood was pleasant, pastoral, bucolic. His father, Bill, was a penguin rancher, and his mother, Jackie, worked in the government office of Esperantisation. Freedonia had been settled during the brief, almost unnoticed, period of Basque Imperialism, so Jackie's days were spent turning Basque words into Esperanto words — no easy task, as she delighted in telling her family. Sputter's brothers and sisters — Wheezer, Froggy, Szymie, Darla, Alfalfa, Farina, Buckwheat and Oatmeal — spent their time at the pointless, distasteful tasks familiar to all rural children, taking time out now and then to put on shows and make silent movies.

But Sputter was a rebellious youth. Old police blotters from Hundofliki tell the story: early arrests for breaking gumball machines, annoying the neighbours' sheep, slandering the State, unauthorised possession of a nuclear weapon and punning in the forbidden Basque language culminated in a sensational trial on the charge of first-degree *anserohautu-ansero* (liter-

ally, "Goosing a goose," but, more accurately, "Disgusting behaviour with waterfowl"), the bird, in this case, being under age. Sputter was able to avoid prison through a linguistic technicality (something common in Freedonia at the time) by pointing out the correct charge should have been *pingvenoseksa*, "unnatural acts with a penguin." Since no one in Freedonia had the stomach to even write this word down, much less charge him with it, the case was dismissed. Thus, early in life, did Sputter learn the power of language. Other demonstrations were soon to follow. Esperantisation threw Freedonia into chaos. The economy was rocked when no one could decide on which word to use for "farmer," a situation that threw thousands of honest Freedonian peasants into unemployment and created masses of refugees streaming into town searching for something to be. Sputter's brother, Wheezer, was shocked to learn that his own name, in Esperanto, meant "my bladder is about to burst," and his sister, Darla, was disgraced when her name was translated as "she who pulled the train after the homecoming game." That was nothing compared to Alfalfa, whose name would not translate at all, and who had to cease to exist. This would have been hard enough for the Rubekolofilo family, having their beloved Alfalfa gone, if he hadn't been so noisy about it. His moans of hunger kept them awake many a night.

Sputter rose to his brother's defense. He led marches through Hundofliki, carrying placards reading, "SAVE . . ." The government was

thrown into disarray, and soon toppled. Sputter and his family were forced to seek asylum with the neighbouring Argentines, who were shocked and dismayed to learn of Freedonia's existence in the first place. An invading army soon remedied that, and Freedonia slipped into the mists of History.

But not Sputter. He found work in a slot-machine factory, and soon was losing all his wages testing the devices. (An interesting sidelight: Spider Robinson invented both the cherry and the sliced watermelon. Every time either one of them comes up in Reno, Vegas or Atlantic City, he gets a small royalty. Some years this adds up to as much as \$30 Canadian.) He gathered his humble belongings: a set of lock-picks, a favourite blackjack, a month's receipts from the slot-machine company's safe, and boarded a tramp steamer, his departure unnoticed except by a flock of female penguins who wept disconsolately on the dock.

He spent three lonely months on Ellis Island — this despite the fact that the huge immigrant facility had been closed down for seven years. He later claimed the place reminded him of home, and so he was reluctant to leave it. Reports of wild parties, shipments of illegal contraband, loud guitar music, and hundreds of irate harbour seals around Ellis Island at this time are still being investigated, and probably have no basis in fact.

Sputter arrived in New York to a tumultuous tickertape parade. The parade was for John Glenn, but that didn't matter to the starry-eyed boy from the hinterlands. This was New

York! The Big Apple (in Esperanto: *Grandegapomo*)! Here he would make a name for himself; here he would make his fortune! Two years later he slipped over the border into Canada, intact but for a patch on the seat of his britches, which he left in a bloodhound's mouth.

How did this come to pass? Details are sketchy, and certain matters still in litigation cannot be discussed here due to a series of restraining orders. Also, the grand jury is still deliberating, and there is a chance that Governor Cuomo won't sign the extradition papers. Far be it from me to prejudice pending legal matters. So, circumspectly...

He quickly changed his name to the handle under which we all now know him. He purchased an accent in a shop on 42nd Street. It sounds like The Bronx, but you figure it out. He went to work at the U.N., who hired him on the spot, when he pointed out the vast organisation had no Basque-Esperanto simultaneous translators on its staff. The work was to Spider's liking. Since no one at the U.N. spoke either Basque OR Esperanto, there was scant need for his services. This left him with much time on his hands to pursue his other interests — most of which we will not discuss here, for reasons mentioned above.

But three of Spider's interests during this period bear mentioning. The first is his music. He began singing on the streets, guitar case open to receive the tips of appreciative New Yorkers. Before long he had earned four or five dollars, and was able to take his act into "beatnik" coffee houses, where musicians performed for no salary, for

the sheer joy of their art. So meteoric was his rise in this career that, in no time at all, he had a busy schedule of performances in all the better burlesque houses, paying only nominal fees for his bookage.

The second was his interest in punning, which went from a mild affliction to a galloping pandemic during this period. The less said about it, the better... but it is rumoured that his flight to Canada was precipitated by a pun involving an aardvark, a car park, and a card shark — luckily, lost in history.

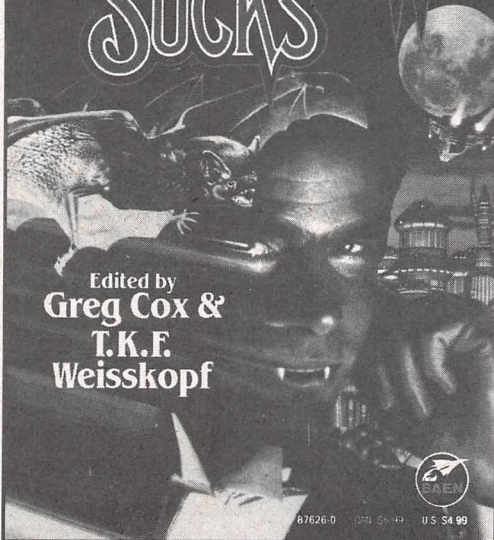
The third concerns what Spider always called his "weird stories." Back in Freedonia, perched on a rail above the penguin pens, he used to regale his brothers and sisters with odd little tales involving spaceships, ray guns, trips to the moon, and a bar where the strangest people were apt to drop in for a drink. Now, in New York, he got the idea of writing some of these stories on paper and sending them in to magazines and book publishers. They kept getting rejected, but Spider was undaunted. He wrote more, and kept sending them in. His friends told him to give up, that nothing would ever come of it. With fierce determination, Spider kept at it. But his friends were right. Nothing ever came of it. Spider now lives in total obscurity in Vancouver, British Columbia, where he breeds penguins.

All lies, of course. In 1987 I was invited to be Guest of Honour at TusCon, in Arizona. Soon, as cons always do, they asked me to provide them with bio and biblio informa-

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tion. The prospect filled me with weariness. I have a ten-year-old bibliographical handout somewhere (I'll update it one of these days), but I can never find them. As to biographical information, I really don't like giving it out. It's a personal and illogical position, but there it is. Then, the TusCon people asked me who I'd like to write the bio page about me in the Program Book. I said, if he was not too busy, Spider Robinson would be perfect... and the whole scheme dawned on me. He could do it (if he had the time and if he agreed to do it at all) *only* if he made up all the facts about me prior to the time of our first meeting. He could tell the truth from then on — if he was so inclined — but he had to make up all the stuff like where born, where educated, names of children, etc.

See, though I count Spider as one of my best friends in the world, I really don't know much about him. Not much factual, anyway. I assumed he didn't know much about my life, either. So this way, he'd be spared the tedium of asking me questions I didn't much want to answer, and maybe everybody would get a giggle out of it. Judging from the reaction to his piece at TusCon, it was not a bad idea. And so now, for his sins... you guessed it: he gave me the same set of conditions for Con†Stellation, with the results you have just read.

I'm getting close to two thousand words and I haven't spent much time listing his books or praising his work, have I? And his books ought to be listed. (Let's hope someone else has been assigned the task of bibliography, because you won't get one here.) And

as to praising him... for one thing, you got to figure he's pretty good, or why would Con†Stellation have flown him all the way from Vancouver, at considerable expense, to be your Guest of Honour?... If you haven't read *Night of Power* or *Mindkiller* or *Telemath*, then run, do not walk, to the Hucksters' Room and pick up copies. And if you haven't read the tales of Callahan's Place, what are you doing at a science fiction convention, anyhow? Well, maybe you're just starting out. But read them. I envy you.

(I'm supposed only to discuss Spider here, but it's impossible not to mention Jeanne. [I assume someone else is writing something about Jeanne which is great because I wouldn't want to do anything like the above foolishness, and I don't know if I have the words for a serious appreciation. And, while Jeanne, like Spider, is someone I've only met for short periods of time over the years, they're both special friends. {And if you know one thing about Jeanne, it is that she is a dancer. And I have never seen her dance. So why do I *feel* like I have seen her dance?}])

And, in the second place (there was a first place up there, somewhere), you don't get the number of Hugo and Nebula Awards Spider has unless you are a damned good writer. He is a wonderful singer and songwriter and guitar player, too. And I almost forgot to mention *Stardance*, the most moving story I have read in many years, and maybe that is why I feel like I have seen Jeanne dance.

With all that going for him, the puns are a small price to pay.

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Tim Zahn Calls Your Bluff

by Bill Smith

Timothy Zahn would make one heck of a poker player. I know all of you think he's a writer — in fact, he's quite good at that, as his Hugo award for his novella "Cascade Point" proves — but he might have missed his true calling. He's quiet, cool under pressure, and just when you think you've got him all figured out he'll really surprise you.

I'm not trying to imply that Tim is some sort of con man. He doesn't like to willfully mislead people. However, he does enjoy the fun of presenting a puzzle to see if people can figure it out. He's someone who specializes in allowing readers to draw their own conclusions... which are invariably wrong. He has made the plot twist an art form.

To see what I mean, read *Conquerors' Pride*, his latest novel. Throughout the novel, you get tantalizing clues about humanity's CIRCE super weapon. The aliens (who are called the Conquerors) are motivated by their knowledge of CIRCE. In fact, you find out that the whole novel appears to be motivated by the CIRCE weapon.

Then, just as you think you've figured out what's probably going on, you learn that... well, it's a dandy of an ending.

Tim uses readers' preconceived notions against them, allowing them to misdirect themselves. He'll plant a few clues, and then you'll make an assumption about the story and go scampering off in the wrong direction. When he reveals what's *really* going on, you say to yourself, "Why didn't I think of that... it was so obvious!"

The clues have been there the whole time, of course (it would only be fair), but Tim knows his audience and he knows, in general, what kinds of assumptions that audience will make. Then he takes those assumptions and turns them inside and out in a most satisfying manner.

My association with Tim began when West End Games set out to adapt his novel *Heir to the Empire* to the *Star Wars* roleplaying game. While I was editing the game manuscript, I had to give Tim a call to check a few facts. I was extremely nervous because Tim was to be the first novelist I had ever

talked to; I honestly didn't know what type of person would be on the other end of the line.

The person I talked to was extremely courteous and polite, seemed genuinely interested in the game book, and had a real knack for relating stories. What I thought would be a brief call became the first of many marathon phone sessions with Tim and the beginning of a great professional friendship. As I was finishing up the call, I mentioned how excited I was to read *Dark Force Rising*, the second novel in his *Star Wars* series. I really enjoyed the characters of Grand Admiral Thrawn, the main villain in the series, and the smuggling kingpin Talon Karrde. I was especially interested in what secrets were to be found in Mount Tantiss, Emperor Palpatine's secret storehouse that Thrawn discovered. Tim asked, almost casually, what it was I thought Thrawn was searching for. I offered a few guesses, and Tim encouraged me with hints. Then finally I asked flat out (the suspense was killing me). Tim matter-of-factly related that Spaarti cylinders were used for cloning — and suddenly all of the clues fit together. "Why didn't I think of that?" I asked myself, and I began to get a few clues as to how Tim approaches writing.

As another example, let me tell you about a special *Star Wars* roleplaying game Tim participated in. It was run at this year's GenCon Game Fair in Milwaukee. He and West End editor Peter Schweighofer worked out the scenario. This was a "typical" *Star Wars* adventure in many ways — the Rebel char-

acters (the players) were sent to root out an Imperial Grand Moff who was causing all kinds of problems for the Alliance. Along the way, the characters met the infamous bounty hunter Boba Fett (played by Tim). Fett made it clear that he was there simply for his own agenda, but he agreed to an informal alliance with the Rebels — he needed their assistance in breaking into the Grand Moff's compound. Throughout the adventure, Tim played Fett perfectly — he was one cool character, right down to the quietly threatening commentary (by the way, Tim had never roleplayed before).

As the characters were marching through some underground caverns, Fett slipped away. Eventually the characters made their way to a balcony overlooking the Grand Moff's audience chamber. Below them, they saw Boba Fett confronting the Grand Moff before an Imperial Advisor and several squads of stormtroopers. Fett ordered the troops to arrest the Grand Moff on charges of treason against the Empire. After much bluster on the part of the Grand Moff, Fett produced identification and removed his helmet to reveal himself to be none other than Grand Admiral Thrawn! With a quiet but threatening presence, Thrawn ordered the arrest of the Grand Moff... and the Rebel characters up on the balcony! It was a plot twist worthy of Thrawn... and Tim.

This is just one facet of Tim's writing style. While he excels at the surprise plot twist, his stories are, in my opinion, wonderful science fiction. He combines credible universes, intricate

plotting, intriguing settings and very human characters to relate stories that are both entertaining and challenging.

He plays by "the rules" — he creates a universe and sticks to the parameters he has set for himself and relayed to the reader. He doesn't take the easy way out by choosing to redefine his universe whenever the previous rules he's established are inconvenient.

His stories are not about technology, but about people who use technology. Against grand settings, he tells very "human" and personal stories about characters you come to care for. And before you know it, you are caught up in his tale, whether it is about the Cavanaugh family of *Conquerors' Pride*, the Cobras from *Cobra*, *Cobra Bargain* and *Cobra Strike*, or familiar icons like Luke Skywalker and Han Solo.

I've talked about Tim Zahn the writer. I have not discussed Tim Zahn the person, and I would be remiss in my duties if I didn't tell you about him. Tim is a perfect gentleman in every sense of the word — down to earth, funny, extremely friendly, approachable and just a joy to spend time with. He's incredibly curious, and known to strike up conversations about any number of subjects. He's also hysterical on a panel — just ask him what he thinks of *Star Trek* and sit back!

He considers it a real privilege to be able to write, and he values immensely the opinions of those around him. I would encourage all of you to take a few moments to say hello to him! You won't be disappointed.

Video Room Schedule

Friday

- 4p *The Fly* (Original)
- 6p *The Fly* (Remake)
- 8p *The Fly II*
- 10p *Wizard of Speed & Time*

Saturday

- 12a *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*—**NO** props allowed!!
- 2a *To Cast a Deadly Spell*
- 4a *The Blob* (Original)
- 6a *Future Shock*
- 8a *Arachnophobia*
- 10a *Tarantula*
- 12 hours of Star Trek**
- 12p *The Motion Picture*
- 2p *The Wrath of Khan*
- 4p *The Search For Spock*
- 6p *The Voyage Home*
- 8p *The Final Frontier*
- 10p *The Undiscovered Country*

Sunday

- 12a *Star Wars*
- 2a *The Empire Strikes Back*
- 4a *Return of The Jedi*
- 6a *Demolition Man*
- 8a *Time Rider*
- 10a *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*
- 12p *Batman*

Also, check outside the door of Room 280 Friday and Saturday nights for a schedule of Alternate Video Programming in that room.

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Modesty and Refinement: Alan M. Clark

by peteso

My good friend Alan Clark is always hitting me up to write these little glowing pieces for him, telling how wonderful he is and how everybody ought to like him a whole lot. I've always been more than happy to accept these challenges; being, after all, primarily a writer of fiction.

Well, he called me again tonight, and somewhere between fixing supper doing laundry helping the kids with homework and grinding the valves on my pick up, I made the mistake of answering the phone.

"Listen, peteso, there's this thing happening down in Huntsville next month, and they've had the good taste to invite me as their Artist GoH. So if you're not doing anything better the next couple days, I need another one of those little blurbs you're so good at.

Few thousand words, tops. Think you can have it ready for me by Tuesday?"

"Tuesday? Alan, come on! This is Sunday night. And tomorrow I got a job down in Decatur that's gonna take all day to do."

"Oh great," he continued, oblivious. "Now here's exactly what I want. You know in that last one, when you said how you 'know of no more hard-working or dedicated a craftsman in any field, nor of a more impressive or moving a body of work than the hundreds of paintings and sketches you've seen stream from my brushtips over the years.' Yeah, well we need lots more of that kind of crap. The fans really eat that stuff up. And if you get a chance you might put in just a line or two this time about how amazingly athletic I am, as well as mentioning

my boyishly charming good looks and — oh yeah; the fact that I can make love to a woman for up to....”

When I finally managed to get off the phone with him, I decided I better start in on the sucker right away, and maybe I could finish it before he called back to remind me of the bushy head of hair he has growing beneath that funny-looking skull cap he always wears. So here goes:

I have had the great good fortune to claim membership in the Alan Clark fan club for better than twenty years now. Even back then, as a mere wisp of a lad, it was obvious to everyone what Alan's calling in life would be. While still a teenager he left Nashville for San Francisco to finish high school and pursue studies at the prestigious San Francisco Art Institute, from which he graduated in 1979. Alan returned home shortly afterward and set up a studio in Nashville, where he met and married his lovely wife Melody. He paid his dues for several years, disturbing friends and gallery goers alike with his unworldly paintings, sculptures and sketches, before the larger art community finally caught up with him. In the last ten years, he has made quite a name for himself in the publishing world. His list of credits grows by the week, and it is no longer a small task to chronicle the many places his works have found homes. In recent years, he has become a favorite illustrator for places such as *Asimov's*, *Analog*, *Cemetery Dance* and *Roadkill Press*. In addition, his paintings have graced the covers of dozens of books, most notably the soon to be released

35th anniversary edition of Robert Bloch's classic *Psycho*.

For anyone interested in finding out more about Alan, I suggest checking out *The Scream Factory*, Issue #14. It is highlighted by a major expose of Alan which includes a dazzling cross-section of his work as well as a riveting interview by Stan Wiater, a spine-tingling Art Checklist, and an absolutely glowing appreciation piece by dare I say who?

For those of you who couldn't care less about hearing how Alan tore his own arm off to beat a Tennessee State Trooper to death with that time, but would still like to look at some pretty neat pictures of some really weird stuff, I suggest you go check out the Art Show. And if you happen to see a boyishly charming fellow in a flesh-tone skull cap while you're there, please tell him for me that this is the last one of these little fluff pieces I'm doing for nothing.



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Schedule of Events

Friday

12:00 p.m.	Registration Opens Con Suite Opens	Lobby Room 229
3:00 p.m.	Art Show Opens for Artist Check-in	Room 275
4:00 p.m.	Art Show Opens Video Room Opens Dealers Room Opens for Dealer Setup	Room 275 Room 362 Room 267
6:00 p.m.	Dealers Room Opens Children: Kidzilla 3-D — It's Baaack!	Room 267 Room 289
6:30 p.m.	Opening Ceremonies	Room 280
7:00 p.m.	The Huntsville's Science Fiction Writer's Group and Cake Appreciation Society reads <i>good</i> stuff Join In the Fun — Local Clubs of Interest Show How	Room 280 Room 284
8:00 p.m.	Beledi Club of Huntsville does belly dancing (90 minutes) Dealers Room Closes	Room 284
9:30 p.m.	Live Action Role Playing Set-Up	Room 284
10:00 p.m.	Dance the Night Away Alternate Video Programming Art Show Closes Registration Closes — See Con Ops for After-Hours Registration	Lobby Room 280
10:30 p.m.	Filk into the Night	Room 280

Saturday

9:00 a.m.	Registration Opens Art Show Opens for Artist Check-in Dealers Room Opens for Dealer Setup Children: Cartoons, Crafts, and Games (2 hours)	Lobby Room 275 Room 267 Room 289
10:00 a.m.	Art Show Opens Dealers Room Opens	Room 275 Room 267
11:00 a.m.	Is <i>Star Wars</i> Technology Feasible? — Timothy Zahn, James P. Hogan and Les Johnson Make It and Take It Workshop — Sue Thorn Children: Dragonstrike (Ages 7 & up) (3 hours)	Room 280 Room 284 Room 289
12:00 p.m.	Affordable Space Travel — Steve Cook of NASA	Room 280
1:00 p.m.	Slide Show — and Dexter's Funny World — Alan M. Clark	Room 280

Schedule of Events

2:00 p.m.	Author Reading — <i>Spider Robinson</i>	Room 280
	Doppler Radar — <i>Jay Prater of WAFF</i>	Room 284
	Children: Videos and Games	Room 289
3:00 p.m.	Cyberspace Today — <i>Libbi Crowe, James P. Hogan, et al.</i>	Room 280
	Painting Demonstration — <i>Alan M. Clark</i> (2 hours)	Room 284
	Children: Hands-on Science — You Can Be Mr. Wizard	Room 289
	Registration Closes — See Con Ops for After-Hours Registration	
4:00 p.m.	An Hour With Timothy Zahn	Room 280
	Children: Impromptu hour — Come and see!	Room 289
5:00 p.m.	Autograph Session — <i>Timothy Zahn</i> (30 minutes)	Room 280
	Come One, Come All to an Exhibition by the SCA	Room 284
	Children: Join us at the SCA Exhibition	
5:30 p.m.	A Concert on Six Strings, Presented by Spider Robinson	Room 280
6:30 p.m.	Autograph Session — <i>Spider Robinson</i> (30 minutes)	Room 280
	Art Show Closes	
6:45 p.m.	Dealers Room Closes	
7:00 p.m.	Guest of Honor Speeches	Room 280
8:30 p.m.	Art Auction	Room 275
9:30 p.m.	Masquerade	Room 280
11:00 p.m.	Shall We Dance?	Lobby
	Filk It Up	Room 284
	Alternate Video Programming	Room 280

Sunday

10:00 a.m.	Art Show Opens	Room 275
	Dealers Room Opens	Room 267
11:00 a.m.	Roundtable: Staying Ahead of Reality — <i>Timothy Zahn, James P. Hogan, et al.</i>	Room 280
1:00 p.m.	Art Show Closes, begin Artist Check-out	
2:00 p.m.	General Autograph Session — <i>Spider Robinson, Timothy Zahn, Alan M. Clark, et al.</i>	Room 280
	Club Meeting for Starship USS Werner von Braun	Room 284
3:00 p.m.	Dealers Room Closes, begin Dealers Check-out	
	Video Room Closes	
	Artist Check-out ends	
5:00 p.m.	Dealer Room Check-out ends	
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Magnum Opus Con. Inc. presents

**Magnum Opus
Con**

July 13-16, 1995

Callaway Gardens Resort

Pine Mountain, Georgia

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Sue Thorn is Wonderful

by Jim Kennedy

I first met Sue at B'hamacon 2, the 1981 DSC held in Birmingham, Alabama. (It was years later before I found out that this was just her second convention. Oh, fortuitous circumstance!) Somehow, over that long weekend, I wound up in Sue's lap, and she wound up with a place in my heart. I didn't suspect then, though, that I had made a friendship that was to last the rest of my life (I hope) and to affect me in so many ways.

Sue Thorn's accomplishments, both in and out of fandom, are too numerous to list in detail. However, it *does* appear that some of them may have become exaggerated with time. For instance, there is no validity to the story that Sue was the original discoverer of the source of the Nile. It is widely believed, though, that she did once seek the source of the Cahaba River. And while there is no truth to the story that Sue completed a solo ascent of Mount Everest, it does appear to be true that she once drove to the top of Oak Mountain.

Sue is probably best known in Southern fandom for her connections with costuming. The story goes that she first started costuming at the tender age of five, and hasn't let up since. It would be impossible to say how many costumes Sue has made and

worn over the years, how many masquerades she has entered (or judged! (usually not at the same time)), or how many awards she has won with her hall costumes. But what people really remember are the marvelous masquerades that she has **run**, at conventions all over the South. Sue has also become justly famous for her "Make It and Take It" workshops at the last seven LibertyCons. This imaginative approach to costuming, allowing even the least talented among us to make something they can wear, and the most talented to make some truly amazing pieces in a short time, has really taken off. She has been asked to lend her name to similar efforts at other Southern conventions. This "hands-on" approach to programming has caught the attention of a lot of people, and has given some fen a chance to participate that they might never have gotten otherwise. And to think, Sue, that some people didn't want you to do it in the first place!

Something else that Sue wouldn't want me to mention is that she has collected the most money for charity (the J.J. Johnson Memorial Scholarship) three years running at ConCat's Kissing Booth. Well, it started out as a Kissing Booth, anyway, the first year. But it seems that Sue decided that she

could raise even more money bestowing some of her world-famous Celebrity Hugs than she could with her lips. And, as it turned out, she was right. So ConCat gave in and turned the whole affair into a Hugging Booth. Of course, since no one can give better "hug" than the expert, Sue has continued to dominate the event.

The greatest honor, of course, is to have one of those "Celebrity Hugs" named after you. You see, like many delis name their specialty sandwiches after people, either famous or local, Sue names her specialty hugs after special people. And, once you know her for a while, you will learn to ask for your favorites by name. And, before the question is raised, only one person has been known to survive receiving all the named hugs consecutively. (I'm not supposed to mention any names, but suffice it to say that he is a well-known Irish writer, popular as a guest at Southern conventions.) Very few people have the audacity to even try it.

(As a side note, to the best of my knowledge there is no official name for this rarest of events. Perhaps someone at Con+Stellation will be able to come up for a title befitting the event? Or, dare we say it, be brave enough to volunteer for the ultimate in hugging pleasure?)

But Sue's accomplishments don't end there. For more years than she would care to remember, Sue has been the Mistress of the Books at West Blocton in Bibb County. She has also served as teacher there (including a recent stint as a computer teacher, an experience she would love to tell you about: imagine trying to keep pubes-

cent teenagers interested in a computer and in their seats without playing games!) and is usually the one that the other teachers run to in any sort of emergency, as well as being the one that receives any extra duty. (You see, they know what I have discovered, that no one is as resourceful as Sue.) If you want to frighten her, sneak up behind her when she is really relaxed and whisper in her ear, "Report cards are due out in three hours, and I just finished my grade sheets."

For three and a half years, I have had the good fortune to have Sue as a Round Dance partner. She tried for some time to get me to give it a try, but I didn't really think that it was something that would interest me. And, truthfully, I would probably have given it up some time ago if it weren't for my dynamic, imaginative and *fun* partner. For those of you who like to dance, I strongly suggest that you get some music played besides the standard rock fare of conventions, and ask Sue to join you. And, if you really want a treat, and you know how to cha-cha, get the DJ to play "Heart of Glass" and ask her to dance. But watch out. Once you've danced with Sue, any other partner will seem second-rate.

There are many stories about Sue that I would love to tell, but I am afraid that I would get in just too much trouble for them. For instance, while Sue is an inveterate flirt, she just recently learned to Flirt. (Ask her about it.) And be sure and ask Uncle Timmy about Sue and motorboating. Sue Thorn is wonderful. Just ask anybody. Or, better yet, find out for yourself.

Con-Etiquette...

Weapons Policy

Con†Stellation XIII has a strict no weapons policy, with only two exceptions. First, dealers may sell legal weapons, but these must be securely wrapped before leaving the Dealers Room and not opened in any public area of the hotel. Second, legal weapons may be used in the Masquerade, if approved *in advance* by the Masquerade Staff. Any violation of this policy will result in confiscation of the weapon *or* ejection from the convention, at the sole discretion of the committee. If it looks like a weapon, or is intended to suggest a weapon, this policy covers it.

Smoking

A smoking area will be provided in the downstairs lounge; all other function rooms and the Con Suite are no-smoking areas.

Drinking Age

Alabama's drinking age is 21. Our badges will not differentiate by age, therefore those sponsoring room parties are strongly encouraged to card everyone before serving alcohol. Which brings us to: DO NOT DRINK AND DRIVE! Con†Stellation would not exist without your attendance, and we want you back next year.

Now The Fun Part

Having said all the stuff above you didn't want to hear, let's get on to the fun stuff.

Masquerade

Our Masquerade will be run this year by Bill Payne of the Deep South Costumers Guild. Please check in the area near Convention Registration for the entry deadline, rules, and entry forms.

Tournament Gaming

Game sign-up will be in the hotel lobby, near Convention Registration. Check there and in the Game Rooms for game schedules.

Card Tournaments

Look for sign-up sheets for the Killer-Cutthroat Spades Tournaments outside the door of the Card Room. Could you be the Spades Champion of the Lesser-Known Universe?

Five-action Vampire™ Game

Look for a sign-up table in the Lobby near Convention Registration. Be sure to attend the organizational meeting Friday at 9 p.m. in Room 284, the Alternate Programming Room.

Art Show And Auction

Please help us protect the artwork by not bringing food, drinks, or cam-

eras into the Art Show. A check-in table will be provided for these items plus your purses and bags. The Art Auction will be at 8:30 p.m. Saturday in Room 275, the Art Show Room.

Video Room

The Video Room (Room 362) will open Friday afternoon. Check outside that room for a video schedule. In addition, Room 280 (the Main Programming Room) will be turned over to Alternate Video Programming beginning Friday night at 10:00 p.m. and Saturday night at 11:00 p.m. The Alternate Video Schedule will be posted outside Room 280 both nights.

Autographs

There are formal book signing sessions scheduled Saturday afternoon (Timothy Zahn at 5:00 p.m. and Spider Robinson at 6:30 p.m.) and Sunday afternoon at 2:00 p.m. (Spider, Tim and Alan Clark). All sessions will be held in Room 280. Our guests would love to sign your books at these times. If you would like your book(s) signed, please plan to attend one (or both) of these sessions. Please be considerate in limiting the number of books in one request to give everyone a chance. To give our guests the opportunity to keep their writing hands in good shape, please limit your autograph requests to these scheduled sessions.

Con†Stellounge

The Con Suite, the *Con†Stellounge*, will be located in Room 229. Various portions of the *Con†Stellounge* are subject to being closed in the wee hours for cleaning, but part of the *Con†Stellounge* will always be open. You can pre-register to attend *Con†Stellation XIV: Monoceros* on Sunday by contacting Sam Smith in the *Con†Stellounge*.

Dance

The *Con†Stellation XIII* dances will be Friday at 10:00 p.m. and Saturday at 11:00 p.m. Both will be held in the Lobby of the Hotel. We are happy to have last year's DJ, Ted Cannon, back with us again.

Filking

Alternate Programming (Room 284) will be turned over to filking both Friday and Saturday nights after other scheduled programming.

Area Guide

A guide to local restaurants, grocery stores, pharmacies, other area businesses, and sites of interest is included with your Pocket Program. If you need directions or recommendations, ask any member of the con staff or inquire at the hotel desk. The Hotel Dining Room will be closed for the weekend, but the UAH Cafeteria will be open.

...and Information



November 25-27
Thanksgiving Weekend
The Radisson Hotel
Knoxville, Tennessee
Membership Rates:
Con Stellation Special \$25, \$30 at door

Guests

(Hugo & Nebula Award-Winning)

George Alex Effinger

&

Timothy Wilson

&

Wendy Webb

&

(Author - the Cross-Time Engineer)

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Con†Stellation XIII Committee

Co-Chairs	Robin Ray, Rhett Mitchell
Treasurer	Ray Pietruszka
Art Show	Jim Kennedy, Pat Kennedy
Con Suite	Sam Smith
Dealers Room	Doug Lampert
Game Room	Mike Ray
Spades Tournaments	Uncle Timmy
Hotel Liaison	Mike Ray
Masquerade	Bill Payne
Operations	Bob Buelow, Dallas Vinson
Programming	Ron Lajoie
Children's Programming	Debbie Mitchell
Science Programming	Ron Lajoie
Publications	Mike Cothran, Marie McCormack
Publicity	Jack Lundy, Nancy Adams
Poster Art	Rhett Mitchell
Registration	Pam Clair, Bruce Clair
T-Shirt Design	David O. Miller
Video Room	Dallas Vinson

Significant others will include the crew of the Starship Werner von Braun, Randy Cleary, Jann Melton, Jim Woosley, Uncle Timmy, Rich Garber, Chloe Airoidi, Bill Baker, Jr., David Ramsey, Carlo DeShouten, Jeanna Woosley, Clinton Lowe, Rose Blakely and a host of others.

Con†Stellation XIII extends special thanks to Naomi Fisher, Tom Magruder, Jody Coffey, Andrew Wilson, Paul Stephanouk and interQuest, StarFleet, The L5 Society, AA ZEE Home Maintenance, Stanlieo's Sub Villa, The String Shop, Comic Corner, the U.S. Space and Rocket Center, the Kaffeeklatsch Coffee Shop, and Minute Man Press.

Art Credits

Alan M. Clark — front cover

Rhett Mitchell — badge art

Back cover courtesy of Mike Cothran and Marie McCormack



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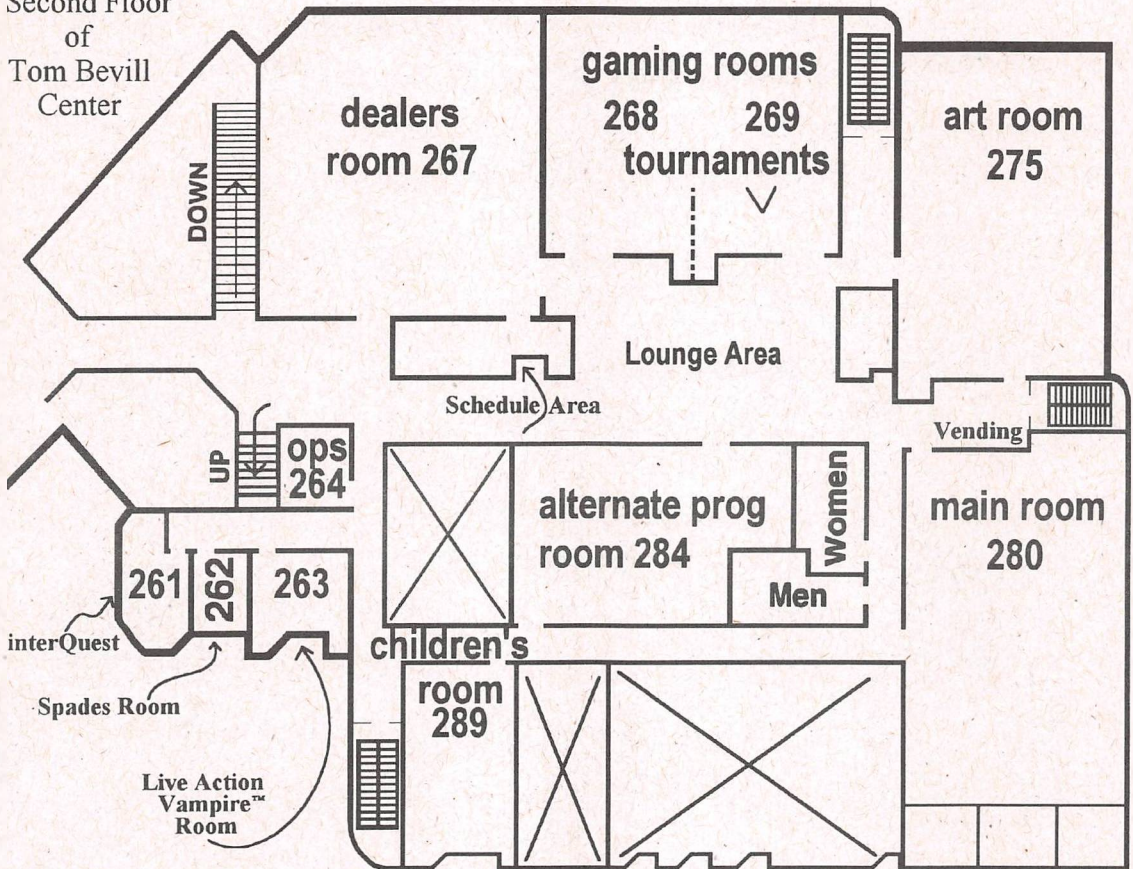
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Gopher to gopher .iquest.com or
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Hotel Layout

Facing page shows all three floors of the Tom Bevell Center Hotel.

This page shows the activity rooms on second floor.

Second Floor
of
Tom Bevell
Center



not to scale

Don't Miss The Next Con†Stellation In Huntsville's Zodiac!

Con*Stellation XIV

Monoceros

3-5 November 1995

Starring

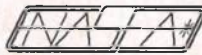
Rick Shelly as The Guest of Honor

Roland Castle as The M.C.

Ruth Thompson as The Artist Guest of Honor

Adrian Washburn as The Fan Guest of Honor

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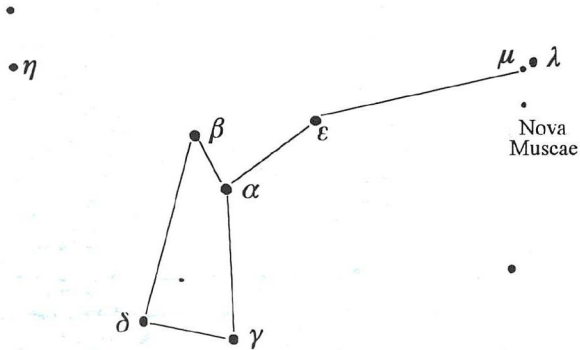
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● α Crucis

Musca: the Fly



The constellation Musca, the Fly, is one of twelve Southern Hemisphere constellations named by Dutch navigators Pieter Dirkszoon Keyser and Frederick de Houtman while on the first Dutch trading expedition to the East Indies, which left the Netherlands in 1595. First appearing on a globe by Plancius in 1598, the constellation's acceptance was assured when Bayer included it in his *Uranometria* in 1603.

Musca was originally named Apis, the Bee. When the name changed is unclear, but it is designated by the name Musca on Lacaille's 1763 chart. Musca has also been known as Musca Australis (Southern Fly) to distinguish it from the obsolete Northern Hemisphere Musca, which was also originally named Apis, the Bee.

The Southern Fly is a small constellation lying immediately south of Crux. The Coalsack is also close by. Musca contains several double stars, two globular clusters and several nebulas. In 1983 Bill Liller sighted a nova in the vicinity, now known as Nova Muscae.

Since there are no legends about Musca, Con†Stellation is having a contest to create one. The top three contenders will be read at the Masquerade Saturday night. To enter, write out your Musca legend, and include your name and badge number on your entry. Drop it in the box in the Art Show any time before it closes Saturday evening. Entries will be judged by Co-Chair Rhett Mitchell.