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# Con†Stellation XX: Camelopardalis

Huntsville, Alabama

October 19-21, 2001

Guests of Honor

John Ringo

Master of Ceremonies

Jack McDevitt

Artist Guest of Honor

David Mattingly

Fan Guests of Honor

Steve and Sue Francis

Also Attending

Toni Weisskopf

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John Ringo: The Very Flower of a Skiffy Writer . . . . .	2
In Appreciation of Jack McDevitt . . . . .	4
The <i>Con†Stellation XX: Camelopardalis</i> Committee . . . . .	9
Schedule of Events . . . . .	10
David B. Mattingly: In Appreciation . . . . .	12
Steve & Sue Francis: Invisible Legacies & Accidental Honors . . . . .	14
Con-Etiquette . . . . .	18
Hotel Layout . . . . .	20

# John Ringo: The Very Flower of a Skiffy Writer

by Toni Weisskopf

It occurs to me that asking an editor to be eloquent about a writer is kind of backwards. It's like asking the gardener about beauty when you could just look at the flower. All the gardener does is put a little fertilizer on the plant, prune it every now and then, and let nature take its course. John is like a flower, too, at least in that he's a natural at storytelling. So any bio I do of him will not be near as entertaining as the ones he writes himself for the flaps of his books. For example: "With his bachelor days spent in the airborne, cave diving, rock climbing, rappelling, hunting, spear fishing, and sailing, the author is now happy to let other people risk their necks. He prefers to read, and of course write, science fiction, raise Arabian horses, dandle his kids and watch the grass grow. Someday he may even cut it. But not today. Maybe tomorrow. Maybe he'll just let the horses do it." I mean, how can I beat that? Well, I can't but maybe I can follow up on some of the intriguing hints he dangled.

First off, I should let the ladies know that he's taken. The former Lieutenant Wendt (Navy, Inactive Reserve) is a fascinating person in her own right, and a lovely match for the former Corporal Ringo (Army). And they both have to be on their toes to keep up with their two girls, Jenny and Lindy. If anybody who is familiar with John's first two novels, *A Hymn Before Battle* and *Gust Front*, sees parallels of John's life in the story line, far be it from me to accuse John of drawing from his life experiences.

And such experiences they were! The son of a globe-trotting geological engineer, he'd been all over the world by the time he was a teenager, coming back to the States with

such a wide first-hand knowledge of cultures an anthropologist would envy it. In college he studied marine biology at the University of South Florida and the University of Georgia. Although "studied" may be the wrong word: I live in Athens, Georgia, home of UGA, and when we had dinner in town the main memories that seem to be evoked for John were of frat house pranks....

Deciding the skills he'd learned in college could be better applied elsewhere, John enlisted in the Army and did one tour with the 82nd Airborne in the late 1980s. For those not up on this subject, what airborne troops do is jump out of airplanes while people are shooting at them. Normal people do not enjoy the airborne. John did.

John met Karin at work at Suntrust Security Corp. in Orlando, Florida, when both were working on the third shift and reading Honor Harrington novels surreptitiously on the job. After years of humidity and bad-tasting water, John and Karin decided to settle down in the foothills of the North Georgia mountains and raise a family. Which they proceeded to go about doing with gusto and notable success. Feeding this family, however, required John earn an honest living.

So John embarked on a career in computers, managing a quality control database for a local business. But, ever the dreamer, he held onto the notion that an honest living could be made in more interesting ways. He'd always been a big science fiction reader, and an almost compulsive writer. Now was the time he'd try his hand at selling some.

He'd also discovered the Baen Books website, [baen.com](http://baen.com), and being the incorrigi-

ble storyteller he is, soon became well known as an enthusiastic poster. (Does this make him a poster boy? Oh, stop it, Toni!) When his first novel was finished, he sent it off to Baen, and sat back to await the kudos that seemed would inevitably be his on completion of such a masterpiece. Unfortunately, it was rejected. Coincidentally, the rejection letter arrived just a few days after John and Baen's publisher Jim Baen had disagreed about something on-line. Now John wasn't paranoid, and certainly didn't suspect Jim of rejecting a fabulous manuscript merely because the author had failed to see the wisdom of Jim's logic, but just in case he thought he'd ask. So Jim asked to see the manuscript again.

In the movies, this is where Jim realizes the terrible mistake that was originally made, offers the author a million bucks, and everybody lives happily ever after. But we live in the real world. What happened was, Jim realized the terrible mistake that had been made, offered John the usual first novel contract if he would re-write the thing from the ground up to meet Jim's standards, and everybody lived happily ever after.

And then the manuscript came to me. We will avert our eyes from the horrible scenes of bloodshed, and merely note that John emerged from the experience a stronger man.... The main point is that I really enjoyed *A Hymn Before Battle*, too. It's a bit unusual to bring out a first author in hardcover, but Jim decided to try it with this book. Apparently you guys liked it, too: it sold out within a few months of printing. I wish I had thought to stash away a few extras; I've heard copies are going for upwards of \$70 on eBay.

Like one of his idols, David Weber, Ringo is a fast writer. We were able to bring out the second book in the series, *Gust Front*, within a few months of the first. But meanwhile, Weber had discovered Ringo. Here was

another marriage made in Heaven, and before you could say "Incoming!" the first of a series of collaborations between them hit my desk. *March Upcountry* doesn't read quite like a Weber novel; it doesn't read quite like Ringo. But it does read darn smooth. The first part of the series is intended as a *bildungsroman*, and we see the growth of a leader of men. But before he can lead the Empire of Man, good ol' Prince Roger has got to learn to grow up. What better place to do that than an overheated swamp planet fighting sword-wielding slimy aliens? Well, the Marines who are stuck with him could think of about a million better ones, but they didn't get to choose.

Which is how, only one year after his first novel appeared, John has had four hardcover novels published and only one out in paperback yet (*A Hymn Before Battle* is an October 2001 release). John writes powerful battle scenes from the grunt's eye view while making his characters come very much alive for the reader (and, in many cases, making them very much dead). He also has a firm grasp of some of the realities of military life that our political leaders don't seem to want to face, including one of my main worries: the hideous lack of military and civil preparedness in this country today. Invasion by ravaging alien centauroids shows up that point like no preaching can, at least when Ringo is telling the story.

Hmm, I find myself growing eloquent about John's work, instead of about Ringo himself. This is what you get when you ask an editor to do this sort of thing, I suppose. As for Ringo, just as he's a natural storyteller, so too was he a natural at fandom. You'll find him at conventions up late at night, nursing a beer and telling tales. Sit back and listen; you'll enjoy baen.com's poster boy, just as you would the sight of a glorious flower in full bloom.



# In Appreciation of Jack McDevitt

by Rick Wilber

As I write this, Jack McDevitt's Philadelphia Phillies are a couple of games back in the National League East pennant race with just over a week left to play. I've been a Phillies watcher since the days in the early 1950s when my father was a back-up catcher for them, and so I know better than to believe they'll be in the post-season as you read this. But one can always hope.

It was the Phillies, and my father having been a catcher for them back in baseball's classical age, that first connected me to Jack. We sat next to each other at the autographing table of a WorldCon some years back. Having published just a scattered dozen or so short stories at the time, I mostly just sat there, with only the occasional fan coming by with a copy *Asimov's* or *Fantasy & Science Fiction* for me to sign.

Next to me, however, Jack was a busy fellow indeed, signing away with a smile and a brief conversation with fan after fan until he'd finally gotten to the last, patient person in line and could sit back with a sigh and a smile to say hi.

We chatted, and since I knew of Jack's work but hadn't read any of it yet, I was quite the happy fan there for a while myself, getting to know the writer behind the words I'd heard so much about.

As we talked the conversation drifted into baseball. And the Phillies. And the fact that young Jack McDevitt, in a rare visit to old Shibe Park in Philly with his father in 1951, sneaked down into the box seats before the game and stood there at the railing near the dugout, score card and pencil in hand, hoping for an autograph and maybe, if he was lucky, a chance to actually talk to one of his heroes.

Just one Phillies' player took the time to talk to this earnest young fan, and that player was my father, Del Wilber, a career backup catcher, but right then playing regularly and smack in the middle of his single best year in the big leagues.

Dad signed an autograph and talked with the boy and so Jack McDevitt became a Del Wilber fan, cheering on his favorite player for the rest of that season and remembering always the time a player — a big leaguer — actually talked to him.

Jump forward to that WorldCon and it was one pretty weird confluence, discovering the man had been the boy who'd known my father. Heck, I'd probably been in the stands that day myself in Philadelphia, and had, maybe, watched my father talk to that boy.

And now here we were, the conversation drifting back into science fiction, where it belonged. Needless to say I bought a book and had Jack sign it, thinking at the time that I was completing, perhaps, some kind of weird cosmic autographing loop by asking, and becoming a big Jack McDevitt fan in the process.

Jack McDevitt, I've discovered through the years of happy reading since, is a real classic. He's a devoted and loving family man with an interesting personal history that includes serving in the Navy to driving a taxi in Philadelphia to working as a customs officer.

And, happily for all of us who are his fans, he's a terrific writer, one who can remind us of why we first fell in love with science fiction. Part of this is because he's in utter and complete control of his craft. Part of this is because he's a student of the field who knows where science fiction comes from and has the talent to be a leader in where it's going.

And mostly this is because this guy writes the good stuff, the solid stuff, the Real Thing. No one writing today, to my mind, does a better job of conjuring up the sense of wonder that first hooked so many of us on science fiction than Jack McDevitt.

His peers, the critics, and the fans all seem know this to be true. He's been on the final Nebula ballot five years running, he's been a Hugo nominee, he's won major awards for his novels and novellas. And most importantly, he's built a base of appreciative McDevitt fans who wait as impatiently as I do for the next book or story to appear.

It's fun to read through his various rave reviews (though, trust me, it will take you awhile). A lot of them talk about his "vivid descriptions of alien landscapes and creatures," or perhaps how he handles "the inner turmoil his characters face" or his "expert sense of pacing and a knack for cliffhanging suspense."

Fair enough, and all true. But of all the rave reviews I've read, this one (from his very fine website, which you can find at [www.sfw.org/members/McDevitt](http://www.sfw.org/members/McDevitt)) from the Baltimore Sun says it best for me: "Science fiction fans refer to the Sense of Wonder: that kick that reminds us how big, complex, and mysterious the universe really is. Jack McDevitt... gives us this sense of wonder, straight up and undiluted."

Yep. That's Jack. A great writer and a great guy. Straight up and undiluted.

And by the way, make sure, when you see him, to get his autograph and, if need be, politely express your regret about the Phillies.



# MERCEDES LACKEY

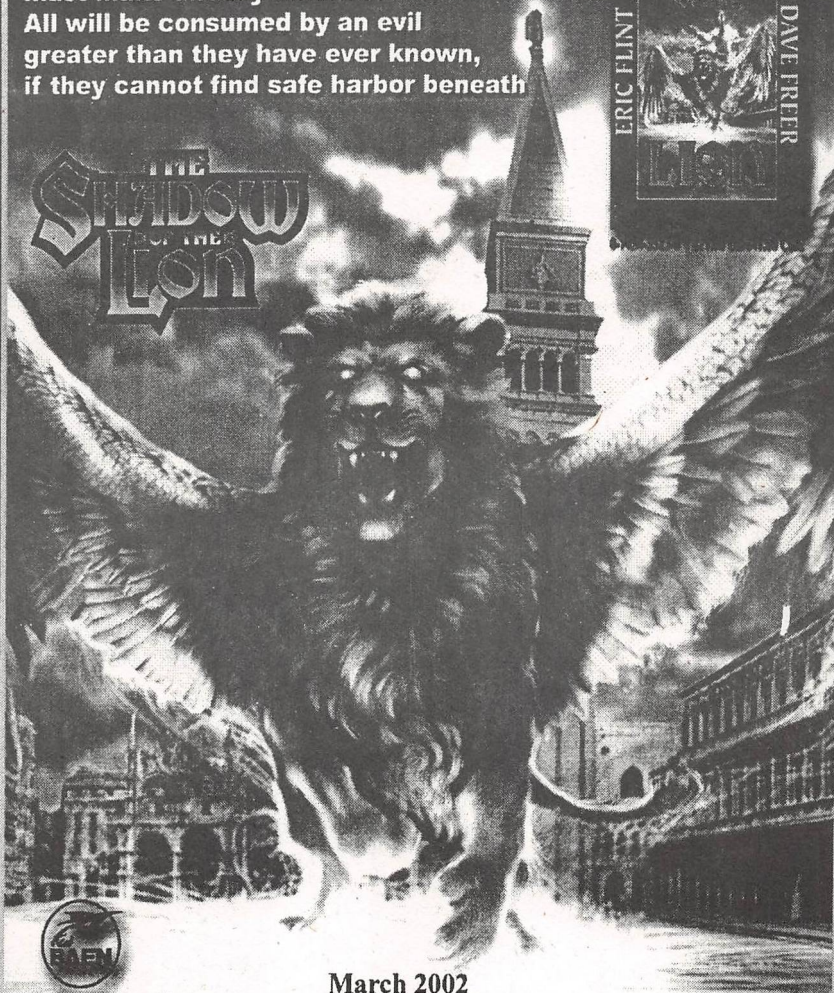
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**Artist Guest of Honor:**

**Larry Elmore**

**Special Guest: John Ringo**

**Master of Ceremonies:**

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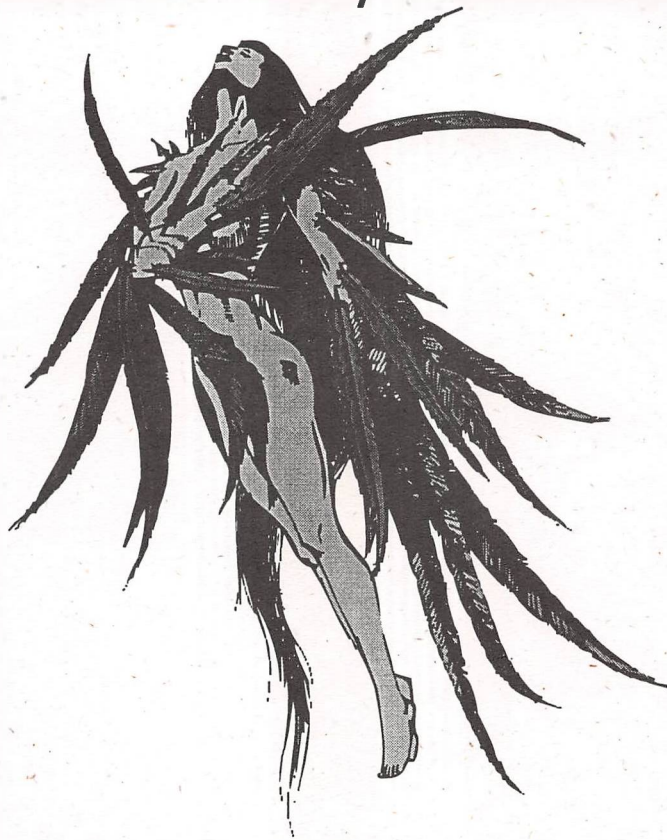
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# Con†Stellation XXI: Pavo October 18-20, 2002 Huntsville, Alabama



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# Con†stellation XX Committee

Chair	Marie McCormack
Treasurer	Ray Pietruszka
Art Show	Randy Cleary
Masquerade	Amanda Freeman, Jeff Freeman
Dealers Room	Doug Lampert
Game Room	Wayne Brown, Jason Harris
Spades Tournament	Uncle Timmy
Minister of Entertainment & LARP	Pat McAdams
Con Suite	Robin Ray
Publications	Mike Cothran, Marie McCormack
Programming	Mike Kennedy
Guest Liaison	Mike Cothran
Operations	Jay Meeks
Hotel Liaison	Karen Hopkins
Registration	Sam Smith, Mary Ortwerth
Anime Room	Huntsville Alabama Anime Society (HAAS)
Dance DJ	Chris Brown
Webhead	Sam Smith
T-Shirt Maven	Anita Eisenberg
T-Shirt Design	David O. Miller
Cover, Pocket Program, & Badge Art	David Mattingly
Interior Art	Randy Cleary

Our appreciation to Rent-A-Center for the refrigerator.

Special Thanks to Sandy McDade, Keith Higdon, Ron Lajoie, Ted Collins, Zog and NaZog, Basil Berchekas, Rocket City Collectibles, Jenn Albright, Jim Kennedy, Tracey Kennedy, HAL5, Pat Brooks, Roland Perry, Gamer Central, Tim O'Neil, Lonnie Malone, Sue Malone, Jack Lundy, the emergency society, Iron Crown Enterprises, Steve Jackson Games, Eden Studios, and the U. S. Space & Rocket Center.

# Schedule of Events

## Friday

12:00 p.m.	Registration Opens Con Suite Opens Operations Opens Dealers Room Opens for Move-in Art Show Opens for Move-in	2nd Floor Lobby Room 625 Room 628 Ballroom Ballroom
2:00 p.m.	Anime Room Opens	Room 630
3:00 p.m.	Art Show Opens Dealers Room Opens	Ballroom Ballroom
6:30 p.m.	Opening Ceremonies — <i>Giraffic Park</i>	Madison Room
7:00 p.m.	Computer Art Techniques — <i>David Mattingly</i> The Huntsville Science Fiction Writer's Group and Cake Appreciation Society Readings	Ballroom Decatur Room
8:00 p.m.	Ch-ch- Changes!: You're a Writer, Now What? — <i>John Ringo</i> Art Show Closes Dealers Room Closes	Madison Room
9:00 p.m.	Ragnarok Rock & Roll 2 <sup>nd</sup> Edition — <i>Jenn Albright</i> Meet the Pros — <i>All Guests</i> — 90 minutes	Decatur Room Room 625
10:00 p.m.	Registration Closes — See Con Ops for After-Hours Registration	
10:30 p.m.	Dance <i>Midnight at the Oasis</i> — <i>Chris Brown</i> Filking	Madison Room Concierge Lounge – 6th Floor
1:00 a.m.	Anime Room Closes	

## Saturday

7:00 a.m.	Anime Room Opens	Room 630
9:00 a.m.	Registration Opens	2nd Floor Lobby
10:00 a.m.	Art Show Opens Dealers Room Opens On the Shoulders of Giants: A Tribute to Our Fannish Ancestors — <i>Steve and Sue Francis</i>	Ballroom Ballroom Madison Room
11:00 a.m.	Slide Show — <i>David Mattingly</i> Reading: "Act of God" (plus 2 more) — <i>Jack McDevitt</i>	Madison Room Decatur Room
12:00 p.m.	Reading: <i>When the Devil Dances</i> — <i>John Ringo</i>	Madison Room



# Schedule of Events

1:00 p.m.	The Baen Traveling Slide Show — <i>Toni Weisskopf</i>	Madison Room
2:00 p.m.	The World Wreckers: Why That World Won't Work — <i>Jack McDevitt, John Ringo, et al.</i>	Madison Room
3:00 p.m.	Frayed Knot — <i>Silent Bob, Jean Luc Picard, et al.</i>	Madison Room
	Registration Closes — See Con Ops for After-Hours Registration	
4:00 p.m.	Guest of Honor Ceremonies — <i>All Guests</i>	Madison Room
5:00 p.m.	Evolve or Die!: How Hard SF Changed — <i>J. McDevitt</i>	Madison Room
6:00 p.m.	Ragnarok Rock & Roll 2 <sup>nd</sup> Edition — <i>Jenn Albright</i>	Decatur Room
	Art Show Closes	
	Dealers Room Closes	
7:00 p.m.	Art Auction	Madison Room
8:00 p.m.	Masquerade Pre-Judging	Decatur Room
9:00 p.m.	Masquerade	Madison Room
11:00 p.m.	Dance <i>Rock The Casbah</i> — <i>Chris Brown</i> (Costumes Encouraged)	Madison Room
	Filking	Concierge Lounge – 6th Floor
11:30 p.m.	Mike Ray Memorial Indoor Lawn Dice Tournament	2nd Floor Hallway
12:00 a.m.	<b>THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW</b>	Room 630
2:00 a.m.	Anime Room Closes	

## Sunday

7:00 a.m.	Anime Room Opens	Room 630
10:00 a.m.	Art Show Opens	Ballroom
	Dealers Room Opens	Ballroom
	Roundtable: Where Have All Our Futures Gone? — <i>Jack McDevitt, et al.</i>	Madison Room
12:00 p.m.	Devolving <i>Planet of the Apes</i> — <i>Pat McAdams</i>	Madison Room
1:00 p.m.	Closing Ceremonies — <i>Marie McCormack</i>	Madison Room
2:00 p.m.	Ragnarok Rock & Roll 2 <sup>nd</sup> Edition — <i>Jenn Albright</i>	Madison Room
	Art Show Closes	
	Dealers Room Closes	
4:00 p.m.	Con Suite Closes	
	Anime Room Closes	
6:00 p.m.	Dead Dogs Untie	Room 625

# David B. Mattingly: In Appreciation

By Randy B. Cleary

I am sure that like me, you have for many years enjoyed the work of one of the most popular artists today in the field of science-fiction and fantasy illustration. I am speaking, of course, of the Artist Guest of Honor for Con†Stellation XX: Camelopardalis, the award-winning David Burroughs Mattingly.

David was born in Fort Collins, Colorado in 1956. He has been an artist since he was a small child influenced early on by another famous Burroughs, Edgar Rice. David later illustrated several of the Edgar Rice Burroughs novels reissued by Ballantine Del Rey in 1990. However, his professional career probably started in earnest with the album cover for *The Commodores Greatest Hits*. His first book cover came in 1978 and was for *A Wizard in Bedlam* by Christopher Stasheff, published by DAW Books. Since then, he has done over 500 book covers for most of the major science fiction and fantasy publishing houses. Some of his most recent covers can be seen on the popular Honor Harrington series by David Weber, published by Baen books.

You have also probably seen his contributions in several Disney films, such as *The Black Hole*, *Tron*, *Dick Tracy*, Stephen King's *The Stand* and many others. He was the head of the Walt Disney Studios matte department when he began freelancing. David received formal art education in California, and has used traditional art techniques, such as acrylic and gouache, for

decades. However, within the last decade, he has embraced the latest computer techniques for creating and generating digital art. He has contributed many of the morphing covers for the popular Animorphs book series, published by Scholastic Books. Several of these covers sneak in illustrations of his cat, Orson. Although Orson has passed on, David still shares his home with five other cats, Mouse, Buster, Annie, Henry, and his wife Cathleen Cogswell. David has lived on both coasts but now resides in Hoboken, New Jersey. When not enjoying the nearby New York City Broadway and art scenes, he works on anywhere from 20 to 25 projects per year. David has said that he "...feel[s] very blessed to be able to get up each day and do something [he] love[s]." Among his artistic influences, he lists Bob McCall, Frank Frazetta, Jackson Pollack, Ingres, Albert Bierstadt, Picasso, Paul Chadwick, Barclay Shaw, N. C. Wyeth, and Grant Wood. You can check out his lovely work directly in the Art Show this weekend and later while you are at home point your browser to his web site, [www.davidmattingly.com/](http://www.davidmattingly.com/), and in hard copy form with *Alternate Views*, *Alternate Universes*, *the Art of David B. Mattingly*, available through Bud Plant Comic Art at 800-242-6642. I hope you will join me in showing your appreciation for David and his works this weekend and continue to encourage him to keep up the great work.



# DeepSouthCon 40

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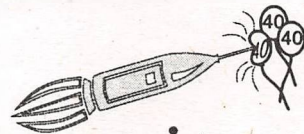
*Fan Guests of Honor*  
Nicki and Rich Lynch

All GoHs Multiple Hugo Winners (HuGoHs)<sup>4</sup>=GreatTime4All

The Huntsville DSC 40 in 2002 plans to feature many of your favorite writers and artists as also attending guests; check our web site for breaking news, updates to our flyers and general information.  
<http://www.con-stellation.org/dsc40> or email us at [dsc40@con-stellation.org](mailto:dsc40@con-stellation.org)  
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**ALSO ATTENDING GUESTS INCLUDE:**  
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Lordy, Lordy, Look Who's 40!  
DeepSouthCon, That's Who...



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# Steve & Sue Francis

## Invisible Legacies & Accidental Honors

By Naomi Fisher, with Patrick Molloy

It's easy to find Steve and Sue Francis, our Fan Guests of Honor, at the average convention. You follow the laughter and good will. You're getting close when you find activities being done well and organized to perfection. You're almost there when you encounter people socializing, chatting together, and generally having a great time. And you've arrived when you see one of the warmest smiles in fandom on a tall, red-headed dynamo (Sue), accompanied by a cuddly engineer-type guy who looks like he's *trying* to be a curmudgeon (Steve).

It would take the entire program book to list the Francis' accomplishments, since in the last 30-odd years, they've been *everywhere*, each attending 200+ conventions across the U.S. and Canada, and overseas from Australia to Scotland and Holland. They've done *everything*, running or working innumerable conventions (notably RiverCon, Louisville's premier SF conven-

tion for a quarter century), Worldcon departments, the Nashville/Louisville Worldcon bid, and NorthAmeriCon, widely considered *the* finest North American Science Fiction Convention (NASFiC) ever. They seem to know *everyone* in fandom — going out to eat with them generally means being stopped by glad cries of “Sue! Steve! Great to see you...!” at least six times before escaping the lobby. And they've received almost every accolade the SF community has to give. They've been Guests of Honor at cons across the South and Midwest; served in positions of trust for regional and international groups, and won the Rebel Award (given to the fans who've done the most for Southern Fandom) in 1992. Most recently, they received the Big Heart Award, presented at the 2001 World Science Fiction Convention, as the highest fannish award given to, well, wonderful people. Bob Roehm, writing their Fan Guest biography for Conglomeration



2001, cited the Clone Machine in their basement as the secret of their uncanny ability to be everywhere they're needed. Friends, reading this, nodded and said, "Ah, *that* explains it!"

Most people accomplishing a fraction of all this would have egos the size of zeppelins. Therein lies the puzzle, because that just hasn't happened. Sue and Steve are still two of the nicest, most matter-of-fact, unpretentious people around. Honors and awards truly seem to come as a complete, if delightful, surprise to them. For example Pat and I were presenting a Hugo at this year's Worldcon, and I was wandering about backstage. I stopped pacing, though, to listen to the Big Heart Award presentation, since this is *special* — its recipients are chosen not for being great writers or artists, but for a history of kindness and giving back to the SF community. As David Kyle described this year's winners, before announcing their names, I thought, "Hmmm... that sure sounds like the Francises, but I've thought that the *last* 5 years." Then he read the names, and it *was* Sue and Steve! I shrieked, other people backstage grinned like maniacs, murmured, "Well deserved!" and "About time," or let out whoops, and we all applauded till our hands were sore. I congratulated the newly-acknowledged Big Hearted pair, as they left the stage with indescribable looks on their faces — maybe *happy* deer in the headlights? Neither seemed to believe that a mistake hadn't been made, though Sue said "Look, it's got our pictures on it! Maybe they won't take it back!" while Steve snorted, saying, "They have to catch us first."

We could tell stories about them for hours, and all would illustrate what fine and funny people they are. In fact, even trying, we can't recall their actually being **mean** to anyone. That's scary, since Pat's known them 22 years, and I've been a friend for 13. Mind you, they're not saints, and neither suffers fools gladly. Steve, especially, can be really cutting when someone neglects their responsibilities, and both will take your head off and hand it to you if you screw up *and try to blame someone else*. But they make extraordinary allowances when you're doing your best, they give the benefit of the doubt, they'll back you 100%, and they always publicly praise those who work for them, to the point where they seem to give **all** the credit away. It's why RiverCon workers followed them with such loyalty, some for the entire 25 year run. It's also why, if they announced they were planning a con devoted to the fine art of Jello Wrestling, many of us would call to ask when we needed to show up to help, and what flavors to bring.

The two of them have served as mentors and friends to Southern Fandom for 30+ years now, and have probably infected hundreds with their habit of compulsive volunteering. Most conventions in the South owe something to their influence, even if it's only that fans who "Gophered" at RiverCons now show up elsewhere to carry sodas, set up chairs, run errands and do the other tasks necessary to make a con work. It's an invisible legacy, and not one Steve or Sue is ever likely to claim for themselves. Neither set out to make themselves important, get recognition, grab glory, or become known and respected throughout the SF community.

They just love science fiction, consider fandom an extension of their (enormous) family, and work like maniacs. If anything, their achievements have been accidental — they've done so much because neither knows how to give anything less than their very best. And they're terrific friends — kind, warm and welcoming. Spend time with Sue and Steve, though be warned that you may find yourself volunteering afterwards, with no memory of why. Go to their panels. They can tell stories about almost anything — fannish gossip, traveling around Australia, convention disasters and triumphs, removing felt-tip marker stains from hotel

walls. Ask about their grandchildren (17 and counting) or their *great*-grandchildren (they've got 'em, improbable though it seems). Talk with Steve about Edgar Rice Burroughs or E. E. "Doc" Smith. Ask Sue about bullwhips and lassos in San Antonio. Offer them sodas. Do *not* offer Sue a Mint Julep... Fuss over them a little — they've earned the right to goof off and be pampered, for once! And just enjoy being around them — it's easy and very worthwhile. Getting to know Steve and Sue Francis is an investment in friendship that pays off for a lifetime.

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# Con-Etiquette...

## Weapons Policy

Con†Stellation XX 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 con committee. If it looks like a weapon, or is intended to suggest a weapon, this policy covers it.

## Smoking

Our smoking room, *The Smoke-Filled Room*, is located adjacent to the Con Suite on the sixth floor. All function rooms and the Con Suite are non-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 that you did not want to hear, let's get on to the fun stuff.

## Masquerade

Our Masquerade is run this year by Amanda Freeman and Jeff Freeman. Check in the area near Convention Registration for the entry deadline, rules, and entry forms.

## Gaming

Game sign-up will be in the Gaming Room. Check in the Gaming Room for all game schedules. Gaming will be located in Room 525 on the fifth floor, and open gaming will begin at 12:00 p.m. Friday. Additional Gaming is in the Executive Board Room on the first floor. Look outside that door and in Gaming (Room 525) for a schedule of games to be played in this room.

## Card Tournaments

Look near Registration for sign-up sheets for the Killer-Cutthroat Spades Tournament. Could you be the Spades Champion of the Lesser-Known Universe? Uncle Timmy is running the Tournament again this year, so be prepared!

## Ragnarok Rock & Roll 2nd Ed

Register in LARP Headquarters, Room 439. Be sure to attend the organizational meeting Friday at 9:00 p.m. in the Decatur Room (Alternate Programming).

## Autographs

No autograph sessions are scheduled. Please be considerate with your requests.



## Art Show And Auction

Please help us protect the artwork by not bringing food, drinks, or cameras 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 7:00 p.m. Saturday in the Madison Room. The Art Show opens at 3:00 p.m. on Friday and 10:00 a.m. Saturday and Sunday.

## Anime Room

The Anime Room is being run this year by Huntsville Alabama Anime Society, and their efforts are being supported by Rocket City Collectibles. The Anime Room is located in Room 630 and opens Saturday and Sunday at 7:00 a.m. Look for the separate schedule to see what's running.

## ConfStellounge

The Con Suite, the *ConfStellounge Fish Head Café*, is located in Room 625. Various portions of the *ConfStellounge* are subject to being closed in the wee hours for cleaning, but part of the *ConfStellounge* will always be open. Join us in the *ConfStellounge* Friday at 9:00 p.m. to **Meet Our Guests**.

## Dances

ConfStellation XX dances will occur on both Friday and Saturday nights. Both dances will feature a wide variety of music from the 60's through today. Friday night we'll see "Midnight at the Oasis," and Saturday night we'll "Rock the Casbah." Our DJ for both dances is Chris Brown; meet him in the Madison Room for lots of fun.

## Filking

The Concierge Lounge on the sixth floor will be turned over to Filking at 10:30 p.m. on Friday and 11:00 p.m. Saturday night. Filking will be just outside the Con Suite and elevator doors, so please be considerate of your fennish neighbors.

## Dealers Room

Can't find what you want in and around where you live? The Dealers Room opens at 3:00 p.m. on Friday and 10:00 a.m. Saturday and Sunday. Come by and spend some of your hard-earned money on nice things.

## Hotel Parking

All convention attendees **must** park in the hotel parking area, or where directed if this lot is full, even if not staying at the hotel.

## Area Guide

A guide to local restaurants, grocery stores, pharmacies, and other area businesses is included with your Pocket Program. The Hotel Dining Room, the **Bayou Grill**, is open Monday through Friday from 5:30 a.m. till 2:00 p.m. and from 5:00 p.m. till 10:00 p.m. Its hours of operation for Saturday and Sunday are 6:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. The **Launch Pad Lounge**, which also serves sandwiches and other quick foods, is open daily from 11:00 a.m. to Midnight. **Room Service** is available daily from 6:00 a.m. till 10:30 p.m. **Vending Machines** are available on each floor.

# ...and Information

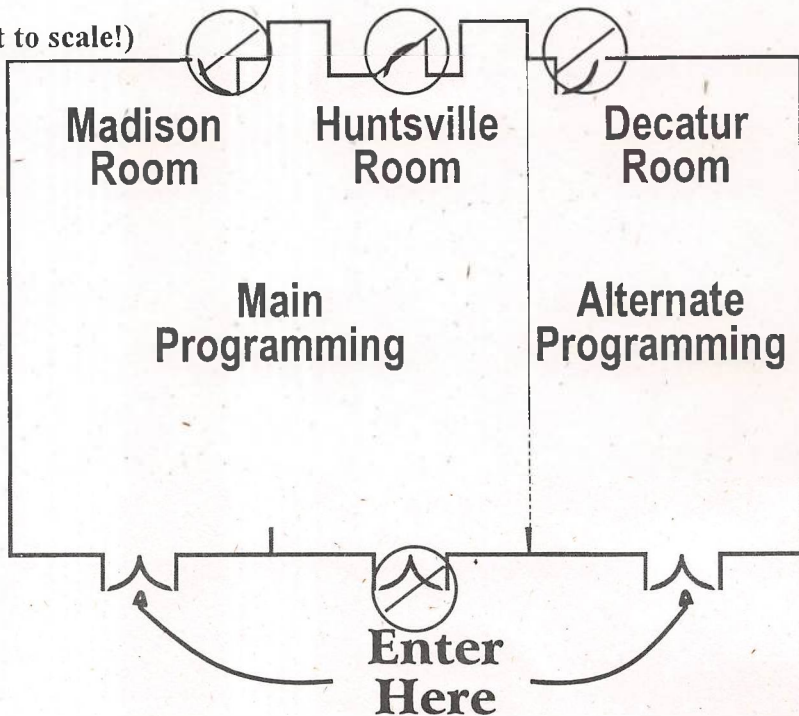
**Hotel Floor Maps (not to scale!)**

**Second Floor**

Main Programming is in the Madison Room and the Huntsville Room combined and has a single entrance through the Madison Room.

Alternate Programming is in the Decatur Room. The Masquerade Stage entrance is indicated by dotted lines.

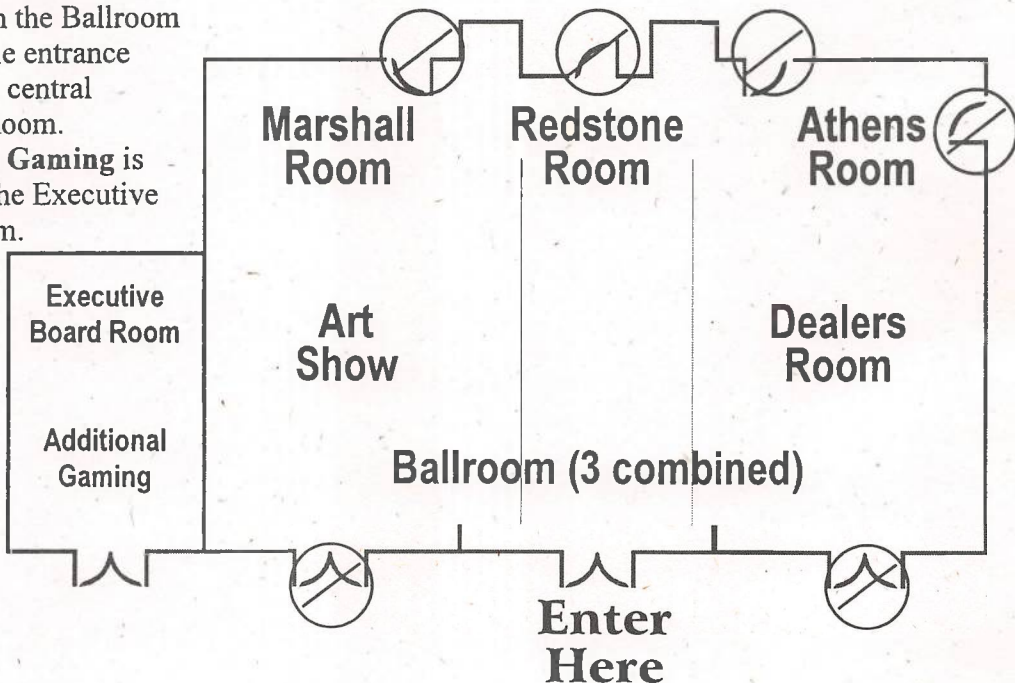
Registration, T-Shirt Sales, and the Fan Table are on the Second Floor.



**First Floor**

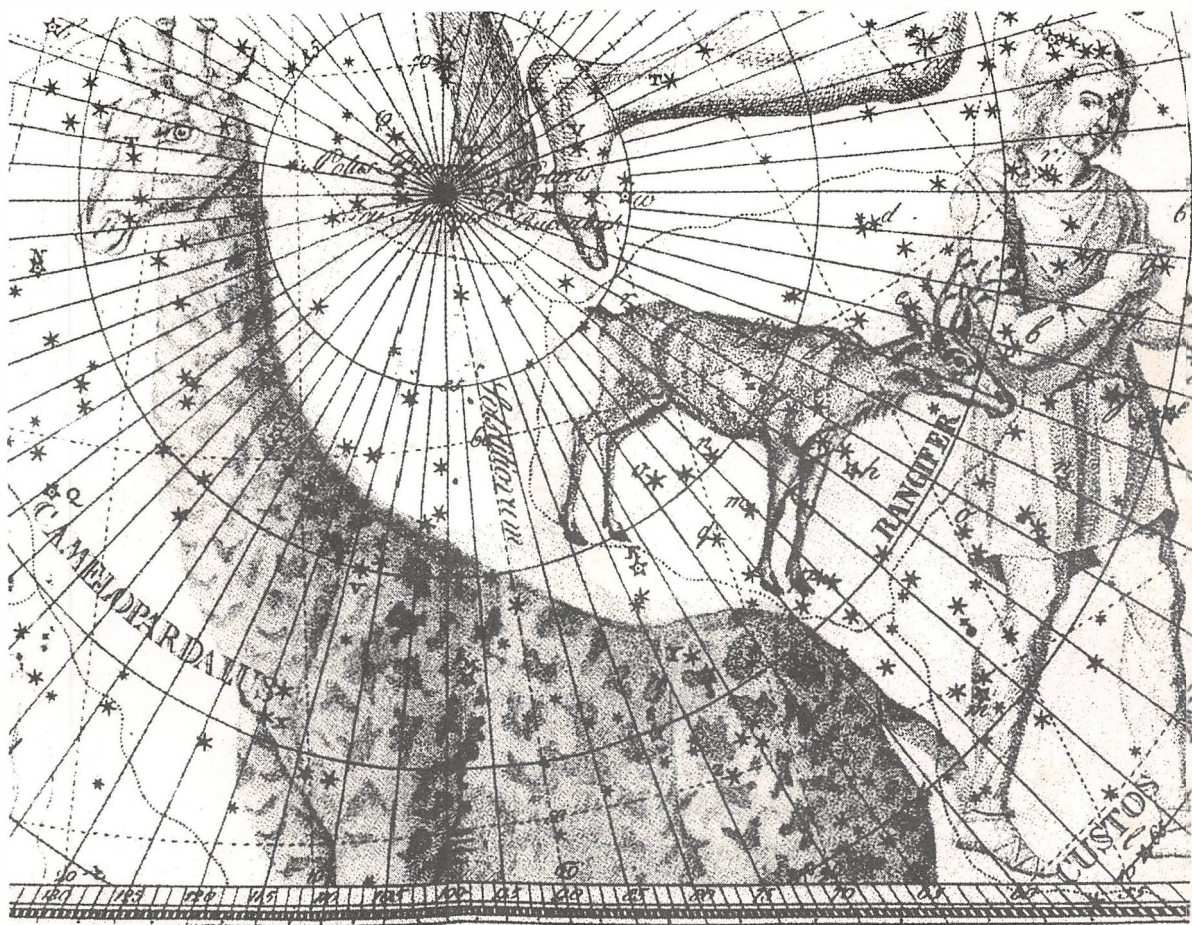
Dealers Room and Art Show are in the Ballroom with a single entrance through the central Redstone Room.

Additional Gaming is located in the Executive Board Room.









Invented in 1613, Camelopardalis is said to represent the animal ridden into Canaan by Rebecca for her marriage to Isaac. Petrus Plancius, the Dutch astronomer and theologian who created Camelopardalis, located it in an area of the sky left blank by the Greeks.

Lying in an area between Ursa Major and Cassiopeia, it contains no stars brighter than fourth magnitude. In 1624, Jacob Bartsch incorrectly attributed Camelopardalis' invention to Isaac Habrecht of Strasbourg, who had included it on his 1621 star globe.

*Back Cover courtesy of Mike Cothran & Marie McCormack; Star Chart from Johann Bode's Uranographia, published 1802*