

OrionWorks Sonova Quark

Brought to you by Steven Vincent Johnson and Darlene P. Coltrain, mailing address: 6666 Odana Road, #213, Madison, WI 53719. Email Steve: svj@orionworks.com. Email Darlene: dpcoltrain@gmail.com Web: <http://OrionWorks.com>. All material is Copyrighted © by Steven Vincent Johnson and Darlene P. Coltrain unless otherwise specified. Quark is brought to you by *OrionWorks* with occasional help from **Grasshopper Press** when I feel an inspirational mood overtake me. Final layout is assembled in InDesign CS5. Printing done on a HP Color Laserjet Pro MFP M277dw. Some might be asking how do you pronounce "Sonova Quark"? There isn't one.

This edition was created for **Turbo Charged Party Animal**, #364.
Completed somewhere around September 21, 2016

Post MidAmeriCon II - The Dust Settles

HOME AGAIN

As world SF conventions go, MidAmeriCon II was an average experience for me. Conventions these days don't feel as big as I remember them having been, particularly from 10 years ago. Much of my convention time was spent in the dealer's room playing the role of backup support for Darlene's tables.

I displayed 14 works of art in the art show. One piece was sold, a digital reproduction of *Emerald Sun Set*. I was hoping to sell two or three pieces. The prices were competitive. The sale of this particular work surprised me. Since 2004 I have displayed *Emerald Sun Set* countless times at SF art shows, but with no apparent interest. While I had always liked the work, particularly the subject material, I had resigned myself to accepting the apparent fact that few wanted to acquire a reproduction of it. Apparently, someone disagreed.



Emerald Sunset, by Steven Vincent Johnson
Medium: digital, 6000x4000 pixels.
Created using VUE 8 and Photoshop

The sale of art is a fickle business. As it turned out while I had, more or less, hit my targeted sales figure, it was accomplished not by the sale of the single piece of work in the art show but from sales of greet-

ing cards displayed out on Darlene's table. I estimate greeting card sales made up about two-thirds of my personal sales. Nice surprise.

Darlene's sales are typically larger than mine, typically significantly so. Plenty of silk scarves and two high ticket jewelry pieces were sold on the last day of the convention. It's not unusual to have last-minute sales as fans tally up how much money they still have in their accounts. Then they go buy something personal from Darlene. Hand painted silk scarves continue to be a big hit among fans.

While I did find time to attend specific programming that interested me I'm sure most TURBO fans who attended saw far more I. I will let them fill in the massive gaps of my own accounts. And now, I give you my personal interpretation. Hope you enjoy it!

Or

Images from MidAmeriCon II



The quaint faucet arrangement in our hotel room at the Philadelphia hotel. Water trickled out of it, presumably conserving local natural resources. OTOH, if you wanted to take a shower there was only one setting: Niagara Falls.

More Images from MidAmeriCon II

Darlene, in the Kansas City Philadelphia Hotel lobby posing next to the remnants of a destroyed Dalek. Nearby, an alien unsuccessfully tries to blend in as an inanimate piece of furniture.



Contemplating how not to get *offed* by my competition.



An unidentified blue box was spotted wandering about aimlessly.

Darlene set up in the Dealer's room. Her hand painted silk creations were very popular. To the right of Darlene's silk displays you can see two rows of greeting cards for sale. Many customers who may not have been able to afford a silk scarf ended up purchasing greeting cards of the same image.



More Images from MidAmeriCon II

Setting up my display in the Art Show



FREE BOOKS! Buffet style.
Where's the sneeze guard?

Jim Hudson helping out at the
NESFA table.



Hope assisting Griffin in displaying his prolific
gaming winnings.

More Images from MidAmeriCon II

Scott Custis and Jeanne Gomoll in the dealer's room. They sooo much look like tourists to me!



John Scalzi graciously allowing a fan to take a remote activated selfe.

George R. R. Martin signing books at Dream Haven books. Lisa Freitag attends.



OTHER STUFF

After returning from Kansas City the call of the garage became unbearable. I kept hearing the haunting words of "*Clean me*", piercing through my recalcitrant psyche. I purchased our house in 1989, 27 years ago. Through the years the garage has accumulated many items. Initially, I assembled a couple of work benches. Later, I contracted an electrician to wire electricity and exterior lights. I finally had a side door installed.

While some remodeling occurred I had never found the time to organize what I kept placing out there. Eventually one ends up with no walking space in which to access the lawn mower or snow blower, let alone the work benches. As the decades passed, stuff randomly thrown into the garage seemed to transform into annoying cavities that needed to be drilled out. If not done in a timely manner those cavities can end up infecting the rest of the still healthy interior eventually resulting in root canal. So, last week I began the first of countless seek-out-and-destroy missions. Time to make some sense out of the junk.

I hacked and slashed my way to the buried work benches. I bought some extra pegboard and affixed them to a side of the garage wall above my two workbenches. Pegboard is the 9th wonder of the world. (Everyone knows duct tape is the eighth.) Finally, after 27 years I now have most of my tools hanging up in plain sight instead of in interlocked monkey piles on top of my work benches. I now have a clear and straight walking path from the front to the rear in about a third of the garage floor plan. Law mower and snow blower, now accessible.

Next on the menu, recycle piles discarded furniture and whatnots. I need to call some charities and find out if they might be interested. Maybe some day in the near future I'll actually be able to drive the car into the garage. That would mean purchasing a garage door opener. At least that item would be serving a useful purpose. Better yet, it wouldn't be laying around on the floor waiting for me to trip over it.

Or

MAIL BAG

Andy #362, John W. Campbell Jr.: Thank you for your extensive biography on Mr. Campbell. It was my first real exposure that has given me dimension into this iconic SF figure. Its interesting to discover that as insightful Campbell had been in helping to birth the early SF community he also came with his own bag of petty flaws. it made him more realistic person to me... more believable. While I can still admire Campbell for all that he managed to accom-

plish, its another lesson that reiterates, once again, that it's never a wise to place anyone on an unreachable pedestal.

* * *

I'd like to get back to my Kepler research project. I also need to conclude my *Confessions of a SF Artist* series. All in good time. First, the garage. What's that I hear? Muffled sounds wafting up from a rarely explored corner of the basement? Oh dear! Not again!

c u next time...

--steve

Or

REDACTED

The Hand That Feeds is the Hand That Gets Licked



Charm asserting her possession of me. I captured the shot at an opportune moment of visual dynamics. Not photo-shopped.

If you're going to live with cats, you're going to end up being owned by them. Get used to being licked! It's cat-love.



Zoey receiving kibble