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SOUTH FLORIDA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

POST OFFICE BOX 70143
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33307

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Memorium

As you may have heard by now, we've lost one of our best. Robert Bloch passed away of liver cancer on Sept. 23.

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Jan., #113, Tues., Dec. 18	Shirlene Ananayo
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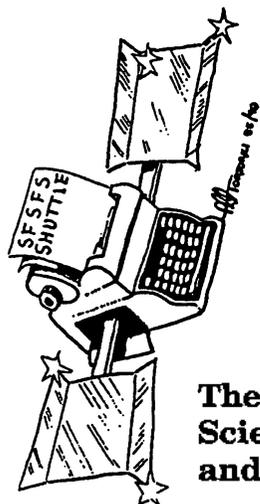
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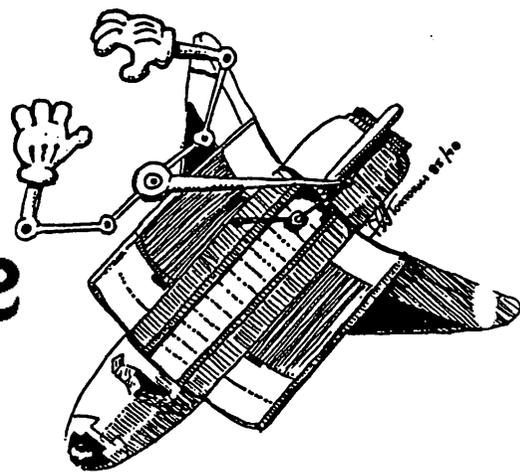
The SFSFS Shuttle #115 — October, 1994

The South Florida Science Fiction Society is a Florida non-profit educational corporation recognized by the Internal Revenue Service under Section 501 (c) (3). General membership is \$15 per year for adults, \$1 for children (see form at the back of the issue). Subscribing membership is \$12 per year. The views, reviews, and opinions expressed in the *SFSFS Shuttle* are those of the authors and artists and not necessarily those of the publishers. However, when the editors disagree with the contributors, the editors are right. When the editors disagree with each other, they are both right. The ideas expressed here can save a marriage.



SFSFS

Meeting Space



**The Internet
Science Fiction and Science Fact
and how to get onto the highway**

WHERE: Riverland Branch, Broward Library
Davie Blvd. & Riverland Rd., Fort Lauderdale
WHEN: Oct. 29 at 3:00 PM
DIRECTIONS: Take I-95 to Davie Blvd. Go west to
Riverland Rd. traffic light. Library is in shopping
center on the southwest corner.

Suffering from propaganda overload on the information superhighway? Or suffering from information overload on the propaganda superhighway? Curious about the Florida Freenet, the Internet, and all? Join us at the October SFSFS meeting and find out what's really out there. One of the secret masters of Genie (SMoG), Shirlene Ananayo, will explain and demonstrate the SF bypaths on that net. Joe Siclari will do the same for Compuserve. We're seeking to have presentations on all the major on-ramps.

Bring your e-anecdotes and e-xperiences and share them. If Murphy stays out of Davie, we'll have demonstrations, and maybe a little hands-on. If you rank expert, drop us a note on Genie at J.SICLARI1 and tell us all about it.

See you at the Riverland Library. The Book Discussion is the same night (see p. 18).

September Meeting Revisited

(courtesy of Shirlene Ananayo, with the usual unavoidable editorial kibitzing by Edie Stern)

The meeting began with brief announcements on the remaining general meetings of the year. The October meeting will be about the Internet. November will be at WXEL with Ben Bova and Joe Green speaking on the fiction and fact behind exploring Mars. December's meeting will be our annual dinner, planned again for the Flaming Pit in Deerfield.

Nominating Committee

The Nominating Committee for next year's SFSFS Officers consists of Melanie Herz (407-724-9581) (committee chair), Becky Peters (305-563-5788), and Bill Wilson (305-987-9905). Regular members interested in serving as Chairman, Vice Chairman, Treasurer, or Secretary are asked to let them know ASAP! Elections will be at the November meeting.

Program: You are what you collect(?)

Francine Mullen spoke first about her passion for collecting sheet music and what-not related to filk. She showed us a tiny portion of her tape collection as well as several large binders containing sheet music for many filk tunes that she has collected over the years. Fran's interest really began with folk music and she credits Chuck Phillips with getting her interested in filk.

Bob Ewart soon followed and talked about his hobby of collecting YA (young adult) novels. He spoke about the "thrill of finding something" as being his main reason for collecting.

Joe Siclari wrapped up the discussion with his stories about the trials and tribulations of collecting fanzines...boxes and boxes of fanzines from different parts of the world covering several decades.

September Business meeting

The business portion of the meeting did not take long.

(continued on page 5)

EDITORIAL

October 1st deserves some notoriety as the other end of the yearly axis that starts with April 1. If we dedicate a day in spring to fools, and in practice to playing jokes on others, we really ought to do something quietly spectacular for the antipodal day in fall. As someone who has frequently (and recently) been accused of rushing in where angels fear to tread, I hereby suggest we reserve October 1st for doing silly things to/for ourselves.

So, it ought to make perfectly good sense to everybody that Joe and I spent October 1st buying a very red car. Now, it's quite true that we needed a new car. Not only have we been driving our 1983 Tercel for more than 126,000 miles, but the amount of rust the poor thing was producing could have had us accused of contributing to the ozone hole by withdrawing large amounts of oxygen from the atmosphere. And while it still chugs along enthusiastically, my sad old knees get grumpy when faced with a manual transmission and a traffic jam. All of these are not the real reason the car had to go. I was twice mortified in the last 6 months because of this car. First, a tall friend came visiting and ... did I mention that the roof lining is falling down inside the car?... and I had to either drive with one hand and hold the roof up with the other, or watch him brushing non-imaginary gossamer shrouds from his head (it's an OLD roof lining). Secondly, an executive from another company wanted a quiet word with me as we switched from a conference room in one building to a conference room in another, and so followed me to my car. I was mortified to usher an impeccably dressed and presumably well off British executive into a car whose defining image is a choice between the wire struts poking out of the driver's seat, and the interestingly bubbled appearance of window film after a decade of tropical sun. I needed a new car.

None of this can account for our thoughtful and economically unjustified purchase of a very red Firebird with a real big engine (technical term, that). It must have been the date. Having but one child to put through college, having come to grips with being an internally red-car person, having never had a sports car, this is big fun and guiltless. We exceeded the speed limit moments after we drove it away. Danny was on a day trip, and when he arrived home nearly mugged me for the car keys. ["Dan, you can't drive. You're too young." "I don't care; give me the car keys." You can guess the rest.]

Strange things started happening shortly thereafter. While taking Fran Mullen and Becky Peters for a short spin, a strange man started drag racing me down the street. I was perplexed, having missed the apparently well understood preparatory signal of gunning one's engine before the light turned green. Later, a woman offered to trade me her three kids for the car. At work, strangers congratulated me in the hallway. My boss just shook his head and muttered something about muscle cars. Perhaps oddest of all, I found myself leaving silly voicemail ("My car's redder than your car."). At least I haven't dyed my hair blonde yet.

As always, there's a lesson to be learned from this. In my case, it's a lesson of cause and effect. Within a week after buying the Firebird, we learned that our roof needed replacing. In fact, they're due to begin ripping it off the house in the morning. Our roof needed replacing, our sprinklers were just completely replaced, our gutters and fascia need replacing, a lightning strike fried our wiring in the computer room (hooray for surge protectors) and last week we had our dog fixed. At least she wasn't broken to start with (and there's a fine measure of guilt that goes with cutting up a healthy animal just because you don't want any puppies). Had the roof revealed its need a week earlier, there would be no car. Had we not bought the car, the gods of financial prudence wouldn't have thought it necessary to stomp the roof. Had the department of practical jokes not screwed up my electronic paycheck deposit, this would be funnier.

Well, luckily we can handle the financial tidal wave. The dog is feeling better, and merely looks sad and betrayed. My 72 year old mother can almost manage to get in and out of a car that's lower than her wheelchair. Anybody think of a cool (printable) name that sounds red? The car is red. It's very red. it goes zoom. I like it.

Cheers...Eddie

P.S. Edie was not nice enough to the Tercel. Even with her insides sometimes hanging out, she has given us great service. In fact, to reward the car and Dan, we decided to keep the car so Dan can learn to drive on it. After riding in the Firebird, Dan is not enthused by this reward.

(continued from page 3)

Joe mentioned the Board of Directors' Meeting that had taken place earlier that day. The bylaws for SFSFS are currently under revision by the BoD and will be presented with revisions for the consideration of the General Membership in November meeting.

George Peterson was introduced to the General Membership as being the acting Vice Chairman in place of Judi Goodman. **Congratulations George!**

The Nominating Committee was mentioned again and all interested parties were reminded to contact them.

SEFLIN ground-breaking ceremonies in Dade and Palm Beach were scheduled for September 24/25. SEFLIN will hold ongoing training sessions for the interested public. If you are interested in attending, watch the papers for details, or call your local library.

Steve Gold, Tropicon XIII Chair announced a 9/18 Tropicon meeting at Becky's. He also mentioned that he had spoken with Jael. She will be driving down for the convention. Much luck to her! Plans are being made to host a Tropicon party at Necronomicon. If you are planning to attend Necro, and would like to help, please talk to Steve.

People who made pledges to give money to WXEL need to send/give your checks to Ericka Perdeu, SFSFS liaison to WXEL.



Arlene Garcia, new assistant head of the Media Division, announced that plans would be made for a group of SFSFans to meet at a local theatre to watch *Stardate*. Exact time and date to be announced later. There are a number of interesting films that will be opening in the next few months. If there's enough interest, the Media Division will organize group viewings. Watch the news for openings of *Star Trek Generations*, *Interview With a Vampire*, and Mary Shelly's *Frankenstein*. If you are interested in *Stardate*, or any of the others, please call Arlene or Bill Wilson.

Library

Cindy Warmuth announced that the library had several duplicates and anyone collecting an older series might want to contact her if you are missing any novels in the series. Cindy would be



willing to search the library to see if there is a duplicate copy available for you to purchase, at a reduced rate, of course. **Remember**, if there's a subject or a specific book you would find in the SFSFS library, Cindy (305-987-9905) has volunteered to try and help. Give her fair warning before the general meeting, and she may be able to bring the desired volume(s) to the meeting itself.

SFSFS says THANKS

Thank you to Steve Gold for contributing a computer to SFSFS for use by the library. This will very much help with inventory and administration. Thank you to Dave Lyman for contributing a disk drive for the machine to make it fully functional. Thank you both very much.

Joe announced that he would give a prize to anyone who could read *Footfall* by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle and identify all the writers who appeared in the novel.

Bill Wilson reports that on October 26, the Florida Philharmonic is performing a concert of Spielberg movie music at the Jackie Gleason Theatre of the Performing Arts on Miami Beach.

New members

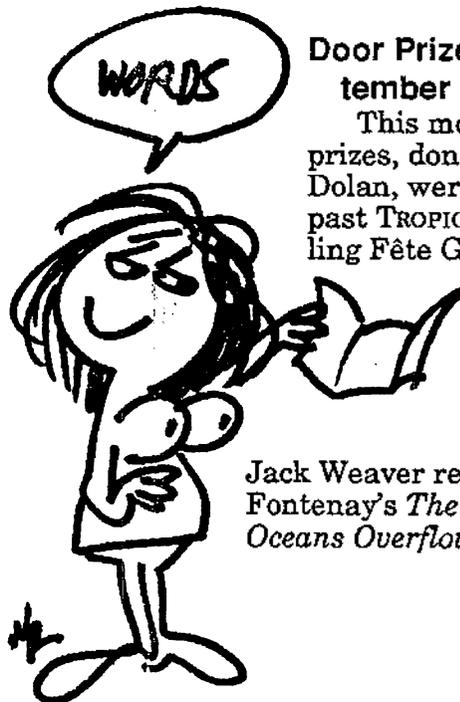
Two new members were voted in: Marilyn Hollis of Hollywood and Louise Auerhahn of Miramar. Welcome to the club!

Door Prizes for September

This month's door prizes, donated by Peggy Dolan, were novels by past TROPICON and Traveling Fête Guests of Honor.

Arlene Garcia won Lee Hoffman's novel *Always the Black Knight* and

Jack Weaver received Charles Fontenay's *The Day the Oceans Overflowed*.



MADE MAID

The solution, Jason decided, was to make a woman. Not in the vernacular sense but literally. The place could use a woman's touch. More to the point, so could he.

He stared disconsolately around the control deck of the Mars orbiter for something like the googolth time and, no, there wasn't a damn thing different to see except a stray bit of custard floating gently around after escaping his lips during what was laughingly called supper. Languidly he captured it and popped it into a waste regenerator lest it drift into some sensitive switch.

The next expedition from Earth should have been in orbit and picked him up weeks ago but there had been no sign of it. And his radio communication had been out since just before the last expedition got back to Earth.

What had happened? Some glitch delaying the departure of the *Marsward IV*? Or, ultimately fatal to him, some national or international disaster that had crashed the entire space program, leaving him hanging here? There was no way he could know unless he could at least reestablish communication, and so far the Formulator hadn't been able to do that.

He didn't have to worry about food, water, air, other necessities, unless his relief was delayed for a very long time. Taking readings on the martian surface, analyzing them and entering the records of them into the computer files occupied his mind so the isolation hadn't bothered him all that much. But damn, he'd been pre-

pared emotionally to go it alone for months while waiting for the *Marsward III* to get back to Earth and the *Marsward IV* to follow it here, but the anxiety of unexpected delay multiplied his loneliness a hundred-fold.

For artificial nights on end now he had dreamed of women he had known on Earth, of women he had never known, his dreams had concocted elaborate fantasies of intimate relationships surpassing any romance novel he had ever read. By God, one of the recommendations he was going to make on the basis of this experience was that UNASA consider sending *couples* on missions that involved long isolation!

He wanted feminine companionship, dammit! In full measure. Help keep things straightened up around here...and there were the long, lonely nights to think of.

The idea of fabricating an artificial maid to ease the pain occurred to him when he programmed the Formulator to perform an unusually complex job correcting a flaw in the biosphere, where his hydroponic plants were grown, contributing both to his food supply and the orbiter's oxygen. It would be the same principle, only more complicated. It was amazing what the Formulator could do when programmed correctly through the computer.

True, the Formulator hadn't been able to figure out how to repair something as

by Charles Fontenay

simple as that interplanetary radio yet. But it wouldn't hurt to try.

An android. An android physically and behaviorally indistinguishable from a real, living woman. He hauled out his tapes on biology, anatomy, robotics, everything that could apply, and started figuring out the programming sequence.

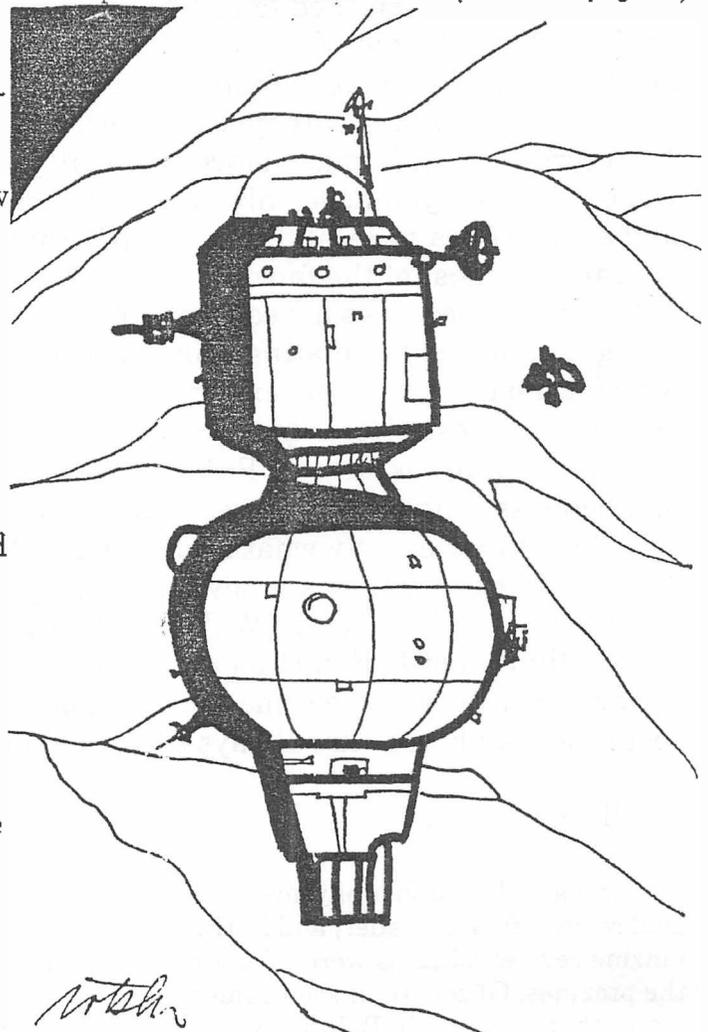
Programming the body was easy except for the maze of neuron connections. The brain was much more intricate, for he wanted no mere rubber doll. She would be pre-programmed so he would not have to educate her. She would be programmed to know all she needed to know, to know what to expect when she was "born" from the womb of the Formulator.

He searched tapes exhaustively; he garnered from them everything that could be found about the expression of feminine emotions, the way women thought, their eroticisms — in sum, their motivations and the way they normally behaved. All the incidental knowledge about women that had been stored in the ample files of the orbiter was fed into the computer.

One immediate merit to the project was that it occupied his mind in every waking moment. Fascinated with both the problem and the prospect, he had no time to be lonely. In fact, he became so preoccupied with the process of creating this remarkable device he had dreamed up...literally...that for long stretches he forgot what he was creating it *for*.

Not so when the programming was complete and the Formulator went to work

at last. His own part of the creative work was done now, all he had to do was follow his daily routine of observing, analyzing, recording the surface of Mars and in his spare time watch the Formulator purring away. He gave his imagination free rein on the blissful events that would follow its completion of its task. (continued page 16)



The Ghost of Fandom Past:(Reprinted from *Hyphen* 27, March, 1961)

When Walt Willis asked me to write this chapter, he little expected to see me stagger up the hallowed steps of 170 Upper Newtownards Road with four inches of closely typed manuscript. You see, I have so far only typed 3 lines, but I know my record of Irish Fandom since 1954 will just go on and on. I mean, you have only to cast your minds back to the 1955/7 era to recall that my Irish Fandom stories appeared in most of the fanzines going. And although I freely admit there was a wealth of fable, the facts were only a fragment of the fascinating things which took place. The easy way for me to write of my experiences in Irish Fandom would be

to place all those stories in chronological order and reprint snippets of them, in the form of an omnibus edition. But I know for a fact that, of necessity, my stories are read in much less conspicuous places than public transport, so that project falls by the way-side. But I know exactly what I am going to do. I am going to allow my fingers to wander over this typewriter as they will. I am going to think back to that fabulous day when I first read the name 'Walt Willis'...I am going to force myself into an abstract trance (that'll baffle Ron Hubbard) and write exactly what comes into my head. I have discovered after writing some hundreds of thousands of words in fandom that the more spontaneous phrases are always the most effective and realistic and truthful.

You'll see.....

For a goodly number of years I had been an avid science fiction reader, and in those days fanzine review columns were a feature of most of the prozines. Of course, it soon came to my notice that a person in Belfast by the name of Walt Willis published a fanzine which was

always getting rave notices.....and, what's more, it seemed that he was a prolific writer of the highest grade. I knew nothing of fanzines, save that they were synonymous with science fiction, and as this exalted personality actually lived only a couple of miles from me I was prompted

to enquire further. Willis, of course, was canny. I sent him a postal order as a sub. to *Hyphen*, and it was three weeks before he replied. On his invitation, I went up to Oblique House, and it all started from there.

Walt lent me a batch of prozines and fanzines, and I spent a fortnight reading them... a fortnight in which I pondered deeply if this way of life was for me.

One Sunday in late August in 1954 I made the fateful decision. I pumped up the tyres of my pedal cycle and pushed my way over to Oblique House, and during the next four hours I saw exactly all that Irish Fandom stood for.

Bob Shaw, a young man with a whimsical expression permanently transfixing his Grecian features, had a fantastic appetite. James White, of the studious expression and sartorial elegance, on the other hand, only nibbled thin plain biscuits. Madeleine Willis seemed to spend most of her time staggering up and down three flights of stairs with a fifteen gallon teapot. Walt Willis seemed, by common consent, to be the nucleus round which they all circled, and he had a crafty grin on his face, and seemed to keep his mind at a permanent razor's edge in order to be able to twist a perfectly innocent verbal expression into a potent pun. George Charters, a nice old man, sat in a chair and purveyed bags of sweets, seeming to make a ritual of keeping 'the purple one' for Sadie. Sadie, in those days, was Bob's girl-friend, and endeared herself to me by sportingly playing ghoodminton and being quite prepared to divest herself of superficial attire should the tempo of the game require it!

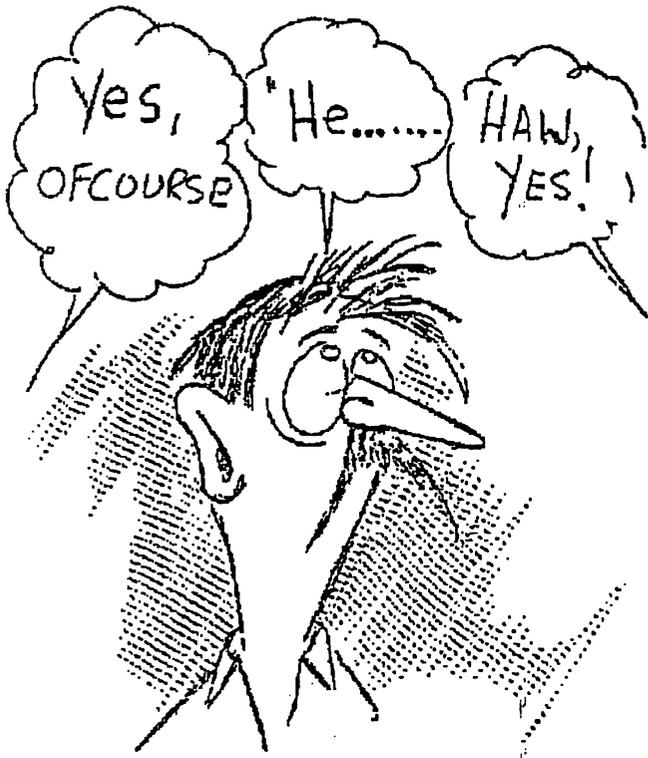
Ah, ghoodminton.....

This was the outlet for our sporting instincts, and I became an addict. I fear I was so keen to play that it may have appeared that I pushed myself forward out of turn. I could not resist some dormant primitive urge to batter the shuttlecock. For this game brought out the best and the worst in us all. The rules were nonexistent: as long as the shuttlecock could be made to hit the floor on the opponent's side, it didn't matter at all *how* it got there! This made a

perfect set-up for aggression and brute force, but the way we played it said a great deal for the delicacy of our upbringing and appreciation of the rules of sportsmanship. Admittedly, the game was the direct cause of considerable damage to the house and its furnishings, but broken windows and powdered plaster and matchwood chairs were proof positive that we played the game for all it was worth. No personal animosity asserted itself, strange as it may seem, because we were such a convivial group that none existed. The fact that my blood was strewn all over the fan attic after every game wasn't because I had wronged any of them, just fannish exuberance. You see, I went out of my way to win. I brought all the subtlety of my mental and physical make-up into a vicious vendetta against the shuttlecock and whoever was precipitating it. We all had our ploys. Bob Shaw, who I've asserted before should have been a ballet dancer, preferred to prance around like a sylph, so that for a second we would take our eyes off the missile, while he battered it at hypersonic speed past our ears and into the floorboards. James White, normally placid, hacked and fought with gritted teeth.



THINKING



Madeleine Willis, an amazingly athletic specimen of wonderful womanhood, let it be known immediately that just because she was a female she didn't expect preferential treatment. Even when her wrist was sprained and her left thumb knocked out of orbit, she didn't complain. George Charters, older by far than the rest of us, insisted upon playing too, and denied our permission that he could remain seated during the tourney. His nickname (dubbed by James White) of 'The Dribbling Terror' conveys better than any words of mine what a potent force he was. He had the Appointment to supply the bats, and whilst other workers at his factory were hard at work, George was surreptitiously shaping squares of cardboard, which he smuggled out of the factory inside his flat cap. The Managing Director of the factory, making his annual speech to the shareholders in 1955, was quoted as saying, "...and gentlemen, beside manufacturing 87 Canberra twin-jet attack bombers and building the prototype of the Short Seamew, on full Government subsidy, I am sorry to announce a most discouraging drop in the shares. If only we could cut down on our use of cardboard packing boxes....."

After ghoddminton, Madeleine always came up to the fan attic with the huge teapot, as I've already mentioned. She also supplied home-

made delicacies, foremost among them the celebrated 'Coffee Kisses'. During and after this repast the conversation became magnificently fresh and uninhibited. No particular subject was chosen; we just followed our flights of fancies and created allusion upon allusion, to the merriment of all. In my early days, I didn't partake in the conversation too much, because my mind hadn't been geared to the ultimate revs per min; but a veritable battle of wits usually ensued between Bob, James, Madeleine and Walt.....conversation dripping with puns and word-play. I noticed one day, after I had become somewhat attuned, that when one of them made a particular remark, probably something quite innocent, they all laughed....and it gradually dawned on me that their minds were so pliable, so used to each other, so brilliant, that they all, without a word being spoken, *recognized the same unspoken play on words!* If you like, I'll go so far as to say that their reactions displayed some degree of perception which cannot be put down to mere intellectual cohabitation. There was something else, an understanding I've never come across before or since. I know whereof I speak, because within a year or two, I was firmly entrenched in this phenomenon. When a visitor came, and said something quite natural, but which, to over over-prying minds, indicated word-play, we looked at each other for a second, or in some cases without even a look or glance, we each knew the others had noted what *we* had noted.

Perhaps a visitor would make a pun: possibly, on rare occasions, a good pun - good, that was, to our standard. We all duly laughed, and the visitor assumed that our hilarity had been directed at the original pun. This was untrue! Our minds, in unison, had accepted the pun in a split second, had torn it to pieces, and had worked out many other complicated puns, each one a play on the previous one. On occasions, if one of us thought we had hit a particularly original play on words regarding a remark, we would utter a cord *connected* with our discovery, and from the nods and laughs it was obvious that the rest had thought of it also, sampled it, and approved it.

The amazing thing, to me, was that these thoughts raced through our minds in split

seconds. It was like someone looking out of the window of an aeroplane and seeing everywhere and everything, from horizon to horizon, at the same time. I wish it were possible to give an example, just one. Unfortunately, although many thousands of brilliant puns, quips and merry jests passed between us during the last five years, I cannot recall any classic examples.

It was wonderful the way we used to dissect ideas. One of us would come up with something unconventional, and, after tea, we would all sit round and imagine all sorts of fannishly wonderful ploys on the original theme.

For instance, there was my wardrobe affair!

The wardrobe biz was fully detailed in *BLISSKRIEG* (title by Walt Willis) in *Hyphen*. It concerned my theories that the prelude to marital bliss in the privacy of the boudoir should be a death-defying leap by the male from the top of the wardrobe on to the bed.

I took the article up for the rest of Irish fandom to read, and they all thoroughly enjoyed the idea; it was, to use a common mundane expression, right up their street. And we started to embroider the basic theme.

I think it was Bob Shaw who suggested that if my idea really caught on, we should form a limited company and corner the wardrobe monopoly.

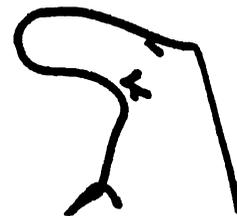
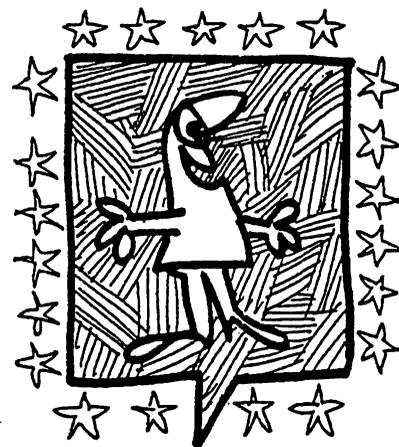
Suggestions flew thick and fast...some rejected...some animatedly developed. Someone said that in years to come they could envisage young couples heading towards a secluded part of a park, towing a wardrobe behind them.

Walt coined the classic phrase concerning the celebrated sex-fiend Chuck Harris.....'Have wardrobe - will travel.'

James White thought that the wardrobe idea would be a big hit in the Middle East. He remarked that a potentate would not gain prestige from the number of his concubines, as of yore, but from the number, design and strength of his wardrobes. A series of tall wardrobes, showing

that a terrific leap was necessary, would prove to his minions that the potentate was gifted with fantastic virility. "Of course," I remember James saying, "one couldn't expect a potentate to actually cause possible injury to himself by personally participating in the preliminary jump. A new category of male would be recruited into the harem, to join the eunuchs. These would be superb physical specimens, whose sole activity was to accompany the potentate and his current choice to the bedchamber. The individual would sit on top of the wardrobe, and at a signal from the potentate that all was ready, would leap on to the bed; perchance, if the occasion demanded it, turning a couple of somersaults. He would then sneak furtively away, leaving the scene, but keeping within shouting distance should his services be required again!"

For older married couples we invented the jet-assisted take-off equipment for installation on the top of the wardrobe. We thought of having the wardrobe on railway lines, with a little engine on it, so that the male could shunt around the bed, keeping the female in suspenseful agony. We had a miniature glider so that the male could actually *fly* over the bed, and thus bail out at the psychological moment.



DREAMS

And so on...you know, I've only just sketched some of our allusions. Luckily, this was one of the rare occasions during which I kept notes!

A word or two about the lady members of Irish fandom.

Madeleine is the acknowledged First Lady of Irish Fandom, and has played a big part in the functions of the group, both from a fannish point of view, and from a social aspect. The amount of cakes and biscuits and gallons of tea she has supplied must be astronomical and, you'll pardon the expression...gastronomical!

I've mentioned before her prowess at ghoodminton, but she shines in all directions, mentally and physically, and I've never met a shrewder Canasta player. I only hope she never suggests playing for money!

Peggy White was a very frequent visitor to Irish Fandom meetings for some time, before she married James and afterwards, but since the advent of a couple of White Miners, she obviously has less time for ghoodminton and suchlike.

Sadie Shaw, I've told you before, is a sports-woman...well, she was, anyway. In my early

days in Irish Fandom she was most enthusiastic about ghoodminton, and once she even wrote a brilliant article. We were without the Shaws for over two years...they went to Canada...although it is gratifying to be able to relate that they kept in touch with us, so much so that when they returned, we speedily forgot that they'd ever been away.



I've tried to show, as briefly as possible, all the varying aspects of fan activity that Irish Fandom has participated in during my sojourn. The combined list of fanzines, apazines, stories, articles, letters of comment, pro. stories, columns, one shots, etc, which all of us of Irish Fandom have produced in the last five years must be staggering. Members of Irish Fandom have appeared at or near the top of most of the polls conducted during the period, and I recall that in 1956, in one poll, members of IF (including ATOM, an Honorary Member) topped eight out of twelve categories. I know I shouldn't boast about our triumphs like this, but you all know that I am famed for giving factual data, and it is up to me to carry on this fine and novel tradition in this chapter of our history.

It is interesting to conjecture what will happen to Irish Fandom in the next decade. I have brought the history up to date...up to the end of 1959...and I wonder what fate holds for us... and who will be writing the history of Irish Fandom so as to bring the record up to date in 1969?

Walt and Co. were blossoming forth in 1949, and in the past ten years Irish Fandom has grown into a group of devoted fans, with the furtherance of fandom as the principle objective. Where will it go from here?

One thing you may all be assured of. Even though Walt and Madeleine may leave 170, Upper Newtownards Road, a new Oblique House will carry on the fine tradition...and I am confident you all feel that fandom will continue to be the better for it.



SECRET THOUGHTS OF PLEASURE



REVIEWS "R" Us:

Scenes of Life

by George Peterson

I. Asimov, *A Memoir* by Isaac Asimov
Doubleday; Hardcover: \$21.95, ISBN #0-385-41701-2

Once Around the Bloch:
An Unauthorized Autobiography by Robert Bloch
TOR; Hardcover: \$22.95, ISBN #0-312-85373-4



"In memory yet green, in joy still felt,
The scenes of life rise sharply into view.
We triumph; Life's disasters are undelt,
And while all else is old, the world is new."

Isaac Asimov

"Walk a mile in my shoes..." goes the old saying.

It seems that for many (if not most) people who love some art, sport or achievement, there is a desire to know and understand the person who creates or brings it into being. The book or movie that touches our hearts creates a sense of intimacy. We want to make connection. It is a rare bird who has no interest in the consciousness behind the object of his/her love.

This is the much of the driving force behind "celebrity". People think that, because they see an actor on television every day, they actually know him. That this gives them a right to disturb him, to pry into his life, to make demands. It is sometimes easy to forget that the contract only extends to the work itself. You pay your money, and the enjoyment of the work is the return. But we cannot help that the interest remains.

Of course, if the person in question volunteers his life, then that life becomes the work. And we are fully justified... We pay our money and the intimacy is the return.

Thus, we get autobiographies. Which, like anything else, come in good, bad, indifferent, honest and dishonest.

Not that you have to be a fan of the person in question to enjoy the autobiography. It simply has to be well written. Which is why autobiographies written by professional writers are a relatively good bet. Even though most authors don't live very eventful lives, they already know how to write a good book.

An excellent example of this is *I. Asimov* by

Isaac Asimov.

In the third volume of autobiography he has written, Asimov recounts a dream he had once. In the dream, he had died and found to his great surprise, being an atheist, that he was in heaven:

"And there was the recording angel smiling broadly at [him] in greeting.

"[Asimov] said in wonder, 'Is this Heaven?"

"The recording angel said, 'It is.'

[He] said..., 'But there must be some mistake. I don't belong here. I'm an atheist.'

'No mistake,' said the recording angel.

'But as an atheist how can I qualify?"

The recording angel said sternly, 'We decide who qualifies. Not you.'

'I see,' [he] said. [Asimov] looked about, pondered for a moment, then turned to the recording angel and asked, 'Is there a typewriter here that I can use?"

This little tale illustrates two of Asimov's most notable traits. The less obvious of the two was his integrity. Only Asimov would have argued at the gates of heaven that he wasn't eligible to enter. Throughout his life, Asimov bent over backward to avoid taking advantage of people, whether friends, family, colleagues, publishers or total strangers. He was always generous with writing credits and money, never taking more than he thought he was due.

The other trait is one of his most famous. Asimov was one of those most lucky of people to have found something he totally and completely loved to do. And, more, it made him somewhat famous and wealthy enough to have lived well and provide well for his family. Writing was truly his life and he found it hard to tolerate anything that kept him away from it.

I. Asimov, is his third volume of autobiography. The previous two, *In Memory Yet Green* and *In Joy Still Felt*, were published nearly fifteen years ago and covered his life up till the late '70's. Asimov had always planned to do a third volume covering the remaining 20 years of his life. But so much time had passed that he decided to write a full retrospective.

The odd thing about the previous volumes, was what was left out. Although Asimov wrote in painstaking detail what he did, they told surpris-

ingly little of what he felt about it. To a large extent, *I. Asimov* corrects this. Here, the Good Doctor eschews an exact recounting of his life in favor of a more personal, subjective view. Arranged by subject into a large number of short chapters, Asimov discusses the people, places, events and ideas that shaped his life.

It's interesting to speculate on why this is so. Part of the answer, I suspect, has much to do with his integrity. Asimov was very unwilling to say ill of people. Since the previous volumes were published, his first wife and many writers and friends have passed away. As a result, Isaac became much more willing to say what he really felt.

Fortunately, *I. Asimov* remains much more cheerful and positive than the ironically titled *Asimov Laughs Again* (which I skimmed through while standing in a bookstore). Supposedly a joke book, the autobiographical info is much more interesting. And surprisingly negative. During the last two years of his life, Asimov seemed to have become a bit grumpy and bitter as his growing health problems kept him from his writing.

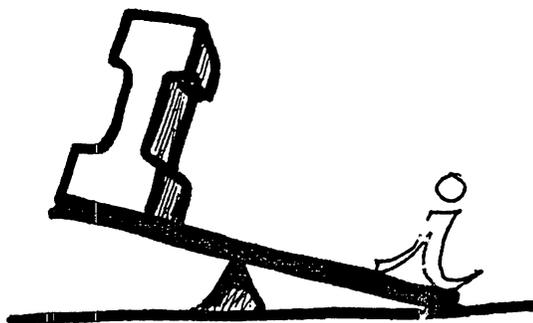
I. Asimov was completed in 1990, and is far more like him.

The way in which his autobiography is such a tribute to Asimov, is in his writing. His greatest talent was his ability to write so that he could be read clearly, smoothly and with interest even when dealing with the most difficult and arcane of subjects. Granted Asimov spent his life at his typewriter producing a long list of books, giving talks and doing nothing particularly exciting. Yet, he writes so well, you'll never notice as you keep turning page after page.

Like the greatest of artists and athletes, it's easy to dismiss Isaac Asimov because he makes it look so easy. Read him and enjoy, for we will not see his like again.



Unlike Asimov, I am not familiar with the life



THE INNER CHILD TRIUMPHS

and work of Robert Bloch. I've read only a few of his short stories. In fact, I've never even seen the film *Psycho* in its entirety (I've always kept coming into it in the middle).

This made not a single particle of difference as I found *Once Around the Bloch, An Unauthorized Autobiography* to be an excellent book. Like Asimov, Bloch spent most of his life working hard at his writing, though not as obsessively.

If I had one overall impression from this book, it was this: Robert Bloch should have made a lot more money.

Born in 1917, Bloch, like Asimov, was a child of the Depression. Unfortunately, he didn't have the advantages of formal education the Asimov achieved. For a long time, most of his income came from writing for pulp magazines. Although he had his successes, most notably *Psycho*, he never quite got the kind of return he should have. Thus, *Once Around the Bloch* is full of half successes and disappointments. Nevertheless, Bloch has much to be proud of.

For example, Bloch and a friend were tapped to help run the mayoral campaign for a little known Milwaukee assistant city attorney. They were actually among the first to use such now standard procedures as writing speeches designed specifically to command radio and newspaper coverage, and challenging opponents to a public debate. The result was that an apparently unbeatable incumbent was defeated by the darkest of dark horses.

But Bloch and company got little recognition or payment. In 1939, the idea of candidates having gag writers and spin doctors was unheard of, so they were forced to stay in the background. And, sadly, their lack of formal education or experience kept them from receiving positions in the new administration.

Despite such setbacks, Bloch persevered.

Make no mistake, *Once Around the Bloch* is not a downer. On the contrary, it's always interesting and often delightfully funny. Bloch views his life with humor and understanding and is always aware of reasons and complexities behind everything. Like Asimov, he is honest about his strengths and weaknesses, failures and successes and the people he has known.

On a personal level, I found this book to be an inspiration. Not because Bloch is some sort of saint or of heroic stature, but because he shows that with hard work, honesty and humor one can build a good and decent life even under adverse conditions.

Hmmm... You could draw the same conclusions from Isaac.

F / X E N O U G H
 BY G E O R G E P E T E R S O N

It is one of the great curses of speculative fiction in the movies that the special effects are often the best things in them. As time passes, this trend has continued, till the complaint covers more than SF. In movie after movie, I've seen the same pattern: exquisite work in all the technical areas, but with a script that seriously in need of a re-write. It gets tiresome seeing potentially great films ruined because of bad writing (eg *The Flintstones*).

But from time to time, there comes along a piece where the technical work is so unique, dazzling, marvelous that it's easy to ignore the plot holes (eg. most of Tim Burton's work). *The Mask* (New Line Cinema) is one such movie.

Plot-wise, there isn't much here. Jim Carrey plays a wimpy bank clerk who finds an ancient wooden mask. When he puts it on, he turns into green-faced, trickster-type character with cartoonish powers. He breaks a few laws, defeats a few villains (namely Richard Greene playing a generic mob-figure) and wins the bodacious, blond-bombshell (played by Amy Yasbeck, who's quite a special effect in herself).

Carrey, whom I've generally found irritating, works well here. The director seems to have done a good job keeping him under control so that he gives a fairly balanced performance. In fact, *The Mask* does for Carrey what *Aladdin* did for Robin Williams, by giving him a visual character to match his antic persona. Indeed, there are many similarities between the two characters.

What rescues *The Mask* from oblivion are the F/X. They're really quite impressive, giving us a live-action version of all the cartoons we grew up watching. The film makers were very consciously recreating the style of the old Tex Avery cartoons.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Avery must be very flattered indeed. The simplistic plot is merely the frame from which to hang there technical artistry. And then there is the dog. The dog, alone, is worth the other half of the admission.

All things considered, *The Mask* is a lot of fun. Not deep, but fun. But sometimes that's all you need.

* * *

There's not much to say about *True Lies*, the latest team-up between James Cameron and that Arnold-what's-his-name?. Except maybe that this action-adventure tale about a superspy, who's wife doesn't know he's a spy, battling nuclear terrorists is better than *Terminator II*.

Or, to coin a phrase, "it's the best James Bond film we've seen in quite a while."

Only a couple of quibbles. First, the villain left something to be desired. What did they do, call up Central Casting and say, "Ah, we need a generic mid-eastern-bad-guy for this here flick..."? Second, I keep thinking that I should have been annoyed with the excessive cruelty with which the Jamie Lee Curtis character was treated. But I like Jamie Lee Curtis, and I truly enjoyed seeing her in this thing (my tongue hung out disgracefully). I'll just have to feel vaguely guilty.

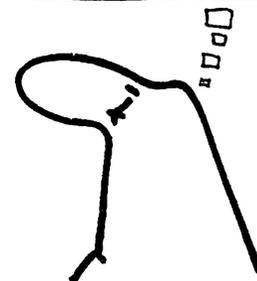
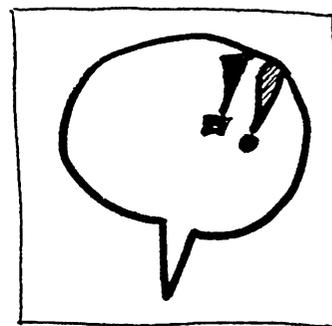
Other than that, all I can say is, "Cool..."

* * *

As a post script, let me apologize to those female-type persons who may have been offended by my remarks regarding Ms Yasbeck and Ms

Curtis. They were meant with the highest respect and regard. Besides, I'm male: I drool. 8-)

This has been a review.



SECRET THOUGHTS

Throne of Isis by Judith Tarr
 Forge Books
 Hardcover: \$22.95, ISBN #0-312-85363-7

Review by George Peterson

When is a sequel not a "sequel"?

Here is a novel where none of the original characters appear, there is a different story with a different ending, the settings are different, and the time is 300 years later. And yet, in a very real way, Judith Tarr's *Throne of Isis* is very much a sequel to last year's *Lord of the Two Lands*.

The previous novel dealt with Alexander the Great and how he was "invited" by the Egyptians to become ruler of Egypt, in order to displace their hated Persian overlords. *Lord of the Two Lands* was not just about the clash of armies, but of cultures and personalities.

After Alexander's death, his half-brother and general, Ptolemy, became ruler of Egypt. His descendants held the throne for three centuries. *Throne of Isis* deals with the last of the Ptolemys, Cleopatra III.

Throne tells the story of Cleopatra's attempt to hold on to her power and keep Egypt independent of the growing power of Rome. Originally, she had seduced, then fallen in love with, Julius Caesar, making a royal marriage. At least from the Egyptian point of view. Romans cannot legally marry foreigners and take a very dim view of would-be kings. Very dim: Caesar has met a bloody end in Rome.

Now, as you probably know, she has set her sights on Marc Antony, Caesar's greatest general. Together, they will make a Great Marriage and create a great Eastern Empire. But, as with Caesar, this is no mere marriage of convenience, but a powerful love affair, that boils up between two very passionate and powerful people. There is only one thing standing in the way: Gaius Octavius, Caesar's adapted son and heir.

Just as *Lord* centered on Meriamon, an Egyptian priestess sent to convince Alexander to take Egypt under his wing, *Throne's* viewpoint character is another priestess of Isis: Dione. And she, too, has taken a foreign lover and husband: Lucius Servilius, priest and augur of Antony's army. Their relationship mirrors the Great Marriage of Antony and Cleopatra, but on a more human, personal scale.

At the core of this novel, is the clash of cultures. Between the passionate, organic, magical, slightly decadent East, and the younger, rational,

ordered, hard-headed Romans. Dione and Lucius are well cast to illustrate the personal and political effects of the meeting of alien worlds.

Tarr is an excellent historical writer, carefully evoking an ancient and vanished world that was very different from the one we know today. My only complaints are some of the characters seem a bit too contemporary, and the fantasy elements are a bit too perfunctory, as if they were just dribbled in to attract the genre audience.

If *Throne of Isis* lacks some of the punch of the earlier book, it's only because it stands in its shadow. But don't let my minor quibbles dissuade or detract; the two stories compliment each other. One marks the start of an era, *Throne* stands at the end. And it stands very well.

MADE MAID

(continued from page 7)

What would he name her? He spent hours on end going over feminine names, rejecting many out of hand but torn among his preference for many others. Finally he decided to name her Daphne.

It took the Formulator three of those artificial days patterned on martian days — very close in duration to terrestrial days. An abundance of neuronc connections had to be made throughout the android's body and especially in her brain. But there came the time, appropriately heralded by dawn over the rim of Mars below him, that the green light on the Formulator flashed, the door to its chamber opened and *she* stepped out.

Daphne, his love, his own love whom he himself had created from the turbulent desire of his secret heart. Nude as Aphrodite arising from the waves, she was lovely, more beautiful than any human woman he had ever seen. Her form was perfect, her features classic, her eyes soft and appealing.

His heart beating swiftly, he approached her with outstretched arms.

"Daphne, my love!" he exclaimed.

She spoke and her voice was as gentle and musical as ever he had dreamed.

"I have a headache," she said.

CONADIAN COMMENTS:

Hugo Results on page 24.

CHUCK PHILLIPS:

Well — if you missed the chance to enjoy the vast open spaces of our neighbor to the north in Winnipeg Canada — I should tell you a few things.

1. The vast open spaces of the central prairies of Canada are VERY vast — plan on about a day of riding uncomfortable airplace seats to get there.

2. Your money is worth about 75% of what you thought it should be — but you never were very good at math, were you?

Anyway, after about a day of enjoying the attentions of various airlines and border guards, I finally made my way to the vaunted portals of ConAdian

The convention seemed to underestimate itself a bit. At least, every function we tried to attend had too many people and too little space. Even the filks LATE at night were a bit cramped. In all honesty, this reporter ducked out and did not even try the HUGO award ceremonies.

The weather, on the other hand, was marvelous (at least to fen from Florida). With the highs in 50's to 60's, I was, at last, comfortable in the sweater Mom bought me. Well, I would have been comfortable in the sweater if Jenn had not appropriated it.

One of the highlights was a chance to take an afternoon trip on an authentic 4-4-0 steam locomotive called the Prairie Dog Central. After about an hour of butt-jarring track, we found the local church bake sale was ready to waylay us at the crossing. The pumpkin pie with fresh cream was great! Although I saw foxes and red tailed hawks, I had to go to the zoo to see a prairie dog.

Jenn reports that the art show at ConAdian was a bit disappointing for a WorldCon and the art track programming was virtually nonexistent. The dealer's room was a bit sparse but there were treasures to be found (Jenn reports as she mournfully counts the dollars left in her trade wallet). Your roving reporter also found a couple of prints to his taste. The readers are left to speculate.

This concludes the trip report. Keep in mind that this report is made mostly to rub in the fact that all of you had to stay home while we had fun up north.



DEANNA LYMAN:

Conadian was smaller than recent Worldcons but in no way inferior. Registration lines were short (that's easy with a smaller con), and, despite the usual glitches, most of the events went smoothly. The Convention Center was conveniently located next to our hotel (most were close). The party (oops! I mean social gathering — something about Canadian liquor laws) hotel had elevator problems the first night, but the rest went well. We almost froze the first night (44° F at night is too warm to heat the hotel!?) but the front desk loaned us a baseboard heater for the rest of our stay, which saved our subtropical hides.

Neither of us saw the Hugos (boring, unless you are nominated [vehement editorial disagreement!!!!]), but the Masquerade was an eye-opener. I have never seen such skilled entries in the novice category, and most of the presentations were funny, and well done.

The comet crash on Jupiter was a popular panel, along with all the panels Anne McCaffrey was on. The Gathering was a popular event with tasty bubbly pies, but the Hatching didn't come off (someone's car broke down). Filking was grand — day concerts, panels, night open filking (and the obligatory hall filk) — and I have a new filksong by Diane Sankey and Sylvia Fisher to share. A music Hugo award was established (on a trial basis).

The dealers room was small but adequate with many book sellers and a nice selection of art. The art show was quite small (about the size of the shows at our local cons), very pricey and not nearly as well represented by the artists. The Michael Whelan exhibit was good but prices were better in the dealers' room; although the artists did very well at the art auction with many pieces going for several hundred Canadian dollars.

Our worst regret was not finding time to buy maple syrup at the duty-free shop in the airport. We can recommend Air Canada to anyone who flies their routes, and Winnipeg is the cleanest, friendliest small city I have seen.

Classified Ad

For Sale: Edie Stern has quite a few NEW filk tapes for sale. \$8.00 each. Only \$7 each if you buy more than five. She will have them at the next SFSFS meeting or call (407) 392-6462.

Meetings & News

Tropicon Lives! George Peterson

Fear not, fellow Sisyphians! Tropicon XIII is alive and coming together for January 6-8, 1995.

Just a glimpse of what's in store for us come the Con:

Join us for the "Kris & Dean Show", a two hour extravaganza, lead by our GoH and her Significant Other, where they'll lead you through some of the ins and outs of getting your stories published.

Don't have a story? Well Ben Bova may just be there to lead you through the process of developing Ideas into stories and characters.

There'll be How-To's on: Editing, Collaborating on stories, Filking, and staging a UFO Hoax.

Other stuff in the works: "Flamewars on the Internet", "Evangelizing the Mundanes", "Weird Tales" (strange things that have happened at conventions), "Horror in Disney Movies", and a "Star Trek, the Next Generation Post-Mortem." There'll be concerts, open filking, and Hal Clement is planning on bringing one of his world-famous slide presentations. And we'll cap the whole thing off with Sunday Brunch.

Arlene Garcia will have stuff for the Kiddies, including Arts & Crafts, games, videos, storytelling, and a Paper UFO Contest (and if you're really nice, we'll add an Adult Division for that). So don't worry about bringing the little ones.

But, there is still much to do! Arlene will need materials for the Tykes to express their artistry, so save up on your paper plates, papertowel rolls, loose crayons, and other cool stuff. Also, I'd like to have a Workshop on painting (possibly on Watercolors). Is there someone out there who can lead?

It's not too late put in your ideas, suggestions and comments. Just send them in or call me at (305) 524-1274. My online GEnie address is G.PETERSON5.

Tropicon XIII is just around the corner. If you are not yet involved, *come on!* The best is yet to be.



Literary Discussion Group

When: October 29, 1994, 7:30PM

Where: George Peterson's apartment,
1808 NE 11 Ave., Apt. 8, Fort Lauderdale.
Phone: 305-524-1274.

Directions: Take I-95 to Sunrise Blvd. Go east to NE 15 Ave. Turn left and go north to 17 Ct. Turn left and go to Dixie Hwy. Turn right onto Dixie and go 2 blocks to NE 18 St. Park at the Day Care Center on the corner. Then walk to the next corner and turn onto NE 11 Ave. George's apt is on the east side of the road.

This month, we will be discussing Kristine Kathryn Rusch's *Heart Readers* and Elizabeth Scarborough's *The Healer's War*.

Here's your chance to discuss not only Elizabeth Ann Scarborough, but Kristine Kathryn Rusch, our Tropicon 13 guest of honor. Discussions tend to be freewheeling and eventually devolve into conversations about the infobahn, politics, space, convention running and etc.

Book division usually contrives to be present, with all the necessary paraphernalia to encourage everyone to buy all the books ever mentioned during the meeting. Do you have all the Rusch you want? Check out the discussion group, and the book division microfiche.

Writing Contest

Linda J. Dunn, 2436 Hill Dr., Greenfield, IN 46140

Science fiction writer, Arlan Andrews, and InConJunction chairperson, Roseann Packer, are pleased to announce the first annual Arlan's Choice Short Story Awards open to writers who have not yet sold to a professional market. The first place winner will receive a plaque and \$100. The runner-ups will receive plaques. SFWA authors Jack Nimersheim, Charles Eckert, and Linda J. Dunn will assist Arlan but Arlan will be the sole final judge.

Manuscripts must be postmarked by January 15, 1995 and comply with all guidelines. Write for guidelines at Circle of Janus, PO Box 19776, Indianapolis, IN 46219 and write "SHORT STORY CONTEST" on the envelope. Do NOT send manuscripts without reading the guidelines or your story will be disqualified.

Guidelines may also be obtained via e-mail at CompuServe (71221,2325) and Genie (L.DUNN4).

[For interested SFSFSans, we'll have copies of the guidelines at the October meeting.]

September Filk - September 17

What's the sound of one guitar playing? For the first time in a LONG while, the September filk boasted but one guitar. Franny and her new instrument (with the built in electronics!) were front and center for a crowd of about a dozen SFSFS Filk fans as we worked our way through deep space, near space, folk music of the sixties and ethnic songs. Somehow, I don't think Becky's neighbors noticed that we lacked broader musical accompaniment.

The music was laid back and comfy, and interspersed with talk. In this crowd, everyone knows the words to old favorites about the opening of space, and as we found out, everyone also knows the words to a surprising number of traditional folk songs, and traditional songs of rebellion. Are we that rebellious? At one point, we listened to a duet done in English and Yiddish at the same time.

In the traditional battle of kids vs antiques, the antiques held their own for one more round. Perhaps in celebration, Becky spontaneously generated a delicious (and reportedly fat free) raspberry chocolate angel food cake. When I spontaneously generate something in the kitchen, it's usually green and on its way to the trash heap.

A lovely time was had by all. If you enjoy non-spectator sports, come and join us next time. The music may not be letter perfect, and it's certainly not the same every time, but it beats the heck out of watching or listening to someone, somewhere, having a great musical time over and over in identical, untouchable fashion. Besides, maybe Becky will make another cake. — Edie

The next filk should be sometime in November. Stand-by for details.

New Books and other happy things

SFSFS Alumnus, Nancy Atherton, has a new book reaching stores in the coming month. If you enjoyed her first mystery novel, *Aunt Dimity's Death*, you can start anticipating her latest: *Aunt Dimity and the Duke*. Way to go, Nancy!

Promises

SFSFS has pledged to contribute a total of \$300 to WXEL to be used in creation of new SF programming. Every (tax deductible) dollar that SFSFS members contribute to WXEL counts towards this goal. If you think the cause is worthy, and especially if you already made a pledge to give money to WXEL, please send/give your checks to Ericka Perdew, SFSFS liasion to WXEL.

SFSFS says THANKS again

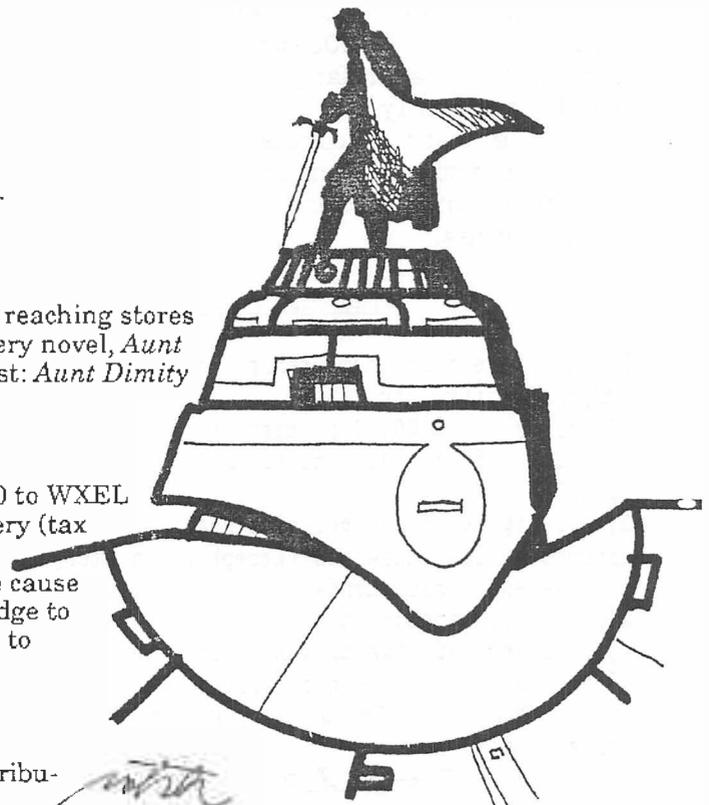
Thank you to Steve Gold and Dave Lyman for contributing computer equipment to SFSFS for use by the library. This will very much help with inventory and administration. [This also appeared in the September minutes, but it seemed to bear repeating.]

Obituaries

On September 18, 1994, the mother of SFSFS member Bill Hirst passed away quietly and without pain, after recently suffering from a stroke. Condolences Bill, and if there's anything any of us can do to help, please let us know.

Morris Scott Dollens, frequent Tropicon art show contributor, has passed away. He was found dead at his home on August 14.

Robert Bloch, Tropicon IV Guest of Honor, SF author of many years, and long time SF fan, died on September 23, according to CNN. Best known to the world for his book *Psycho*, he was a much loved member of our community, noted for his witty speaking style, fine writing, and ineffably fannish nature. On his visit to Fort Lauderdale for Tropicon, he overextended himself, speaking for hours to fans and the press, was photographed in what became an award winning shower scene by the *Miami Herald*, and made it impossible for us to keep Dan from sticking chopsticks up his nose. He was very much a part of the fannish community as well as the professional SF community, writing letters of comment to fanzines, and tenuously involved in publishing the fanzine with the longest schedule — *Science Fiction 50 Yearly*. He will be missed.



FANS, PAGANS, SCADIANS WANTED
to help buy land for a Fan-Haven

I've found a square mile (640 acres) of good land, with abundant water, an hour's drive north of Phoenix. It's hilly, forested, wild land with lots of deer, hawks and even bear. -- and the only neighbors will be other fen. We can start using the land, right after we've bought it, for a campground. After that, well....

SCAdians: We can build authentic period buildings, even a castle on one of the hills, have a year-around 'educational display' and hold any size and kind of event we want.

Pagans: We can build a Stonehenge, plant a Sacred Grove, have any size or kind of ceremony without hassles from anybody.

Fans: We could test model rockets here. If we want to build cabins, tunnel an underground building into a hill, or build a hotel that will always welcome SF Cons, we can -- because we will own it.

HERE'S HOW

Understand, this will take money, and soon. We can get the land for a total of \$100,000 -- but we have to raise \$13,000 right away and the rest soon afterwards. We've formed a 'Fan-Haven Club' and will incorporate before the end of 1994. \$100.00 will buy membership in the club and one share in the corporation, and larger investments are eagerly sought (for more shares of stock, naturally)

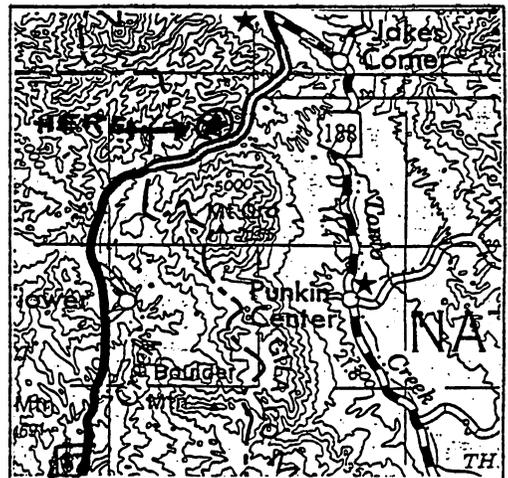
We want dedicated people with skills who are willing to work hard, work together amiably, in order to plan, design and construct our dream. Remember, this is virgin wilderness; if we want to put anything there, we'll have to build it ourselves.

Club/Corp rules so far

- 1) One share = one membership: vote, voice, responsibility, etc.
- 2) Shares are \$100.00 in standard money until the land is paid for. After that, shares may be paid for in money or labor.
- 3) All arguments and policies shall be decided by group discussion and consensus (except in an emergency, when the nearest person handy will be stuck with it, which is always what happens anyway.)
- 4) If anyone afterwards wants out, the club/corp gets 'first call' purchase-offer rights for the first 60 days.

That's it. To join, or ask for more details contact me:

Leslie Fish
P.O.Box 9284
Phoenix, AZ 85068-9284



The South Florida Science Fiction Convention

Tropicon 13

"Tropicon Comes of Age"

Guests of Honor

Kristine Kathryn Rusch

Jael

Toastmaster

Ben Bova

Special Filk Guest

To Be Announced

Membership: \$24 (higher at door)



Also attending:

Hal Clement, Harry Stubbs, George Richard, Dean Wesley Smith, Sandy Schofield, Charles Fontenay, Ginger Curry, Gary Roen, T. J. McGregor, Rob McGregor, Rick Wilber, Jack C. Haldeman II.

Location:

Palm Beach Airport Hilton

West Palm Beach, FL

Rooms: \$59 per night (single-quad)

Phone (407) 684-9400

(please mention South Florida Science Fiction Society)

To Register, or for more information, write:

Tropicon 13

c/o SFSFS

P.O. Box 70143

Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307

Please make checks payable to:

South Florida Science Fiction Society

Jan. 6 – 8, 1995

Tropicon is sponsored by the South Florida Science Fiction Society, a 501(c)(3) non profit educational and literary organization,

October - November, 1994

SFSFS Calendar

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
25	26	27	28	29	30	1 1914 Donald A. Wallheim:
2 1906 Willy Ley:	3 1833: Orient Express starts	4 1957 Sputnik I launched:	5	6	7	8 1871: Great Chicago Fire
9	10 1965: Snoopy's first fight with the Red Baron	11 1928 Thomas Burnett Swann:	12 <u>Columbus Day:</u> 1904 Lester Dent:	13	14	15 1911 James Schmitz: 1793: Marie Antoinette loses her head Dictionary Day:
16	17	18	19	20	21 1929 Ursula K. LeGuin: 1904 Edmond Hamilton: Frederick Bragdon's birthday:	22 2137 BC: earliest recorded solar eclipse Gerry Adair's birthday:
23 1942 Michael Crichton:	24	25	26 Houdini dies: Melanie Herz's birthday:	27	28 1991: NASA release 1st global maps of Venus	29 3 pm SFSFS Meeting: SF & Internet - Riverland Lib. 8 pm Book Discussion: Heart Readers & Healers War - Datorson's
30 1947 Tim Kirk: Walter Willis's birthday:	31 <u>Halloween: Pumpkin hot!</u>	1 1923 Gordon R. Dickson: 1917 Zenna Henderson:	2	3 1957: Laika is first dog in space	4	5

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
30 1947 Tim Kirk: Walter Willis's birthday:	31 <u>Halloween: Pumpkin hot!</u>	1 1923 Gordon R. Dickson: 1917 Zenna Henderson:	2	3 1957: Laika is first dog in space	4	5
6 Peggy Dolan's birthday:	7 1917 R. A. Lafferty:	8 1932 Ben Bova: <u>Election Day:</u>	9	10	11 <u>Veteran's Day:</u> 1917 Mack Reynolds: 1922 Kurt Vonnegut:	12 1945 Michael Bishop: 1930 J. G. Ballard:
Miami Book Fair:						
13	14	15	16 1532: Incas surrender to Pizarro Maureen Sheehan's birthday: Bob Ewart's birthday:	17	18 1755: Earthquake hits Boston	19 1936 Suzette Haden Elgin : 3 pm SFSFS Meeting: Bova & Green on Mars - WXEL (tentative location)
Miami Book Fair:						
20	21 1945 Vincent Di Fate:	22	23 1914 Wilson Tucker: 1887 Boris Karloff: 1963: Dr. Who premieres	24 <u>Thanksgiving:</u> 1942 Alicia Austin: 1882 E. R. Eddison: 1916 Forrest J Ackerman: 	25 <u>School Holiday:</u> 1926 Paul Anderson:	26 1919 Frederik Pohl:
27 1907 L. Sprague de Camp: 1872: Biela Comet causes 160,000 shooting stars	28 Steve Gold's birthday:	29	30 Mark Twain's birthday: 1954: Alabama woman hit by meteorite	1	2	3 Tony Parker's birthday: Stu Ulrich's birthday: Audrey Maciejewski's birthday: Bill Wilson's birthday:

December - January, 1994 - 1995

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
27 1907 L. Sprague de Camp: 1872 Biela Comet causes 100,000 shooting stars	28 Steve Gold's birthday:	29	30 Mark Twain's birthday: 1954: Alabama woman hit by meteorite	1	2	3 ● Tony Parker's birthday: Stu Ulrich's birthday: Audrey Maciejewski's birthday: Bill Wilson's birthday:
4	5 1945: Lost Squadron disappears	6	7 1915 Leigh Brackett:	8	9	10 ● 1832: Beagle begins voyage 4:00p Annual Dinner (tentative): Flaming Pit (Pompano) 6:00p Book Discussion:
11 1975: Congress decides to convert to metric system within 10 years 1:00p SFSFS Board: Sclar/Stern home	12	13	14	15	16 1928: Phillip K. Dick: 1917: Arthur C. Clarke	17 1944 Jack L. Chalker: 1790: Aztec stone calendar discovered
18 ○ 1947 Stephen Spielberg: 1939: Michael Moorcock: 1913: Alfred Bester: 1941 Jack C Haldeman:	19 1958: first radio broadcast from space	20	21	22	23	24 Christmas Eve: 1910 Fritz Leiber:
25 ● Christmas Day: 	26	27	28	29	30	31 New Year's Eve: 1931 Bob Shaw:

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 ● New Year's Day:	2 1920 Isaac Asimov: 1929 Charles Beaumont:	3 1892 J. R. R. Tolkien:	4	5	6 1905 Eric Frank Russell:	7 1929: Buck Rodgers comic strip debut 1929: Tarzan comic strip debut
8 Tropicon XIII:	9 ○ Algis Budrys' Birthday:	10 1947 George Alec Effinger:	11 1923 Jerome Bixby:	12 1992: HAL 9000 becomes operational Jack London's Birthday: Zach Hughes' Birthday:	13 1933 Ron Goulart: 1910: first radio broadcast to public	14 1931 Joseph Green: 3:00p SFSFS Meeting: Program & Location: TGA
15 1935 Robert Silverberg:	16 ○ Martin Luther King Day:	17 Thomas Crapper Day: Paul O. Williams' Birthday:	18 Robert Anton Wilson's Birthday:	19	20 A. Merrit's birthday:	21 1954: Nautilus lunched
22	23 ○ 1923 Walter Miller:	24 National Popcorn Day: 1944 David Gerrold: 1911 C. L. Moore:	25	26 1918 Philip Jose Farmer:	27	28 National Kazoo Day:
29	30 1937 George Barr: 1941 Greg Benford:	31 ● Gene DeWeese's Birthday:	1	2 Thomas Disch's Birthday:	3	4

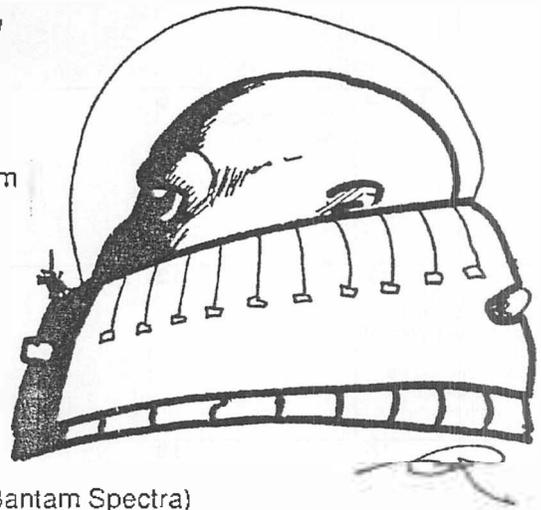
More Stuff Worth Noting

CONADIAN (52nd World Science Fiction Convention)
 Contacts: David Bratman (408) 725-8559 d.bratman@genie.geis.com
 Seth Goldberg (408) 764-5754 goldberg@bayvax.decus.org

1994 HUGO AND CAMPBELL AWARD WINNERS

ConAdian, the 52nd World Science Fiction Convention, held Labor Day weekend in Winnipeg, Manitoba, has presented the annual Hugo Awards for Achievement in Science Fiction and Fantasy, and the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer. There were 491 valid ballots received. The winners are:

- Best Novel: Green Mars, by Kim Stanley Robinson (HarperCollins; Bantam Spectra)
- Best Novella: "Down in the Bottomlands", by Harry Turtledove (Analog, January 1993)
- Best Novelette: "Georgia on My Mind", by Charles Sheffield (Analog, January 1993)
- Best Short Story: "Death on the Nile", by Connie Willis (Asimov's, March 1993)
- Best Non-Fiction Book: The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction, ed. by John Clute & Peter Nicholls (Orbit; St. Martin's)
- Best Dramatic Presentation: Jurassic Park (Universal; Produced by Kathleen Kennedy & Gerald R. Mafen; Directed by Steven Spielberg; Screenwriters, Michael Crichton & David Koepp)
- Best Professional Editor: Kristine Kathryn Rusch
- Best Professional Artist: Bob Eggleton
- Best Original Artwork: Space Fantasy Commemorative Stamp Booklet, by Stephen Hickman (U.S. Postal Service)
- Best Semi-Prozine: Science Fiction Chronicle, edited by Andrew I. Porter
- Best Fanzine: Mimosa, edited by Dick and Nicki Lynch
- Best Fan Writer: Dave Langford
- Best Fan Artist: Brad W. Foster
- John W. Campbell Award: Amy Thomson



Treasurer's Report 1/1/94 - 8/31/94 Submitted by Peggy Dolan

	Expenditures	Revenues
SFSFS		
Membership		\$1,254.00
Contributions		146.15
Interest		63.75
Misc.		12.00
Shirts		305.00
Total		\$1780.90
Meetings	\$ 10.60	
Misc.	5.29	
Postage	20.40	
Reports	61.25	
Shuttle Postage	245.15	
Storage	344.40	
Supplies	4.50	
Shirts	415.35	
Total		1106.94
Excess Revenue over Expenditures		\$ 673.96
Tropicon XII		\$ 529.00
Tropicon XIII		
Registration		\$660.25
Banquets		40.00

Dealers		150.00
Contributions (\$103.03=filk)		232.18
Interest		38.58
Total		\$ 1121.01
Art	\$ 128.60	
PO Box Rent	17.50	
Logistics	50.80	
Registration Supplies	55.65	
Storage	344.40	
Promo	18.00	
Total		\$ 614.95
Excess Revenue over Expenditures		\$ 506.06
Book Division (1/1 - 9/16/94)		
Discounts, Allow.		\$581.01
Interest		4.57
Total		\$585.58
Dues and Subs		\$ 0.00
Postage	15.02	
Supplies	38.99	
Shipping & Handling	112.29	
Total		\$166.30
Excess Revenue over Expenditures		\$419.28

YOU'RE GETTING THIS BECAUSE:

- _____ BECAUSE THE ANSIBLE TOLD US TO
- _____ YOU'VE CONTRIBUTED SOMETHING
- _____ WE WOULD REALLY LIKE YOU TO CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING FOR
OUR NEXT ISSUE
- _____ IF YOU HAD A SPACESUIT, YOU'D NAME IT OSCAR.
- _____ TRADE FOR YOUR ZINE
- _____ YOU KNOW WHO SAWED COURTNEY'S BOAT!
- _____ IT CONTAINS A REVIEW/ARTICLE THAT MAY INTEREST YOU
- _____ YOU ARE LIBELLED; WELL AT LEAST YOU'RE MENTIONED
EDITORIAL WHIM
- _____ YOU FOOLISHLY ASKED FOR INFORMATION ABOUT SFSFS
- _____ THE EDITORIAL IS ABOUT YOU!
- _____ YOU ARE A MEMBER OF SFSFS
- _____ YOU ARE HELD IN GREAT ESTEEM BY SFSFS

Contributions: Write or draw something!

Contributions for Shuttles 116 and 117 should be sent to the editors on page 2.

Contributions for Shuttle #118, the First of the Year – January – Tropiccon Special New Year's – New and Improved Issue, should come to Edie Stern & Joe Siclari, 4599 NW 5 Ave., Boca Raton, FL 33431-4601.

Phone: (407) 392-6462. CompuServe: 71450,171 or Internet jsiclari@bcfreenet.seflin.fl.us. We'll also take IBM or Macintosh diskettes.

1994 SFSFS Membership Renewal/Application Form

Please make checks payable to SFSFS and send to
SFSFS Treasurer, 4427 Royal Palm Ave., Miami Beach, FL 33140-3039

Name: _____ Birthday (optional): _____

Address: _____ E-mail address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip Code: _____

Phone(s): Home _____ Work _____

SF Interests: _____

Dues (for the rest of 1994 and all of 1995)

- _____ General (new members & non-voting members) \$19
- _____ Subscribing (get only the *SFSFS Shuttle*) \$15
- _____ Child (up to age 12 and only with a paid adult member) \$1
- _____ Upgrade from paid-up General member to Regular: \$5

(must have attended 3 meetings)

_____ I ask the club to waive the bylaws to permit me to rejoin as a regular member at \$20.

