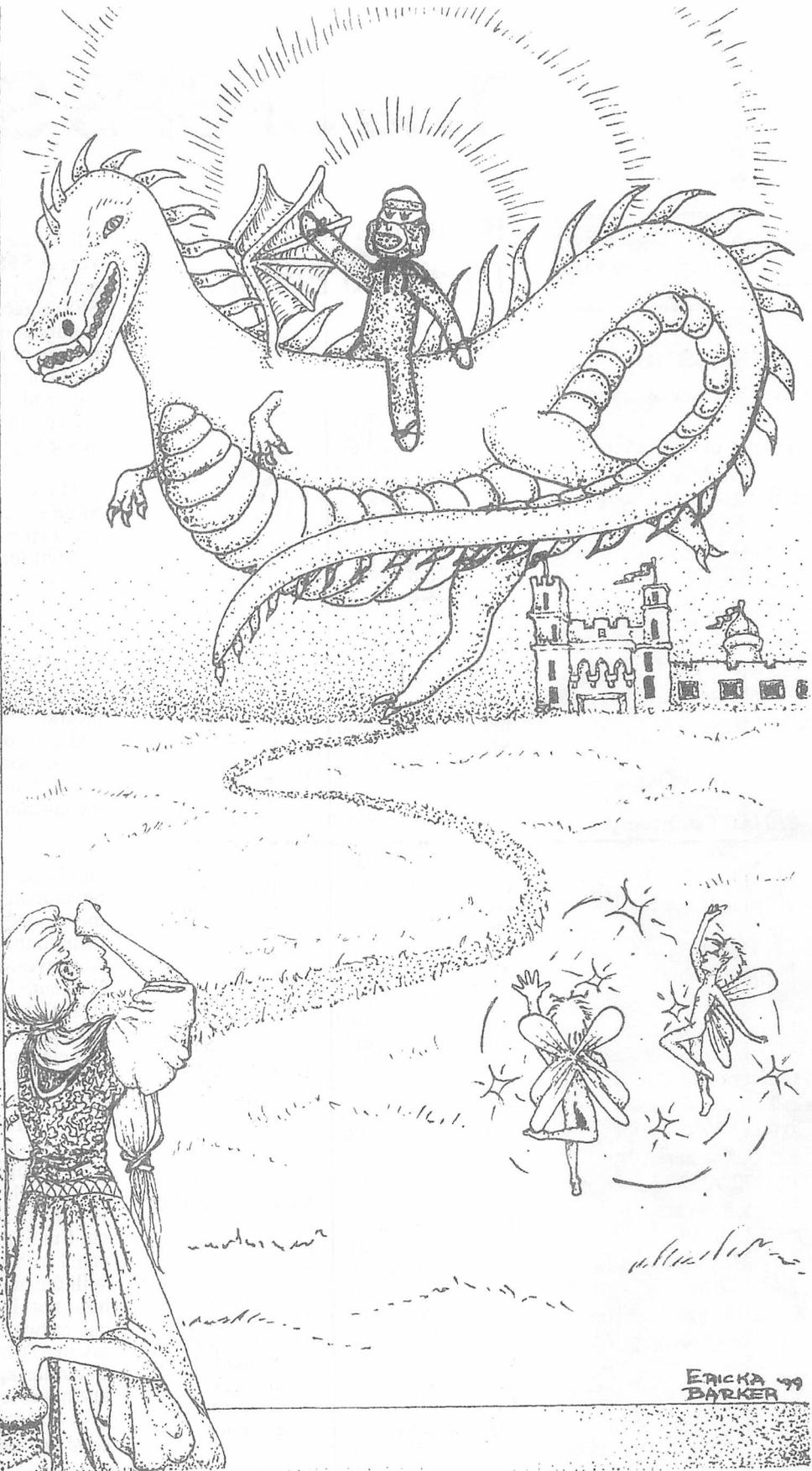


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Shuttle

#139

November & December 1999
Volume 1, Issue 139

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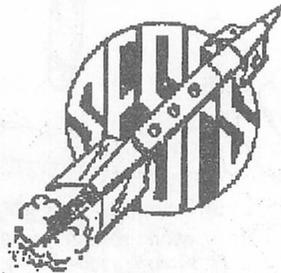
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The SFSFS Shuttle

Rantings of a Deranged Editor

This Is A Ricky Martin-Free Issue



Carlos Perez

You would have thought I learned my lesson with the last one, but here I am editing another issue of the Shuttle and with Microsoft Word again, no less! What can I say? I guess I'm just a masochist or maybe I'm just injured to the pain by now, especially after running SFSFS' Travelling Fête 1999.

In the last issue of the Shuttle (#138), I inadvertently forgot to list the credits for the art, with the exception of the cover. I would like to make up for that right now before I do anything else: As always, our ubiquitous Shuttle logo is thanks to Gail Bennet. Upcoming Tropicon XVIII Artist Guest of Honor, Ron Walotsky, did our cover for Shuttle #138. The beautiful photos on page 3 are thanks to Carol Porter. Ruth Shields sent in the fillos we used on pages 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, and 11. Yours truly is responsible for what was passed as artwork on pages 7, 9, 13, and 15. As long as you weren't offended, I feel that I accomplished something.

The artwork in this issue is courtesy of the following: Again, the Shuttle logo is from Gail, the photos on 4, 5, and 6 (don't you just love this one) are thanks to Carol again. Art on pages 7, 8, 11, 12, 14, and 15 is brought to you courtesy of the lovely Adam-Troy Castro, author and artiste extraordinaire. I refrained from subjecting you to anything other than text in thish.

Another thing I wanted to do is tell a little story about Mother Nature versus SFSFS. (Insert dramatic music here.) If you didn't already know it, SFSFS faced the wrath of Mother Nature at our annual picnic. Only in the middle of a drought in South Florida could our picnic include torrential rains, hail, and a tornado or two. And we thought the fires in the Everglades were going to give us problems. HA!

Now, knowing Mother N's predilection for trying to destroy SFSFS, we were all a little concerned when Hurricane Irene was barreling straight for us. I should also point out that whenever we get the slightest rain, even fog, the alley behind the clubhouse is prone to flooding. So here comes Irene with 20 or so inches of rain. Yikes! This was all complicated by the fact that we were having a general meeting the next day! When they realized how wet this was all going to be, the Board in their infinite wisdom decided to postpone the meeting. Then the machine started rolling into action.

I think special thanks should be given to all the people that put the club's interests ahead of their own. Several members took time out to call the membership in their county and alert them to the postponement: Shirlene Ananayo-Rawlik (Palm Beach), Cindy Warmuth (Broward), and Judi Goodman (Dade). Special thanks should go out to George Peterson who braved flooding and electrocution to put a sign on the clubhouse door for those folks who missed the call for whatever reason.

The meeting was postponed from October 16th to October 30th which was sort of ironic yet appropriate as it was a Halloween presentation done by yours truly. Scary urban legends. Turns out I'm doing a Worldcon in Australia panel with Judi in November as well. Will the membership ever tire of me? I hope not. I think I might edit another one or two of these things (did I really say that?) and I am on the slate for Vice Chairman again next year. Some people just never learn.

Je ne puis pas croire que j'ai édité la chose entière!

The SFSFS Shuttle #139 November & December 1999 Just a little legalese here: The SFSFS Shuttle is published by the South Florida Science Fiction Society, a Florida non-profit educational organization recognized by the IRS under Section 501(c)(3). Membership information is on page 16. The views and opinions expressed herein are those of the editor and the contributors and not those of the publisher. Thanks for continuing to read this, especially with such tiny type. We hope you enjoy the rest of the Shuttle. If you liked (or you didn't like) what you saw in here, please take a moment to drop us a note at the address to the left. We always love hearing from you. ☺

The Truth Is Out There

A Hunger in the Soul: A Book Review

Daniel Foster

A HUNGER IN THE SOUL
by Mike Resnick
TOR hardcover, \$21.95
May 1998; 0-312-85438-2
TOR trade paperback, \$12.95
August 1999; 0-312-86918-5

Mike Resnick's latest novel, "A Hunger in the Soul", is a science fiction allegory of the Stanley & Livingston story. Set in his signature Inner Frontier universe, Resnick mixes pulp adventure and moral insight into an enjoyable and thought provoking journey into the hearts and minds of those who seek greatness.

Michael Drake saved billions of lives across the galaxy with his vaccine against the disease ybonia. After a mutated strain broke out, a multi-species variety and highly contagious, Drake announced he would travel to the Inner Frontier to find a cure.

Fifteen years later, journalist Robert Horatio Markham begins his quest to find Drake and bring him back to civilization. More important though, Markham plans on chronicling the mission to solidify his name in history. He lures ex-adventurer Enoch Stone (the book's narrator) out of retirement to outfit the expedition. Once equipped, the group heads for the Bushveld and the adventure begins.

I loved "A Hunger in the Soul". It is just as enjoyable as Resnick's other novels, notably "Ivory". Resnick has packed a lot of energy into a lean two hundred and twenty pages. A great book to read, "A Hunger in the Soul" makes an excellent addition to any SF library.

[Carlos says: The SFSFS Shuttle is always looking for books to review. If you'd like your book reviewed, send a copy to Shuttle Book Reviews, PO Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL, 33307-0143] ☺

Ender's Shadow: A Book Review

Shirlene Ananayo-Rawlik

ENDER'S SHADOW
by Orson Scott Card
TOR hardcover, \$24.95
September 1999; 0-312-86860-X

It all began in 1977 when "Ender's Game" became Orson Scott Card's first piece of published science fiction. The short story garnered him nominations for both a Hugo and a Nebula and won him the John W. Campbell Award for best new writer. In 1985 a more evolved version of the original story was published as a novel. The novel ENDER'S GAME won both a Hugo and a Nebula and became the beginning of the Ender Wiggins saga that continued in Card's novels, SPEAKER FOR THE DEAD, XENOCIDE, and CHILDREN OF THE MIND. That's the history and this is now.

In ENDER'S SHADOW, Card returns to where it all began. The wraparound cover on the ARC (advance reading copy) refers to this as a "companion volume" to ENDER'S GAME. It is that, but much more. It is not imperative that one read ENDER'S GAME before reading this latest work. It does make for a more complete enjoyment of ENDER'S SHADOW, but it is not a must.

This is the story of Bean. Remember him? He first appears in the Ender universe as a member of Ender's Dragon Army. Ever wondered where the rest of those Battle School recruits came from? Not all of them were government sanctioned "thirds" born in the hope that they would be "the one". Some were street rats, like Bean. The novel takes you from Bean's earliest days in Rotterdam to the end of the Bigger War.

I'd write more, but I'm afraid that I would spoil it for you. Trust me, this novel is well worth the money and I would recommend it to anyone who enjoyed ENDER'S GAME. I promise that you will not be disappointed! ☺

Upcoming Events

November 13, 1999
12PM, SFSFS Clubhouse
SFSFS Board Meeting

Come watch the board do their business or keep them company. For more information call Judi Goodman at 305-385-1793.

November 13, 1999
2PM, SFSFS Clubhouse
SFSFS General Meeting:

Carlos and Judi's Excellent Adventure: A Trip Down Under

Carlos and Judi spent over two weeks on planes, trains, and automobiles (well, maybe not trains) Down Under in Australia before and after Worldcon. Come and see their multimedia extravaganza. For more information call Carlos Perez at 305-972-7222.

November 19 - 21, 1999
Hollywood Beach, FL
Tropicon XVIII

Winner of many awards. Guest of Honor Mike Resnick, is one of today's most influential and popular authors. Also our hotel, the Clarion, is just steps from the beach. Join for \$28 at the door. For more information call George Peterson at 954-739-4376.

December 19, 1999
1PM, Steak & Ale
6300 North Andrews Avenue
SFSFS Annual Dinner

Join us for the final meeting of the year. As always, there will be games and prizes and lots of fun to be had by all. A sumptuous lunch is \$13 plus tax (including tip) for choice of Hawaiian Chicken, Sirloin Steak, or Stuffed Flounder. For more information call Judi Goodman at 305-385-1793.

July & August 1999

"There were wet towels on the floor, and there was water in the bathtub...."

Tails of Fandom

from the '99 Travelling Fête in Cocoa Beach, Florida

Dateline - Sunday, July 18 (Dina Pearlman is 48 today)

Eddie Stern - Sunday afternoon at the Travelling Fête consists of sunburned bodies, slow stories, and Joe mumbling "rats in the walls". Carlos is still feeling guilty about stocking the con suite with wine in a box. ("Carlos, you bought a case of wine? No, I bought a box of wine.")

After days of fun and sun and a special tour of Cape Kennedy, which I missed, we're reduced to telling international toilet stories. That's right, it's stories of defecation, urination and consternation. A common denominator for all travelers is their belief that their exotic travels include exotic toilet stories. We've had stories of Asian toilets, holes in the sand, outlines of feet on the ground, and Carlos and the walls of New York City. More about that later.

Carlos Perez - Everything these people type here is a lie. After a weekend of fun and sun and space and recreational plane crashes, they are tired and delusional and imagining strange things. It also probably has to do with the drug infused food served in the con suite. We had apple pies made by our guest of honor that were phenomenal; fruits and vegetables; some really frightening red zingers that Judi brought; there were beers and ciders; there was chili; there was soda and soda and soda and soda; there was chocolate and cookies and crackers and all sorts of other fannish foods.

Edie is interrupting my typing here to ask if genital burns interfere with sexual performance. No-one seemed to know or would admit to ever experiencing one.

The weirdest thing to happen to me this weekend was when the maid came to clean the con suite, it was full of people. I told her to come back and she had me sign a piece of paper. I guess she didn't want me to sue her. Remember that all of these people are liars. All that I tell you is lies.

Doyle Green - (only six months younger than *Astounding/Analog*) remembers Europe from serving in the army of occupation following the second world war, but it sounds like not much has changed with reference to public conveniences. The stories brought back fond memories.

Edie again - Doyle is the only one of us to remember a toilet AND bar story all in one. His European memories include having a bar to hold onto in the men's room so as to position oneself athwart the trough. (He says it was in the latrine in a Belgian army barracks).

Melanie Herz - It's late! Its 3 PM! After a weekend of sun and fun, I'm tired and I want to go to bed. My cat Sammy has not seen me since I've been away from him for three days. Anyway, we visited KSC, saw an Astronaut (It was the 30th anniversary of the Moon Shoot), and relaxed.

Patti and Joe Green suggested two really great restaurants and everyone had a great time. We blew up toys for the pool and then deflated them. We ate cookies, gummy bears, cheese,

you know all the "good" stuff. And lastly, I listened to the stories... Goodnight!

Edie another time - I took my first trip to China last month, and among other things, gained a passing acquaintance with Asian toilets. Now, this is my third continent, so I'm almost halfway to having a complete set. Having visited Europe a number of times, I thought I was a sophisticated traveler with useful experiences in dealing with unusual toilet equipment. I know what bidets are for. I know to look for switches outside the bathroom to activate the heater so that the dial inside the bathroom when turned will actually cause the water for the shower to become hot (scaldingly so). I know that some toilet flushes must be pulled up, some must be pulled down, and some go sideways. I was not prepared for Asian lady's toilets.

If you have no interest in exotic toiletry, skip this part. Picture it - a flush urinal, flush to the ground in a small stall with no toilet paper. That is, a porcelain urinal, seemingly identical to a men's room urinal, but set into the ground so it is even with it. A handle near the wall lets you flush when finished. There is no toilet paper. There is no place for any toilet paper. In China, you bring your own with you if you intend to use it. This is tougher than England, where you only have to bring your own washcloth. Asian women must have great knees. I do not. I avoided the Asian toilets studiously. I held my water. I remembered the location of European toilets. I drank less



beer. For all my careful planning, of course, I ended up with more practical experience than I wanted. After dragging my companions blocks out of the way to reach a European toilet late at night after dinner, I found to my horror that the restaurant with the European toilets had blocked them off to do a little maintenance/construction on them. With much persuasion, the waitress was convinced to let us into the staff toilets. And of course, they were all Asian toilets. Skirts can be far more practical than trousers. I was wearing trousers.

I survived. My knees survived. My trousers survived intact. Somehow, I don't think this is a story to dine out on. It'll have to join the French unisex toilet story, and Dina's story of painted outlines of feet around a hole in the desert, in the scatological category. Or at least the scat category. Hey -- does anyone know what kind of toilets they have in Africa or South America?

Joe Siclari - Little memory bits from the Fête:

Joe Green told us that the 15,000 foot runway at the Kennedy Space Center is not really 15,000 feet. When the construction

crew was building the runway, it was to be the longest runway in the world. Then they heard that a few other airfields were in planning stages with the same length runway. So they added an extra foot of runway at no additional charge. Then they could really say they built the longest runway in the world.

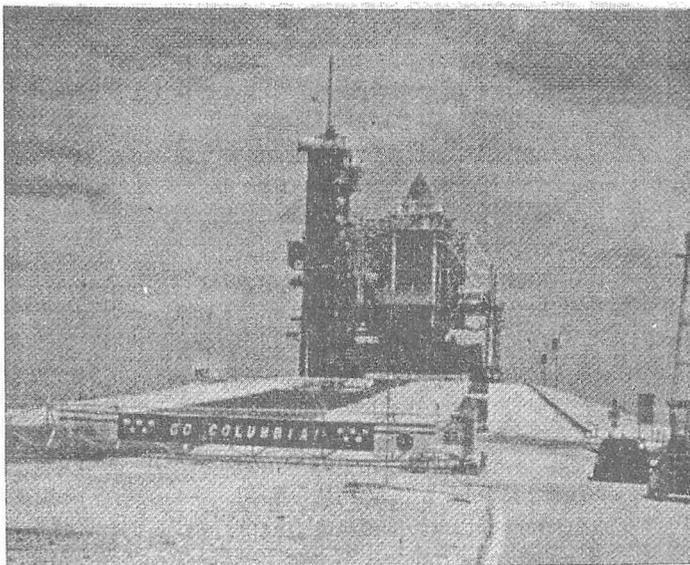
Planning out a new Worldcon. We decided to have it on a train doing a circle route around the United States. We could bid in any zone.

Transportation would be minimal for anyone who wanted to attend; we would pick people up en route. The masquerade would be held near Wichita; the costumers would all line up along the track and we would slow the train down so they could do their presentations for each and every person as we rode by. The film program would be really neat; we planned to have large

picture printed of each frame and hang them up along the track. We would pass them at 30 frames a second so they could be seen properly. Sound would be available for those who want it over the headphones at each seat. If you didn't want to listen to the movies, there would be channels for filking and for the programs. There would be two track of programs on the rails.

On the KSC tour, next to the Shuttle Columbia on the pad, the most photographed sight was a railroad car with instructions painted on the side: "Do Not Hump".

We were listening to the JFK,



Jr., crash search. Carlos compared this attention to Princess Diana's death but said JFK had not even done memorable things like Diana's interest in children with AIDS and land mine removal. He figured that her best solution would have been to send the children with AIDS to walk through the mine fields and they could find the mines.

Toilet stories dominated Sunday afternoons discussion. Edie touched off a series on toilet experiences. We talked about Dan's visit (at age 10) to the unisex toilet in the Paris zoo. When three young girls walked in on him, he zipped up so fast, I thought he was going to be a permanent soprano. I had to descend into the bowels, no pun (well only a little) intended, of a railroad station (Victoria ??) in England to find a toilet -- only to find that I did not have the right change

to get into the stalls and had to climb back up to get the right change. Doyle remembered something similar when he had been there in the Fifties. Then we recalled Dan's trip in the opposite direction -- up three stories to a toilet at a restaurant/bar on the Grand Place in Brussels. He had climbed up the stairs to find an old woman guarding the door who asked him for cash to enter. Down he came, holding his water, and then back up to have his release.

Inflatable pool toys are the most prevalent visible things at a Travelling Fête. Trying to inflate these, we destroyed Bill Wilson's new air pump which he normally uses to inflate his wheelchair tires (luckily it was still under warranty). We had killer whales, snakes from three inch diameter to eight foot long, multiple sharks and dinosaurs from 18 inches to 8 feet. Giant hands and Godzillas and manta rays, even the whole universe. The final deflation of all these is a bizarre sight; fen all over the con suite hugging and humping and squeezing vinyl. "Obseen" is just about the right word.

Edie and Carlos will talk about the penis stories now.

And the spelling checker tried to change Melanie into a melon.

Carlos again - Remember that I said these people were liars. There will be no penis stories here. There were no penises at the Fête. Just ask anyone who was there... anyone but Joe Siclari. That does bring up that we had three Joes at the Fête: Joe Green, Joe Mont, and Joe Siclari (all in alphabetical order of course to avoid ruining anyone's ego.) Just imagining someone saying "Hey, Joe!" and having three people react. Anyone who knows Joe Siclari knows that he already is one Joe too many. (one of the Joe's in edit mode: Carlos can't count or can't spell; he forgot Kathy's husband, Joe Mansy.) [*Carlos says: I should defend myself here by pointing out that I was thinking of Kathy's husband as a "Joseph" and therefore, technically, not a "Joe"*]

Edie just hollered about the name badges that we never got. I had

the best intentions; there were these really pretty badges that I had to print out on the laser at work. I tried copying them to see how they would reproduce on cardstock but the result was not pretty. So I ran off a bunch of badges on the laser and was going to cut them out and glue them to the cards. There wasn't enough time to run the cardstock through the laser. But then that's always my problem: time. There are never enough hours in the day. I need to invent some kind of relativistic device that will allow me to have at least 30 hours in a day. Cloning isn't an option as me and the clone (or is it the clone and me?) would end up killing each other.

Did we mention pies? Our guest of honor Kathleen Ann Goonan baked up some really good apple pies. I kept threatening to bring vanilla ice cream for the pies but we really didn't have a freezer to put it in.

Which brings me to the facilities. Two refrigerators: the small one was the only one working. The larger one made noises like a dying elk after Doyle tinkered with the thermostat. We left it off. The microwave didn't work. We had a sink that worked. Bill Wilson's tire pump for his wheelchair was killed in that room. George Peterson tried to be "Tool Time Tim" and repair it but it was to no avail. The air conditioner was freezing the first night that I was in the room but it slowly petered out as time went by. Such is the curse of Travelling Fetes: mechanical equipment dies. Shirlene Ananayo-Rawlik just walked in with little Petey Rawlik (future Chairman of Tropicon XXXVII) and the baby conversation started. There's nothing more pathetic than watching well-educated science fiction fans relate to a baby.

Of course everyone at the Fête got slight or severe sunburn, except for the Con Chair unceremoniously chained inside the con suite and that's me. Why? Every person I asked to watch the con suite gave me that "deer caught in the headlights" look of terror. How hard could it be? I did it for three days. After many rejections I finally gave up and selflessly chained myself to the con suite. Joe (Siclari) said I should handle

rejection better, but as a male Latino I am genetically predispositioned not to. I would like to thank several people:

- Joe and Patti Green, without who this Fête would not have happened. They gave me such immeasurable help that I can't thank them for it enough. The tour, dinner plans, moral support, and brainstorming ideas were greatly appreciated. They are a big reason why this Fête was successful.
- Mal and Ericka Barker, for subjecting themselves to shopping for the con suite with me. Mal kept chanting "Stay on target" like the pilot with Luke Skywalker in *Star Wars* (the first one, which is now really the fourth one) as if it was a mantra to protect him from the evil shoppers, Carlos and Ericka.
- Judi Goodman, for shopping as well and being such a kvetch in order to keep me motivated and inspired.
- Kathy Goonan and her husband, Joseph Mansy, for being such great guests and really wonderful people. They are also another reason for the success of this Fête.

I am a really lucky bastard.

My turn, (Magpi) Young Master Rawlik was getting a mid-afternoon snack a la natural, but he has decided to let me type without having to keep one hand under him to support his head. Now he is delighting the remains of the Fête with his few tricks. Of course, many of them have to be done whilst the holder is standing.

But enough about the baby. We're supposed to be writing about the Fête. I enjoyed it, what little I was able to attend. The price of being the mother of the youngest and smallest member of SFSFS. Not that I'm complaining, mind you -- I'm merely stating a fact. Oops, once again, I have strayed.

Since everyone is waiting for me to finish so that we can go "do dinner", I am going to keep this short and sweet...highlights of this Fête included:

- Patti Green and her phallic rocket KSC souvenir beverage container. She spent some time while we were waiting to re-group after lunch giving Dea O'Connor's spaceman

KSC souvenir beverage container "rides" on her "rocket". Becky Peters declined a "ride" on behalf of her spaceman; and,

- watching as Mal Barker attaching a Jar-Jar image thing to the Con Suite door. I told him that he had to "lick the other eyeball" so he could affix the Jar-Jar to the door without tape.

Okay, that's it. We're hungry... we've got to go. Petey's the only one who has eaten at this point. Lucky him. Future SFSFS mommies should know that Carlos is learning how to be a better babysitter. By the time Petey is out of diapers, Carlos will probably be a pro -- at babysitting, not at being out of diapers. Okay, maybe that part is not as funny, but you had to be here to appreciate it fully.

"party livened up when Scruffy's 'g-string' broke"

Joe Siclari again - the Fête is going to have a small deadrocket party. Most of us have to leave. We would have stayed until tomorrow if the launch had been scheduled just a day earlier. Bill and Carlos and Doyle are going to stay for the Shuttle launch.

Several days later, Joe Siclari yet again: The Shuttle finally took off three days late. I don't think anyone stayed the entire week to wait and see it close-up. Edie and Dan and I went outside to our front yard to watch. It really feels like the right kind of future sometimes. When I can go outside and watch a bright red streak going into the sky and suddenly I realize that I really am seeing people being launched into space. It's 150 miles away but it is almost commonplace. The future IS almost here. ☺



[Mal says: When the fourth came along, it got me thinking how as a little kid one would have to have the joy of a holiday dampened by an essay. Here's one I wrote for this 4th.]

What Democracy Means to Me

an essay by little petey barker

Democracy is certainly a wonderful thing and I have a lot of positive proof. Take for example my ever-loving wife. Without democracy we would have never met, nor could she have moved from one state to another to marry me with little or no paperwork. Why in a communist country, I would have never been able to meet her and would have been forced to marry a worker from a tractor factory who was three feet tall and built like a fireplug with an expression on her face reminding one of Abe Lincoln after his wife got through chewing him out for not taking out the trash.

Democracy also protects me in

my marriage to the woman I love, because I am able to keep sock monkeys. In a communist society, my fireplug shaped wife who smells like borsht would rat on me to the secret police and they would take away my sock monkeys and send me to a gulag where I would work in a salt mine.

Thank goodness for democracy. God bless America. These are but two of the millions and million of examples why we as American citizens should be thankful for democracy.

In fact, on a final note, the ability to write this essay is thanks to democracy. In a communist country, my wife would take away my typewriter and throw it own a well insisting I spend my time learning that funny dance where you squat down and kick out your feet. Cartoon characters are the only ones who can do this dance correctly, but in a communist country everyone has to do it even though they can't.

Thank you for your time and I hope as a democratic citizen, you will give this essay the enough it deserves.

Little Boy Gun

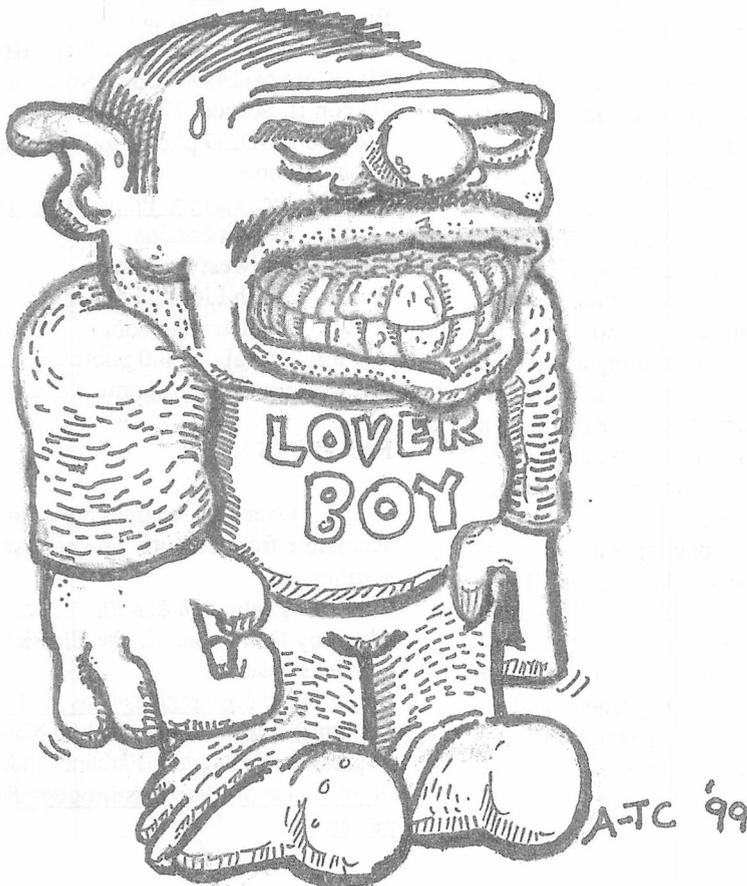
Pete Rawlik

[Carlos says: Pete told me to tell y'all that this story was inspired by the *Inhouse* song of the same name. They're a really great group]

The doctor says it would be good if I did some things besides play guns or london bridges or read comics all the time. He says eight-year-olds should do more than just play all day. So he gave me this book and it's a stupid book because it doesn't have any drawings or stuff in it. But the doctor says it's not a book for reading, it's a book to write in. The doctor says I should write in it every day. He says I should write down everything I think about when I'm not playing. So I played with my video games but after a while I got tired of playing and I picked up my writing book and started writing. But since I've never had a writing book before I don't know what to write about.

To start with my name is Billy Boy Williams. For a long time I didn't have a name. I've seen my birth certificate. It says Williams, Baby Boy. That's all. So for a long time I didn't have a name. Then one day when I was real little, a doctor said to me "Son," doctors always use to like to call me that, "from now on your name is Billy," and now that's my name. Everyone calls me Billy. Well, except for the nurse at nighttime. At night when I wake up all scared, she comes in and calls me Mr. Williams and makes me feel all better. I like that. I like her better than the nurses at the creche.

I miss the creche. I had lots of friends to play with at the creche and I use to play whenever I wanted. We would play tag, or london bridges, or hide and go seek, and we would always play guns. I like playing guns. I would hide on top of the big rock in the field and wait for the bad guys to come over the hill. It was hard to wait. But you had to. It's hard to play guns. Not like london bridges. Like I told you, you got to wait. Cause otherwise when you yell "bang, bang, you're dead", they don't always fall down, and you have to run





FANAC Fan History Project

Information Update #2
10 June 1999

Joe Siclari

It's time for another update on the FANAC Fan History Project.

PHOTOGRAPHS

This past month has been phenomenal as far as the addition of photos to the site. We now have nearly 2,000 (yes that's two thousand) photos from conventions and other fan gatherings.

Among the Conventions for which we have ADDED photos are (http://fanac.org/Other_Cons): Boskone 36, Confluence 1995, Disclave 1987, Ditto 11, MidwestCon 1949, MidwestCon 1998 SmofCon 16, TropiCon III, IV, V, and VI

NEW Worldcon photos (<http://fanac.org/worldcon>): BucCONeer, Conspiracy '87, ConStellation, Detention, LAcon III, MagiCon, MidAmeriCon, Nolacon II, NYcon II, Seacon '79

We also ADDED photos to these Fan Photo Albums

(http://fanac.org/Fan_Photo_Album):

Detroit Fandom
Midwest Fandom
South Florida Fandom
Southern Fandom

We still have about 400 photos to process into the appropriate areas.

FANZINES

Over 200 fanzines are now accessible from our site. The newest additions are:

Rhodomagnetic #18 & #20, 1952, edited by Don Fabun in the Classic Fanzines index

(http://fanac.org/fanzines/Classic_Fanzines.html)

and we have a link to Nova Express in the Modern Fanzines index (http://fanac.org/fanzines/Modern_Fanzines.html).

after them and shoot until they fall down dead forever.

The doctors always said I shouldn't worry about playing guns with my friends and making them fall down dead forever because they were all orphans, which means they didn't have no doctors or anybody else wanted to take care of them. I always wondered why not. I guess if they wasn't bad guys they wouldn't be orphans. No one likes bad guys. I guess doctors must not like bad guys the most. They always liked it when I played guns. They were always telling me to shoot at more and more bad guys. I remember there was this one doctor, he always use to sneak up behind me and tell me were the bad guys were hiding. He's the one who showed me how to shoot round corners and at bad guys I couldn't see. I would look at a tree with a bad guy behind it and yell "bang, bang, you're dead," and the bad guy would fall down dead forever.

This place isn't like that. First off, there's only one doctor. He doesn't let me play that often either. Most of the time I have to stay indoors in this special room full of cameras and lots

and lots of water sprinklers on the ceiling. There's no bad guys here either. Only lots and lots a generals and stuff who don't want to play guns, or tag, or even hide and go seek. It just doesn't seem right that generals don't like to play guns. If I was a general I would play guns all the time.

I only get to play guns now when the doctor and a general or someone else comes and tells me it's time. But it's not like really playing guns. They don't even let me out of the car. They just point at a house or a car or a building or something and tell me that's where the bad guy is. Which is no fun cause most of the time the bad guy doesn't play right anyway. He doesn't make me wait he doesn't hide and he doesn't run scared.

I miss playing guns with lots of bad guys around. Maybe later I'll play guns with all the generals. I'll pretend that all the generals are bad guys. I'm gonna go play now. I like playing guns the best. I like running around and yelling "bang, bang, you're dead" and making all the bad guys fall down dead forever. ☹

ACCESSIBILITY

We have upgraded the accessibility to our site with the side index on our Home page (<http://fanac.org>) and have added a link right under the title so you can quickly check WHAT'S NEW on the site.

CONVENTIONS

The FANAC Fan History Project will be out at conventions to collect and scan your photos and accept donations to the Fan History Archives. On our home page, we have started a list of convention where we will be attending and working to record our fannish history. Please come buy and say hello.

Our next convention will be Midwestcon 50/FanHistoricon 9 in Cincinnati at the end of June. (<http://www.cfg.org/midwestcon/>)

When you want to find out something about a fan or S-F professional, don't forget to check our Cross Reference list (<http://fanac.org/names.html>) of nearly 9,000 people who are mentioned on our web site. It really is a virtual "Who's Who" of the field. We say: "if you're not listed. Why not?" Help us document your fandom.

We add more material all the time. We are working on a number of large projects like the Master Fanzine Checklist and indices to major fanzines. So bookmark the Fan History Project at <http://fanac.org>. Keep checking back. ♡

More FANAC Fan History Project

Joe Siclari again

INFORMATION UPDATE #3 8 July 1999

Each month only seems to get busier. Here's our third update on the FANAC Fan History Project. You can

quickly check the latest WHAT'S NEW on the site at

<http://fanac.org/NewStuff.html>

FANHISTORICON 9

The past month also encompassed FanHistoricon 9 which was hosted at Midwestcon 50. We held a entire day's program at the famous relaxicon. Due to Ted White's accident, Joe Siclari developed the program with Pat and Roger Sims. We hope you recover quickly Ted.

Programs were on Cinvention, MWC & CFG History, legendary MWC stories and Preservation. See <http://fanac.org/timebinders/> for the complete FanHistoricon 9 program. I did record the entire program. Unfortunately it was on a portable cassette machine when the video recorder would not run but we do have a record. Information on upcoming FanHistoricons will be posted soon.

PHOTOGRAPHS

We have added even more photos. We now have over 2,000 photos from conventions and other fan gatherings including photos from 32 Worldcons. Still looking for more. New Worldcon photos (<http://fanac.org/worldcon/>): BucCONeer, Chicon II, IV & V, LAcon II & III, Nolacon 1 & 2, Noreascon 2 & 3, ConStellation, Conspiracy '87, Cinvention, MagiCon, Clevention, ConFiction, NorWesCon, NewYorCon (NYcon II), Seacon '79, and Solacon. New photos for Other Convention albums (http://fanac.org/Other_Cons/): Midwestcon 1, 2, 3, 4, 43, 48 & 49, WorldFantasyCon 1980, 1983 & 1987, Soonercon 1996, Westercon 16, Loncon 1951, Mancon 1952, Conference on the Fantastic 1980 & 1981, Omnicon 1988, Traveling Fêtes at Key West

1996, Naples 1998 & Gainesville 1989, ASFiCon 1982, ConClave 1981, 1982 & 1983, EarthCon 1982, IllwisCon 1958, MarCon 1983, PhilCon 1983, SciCon 1991, Disclave 1958, Jophan Family Reunion 1992, and TallyCon 1982.

We also added photos to these Fan Photo Albums (http://fanac.org/Fan_Photo_Album/): DUFF 1981, Detroit Fandom, Midwest Fandom, South Florida Fandom. We have 185 new scans to process into the appropriate areas and have over 3,000 photos on loan from generous and trusting photographers. Please be assured that we are keeping very good care of them and scanning as quickly as possible. Thank you. I apologize in advance to those I might miss but I need to thank the many photographers working with us to make this a visual history: Phylis Brown, John Coker, Joni Dashoff, Peggy Ann Dolan, Howard DeVore for his own photos plus pix from Martin Alger, Ben Jason & George Young, Bob Ewart, Mike Glicksohn, Lee Hoffman, Margaret Ford Kiefer for her and Don Ford's photos, Sam Long, Bob Madle for many old photos, Charles Mohapel, Frank Olynyk, Derek Pickles, Carol Porter, Lenny Provenzano, Joyce Scrivner, Edie Stern, Thom Wells, Madeline Willis and Ben Yalow. Please let me know if I have left anyone out. Great thanks to those who scanned and added their own photos (as well as other people's pix): Avedon Carol, Debbie King, Richard Lynch, Laurie Mann, Joe Siclari (yeah, me too), Robert Sneddon, Steve Towsley, Jack Weaver, Bob Webber. Thank you all.

FANZINES

Over 200 fanzines are now accessible from our site. The newest addition is: Plokta 13 in the Modern

July & August 1999

Fanzines Index

(http://fanac.org/fanzines/Modern_Fanzines.html). Soon to be added are the CInvention Program Book and the CInvention Memory Book (thanks to scanning by Scott Street) in the Classic Fanzines Index (http://fanac.org/fanzines/Classic_Fanzines.html). We have added links to several more zines.

FAN ARTISTS

Started a folio of Mae Strelkov's hectograph art -- http://fanac.org/fan_art/

ACCESSIBILITY

We changed the Fan Photo Album to eliminate the "Miscellaneous" index. All collections of Fan Photos can now be accessed directly from the Fan Photo Album Index.

CONVENTIONS

The FANAC Fan History Project will be at conventions to collect and scan your photos and accept donations to the Fan History Archives. Check our home page to see where we will be next.

PEOPLE CROSS REFERENCE

When you want to find out something about an S-F fan or professional, don't forget to check our Cross Reference list (<http://fanac.org/names.html>). We now have 8,916 names of people mentioned on our web site. It's a virtual Who's Who of Science Fiction. "If you're not listed. Why not?" Help us document your fandom.

We add more material all the time. Bookmark the Fan History Project at <http://fanac.org>. Keep checking back.

For more information or to help, contact:

Joe Siclari
jsiclari@gate.net
FANAC Fan History Project
Coordinator

It Came In The Mail

[Carlos says: These folks have been so nice as to send SFSFS a copy of their fanzine to trade for ours. We really enjoy them and look forward to receiving more. If you would like to trade your zine for the Shuttle, send a copy to SFSFS Shuttle Zine Trade PO Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL, 33307-0143]

Ansible 138 January 1999
Ansible 139 February 1999
Ansible 140 March 1999
Ansible 141 April 1999
Ansible 142 May 1999
Ansible 143 June 1999
Dave Langford

Ben's Beat #55 Feb-March 1999
Ben Indick

Burroughs Bulletin New Series #35
Summer 1998
Burroughs Bulletin New Series #37
Winter 1999
Burroughs Bibliophiles

De Profundis 320 Jan/Feb 1999
De Profundis 321
De Profundis 322 March 1999
De Profundis 323 May 1999
Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society

Derogatory Reference #92 April 1999
Arthur D. Hlavaty

File 770:128 January 1999
File 770:129 March 1999
File 770:130 May 1999
File 770:131 June 1999
Mike Glycer

Fosfax #194 February 1999
FosFax #195 May 1999
Falls of the Ohio Science Fiction and Fantasy Association

Future Times Volume 2, Issue 5, May 1999

Atlanta Science Fiction Society

The Geis Letter #57, January 1999
The Geis Letter #58, February 1999
The Geis Letter #59, March 1999
The Geis Letter #60, April 1999
The Geis Letter #61, April 1999
The Geis Letter #62, May 1999
The Geis Letter #63, May 1999
The Geis Letter #64, June 1999
Richard Geis

Insider #213, The February 1999
Saint Louis Science Fiction Society

Instant Message #637 January 17, 1999
Instant Message #638 January 1999
Instant Message #639
Instant Message #640 February 1999
Instant Message #641 March 1999
Instant Message #642 March 1999
Instant Message #643 April 1999
Instant Message #644 May 9, 1999
Instant Message #645 May 22, 1999
Instant Message #646 June 1999
Instant Message #647 June 1999
New England Science Fiction Association

It Goes On The Shelf #20 May 1999
Ned Brooks

Kerles 2 December 1998
Tommy Ferguson, Northern Ireland

Quark of the Least #1 April 1999
Lark of the Yeast #1 May 1999
Baltimore Science Fiction Society

Life on Planet Earth #12 Volume 3,
Winter 1999
Life on Planet Earth #13 Volume 3,
Spring 1999
Embassy of Planet Claire

MarkTime #56
Mark Strickert

Memphen #251 January 1999
Memphen #252 February 1999
Memphen #253 March 1999
Memphen #254 April 1999
Memphen #255 May 1999
Memphis Science Fiction Association

Mimosa 23

Nicki and Richard Lynch

NASFA Shuttle January 1999
NASFA Shuttle February 1999
NASFA Shuttle March 1999
NASFA Shuttle April 1999
NASFA Shuttle May 1999
NASFA Shuttle June 1999
North Alabama Science Fiction Society

NIEKAS 45: Essays on Dark Fantasy
July 1999
Niekas Publications- Ed Meskys

OasFis Event Horizon #139 Feb 1999
OasFis Event Horizon #140 March 1999
OasFis Event Horizon #141 April 1999
OasFis Event Horizon #143 June 1999
OasFis Event Horizon #144 July 1999
Orlando Area Science Fiction Society

The Orange Pulp #75, March 1999
Orange County Science Fiction Club

Out of James' Attic May 1999
James Walton

PhiloSFy #12 April 1999
Alexander Slate

PSFS News March 1999
PSFS News February 1999
PSFS News May 1999
PSFS News April 1999
PSFS News June 1999
Philadelphia Science Fiction Society

Scavenger's #184 June 1999
Bulletin Volume 7 #2 January 1999
Bulletin Volume 7 #3 April 1999
Southern Fandom Confederation

Survivor Volume 11 #4 April 1999
Thomas Evans

Visions of Paradise #79
Visions of Paradise #80
Robert Sabella

SFWRITER.COM May 1999
Robert J. Sawyer

Challenger 9 Spring 1999
Guy H. Lillian, III

Westwind #235 December 1998
Westwind #236 January 1999
Westwind #237 February/March 1999
Westwind #238 April 1999
Westwind #239 May 1999
Westwind #239 May 1999
Northwest Science Fiction Society

A Plan To Make SFSFS Money

Nick Simicich

Folks, recently, the availability of the Mr station to replace the current clubhouse and for APA-NU out of town collations was discussed. Unfortunately, the cost was more than we could pay for out of our treasury excess.

Thus, I think we should get into the business of manufacturing and marketing Jar Jar Binks prosthetics and other products. For example, the Jar Jar Binks prosthetic tongue -- not only handy for swatting flies and licking stamps (not your stamps, the stamps of the person three ahead in line from you

in the post office) it can be used by the mobility limited, such as myself, to pick up small objects from the floor without bending over, or to get that last shrimp ball at the Dim Sum buffet. Finally, their potential use as a sexual aid might make it worth advertising them in Hustler or High Society.

For walking in the Everglades or almost anywhere west of I-95 this week, Jar-Jar Binks ears would be handy. Flicking them periodically could keep bugs off of your neck. Filling them with a thin layer of that gel stuff that you can refrigerate and which evaporates and stays cool might provide a new approach to preventing heat stroke. They could be offered in several models:

- The Glue on. Familiar to many years of Vulcan fandom, metal clips and spirit gum are used to bend the existing ear into a shape approximating the Jar Jar Binks ear root. The ear is then attached with more sprit gum.
- The Hat model. Meant for the fan with no real commitment to their



character, they are attached to a ball cap that looks suspiciously like a production cap for Episode 1.

These ears simply dangle out and come off with the cap.

- For the truly dedicated fan, we have the permanent implant. Offered in conjunction with a famous plastic surgery clinic, the ear would be permanently modified to resemble the Jar Jar Binks flap and the cartilage would be replaced by a completely inert insert in the correct shape. The process of stretching the recipient's skin to cover the new ear would, however, take several months, and would be similar to the process used by Ubangi tribesmen when inserting decorative wooden and metal disks into earlobes.

The Jar Jar Binks nose. In order to have a place to put the prosthetic tongue, you need a nose. This would just glue on with spirit gum.

Some other potential products: "Hooked on Pig-Latin"---now with Jar Jar Binks variations and substitutions. We could co-market this with the very successful "Hooked on Phonics" people. For those who require advanced Jar Jar Binks training, we could open the "Jar Jar Binks school of poise and etiquette". After all, if you really want to be Jar Jar Binks, you must learn to "Walk the Walk" and "Talk the Talk". The graduate would expect to have mastered such social situations as: groveling in an irritating and semi-supplicating manner, talking incessantly, eating fruit whole using the Prosthetic tongue - when it is right to do so and when it is not.

War Strategy for Dummies by Jar Jar Binks. An excerpt from the introduction could read: "Sometimes, in war, you are called on to do really silly things. Well, not in real life, where war is usually a very serious business, but in the first episode of Star Wars trilogies and in the third episode, the good guys must win using cute, almost comical stratagems and using creatures so saccharine and cute that it is very difficult for the younger members of the audience to note that thousands or millions of people might die if you don't casually stumble into the right switch,

randomly shoot the correct reactor core, or explode the correct city ship containing hundreds and thousands of bad guys." Yes, I can see "War Strategy for Dummies" becoming a required read for our future generals at West Point, not so much for actual strategy, but for how to spin war in a comical and acceptable way. It might be a real coup if we could get Bill Clinton to write the foreword.

A chapter outline on Jedi Knight qualifications: Do you feel an irresistible urge to act like an unpaid mercenary in civil disputes on backwater planets? You could be a Jedi Knight. Can you look at a bug faced guy with horns all over his face and not



crack a smile? You could be a Jedi Knight. Can you resist using the force to strip the clothing from the hot babe heroine? You could be a Jedi Knight. Do you like hanging out with seven year old apprentices? Is the thrill all gone by the time they are 19? You could be a Jedi Knight. Can you listen to Yoda's dyslexic, rambling speech and act like you care? You could be a Jedi Knight. Does your taste in clothing run toward the timeless feed sack look, no matter what this century or what the planet has in store for you? You could be a Jedi Knight. Are you six years old or less in

Episodes 1-3, or 20 or less in episodes 4-6 or (we presume) retired and looking for a hobby in episodes 7-9? You could be a Jedi Knight.

In the tens, "Ten Cute and Humorous things you can do with your fatalities", or perhaps, "Ten humorous ways to make vertically unstable things fall over", and finally, "Ten stock effects that ILM can put into your war footage which will make it look like you are winning."

We would need a testing program to make sure that one could tell properly qualified and accredited Jar Jar Binks from cheap imitators. These testing and training programs are lucrative. A board and standards would have to be established. The CJJB would become a title that people would want to put on their resumes and their business cards --- an instant ticket to employment and success.

Finally, for the successful graduate of the program, we could open the "Jar Jar Binks Agency". People could contact us when they wanted a completely trained Jar Jar Binks for some appearance or job. I see a market in small wrestling federations - Jar Jar would make a great squash jobber for the heels or the good guys to splat - and once they learned the business a little, manager seems obvious. In baseball, Jar Jar could be supplied to act as batboy for the opposing team, or, possibly put into the Marlin's Bullpen after a couple weeks in the minors. Any of the local TV news programs could use a Jar Jar as a replacement for their airheaded anchors. The Democrats might want to run Jar Jar in the New Hampshire primary, as this might be the only way they could make Gore look like a statesman. But the Republicans might want to run one against Elizabeth Dole for the same reason.

In any case, there are a lot of ideas here and we should consider getting on them and working them. It will take us a while to get the money to take over the Mir, so in the meantime we should take over that block of office buildings where they used to fly the American Flag just northeast of 10th and I95 in Deerfield Beach. It will make us feel like kings. ●

Joy V. Smith
8925 Selph Road
Lakeland FL 33810

March 29, 1999

Dear Mal,

Wonderful cover on the January issue of *The SFSFS Shuttle*. I love the way the name is part of the artwork.

I do wish I lived close enough to take part in all your fun meetings, discussions, dinners, and picnics!

Good editorial and excuse for being late with this issue--Building a super computer.

Good round-up of recent club activities. Re: Terry Pratchett's *Good Omens*. I liked it as I recall, but it wasn't one of his best. *Witches Abroad* is still my favorite. The background on Tropicon was interesting also.

I enjoyed George Peterson's Worldcon trip report (Part II). Re: *Tremors* and *Big Trouble in Little China*. They are two of my favorite films too--ones you can watch again. (There are others, such as a recent period piece that everyone recommended, that just thinking about watching again gives me the shivers.)

Re: *Star Trek: Insurrection*. I haven't seen it or any of the latest ones. The reviews, including posts, were a complete turnoff.

I enjoyed all the letters too. The references to the *Armageddon* review (last issue) reminded me of how much I loved the review. (Great piece of writing. Bad movie.) Speaking of reviews, I liked *The Entertainment Weekly* review quote-- "{Michael] Bay makes films like a man with a live tiger shark caught in his underwear."

And I was delighted to see the North American Discworld Society notice. I love Terry Pratchett.

Appreciatively,

Joy V. Smith.

[Mal says: Let me step in here because the editor of this Shuttle at this time is

probably still up in Cocoa Beach trying to clean up after our Traveling Fete. [Carlos says: Pretty close to the mark there, Mal. Pretty close.]

Sorry about this letter not being included in the last Shuttle. As fate would have it, Bill our secretary collected your letter at the postbox and brought it to one of our meeting and gave it to me because he thought it was great. I immediately read it and then did something with it at which point it got lost in someone's house for a week where it was returned to me. Then it got lost in my black bag where I keep about 50 pounds of paper related to SFSFS as a sort of method of aging it to make it look like ancient and important fandom documents rather than recent correspondences.

Bill again stepped again and after prodding I figured out where this letter went. Then again came the Traveling Fete where I didn't quite feel like carry around 50 pounds of paperwork, besides it left no room for the sock monkey to ride around in. You should have seen the looks when go when we'd bring out the sock monkey for a photographic opportunity. Or in one case to actually touch a moon rock. His little paw had to fight with all the other hands trying to touch a rock for out of this world. What other person on this planet has a sock monkey that actually touched a moon rock? (We've a got a photo to prove it too!). [Carlos says: Maybe we can run it in the next Shuttle...]

So anyway, out came the letter that sat on the table until I just returned now from the Traveling Fete and typed it in. I'll not bore with a long-winded account of the computer I'm typing this in one save that it went to the Traveling Fete.

I'm glad you liked the artwork on the cover of the January Shuttle. I had to slave over the hot scanner to get it to work properly. It takes about 32 megs to scan in a cover and my poor computer takes a while to do it and then message it into something usable. Then more waiting around because it of course has to be done a second time because the first time there is a problem.

Letters of Comment (Bring Out Your LoCs)

I continue to build the super computer. I'm waiting on parts now which hopefully will be here soon. One of the latest obstacles is that the computer has only a small number of nodes and we need to give it many more. A node can be considered a cat and when one has one or two cats one can herd them. When the numbers start getting bigger it gets much harder. (Or to put it a more current context. It's easy to get one SFSFS member on the tour bus but when you have a whole lot it becomes difficult.)

I'm glad you mention Armageddon because I have one further quote from the movie: "I could eat a can of film and puke a better movie than Armageddon" Adam Troy Castro 12/31/98 10:49 PM.

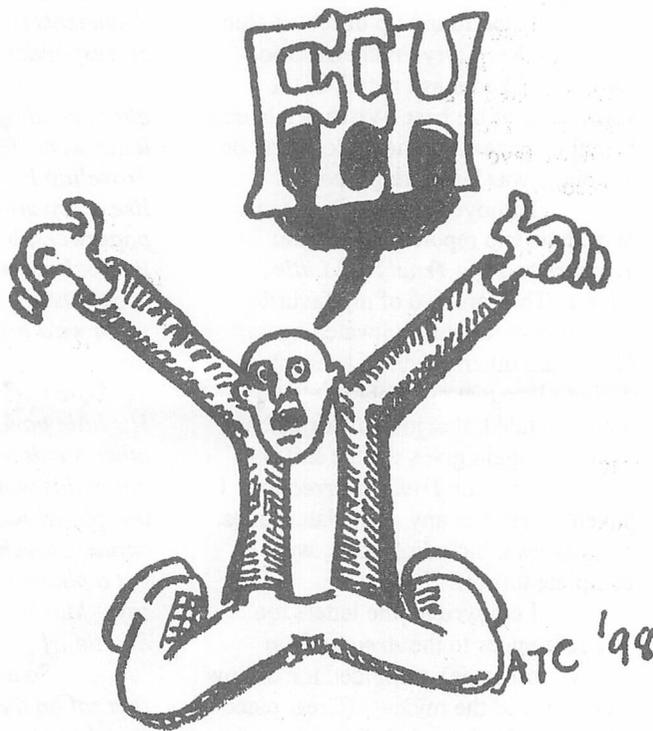
By the way, as for all our fun events, this year's picnic was accompanied by a cloud burst and hail storm and much of it had to occur at the clubhouse.] [Carlos says: The storm was brought on by one Mr. Petey Rawlik III (Chairman Tropicon XXXVII), AKA The Weather Wizard, who felt a little too warm and humid at the park so he exercised his budding paranormal powers to remedy the situation. Several minutes after he expressed his dissatisfaction with the circumstances by bawling and fussing with his mama Shirlene, the storm hit. Coincidence? I don't think so. Let's remember that his father works for the government and we all watch enough of the X-Files to know what that means, don't we?]

1810 South Rittenhouse Square #1708 Philadelphia, PA 19103-5837

June 30, 1999

Dear Issue 139 Editor,

Might I tell your readers about the World Wide Fan Party, which is held on the solstice – generally the twenty-first of June – every year? It's both a cyberspace event and a number of real ones, with a web site that I maintain at: <http://www.cis.upenn.edu/~cmintz/worldwidefanparty.html>.



Basically, the idea is that every year, at nine o'clock local time, fans should pause and spend a reflective moment appreciating worldwide fandom. Toasts are optional, but suggested, and everything from air and imagination to a cup of seawater has been used, in addition to beer, wine, and soda.

That's it. Some people throw parties, others observe the moment with a few friends, and yet others enjoy their own

company. The web site provides more information about why, where, and when this idea came into being, as well as some fannish thoughts, history, fables, and – soon to come – my famous recipe for crottled greeps.

Contributions are welcome; link suggestions and links are particularly needed. The long-term goal is to have someone in every time zone observing the occasion, but given the Pacific is rather sparsely provided for when it comes to land masses, that may prove challenging.

At any rate, do join in the party that goes around the world. It's old-fashioned fannishness at its best, being free, open to any fan, and linking many different people and countries together.

Baseball

Whoever the TV companies are marketing to, they are not marketing to the people who like baseball/ Fox, with its computer game icons is particularly annoying, and while I appreciate that baseball is a business – so is theater – I'd rather not have my face rubbed quite so hard in the hard facts.

I like to pretend it's a sport.

I won't even say, "Still a sport," because "Say it ain't so, Joe" is nearly as old as the commercial game. As far as I can tell, the only "sport" at which most people don't make money is horse racing, and that's because the "players" are horses, expensive to maintain and train, with disaster a misstep away.

Endless sagas in book form

I don't mind these being produced, for the appeal is much the same as any TV series show and we certainly have plenty of those, but I do grudge their pressuring out more original work in the stores. Hopefully,

online selling will give both types of science fiction a chance with would-be buyers so we may read the equivalent of Coke one day and Champagne the next

Sincerely,

Catherine Mintz

[Carlos says: It's a shame we got your note after the solstice, Catherine. It sounds like a really neat idea I'm sure a lot of our readers would have liked to participate in. Well, there's always next year. ☺

I'd rather not talk any more baseball though, as I am mourning the bitter loss by my New York Mets. I was really hoping the World Series would have ended up being the Boston Red Sox and the Mets but it wasn't meant to happen. As it was, I boycotted the whole series. I heard it was a very boring show any way.] ☹

23629 Woodfield Road
Gaithersburg, MD 20882

May 4, 1999

Dear SFSFSers...

Since there's no check on the back of #137 about needing more contributions, I'll wait until you need material.

It'll be interesting to see if Jan.'s meeting produced any ideas for more TV shows. // This has been sitting in the car for too long, sorreee! // The question about how horror has changed – look at what happens in “real” life, then determine which proceeds which – and be forewarned. // I'm REALLY out of the loop – I don't recall hearing that Kelly Freas had been under the weather during the WorldCon. // ATC is doing you some fine illos – encore... encore! // Hmm – comments (editorial) to my ramblings... now I'm not sure about doodlings. // LOVE the lemur story.

Thanks,

Sheryl Birkhead

[Carlos says: I apologize Sheryl. I will have to beat the little gnomes that are supposed to check off those lists. Now

all you artists out there should know that we (or maybe I should say “I”) never say “no” to artwork, especially from one of our favorites. I also never say “no” to articles or short stories. I'm just an editing whore. I'll do anything to get this shuttle out. Anything. I'll fight nature and electronic boogey monsters and Satan himself, just to get this thing out to our loyal readers. And now that we've all got our hipwaders on, we can proceed.

I'm sure Adam's head will

inflate to seven times it's normal size (and that's pretty big already) as soon as he reads your praise. I just hope we can bring him back down to earth and wrangle some more artwork from him. He is really good, though, isn't he?]

[Carlos says some more: Well, I've said enough for this and will leave you for now. LOCs can be e-mailed to shuttle@sfsfs.org. We always like hearing for you all. So until next time.]



CAPTAIN ARTHUR
ROSTROY

ATC-98

The South Florida Science Fiction Society (SFSFS)



<http://www.sfsfs.org>

Established in 1985, the South Florida Science Fiction Society (or SFSFS, pronounced "Sisyphus") is a non-profit organization made up of people like you that are fascinated by all aspects of science fiction, fantasy, and horror and are interested in sharing these interests with others. As a member of SFSFS you will be entitled to a wide variety of activities and benefits. Among but not limited to these are:

The SFSFS Clubhouse, located behind the offices of Michael Block, CPA, at 275 East Oakland Park Boulevard, Oakland Park, FL 33334-1155. The clubhouse is

available for the use of all members. To get there:

Take Interstate-95 to the Oakland Park exit in Ft. Lauderdale

Go east to Northeast 1st Avenue (it is a short block east of Andrews Avenue)

Turn left onto Northeast 1st Avenue

Immediately turn right into the alley

The Clubhouse is located near the end of the alley. We have a sign on the door.

Monthly club meetings provide an opportunity for members to gather and enjoy guest speakers discussing a wide range of subjects relating to the fields of science fiction and fact, fantasy, and horror. There are also opportunities to meet visiting professionals and join in lively discussions about the latest in genre literature, film, art, and the field of multimedia. Several special events, including museum outings, author signings, and picnics occur throughout the year. Meetings are held in our clubhouse.

The SFSFS Shuttle is the club's bimonthly newsletter. It contains up-to-date information on meetings, club outings, local events of interest to members, and special sales. Members get to see their names in print and display their varied talents by contributing artwork, convention reports, fan history articles, poetry, short fiction, book and film reviews.

The Book Discussion Group allows members to gather for in-depth discussions on books, authors, and common readings. Meetings are often based around one theme, author, or novel.

The SFSFS Web Page can be reached at <http://www.sfsfs.org>. SFSFS also has several discussion groups that are offered via

e-mail subscription. SFSFS-announce is for club announcements and important information while SFSFS-discuss is for general messages. In order to join either mailing list, send an e-mail containing the word "subscribe" to:

sfsfs-announce-request@sfsfs.org

or

sfsfs-discuss-request@sfsfs.org.

The SFSFS Book Division allows members the opportunity to purchase new books directly from a distributor at 30% off of the cover price! If you only buy \$50 in books a year, the money you would save through the Book Division would cover a full year's membership to SFSFS. Shipping and handling costs are almost always already paid for. The Book Division is also investigating adding music and video to the list of items available for purchase.

The SFSFS Library is the club's lending library. It contains a wide variety of hard to find and out-of-print science fiction, fantasy, horror, and reference literature. All of these materials are available to members.

The Filk Group consists of members who gather to develop the fine art of setting new words to old or new tunes thereby creating and singing all-new musical masterpieces with a science fiction/fantasy/horror/fannish slant.

The Media Research Group invites all members to join them for gatherings to view and discuss a

variety of films and other media presentations. Meet with people to compare and contrast themes; discuss the making of a movie, television, or radio program; and learn behind-the-scenes workings of video production.

The Creative Writers' Group is made up of members who gather to read each other's works and provide mutual constructive criticism and helpful hints on how to get the most out of their creative efforts. You may uncover a hidden creative ability while you work with the group.

Tropicon is the oldest running Florida science fiction convention and is sponsored by SFSFS. Members running Tropicon learn how to plan and manage different aspects of a convention. Past Tropicon guests of honor include: Lee Hoffman, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Forrest J. Ackerman, Vincent DiFate, Robert Bloch, Gardner Dozois, George R. R. Martin, Kelly Freas, Poul Anderson, Walter Willis, Lynn Abbey, Leslie Turek, Hal Clement, Bruce Pelz, Andre Norton, Ramsey Campbell, Judith Tarr, Kristine Katherine Rusch, Jael, James P. Hogan, David Gerrold, and Esther Friesner. There is a separate registration fee.

The Traveling Fête is our annual relaxicon. Members get together to honor a Florida professional in a carefree and casual environment. The Fête is currently held during the summer. There is a separate registration fee.

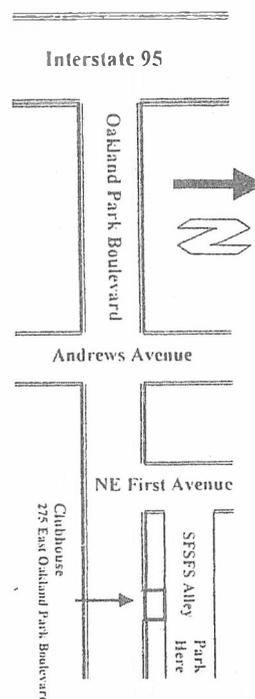
Past SFSFS Events have included:

- Interviews with Stephen Donaldson, Roger Zelazny, Greg Bear, and Dan Simmons
- Professional presentations by: Daniel Keyes (author of *Flowers*

for Algernon); Nichelle Nichols ("Lt. Uhura" of *Star Trek*); Ellen Datlow (fiction editor of *Omni Magazine*); and Kristine Katherine Rusch (former editor of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*)

- Annual review of the Hugo nominees
- Interactive program on creating alien civilizations and other science fiction necessities
- Outings to the South Florida Renaissance Festival
- Outings to the Miami and Palm Beach Book Festivals

Your membership to SFSFS opens the doorway to a vast storehouse of knowledge and experience about science fiction, fantasy, horror, and many other areas you may never have run across in your life. This is what SFSFS is all about, a fun and educational way to expand your horizons, discover new interests, and share them with others.



South Florida Science Fiction Society
Membership Application

Send this completed application form, along with your check for dues to:

SFSFS Treasurer
P.O. Box 70143
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307-0143

Make checks payable to SFSFS

- General** (new membership and non-voting) **\$15**
- Subscribing** (receive the bimonthly SFSFS Shuttle only) **\$12**
- Child** (up to age 12 and only with a paid adult member) **\$1**

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Membership is valid for one year beginning on the day the check is received by the SFSFS Treasurer.

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Tropicon 18 Science Fiction Convention



Starring

as our Guests of Honor:

Mike Resnick Hugo Winning Author, Editor, Fan

Author: Santiago, A Miracle of Rare Design, Second Contact, Ivory, Kirinyaga, "Seven Views of Olduvai Gorge," "The 43 Antarean Dynasties"
Editor: Alternate Presidents, Alternate Kennedys, Dinosaur Fantastic



& Ron Walotsky Award Winning Artist

Illustrator: many books & magazine covers including SF Book Club editions of Starplex, & Hyperion, TOR, Asimov's, and F&SF, creator of album jackets for RCA, Polydor, Nonsuch, and United Artists records for artists like The Romantics and Billy Joel.



Media Guest

Peter Woodward Actor, Writer, Producer

Galen the Technomage from Crusade

Special Filk Guest

Joe Ellis as RoboFilker

Cds: The Dream is Alive - Music Of The Space Shuttles, and The Synthetic Filker



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Reservations: (800) 329-9019
www.clarion-hollywood.com

* The beach is across the street!!



Other Confirmed Guests: Lynn Abbey, Adam-Troy Castro, Hal Clement, Barbara Delaplace, Charles Fontenay, Joseph Green, Kathleen Goonan, Jack C. Haldeman II, Holly Lisle, Glenn Meganck (J.R. Ripley), Laurie Sutton, Rick Wilber

Room Rates

\$60.00 Standard Deluxe Room
\$79.00 Clarion Business Class
*Make room reservations directly with the hotel

Memberships

\$24.00 till 10/31/99
\$28.00 at the Door



For Further Information or to send payment for memberships, art panels, or dealer's tables:

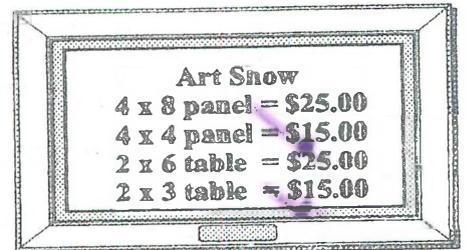
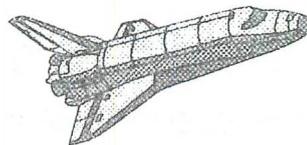
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Fort Lauderdale, FL 33309

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July & August 1999

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