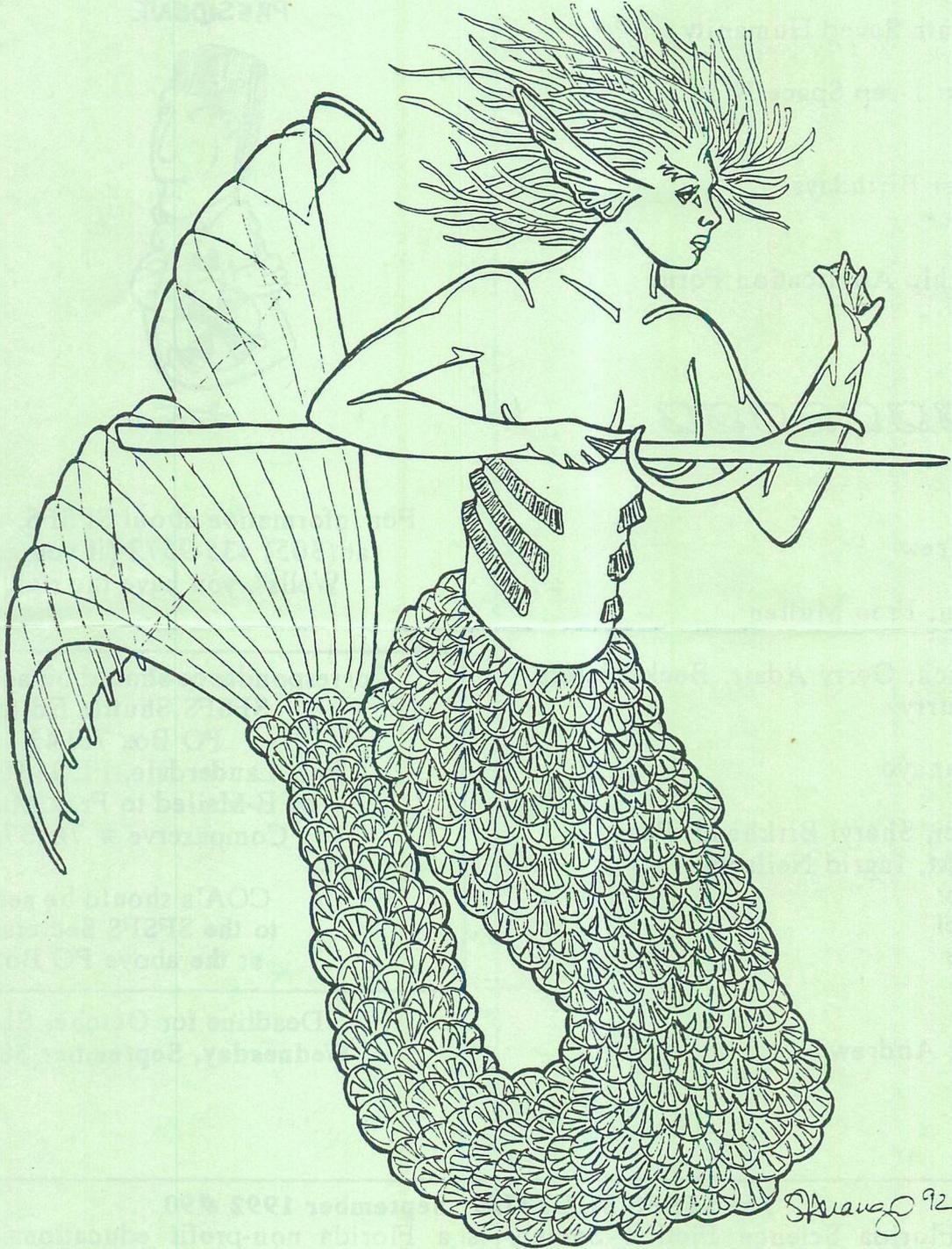


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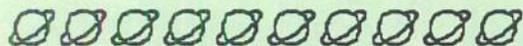
September 1992

SPECIAL MAGICON ISSUE

CONTENTS

- 3 Meeting News
- 4 Editorials
- 5 LOC
- 6 When Death Saved Humanity
- 8 Reviews
- 11 Star Trek: Deep Space Nine
- 13 News
- 14 It Came...
- 14 September Birthdays
- 15 T-XI Flyer
- 16 FANAC
- 17 Membership Application Form

I'M FAMILIAR
WITH INANIMATE
OBJECTS...
I'M CLUB
PRESIDENT.



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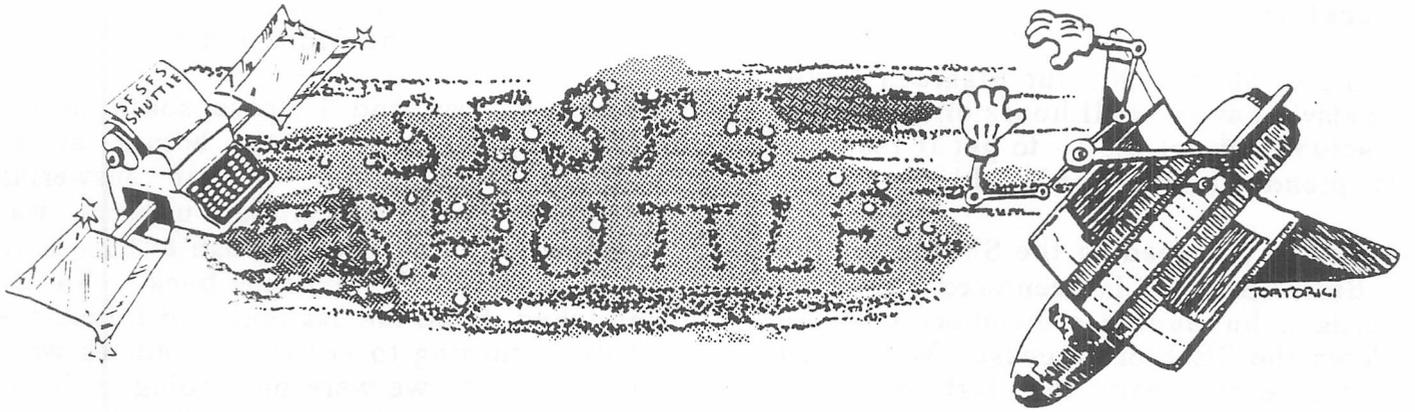
Deadline for October Shuttle:
Wednesday, September 30, 1992

The SFSFS SHUTTLE September 1992 #90

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 this issue for current pro-rated dues*). Subscribing membership is \$1 per issue. The views, reviews, and opinions expressed in the SFSFS SHUTTLE are those of the authors and artists and not necessarily those of the publishers.

And so it goes . . .

SEMPER SURSUM



September 1992 Issue #90

The Official SFSFS Newsletter

SEPTEMBER MEETING

DATE: Saturday, September 19

TIME: 2:00pm to whenever

PLACE: Steve Gold's home

1891 South Ocean Drive
Hallandale, Fl

Directions: Take I-95 to Hallandale Beach Blvd (the southern-most exit in Broward County - get out your maps) and exit East-bound. Drive east till you go over the Hallandale Beach Bridge. Be in the right lane, where you will HAVE to turn right onto South Ocean Drive / A1A. Here comes the tricky part. Previously, you took a right at the second light, however, Andrew took out one, so be forwarned. We don't know at printing if it will be back up by the 19th. If not, it will be the first light. You will turn right into the driveway - the sign will say "Jamaica Building". Behind the first building are parking spaces marked "G1", "G2", etc. These are the guest parking. There should be 20 spaces available. Good luck all. Call Fran at (305) 435-9572 or Steve at (305) 458-7085 if you still need help.

PROGRAM:

We are planning a relaxing get-together at the home of Steve Gold (*something very much needed at this point in time*). Grills are available, bring your own food and beverages. There will be a VERY short business meeting (how long does it take to say "motion to adjourn"?). There is a pool

at the clubhouse, and if you wish you can run across the road to jump in the ocean (*not a hint for some of you paranoids out there - no, Chuck said it IS a hint*), so bring your bathing suit and towel.

T-XI CONCOMM

Gerry will undoubtedly want to have it one hour before our get-together. This will be fun, seeing all of us schmooz in bathing suits.

OCTOBER MEETING

Sunday, October 25, 1992 at the Palm Beach County Library. Learn all about T-XI's GOH, Ramsey Campbell. And bring your blood supply!

SHUTTLE NEWS

Shuttle Endeavor is scheduled September 12, carrying Spacelab J, a laboratory for micro-gravity research (being done in collaboration with Japan). The mission will last one week. Landing is scheduled for Kennedy Space Center.

To get a car pass, write:

NASA Visitor Services, Mail Code NASA PA-PASS, Kennedy Space Center, Florida 32899.

For current Shuttle info, call 407 867-INFO.

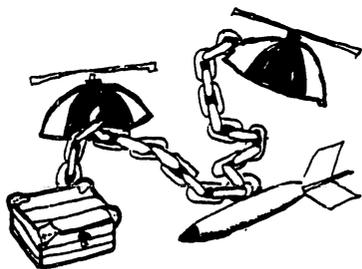
DECLarations

Welcome to Shuttle 90, our Magicon issue. We're slaving away at all hours of the night - well, actually about 8:30 - to get it ready in all its splendor in time for Worldcon.

For those of you reading the Shuttle for the first time, SFSFS is centered in Fort Lauderdale, but includes members from up and down the SE Florida coast. We put on two cons each year; the last one was Tropicon X, last December, honoring Andre Norton.

Tropicon XI will be in January, allowing its members an extra month to recover from Magicon. See the Tropicon flyer elsewhere in this issue. In July of '93, we will enjoy the Travelling Fete, with GOH, Gary Alan Ruse. We'll be happy to see you both places. Or drop by at our monthly meeting.

- Don



PORTGALCI

F.M. Station

I'm writing this from Lake Wales in central Florida, because Hurricane Andrew did his rude thing two days ago. Chuck was typically in San Francisco (as he always seems to be, during any household disaster), so I drafted Dea to help me move our travel trailer out of the path of devastation. Having never hitched the Bronco to the trailer by myself, there were doubts, however we completed it just as the rains started and drove north, powered by adreniline. Gas stations in the area were understandably lined up, or completely out of gas. And there was no way to get near an ATM or grocery store. We were the lucky ones. We found a nice little trailer park (with large economy size mosquitoes) with full hookups for only \$15 a night. We have A/C, microwave, hot showers, and don't have to worry about losing the food in the

freezer. Lake Wales was just far enough north to miss all the winds and heavy rain.

Yesterday, Dea and I drove south to see what had happened to our homes, as we couldn't reach either of our answering machines, and the cellular network was swamped - couldn't get through to friends to see if it was OK to come back. So we unhitched, filled the gas tank and joined the hordes returning to see if their homes were still there. As we were only going as far as Broward County, we were only hampered by the traffic intersections that weren't working. The radio newscasters were telling people not to go to Dade County as traffic jams there were horrendous. In our area, we found street signs skewed sideways, shingles blown away from store fronts, trees uprooted, snapped in two, or bent all in the same direction, and debris all over the roads and yards. And that was in an area not directly in the hurricane's path! The city of Davie and my portion of Pembroke Pines still had no power, so we had no reason to stay. We gassed up the Bronco, gave up on finding a restaurant we could get into without a long wait, and headed back north. Lunch was in Clewiston. The Burger King there was busier than usual, with all the returning Dade County residents.

On US 27, our main artery through central Florida, pine trees had fallen onto the roadway (just on the east side), and road crews had already cut the larger ones and cleared the path. On our return north, we encountered truck after truck of the Florida National Guard, coming from Tampa. They were no longer needed out there, but certainly in Dade. Hope they brought their own supplies. There were numerous appeals on the radio for people to share supplies such as water, canned foods, plywood and tools.

I've been through a couple of tornados in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and seen the devastation that can come from them. They were piddling, next to what happened down here. Tornados are concentrated on a small path, hurricanes have no such limitation. We're just fortunate we didn't lose more people.

- Franny



Sheryl Birkhead
23629 Woodfield Road
Gaithersburg, MD 20882
August 18, 1992

Dear Shuttlers,

I would assume that things are getting even more hectic (if that is possible) there these days with MagiCon looming close on the horizon. Ghood luck - in both endeavors!

I really do like Linda Michaels' work- - I took a second look back at the ink lady and realized her hand is on the rim, not down in the ink... as if she were absorbing the ink directly -- ah, what the imagination had thought on first glance... A faned's dream -- going directly to ink!

You may have a wake for the *MagiCon* staff- but will anyone be alive enough to make it? Gonna be close!

Sounds as if Fran had a busy time of it. Personally, except for the back and knee pain, I enjoy driving as long as it is not in traffic. I make sure the car is trip worthy and then take off -- with or without company. I tried to get one of the cats to enjoy travel, but they only freak out or stay

happily in a cage and that isn't what I had in mind - so they stay home. I admit that I do stupid things when I'm driving - stunts I'd do at home without even a second thought, but not intelligent things to do when driving alone in unknown territory -- like picking up hitchhikers or stopping to help motorists or taking that lonely dirt backroad merely because it looks interesting. But, so far...

Took a gander at the interesting days of August and decided I liked July better. I did a bit better on the mail column this time - 6 out of the 14...um, I take that back, I did **not** do better.

Doubt that I'll make *this* year's Tropicon -- are you calling it this year or next year's? Just wondered. But it looks as if the organization is rolling right along -- good luck.

Wow (as in gee whiz, gosh, WOW) a loc from Walt Willis... hmm, perhaps if he had waited a bit he could have hand delivered it and saved the postage -- now that would be an expensive letter!

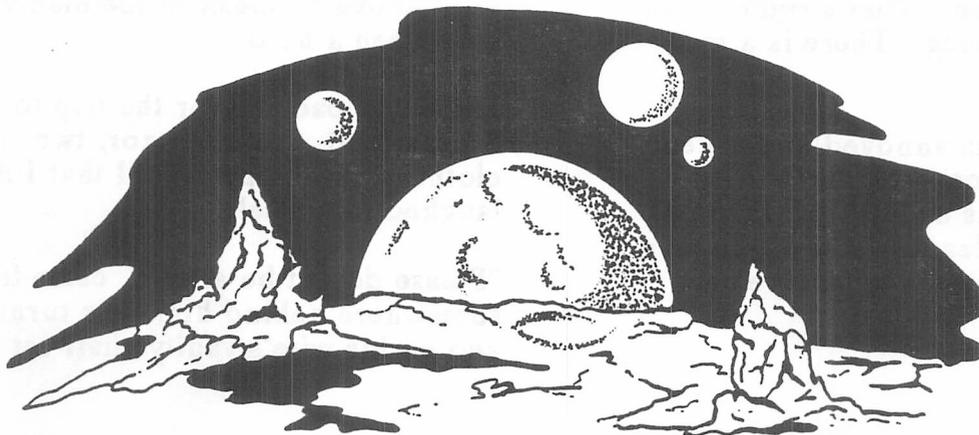
Has anyone "heard" anything from Pop Korn or his..um..er...*hosts*? Just wondered.

Short note this time, but wanted to be sure to get it off to you well before *MagiCon* truly "sets" in--

Enjoy the con.

- Sheryl

*Just a short word from yr eds:
The July '92 issue of the OASFIS Event
Horizon reports the ransom for the return
of Pot Korn was recently paid, so he
should be returned in time for MagiCon.
Look for him in the con suite?*



WHEN DEATH SAVED HUMANITY

a short story by Latisha Mullen Fall 1991

When the world heard the news about a great meeting of leaders, Prometheus had already begun his journey. Only he knew beforehand that this great meeting would decide the fate of the entire human race. He also knew that the most powerful countries had invented weapons that could destroy continents and had given their technology to nations that were greedy enough to use it. Prometheus was not about to let that happen.

A man named Hope was relaxing in his garden when the news came to him in a letter. The letter was from his nation's leader asking him to visit and speak at the meeting. Hope was glad because after ten years of retirement he was still considered the fairest mediator at any meeting.

Meanwhile, Prometheus, watching the leaders of the smaller nations plotting a great war, realized that only one human had the power to change their minds. His name was Hope. And he was dying.

Prometheus had little time to waste so, with Hermes as his guide, he went to Mount Olympus to beg intervention by the gods. No one dared speak before Zeus, thus he said, "The men of the earth are a self-destructive race. Have you not learned that by now?"

And Athena spoke, "We are tired of saving them from themselves. I have seen their weapons and they have gone too far."

Then Aphrodite retorted, "That's all you ever look at."

Prometheus jumped in, "That's right! You have not seen everything. There is a man who can save them."

The father of men was annoyed and asked, "Then why are you bothering us?" And Prometheus told Zeus and the pantheon of the great meeting of leaders and of the man named Hope who may die before he can stop the last war.

After all his pleading, Prometheus could not persuade Zeus to help him. Prometheus was leaving when Demeter approached him. "Tell no one," she whispered. Prometheus promised secrecy. Demeter continued, "I have seen what the weapons can do and I can not let the soil or the people who tend it be destroyed. Visit my daughter, Persephone, and ask that she persuade Hades to let the man live. That is all the help I can offer."

So Prometheus went down to Erebus, where on the way he saw Thanatos standing by the door to Tartarus, his sword in hand. Knowing that he would be the one to call on Hope, he stopped to discuss the matter with him. War overheard and was elated to hear that he would bring about the end. Old Age lowered his head in sorrow, and so did Sickness, Hunger, and even Lust, for they knew they would no longer exist without the human race. Thanatos, however, was unmoved by the prophecy and thus said, "I will do as the Unseen One bids." So Prometheus moved on to the palace of Hades and his queen where he called on Persephone to speak with her alone.

After hearing Prometheus' gruesome tale, Persephone at once planned a meeting with the King of the Underworld. When they met with her husband, both begged and pleaded but it was evident that Hades would not be persuaded either. "How should one man change the fate of the entire human race? And why should I damn well care anyway whether the world above were demolished to rubble? I have no ties, though my dearest Persephone may, to that hideous place. You need to do more than grovel to change my mind." So Prometheus had all but lost hope. Unable to convince anyone that saving humanity was worth the trouble, he went above to speak to the man who would have been a hero.

Hope was packing for the trip to Switzerland. "Soap, razor, two changes of clothing, and hope are all that I need", he laughed to himself.

"Please do not be afraid", came from somewhere behind him. He turned to look and on his wife's vanity chair sat a man he

believed to be glowing. Hope shook his head and inquired of his name. "You may have heard of me. I am Prometheus, creator of mankind. But that won't matter very soon."

Hope was stunned. The man was surely not of this world and besides, what do you say to a god? Therefore, he said, "I am flattered that you should visit me, but what do you want of me? I am a simple man and can not...what did you say? What won't matter?"

Prometheus again told the sad story, this time to the man who would have saved his own world. Any other man would have lost his sanity having heard of his own impending death, but Hope asked, "What does this guy, Thanatos, look like?" Prometheus then knew that there was still Hope. With a gleam in his eye, Prometheus bid Hope farewell, wished him good luck for the task that was ahead of him, then vanished.

Hope boarded the private jet though he never really enjoyed flying. It scared him. Since the meeting with Prometheus everything scared him. Hope now knew he did not have long to live, only a day left at most. "Where will I meet this Thanatos person, anyway?", he wondered to himself.

"Here," a voice came from the seat next to him. Hope shifted, startled, and gazed into a black hole that was the hood of a long cape. In the figure's skeletal hand was a long sword. Hope, though paralyzed with fear, queried the dark man.

"Is this plane going to crash?"

"Oh, maybe."

Once spoken an air pocket shook the plane and Hope as well. Hope, regaining his nerve, then asked, "Do you know what will happen if you take me?"

Thanatos answered with a low growl and then, "I know that I will have much work to do once I have finished with you. But don't worry, you will soon be able to visit with everyone you know and love."

Hope's mental circuits were working double-time, trying to think of an escape. "There is no escape," the one called Death chuckled, breathing cold, stale air into Hope's worried face.

Then, in an instant, relief smoothed Hope's features and he asked, "What will you do when everyone is down there?" A long pause.

"I do what the Rich One bids."

Hope was eager to gain the upper hand, so questioning, "You know you won't be of any use to the man anymore once all the dying has ended. Don't you like your job?" Thanatos did not answer. "Look, all you have to do is wait one more day, then I will gladly let you do to me whatever it is you do with that sword."

"I only take a lock of your hair. Isn't that something? It doesn't hurt in the slightest." Hope thought he felt a touch of hesitation in the man, or whatever he was, who would now decide his own fate as well as that of the race of man. Thanatos was looking out the window, or so Hope thought, when he said, "You know, I've been around since the birth of the first man, and I have never allowed any one man his life without a fight. You would be no match for me." Hope listened, and waited for his haircut during the silence that followed. "Look," Thanatos concluded, "I have a lot of work to do. See you tomorrow." And with that the robed figure vanished, just as Prometheus had.

The plane landed safely in Switzerland, and Hope gathered his things, anticipating the wonderful time he would have at the meeting.



THE COUNT OF ELEVEN

by Ramsey Campbell

Tor (1st US edition), June 1992

\$19.95, 310 pages

"And the most powerfully frightening scenes of the nineties for me so far are Joe Pesci's in **GOODFELLAS**, where he plays a psychotic who is all the more disturbing because he is so much fun to watch." - Ramsey Campbell ("The Quality of Terror" in **CUT! HORROR WRITERS ON HORROR FILM**).

Long before I accepted Thomas Harris's invitation to peer through the eyes of the "Tooth Fairy" and the infamous Dr. Lecter of **RED DRAGON** (1981), I white-knuckled my way through a grand tour of the mind of a walking time-bomb named Horridge in Ramsey Campbell's grim **THE FACE THAT MUST DIE** (1979/1983). Harris's work fascinated and thrilled me. Campbell's made me get up and double-check the locks on the doors and windows. For my money, Campbell's work was a masterpiece in the relatively small sub-genre of the modern tale of urban psychosis; and Horridge a new distinguished tenant of the House that Bloch built.

Now, apparently as a knee-jerk response to the success of the film version of **THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS**, this relatively small literary pool has been bastardized into a tidal wave of literary cliches and excesses reminiscent of the "children possessed by the Devil" trend of the 70's. Any day now I expect to find "Cereal Murderer" on the grocery shelves in between Frankenberry and Count Chocula.

Sturgeon's Law was never more self-evident. It doesn't take a Rhodes Scholar to recognize that 90% of the novels sporting cover blurbs comparing them to **THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS** are pure, unadulterated formulaic dreck. Despite the presence of precisely this type of a feeble wheeze passing for a promo on it's cover, **THE COUNT OF ELEVEN**, owes absolutely nothing to Harris (or even to **THE FACE THAT MUST DIE**) but is instead a unique and darkly humorous

addition to the serial murderer canon that reminds us just how rare and innovative that other 10% can be when approached by a consummate craftsman.

On April 1st, Jack Orchard, a happy-go-luck family man with a quick wit and a penchant for playfully rolling with all the minor punches life has thus far thrown his way ("You've got to laugh haven't you!"), ignores a chain letter's invitation to turn "ill luck into good" and decides instead to remove the flaking paint from the front door of his video rental store. A short time later, standing amidst the smoldering remains of his business, he responds to a constable's inquiry into the origin of the conflagration by stating, "Imagine Oliver Hardy with a blowlamp."

Indeed, Jack's world has been transformed into perhaps the best known plot-line of the Laurel & Hardy 2 reelers: the minor incident that goes terribly wrong and triggers an escalating series of retaliatory events resulting in chaos. The classic **BIG BUSINESS** (1929) in which Stan & Ollie's simple attempt to sell a Christmas tree to Frank Finlayson results in total destruction of everything within sight is perhaps the best known example of this formula and an indication of just how bad things are going to get in Jack's life. Suddenly confronted by the fact that his business insurance coverage has been cancelled by his ex-partner, his credit cards have been stolen by local teens, his request for a loan to re-stock his business has been denied and the family's dream of a vacation in Greece have been destroyed, Jack finds himself helplessly trapped in a nightmarish parody of a Sennett comedy which is advancing "frame by excruciating frame." In effect, Jack is the Oliver Hardy of **THE MUSIC BOX**; hanging onto an out-of-control piano as it relentlessly plummets down an Escheresque continuum of stairs.

Rising from his penchant for numerology & his feverish attempts to return his family situation back to the status quo, a new & more sinister aspect of Jack's persona, **The Count of Eleven**, is born. True to form, by midnight of Good Friday the 13th, the

"Count" arrives at the "logical" solution to all of Jack's problems. Not only must thirteen copies of the chain letter Jack stupidly ignored be posted, but the Count must ensure, by whatever means are at his disposal, that the recipients of these letters continue the chain.

For me, the most significant aspect of **THE COUNT OF ELEVEN** is its departure from what has degenerated into stereotypical characterizations of the serial murderer as either super-genius (Dr. Lecter) or a neurosis-laden recluse (The "Tooth Fairy" & "Buffalo Bill"). Jack Orchard is simply a good-hearted "everyman" whose naive and humorous attempts to do the right thing strike an empathic chord in the reader. We marvel at his deluded determination, laugh at the absurdity of his struggles and increasingly find ourselves cheering him on. When he realizes that his actions have had no real effect on his situation and yet have resulted in the deaths of 5 people, we are simultaneously forced to recognize how slickly we've been seduced by the comedic structure of the story into not merely accepting, but approving of the "Count's" solutions. By the novel's conclusion, Jack is forced to make a final excruciatingly tragi-comic attempt for redemption and we are forced to acknowledge that dark aspect of ourselves that provides fertile soil for the justification of murder.

In its own way, this extremely funny, non-supernatural tale may be Campbell's most frightening work to date.

- Gerry Adair

CUT! HORROR WRITERS ON HORROR FILM

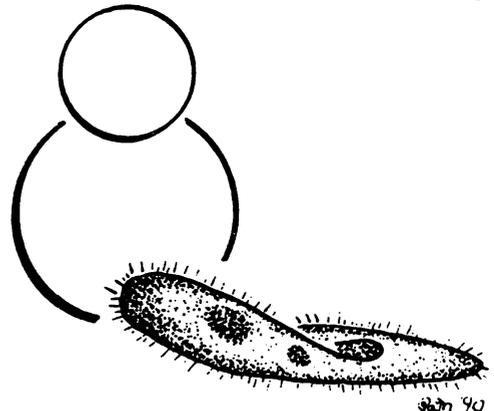
Ed: Christopher Golder
Berkley Trade Paperback April 1992
\$8.95 297 pages.

Here's a book that veritably leapt off the shelf into my hands. Imagine, some of my favorite authors writing about my favorite film genre. We're talkin' an "impulse buy" that was over before my brain shifted from neutral to 1st and I actually realized that my AMEX card was out of my wallet. Fortunately the content, for the most part, justified my Pavlovian response.

CUT! contains 24 explorations of unique & varied aspects of the horror film experience that range from an academic explanation of the popular & financial success of films like **GHOST** in Stephen R. Bissettes's "Higher ground: Moral Transgressions, Transcendent Fantasies" (arguably the best article in the collection) to Nancy A. Collins' nostalgic reminiscence of the old-fashioned neighborhood movie palace "The Place of Dreams". Along the way are overviews of specific films (Gary Brandner on **THE HOWLING**, Nancy Holder on **THE HAUNTING**, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro on **FREAKS**, Melissa Mia Hall on **FATAL ATTRACTION**, Ray Garton on **CAT PEOPLE** and Katherine Ramsland on **ANGEL HEART**), Specific filmmakers (Ed Gorman on Wes Craven, Philip Nutman on David Cronenberg, Paul M. Sammon on David Lynch and a knockout article, complete with filmography, on Dario Argento by Douglas E. Winter), sub-genres (Kathryn Ptacek on Cannibal films, Joe R. Lansdale on Drive-In B Movies, and Craig Shaw Gardner on humorous horror films) and even essays on the nature of terror in film (a Clive Barker interview, Skipp & Spector on "non-horror" horror films, Charles L. Grant on Horror and Colorization and Ramsey Campbell's "The Quality of Terror").

There are some clinkers that inspire yawns (specifically John Farris' views on film adaptations of his work, the Brandner piece, Stanley Wieters views on the 13 most disturbing horror films ever made and, surprisingly, a rambling interview with Anne Rice) but basically that is a solid collection that should please devotees of literary & solid collection that should please devotees of literary & cinematic terror.

- Gerry Adair



BRAIN TWISTER by Randall Garrett and Laurence M. Janifer. Carroll & Graf; 1992; \$3.50; 0-88184845X. (Reissue)

Quick, find a brass band... Three cheers and general rejoicing! Cross your fingers and hope the publishers continue to reissue this series which originally appeared under a pseudonym in *Astounding*. It hasn't been available except by luck in used paperback stores for years.

For those of you who haven't met FBI agent Malone, this is the introduction to a society where criminals are learning to use ESP powers to implement their crimes. Malone is a straight arrow who is assigned to catch a telepathic spy; unfortunately he has a hard time understanding telepathy and his best advisor serenely believes she is Queen Elizabeth (the FIRST). She doesn't respond unless treated with the proper pomp and circumstance.

If you haven't read this, buy it! Although we have a changed frame of reference the humor and story hold up well. I plan to replace my tatty copy a.s.a.p.

UNWILLINGLY TO EARTH by Pauline Ashwell. TOR; 1992; #3.99; ISBN 812-51929-9.

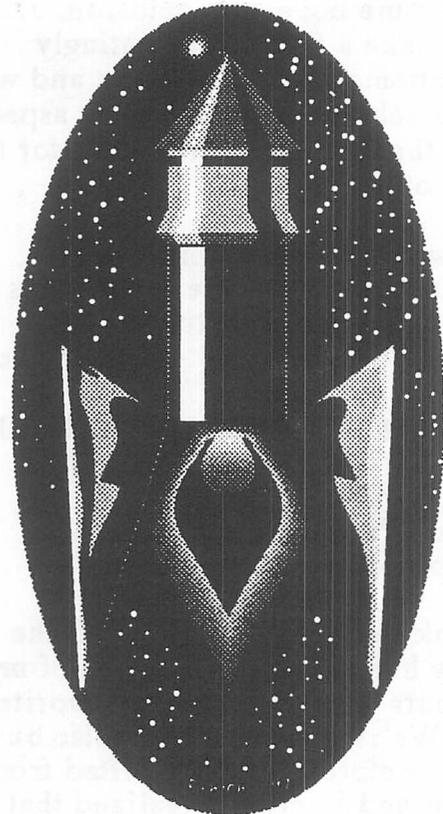
One the covers there are very favorable comments from Piers Anthony, A.C. Crispin, and Damon Knight who says "I've been waiting thirty years for this book!" It is also a Hugo Award Nominee! (per front cover.) Hmmm - always knew there was a reason I didn't get paid for my viewpoint.

Lysistrata Lee, born and reared on a mining planet not known for civilizing influences, has an unusual ability to impact her surrounding society by resolving situations she has inadvertently created. During one of these 'calamities' she is observed by a professor. He is so impressed he recruits her (via her father) for Russett Interplanetary College of Humanities, Department of Cultural Engineering, on Earth. This is the story of her education, during the course of which she resolves a murder, prevents a war, and discovers grammar and punctuation.

Each of the three sections reflects changes in its first person narrative. The societies are interesting, the technology is comprehensible (Lizzie's problems with the reading machines touched my librarian's soul) and the majority of the characters had a bit of flesh on their framework. Despite reading it cover to cover, I recommend borrowing it from your friendly neighborhood library.

My specific problems: Lizzie is relentlessly self-focused and has a teen's big mouth. Of course, it is a first person narrative and maybe just too long since I've been a teen. But Lizzie doesn't ring true to me. Her story is also told with more than a dab of the "if only, dear reader, I had known..." style: intense continual dislike of the professor/recruiter ends abruptly with the acceptance of his marriage proposal on the last page.

- Becky D. Peters



STAR-TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

By Walter K. Wilbury

(downloaded from CompuServe via Steven Gold and edited to fit)

... here's something that may become a weekly feature like the Echo Rules if the response is good (and if the moderators like it as well!).

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

Frequently Asked Questions (FAQ) file

(information culled from Brian Hall, Joe Siegler, Robert Heyman, and sundry others)

What is this "Deep Space Nine" we keep hearing about?

"Star Trek: Deep Space Nine" is a new, hour-long series from Paramount due January 1993, when it will premiere with a 2-hour television movie. The show was created by Rick Berman and Michael Piller, executive producers of "The Next Generation." (Reportedly, "Deep Space Nine" WAS examined by Gene Roddenberry, who approved it). Piller will spend most of his time on the new series, and Jeri Taylor will take on whatever work Piller is unable to complete on TNG.

Where and when can I see "Deep Space Nine"?

Currently, the series has been sold to 84 stations across the U.S. Florida stations carrying "Deep Space Nine" include

to date:

Miami - WCIX

Orlando - WCPX

Fort Myers - WFTX

Gainesville - WOGX

The first season of "Deep Space Nine" will feature the premiere two-hour episode, followed by 18 or 19 regular hour-long episodes.

What will "Deep Space Nine" be about?

The series will take place aboard a Cardassian-built space station, designated Deep Space Nine, which orbits the planet Bajora (Ensign Ro Laren's home world). Fed up and weakened by Bajoran terrorists, the Cardassians vacate the station, and Starfleet - in an effort to gain a foothold in the strategically important area around Bajora - assigns a crew to take over the station. Rumor has it that Deep Space Nine may be the seedy place seen in the "Star Trek" universe to date, complete with casinos, holo-deck brothels, and lots of low-life characters lurking about in the lower levels.

As if that isn't enough for the crew of Deep Space Nine to worry about, a stable worm hole in space suddenly opens up right next to Bajora, leading to parts of the galaxy previously unreachable within any starship crew's life span. Trying to regulate the flow of traffic into the worm hole - and dealing with whatever new life and representatives of new civilizations emerge from the other side of the galaxy through the worm hole - will be the crew's main concern.

Michael Piller, co-creator of the series, states that "Deep Space Nine" will be darker in tone than TNG, allowing the writers to tell stories that the usually stable and healthy environment of the Enterprise would not support. There are also hints that "Deep Space Nine" may have more violence than an average TNG episode.

What does the space station look like?

The station will be the same Space Dock model seen in "Star Trek III" and TNG episodes such as "11001001". Keep in mind, it's very early on and the model could be changed by the time the series is broadcast.

Who will be aboard Deep Space Nine?

Very few names are available at the time I'm writing this, so don't hinge any bets on this part... The commanding officer of Starfleet's team on Deep Space Nine will be Captain Cisco, a seasoned commander whose wife was killed by the Borg when (TNG episodes "The Best of Both Worlds" parts I & II) the Borg ran the Federation blockade at Wolfe 359. Cisco himself barely escaped the same attack, and he still harbors a grudge against Captain Picard for that incident. The Borg had excised the information necessary to defeat the blockade from Picard's mind. Cisco has a young son named Jake.

Another interesting character will be the science officer (or the security officer instead), who will be a "shapeshifter" whose natural form is not unlike a pool of jello. Supposedly this character will, like Data and Spock before him, examine humanity from a puzzled alien perspective.

The rest of the crew will include a Starfleet engineer who is constantly agitated by the unending ability of the station's non-Starfleet technology to elude his attempts to make it work right. The chief medical officer is rumored to be a Trill - seen in TNG segment "The Host," the race of parasites who live within voluntary human hosts.

There were reports early on that the chief medical officer was going to be a woman born on a low gravity world who has to use a special low-G wheelchair for mobility in normal gravity; however, this concept has been dropped due to the cost of the wheelchair in every scene.

In the lower levels, most of "Deep Space Nine's" casinos, concessions and holo-brothels will be owned and operated by the Ferengi we all know and love, and two Ferengi in particular will be recurring characters. One, an adult male Ferengi, a real stinker, is in charge of most of those facilities and quite a few of the other Ferengi on board. The other recurring Ferengi character is his son, a teenager with a nasty streak who is hellbent on getting Jack Cisco into trouble.

Is anyone from TNG moving over to "Deep Space Nine?"

At the moment, one confirmed move is that of Ro Laren, who will reportedly be promoted to lieutenant early in the sixth season of TNG and will transfer to "Deep Space Nine" from the Enterprise for a number of reasons - the station orbits her home world, Picard advises Cisco that Ro's knowledge of Bajorans may come in handy when dealing with the natives, and so on. (Recently there has been a rumor that Michelle Forbes, who plays Ro, may not be joining "Deep Space Nine" after all; if anything like this happens, you'll hear about it here.

Numerous rumors have said that Chief O'Brien, Keiko and their baby will be moving to "Deep Space Nine," but so far this is still just a rumor. Another character who is often mentioned as moving to "Deep Space Nine" is Wesley Crusher, but that too is still a rumor at the moment (aside from the obvious question of "how would they justify assigning Wesley to this station?").

Will we hear about or see the Enterprise crew on "Deep Space Nine?"

The answer is a resounding YES! <grin> The two-hour series opener will heavily involve the Enterprise, as she drops the Starfleet team off at "Deep Space Nine". We can probably expect to hear Captain Cisco mention Picard a few times as well. There WILL be crossover stories involving both crews as well.

According to TV Guide, Guinan will visit "Deep Space Nine" every once in a while to visit an inmate in the station's jail: her son. (Nothing concrete on that at the moment, however.)

Other reports say that Lwaxana Troi will be a recurring character on "Deep Space Nine" when she develops a crush on the shapeshifting science officer - but again, watch this space, because we're all running on conjecture here.

(Speaking of conjecture: when TNG leaves TV and becomes strictly a movie venture, you can count on "Deep Space Nine" having a "lead-in" story, much like the 'Unification' two-parter on TNG hinted at events in "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country.")

What will become of "The Next Generation?"

"The Next Generation" is, of course, moving on to its sixth season right now. After that, we can expect one more season, and that will probably be the final year for NCC-1701-D on television.

There are numerous reasons for this. Both series will be enormously expensive: TNG costs an average of nearly \$2 million PER EPISODE to produce, and "Deep Space Nine" is expected to have a budget of about \$1.6 million per episode (not counting the series premiere, which will probably be twice as expensive since it will involve building many of the show's standing sets). That's nearly \$4 million of "Star Trek" between the two shows, and popular as it may be, it is not practical financially for Paramount to produce two such ambitious shows simultaneously. And once it leaves television, TNG will almost certainly work its way to the big screen.

"Deep Space Nine"'s first season will begin in January '93, about halfway through the sixth season of TNG. Assuming, of course, that "Deep Space Nine" survives to see a second season, that will begin and end at roughly the same time as the final season of TNG. At that point, "Deep Space Nine" will be the only new "Star Trek" series on TV. TNG's 278 hours will be put into strip syndication (most of the first four seasons already are, with the fifth on the way this fall), plus it'll be available on videotape. "Deep Space Nine" will likely follow that path in time as well.

Walter "Puck" Wilbury
[self-appointed/self-inflicted keeper of the DS9
FAQ file!]

Further editing by Don Cochran & Fran Mullen



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Proper Boskonian
#29, Spring 1992

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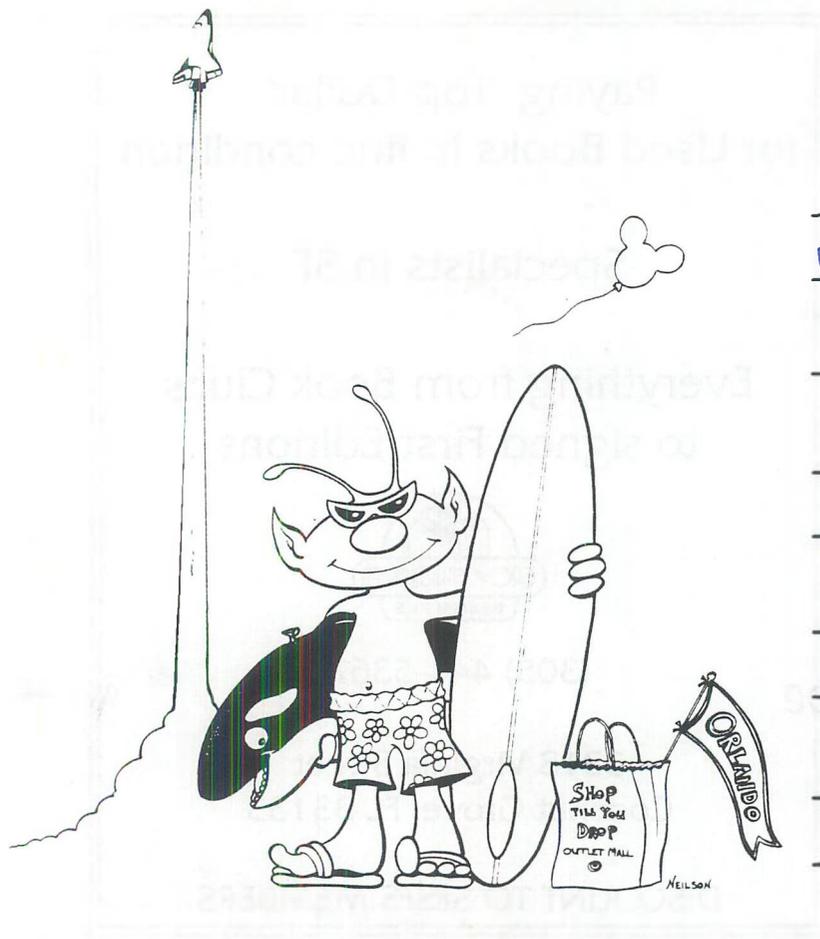
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