

SFSFS Shuttle #143

July 2000 - March 2001



SKETCH: "CIRCLE AT CENTER"
BERKLEY BOOKS JUDY MURELLO

JEAN PIERRE TARGETE

South Florida Science Fiction Society

P.O. Box 70143

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All interior illustrations were taken from <http://free-clipart.net/> from either the "Fantasy and Medieval" or "Space and Sci Fi" sections!

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Tropicon XX Chairman	Shirlene Ananayo-Rawlik	561-844-6336	Tropicon20@yahoo.com
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Department Heads:

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Media Events	Bill Wilson	954-983-0749	WLW1138@cs.com

★(he isn't responsible for making them, just for the mass quantity copying...so don't bother him about the lateness of this one...he's just as annoyed as the rest of the world)

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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 more details). Subscribing membership is \$12 per year. The views and opinions expressed in the *SFSFS SHUTTLE* are those of the authors and artists and not necessarily those of the publishers. The Chads and the Butterfly Ballots were NOT our idea...but they made for much lively conversations and some darned funny tv ads! Wait until the next presidential election!



Upcoming Meetings!

SFSFS' General Meeting

SFSFS Annual Picnic

Date/Time: April 21, 2001

11:00 a.m.

Location: T.Y. (Topeekeegee

Yugnee) Park, 751 Sheridan St in Hollywood

Directions: From either north or south take I-95 to the Sheridan Street Exit (#24). Go west just over half a mile. Go north (a right) on Park Rd 1/4 a mile to park entrance. Park entrance is on the right side of Park Rd. Go thru the park entrance and make a right, most of the way to the end. We are in Pavilion #2.

There is a \$1 per person park admission charge. Boats can be rented at \$7 per hour or \$13 for 4 hours. There is a "Castaway Island" playground for kids (with a \$\$ charge, but it looks cool!) and lots of playground equipment near our pavilion.

Come join in the fun as SFSFS hosts its annual picnic al fresco! If we're lucky, the picnic - as it has for the past two years - will usher in the start of a much needed rainstorm! No, seriously, there will be food, drinks, some games and contests (all we know for sure is that Judi is coordinating...be afraid!), and lots of laughter and merriment. Please contact Melanie Herz (321-956-8860, herz204@aol.com or herz@harris.com) regarding what you are going to be bringing (i.e. food, drinks, charcoal, money...)

A special thanks to Bill Wilson for coordinating the rental of the pavilion. Veterans of past picnics will surely remember the annual downpour that inevitably showed up during the course of the picnic. This year, it can rain all it wants to because we'll have someplace to all sit and watch the rain from!

Meeting: **Tropicon 20 Organizational Meeting**
Date/Time: April 21, 2001, approx. 2:00 p.m.
Location: SFSFS Annual Picnic

Much will be discussed as serious brainstorming regarding publicity and programming is done.

For further information, please contact Shirlene Rawlik at 561-844-6336 or tropicon20@yahoo.com

Here is the vital information about the clubhouse, for anyone who doesn't know where it is or how to get there:

Physical address: 3444 NE 2 Ave.; Oakland Park, FL 33344

From the North:

Exit I-95 at Commercial Blvd, go east on Commercial to Andrews Ave. (1st traffic light east of the overpass) Turn right (south) onto Andrews and go to NE 33 St. (after Hess gas station on NE corner). Turn right (east) and go to NE 2 Ave. Park in lot on NE corner. Clubhouse entrance faces NE 2 Ave.

From the South:

Exit I-95 at Oakland Park Blvd, go east on Oakland Park to Andrews Ave. (after Burger King on the NW corner). Turn left (north) onto Andrews and go to NE 33 St. (before Hess station on NE corner). Turn left (east) and go to NE 2 Ave. Park in lot on NE corner. Clubhouse entrance faces NE 2 Ave.

Meeting: **Book Discussion**
Date/Time: April 21, 2001, Approx. 7:00 p.m.
Location: SFSFS Clubhouse,

The books were announced, but I cannot remember the titles at this time. Apologies to all. If you see this message, that means that I was not able to contact Adam prior to the final printing of this issue.

For further information, please contact Adam-Troy Castro at 954-418-0832 or adam-troy@worldnet.att.net

Meeting: **SFSFS' Board Meeting**
Date: TBA
Location: TBA
Time: TBA

Rumor has it that this might be conducted as an IRC chat. Please contact Chairman Perez for further details.

For further information, please contact Carlos V. Perez, Jr. at 305-448-5152 or mhoram@bellsouth.net .

Meeting: **Gaming**
Date/Time: Most Saturdays, at 7:00 p.m.
Location: SFSFS Clubhouse

Please contact Ned Bush at 954-584-2140 or nedbush@mediaone.com for more information.

More Meeting information on page 4...just turn this over!

Meeting: **SFSFS' General Meeting for May**
 Program: SFSFS Book Fair Blowout
 Date: May ?, 2001
 Time: 2:00 p.m.
 Location: SFSFS Clubhouse

The specifics of this event are still being planned.

A basic synopsis: after much hemming and hawing and upon close examination of the SFSFS coffers, the facts were presented to the membership for both discussion and a vote. It was decided that the clubhouse would have to be dismantled and the extensive SFSFS lending library would be liquidated. In an effort to inject some money back into the SFSFS coffers, the decision was made to allow for the lending library to be sold with all proceeds to go directly back into the club.

There is also talk that homemade baked goods will be available for sale (with all proceeds to go to the SFSFS coffers as well)...possibly even drinks of the fizzy, non-alcoholic variety. Of course, those are only rumours... basically started by yours truly, the editor. Seriously, folks interested in taking part in the Bake Sale are urged to contact me. <<*If you aren't going to bake and show up with a box of donuts from Publix, be prepared to be thrashed about the head by that aforementioned box of donuts! Get the picture? I don't mean to discourage participation, but I want "Homemade" to really mean "Homemade" ...anything else is not acceptable. Oh, and I'm not kidding about the thrashing part. I don't care how messy it will get!*>>

In any event, all interested parties must contact Chairman Perez for further information...about the book sale. Anyone interested in donating homemade goods for the Bake Sale can contact me, Shirlene Rawlik. See page 2 for appropriate contact information.

Meeting: **Media Event**
 Program: *The Mummy Returns*
 Date: Sunday, May 6th, 2001
 Location: Muvico Paradise 24 theaters on the NW corner of I-75 & Sheridan Street.
 Time: We will attend the first showing starting at or just after 4pm.

For further information, please contact Bill Wilson at 954-983-0749.

Shirlene's Editorial, Part 1

Ahh, the fun part. This is where I am supposed to throw myself upon the tender mercies of you, the reader, in the hopes that my profuse apologies will woo you back from the state of disbelief and utter shock you are feeling for finally holding an issue of the *Shuttle* in your hands. Three words come to mind, that were taught to me by a wise and otherwise gentle woman: "Get a life".

I apologize that life and other commitments prevented me from getting this to you in a more timely fashion. If you really need to know, item by item, the reasons why it's taken SFSFS more than six months to put out an issue of it's club newsletter, please feel free to contact me and ask. I'm not going to list them here because, frankly, some of the reasons are not mine to air in public. Suffice it to say that life can be a bitch.

Don't start blaming the deterioration of SFSFS on Joe or Edie either. If anything, they were a crutch that the club leaned on for way too much and for way too long. We miss them a lot now and we will still miss them for a long time to come, but SFSFS also has the resources to survive and thrive without them. Frankly, I like the alternate theory about the arrival of the "four horsemen" who have returned as signs of the end. But they are not the sole cause, nor should they be considered scapegoats for blame.

Stand or fall, the future of SFSFS is with those of us still here. We can watch, leave or lend a helpful hand. Stop whining about the past. Good or bad, it's still the past and it should not be used as an excuse to justify present and future outcomes. We're supposed to be smart enough to learn from the past, not continually repeat it. Ugh, too much soapboxing. Apologies.

Luckily, Johnny Ricoh has been examined and deemed well enough for use, so we'll be printing off this issue and getting it off to you. If there is space, I'll try to write about something nicer and lighter and hopefully funny. If there isn't, then you should consider yourself lucky.

Send stuff for the next issue of the *Shuttle*. There will be one. This is a club newsletter and it should contain items from more than just the prolific few. We promise not to lose it...this time.

SFSFS Meeting Re-Caps



While Petey sleeps, his parents (Shirlene and Pete Rawlik) and Neil Gaiman pose for a quick snap, late Saturday afternoon at the ICEA.

The **SFSFS General Meeting for March**, held on the 24th, was mostly in the Boardroom of the Ft. Lauderdale Airport Hilton before the last author reading panel. Due to a minor comedy of too many contacts, too little room space and not enough time in the day, SFSFS did not have the traditional author interview program. Instead, a quick business meeting was held. Announcements were made regarding: the upcoming meeting/picnic; Tropicon XX's return to the Clarion *<<anyone still dying to know why, please contact the local co-Chair>>*; the SFSFS presence at Mondo Pop 2001 *<<thanks to Judi Goodman, Melanie Herz, George Peterson, Christy Santiago and Bill Wilson for manning the SFSFS table!>>*; the return of a member whose name I am embarrassed to say I forgot *<<you will be mentioned in the next issue, I promise!>>*; and, the upcoming meetings. The program was an afternoon of listening to readings by Rick Wilber, Brian Aldiss and Neil Gaiman.

The **SFSFS General Meeting for February**, held on the 17th, was at the SFSFS Clubhouse. No actual program was presented, as the main topics of discussion were the dismantling of the clubhouse, the ways in which the book fair would be conducted, the possibilities of assisting OASFiS with Oasis 15 in 2002, and the drafting of correspondence to the landlord concerning the club's impending departure.

The **SFSFS General Meeting for January**, held on the 20th was at the SFSFS Clubhouse. As with the February meeting, the dismantling of the clubhouse was discussed.

The **SFSFS General Meeting for December**, held on the 9th, was at the SFSFS Clubhouse. It was also the Annual Dinner. In a break with tradition, most of the food was brought in from Publix and served buffet style with many sternos and sterno racks. A fun time was had by all. The Chinese Gift Exchange was very fun *<<thanks, Melanie for suggesting it!>>* and Adam led the room in several highly amusing, gut-wrenching laughter inducing rounds of Charades.

<<Y'know, I just realized that I have a new scanner...and while the quality of the photos is not a terrific as those transferred directly over from my digital camera (see photo on left), they're still not bad...so, without further ado, here are photos from the last SFSFS Annual Dinner!>>



George Peterson gleefully took to the task of carving the turkey from Publix...some would say he was a little too "happy" while he had the knife and prong thingie in his hand...luckily, no blood was shed and the turkey was happily consumed by all and deemed quite palatable.

Yes, we let J u d i Goodman hold a knife too! Ned B u s h watched warily as Judi used the



knife to slice the bread...before turning to the room and asking if anyone needed help cutting up their meal. Her offer was declined.



From left to right: Beth Lyman; Dina Pearlman, Deanna Lyman and Elaine Ashby. Discussing life and waiting patiently for the food preparation to be completed.



Like that proverbial "Deer Caught In The Headlights", Adam-Troy Castro stands frozen as the wily photographer snaps this shot. I think it might have been the fact that I had told him to stop what he was doing...



SFSFS Chairman Carlos Perez... who will probably be annoyed at me for including this photo. Still, I can handle the fallout from this.

From left to right, Dave Guillot, Cindy Warmuth and Adam-Troy Castro. While Dave smiled obligingly for the camera, Cindy was watching the knife-wielding antics of Judi Goodman from a safe distance. Meanwhile, Adam scanned the book for something of humorous interest to regale the room with.



From left to right: Christina Santiago, George Peterson, Dave Guillot, Cindy Warmuth, the back of John Fast's head, Adam-Troy Castro, Bill Wilson. This is the best photo I have of



John Fast...granted, it's of the back of his head...but I didn't think that anyone would appreciate one of his ass, which is also in several photos taken.

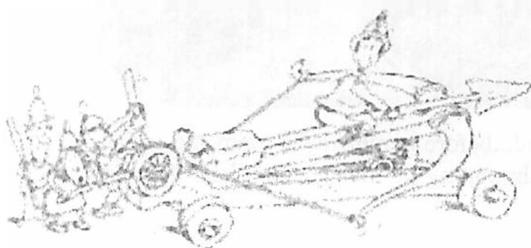


Phil <<whose last name I cannot recall, I apologize>>, Melanie Herz and Christina Santiago garnered spaces at one of the card tables. They are smiling because they also appreciated the fact that they had at least ten feet between themselves and the knife-wielding Judi Goodman.



From left to right: Pete Rawlik, Beth Lyman, Dina Pearlman, Deanna Lyman, Becky Peters.

This is one of the photos I took during the fun and chaos of the Chinese Gift Exchange.



<<All meetings were documented by the SFSFS secretary. Unfortunately, those more exacting meeting minutes will have to wait until the next issue of the Shuttle. For now, this is what you're going to get. And, as luck would have it, I do not have complete recollection of all meetings. So, you'll have to wait until the next issue. You'll live, I know you will.>>



Memories of Joe and Edie

By Melanie Herz

When Shirlene Ananayo-Rawlik first suggested that SFSFS members write about Joe Siclari and Edie Stern for the *SFSFS Shuttle*, I began to think about all the things that I could tell readers about these two wonderful people. I thought about what story would be the funniest, or the most poignant. I thought about how I should describe my relationship with them. Should I write about their kindness and understanding, or their ability to make an uncertain situation a successful one? Then it occurred to me that writing stories about friends is very difficult especially when you have known the people for many years. Joe and Edie have been a part of my life for 14 years. Now this is not to say that I will never see them again, it just means that for 14 years we have spent a lot of time together. So I have decided to tell the readers of this article how I met Joe and Edie, what they have personally done for me and why they will be sorely missed.

The first time I met Joe was at a Necronomicon in Tampa. I'm not sure if it was 1985 or 1986. I just remember the convention was held during my birthday, October 26th. I remember attending a Tropicon party and being introduced to Joe. He was very friendly and offered me and my ex-husband, Ray, drinks and snacks. Ray had met Joe earlier at the convention and the two of them began to discuss their mutual involvement in writing for an APA-Zine called *APA-VCR*. Since I was a neo-fan, I stayed out of the conversation and left the party a little later. It was in late 1986, when I became heavily involved with the MagiCon Worldcon Bid, that I really got to know Joe. He was co-chairing the bid effort on a committee made up of several Florida fans.

Meeting Edie was quite different. I don't remember being introduced to her. I just remember attending my first Tropicon in December 1986 and watching her in action during the Trivia Contest. Between Edie, my ex-husband, Ray, and SFSFS Member, Mitch Silverman, that trivia contest was extremely lively. It wasn't until March 1987, when Ray and I hosted a Worldcon Committee meeting at our house in Melbourne, that Edie and I actually became friends.

I worked on the MagiCon Worldcon bid, having been a committee member from its inception. This is very important, as it directly relates to my relationship with Joe and Edie. Within the committee there were many tasks and projects to be done and it was rather difficult to complete these tasks, I found out, if you have never been on a committee before. Working on a project of this magnitude brings total strangers together and throws them in situations they normally would not be involved with. As a neo-fan, I was unsure of how to function correctly as the MagiCon Secretary. I made mistakes with my meeting minutes and didn't understand some of the terminology used with convention planning. Nor did I know anything about convention running. I was particularly confused by one committee member who was always challenging my efforts. This created a lot of unhappiness for me and, after almost a year of working on the committee, I became disenchanted with my duties and had decided to leave the group. If it weren't for the guidance, patience and understanding shown to me by Joe Siclari and Edie Stern, I probably would not have continued working on the committee nor would I be a SFSFS member today. It was this one single situation that endeared me to Joe and Edie forever <<and vice versa, right?>>.

Let me explain further.

During Tropicon in 1987, I had made the decision to leave the MagiCon committee. I went to Joe to tell him of my decision. This was rather hard for me because I liked the idea of holding a Worldcon in Orlando. Instead of accepting my decision, Joe sat down with me and we talked, in depth, for almost two hours. He told me he needed me on the committee and my insight and abilities were important to him and the group. He went on to say I would learn about convention planning and explained that everyone has doubts. As for the committee member who challenged

my efforts, Joe said I should not let it bother me. He thought my efforts were excellent and wanted me to reconsider.

As we sat talking in the lobby of the hotel that afternoon, I suddenly realized Joe really needed to be at the convention. He was the Chairman and had duties to fulfill. But here he was, talking to me about MY problems. Never before had anyone taken the time to talk with me about my abilities or try to convince me to be a part of a group. I was always dismissed as a being a "nobody" and never had anyone defend me in such a manner. I was flabbergasted. Suffice it to say Joe talked me out of leaving and today, 14 years later, I have gained a tremendous amount of experience in planning conventions. In addition, I play an important part in both SFSFS and Worldcon politics. My confidence level exploded which is why encouragement from the right source can bring a person to new heights.

As for Edie, her role in this situation came about a short time later when Ray and I spent a weekend in Boca Raton for a MagiCon committee meeting. Joe had told Edie about my concerns and while Ray and Joe went off into another room, Edie and I talked about my decision to continue working on the bid committee. I outlined my feelings to Edie giving her more details. Since she was an IBM Manager, overseeing co-workers on various projects, Edie had an acute insight into how to deal with difficult situations. As I told her my concerns, the problems seemed to melt away. With the same understanding and patience Joe exhibited earlier at Tropicon, Edie convinced me that staying was the right choice. Once again I was flabbergasted. The feeling that Edie actually cared about my involvement with MagiCon and about me personally was enough for me to realize that everything would be all right.

In the years since I made that decision, my relationship with Joe and Edie changed. Instead of being committee members working on a fannish project, we became close personal friends. This was not hard to do because Joe and Edie respected and accepted me for WHO I WAS. But they also taught me new ideas and encouraged me to take on other responsibilities. For example, my duties on the MagiCon committee expanded after I had successfully run several bid tables and parties. I was elevated to Chairman's Assistant and played an important role

when Orlando won the right to hold the 50th Worldcon. In 1993, I co-chaired my first SF Convention, OASIS 6, in Orlando. In 1998, I ran the Information Desk at the Baltimore Worldcon. And I will be running the Volunteer Desk at the Millennium Worldcon in Philadelphia. In addition to these events, I am an important player in the South Florida Science Fiction Society. All of these accomplishments could not have been possible without the support and understanding of Joe Siclari and Edie Stern.

This brings me to the reason for this article. Last year, Edie informed us all that she was taking a position with IBM that required her and Joe to move to New York. The news was devastating. Everyone felt an acute sense of loss but we all knew this was something Edie had to do. Joe once told me "real life takes precedence" and this was a classic example. During the year, SFSFS continued as usual, with club meetings, and preparing for Tropicon. No one wanted to think about the inevitable. Eventually, Joe stepped down as Chairman of SFSFS and passed the torch to Carlos Perez. Carlos had big shoes to fill and has tried very hard to do a good job. The rest of us continued with our own lives and, before we knew it, Edie and Joe moved.

As I write this, on Thanksgiving Day, November 24th, Joe and Edie are celebrating the holiday in their new house in Yorktown Heights, NY. I am reminded that today of all days we should be thankful for all the wonderful things that come our way. I am especially thankful for having Joe and Edie in my life. I'll see them again, when I attend conventions up north, and we will always be in touch with each other. But it won't be the same. I will miss the many nights at their house in Boca Raton where we sat up and talked about conventions, people and life. I will miss the Sunday mornings when the three of us would sit in the living room reading the paper and drinking coffee. I will miss the parties especially the ones on New Year's Eve. It will be hard, when I drive to club meetings, to resist the urge to take the Yamato exit off I-95. But change is good, for all of us. My life was, has and will continue to be enriched by just knowing Joe Siclari and Edie Stern. I'm going to miss you!





Book Reviews

OCEANSPACE

by Allen Steele

Ace Books \$21.95

Allen Steele goes from deep space to the deep sea in his latest novel, *OCEANSPACE*. The setting is Tethys, a self sufficient, privately funded undersea research station. Staffed with Steele's trademark can-do scientists and researchers, this could easily be Clarke County or Skycan. Amid all the meticulous research and detail lies a plot best described as a melodramatic potboiler. There's espionage, lust, murder, and a sea monster thrown in for good measure. Actually, it is a pretty good story, vintage Allen Steele with echoes of Arthur C. Clarke's grandeur style. Despite the lack of originality, *OCEANSPACE* is a fun, entertaining read. I would call it a science fiction beach book. Dan

A King's Ransom

by James Grippando

HarperCollins, \$25.00

One of the greatest things about being married to a bookseller is that I have access to all the books I care to read. We just discovered a new perk as we received an Uncorrected Proof with an accompanying letter encouraging us to read the book and tell our customers about it. I promptly proceeded to devour the book in one sitting – during the ride up to my parents' house in Cocoa.

Like the movie (which I have not seen, but would not mind watching) *Burden of Proof*, the purpose of this book is to shed light on the newest "make lots of money quickly" scheme reportedly used

by very well organized terrorists/patriotic guerrillas in South America. The novel's unwilling protagonist, Nick Rey, is a successful, young lawyer on the fast track in what is meant to be identified as a major law firm. His life quickly takes a downward spiral when he hears of the kidnaping of his father. The situation goes from bad to worse when his father's K&R (kidnaping and retrieval) insurance policy surfaces then is denied. There are more than several pages devoted to the legal battle Nick must fight against his former mentor over the denial of the K&R insurance. Meanwhile, in the jungles of Columbia, Nick's father, Matthew Rey, must contend with the realities of being cared for as a highly prized steer only a phone call away from being considered more of a liability than an asset.

The pacing is very fast in the book and there were points where I found myself wanting to more interested in what was going on with the father than with the son. The ending is somewhat predictable, although I was hoping up to the last moment of exposition that he would not go that route. Honestly, this was a lot like reading Grisham's *The Firm*, with snippets of Miami and South Beach and even a moment at the Breakers on Palm Beach dispensed throughout the book to give it that South Florida feel. Still, it was an enjoyable read, good for long car rides and other times when you just want to escape into a different world.

Movie Reviews

by Adam-Troy Castro

<<He's a self-proclaimed "writer of various things" and an all-around decent human being. He might have forgotten that he had offered to let me "use" his movie reviews from his usergroup, sff.people.adam-troy-castro. Well, I've taken him up on his offer. The first review he did submit via e-mail to me. The rest, I have shamelessly "liberated". Please don't sue me, Petey will be growing out of his shoes soon and will need new ones! Thanks, Adam! - SAR>>

I stood up in a darkened room and said, "Jesus Christ." My voice was trembling. I was stunned by how much it was trembling. The quaver was pronounced. I said something else to test my composure -- never mind what it was -- and the quaver

remained; it was the sound of a man who had been shaken at the very base of his soul.

I said, "That should be required viewing in high schools."

There was an element of hysteria in my voice.

Bill Wilson, who was sitting beside me, sounded equally shaken: "I need to do something reassuring now."

We are horror fans. I am a horror writer. We are not squeamish people. Bill loves gore, and I once produced a story where a man proves his love for a woman by sawing off his thumbs without anaesthesia. It is almost impossible to shock us, especially when we are warned in advance that we are going to be shocked.

We could both barely speak.

All around us, people were sobbing and staggering toward the exits.

We had just seen Darren Aronofsky's film *REQUIEM FOR A DREAM*, based on the Hubert Selby novel about four people who destroy themselves with drug addiction. The film is Aronofsky's second, following *PI*, and it is one of the most harrowing films I have ever, ever, EVER seen. It features Jared Leto as a drug abuser who drags his girlfriend, brilliantly played by Jennifer Connally, into the life, while his desperately lonely mother, played by Ellen Burstyn, sinks just as precipitously due to diet pills and an obsession with fitting into an old red dress. It is unrelenting in its craft and its portrait of characters hellbent on self-destruction; the final twenty minutes or so, a montage intercutting between the leads as they each reach the end of their respective journeys, is so overpowering, so pitiless, and so dazzling in its sheer mastery of film, that neither Bill nor I could think of any other movie sequences that matched it.

It is an astounding piece of work -- so visually inventive on a minute-by-minute basis that it makes its nightmarish subject matter too compelling to resist. Aronofsky uses every film-school gimmick and technique imaginable, POV shots, fish-eye lenses, quick-cutting, tilted cameras, and so on, to frequently dazzling effect, but none of these tricks detract from

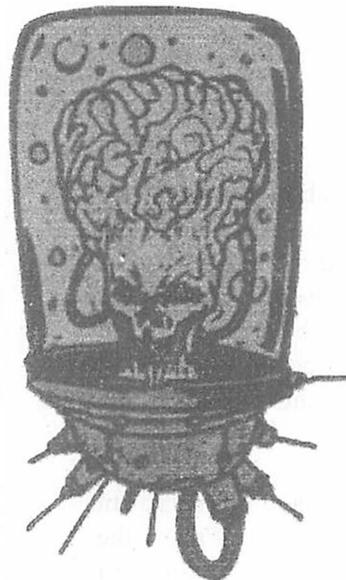
the story; given the increasing remove between the characters and everyday reality, the tricks make their psychological degeneration look and feel heartbreakingly real. This is nowhere more in evidence than in those last twenty minutes. The film takes you all the way to hell in those twenty minutes, and refuses to let you look away from its implications.

It is very much a horror film -- so much so that it easily (EASILY) eclipses *THE EXORCIST* as the most terrifying film of Ellen Burstyn's career. (You will never forget the scene where she is menaced by a refrigerator...) It is very much a masterpiece -- certainly the best film of the year so far, probably an instant classic, and very likely evidence of a director about to become one of the all-time greats. (I rebel at actually pronouncing that verdict on the basis of one film -- *PI*, though promising, was not good enough to count -- but oh, lord, I'm tempted. Had Kubrick or Scorsese made this, it would have been one of the high points of their respective careers.) The jaw-dropping knowledge that Aronofsky's next project is emergency surgery on the *BATMAN* franchise is enough to set the mind to reeling.

I don't think a lot of folks are gonna rush out to see this one. I know that the general public won't. It has been released unrated to avoid the dreaded NC-17, which means that many newspapers won't accept advertisements for it, and some TV stations will not run commercials for it. Besides, it's hard-hitting, uncompromising stuff -- too much so for a public that

increasingly rejects films with actual subject matter. That doesn't matter. I repeat that it should be required viewing in high schools. Anybody capable of experimenting with drugs after seeing this film is already a zero on the Darwin scale.

Jesus, I'm still shaking.





**"CROUCHING
TIGER, HIDDEN
DRAGON"**

<< posted on
sff.people.adam-
troy-castro
on 1/13/01 at 10:05
p.m.>>

Ang Lee's fanciful art-house kung fu movie is a critical darling; I suspect that it might frustrate chopsocky buffs with its long setup and its two passionate love stories, and aggravate arthouse audiences with the spectacular (though deliberately fanciful) scenes of wire-fu. Certainly, the somewhat elderly audience I saw it with filed out grumbling that it shoulda been an hour and a half shorter (which would have reduced it to the action highlights, and utterly missed the point). That said, it is a terrific fantasy, character-driven to an extent almost unheard-of in this kind of thing, and morally complex in that the main villain is not so much evil as so torn up by her frustrations that she doesn't know who she should be angry at. Chow Yun-Fat is the nominal hero, a legendary warrior whose decision to retire will of course be short-lived, but he emerges as a minor character; it's the women whose passions drive the story, and who get all the most spectacular action scenes. There's a battle between Michelle Yeoh, as the lead heroine, and the lead villainess, that is probably 2000's best fight scene*, and it also has a terrific sightgag, when one of these formidable ladies, previously unstoppable, picks up a weapon that turns out to be too heavy for her. (That's not a spoiler. It will come as a surprise when it happens.)

So what we have here is a character-driven, feminist, morally complex, lyrical arthouse kung fu movie.

That's a new one.

Ang Lee is currently in talks to direct *THE INCREDIBLE HULK* next, a jaw-dropping piece of news; it seems, that after years of seeing them done by the likes of Joel Schumacher, we're now gonna see a glut of superhero films done by good-to-great directors (what with *X-MEN*, *UNBREAKABLE*, Darren Aronofsky's proposed *BATMAN: YEAR ONE* and Ang Lee, of all people, doing *HULK*.) Dunno how I feel about that, but what the hey...

* All right, some of the fight scenes in *LEGEND OF DRUNKEN MASTER* blew anything in this film right out of the water, but really -- that one is several years old, and like most of Chan's work, it was largely a stupid film redeemed by its spectacular fight scenes. I cringed through much of *LEGEND OF DRUNKEN MASTER*, and regained my enthusiasm only when Chan was performing his usual eye-popping miracles. This one, believe it or not, has emotional resonance.

**"SHADOW
OF THE
VAMPIRE"**



<< posted on sff.people.adam-troy-castro
on 2/4/01 at 11:45 a.m.>>

This one posits that the great silent-screen director F.W. Murnau (John Malkovich) actually hired a real vampire to play Count Orlock in his classic film *NOSFERATU*, passing him off as a method actor named Max Schreck (Willem Dafoe).

Didn't like this one as much as I'd imagined I would; it survives on the strength of its wonderful concept, and the effective emoting of both principles (especially Dafoe), but it seems intent on avoiding any real scares, and isn't as funny as it wants to be either. Its appeal will largely be lost on folks who don't know that there ever was a real film called *NOSFERATU*; I explained as much to a acquaintance who saw the film and was unimpressed, and he quite rightly said that while understanding that ratcheted the film up a level, it still needed to work on its own.

Not bad. Just not great.

One of its failings: the dullest opening credit sequence I have seen in years. Even Woody Allen's trademark white-on-black minimalism is better than this, as it imparts the necessary data with elegance and efficiency. I wanted to leave for a coke during *SHADOW*'s credits, not a good sign.

(I was never a fan of *NOSFERATU* the original film; it just doesn't work for me. However, I strongly admire two other Murnau masterpieces, *SUNRISE* and *THE LAST LAUGH*.)

(*SUNRISE* is a proto-Hitchcock about a rural husband entranced by an evil city woman into making a murder attempt on his wife, with whom he's fallen out of love; he tries, to the extent that his wife knows what he intends, but he does not have the heart to go all the way through with it. What happens then is a total shift in mood -- he spends the day with his wife, at first to beg forgiveness, but then, in a perfect day of light-hearted romance, to gradually fall all the way back in love with her. The result is a grim tale of suspense that abruptly becomes a romantic comedy for most of its length, only to return to suspense at the very end.)

(*THE LAST LAUGH* is based on Murnau's pledge to make an entire full-length feature film (silent) without using a single dialogue card. He manages it at the expense of some cheating (namely, the scene where one character imparts a message to another by handing him a letter, when in real life he would have just spoken the message out loud). It's the tale about an aging doorman ridiculously proud of his uniform and his position as the representative of a luxury hotel; he struts around like the Captain of the Guard, he acts like a big shot in the slum neighborhood where he lives. But the doorman is getting old, and is no longer up to the rigors of the job. The hotel manager, thinking it an act of kindness, transfers the old man, making him a men's room attendant instead. The old man is devastated; all life and dignity goes out of him. He steals his old uniform and continues to wear it back and forth to work every day, so his neighbors won't know his shame, but the secret gets out, and he is ruined. It is a dark tragedy, broken, twenty minutes before its conclusion, by a title card saying that no happy ending is possible, and that a real old man in this position would soon die of devastation. However, the title card continues, this is a movie and we will take pity on him. BANG! He wins the lottery! And we see twenty minutes of the old guy lording it up with cigars and brandy at the same luxury hotel. It is as bizarre, and as effecting, a turn as I've ever seen any movie make...)

"RIDE WITH THE DEVIL"

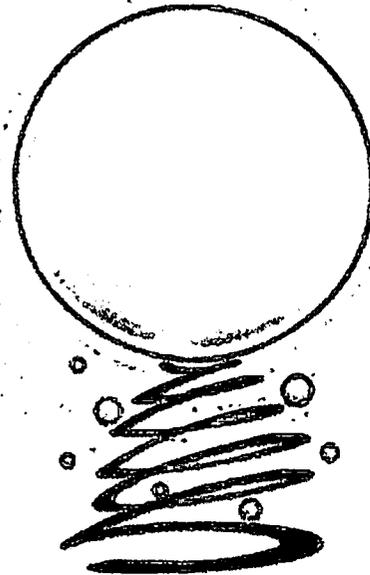
<<from sff.people.adam-troy-castro,
posted on 3/15/01 at 11:19 p.m.>>

On the occasion of running a lengthy disk defrag, I watched Ang Lee's Civil War drama, *RIDE WITH THE DEVIL*; had not seen it before, and can only report that the film's nigh-total neglect at the box office was downright criminal. I can see it being rough going for some audiences, as Lee plays fair; he depicts

characters with the attitudes and casual prejudices of their time, who engage in the kind of casual brutality that really did come easy during the Civil War. Too, though the lead played by Tobey McGuire gradually comes to reject racism in the light of longtime partnership with a free black man fighting for the south (! -- but sensible in context), the film refuses to codify his epiphanies in terms of cheap speeches or overt gestures of the sort modern audiences might be expected to understand; it's a subtle growth, subtly depicted.

The film was unfairly treated in some parts as a star vehicle for the singer Jewel (playing the love interest). She was indeed treated quite harshly by many critics. I don't see why. She gives a fine, unshowy performance.

Ang Lee was also the director of *SENSE AND SENSIBILITY*, *THE ICE STORM*, and *CROUCHING TIGER HIDDEN DRAGON*; all great films, all as far removed from each other as possible. What he plans to do with *THE INCREDIBLE HULK* is anybody's guess...<<yes, for those of you who haven't clued in yet, our Adam has a vested interest and on-going fascination with comics and things related to comics>>



<<breathe here...take a moment to collect yourself. Ready? No? Well, take another moment. Okay? Ready now? There's more of the SFSFS Shuttle. Lucky you!>>

Memories of Joe and Edie

by Carol Porter

We've been with Joe and Edie, and a lot of other people in SFSFS, for a long time. It's sort of like the movie *The Big Chill*, through life, death, bar mitzvahs, birthdays and everything else.

When Edie had a big birthday party (I think when she turned 40), we came and celebrated. I hope she didn't mind turning 40. It happens to the best of us, and she turned 40 in a very "Edie" style. I turned 40 not that long ago, and it doesn't hurt... that much, when you have your friends with you. Joe turned 50, and I hope he didn't mind either. You remember reading that you have to be aware of people over 30, but now we are them. And, it's not bad. Hopefully, you won't think I am writing this so I can say, "Look how old Edie and Joe are!" That's not why. Good friends are like wine. They get better as they age—as do Joe and Edie.

If there is space, I would like to describe the great times at their home. They always loved to have a party, whether it be for a book discussion group or another occasion. They have even had a Sherlock Holmes party.

If it was for a book discussion, we'd tear the book or books to shreds, then go on to other things until 2 or 3 a.m.

Their house was infamous for New Year's Eve and New Year's Day parties. There was nothing like one of those parties. Everyone would go outside with sparklers and try to scare the neighbors. Except I think they were doing it, too.

We liked going to movie outings with them. We would take up one row and, after the lights came up, we'd all go out to eat together and critique the movie.

Going out to eat after meetings or events was fun, too. We'd take up a giant section of the restaurant or a long table.

We've also had the pleasure of traveling to Magicon (what's that?! Just kidding!) meetings when they were held in Orlando. The trips up and back were just wonderful. Joe and Edie had books on tape which they'd pop into the cassette player, and everyone would listen. Before we got to where we were going, we'd usually stop for lunch. The fast food places themselves were an adventure in themselves. Joe often had to order for five or six people at a time.

The trips back were often a story in themselves. Of course, everyone had to go out to eat again, and we'd end up taking up a long table or a room. When we'd leave, it would be dark, and we'd chat or listen to more tapes on the way home.

Because of SFSFS and Joe and Edie, Stuey and I have been able to travel to a lot of cities, and also overseas. We've also gotten to eat out with everyone in some unusual settings. Like going out to eat in an Indian – I think it was Indian – restaurant in Glasgow. Wherever it was, someone at the table always had to order the spiciest thing there, and I always, out of curiosity, had to try it, then have to drink beer or eat bread in order to be able to speak coherently again.



As Joe will tell you, I have a long time love for Wales, and England, especially Hay On Wye, the town of books, to which he and Edie introduced me. I carried back, from the 1987 WorldCon, a suitcase full of books, probably some of which I still haven't read.

I am sorry I missed meeting David Langford for Tropicon 19, but had the pleasure of meeting him overseas in 1995 for WorldCon in Glasgow. He is delightfully funny and, like Joe and Edie, is someone you won't forget meeting. Through Joe and Edie and SFSFS, at Tropicon, we've met some wonderful writers and fan folk.

The WorldCons all run together, but some of our favorite ones were Chicago, Boston, San Antonio and New Orleans, Brighton, and of course, Glasgow, the latter two because they were overseas. For some of them I don't remember the con's operations too well, good or bad or miserable, but we were among friends. That's all that mattered and we had a lot of fun times and meals together.

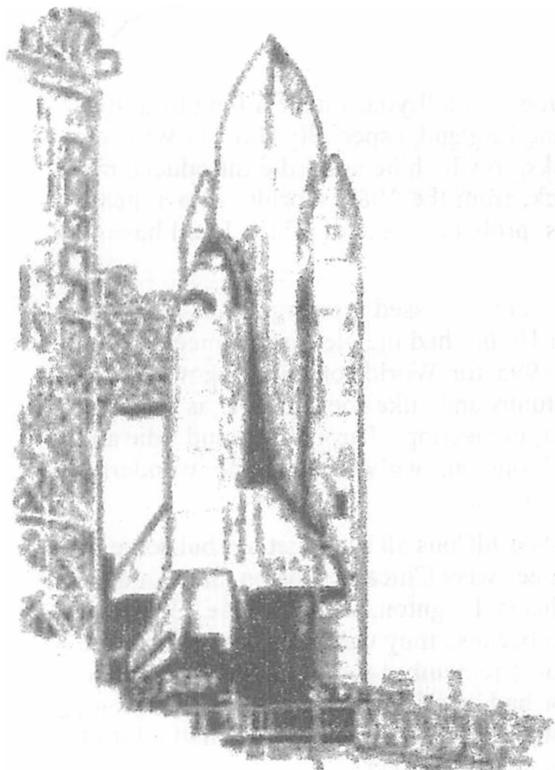
Traveling Fetes were a lot of fun, too. There were two near the Space Center and one in Key West. Regardless of location, I'm sure we all have photos of Joe and Edie and everyone else, blowing up pool toys, or clowning around the pool. We certainly had a lot of people looking at us funny, or joining us.

I could go on for pages, but Shirlene doesn't want to edit a book, so I will pause and let someone else take over. I know I've forgotten something but some things cannot be said very well – like describing how much people mean to you and what it means to have them in your life.

May I close with Robert Frost? "Two paths diverged in a wood, and (we) took the one less traveled, and that has made all the difference."

Joe and Edie have made a lot of difference in our lives. They shouldn't worry that we won't remember them. We will, for a long time, remember them, that is...for many more years, just at a different address and in a more northerly location. We've had a lot of fun times, and we will have more, even though they won't necessarily be restricted to the state of Florida.

And it's not like they're leaving for good, and not leaving a forwarding address. They just told us, maybe foolishly, where they will be living. They just might be a bit hard to find.



L.O.C.s

<<There were more locs, but they were sucked into a temporal portal whilst in transit from somewhere in Coral Gables to the wilds of West Palm Beach. We apologize most sincerely to those of you who did send locs. Please do not permit this to dampen your verbosity. Please send us a loc telling us how incredibly crass and objectionable you find it that we permitted your loc within five feet of the temporal portal. We hope that you will be gladdened to hear that someone's privileges to use the aforementioned temporal portal have been suspended for the next decade. Maybe that will teach him not to toss locs willy nilly into the temporal portal in an attempt to teach his dog that the black, yawning darkness is really nothing to fear! Seriously, we're sorry. Still, here is one that we have received. Ghods bless Sheryl and her prolific writing ways!>>

Birkhead; 25509 Jonnie Court; Gaithersburg, MD 20882

November 30, 2000

Dear Shuttlers,

As Mr. Ed would say – holler, but don't hit – I just unearthed #138. I try to respond to EVERY zine I get and there aren't any notes on this so.... I have no idea where it has been hiding or if you still want material. *<<sure we want material...we always want material!>>* I can't find anything and still have no place specifically for fanac – so I'm closing this hit or miss.

I looked at all the news listed and realized that anything I say was far more than merely out of date. *<<boy, if you think you were out of date on Nov. 30th, then this is veritably ancient now...apologies!>>*

Baseball strike mention, Tropicon mention, baby arrival (walking by now) *<<and talking also! Just celebrated his second birthday in January! - the proud mommy editor>>*, the FANAC Fan History Project – I'm not on line – but I do have access when I go to the library – so I've checked the site every now and then – just often enough to wish I really was on line – yeah RSN.

Ruth Shields has really been evolving as an artist and I've seen several pieces of her work which fooled me – couldn't figure out the artist – here's to many more!

Because I have absolutely no idea if I've responded before this, ignore me if I have – *<<we couldn't ignore you...that'd be rude...and our mommas raised us better than that...or, at least mine did!>>*

'Bye, Sheryl

<<honestly, can't remember either way, and I couldn't locate a copy of 142 right now to save my life!>>

Tropicon 20! November 9th, 10th and 11th of 2001

Guest of Honor: Lois McMaster Bujold

(author of many things, among them an on-going series about someone named Miles Naismith Vorkosigan)

(*Shards of Honor, Barrayar* (Hugo winner), *The Spirit Ring*, and *The Curse of Chalion*, due out in hardcover, August 2001)

Artist Guest of Honor: Jean Pierre Targete

(born in NYC, raised in Miami. His works have graced the covers of novels by Harry Harrison, Douglas Niles, the recent Foundation novels written by Brin, Benford and Bear. Check your favorite covers, he probably did them!)

Toastmaster: Robert J. Sawyer

(a prominent Canadian author of many things science fiction, like: *Fossil Hunter*; *Factoring Humanity*; *The Terminal Experiment* (Nebula winner); and *Calculating God*)

Other Confirmed Guests: Adam-Troy Castro and Rick Wilber (may invitations are still out, check back later!)

Venue: Clarion Hotel, 4000 South Ocean Drive, Hollywood, FL 33019-3010
(954) 458-1900 or (800) 329-9019 or (954) 458-7222 (FAX)

Room Rates: \$85 for standard room; \$95 for a business class room (lots of extras!)

Membership to Tropicon:

- \$23.00 Until June 1, 2001
- \$35.00 Until June 1, 2001 (includes 1 year membership to SFSFS, a savings of \$3.00!)
- \$25.00 Until October 31, 2001

Art Show Rates:	Full:	\$20.00
	Half:	\$12.00

Dealer's Table: \$45.00
(includes 1 3-day membership)

For more information, contact: Shirlene Rawlik, 561-844-6336, tropicon20@yahoo.com

----- Tropicon 20 Membership -----

mail this coupon, along with your check or money order (made payable to SFSFS) to:
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- _____ dealer's table at \$45.00 (includes one 3 day membership)
- _____ Art Full @ \$20.00
- _____ Art Half @ \$12.00

Tropicon XIX Report

by Shirlene Rawlik

During Tropicon XIX, I spent the majority of my waking hours either shopping in for the con suite or working in it as hostess, cook, head dishwasher, etc. Still, I did get to observe a lot and live vicariously through my fellow Tropicon attendees.

I met Guest of Honor, Vernor Vinge, at the V.I.P. party on Friday night. The party was an ice cream social of sorts, with the ice cream (the ultimate in yumminess, the Farm Stores brand!) available for scooping out on the "balcony". Apologies to all for the poor lighting. Still, that made for some very interesting and creative ice cream concoctions! Thanks to the Siclari/Sterns, in their last bid to get rid of all those exotic alcoholic beverages (I believe there was a garlic whiskey...or something like that among the bottles) before the movers came to cart them off to New York state, there were a plethora of beverages available for consumption. Thanks to Cathy and Hillary for helping out with the slicing of cheese squares. Thanks also to Judi for the brie wrapped in pastry items. It was amazing to watch as folks hacked off bits for immediate consumption even as the plate of the still steaming cheese in pastry was being carried to the table.



☛ From left to right: Dave Langford, Joyce (whose last name I never caught) and Hal Clement enjoying a quiet moment in the con suite.

From my unique vantage point in the kitchen area, I got to observe Dave Langford become slowly addicted to the mellow flavours of the "Mississippi Mud" brown and tan beverage we bought for him on a whim at the grocery store. Each morning Heather Alexander would dash in for her morning dose of coffee.

On Saturday night, a "Bon Voyage" surprise party was held for Joe Siclari and Edie Stern. They were presented with beautiful plaques declaring them lifetime members to SFSFS. The most amazing thing was the beautiful album Melanie Herz managed to get together before the party. Inside it were photos of practically all the attendees of the convention, with space left under each photo for individual notes to Joe and Edie. I believe it would be an understatement to say that Joe and Edie were surprised by the party and the gifts they received.

All in all, I believe a great time was had by all. My son, Petey, was not around as he had bronchitis and had to stay with his grandparents. Thanks to Shirley Pearlman, Joey Reynolds, Dea O'Connor, Carlos Perez, Karen (now that you're married, what is your new last name?), Donna Penz and Cathy (still drawing a blank on your last name...) for all your assistance in the con suite. But most of all, thanks to Judi Goodman for the car rides, encouragement and general good cheer for this year's mistress of the con suite! It was appreciated!



☛ From left to right: Melanie Herz, Judy Bemis, Dan Foster, Dave Langford, Edie Stern, Joe Siclari, the back of Judi Goodman, George Peterson. Believe it or not, this was one of the few times Joe was speechless!



☛ From left to right: Dea O'Connor, Tony Parker, Carlos Perez, Adam-Troy Castro, Melanie Herz, Judy Bemis, Dan Foster, Dave Langford, Edie Stern, Joe Siclari. In front, Phil whose last name still escapes me! Joe was still speechless in this photo!

Shirlene's Editorial, Part 2

Well, this is it. It's done now. I'm not going to do anymore tweaking. If there are typos, they're mine. Hope you enjoyed it. I really hope that Johnny Ricoh is kind and the reproduction of the photos don't just turn into one big black blob.

I didn't get to include my "Memories of Joe and Edie" picce...so I guess I'll just have to put it in the next SFSFS SHUTTLE. There is going to be another one. **The deadline for submissions is May 1, 2001. It will be mailed to the world on May 5th**, so that everyone will have enough time to get information on the SFSFS Book Fair. If anyone has a couple thousand dollars they'd like to donate to SFSFS so we won't have to do this all, please send it soon! Otherwise, I guess we'll really be dismantling the clubhouse.

Again, I apologize to all the other fanzines who were sending us trade copies and have now stopped. Please forgive us and send us your works again. We'd like to be able to print an "It Came In the Mail" article in the next Shuttle listing the items we have received. Everyone who sent L.O.C.s, I extend the same apology. Forgive us and send something in response to this issue. I'm sure I've left lots of areas for you to comment on!

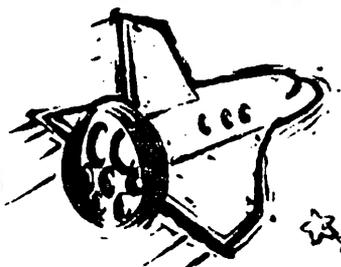
Stay tuned for the next issue, where I'll subject you all to more photos, this time from the digital camera, rather from the scanned photos. The quality should be much better, sharper. They'll be several from the SFSFS Annual Picnic, of course. I'll be seeing Brian Jacques on March 31st and Stephen King on April 6th, so I hope to have photos from those events as well. I hope to have other "Memories of Joe and Edie" articles from other SFSFS members to further embarrass Joe and Edie with. I'll be searching for a new freebie clipart site to harvest from, so if you have any suggestions, please let me know!

Take care, think good thoughts and try to do at least one altruistic thing each day...you'll find that it makes you a happier human being and it also increases your value to the human race...Until next time!

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SFSFS website: <http://www.sfsfs.org>

Tropicon XX website: <http://www.sfsfs.org/tropicon/tropicon20.htm>

Lois McMaster Bujold's website: <http://www.dendarii.com>

Jean Pierre Targete's website:

<http://members.aol.com/jptargete/TARGETE1.html>

Robert J. Sawyer's website: <http://www.sfwriter.com>

Clarion Hotel website: <http://www.clarion-hollywood.com/>

Millennium Philcon WorldCon website:

<http://www.netaxs.com/~phil2001/>

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"Heed my finger, mortal..."