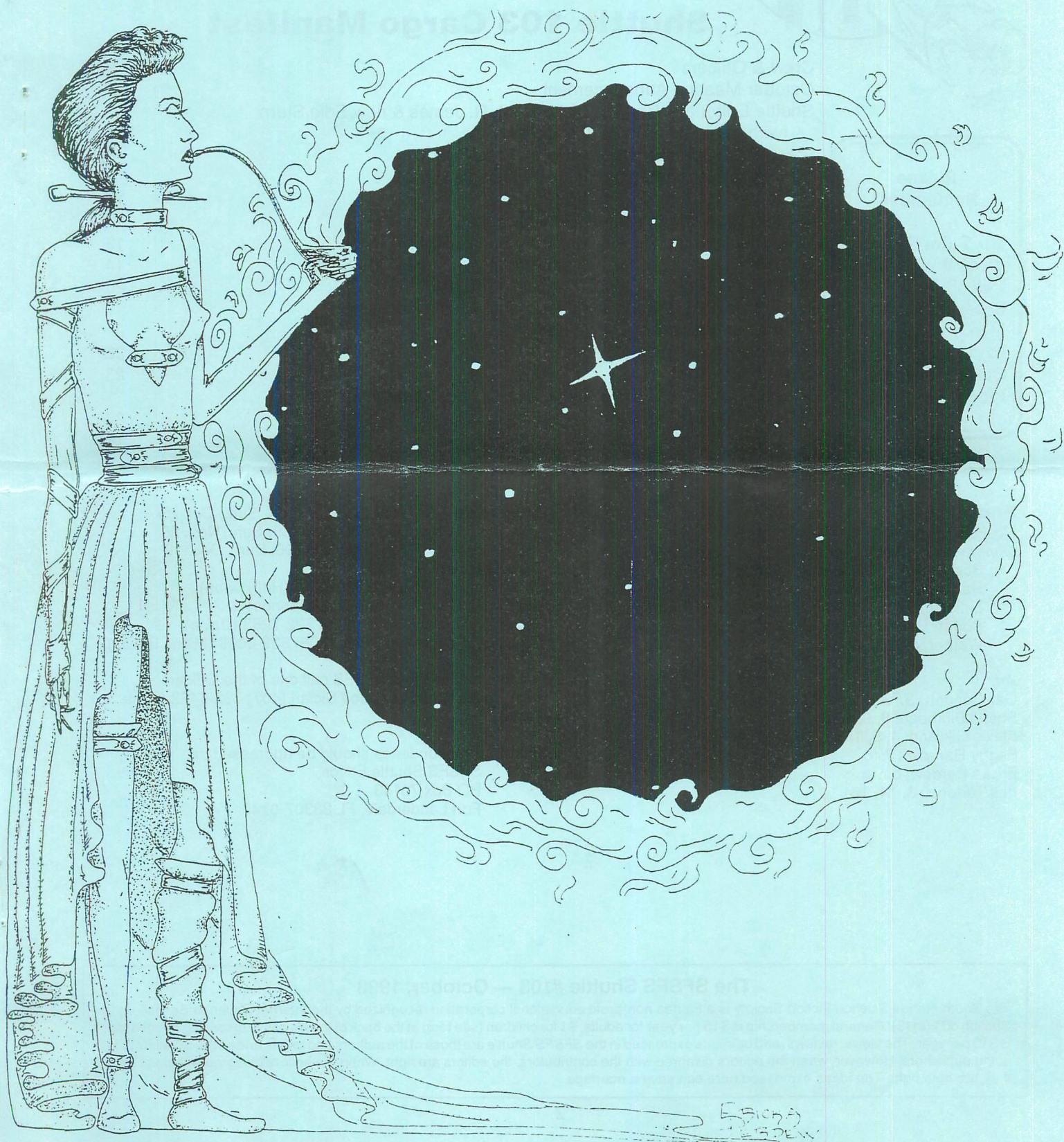
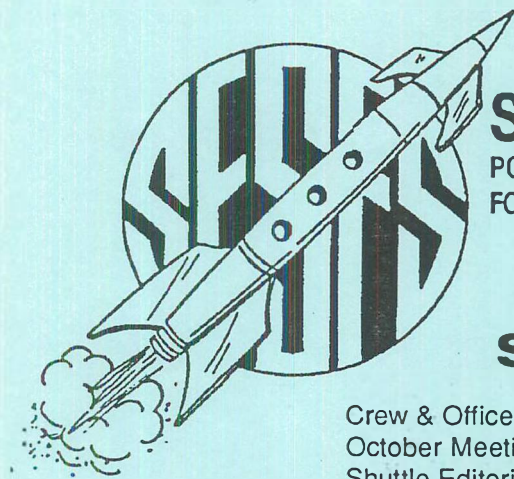


SFSFS Shuttle #103

October, 1993





SOUTH FLORIDA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

POST OFFICE BOX 70143
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33307

Shuttle 103 Cargo Manifest

Please Remember!

The Palm Beach
Blood Bank will
kick off our annual
Robert A. Heinlein
Memorial Blood
Drive at the
October meeting.
Please donate!

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Nov. Shuttle, #104, Sun., Oct. 25

Dec. Shuttle, #105, Sun., Nov. 25

Jan. Shuttle, #106, Sun., Dec. 19

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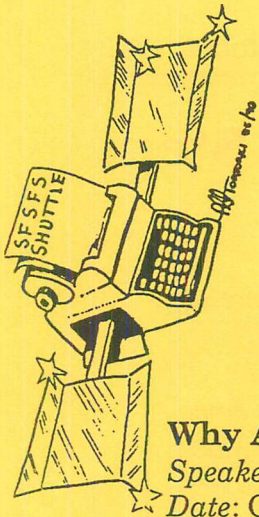
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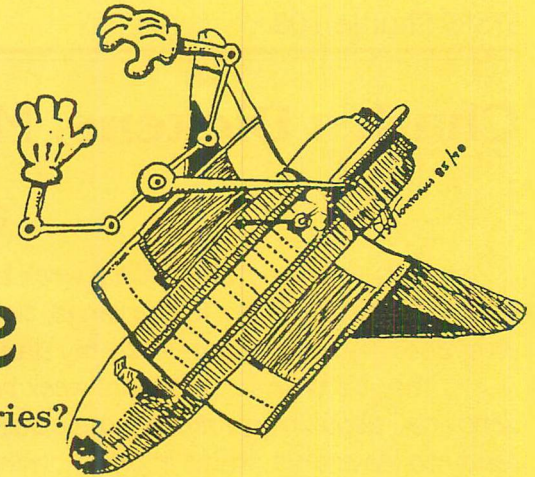
The SFSFS Shuttle #103 — October, 1993

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



SFSFS

Meeting Space



Why Are All Those SF Fans Reading Mysteries?

Speaker: Carol Gibson

Date: Oct. 23, Saturday

Time: 2:00 PM

Location: Greenacres Leisure Center, Southwest corner of Jog Rd. & Forest Hill Blvd in Riverbridge Shopping Center

Directions: Take I-95 to Forest Hill Blvd. Go west to Jog Rd.

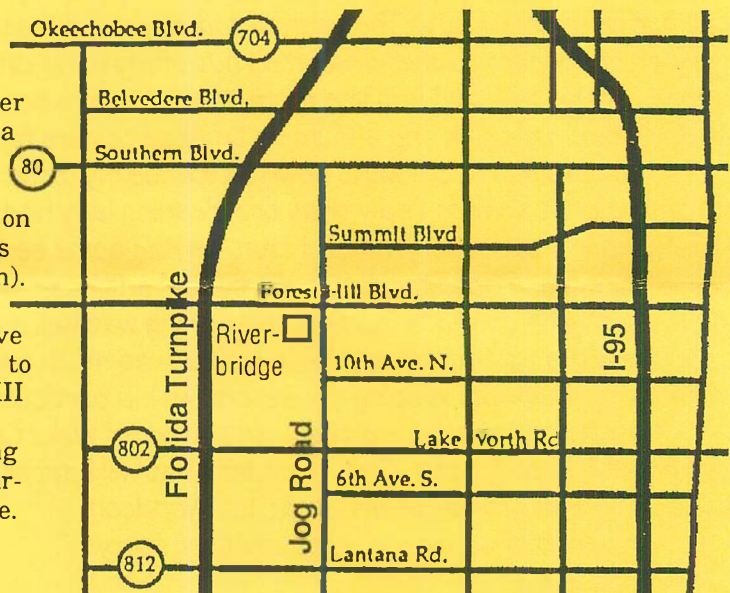
A Bloodmobile/SFSFS Special!

In addition to our program, we expect the Palm Beach County Bloodmobile to "attend" our October meeting, and we hope SFSFS members will give a pint for those in need. We always hold a blood drive at Tropiccon, and we always encourage our working volunteers to donate before the convention (rather than deplete those necessary bodily fluids when you're already running mostly on adrenalin). So, thanks to Dave Lyman, we've arranged an October bloodmobile to allow Tropiccon staff to give early, and hopefully encourages other SFSFSans to contribute too. Everyone who attends Tropiccon XII and donates a pint of blood between Sept. 1 and Jan. 8, 1994, will be eligible for a Special Drawing for a prize to be awarded at the Banquet on Saturday night during Tropiccon. Hope to see you there.

SFSFS Library:

Starting in October, Cindy Warmuth will be bringing selected books from the SFSFS library to the SFSFS General Meetings. As a SFSFS member, you can select from these books any you'd like to borrow. Books borrowed at the October meeting will be due back by the November meeting, and so on.

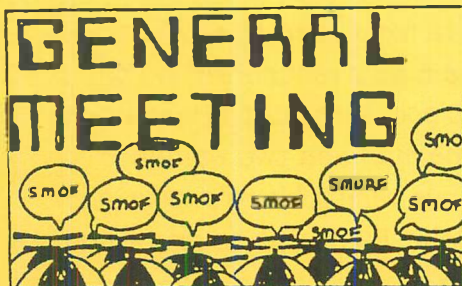
Arlene Garcia has just graciously donated four large boxes of books to our library. We are currently cataloging these and will have some of them available for loan at the next meeting. Thank You Arlene!



Last SFSFS meeting:

The September SFSFS meeting, on "Controversies and Feuds in SF Circles" was held on 9/20/93 in Fort Lauderdale. Thanks to Chuck Philips, we had use of excellent facilities at his clubhouse. The program, presented by Joe Siclari, with help from Edie Stern, focused on controversy, feuds and scandal in science fiction. Some of the disagreements in the field have been fairly vitriolic (such as the exclusion acts at Worldcons). Some of the controversy has been manufactured. At least we are no longer fighting the Staple Wars. (And why aren't fanzines fastened with something a bit more technologically advanced than wire staples?)

From exclusion acts to the Worldcon curse, from Carl Brandon and Joan Carr to the Cosmic Circle, about 25 club members listened to an unvarnished history of the field.



Charles Dickens, M. R. James & now Edie Stern

an Edi(e)torial

Picture the setting. It's a week before Worldcon and everything is ready. Dogminders are lined up, catsitters are in the wings, tickets are in hand and last minute preparations in progress. The phone rings - it's my dad. The cleaning lady has been attacked by ghosts.

Yes, it's true. Less than a week before we were to leave for San Francisco, I had an emergency call about my parents' house being haunted. What was worse was that my father was ready to leave on a cruise in the morning. That left my mother alone with an unreliable housekeeper.

Crisis time! My mother has been ill for more than a year now, and just lately has stabilized to the point where the family is at ease. She is wheelchair bound, and needs assistance around the house. She cannot be left on her own.

So...The cleaning lady claims to have internal injuries. The ghosts sat on her chest, and kept her from crying out. They pummeled her, and caused internal injuries. To add insult to injury, they appear to have emanated out of my hand-crocheted silly roses afghan. It allegedly jumped off the bed, and left the room. And this has been going on for days. (No one told me.) My dad does not think she should be trusted to care for a sick lady.

The next morning, I went down to rescue my mom. True to expectations, my father had left on the cruise. When I saw that the cleaning lady had laid down a line of salt across the thresholds in the house, I realized that we had some serious incompatibility here. My folks have lived in the same house for about thirty years. It has never been haunted before. My mother tried valiantly to convince me that everything was well enough, but she couldn't convince herself. I vacuumed the salt and fired the lady, who was much relieved. Within 24 hours, a new (unhaunted) lady was keeping house, one with a particularly stolid manner. Crisis deflated.

Last time, I mentioned the alien culture of Wake County, NC. This time, I've had Enquirer type ghostly experiences. Gee, I wonder what will happen next? At least we were able to go on vacation to San Francisco and the 51st Worldcon.

And that of course, is quite another story.

Best...Edie

Quite another story:



The first unusual thing happened to us in the Dallas airport, waiting for a connection. We waited next to a large styrofoam cooler marked "HANDLE WITH CARE. FRAGILE. HUMAN EYES. KEEP COOL".

Then we met some friends for dinner after Worldcon, they told us to meet them at a restaurant on the cost road south of San Francisco. Turns out it was haunted too! By three ghosts! One man and two women — the man was supposed to have been a bit of a rake, so he hung out in the Ladies' john. Edie went to check but she couldn't find him either.

— Joe

Bits & Pieces:

Edie: As you'll see somewhere in this issue, the Book Co-op is going very well. There are some unexpected pleasures coming out of the interaction of fans, literary discussion groups and the co-op. We've set the next few topics for the discussion group, and in conjunction have poured over the book catalogues from Ingram. Ever since Joe closed down the bookstore, I've been uncomfortable buying books. There are so many "dead soldiers" in the garage, and warehouse, that it's seemed unconscionable to bring another paperback into the house. Somehow, the co-op discount, combined with the fact that it raises a nickel for the club, have made it ok to buy books again. I hadn't gone completely cold turkey, but the only shelves I felt comfortable in shopping were antique and art shelves. But, now we are resplendent in new hardbacks and paperbacks, and it feels good. So does literary discussion. In a world that increasingly resembles blit-verts, it's a goodness to have time set aside for such talk.

Another fallout is that I have less trouble packing for business trips. There's always the weight trade off ("Do I want to take two new hbs and have to lug them around the country? Or should I take these pbs?"). Now I know - next discussion topic -or- new delivery -or- ...

Best of all, last week I packed my bag with three books. Two were first novels by friends, and the third was a Hugo nominee ('93). Now, what are the odds on that happening again?

See you around the campus...

Joe: This is not really what we expected to publish. What you have here is our version of a Media Fanzine. Buz's satire, Mike's reviews, and several other pieces make up quite a bit of the zine. We didn't have room for several other media pieces.

What is gratifying is that we are getting more and longer letters. I may have to get used to editing those down to only major points but I'll enjoy that. Please keep writing!

We don't have a reprint this time because of space limitations but we promise to have one next issue. We have several sitting next to the computer to enter. However, the response to the reprints and several remarks at ConFramcisco have got me excited about publishing *FanHistorica* again. So I am working on the next issue —the first in over ten years. Hey, the old issues are fannish relics by now! If you are interested, drop me a line.

Some short reviews:

Lois & Clark — together again, and with a little bit of sexual tension! Although they have changed Superman's background for this "modern" version, they seem to be playing it straight. I really hated the depiction of Lex Luthor but it's reasonably well acted for comic book characterization. The writers of the show have a good sense of humor and that can take a show over several problems, as long as the humor

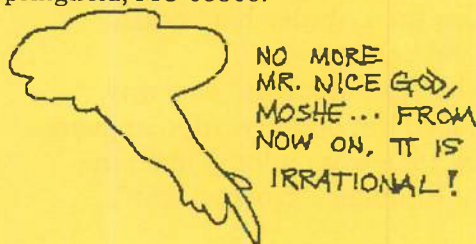
is not overdone. The creation of Superman's uniform was a good example. When Clark's mother is making him try on costume after costume, he finally gets into the blue & red tights, forcing her to exclaim: "In that outfit, they certainly won't be looking at your face!" The first episode was fun - what more can you ask of a comic book?

INSTANT MESSAGE #535: NESFA's semi-monthly fanzine remains about the same. Lots of dry facts that get interspersed with comments of strange humor by members or by dry turns of phrase by Clerk Tony Lewis. *Instant Message* personifies some of the strange fascinations of the NESFA group mind. If you know and like some NESFAns, it can be interesting. If not, it may seem esoteric and boring. (P.O. Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701-0203)

SCIENCE FICTION ORAL HISTORY ASSOC. NEWSLETTER, 8/93: This issue, Lloyd Biggle asks members to help find early recordings of SF events — before 1960. Especially prized would be material recorded from convention on wire recordings and on early transcription discs. If you know of such material that SFOHA can record and preserve, get in touch with SFOHA. (c/o Nancy Tucker, 695 Judd Rd., Saline, MI 48176) [Nancy: contact Frank Dietz.]

ConFrancisco, the 51st Worldcon in San Francisco, left me with real mixed feelings. There were some real neat things going on. Unfortunately, it had its bad side as well. It seemed like the committee had some excellent ideas but that the pre-planning and the follow through was not complete. Without room for a balanced report, I won't really comment on the problems. However, some things were very nice. The high-tech business exhibits and the local color exhibits were particularly fine additions to the main hall.

First Fandom has announced a new Sustaining Patron membership level. You get all pubs and access to meetings but no voting rights. It is open to anyone with no requirements. Send \$5.00 to Mark Schulzinger, 333 Park Central East, Suite 528, Springfield, MO 65806.



Bleep: the Categorical Imperative

by
F. M. Busby

Thrust by the quantum exuberator into the past, Dr. Slam Smeckett is doomed to travel the spacetime condominium within his own lifetime, driven by some unknown screenplay writer to make right what wasn't broken in the first place.

His only companion is Alpo, a hollowgram that only Slam can see, and everyone else should be very, very thankful.

Last week, Slam was jumped out of his latest adventure just as he finally got to kiss the girl and was thinking "Hey, maybe..." when ZAP! As the special effects wind down, he finds himself seated at the head table of a banquet. "And now," says a large man whose badge reads Con Chair, "our Guest of Honor will tell us the deeper meanings behind his seven-volume trilogy, *The Exegesis of the Excrescence*." And turning to Slam, "Mr. Imus Hackwright!"

Looking totally confused and anxious, which he is very good at by now, Slam sighs, "Goshwowboyoboy!"

#

Pawing a stack of notes he mumbles a few words of thanks; then, under his breath: "Alpo! Where the hell are you?"

Suddenly the special effects doorway flashes on; dressed impeccably, Alpo appears. He takes a slow toke from a long, machine-rolled Burmese Bhangar. "How ya doin', Slam?"

"Just tell me: what am I here for?"

"To explain," says the Con Chair, looking helpful, "the deeper meaning of—"

"Right. What is the meaning behind my seven-volume trilogy?" says Slam, looking very pointedly at Alpo. To all intents and purposes, however, he is staring down the

cleavage of a young blond Aphrodi-American waitperson who is directly *behind* Alpo and bending forward to pick up a plate.

Alpo slaps his computerlink against his other hand; the gadget stutters and throws sparks. "I dunno, Slam; Squiggy hasn't figured it out yet. Just keep talking."

As Slam begins, five consecutive commercials spare us most of his inevitably lame ad-libbing. Mercifully so; the comedy of embarrassment isn't all that amusing.

#

Back to live action, most improbably the banquet audience applauds. Breaking free of congratulations Slam escapes to his room, for a breather before the awards ceremonies. Usually he only knows where he lives by reading the script during a break, but this time he has his room key for guidance. Once inside he takes the obligatory look into a mirror, sees a face we all immediately forget, and shakes his head. "Alpo!"

Doorflash. "I dunno, Slam; Squiggy says ... " ...mumble...

"Says *what*?"

"He thinks you're here to help Innelda win the Yugo."

"Innelda?"

They talk: Innelda—the young waitperson, of Nordic-Aphrodisian extraction, whom we glimpsed earlier—turns out to be "...a snuggling young novelist."

"That's *struggling*, Alpo."

"Struggling, yeah. Okay; her first book's on the final ballot. But it *loses*, big."

"And?"

"It breaks her heart, Slam; she goes from bad to worse. In ten years she's writing romance novels. Replete with heaving bosoms."

"Heaving *bosoms*? And...and silken thighs?"

"*Tapering* silken thighs."

"No, Alpo! No!"

#

Uptime in the Waiting Room, Imus Hackwright fidgets. After a moment we remember his face, from the mirror. "How do I know," he complains, "what I meant in my seven-volume trilogy? I only wrote the thing! It's up to the critics, damn their stinking hides..."

"Have you thought," says Squiggy in dulcet minor tones, "of the Excrescence simply as product?"

HOWL!

#

"It doesn't have to happen, Slam. You can save her."

"How?"

"I dunno; Squiggy says..."

But Slam is no longer listening. He has an idea of his own.

#

"...and the Yugo goes to — Innelda Isher!"

As fans who probably voted for someone else crowd up to congratulate the blushing

winner, Slam resigns himself to getting not even a lousy kiss this time. Beside him, Alpo fumes with impatience and Burmese Bhang. "But how didja do it, Slam? I mean, the votes were already counted!"

"It wasn't easy. But when I checked the records, I found that Innelda published the book herself. So I had a little talk with the Committee."

"Yeah? Yeah, Slam? So what happened?"

"I showed them the Yugo Rules. Innelda's book came in last as Best Novel. But she lost money on it."

"So?"

"So with all the votes she did have, it was a shoo-in for Best Fanzine."

#

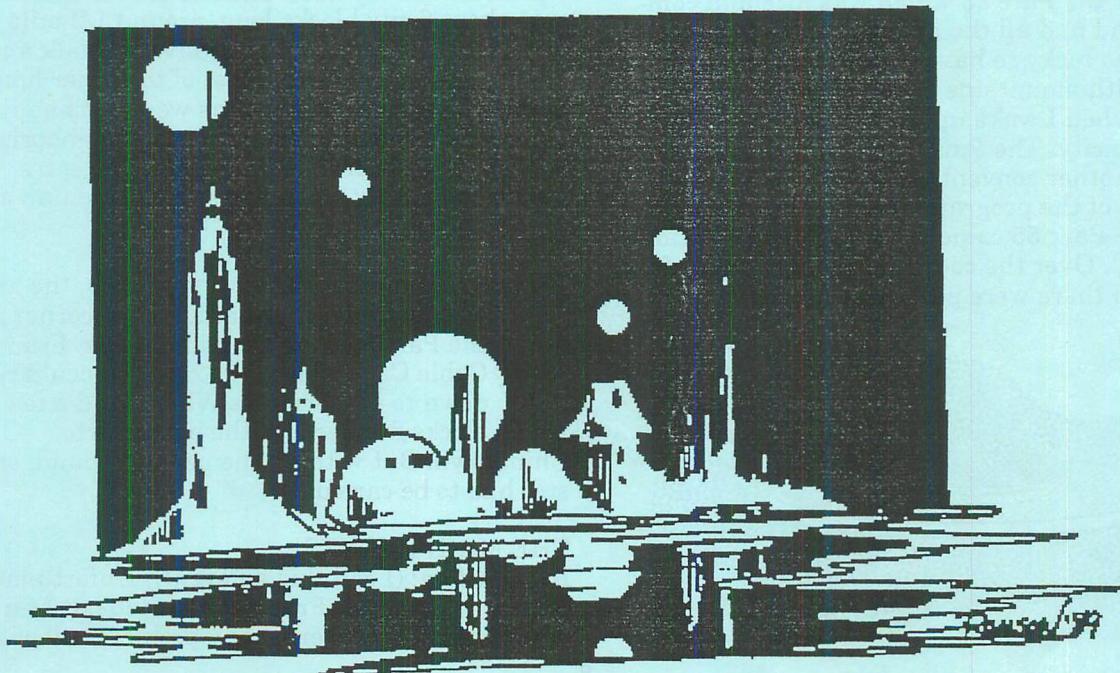
As the background flashes, swirling him into next week's episode, Slam has a final thought. A horrifying vision.

Yugo winners don't have to *drive* their prizes, do they?

#

Then the scene clears. Frozen up to the neck in a block of ice, he is being lowered into a blast furnace.

"Goshwowboyoboy!"



ConFrancisco: some comments

You will probably read several Worldcon convention reports all of which will give different viewpoints of this huge event. The following is a "short" report of my trip to San Francisco to attend the 51st Annual World Science Fiction Convention.

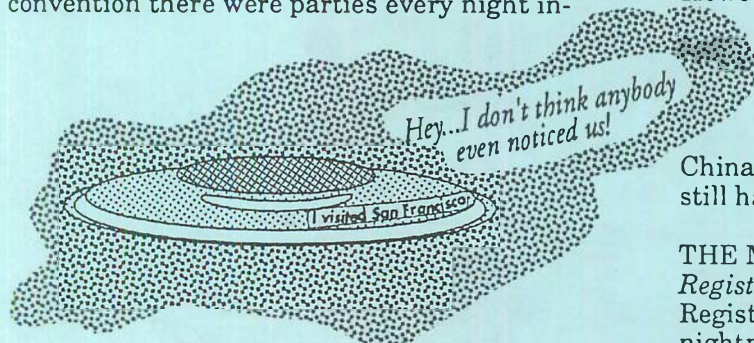
WHERE AND WHEN:

ConFrancisco was held September 2-6, 1993 at the Moscone Convention Center in downtown San Francisco. It was a convention filled with many surprises and problems, both science fiction and fan related. The Moscone Convention Center is located on a large boulevard and has two separate buildings, a north side and a south side. The area surrounding the Moscone was under major construction and required a lot of maneuvering to get around the street. One side of the street was torn up, full of potholes and debris; the other side was hilly and bumpy, not at all level. It was a real challenge for everyone to get from one place to another, especially the physically handicapped.

Most of the convention was held in the south building of Moscone center. It was here that the Dealers room, Art Show, Exhibits, Registration, Information, Sales to Members and Programming were held. The other huge events such as Opening and Closing Ceremonies, Masquerade, and Hugo Awards were held in the North Building of the Moscone.

THE HOTELS:

I stayed at the Parc 55 which was nice and comfortable and had all the amenities of a first class hotel. I was lucky to have a room facing a part of the city with mountains in the background. Every morning when I woke up there was this terrific view of the city. The Parc 55 housed the con suite plus a few other convention activities. At night, after most of the programming had been completed, the Parc 55 came alive as the convention party hotel. Over the course of the five days of the convention there were parties every night in-



by

Melanie Herz

cluding a "thank you for volunteering" party sponsored by MagiCon.

The hotel closest to the convention center was the ANA Hotel. The ANA is very elegant but the rooms were somewhat small. The ANA held activities such as Filking, Babysitting and Author Roundtables as well as being the convention headquarters. Con Operations, the Press Room, the Con Office and other official con related offices were in the ANA.

In between the Parc 55 Hotel and the ANA was the Marriott. Although the Marriott was not an official con hotel, quite a few pros and fans stayed there. Besides these three hotels ConFrancisco had booked many other properties around the downtown area.

DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO

The area in which the Moscone Center and the hotels were located was not a very good neighborhood. Besides the construction that was going on, the distances from the hotels to the convention center were indeed a problem. For example, the walk between my hotel and the convention center was about 6 city blocks long, around 1/2 mile. On any given day fans could conceivably walk a mile or three back and forth. Most of the other hotels were even further. Many fans were not happy with this and as I mentioned above, the neighborhood was not that desirable. Fans had to be extra careful especially when they walked around at night.

However, from a tourist's point of view, the area was just fine. Right around the corner from the Parc 55 were the famous San Francisco Cable Cars which for \$2.00 you could ride down to Fisherman's Wharf. And a few blocks further was the entrance to Chinatown. But with all the people around, one still had to be careful.

THE MAIN EVENTS:

Registration: (I call this an event!) Unfortunately, Registration at ConFrancisco started out as a nightmare. There were many problems all of which

I believe were caused by both the computer and a lack of volunteers. It was estimated that everyone (including pros and other guests) had a four hour wait in line to get their badges at the beginning of the con. This did not go over very well. But after Friday, the lines thinned out and convention staff were able to get a handle on things.

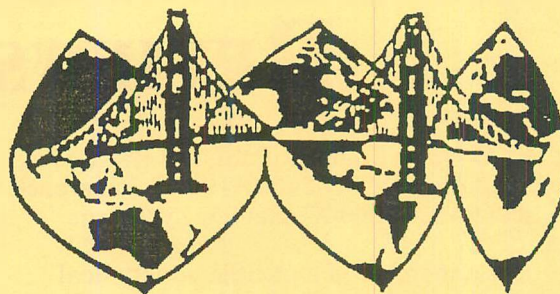
Dealers Room: The Dealers room had about 250 tables and was in a very good location. However it was very crowded which made it hard to maneuver between rows. But this did not stop fans from buying and I understand there were a lot of happy dealers.

Art Show: In contrast to the Dealers Room, the Art Show seemed small and had a lot of empty space. There never seemed to be that many people viewing the art. The art work displayed was very good, but then I didn't spend much time in the Art Show due to my work schedule.

Opening Ceremonies: The Opening Ceremonies were portrayed as both a memorial (for Terry Biffel and Sue Stone, two former ConFrancisco chairs who died) and as a celebration using the theme of "building bridges" between fans. They also featured "Emperor Norton" who was a real character in San Francisco in the 1800's. Emperor Norton was an eccentric man who (if I have my facts straight) proclaimed himself Emperor of San Francisco. The Emperor opened the convention and attended all the large events (in big production numbers), as well as walking around the con talking with fans. It was a pleasant ceremony to open the convention although it started 45 minutes late.

Masquerade: Although I did not attend the Masquerade, I heard several things concerning this event. First, the lines to get in to the Masque were very long as it was a popular event. Secondly, the room was capable of handling 2,900 seats theater style. However for whatever reason (I never found what) convention officials reduced the amount to around 2,000. As a result several fans were turned away including some pros. This did not sit very well with people and caused some anger. The third problem was that the event ran about six hours.

Hugo Awards: This was an event that I did attend and I was very happy with the outcome of the awards. Convention organizers started out by showing slides and clips of past Hugo awards and gave a short retrospective of this prestigious event. The awards themselves were handed out Academy Award Style and moved very quickly. Unfortunately because of the long lines and length of the Masquerade, many people stayed away from the



Hugo awards. There were quite a lot of seats available.

Closing Ceremonies: The Closing Ceremonies went very fast with Toastmaster, Guy Gavriel Kay thanking the guests and fans for attending. Then the "gavel" was handed over in a short ceremony to the next Worldcon, Conadian.

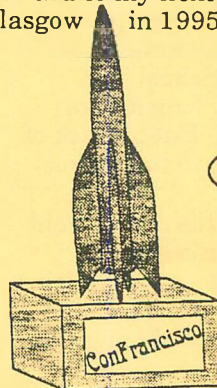
PROGRAMMING:

What can I say about Programming? Unfortunately, I only attended one panel because for most of my time I was working the convention. The panels as usual ran the gamut from great to positively awful. I did hear that some panels were cancelled, while others were held in rooms too small. Harlan Ellison decided to stay longer in one of his panels and promptly took over. For more information about Programming, everyone will have to read another con report.

A WRAP UP

At ConFrancisco I saw some events and programs I did not like and events that I thought went very well. It is always hard to judge a convention and we as fans must give the convention organizers credit for attempting to work on such a huge event. I know this very well having been on the ConCom and Board of Directors for MagiCon. So I applaud the ConFrancisco "team".

I had fun and enjoyed San Francisco very much. I had the opportunity to see another area of the United States (I went sight-seeing to Napa Valley, Muir Woods, and to Chinatown) and to see a lot of old friends as well as my cousin Bruce. I'm looking forward to my next Worldcon which will be in Glasgow in 1995.



REVIEWS "R" Us

Mining the Oort by Frederik Pohl, Del Rey Books, Hardcover \$19.00 (ISBN 0-345-37199-2), Paperback \$4.99 (ISBN 0-345-37200-X). Review by George Peterson.

How does a member of a pacifist society deal with people who aren't pacifist? What do you do when the moral and ethical imperatives of your culture come into conflict with your deepest and greatest dreams? What do you do when you find out your closed friends are doing something terrible?

These are a few of the issues faced by Dekker DeWoe in Fred Pohl's latest novel, *Mining the Oort*. Dekker is a Martian, the descendant of people who colonized Mars decades before. Mars is not a nice place, but the Martians are working hard to change it. A major program is underway to bring comets out of the Oort Cloud (a vast region of space stretching from the orbit of Uranus out well past Pluto, occupied mostly by comets), and land them on Mars to add their volatiles to the arid martian land. The project is incredibly expensive and the Martians have mortgaged their planet to pay for it.

As a child Dekker watches the first comet impact, deciding to become a Comet Miner like his father before him. Eventually, with the help of his estranged father, now living on Earth on disability, Dekker makes it into the academy in Denver, Colorado. Struggling with massive culture shock, Dekker works at his studies and various relationships.

Unfortunately, the Project faces serious financial problems and Dekker sees the possible end to his dreams just as they are within his grasp. Soon the only thing Dekker has for support is the docility and nonviolence training of his Martian culture.

Before long, he hears rumors of a desperate plan to protect the project from those who would undermine it, and Dekker is faced with the possibility that he may have to betray his closest friends and even his world.

Mining the Oort is not a monumental work like, say, Kim Stanley Robinson's *Red Mars*. It focuses on the life and personality of a single, central character and explores how that character's upbringing shapes his responses to the situations he finds himself in. Readers brought up on the Heinlein-School (as I was) may feel a bit frustrated by how long it takes Dekker to figure out what's going on. But his lack of perception and his responses are true to the character and his culture.

That is what I liked most about this novel. Pohl doesn't give us the easy way out. If this were a typical action-adventure novel like those of Heinlein, Pournelle, Drake, Steele or dozens of others, it would have a very different ending. Instead, Pohl gives us a more thoughtful story where not all means are

justified by their ends, where morality doesn't take a back seat to the ethics of revenge and nationalism.



Too Smart for His Own Good — review of *The Last Action Hero* by George Peterson

One of the most likeable things about Arnold Schwarzenegger is his willingness not to take himself too seriously. He knows how to laugh at himself and the type of movies he makes and this sets him above a lot of other Hollywood Stars. After all, you can't help but like a guy who remarked that the stop-motion animated android in *Terminator* move more gracefully than he did.

Schwarzenegger's latest film, *The Last Action Hero* uses this self-referential humor to explore the silliness of the Action-film genre. In a film which lifts an idea from Woody Allen's *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, a boy (Austin O'Brien) gets the opportunity to meet his favorite movie character. O'Brien's Danny Madigan is the sort of movie freak who skips school to watch "Jack Slater III" for the sixth time. Given a magic ticket by a projectionist friend, Danny finds himself catapulted into the movie universe while watching a preview of "Jack Slater IV". Most of the film follows the film-within-a-film as Danny tags along with Detective Jack Slater (Arnold Schwarzenegger) helping him battle the villains (Charles Dance and Anthony Quinn) while trying to prove it's all a movie. Things really get complicated when Dance uses Danny's ticket to escape into the real world, followed by Danny and Slater.

The Last Action Hero is full of funny scenes, sight gags, cameos and satire. I found myself giggling through much of the film, and I'm sure there was stuff I missed. There's a very brief cameo appearance by Humphrey Bogart, for instance, and the scene where Slater meets Schwarzenegger is almost worth the price of admission. I suspect this will prove to be the sort of movie that's more successful on video than in the theater. Video gives the viewer a lot more distance and control than the intimacy of the theater.

Unfortunately, despite its riches, *The Last Action Hero* has some serious flaws. First, it's simply too long. This may be an effect of the numerous action scenes, but by the time the setting shifts to the real world the movie is seriously beginning to wear on the nerves.

The second is technical; the film actually has two climaxes. The first, and less important, takes most of the emotional energy out of the situation, so when the second (and more important) happens it

seems anticlimactic. By that time, you just want the thing to end.

The biggest problem, however, is the film just doesn't quite work. It's really two movies. The first is a satire on action-adventure films which works well enough. The second is where the problem lies. Like *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, *The Last Action Hero* tries to explore the relation between the fantasy of the movies and reality. (And fantasy doesn't always win out. In my favorite scene, Jack Slater discovers the joys of actually talking to a woman [Danny's Mom, played by the exquisite Mercedes Rieue] and listening to Mozart.) The two sides are complementary, but the second section comes out rather muddled. It's easy to see what they were trying to do, they just don't pull it off successfully.

These faults are why the critics generally panned the film. They probably aren't the reasons why it was such a dud at the box office. *The Last*

Action Hero may suffer most from being a little too smart for its own good. As the saying goes, "Satire is what closes on Saturday Night." As I sat in the theater laughing away, I realized there were very few others laughing with me. Most of the crowd seemed completely oblivious to some of the best aspects. This shows up the central problem with the current marketing strategies of studios (and publishers, etc.). *The Last Action Hero* is just a little too smart and sophisticated for the typical action-adventure audience, and those who would get the most out of it are turned off by the genre and its accompanying hype.

The Last Action Hero is lingering at the second-run movie theaters and soon will be on video. When it does, I recommend taking a look at it. It's a flawed film, to be sure, but it has hidden treasures. Especially for anyone looking for something beyond car chases, gun battles and big explosions.



ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS... about 150 movies!!!

Michael Drawdy



When I was originally asked to write something for the newsletter, it was suggested that I do something pertaining to Florida films and their creation.

However, as no work can be found right now, I thought I would let you know about all the up and coming movies due out by the end of the year. I should take a moment to let you know that unless you see the words – THIS IS A FACT – after a statement, don't consider it to be one. There are too many movies to mention, so I'm just going to touch the surface. I'll give you my opinion of whether or not you should see each film. (If you're like me, you'll end up seeing them anyway).

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE: This is one of Martin Scorsese's best! Columbia picked a good one and having Marty co-write it makes it even better. This movie stars Michelle Pfeiffer (watch out for the crows feet), Daniel Day-Lewis, and Winona Ryder (not a powerful role for Ryder but an impressive one). I highly recommend seeing this one.

BOPHA: Morgan Freeman directs this story about a black South African cop coming to terms with his life. The actors are enough to draw anyone to the theater. Danny Glover, Alfred Woodard, and Malcolm McDowell. Unfortunately, this will be one of those "thinking" movies and probably won't do well at the box office. However, I expect to see this one nominated for a Golden Globe or Academy Award. A friend of mine on the set says that

Freeman's directing was superb. Is he trying to pull a Clint after being involved with *Unforgiven*? Probably, and why not?

THE GOOD SON: I'd say it's about time that Macaulay Culkin shed his goody-cutesy image (or at the very least, his smart-ass "I'm better than you" attitude) on the screen. As you've probably seen on the commercials, Mac plays the bad guy in this Fox film. Elijah Wood steps in to give the movie some credibility. Joseph Rubin is directing, so it might turn out to be good. There was also rumor that there was fierce competition between the two leads. I'll see this one on opening weekend.

HEAVEN AND EARTH: Finally Oliver Stone can get off his Vietnam kick! This movie marks the third and, supposedly, final chapter of Vietnam stories. This movie is a true story, based on the books, and life, of Le Ly Hayslip. A Vietnamese peasant is suspected of being a double agent and flees to the States to return later. Tommy Lee Jones is supposed to be excellent in this. I would say this will be worth seeing.

I'LL DO ANYTHING: This is supposed to be a musical dramedy (drama-comedy). I could almost see giving this movie a chance since James L. Brooks is directing, however, it stars Nick Nolte. I don't know about you, but the thought of hearing Nolte sing after hearing that terrible accent of his in *Lorenzo's Oil*, just sends a shiver down my spine. Perhaps the trailers will change my mind, but I

doubt it. I'd hold off seeing this until it hits the dollar theater.

THE PELICAN BRIEF: Doesn't it seem like *The Firm* just came out? Well folks, they're pulling a Lucas. All the Grisham adapted stories are being shot one right after the other and from the rumors, sometimes at the same time. The cast includes Julia Roberts (supposedly back on track with her life), Denzel Washington (How do you go from Shakespeare to Grisham?), and Sam Shepard. With this cast, I'll see it, but it makes me wonder if it wasn't done too fast. We'll see!

THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES: Why? The cast they have could be used in a more original comedy! Jim Varney (or should that be VERNey?) as Jed, Cloris Leachman (Granny), Lily Tomlin (if you haven't seen her performance in HBO's *And the Band Played On*, you're missing a real treat), and Dabney Coleman. Do I need to explain the story? To those of you who were, or still are, Hillbilly fans, you'll love this. To those of us who enjoy substance, you'll hate it! Number me among the unlucky ones to have seen a rough cut of the film. I have to say, beyond a shadow of a doubt...YUCK!! Don't waste your money.

A PERFECT WORLD: Clint is back in the director's chair as well as starring in this Warner Bros. flick. He must like playing the good guy, because that's exactly who he is. The bad guy is someone stepping into that role for the first time, Kevin Costner. The story goes like this... good guy goes after bad guy, who happens to be an escaped convict. Oh, did I mention that the bad guy has kidnapped a little boy? Laura Dern co-stars in, what I think, will be an action packed movie.

PHILADELPHIA: This is a hard hitting courtroom drama brought to you by the man who gave us *Silence of The Lambs*, Jonathan Demme. The story...a gay lawyer with AIDS is fired and sues. The lawyer is played by Tom Hanks. Mary Steenburgen plays the attorney for the firm that fired him. This would be a good time to break out the hankies. Apparently, several of the key cast had very close friends die of AIDS just prior to shooting. I think that TriStar will have a hit in this one.

SCHINDLER'S LIST: It seems as if Spielberg just can't get enough directing lately. Liam Neeson and Ben Kingsley star in this hard hitting story about a German industrialist who exploits Jewish factory workers. If the story doesn't get to you, this will... it's being shot in black and white. Rumor: Neeson was cast over Mel Gibson. I would highly recommend seeing this one. Steven has a reputation for being able to do things in B&W that make it visually stunning. I know I'll be there opening night!!

LOOK WHO'S TALKING NOW: Will someone, anyone, please shoot this storyline? John Travolta (ARRGH!!) and Kirstie Alley are back. The only difference is that now, the dog is talking instead of the kids. Don't worry, Bruce Willis was too busy to

reprise his role. (There went all the humor.) I don't think I want to see this even at the dollar theater.

WAYNE'S WORLD 2: Well, they're back! Mike Myers and Dana Carvey have managed to talk Paramount into doing another one. (Actually they didn't have to twist their arms. The first film made loads of money.) Unfortunately, there's no script! I thought one had to have a story first before one did the movie. Apparently not. Several sets have been built, only to be torn down unused. I don't see the quality in this one that there was in the first, not that there was much to begin with. Wait to see this one at the cheap seat theater or at least a matinee.

SISTER ACT 2: Whoopie is back as well as Kathy Najimy. The studio dumped the first director (of course, the first one was successful; they thought they'd do some changes...poor move!) in favor of Bill Duke. Who? Exactly!! Again, I don't look for this one to be as good as the first, not by a long shot.

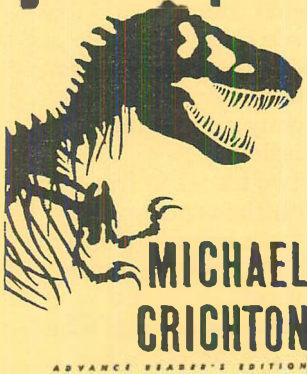
FEARLESS: Peter Weir (director) frightens me. The movie is about two people who survive a plane crash and turn to each other for support. One of them is Jeff Bridges' character who takes risk after risk with his life, seeming to know that he won't be hurt. This scares his friends and family. The cast also includes Rozie Perex, Isabella Rossellini, Tom Hulce, and John Turturro. The story sounds intriguing enough to get me there opening weekend, possibly opening night.

MY LIFE: This one will have you crying right after the credits if the stories about the script are correct. Michael Keaton and Nicole Kidman star. How would you feel if you knew that you were going to die and that you would never see your unborn child? I don't know what I would do, but Keaton's character decides to make a video of his life to leave for his child so it won't grow up not knowing him. I've got to see this film!! I'm a sucker for the soft ones.

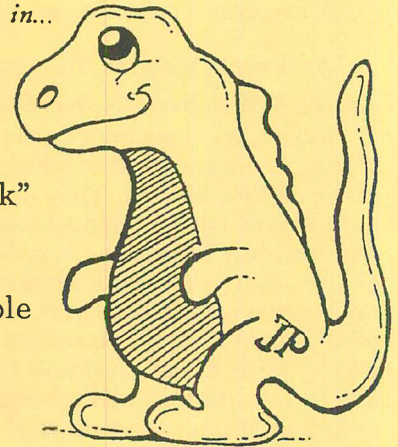
FLESH AND BONE: Dennis Quaid, Meg Ryan, James Caan, and Gwyneth Paltrow star in this movie about a Texas vending-machine supplier and the woman he falls in love with. Steve Kloves directs (*Fabulous Baker Boys*). What little I have seen of this suggests that Quaid is going after an Oscar. I would recommend seeing this one.

UNTITLED GERONIMO PROJECT: This film has been without a title for so long that the studio might as well keep this as the title. Some speculation is that they will. Personally, I feel this would hurt such a splendid sounding movie. John Milius co-wrote and Walter Hill directed. The stars are Jason Patric, Robert Duvall (supposedly minus several pounds), Gene Hackman (can't get enough of those westerns?), and Wes Studi. If you can't recall Wes, he played Maqua in *The Last of the Mohicans* as well as One Horse in the recently CBS canceled *Ned Blessing*. Supposedly, Walter likes to do things on a grand scale when it comes to westerns. I'm looking forward to it!!

(Mike's Movies — continued on page 19)

JURASSIC PARK
a comparison...
by Daniel Sidlari

*Yeah...I hear dinosaurs are in...
it's about time.*



Last night I finished reading "Jurassic Park" by Michael Crichton. What I am going to write about is the differences and similarities of the movie and the book. Oh, for people that have not seen the movie or read the book, I am going to reveal several key aspects of both; this is a spoiler.

The book is far better than the movie. There were more characters in the book which added a lot of substance, but most of all in the book there was a PLOT. Also, some of the characters were not as irritating in the book as in the movie. The personalities of some of the characters were different. For instance Dr. Grant, the main paleontologist, liked the kids and wasn't as grumpy. The kids changed too. In the movie Lex, the girl, was the older one, but Tim was older in the book. In both versions, Tim kept his cool more and knew more about dinosaurs.

Since there were more characters, there were a lot more people that died in the book than in the movie. There were people in the movie that deserved to die but didn't, such as John Hammond, the owner. Well, he died in the book (the Compys got him — chicken size dinosaurs that were poisonous scavengers). Unfortunately, people in the book that you liked died; the main likeable character that died in the book was Ian Malcom. He didn't die till the end, after he slipped into a coma. Of course, there were characters that didn't have much of a personality that also were killed off by raptors.

In the movie, Spielberg made the park look pretty small compared to the actual size in the book. In the book Grant travels through the aviary, on a raft on the jungle river, service roads, through many different paddocks and the beach, plus all

the places in the movie.

One major plus for the book is that it explained things that were happening through the park. In the part with the sick triceratops (in the book it was a stegasarous), the book told you what was wrong with the animal and what happened to it. This was an aggravating loose end in the movie.

Ian Malcom was a significant character in the book, but was mostly left on the cutting room floor for the movie. Malcom in the book was the one saying from the start that the park was going to be a complete disaster and everything was going to go wrong. Inserted throughout the book were drawings of fractals. At first the fractals were simple, but as the pictures got more complicated the chapters after that got more disastrous.

In the book, Crichton explained in great detail the whole business about the embryos that Nedry stole. I and many other kids got confused about the embryos in the movie. When I read about the embryos in the book it was all clear to me.

The movie would have been great if everything in the book was in the movie. If that happened it would be a multi billion dollar project and it would run way too long. Also, a bunch of the crowd might not be able to see it because it would be "R" rated. Overall I thought the book was 100% better than the movie. Way to go Crichton!

SMOKING SALMON? YOU WRITE...

[[Joe's response's are indicated in double brackets]]

Andrew P. Hooper, *The Starliter*, 4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103, Seattle, WA 98103

Just a few lines here to thank you for a number of things, not the least of which are issues 97 & 100 of the *SFSFS Shuttle*. They stand as two of the better zines I've gotten over the past few months, and certainly among the very best clubzines of this or any other year. SFSFS has certainly had an impressive record, both in publications and events...and I know I've said so before, but MagiCon was by far the best Worldcon I have ever attended, and that sentiment was echoed by many people I talked to. It's good to hear that your life is getting back to normal. [[Egoboo - the breath of fannish life.]] I hope that you will be able to resist this sort of massive project in the future; [[MagiCon? - Massive?!? Hah! - Edie]] the first time is by far the best, as they say, and having done so magnificently with 1992, subsequent efforts could only be anti-climactic for many of the people who worked on it. After running the fan lounge for ConFrancisco, I plan to attend primarily as a spectator for at least two or three years - if San Antonio wins for 1997, I might do something with Richard Brandt in the fan sector, but I want to avoid making a career of working on Worldcon. [[I agree and disagree with you on this. A Worldcon is a vast amount of effort - massively time consuming. Only rarely do you get an equivalent amount of egoboo, because it has gotten to be such a complex and complicated task that it is almost impossible for anyone to keep track of, let alone keep in control. MagiCon went well enough that I would never think of doing the same kind of thing again. We got lots of praise but we had a lot of help. I can't say enough for the fans who really made it happen. It's part of the fannish attitude that you help to make a Worldcon or any con better. It's just a matter of finding the right challenge and the right friends to keep it fun.]]

If you're coming to ConFrancisco, I hope you'll come and spend some time hanging out in the fan lounge. Last year's effort by Geri Sullivan was a hell of an act to follow, but Spike and I are going to try our best to match that atmosphere.

Does the club have a trades policy as a whole, which would be addressed by sending another copy of SB, et al., to the club? We'd be very happy to send along another copy, especially if it got us a listing in your trades file. [[Yes, please send a copy to the SFSFS Box, we're getting more members getting interested in fanzines.]] I have generally been very impressed with the calibre of fans I have met from SFSFS over the past few years, and would be

happy to find more correspondents there. Also, I look in the index of the shuttle and see things like the discussion of media and fanzine Hugo nominations from issue 98, and I wish I could have gotten a look at that...maybe I ought to just pony up the nine bucks and obviate all this discussion.

Looking specifically at the two issues in front of me, I was especially pleased with the reprints you selected. Shaw's piece in # 97 was a lot of fun, and in some ways a nice summation of the milieu, capturing the way that Irish fandom was both on the periphery and at the center of the fannish map. The piece by Carr in # 100 was a great example of the early Terry, that light facade of didacticism, and dare we say it, pomposity, over the great exuberance he brought to everything in those days. I'm not a filker, and honestly have had very little use for most filk over the years, but I share Edie's affection for Leslie Fish and her music. Her tape *Cold Iron* has been a favorite of mine for almost a decade, and I remember with delight an evening in which she taped a dozen or more songs in the front room of the old Madison Slan shack. She may well be the only real Wobblie I've ever known.

The memoirs you present of the past fifteen years of the SFSFS were a lot of fun to read as well. It was nice that they were relatively brief; so many histories of fan clubs and societies bog down in minutiae, and of course, most aren't as pleasant in nature as yours were. By far my favorite part was Nancy Atherton's poetry, which seemed to capture the rather double-edged nature of organized fanac and the drive toward it. [[I have a rather obvious penchant for fannish history so it was fun to put together a bunch of stuff about our fannish history in south Florida. In fact, it's gotten me going again, and I'm working on a new issue of *Fanhistorica*.]]

Tony Parker's love-hate relationship with the club mimeo is a familiar tale; as you can tell from the ongoing state of *Spent Brass*, I remain very fond of mimeography. But I think six to eight pages, about every six weeks, is just about right. Having to do all that printing on the same long-suffering machine...well, no wonder it began to ink down everyone who came near.

The list of publications that follow's Tony's piece is truly daunting. Clubzines strike me as a great dilemma in fandom. It's always frustrating for the editor, in one way or another, to do all the work and writing that they would on any fanzine, and yet lack a great measure of the control over the final product which one has over a privately-published zine. You have to please so many people, and inevitably you will not please them all. Clubzines are often the genesis of feud or other bad feelings within a club,



and at the same time, provide it with some of the most satisfying pride of accomplishment. Only clubzines, after all, are likely to have the kind of long print-runs and continuity that the *Shuttle* has seen. Clubzines, in general, are among our most valuable sources for fan history and sociology, and I certainly admire the people who have the motivation to publish them for as long as you have managed. It looks great, too. All those Rotslers...Yours in Roscoe,

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD, 21740

Your 100th issue was splendid to look at and it contained a great deal of fine reading. I hope you'll both be on hand to do a similar celebration for issue #200. [[We'll promise to edit #200 if you will promise to write something for us!]]

Both covers are fine but I confess that the back cover was the one that kept my eyes stuck in one place. It has a remarkable three-dimensional illusion. The only possible fault is a psychological one: if those are supposed to be fans in the library golbe, is it possible that we can conceive such an overwhelming change in the nature of fans of the future that will cause them to have everything so neat and uncluttered amid so many books? [[How about the perils of a zero-g mess? - Edie]]

Now you should know how Joel feels in his status as the only Jew for many miles around in *Northern Exposure*. But I imagine that every locality in the nation has its own particular shortages similar to the Bar Mitzvah card scarcity in Wake County. In the Hagerstown area, it's a problem trying to find any recording of classical music that was released in the past dozen years or so at record stores. Those stores have small classical music sections, but they stock only reissues of old recordings and a few discs of popular works that have been in the catalogs since the days of 8-track cartridges.

Much of the material in this issue should come in handy to anyone who is crazy enough to write a

detailed history of fandom in the past decade. In fact, I sometimes think some charitable fan should make an effort to preserve in a large box all fanzine issues that include such detailed historical information, and bequeath it to the unknown historian when he finally makes his appearance. It would save him a great deal of trouble.

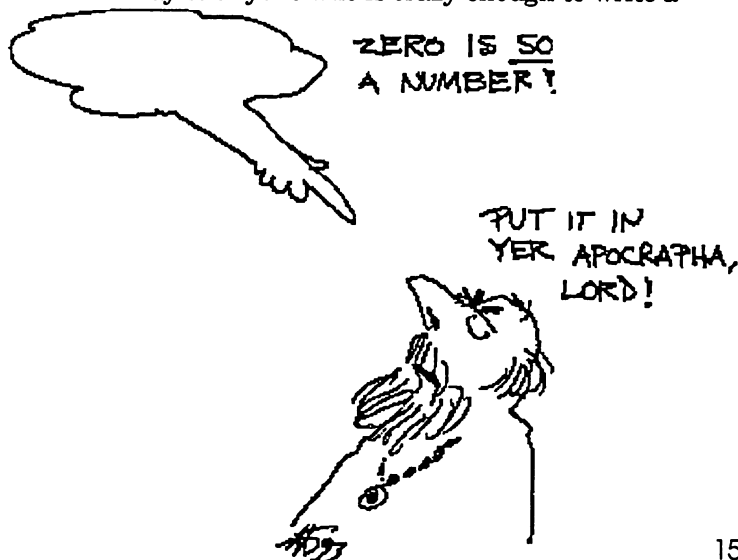
I wonder if Lee Hoffman meant her story to be a subtle pun or if it's just an accident that she wrote about the travel of the Rom to distant worlds while plans are underway to send a CD-ROM to Mars?

Tony Parker's paeon to the mimeo is a long-needed tribute to the faithful steed that carried fanzine words over so many square miles of paper down through the decades. (I wonder how long it will be until someone finds it necessary to write a similar sentimental article about the obsolete office copier, when some other form of duplicating or transmitting fanzines has become universal?) It was particularly nice to learn that the mimeo he wrote about was not junked, like the APA-L machine. I might point out that giving an unwanted mimeo to the Salvation Army or Goodwill Industries is a good alternative to letting it rust away or destroying it. One turns up occasionally in their salvage stores in this area and it usually sells within a couple of days. The local Goodwill store even had an enormous electronic stenciling contraption for sale a couple of years ago and it sold within a week. [[We have a Gestetner 360 and an e-stencil machine that we want to get rid of. Any takers?]]

I still feel that some reprints from old fanzines, like "How To Write That Fannish Story", should include at the end a glossary for the benefit of younger fans. In this particular instance, "Boob, you're a fugghead" might cause a fan who has been in the field for a couple of years to know the meaning of fugghead, but it's unlikely he'd know there was a fan whose nickname was Boob and the references to Norman G. Wansborough will be lost on anyone who doesn't know the facts about that remarkable individual. [[I agree that some explanations would be helpful, I just don't want to annotate pieces like a reference book. That would interfere fir the enjoyment of the story. I'll try to put more info in the introductions or in an afterward.]]

Incidentally, since I wrote that last loc, I've read Nancy Atherton's novel, thanks to the kindness of the author. It's a very good one, obviously meant to appeal mainly to young women but capable of holding the attention of a person whose sex and age are both wrong.

I wish you well with the dust caused by your house renovations, better luck than I had. Several years ago, I had a carpenter do a great deal of work on the attic which involved removing much of the ceiling insulation and then replacing it. He did a good job but it left invisibly small particles of insulation dust over everything and just last week when I had to spend fifteen minutes up there, I was cough-



ing uncontrollably because the dust still survives every time something is moved around. It doesn't help that I don't know if the insulation is asbestos or something harmless.

When I die, my obituary will probably mention the fact that I was interested in science fiction but never saw *Jurassic Park*. The gore would probably sicken me if I did go to movies in theaters. But in a sense I'm glad that the movie caused dinosaurs to behave that way because the beasts have been receiving such romanticized publicity in recent years. It's all very well to be interested in dumb beasts but it's silly to cause kids to think that the largest of them were cuddly and cute monsters that would be nice to have in the backyard today.

I also enjoyed the interior illustrations and was quite impressed by the solid, jetblack reproduction of their lines. It's a far cry from the years when an artist's long line in a fanzine illustration usually alternated black and grey stretches because of the holes in the drum of the mimeograph and their effect on the ink feed.

Carol Porter, 1811 Banyon Creek Cir. N., Boynton Beach, FL 33436

This is in response to your plea for submissions for #103. I would like to continue on a theme you had in issue 100 — memories of fandom. My particular memories have a lot to do with SFSFS.

My first meeting was at the Broward Game Player's Club. All I remember is these two people, fannish husband and wife, giving a presentation about space shuttles and launches. I had found out about the club at a Trek convention, and had mailed in my money. I got the newsletter the day of the meeting and was able to go. (Fortunately, our newsletters get into the mail a lot faster these days.) By the second or third meeting, I had volunteered to be *Shuttle* editor and later on down the road held the position of club secretary for 2 1/2 years.

My very first Tropicon was the one in Deerfield; the one nicknamed "Hurricon I". Now famous Brian Norcross came to the con and did a weather report. Club member Jay Packlick, wearing a garbage bag as a precaution, ran out one rainy morning to get donuts or bagels. Gardner Dozois was a good first guest for me to be introduced to — he was wildly funny and unpredictable, and a damn good writer and editor. It was (and is) an interesting mix. But my favorite Tropicon guest has been Ramsey Campbell whose stories I have long enjoyed. I was delighted that Gerry Adair could get him to come overseas. I couldn't wait to meet him in person. He didn't look like the person who had written all those bone-chilling short stories. Then, when he read one of his stories, you knew, yes, this *was* the author.

My first Traveling Fête was at the Kennedy Space Center, with Joe Green as our guest. Both Joe and his wife, Patty, were quite agreeable and

amenable to this large following of fans. Joe took us into many out of the way places on the Cape where the public couldn't go. The next Fête was in Gainesville, with Joe Haldeman as guest. Joe introduced us to viewing the sun through a telescope by the pool. At this con, Hillary Pearlman disappeared and was found (to everybody's great relief), asleep, back in her room.

In 1987, I got interested in the World Science Fiction Convention. Peggy Dolan needed a roommate and fellow traveler to go with her to England, to Conspiracy. Not knowing Peggy that well, I nevertheless leapt at the chance to go to England and to such a large science fiction convention. Peggy and I took in many of the sights while we were there; I only wish I could have helped her more with the driving. We made a stop in the town famous for its bookstores, Hay-on-Wye, and it was love at first sight. We spent 7 or 8 hours in one store, and I was loathe to leave. I swore that one day I'd go back. [[Edie and I spent an afternoon that lasted 3 days there once. We shipped home 5 cartons of books.]] Another memorable stopping point was a castle in Wales, especially because my grandfather was born and brought up in Wales, before he immigrated to America. I was pleased that I could send him a postcard from there. In many of the places we visited, they discouraged picture taking, but I broke the law and just had to have the photos, including breathtaking views in Canterbury Cathedral.

The convention itself was my first exposure to a Worldcon. I could not get over how many fans and writers had gathered in one spot. I acted as a runner in a book auction and even bid on one of the books myself. While there, I stayed constantly in the company of these people who were trying to bid for a Worldcon in Orlando (you know who you are!) and was introduced to bid parties, with roomfuls of people who were just standing around and talking about everything, putting little stickers on badges, consuming large amounts of food and trying to decide where to put on the next Worldcon. Sometimes the people in the rooms exceeded fire regulations.

The aforementioned MagiCon introduced me to another bunch of people, who lived 4 hours away, mostly in Orlando. Many weekends were spent in driving up to Orlando, talking about and planning



the convention, and then going out to eat afterwards. What I remember most fondly were those meals, and coming back late at night, listening to tapes or CDs in Joe and Edie's van. I think it was Bill Wilson who brought along one tape with Lovecraftian stories on it. Often, my husband and I stayed over with Melanie and her then-husband Ray Herz, and combining science fiction with pleasure, would go out to movies and out to eat, and spend the whole weekend up there.

MagiCon, complete with potions, hats, vests and fans from all over Florida and beyond ran in 1992. My long suffering husband and I stayed with Dina Pearlman, and even Stuey, a non-fan, had a great time at the con. He was even mentioned in the program book. I am glad he is able to put up with me and our fannish friends.

This little look back just would not be complete without mentioning one particular person, and I think you probably know who. This person threw himself in the pool at a Traveling Fête for filking, got into a dress for a panel at one Tropicon, and had a great eye for mischief. He and his wife stayed with me and five or six other people in Boston, for Noreascon. My husband and I went on a side trip with him to Busch Gardens during Necronomicon. To my regret, he never saw the paper I gave at the Conference on the Fantastic, but if you look on the title page, you can see his name in the dedication. Sometimes it's hard to believe that he's dead, but I was glad to have known him, and also very glad that his wife is getting married again.

In closing, I would like to say I'm glad to have met this particular bunch of people. My life has been enriched considerably because of your company (and so has my photo collection).

Lloyd Penney, 412-4 Lisa St., Brampton, ON
CANADA L6T 4B6

Issue 100 of the *Shuttle* got here about a week ago, and after filling up my time with job hunting and the mailbox on the corner with resumes, I can finally get to the stack of zines in my IN box. A marvellous looking issue. Here goes...

Everyone who gets married or engaged to be married meets truly alien cultures eventually ... collectively, they're known as the IN-LAWS. (I'm not lying, am I?) When you meet your in-laws, and see how weird they are, suddenly fans aren't so strange after all.

Nifty stories from your contributors... Tony Parker's article reminds me of some of the fans here. They own mimeos, and the mimeos sit there. And sit. And sit some more. They don't get used, they just sit. One fan has no connections to fanzine fandom, and he's not even that active in fandom as a whole, but he's got seven mimeos. And they all sit there.

Yeah, a good question. Why isn't there faan fiction anymore? Are we all so compatible, we

wouldn't want to razz our good friends by placing them in a funny story? Or are we all afraid of lawsuits? Are our tempers so fragile, we'd fly off the hook in a rage? Or are we out of practice?

To go with your comments to Walt Willis, Joe, the fan lounge was my favorite part of MagiCon. After about six years or so of fanzine loccking, it was only my second chance to gather with and meet many of the people I correspond with in fanzines. (My first chance was Ditto 1.) That fanzine lounge was full of good cheer, good (and expensive) drink, and happy faces. I have volunteered to work the fan lounge at Conadian; I can only hope that John Mansfield listens to the popular demand, and stages just such a room or area at the Winnipeg Worldcon.

Well, end of zine, and well-done, too. You'll probably read this after ConFransico; Yvonne and I aren't going this year... simple lack of funds. This Worldcon has also left a bad taste in my mouth for various reasons, so I'll save my cash for Winnipeg and Glasgow.

Latisha Mullen, Way Out West

I have seen a really neat horror film I'd like to tell everyone about. *Kwaidan*, directed by Masaki Kobayashi. It won at the 1965 Cannes festival.

Kwaidan is a group of short, Japanese ghost stories that even made me shudder (and I'm one serious horror fan). This guy has picked three really good ones... "The Black Hair", "The Woman of the Snow", and oops... I don't remember the name of the last one. Something about ears... well.. the guy did have his ears eaten off by evil spirits. Oops, am I not supposed to tell people what happened in the movie?

I have to give this one two heads off. Something about the dark, cheap scenery that the Japanese are so good at. And that soundtrack. Less is more.. with a few plunks (in between the more tense moments) on that big guitar-thing.. what do they call it? And I don't recognize any of the actors, but I'm sure I would only have to watch more Sunday afternoon shogun movies. They were really good.

Don't ask me if you can rent this at Blockbuster. I saw it for free at the student union. But if you can't get enough of the short story collection books, and want to catch up on your international horror, it's definitely one movie worth hunting down.

Oh, has anyone heard about the *Highlander III* movie coming out? Aaaaarrghch!! But I heard that Sean Connery will NOT return. Thank the gods.

That's all for now. Will I get a shuttle when it comes out? Have mom send me an extra copy, please. [[Well, Madame Chair...?]]

And howdy, Dan, Dan, Dinosaur man. ;)

Hasty bananas.

Sheryl Birkhead, 23629 Woodfield Rd.,
Gaithersburg, MD 20882

Dear Shuttle Crew (I'm playing it safe - just in case

the editor finds a new pigeon!),

Nothing like guilt to prod the typer — I have both issue numbers 100 and 101 right here. I (ah yes, you've heard this before) intended to write way before this, but now feel little twinges (no, it is NOT arthritis!) and will get a start.

100—nice Bennett cover, nice issue, nice, nice....100 is a pretty impressive anniversary.

I can understand the quest for the bar mitzvah card. In this area I have never had that problem for that specific card, but have for others — and usually have given up and used blank cards. Waiting outside the synagogue sounds like a perfect plan!

Ah, the real history of the SFSFS...Gary Ruse's rhyme scheme is a bit shaky, but it's the thought that counts.. RIGHT!

I know you are going to get (see- I don't peek- I haven't even glanced at #101 yet!) loads of comments on the contents of #100—whew, the weight of the ames of the biggies could give an ish a hernia! The Ranson piece on page 25 calls up though uhh oh—that's gonna smart! I doubt that the indian (?) is just going to throw a temper tantrum and toss his axe away... and I doubt that the reptile (?) is going to take to the shortened tail style kindly.

I hope Joe and Edie can continue to crank out the monster issues every quarter or so—it's a LOT of work, but ohhh so nice on the eyes!

—on to #101. Love the Michaels piece on page two! I'll be interested in seeing a transcript (?) of the August meeting video. I did end up voting in quite a few categories- borrowed most of the short fiction from the Lynches, but had to pass on the novel... Now to see if anyone else agreed with my assessments.

THE STRANGEST DREAM is nicely done and has potential to be turned into something alot longer. Well? Is it?

I won't be able to get out to San Francisco but will probably be cat sitting for Mouse and Mimosa while the Lynches attend. So, I OUGHT to get the inside information..oh...just about when the rest of the world hears.

Bob Chapman, Raleigh, N. C.

The mystery is solved! The card shops put out the Bar Mitzvah cards for Yom Kippur. Both designs. Please have next kid in October. But, there is a new Jewish gift shop about 2 miles from our house. See how modern Raleigh is becoming?

Woody Bernardi, 712 Garrison St., Las Vegas, NV 89107-1754

I first heard about you (Joe) from Arnie & Joyce Katz as ConComChair for MagiCon — they mentioned at the time that you were a Fanzine Fan. I considered that a good sign as to the make up of MagiCon—as did they. I, most regrettably, was unable to make it but all accounts I've heard have

merely confirmed this brilliant premonition.

SFSFS Shuttle #100 is the most enjoyable clubzine I have ever read. The front cover is marvelous. I have always been a space enthusiast, since before I even knew what SF was. I was four years old when the Apollo 11 landed the first men on the moon — I watched it from my father's knee. I discovered filk at CopperCon 1991. This black and white cover has combined my oldest love with my newest. The back cover is great for similar reasons.

Laurie Yates — an old friend of mine, and fellow FAPAn — has done a new FAPA zine w/Bill Kunkle —her sometimes significant other — in which she wrote her "Lauretorial". Your "Edie-torial" was all the more enjoyable for this.

My father is retired USAF, so I've lived all over this country as well as in the Philippines. We spent 2 1/2 years in northeast PA, 2 years in upstate NY, 3 years in eastern MA — where my family is originally from —, several years out west — in addition to the many years I have been out here since high school—, and 3 years in FL — 1 year in Dade Co. back when Homestead AFB was still down there, and two years (the last two years of high school) in Titusville, FL. I have actually lived in some of these alien cultures. When we lived in Dade Co. I was a child in K and 1st grades. So upon our return to FL — when I was a teenager — I noticed more of my surroundings. I was appalled at the prevalence of Confederate flags in Titusville. You could walk into any convenience store and purchase all manner of products — flags, etc.— with the confederate colors emblazoned upon them. I was told by one guy that he was "so southern that the Mason Dixie Line is too far north for me." I thought, keep going guy, you still have a few hundred miles of the North American continent under your feet.

Your account, Joe, of the creation of South Florida Fandom was fascinating. It had me thinking about the creation of Las Vegas fandom. We may be new and small, but we're tenacious. It also had me regretting never having heard of your group or of TropiCon.

I live in Tville from Sept. 1982–Aug. 1983. I regularly drooled over the Con Listings in IASFM — it would be years before I would ever get to a con — but I don't recall ever having seen a con listing held in FL. I always looked at the location so that I might figure what it would cost me to travel to thecon. Don't get me wrong — I never made it to any of these cons, I just fantasized about going. I also had no concept of what they were.

The collection of shortstories was incredible.

"My Life With the Mimeo" was inspired, I'm not copying anybody here am I? I know I'm no Walt Willis, but I did enjoy the article. I actually recognized one of the names mentioned within, Linda Bushyager. What's more, I know her. Where is this mimeo now? Do Fans really perform these rituals in

the nude? [[Linda had it last we heard. Of course, doesn't everybody?]]

I noticed from the list of publications that there doesn't seem to have been anything pubbed circa 1982-83, except of course the program books from these two years. If it would be possible to get a copy of these I would be appreciative. Was nothing pubbed by any fans or clubs in FL during that time? I am particularly interested in FL pubs of these years because it would be interesting to see what was going on then so close to me. Are there any clubs in Brevard Co. or Orlando area, currently? [[We only listed those pubs from SFSFS & Tropicana. Individual fans pubbed their own ish. Edie and I did a few and there were others. There was a club at Brevard Community College and there is a very active group in Orlando, OASFiS, the Orlando Area Science Fiction Society.]]

The Terry Carr piece was wonderful. I am a tad confused. The introductin, "The Ghost of Fandom Past", presented it as a piece of fiction. Yet after reading it I beileive it was an article. It was excellent as an article, in my humble, inexperienced opinion.

I enjoyed the various Locs in this ish. I naturally recognized Walter Willis, but some of the other fans were not so well known by me. A few of them were, however, obviously Fanzine Fans from the content of their letters. It seems odd to me that anyone who has an interst in any aspect of fandom (even fringe fans) should be surprised about the presence of Fandom in the 30's. Even as an individual who knew

nothing of fanzines and very little about other portions of fandom, I knew that Asimov had been a part of at least one SF fan club in NYC during the 30's. I also knew that Fred Pohl was there, Wolheim, and a few others all before they were pros. I think I had also heard of Forry Ackerman. Though I had no idea of the scope or content of fandom, I knew of its existence in one form or another.

I was incredibly impressed at the format and content of *SFSFS Shuttle #100*. The upcoming Meetings & Gatherings, the Meeting Notes, and the Financial Report, were perfectly adequate to present the necessary info to the memebership while still entertaining the readers with the rest of the zine.

The overall packaging for your club's newsletter was phenomenal. More clubs should do this. I would very much be interested in receiving the issues which the two of you edit.

Teddy Harvia, 701 Regency Dr., Hurst, TX 76054

The art in the latest issue of SFSFS Shuttle spans the spectrum. Sheryl Birkhead hasn't quite meshed her freehand drawing syle with the very rigid pattens of computer art. Linda Michael's leonine mermaids are meticulously drawn. Are they embracing or wrestling? Brad Foster's Egg Man seems a hard-boiled character without much brains to stare at the sun.

We Iso heard from: F. M. Busby, Joseph, Green, Lee Hoffman, Mark Olson, and a few others I've forgotten. *Meo culpla*.

Mike's Movies (continued from page 12)

SHORT CUTS: What do Anne Archer, Bruce Davison, Robert Downey Jr., Peter Gallagher, Buck Henry, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Jack Lemmon, Huey Lewis, Lyle Lovett, Andie MacDowell, Frances McDormand, Mathew Modine, Julianne Moore, Chris Penn, Tim Robins, Annie Ross, Lori Singer, Madeline Stowe, Lili Taylor, Lily Tomlin, Tom Waits, and Fred Ward all have in common? Robert Altman!! What is this? *The Player, part 2!* The story comes from ten short stories by Raymond Carver, which should make it appealing. And the darn thing's three hours long. I'm sure I'll be seeing this on the opening day!! What's the story? Living and dying in Hollywood. Finis!!

THE PIANO: I have no idea what this title comes from. I'm sure there will be some reference when I see the film. The story goes like this; a mute woman goes to New Zealand for an arranged marriage. On the way she falls in love with someone else. Starring: Holly Hunter (fresh from *The Firm*), Sam Neill (plays the husband-to-be), and oddly enough, Harvey Keitel (plays the new-romance-in-route). I'm a little shaky about this one, although, ever since I saw *Broadcast News*, I've been a fan of Hunter's through thick and thin. I'll see this one within the first month of opening.

THE REMAINS OF THE DAY: James Ivory is back after directing *Howard's End*. He reunites Emma Thompson and Anthony Hopkins as an English butler and the head housekeeper he secretly loves. I've seen trailers for this film that make your eyes bulge. Ivory has a talent for directing and his imagery is quite spectacular. I wouldn't miss this one at all. Opening day for sure!

THE THREE MUSKETEERS: Starring, and you won't believe this, Charlie Sheen, Kiefer Sutherland, Chris O'Donnell (the kid in *Scent of a Woman*), Oliver Platt, Rebecca De Mornay, Gabrielle Anwar, and Julie Delpy. FROM WALT DISNEY PICTURES! I have a bad feeling about this one being from Disney. If it was Touchstone it might not concern me as much, but there is a lot of action in the story and I wonder if Disney can deliver that effectively.

There are many, many more!! Some to watch for are Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers* with Robert Downey, Jr., *Malice* with Alec Baldwin and Nicole Kidman, *Judgment Night* with Emelio Estevez and Cuba Gooding, Jr., *Mr. Jones* with Lena Olin and Richard Gere, and *Body Snatchers* with... who can really say since the pods are back. Until next time, see 'ya at the movies!!

Meetings & Gatherings

Tropicon Meeting!!

Date: October 10, 1993

Time: Noon

Location: Home of Bill Wilson, insert address here

Directions: From the North: Take I-95 to Sheridan Exit. Head West on Sheridan to Park Ave. (second light - first real commercial looking intersection). Turn left on Park, and proceed to Arthur Ter. (If you reach Hollywood Blvd, you've gone too far.) Turn left on Arthur Terrace; it's the second house on the right.

From the South: Take I-95 to Hollywood Blvd. Head West on Hollywood to Park Ave. (near the movie marquee), and turn right. Proceed to Arthur Ter. (if you reach Sheridan, you've gone too far.) Turn right on Arthur Terrace; it's the second house on the right.

Bring your swimsuits, and bring some shekels. The plan is to send out for something edible, and enjoy wet, fannish company for lunch. Work meeting to follow.

If you'd like to work on Tropicon, this is the place for you. If you've enjoyed Tropicon, and would like to "pay back" by working at the next one, please do call Chairman Fran Mullen and volunteer. Her number is: (305) 929-5815

Announcements at the last Tropicon meeting: *It's complete!* The Griffin & Cat tote bag which has been under construction by Becky Peters since before Tropicon 10, is finished. The bag is a gift for Tropicon 10's Guest of Honor, Andre Norton. The Griffin and Cat were drawn by Mary Hanson-Roberts, and the incredibly detailed embroidery work has been crafted by Becky Peters. The piece is gorgeous, and was appropriately applauded at the September SFSFS meeting.

Filk Meeting

Date: Nov. 6, 1993, Saturday

Time: 8:00 pm- ??

Where: Siclari/Stern residence, 4599 NW 5 Ave., Boca Raton. *Phone:* (407) 392-6462

Directions: Take I-95 to Yamato Rd. Go east. Make the first *three* right hand turns.

This will be on Sadie Hawkins Day so the theme (if any) of this month's filk meeting is just what you would think. Bring all your instruments, and any songs about unfair practices. Bring soda and munchies, and \$3 for the Filk Guest Fund. Remember, our goal for the money is to bring in a filk guest for TROPICON. If you don't have \$3, a buck and a half will help.

September Book Discussion Group

The September book discussion group, Sunday fanzine reading, and potluck BBQ was well attended. SFSFans are a talented lot, and even before the discussion proper started, those talents were displayed in a gluttonous array of deserts, salads, and other barbeque accompaniments. Nothing went to waste.

This was our first fanzine reading in a long time. Ericka Perdew, Bill Wilson, and of course Joe Siclari, brought a wealth of fannish writings to pass around for hands on reading. We had fanzines from at least three decades represented, including some that are only available in 0's and 1's - electronically. Early Trek zines, *Mimosa* (winner of the 1992 & 1993 Hugo), *Outworlds*, *Folkal Point*, and many more were eaten. It was good. We will do this again.

The book discussion centered around *The Hound and the Falcon*, the first trilogy written by Tropicon 12 Guest of Honor, Judith Tarr. Tarr has a flair for making historical backgrounds feel real (bolstered no doubt by her degrees in medieval history). Lively discussion centered around our consensus relief that the sexual tension of the first novel in the trilogy was *finally* relieved in the second. Judith Tarr seems to write fantasy that even appeals to those that don't normally read fantasy. Several people strongly recommended her recent novel *Lord of the Two Lands* (ISBN 0-312-85362-9).

As you can imagine, it's difficult to recreate discussion topics on paper. If you enjoy talking about the books you read, come and join the conversation.

Next discussion will be focused on Cordwainer Smith. Smith has written some strange and wonderful SF. His stories are set in a far future when humanity is far different and the underpeople compete for life. Each story is complete but they paint a tapestry of a strange far future history. I think you will enjoy them.

Read: The Rediscovery of Man by Cordwainer Smith, NESFA Press.

Meeting is scheduled for

Date: Saturday, Nov. 20

Time: 7:30 pm

Location: Becky Peters home, 1837 NE 15 Ave., Fort Lauderdale. *Phone:* 305-563-5788.

Directions: Take I-95 to Sunrise Blvd. Go east to NE 15 Ave. Turn left (north) and go to Edgewater Townhomes on the left. She is in the 3rd townhome on the left. Parking for guests is at the back.

Tropicon 13

The auspicious number is upon us. Fran Mullen has announced that Tropicon 13 will be chaired by Steve Gold. Congratulations Steve!

✉ IT ✉ COMES ✉
✉ IN ✉ THE ✉ NIGHT ✉ Mail ✉

and Bill Wilson got it

All of the following will be available for perusal at the October SFSFS meeting. In the box was:

ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY, May/Aug. 1993. Niagara Falls SF Association, PO Box 500, Niagara Falls, NY 14305. Handsomely produced zine with fan articles, LoCs, a significant photo section, books & views, and more asparagus poetry.

DASFAX, Vol. 25, No 9, Sept 1993- c/o Fred Cleaver, 153 W Ellsworth Ave., Denver, CO 80223-1623. Has a review of the movie *Fortress*, book reviews by Fred, Rocky Mountain Book Festival preview, LoCs, and a nifty short SF story, "The Christmas Present" by W. Lemieux.

De PROFUNDIS #257, Aug 1993- c/o Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc., 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601. If you think meeting minutes are a drag, you obviously haven't read "Menace of the LASFAS", where discussions range from the possibility of a comet striking Jupiter in 1994, to a woman's silicon implants being willed to a friend (do organ donor cards include this? Could the premise of the *Twilight Zone*'s story "Dead Man's Shoes" apply here?- Bill), to the auction of an anatomically correct origami man.

FILE 770 #99- Edited by Mike Glycer at 5828 Woodman Ave., #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401. Includes articles on Toronto Trek VII; Mike's rebuttal to Science Fiction Age's "50 Most Powerful People in Science Fiction." An article on fan awards deals with the topics: Should fans see the Hugo base before the awards are given; Are the right zines winning the Best Fanzine Hugo; and, Are awards for the benefit of fans or pros? Plus, con reports on DeepSouthCon (July '93) and Westercon 46.

INSTANT MESSAGE 535, Sept 1993- New England SF Association, Inc. PO Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701-0203. Includes detailed NESFA minutes and a 1993 Hugo recommendation list (i.e., works that individual NESFA members think good enough to be considered for a Hugo).

MARKTIME 24, July 93- A personalzine published by Mark Strickert, ELCA Copy Centre, 8765 W Higgins Road, Chicago, IL 60631. Mark reports on Duckon II, prints lots of LoCs, and makes comments on baseball & mass transit.

MIMOSA 14, Aug 1993- Dick and Nicki Lynch, PO Box 1350, Germantown, MD 20875. Dick Lynch discovers Usenet; Dave Langford writes a wonder-

fully witty recount of the production of Heliograph, Helicon's newsletter; the history of The Science Fiction League is told by David Kyle; and Shelby Vick remembers an early influence in "Time Was...". These are just a few of the many stories and comments on fannish history and it's essence, published in this fascinating issue of *Mimosa*.

MOBIUS STRIP Vol 10 No 8, Aug 1993- El Paso Science Fiction & Fantasy Alliance, PO Box 3177, El Paso, TX 79923. Announces next year's AmigoCon 9, April 22-24, with GoH Roger Zelazny. This newszine also includes fanzine trade comments and convention lists.

NASFA SHUTTLE, Aug & Sept 1993- North Alabama SF Association, PO Box 4857, Huntsville, AL 35815-4857. Highlights are Mike Kennedy's report & review of ConFrancisco, with award winners (Hugo, art, masquerade, etc.), and a summary of the Worldcon business meeting. Aug. issue has a Dragon Con/Atlanta Comics Expo review. **P.S.F.S. NEWS**, Sept 1993- Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, PO Box 8303, Philadelphia, PA 19101. Has a bio on ConFrancisco's Fan GoH jan howard finder, detailed club meeting minutes, and The Lazarus Review book column.

STONE HILL LAUNCH TIMES, Sept 1993- PO Box 2076, Riverview, FL 33569. Ann Morris writes about *The Secret Garden* and *The Evolution Man or How I Ate My Father*.

WESTWIND Issues #179 & 180, Aug & Sept 1993- Northwest Science Fiction Society, PO Box 24207, Seattle, WA 98124. #179 has part 2 of an interview with Richard Grant. #180 includes a continuing analysis of the purposes of Science Fiction Northwest, book reviews of *Virtual Girl* and *The Blood of the Lamb*, news of the opening of "Wizards," (a science fiction and fantasy art gallery in Kirkland, WA.), and a video review of Lawrence O'Donnell's 1946 time travel story *The Grand Tour*.

We also received material from: Barry R. Levin Science Fiction & Fantasy Literature Dragon Con, July 15-17, 1994, Atlanta GA. MileHiCon 25, Oct 22-24, Lakewood, CO (Progress Report) NASFiC, July 13-16, 1995 Atlanta, GA (Progress Report 0.5) South Florida Gamers Gazette, July/Aug 1993. World Horror Convention '95, March 2-5, Atlanta GA. All of the above will be available for perusal at the October general SFSFS meeting.

October – November, 1993

SFSFS Calendar

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
26 1833 Orient Express starts:	27 1964 Warren Commission report	28 1920: Chicago Black Sox convicted	29 Michaelmas:	30 1630: first criminal executed in American colonies	1 1946 Nuremberg Trials verdicts:	2
3	4	5	6	7 1900: Helen Keller enters Radcliffe	8 1871 Great Chicago Fire:	9 Leif Erickson Day:
10 1965 Snoopy & Red Baron: first battle 12:00p Tropicon meeting: Wilson's, Hollywood	11 <u>Columbus Day:</u>	12	13 1792: White House cornerstone laid	14	15 World Poetry Day:	16 1793 Marie Antoinette: loses her head
17	18	19	20	21 Frederick Bragdon's birthday:	22 World's End Day: 2137 BC: earliest recorded solar eclipse Gerry Adair's birthday:	23 2:00p SFSFS Meeting: SF Fen Read Mysteries?, Officer Nominations, Greenacres
24 United Nations Day:	25	26 Mule Day: Melanie Herz's birthday:	27	28	29 1991: NASA releases first global maps of Venus	30 Walter Willis's birthday:
31 Halloween: Pumpkin hot! Daylight savings ends: 1926 Houdini dies:	1	2 <u>Election Day:</u>	3 1957: Laika is first dog in space	4	5 Guy Fawkes Day:	6 Sadie Hawkins Day: Peggy Dolan's birthday: 8:00p SFSFS Filk: Siclari/Stern residence

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
31 Halloween: Pumpkin hot! Daylight savings ends: 1926 Houdini dies:	1	2 <u>Election Day:</u>	3 1957: Laika is first dog in space	4	5 Guy Fawkes Day:	6 Sadie Hawkins Day: Peggy Dolan's birthday: 8:00p SFSFS Filk: Siclari/Stern residence
7	8	9	10 1872: Stanley finds Livingstone	11 <u>Veteran's Day:</u>	12 1926: first crime using an airplane	13 2:00p SFSFS General Meeting: Elections
14	15	16 1532 Incas surrender to Pizarro: Bob Ewart's birthday:	17	18	19 Phil Tortori's birthday:	20 Maureen Sheehan's birthday: 7:30p Book Discussion: Cordwainer Smith-Rediscovery of Man
21	22	23 1963 Dr. Who premieres:	24	25 <u>Thanksgiving:</u>	26 <u>Company Holiday:</u>	27
28 Steve Gold's birthday:	29	30 1954: Woman in Alabama struck by meteorite	1	2	3 Bill Wilson's birthday:	4

Last Minute Stuff Worth Noting

SFSFS Book Division

The Book Division has just recieved its second delivery of books. Pick yours up at the next meeting you attend. We've handled nearly \$2000.00 retail value of books so far. Are you getting most of your books at a 30% discount? And besides, it helps the club.

Orders will be taken at all SFSFS meetings. At the General Meeting, we will have the whole-sale microfiche, so you can select from about 100,000 titles. Remember, you can buy virtually any kind of book through the SFSFS Book Div. You can also get many games and audio tapes. If there is enough interest, we can add video & CD's.

SFSFS & Tropicon On-line

SFSFS has it's own Genie Topic now. Thanks to Shirlene Annayo and Judi Goodman, SFSFS is represented on Category 18, Topic 40. We're doing a roll call, so if you haven't checked in, please do. Shirleen and Judi will post news and announcements on Genie to reach our electronic constituency. Tropicon 12 has its own area: Category 22, Topic 16. If you'd like more information about Genie, check with our local experts.

Message from Dave off GENIE

I received a letter from a Romanian SF&F group that would like to correspond with American SF&F fans and clubs to form a cultural and literary exchange process. Romanian currency is non-convertable to western money, they are unable to purchase western literature. They are hoping to set up a library for their members with books, magazines, and fan fiction donated by Americans.

I think it is a great idea and plan to send a couple of books that I've already read so that they can share in the adventure. It would really be nice if everyone who reads this could send one book or magazine or some related item to this association:

SF Association V. Papiliam

Mircea Naidin

str. FINTINELE nr. 59, bl B8, ap 53

CLUJ-NAPOCA, 3400, CLUJ

ROMANIA

Foreign postage is fairly expensive compared to US postage. If you send the item via surface mail/ printed matter it will save you a little. However, the cost is nothing compared with the joy of knowing that someone who has lived their life under the reign of communist dictators will be able to explore new worlds and expand the horizons of their minds.

1993 SFSFS Membership Application

Please make checks payable to SFSFS and send to

SFSFS Treasurer, 4427 Royal Palm Ave., Miami Beach, FL 33140-3039

Name: _____ Birthday (optional): _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip Code: _____

Phone(s): Home _____ Work _____

Interests: _____

Prorated dues: (These dues cover the rest of 1993 and for all of 1994)

_____ General (non-voting)	\$18
_____ Subscribing	\$15
_____ Child	\$1
_____ Upgrade from paid-up General member to Regular:	\$5
(Must have attended 3 meetings)	

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

YOU'RE GETTING THIS BECAUSE:

- ☐ YOU ARE HELD IN GREAT ESTEEM BY SFSFS
- ☐ YOU'VE CONTRIBUTED SOMETHING
- ☒ HOW ABOUT SENDING US A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, OR MAYBE A CONTRIBUTION FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE, #106? DEADLINE IS DEC. 20, 1993
- ☒ TRADE FOR YOUR ZINE
- ☐ WOW! A FULL MOON WAS OVER YOUR HOUSE LAST MONTH!
- ☐ IT CONTAINS A REVIEW/ARTICLE OF POSSIBLE INTEREST TO YOU
- ☐ YOU ARE LIBELLED; WELL AT LEAST YOU'RE MENTIONED
- ☐ EDITORIAL WHIM
- ☐ YOU FOOLISHLY ASKED FOR INFORMATION ABOUT SFSFS
- ☒ YOU ARE DISTANTLY RELATED TO BLACKIE DUQUESNE.
- ☐ YOU ARE A MEMBER OF SFSFS

Contributions: Write or draw something!

Still another reminder. Send news for the next two issues to Fran Mullen at the SFSFS P. O. Box. Contributions for Shuttle #106 should come to Edie Stern & Joe Siclari, 4599 NW 5 Ave., Boca Raton, FL 33431-4601. Phone: (407) 392-6462. CompuServe: 71450,171. We'll also take IBM or Macintosh diskettes.

South Florida Science Fiction Society

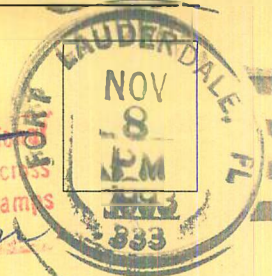
Shuttle 103

P. O. Box 70143

Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307-0143

Address Correction Requested

2-12
Returned for ~~postage~~ postage. When remailing, cross out this notice or paste stamps over it. *Airmail*



Avedon Carol

Rob Hansen
144 Plashet Grove
East Ham
London,
United Kingdom

E6 1AB

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First Class Mail