





SOUTH FLORIDA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

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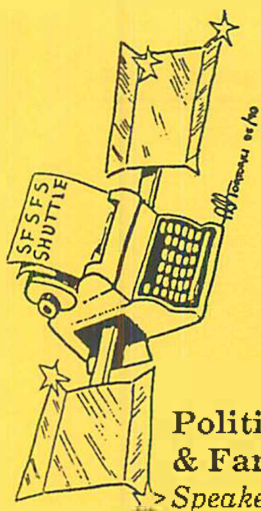
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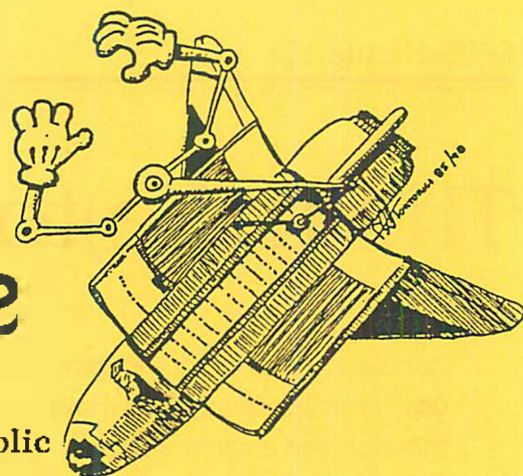
The SFSFS Shuttle #106 — January, 1994

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



SFSFS

Meeting Space



**Politics, Religion & Sex — Science Fiction
& Fantasy You Shouldn't Talk About In Public**

Speakers: Edie Stern & Joe Siclari

Date: Jan. 29, Saturday

Time: 1:00 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.

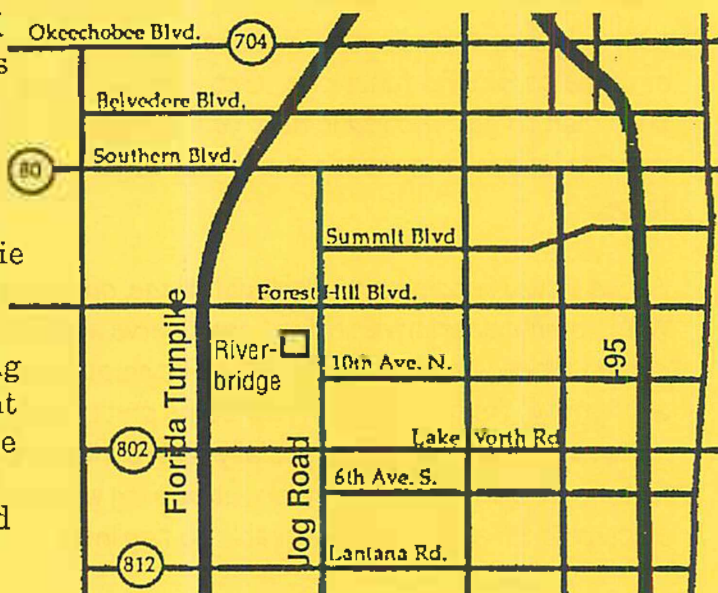
What are the three things your folks told you not to talk to strangers about? That's right. Sex, politics and religion. Science fiction is one of the best ways to explore potential new cultural arrangements in the way we live together, and apart. In this month's meeting, Joe Siclari and Edie Stern discuss some of SF's best efforts in this area. What SF writer first really brought sex into SF? What Hugo winning story brought in angry letters of comment to the magazine that published it because of its language and content? What novel utopias have been postulated? Come and participate, and maybe get a real cool reading list.

December Meeting Report

The December meeting was held in Markham park on December 18. About 30 SFSFSans met for a program on the Religions of Fankind, and a scrumptious year-end feast.

On a gorgeous Florida winter day (note to non-Floridians: this means it was about 75 degrees, blue skies, and a light breeze. Eat your hearts out.), we gathered in a clearing in the woods, to listen to a presentation by Judy Bemis and Doug Wu on Wicca, and on "Calling on the Four Directions", an Amerindian based belief.

A circle was formed under the trees, and observers cautioned that if they chose to remain within, they were asked to stay within until the end of the presentation. Using knife and incense, water and salt, Judy showed us Wicca ceremonies, and spoke of the history and beliefs of these neopagans. Doug Wu read Amerindian myth, and



spoke of his beliefs and practices, including the symbolism of feathers and medicine pouches.

The presentation ended with a community sharing of mulled cider and cookies, and the deconstruction of the circle.

As this was the last SFSFS meeting of the year (barring such can't miss activities as the Tropicon program book collation), this year's Chairman, Fran Mullen, took the opportunity to hand out awards to some of the attendees. Certificates were given to:

Edie Stern for "Filk on the Run"

Joe Siclari for "Fastest Handoff in Town" - Book Division

Cindy Warmuth for "Book Wurm of the Year" - Library

Peggy Dolan for "Bookie ad Infinitum" - Treasurer

Bill Wilson for "Dinomite Presentation" - Media Research

New business was conducted: Sarah Garcia was voted in as a new child member of SFSFS.

Welcome Sarah!!

(continued on page 11)

The Edi(e)torial:

January is a time for new possibilities. There's something about the start of a new year that leads us all to make new promises to ourselves, starts on new projects, and more or less clear the deck for another year to come. If all the personal resolutions made for the New Year actually came to pass, we would live in a world of well-read, incredibly thin and athletic, well mannered and loving individuals. Luckily, it's not an all or nothing game. I'd settle for making good on just one or two choice resolutions.

Some are easier than others to achieve. Did you know that social isolation is statistically linked to early death? If you're reading this, and want more contact, then write, or come to SFSFS functions. Get involved. If year end holidays are a slow time for you, then plan to get involved in next year's Tropicon. I guarantee that with a convention pending less than a month away, your days and nights can be as full as you want them to be.

As we slowly become a truly global village, odd things are happening to peer groups. With communication nets like Compuserve and Genie available, part time splinter communities with a commonality of interest are forming, sometimes in complete anonymity. I'm told you can find some pretty narrowly focused interests out there (ex-nuns raising penguins?), especially on the Internet. Sounds a little like the beginnings of fanzine fandom to me, but without dealing with staples and layout. There's surely an electronic SF community available to tap into.

Nothing, though, can beat face-to-face interaction (there are some things that just can't be digitized). So, come to SFSFS meetings, and come to Tropicon. Thus endeth the sales pitch.

If you picked this Shuttle up at this year's Tropicon, then welcome to your first convention of the year. If you're not attending Tropicon, then you're missing our annual celebration of the field, South Florida style. As head of programming this year, I can wax eloquent on what we've planned. From the future of democracy in space, to a discussion of literary techniques to terminate characters, to an alien construction contest. But, I'll spare you.

Wish us all luck. I hope 1994 is joyous for you and yours. See you around the campus.

Best... Edie

A Solipsistic History of Tropicon

Joe Siclari

From my point of view (this is solipsistic after all), Tropicon started in 1975.

When I was first asked to work on SunCon, that Worldcon™ had not yet selected a name. I suggested Tropicon. Of course, ignorant savages that they were, they named it SunCon.

Origin

Five years later, Edie and I were helping on SF related projects sponsored by Florida Atlantic University (i.e. SF Teachers Conferences and The Thomas Burnett Swann Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts). The Conferences were run under the auspices of the Humanities Department and (Ghord forbid!) were not science fiction cons. Thomas Burnett Swann had taught at FAU and his mother had set up a foundation in his memory.

Dr. Robert Collins handled most of the operational details when not hindered (my opinion not necessarily his) by some of the other academics who I felt were using the broader phrase "Fantastic in the Arts" to allow them to bring in people of critical reknown but who were marginal to the point of the conference. They probably felt that they were highlighting the finest practitioners of the fantastic and the absurd and broadening the peasant minds of the pulp-type readers.

I have digressed — but I do that.

In 1981, Tim Sullivan, Bob Collins and I had some discussions on improving the conference as it was growing. It was decided to move the Conference off-campus to a hotel. The Boca Raton Sheraton was

selected by the Dean because it was right near the campus. When I asked the cost of the function space, they didn't know. Nor the cost of meal functions. I pressed on but when I asked the room rate I was haughtily informed by an authority who shall remain anonymous: "We are with a University. We don't ask questions like that."

Bob Collins accurately recognized my exasperation and suggested that I might attend a luncheon with the hotel sales rep the next week. At the time, I worked 25 miles away but I agreed to juggle my schedule to attend. I remember it being a very nice lunch but after an hour and a half, I felt compelled to bring up the subject of the negotiation. (After all, my boss still felt I should make an afternoon appearance at work.) The dean and his assistant looked uncomfortable and informed us that they were late for their afternoon schedule. So, thankfully, that left Bob and me to work out the arrangements. I never saw a hotel sales manger look so grateful.

Meanwhile, Tim and I made some suggestions about how the Conference could better use the professionals that were attending. Mostly the authors did a reading and participated in a gang-bang autograph session. The powers that be were not enthusiastic about our recommendations. Tim made a comment that local fans should run a convention.

It seemed like an ideal set-up. I was working reasonably closely with the Conference. I did the hotel negotiations and I had invited their special guests that year:

(continued on page 11)

Service With a Smile

by

Charles Fontenay

Herbert bowed with a muted clank — indicating he probably needed oiling somewhere — and presented Alice with a perfect martini on a silver tray. He stood holding the tray, a white, permanent porcelain smile on his smooth metal face, as Alice sipped the drink and grimaced.

"It's a good martini, Herbert," said Alice. "Thank you. But, dammit, I wish you didn't have that everlasting smile!"

"I am very sorry, Miss Alice, but I am unable to alter myself in any way," replied Herbert in his polite, hollow voice.

He retired to a corner and stood impassively, still holding the tray. Herbert had found a silver deposit and made the tray. Herbert had found sand and made the cocktail glass. Herbert had combined God knew what atmospheric and earth chemicals to make what tasted like gin and vermouth, and Herbert had frozen the ice to chill it.

"Sometimes," said Thera wistfully, "it occurs to me it would be better to live in a mud hut with a real man than in a mansion with Herbert."

The four women lolled comfortably in the living room of their spacious house, as luxurious as anything any of them would have known on distant Earth. The rugs were thick, the furniture was overstuffed, the paintings on the wall were aesthetic and inspiring, the shelves were filled with booktapes and musictapes.

Herbert had done it all, except the booktapes and musictapes, which had been salvaged from the wrecked spaceship.

"Do you suppose we'll ever escape from this best of all possible manless worlds?" asked Betsy, fluffing her thick black hair with her fingers and inspecting herself in a Herbert-made mirror.

"I don't see how," answered blonde Alice glumly. "That atmospheric trap would wreck any other ship just as it wrecked ours, and the same magnetic layer prevents any radio message from getting out. No, I'm afraid we're a colony."

"A colony perpetuates itself," reminded sharp-faced Marguerite, acidly. "We aren't a colony, without men."

They were not the prettiest four women in the universe, nor the youngest. The prettiest women and the youngest did not go to space. But they were young enough and healthy enough, or they could not have gone to space.

It had been a year and a half now — an Earth year and a half on a nice little planet revolving around a nice little yellow sun. Herbert, the robot, was obedient and versatile and had provided them with a house, food, clothing, anything they wished created out of the raw elements of earth and air and water. But the bones of all the men who had been aspace with these four ladies lay mouldering in the wreckage of their spaceship.

And Herbert could not create a man. Herbert did not have to have direct orders, and he had tried once to create a man when he had overheard them wishing for one. They had buried the corpse — perfect in every detail, except that it had never been alive.

"It's been a hot day," said Alice, fanning her brow. "I wish it would rain."

Silently, Herbert moved from his corner and went out the door. Marguerite gestured after him with a bitter little laugh.

"It'll rain this afternoon," she said. "I don't know how Herbert does it — maybe with silver iodide. But it'll rain. Wouldn't it have been simpler to get him to air-condition the house, Alice?"

"That's a good idea," said Alice thought-

fully. "We should have had him do it before."

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Herbert had not quite completed the task of air-conditioning the house when the other spaceship crashed. They all rushed out to the smoking site — the four women and Herbert.

It was a tiny scoutship, and its single occupant was alive. He was unconscious, but he was alive. And he was a man!

They carted him back to the house, tenderly, and put him to bed. They hovered over him like four hens over a single chick, waiting and watching for him to come out of his coma, while Herbert scurried about creating and administering the necessary medicines.

"He'll live," said Thera happily. Thera had been a space nurse. "He'll be on his feet and walking around in a few weeks"

"A man!" murmured Betsy with something like awe in her voice. "I could almost believe Herbert brought him here in answer to our prayers."

"Now, girls," said Alice, "we have to realize that a man brings problems as well as possibilities."

There was a mater-of-fact hardness to her tone which almost masked the quiver behind. There was a defiant note of competition there which had not been heard on this little planet before.

"What do you mean?" asked Thera.

"I know what she means," said Marguerite, and the new hardness came natural to her. "She means, which one of us gets him?"

Betsy, the youngest, gasped and her mouth rounded to a startled O. Thera blinked as though she were coming out of a daze.

"That's right," said Alice. "Do we draw straws or do we let him choose?"

"Couldn't we wait?" suggested Betsy timidly. "Couldn't we wait until he gets well?"

Herbert came in with a new thermometer and poked it into the unconscious man's mouth. He stood by the bed, waiting patiently.

"No, I don't think we can," said Alice. "I think we ought to have it all worked out and agreed on, so there won't be any dispute about it."

"I say, draw straws," said Marguerite. Marguerite's face was thin and she had a skinny figure.

Betsy, the youngest, opened her mouth but Thera forestalled her.

"We are not on Earth," she said firmly in her soft, mellow voice. "We don't have to follow terrestrial customs and we shouldn't. There's only one solution that will keep everybody happy — all of us and the man."

"And that is...?" asked Marguerite drily.

"Polygamy, of course. He must belong to us all."

Betsy shuddered but, surprisingly, she nodded.

"That's well and good," agreed Marguerite, "but we have to agree that no one of us will be favored above the others. He has to understand that from the start."

"That's fair," said Alice, pursing her lips.

"Yes, that's fair. But I agree with Marguerite: he must be divided equally among the four of us."

Chattering over the details, the hard competitiveness vanished from their tones, the four left the sickroom to prepare supper.

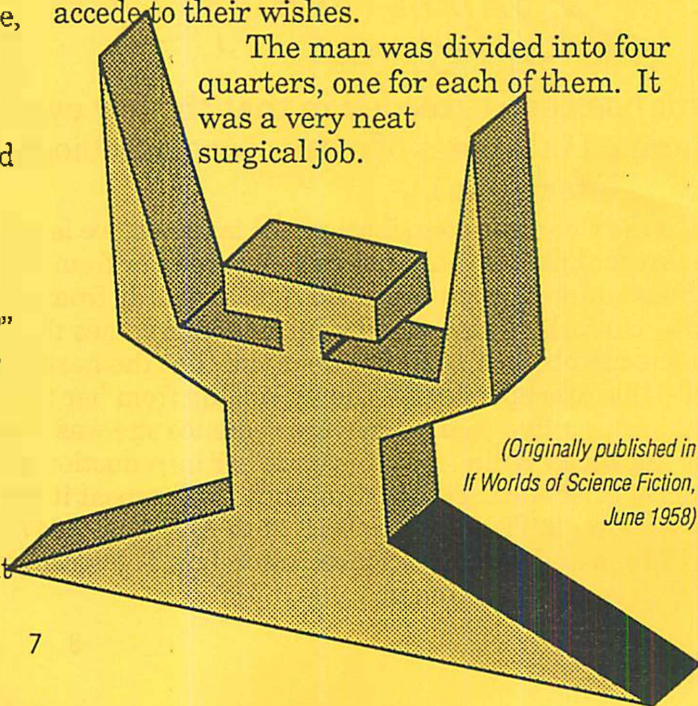
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After supper they went back in.

Herbert stood by the bed, the eternal smile of service on his metal face. As always, Herbert had not required a direct command to accede to their wishes.

The man was divided into four quarters, one for each of them. It was a very neat surgical job.



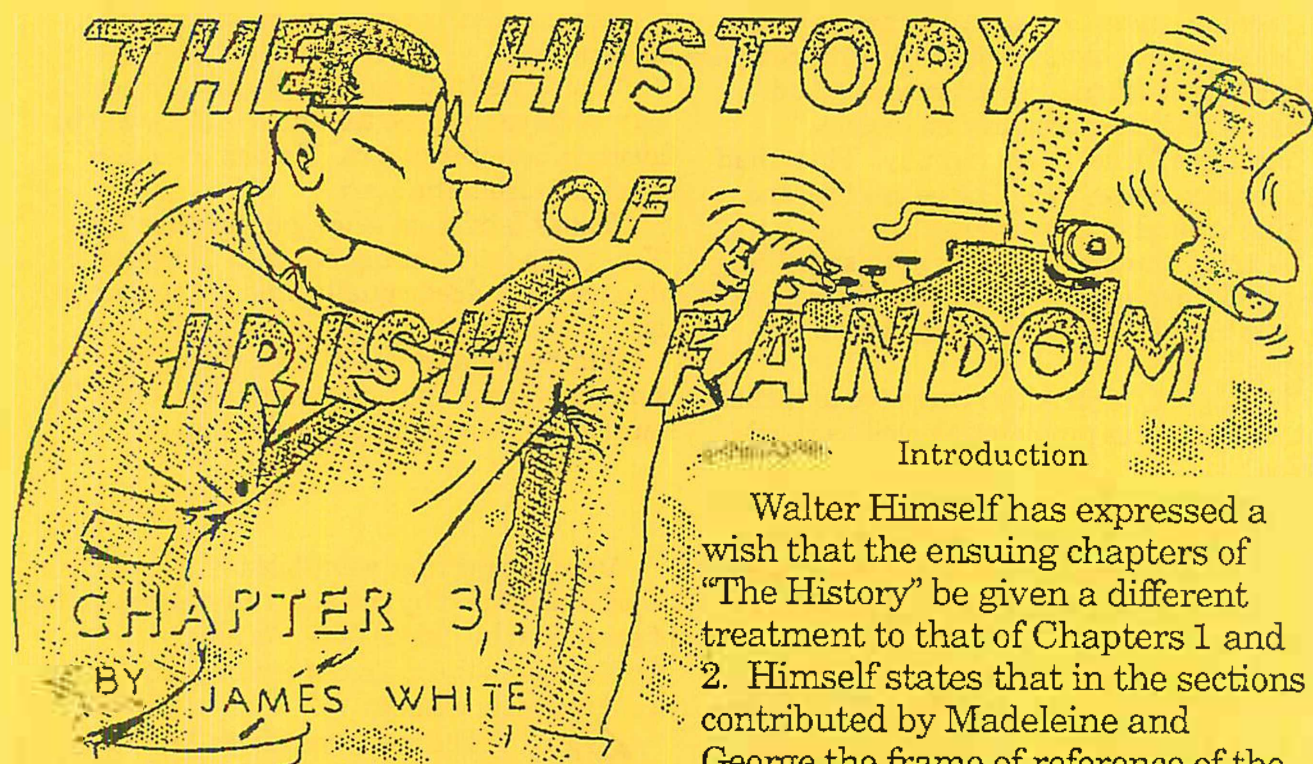
(Originally published in
If Worlds of Science Fiction,
June 1958)

The Ghost of Fandom Past

Not only does James White write good science fiction and stand as Worldcon Guest of Honor (LA in 96: be there), but he is a fan. James is a charter member of Irish Fandom, and without him there would be no fanzines with real linoleum cut illustrations, produced by using real linoleum. The following article comes from *Hyphen* #18, May 1957, edited by Walter Willis and Chuck Harris. Read on for a sense of the fannish comradery, irreverence, and range of fanac that obtained in Irish fandom of the 50s. It's also a pretty concise description of the start of what may be the most highly regarded group of fanwriters ever. Illustration is by ATom.

The same issue contains pieces by Chuck Harris, William F. Temple, Bob Shaw, Robert Bloch and an insert announcing the birth of Patricia, daughter of James and Peggy White. Not a bad line-up. FYI, the Big Pond Fund was the proto-Transatlantic Fan Fund.

— Edie



Introduction

Walter Himself has expressed a wish that the ensuing chapters of "The History" be given a different treatment to that of Chapters 1 and 2. Himself states that in the sections contributed by Madeleine and George the frame of reference of the

work has been exceeded in that the few events mentioned have been completely swamped in a mass of extraneous autobiographical detail (I'll tell you what it means later, John).

In the Charter's contribution, for instance, we learn in the space of three thousand words or so the fact that GATWC did not as a youth suffer from any fatal diseases and lived to a ripe old age without suffering even from Old Age, a malady from which he still does not suffer. After this long and — clinically — interesting introduction comes the meat of the article, the statement that he met the members of Irish Fandom and that the next chapter would be written by Madeleine. Madeleine also spent some time swinging from her family tree before coming suddenly down to earth. After a five-year whirlwind romance she was married to Walter Alexander Himself, otherwise known as Willis, and this ends her introduction to Chapter 2. The chapter itself is such a model of brief succinct reporting that I will repeat it here in toto:-

"Chapter 2. IT WAS ON THE 25th AUGUST 1947, that the first meeting took place between the Willis's and another science fiction fan. The stranger's name was James White."

This is where I came in.....

Chapter III

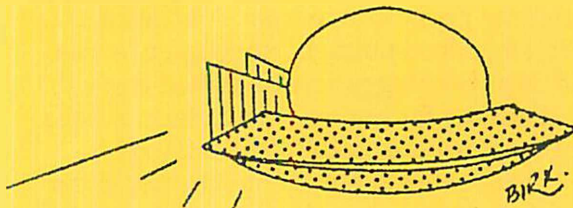
When I first met, and almost immediately began regularly visiting, the Willis's in late 1947 I felt sure that they must have thought about me with somewhat mixed emotions. On the credit side was my extreme height and interest in s-f, the fact that our political views were more or less in accord, and that religion-wise we couldn't be farther apart. However, there was a peculiar twist in my personality which tended to outweigh all these good points. At a time when it was not yet fashionable to be a little crazy mixed-up, I was just a wee bit queer.

Consider, please, the sort of person I was at that time.

At the age of nineteen, and having contracted an incurable but quite harmless disease some months previously, I was inclined to view the world with a somewhat jaundiced eye. (The disease was diabetes, not jaundice.) I was inclined to scream shrilly and froth at the mouth if anyone came within a yard of my teacup with a sugar-bowl. With easy tolerance the Willis's smiled at this little idiosyncrasy of mine, but they could not, however hard they tried, conceal their shock and horror at my continued and slighting reference to food as being merely fuel — being on a strict sugar-free diet had soured me, you understand. As a result of this, they tended to regard me as something of a pervert. There would be awkward silences when the teatray arrived, and frantic talking about Courtney and his boat or rain on Venus, or some such. Finally, Madeleine could stand it no longer; she initiated curative therapy.

You will know of Madeleine's cooking even if you haven't experienced it firsthand. It is pernicious, indescribable and intensely habit-forming. People who have been exposed to it for any length of time, such as Harris and the Bulmer's, are forced to return for more again and again. There's a ginger-bread monkey riding their backs, with Coffee Kisses for eyes and a brain made of steaming colcannon. They're addicts, all of them, you can tell by the way they slurp and dribble at the chin, and the way they make it so difficult to tell the clean from the dirty dishes after they finish eating. But I'm digressing. Understated simply, Madeleine began experimenting with sugarless pastry. Shortly afterwards I found that I was smiling when I referred to food being just fuel — both with my

mouth and my purty brown eyes. A little later I was calling food food outright and the cure was complete. My wife Peggy, who is famed throughout Irish Fandom for her way with sausage rolls among other things, is in daily attendance nowadays to see that the patient does not suffer a relapse. But it was not only as a psychologist-cook that Madeleine proved invaluable in the early days. Many a time and oft, as Walter and I set type for SLANT — a job which required deep concentration and no chit-chat between us for hours at a time — Madeleine would be downstairs nursing the then baby Carol with one hand and acting as an unpaid but proficient disc-jockey with the other. The music was relayed to us in the fan room, and no matter what records she chose to play, they were always frequently interspersed with Doris Day numbers. I was very fond of Doris Day at the time — extremely fond, even to the extent of buying seven of her records without having a gramophone to play them on — despite having discovered that her real name was Kapplehoff. I'm pretty cosmopolitan, I guess. Later, when she married her agent without telling me, I was terribly, terribly hurt and my composing speed suffered for several weeks. It's hard to remember for certain just when George Charters arrived among us: he was the original Quiet Man. He would come up from Bangor on Sunday afternoons and say "Hello" and "Goodbye." In between he would spend three or four hours browsing among Walter's magazines or silently watching us set type. He never helped us nor did he speak much in those early days, but later, when he came up three times instead of once a week, he began doing odd stencilling jobs and became more loquacious. We were exposed to the first Charter's-type pun. We wished for the silent, unhelpful days again. Ten years is a long time, and it is hard to recall incidents in their chronological order. Walter hopes to do a definitive history which will treat the trends and influences over the years as well as our own peculiar reactions to them — if enough people twist his arm, that is. But the things that come to my mind seem relatively unimportant: like the Willis's Bem, for instance. Bem was a big lazy and very friendly cat which haunted the Oblique House fan room, and we were childishly pleased at being able to tell visitors that we had a copy-cat instead of a copy-boy. When he was run over we all felt very bad about it, and it



wasn't until some years later that Walter took to himself another. This one was, and is, called Lucifer. He is a mean, black, quarrelsome creature with permanently shredded ears who treats us all like dirt. Lucifer won't even slip-sheet.

Then there was the time Lyell Crane visited us and found Walter and I designing a bridge with Carol's plastic building blocks. Lyell Crane was a real, honest-to-goodness engineer but, we suspected, not a true fan. Instead of joining in and contributing a little valuable know-how, he insisted on talking about politics, dianetics and Lyell Crane. And then there was the incident of the Douglas Woman, a nice but rather gushing widow who wrote "whimsical tales about leprechauns and the Wee Folk, most of them too good to be published." One night, in a twitting mood, Mrs. Douglas mentioned matrimony to George. George's face still shows blench marks around the edges. Nobody mentions matrimony to George any more. There were not many visitors to Oblique House in the early days. Forry Ackerman was perhaps the most important, but there was Evelyn Smith — a contributor to SLANT and later an editor of GALAXY — remembered chiefly for being accused of being a Russian Spy in the London Underground, and Clive Jackson, our first columnist, who should have been a really good professional writer, but isn't. Later, of course, there was Bea Mahaffey, whose visit has been treated at length in "No 4, and Chuch Harris, and the Bulmer's. Then there was Chuch Harris, and the Bulmer's. And the Bulmer's and Harris.....well, as I said earlier, they're addicts.

The arrival of Bob Shaw marked the beginning of the True-fannish period that has stayed until the present day. A relatively small man — 5' 11 1/2" — Bob possessed a dehydrated but very pure and exacting sense of humour and an intense appreciation of food in all its forms. Bob's mind fitted the fan-room like his stomach fitted Madeleine's cooking, and all of a sudden we found that we were not doing so much work

on SLANT but were enjoying ourselves just talking. The talking moved out onto the lawn in the summer and was interspersed with pitched water pistol battles or sharp-shooting against butterflies and bees.

Gradually SLANT went from irregular to sporadic and HYPHEN replaced it in order that we could spend more time on these fannish pursuits. We were so busy enjoying ourselves that HYPHEN began to go sporadic too.

Events culminated in Walter being big-pounded. On his return, after having written and travelled himself to a frazzle, Walter took a ten week rest using pneumonia as his excuse. George, Bob and myself continued to talk, throw paper aeroplanes and enjoy ourselves around Walter's Sick Bed — it had caught pneumonia too — while Himself lay propped up on pillows grinning feebly and groaning. The groans were for George's puns, not Bob's. Eventually he was driven from his sick bed and a few months later introduced Ghoodminton to get his own back. HYPHEN went from sporadic to infrequent.

Ghoodminton, like the art of the duello, is a game which demands cool, scientific appraisal of changes — the back of your opponent's neck not quite within reach without climbing the table and the referee temporarily unsighted — and complete co-ordination between eye, muscle, hand, shoulder and boots. But with the arrival of the Berry Phenomenon on the scene, the game lost its delicacy. Berry, with his "Everybody on my side is expendable, even me" school of playing, dragged the noble art down to the level of simple, bloody massacre — a level from which it has not risen to the present day.

I need not mention Berry's effect on Fandom, Irish or otherwise. I can't, on account of I don't use that sort of language.

At a time when the unspeakable harris was loudly reviling me as a filthy pro and sex-fiend, and Bob was cartooning me with a halo because I wouldn't, as Art Editor, allow nudes to supplant spaceships in our zine, I met a girl called Peggy Martin. Tired of hearing me talk about her and not believing that she could be *that* good, Walter ordered me to bring her along to the Oblique House Christmas party. She was nervous, shy and reluctant to come, because, like a fool, I'd told her something about the people she was going to meet before bringing her. Everybody was there, Madeleine, Walter, George, Bob and Sadie....the lot. But things were

working out fine, a great time was being had by all, until Walter announced that he had a present for me.

From Chuck Harris.

Immediately I screamed "NO!" I knew Harris, I knew that beastly little mind that sloshes about inside that large pointed head like a gob of primeval ooze, and I feared the worst. But Walter reached the present — a large manilla envelope — and passed it to Peggy instead of me. She opened it, she cried out, she had hysterics....

For some reason she didn't throw me over on the spot, nor did her father horse-whip me, nor did I ignominiously end it all in a Milk Bar by ordering a cup of sweetened tea. Instead, she laughed. She laughed at the four pages of typing couched in pseudo-paternal phraseology to her by a well-meaning, double-meaning, treacherous lecher called harris which described the things which did *not* happen to me during my visit to Paris the previous year and which accompanied the present.

She laughed at the present too, — a large, technicolored pose of one Marilyn Monroe to which was clipped a note apologising for the fact that the picture was retouched, but explaining that they were inclined to be prudish in the Charing Cross Road, not like in Montmartre....

All that remains to be said is that for some reason she agreed to marry me and we lived happily every after, and that Bob Shaw will be doing Chapter 4, though he doesn't know it yet.

Tropicon beginnings (cont. from page 5)

Samuel R. Delany and Vincent Di Fate (at the Conference's expense, of course). Bob was receptive as long as we didn't interfere with the conference schedule. The conference ended and we started on Friday. Our agreement also stated that conference attendees could attend our programs and on Friday our attendees could go to conference sessions. And by the end of 1981, Bob was also hip-deep in getting out monthly issues of *Fantasy News*.

Starting up

So I presented the idea to some local fans. The conference brought in or attracted a good number of SF professionals. We could get the



space for virtually nothing. It didn't take long to decide.

The founders each chipped in \$50.00 seed money. Besides Edie and myself, they were Becky Peters, Sue Trautman, David Singer, Diane Goldman, Tony Parker, and Judy Bemis. Becky and I signed the incorporation papers and we were off (our heads, maybe). Obviously, the founders also became our first committee: Edie Stern did the Program, Tony Parker — Dealers' Room, Becky Peters — Art Show; Judy Bemis — Registration, and I chaired the con.

Our First Guest

The conference had many professionals we hoped we could use. So we decided to ask another guest who had a great fannish reputation as well. Our first Guest of Honor was Lee Hoffman. (Shelby Vick originally agreed to come also but later had to decline.) That was our first Tropicon tradition that has mostly been adhered to — our guests are fans as well as pros. Most of them have come from the ranks of fandom.

(more to come next issue)

December meeting (cont. from p. 3)

The ceremonial handing over of the stuffed flamingo marked the beginning of responsibility for '94 SFSFS chairman, Joe Siclari. Franny was applauded and thanked. Joe announced committee heads for '94 (list on page 18 thish). And we all settled down to eat a most excellent picnic (with homemade cherry dessert, and chili, and curried chicken, and ... Gee, I guess you can tell what made an impression on me).

PS - Wicca ceremonies are not very common (as far as I know) in South Florida parks. The folks at the next campsite were VERY wide-eyed.

SMOKING SALMON?

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

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue,
Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740.

Many thanks for the 103rd SFSFS Shuttle. Even though some of it involved movies that I've never seen and have no desire to view, I found most of the contents quite interesting.

I feel sympathy for that cleaning lady, no matter whether she imagined or really did have trouble with spooks. Something occasionally manifests itself in this house. The first time I experienced it was in an upstairs room, where I felt a breeze so strong that I assumed someone had thrown something through a window pane. But inspection showed the glass was intact in each window and the windows were closed tightly, just like the doors. More recently, the same air current has been occurring when I am playing the piano, which sits near the front door on the ground floor. Once again, I've checked for broken or open windows, made certain all the doors are tightly closed, and I've been careful to keep my body motionless enough to satisfy me I'm not causing the sense of a breeze myself. Sometimes it's a strong current of air and other times it's just barely perceptible. If I look around while I'm playing, the phenomenon stops, even though I can't see anything. There have been a couple of other types of episodes that might be related although they're different in nature: stacks of books in the cellar sprawled all over the floor as if they'd been violently shoved instead of just toppling of their own weight, for instance.

It's good to know you're reviving *FanHistorica*. I hope it'll contain both reprints from old fanzines and contemporary articles about how it was in the old days. [[I hope to have some new material as well as reprints. Of course, it will depend on what I can get from contributors. If that seems like a hint, it is. I also plan on having some bibliographies and fanzine indices. I am currently working on a complete index to Hyphen.]] Now that First Fandom has become a meaningless organization that anyone can join, we need all the genuine preserving of fandom past that we can get.

Buz's contribution was mildly amusing. I suppose it would be churlish [[go ahead, be churlish]] to point out that the denouement doesn't really work, because the Hugo rules for fanzine awards

prevent a one-time publication from nomination.

A surprisingly small amount has been published about this year's worldcon, so far. I've seen only two really long conreports on it, Mike Glyer's in *File 770* and one by Guy Lillian which as far as I know is available only via SFPA. Melanie tells me a few things about the event I hadn't known before. I'm surprised fans were complaining about a half-mile walk between the convention center and their hotel rooms. Many of those fans are probably advocates of physical fitness, and if the people on the street aren't of the highest quality, that's what you find when you walk a half-mile in almost any part of every big city nowadays.

Naturally, I've never tried to publish a clubzine for a local group. I can understand that their editors don't have the absolute control over contents and policy that fanzine fans treasure. But the fact that the club provides some or all of the money involved in publishing costs must be a great consolation to counter that handicap. [[Of course, we do get to go after contributors but it's still a zine with some constraints and priorities that we would not have on our own publication. But it is nice to get most of the bills paid.]]

Carol Porter's LoC was so entertaining and detailed that it really deserved a title and publication as an independent article. I'm sure everyone in your part of Florida knows the name of the deceased fan she writes about in the penultimate paragraph, but I don't and others among your out-of-state readers would probably like to know his identity. [[Vince Miranda was one of the best liked people in any circle I've been in (fannish or otherwise). He could do the most outlandish things and get away with it because he was honestly having fun with you as well as at your, and often his, expense.]]

The cover is excellent and I was pleased to find most of the tiny interior illustrations are simple enough not to suffer so much from their small dimensions.

Leslie Fish, PO Box 9284, Phoenix, AZ
85068-9284

Hello again! Yes, I'd be delighted to send you something for the Special. [[We are planning on running your piece as one of the leads in the next issue we do. Unfortunately, it arrived too late to get a piece of that length into this. However, I decided that your letter would serve as a good teaser.]] I'm tickled that

YOU WRITE...

you thought me an important enough Con-guest to ask. Herewith find enclosed a copy of the brief history, instructions and songs for my infamous Bardic Rain Ritual. 'Tis song and story all in one.

Hmm, there's a bit more to the history since this thing was published. Like...well, I handed copies of this around to everyone I could interest all through the autumn and winter of 1992. In many cases I got back replies saying, more or less: "We tried this, and it works, but the California Water Bureau claims that there's still a drought, so we're going to try it again." ...And I guess they all did. Remember the storms that flooded out the midwest all this summer? Oh yes, California got the water, all right; about the time that downtown LA was in danger of flooding, the Water Bureau finally admitted that the drought was over — so they had no more excuse for jacking up the water-rates. Because those greedy SOBs misled folk, purely so as to keep their water-rates nice and high, every Pagan in the southwest went out and did rain-rituals until the skies opened up like a faucet. Arizona got its entire usual rainfall for the year in the first three weeks of January — and we've had a few whopping storms since, too. I don't know what happened in the neighboring states, except for scattered comments that this or that reservoir is completely full and in danger of spilling over. We all know what the midwest got. It seems that the only states that didn't get more rain than they needed, to say the least, were the southeastern states. Hmm, did Florida have it dry too? Well, to make up for that, I'm sending you guys a copy of the, hmm, software in hopes that you'll pass it around so that folks in the southeast can call rain when they want it too. If everybody can do it, the system should balance out nicely. Just always remember that calling rain to one spot means calling it away from somewhere else — and, hmm, I don't have a ritual for making the rain go away again. Be warned, and act accordingly.

Heh-heh! So much for the weird stuff. Enjoy! Meanwhile, a couple bits of news: 1) my new tape, OUR FATHERS OF OLD — a third collection of my tunes to Kipling's poems — has just gone to the duplicators, and will be published in time for Xmas, Random Factors dealing; 2) the Delta Clipper, the world's first privately-owned and designed spaceship, passed its second flight-test

with flying colors — and the company is considering an offer to build and fly the ships out of an old decommissioned Air Force base here in Arizona. Whee! If this project really gets off the ground (even half as well as the ship did), I just might take a crash-course in welding at the local community college so I can go help work on building the ships. I beleive the word is out on the bulletin boards, and now that I've finally got a computer and modem (so far, all I know how to post on is the Filk Echo — look for me there) I can go hunt there for further news.

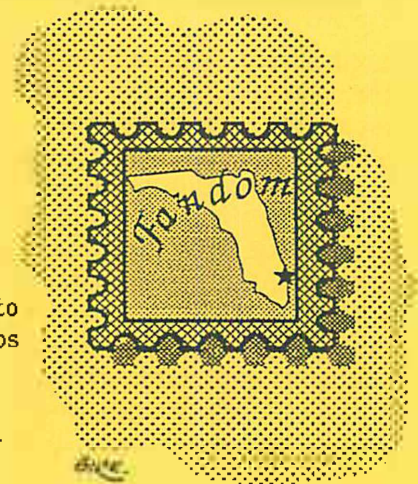
Meanwhile, have a Jolly Solstice, Merry Christmas, Lusty Saturnalia, Good Yule, Happy Hannukah...and a great New Year.

James White, 2 West Drive, Portstewart, Co. Londonderry BT55 7ND Northern Ireland

Sorry for the long delayed thank-you for the refund of my MagiCon membership, which was completely unexpected. It seems wrong, somehow, that a person should be rewarded for enjoying himself so much. And on the subject of Magicon, it seems that was one con that refuses to be forgotten. I mean, even in the ConFrancisco reports that I've read they keep on mentioning it. You two must have done something right, or more likely you cheated by doing everything right.

This is also a thank-you for the SFSFS SHUTTLEs to everybody concerned. As we enlightened few who have had the benefit of an education in the classical languages know, the *et al* above is Latin for "all the e-ts." I enjoyed the contents of the last issue, No. 103, very much, and appreciated that one of the reasons ticked for me being sent it — that I am distantly related to Blackie DuQuesne. Gosh, I'm all choked up. I have always thought that everybody should be related to somebody and he, although a trifle on the antisocial side at times, is a much more interesting character than any of the other dogooding, sissy (the heroine acted a bit effeminate, I thought) self-righteous Skylark types.

There was a while when I thought I was



related closely — like a twin brother who, because of the destabilising effect on a Monarchy of a twin and possible pretender to the throne, was spirited away from the palace at birth and raised as a commoner by faithful retainers — to Prince Bernhardt of the Netherlands, but after the Lockheed Starfighter contract scandal I decided to disown him. But being related to a real, one-off bad guy like Blackie DuQuesne gives me a nice warm feeling all over. You people wouldn't fool a guy over anything as important as this, would you? [[No! We would never fool with a guy who can conceive of a critical illness for everything from an amoeba to a star system.]]

And speaking of warm feelings, here's wishing Joe, Dan, yourself and everyone else a happy festive season and a great new year to follow.

John Thiel, 30 N. 19th St., Lafayette, IN 47904

Thanks for the issues of the *Shuttle* and I'm sending a LoC (this is the LoC) in the hopes that it will get me another issue. It's certainly a superior club organ and I'd like to see more of it. Number 100 reminded me a bit of the issue of *SF 5-Yearly* that I was too late to get. There's quite a few big names in it. You know, it was predictable back as early as 1957 that many of the big names in fandom and professional sf would devolve around a club publication in the extreme south by this date. ... As I say, your zine is more fan-oriented (when I'm actually saying it is just now) and I hope you will show me more of them.

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

Way ahead of the facts - happy holiday - count

'em—three—Thanksgiving, Christmas etc., and New Years. I still am not sure of the numbering scheme, but what the heck! Nov. would be 105 - so that would make the 106 make sense—maybe it was just me...seemed as if the numbers beyond 100 came up awfully fast. [[You think they are coming up fast for you! Trying to crank these things out on schedule is almost horrifying! We're using computers, scanners, a laserprinter, photocopiers, and some submissions come online and we always seem behind. I can't imagine how I used to put out even one mimeographed fanzine. And what Harry Warner, Lee Hoffman and others did — putting out monthly issues for years — is totally beyond my comprehension.]]

I promised myself I'd get away for Christmas - sorry Tropicon is into the new year... some day.... Judith Tarr sounds like a terrific choice as a guest.

Ah yes, Becky, aren't the trilogies of five fun? Of course, it doesn't take much to figure out why — the economics are pretty straight forward, but as the reader, it seems a bit of a cop-out...not quite playing fair.

This is the first conreport I recall reading about Necromonicon — thanks. Just knowing that Bujold has a new book coping out (MIRROR DANCE) made it worth reading (the conreport that is). (But, Ericka, a stinky cigar IS a stinky cigar—regardless of who is attached to it.) Reactor coolant? Um...er...I'm not sure I should ask...

Really enjoy the little Ranson fillos — hope she provides a batch more of them! [[I hope so too. Our files of small art is nearly gone. I think we used nearly all of your thish, too.]]

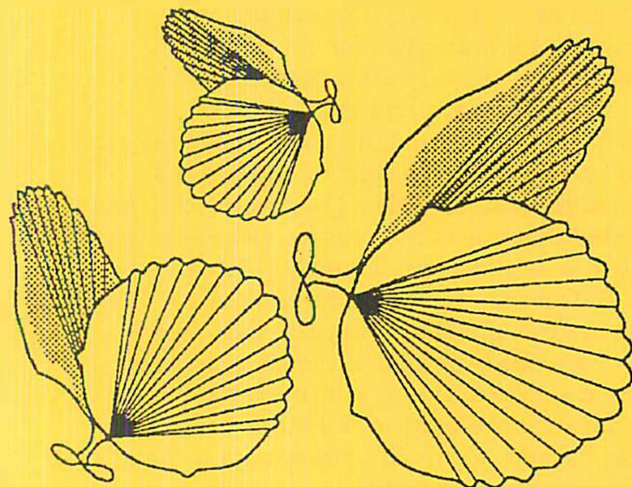
Ericka's cover is interesting. I hope she sends in more. [[You got your wish.]]

My minimal response to the lastish said I'd send along something- so a few small bits are enclosed. But, thish doesn't say you need such bits and pieces — so let me know (i.e. tick off the appropriate YAGTB if you need some next time 'round). [[Consider yourself ticked off.]]

[[We also heard from: Charles Fontenay, Lee Hoffman, Woody Bernardi, Elizabeth Garrett.]]

Moving? Party?

On December 19, an intrepid band of weak backs and strong minds got together to help George Peterson move. Peggy Dolan, Carol Porter, Joe Siclari and Edie Stern pitched in. Weak though we were, four of us helped get carloads of George to his new location, before it was quite time for lunch. Lucky for us, we ate a very late lunch. Good luck in your new location George.



REVIEWS "R" Us

Expedition, By Wayne Douglas Barlowe, Workman Publishing, Hardcover \$29.95, ISBN #0-89480-982-2. Paperback ISBN #0-89480-629-7. Review by George Peterson.

One of my pet peeves, I must confess, is SF novels that are set on distant planets and yet the flora and fauna are pretty much earth-like. Maybe few minor differences, but, for the most part, the trees are trees, the lions are lions, the tigers are tigers, the bears are ... well you get the picture. Even on our own world, we've seen some truly amazing diversity. After all, Mother Earth has produced both velociraptors and cheetahs using the same, basic vertebrate structure. Now granted that a certain amount of convergence is to be expected (the branching pattern of deciduous trees is an optimal design distributing weight and maximizing surface area), it is all too rare to find a novel sporting life that isn't just alien, but also represents a plausible alternate evolutionary pattern.

For anyone interested in seeing what a truly alien ecology might look like, I heartily recommend Wayne Barlowe's *Expedition: Being an Account in Words and Artwork of the 2358 A.D. Voyage to Darwin IV*. Barlowe's scenario is that his descendant, also named Wayne, joins an expedition conducted by friendly Extraterrestrials to visit a newly discovered life-bearing planet. And what a planet it is.

Anyone familiar with Barlowe's work knows how exquisite his paintings of non-terrestrial life can be. And here Barlowe outdoes himself. This book is just chock-full of the most alien Aliens you could imagine. From the Rayback to the Eosapian, from the Emperor Sea Striders of the Amoebic Sea to the Mummy-nest Flyer of the tundra, we get a look at a world that isn't just strange, but plausible. It is both beautiful and horrible. There are animals with four legs, three legs, one legged critters, and beasties with skids. Flyers, floaters and hoppers abound. What this world does lack is fangs; the predators on Darwin IV are liquivores, injecting their prey with digestive juices, then sucking out the liquified flesh. Nor are there any eyes; sonar and infrared sensation are the method of perception.

I won't go into too much detail here. I don't want to spoil your voyage of discovery, which is what even a brief look at this book is.

The one thing I didn't care for is Barlowe's moments of preachiness. Part of the story, slight as it is, is the Earth has pretty much been ruined by pollution and over-population. Barlowe begins by rhapsodizing about all the wonderful, now-vanished animals that once inhabited the Earth. And as he floats above the alien landscapes of Darwin IV in his "hovercone," sketching and painting the strange animals he sees, he occasionally brings the subject up. Personally, I think civilization will collapse and we'll all starve long before the Earth's ecosystem reaches the point of total collapse he envisions. Nevertheless, while I can see the point he's making, I still found it to be annoyingly heavy. But this is a minor quibble.

So check this book out, and see what a really alien world might look like. Barlowe has a true feel for both ecology and for the alien, as well as a sense of the balance between the beauty of nature and its ugliness. Darwin IV breathes and lives in these pages, and when I finished the book, I was sad that this world didn't exist and these wonderful creatures existed only in Wayne Barlowe's artistry.



Why Do Birds, by Damon Knight, Tor Books, Hardcover \$18.95, ISBN #0-312-85174-X

The End is near! Or at least that's what a large number of people currently believe. It has something to do with the approach of the year 2000 A.D. I don't know why, but people seem to put special stock in years with lots of zeros. Needless to say, there are plenty of books out with apocalyptic themes and I'm sure that more are on the way.

One that has fallen into my clutches is *Why Do Birds* by Damon Knight (fifty "cool" points to whoever remembers what song the title comes from). Damon Knight has been around for a long time and has had a major impact on the field as both a writer and an editor. From *Why Do Birds* it's easy to see why.

The cover blurb reads, "A comic novel of the destruction of the human race." And that's just what it is. Here's the scenario: it's 2002 A.D. and this guy, Ed Stone, shows up wearing old fashioned clothes, bearing out of date money and

driver's license and claiming to have been abducted by aliens in 1931, and just returned. His mission: to put the human race in a box. You see, according to the aliens, the Earth is going to be destroyed in about twelve years, and Ed has arranged to build a giant cube, over a mile on the side, containing the whole human race in suspended animation for the rescue.

Crazy, right? Ed Stone should be thrown out onto the street just like any other loony. Except, he has this magic ring. Anyone he touches with it instantly believes him, trusts him, and likes him.

Starting with this premise, *Why Do Birds* follows Ed's adventures as he goes about getting the Cube built. Once the basic idea is accepted, the actions of all the other characters follow logically, realistically and amusingly. Whether it's the practical details of where and how to build it, the public relations of getting people to get into the thing (especially since there's no known way of getting people out of suspended animation once they're in), or the actions of the villains who want to interfere for their own reasons, the characters speak and act just as you would expect.

On top of the practical questions, there is also the question of the aliens. Magic ring or no magic ring, we have only Ed's word concerning what the aliens told him. There's not even any information on how the Earth is going to be destroyed. What are the aliens up to? No one knows for sure, not even Ed. But this doesn't stop the Cube from being built, and then... Well, read the book.

Damon Knight's *Why Do Birds* is a funny, thought provoking novel that represents idea oriented science fiction at its best.



SFSFS Treasurer's Report for 1/1/93 - 11/30/93

I. SFSFS (Club only)

1992

Revenue:

Dues	1187.50	
Other	710.06	
Subtotal	\$1357.56	\$1296.70

Expenditures:

Shuttle postage	461.73	514.21
Shuttle printing	499.76	662.68
Storage	535.11	516.80
Other	190.39	64.49

Subtotal	1686.99	
Club deficit	(\$329.43)	(\$861.28)

IIA. Tropicon XI Excess Revenue \$224.01 \$1636.61

IIB. Tropicon XII

Revenue:

Prepaid reg	\$1043.00	
Prepaid art panels	104.00	
Prepaid banquets	454.00	
Prepaid dealers	560.00	
Filk Contributions	295.00	
Interest	60.67	
Other	86.10	

Subtotal \$2602.77

Total expenditures (1123.31)

TXII excess unearned revenue \$1479.46

III. Fete Reserve \$471.62

IV. Book Division

Revenue

From margins	\$ 172.16	
Collection Allow/misc	4.13	
Subtotal		\$176.29

Expenditures

ABA Membership	125.00	
Shipping/Handling	48.34	
Other	34.67	
Subtotal		\$208.01

Book Division Estimated Deficit (\$31.72)

Note: Budget comparisons are unavailable.

WANTED: FIRST ENCOUNTER EXPERIENCES!

For the March SFSFS SHUTTLE

The editor is seeking feedback from the membership. Wouldn't it be interesting to hear how we were brought into the world of fandom, be it author or artist, book or tv show, music or art piece? Share your recollections of your "SF/F Epiphany"! Responses can be sent to either the snail mail address: Shirlene Ananayo; P.O. Box 8604, Coral Gables, FL 33124; OR e-mailed via Internet to S.ANANAYO@GENIE.GEIS.COM. Deadline is February 20th, 1994.

Meetings & News

January Book Discussion Meeting

Book: *Last Call* by Tim Powers

This month the discussion will center around the works of Tim Powers, specifically his novel, *Last Call*. *Last Call* just won the World Fantasy Award for Best Novel, so this ought to be a pretty good discussion. If you've read *Last Call*, if you've read Tim Powers, or if you'd like to hear more about him, join us at the discussion meeting.

Date: January 29, 1994

Time: 7:30 PM

Place:

Home of Edie Stern & Joe Siclari
4599 NW 5th Ave., Boca Raton

Phone: 407-392-6462

Directions: Take I-95 to Boca Raton, and exit at Yamato. Head east on Yamato, and take the first three right hand turns. That's right. Turn at the first possible right; proceed down that road (4th?) until you take the first possible right (at the stop sign= 3rd avenue). Proceed down that road until you take the first possible right (5th avenue?). We are in the Spanish style house in the bend of the curve.

Next discussion: March meeting will cover Michael Creighton, Steven Spielberg and Jurassic Park. If you've seen the film or read the book, and especially if you've seen the film AND read the book, join the conversation.

Note: Book Co-op materials will be available before and after the discussion for anyone wishing to order more grist for their mill.

COAs:

Peggy Ranson
1435 Toledano
New Orleans, LA 70155

Richard Gilliam
Box 9546
Green Bay, WI 54308-9546

George Peterson
1808 NE 11 Ave., Apt 8
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305
(305) 524-1274



Science Fiction Writing Workshop Now Accepting Applications

Applications are now being accepted for the 1994 Clarion West Writer's Workshop in Seattle. This intensive six-week workshop prepares writers for professional careers in science fiction and fantasy. Only twenty students will be selected for the eleventh annual workshop, which will be held from June 19 to July 29, 1994. Instructors include Nancy Kress, Lisa Goldstein, Elizabeth Hand, Michael Swanwick, Beth Meacham, Tappan King, and Joe Haldeman. Applications should be postmarked on or before April 1, 1994, and should include 20-30 pages of typed, double-spaced original manuscript (1-2 short stories or a novel excerpt with outline), a non-refundable \$25 application fee payable to Clarion West, a cover letter outlining your reasons for wanting to attend the workshop, and completed scholarship forms if applicable. Send applications to Clarion West, Suite 350, 15th Avenue East, Seattle, WA 98112. Applicants accepted to the workshop can expect to pay tuition of \$1,095 with a \$100 reduction applied to applications postmarked before March 1, 1994. Dorm housing and college credit are available at an additional cost. Limited scholarships are available; forms should be requested in advance by writing to Clarion West or by calling 206/322-9083.

Miscellaneous Miniature Golf Scores

One of our roving Orlando correspondents reports that in the spirit of the Magicon Operating Board:

Mike Drawdy	39	42	50
Melanie Herz	45	57	61
Steve Whitmore	44	51	60

For those that weren't intimately involved with Mcon, miniature golf was our only respite between heavy duty

board sessions. It was also swell practice for the Walt Willis Enchanted Duplicator Golf course, built in the Mcon convention center. That course has been added to the collection of Bruce Pelz, requiring the construction of an additional shed. Gee, maybe we should have an annual miniature golf outing?

January - February, 1994

SFSFS Calendar

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
26	27	28	29	30	31 <u>New Year's Eve:</u>	1 <u>New Year's Day:</u>
2 <i>Charles Beaumont's Birthday:</i> <i>Isaac Asimov birthday:</i>	3	4	5	6 Tropicon set-up:	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	Tropicon 12:	
<i>Algis Budrys' Birthday:</i>	<i>George Alec Effinger's Birthday:</i>	<i>Jerome Bixby's Birthday:</i>	<i>Jack London's Birthday:</i> <i>Zach Hughes' Birthday:</i>	<i>Ron Goulart's Birthday:</i>	<i>Joseph Green's Birthday:</i>	<i>Robert Silverberg's Birthday:</i>
15 Tropicon 12:	16	17 <i>Martin Luther King Day:</i> <i>Paul O. Williams' Birthday:</i>	18 <i>Robert Anton Wilson's Birthday:</i>	19	20	21
22	23 <i>Walter Miller's Birthday:</i>	24 <i>C.L. Moore's Birthday:</i> <i>David Gerrold's Birthday:</i>	25	26	27	28
29	30 <i>Greg Benford's Birthday:</i>	31 <i>Gene DeWeese's Birthday:</i>	1 <i>Thomas Disch's Birthday:</i>	2	3	4
						5 1:00p SFSFS Monthly Meeting: Greenacres 7:30p Book Discussion: Last Call by Tim Powers

SFSFS 1994 officers:

Chair: Joe Siclari

Vice Chair: Judy Goodman

Secretary: Shirlene Ananayo

Treasurer: Peggy Ann Dolan

Other committee heads:

Book Div: Fran Mullen; Assts. Judy Bemis (others not yet appointed)

Media: Bill Wilson

Filk: Chuck Phillips

Newsletter - 3 issues each:

Joe Siclari & Edie Stern, Judy Bemis, Fran Mullen, Shirlene Ananayo (Schedule on page 19)

Tropicon 12 - Jan., 1994: Fran Mullen

Tropicon 13 - Jan., 1995: Steve Gold

Tropicon 14 - Jan., 1996: (not yet appointed)

Meeting Space: Becky Peters (4), Chuck Phillips (2), Shirlene Ananayo (2), Elaine Ashby (2), Annual Dinner, Conf. on Fantastic

Book Discussion: Edie Stern & Joe Siclari

Library: Cindy Warmuth, Assts. Shirlene Ananayo

Travelling Fete 4 - 1994: (not yet appointed) (possibly move Fete to Sept. or Nov.)

Travelling Fete 5 - 1995: (not yet appointed)

Programs: Edie Stern (others to be appointed)

Creative Writing: none

Chairman's Administrative Asst.: Judy Bemis

SFSFS Shuttle: 1994 Schedule

Month/Issue	Editor	Deadline	Mailed
Jan/94, #106	Edie Stern & Joe Siclari	12/15/1993	Tropicon 12
February, #107	Judy Bemis	1/15/94	1/28/94
March, #108	Shirlene Ananayo	2/15	2/25
April, #109	Fran Mullen	3/15	3/28
May, #110	Edie Stern & Joe Siclari	4/15	4/28
June, #111	Judy Bemis	5/15	5/28
July, #112	Shirlene Ananayo	6/15	6/28
August, #113	Fran Mullen	7/15	7/28
September, #114	Shirlene Ananayo	8/15	8/28
October, #115	Edie Stern & Joe Siclari	9/15	9/28
November, #116	Judy Bemis	10/15	10/28
December, #117	Fran Mullen	11/15	11/28
Jan/95, #118	Edie Stern & Joe Siclari ???	12/15/1994	12/28/94

Any questions or changes, contact Joe Siclari.

Editor contacts:

Edie Stern & Joe Siclari, 4599 NW 5 Ave., Boca Raton, FL 33431-4601. Phone: 407-392-6462.

Online: CompuServe: 71450,171; GENie: J.Siclari1

Judy Bemis, 1745 N.W. 4 Ave., #5, Boca Raton, FL 33432-1545. Phone: 407-391-4380.

Online: CompuServe: 70376,542

Shirlene Ananayo, 7240 SW 63 Ave., South Miami, FL 33143. Phone: 305-662-9426.

Online: GENie: S.Ananayo; Internet: SANANAYO@UMIAMIVM.IR.MIAMI.EDU

Fran Mullen, P. O. Box 840344, Pembroke Pines, FL 33084-0344. Phone: 305-929-5815.

Online: CompuServe: 72124,1626 GENie: F.Mullen

1994 SFSFS Membership Renewal/Application Form

Please make checks payable to SFSFS and send to

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

Name: _____ Birthday (optional): _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip Code: _____

Phone(s): Home _____ Work _____

Interests: _____

Dues for all of 1994:

_____ Regular (voting members)	\$20
_____ General (new members & non-voting members)	\$15
_____ Subscribing (get only the <i>SFSFS Shuttle</i>)	\$12
_____ Child (up to age 12 and only with a paid adult member)	\$1
_____ Upgrade from paid-up General member to Regular:	\$5
(must have attended 3 meetings)	

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

YOU'RE GETTING THIS BECAUSE:

- _____ YOU ARE HELD IN GREAT ESTEEM BY SFSFS
- _____ YOU WANT TO CLAIM A PLANET FOR BROOKLYN!
- _____ YOU'VE CONTRIBUTED SOMETHING
- _____ WE WOULD REALLY LIKE YOU TO CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING FOR
OUR NEXT ISSUE, #110! DEADLINE IS APRIL 15, 1994
- _____ TRADE FOR YOUR ZINE
- _____ YOU ARE A MEMBER OF THE WAYNE WOODWARD APPRECIATION
SOCIETY. YOU HAVE GOOD TASTE.
- _____ 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 LOVE YOUR FELLOW MAN, BUT YNGVI IS A LOUSE!
- _____ YOU ARE A MEMBER OF SFSFS

Contributions: Write or draw something!

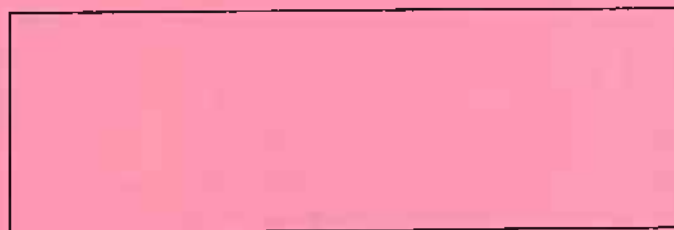
Still another reminder.

Contributions for Shuttle #110 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.

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