



SOUTH FLORIDA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

POST OFFICE BOX 70143
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33307

Shuttle 110 Cargo Manifest

Remember!
Book Co-op materials will be available before and after most meetings for anyone wishing to order books.

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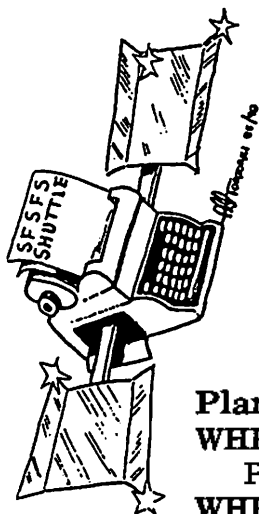
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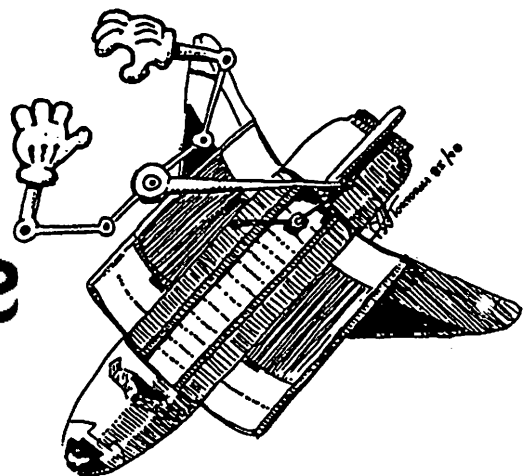
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The SFSFS Shuttle #110 — May, 1994

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



Planetarium & Science Museum Visit

WHERE: Museum of Science, and Space Transit
Planetarium, Miami

WHEN: May 21 at 2PM, at the Picnic Area

ADMISSION REQUIRED:

\$4 for adults, \$2 for 12 and under.

Planetarium additional entrance fee (optional)

\$4.25 for adults, \$2 for younger

DIRECTIONS: Take I-95 south to the end, where it will merge into US 1.

The entrance to the Miami Museum of Science is on the left, approximately a quarter-mile from the off-ramp of I-95.

The May meeting of SFSFS is in Dade County, at Miami's Museum of Science. We have the picnic area reserved for the business meeting, but the main attraction is the Museum exposition of Robobugs, as well as the regular hands-on exhibits.

For those who like to see planetarium shows, the presentations are *Child of the Universe* and *How to Know the Stars of Spring*.

If you prefer your stars live, the telescope and observatory are open at 8PM; if you prefer your lights closer, the laser shows will begin at 9:30 pm.

April meeting revisited

About 25 SFSFSans descended on the West Palm Book Fest for the April meeting. In addition to a large dealer type room, filled with many a volume of curious and forgotten lore, there were author signings, readings, and panel discussions underway in various nearby halls. Writers' organizations were well represented, with mystery writers, romance writers and other specialties manning tables for their groups.

The April meeting centered around *Edgar*, a one hour production on the life of Edgar Allan Poe, by Jack Yuken. *Edgar* was presented by Nationsbank and The Palm Beach Shakespeare Festival, and directed by Kermit Christman. It was well done indeed, and evoked an unexpected intensity in the audience. The players and the audience were all on a level, with the audience sitting in a semicircle around the staging area. About half

of SFSFS had center seats (including mine in the first row), and it seemed as if they were playing directly to us.

Poe, with all his feverish intensity, was well played by Kevin Crawford. The action of the play took place in Poe's mind, and interspersed biographic events with bits and pieces of Poe's works. R.A. Smith portrayed the Ghosts of Poe's Men, male figures from his life that ranged from his critics to his stepfather. Heidi Harris did an excellent job as the Ghosts of Poe's Women, of which he had a multitude. And the lost Lenore was silently portrayed by Gwilda Bartin. *Edgar* is dedicated to the memory of Vincent Price.

The play has received good notice, and may be moving to New York. Book Fest has had a production by the Palm Beach Shakespeare Festival for several years now, and if this is any indication, it's a shame to miss any of them.

After the play, and after everyone had caught their breath again, a short business meeting was held, and the SF hordes descended again on the bookroom. A small informal group of 24 met for dinner at the Delray Beach Outback restaurant, where unprecedented numbers of tables were mashed together to allow for nearly contiguous seating. Dinner conversations ranged from WWII and nuclear weapons on one end, to retaking the *MagiCon* beachheads at Orlando on the other. The party then moved to Boca, where it continued until the small hours with an impromptu filk, and smof session.

EDIE-TORIAL

It's May, which according to Lerner and Loewe is the "time for every frivolous whim, proper or im". It's also the time for sapodillas, carambolas, and other door yard fruit, and the time that the South Florida tourist season has sputtered to an end.

We're developing quite an SF cultural season here. With the Miami Book Fair in November, Tropicón in January, the West Palm Book Fest moving to February, and the Conference on the Fantastic in March, we have an active winter season. Now, with Worldcon over Labor Day, and the Travelling Fete to relax with in the summer (hint, hint, hint Joe), not to mention other Florida events, we can be as busy as we like. Of course, science fiction fandom has always been a participatory sport. We make our own events, and our own fun. If you really want to be busy with SF, volunteer to edit an issue of the Shuttle! (Or do book reviews, letters of comment, artwork, etc.) Isn't amazing how every topic turns into a shameless plug?

I've just enjoyed a particularly frivolous whim. A good friend of mine was grouching about turning 50 last month; there's something about that number that's even more alarming than 30 and 40. So, ever helpful as I am, I decided to send him what I hoped would be a memorable present.

By the time one reaches F*!F*T*Y, one has lots of knickknacks, collectibles and dustables. I didn't want to add to that. It occurred to me that there were lots of celebrations of age and decrepitude in song, and that a private concert might be just the trick on the vicissitudes of aging. I tracked down Kathy Mar on a trip to Canada, and asked her to help.

There were some false starts. My friend's wife had already planned a surprise party for him at a local restaurant. The restaurant didn't want a singer interrupting dinners. There was a possibility of having Kathy show up at his work, but he's an executive and it didn't seem right to embarrass him that publicly. Finally, the conspiracy was set.

The day AFTER the birthday, Kathy showed up with guitar, a bouquet of flowers (thanks Kathy!), and a false-teeth windup-toy. It came off wonderfully well, if the phone call and e-mail I received are any indication. I am vastly entertained, frivolous though it might be, and only wonder exactly how virulent a rendition of "When I'm 64" can be. Thanks for your help Luanne. And Charlie —now EVERYBODY knows how old you are!

Enjoy your May and get ready for the heat of summer. May all your air conditioning bills be little ones, and the book division always be able to get the books you want.

Cheers...Edie

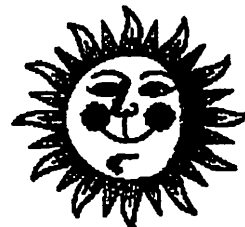
P. S. In case anyone is wondering about sapodillas, they are tropical fruits, originally from the Caribbean, that have the consistency, and a little of the taste, of spiced pears. The trees have a beautiful habit of growth, and make lovely shade. Unfortunately, they are not useful as shade trees. Sap from the sapodilla is what was originally used to make chidets. It is incredibly sticky, and doesn't want to come off. Don't park under them!

Our sapodilla has also made us unexpectedly popular. In the last couple of weeks, an unusual stream of supplicants have come to the door. From an elegant lady in a red Mercedes, to a road resurfacing crew, to a gentlemen who had no English, and more, we have had all kinds of strangers offering to pick our tree and eat our fruit. One gentleman offered to buy them all. Somehow these folks seem to think we don't have any idea of what the fruit is for; they keep offering to make it go away.

It was almost a relief when an Oriental couple knocked at the door and made comments about our longan instead. (That's a more consistently bearing version of a lychee.) As you may have guessed, Joe and I had a fling at tropical and subtropical fruits. Did you ever here of a keppel apple? They're Indian, and at one time were restricted to only the royal family. Keppel apples have the unique property of making one's bodily byproducts smell like violets, and it was deemed inappropriate for all but royalty. And you thought fruit was boring...

THE South Florida Science Fiction Convention

Tropicon 13



"Tropicon Comes Of Age"

January 6 - 8, 1995

Guests of Honor:

Kristine Kathryn Rusch (Author)

Jael (Artist)

Special Filk Guest: To Be Announced

Location: Palm Beach Airport Hilton
West Palm Beach, FL
Rooms: \$59 per night (single-quad)
Phone: (407) 684-9400

(please mention South Florida Science Fiction Society)

Memberships: \$18 through May 31, 1994
(higher afterward)



To register, or for more information, write:
Tropicon 13
c/o SFSFS
P.O. Box 70143
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307

Please make checks payable to:
South Florida Science Fiction Society

Tropicon is sponsored by the South Florida Science Fiction Society,
a 501(c)(3) not-for-profit educational and literary society.

1994 HUGO AND CAMPBELL AWARD NOMINEES

ConAdian, the 52nd World Science Fiction Convention, has released the nominees for the 1994 Hugo Awards and John W. Campbell Award. The winners will be presented at a ceremony at ConAdian in Winnipeg, Manitoba, on Saturday, September 3, 1994. The nominees that follow were chosen by popular vote by 649 members of ConAdian or ConFrancisco (the 51st World Science Fiction Convention) who submitted valid nominating ballots. The nomination ballots were counted and verified by the ConAdian Hugo Administrators, David Bratman and Seth Goldberg. The final ballots will be sent to ConAdian members in Progress Report no. 6, due to be mailed in May. The ballot will also be available online on CompuServe, GENie, and Usenet. Only attending and supporting members of ConAdian are eligible to vote. Ballots must be postmarked by July 31 and received by August 6 to be counted, and must be mailed to: 1994 Hugo Awards, Seth Goldberg, Voting Administrator, P.O. Box 271986, Concord, California, 94527-1986, U.S.A. Until July 15, ConAdian memberships are available for US\$125/Cdn\$165 attending or US\$25/Cdn\$30 supporting from ConAdian, P.O. Box 2430, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 4A7, Canada.

Best Novel

Moving Mars, by Greg Bear (Tor)
 Glory Season, by David Brin (Bantam Spectra)
 Virtual Light, by William Gibson (Bantam Spectra)
 Beggars in Spain, by Nancy Kress (Morrow Avonova)
 Green Mars, by Kim Stanley Robinson (HarperCollins UK; Bantam Spectra US)
 No Award

Best Novella

"The Night We Buried Road Dog", by Jack Cady (F&SF, January 1993)
 "Mefisto in Onyx", by Harlan Ellison (Omni, October 1993; Mark V. Ziesing)
 "An American Childhood", by Pat Murphy (Asimov's, April 1993)
 "Into the Miranda Rift", by G. David Nordley (Analog, July 1993)
 "Down in the Bottomlands", by Harry Turtledove (Analog, January 1993)
 "Wall, Stone, Craft", by Walter Jon Williams (F&SF, October/November 1993; Axolotl)
 No Award

Best Novelette

"The Shadow Knows", by Terry Bisson (Asimov's, September 1993; Bears Discover Fire (Tor))
 "The Franchise", by John Kessel (Asimov's, August 1993)
 "Dancing on Air", by Nancy Kress (Asimov's, July 1993)
 "Georgia on My Mind", by Charles Sheffield (Analog, January 1993)
 "Deep Eddy", by Bruce Sterling (Asimov's, August 1993)
 No Award

Best Short Story

"England Underway", by Terry Bisson (Omni, July 1993; Bears Discover Fire (Tor))
 "The Good Pup", by Bridget McKenna (F&SF, March 1993)
 "Mwalimu in the Squared Circle", by Mike Resnick (Asimov's, March 1993; Alternate Warriors (Tor))
 "The Story So Far", by Martha Soukup (Full Spectrum 4 (Bantam Spectra))
 "Death on the Nile", by Connie Willis (Asimov's, March 1993)
 No Award

Best Non-Fiction Book

Once Around the Bloch: An Unauthorized Autobiography, by Robert Bloch (Tor)
 The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction, edited by John Clute & Peter Nicholls (Orbit UK; St. Martin's US)
 PITFCS: Proceedings of the Institute for Twenty-First Century Studies, ed. by Theodore R. Cogswell (Advent)
 Understanding Comics: The Invisible Art, by Scott McCloud (Tundra; Kitchen Sink; Harper Perennial)
 The Art of Michael Whelan: Scenes/Visions, by Michael Whelan (Bantam Spectra)
 No Award

Best Dramatic Presentation

Addams Family Values (Paramount Pictures); Producer, Scott Rudin; Director, Barry Sonnenfeld; Screenwriter, Paul Rudnick
 "The Gathering" (Babylon 5) (Warner Brothers); Executive producers, Douglas Netter & J. Michael Straczynski; Director, Richard Compton; Writer, J. Michael Straczynski
 Groundhog Day (Columbia Pictures); Producers, Trevor Albert & Harold Ramis; Director, Harold Ramis; Screenwriters, Danny Rubin & Harold Ramis
 Jurassic Park (Universal); Producers, Kathleen Kennedy & Gerald R. Malen; Director, Steven Spielberg; Screenwriters, Michael Crichton & David Koepp
 The Nightmare Before Christmas (Touchstone Pictures); Producers, Tim Burton & Denise DiNovi; Director, Henry Selick; Screenwriter, Caroline Thompson
 No Award

Best Professional Editor

Ellen Datlow
 Gardner Dozois
 Mike Resnick
 Kristine Kathryn Rusch
 Stanley Schmidt
 No Award

Best Professional Artist

Thomas Canty
 David Cherry
 Bob Eggleton
 Don Maitz
 Michael Whelan
 No Award



Best Original Artwork

Cover of F&SF, Oct./Nov.1993 (illustrating "The Little Things", B. McKenna), by Thomas Canty

Space Fantasy Commemorative Stamp Booklet, by Stephen Hickman (U.S. Postal Service)

Cover of Asimov's, November 1993 (illustrating "Cold Iron", M. Swanwick), by Keith Parkinson

No Award

Best Semi-Prozine

Interzone, edited by David Pringle

Locus, edited by Charles N. Brown

The New York Review of Science Fiction, edited by David G. Hartwell, Donald G. Keller, Robert K.J. Killheffer, and Gordon Van Gelder

Pulphouse, edited by Dean Wesley Smith and Jonathan E. Bond

Science Fiction Chronicle, edited by Andrew Porter

Tomorrow Speculative Fiction, edited by Algis Budrys

No Award

Best Fanzine

Ansible, edited by Dave Langford

File 770, edited by Mike Glyer

Lan's Lantern, edited by George "Lan" Laskowski

Mimosa, edited by Dick and Nicki Lynch

Stet, edited by Leah Zeldes Smith and Dick Smith

No Award

Best Fan Writer

Sharon Farber

Mike Glyer

Andy Hooper

Dave Langford

Evelyn C. Leeper

No Award

Best Fan Artist

Brad W. Foster

Teddy Harvia

Linda Michaels

Peggy Ranson

William Rotsler

Stu Shiffman

No Award

John W. Campbell Award for Best New Science Fiction Writer of 1992-1993

(sponsored by Dell Magazines)

Holly Lisle (2nd year of eligibility)

Jack Nimmersheim (2nd year of eligibility)

Carrie Richerson (2nd year of eligibility)

Amy Thomson (1st year of eligibility)

Elizabeth Willey (1st year of eligibility)

No Award

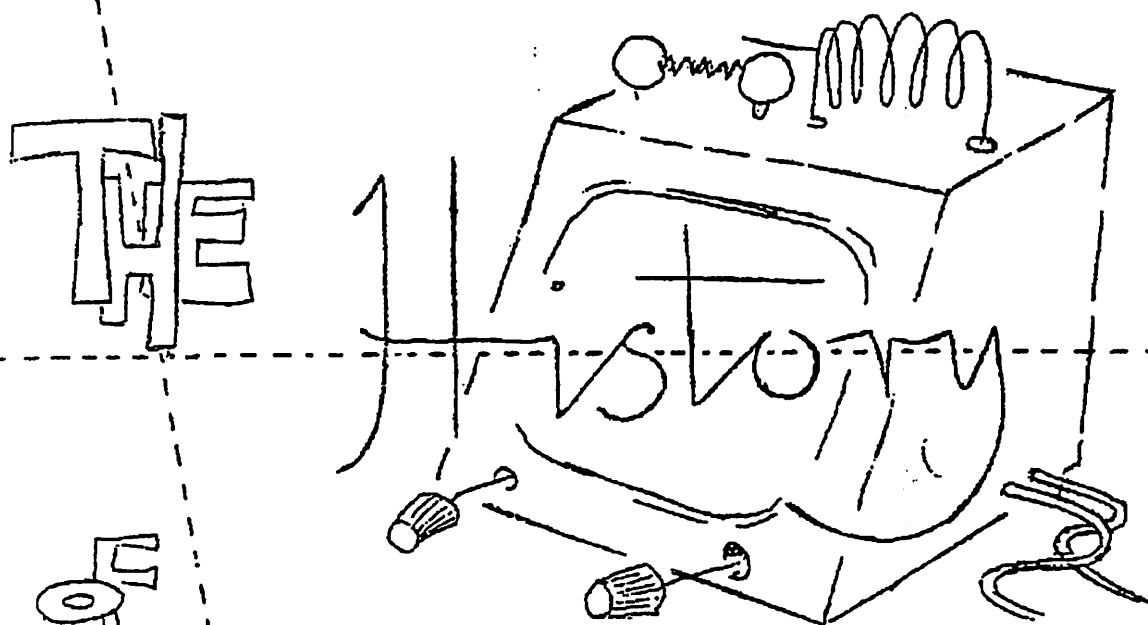
In some categories more than 5 nominees appear due to tie votes. In the "Original Artwork" category only 3 nominees appear, as no other candidates appeared on at least 5% of the ballots cast in that category, as required by Section 2.6 of the WSFS Constitution for 4th and 5th nominees.

Owing to a severe disparity among the short fiction categories in the number of nominations received by the leading candidates, to achieve a fairer balance the administrators exercised the option provided by Section 2.2.1 of the WSFS Constitution to relocate stories within 5,000 words of the category limits into adjacent categories. Three stories were relocated: "Dancing on Air" to Novelette from Novella; "Death on the Nile" and "England Underway" to Short Story from Novelette. As a result of this relocation, the threshold for appearing on the ballot in all three short fiction categories is the same: 28 nominations. (What is now the 5th place short story received 35 nominations, but no short story received between 28 and 34 nominations.) If no relocation had been made, the threshold would have varied from 28 to 60 nominations (a range of 32), and two stories with 28 or more nominations would not have appeared on the ballot.

Hard Landing, by Algis Budrys (Warner Questar), received enough votes to be nominated for Best Novel, but was ruled ineligible due to having first been published in magazine format in 1992. Nicola Griffith received enough votes to be nominated for the John W. Campbell Award, but was ruled ineligible due to professional publication of fiction in the science fiction and fantasy field prior to 1992.



The Ghost of Fandom Past:




(From *Hyphen* 23, November, 1959)

I made three previous attempts to write my part of this history: none of them seemed any good and I tore them up. This period of futile effort wasted about a month and I was beginning to get worried, even though Gibbon took twenty years to write his "Decline and Fall" — there's a limit to how far you can stretch a fanzine deadline.

Then I realised that the conventional approach to history, the narrative style, was totally unsuited to the fitful fervour, somewhat akin to the last gasps of an expiring candle, of the workings of my mind. What I needed was some way of flashing back to the events so that I could write a little series of vignettes about them. Having so decided I seized my TV set, spot welded a few busbars and things and then, using a soldering iron sold me by Don Channing, I hooked in a desk calendar and one of those little pencil sharpener globes of the world.

Come with me now as I warm my timeviewer up. I will focus it on the night I entered Irish Fandom; using the mechanical calendar and then selecting Walt Willis's house on the globe I'll tune in on that great occasion. As I recall, I was looking pretty sharp that night: I distinctly remember I was on top form at making puns and jokes too. I must have made an excellent impression on Walt....ah, the picture is forming now. Here we are late in 1950 outside Oblique House...Aaarrggghhhh! Something

must be wrong. Who is that weird-looking being with the shabby old raincoat munching at a bag of chips as he walks up the path? Okay, I'll keep quiet and let you hear what happens....



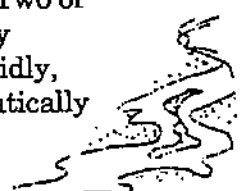
The dimly seen figure halts at the front door, peers at the number and then finishes his chips, showing that he is both thrifty and clean by chewing up the bag to extract any vinegar and salt that may have been absorbed into it, and then carefully licking his fingers. Next he rings the doorbell and waits. Next he knocks the knocker and waits. Next he rings the bell and knocks the knocker at the same time and waits. Next he rings, knocks, kicks and bangs his head against the door and waits. Finally, bruised and beaten he turns away from the unresponsive door and begins to shamle off down the path when suddenly the door is flung open and a tall figure is limned in yellow light from inside.

"Did you knock?" Walt Willis says.

Overawed, the shabby figure goes, "I...I..that is if...washed my hair last night....I hope..."


"You must be Bob Shaw," Walt says. "I got your name from Ken Slater. Won't you come in?"

Still emitting inarticulate sounds the shabby figure enters the house. Two or three hours go by, during which he is seen briefly at the windows excitedly waving handfuls of science fiction magazines and sandwiches, talking rapidly, describing orbits and spaceship trajectories with his hands. He looks ecstatically happy. He is.



Click.

Well, that's enough of that. I cannot bear to watch such neofannish behaviour. I read right through Walt's collection after that and cured my hunger for sf, meanwhile helping Walt & James White to print the famous *Slant*, eating Madeleine's tasty cooking, doing linocuts and getting rid of all the pent up fantalk I'd been storing up all the time I thought I was the only lover of sf in the world. Soon the time of my first convention rolled around. It was the '51 Festival Convention in London. By that time I had developed into a suave, self-possessed type of fan with lots of *savoir faire*. Yes, I was a pretty good representative of Irish Fandom...I'll just tune in on The Epicentre, the famous flat inhabited by Vince Clarke and Ken Bulmer at that time....




The scene is a long narrow room filled with fannish looking people all of whom are listening to Vince give a lecture on early British sf magazines. There is James White, Walt & Madeleine Willis, Ken Bulmer — all looking like ideal fans...cool, humorous, interesting. Suddenly a hitherto unseen figure with a red face, untidy hair and tie turned with the knot to the side like a hangman's noose struggles out of the depths of a chair. "Whersha toilet?" the apparition demands. It has obviously been drinking.

"Turn right as you go out through the door," Ken says. "And don't make any noise, Bob. The landlady is very strict about noise late at night."

The apparition gives him a reproachful glance. "I never make noises," it says, "and I remember now that the toilet is straight ahead as you go out through the door."

"No, no," the others chorus, "that's the stairs!"

Flinging them a glance of mingled pity and contempt the apparition opens the door, repeats its remark about never making any noise and marches straight ahead. With absolute faith in its memory it ignores what seems to me a descend-



ing flight of stairs and continues on its course. Its heels skid off the nosing of the first step and onto the next and so on, and with a noise like a prolonged artillery salvo the apparition, standing at attention and looking baffled, slowly disappears from view.

Click.

Ahem!...funny how these little events slip from your memory. I'm beginning to wonder if I have this thing hooked up right, or perhaps it is like a tape recorder. Those things can only pick up certain ranges of my voice with the result that they make me sound like a harmless idiot. A dangerous idiot would not be too bad because people at least take notice of them, but a harmless idiot is an awful thing to sound like.

Meanwhile, back at the wretch. After the Festicon we returned to the quiet fanac we had been accustomed to, then we founded *Hyphen*. At first putting out a duplicated fanzine seemed very little trouble, but *Hyphen* was on a much more frequent schedule than *Slant* and we had to work pretty hard. As usual when there was work to be done I was right in there, slogging away, never sparing myself, blood and sweat and so forth....What a *worker*! Sometimes I feel thankful I didn't impair my health. Here it comes now...

The scene is the fan attic at Oblique House. The room, although located at the front of the house, is a bustle of activity — James and Walt are walking around a table gathering duplicated sheets, George is stapling them with powerful blows on the HMSO stapler, Madeleine is writing addresses. One untidy figure is slouched in the armchair, contemplating the ceiling with an expression slightly reminiscent of Simon Stylites deciding to add another ten feet to his tower.

"How about helping gather the magazine?" Walter says hopefully.

"*The Goon Show*," the figure exclaims irritably. "I never work during *The Goon Show*."

"But the Goons went off two hours ago," somebody points out.

"The echoes of their exquisite humour are still fresh in my memory. I can't work with the echoes of their exquisite humour still fresh in my memory. What do you think I am?"

There follow faint gasping sounds coming from a number of impulses which have just been stifled. "Well, how about doing some addresses or helping George on the stapler?" James says.

The reclining figure considers this for a moment, then with an expression of infinite weariness on its face it rises, goes to the table, shambles around it several times lifting sheets, gives vent to shrieks of laughter every time it comes to a sheet with the Glass Bushel on it, then collapses into a chair.

"I tried," it says weakly, "you all saw me try, but I haven't had a bite to eat since tea time and I'm feeling quite faint."

It sprawls there for another half hour moaning feebly at times and complaining about how hard it has to work during the day, the rising cost of beer, the refusal of its bicycle to run for more than a day at a time....

Finally the work is finished and James says, "How about some ghoddminton?"

Gibbering with enthusiasm, eyes shining brilliantly, the figure bounds out of the chair, seizes a bat and commences to do vigorous setting up exercises, all the time shouting, "Okay, who's first? Who's going to risk a game against El Toro? Eh? Scared, eh?"

With resigned expressions on their faces the others pick up their bats and take their places...

Click.

Look, no matter what that thing says, I distinctly remember doing lots of work on *Hyphen*. We turned out quite a few issues, then James and I began to sell pro stories, then we all went to another convention in Manchester in '54, then I got married to Sadie and then....*domm da DUMM DOMM!*....John Berry showed up.

Looking back over that last sentence I see that it gives the impression that John was the offspring of my marriage, but this was not the case. Sadie and I had nothing to do with it. I'll just see if I can tune in that momentous occasion....

Again the scene is the Oblique House fan attic. The room is full of fans who are waiting, waiting, waiting. From the stairs is heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Once the sound of footsteps is replaced by the sound of somebody stumbling, falling back a few steps and muttering, "Suffering catfish." Suddenly the door opens and John Berry enters, he turns his head to survey the room and the end of his moustache crashes into the para-temporal, non-space, multi-dimensional, hypertensional lens of the timeviewer.

SPLAT!

Pardon me while I throw this heap of semi-molten, smoking metal into the garbage pail. Well, to sum up all the stuff I have written, since I entered Irish Fandom I have had a great time and I'm looking forward to a lot more of the same.

Somebody else will have to take over this history now — you see, I haven't had a bite since tea time and I'm feeling quite faint.

TREK HAPPENING III

GUESTS

JOHN VORNHOLT

Trek, Fantasy, Children's Author

DENNIS BAILEY

Writer of TNG Episodes:
Tim Man and First Contact

DATE: August 6, 1994

LOCATION: BCC / S. REGIONAL LIBRARY

Pembroke Pines, FL

HOURS: 9am to 4pm, Dealer Setup @ 6am

We recognize that there have been space problems for the dealers in the past two years. Again, we are changing the dealer room layout in an attempt to find something that works well for everyone. As in the first year, all Trek Happening events will take place in the library building. NO MORE GOING OUTSIDE!

This year, dealer tables will be spread throughout the library itself, with events taking place at all ends of the library in an attempt to encourage the flow of traffic.

Please note, we have gone back to the one day format. Let's work together to make Trek Happening III another successful event.

Please direct any questions to:

Marge Robles
6635 W. Commercial Blvd.
Tamarac, FL 33319
(305) 720-8480

Is There Intelligent Life on Earth?

CARL SAGAN SPEAKS AT FAU

By Carol Porter

Did you know that 25% of Americans don't know that the earth orbits the sun? Perhaps you also didn't realize that the teachings of Copernicus and Galileo were considered highly controversial, and the two scientists were strongly discouraged from voicing their observations, however well-researched, that the sun is the center of our galaxy, and not the earth. Copernicus' writings were not published until after his death, and then an introduction to the book was added explaining that Copernicus was targeting his theory only to mathematicians. Galileo fared worse. Old man that he was, he was shown the church's gallery of torture devices and then put under house arrest for the rest of his life.

Carl Sagan, well-renowned author, lecturer, and teacher pondered the reasons behind this self-delusional thinking of the middle ages in front of an audience of 200-300 people on March 18, 1994 at Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton. His topic, "Is There Intelligent Life on Earth," was both humorous, and at times, a very serious look at the foibles of humans, who despite evidence to the contrary, believe they are the center of the universe. Sagan listed a series of scientific discoveries through a span of 400 years that clearly showed that Earth was not at the center. Our own planet, he dryly said, is on the "periphery of the Milky Way galaxy, in the galactic boondocks." Humans, he felt, craved significance and importance, which is the reason why most religions and even our everyday language still place the earth at the center of everything. For example, Sagan pointed out, our use of the words sunrise and sunset? The sun does not rise and does not set, but we still speak of it as if it did.

"This is very comforting," he explained, "If that were true, that means without us having to do anything, we have great significance, not because of any action of our own, but just by being human."

He quickly discredited this idea as well by telling the audience that we share 93.6% of our genes with chimpanzees. He suggested that if at any time we felt we were better than any of the other animals on the planet, we should go to the

zoo and look at our ancestors with whom we share a common ancestor of only a few billion years ago.

Sagan suggested that we consider the perspective of aliens who might discover our planet and want to know if it supported intelligent life. He proposed that through their own technology they learned that there was life here, but that it was slowly destroying the planet by producing disturbing amounts of poisonous and greenhouse gases. He asked whether the aliens would still think we were intelligent. "Don't these beings (humans) know what they're doing?" he wondered.

He felt if we really wanted to prove our intelligence we should do something about the destruction we are causing this planet — the depletion of the ozone layer, the pollution, and the burning of irreplaceable forests.

"Let's do something important," He said. "Let's improve the planet; let's improve our well-being. Let's understand what we're doing to the environment. Let's make the world worthy of our children."

He asked the audience to think of our planet as a dot, much as it appears on his slides, taken when the Galileo probe's cameras were turned back to Earth from Neptune. At this point, he waxed poetic and spoke of the desperate need to save our planet from what he strongly felt was careless destruction.

"That's where everybody you know, everybody you love, everybody you ever heard of lived out their lives, every peasant and poet, every couple in love, every hopeful young child, the greatest inventors, the most despicable malefactors, the pioneers of ethics, the corrupt politicians, all of us lived out our lives. Think of the conquerors, the emperors who spilled rivers of blood in order to be the temporary masters of a corner of a dot. This is a useful perspective. For me, the pale blue dot says fragility, vulnerability. It is exquisitely sensitive to the depredations of the highly technological kind of species. It speaks of the urgent need to work together, to preserve the only home our species has ever known."

REVIEWS "R" Us:

Enlightenment and Entertainment by George Peterson

Fossil by Hal Clement

DAW Books, Inc.

Paperback: \$4.99, ISBN #0-88677-573-6

Forests of the Night by S. Andrew Swann

DAW Books, Inc.

Paperback: \$3.99, ISBN #0-88677-565-5

The Mind Pool by Charles Sheffield

Baen Books

Paperback: \$4.99, ISBN #0-671-72165-8



It tends to be frustrating, but from time to time the search comes to fruition. I cannot speak for others, but for me, reading speculative fiction is always something of a quest for a perfect blending of the interesting idea, and the proverbial 'good read'. I was always taught that good literature meant the synthesis of Enlightenment and Entertainment.

I've got three books, here, which illustrate my point.

There was a time when problem oriented science fiction was the state of the art in the field. In story after story, the characters were presented with some problem, or mystery which they had to solve. Characterization and style were secondary. I always thought it a bit odd that John Campbell went so many years claiming you couldn't write an SF mystery, when a lot of the stories he was publishing were basically mysteries. Later on, as we moved into the late fifties and sixties, character, style and sophisticated plotting became much more important. Hard, problem solving SF has become just one facet of a very diverse field.

Hal Clement comes out of this old and still respectable tradition. Indeed, Clement is almost the archetype of the "Hard Science Fiction" writer. Nor is it at all surprising that Hal is credited with having written the first SF mystery: *Needle*. And he is still working in this area of the field.

In *Fossil*, Clement's latest novel, he has set up a bunch of interesting problems. First up: how do you do paleontology on a planet made of Ice? There are practically no radioactives that came be used for long range (more than 35-50,000 years) dating, nor is there any real geological strata.

This is the problem for the researchers investigating the origins of the inhabitants of Habranha. The insectoid Habras have a body chemistry very different from most other life forms on the planet, which indicates another origin. Normally this would be of only academic interest to anyone other than the natives. However, for centuries, the six starfaring races: the Samians (described as a large "featureless slab of leathery-looking meat"), the flying Crotonites, the serpentine Naxians, the Locrians, sea-going Cephalonians, and Erthumoi (humans), have been finding artifacts left behind by a mysterious seventh race. Since the Habras may have come from somewhere else, are they descendants of the Seventh Race?

There are further complications because many extremist groups among the Six claim descent from the Seventh, usually for religious reasons.

When a truck shows up at Pitville, the site of the main dig, running on automatic pilot and carrying the fossilized remains of an ancient Habra, it triggers an investigation by Safety Officer Hugh Cedar. Where did it come from? Where are the driver and passengers? And where did the fossil come from? And what does the fossil mean to the team's investigations? Hugh, with the help of his wife, Janice, and his friends, Rekchellet, a Crotonite, and S'Nash, a Naxian, tries to find out what happened.

Needless to say, things become steadily more complicated as the novel progresses and the many ulterior motives come to light.

Clement is a not great stylist, and his characterization is adequate. But the trouble I had with this book was a matter of pacing. It is very dryly and matter-of-factly written. There isn't much suspense, and where there is, Clement doesn't make good use of it. Even the opening scene, where a Samian tries to ski, supposedly played for laughs, doesn't have the impact it should. By the time the answer to the questions comes clear, I didn't care all that much. In the same way, *Fossil* doesn't have much of an ending. There's no real confrontation with the villain, and the novel just sort of stops. Granted, all the loose ends are pretty much tied up, but I still couldn't help thinking, "Okay. So?"

On the other hand, interesting ideas abound. Hal's non-humans, for instance, are good. Harlan Ellison once made a crack that if Hollywood thought

that all you had to do to make an alien was shave a woman's head, then Hal Clement would never work in movies. Tired of universes where the aliens look like humans with bumps and everyone speaks English, I found *Fossil* refreshing. Much of what complicates the novel are the problems and advantages of very different creatures working together to achieve an end. The protagonist, Hugh Cedar, shows himself to be an expert at utilizing the various talents of his non-human associates.

The Clement talents of extrapolation appear, not only in the plot, but in every detail on the setting. In order to operate at the enormous depths and pressures, involved with the "dig", Hugh and Janice have to spend most of the novel in armored suits, breathing diving fluid. Communication is achieved by entering information into translator units. Nor do members of the various Races all speak the same language. A difficulty arises because Rekchellet does not speak the same language as another Crotonite. The Naxians have the ability to read emotions, but Clement doesn't just pass this off as a mere "psychic" power.

On the whole, I give *Fossil* thumbs up. The problems with the book are balanced by the treasures, which made it interesting enough to keep going.

I had no problem, on the other hand, keeping involved with S. Andrew Swann's *Forests of the Night*. It is a fast paced, hard boiled detective story. Not as full of ideas and interesting landscape as *Fossil*, it has plenty of get up and go.

Private-eye Nohar Rajasthan has just had his latest client blown away right in front of him, before paying up. Broke, with the bills coming due, he finds himself taking the kind of case he would normally avoid: looking into the assassination of a human. You see Nohar is a tiger.

Set in the not-too-distant future, *Forests* starts with the premise that genetic engineering has allowed us to create sentient, humanoid beings out of various animal species. There are dogs, cats, rabbits, bears, and other animals who have been made into people. Most of them were created for military purposes, or for doing work too dangerous or disgusting for humans. Now, after wars and riots and political change, they have received semi-citizenship in many societies, including the US. Needless to say, they're the new third-class minority.

Nohar generally keeps clear of "pinks" (humans) and their business; he chooses, instead to work for other "moreaus." But bills must be paid, and Nohar reluctantly takes a commission to look into the death of the campaign manager of a senate candidate (the sort of reactionary politician who is against so much it's hard to figure out what he's for). To make matters

stranger, Nohar's client is a "frank". Franks are genetically engineered humans, who are actually considered even lower than the moreys. And this is the weirdest looking frank Nohar has ever seen.

Needless to say, Nohar soon finds every one and his brother gunning for him, a beautiful woman, a side kick and a lot of trouble.

I must say I found *Forests of the Night* a real page turner. I read it through in a day and a half, and didn't look back. But it was mostly beets through a baby's backside. Nothing stuck. I was pretty much able to see what was coming, and I figured out the nature of the bad guys well ahead of time. I also found the moreys a bit unconvincing. I won't go into a long explanation, but, based on my knowledge of biology and genetics, I doubt very much that you can simply take a tiger or a rabbit and turn it into a humanoid being. A multicellular creature is a pretty complex system, and you can't simply plug in human genes and expect to get a viable organism. But once you accept the premise, the rest follows pretty smoothly. Actually, *Forests* reminds me of one of those animated shows where all the characters are played by animals.

The main reason *Forests of the Night* worked for me was I found the protagonists, particularly Nohar, to be engaging and sympathetic enough so that I cared what happened to them. Which is probably the key most any novel's success.

But it was in the third book, that everything came together:

The Mind Pool, by Charles Sheffield, is the sort of thing I read SF for. It is an excellent blend of hard science fiction ideas and characterization.

It is several centuries into the future, and interstellar travel is through gateways called "Matten Links". The link network expands at sublight speed, new stations set up by long range probes. Over the centuries, the Perimeter has expanded enormously. So, in order to guard and explore this Perimeter, the Sol System's security establishment commissions the development of sophisticated robot probes. Unfortunately, there has been a catastrophe: the Morgan Constructs (named for their creator) have rebelled, and one of them has escaped.

In this universe, humans have encountered three other intelligent species. There are the Pipe-Rillas which resemble giant praying mantises. The Tinker Composites are much like a swarm of hummingbirds who can connect themselves together to become sentient. And, strangest of all, the Angels: the combination of a sort of mobile plant called a Chassel Rose, inhabited by a mysterious symbiont, a Singer, which makes it self-aware. Of these four races, only humans are the starfarers. Not because we're smarter, just more technologically inclined.

Needless-to-say, when the three Stellar Ambassadors find out about the escaped Morgan Construct, they hit the proverbial ceiling. To the everyone's surprise, they appoint those responsible for the Construct Project to the job of finding and dealing with it. So Esro Mondrian of Boundary Security and Luther Brachis, Solar Security, find themselves in charge of the search, instead of being relieved of duty.

But there are conditions: each of the pursuit teams is to be composed of one member of each of the four races, and the human must not have had any military experience. As the other three races seem very fragile and incapable of violence, this does not bode well for confronting something as deadly as the Morgan Construct.

From here on, things get very complicated. Not only does the situation involve Mondrian and Brachis, but their lovers, a very unusual psychiatrist, a vengeful geneticist, a young earth girl and the retarded boy she's spent her life caring for (and whom Mondrian selected at random for pursuit team training). There are assistants and rivals, and a sub-plot involving a scientist researching a damaged Construct, and her unlikely assistants.

Please note: *The Mind Pool* is based on an earlier work, titled *The Nimrod Hunt*. According to Sheffield's intro, in attempting to rewrite and update *The Nimrod Hunt*, he added so much material, including a different ending, so as to create a new novel. I haven't read *Hunt*, but I think it would be interesting to compare the two.

To get involved in a lengthy description of this version would take too much space and give away too many of this book's treasures. Better to let the reader make his or her own journey. It is well worth it. I have always enjoyed Sheffield's short works, and this, the first of his novels that I've read, makes me even more of a fan. Not only could I not put it down, but I found ideas aplenty. Sheffield tells a good story and kept me guessing.

His characterization is excellent. The story is as much driven by the character's psychology, as it is by the simple hunt for the Construct. Indeed, it extends from the dark depths of space to the dark depths of the human mind.

Take heed, this is no easy book. Sheffield pulls no punches; it's pretty rough and tumble (and I don't mean a lot of sappy action). And I'll leave it to the individual reader to decide whether the ending is "upbeat" or not.

The only other thing I'll say about the ending is it is based on one of those events that is too wonderful to ever happen in reality. But that's what novels are for, aren't they?

The most daunting thing about a novel like this, is trying to imagine writing anything this good,

myself.

Considering these three books and my reactions to them, the main conclusion is that good characterization, a smooth and evocative style, and a fast paced plot elicit a far more visceral reaction than ideas and interesting setting. This may seem obvious, but, thinking back to my school days, when I had a bunch of dreadful Nineteenth Century works foisted on me as "Great Literature", none of that stuff had the impact that *The Mind Pool* had. It's easy to take a "good read" for granted, and miss its importance in helping the medicine go down.

Prince of Sparta by Jerry Pournelle & S.M. Stirling
Baen SF, \$4.99
ISBN #0-671-72158-5



A response to our little Do-It-Yourself Utopia session a few months ago suggested that a Utopia implied a static society. Personally, I'm not so sure. It seems to me that a true Utopia would have some kind of built in challenge(s) that would give its members something to live and strive for. Maybe that's why the response to the wire-head contingency was so negative. It was just too obviously meaningless and indolent.

One of the things I found interesting in *Prince of Sparta* is, through the storm and stress of a war story, you catch a view of what Jerry Pournelle very likely considers a Utopia. Terraformed before the native life had really spread out on the land, the planet Sparta is about as earth-like as you can get. The government consists of a constitutional monarchy and a democratically elected Senate. On Sparta, Citizenship must be earned.

Unfortunately, Sparta has been force-fed colonists for years, many of them refugees from Earth's vast Welfare camps. A large number have been recruited to be part of a vicious insurgency that is trying to take over the planet; that is where the main conflict comes from. And, in the background, are the politics and feuding that are marking the fall of the CoDominium, the Earth-based empire that has ruled everything for the previous century.

The *Prince* of the title is Crown Prince Lysander, who stands as the central figure of the novel, trying his level best to hold his people together in the face of very nasty invasion. Around him is an array of very competent friends, advisors, mercenaries and other military men, each doing his or her part. The villains are a motley crew of crazies, mercenaries, crooks and unlikely participants headed by a particularly amoral villainess, Skilly Thibodeau. There is a very basic

and visceral sort of duality between Lysander's Good and Skilly's Evil. Fortunately, the Pournelle/Sterling team give each enough psychological depth to prevent them from being mere caricatures.

Which sums the book up well. It would have been very easy for this to have turned into a load of macho-bullpoop. Instead, the authors are good enough with their characterization to carry it off. Combining it with an impressive understanding of how the military and politics work, and good plotting give *Prince of Sparta* a very strong sense of realism and suspense. And it's a good read, too.

I'm not generally a fan of military SF, but I liked *Prince* a lot. Perhaps it's the society they depict. Although I'm not one to get gushy over monarchy, there is something to the notion of a group of people trying hard to learn from the mistakes of the past and to build a better world. Hey, maybe that's a good definition for SF: a Hero is someone trying to learn from his/her mistakes. The Villains are those hell-bent on repeating them. It certainly works, here.

America was founded by Utopians of one sort or another, and I think we all have a little of their blood in our veins. I certainly found myself wishing I could be there to fight by Lysander's side. A corny fantasy, perhaps, but that's what novels are for.

A Wizard Abroad by Diane Duane
Corgi (c) 1993 L2.99 ISBN 0-552-52744-0
Cover art by Tim White



a review by Judith Bemis

This is the fourth story in Diane's "Wizard" series — and unfortunately not generally available in the US yet. Nita, a teenage female wizard is sent by her parents on holiday to Ireland where she falls into a situation where mythological worlds are overlapping too much into the real world, and she must help the local wizards to remedy the situation. She is restricted by her parents (who are worried by her "relationship" to her working partner, a teenage male named Kit) from returning to the US.

I found it amusing that part of the story was set in County Wicklow, currently a hotbed of SF and fantasy writers, and Nita's "Aunt Annie" bore more than a bit of resemblance to writer Anne McCaffrey, both physically, and in that she lives on, owns, and manages a horse farm.

Early in the visit, Nita sees ghosts, meets a kitten who is a bard, and "slips sideways" into one

of the ancient mythological universes, which eventually involves her, Kit, her sister Dairine, the local wizards (including Nita's aunt), and a power in an unusual reenactment of an ancient Irish mythological fight against the lone power.

Most fascinating in this story is the blending of very many different myths and legends, including the wild hunt, the Sidhe, the Morrigan, the festival of Lughnasad, and Balor.

Reefsong by Carol Severance. © 1991, ISBN 0-345-37231-X, Del Rey, \$4.99

Mirror Dance by Lois McMaster Bujold, © 1994, Baen Books, \$21.00, ISBN 0-671-72210-7



Book Notes by Edie

Ok you guys — I don't know how to do reviews. I admit it. So what follows are not reviews, but just a few brief notes.

Reefsong is an engrossing book, and caught me quickly and thoroughly. Not only is the island world of Lesaat vividly written, but the characters are people to care about.

Reefsong is the story of Angie Dinsman, a U.N. troubleshooter with an empathy for the mountains of Earth. She is betrayed by her lover and maneuvered to Lesaat, the one place in the universe she has no wish to go, in order to find the Total Conversion Enzyme the Company believes is hidden there.

Lesaat strikes a believable chord. The Islander traditions transplanted to Lesaat feel right; the author is Hawaiian, and uses traditions from all over the Pacific in telling the story of the folk who farm the sea. In fact, the background of the sea of Lesaat is enough to make you homesick for a place you haven't been.

I very much enjoyed *Reefsong*. The parts meant to be exciting are, and the only flaw is that the bad guys are unrelievedly bad and the good guys are really good. The lines are drawn so clearly that it makes me think it may have been intended as a juvie. As in Bujold's *Falling Free*, the big bad company (in this case with a monopoly on just about everything) provides enough of an enemy for everyone. That particular drawing of the lines gets a bit tiresome for a 20 year employee like me.

(continued page 24)

Star Trek Memories

BY WILLIAM SHATNER (with Chris Kreski)

A REVIEW BY ERICK PERDEW

One can never be sure, when reading a "celebrity autobiography" such as this (meaning one having a 'with ____' under said celebrity's name), whether or not one is actually catching a glimpse of the subject of the autobiography. Are the personality, traits, and concerns those of the celebrity, or those of the, shall we say, *other* writer's. Certainly the style of the writing is Chris Kreski's (I know from having read his previous collaboration with Barry Williams, *Growing Up Brady: I Was a Teenage Greg* — yes, Dear Reader, my literary tastes do border on the excruciatingly highbrow, don't they?). The self deprecatory humor, though, which is in my opinion the chief delight in *Star Trek Memories*, is, I believe, shared between both authors.

Of course, few would argue that William ("You're going to have to come down here, Khan, you're going to HAVE... TO COME DOWN...HERE!!") Shatner can seem embarrassingly puffed-up with self-importance and humorless, flinty-eyed arrogance when he really sinks his teeth into a role and gnashes away with all his might. However, he has made a couple of movies which parody this perception of him as a self-righteous teeth clencher. (*Airplane II* is a notable example. His was one of the few bright moments in an otherwise tired sequel), indicating that he either has a damn good sense of humor (how many of us are really able to join in on laughter directed at ourselves?) or has a very savvy agent. The mere fact that he is able to elicit positive reactions while seemingly enjoying poking fun at his image seems to me to be the best possible proof in favor of the former possibility.

Realizing that Bill Shatner is at his most appealing when he seems more like "a regular guy", ready to laugh at himself, *Star Trek Memories* is filled with such tidbits as:

(Quoting *Variety*, which was reviewing the premiere episode of *Star Trek*):

"The performers are in there pitching, but the odds are against them in all departments—script, direction and overall production. William Shatner...appears wooden..."

Wait a minute. Hold on here. Me? Wooden? Wooden?! Mr. 'SCOTTY! SPOCK!! I NEED WARP DRIVE IN THREE MINUTES OR WE'RE ALL DEAD!!!' Me? The 'Hamosauru'? Wooden?"

Then there were the captions like the one underneath a publicity still of Capt. James T. Kirk: "The 'highly prestigious', not to mention, 'extraordinarily handsome', new captain. What a guy!"

Don't think for a minute, though, that this deprecatory wit is going to be limited to Shatner himself. Oh, no. We are told, for instance, that DeForrest Kelley misspelled his own name (D-E-F-O-R-O-T) in the cement outside Mann's Chinese

Theater. Even when directed at other people, though, the humor doesn't ever seem mean-spirited or insulting. It is done skillfully enough that even when recounting other people's eccentricities or escapades, Shatner seems to be poking more fun at himself than at anybody else.

Further "good relations" groundwork is laid when Shatner interviews all of his "Trek" co-stars (except Jimmy Doohan, who apparently refused to speak to him) and keeps the tape recorder running, even when they're saying things the reader knows he couldn't have enjoyed hearing.

Nichelle Nichols is quoted as saying:

"Okay, now I'm going to tell you about all the times you made me angry at you and pissed me off...you can be very difficult to work with, and really inconsiderate..."

It is acknowledged that George Takei and Walter Koenig expressed similar feelings in the course of their interviews, and this, more than anything, implies that whatever else you can say about William Shatner, you can't accuse him of being unwilling to admit to his own failings...in print, yet!

Besides the revealing glimpse of a heretofore unknown (or at least little known) side of Shatner's persona, *Star Trek Memories* contains entertaining and sometimes obscure facts concerning "Star Trek", from inception to cancellation (the films are apparently going to be covered in a second book, which I believe has already been negotiated). I never knew that D.C. Fontana started out as Dorothy Fontana, secretary to Gene Roddenberry. What's that you say? You knew? Well, did you know that a "green skin" makeup test was performed on Majel Barrett several times, and each time the print returned from the lab with Majel sporting normal, healthy, pinkish skin? This continued, each time a little more confused and frantically, until Roddenberry called the film processing lab to see if they could suggest any filter or lighting tricks that might make an actress appear bright green.

"What?" stammers an obviously terrified lab technician. "I've been working overtime the last three nights trying to correct your actresses' lousy green skin tones...I had no idea you wanted them green..."

Knew about that, too, eh? Then, Dear Reader, perhaps you shouldn't be reading science-fiction related memoirs, but writing them.

For the rest of us relatively uninformed fen, however, I recommend *Star Trek Memories* as an amusing and informative read...even for ones who have watched little "Star Trek" and do not consider themselves "Trekkies", "Trekkers", or "Trekettes" (I confess to being such a one).

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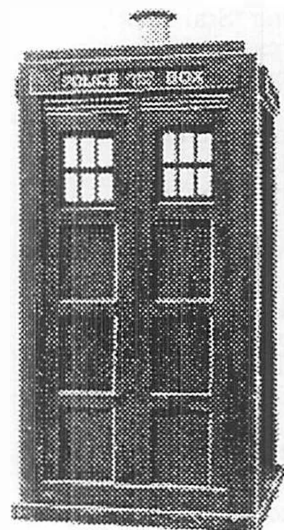
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Meetings & News

Secretary's Report by Magpi

There was a brief General Meeting that was called after the viewing of the play *EDGAR: The Life of Edgar Allan Poe* by Jack Yuken (a most excellent play, I might add! <g>).

At the meeting, Mark Baumgarten, Christina Santiago and Jeffrey Kasten were voted in as new members!

Joe did request that anyone wishing to attend an upcoming demonstration on the Internet by the Cybergate people in Deerfield Beach should let him know. We need a group of 8 folks. We have four signed up thus far. Please call the appropriate contact in your county (Joe in Palm Beach; Franny in Broward; and Judi in Dade) and let us know. Better yet send e-mail to Joe at 71450,171 on CompuServe.

Door prizes were given out with the assistance of Beth Lyman. The lucky winners were Carol Porter and Mark Baumgarten!

Membership cards were passed out to everyone who was at the April Meeting. I will be mailing out the rest in some creative manner that involves a postcard...<g>

Also, I am happy to announce that both Elaine Ashby and Alex Lyman are General members who are eligible for upgrade to Regular status!

Well, that's it! See y'all later! <g>

Filk Meeting

The filk originally scheduled for May 14 was cancelled due to a schedule conflict with Oasis. It will be rescheduled in June

Dreamcatchers: On April 23, Riverland Library hosted a one hour concert by Dreamcatchers, the folk singing/filk singing/any kind of good music singing duet of Fran Mullen and Doug Wu. The duet has been performing publicly since January, and first appeared at the South Florida Folk Festival in Fort Lauderdale. More than 30 people attended the Riverland concert, which was unfortunately scheduled at the same time (but different county) as the April SFSFS general meeting. If you look closely at the photo, you'll see the Dreamcatcher on their music stand.

The next performance currently planned for Dreamcatchers is on July 30, at WXEL as part of the television station's *Dr. Who* day. More about that elsewhere this ish.

Literary Discussion Group

The next meeting of the Literary Discussion group will be held in June (date - TBD). The book to read is *Bring Me the Head of Prince Charming* by Roger Zelazny and Robert Sheckley.

This discussion group meeting, originally scheduled for May, has been delayed due to increased local entropy. Never fear, June should be better.

C.W. Sullivan III

English Department, East Carolina Univ.
Greenville, N. Carolina 27858

Dear SFSFS Members:

I would like to take a moment to thank you for your help at the 15th International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts.

Each ICFA is a large and complicated undertaking, and having the SFSFS members ready and willing to help each year relieves the ICFA of having to find new help on a yearly basis and makes my job (and that of everyone else connected with the conference) that much easier.

I look forward to seeing you again next year.

Respectfully,

Dr. C.W. Sullivan

COAs

Chuck Phillips,

P.O. Box 290096, Davie, FL 33329-0096

Fred Grimm

5801 Ganymede Place, Charlotte, NC 28227-2524

Jeanne Deininger

1085 SE 6th Ave., Dania, FL 33004-5408



New releases available in May from the Book Division

Compiled by Fran Mullen:

FANTASY

The Dragon Circle: Dragon Sleeping, by Craig Shaw Gardner, ACE (HC), \$19.95, ISBN 0-441-00049-5

The Girl Who Heard Dragons, by Anne McCaffrey, TOR (HC), \$22.95, ISBN 0-312-93173-5 (compilation of her fiction with an new short novel of Pern)

The Oak Above the Kings, by Patricia Kennealy, ROC (HC), \$17.95, ISBN 0-451-45352-2 (sequel to The Hawk's Grey Feather), Arthurian.

Summer King, Winter Fool, by Lisa Goldstein, TOR (HC), \$21.95, ISBN 0-312-85632-6

Towing Jehovah, by James Morrow, HBR (HC), \$23.95, ISBN 0-15-190919-9

Ad Police, by T. Suzuki, TUTL (Trade), \$14.95, ISBN 1-56931-005-X

Denizens of Earthdawn Vol 1, by Fasa, ISBN 1-55560-226-6

Masters of Fantasy, edit by Greenberg, BPBK, (Trade), \$12.00, ISBN 0-88486-094-9

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Mysterium, by Robert Charles Wilson, BANT (Trade), \$11.95

ISBN 0-553-37365-X
Solis, by A. A. Attanasio, HR (HC), \$23.00 ISBN 0-06-017787-X

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Dinotopia, by James Gurney, TRNP (Trade), \$16.95, ISBN 1-878665-89-9

The Holy Grail, by Malcom Godwin, Viking Press (HC), \$24.95, ISBN 0-670-85128-0 (illustrated exploration of the Holy Grail legend and history - reference)

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The Truth About the UFO Crash at Roswell, by Kaven D. Randel, Capt U.S.A.F. (Ret) & Donald R. Schmitt, EVAN (HC), \$19.95, ISBN 0-87131-761-3 (Photos, with TV Movie tiein)

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The Best of Star Trek: The Next Generation, Friedman et al, PKBK (Trade Paper), \$19.95, ISBN 1-56389-125-5 (DC Comics Graphic Novel)

The Deep Space Crew Book, by James Van Hise, PIOB (Trade), \$14.95, ISBN 1-55698-335-2 (biographies, char. profiles, interviews, photos)

Asimov's Chronology of Science & Discovery, by Isaac Asimov, HR (HC), \$35.00, ISBN 0-06-270113-4 (Reference, w/diagrams & illustrations)

LOOKED 'EM UP FOR YOUR ORDERING CONVENIENCE

I took the list of Hugo Nominees and looked up the ISBN's. Some are in paperback now, and one is not available through Ingram. There is no discount for the Encyclopedia.

Best Novel

Moving Mars, by Greg Bear (Tor) ISBN 0-312-85515-X, \$23.94

Glory Season, by David Brin (Bantam Spectra) ISBN 0-553-0765-0, \$22.95 HC; ISBN 0-553-56767-5, \$5.99 PB (coming in June 94)

Virtual Light, by William Gibson (Bantam Spectra) ISBN 0-553-07499-7, \$21.95

Beggars in Spain, by Nancy Kress (Morrow Avonova) ISBN 0-688-12189-6, \$23.00; Avon - ISBN 0-380-71877-4, \$4.99 PB

Green Mars, by Kim Stanley Robinson (Bantam Spectra) ISBN 0-553-09640-0, \$22.95; ISBN 0-553-37335-8, \$12.95 Trade PB

Best Non-Fiction Book

Once Around the Bloch: An Unauthorized Autobiography, by Robert Bloch (Tor), ISBN 0-312-85373-4, \$22.95

The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction, edited by John Clute and Peter Nicholls (Orbit UK; St. Martin's US) ISBN 0-312-09618-6, \$75.00 (REFERENCE - NO DISCOUNT)

PITFCS: Proceedings of the Institute for Twenty-First Century Studies, edited by Theodore R. Cogswell (Advent) ISBN Unknown

Understanding Comics: The Invisible Art, by Scott McCloud (Tundra; Kitchen Sink; Harper Perennial) ISBN 0-06-097625-X, \$20.00

The Art of Michael Whelan: Scenes/Visions, by Michael Whelan (Bantam Spectra) ISBN 0-553-07447-4, \$60.00

Last Minute Stuff Worth Noting

Kathy Mar CD



For those of us filk fanciers that are CDphiles, and deplore the small amount of SF music available in that format, here's something to look forward to. Previous Tropicon filk guest, Kathy Mar, will soon have a new CD on sale. It will be available from Dandelion Digital Recordings (pre-orders in July, release at WorldCon in Winnepeg) and is called *Made By Magic*. The CD is a collaborative effort with one of the premier British filkers, Zander Nyrond, and was all done live to digital in the space of six days. Kathy says it was a really interesting project for many reasons and in many ways. If you're a Genie user, and want to know more about it, check out Kathy's topic in SFRT3.

Book Notes (cont. from p.16) I read this because of Debbie Notkin's review in *Habbakuk*. Thanks Deb! Glad I did. Now the only trouble is that I don't want to pick up my next read because for a little while, I'd like to keep the feel of *Reefsong*, *Pua* and *Uncle Fatu* with me. **RECOMMENDED.**

Lois McMaster Bujold just gets better and better. Her ability to continue the Vorkosigan saga

without allowing it to get stale or predictable is very impressive indeed. (And of course, refuting entropy, it gets more and more complicated as we go on. In fact, I have a friend who rereads the whole series before reading each new book.)

Mirror Dance is not really Miles' story, but Mark's. Mark is the cloned brother created as part of a (failed) terrorist plot who was introduced in *Brother in Arms*. Miles' difficult childhood, full of illness and pain, and Vor politics, isn't a patch on what Mark had to endure. And the ways in which they cope are both pretty spectacular.

It's difficult to talk about this book without being a "spoiler". Since it's out only in hardback as of yet, I'll bite my tongue for a while. The plot has plenty of switchbacks, and while many of the characters are old friends, there are some interesting new ones. Cloning does let Bujold explore nature vs nurture in interesting pockets. Literary discussion group, anyone?

But do read this. Do watch out for overtones of Mycroft and Sherlock. See how Cordelia's reactions are a perfect sanity check on Vor. And watch yourself as Bujold neatly convolutes your reactions to Mark. **RECOMMENDED.**

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