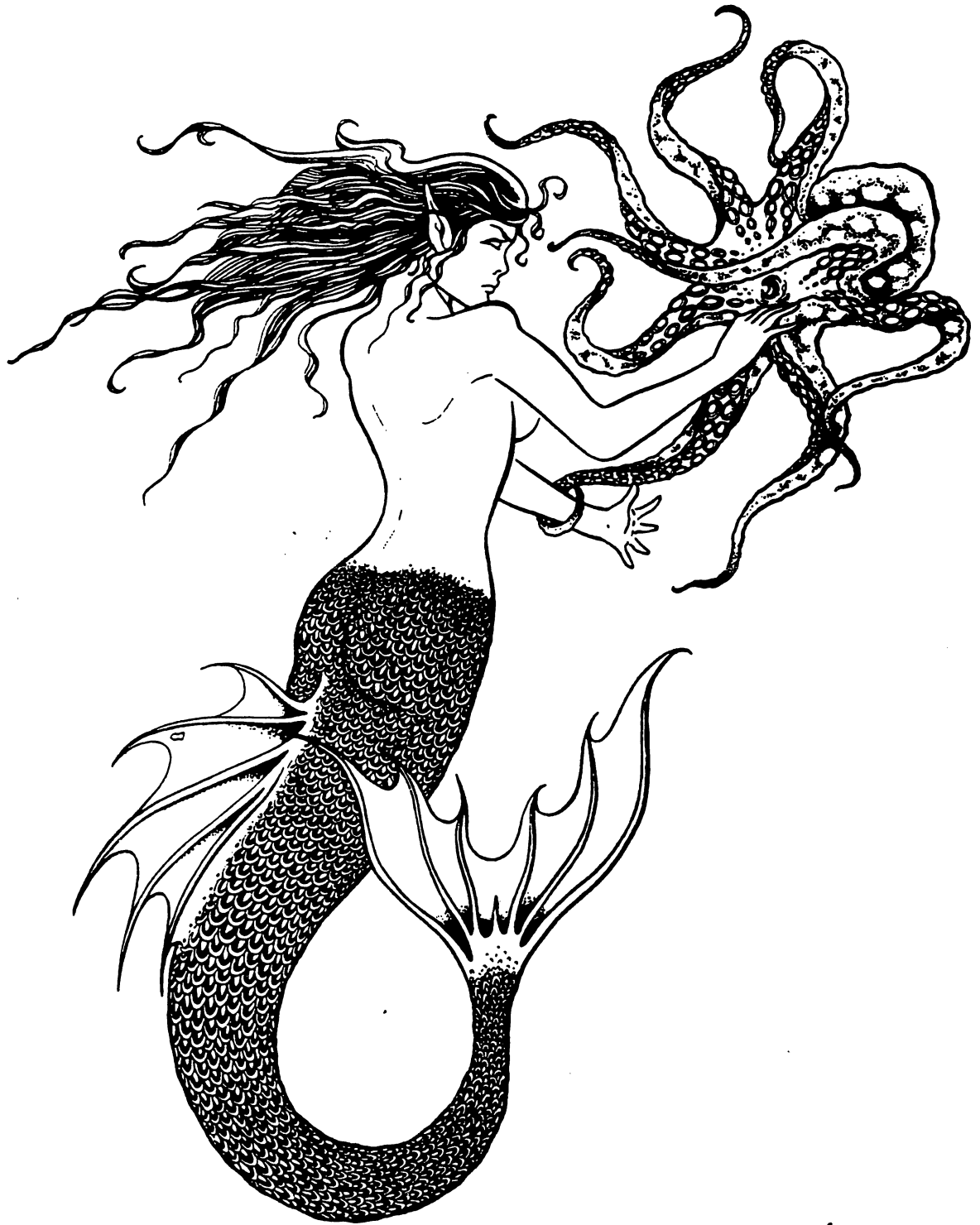


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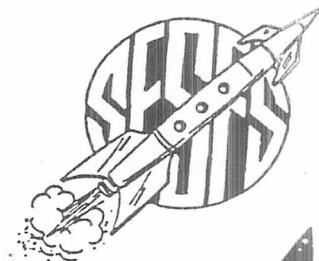
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South Florida Science Fiction Society
P.O. Box 70143
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307-0143



Shuttle 117 Cargo Manifest

- 2.....Cargo Manifest; Shuttle Crew Listing, SFSFS Officers and Committee Heads Listing, Legal Stuff, etc.,
- 3.....January Programs; Change of Address for the Bemis/Parker household
- 4.....December Meeting/Annual Dinner Report; Bulwer-Lytton Contest Entries
- 7.....Book Reviews
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- 10.....Letters of Comment
- 11.....Writing Contest Ad
- 12.....Editor's Closing Comments; Art Ed's Reluctant Comments; Treasurer's Report
- 13.....Membership Listing
- 15.....SFSFS Membership form
- 16.....YAGTB; Dates to Remember

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The South Florida Science Fiction Society is a Florida not-for-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 the form at the back of this issue). Subscribing membership is \$1 per issue. The views, reviews, and opinions expressed in the SFSFS SHUTTLE are those of the authors and artists and not necessarily those of the publishers [or typists...or editors...].

<> JANUARY PROGRAMS <>

by Joe Siclari [with additional info from Fran Mullen and reformmating by yours truly]

Tropicon = January 6, 7, & 8, 1995

Guests of Honor:

KRISTINE KATHRYN RUSCH (author and editor, winner of the 1994 Hugo for Best Editor of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*; recipient of the World Fantasy and John W. Campbell Awards; author of *Afterimage* <co-authored with Kevin J. Anderson>, *The White Mists of Power*, *Heart Readers*, and *Traitors.*) and

JAEL (artist whose works have appeared in *Amazing Stories* and most recently on the cover of Piers Anthony's *Letters to Jenny*)

Toastmaster: Ben Bova

Filk Guest: Mark Simmons

Other Guests: Hal Clement; Ginger Curry; Charles Fontenay; Joseph Green; Jack C. Haldeman II; Rob McGregor; T.J. McGregor; George Richard; Gary Roen; Dean Wesley Smith; Sandy Schofield; Harry Stubbs; Rick Wilber

Location: Palm Beach Airport Hilton, West Palm Beach, Florida (407)684-9400.

Only \$59.00 per night (single-quad). Please remember to mention the South Florida Science Fiction Society to get the special rate.

Filk = January 6, 7, & 8, 1995

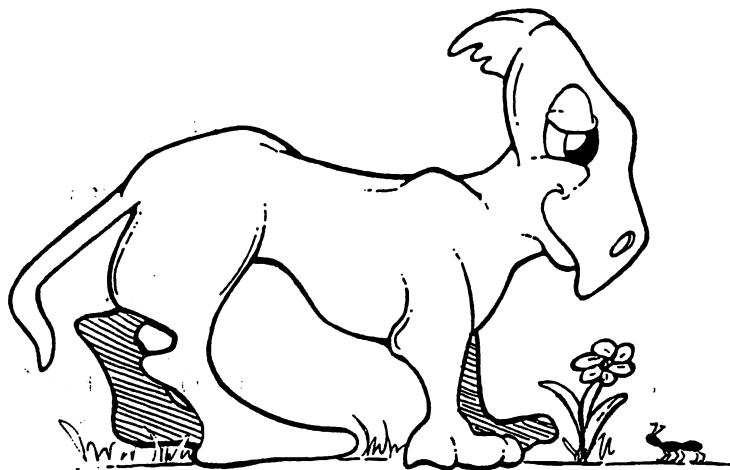
Location: at Tropicon with Filk Guest Mark Simmons. Check Tcon 13's program book for more details.

SF Discussion Group = January 21, 1995

Time: 8:00 p.m.

Location: Joe and Edie's house, 4599 5 Ave., Boca Raton. Call (407)392-6462 for directions.

Books for discussion: *The Mind Pool* by Charles Sheffield and *The Multiplex Man* by James Hogan. Both books are available from the Book Div. at 30% off (call Fran at (305) 929-5815 to order them).



General Meeting = January 22, 1995

Time: 2:00p.m.

Program: The Well Read Fan: Part 7

SCIENCE FICTION FOR THE FUTURE

Presented by Edie Stern and Joe Siclari

SF that we think will endure. And what will not or does not deserve to! Why we don't think Bill Gibson will last as long as Bruce Sterling. Why will people remember *The Veldt* after they forget *The Roads Must Roll*. Or will they?

What makes a story memorable? What makes it last longer than its/your immediate visceral memory? What turns "a literary gem" of today into a dull read tomorrow? What has a longer lasting effect? SF, Fantasy, Horror? Why?

Listen to a diatribe by Edie and Joe, and then tell them where they are wrong.

Where: Greenacres Leisure facility at Barkley Square. The shopping center is at the NE corner of 10th and Jog in Boynton.

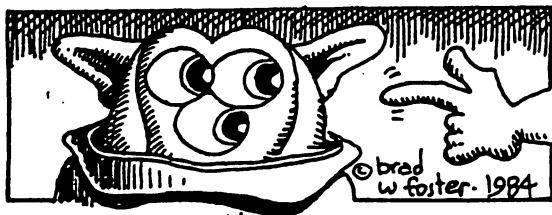
Directions: Take I-95 to the 10th Street exit in Boynton, go west on 10th to Jog Road. The center is on the NE corner of the intersection.

Library & Media Research

No activity scheduled until after Tropicon.

<> CHANGE OF ADDRESS <>

Judith Bemis and Tony Parker
1405 Waterwinds Court
Wake Forest, NC 27587
(919)518-2473



<> THE DEC MEETING/ANNUAL DINNER <>

by Magpi

On the evening of the 11th of December, we all met at the Tudor Inn in Fort Lauderdale for the December Monthly Meeting and Annual Dinner. It was a rousing affair full of fun and laughter in a space best described as an "intimate setting"... <grin> I guess you had to be there to fully appreciate the term. The highlights from this meeting/dinner are presented in no particular order...so any fault in memory is mine.

Joe Siclari opened the meeting at 5:52 p.m. [yes, I actually made notation of the time that we officially started...of course, I can't be as accurate with the ending of the shindig] with some reminiscent remarks about Bill Wilson being "the most memorable eating partner" and something about "fourteen carcasses on the table." Of course, I didn't get the entire story...due to the general volume of the laughter that drowned all attempts that Joe made to explain those remarks. I think our collective imaginations did it sufficient justice.

As far as new business, Nicholas Simicich was voted in by the Regular Membership. Welcome to SFSFS, Nicholas!

Joe also announced the Board of Directors' recommendation to start having the SFSFS SHUTTLE produced every few months. There were no objections from the General Membership. This means that announcements regarding meetings will continue to be made via postcards mailed out each month. Meanwhile, the SFSFS SHUTTLE will be mailed out every three months [what you hold in your hands at this second is both the December 1994 and the First Quarter of 1995 issue, hence its size].

Two contests were held during the Annual Dinner. The first one announced was the Bulwer-Lytton [Thanks, Lulu for the proper spelling of it!], where everyone was invited to write the opening sentence for a science-fiction, fantasy, or horror story that was 100 words or less. To insure anonymity, all entries were read aloud by several other people in the room (myself, Ericka, Carol, Mark, Edie, Dina, and Melanie). Of the twenty entries that were turned in at the end of the evening, only two were past the hyroglyphic reading abilities of all the readers. [We vow to have a typewriter ready next time we have this contest...so that all entries will be legible!] The third place winner was Dominic [your last name escapes me at this second...sorry!], the second place winners [yes, it was a tie] were George Peterson and Tony Parker, and the first place winner was Mark Baumgartnen. The eighteen legible entries are published below.

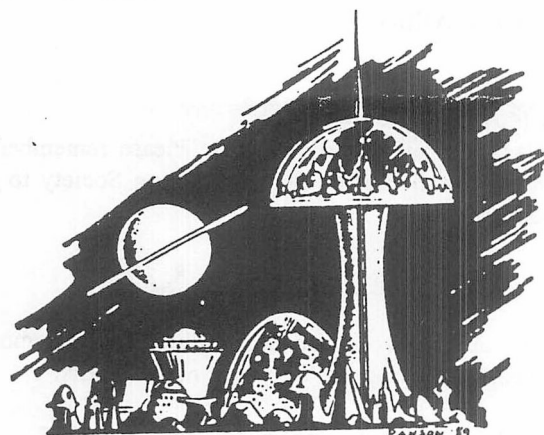
The second contest involved a reading of the infamous work, *The Eye of Argon*. [For those of you who have not had the dubious pleasure of reading it--or, worse yet, having it read TO you!--, it is a primo piece of slush writing that has made its way around and about fandom. There is no one willing to claim this work...but there are suspects! I'm sure that there will

be a copy or two floating around at Tropicon]. The rules for this contest were simple. A representative from each table (there were 8 tables with a varying number of people sitting at each) had to read until he or she lost composure (i.e. laughed or gasped or exclaimed "I can't read this!"). The winners in this event were Chuck Phillips, Mark Baumgarten, and Dina Pearlman.

An announcement was made that anyone making at least a ten dollar donation to the filk guest's transportation fund would be eligible to participate in a special filk concert. Additionally, two items were auctioned off to raise money for the fund. Chuck Phillips came away with a lovely owl pendant, and Fred Bragdon became the proud owner of the aforementioned copy of *The Eye of Argon*. [we expect to see a review of it in the year to come, Fred!]

Oh yeah, key rings were distributed to all contributors to the WXEL pledge. If you haven't received your key ring yet, please contact Ericka Perdew or Joe Siclari. One of them will get the spiffy Dr. Who key ring to you!

Amid all that chaos, we did manage to have dinner (salad, bread, roast beef or turkey, veggies, apple pie with whipped cream, and coffee). I believe it would be an understatement to say that an enjoyable time was had by all!



<> BULWER-LYTTON CONTEST ENTRIES <>

[These are horrible. They're SUPPOSED to be horrible! Enjoy! I apologize in advance for any accidental errors in interpretation...have to remember to bring the typewriter next time...]

First Prize Winner

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away, it was a dark & stormy night, and, this being the dawn of the third age of mankind, I was born a poor, black child in Mississippi; for a reason only known in the Twilite Zone, which is vertically & horizontally controlled by a man barely alive, rebuilt for \$6 million dollars in the city by Joe Friday.

--Mark Baumgarten

Second Prize Winner, a

"He's dead Jim" said the Doctor who exterminated the Berserker Dakek from Alpha-Rapha Boulevard on Tatooine as the flash crowd gathered around the disincorporated Martian and shared wather with the fremen of Dune at the Intergalactic Time Travel Olymia gams where the scoreboard read:

Tau Zero
Babylon 5
Star Trek 7
Deep Space 9
Names of God 9 billion.

--Tony Parker

Second Prize Winner, b

"Eeeeeewwwuuuuueeeeeuuuuuehahahahheeeeeheheh eaaaaugh," vociferously screamed the insufferably, cute little, tow-headed man-child as the long, slimy, vomit-smelling, puke-green tentacle, reached out of the all-too, unsurprisingly foully, odorous drain, to oh so tightly throttle the long, thin, pale, maidenly, neck of his still remarkably (and not surprisingly, considering the magical youth-cream stolen from evil and demented Egroged's of the high mountains of lavender, madness and corruption--a tale recounted in an earlier volume of this multi-volumed epic) youthful form, of his tremendously beloved, despite of her occasionaly serving of lima beans, mother.

--George Peterson

Third Prize Winner

As the uh, spaceship was, like, uh, floating through space and stuff, it was like getting really boring and the captain said "Let's blow something up" when some, huh, huh, like, bad aliens snuck up behind them and shot their engines and, uh, so like, uh....the captain yelled "Fire! Fire! Fire!" huh huh, huh huh, huh huh, huh huh. (*as told by Beavis and Butthead [for the unenlightened non-MTV watching innocents out there...don't ask...it's not worth it. Believe me!]

--Dominic



Honorable Mentions

It was the tenth time that day that the turbo toilet had blocked up, making Space Commander Bob once again suspicious that the Galactic Overlord was once again

mercilessly pursuing their wounded star cruiser across the vast wastes of the desolate green nebula.

--Peter Barker

I'm going to take a knife and shoot myself she said to herself as he walked towards her with outstretched arms.

--Melanie Herz

It was a dark and stormy night in Transylvania while Count Dracula, under a full moon alternately hidden and reveal by storms clouds, turn into a bat to hunt fresh blood; as a wolf howled the bat few into the air, the townspeople had been inside since sunset. The bat spotted a stranger on the road heading for the Tudor Inn through the rain and wind; the bat drove down and Dracula materialized in front of the man. [so it had a second sentence...so sue me...better still, sue Dave! I'm kidding!]

--Dave Lyman

As the airlock slowly irised open, Joan Smith reflected on the permeabilit of air hoses to alien szilth exhalations, said aliens said to be lurking on the plains of Garboth's moon for the change of inhaling a bit of O2 and possibly sucking the juices out of spacesuits occupied by creatures with Os hoses, although nothing seemed to be oozing through the orifice screeching with ill-lubricated, corroded, non-descript alloy that had seen better days, as the ship had been in service for untold millenia, before the present owners had won it in a poker game.

--Deanna Lyman

The pale, dark eyed, scrawny child creeped slowly along the dark, damp tunnel, stopping every few feet to brush creepy, slimy THINGS out of her hair, cringing away from the chittering, skittering, red-eyed rats while listening breathlessly for sounds of pursuit.

--Dina Pearlman

Lady Penelope strode lustily forward, nostrils aflame, flaxen hair streaming from the significantly tight chignon she always wore, eyes two blazing blue pools of limpid fury, as her lips rich, red & ripe-trembled violently and finally parted to angrily utter "Which of you bastards is the one who wrote those GOR books?!"

--Ericka Perdew

The first thing I saw was the smoking broad, the dead gun, and the window shutters flapping open in the cold driving wind to rattle my head which was still ringing from the bartender's twist of the wrist (with a blackjack in it) right after the cops had closed down the only poker game I ever tried to leave with my own money and all the other goons who lived down by the sleezy Miami riverboat where I live.

--Chuck Phillips

Clandestinely, she coquettishly crinkled her eyebrows at the craven cavalier corpsman whom she fondly felt feelings for, but didn't realize nor understand and he answered by ambling rather aimlessly over and caressing her tired limbs over and over and over again until she was too tired to move or breathe.

--Carol Porter

Angelica was a red eyed, green haired beauty, alive with a joie de vivre and lust for life that animated her lushly formed body with a radiance which seemed incongruous in an angel of the 3rd degree, who daily sat at the feet of the Unnamable One.

--Edie Stern

His batrachian demeanor seemed curiously dismayed as he regarded the frantic preparations for the 200th annual Dunwich street fair honoring the Most Beloved, Least Understood first honorary progenitor of the lantern jawed, cat loving clan of sexcraft due to unfold near the capital of Rhode Island on the next Moonday of October.

--Edie Stern

And so it began...again.

--Cindy Warmuth

It was dirt, but not the kind she was used to...not the soft sandy silk of angel's dandruff on a bad hair day, nor the hot molten clay thrust out thru the crevaces of two friction producing tectonic plates, nor the sweat scented sluff of the grass pads of Altus Four, no, this was simply dirt, possibly from some large mammal she had never seen before.

--Bill Wilson

<> CONFESSIONS OF A FPA MEMBER <>

Joe's Dowry, or, How I Joined
"Fannish Packrats Anonymous" (FPA)
by Edie Stern

You may be wondering why the October SFSFS Shuttle came to you in a ratty brown envelope, crisp with age, distinguished by a black line through an unimpressive address. It's part of the treasure from Joe's dowry.

The September Shuttle gathered many comments, the most common of which was "part of the cover arrived. Was there supposed to be a Shuttle attached?" The Post Office had made it irrevocably clear that 'zines of more than an ounce would not arrive whole unless they were properly enveloped. So the need was there, and the solution lay in the garage archives.

When Joe and I married, he came properly dowered. The dowry took a panel truck to move. Mostly, it moved into the garage, although parts of it keep

surfacing in other areas of the house. Two mimeos, a mailing list, a more or less complete set of Unknowns (from the 40's - if you haven't read them, you're missing something), and boxes of ratty brown envelopes.

There were also cartons of books and fanzines, Suncon budget reports and committee T-shirts, Fanhistorica and A Wealth of Fable mimeo pages, the entire bidding campaign for Flushing, correspondence files, a set of obligations and a dog. In preparation for Suncon, as for all WorldCons, time had stopped, but paper had kept flowing. There was paper. There is paper. Paper is. And Joe is unlikely to ever throw away anything for which, in this lifetime, he might ever find a use.

The obligations took up the least space, but were the most troublesome bits. So many people had worked on Suncon that in return Joe was obligated to work on the next 37 or so WorldCons in exchange. At least, that's what he told me. [What else could have let his conscience lie easy enough to strand me behind a worldcon dealer's table with a six week old child strapped to my chest, and a certifiable crazy lady screaming at me from the next table? It BETTER HAVE BEEN an ob of heroic proportions.]

The mailing list didn't take up much room either, and has been a warm and happy piece of dowry. Fanzines come from the mailing list. More rarely, fanzines go to the mailing list. We feed the list, and have migrated it through a succession of formats - from address book pages, to sticky labels, to PC databases and the Mac. While we've lost names to death and gaffiation, we've also added to it steadily through the years. Some of the best parts of those years were putting faces to names and addresses, especially British and Irish faces.

The dowry had a lot of things I could have done without. For instance, I could certainly have done without the issues of *Variety* and the tropical fish magazines. I wasn't particularly charmed by miscellaneous pages of *A Wealth of Fable*, which were never enough to put together additional copies, and today form the basis of our experiment in indoor mulching. There were also wedding pictures from his first marriage, and other slightly uncomfortable reminders. I was just as pleased the dowry had no children in it.

The mimeos saw heavy duty, and eventually begat ["begat"?! But, how--no, wait I don't think I want to know...] an electrostencil. The electrostencil worked fabulously until the generations of technology which had superseded it began to weigh too heavily on the Florida supply of repair parts. Alas, the days are long gone when a faint odor of burning from the garage signalled a program book or fanzine in production, or merely Joe about to be covered with mimeo ink. Now, it would probably mean spontaneous combustion and the end of our packrat problems.

The Unknowns proved to be our point of last return. After a year or two of marriage, we combined the

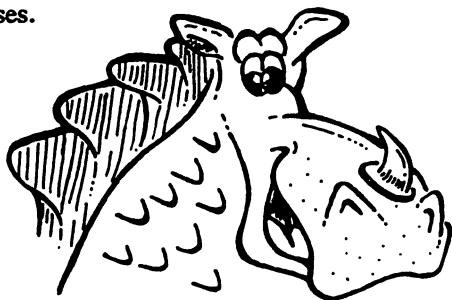
two Unknown collections, keeping only the best copy of each issue, and sold the duplicates. At that point, we knew were committed, and any divorce would be bitter and hard fought. The ASFs had been hard enough to cull, but the Unknowns were the last holdouts of our separate collections. The cash we raised went to Dan's college fund. It seemed appropriate.

There were about a dozen good sized boxes of ratty brown envelopes. Joe had bought them very cheaply because the company that had ordered them printed had changed addresses and could no longer use them. So, for the extra work of marking through the address and stamping another nearby, he had perfectly good, fanzine ready, envelopes. In 1976. You may have noticed that it's now 1994. They've rusted, they've crisped, but if you tape them down, they're still usable.

Joe and I are a fair match. (Who do you think taped down those ratty brown envelopes?) I'm a natural member of the FPA, although I prefer stricter wards on the space the mess is permitted to eat, and have even planted and received a few obs of my own.

Married is good. But...

If you want to get married, look for someone with a good mailing list, at least the memory of a mimeo, and the willingness to answer questions in the heat of passion like "What was Eric Frank Russell's first novel?". You'll be fine. Of course, you'll need your own, proper, dowry too. I had bookshelves, lots of bookshelves. But, if you ever contemplate divorce, make sure your first move is to squirrel away the Unknowns and get a copy of the mailing list data bases.



<> BOOK REVIEWS <>

Traitors by Kristine Kathryn Rusch
ROC; Oct 1994; \$4.99; ISBN: 0-451-45415-4

So, I'm at Borders with Judi Goodman and my sister on the 23rd, with the excuse that I had to buy "just one more present." Judi wanders off to the SF/F section, returns with a copy of KKR's latest and tells me that there's only one more left on the shelf. Being the devoted consumer that I am, I go and lay claim to that copy and proceed to devour [literally, not figuratively, of course] it that evening. I realize that this is an atypical beginning to a book review, but one must be forgiven for those occasional, atypical, eccentric quirks...right? [especially if the one doing the reviewing is also the typist!]

I found *Traitors* to be interesting and entertaining and came away from it feeling much better than I had after reading KKR's previous novels. Her first novel, with Kevin J. Anderson was a disturbing work that had me overanalyzing things for several weeks. Her second work made me feel somewhat cheated. I thought I had it all figured out and the ending came as somewhat of surprise (I'm not going to spoil it for anyone who hasn't read it, but anyone who has is welcome to discuss it with me). I remembered liking *Heart Readers*...but I don't think I enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed *Traitors*.

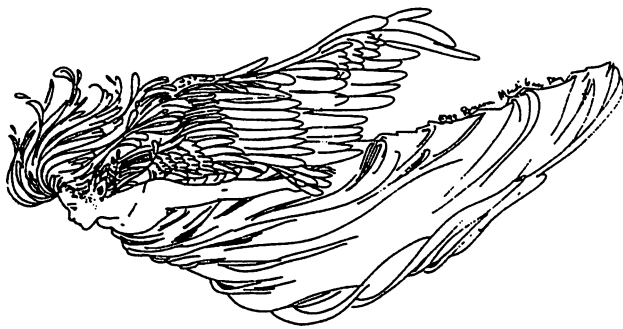
After all that, what is *Traitors* about and what makes it so likeable? Firstly, KKR has created a world that is more solid than those she has used in her previous works.

Each of the countries in this novel exists on an individual island. The characters are quite content to transport themselves via air shuttles operated by the technology hoarding Vorgellians or take more time consuming voyages aboard cruise ships. There is just a touch of technology in this otherwise medievalish type world and it works nicely.

Another factor that makes *Traitors* a great read is the main character, Emilio Diate. You first meet him as a fifteen year old stowaway on a cruiser. But, you quickly learn that Emilio is also a high caliber dancer who has caught the attention of the Queen of his homeland, the Kingdom, an usual place where children are tested for "Talent" abilities either in performance arts or magical. You cannot help but sympathize with Emilio as you witness his fear-filled flight for his life.

The last two-thirds of the novel deals with an older Emilio. He is now thirty and has spent half of his life in Golga, where dancing and other arts are forbidden, outlawed by the government. He is now a high ranking official in the country that he had been raised to hate, fear, and despise during the first fifteen years of his life. Just when Emilio thinks that there is nothing more to life than his work and his friendship with Beltar the wine merchant; Emilio meets two women who both affect his life in different ways. Martina is the Talent from the Kingdom who he finds in a Gogan alley. Sheba is the mysterious woman he meets on the pleasure island of Rulanda. I won't spoil it by telling you more about either of them.

You will be sadly disappointed if you think that this novel is nothing more than a tale about a man and two women...it is much more than that. What we read, like everything else in our lives, is subject to our own interpretation. I found this novel to be a fascinating portrayal of the internal struggle of an individual trying to find out who and what he really is; amid the expectations that people have projected on him and the expectations that he has of himself based on his own ideas. I'm sure that some of you will say that it is even more than that and others will say that it is something less. It doesn't matter. I encourage you to read the book and decide for yourself whether or not I'm right or wrong. Let me know. I'd be interested to see what you think. --Magpi



Travellers in Magic by Lisa Goldstein
TOR; Dec 1994; \$21.95; ISBN=0-312-85790-x

I was in Borders [again] when I saw this book and immediately proclaimed, "I WANT this!" to my roommate. Alright, I'll admit that the first reason why I wanted this book was because of the Thomas Canty cover. It's gorgeous! I then tried to downplay my enthusiasm by suggesting that she keep it in mind as a possible present. Well, Christmas day came and I got the book.

I had never read anything by Lisa Goldstein, but the book jacket intrigued me. I am embarrassed to say that it took me less than 24 hours to read the entire collection and I'm planning to do a more leisurely re-reading at a later date and time. Of the fifteen stories, all but two have been published previously in other magazines or anthologies.

This is a fabulous collection of short stories that I don't think could or should be shoehorned into either science fiction or fantasy. The stories are a little more than than. There is a mysticism in most of them that leaves you sort of breathless. There is also an element of "jewishness" (I know, it's probably very un-P.C. to say such things, but I cannot help but point it out) in several of the stories ("Alfred"; "A Traveller at Passover"; "Breadcrumbs and Stones"; "Split Light") that really touched me, a *shiksa* [and asian at that!]. It might be nothing more than my imagination, but those four stories seemed as if they had been written with more heart and soul than the average "let me write a short story so that these editors will leave me alone" writer would put in. Or maybe I've been exposing myself to inferior writing for too long.

Another trio of stories, "Tourists", "Death is Different", and "A Game of Cards" were rather intriguing. Two of the three take place within an unusual and fascinating country called Amaz. The third deals with a native of the country who has relocated to America. I'm not going to spoil it by telling you more. Suffice it to say that the three stories were not enough and I'll be looking out for *Tourists*, a novel set in Amaz that Lisa Goldstein says has nothing to do with the short story of the same name.

I am compelled to write something about each story, but I think it would be best if you discovered them for yourself. I promise that you won't be disappointed!

--Magpi

<> MOVIE REVIEWS <>

Robert Heinlein's *The Puppet Masters* A Review by Doug Wu

I really wanted this one to be good. As far as I recall, Heinlein hasn't been brought to the screen since "Destination Moon", and who knows WHEN the hell they'll do it again?

Sorry folks. I know Heinlein's literary voice, and this ain't it. Not by a country mile. In fact, I had to go back and reread the unexpurgated rerelease (THANK YOU, delRey/Ballantine!) to get the taste of Hollywood cardboard out of my mouth. I also felt that the only way to show where the movie went wrong was to show where the author went right.

Alien invasion stories are as old as Mankind's discovery that the tribe on the other side of the waterhole doesn't particularly want to stay there. Stories were Omigosh! They're using our own bodies against us are only slightly less so. (Check out a few thousand years of vampire and demonic possession legends if you don't believe it.) There's nothing new under the sun here.

Heinlein did something different. He tells us "okay gang. The enemy's here, and he's got a way of turning our own folk against us. Here's what we have to do." "Puppet Masters" is a blueprint of how to repel an alien invasion. It should also be pointed out that as a product of the cold war, it is also a guide to how to deal with communist aggression, when it looks like a growing percentage of your own people are quoting Marx around the dinner table. Don't agonize. Don't stop to read them their rights. Shoot first and hope you don't miss.

Hollywood is just telling us the same old "icky-crawlies from space" story.

Okay, so this isn't the cold war anymore. The Russians are not hiding under our beds, and it's not politically correct to chuck sensitivity to the other guy's point of view and blow him away for have the bad taste to be an illegal alien. But whether or not you agree with Heinlein's assertion that we must deal with a ruthless foe by having greater ruthlessness, you cannot claim to be telling the same story that he wrote if you ignore the guiding motivation behind it: to instruct the reader/viewer in the harsh realities of a certain kind of war.

Donald Sutherland, as "The Old Man" comes closest to pulling it off. His portrayal of the Chief of "The Division" is as close to the Heinlein supercompetent aging mentor we are ever likely to see. He makes some hard decisions, and seldom shows the anguish of mere mortals, even when his own son is taken by the enemy.

Sam and Mary (I can't even REMEMBER who played them) are a typical movie leading couple, and here is when

the picture took its biggest nosedive. Sam is okay. Just okay. He is neither better nor particularly worse than he should be in the story. If he fails, it's mostly because he lacks the opportunity to spout witty monologue as the narrative voice in the book does. He's square-jawed enough for Hollywood, but not enough of what Heinlein would call a real man. I doubt he could shoot his own dog. As the "younger male, still growing" of the story he's alright, but never really matures. Give him a B-.

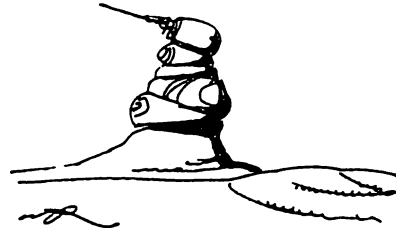
Why in BLAZES couldn't they let Mary be a coolly competent Division agent; one who could be trusted with the life of the President? Why the HELL make her an "exobiologist" on loan from NASA, for pity's sake? Does NASA even HAVE exobiologists yet? (Oh yes, I forgot. They reset the story in the present. Heinlein's novel is post WWII.) Since when does NASA get to work hand in glove with an agency so secret, that the CIA may not even know it exists? Not only does Mary show none of the competence of her novel counterpart, but she has to be RESCUED for crying out loud! and not because she's a vital part of the team, but because Sam can't stand to leave her in enemy hands, and threatens to disobey orders if not allowed to go galloping off to her aid. That Sutherland as "The Old Man" allows this is the one really glaring flaw in the performance. Blame the scriptwriters I guess. If the actress is savvy enough to know what an insult she's been dealt, I hope she got paid real well. She had a chance to bring a Heinlein woman to the screen, but they chickened out and castrated her first. They even went so far as to take her stated purpose away from her. When its time to examine the parasite, it's a male Division scientist who does the job.

Things go downhill fast when Sam goes after Mary. I don't know where they got the idea that the parasites had to have a central brain. It sure wasn't from the book. The whole battle in the hidden lair scene reminded me of the superfluous brawl at the climax of George Pal's version of "The Time Machine". I guess in the movies fighting for your life isn't heroic enough. A man has to fight for a pretty girl. Heinlein's Mary didn't NEED that kind of looking after. She was probably as formidable in battle than Sam was, and while Heinlein's version might smart at that, he was too much of a professional to let that cloud his judgement. Going after Mary under those conditions, even though she was more valuable than Sam way, just did not make sense. There was no way to guess that she would have learned anything valuable; the only acceptable reason for attempting rescue.

There are no other characters of note in the movie. Just cannon fodder and window dressing. Heinlein didn't have many either, but at least his breathed. There's a soldier crawling with multiple parasites that gives Sam a hard time, but his only reason for being is to give the audience the creeps.

The horror of Heinlein's story is not that slimy-gooeys from space are invading us, but that the integrity of the

individual man is being violated. We are not supposed to feel like crawling under the covers. We are supposed to feel moral outrage. We aren't supposed to look up to Sam and Mary and applaud their courage. We're supposed to want to take up arms ourselves if the need arise. The movie producers have completely missed the point. If this is the best the movie industry can do with RAH, then I don't hold out much hope for "Stranger in a Strange Land", even if they DO sign Tom Hanks.



Movie Review: The Puppet Masters by Dwight Douglas

When I was in the Army I used to be amazed at what Army cooks could do to food. The Commissary would purchase 1st quality meat, veggies, etc. Army cooks would prepare meals that were inedible! I recently viewed the movie "The Puppet Masters". I could not help comparing Army cooks to the writers, directors, etc., who brought Heinlein's novel to the big screen.

For those unfamiliar with the book, the story revolves around an alien invasion by parasitic beings. They are about the size of a flattened football. The aliens' intent is to conquer Earth by taking control of the bodies of humans by attaching themselves on the human hosts' backs. The aliens are undetectable unless the host's clothing is removed from his or her upper bodies.

It is amazing that a great story could be made into such a second rate movie. If one discounts the performance of Donald Sutherland and the average special effects, one is left with a 1950's "B" grade movie. In short, the script was bad, the direction poor, and the acting wooden and (except for a few scenes) a boring movie.

The movie lacks any of the wit, humor, and suspense Heinlein wrote into his novel. For example, Heinlein's characters--to counter the aliens' ability to hide on the backs of their hosts--make it mandatory for people to be undressed from the waist up. In the movie does any of the cast take this obvious ploy? Of course not! Instead, we see military troops fully clothed, go into alien infested areas only to be captured by the aliens with other troops unable to identify them. Even in the top secret CIA headquarters everyone goes around in full dress and/or lab coats. Naturally the parasites infect and capture several hosts there. All in all, pretty lame!

I could go on, but in short, read the book! It is much superior to the movie. You may have noticed I did not mention the other actors/characters in the movie. Their performances are best left undiscussed.

I don't use the star rating system, instead I use the: Is it worth spending my time seeing a particular movie film again scale?

A= Great movie buy the video or rent it.

B= Wait until it is on TV or Cable and tape it.

C= Not worth taping or viewing again.

D= So bad it would be fun to see again.

The Puppet Masters rates a solid "C". I can only hope that the people who made The Puppet Masters do not own the movie rights to Heinlein's other novels.



<> LETTERS OF COMMENT <>

11 November 1994

Dear Editors,

I know I've been very remiss in not acknowledging SFSFS SHUTTLE more often, but while I'm always glad to see it and it reminds me of happy days at Tropicon, I don't always find anything to say about it which would be of interest to your readers [you underestimate yourself! Just by living in Ireland you "interest rating" is rather high in my estimation!]. Your reprint of the Berry piece about Irish Fandom stirs me from my lethargy however.

John preserves the joke which lay behind this series, viz that despite the pretentious title each installment was nothing more than a collection of personal reminiscences. I have little to add, except to explain the delay between John writing to me and my inviting him to visit Oblique House. This was due to the fact that I was checking up on him. The street directory in my office had revealed that he was a policeman, and since I was a department of Government which controlled the police, I was able to call for his personal file, which I did. It showed nothing to his disadvantage, so I invited him to visit us, with the result he sets out in his article. I never told him about checking his personal file, though.

John is very good and quite right about the difficulty of recalling the details of Oblique House conversation. Some can be found though in the Oblique House Christmas Cards, which took the form of little playlets of life at Oblique House. Much of these were based on actual dialogue recalled by me while writing the cards. Anyone

interested should write to Tom Whitmore (P.O. Box 1169, Berkeley, California 96701-1169) who published an anthology of Oblique House Christmas Cards in 1991 and may still have copies left, at \$5.00 postage paid. The title was *A Fan's Christmas in Ireland*.

In SFSFS SHUTTLE I also enjoyed Edie's editorial, bright and chatty, and Charles Fontenay's unexpected story. Also George Peterson's reviews and the reports of the Canadian Worldcon.

Best,

Walt [Willis]

December 6, 1994

Dear Shuttle-people,

Uh...er...multitudes of apologies. I have just sat around and watched the pile of zines-to-be-attended-to get higher and higher. I have all these great intentions, but don't seem to get around to doing what I should. But, I finally sat down and started through the stack to see how far I could get. I might as well start with #115.

I don't have any notation that I responded and see no WAHF type listing, so I must assume that, for once, my system is accurate and I haven't written. Now comes the first decision...I can either respond or sit around (even longer) and see when I get some pieces to send. Uh, I think it is a bit more prudent to respond now.

Very nice back cover!!!

Ironically, I am a blue-car owner trying to get out! I actually owned a red car (cream vinyl top) simply because it was the only car that met my monetary requirements—a Dodge Dart. It was four months into my ownership before I actually got a really good look at it with the short days and snowdrifts obviously this was a winter purchase). Each time I get another car I tell myself that this time I'll buy a car I want and not the one I ought to get that is available. Right.

Fran's mention of collecting makes you what you are (or something along those lines) reminds me that I just took my mother's sewing machine for repairs. I happen to have her good machine, too, but since I can't even thread it, no point in trying to do a whole lot with it. The sewing place told me it was in bad shape and where had I gotten it. By the way...did I know that old machines were collector's items? Uh...silly me- I only want a machine to use!

Headache..yeah, I know that wasn't supposed to be a straight line, but I just happened to see a show that brought up new research that seem to support the theory that all headaches are merely a part of a continuum—ending up with migraines and that means serotonin (probably) is involved. They also mentioned that they are inherited—if neither of your parents got/get headaches...then you won't. I'm not sure how the simple stress headache fits in.

Hey- a nifty Hyphen chapter! Thanks. Head stenciled illos!

I have just recently seen a handful of movies-but not all sf oriented. However, The Mask was one of them and I didn't think it worked as well as George seemed to think. The part I liked best was the big song/dance spectacular.

I think the ideas that ConAidian was an even con (i.e. no tremendous ups or downs) seems to sum up what I read in the reports. Personally, I think that it is pretty positive. Granted, if the flip side would be to say the con was fantastically up and nothing mediocre or down--then I might not be so ready to say this evaluation is positive. But, far too many look far too hard to find far too many faults--not finding any big ones is a major kudo!

Agh- and I didn't send anything for that ish. Sigh- ought to send something RSN- but don't hold your breath.

On to #116.

I like the description of the secret ballot.

It was great to see something by Gerry Adair in the pages again! More! I attended a funeral yesterday and had the chance to look over the directions Billie had left. She had selected the clothing, stuffed animal (the first stuffed animal she had ever gotten almost 65 years ago), notification (of only two people--I was not on the short list--but things have changed since all the specific details had been written out), and what was to be read and sung at the non-service. At least there was very little to be decided.

The alien-ness of aliens might easily be seen as stupidity to us (take for example the fauna in various locations that react to humans with naive curiosity because they have no natural predators and do not fear us) more than anything else. The adequate adversary seems to be one which demonstrates those human characteristics (individually decided upon) one deems most desirable (either for interest or survival).

One of these days I'll get cable and then have a chance to look at the SF channel. The few times I have sat for the Lynches and looked at the cable guide, it doesn't seem to be all that innovative, but more or less seems to re-run a lot of the less than classic (unless classically bad qualifies) sf movies. But, I don't really study the listings and this may not be fair. I fail to understand why the channel did not have someone and more-or-less live coverage at the worldcon (minimally-perhaps the Hugos, but I didn't see anything while Dick and Nicki were in Winniepeg).

At least this will be an indication that I am still out here! Thanks-sorry to be such a poor correspondent! Ghodd luck with Tropicon!

Happy Holidays to all!

Sheryl Birkhead

29 Nov

Dear Mal & Ericka--

You have made the classic error of pulp fiction, placing creatures on the wrong continent for the sake of a good story.

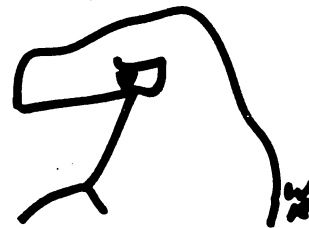
Piranha live in South America. I know of no documentation to support them consuming a bumbling explorer in Africa, the home of Tarzan.

With your article headers, you've made SHUTTLE visually interesting. Cartoons to follow.

Best Wishes,
Teddy [Harvia]

[this is all made even more amusing by the fact that Teddy's LOC was written on a postcard...that has a b/w illustration of a fisherman standing practically hip deep in water!]

**SORRY, NO
LETTER FROM
HARRY WARNER
YET..**



<> WRITING CONTEST <>

[previously run in issue #115, but I thought it was worth a second mention]

Linda J. Dunn, 2436 Hill Dr., Greenfield, IN 46140

Science fiction writer, Arlan Andrews, and InConJunction chairperson, Roseann Packer, are pleased to announce the first annual Arlan's Choice Short Story Awards open to writers who have not yet sold to a professional market. The first place winner will receive a plaque and \$100. The runner-ups will receive plaques. SFWA authors Jack Nimmersheim, Charles Eckert, and Linda J. Dunn will assist Arlan but Arlan will be the sole final judge.

Manuscripts must be postmarked by January 15, 1995 and comply with all the guidelines. Write for guidelines at Circle of Janus, P.O. Box 19776, Indianapolis, IN 46219 and write "SHORT STORY CONTEST" on the envelope. Do NOT send manuscripts without reading the guidelines or your story will be disqualified.

Guidelines may also be obtained via e-mail at CompuServe (71221,2325) and GENie (L.DUNN4).

<> EDITOR'S CLOSING COMMENTS <>

Y'know...I didn't think I would be doing another issue of the *SFSFS SHUTTLE* for some time. But, then, I saw those dreaded words "#117, Shirlene Ananayo" in #115 and I KNEW that I had done something wrong in a former life! Joe tried to make it easier by saying that "you don't have to do it right away...you have time...but make it larger, because it's going to be the first quarter issue for 1995." I came away from the talk somewhat dazed...and I wondered how I was going to pull this one off. This happened to coincide with a year I was going to make most of my Christmas presents -- a desperation ploy by someone with lots of fabric and not as much money. Anyhow, I thought I had enough time...I could have sworn that there were more than 24 hours in the average day...

So, after days of trying to decide which to do first [with time off to read, sleep, eat, and perform other vital biological functions] it's finally come down to this day. Even as I type, Judi Goodman is in the other room, trying frantically to find another piece of art that will fit her aesthetic sense of "balance" on an unbalanced page [namely, page 2...check it out. I was rooting for the Rotsler tree...she says it doesn't work]

Oh yeah, I was going to write about Judi Goodman [one of my best SFSFS friends], the now thinner woman who has just returned from three months at Structure House in North Carolina. She's lost seventy pounds and intends to continue until she is to where she is happy. I'm very proud of her and I'm VERY glad that she's back in Miami! I've missed sitting with her at SFSFS meetings and chatting with her about various things that are only of major interest/amusement to the two of us [trust me on this...most if it would take too long to explain anyhow]. So, in case you didn't hear me the first ten times I've said it, WELCOME HOME, JUDI!! <g>

I know that Judi is going to talk about "the damned tree"...ignore her. I'll make the sucker fit on this page! I swear it! Sorry, Bill, don't mean to be talking about your art in this manner, but it has been a minor bone of contention this evening and I think we're finally going to solve it! [Y'see, I missed having someone that I could argue silly, little things like art placement with!]

So, hope everyone had a good Chanukkah/Winter Solstice/Christmas. I also hope that everyone has a great time in the new year to come. Okay, this is it. I promised to leave the Art Editor some space to chat on...but, if she doesn't use it wisely...I'll put the Rotsler tree there instead! [yes, there is fightin' words indeed!] Happy New Year everyone and I hope to see you all at Tropicon. Can't miss me...I'll be the one running around with the blue cape and the large black bat <WEG> <cackles of dubious glee echo>



<> ART ED'S RELUCTANT COMMENTS<>

[I get to type it.... poor innocent, trusting, coughing soul that she is <wiggling eyebrows>]

Okay, after having been gone the last quarter of the year, I now have found myself thrust back into <pause for weird noises...and a cough> the hectic world of the Magpi <indignant squawk from the typist>. Now, many of you may never experience the joyful noise of working well into the night, while Shirlene sits there typing, giggling, getting extremely silly AND cranky. But, for those of you, who, like I, continually come back to this well of horrors [WHAT?! It's not THAT bad! And, it's NOT that late...yet...], you'll find it to be a neverending source of amusement. How many tales have evolved from many of our late night stints of writing, editing, re-writing, re-editing, etc., [I haven't heard any! What have you been saying about me?! <narrowed eyes glare at Judi from behind the keyboard>] And for those of you who've never seen a rough draft of any of our works, or experienced us running on caffeine and Cuban food [hey, I haven't eaten dinner yet! Don't bring food into this!], you'll never know how truly strange our minds can get.

I'm very happy to be back and the experience -- while very difficult -- was one that I am glad that I put myself through. I hope to be able to continue to use much of what I've learned not only to benefit my own life, but also those that I care about.

Thanks, SFSFS for always remembering me and bringing about many smiles while I was gone but NOW I'm back to stay! [Thank goodness!]

<> TREASURER'S REPORT <>

TREASURER'S REPORT 1/1/94-11/30/94

| Expenditures | Revenues |
|-------------------------------|------------|
| SFSFS | |
| Membership | \$1,260.00 |
| Contributions | 146.15 |
| Interest | 88.47 |
| Misc. | 12.00 |
| Shirts | 305.00 |
| | \$1,811.62 |
| Meetings | \$10.60 |
| Misc. | 5.29 |
| Postage | 20.40 |
| Reports | 61.25 |
| Shuttle Postage | 458.35 |
| Storage | 516.66 |
| Supplies | 4.50 |
| Shirts | 415.35 |
| | 1492.60 |
| Excess R/E | \$319.02 |
| TROPICON XII | 9462.92 |
| TROPICON XIII | |
| Registration | \$1,092.25 |
| Banquets | 120.00 |
| Dealers | 270.00 |
| Contributions (\$103.03=Filk) | 222.18 |
| Interest | 57.46 |
| | \$1,771.89 |
| Art | \$129.10 |
| PG Box/Bulk/Patg | 105.00 |
| Logistics | 50.8 |
| Regis. Supplies | 35.63 |
| Storage | 430.16 |
| Promo | 50.00 |
| Progress Report | 230.27 |
| | 1050.98 |
| Excess R/E | \$720.91 |
| BOOK DIVISION | |
| Discounts, Allow. | 9488.13 |
| Interest | 6.54 |
| | \$694.67 |
| Dues & Subs | 90.00 |
| Postage | 15.02 |
| Supplies | 73.99 |
| Shipping & Mand. | 135.02 |
| | 224.04 |
| Excess R/E | \$470.63 |

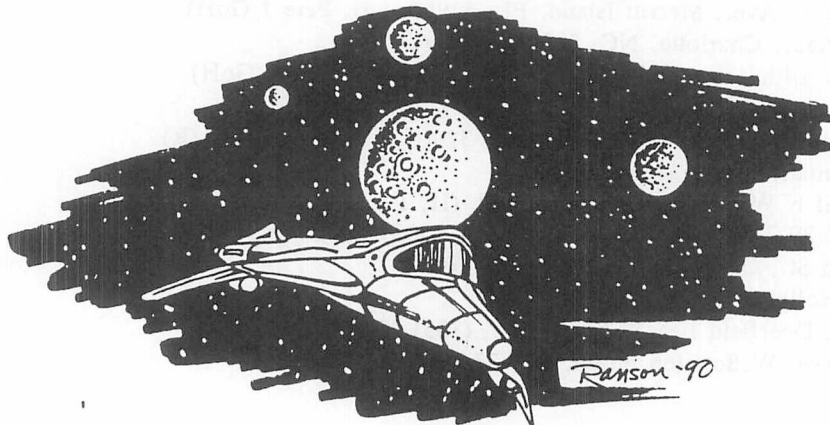
<> Members Listing <>

Listed below are the names and addresses of all SFSFS Members, as of the December 95 General Meeting. An "H"=Honorary; "R" =Regular/Voting; "G" = General/Non-Voting; and "F" identifies "Founding" members of SFSFS. Those of you who have not renewed for 1995 are encouraged to do so as soon as possible. You can do that by either filling out the renewal form located on the last page of this issue, or you can fill it out a form at the membership table at T-con 13!

- *Lynn Abbey, 10413 Ski Dr., Oklahoma City, OK 73162-6868, (H, T-9 GoH)
- *Forrest J. Ackerman, 2495 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, CA 90027-1110, (H, T-3 GoH)
- *Shirlene Ananayo, P.O. Box 8604, Coral Gables, FL 33124, (305)662-9426, (R)
- *Poul and Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, CA 94563, (H,T-7 GoH)
- *Elaine Ashby, 22 Camden Dr., Greenacres City, FL 33463, (407) 439-5517, (G)
- *Peter Barker, 4521 S. Ocean Blvd, Highland Beach, FL 33487, (R)
- *Mark Baumgarten, 445 NE 195 St., Apt. 322, (R)
- *Judy Bemis, 1405 Waterwinds Court, Wake Forest, NC 27587, (919)518-2473, (F,R)
- *Gail Bennett, 624 W. Dayton Circle, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33312, (H, T-12 FGoH)
- *Judd Berkley, 5235 SW 77 Ct., #102F, Miami, FL 33155, (G)
- *Sheryl Birkhead, 23629 Woodfield Rd., Gaithersburg, MD 20882, (Contributor)
- *Frederick Bragdon, 635 NE 115 Street, Biscayne Park, FL 33161-6203, (305)892-6026, (R)
- *Hal Clement, 12 Thompson Lane, Milton, MA 02186, (H,T-9 GoH)
- *Donald E. Cochran, 1001 Glenham Dr., N.E. Palm Bay, FL 32905, (407)725-8197, (G)
- *Jeanne Deininger, 1085 SE 6th Ave., Dania, FL 33004-5408, (G)
- *Vincent di Fate, 12 Ritter Drive, Wappinger Falls, NY 12590, (H, T-3 GoH)
- *Peggy Dolan, 4427 Royal Palm Ave., Miami Beach, FL 33140-3039, (305)532-8008, (F,R)
- *Dwight Douglas, 2463 Lincoln Street, Hollywood, FL 33020, (305) 921-5219, (R)
- *Gary D. Douglass, PO Box 451, Lake Worth, FL 33460, (407) 533-0471, (G)
- *Gardner Dozois, 526 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, PA 19106, (H T-5 GoH)
- *Mike Drawdy, <new address unavailable at this time> (R)
- *Ahava Drazin, 4705 Johnson St., Hollywood, FL 33021, (305) 966-0661, (R)
- *Bob Ewart, 455 NW 10th St, Boca Raton, FL 33432, (407) 368-2487; (G)
- *John Fast, 6850 NW 12 Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33309-1124, (305)XSX-FAST, (G)
- *Bruce Feldman, 11101 Royal Palm Blvd., Apt. 109, Coral Springs, FL 33065 (H, FGoH)
- *Charles L. Fontenay, 1708 20th Ave N, Apt C, St. Petersburg, FL 33713, (H)
- *Brad Foster, P.O. Box 165246, Irving, TX 75016-5246, (Contributor)
- *Kelly & Laura Freas, 7713 Nita Ave, West Hills, CA 91304-5546, (H,T-6 GoH)
- *Miriam Gan, 1201 N.W. 147 St., Miami, FL 33167, (305)687-6878, (G)
- *Arlene and Sara Garcia, 1301 NE 7th St., Apt. 118, Hallandale, FL 33009, (R & Child)
- *Bert Garcia, 2428 Oak Garden Lane, Hollywood, FL 33020, (R)
- *Margaret Gemignani, 8307 W. Sample Rd. #9, Coral Springs, FL 33065-4622, (F,R)
- *Mike Genovese, 2200 Cypress Bond Dr. S. #706, Pompano Beach, FL 33069, (305)970-3826, (G)
- *Carol Gibson, (R)
- *Nunzio Giorgianni, 4848 NW 24 Court #123, Lauderdale Lakes, FL 33313, (305)484-7459, (R)
- *Steven Gold, P.O. Box 292256, Davie, FL 33329-2256, (305) 423-9976, (R)
- *Judi B. Goodman, 7670 SW 152 Ave. #106, Miami, FL 33193, (305)385-1793, (R)
- *Joseph and Patti Green, 1390 Holly Ave., Merritt Island, FL 32952, (H, Fete 1 GoH)
- *Fred Grimm, 5801 Ganymede Place, Charlotte, NC 28227-2524, (G)
- *Joe & Gay Haldeman, 5412 NW 14th Ave., Gainesville, FL 32605, (H, Fete 2 GoH)
- *Teddy Harvia, P.O. Box 905, Euless, TX 76039, (Contributor)
- *Melanie Herz, 1245 Palm Bay Rd., Apt S-204, Palm Bay, FL 32905, (407)724-9581, (R)
- *Bill Hirst, 5691 SW 1st St., Plantation, FL 33317, (G)
- *Lee Hoffman, 3290 Sunrise Trail N.W., Charlotte, FL 33952, (H, T-1 GOH)
- *Michael Hubschman, 10101 SW 39 Terrace, Miami, FL 33165, (305) 221-7775, (G)
- *Donna Johnson, 4501 NW 170th St., Opa Locka, FL 33165, (G)
- *Jeffrey Kasten, 2519 Polk St., Hollywood, FL 33020, (G)
- *Bruce Konigsburg, PO Box 979, Deerfield Beach, FL 33443, (305) 427-8966, (G)
- *Alex Lyman, 8068 Rosemarie Ave. W, Boynton Beach, FL 33437, (G)



- *Dave Lyman, 8068 Rosemarie Ave, Boynton Beach, FL 33437, (407)732-4479, (F, R)
- * Deanna and Beth Lyman, 8068 Rosemarie Ave, Boynton Beach, FL 33437, (407)732-4479, (F, R & 1 Child)
- *Audrey Maciejewski, 219 NE 14th Ave, # 206, Hallendale, FL 33009, (305)458-7284, (R)
- *George R. R. Martin, 102 San Salvador, # 1, Santa Fe, NM 87501, (H, T-6 GoH)
- *Cecile Millman, 453 Knollwood Court, Royal Palm Beach, FL 33411, (407)795-5811 (G)
- *Francine Mullen, P.O. Box 840344, Pembroke Pines, FL 33084-0344, (305)929-5815, (R)
- *Andre Norton, 1600 Spruce Ave., Winter Park, FL 32789 (H,T-10 GoH)
- *Dea O'Connor, P.O. Box 290591, Davie, FL 33329-0591, (305) 792-7263, (R)
- *Mark & Priscilla Olson, 10 Shawmut Terrace, Framingham MA 01701, (Subscibing)
- *Tony Parker, 1405 Waterwinds Court, Wake Forest, NC 27587, (919)518-2473, (F,R)
- *Dina and Hillary Pearlman, 3705 East Shore Rd., Miramar, FL 33023, (305)989-0290, (F,R and Child)
- *Ericka Perdew, 4521 S Ocean Blvd., Highland Beach, FL 33134 (407)272-0156, (R)
- *Carlos V. Perez, Jr., 534 Sevilla Ave., Coral Gables, FL 33134, (305)448-5152, (R)
- *Becky Peters, 1837 NE 15th Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305, (305) 563-5788, (F,R)
- *George Peterson, 1808 NE 11 Ave., Apt. 8, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305, (305)524-1274, (R)
- *Chuck Phillips, P.O. Box 290096, Davie, FL 33329-0096, (305)587-9866, (R)
- *Cynthia Plockelman, c/o Two on a Shelf Bookstore, 311 Franklin Road, West Palm Beach, FL, 33405, (407)585-1278, (G)
- *Carol Porter, 1811 Banyon Creek Circle North, Boynton Beach, FL 33436, (305)369-3251, (R)
- *Rusti Quinto, 2789 Devine Rd., Fort Pierce, FL 34981, (407)466-4508, (G)
- *Peggy Ranson, 1435 Toledano St., New Orleans, LA 70115-3418, (Contributor)
- *Bill Rotsler, 17909 Lull St., Reseda, CA 91335, (Contributor)
- *Gary Alan Ruse, 2131 SW 62nd Ave., Miami, FL 33155, (305)266-4946, (H)
- *Christina Santiago, 9560 NW 32 Ct., Miami, FL 33147, (R)
- *Maureen Sheehan, 1531 NW 98th Way, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024-4364, (305)431-5725, (G)
- *Rita F. Sheinblatt, 20301 N.E. 30 Ave., Apt. 106, North Miami Beach, FL 33180, (G)
- *Dan Siclari, 4599 NW 5th Ave., Boca Raton, FL 33431-4601, (407) 392-6462, (R)
- *Joe Siclari, 4599 NW 5th Ave., Boca Raton, FL 33431-4601, (407) 392-6462, (F,R)
- *Anjal Soler, 3325 NE 18th St., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305, (G)
- *Jerry & Karen Stecca, 15594 SW 103 Terr., Miami, FL 33196, (G&R)
- *Edie Stern, 4599 NW 5th Ave., Boca Raton, FL 33431-4601, (407) 392-6462, (F,R)
- *Judith Tarr, P.O. Box 728, Vail, AZ 85641-0728, (H, T-12 GoH)
- *Patricia Tiller, 887 Cotton Bay Dr. W, Apt 208, West Palm Beach, FL 33406-9049, (G)
- *Sue and Brian Trautman, 8909 SW 6th St., Boca Raton, FL, 33433-6203, (407)482-0526, (F,R and Child)
- *Stuart Ulrich, 1811 Banyon Creek Circle North, Boynton Beach, FL 33436, (305)369-3251, (R)
- *Cynthia Warmuth, 4200 Sheridan St., Apt, 413, Hollywood, FL 33021-3619, (305)987-9905, (R)
- *Jack Weaver, 8868 NW 3 Place, Coral Springs, FL 33071-7481, (305)752-7351, (G)
- *Howard M. Wendell, 17201 Biscayne Blvd, No. Miami Beach, FL 33160, (305)940-6097, (R)
- *Walt & Madeline Willis, 32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Northern Ireland, BT 21 OPD, United Kingdom, (H, T-7 GoH)
- *Bill Wilson, 4200 Sheridan St., Apt 413, Hollywood, FL 33021-3619, (305)987-9905, (R)
- *Doug Wu, 520 NW 7th St, Boynton Beach, FL 33426, (407) 737-8028, (F,R)



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JANUARY DATES TO REMEMBER:

6, 7, 8
Tropicon & related filk events
Palm Beach Airport Hilton

21
SF Discussion Group
Siclari/Stern Residence

22
SFSFS General Meeting
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