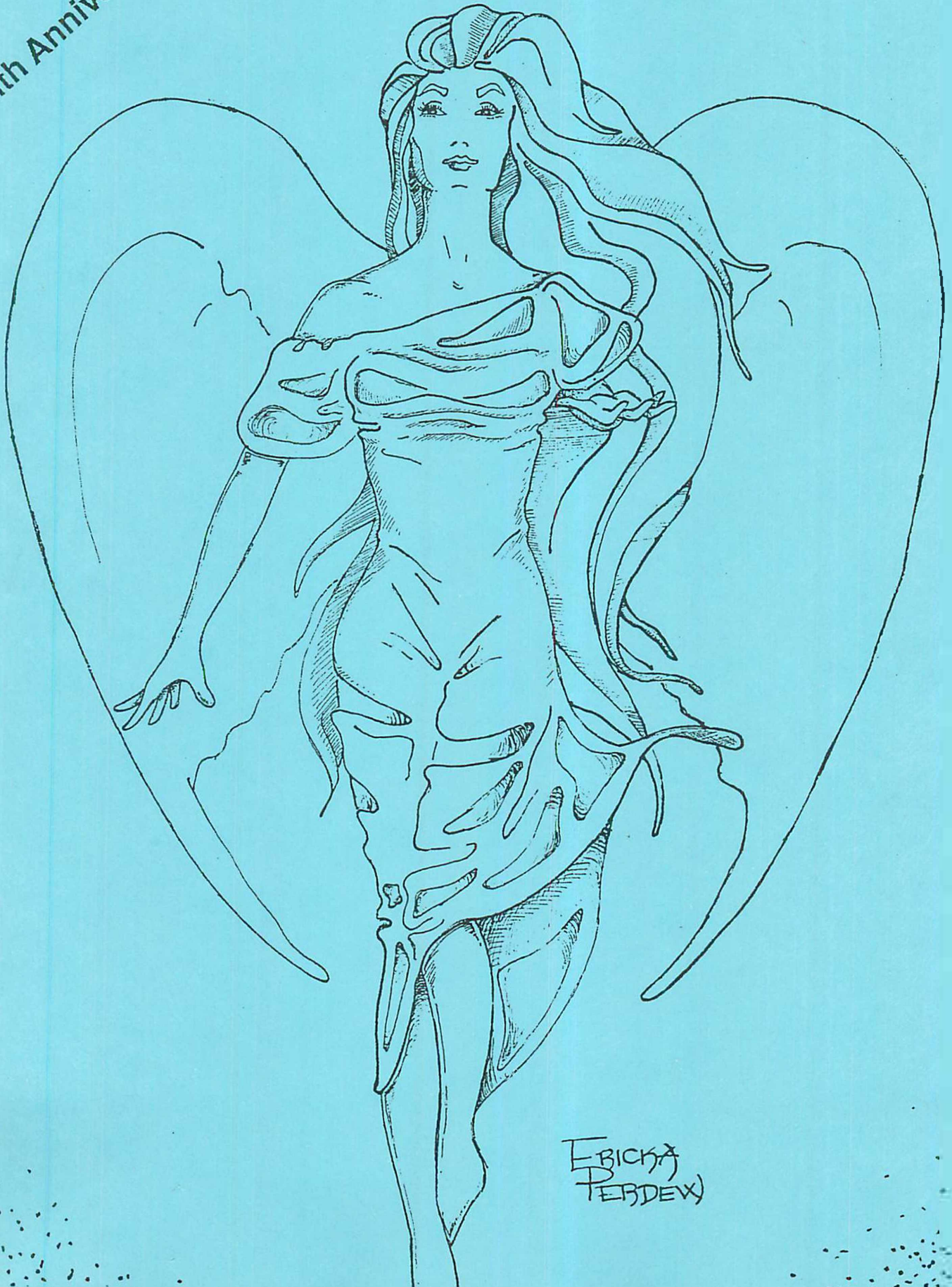


Tenth Anniversary Special!

SFSFS Shuttle #119

May/June, 1995







# SOUTH FLORIDA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

POST OFFICE BOX 70143

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33307

## Shuttle 119 Cargo Manifest

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Dan Siclari

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Sep., #121, Aug. 15

Nov., #122, Oct. 15

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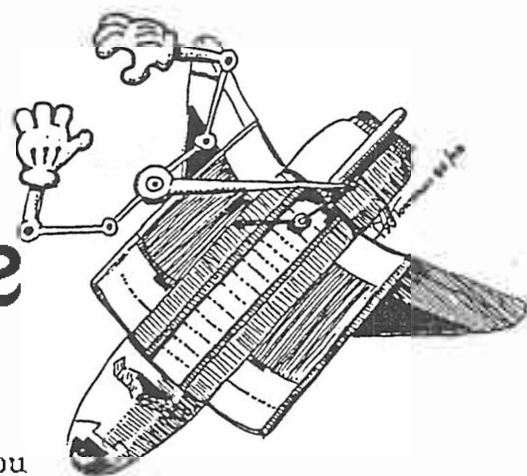
## The SFSFS Shuttle #119 — May/June, 1995

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, might is right.



# SFSFS

## Meeting Space



**Date:** May 13, Saturday

**Time:** 2:00 PM

**Program:** **The Travelling Fan**

**Speakers:** Shirlene Ananayo, Joe Siclari and you

**Location:** Imperial Point library, Fort Lauderdale

Fandom, like Alice, often runs as fast as it can to stay in what it fondly hopes is the same place. This year, in order to stay "in the Worldcon" there will be a mass migration to Glasgow, Scotland via all the places between. Come to the May meeting for fannish traveling anecdotes, recommendations, warnings, advice, pretty pictures and even professional commentary on your travel plans. You know, you really can *drive* to Glasgow from here. It merely takes determination, time and ferry boats. Do you know the pro that did drive to England for the last UK Worldcon?

With the Worldcon in Scotland and the NASFiC in Atlanta and the spring/summer convention season upon us, we will preview some of the neat things to do and see on your travels. If you're not traveling, then we'll help put some interesting windows on your armchair. Come and find out.

**Directions:** Imperial Point library, 5985 N. Federal Hwy., Fort Lauderdale Phone: 305-492-1800. Take I-95 to Commercial Blvd. Go east to Federal Hwy. Go north about 10 blocks. Library is on west side.

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**Date:** June 17, Saturday

**Time:** 2:00 PM

**Program:** **The Hugo Nominees!!**

**Speakers:** Frederick Bragdon, George Peterson

**Location:** Hallandale Beach Public Library, Hallandale

Tired of reading junk? Tired of formula fiction and non-interesting non-fiction. The Hugo nominees are pretty well guaranteed to avoid the commonplace ruts in the field. Our June meeting features Frederick Bragdon and George Peterson, *literati stfnali*, to share their opinions on this year's best. So, get some recommendations for your reading list, and listen to the informed opinions of B&P. Of course, they will agree on every item. They always agree, don't they? Well, almost always?

Our experts will go over all the Hugo nominees from novel and short story to Dramatic Presentation and fan artist. And if they are not familiar with a category or two, we're sure there will be input from the members.

[Read all the nominees, and vote! Remember, you must be a member of the Worldcon to vote for the Hugos, and if you are, remember that your vote counts. Please vote only in those categories where your reading/viewing/etc. qualifies you to have an opinion. ]

**Directions:** Hallandale Beach Public Library, 300 S. Federal Hwy., Hallandale. Phone 305-454-5353. Take I-95 to Hallandale Beach Blvd. Go east to US 1. Go south about 3 blocks. Library is on the west side.

**Additional meeting info on page 40**

# EDITORIAL

Welcome to the age of Inquerius. OK, OK, we dropped the pun fine years ago, and besides you're not close enough to poke me. The inquiring minds I'm referring to are the multitudes of us surfing the nets, sending e-mail, doing research on our car buys through on-line data bases and so forth. We're in it too — SFSFS is providing content on the Internet through the South East Florida Library Information Network (SEFLIN).

Fans and the not-so-fannish have access to items of interest such as George Peterson book reviews, SFSFS calendars, SF books from Project Gutenberg, and truly awesome numbers of bulletin boards and chat lines. My experience is that most of the chat is involved with sex, games, and the kind of cocktail party chatter that encourages one to change seats in a few minutes. Per Sturgeon's Law, a small portion of what you read on line is insightful, valuable, and can result in more epiphanies per kilobyte than one could believe. Most of the rest is pure trash. The range is startling.

A curious side effect of the long reach of the nets lies in how it has fragmented Marshall McLuhan's global village concept. As we were reaching some small step to homogenization via television (another horrifying thought), the nets have injected a little perversity. Now, like minded techno-weenies on two or three or more continents can create their own global enclave, in which their specialized views and interests reign supreme. Increasingly, regular people participate too. Sometimes it seems like a virtual slanshack out there. Instead of a global village, we have many villages coexisting in the same place, kind of a curious version of parallel universes. Of course, there are local cultures and local argots. And I suppose you can repeatedly get the thrill of first contact. Make sure you observe the target group well before you make contact (there are many strange customs out there), and remember that getting flamed doesn't hurt your body. This is the armchair traveler's delight — you can be whoever and whatever you want to be.



Believe it or not, I got started on this editorial noodling, er, thinking, about my problem with analogy abuse. There ought to be a twelve step program or a self-help book or something.

I don't mind having colorful speech. I've always enjoyed listening to those of my friends with rustic overtones (even the ones that started life as city boys). I am not convinced, however, that if the dog hadn't stopped to shit in the woods, he'd have caught the bear.

Work doesn't help. My company seems to run on sports analogies. I had to learn the rules of football when I started working so I could figure out what the heck my coworkers were talking about when they discussed business. ("Outran his interference", "drop back ten and punt", "the haggis are in the fire now"). That kind of reference is so ingrained now, that I could no sooner stop using it than I could learn to fly.

I explain things to myself by analogy. I explain things to others by analogy. The first part is OK — at least I understand what I'm getting at. The second part is harder; I keep using SF examples to get my points across to people who have no idea what I'm talking about. Scarily enough, I've developed a circle of coworkers who know what I mean when I natter on about planting obs, and complain about headquarters fools who live in a pocket universe.

That's what started me thinking about the nets. Think of all the people who could understand what we're talking about, without any explanation. Think of all the potential friends and fan families. Think how even being transferred to Antarctica won't leave you alone and friendless, without a way to interact with a circle of your own.

Think how much better it is when the hugs aren't virtual. There's a lot to be said for face to face friends, and nondigital interaction. This issue marks the tenth anniversary of SFSFS; later on this read what the group has meant to some of our membership. Also read about our upcoming GENie real time chat. Isn't it nice you don't have to choose between cyberspace and known space?

# JUNGLE LIFE ISN'T ALL TARZAN AND JANE.

Dan, Edie and I have been trying to gird our loins and bring our yard back under control.

Those of you who live in apartments don't have to play with Mother Nature and those of you who live in more temperate climes don't realize what a blessing it is when Mother steps in and kills your blooms and stunts your trees for a few months. Yeah, you have a few leaves to rake up (or vacuum if you like new gardening toys). But Mother works overtime down here.

If you don't keep it up, everything turns green — your yard, your fence, your shed and even your house. And it ain't all pretty.

A few years ago, I planted a very small lingaro near the front fence. This is a bush that has small leaves and long flowing branches. It produces very fragrant flowers twice a year in this climate and has small elongated fruit — about three-quarters of an inch long — pale pink to red in color. These fruit are edible, of course (barely) and are often used to make perfume. The lingaro has a very full appearance because it has so many leaves all year.

It can be trained to run along a fence or create an arbor-like covering. But Mother doesn't like you not to check with her regularly. We kept our lingaro trimmed but let it roam along the chain-link fence at the front of our yard. Slowly it grew a good twenty foot across. A couple of weeks ago, I noticed that part of our fence had moved.

I thought somebody who came to one of our parties or SFSFS meetings must have hit the fence when they parked on the grass. I was aggravated that they didn't have the courtesy to tell us. When I mentioned it at home, Dan told me that it was the lingaro. So I had to look for myself. Did I mention the lingaro's full appearance? Dan was right; the bush had grown incredibly on the inside but still had its light flowing branches and small fine leaves and flowers. It had ripped off the top crossbar on the fence and pushed everything a good 12 to 18 inches. It took a full two days of cutting and dragging to get it almost back to order. I'm not sure we will ever get the crossbar back and connected properly.

Now, I know that this can happen with any tree or bush because of the steady pressure of growth. But this bush hid its insidious growth under a mantle of delicateness and fragrance. Who would think that Kong was dismantling our borders behind this pleasant facade? We had even been assured when we got this at the Rare Fruit Council that it was a lightly growing vine-like plant. And our reference books all said the same thing.

Hah! I should have known better. Vines are the worst — we had a carnivorous passionfruit that was nearly the end of us.

So if you hear us grumbling over our blisters, or engaged in learned discourse on the merits of weedwhackers, don't worry. It's Spring in the subtropics, and we'd like you to be able to find the front door next time you visit.

— Joe

# URBAN SHAMAN

PETER RAWLIK

They come to me, they fear  
but they still come  
they know, that I know  
the ways to get things done

I know the gods  
not the Christ  
nor Yahweh  
nor the Islam Allah  
I know the gods that get things done

you need an altered mind?  
I know Doktor Feelgood  
the demon of speed and high

You want the tart?  
Sacrifices are easy but never cheap  
for Our Lady of Prostitution  
Madame Noir

and fashion?  
oh, sweet Lady Vogue  
Narcissism is her sweet curse  
and her only dark gift

Did I hear Vice the Cop  
was looking for you?  
I can call on the twins  
Mistress Miranda and Prefect Alibi?  
they can stand with you in the court  
of the blind idiot god Judge Mental

Yes I know  
the gods that get things done

I know the callings  
for Media, the Madonna of Broadcasting  
I know the lines for Master Graphix  
the Lord of Advertisements  
and if you are wont to pay the price  
I'll even introduce you to  
the dread Shogun of Business  
Lord Tao Jones

and if all these are too pricey  
I know the spirits of the street  
and the machine,  
the children of Mater Mainframe  
Gridlock, Radix,  
Endwise, and Flux  
Full Adder, Synntax,  
End Prompt, and Lock

Yes I know them  
the gods who get things done  
and they come when I call  
through cables and EMF nets  
they come

what can I do for you?

# 10 Years – That's Not Too Many

## A Tenth Anniversary section on SFSFS and SF by its members

**Edie Stern:** Ten years of SFSFS. Ten years of SFSFS sponsored Tropicons. Incorporated educational stuff. Lee Hoffman, Joe Green, Nichelle Nichols, Ben Bova, Charles Fontenay, Jay Haldeman, Vince Miranda, Joe Haldeman, Gary Alan Ruse, Roger Zelazny, Somtow Sucharitkul, Herschell Gordon Lewis, and many more. Brad Linaweaver and King Dinosaur. Bill Wilson smiling over mounds of Cornish game hen carcasses. Happy Birthdays Andre! Rich Tetrev building Tower of London strength scaffolding into the warehouse. Peggy Dolan doing impressive Hebe imitations for Robert Bloch. Award winning Miami Herald photos. Picnics and parties. Book dedications. We are not Archon. Mesa of Lost Women. Fan eating artshow panels. New Years Eve parties that last days. Poor Irish fisherfolk with no bed in their hotel room. Smoooth. Building the tower of Trufandom as Hurricane Andrew breathed ever more heavily down our necks. Bylaws. Bylaws redux. Bylaws lost. Bylaws regained.

[Joe with a mustache. Joe with a beard and a mustache. Joe with a beard. Joe with no facial hair. Hair. Joe! Hair! No hair...]

Ladies' Sewing Circle and Terrorist Society. LeeH and her screwdriver necklace. Nancy Atherton published. Blood drives, charity auctions and damfine musicians and singers. Frank Hayes buying 10 minutes of Mitch Silverman's silence. Sex at 11 in drag, with Jay in braided beard half crashing a Cancer Society holiday party. Collating sessions. Progresse report bulk mailing sessions. Dan's first movie review. Filks inside and out. Becky's apartment redolent of mulled wine or spiced cider. Hal Clement softly singing Men of Harlech to himself on the way to the airport (in Welsh!). Begonia buttons to honor Banks Mebane.

Art show panel building, loading & transporting & unloading, erecting, hanging, disassem-

bling, loading & transporting & unloading, and putting into the attic sessions.

Impromptu dinners for 37 at thoroughly surprised restaurants. Banging away at tooling leather to create silly game awards and confusing restaurant staff and patrons. Thirty people for a discussion of Brin's *The Postman*. Terrific cover art from people I hadn't known could draw. Miami Book Fairs. West Palm Book Fests. Ellen Datlow and her parents. Trying to motivate volunteers (it's much easier when you pay people). Book division!! Yay, Franny!! *I Survived King Dinosaur*. *I Survived the Tropiccon Art Show*. *SFSFS Founding Member*. *Friends Don't Let Friends Run Worldcons*. *I Survived SFSFS*.

My fannish career started about 15 years before SFSFS, by way of fanzines (thanks, Ted, for the Clubhouse column), and later conventions. So, I was already comfortably accustomed to having an extended family that I could actually enjoy. Some of them even lived in South Florida. But sometimes, they went away, or got busy, or went underground.

SFSFS has changed a lot of that last part. It's grown to be a fine set of sturdy bones for the local fannish corps. With monthly meetings, and groups of common interest, it lets us choose to play nice with our friends, or bail like mad if our lives are taking on water. It's good - even if it is high maintenance.

It's certainly taught me a bunch. I have all kinds of increased self esteem after working on years of IRS submissions. I can thank SFSFS for skills in writing, speaking, meeting planning, press release and press management, cleaning the house really fast, hosting slumber parties...

The people ain't half bad neither, new friends and old. But what a time we've had, and what a time we're going to keep having.

OK you guys, who's in charge of the 20 year retrospective?



Peggy Dolan:

## PLUS 10 AND COUNTING

Did I really agree to write a birthday message for SFSFS — with a deadline of April FIFTEENTH? Even Judge Ito would find for the defense on that one. I must have been *non compos* at the time. After e-mail prods from Our Founder, and between dreams of K-1s and W-2Gs (I'd like to get one of the latter), I've had various inspirations. To wit - or lack thereof:

*In the first year of SFSFS Siclari said to me  
We need our 501(c)(3)*

Unfortunately, or perhaps not, the rest was gone when I woke up. Then I thought of Gary Wolfe's tribute to Brian at the ICFA. Hmmm:

*Glorious sci-fi club of the Florida south  
The time has come to open my mouth  
And to sing your praises I am not at all loathe.*

Nah. Even McGonagall wouldn't do that. (Would he?) How about:

*In April on the fifteenth day  
The Shuttle goes to press without delay  
And I can't think of anything to say.  
It's clear without much contemplation  
That the anniversary of SFSFS's incorporation  
Should certainly inspire South Florida fans to  
engage in unfettered celebration.*

(Yeah — that he might have done.) Or maybe:

## ALIEN SMOF's STOLE MY BRAIN!

"Neo fan/CPA was hypnotized into volunteering for 10 years of bean counting!"

To be serious for a minute, what does count the most to me is the people who've been connected with SFSFS over the 10 years since Becky got me into this. When I go over the list of those I've had the chance to know, and in some cases to work, argue, laugh, or

cry with, I don't need a W-2G to tell me that I got lucky. Thanks to all.

**Judi Goodman:** So, SFSFS is celebrating its 10th anniversary. Or is that birthday? Hmmm....an anniversary celebrates the uniting of separate entities into a singular union, so I guess that fits. But a birthday commemorates the beginning of a new life, and since a corporation is considered an individual in the eyes of the law, then I figure this could rightly be called a birthday. Boy, this pondering stuff can get pertie confusin'! Anyhow, as I shake out the cobwebs of confusion, and toss that corn out of my mind, I find myself wondering: "What did I do to deserve this?" Oh, wait strike that, wrong story (or is it?). Actually, what I've been wondering is where did the time go? I could attempt to account for my past four years by counting the number of novels, novelas, novelettes, shorts and other assorted material I have read, but the list would overpower me. I could speak of the conventions I've attended, and the incredible folks I had the opportunity to meet. I should relate the multiple expeditions to exotic locales (like the wilds of Broward County), that my trusty navigator and I took. How about the nearly all night discussions that never quite stayed on topic? (Was there really a topic, I doubt it!) And, ultimately, as every meeting must come to an end, the inevitable attempt to make folks choose an eatery. Oh the horror, the (chuckle, snort) the horror. I've taken from SFSFS many things, but the most precious has been the good friends I've found and many I still hope to find. Happy Birthday, no wait Anniversary, no wait Birthday, no darn it there I go agin. OK then:

Everybody Join in and Sing With Me!

*Happy Birthaversary to you*

*Happy Birthaversary to you*

*Happy Birthaversary*

*South Florida Science Fiction Society*

*Happy Birthaversary to us!*



**Judy Bemis:** I'm not sure I thought we'd ever see a 10th anniversary of SFSFS. In many ways it doesn't seem like that long. But, like many "chosen families", we've weathered the occasional problems, and shared the joys, and done the work together. Some of us have left to go on to other things, like Nancy Atherton, who now has two published mysteries out, or Tony and I, who had to relocate last year. But the club has survived. I've found that the more I've been able to put into it, the more I've gotten out of it. And, I've learned skills over the years that I am now using in jobs, too. The club's precursor was very welcoming to me when I moved to South Florida in 1980, a fan who only knew a few of the locals, but had known fandom for 5 years, and that is true of fandoms elsewhere as well.

**Bill Wilson:** Peggy reminded me that this is the 10th anniversary meeting of SFSFS. Congratulations!!!! It's amazing how much SFSFS has changed our lives (in my case so much for the better...I met Cindy and most everyone else I like either directly or indirectly thru SFSFS).

**Shirlene "Magpi" Ananayo:**

*Fandom IS a way of life or what did my friends volunteer me for now?*

Fandom is a funny thing. It slowly sucks you in when you least expect it, then it takes over your life until you cannot imagine life without it. At least, that's how it happened with me. Not that I'm complaining, mind you...I'm merely making an observation...but I digress... Oh yes, we were talking about fandom. Well, maybe we weren't, but we are now. Don't ask me what it is...I don't think I could give a decent definition. I'm sure that one out of every four fans would agree with me. The other three in the group would be too busy "discussing" which of their views is the most accurate one. Yet, if pressed for a definition, I would have to say that fandom is a subcul-

ture within modern society consisting of people who have a common interest in that multi-faceted genre typically referred to as "science fiction." It encompasses the categories of fantasy and horror as well. I realize that it could be broken down even further, but let's not go there...leave it for someone else who has more time to spend on such ponderings.

My love of all things science fiction-related started when I cracked open my first comic book. I was seven and I found the pictures visually exciting. Eventually I realized that Thor and many of his cohorts were based on mythological beings...which started me reading other things... namely encyclopedias. From there I discovered libraries and the joys of reading books without pictures. In a childhood where the scenery changed every three years or so (yes, I'm a Navy brat and proud of it), characters like Menolly, Bilbo Baggins and Lt. Uhura were comforting constants.

My first foray into fandom was in response to an ad in the back of a novel. I joined Queen's Own and emerged from fringe fandom (y'know, that sort of gray area of existence where you enjoy sf/f/h but you don't actively participate in any aspect of fandom) and started attending conventions...out of state. My first was CoastCon in Biloxi, MS and my second was a DeepSouthCon in Knoxville, TN. My third was TropiCon X.

Life has progressed quite rapidly since TropiCon X. I didn't really meet any SFSFSians there though. I was too busy playing table slave for a dealer friend and bidding against Judi Goodman and someone else (Cynthia, was it you?) on all the dragon figurines at the art auctions. Hurricane Andrew and MagiCon changed that. I fell in with the Bert and Arlene Garcia and re-met Judi and the rest is a matter of public record (ask Judi...she'll tell you how it all happened).

I started attending SFSFS meetings. I started making more friends. I started volunteering. Those aforementioned friends

(namely Judi and Carlos) started volunteering me for tasks and odd jobs when I was not physically in the room. It soon became a running joke at SFSFS meetings to wait until I left the room during business meetings *then* volunteer me for the next available task or two. I eventually learned to go the bathroom *before* business meetings started. Still, I would not trade my entire experience with fandom or SFSFS for a million dollars...maybe ten million in gold pressed latinum...(I'm kidding!) Besides the fact that fandom has taught me how to play nice with others, it has also helped me to realize that I am not alone in the world. There are many more people just like me...willing to take wild plunges into the depths of imagination...into word woven worlds created and shared by writers. I believe that they are not merely there for entertainment or escape (although I would not fault you if that was your only purpose in reading sf/f/h), but as portals that permit you an optimistic glimpse into possible futures or a terrifying look at one's inner self or a sobering gaze at what we might all become. For better or worse, fandom is a way of life that I don't think I could live without...c'est la vie, n'est pas?

**Carol Porter:** It's hard to believe that SFSFS is ten years old! (Stop me before I start humming *The Way We Were*, please!) It would be very difficult to sum up what the club means to me in 500 words or less. I probably would need a million, but space is limited. One of these days someone should come out with an authorized or unauthorized history of this club in book form. A long time ago in a galaxy far away when I joined the club, we used to meet at the Broward Game Players Club in Davie, Florida. My first meeting was there when Joe & Edie gave a space slide show. Our first field trip that I remember most vividly was to Fairchild Gardens (if memory serves correctly) and we filked and played volleyball and lost the volleyball in a nearby

pond. Never one to avoid a blackmail opportunity, I took photos of these moments so we can look back on them. The photos come out occasionally and fill up four or five albums.

We've had some interesting speakers at our meetings, but Joe Haldeman has to be up there in my book as one of our more memorable. I remember Joe pulling out his telescope for the Gainesville *Travelling Fête*. I have always been fascinated by telescopes and stargazing in general. While I was growing up, I remember my dad had a wooden shed out in the backyard where he kept his telescope and the kids joined him to look at the planets and stars. (But if you asked me where the North Star was today, I don't know why, but I couldn't tell you.) At another time, I took a photo of the two Haldemans together. Gerry Adair wanted to use this photo at some point as the Bartles' and James' of SF.

Gerry was able to bring author Ramsey Campbell over for one Tropicon and I was just thrilled. Like Gerry (and Sarah), I share their love of horror. It was Gerry who introduced me to H.P. Lovecraft after I had discovered Edgar Allan Poe and also to Ramsey Campbell. Why I like to read such horror-filled works I don't know — maybe it's just one of my quirks. And of course I musn't forget Harlan, who is the subject of many barbs and discussion, but happens to be a very good author (very good being an understatement).

I didn't want this whole piece to be about me—sounds kind of self-centered. I'm glad of all the friends that I have found in the club; Stuey, my husband (yes, I have a husband, too, and he's a nonfan!) have found such wonderful people in this club. Our lives are so much richer because we met you people of kindred spirits. Mundania is boring! And life would be very boring without these SF fans. Hey, where else could I find the excuse to travel to England and go to an SF con at the same time. There are SFSFSers who are no longer with us, whom I miss a lot and whom I

can never, never forget — Vince Miranda and Richard Tetrev. Richard always was good at helping us in logistics and was a dear, good friend. Vince a wonderful, fun-loving guy and also one hell of a writer, and again someone you could not help but like. Life is a little lessened by their absence. I believe that you are fated to meet certain people, so Stuey and I were supposed to meet you crazy, wonderful people, and hopefully spend a large chunk of our lives with you. Our lives are richer for it!

**Carlos Perez:** I enjoy reading science fiction. I've been reading it ever since I can remember starting to read. And I really enjoy the company of science fiction fans. They are one of the brightest and most original groups of people that I have ever met. Therefore, it amazes me that such an intelligent and enlightened group can also be one of the most divisive.

Battle lines are drawn between "illiterate" media fen and "snobbish" literary fen. If you truly like *Babylon 5* then you must hate all things *Star Trek*. Entire arguments over whether to call the genre "Sci-Fi" or "Skiffy" or something completely different. Verbal fistfights to decide if Harlan Ellison is the second coming of Christ or just a tired, old schmuck. Never in my life have I seen such exclusionary and counter-productive behavior (except possibly in Congress).

I remember a time when the Science Fiction section at the local bookstore was just one or two shelves tucked away at the back. It's still in the back but now there are shelves and shelves of books having seemingly multiplied like rabbits. Science Fiction has become mainstream. You don't get funny looks any more when reading it on a bus or a plane because everyone is doing it. The stigma is gone and Science Fiction has come into its own. But there is still room for growth.

It is for this very reason that I think we should all put aside our differences and try to understand the "other fan", that person

whose likes and dislikes seem different from ours. As fans of Science Fiction, we should try to advance the genre by fostering new and unique approaches. To borrow a somewhat cliched idea, there are Infinite Diversities in Infinite Combinations. As the new millenium approaches, we should revel in our diverse interests rather than try to quash them — without them, life would be very boring.

**Melanie Herz:** Ten years of SFSFS! Has it really been that long? For some of my co-SFSFan's it has been. As for me, I've been a full member since 1992 and a pseudo member since 1986. (A pseudo member is someone who knows about the club, attends some club activities, works Tropicon, the club's annual convention and helps out in any way possible)

We are celebrating the 10th anniversary of the South Florida Science Fiction Society. For a decade our organization has prospered and has become a giant force in Florida Fandom. Do I sound biased? Well I can't help it. This club has been instrumental to me. I have met several people, many of whom have become close personal friends. Without the support of these friends I might not be able to do the things I do in Fandom. Over the years I have learned quite a lot from the educational and social events that I attended. Through it all my knowledge of Science Fiction was enriched and has gained new heights. (Mush, Mush, Mush!!!).

SFSFS started with a small group of fans who wanted to share their sf interests with other fans. To me, it is much like the early convention circuit where fans would gather together to meet other fans and talk about sf. Out of those meetings local, regional and of course the World conventions were born. (Sappy, Sappy)

Our club is not unlike other organizations. Toastmasters, Diving clubs, Ham Radio operators, Skydivers, and other miscellaneous groups all share the same thing... the love of a common interest.

I have a lot of memories with SFSFS. Working Tropicon, attending the meetings, socials and other events.. I have a fond memory of running parties at local conventions and having people ask me where I got the "pink flamingo" (Hey Peggy, can you get more Flamingos???)

I can go on and on and on. But I really just want to say "Thanks for the memories SFSFS"! May you "Live Long and Prosper", "May the Force be with you". May you help all the "Strangers in a Strange Land" guide their way to the galaxy!! (Oh yuck!)

Ok, I promised to stop ! But make no mistake I'll be right here! Next month, May 13th. You can count on it.

**Christina Santiago:** I inadvertently came one Sunday afternoon to Joe & Edie's house to pay an unannounced and unsolicited visit and was promptly summoned to sit down at Joe's computer and write my thoughts down on SFSFS's Tenth Anniversary. As a neo to Fandom, I must admit that my knowledge of this genre is relatively new, but like a baby grows in its mother's belly, it is growing! But more than the books I've read and the art I've seen, it's the members of SFSFS who have made the most vivid and long lasting impression on me. I have never met a more eclectic and diverse group of people (if you don't count riding Miami's Metrorail during weekday afternoon rush hour).

I came to my first meeting one chilly Saturday afternoon in January humoring my ex-boyfriend by tagging along with him to a meeting and thinking about all the hideous little paybacks I could inflict on him (you know your typical fiery Latin female). I kept a smile on face and my thoughts to myself. I walked into the library and remember seeing Edie in the corner of the room quietly knitting, and was shocked to learn such an easy going gentlewoman was actually a hot shot programmer at IBM! Talk about appearances being deceiving. Then I met Joe (I forget his

last name), but I think it begins with the same letter as mine! I remember thinking this guy had one too many cups of coffee that morning and just couldn't stop talking. I thought I would surely need a stiff one (a drink, I mean!) after this one. As the afternoon went on, I thought this was really interesting, and these people are not the stuffy-up-tight-eggheads I envisioned. To my surprise, I joined in the discussion, and felt welcomed! The feeling has never gone away!

**George Peterson:**

### *A Sisyphean Traveller's Tale*

Once upon a time, there was a lone traveller. Long did he wander through lands strange and mysterious. He spent many a dark and dreary night, pondering over volumes of often forgotten lore inside vast libraries. He consulted with mystic sages upon cold and windy mountain tops. It wasn't all elitist crap, either. He also tramped the old and twisted streets of dark, gritty, haunted cities. There were sunlit meadows and shadowy swamps, stormy seas and quiet rivers.

But wherever he went, his was a solitary walk. Oh, occasionally there were people who walked alongside. But their paths soon diverged, and once more the traveller was alone.

Then he made a wrong turn, and found himself lost in a vast wasteland. As far as he could see, as long as he could search, nothing but desert stretched off into the distance. There were ghosts, ugly troll-people, evil spirits that haunted the ruins of unborn civilizations. There were endless, scattered settlements inhabited by shallow people, as wasted as the land they scratched a living from, who thought only of the present. There were none he could call his own. Nothing to relieve the monotony of eking out his pathetic living save the fading memories of the heights he'd once walked.

Until a day came when he found an oasis,



a green place, a welcome break. And at the oasis, there was a caravan full of a strange, merry people who welcomed the traveller with open arms. They, too, were travellers. People who had seen much, who knew of secret magics and mysterious knowledge. "Come join our circle," they said, "There is so much to see and do, and so little time."

And the traveller said, "Cool!" And he wasn't alone anymore.

**Joe Siclari:**

*The Chairman Looks Back*

Welcome to our second decade!

SFSFS has grown and done a lot more than any us envisioned when we started.

Our first newsletter was one page. These days we struggle to keep the *Shuttle* under 24 pages to keep postage down, and this issue will stretch over 40 pages.

We started with one meeting a month and talked about special interest groups. We now have regular monthly meetings plus smaller meetings for book discussions, me-

dia, filking, writer's workshop and TROPICON. We have an active Book Division, where we can buy virtually any book at a substantial discount. We have a library of thousands of books and magazines (under-used right now but Cyndi Warmuth is working hard at that). We've donated thousands of dollars to charities and hundreds of pints of blood (and don't forget the sweat). Dozens of writers, artists, editors, futurists, actors, directors and fans have been speakers at our functions.

And right now we have the most enthusiastic group of fans we've ever had. We're doing more than ever. And our grandiose plans are still moving ever upward ("Remember Sisyphus!").

We've had problems and lulls but overall it's been fun.

Get involved and you'll enjoy it even more. Just ask Shirlene or Judi or George or Fran or Edie or any of us. Sure some of it is work — this *Shuttle*, for instance, but it's also a great high to get something done well. And you get to meet and know some really great people too.



## *If we build it, they will come...*

Over the years, some of us have put hours, nay months, maybe years, into helping SFSFS grow and remain financially feasible. We have jokingly said that what we needed to simplify (hah!) things so they would work better was a clubhouse. A clubhouse to hold meetings, to store materials, to have an accessible library and to even have occasional social gatherings.

It seemed like a mythic grail — an ideal to strive toward. The only clubs that I know with their own clubhouse are LASFS and NESFA; two clubs with far larger memberships and large revenue generating conventions to help the financial process. And then there is New York where last I heard, Moshe Feder still raises funds with a tin ~~exp~~ can (up to \$11.97) for a Fanoclast clubhouse.

Actually, I don't want to be negative about this. Ten years is a lot longer than any of us planned ahead when we started. A clubhouse would benefit the club in many ways. It would be a major investment and require upkeep. And it would have to represent the members' interests. There are various ways of financing this but all require major commitments of time and energy and money.

Perhaps ten years is a good time to open a discussion about this. So, here is the original proposal and some initial responses from members online. Let's hear from the rest of our members and other interested ~~fen~~. What do you think?

— Joe Siclari

Date: Mon, 20 Mar 1995  
From: George Peterson  
Subject: Building Fund Proposal  
To: Joseph Siclari  
<jsiclari@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>

Joe & co.

Judi and I were talking today, and we came to the conclusion that for SFSFS to purchase a clubhouse or the equivalent permanent facility would solve a number of problems including access to the library and finding meeting space, as well as providing a number of other opportunities.

Obviously, we have a ways to go before we can actually DO this, (including a significant increase in the membership). Nevertheless, we both think this is the direction we should go.

So, we want to get things started by establishing a Building Fund. Made up of voluntary donations, the money raised (over the next few years) would go toward a down-payment. The actual proposal is written out below. We'd like the Board to look this over and give it preliminary approval so we can bring it up for a discussion and vote at the March Meeting. This being the 10th Anniversary, we thought it would be a good time to get the ball rolling.

I know that the first reaction to mentioning a Building Fund is laughter, but we both think it's more feasible than it first appears. At least bring it up for discussion.

### **Proposal to Establish a Building Fund**

It is hereby proposed that The South Florida Science Fiction Society (SFSFS) establish a Building Fund, made up of voluntary contributions, to be set aside for the purchase of a permanent facility to be used for Meetings, to provide access to the SFSFS Library on a regular basis, displaying artwork, administration purposes, storage, and such other uses and activities deemed appropriate by the Board and Regular Membership.

That this Fund be held separately from SFSFS' main operating capital, under the responsibility of a regular member appointed by the Board. The exact responsibilities of this custodian be decided upon and added to the operating procedures by the Board.

That the recommended level of donations to the fund be set at one dollar (\$1.00) per official SFSFS Event; but that all contributions be strictly voluntary.

That this proposal be brought up for discussion and a vote by the regular membership of SFSFS at the earliest possible convenience.

*From: Peggy A Dolan*

Where would it be? Not that it would be likely to be a concern in my lifetime, given the costs of land, building permits, insurance, etc. etc., but any location chosen would lose some of the already small member base who only attend near home.

*From: George Peterson*

Just to clarify:

1) The Proposal isn't meant to deal directly with any of the many issues involved. It's meant to get the proverbial ball rolling and to start getting people to take the idea seriously.

2) The best location would be somewhere rather central, probably in Broward. But that would be determined by the discussion within the membership.

3) Actually, getting ourselves a permanent facility is more feasible than it seems at first glance. For one thing, we won't be building anything. We're thinking along the lines of purchasing a commercial property, probably warehouse or office space. Based on research Judi's already done (for her own purposes), we could get something suitable for around \$50,000. Which means \$500 or \$600 per month (I think those were the numbers she mentioned). Taxes won't be a problem, because we're non-profit. And don't forget that we're already paying for warehouse space! Why settle for putting money into someone else's pocket, when we could invest it in SFSFS? The Building Fund is to come up with a down payment.

4) Our small membership base is currently a problem, Building Fund or no Building Fund. But that's something we *must* work on improving. Otherwise we won't have much of a club after a while. I don't see any reason we can't raise the General Membership to 100 – 200 people. We know they're out there! We just have to find them and get them to join.

5) SFSFS has been around for 10 years. But if it is to survive and grow, then we need some sort of a long term vision, and finding a permanent facility needs to be a part of it. It will take several years, yet, before we have enough for a small down-payment. Those are years to work hard on membership development. But they are also years that will pass before we know it. So let's get started.

6) Owning our own place will so expand the number and types of things we can do, that it will grant SFSFS a sense of permanence and legitimacy that we can now only dream of...

7) Good Grief! I sound like some dad-burned politicianer!

I've gone on long enough, I think. Let's discuss the rest at the next meeting.

*From: Francine Mullen*

I personally am intrigued by the idea. I have been recently introduced to the concept of co-housing — perhaps that can be incorporated into the concept of a SFSFS clubhouse. Of course that would be contingent upon whom you think you would be able to live around on a daily basis. The co-housing idea uses the idea of a community kitchen/meeting place, so if the dwellers (who would own separate homes surrounding this area) are partly or mostly fans, it could be used for such activities on a regular basis. I understand one of the folk club members is interested in co-housing. Perhaps a combined effort might be conceivable.

*From: George Peterson*

While a lot of people would enjoy and thrive in a set up like that, I don't think I'd care for it at all. I'm a rather solitary person and while I may get married someday (assuming I meet that certain someone), I think the sort of co-housing you describe would probably drive me nuts. (No offense meant).

I also don't think it would work for SFSFS, where we're talking about an... I'm sure of the word I'm looking for... Official? Public? Impersonal?...organization. Most of the membership aren't interested in living with their fellow members. Just in getting the *Shuttle*, coming to meetings, buying a few books, etc.

What we need is an "Official" Building, where we can store the Library, hold meetings, store files & do administrative stuff, showcase art, have receptions, even sponsor adult education courses.

Besides, seeing people every day would take some of the fun out of coming to SFSFS activities, and seeing everyone on weekends. For me, in any case. 8-)

Actually, the set up you described sounds like an interesting setting for a story. Hmmm....

## The Ghost From Fandoms' Past:

James White's professional career overshadows public knowledge of his fannish career. Because of this, he is one of the least recognized of the major fans of the 1950s. But unlike most of them, he is still around and active. And he is the most enthusiastically fannish pro I know. He was the first person (actually the only person) to get me drunk at a convention. In 1984, at Albacon (the British Eastercon), I had stopped trying to go drink for drink with the Brits around me. Mal Ashworth responded by grabbing James as he was passing by and telling him that I wouldn't drink with them anymore. With a scowl that was more a grin, James turned to me saying, "Well, he can't turn down a drink from the Guest of Honor, can he?". That was my downfall. If I had known what Chuck Harris had called him (read the article), I would have known what to expect.

James White wrote his memoirs in a series of articles for *Hyphen* in the early sixties. As the Guest of Honor at the upcoming LA Worldcon (1996), we thought this series would give everyone some idea of just how serious and constructive James has been — and in so many areas. These days, isn't having so many intense interests called attention deficit disorder? Actually, James White is one of the most enthusiastic people I know. The few times we've met, he seemed to take great joy in everything.

— Joe Siclari



James  
White

MY FIRST HOBBY was feeding swans at the age of two — I was two years old, not the swans — and this is my earliest clear memory. I know this because we moved to Canada soon after and I have reliable testimony to the effect that I did *not* feed swans in that country, and when we returned to Ireland when I was seven I was taken to feed the same swans and remembered them, so my previous memory just *had* to be when I was two. I can remember this thirty year old incident perfectly and yet am unable to recollect the name or plot of a story published three issues ago in *Analog*, which proves something or other about my phenomenal memory, or *Analog*. Anyway, when I fed the swans the second time a lot of the kick had gone out of it — they looked much smaller and my hands were so big I couldn't get them through the railing without skinning them. Besides, it was at the age of seven that I joined my first gang.

This was not a gang in the Harlan Ellison tradition. We had secret signs, of course, and the Treasure which we buried in places the other gang was sure to find so's we'd have an excuse for a gang war. The Treasure usually comprised a few marbles — glassies, not

stonies; our Treasure was *valuable*! — some odd cigarette cards and a hunk of stuff we had filched from the school chemistry lab which was supposed to explode when you did certain things with it, though we never found out what the things were. We being too



junior to be taught chemistry at that time our intelligence service took the form of a few crumbs of data handed down condescendingly by the Big Boys. The gang wars were fought with sods instead of stones because unlike that Marine sergeant, we did want to live forever. An accurately thrown earthen sod was no mean weapon, but it was relatively harmless to the recipient and a man could sustain a number of hits from them and still remain operational. The casualties sustained in these wars were mostly of the delayed action type caused by the reactions of our parents to our carrying topsoil into bed with us in our hair and underwear.

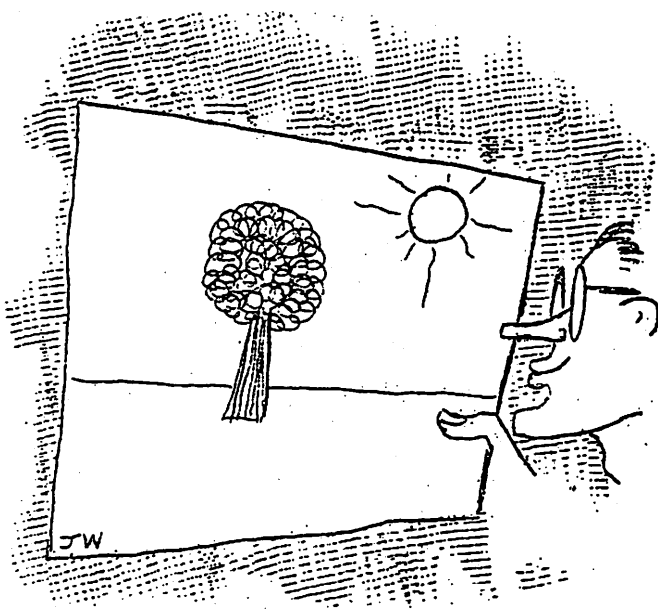
After this warlike period I went into an introspective phase, brought about by my mother giving me a Meccano set for Christmas. One of the first models I built — for which there were no plans in the instruction book — was a spaceship as described in "The Last Rocket to Venus", a serial running in *Hotspur* at the time. I loved that Meccano set faithfully for three years, then divorced it for a model railway. Actually I swapped it for the train set, the original owner being one Seamus Daly who was to be embroiled in several hobbies with me later. After about a year of 00-gauge megalomania I got onto building flying model aircraft. This came about in a rather roundabout fashion.

The secondary school to which I had won a scholarship was bombed a few weeks before I was due to start term, and the Education authorities made it a boarding school — which it normally wasn't — and evacuated everyone to Cushendun, a small fishing village on the North Antrim coast. (Their reason being to preserve highly intelligent men like myself for posterity.) One day during a storm a ship tried to climb a headland on the other side of Cushendun bay, and they had to dump most of the cargo to float it off again. Some of the stuff washed ashore was

balsa wood and practically the whole school went on a model aircraft building kick. It was at Cushendun that I learned to swim, too, and I was just getting confident at it when I had to go home to work.

Swimming and model-building continued as my chief hobbies, with the accent on swimming. Seamus Daly was stewing for his university entrance exams but came to the baths with me two or three times a week, "To get his head showered" as he so aptly put it. But it wasn't only the showers we used in those baths, we used the diving boards, slides, spectators gallery and all the other facilities thoroughly and enthusiastically, and often in ways nobody had ever used them before. About the water we were true fans and often waxed serious and constructive about those cloudy, yellow-green, chlorine-impregnated depths. At first we jumped in the water because we didn't know how to dive, leaping from higher and higher springboards. At this stage we learned that when entering the water from a great height — twenty to thirty feet — it is much less painful to hit the surface vertically rather than horizontally, and even the toes must be kept pointed downwards if the soles of the feet were to escape a slapping. Then even the craze for higher jumps and bigger splashes began to pall and we decided that we could not realize our full aquatic potential unless we learned to dive.

The process of diving, after the initial belly-flopping stage had been passed, was one of the first things to excite my sense of wonder. It was a terrific sensation cutting the surface with arms straight out and seeing the blue and white tiled bottom sliding up through a clearing fog of bubbles and self-created turbulence. Inclining the palms upwards turned the dive unto a slow climb surfacewards, or with experience came the ability to shoot along the bottom in exhilarating level flight until the kinetic energy generated during the



above-the-surface component of the dive was dissipated by water drag effects. It was even possible to do banking turns and slow rolls, though the latter usually ended by me bumping the back of my head gently along the tiles. From this we progressed to diving together and "flying" in formation, and then to a little game called "Sink the Submarine" which involved us diving from adjoining corners of the pool and trying to ram each other amidships. Altogether we had a hilarious time in that pool and, it being the November to February slack period at the baths, the Man didn't say anything when we spent two or three hours there when the time allowed us was only thirty minutes. But spring came, the baths began to draw crowds and the Man started going by the book. We took up landscape painting.

It was madness to even consider going out to a draughty field to paint so we usually went on a painting expedition to one or other of our houses and just thought up or remembered a scene and went to work on it. Most of my stuff was trim, park-like expanses with pale blue, heat-wave weather skies — I was hopeless with cloud effects. But Seamus went in for wild, mountainous subjects in screaming purple and yellow and red — he had been to Donegal and swore that that was what

Donegal looked like, both sombre and colorful. I didn't believe him, but later when I had been through the place with Bea Mahaffey I apologized. For a while Seamus continued to paint Donegal red and yellow and purple and I switched gradually to portraits and s-f subjects. I'd been reading sf occasionally since before going to Cushendun, but now it had got a hold. Painting was dropped for photography and we began taking pictures of steam-rollers and electric pylons at arty angles. Seamus took to sneaking into Harland and Wolff's to photograph launchings — something that, it being wartime, he could easily have been shot for.

Then all at once Seamus was gone into his attic for an intensive period of swotting and I was all alone. My paintings were flat and uninspired, my collection of seven BRE *ASF's* and three BRE *Unknowns* had been reread at least five times, and photography was impossible without Seamus outside the darkroom with our alarm in his hands calling out the minutes. I felt restless, lonely, browned off. I had a yen for romantic adventure. Being too shy at that time to take up with girls I joined the A. T. C.

Living as I did in a staunchly Nationalist area nobody would have said a word to me if I'd join the IRA, but when I began to march up the street twice a week in Air Training Corps uniform Eye-brows were Raised and once even a stone was thrown — which missed by yards, incidentally, proving that it had been heaved on principle rather than in anger. Funnily enough my friends did not stop talking to me — when I was out of uniform — and when I began telling them about the sort of things we did in the ATC, signals, air navigation and monthly socials and when the girls seemed completely unable to resist my forage cap and shiny buttons, some of them got over their parents' prejudices sufficiently to show interest. When one of them

actually joined up with me the Raised Eye-Brows changes to Helpless Shrugs.

Reminiscing about one's old regiment tends to bore outsiders. I loved every minute of the ATC. Well nearly — there was the time I was on an unarmed combat and toughening course for cadet NCOs outside London and one of von Braun's prototype spaceships landed. It didn't excite my sense of wonder one little bit, the only sense I had was one of relief that it had come down two miles away and in a field. It was also during this course that I was actually ordered to do something for which as a child, I had been soundly walloped — jumping into the water with all my clothes on. This is an indescribable sensation the first time; the splash and first split-seconds in the water when it hasn't yet had time to penetrate through the clothing, then the breakthrough in patches and finally the stage — just before the clothing becomes completely waterlogged — when air bubbles are crawling about inside the trouser legs and sleeves. It was like experiencing some new sin. Later, of course, I became more blasé about it and even complained if there was too much mud on the bottom.

It was during this toughening — or weakening — course that I first began to feel a bit off colour. Apparently the stress had uncovered a hidden flaw in my tall, scrawny physique. When I got home I slept for two days and woke up still feeling tired, and began to eat lots of sweets to give me energy. *Hah!* A few months later I went to see the doctor about it and he diagnosed diabetes, and that was the end of the ATC.

With a lot of spare time on my hands I began building two and three valve radios — in the ATC I'd picked up enough technical know-how to be able to make crystal sets and simple one valvers, and now I was going to expand the whole field of electronics. At the

same time I joined the Red Cross to take lectures on first aid and nursing. My medical career ended one night two years later when I was practising bathing a simulated baby — a large doll, actually — and its head came off. A man can stand just so much ribbing without losing his self-respect. I took up ball-room dancing.

It was during the combined radio-building, dancing and s-f collecting stage — the last had been going on unobtrusively for several years — that I met Walter. Walter collected s-f and built radios, too, but while I had a lot more American *Astoundings* than he had, his radios made me feel that I was confronted with a member of a highly advanced technological civilization. Then the first issue of *Slant* was published and all other hobbies took a back seat.

Running off blotchy pages of type with blotchier woodcuts by myself on them, and seeing the pages become clearer and more ambitiously illustrated with each succeeding issue, was the most rewarding hobby I'd had up to that time. For one thing, it was much more creative than dismantling Sten guns while blindfold, or even jumping into the water fully dressed. Walter and I worked very hard on *Slant* — him a lot harder than me because I only went up to 170 three or four times a week while he *lived* there — But I cannot remember one single time when we stopped to ask ourselves if the trouble was really worth it. But for me helping to produce *Slant* was just another hobby, and while I enjoyed reading the letters which came in and Walter's replies to them I had no inclination to become part of the fandom they represented. All I wanted to do was set type and occasionally bring up a linocut, then wait anxiously while Walter mounted it on a block, rolled on the ink and peeled off the first impression. If it turned out anyway good we would prop it up against his superhet and

talk about its atmosphere and impact and its subtle quality of other worldliness — all these effects being due, usually, to faulty inking. Sometimes when I surpassed myself, Walter would say "Exquasut, James, exquasut!" in a pseudo-Ballymena accent which has to be heard to be appreciated.

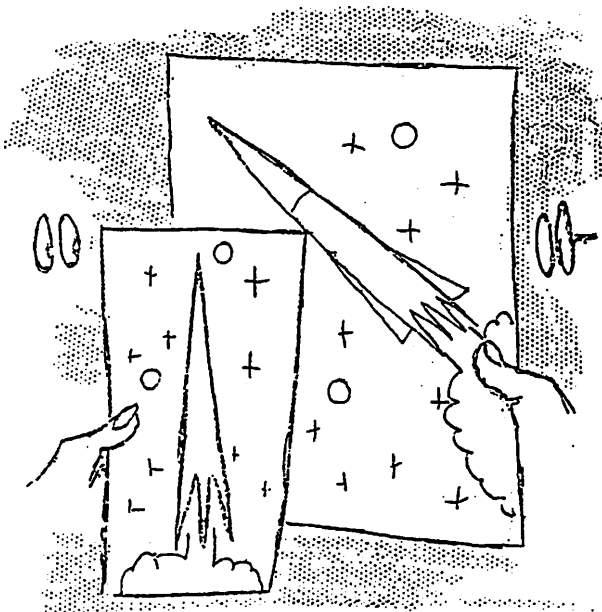
George Charters began frequenting Oblique House, though he was so quiet and unassuming in those days — still is, as a matter of fact — that he had been coming for a couple of months before I noticed him. Then Bob Shaw, Ghoodminton and Fannish Good Cheer shattered the hardworking calm of 170 like triple thunderbolts and suddenly we were a fan group. We still spent a lot of time type-setting, but now we stopped often to talk. Letters praising what Manly Banister called my impossible linocuts had begun to swell my head and I took up painting again. Bob painted, too, and I remember nights when we just sat at opposite sides of the *Slant* type-setting table, Walter with his feet up on the mantelpiece talking and co-ordinating between us, just painting our hearts out. They were always s-f subjects, of course and we would vie to excel each other with special effects. There was a time when my distant galaxies and starclouds ranked second to none — the technique involving Chinese White and an old tooth-brush — and I can

still hear Walter asking if I'd Macleaned my galaxy today.

I had the feeling that Fate had something extra special in store for me. My whole spare time life — the structural and inventive experience of Meccano, my brief excursion into electronics, my anatomical studies with the British Red Cross and my developing artistic bent — was obviously a preparation for entry into the professional publishing field. James White, I was sure, was going to be a name that would rank with those of Hubert Rogers and Gerard Quinn in s-f magazine circles.

Sometimes I wonder whatever became of that James White, and if there is a probability world wherein I sold my first *cover painting* to Ted Carnell . . . .

What actually happened on this time track was that I started getting severe headaches and attacks of nose-bleeding which forced me to give up lino-cutting and similar forms of artistic eye-strain. However, for some time I'd been writing long, detailed letters to Seamus Daly, who was a B.Sc. now working as a research chemist with ICI in Stockton-on-Tees, and I had shown part of one to Walter wherein I'd described some of the things which had happened on the way to the Festival Convention in 1951. Walter liked it and published an extract titled "I Rode With Bulmer" in *Inclinations*. At the time I wasn't very keen on being a *writer*, but when I inherited Walter's 1912 typer on his acquisition of a later (1923) model I felt that the machine was being wasted if I didn't use it. So in between copying hymns for Seamus Daly's brother Sean — who was assistant director of the parish choir — I did a few pieces of fan fiction for *SFN*, *Quandry* and *Hyphen*, including the Harris-White Feud. Oh yes, and I was responsible for introducing the zap-gun into British fandom — something of which I



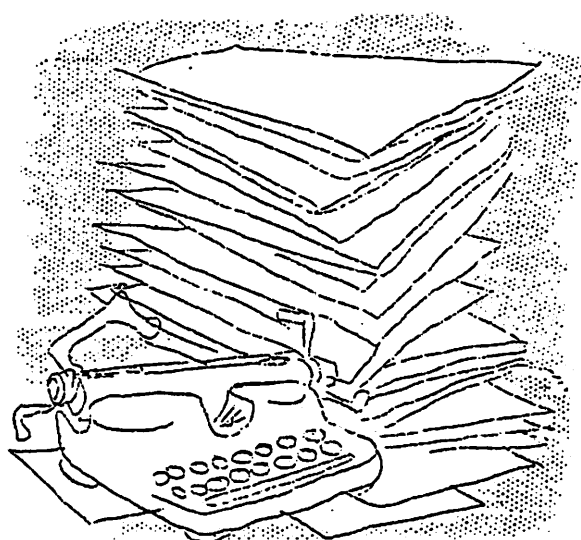


felt extremely proud, at the time.

The fact that I was being given BNF status was rather embarrassing to me because I did not consider myself a fan at all. I was simply a hobbyist who, because he was a member of a by now world famous fan group, had to keep his end up. The letters and stories I wrote were to and about friends I had made, and although all the friends and incidents written about were connected with fandom I felt that I shouldn't involve myself too deeply in it. At the same time I *enjoyed* conventions and meeting visiting fans and corresponding, immensely. People who treated the fannish way of life like a religion made me uncomfortable. Fandom to me is about fifty or sixty people, eight or nine of which I meet at least once a week. I look on it as a fantasy or fairy story to which a lot of intelligent — and a few unintelligent — people subscribe, adding details, discussing, recording, and expanding this warm, friendly but essentially unreal work which they have created. As a group fans are the nicest people I know, but fandom should not be considered more important than comfortable homes, happy wives and well-fed children, and anyone who does think it more important is a fanatic and not a fan. If anybody wants to know how a BNF can subscribe to such heresy the answer is I'm *not* a BNF, so yaaaah. I'm just a hobbyist who was on a type-setting kick with a fan genius eleven years ago and somehow became embroiled. Fandom is a Good Thing, but it's not for real.

That is why, when I started another hobby by selling my first story to Ted Carnell in 1952, the cries of "Vile Pro" that went up did not bother me unduly. And when my friend and (in print) bitterest enemy Chuck Harris, writing about "The Scavengers" in his usual thoughtful, scholarly style, said:

"James White! the modern Iscariot who, for two hundred and eighty five bucks, re-



nounced his immortal heritage, and gave his intrepid spacemen American accents.

"James White! pseudoscientist, plagiarist, unspeakable foulness festering on the fringes of fandom. Fakefan! Betrayer! Sex-fiend! Jackal!

"James White! Vilest pro!

"His shocking lurid hodge-podge of evil frustration is completely permeated with the odour of garbage. Written in what is popularly know as the "amazing" style, the vague glimmerings of the hackneyed "Might Is Right" plot to do nothing to cover up the butcherings of all the laws of decency, humanity, grammar and syntax..."

...I frothed gently at the mouth but did *not* feel insulted. So I was a vile pro and a fake-fan and a lot of other obnoxious things — so what, it was the truth, wasn't it? Terms like white slaver and lecher I passed off as mere literary license on the part of my critic, his enthusiasm for purple passages running away with him. The only phrase I could point to as being blatantly incorrect was the one which ran "...Foulness festering on the fringes of fandom ..." A fannish historian and commentator of the standing of Charles Randolph Harris should know that this foulness doesn't fester on the fringe, but more in the middle like.

# PREMATURE EMACULATION

## a World Horror Con Report

Peter Rawlik

Okay for those who don't know I went to the World Horror Con in Atlanta. For those of you who do know, suffer. I'll break this into highs and lows and keep the filler to a minimum.

- High: Seeing a house fall off an overpass and on to I-75.  
Low: Having to wait while the police figured out what to do for an encore.
- High: Opening Ceremonies, hosted by Dr. Ignatius Speculo, Atlanta's TV horror host.  
Low: Forgetting to tell the Guests of Honor they were being introduced and speaking.
- High: Puppetry interpretation of Neil Gaiman's story "The White Road"  
Low: Not waiting for Neil to show up to see it.
- High: A panel on the decline of *Halloween*  
Low: A panel on the decline of *Halloween*
- High: A discussion of nonwestern archetypes in horror.  
Low: The discussion degenerating into an a debate over the definition of a golem.
- High: A lecture by Harlan Ellison on self promotion.  
Low: Harlan not signing. (with good reason)
- High: Paint it Black by Nancy Collins  
Low: "Curse of the Phlegmpire" by Adam Troy-Castro.
- High: Dead Beat Poets Society Coffee House reading  
Low: Monopolization of the thing by Darrell Schweitzer
- High: An orderly mass autographing party.  
Low: Changing the rules half way through.
- High: Selling 200 tickets to Neil Gaiman's benefit for the comic book defense fund.  
Low: Having less than 30 people show up.
- High: Listening to Gaiman read his own work.  
Low: Listening to someone snore through Gaiman's reading.

- High: Meeting Poppy Z. Brite.  
 Low: Confusing her with Kathe Koja.
- High: Brian Lumley's reading.  
 Low: Brian Lumley's blue polyester suit.
- High: A preview of Clive Barker's *Candyman II*  
 Low: Having to hold my tongue when asked what I thought of it.
- High: Tributes to Bloch, Cushing and Wagner.  
 Low: Limiting the quiz show to professionals.
- High: Auctioning off of an unused Quentin Tarrantino script.  
 Low: Not winning the bidding.
- High: Clive Barker autographing whatever you put in front of him.  
 Low: Watching people get angry over their place in line drawn by lottery.
- High: Awarding Clive Barker a Horror Grandmaster award.  
 Low: Wondering what to give him next.
- High: Multiple organized book signings.  
 Low: WHC staff using their position to move to the front of the line.

#### International Horror Critics (IHC) Awards:

IHC Best Single author collection	Neil Gaiman for <i>Angels and Visitations</i>
IHC Best Artist	Alan Clark
IHC Best Movie	<i>Interview with a Vampire</i>
IHC Best Novel	Poppy Z. Brite for <i>Drawing Blood</i>
IHC Living Legend	Harlan Ellison

There were a whole slough of other awards but these are the high points. If you want to know more, ask, but frankly I'm tired and hungry and my eyes hurt. Oh, by the way, next year WHC is held in Oregon with K. K. Rusch, D. W. Smith and Clive Barker as guests of honor. Guess we beat the big boys to the punch SFSFS.

# REVIEWS R US:

## PO'd at the Gods

Reviews by  
George Peterson

Fantasy has had plenty of fabulous villains. But few fantasies have dared to tackle the ultimate villain: God.

I believe it was Mark Twain who commented to the effect that if you looked at all the crap that happened in the world, it was hard to see the ruler of it all as anything other than "...a malign thug." After all, if you start out with a unique Lord of the Universe who is omnipotent, omniscient, all-loving, and all-good, you are left with explaining the existence of Evil. Indeed, philosophers, sages, and ordinary people have been jumping through theological hoops for centuries trying to explain it all, with decidedly mixed results. It's both interesting and amusing, for example, to read the messages posted on the Atheism Discussion on SEFLIN (the South Florida Free-net), as people struggle with the question of a God who knows the future vs. free-will. In some way, God is responsible, whether through action or inaction.

Atheists, agnostics and adherents of non-theistic religions, don't have as much trouble with this. Stuff happens because, well..., stuff happens. There are causal reasons for what happens, but one man's evil is another's good. One man's catastrophe may be another's good fortune. The universe may be indifferent, but at least it isn't out to get you.

Most people don't seem to feel this way. A personal reason is better than a possible meaninglessness. As a result, virtually nothing bad happens without someone trying to divine (literally!) the reasons for it. I've often thought that a very interesting study could be made of the similarity between

*Sleipnir* by Linda Evans Baen Books, PB: \$4.99  
ISBN #0-671-87594-9

*Towing Jehovah* by James Morrow Harcourt Brace  
HB: \$23.95 ISBN #0-15-190919-9

*The Iron Dragon's Daughter* by Michael Swanwick  
avoNova Books HB: \$23.00 ISBN #0-688-13174-3  
PB: \$ 4.99, ISBN #0-380-72098-1

*Hercules, the Legendary Journeys* starring Michael Sorbo. Produced by Sam Raimi. Thursdays @ 8:00pm, Channel 33.

people's excuses for God's harsh and unfathomable behavior and those made by the children of abusive parents, or the victims of spousal abuse.

Fantasy, as with other genres of literature, has confronted this great issue. Why not take the battle to the gods? But there's a rather practical problem involved, of course. How do you fight an omnipotent enemy? Confronting an apparently all-powerful enemy is not conducive to optimistic prospects. Recently, however, I've come across some very interesting examples of just this idea.

For polytheists, the good vs evil issue wasn't (isn't) particularly acute. With a lot of different gods around, it's easy to see how things can get complicated. No matter how carefully you try to appease one, you're likely to piss-off another. Especially when the gods, themselves, are cruel and capricious and often feuding; the innocent get caught in the middle.

The Hero struggling against the gods to protect the innocent is the central theme of *Hercules, the Legendary Journeys*, airing on Channel 33, Thursday nights. *Hercules* is one of the more successful shows to come out of the *Action Pack* series of TV shows, the same one that produces William Shatner's *Tek War*. It began as a limited series of TV movies, which included Anthony Quinn as Zeus. Kevin Sorbo stars as the legendary Greek Hero.

"This is the story of a time long ago," goes the opening narration, "a time of myth and legend, when the ancient gods were petty and cruel, and they plagued mankind with suffering. Only one man dared to challenge their power: Hercules."

Hercules possessed a strength the world had never seen. A strength surpassed only by the power of his heart. He journeyed the earth battling the minions of his wicked step-mother Hera, the all-powerful Queen of the Gods. But wherever there was evil, wherever an innocent would suffer, there would be Hercules. [with appropriately heroic music]"

That pretty well sums up the show's thesis. In the original two hour episodes, Hercules was constantly dealing with Hera and her plots to kill Hercules and generally cause very unpleasant things to happen. All with Quinn's Zeus hovering, rather ineffectually, in the background. Unsurprisingly, there was usually a beautiful woman or two along for the ride. The stories play rather fast and loose with classical mythology; purists will find lots to pick at. Yet plenty of familiar names crop up from time to time. And they get the name of the woman Hercules married right: Dejanira.

The initial run ended with Hercules as a happy family man. In the opening episode of the weekly series, Hera sends a fireball to destroy Dejanira and their three children. Hercules flips out and goes on a rampage, destroying Hera's temples. As a result, he wasn't around to help a farmer whose village is being ravaged by a "she-demon", a rather impressive half-woman, half-serpent who turns men to stone. Hercules' friend Aeolus (a semi-regular character) tries to fill the job instead, but gets petrified for his trouble. Naturally, Hercules sees where his true responsibility lies, and comes to the rescue.

My favorite episode, so far, deals with a town besieged by a Cyclops. The river which feeds the town was diverted to irrigate Hera's vineyards, with the Cyclops as guard. After defeating him, Hercules has a little chat and finds out that the Cyclops hates the villagers because they treated him badly when he was a boy. When Hercules and a woman from the village treat the Cyclops as a person, he changes his allegiance and helps the village battle Hera's Executioners. Hercules also takes time to lecture the villagers on their ill treatment of the Cyclops. In the end, they agree to let the Cyclops live with them in peace. I thought the whole thing was hilarious. Sorbo's Hercules spouting all those sitcom cliches, and the subject is this giant, one-eyed monster.

*Hercules* is constantly displaying attitudes regarding subjects such as women and slavery that no one out of ancient Greek civilization would ever have thought. But I find that this is part of the show's charm. Each age reinterprets old myths for its own purposes, and this is what's happening here. It speaks to a contemporary audience. As interesting as a more historically accurate show might be, something would be lost in the translation. Besides, how accurate can you say a show is, when it sports Cyclopes, centaurs and she-demons?

The effects are good, and there are lots of monsters, fights, and beautiful women in... interesting... costumes. It's generally funny, and a lot of fun to watch.

More to the point, *Hercules* has a very positive, humanistic feel to it. "The Gods are bums," he says at one point. "I hate to see the gods destroy people's lives," he says at another. Hercules has good reason to hate Hera, and to feel little respect for his father. Yet the show does not degenerate into a constant revenge fantasy. Throughout the series, the emphasis is on qualities such as friendship, courage, honesty, and trust. In the end, these prove far more powerful than the tricks and traps of Hercules's divine relatives...the ultimate in a dysfunctional family.

Hercules, of course, is unable to take the fight directly to Hera, but that's precisely what Randy Barnes, the protagonist of Linda Evans' novel *Sleipnir*, is intent on doing with Odin, king of the Norse gods.

Randy is in the Army, among the troops who have the job of guarding missile sites in Germany. No as simple as it seems considering that the woods are full of Arab terrorists, just waiting for a crack at the base. His best friend and fellow soldier, Gary Vernon, is, as it happens, a follower of Odin. When, during a close encounter, Randy is in a tight spot he makes an oath to Odin and is miraculously saved. He keeps his promise, but things don't end happily. In a crucial plot point, Gary is killed in an accident and Odin's great eight-legged horse Sleipnir comes to fetch his soul to Valhalla. Except that... as an accident victim, Gary shouldn't have gone to Valhalla. That place is only for warriors who've died in battle; jeep crashes don't count. Those laws are



supposed to be determined by the Norns, the all-powerful determiners of Fate. Something has changed to enable Odin to cheat.

As the story progresses, Barnes finds more evidence that things are not as they seem, as well as a very unusual knife with very unusual powers. Soon, Barnes embarks on a quest, not for gold or glory, but for revenge. Revenge against Odin, God of Traitors. This quest leads him into the bowels of the earth, into Niflheim, the Norse underworld. He meets Hel, Loki, the Norns, and lots of other mythic figures, acquiring some very interesting allies along the way, until he gets his face-to-face with the One-eyed God, with some unexpected results and revelations.

I've always thought the Norse mythos was a lot of fun, and I'm glad to see someone make use of it here. Evan's book is a quick, enjoyable read. Randy Barnes is a likable enough character (for those who insist upon that quality), with an attitude that is both practical and irreverent, calculated and fool-hardy. My one complaint is that his motives don't seem clearly explained. He goes through hell (literally!) at least partly in order to make an apology. His anger at Odin also seems a little artificial. Would he have preferred that Gary had gone to Niflheim? Yet *Sleipnir* is seductive in its adventure, and I couldn't help but get caught up in this mortal's impossible quest.

*Sleipnir* skirts about the problem of the all-powerful enemy. I've always had a little trouble thinking of the Norse Gods as gods. They never seem quite powerful enough. Instead, they're more like a race of supermen, almost science fictional in their qualities. For example, they need to eat magic apples in order to remain eternally youthful. And they can be killed.

Instead, the Norns are the real Gods. They're the ones who determine Fate: to tell who will live and who will die, who will ascend to Valhalla and who will go to Hel [sic]. And it's the Norns who make Barnes' quest possible. As anyone who knows something of Norse mythology will tell, the world is supposed to end in a great war between the gods and the giants, Ragnarok. The gods are fated to die and the earth will be consumed in fire and water. In an attempt to avoid this, the Norns have thrown open

the laws to admit chaotic elements. Elements like Randy Barnes. It's only by giving up some of their power, that the Norns can hope to avoid the doom they've woven into the fabric of time.

Odin, who has lived with the knowledge he is doomed to die for thousands of years, is not necessarily the best choice to be leader in the brave new world where anything can happen, and personal responsibility is paramount.

The idea that God might be incompetent is a scary enough thought, but that a Human might be better suited to lead is even more radical. Yet, why not? The Gods rule because they can, not because they deserve to.

Michael Swanwick gives us a rather different assault on the bastions of God in his new novel, *The Iron Dragon's Daughter*.

Let me say, first, that Swanwick opens his book with some very impressive world-building. If Charles Dickens had written high fantasy, *The Iron Dragon's Daughter* is sort of what he might have written. Jane is a changeling stuck in the world of the Fairy. But this isn't the woodsy Fairy Realm we're used to. Instead she's an indentured servant working in a huge, brutal factory dedicated to the manufacture of the huge, iron dragons that are this world's equivalent of a B-52 bomber.

As part of a plot to put a hex on their supervisor, Blugg, Jane is given the job of sneaking into his office to steal some fingernail clippings (as a human she's not affected by the magical wards). While there, she finds a discarded grimoire, the magical instruction manual for a Dragon. She begins to secretly study the grimoire, which brings her into contact with one of the old, derelict Dragons in the yard. Not so derelict, as it turns out. The Dragon wants to escape but it needs a pilot to activate his control systems. A pilot with human factors: in short, he needs Jane.

After many trials and adventures, they do indeed escape. And that's only the first 80 pages. *The Iron Dragon's Daughter* gets even stranger and more convoluted. Later, for example, Jane attends a sort of Fairy high school, and then a big city university. With every twist and turn, Swanwick brings up some

dazzling image, concept, or character.

The one thing this novel isn't is cute. As gritty and uncompromising as the Factory is, that theme continues throughout the book. To put it simply, Swanwick has created a world that is as advanced, diverse and complicated as our own and yet virtually devoid of what might be termed "the milk of human kindness". There is a kind of inherent cruelty about everyone and everything that bathes the story in a harsh, actinic light. Even the sympathetic characters seem terribly perverse and nasty.

The one saving grace throughout is Jane. As the one fully human character, Jane, alone, possesses those essential human qualities as sympathy and caring. Even when she tries to be as cold and cruel as almost everyone else, these qualities slip out. As a result, she's one character we can identify with, the one who is "likeable".

Melanchthon, the dragon, is one of the constants in Jane's odyssey. The ultimate sentient killing machine, and totally insane to boot, he has one ultimate goal: to kill the Goddess, to destroy the universe, itself.

"The universe is built upon an instability [the Dragon tells Jane near the end]. A point source of weakness at the beginning of time and the birth of matter. One trembling instant from which all else arrives. A child with a sling could upset that point if only he could reach it. And it is upon the centrality of that instant that the entire system derives its structure. Disturbed, all collapses."

Despite the total nihilism of this plan, Jane has been through so much crap, that she almost can't help but agree to his mad plan, an assault on the Spiral Castle, the foundation of reality.

When Jane gets a her chance to talk to the Goddess, she asks all the standard questions.

"Why?... Why is life so loathsome? Why is there pain? Why does pain hurt so much? Couldn't you have ordered things differently? Or did you have no more choice than we?"

Is there no such thing as choice? Are we nothing more than automatons? Why is there love?..."

And so on, and on, finally finishing with, "Exactly what do you want?" Does she get an answer? Well, that would mean that Swanwick would have to

know the answer, himself, wouldn't it?

In *The Iron Dragon's Daughter*, Swanwick faces some tough issues. This book is no light read, but an uncompromising, often brutal voyage through a dark and disturbing universe. Yet it is so full of dazzling images and ideas, brilliant world building and powerful characters, you will not soon forget it.

This is what I read SF for.

The Man/God conflict takes on a very different flavor in James Morrow's latest satire, *Towing Jehovah*.

Captain Anthony Van Horne (no relation to Darryl) has been having a tough time of it lately. He was in command when the supertanker Carpcio Valparaiso became grounded, while he was off the bridge, causing one of the biggest oil spills in history. Although exonerated by the courts, Anthony doesn't think he'll ever wash away the psychological stains.

Then the angel Raphael appears to him with a unique charge. God, it seems, has died. And his two-mile long corps is currently floating in the mid-Atlantic. Just before they expire from grief, the angels have prepared a tomb of ice in the Arctic. Van Horne's mission is to take the repaired Valparaiso, funded by and flying the flag of the Vatican, and tow the divine corps to His final rest.

I'm not kidding. I really read this book.

Among his fellow travellers is Thomas Ockham, Jesuit, physicist, and the Vatican's representative. Then there is Cassie Fowler, a militant, feminist atheist, who is rescued by the Valparaiso after being shipwrecked. In addition, the Valparaiso supports a diverse crew.

Cassie recognizes the dangers. Granted that God is now dead, his body offers unavoidable proof not only of his existence, but also of his gender. She foresees the likelihood of a return to an oppressive patriarchal society; the unleashing of all the terrible, jingoistic madness of which the human race is too often guilty.

As a result, she sneaks a message to her wealthy boyfriend, also an Atheist, for him to find a way to destroy the divine corps and send it to the bottom of the Sea. To which end, he hires a couple of World

War II re-enactors, who want to restage the Battle of Midway... and no I am NOT making this up!

Anthony faces other problems. An island pops up out of the sea, beaching the tanker. The crew mutinies as the "Idea of the Corps" sinks into them, and soon everyone faces starvation (three guesses as to what the solution to that turns out to be). In addition, there's a rival tanker armed with missiles and with Anthony's estranged father at the helm.

Morrow has written a wicked little fantasy, here. At nearly every turn, there is something unexpected, unbelievable and/or delightful. Although he sometimes pushes it, Morrow's characters are generally well developed and plausible. Anthony seeks the forgiveness of his father through doing right by his heavenly father. Cassie, Thomas, and the others have their own respective issues.

The reality of the monstrous body floating in the sea evokes a myriad of responses and issues, particularly as the realization that no one is looking over our shoulders begins to sink in. Ultimately, each person must face up to it in his own way.

This ambiguity toward God is expressed very well by an exchange between Cassie and another character, Neil Weisinger,

"He may have been our Creator," [Cassie] said, "but He was also something of a malicious lunatic."

"He may have been something of a malicious lunatic," [Neil] said, "but He was also our Creator."

In the end, even Cassie has to admit, "...whatever else, we still owe Him." Later, she goes on to say:

*'What can I say Sir? I'm a rationalist. I don't believe the splendor of hippos is any sort of answer to the suffering of humans. Where do I even begin? The Lisbon earthquake? The London plague? Malignant melanoma?' She sighed with a mixture of resignation and exasperation. 'And yet, throughout it all, You still remained You, didn't You? You, Creator: a function You performed astonishingly well, laying those foundations and anchoring those pillars. You were not a very good man, God, but You were a very good wizard, and for that I, even I, give You my gratitude.'*

Perhaps that's part of the answer. As I pointed out earlier, there are parallels between people's explanations for God's wrath and those of victims of child

and spousal abuse. The solution maybe is to stop making excuses and rationalizations, and to take responsibility for our own actions. To acknowledge a debt, and to move on and grow up. No child hangs on to its mother or father forever.

Of the items reviewed here, Morrow's *Towing Jehovah* is the most courageous. It's easy to tackle gods nobody believes in. It's not so easy to go after the center of your neighbors' religion. As someone once pointed out, the difference between a myth and a religion is members of a religion will kill you if you call their beliefs 'myth'.

*Towing Jehovah* in an intelligent, well-written and entertaining novel. Not to mention quite wickedly funny.

If you take a good look at most action films and much of literature, the villains are generally the driving force within a story. They're the ones the hero must struggle against. And that which doesn't kill us, often makes us stronger. By providing a universe of suffering to drive us up and out to the stars, God becomes the ultimate actor. And that makes Him (Her, It, Them) the ultimate villain.



*The Best of Pulpouse: the Hardback Magazine*,  
edited by Kristine Kathryn Rusch  
St. Martins Press Trade Paperback: \$13.95  
ISBN #0-312-08317-3

Review by George Peterson

Hey, Kristine Rusch is good at this editing thing! *The Best of Pulpouse* is one of the best anthologies I have enjoyed in a long time. It has a host of very interesting and quite unusual stories, without a dud among them. It sports stories by names like Harlan Ellison, George Alec Effinger, Michael Swanwick, William F. Wu, Lisa Goldstein, and Jane Yolen.

The 25 stories include Science Fiction, Fantasy, Horror and Suspense. Yet, few of the stories can, or should, be pigeon-holed. Each is a unique jewel of rare and exquisite water and color.

In "Foresight" Michael Swanwick tells the story

backwards, exploring a world where time runs in reverse. Geoffrey Landis' "Jamais Vu" (probably my favorite) also deals with time and perception, but in a very different and very powerful way. There is strange sex from Alan Brennert and Nancy A. Collins. Humor from Nina Hoffman's "Savage Breasts" and Steve Perry's "Willie of the Jungle". Effinger's humor gets a little darker in "Chopped Liver". Harry Turtledove shows us a man who can satisfy the women but still ride a unicorn into battle.

Other stories are very strange and disturbing. "Why Pop-Pop Died" by Francis J. Matozzo, broke my heart when I read it. Adam-Troy Castro's "Clearance to Land" and "Public Places" by J.N. Williamson, are both the stuff of which nightmares are made. And Thomas F. Monteleone's "Nobody's Perfect" has the most understated title I've ever seen.

If I have a complaint, it's that there's a little too much emphasis on horror. Especially near the end. "The Soft Whisper of Midnight Snow", a gentle little fantasy about a woman painter by Charles de Lint, came as a welcome relief. Other than that, *The Best of Pulphouse* was a delight to read, cover to cover.

If you're interested in unusual, thought provoking fiction, then *The Best of Pulphouse* gets my highest recommendation.



*Realtime Interrupt*, by James P. Hogan  
ISBN 0-553-37454-0, Bantam, March 1995,  
\$12.95, Trade Paperback.  
Review by Francine Mullen.

Joe Corrigan awakens in a universe that is familiar, but not quite right. His memory gone, he is told he has been a sick man, but doesn't feel sick. No one understands the simple principles of humor, and people live in cliches. Sounds scary, doesn't it. Kinda' like living those stupid TV commercials.

I love a good mystery, and approach one with the idea of solving it before the ending. I

suppose it's the challenge and mental exercise that attracts me (television mysteries such as *Murder She Wrote* were fun in the earlier seasons, because they always gave you the clue in the first five minutes. If you missed that, the exercise was pointless). With Hogan's book, I figured out the key midway, before the main character did, and kept wanting to kick him in the keister to get the point across (my impatience showing). In the story, the female sidekick, Lilly, figures it out first, tries to point it out to Joe, who then goes through some denial before seeing the obvious.

This is of course a story of virtual reality, a very in-subject right now. (Jim tells me the story was ready to publish three years ago, but the publisher didn't think it was workable. Shows what they know.) Joe Corrigan is a bright young Irish scientist, who abandons altruistic research in favor of commercial development. His naivety and ego keep him from seeing the subversion of the goals his group originally envisioned. The bad guys in the story are the ones who stand to profit from exploitation of the technology developed at Cybernetic Logic Corporation.

Hogan enriches the narration by using locations from his personal life: Oakland, California; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Dun Laoghaire, Ireland. He gives more description and background of the latter, a subject I find fascinating. Another place to visit in the future, for those of you planning a visit to Dublin (perhaps during your pilgrimage to the worldcon in Glasgow).

The scenes switch back and forth from reality to reality, and one wonders what is 'real'. But the clues are there for those paying attention. I rather enjoyed the experience, especially the ending. I highly recommend it.



# Bad SF Movies We Love!

by

Ericka Perdew and Peter "Mal" Barker

Well, we were going to honor that skiffy classic *Trog* by singing its praises in this column, but were dismayed to find that it was just too bad. Even the immortal, incomparable Joan Crawford, as the woman who discovers a modern-day troglodyte, was unable to make it watchable. So after a few attempts, we decided to call it a day and write up a little flick which had been gathering dust somewhere in the depths of our vast video library. Although this is something of a last minute substitution, we hope that you won't hold that against this worthy addition to the growing catalogue of "Bad SF Movies We Love". And we know that one day, hardier souls than we will create a fitting paean to *Trog*.

*The Invisible Invaders* is best described as *Plan 9 From Outer Space*...without the engaging pacing, witty dialogue, elaborate sets, and superb acting which make that famous Ed Wood film THE bad SF movie against which all others shall be measured.

How, then, may *The Invisible Invaders* be compared to *Plan 9*? Well, both movies were made in the mid to late fifties, both feature a hammy-voiced narrator, both are low budget, both are in black and white...and both are about invaders from space who take over the Earth's dead people to aid them in the destruction of the world. Yeah, we know, all modern plots go back to Shakespeare anyway, but we're still convinced that *Invaders*, made a few years after *Plan 9*, is a blatant rip-off of that fine film. Besides, the makers of this turkey were even cheaper than the notoriously stingy Mr. Wood, and made their aliens invisible — so as to save money on potentially expensive costumes and effects.

To be sure, footage of an already-dead Bela Lugosi doesn't appear in this movie - but his evil fraternal twin John Carradine is blown up in the first three minutes (in a shower of sparks and a puff of smoke which is supposed to pass as - get this - an

atomic explosion), only to reappear later on! And instead of wooden, bland Gregory Walcott as the lead, we are given wooden, bland John Agar (ex-Mr. Shirley Temple). And of course, the part of The Zombie, which was assayed by the legendary character actor Tor Johnson in *Plan 9*, is taken over by a gaggle of tired businessmen who seem to be wearing foam latex Richard Nixon masks as they stagger drunkenly (and, apparently, aimlessly) over hill and dale as our brave heroes and heroine monitor their actions via community access cable. Not that it's really necessary, as these poor zombies seem far more concerned about keeping a stern face and walking stiff-legged than in catching our supposed heroes.

These zombies are earth's newly dead, inhabited by the invisible invaders. Apparently without an earthling's body, these incompetent aliens can't do anything except go around bein' invisible, making it necessary to wheeze asthmatically and shuffle their feet in conveniently loose dirt to let us know that they're there.

Then there's the guy who looks like "Hannibal Cobb" (if you have to ask, you'll never understand) and whimpers like a baby through the whole movie, until finally even our heroine, who 'till now has been subservience personified, snaps at him to "Shut up!" Also, the aliens don't seem to be satisfied with simply taking over our dead people, they also do stuff like making planes crash on conveniently painted big white X's on hillsides supposedly (so the irritating narrator insists) in Syracuse, New York. Well, Mal happens to have been born there, and he knows for a fact that there has been no alien invasion in recent memory. There was a big incident of UFO sightings which was blamed on swamp gas from the town dump at one time, but there were never any neat and tidy ball of flame plane crashes



into big X's. Those Syracuse folk had better things to do with their time...like sing the "Erie Canal" song until blue in the face.

But we digress.

Anyway, these here invisible invaders come from the moon. That's right, the moon.

"But we know no life exists there!" a scientist gasps, when confronted by John Carradine's corpse (a corpse which looks surprisingly well, given the fact that he was supposedly at ground zero during an atomic explosion. He looks like nothing so much as a scientist who'd tied a few on after learning his lucrative government grant had been cancelled).

"You think it doesn't. You cannot see us. We are...invisible!" he thunders back, in his best Shakespearean actor voice.

Well, we're convinced, and so is the scientist, who immediately races around telling everyone about the invisible alien threat. Predictably, he's denounced as a crackpot (as we see by the old "Newspaper Front Page Montage" which goes whirring by). Eventually, people realize the danger but by then, it's (cue kettle drums) too late!

Then our heroes and heroine go running around like chickens with their heads cut off, and we're asked to engage our willing suspension of disbelief enough not to notice that everywhere they go is the exact same set! Hey, see it for yourself if you don't believe us.

A redneck who tries to steal their vehicle is shot and killed by John Agar and natch, he immediately turns into a zombie. The group hole up in some sort of bunker (which has also served as a press box, and John Carradine's laboratory, and...) and that's when they tune into the community access channel to watch Zombie TV ("All dead, all the time!"). The Hannibal Cobb guy starts in whining right away, partly from fright, but partly we think because he had designs on the lone female, who only has eyes for John Agar — seems trigger-happy ex-husbands of child stars float her boat.

This bad attitude on the part of Hannibal "Crybaby" Cobb eventually results in a fistfight between him and John Agar which results in the utter destruction

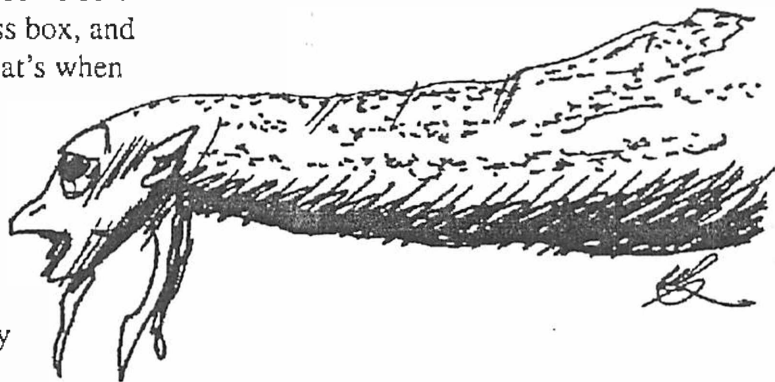
of the bunker's control panel, blowing all the fuses and putting them in jeopardy.

"I'd like to apologize," he offers, and of course everyone responds with "Shucks, that's awright".

Eventually, after Agar and the dame have vowed to go out on a date to Pop Tate's Chocklit Shoppe "when this is all over", they put together the zaniest equipment you've ever seen in order to zap the zombies. It looks as though somebody got hold of a copy of the old Edmund Scientific catalogue and ordered one hundred of everything. We won't spoil the fun for you by describing all of it, but suffice to say it involves the strapping of window a/c units to their backs.

How else can all this end, but with our bright-eyed guys and gals at the UN building (well, actually, grainy stock footage of a UN meeting with cuts to that same set showing them just kind of...sitting - and staring into the camera). The narrator, who has been pompously interjecting nitwit statements to move the plot along, kind of like a skinner beating a balky mule, says something about mankind and the movie sort of stumbles through the finish line.

All in all, *The Invisible Invaders* is the kind of movie that really makes you appreciate the subtle brilliance of a film like *Godzilla Versus the Smog Monster*.



Last month, George Peterson wrote a scathing review of the movie, *The Crow*, citing recommendations from Mike Drawdy among others. In this rebuttal, Mike wants to teach George the difference between a movie and a film, among other things. — Joe

## Eating Crow

a rebuttal by  
Michael Drawdy

Since George decided to immortalize my name in print with his review of *The Crow*, I thought it only right that I should show him the error of his ways. I shall attempt to do so without causing too much pain.

First, I should probably explain that I recognize a difference between a movie and a film. A movie is one that is more entertaining than it is to look at. That is to say, it's not made very well, but we as the audience overlook that because the movie is fun, the characters are very personable, the f/x are great, etc. A film is one that is more appealing to watch than to have fun with. This is one where the presentation is spectacular, the actors are giving their all, the cinematography is superb, the sound is excellent, etc.

My quote to George was that *The Crow* was a good movie, not a good film.

George seemed to grasp the basic outline of the movie. He mentioned that a woman named Shelly was beaten and raped and that her fiancé was shot and shoved out a window. Shelly lived 30 hours before dying. I thought the time compression was done very well in this part of the movie. The director seemed to have a good grasp of the usual audience attention span in what they consider to be an action film. He didn't waste a lot of time on character development in the beginning, knowing that it was irrelevant for us to get to know Shelly because we would learn of her through the flashbacks that Eric, the fiancé, would have throughout the movie. All in all, I thought it a very good way to break up the scenes so that the audience has time to breathe and think about what's happening.

There is a great amount of symbolism in the movie as well. Unfortunately, I only have room to mention a few. Let's start with the cat. What? Yes the cat... Gabriel. This was Shelly's cat, having survived the year that has lapsed before Eric returns from the grave to seek revenge. I find it quite refreshing that

a biblical reference was made without having to shove it down the viewer's throat.

How about the pawn shop owner's building. Perhaps I was the only one that noticed the name GIDEON painted on the outside wall. Could it have been because Eric was running atop the adjoining buildings and the letters appeared on the screen about six feet high. I thought this was a clear reference, apparently completely overlooked by others.

I found it obvious from the beginning that Eric was not invulnerable. He saw things through the eyes of the crow and he had the crow's same elation of flying. I gathered from this that whatever the crow felt, Eric also felt, as was the case when the crow gets injured toward the climax.

George made a comment that Brandon Lee does okay, but nothing that any other competent actor couldn't do. Exactly what is a competent actor? I would define that as someone who assumes the role of the character well. If that's what he meant, I agree. My comment to George prior to his seeing the movie was that it was the best movie Lee had done to date. I didn't compare him to any other actors.

It was also mentioned that the movie had no contrast, that it was dreary. There is a young girl, her name escapes me now, that brings some hope into the story. She even makes Eric smile. Perhaps not as dreary as others would like to believe.

One last comment on the movie's f/x. The process by which the foreground and the animated background were linked together is called digital compositing. This aspect of the movie was superb. This was one of the few film aspects that was brought out.

Overall, I would have to say that *The Crow* was a good movie, perhaps not a good film. It would have been interesting to see what Brandon Lee would have done next.... I suppose we'll never know.

*Tank Girl* Directed by Rachel Talalay.  
Review by Daniel Siclari

*Tank Girl* is a movie based on the cult British comic book by the same name. The movie stars Lori Petty (*A League of Their Own*, *Free Willy*) as the lead. Ice-T and Malcolm McDowell (the evil dude from *Generations*) are also in it. Ice-T plays the leader of the rebel superhuman-kangaroos, Rippers. McDowell plays the head of Water and Power (aka the bad guys).

Most of the movie looks like one long music video you might see on MTV. To add to all of the quick camera cuts, there are shots of comic frames inserted. And those cuts are even faster than the normal ones.

Rebecca Buck (Lori Petty) is a rebel in 2033 San Francisco. In this future there is a real bad shortage of water. The shortage is so serious that the only water on the planet is underground. Water and Power (WAP) control most of the water, and that makes them the government. Buck and her friends live in an isolated house and they try to secretly take water. When they get caught by WAP, the fun begins. Buck becomes a WAP agent, without knowing it. Along the way she gets a sidekick named Jet, played by Naomi Watts.

The Rippers are the only thing keeping WAP from controlling everything. WAP can't locate them, and the Rippers are the only ones left to fight against Water & Power.

In her escape from the WAP fortress, Rebecca Buck gets hold of a tank and falls in love with it in a minute. From then on the two are inseparable. At first the tank looks like a standard military tank. A couple of scenes later she has totally modified it.

Overall this move was pretty decent. A few people fighting a whole army gives lots of excitement. The only two real problems I had with it were the camera cuts, and it was totally overacted. Luckily, the roles were supposed to be overacted. Lori Petty did a great job too.

## Relativity

Addendum Peterson's *Star Trek: Voyager* Review

On the other hand, it's often useful to take things in context. *Star Trek: Voyager* is also the lead show on the new Paramount Network. Compared to the other shows appearing on this new network, *Voyager* is a paragon.

The other night, a Wednesday, I tuned into a local TV station to watch *Babylon 5*. I hadn't realized that there was a schedule change. Instead, I was confronted by a sitcom of such astonishing ineptitude that I actually felt sorry for the creators. The actors, alone, were so bad that you could have randomly chosen passersby off the street who could have done as well.

So now I watch *Babylon 5* on Friday nights. I do **not** watch the other shows on the two new networks. There isn't one of them that's worth watching twice. Except *Voyager*, where, to cop a line from TV critic John Leonard, "...Kate Mulgrew, a dilithium crystal, resonates in my warp core."

\* \* \* \* \*

One last note on *Voyager* (I promise).

One of the strengths of the *Star Trek* series is in its function as metaphor. The classic *Trek* show was a product of its time in its concern with the consequences of the Vietnam War, and the needs of social justice. It was prophetic in its predictions of a technologically advanced, multicultural society, which came about after a mere 20 years, not 200.

*Star Trek: the Next Generation*, and, to some extent, *Deep Space Nine* were a product of the Eighties and early Nineties with its emphasis on angst and political correctness. With its bold vision being subsumed by diplomacy, guarding the borders, and character development.

And now comes *Voyager*. With the end of the Cold War, we have, in a sense, been cut off from our past. Our society has to face an uncertain future, yet we're also trying to find our way back to a simpler, more basic time, when children listened to their parents, government worked, and people worked for an honest living. Where everything made sense. What better metaphor than a show that is a combination of going boldly where no one has gone before, yet also a search for a way home?

Live Long and Prosper, *Voyager*!

## TROPICON XIII SOUNDBITES

### RECORDED FAITHFULLY BY MAGPI

For those of you who missed Tropicon XIII, some wonderful gems were dropped and I felt it was only fair that I scribble down as many one-liners as I could. Without further ado, I offer up the fruits of my labor (aka all the ones that I could recover from my bookbag and notebooks after the con <g>).

“—a comma is where you take a breath—” Dean Wesley Smith’s comment from the “heckling side” of the panel table, in reference to Kristine Kathryn Rusch’s view on commas.

“Are you suggesting that we follow you?! Surely you jest!” Ericka Perdew to Judi after the dinner at the Apollo Restaurant...Judi had gotten a ‘little’ lost getting to the restaurant.

“I’ve got four bidders — my god!” Joe Siclari to the Charity Auction audience. He was auctioning off *A Certain Sacrifice*, a video of a very bad Madonna movie. It finally went for \$8.00.

“My conscience will not let me use figure 8 systems.” Hal Clement, during his slide presentation.

“Wasn’t Mousakka the king in *The Lion King*?” Carlos Perez after hearing the name of the unidentifiable food in a Styrofoam container.

“Fandom is a way of obligation.” Edie Stern, during the Religion Panel.

“If you meet a Hungarian on the street, kick him. He’ll know why.” from Toastmaster Ben Bova’s brunch speech.

“Think of dead puppies.” Ericka Perdew to Judi Goodman. It was a failed ploy to get Judi to stop laughing.

“I will be brave, get me another beer.” Carlos Perez during the official ACME/unofficial GENIE party on Saturday night.

“Star Trek?! Ninja Turtles?! Cross-dressing dolls?!” Bill Wilson commenting on Judi Goodman’s description of some of the items in her “collection” room.

“Do we have chalk? I love chalk!” Kristine Kathryn Rusch, during the “Kris and Dean Show” panel.

“Brunch? That’s like at five in the afternoon, right?” From Kristine Kathryn Rusch’s guest of honor speech during the Sunday morning brunch.

“If you don’t know the words, move your lips.” Mark Simmons, as he was about to sing during his brunch speech.

# A SOLIPSISTIC FABLE

FROM JOE SICLARI

## Chapter 1. I am born.

There once was a small boy who read voraciously. A lot of it was science fiction and fantasy. But he couldn't find anyone else who was interested in all the futuristic Buck Rogers stuff, or who wanted to talk about exploring other planets or about scientific speculations. His family thought him a bit odd for having all these weird interests.

As he grew older, he found very few teenagers interested in this, so he kept his reading habits to himself while he developed an almost quiet and remarkably normal cover personality. He acquired a few friends, an occasional girlfriend, went to the prom and off to college.

About this time, he saw a small four line ad in an old F & SF that said something like:

Interested in SF? Read fanzines!  
Send \$1.00 to Seth Johnson

What a wonder came back in the mail - several scraggly fanzines, some almost unreadable. The best of the bunch were bound crud sheets of articles (some incomplete) from something called Granfalloon. He was hooked. He had found people interested in more than what went on immediately around them. He waded in, full speed ahead. No matter where he went or where he lived he found fans. He found them in Tallahassee, in New York and everywhere.

Eventually he moved to South Florida. There didn't seem to be many of these people around. So he started a regular party so that he would have people to talk with about all these strange things. The parties continued and eventually grew so big they had to make it a real club. And the club kept growing and doing different things. Writers and artists came from the club and fanzines and conventions. They talked of space and holograms and writing and computers, of exploration and speculation, and sex and drugs and even rhythm and blues. As he grew older and older, he watched more and more fan doing more and more things. And he knew it was fun!



# Tropicon XIV

The South Florida Science Fiction Convention

January 12 — 14, 1996

Guest of Honor

**James P. Hogan**

Toastmaster

**Mike Resnick**

Hal Clement, Charles Fontenay,  
Jack C. Haldeman II, Rick Wilber

and a "cast of thousands"

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Please make checks payable to SFSFS.

Tropicon is sponsored by the South Florida Science Fiction Society  
a non-profit literary society recognized by the IRS under Section 501(c)(3).

## TROPICON XIV NEWS

### *Tropicon Has a New Hotel!*

Tropicon XIV will be at the luxurious Doubletree Guest Suites located on Cypress Creek Road just west of I-95. Besides the bag of delicious cookies you will get when you check in, you will also be getting a full two room suite.

If you haven't been in a Doubletree suite, you've a treat in store. They are fully equipped with a microwave, wet bar, refrigerator, and many of the comforts of home. This makes every room an ideal party room (hint, hint). The rooms will sleep from two to a maximum of five. Rates are \$79 single or double, plus \$10 for each additional person.

This Doubletree has great meeting space. Outside the main function area, there are tables and chairs set up conversationally so that between events you'll have a chance to sit and talk.

This has all the makings of a great convention hotel. Be sure to reserve your room early!



### **Attention All Model Builders!**

At Tropicon XIV there will be the First Annual (if it works) Model Building Contest. In order to provide parts for the models, we are asking all SFSFS members to save SMALL odds & ends (empty thread spools, kids' leggos, buttons, nuts, bolts, clothespins, toilet paper rolls, etc.). The key word here is SMALL. Larger items such as cans, plastic jars and bottles, etc., will be collected starting 1 or 2 months before Tropicon.

Dina Pearlman will be collecting the potential space-ship/space-station/whatever-weird-model-you-choose parts at each SFSFS meeting. (That's why we say SMALL. Storage is limited.)

Your cooperation and trash contributions will be appreciated and a creatively good time will be had by all!

### **Tropicon IV James P. Hogan Published Bibliography**

#### NOVELS

Inherit the Stars, Del Rey/Ballantine, May '77, 0-345-33463-9, \$4.99  
 The Genesis Machine, Del Rey/Ballantine, April '78  
 The Gentle Giants of Ganymede, Del Rey, May '78, 0-345-32327-0, \$4.99  
 The Two Faces of Tomorrow, Del Rey/Ballantine, June '79  
 Thrice Upon a Time, Del Rey/Ballantine, March '80  
 Giants' Star, Del Rey/Ballantine, July '81, 0-345-32720-9, \$4.99  
 The Minervan Experiment, Nelson Doubleday S.F. Book Club, Nov '82  
 Voyage from Yesteryear, Del Rey/Ballantine, July '82, 0-345-34246-1, \$4.99  
 Code of the Lifemaker, Del Rey/Ballantine, June '83, 0-345-30549-3, \$4.99  
 The Proteus Operation, Bantam, Oct. 85  
 Endgame Enigma, Bantam, July '87  
 The Mirror Maze, Bantam, March '89  
 The Infinity Gambit, Bantam, March '91  
 The Giants Novels, Del Rey, Sep '91, 0-345-38885-2, \$5.99 (3 in 1 vol)  
 Entoverse, Del Rey/Ballantine, Oct '91, 0-345-37942-X, \$4.99  
 The Multiplex Man, Bantam, Oct '92, 0-553-56363-7, \$5.99  
 Realtime Interrupt, Bantam, March '95, 0-553-37454-0, \$12.95  
 The Immortality Option, Del Rey/Ballantine, Feb '95, 0-345-37915-2, \$21.00  
 (sequel to Code of the Lifemaker)  
 Paths to Otherwhere, Baen Books, TBA

#### NOVELLAS

Out of Time, Bantam, Dec '93

#### COLLECTIONS

Minds, Machines & Evolution (MM&E), Bantam, May '88 (fiction/non-fiction)

#### SHORT-FICTION

Assassin, *Stellar 4* anthology (Del Rey), May '78 (in MM&E)  
 Silver Shoes for a Princess, *Destinies* Vol. 1 #5 (Ace), Oct '79 (in MM&E)  
 Sword of Damocles, *Stellar 5*, May '80  
 Neander-Tale, *Fantasy & SF*, Dec '80 (incl in MM&E)  
 Till Death Us Do Part, *Stellar 6*, Jan '81 (incl in MM&E)  
 Making Light, *Stellar 7*, Aug '81, (in MM&E) (in *Ascent of Wonder*, Tor, 1994)  
 Identity Crisis, *Stellar 7*, Aug '81  
 Generation Gap (in MM&E)  
 Inside Story (in MM&E)  
 Down to Earth (in MM&E)  
 Rules Within Rules (in MM&E)  
 The Pacifist (in MM&E)  
 Fortune Cookie (in MM&E)  
 Merry Gravmas (in MM&E) (in *Christmas Magic*, Tor anthol., due Dec 94)  
 The Absolutely Foolproof Alibi (in MM&E)  
 Leapfrog (in *What Might Have Been*, Bantam anthology, Summer '89)  
 Last Ditch, *Analog*, Dec '92  
 Zap Thy Neighbor (in *How to Save the World*, Tor anthol., due Aug 1995)

#### NON-FICTION

Think of a Number, *Galileo* #9, 1978  
 Know Nukes, *Sentinel Star Paper* (Orlando, Florida), Nov '80 (in MM&E)  
 Who Says It's All Over?, *Future Life* # 23, Dec '80  
 Minds, Machines, and Evolution, *Destinies* Vol. 3 #1, 1981 (in MM&E)  
 The Revealed Word of God (in MM&E)  
 Earth Models—on a Plate (in MM&E)  
 Biographical (in MM&E)  
 Paint Your Booster, *New Destinies* Vol 8, Fall '89  
 Boom & Stump in Space, *Brit Libertarian Alliance*, May '90, US Libertarian Futurist Soc, Summer '91  
 Ozone Politics  
 They Call This Science?, *Omni*, June '93  
 Fact-Free Science, *Analog*, April '95

# SFSFS News & People

More News on page 42

## SFSFS Fan Video Library

Over the years, several people have taped (video and audio) various SFSFS and Tropicon programs for their own enjoyment. We would like to get copies of these tapes so that we will have a record of what we have done and so that our members might enjoy programs which they did not have a chance to see.

We have started this library with the tapes from some early Tropicons from Joe Siclari. Judi Goodman is in charge of the program and she is taping our new programs. Peggy Dolan is also in the process of dubbing additional tapes including audio recordings.

If you have any tapes from past SFSFS or Tropicon activities, please let us duplicate them.

And if you would like to borrow any of the tapes, contact Judi Goodman. Below is the list of the first tapes available. Quality may vary because of taping conditions and experience of the cameraman. — Joe

### Tropicon I

- Tape 1 - *Our Lady of the Witch World* (Andre Norton interview)  
Brad Linaweaver, Becky Peters, Ruth Kyle, Roger Scholbin
- *Art and Story Development*  
Vincent Di Fate, Frederik Pohl, Ellen Datlow, David Kyle, Vincent Miranda
- *Fads for Sale* (SF Series)  
Joseph Green, Fritz Lieber, Jean Lorrain, Robert Sheckley
- Tape 2 - *Critics — Good or Bad?* (SF Criticism)  
Samuel R. Delany, James Gunn, Gene Wolfe, Eric Rabkin, William Wu

### Tropicon IV

- Tape 1 - *Adv. in Time and Space* (SF Gaming)  
Rich Lichauro, Scott Adams, Scott Jones, Gary Alan Ruse
- *State of the Art*  
Sarah Clemens, Michael Whelan, Gail Bennett, Ken Mitchroney
- Tape 2 - *Seduction of the Innocent* (Entry Level SF)  
Vince Miranda, Ken Mitchroney, Diane Farnsworth, ???
- *Channel 7 News — "Supersmarts"*  
Edie Stern interviewed

## Writers' Workshop Report

The Writers' Workshop group met April 23. In attendance were Judi Goodman, Shirlene Ananayo, Peter Rawlik, Peter Barker, George Peterson, Ericka Perdew, and Deanna Lyman. Ericka, Peter B., and Deanna brought pieces they'd written. All three were very good, I thought. And I think we got some constructive points across. I think we've made a good start. If we stick with it, this should turn out to be most useful and a lot of fun. — George Peterson

## People Notes

**Julia Ecklar** (a fondly remembered Tropicon filk guest) has a new novel out. Watch for *ReGenesis* from Ace Science Fiction, ISBN 0-441-00189-0, \$4.99. This is the first of a series, styled the Noah's Ark Series, where the only hope for saving Earth lifeforms is to bundle them up into a scientific version of Noah's Ark. Julia's prose is as well and thoughtfully crafted as her song lyrics, so while I haven't read this one, I'd encourage you to try it. Book division take note.

Everyone is entitled to a few moments of fame. **Joe Siclari's** and **Edie Stern's** comes next year. They are Fan Guests at two, count 'em, two conventions next spring. The conventions are *Minicon*, the Minneapolis regional and all around swell convention, and *DeepSouthCon*, the traveling southern regional con which in 1996 will be held on Jekyll Island on the coast of Georgia. Expect Joe and Edie to browbeat the newsletter editors into running convention details on both of these Spring '96 conventions.

*Red Herring*, a local journal of contemporary arts, has accepted one of **Peter Rawlik's** pieces for a future issue. His "Florida Travel Advisory" will be published in the issue due out May 10.

## Special GENIE RTC for SFSFS

This will be happening as:  
GENIE's Science Fiction RoundTable 3 (SFRT3) presents the  
Fandom Club Night Real Time Conference (RTC)  
9:30 EST on Tuesday, 13 June 1995  
featuring the  
South Florida Science Fiction Society (SFSFS)

You must have a GENIE account in order to have access to this special event. To get to SFRT3's RTC area from anywhere on GENIE, type "m472;2" at any prompt once you are on line. If you have any additional questions, please feel free to post them in the SFSFS topic (Category 18, topic 40) in SFRT3...or e-mail me at s.ananayo@genie.geis.com...or call me at (305) 662-9426. See you on the boards! —Shirlene "Magpi" Ananayo

Judy Bemis and Tony Parker are founding members of SFSFS. They were very active right from the start. We were all very sorry to see them leave when Tony was transferred to Raleigh. In February of this year, they were Fan Guests of Honor at Conclave 16 in Kentucky. We were asked to write something for the program book. Since this issue is about SFSFS and our members, we thought it would be appropriate to share it with you as well.

## *Fannus Omnivorous*

- or -

### **The Multiplex Fen**

by Edie Stern & Joe Siclari

In these degenerate times, it's not a given that you can easily find people with that old time scientific fictional fannish virtue — that of being an omnivorous fan. You know, the fan that is interested in everything SF and fandom are about and active in most of it. Say hello to *two* of them, your Fan Guests of Honor, Judy Bemis and Tony Parker.

Their reading goes from hard SF to fantasy. Check out their neat wedding rings. They apa-hack. They've been known to edit local SF club newsletters. They filk (Judy with voice and guitar, and Tony mostly satisfied with a big appreciative grin on his face, interspersed with baritone *a cappella*. Tony was once nearly thrown out of a Delta Crown Room in Michigan for misplaced filking. I know. We were *very* young.). They collect art. Invite them to an art auction — it couldn't hurt. They even smof.

Smoffing is a fine craft. It's educational, creative, hard work that allows you to develop obligations to other responsible and intellectually facile fans who spend their time doing organizational silliness that others may enjoy the club, or the con, or the hoax. Tony and Judy are smofers without a doubt.

From the sublime local endeavors of the South Florida Science Fiction Society and the Coral Springs Science Fiction League, Social Drinking Society and Travelling Fanvariety Show (In Exile), to the ridiculous intergalactic endeavors of MagiCon, these two have been in it up to their armpits.

Tony has been a stalwart of South Florida fandom since the late seventies (and was 1/3 of Boca Fandom for a loong time). Judy has been active even longer, in the Washington area first, and later down in Florida. They've run con suites, and registration, and dealer's rooms, and who knows what-all else. Together, they have even chaired conventions. Plural.

Judy was Treasurer of MagiCon. If you ask her about MagiCon, be prepared to sit and listen for a long time, and drink some too. Tony was CFO of the corporation. Tony and Judy were very active on the bid for the three long years of it, and the prep work for the con itself took another three. And three years after MagiCon, they are still involved with it. They single-handedly ran about a billion bid parties at conventions all over the country. Do the words persevering, tenacious, and steadfast sound appropriate? How about travel-broke?

So. Watch out for them and make nice. They're willing to try most anything at least once, and always ready to learn something new. Among other things, they drink port and sweet wine (and prefer it "chewy"). They are gregarious and hospitable, and will sit up all night talking, or singing, or partying, or smoffing. They just recently left South Florida and we miss them already.

And we really meant omnivorous — ethnic foods and chocolate are their specialties. They have been known to bring kilograms of chocolate home from thousands of miles away. If you mention sushi, Judy will follow you anywhere, and Tony will certainly find something on the menu to his liking.

**SFSFS Meetings** (Continued from page 3)

- May 6** Media Outing (also see page 42)  
**Sat.** Film: *The Village of the Damned* - John Carpenter's remake of the original film which was based on John Wyndham's novel, *The Midwich Cuckoos*  
 Time: 5:20 pm  
 Cost: \$3.75  
 Location: AMC Theater, Mizner Park, Boca Raton  
 Directions: Take I-95 to Palmetto Park Rd. Go East to US 1. Turn North and go about 2 blocks.
- May 13** SFSFS Board meeting  
**Sat.** Contact Joe Siclari for details  
 12:30 pm Imperial Point library, Fort Lauderdale
- May 13** SFSFS Monthly meeting  
**Sat** Program: The Travelling Fan (see page 3)

There will be a dinner outing between these items.

- May 13** SFSFS Book Discussion Group  
**Sat.** Topic: Rogues In Space.  
 8:00 pm Suggested book: SAM GUNN, UNLTD. by Ben Bova  
 We will discuss the popularity of Nicholas van Rijn, Blackie DuQuesne, Skeen, Han Solo, Retief and other despicable characters. And why we love them.  
 George Peterson's; call 305-524-1274 or email z004406b@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us
- May 19-21** Oasis 8 - Orlando SF convention, Orlando No. Hilton, Altamonte Springs.  
 Guests: Alan Dean Foster & Barclay Shaw  
 \$20 to 4/18; \$25 at door. Box 940992, Maitland, FL 32794-0992
- May 27** SFSFS Writer's Workshop Meeting  
**Sat** Topic: TBD  
 2:00 pm Location is home of Peter Rawlik, and the address won't help.  
 Please call Peter at (407) 820-9083 for directions.
- May 28** Tropicon 14 meeting  
 THIS MEETING IS BEING RESCHEDULED TO THE FIRST WEEKEND IN JUNE SO THAT WE CAN HAVE IT AT OUR NEW HOTEL: THE DOUBLETREE GUEST QUARTERS
- June 4** Tropicon 14 meeting (special meeting)  
**Sun.** DOUBLETREE GUEST QUARTERS  
 3:00 pm (tentative — awaiting confirmation of time and day from the hotel)  
 Contact Fran Mullen for details at <frannym@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
- Jun 13** SFSFS Board meeting  
**Sat. Noon** Contact Joe Siclari for details
- Jun 17** SFSFS RTC on GENIE (see page 38 for details)  
**Tue. 9:30 pm** Contact Shirlene Ananayo: (305) 662-9426 or email: s.ananayo@genie.geis.com
- Jun 17** SFSFS Monthly meeting  
**Sat** Program: The Hugo Nominees (see page 3)
- There will be a dinner outing between these items.
- Jun 17** SFSFS Filk gathering  
**Sat. 8 pm** Contact Fran Mullen for details at <frannym@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
- Jun 25** Tropicon 14 meeting (4th Sunday of each month)  
**Sun. 3 pm** Contact Fran Mullen for details at <frannym@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>



## SFSFS Meeting Reports by Shirlene Ananayo

We have had a lot of business at the last few SFSFS Meetings as well as some great presentations. The following is Secretary Ananayo's report of the year's progress to date.

### January General Meeting

Thanks to the efforts of Elaine Ashby, the January General Meeting of SFSFS was held at the Greenacres Community Center on January 22nd, 1995.

During the Business meeting, Chairman Joe Siclari went down the list of the upcoming scheduled meetings for the year; the following members were welcomed (some of them back! <g>): Gerry Adair; Jim Powell; Fiona Kellegan; Doyle Green; Diane Dorick; Twaina Hager; Dan Foster; Christine Keller; Pete Rawlik; and Paul Edwards; general member Bob Ewart was approved unanimously for an upgrade to regular status; program books from Tropicon XIII were made available to anyone who did not receive one during Tropicon XIII (anyone still missing one, please contact Franny Mullen at the next meeting or send us a postcard); the orders for reprints of Tropicon XIII t-shirts were taken by Judi Goodman.

The Program was a discussion led by Joe Siclari and Edie Stern on "Which SF/F Authors and Works Will Last the Test of Time." They asked questions like "what makes a story memorable?" and "what is the difference between a good story and a popular story?" and "do authors or individual works last?" It was pointed out that there are three important factors that help to determine whether a work will survive. Those factors are: emotional pull produced by the work; the degree to which the work is topical (i.e. relevant to current day events); and the quality of the storytelling. A few of the authors whose works the majority of SFSFSians thought would survive were: Issac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Arthur C. Clarke, Robert E. Heinlein, and Dr. Seuss. A few that they said would not were: L. Ron Hubbard, Jules Verne, and Piers Anthony.

### February General Meeting

The February General Meeting of SFSFS was held...and it wasn't. On February 18th, several members met at the Palm Beach Book Fest to listen to a lecture by Daniel Keyes, author of *Flowers for Algernon*. Afterwards, a quorum of Regular members were not present, so a Business Meeting could not be held.

### March General Meeting

The March General Meeting of SFSFS was held at the

International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts on the 25th of the month. The program featured an interview with Joe and Gay Haldeman. A major portion of this program was taped by our Audio/Visual Department Head, Judi Goodman, so any interested members can contact her to borrow the video tape.

The program was followed immediately by a celebration of SFSFS's ten year anniversary as a club. A beautiful cake with with the SFSFS logo was brought out during a tongue-in-cheek presentation of several "founder" buttons presented by Peggy Ann Dolan to many founding members in the club, including Founding Father to Joe Siclari and Founding Son to Dan Siclari.

The Business portion of the meeting was very brief. Returning members Dwight Douglas, Cyndi Warmuth, and Christina Santiago were all welcomed back into the club. The Tropicon XIII t-shirts that had been previously ordered were available for pick-up at the meeting.

### April General Meeting

The April General Meeting of SFSFS was held at the Hallandale Beach Library. Tropicon XIV Chairman Fran Mullen announced that the Doubletree Guest Quarters Suites on Cypress Creek in Fort Lauderdale had been chosen as the hotel and that an early June concom meeting would be held there. Both the April and May concom meetings were cancelled. Returning

members Fred Bragdon, Miriam Gan, and Alex Lyman were welcomed back. New member Rebecca Novak was also voted in. Guest Denise Lammers introduced herself to the group.

The Program was presented by Gerry Adair on the facts behind the King Arthur legend. Judi Goodman was there with her recorder. Anyone wishing to watch the presentation can contact Judi about borrowing the tape.

Well, that's it for the recaps on the General Meetings. I will submit minutes to the BoD at the next meeting.

BITS  
BYTES  
MEGABYTES  
GIGABYTES  
LUNCH  
FOR FOUR



## More News and people

### Film Outing

Date: Saturday, May 6

Time: 5:20 pm

Cost \$3.75

Location: AMC Theater, Mizner Park, Boca Raton



The SFSFS media outing will be to see *The Village of the Damned*, John Carpenter's remake of the original 1960s film which was based on John Wyndham's *The Midwich Cuckoos* (incidentally, if you haven't read it, I highly recommend it).

**Directions:** Take I-95 to Palmetto Park Rd. Go East to US 1. Turn North and go about 2 blocks. Right next to Liberties Bookstore, and across from what is to be the Cartoon Museum, now under construction.

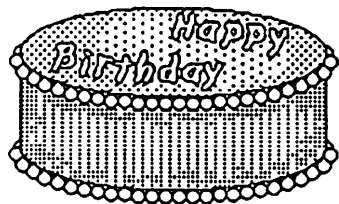
If there are any changes in times (or if the movie stops playing...let's cross our fingers), I'll let everyone know. Any questions — call me, Ericka, at (407) 272-0156 after 5 pm, before 10 pm. Be there or be square!

**Linda Melnick**, Washington area fan and sometimes Tropicon attendee is recording a new tape! Linda's previous group, **Technical Difficulties**, succumbed to the stresses of geography; Linda is singing now and recording with a new group, **Musical Chairs**, which also features Lucinda Brown and Jean Stevenson. The tape is as yet untitled, and will be ready for OVFF this fall. If all goes extremely well, it may be ready for Worldcon. Linda is given to three part harmonies, and if her previous taped performances are any indication, this tape will be one you'll want to have. Hey Linda, how about Tropicon this next time? Bring some tapes!

### Some upcoming birthdays compiled by Magpli.

Alex Lyman, Apr 21  
Dave Lyman, Jan 14  
Deanna Lyman, Jul 2  
Dina Pearlman, Jul 18  
Hillary Pearlman, Apr 3  
Dwight Douglas, Feb 19  
Bob Ewart, Nov 16  
Fred Bragdon, Oct 21  
Miriam Gan, Dec 21  
Dan Siclari, Jul 14  
Shirlene Ananayo, Oct 22  
Pete Rawlik, Aug 11

Melanie Herz, Oct 26  
Peggy Dolan, Nov 6  
Judi Goodman, Feb 4  
Carlos Perez, Mar 21  
Ericka Perdew, Jun 8  
Peter Barker, Aug 29  
Joe Siclari, Aug 2  
Edie Stern, Aug 16  
George Peterson, Mar 18  
Ahava Drazin, Jan 11  
Francine Mullen, Mar 7  
Howard Wendell, Aug 28  
Christy Santiago, Dec 24  
Carol Porter, Mar 9  
Elaine Ashby, Dec 16  
Gerry Adair, Oct 22



### March meeting — Interview with Joe Haldeman (an expanded report by Edie Stern)

Our March SFSFS program was a delightful interview with Joe and Gay Haldeman. Joe was Guest of Honor at this year's Conference on the Fantastic, held at the Ft. Lauderdale Airport Hilton in March. As you know, we participate in the Conference by providing art show organization, hardware and operations. The Conference has been most helpful in providing meeting space for us, as well as an interesting venue for South Florida readers to get involved in the academic side of science fiction and fantasy.

About 30 folks listened in March, as Joe Siclari interviewed Joe and Gay Haldeman. The conversation, for that's what it resembled more than an interview, spanned decades as topics ranged from Washington fandom in the 1970s to 1968, Joe's new novel. Gay provided perspective on the other 90% that goes into managing the business of writing, from dealing with publishers and contracts to newspapers and publicity.

From the instant gratification of writing poetry, to the unlikely but pragmatic fact that most of Joe's writing career has taken place while Gay's been asleep (Joe writes in the early morning), the March meeting covered a lot of ground. What was very clear is that Joe and Gay Haldeman are loving and leading citizens of the field. Discussing writing in general, Joe H. asked "If you could write science fiction, why would anyone write anything else?"

This meeting also marked the 10th anniversary of SFSFS. The South Florida Science Fiction Society was founded in 1985 by assorted members of the loosely constituted Coral Springs Science Fiction League, Social Drinking Society and Travelling FanVariety Show in Exile (Cups Full of Suds). In honor of the occasion, Treasurer Peggy Dolan arranged for sloppily sentimental but oh-so-accurate buttons (Founding Father, Founding Mother, Founding # Cruncher, etc.) to be handed out to the appropriate people, and for a gorgeous birthday cake limned in blue icing with the SFSFS logo dead center. As we discovered, the blue icing had the unexpected side effect of providing royal blue tongues and lips to all who partook, kind of a one-off special effect. I'm told it provided at least one set of erotic *frissons* later in the evening. Ten years is a long time in science fiction fandom, more than three generations. To all who were here when we started, well met and well done. To all who have joined us since, well met and god bless.

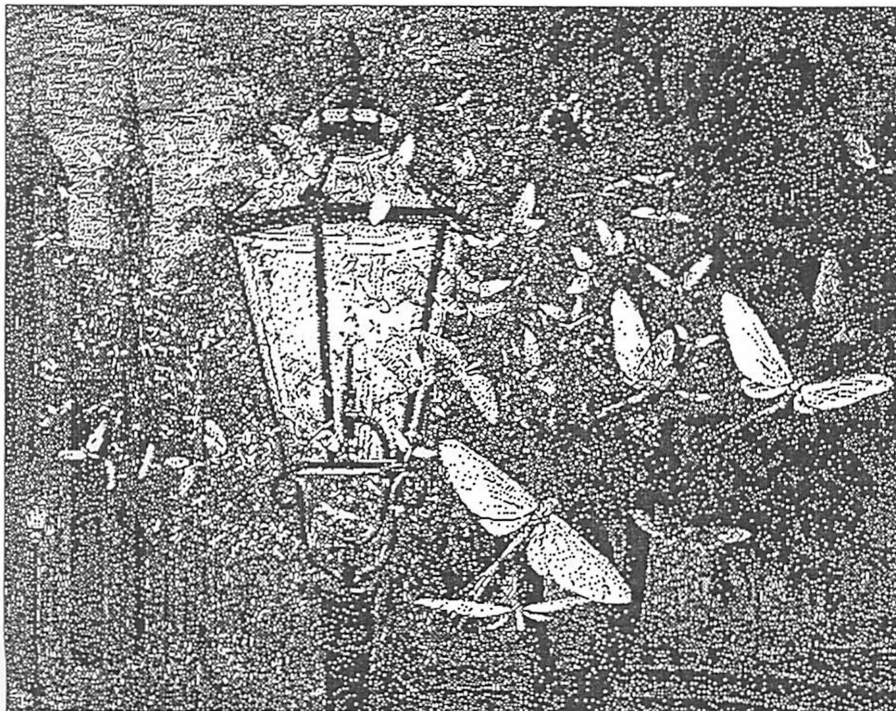
If you missed the March meeting, I hope you had a good reason. Welcome also to some long lost SFSFSans who did attend, in particular 80's member Becky Novak.

## Serial Killer

an  
acrostic

**S**layer of women  
**E**nriched with anger  
**R**iddled with rage  
**I**ndifferent to generosity  
**A**ristocrat  
**L**iquidator of happiness

**K**een witted  
**I**nventive  
**L**over of death  
**L**ife taker  
**E**ccentric  
**R**ipper, Jack the



by Daniel Siclari

# SMOKED SALMON — LOCS

[[Responses from Joe are inserted in this format.]]

[[The following story is included as a public service. It is important for all fans who travel to know this information.]]

## Flying Pigs Ground Plane

LONDON - An airliner heading to South Africa was forced to turn back and make an emergency landing in Britain after 72 flatulent pigs triggered fire alarms.

More than 300 people were also on board the South African Airways plane when the pigs' urine, gas and body heat sparked the midair crisis. "The collective heat and methane that 72 pigs give off caused our alarms in the hold to activate," an airline spokesman said on Thursday.

Fifteen prize stud pigs being flown out for breeding died of asphyxiation when halon gas was released in the cargo as part of the plane's fire-extinguishing system. The surviving pigs were taken to a farm.

Gary Farber

88 Parkville Ave., Basement, Brooklyn, NY 11230-1017

Dear Joe and Edie

I would have thought that I had whimpered at you a request to be put on the *SFSFS Shuttle* mailing list, but perhaps it is limited to paying members of the club. If not consider this a reiterated request, and a feeble imitation of a loc. I greatly enjoyed the two issues you did gift me with, #106 and #110. A very nice, attractive little clubzine that reads well, looks nice, and has substantive content is what you've produced all right. Kudos.

The James White and BoSh history reprints were wonderful, of course, and the book reviews were readable and short. [[Edie and I plan to continue the historical reprints as you can tell from this. I'd eventually like to get another issue of *FanHistorica* out. I have just indexed *Slant* and am working on one for *Hyphen*. Then a *Fanhi* special on Irish Fandom will come out.]] If you do throw me on the mailing list, I don't promise to loc more than once a year, but y'never know — my loccing depends on my busyness, and life remains unpredictable. I'm making an effort to do more written fanac at the moment, at least, and get out at least short locs of acknowledgment at a minimum. When I'm overwhelmed with work, naturally fanac drops in priority.

Currently I'm muddling along, eking out the freelance life. I've adapted to the times, and in addition to various publishing gigs, I've recently done work for Crossover Technologies, thanks to Kevin Maroney, co-spouse to Bernadette Boskey and Arthur Hlavaty, whom I believe you know. Crossover is a computer boutique doing CD-ROM work, on-line games, and so forth, and has a number of overlaps with fandom and sfdom, gaffiated or not, including Ellen Franklin, Deb Notkin and Tom Weber. Stuff I've worked on for them, mostly as either a bug-hunter or English editor, has included *Tom Peters' Business School in a Box*, a project that Deb Notkin has worked on for over six years along with numbers of other fannish folk, a demo for *Seattle Monster Control* and a demo program for Columbia House's contribution to the experimental interactive TV set-up down in your state. [[It sounds like you have been pretty busy of late — and plenty of variety. You know, it seems like a

lot of people are leaving fandom to work in technical areas, computers, communications, and such. I know a lot are still fans but it seems to me that people are getting involved in living the technical side and are leaving the imaginative side. I'm not sure I find this a good thing for either fandom or the real world. A sense of wonder need not be constrained by engineering.]]

Sheryl Birkhead

23629 Woodfield Rd, Gaithersburg, MD 20882

Dear Shuttlers,

So far my main quibble with Kathryn Janeway is her voice and standard tone. The "reviewing" comment about pits was interesting. *Perhaps* — this new class of starship, small and superfast, meant that "tours" of duty would be short compared to the regular tour and hence for family and pets to stay at home might be the rule. Only surmising on my part. I seem to be lucky in that I didn't see the first episode and hence the integration of the various groups was a *fait accompli* before I saw an episode. A non-fan friend made an observation to me of the original ST versus all that came after — she merely said there weren't any non-humanoid, non-English speaking aliens anymore.

Judi, there *are* others who collect collections. When people ask me what I collect, I merely hem...haw and say I collect collections — armadillos, First Day Covers, etc.

I'll bet I forget, but I'll try to get some fillos done up for you — if none have arrived, please jog my memory with a note on the issue. [[Consider it jogged again.]]

I hope you run at least several Tropiccon reports nextish. One of these years I'll manage a trip back to another one — at least that's on my list of things to do.

Thanks for thish — keep on pubbing. Don't forget that Intersection members should be thinking about nominations! [[Edie's note - The spellchecker caught my typo - "starship". Guess what; it suggested "starship" as the most likely word to use in its stead. Spellcheckers know SF!]]

Teddy Harvia (David Thayer)

701 Regency Drive, Hurst, TX 76054

Dear Carol,

Did I send you cartoons or am I remembering an alternate history? [[No. We didn't have any cartoons in the *Shuttle* files. More please?]]

The problem I have with Captain Janeway is that she runs her ship like a small family business. A commander who cares too much about individuals makes bad decisions for the group. [[I agree but she also seems entirely too gullible — believing everything told her right off. Her sitting down with Chakotay to find her lizard totem went well past my suspension of disbelief.]]

Why are cinematic scientists slightly off-kilter? Because those that are on-kilter come across as buffoons. Science after all, is not the cure-all. [[Yes, but scientists don't have to be one extreme or another. There are very few films where scientists are portrayed as thinking and caring individuals. They are as much stereotyped as any other minority.]]

Change of Address as of May 11, 1995

Nancy Atherton  
Rural Route 1 Box 19  
Farmer City IL 61842-9707

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 8909 SW 6th St., Boca Raton, FL, 33433-6203  
 (407)482-0526  
 Sue Trautman, (R, F)  
 same as son above  
 Stuart Ulrich, (R)  
 1811 Banyon Creek Circle North, Boynton Bch, FL 33436  
 (305)369-3251  
 Cindy Warmuth, (R)  
 4200 Sheridan St., Apt. 413, Hollywood, FL 33021-3619  
 Jack Weaver, (R)  
 8868 NW 3 Place, Coral Springs, FL 33071-7481  
 (305)752-7351  
 jackw@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us  
 Howard Wendell (G)  
 17201 Biscayne Blvd., N. Miami Beach, FL 33160  
 Walt & Madeline Willis, (H, T-7 GoH)  
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 United Kingdom  
 Bill Wilson, (R)  
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 (305)987-9905



## YOU'RE GETTING THIS BECAUSE:

- ☐ BECAUSE THE BENE GESSERIT TOLD US TO
- ☐ YOU'VE CONTRIBUTED SOMETHING
- ☐ WE WOULD REALLY LIKE YOU TO CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE
- ☐ YOU HAD ONE ONCE BUT THE WHEELS FELL OFF.
- ☐ TRADE FOR YOUR ZINE
- ☐ BECAUSE YOU DO GREAT LITTLE FUZZY IMPRESSIONS!
- ☐ IT CONTAINS A REVIEW/ARTICLE THAT MAY INTEREST YOU
- ☐ YOU ARE LIBELLED; WELL AT LEAST YOU'RE MENTIONED
- ☐ EDITORIAL WHIM
- ☐ YOU FOOLISHLY ASKED FOR INFORMATION ABOUT SFSFS
- ☐ YOU ARE A MEMBER OF SFSFS
- ☐ SFSFS WANTS TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU AGAIN.

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### 1995 SFSFS Membership Renewal/Application Form

Please make checks payable to SFSFS and send to  
SFSFS Treasurer, 4427 Royal Palm Ave., Miami Beach, FL 33140-3039

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Birthday (optional): \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone(s): Home \_\_\_\_\_ Work \_\_\_\_\_

SF Interests: \_\_\_\_\_

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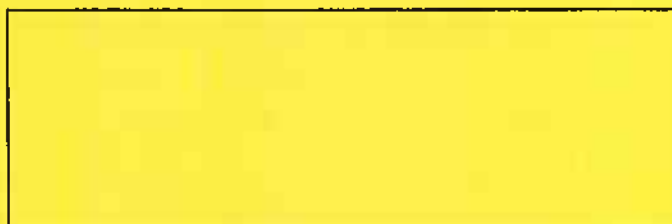
#### Dues (for the rest of 1995)

- |   |                  |
|---|------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> General (new members & non-voting members)   | \$12             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Subscribing (get only the <i>SFSFS Shuttle</i> )                                   | \$12 (full year) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Child (up to age 12 and only with a paid adult member)                             | \$1              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Upgrade from paid-up General member to Regular:<br>(must have attended 3 meetings) | \$5              |

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

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

Address Correction Requested



## **First Class Mail**

### **SFSFS Officers - 1995:**

*Chair:* Joe Siclari (407) 392-6462 (Boca Raton)  
*Vice Chair:* George Peterson (305) 524-1274 (Ft. Lauderdale)  
*Secretary:* Shirlene Ananayo (305) 662-9426 (Coral Gables)  
*Treasurer:* Peggy Ann Dolan (305) 532-8008 (Miami Beach)  
For information about SFSFS call one of the officers.

### **Other committee heads:**

*A/V Recording:* Judi Goodman (305) 385-1793  
*Book Discussion:* Edie Stern & Joe Siclari (407) 392-6462  
*Book Div:* Fran Mullen (305) 929-5815  
*Filk:* Edie Stern & Fran Mullen  
*Library:* Cyndi Warmuth (305) 987-9905  
*Media:* Ericka Perdew (305) 987-9905  
*Programs:* Edie, Joe & George  
*Travelling Fête 4 - 1995:* Melanie Herz (407) 724-9581  
*Tropicon 14 - Jan., 1996:* Fran Mullen (305) 929-5815  
frannym@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us  
*Tropicon 15 - Jan., 1997:* George Peterson (305) 524-1274  
*Writers' Workshop:* Peter Rawlik (407)

