

SFSFS SHUTTLE, #121

September/October 1995



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



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The SFSFS Shuttle # 121 - September/October 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 on the last page of this issue). Subscribing membership is \$1 for each remaining month in the calendar year, counting from the time that you begin your subscription. The views expressed in this SFSFS Shuttle are those of the authors, artists, and editors...and not necessarily those of the publishers. [which is a good thing, from the publisher's point of view... Oh, and don't forget to eat your broccoli and carrots and any other veggies, 'cause they're all good for you! -brought to you by the Editors for a Healthier Fandom.]

UPCOMING SFSFS MEETINGS

September General Meeting

**Apollo 13: Recollections and Memories
with Joseph Green**

Date: 16 September 1995

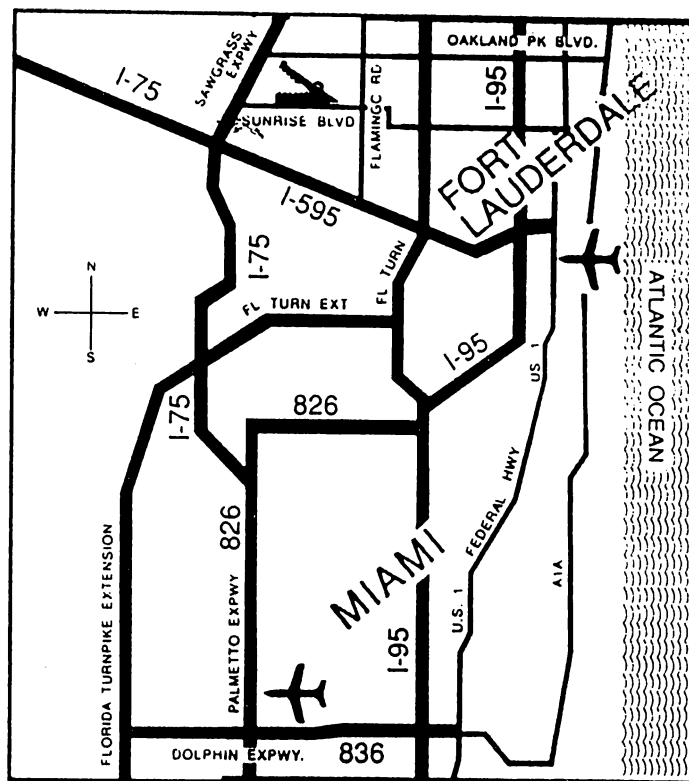
Time: 2:00 p.m.

Location: Sawgrass Mills Mall
Meeting Space

What were you doing in 1970, when the Apollo 13 space mission went awry? And, if you don't remember, did you see the movie? For over a decade, Joseph "Joe" Green has served as the Deputy Chief of the Educational Services Branch for NASA. Prior to that, during the time of the Apollo 13 space program, Joe worked for NASA as a technical writer. He *<and Patty!>* will be joining us for an informal question and answer session on the Apollo 13 space mission *<and possibly anything having to do with NASA, the unclassified information, of course>*.

Additionally, our Worldcon attendees should be well rested and ready to regale us with tales of Worldcon and their travels in Scotland and the surrounding countries. But wait, there's more! According to the flyer, we will receive the following FREE items: "Coffee service (including hostess); carnation for each meeting attendee; name tag *<hey, it's free...we didn't say you had to wear it!>*; Sawgrass Mills VIP Shopping Bag; and Coupon book (valued at over \$750 in additional savings at participating stores)".

Directions: Take I-95 to I-595 *<You will begin to see alligator shaped signs for the Mall on I-95>*. Go west *<the sun will be setting in that general direction>* until you reach the Sawgrass Expressway. Go north *<right>* on Sawgrass until you reach Sunrise Blvd. Go east *<right>* onto Sunrise Blvd. Sawgrass Mills should be on your left. You should park at the East end, in the Blue Dolphin Parking area, as the meeting space is located right by the Blue Dolphin entrance to the mall. A copy of the how-to-get-to-the-mall map will be located somewhere on this page.



Literary Discussion

Date: 16 September 1995

Time: 8:00 p.m. (tentative)

Location: Siclari/Stern Residence (tentative)

Books to be discussed are the current works of Mike Resnick, Toastmaster-to-be at Tropicon XIV *<call George Peterson or Joe Siclari for titles of specific works to be discussed>*. If there is to be a change of time and/or location, it will be announced at the General meeting. Or, you can call any of the officers on page 2 to verify.

Creative Writers' Group

Date: 23 September 1995

Time: 1:00 p.m.

Location: Pete Rawlik's apartment

Please call (407)820-9083 for instructions on how to reach his residence, since giving you the physical address is a futile gesture. Please read Pete's article on page 5 for a description of the "writing assignment".

October General Meeting

Date: 21 October 1995

Time: 2:00 p.m.

Location: Graves Museum of Archeology
and Natural History,
481 S. Federal Hwy, Dania

Join us for a special guided tour of the Graves Museum. Please take note that the museum will be charging a special discounted rate of \$4.00 per person for the tour.

Directions: According to the answering machine directions, the museum is located on U.S. 1 between Sterling Rd. and Sheridan St., on the east side. People coming from the North should exit I-95 from Sterling Rd. People coming from the South should exit I-95 from Sheridan St. Call (305)925-7770 if you want better directions.

November General Meeting

This meeting is currently slated to be held during the Miami Book Fair. Date, time, location and program will be set at a future time.

December General Meeting

This meeting is the traditional SFSFS Dinner. The date, time, and location have yet to be decided. If you have any suggestions for good restaurants in your area that can handle large parties, please call Joe Siclari!

EDITORIAL BLURB, PART 1

It's that's time again...the start of another academic year. And, you know what distinguishes the new, uninitiated academic visitors to South Florida? It's not the way they ask questions on where to go on the weekend for a good time. It's not the fact that most of them walk around campus for the first two weeks with their faces buried in campus maps. Believe it or not, it's the lack of either umbrellas or rain gear. If you're in South Florida in August, you will come to realize that practically every afternoon there will be rain...usually while the sun is shining high in the sky! Weather in South Florida is funny that way. Okay, so some if it has to do with

the line of tropical depressions and whatnot heading in our general direction. One learns to leave the house with some sort of rain gear...or suffer the consequences. The quickest way to ruin a perfectly good pair of delicate leather sandals is to wear them to school in August. But, that's okay...I'm sure they'll learn...or transfer at the end of the semester; cursing "that weird Miami weather" as they pack up the many t-shirts and shorts they bought to survive through the semester in...well after their silk blouses and linen pants have been mucked up with mud and water stains and whatnot. I believe we forget to mention the weather in the brochures. Many of prospective students and their parents visit the campus in February or March, when the weather is a warm change of pace, close to perfect, without a cloud in the sky.

But, I digress. Welcome to the September/October issue! In a fit of temporary insanity, I decided to do the layout solo. I did have help with proofing and editing (thanks Carlos, Judi, and Pete) and I anticipate having help copying and assembling this issue (thanks in advance to Mal, Lulu, and Everglades Pete); but the nightmare of layout is mine and mine alone. It's a selfishness that only anal retentive people and occasionally anal retentive people (I fall into the latter category) experience.

Oops, I'm digressing again...sorry. This is a pretty eclectic collection of material for a SFSFS SHUTTLE. The word for this one would be "verbose." As in "everyone in this issue seems to be quite verbose." I know that there is an even better, LONGER word out there, but it escapes me at this moment. Most of the articles are long, as are most of the LOCs. The short LOCs are postcards, although you might not know that from looking at Teddy Harvia's...boy can he write small! <g> I hope that your enjoyment is inversely related to the amount of mental anguish I have undergone to produce this issue...or something like that.

SFSFS GENERAL MEETING RECAPS

The **June General Meeting** was held on the 17th at the Hallandale Beach Public Library. The focus of the program was on the upcoming Hugos <listing of the winners to follow in this issue>. Highlights included: Joe Siclari talking about fanzines in conjunction with the upcoming Hugos; George Peterson and Fred Bragdon discussing the fiction

nominations; Bill Wilson attempting to discuss the media nominations; Joe explaining about places that were bidding to be future Worldcon sites; the announcement of Roger Zelazny death due to cancer; advertising of Joe Haldeman's book *1968*; Dan Foster volunteering to be the temporary keeper of all the items to be auctioned off at the next Tropicon charity auction; and mention of the future SFSFS meetings. *<If there is anything else that happened that I did not mention, I apologize, I did not attend this meeting and I did not watch all of the tapes that Judi took on it.>*

The July General Meeting was held on the 22nd at the Imperial Point Public Library. The program was on Single-Stage-to-Orbit Spacecraft (SSOS), by George Peterson, our resident "aerospace travel expert." With the use of an overhead projector--that occasionally turned off with no apparent rhyme or reason--George illustrated the current theories, problems, and realities surrounding the future of the SSOS. The business portion of the meeting was short. Dates and locations for the Creative Writers' Group, the Filk Group, and the Book Discussion were announced. Cindy Warmuth asked for a listing of everyone's five favorite authors. I believe that the lists will be published in the next issue.

The August General Meeting was held on the 12th at the Boynton Beach Public Library. We all met to hear a very interesting, nostalgia-filled program with Judi Goodman and Pete Rawlik. They discussed the beginnings of comic books and the evolution and growing popularity of the independent (non- DC or Marvel) comic book publisher. The Business meeting was short and sweet, future meetings and locations were reconfirmed. And the meeting ended with a cheerful massacre of a cute, icing ducks-laden cake brought in celebration of Pete Rawlik's birthday.

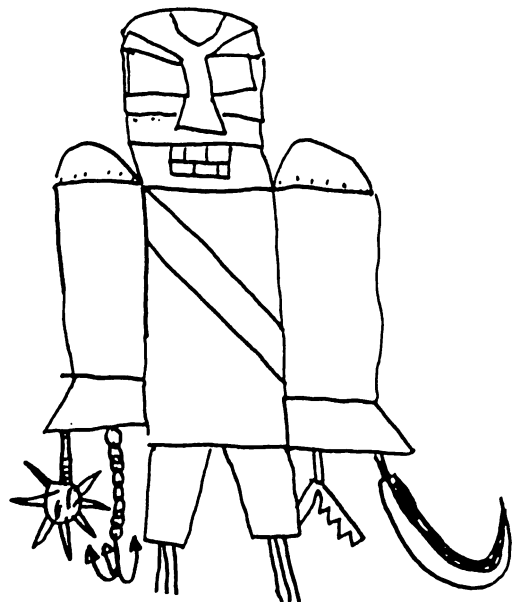
CREATIVE WRITERS' GROUP REPORT

Since the last report we have held two meetings with a variety of excellent readings from Mal Barker, Ericka Perdew, George Peterson, Pete Rawlik, Shirlene Ananayo and Elaine Ashby. Carlos Perez teased us with some fascinating fragments while Judi Goodman captivated us with an epic space opera poem. The next meeting is planed for

September 23rd and will meet at Pete's house in West Palm, call (407)820-9083 for directions. There is a writing assignment for the next meeting; please take the time to write a set of fictitious minutes of the last writer's workshop meeting. These can be in any genre or format you like but please no abstract sculptures.

As usual, the discussion turned to resurrecting *Solstice*. After consulting the existing SFSFS budget, I see no way that this can be done without additional funding. The alternative that has been discussed was that members of the Group would take over the production of the *Shuttle*. This would eliminate the rotating editorship, create a permanent staff, and standardize the *Shuttle* format. This is a monumental change in how we do things but I believe that with a little luck and skill we could consistently produce a quality newsletter.

Until next time, Peace and Ram,
Pete Rawlik



MEDIA RESEARCH/EVENT REPORT

About "First Knight"...
by Peter Barker with Ericka Perdew

(The following is a review of the film *"First Knight"*, the second media event under the direction of Ericka Perdew. The first media event having been John Carpenter's remake of *"Village of the Damned"*, *"First Knight"* seems to have felt some compulsion to continue a tradition...)

Holy wiggling gerbils! The first thing you need to know about this movie is that, unlike "The Queen from Outer Space" or one of the other fine films we've reviewed in the past, "First Knight" is not even a bad movie worth loving! Although, if you get a videotape of it you could probably use it as a doorstop, or to prop up a wobbly table (well, maybe if it was a gift, you should watch it at least once).

"First Knight" is a retelling of the legend of King Arthur. Actually, it's the retelling of the very end of Arthur's life, when he's gotten kind of old, is shaped like a fireplug, and wears a lot of lip gloss. Truth be told, what it boils right down to is they just used the names "Arthur" (Sean Connery), "Lancelot" (Richard Gere), and "Guinevere" (Julia Ormond) and almost nothing else from the original tale. This will leave you shaking your head (or maybe your fist, at the screen) at the lackadaisical liberties that are taken, just to stuff a "Harlequin" romance plot into the Arthurian legend. One of the theories suggested is that this movie was originally just some generic medieval romance, but someone decided it would make more money (and lure poor saps like us SFSFS folk into going to see it) if they put King Arthur in it. Or maybe the creators of this movie just did not care enough about the project to do any research.

If you manage to make it past the problem of an extremely unfaithful retelling of a long beloved story, you probably won't be able to wrestle with the horrible dialogue without cringing. Everyone has a little speech they need to give, and they give it with relish. Arthur, in particular, is very good at this, and keeps harping on the concept of the round table. (And what a table. Hey, it's got an eternal flame in the middle of it - great for late night Round Table fondue parties, I suppose). Once he gets going on the subject of honor and duty, he's like some hyped-up pyramid scheme salesman.

About that table. Well, it's round and it's got that flame. It's also got a bunch of knights who wear very puzzling armor that seems to be alternately stuff that just will not work, or bright and shiny aluminum (I know, that aluminum shows up great on-camera and those aluminum swords are so light that anyone can swing them around like a tomato stake, instead of the heavy duty chopping and bludgeoning death-dealers they were supposed to be. Fencing with a long sword? Come on!) None of the knights except Lancelot seem to have a name either, unless you read the closing credits. They don't really do much, except be medieval yes-men who follow

Arthur around, and once in awhile mutter things to him and try to look noble. Since they all wear the same uniform, like some kind of Burger Death employee, couldn't they at least have worn name tags so we could have told them apart?

Still, the movie is entertaining, albeit in an entirely different way than anyone connected with it dreamed. This movie is chock-a-block with errors which give the audience something to do besides cringe at the insipid dialogue (which seems to contain every cliché in cinematic history, including, at one point, "Save yourself! It's me they want!"). Luckily, bad movies sometimes have amusing gaffes which allow the viewer to continue watching the movie, long past the point where you might normally expect nausea, headaches and bleeding from the ears. In the case of "First Knight", there is a virtual storm of these blunders. A question arises - were the director and editors blind when they pieced this thing together? Or, again, did they just not care?

Time after time when there are extras being killed off by the evil villain (a non-entity by the name of Malagant - I suppose with no Merlin, Morgana, or Mordred they felt like they at least needed an "M" villain), said extras are clearly seen to be wearing sneakers! In one of the opening scenes (meant to be very impressive), horsemen are galloping up and over a hill which has a barbed wire fence at the bottom of it. Thankfully, the scene ends before we get the thrill of seeing the horsemen clothesline themselves on the anachronism. In yet another scene, we get to see a lightbulb in a lantern. It's not hidden behind glass, or even camouflaged - it's right out there in the open. Apparently stirrups in the middle ages were as common as mud, and the audience gasped as one when Arthur showed Guinevere the Camelot "skyline" at night, and it was lit up as though they were looking out upon Atlantic City. Least, but certainly not last, all of the denizens of Camelot wear identical baby blue outfits, as though they were gypsies in the touring company of a certain Lerner and Loew production (which, stunningly, was much more faithful to the spirit of Arthur than this is).

Let's talk about this so-called "Malagant" for a moment. First of all, he's apparently conquered most of England - yet he and his evil henchman have their digs in some sort of blasted ruin which seems to be an abandoned coal mine. This is one of those movies where you can tell the bad guys from the good, because the bad guys are always dirty, don't shave or brush their teeth. They don't have magical

powers (no magic in a retelling of Arthur?!), but they do have handy, anachronistic hand crossbows, and they leer a lot so we can worry that Guinevere will be deflowered.

The producers must have run out of money partway through (did they blow their budget on Reeboks?), because they filled out some fight scenes with cheesy computer graphics and other optical effects. This, coupled with some ineptly executed matte paintings, gives part of the film a surreal quality which, unfortunately, can't save the film.

"First Knight" - don't waste your money, don't waste your time.

TROPICON XIV UPDATE

GOOD NEWS: Joe Haldeman has agreed to join us as the Special Filk Guest! Ben Bova, Joe Green, and Mary Hanson-Roberts have all confirmed their attendance for next year! Also, we will be hosting FanHistoricon 1996! See flyer for more details!

NOT SO GOOD NEWS: Francine Mullen will be relocating from the South Florida back to Oklahoma. She has written a short piece to explain.

REMINDER: Membership to Tcon XIV, currently a mere \$21 dollars, will go up after 30 Nov. 1995.

FRAN'S FAREWELL

SFSFSn's,

For those of you who don't already know, I have reached a decision concerning my life. The timing may be lousy, but it must be.

I have had a hard time making ends meet here in Florida, and have assets in Oklahoma which require my personal attention. So on September 23rd, I will be packing my stuff into a large trailer and going back to Tulsa one more time (isn't that a Leon Russell song?).

This change will require a new chairman for Tropicon and someone to run the Book Division. Tropicon is running pretty well right now, and I have the utmost confidence that the department heads can handle their responsibilities. The new chairman will find it easy to continue.

The real problem is the Book Div. It takes a person who is good at paperwork, has a computer that has capacity for the book ordering program, and who will attend as many meetings as possible to take orders and deliver books. Calculating the totals and

collecting the revenue is another part of the job - in addition to coordinating with our treasurer to make it all come out right.

It's going to be hard to leave all my friends here in South Florida -- just as it was hard to leave my friends in Tulsa about ten years ago. I'll just look at you all as my extended family, and make a point of coming to visit once in a while. I will be back for Tropicon 14, no doubt about it (gotta add to those room-nights!).

My address after the end of September will be: 1112 S. Florence Ave, Tulsa, OK 74104. No phone yet. But I'll get one quickly so I can send mail via Genie and Compuserve. Those numbers won't change.

Love you all, and I'll be typing at ya...

Franny

FORMER AGoH UPDATE

FREAS TO WORK ON "ShatterWorld"

10-time Hugo-winning illustrator and commissioned NASA artist FRANK KELLY FREAS will be working with Rick Sternbach, an Emmy-winning artist and chief technical consultant on "Star Trek: The Next Generation" and "Star Trek: Deep space Nine". Sternbach is Chief Designer on a new science fiction intellectual property for all media called "ShatterWorld".

Writers for "ShatterWorld" are D.C. Fontana ["Star Trek", "Babylon 5", and co-writer with creator Gene Roddenberry of "Star Trek: TNG" pilot], and Sandy Fries & Fred Kron [collaborated on episodes of "Quantum Leap" and "Star Trek: TNG"].

In "ShatterWorld," a man-made catastrophe causes a time-space fracture in the Universe. The characters strive to reverse this "shatter effect" and return the Universe to normal.

"ShatterWorld" will most likely start off as a television series. The space-craft and weaponry have already been designed, and a 13-episode "bible" has been written. The "ShatterWorld" property has been acquired by Threshold Entertainment, an entertainment company moving into CD-ROM publishing and an online division.

-- *The Hollywood Reporter*, Thurs. Jun 29, 1995 pp. 1,16

TROPICON XIV

The South Florida Science Fiction Convention

January 12 - 14, 1996

Guest of Honor
James P. Hogan

Toastmaster
Mike Resnick

Special Filk Guest
Joe Haldeman

Our other special guests include:

Ben Bova, Hal Clement, Charles Fontenay, Joe Green, Jack C. Haldeman II, Mary Hanson-Roberts, Rick Wilber and the usual "cast of thousands"

FanHistoricon 1996!

Tropicon XIV is proud to announce that it will be hosting this year's FanHistoricon, an annual gathering of fans interested in preserving fan history. FanHistoricon is held in a different location every year, as part of a larger convention. Participants meet to discuss and coordinate various related activities. We will be having some related programming. This represents a special opportunity for anyone interested in fannish history.

Doubletree Guest Quarters Suites,
Cypress Creek Road just west of I-95
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
"get a sweet for all the quarters you spend"
Well, you do get great Doubletree cookies
and a 2-room suite for only \$79 single/double
call 1-800-222-TREE (1-800-222-8733)
to make your reservations!

Membership:
\$21.00 through Nov. 30, 1995
\$25.00 at the door
[please make checks payable to SFSFS]

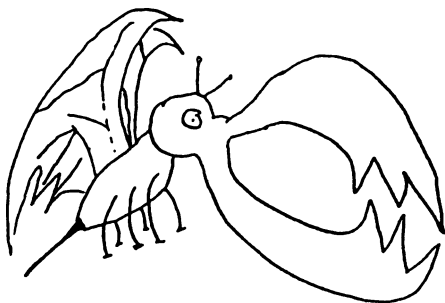
To Register or for more information (including
Dealer's Room and Art Show), please write to:

TROPICON XIV
c/o SFSFS
P.O. Box 70143
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307-0143

To make e-mail inquiries about Tropicon, write to: s.ananayo@genie.geis.com

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





THE MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY LITERARY REVIEW

by Pete Rawlik

Welcome to the first installment of what I hope to be a very long running commentary on the past, present, and future of horror fiction. This will not be a traditional book review; in this column I hope to explore the sources, history and philosophy of horror fiction on a very personal level. So sit back, relax, and take a walk with me down the dark alleys and twisted paths of my mind.

For me, the first corrupting exposure to the realm of horror came at the tender age of four. I remember sitting on my father's lap, holding open the thick, grey and faded red Mercury imprint of *Tales of Horror and the Supernatural*, slowly, carefully reading the fine text of H.P. Lovecraft's "The Rats in the Wall". Looking back now, thinking of my father's bedstand of Pournelle and Niven and Destroyer novels, I wonder what motivated him to help me read that particular story.

Howard Phillips Lovecraft was a writer of weird fiction in the early 1900's. During his lifetime he achieved popular acclaim in the pages of *Weird Tales* and *Astounding Stories* with such pieces as "The Dunwich Horror" and "The Shadow Over Innsmouth". Lovecraft was a devotee of fantastic fiction and corresponded with such luminaries as Clark Ashton Smith, Robert E. Howard, Robert Bloch and Donald Wandrei. Yet Lovecraft did more than just write to these authors, together they would create a universe in which man was insignificant. The Lovecraftian universe was populated with uncaring, alien, extra-dimensional beings that dealt with things on a cosmic scale. Years later this patchwork of uncollected stories would become known as the Cthulhu Mythos. Lovecraft's stories were collected by August Derleth and Donald Wandrei and published in three omnibus volumes by the famed Arkham House.

From the founding of Arkham House,

through the 1969 anthology, *Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos*, Derleth established himself as the master guidepost for Lovecraft fandom to follow. When Derleth died in 1971, the void created by his passing began to suck others in. For a brief instant in time it looked as if the British, either Ramsey Campbell or Brian Lumley, would take the helm. At the same time, the anthology *The Disciples of Cthulhu* (Daw, 1976), moved editor Edward P. Berglund into the foreground. In the end, it was the master anthologist, Lin Carter—with credentials including *The Spawn of Cthulhu* anthology and his own Arkham House poetry collection *Dreams from R'lyeh*—who took the wheel. As editor of the Zebra Books' resurrection of *Weird Tales* as well as several Daw fantasy-horror collections, Carter took it on himself to consistently publish mythos fiction old and new. His triumph was the 1981 publication of a collection of Robert Bloch's mythos fiction, *Mysteries of the Worm*. Unfortunately, as fans of fantasy know, Lin died in February of 1988 leaving the position of High Priest vacant.

This time there was a clear heir to the throne of Cthulhu. Robert Price, founded Crypt of Cthulhu in 1981 and quickly became associated with the Lovecraft specialty publisher Necronomicon Press. Price was quick to release several pieces of Lovecraftian fiction and apocrypha left unfinished by Carter. Price, like Carter, was eager to continue introducing new authors to the mythos. In 1992, Robert Price vaulted into the weird fiction spotlight when publisher Fedogan and Bremer released the much sought after *Tales of the Lovecraft Mythos*. As an homage to *Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos*, Price's volume was unique; it published works that few people recognized or even remembered as being part of the Lovecraft Mythos: Bertram Russell's "The Scourge of B'Moth"; artist Henry Hasse's "The Guardian of the Book"; and Mearle Prout's "House of the Worm", just to name a few.

Price's book was a tentacular foreshadowing of things to come. Chaosium, Inc. had in the early eighties, created a role-playing game based on Lovecraft's works. "The Call of Cthulhu" role-playing game was an award-winning series of sourcebooks and supplements that had attracted millions worldwide to the Lovecraftian Mythos. Several gaming magazines had taken advantage of the demand for regular mythos fiction. Chaosium had even tested the waters by publishing fiction in some of their gaming supplements.

With the waters well churned and the masses ravenous for more, Chaosium and Price were to begin publication of a new series of mythos fiction. Called the *Cthulhu Cycle Books*, there are now seven volumes in this series ranging from pieces by acknowledged masters to new stories by young blood to a dictionary of mythos terminology. Chaosium has created here a series of fiction that captures the imagination.

The first volume, released in 1993, was an expansion of Lin Carter's own *Spawn of Cthulhu*. Retitled *The Hastur Cycle*, Price saw fit to add several stories and a new introduction. Like his previous volume, Price presented pieces long forgotten; pieces like "More Light" by James Blish and "Planefall on Yuggoth" by James Wade.

The Hastur Cycle was followed up by Robert Bloch's *Mysteries of the Worm*. Unreprinted since 1981, Price added several stories that Carter had left out; while Bloch revised several stories for the new edition. The new edition of *Mysteries of the Worm* may have gained some steam from the release of Bloch's autobiography, *Once Around the Bloch* and the anthology *The Early Fears*. The ultimate force in the popularity of *Mysteries of the Worm*, may have been Bloch's own untimely death in 1994.

Volume three was a collection of new mythos fiction, *Cthulhu's Heirs* edited by Thomas Stratman. With contributions from such rising stars as Crispin Burnham, Scott Aniolowski and t. Winter-Damon and masters like Ramsey Campbell and Hugh B. Cave's, *Cthulhu's Heirs* is a fantastic collection filled with traditional and radical interpretations of the mythos. The commercial success of Stratman's volume is unknown. It is extremely difficult to find this volume on the shelf. Whether this is because of high sales or poor sales, I'm not sure.

Editor Robert Price returned in 1994 with volume four, *The Shub Niggurath Cycle*. This time Price included three pre-Lovecraft stories that may have influenced the master Lewis Spence's "The Horn of Vapula"; M.P. Dare's "The Demoniac Goat"; and J. S. Leatherbow's "The Ghostly Goat of Glaramara". Price also saw fit to include stories by Lin Carter and the little known English author, John Glasby.

Volume Five, the weakest of the whole series, presents the *Encyclopedia Cthulhiana* by Daniel Harms. A dictionary of people, places and particularly things, Harms builds on work previously presented in *The H.P. Lovecraft Companion* [by

Philip A. Shreffler] and elsewhere. Unfortunately, this volume lacks the proper amount of scholarly erudition it should have maintained. Proper citations are lacking and some prominent authors' names are misspelled. Harms' prefaces his *Encyclopedia* by saying that this book wasn't intended for "experts" on the mythos but rather for those just starting to read the genre. In my mind, this panders to the weakest authors and readers in the genre by allowing quick and dirty answers to complex, eldritch questions.

Price was back again in 1995 with *The Azathoth Cycle*. Probably the strongest of the series, Price has successfully woven a fine collection of fiction and poetry. Four of the pieces are sequels to Lovecraft's "The Thing on the Doorstep". One of these includes an epic poem attributed to Lovecraft's own protagonist Edward Pickman Derby! Gary Myers, John Glasby, Lin Carter, Ramsey Campbell, and Thomas Ligotti help to round out the volume in an incredible balance of old and new.

Price fell back and punted with volume seven, *The Book of Iod*, by the forgotten master, Henry Kuttner. Originally proposed by Lin Carter, *The Book of Iod* collects all of Kuttner's mythos fiction, with additional material by Price, Lin Carter and the rare Bloch-Kuttner collaboration "The Black Kiss".

As a whole, these volumes --despite some short comings and repetition-- are a must have for any Lovecraft completist. For the general horror enthusiast or completist, *Mysteries of the Worm* and *The Book of Iod* present an interesting retrospect on two masters of the genre. *The Azathoth Cycle* and *Cthulhu's Heirs* are fine collections presenting the best of the post-Derlethian Mythos fiction. There is no reason to doubt that his future volumes; Lin Carter's *Xothic Legend Cycle* or *The New Lovecraft Circle*, will not continue this high standard.

...AND THE HUGO GOES TO...

< Gotta love e-mail! This was uploaded to me by Mal Barker, who got it somewhere off the Internet. >

Novel:

Mirror Dance

Lois McMaster Bujold

Novella:

"Seven Views of Olduvai Gorge"

Mike Resnick

Novelette:

"The Martian Child"

David Gerrold

Short Story:

"None So Blind"

Joe Haldeman

Best Original Artwork:

Lady Cottington's Pressed FairyBook

Brian Froud & Terry Jones

Dramatic Presentation:

"All Good Things"

(*Star Trek: The Next Generation*)

Non-Fiction:

I. Asimov: A Memoir

Isaac Asimov

Professional Artist: Jim Burns

Professional Editor: Gardner Dozois

Semi-pro zine: *Interzone*

edited by David Pringle

Fan zine: *Ansible*

edited by Dave Langford

Fan Writer: Dave Langford

Fan Artist: Teddy Harvia

Campbell Award: Jeff Noon

< On behalf of SFSFS, I would like to congratulate all the winners, but especially Mike Resnick, TM for Tcon XIV, Joe Haldeman, Special Filk Guest for Tcon XIV, Gardner Dozois, former Tcon Guest, and Teddy Harvia, frequent contributor to this publication! >

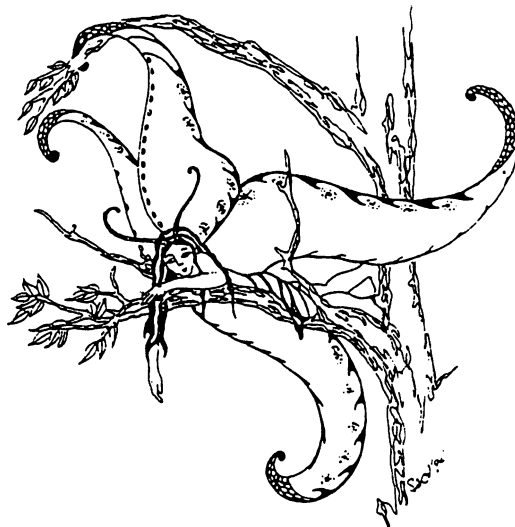
LETTERS OF COMMENT

Sheryl Birkhead
23629 Woodfield Road
Gaithersburg, MD 20882
June 3, 1995

Dear Editors (there, that does away with trying to figure out if I address the editors of the last issue or the one to come!),

Agh, I never seem to get the zine pile whittled down to a comfortable size and I just felt like putting the *Shuttle* at the head of the line (think I may have mixed the images there, but you know what I mean).

I'll be interested in seeing what is said of the Hugo nominations and then I better get busy finding some of them so I can read them and make some sort of attempt to read enough to be able to vote



intelligently (hah!). But, for some reason, this year I don't feel as enthusiastic about rooting them out as I usually do. Sheesh, it has been a few years now since I have even given serious thought to being able to attend a Worldcon <but you can now, Sheryl, since Baltimore won the bid for 1998!>, maybe it is finally sinking in that I can't be a participant (well, I have to rationalize the feeling somehow!).

Hmm- *The haggis are in the fire now.* Football? I thought haggis was similar and a sheep stomach dish- ah, so it really has something to do about football...?

This year we seem to be by-passing spring again in favor of summer-but since winter was mild, I won't complain. At times like this, Florida transplants start commenting on azaleas. While natives of this area think we have a nice crop of flowers, I am told (frequently!) that in Florida they are just about weeds-they are so hardy and large. Now, if we could just get that kind of growth up here... This year I actually went out and bought the acid form of *MiracleGro* and fed the azaleas and the lone blueberry bush. They are all growing like idiots--three of the azaleas are *rosebud* and are not supposed to do too much with this amount of chilly weather and now they are shoving each other out since I put them in fairly close proximity-thinking they wouldn't grow. Ah, can't have it both ways!!

A decade of pubbing-whew.

Wow-a building fund--keep us all informed-what, where, when...or not.

The look of the title *Fester on the Fringe* reminded me of Atom and hand stenciled mimeo work! Aha- now I see why! I don't have the *Hyphen* collection- so I read this one with great glee. I also sent LA a copy of the piece *White* mentioned writing in the last PR--the article in *Terry Hughes' Mota*. I presume someone has already sent them a copy, but I had it on hand, so off it went.

Drat, I thought I might be able to comment

on some of the bad SF movies, but, looking at the titles, I haven't seen any of them. So much for that. I tried to watch *Attach of the Killer Tomatoes*, but decided it was one you simply have to see in a group- I just couldn't sit still to watch it.

In today's mail there is, I think, another *Intersection PR*. I refuse to go look, because I will get side tracked and I am trying to get this done up to send--RSN!

Thanks-
Sheryl

Teddy Harvia
701 Regency Drive
Hurst, TX 76054-2307
3 June

Dear Joe, Edie, et al--

After reading the report on flying pigs, I'm surprised parts of Arkansas haven't crashed and burned. Ha, ha, ha!

Argh! I can't believe you didn't receive the cartoons I sent (unless I confusingly sent them to someone else, but I haven't seen them in print anywhere <Sorry, Teddy, I haven't seen them...could you resend?>). I'll look back through my files for the errant art and get back to you.

I thought about driving to the WorldCon in Glasgow myself, but fearing not knowing at what point in the mid-Atlantic one must switch from driving on the right to the left put me off.

All winged humanoids must shop at the same clothing store stocked with those non-descript diaphanous white gowns. Isn't there a species somewhere that wear Bermuda shorts and Hawaiian shirts? <probably...we'll work on it, Teddy, just for you!>

Best wishes,
Teddy

jan howard finder
164 Williamsburg Court
Albany, NY 12203
9 Jun 95

Dear Joe & Edie,

Much thanx for the 10th anniversary issue of the SFSFS SHUTTLE. While it is a bit late, I'd bet it was Jack Chalker, if anyone, who drove to the UK last time. He is something of a ferry freak.

Oh yes, will y'all be in the neighborhood in the

near future? I just happen to have a couple of boxes of fanzines that you might wish to add to your collection. [Of course, you could have me down as a guest of TROPICON & I could put them in the back of my car and drive them down to you? Just kidding! There are a lot better and closer FGoH's.] Anyone from the club who will be driving thru might wish to pick them up. Let me know if we can find a mule, I mean friendly soul to cart them south.

This year has been hectic. I don't know if I mentioned that I retired on 31 Jan. Things are a little bit up in the air until I can sell my house in Watertown. There is this mortgage...Income cut about 60%! I think I just rented it to someone who may buy it later. We shall see. In any case, some of the financial pressure may have lifted.

My old car gave up the ghost just when I retired. Good thing I got something to retire early. That all went for my 95 Saturn, Flash Red, of course, with most of the bells & whistles. My Nissan lasted 9 1/2 years and 193,000 miles, about a light-second. I got a little bit less than that light-second, only 180,000, from my 76 Chevette. Now to see just how far I can drive the Saturn.

I really like the car and the company is something else. If you ever need a car, you could do far worse than to look into getting a Saturn.

One of the toys I plan to get once I sell The Place is a computer. Then shortly thereafter, the Wombat will be loose in cyberspace. The mind boggles!

Your discussion of the joys of dealing with your backyard reinforces my idea that living in a condo/townhouse is superior to a regular house. I just don't have the patience to deal with green (for the most part) things. Hmm, reminds me to get some strong weed killer and dose the scraggly green things behind my house. Then cover it with astroturf!

I found the comments by member on what the club has/does mean to them quite interesting. My first real SF con was back in 1973 in Bristol, England (I'm a British fan with an extremely far west midlands accent, every far west!). I had run a couple of Tolkien conferences and thru a series of weird happenings (& John Brunner) I ended up in Triste, Italy in 1972 and then on to the UK in '73. It has been all downhill into the pouch since then. On yes, I still get fits of insanity, as I ran cons in '77 & '79.

Why do I still go to cons? It is actually quite simple. The main reason is all the neat folk I meet.

Good luck with getting your own building. Have you contacted either LASFS or NESFA or both? They former has their own place and the latter is working on one. (I don't think they have one yet.). Some of the money needed might be available from TROPICON!?! Tho some in fandom get nasty about the idea that a con should make money and have the organizers use <the money> for such unnecessary things as their own

clubhouse. Petty! Petty!

The excerpt of Jim White is marvelous. I had the pleasure of meeting James at one of the first cons I went to, if not the first. A most charming person. He came across as being a little bit amused and bemused by the world and its reaction to him. He was/is delightful to just sit and chat with. I'm looking forward to seeing him at Glasgow. (I would like to suggest another Brit to you as a Science Guest of Honour. He is Jack Cohen. He has worked with James, Anne McCaffrey, Larry Niven, and a number of other writers to help them get their science correct. Anne & Niven (along with Pournelle & Barnes) both have dedicated books to him. He is an incredible personage and speaker.)

I agree with Daniel Siclari that TANK GIRL was overacted and a hoot. I had no idea of what to expect, but enjoyed it. Actually, I think it was a woman's movie. The women had all the good lines. MCP's got it in the end. I loved the "Rippers." They were neat. To quote someone, sort of, it was a great, fun movie, if not a film. I recommended it to friends.

I found your comments on Judy and Tony spot on about two very nice folk. One of these days I'll run across them at a con. Hell, I might even do that with you two.

I loved the story about the flatulent pigs. Vegetarians will do that to any time.

Gary Farber's comments brought back an idea I had of creating a progressive game (?) based on the DC-X. Basically, it would be a game to fly a real spaceship that has flown. Working with Mc-Dec(sic), the game would add versions which increase in scope and technical requirements. It would build in problems. The game would increase to build as the DC-Y & finally the DC-1 would appear. One might have to end up buying add-ons to approximate the ship's cockpit, "buy" tech manuals from MD as the game got more complex. Even add Air (or Space) Traffic control and logistics to it. So after 10 years of development, there would exist a coterie of almost trained spaceship pilots, crewmembers, and support staff. As the game developed, MD could sponsor contests to see which team could fly the bird best.

Gee, folk paying to train themselves to fly a space ship and the developer getting money from these would-be pilots to build the ship. The mind boggles. I really think the idea might fly. Maybe Gary or one of your other readers might pick up the idea and make it happen. That would be neat.

If any of your readers are also mystery readers, I would like to recommend Arthur Upfield and his BONY novels. I rather like them.

I'll be getting to a few cons over the next few months, but not doing all that much. There is the concern with The Place. Until the sells, much is on hold.

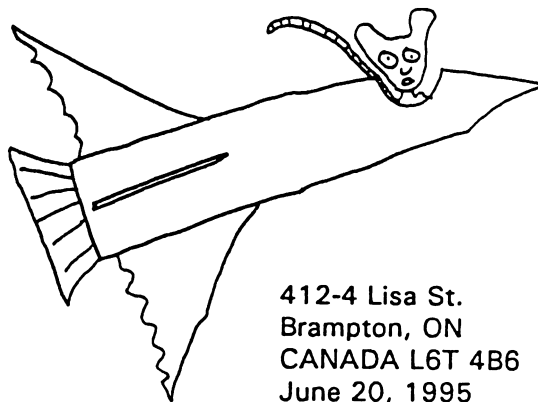
Took an intro course on computers. I still don't like, but I did get an "A." Not total brain death yet. As

implied, I'm now back living full-time in Albany at the above address.

See y'all in Glasgow if not before.

Ciao & tèggeddizzi! May the Great Wombat smile on you!

Yours sincerely,
jan howard finder



Dear Joe and Edie:

It's great to get another issue of the SFSFS Shuttle, number 119. I wasn't sure if you'd gotten a previous loc I'd sent, I think for issue 103 or 106, or something like that. If you didn't get that previous loc, I can always search for it, and reprint it. Anyway, back on the list, and time for a letter of comment...

I am not on the Internet, and I'm not likely to be on it soon. Given my current status of being poverty-stricken, I can't afford what would no doubt be an expensive toy. I'll need it for more than hitting the fandom alts.

I did learn, via the 'Net, of the death of Roger Zelazny. Roger was scheduled to be one of our guests at Ad Astra 15, just this past weekend. He phoned his regrets, saying his mother was on her death bed. Actually, this was a bit of misinformation, covering the fact that Roger himself was dying. I understand why he did this; he always was a reclusive, introspective man who didn't really enjoy the spotlight. We learned that he had died the Wednesday before the convention.

A clubhouse is a big, expensive step for any group, but perhaps SFSFS should talk to NESFA, LASFS, and PSFS to see how they manage them. They can tell you the pros and cons of a clubhouse. I know of some clubs who have simply remodelled someone's basement into a clubhouse in exchange for a free membership and lots of volunteer work to keep the place clean.

James White, where and when did you live in Canada? I seem to recall Halifax in a previous article, but I'm not sure.

Discussions of the relative merits of Star Trek: Voyager circle around cons and fan gatherings, so I might as well deposit my own two cents, since I do watch the show. I enjoy it, but I take it as an entertainment. If I took it as an extension of the original show, and of ST:TNG, I'd be disappointed. Some of the characters still need to have their characters developed, and I think what the show truly needs is connection with the Federation universe, which shoots down the basic premise. Perhaps the premise is faulty. I don't know. All I know is that while it does have its problems, it is an entertaining programme, and I tape it regularly.

I'm out of fanzine, and nearly off the sheet, so I will wrap up here, say my thanks and reiterate my hope to stay on the mailing list. Bye!

Lloyd Penney

4 July 1995

Somehow the same day I received this newsclipping from my husband Gerry in San Diego, I also picked up my photos from Eckerds. I had totally forgotten that I had a picture of Mr. Zelazny from the IAFA Conference when he was our guest speaker.

—Karen Stecca

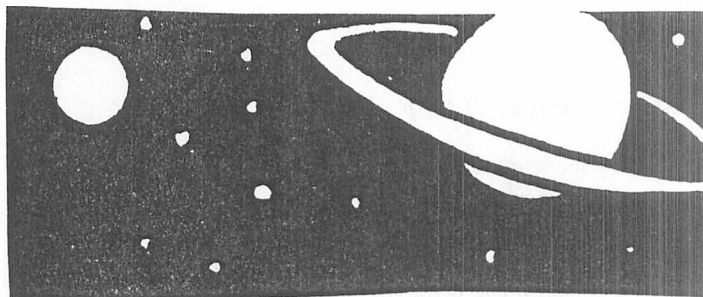
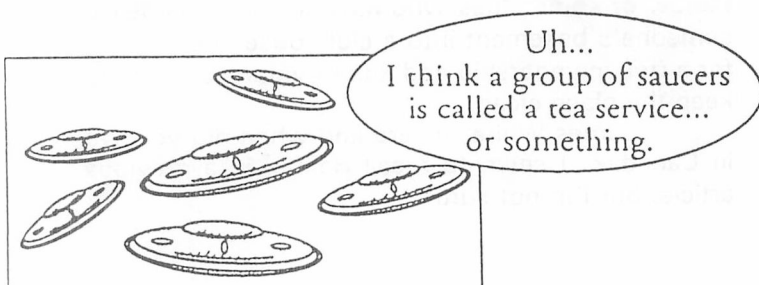
<I will have the copy of the newsclip and the photo that Karen sent of the picture at the next General Mtg for anyone to look at.>

George Flynn
P.O. Box 1069
Kendall Sq. Stn.
Cambridge, MA 02142
7/17/95

Dear People,

Thanks for SFSFS Shuttle #119. It's full of interesting material, but the historical accounts are, of course, especially valuable. (I take it this is a reprint of James White's early-sixties article[s]? The wording of the intro is a tad murky. <Yes, George, you're correct, it's a reprint.>) Happy anniversary and keep it up!

George Flynn



Walt Willis
32 Warren Road
Donaghadee, N. Ireland
BT21 OPD
19 July 1995

Dear Shirlene,

I expect you're surprised to hear from me, because I haven't been good at acknowledging SFSFS SHUTTLE. This is despite the fact that I always receive it with pleasure and read it with interest. If there is nothing in the contents of particular interest to me, I always get some pleasure from reading the instructions on how to get to people's homes. They take me back to my attempts to master the complexities of driving in Florida, with nostalgic admiration at my own courage and enterprise in coping with them.

Aside from that, I take pleasure in reading names which I remember from my own attendance at Tropicon. They bring back happy memories of a convention which I enjoyed more than any other which I can recall, except possibly Magicon.

But on this occasion I am inspired to write by Paul Edwards' remarkable article. It is full of interest and extremely well written. I had no idea so much was now available to help blind people, and am lost in admiration for the ingenuity and dedication of those responsible for all these developments. I'm thinking primarily of the scanning device marketed by the firm Arkenstone in California, and the Braille Lite device associated with it. The developers of these deserve some sort of Award.

On a personal level, I was charmed by his revelation that the presence of old sf magazines in Trinidad was due to their having been used as ballast in incoming ships. This was exactly the same explanation that I was given for the presence in the Belfast Woolworth's of back numbers of sf pulps in the 'Thirties, I spent all my lunch money and bus fare on them and have never regretted those long and hungry walks home.

I also enjoyed Fran Mullen's con report (Hi Fran!) and the various reviews and stuff.

Best,
Walt

HURRICANE ERIN REPORT

by Francine Mullen

We had our scare at the end of July, with most of South Florida overreacting to the threat of another hurricane. After evacuating Miami Beach, it turned out to be one of the safest places in the state, with nary a breeze. Those who drove north found the weather following them. I had a nice break visiting Becky Peters. Who knows if it was safer than the beach? It was more fun sharing it with a good friend.

Our heavy weather came later, and I lost track of Erin, then discovered it made landfall in Pensacola. The first call I tried to Jim Hogan didn't go through. Seems their power was out. I tried again the other day and found his answering machine operational. I received a callback just this evening. One of my favorite quotes from him: "They should take some of the folks who want to close down the nuclear power plant and put them in the Florida heat in the summer, without air-conditioning." It doesn't bother him so much as it does the natives...seems they can't live without the ac. Jim reports the city looks prettier with all the greenery laying on the ground. Makes it much more pleasant.

I think we all have stories to tell (I still haven't heard from Chuck and Jen - they took the trailer to Orlando - and if I know Chuck, they kept going!). Perhaps some more of their stories will be in this ish.

The summer (and hurricane season) isn't over yet, but this was a good dry run for most of us. Let's just hope that's all for the year. *<What about Humberto, Iris, Karen, and Luis? -JG's proofing comment>*



THEY WENT, THEY SAW, THEY CONNED!

<you would not believe how hard I had to twist arms to get these! But, it was worth it to have reports from fellow members who go "a connin' ">

DRAGON*CON/NASFiC 95 Report

by Judi Goodman

In July I attended a little convention in Atlanta. I had been forewarned that there might be a few more folks attending than I was used to having around. And, I might not get to do and see everything I had planned, but still I forged on, my hopes high and my credit card ready. Honestly, how many people want to go to a Science Fiction\Fantasy\Gaming\Horror\Comic Book\Media con?

Upon arrival in Atlanta proper, my fellow travellers and I found that a parking spot, any parking spot, would be a GOOD thing to find. Pete dropped the Magpi and myself off at the front of the hotel and went in search of a temporary home for our road weary vehicle. I went in search of the hotel registration desk. Now, check in wasn't too terrible. I met two fellows from Alabama who worked at a mental health facility(I think they said they worked there), and were happily telling me about how they couldn't wait to strap on their bandoliers and pick up their assignments. Obviously I had run into gamers. By the time I reached the counter(35 minutes later), I was greeted by a friendly attendant who, in verifying my reservation, cheerfully said "Now that was a smoking room right?" Hack, Cough and Gasp!! Well we straightened that out, got our room, and wended our way to the elevators for the first of many trips in the sardine factory.

The room was quite pleasant, with a great view of the empty tennis courts, but who needed a view? I was here to meet and learn. We quickly unloaded everything, and settled down to make a plan of attack. The Magpi, true to her avian nature, had to fly off to pick up a dear friend at the airport and I volunteered to go along for the trip. Rapid transit Atlanta style. IT WORKS!! The MARTA train trip was fun, more so since Gay and Joe Haldeman were sitting opposite us and we could chat. They too were on their way to the airport to welcome in some friends.

We arrived late by a few minutes, and the Mags rushed off to try to greet Judith at the gate. (Oh by

the way that's Judith Louvis, our Herald Housemom for the QO fandom) They managed to miss each other, and I caught her heading for her luggage. Well to shorten it up, we all reunited, and headed off back to the hotel with a quick stop for a cup of tea and dinner. Then, up to the Queen's Own suite and evening plans.

Did I forget to tell y'all about how a moderator named Shirlene "Magpi" Ananayo wasn't exactly listed anywhere, except in the programming, and how nobody from the con staff could find her badge? Or, how volunteer workers were being turned away on site, so if say a fellow named Pete had wanted to volunteer for scut duty, he couldn't? Those little annoyances also got straightened out, but it took time, which is the one commodity no one has much of at any conference.

Day 2 dawned early and with renewed hope I set out in search of autographs, memorabilia and knowledge. Well... I got the auto graphs. But, to get them I had to pass on some panels I truly wanted to hear. Why you ask? Because with over 17,000 participants over a 4 day weekend, lines were intolerable. Some things made up for the wait. Having Harlan Ellison break into song for me was great, especially since I had 3 books over his signing limit. (He signed them all {HEEHEEHEE}) Another little thing that made up for the over-militaristic security force line enforcers, was standing in my spot, by the green room and being shoved out of the way by a short fellow, shoving him back, and then being told that I had shoved Chris Claremont. OOPS! I made a comic blunder. GOSH golly and gee. Don't dare ask any of the people who waited to get an signature from Christopher Lambert, movie star that he was, the line began 2 hours before his appearance, and for security purposes was capped off at 2500 folks. Of course his signing only lasted 45 minutes, so a few people went away upset. (This is said with all due sincerity, AWWW).

I did get into some panels on day 3. I attended 2 comic panels, a Queens Own panel, and walked out of an editing panel that wasn't anything near what the description said. I sat through a Terry Brooks reading of the latest Shannara book and grabbed a quick autograph at the end. I won a gold foil card from Wizard Magazine at their panel discussion. And I basically wandered around amazed at how many people were actually in this one place.

By day 4 I was happy to think of going home. I was having a good time despite programming

glitches, an art show layout from HELL, and a dealers room that looked like any major comic book store. I saw many people that I had only typed to prior to this, and was reacquainted with a few I had met at Balticon a year (or two?) before. I didn't spend money on extras such as art or collectibles (although I did hear a cat mug calling my name a few times). But, I had the experience I should have expected. After all this was Dragoncon/NASFiC/ACE/subcons /minicons, etc.

I hear they have plans to move this shindig to larger quarters in a couple of years. I guess I'll give it another shot then.

Star Trek Redux

by Carlos Perez

When most people think of a Star Trek convention, they think of strange-looking people wearing Technicolor outfits and pointed ears giving each other physically impossible hand salutes while exchanging dialogue from the show. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Star Trek conventions are made up (for the most part) of normal people. Okay, so a few exceptions do exist.

At a con in St. Petersburg, some friends and I were sitting around the piano at the bar singing when a Captain Kirk-wanna-be came up to us. He asked us if we were interested in the space program. Of course we were. He then asked us if we would fill out his survey about improving the program and mail it in. We all took one. Everything seemed perfectly innocuous until about the third page of the survey:

Question 17 (or somewhere thereabouts). Are you in favor of using the space shuttle to rendezvous with Federation starships that are in Earth orbit for refueling and resupply? Obviously, this man did not have a firm grasp on reality.

However, Star Trek does not have a monopoly on these types of fans. An angry fan assaulted Susan Lucci, an actress from the ABC soap opera (daytime drama for the politically correct) All My Children, in New York City. This fan thought that Lucci was as evil as the character she played and beat her with a purse.

The first weekend of July, Vulkon was promoting a con with Roxanne Biggs-Dawson, "B'Elanna" from Star Trek: Voyager, scheduled to appear Saturday and Sunday. One pleasant thing about Vulkons is that they offer programming Friday

night through Sunday instead of the 10AM-to-6PM-in-and-out scheduling of other Trek cons that I have attended. Friday, I drove up from Miami right after work. I had only had two hours of sleep the night before and the drive had been trying thanks to heavy rush hour traffic.

Exhausted, I arrived at the hotel ready to get some rest. However, once there, I found out that the Bajorans were having a party in my friend Roxane's room. Some clubs in Trek fandom take their names from the different groups that appear on the show. Star Fleet, the Federation, the Klingons, the Maquis, and the Bajorans are just a few of these clubs.

After I purchased my ticket, I cleaned up a bit and headed down the hallway toward Rox's room. Arriving at the party, I found it packed with people. They even had a smoke machine! Few of the party goers were in costume. The Bajoran delegation was seated at a fold-up table near the bathroom serving as a makeshift bar dispensing cups of blue and green punch. Both drinks contained liquor of different types and had pieces of dry ice floating in them. They served soda for those who did not want a cocktail. The green stuff had coconut in it so I had some blue. It tasted like candy. I met with several friends from around the Southeast whom I had not seen since the last Trek con and made several new ones. We sipped our drinks and munched on chips and dip. As rowdy as their namesakes, the Klingons managed to dominate the party. Several hours later when the punches were gone, the party moved down to the hotel bar. It was there that exhaustion and all those blue drinks caught up with me. Somehow, I made it back to my hotel room.

I woke up late, very thirsty, and a little queasy. I had missed the morning panel discussions, the game shows, and the charity auction. As often happens with Orlando-area Vulkons, attendance was good. Luckily, I had purchased my ticket Friday night. I did buy a con T-shirt. I always buy one. They have very attractive artwork done by Georgia artist Cheryl Mandus and wash well.

I had lunch and then toured the dealers' room while waiting for "B'Elanna" to appear onstage. (I know that is not her real name, it is just easier to type and I am using quotes. What more do you want?) The room was really two rooms across the hall from each other. As usual at Trek cons, many duplications and some very exorbitant prices were common. I did find a few bargains, though. One dealer had Trek hardcover books for 50 per cent off

the regular price. Fortunately for me, I had not yet purchased a few from the SFSFS Book Division. Another dealer was trying to clear out her garage. For some reason, people were not buying up her things as quickly as one would think. Maybe they thought they were knock-off or defective? I bought some photos, a couple of video tapes, and a gilded Star Fleet coffee mug, all for less than 30 dollars.

Leaving the dealers' room, I went to the main ballroom to look for a seat. The room was packed. I stood way in the back near a table that was set up with many pitchers of water and glasses. The view was not too bad and I still was very thirsty. Vulkon sells reserved seating at their conventions. They number the first few rows of chairs and charge an extra ten dollars per day. This can be both a bane and a blessing. If your seat is in the first row but at one end, your view will be worse than a person's near the center in the fourth or fifth row. It does eliminate the aggravation of what happens to your seat if you have to go to the restroom.

"B'Elanna" came on stage sometime after 4PM. This was her second convention ever, but she came across as funny and natural, as if she had been doing this all her life. She told us about how when she was growing up and lived near William Shatner and his family. She used to play basketball with Melanie Shatner but often had to wait because Melanie wanted to watch Star Trek on television. Someone asked her if Melanie was upset now that her father was no longer in Star Trek and she was. This is where she got to practice the answer that her co-stars taught to her: "I do not know." "Do not be afraid to use it," they told her. She fielded many questions in the hour and a bit that she was up there: how long does the makeup take (several hours), what does her husband think of her Klingon side (he has asked her to wear the makeup home but she has not . . . yet), does she have children (no, but she has dogs), is she a fan of the series now (of course!). After she finished, "B'Elanna" signed photos for hours. Attendance was around one thousand people and everyone got an autograph. Consider that "Roxanne Biggs-Dawson" is quite a handful.

Then came the dinner break. I ate at the hotel restaurant with friends married the day before. The con was their pseudo-honeymoon. From our table, we could see the spectacle developing in the lobby.

A thirteen-year-old girl (Thirteen? She cannot be thirteen!) came to the con dressed as a slave girl. The hotel management asked her to change her

clothes as her outfit was too revealing. She did not have anything else to wear because she and her parents (they let her dress like that?) only came to the con for the day. She put on her father's jacket but that was not good enough for the hotel. They threw her out. Whether she got a refund or not, we never found out.

After the break, came the costume contest. This is always a highlight of Vulkons. It allows people in various stages of dress (or undress, whatever the case may be) to parade on stage while the Klingon contingent in the audience makes jokes and cat calls. God forbid anyone mentions Khitomer. "KHITOMER?" the Klingons shout out as the audience joins in. "My father died at Khitomer! Everybody's father died at Khitomer!" The highlight of the contest was Queen Areola from Mammarris IV, walking on stage wearing a blindfold and a shawl. She then removed her cloak to reveal that her eyes were on her chest. "Do you see better when you are cold?" someone from the audience asked her. "Is that your real eye color or are those contacts?" someone else asked.

After the costume contest, everyone headed for the bar. Vulkan regularly holds a dance Saturday night but this time they did not. Rumors were everywhere about different room parties but pranksters had started most of them trying to get people to come by to annoy the room's occupants. Security had warned those that were not gossip against repeat performances Friday night. I called it an early night because I was leaving in the morning. Pete (Rawlik) and Shirlene were having a surprise engagement party for Peter (Mal) and Ericka in West Palm.

I was very shocked two weeks later when I went to the con in West Palm. It was a Vulkan but it did not feel the same. The guest was Tim Russ, who plays "Tuvok" on Star Trek: Voyager. This was a split venue convention with Saturday at the War Memorial Auditorium in Fort Lauderdale and Sunday at the Marriot in West Palm. I did not attend Saturday because several SFSFS functions conflicted and I hate the Auditorium. The times that I have been to cons in War Memorial have made me feel as though I am at a gun or home show. It is just a very large open space. The acoustics are terrible. No matter how hard you try, you cannot section off the areas so that sound from one does not bleed into another.

The con started at 10AM. I arrived around

10:30 and less than 50 people had arrived. T-shirts were not available. They held a costume contest but with only five contestants. Activities were divided between those in the main ballroom and the panel room. There was no video room, "Star Trek: Generations" (featuring a small role by the guest of honor) was shown in the ballroom.

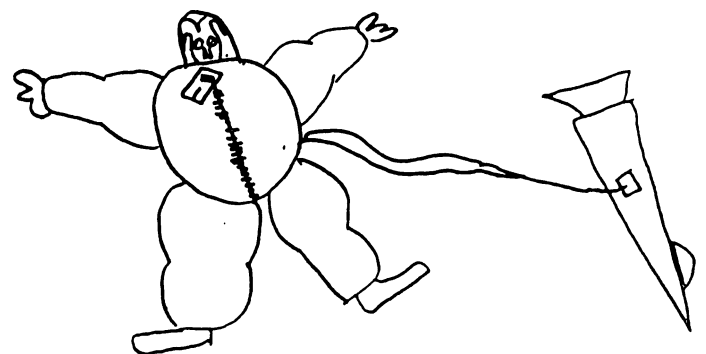
They should have called the dealers' room the dealers' closet. Fortunately, for Vulkan but not for the consumers, dealers were few. Prices were quite steep, so I only bought a photo. I spent most of the day in the panel discussion room.

When Russ finally came on stage (he was more than 30 minutes late), many seats were still empty. Like "B'Elanna", he was funny and entertaining. He lobbied very hard for a part on Star Trek, doing several minor roles in "Star Trek: The Next Generation" and "Star Trek: Deep Space Nine". Seeing him drop into the "Tuvok" persona when answering questions was amusing.

There were a few minutes of distraction when the people from WXEL, channel 42 in West Palm, began filming Russ from all different angles as he talked on stage. I do not get the channel and could have done without the disruption. I paid to see Russ and not someone armed with a camera with a huge floodlight.

Russ spoke for an hour and then signed TWO autographs for everybody. I feel that this was not because "Tim Russ" is a short autograph but because Vulkan was attempting to atone for an otherwise awful convention. This way people would leave saying, "Hey, I got two autographs!" instead of "Damn! What a crummy convention!"

Although I did not have a bad time, I will never attend another split venue convention again. Not if Vulkan continues to charge the same price as the single venue cons. The next convention, September 29 through October 1 with Star Trek: Voyager's "Chakotay", Robert Beltran, will be held in the Fort Lauderdale area again. This con will spend the weekend in the same location.



ORIGINAL FICTION

<I asked to use this, then I said I couldn't. But I've changed my mind. I'm a woman, so sue me...but seriously, this is a rather decent piece of fiction by the dept. head of the Creative Writers' Group. I hope that this section will continue in future issues>

Take Me Home

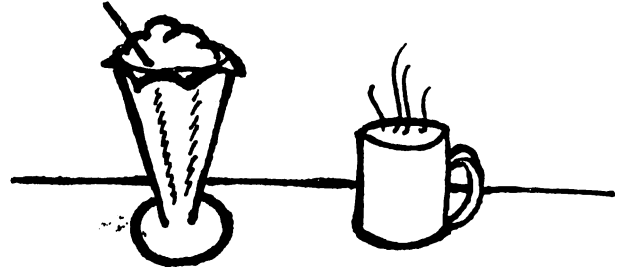
by Pete Rawlik

For a long time I hated people. No, not people, but the inane rituals required to maintain relationships with people. It was a natural fallout from my divorce. I didn't want to get close to anyone ever again. I didn't want to make the investment of time, energy, and effort. I had no need for meaningless contact. I had no desire for it. It was even worse when I had had one of those days. One of those days when the words don't flow and all the ideas seem trite and pathetically redundant. One of those days when life is handing out big, steaming plates of crap. Those are the days that I just want to curl up and die. I would get so frustrated, so angry with myself and my inability to cope with the day in and day out pressures of dealing with the masses. When it got like that, I would head to the Underground to unwind.

Sometimes going Underground is the best thing to do. Sometimes it's not such a good idea. Don't get me wrong, I love the Underground. There is no better place for coffee, conversation, and corner tables; even if the tables do wobble and the cups are cracked. Still, sometimes ... and only sometimes ... things get weird. The air conditioner breaks, the coffee is weak, the music is too loud or the place is filled with Mercedes-loving, yuppie scum, out slumming for the night. Which isn't so bad, except for the big poofy hair and the tacky gold jewelry and the smell of Polo.

It was one of those nights when things changed. I was stuck at an aisle table with every third passerby kicking my chair and every fifth one trying to read over my shoulder. Which is kind of annoying and funny at the same time; because, out of the corner of my eye I can see their lips move while they read. So, I was in one of those moods. An angry young man with only the world to vent at. Still, things were going good, until someone sat down uninvited. Usually, I don't mind, but like I said, I was in a mood. All I could think was "not tonight."

"Will you take me home?"



"Oh, God," I thought.

"I don't need much, just some old memories, friend," he said, trying to make eye contact. His face looked slightly out of focus.

"I sank behind the centerpiece, thinking, 'I don't need this tonight,' and 'why is it always me? Why do I get all the crazies?' Who died and made me caretaker of the broken?" Hell, I could barely take care of myself.

"I'll take what I can get. Whatever you care to give up; any useless facts about you're willing to donate." His tone was pleading, like an injured dog.

"Please, just go away," I thought. I turned my gaze away from the table and toward the bar; pretending to be looking for a waitress.

"I don't need much. Just little things that don't matter to you. Meaningless trivia that you never even bother with. Minutiae is all I need."

I turned back from the bar, frightfully disturbed by what was going on here. He was shaking. His hands and face were blurring.

"Where were you when Lennon died? When Challenger exploded? What was the name of the first Inhouse song you ever heard?"

I strained to make out the details of his face; the curve of his lips, the color of his eyes, the shape of his nose. But there was nothing to latch onto.

"What does it matter to you? You never use half the stuff in your head. Give me something. Something to anchor to. Something to bring me home."

His face was fading into soft white light.

"Don't you understand? All the petty details of life are what binds us to one another. Life's personal triumphs are just that, personal. Triumphs are the unique experiences that define who and what we are, but it's the nonsense that lets us relate to each other. The cultural relics and kitsch of our childhood give us the ties that bind. TV theme songs, the taste of summer koolaid, the smell of baseball glove leather, the feel of sweat down your back; these are the gel we all float in. Without it, we fall out of society and into nothingness."

"Please," I could hear the desperation in his voice. "Tell me something, anything. All I want to

do is go home. To be a part of, instead of just apart." He was fading, dissolving into a cool, deep emptiness. "Please take me home. I want to go home. I promise...Mother..."

And he was gone. He fell through the cracks. I guess he had forgotten like I had, that without people to share things with, nothing really matters. He lost contact. Only I remembered him. No one else noticed. No one else cared. As if he never was at all. No monument marked his passing. No ashes littered the floor, or smoke, or chalk outlines remained to mark his existence. Nothing, not even details.

I thought about this for awhile time. Afterwards, I picked up my pen and wrote this account of his passing. I wrote it down as it happened, as best I could. It was the only way I had of remembering him and all the other faceless, anonymous people lost outside the world. When I finished, I called the waitress over and asked for another hazelnut shake.

She nodded, furiously scribbling at her pad. "Does your friend want one to?"

I paused, slightly shocked that she had noticed the nearly invisible. "No," I said, "I don't think he'll be coming back."

Then, as she turned and walked away, I changed my mind. "Peggy, bring one for him anyway. You never know, he may find his way back."

If enough people read this.

[dedicated to all the faceless, anonymous people lost outside the world and all the people desperately trying to bring them home. Thanks.]

SFSFS ON THE NET

< This is part of what was originally sent via e-mail to everyone with a known e-mail address. If you didn't receive this, or would like to modify anything, please follow the directions, or contact Nick >

95/08/03 12:37

From: owner-sfsfs-announce@scifi.Maid.Com
Sub: Majordomo Installed to manage

Hi. Long time no hear from. I've been really busy, new job and all that (within IBM) and haven't had time to attend meetings.

I originally maintained sfsfs-announce and

sfsfs-discuss as simple mailing lists. A couple of folks asked me for changes which I tried to make, but I wasn't very good at it. I've installed a free package called 'majordomo' that automates the handling of these mailing lists. You can now add your own e-mail address to the lists, or remove it, by mailing to

majordomo@scifi.maid.com.

You can also add or remove other people (or your old e-mail address) from the lists. If, say, you are moving from Compuserve to GENie, from GENie, you could send a piece of mail with:

```
unsubscribe sfsfs-discuss 12345.678@compuserve.com
unsubscribe sfsfs-announce 12345.678
@compuserve.com
end
```

and another piece of mail (from your new id) with

```
subscribe sfsfs-discuss
subscribe sfsfs-announce
end
```

in it. That is all it would take because the second one would pick up your e-mail address from your message header. Your old address would be off and your new address would be on.

Another example: Your friend, Joe Blow, who has an account on Seflin, with a userid of jblow wants to get these mailings:

Mail to majordomo@scifi.maid.com

```
subscribe sfsfs-announce jblow@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us
subscribe sfsfs-discuss jblow@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us
```

Anything mailed to either list will now be archived. The archives will be available via the World Wide Web at

<http://scifi.maid.com/sfsfs-announce.archive> and
<http://scifi.maid.com/sfsfs-discuss.archive>

A long time ago, I promised to get SFSFS its own World Wide Web page. If someone wants to send me some verbiage, I'll set it up post haste, with pointers to these archives.

To post to the lists, mail to either:

sfsfs-announce@scifi.maid.com
or sfsfs-discuss@scifi.maid.com.

Nick Simicich - njs@scifi.maid.com
<http://scifi.maid.com/njs.html>
-- Stop by and Light Up The World!

BOOKSTORE RELOCATION ALERT!

Two On a Shelf, the bookstore owned by SFSFS Member, Cynthia Plockelman, has moved. The new location is in the Palm Coast Center on the west side of Dixie Highway just south of Forest Hill Boulevard. The new store is bigger and better with more parking and easier access.

Two On a Shelf offers a large selection of rare, out-of-print, hard to find books, magazines, ephemera and fine art from antiquarian to moderns. There is something for everyone whether collector or reader. This is particularly true of the F&SF section which is rich in everything from the golden age to the latest epic fantasies (Somewhere in the store is a letter from physicist and SF author Robert L. Forward discussing the practical applications of Einstein's Theory of Relativity). If you are looking for good quality science fiction then Two On a Shelf is the place to look.

SFSFS BIRTHDAYS

<I got most of them...if your birthday isn't here, it's because it isn't "on file" Please let me know and I'll update the database>

Jan 11	Ahava Drazin
Jan 14	Dave Lyman
Feb 4	Judi Goodman
Feb 19	Dwight Douglas
Mar 7	Francine Mullen
Mar 9	Carol Porter
Mar 18	George Peterson
Mar 21	Carlos Perez
Apr 3	Tony Parker / Hillary Pearlman
Apr 21	Alex Lyman
Jun 8	Ericka Perdew
Jun 22	Becky Peters / Cynthia Plockelman
Jul 2	Deanna Lyman
Jul 14	Dan Siclari / Bryan Trautman
Jul 15	Mark Baumgarten
Jul 18	Arlene Garcia / Dina Pearlman
Jul 31	Sue Trautman
Aug 2	Joe Siclari
Aug 6	Judi Bemis
Aug 11	Peter Rawlik
Aug 16	Edie Stern
Aug 28	Howard Wendell
Sep 29	Peter Barker
Oct 21	Fred Bragdon
Oct 22	Gerry Adair / Shirlene Ananayo
Oct 26	Melanie Herz

Nov 6	Peggy Dolan
Nov 11	Sara Garcia
Nov 16	Bob Ewart
Dec 9	Stu Ulrich
Dec 16	Elaine Ashby
Dec 21	Miriam Gan
Dec 24	Christina Santiago

EDITORIAL BLURB, PART 2

Well, I believe this is it. The end. This is the time when I wonder what I forgot and hope that people will forgive me for anything I might have. Due to space restraints, and the fact that I have to allow one sixth of an ounce towards the weight of the envelope, I have had to delete things that I thought I would be able to include. I'm sure that they will resurface in a future issue.

There is a situation that needs to be addressed, and now seems like as good a time as any to do it. With the exception of the LOCs, all the other contributors are folks who have consistently or semi-consistently contributed articles and artwork to this publication. While we all appreciate it, I, for one, would like to see something written by other members of SFSFS. I find it very hard to believe that the contributors are the only ones who are reading books or watching movies or formulating opinions about things science fiction/fantasy/horror related. The editors of the SFSFS SHUTTLE would welcome any and all articles that members would like to write, as well as any artwork you'd like to draw. We can't promise to use the article or artwork in the next issue, but we can promise that we'll keep it on file and use it at a future date and time.

If you've enjoyed a book, write a short review on it. It doesn't have to be a highbrow analysis of the role of the tortured protagonist/anti-hero or something equally horrid like that. Just a paragraph or two about the book, the basic plot, and why you enjoyed it. That's what I do, without trying to give away the ending or any surprise twists in the plot. Same thing with a movie. And, if it's a technical manual or a Web page or a convention or an art or music event or something related to South Florida fandom that you are interested in; chances are very good that there are other folks in SFSFS who feel the same way! I'd be more than happy to edit anything you wish to give to me and I give honest feedback.

Light, laughter & zen hugs! --Shirlene

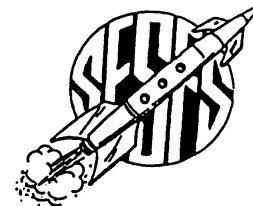
South Florida Science Fiction Society Membership Application

Send this completed application form, along with your check for Membership dues to:
SFSFS Treasurer, 4427 Royal Palm Ave., Miami Beach, FL 33140-3039.

Make check payable to SFSFS.



Date Joined	General	Subscribing	Child
Jan. - Mar.	\$15	\$12	\$1
Apr. - June	\$12	\$9	\$1
July - Sept	\$9	\$6	\$1
Oct. - Dec.	\$6 *	\$3 *	\$1 *



* Any person joining the society during the last quarter of the membership year (Oct. - Dec.) shall be required to pay the prorated dues and also to pay in advance the full dues for the next calendar year.

____ General (non-voting) - \$9.00

____ Child Membership - \$1.00 (12 yrs or younger with a parent or legal guardian who is a SFSFS member)

____ Subscribing Membership - \$12.00

Name: _____ Date: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone (home): _____ (work - optional) _____

Birthdate: ____/____/____ (year - optional) E-mail address: _____

Interests: _____

Is it okay if we print your address in the *SFSFS SHUTTLE*: ____ YES ____ NO

You Are Getting This Because:

- ☒ You are a member of SFSFSI
- ____ You are held in great esteem by SFSFSI
- ____ You've submitted a LOC, review, or art
(but, you can always send more!)
- ____ Trade for your 'zine.

☒ You have been mentioned!

☒ It contains a review/article of possible interest to you.

☒ It really seemed like a good idea at the time and I am following through with my first impulse which is to send you this in the hope that you will respond in some positive manner...

Dates to Remember:

Sept 16 SFSFS General Meeting, 2 p.m.
 Sawgrass Mills Mall

Sept 16 Book Discussion, 8 p.m.
 Siclari/Stern Residence (tentative)

Sept 23 Creative Writers' Group, 1 p.m.
 Pete Rawlik's Apt.

Oct 21 SFSFS General Meeting, 2 p.m.
 Graves Museum of Archeology and
 Natural History