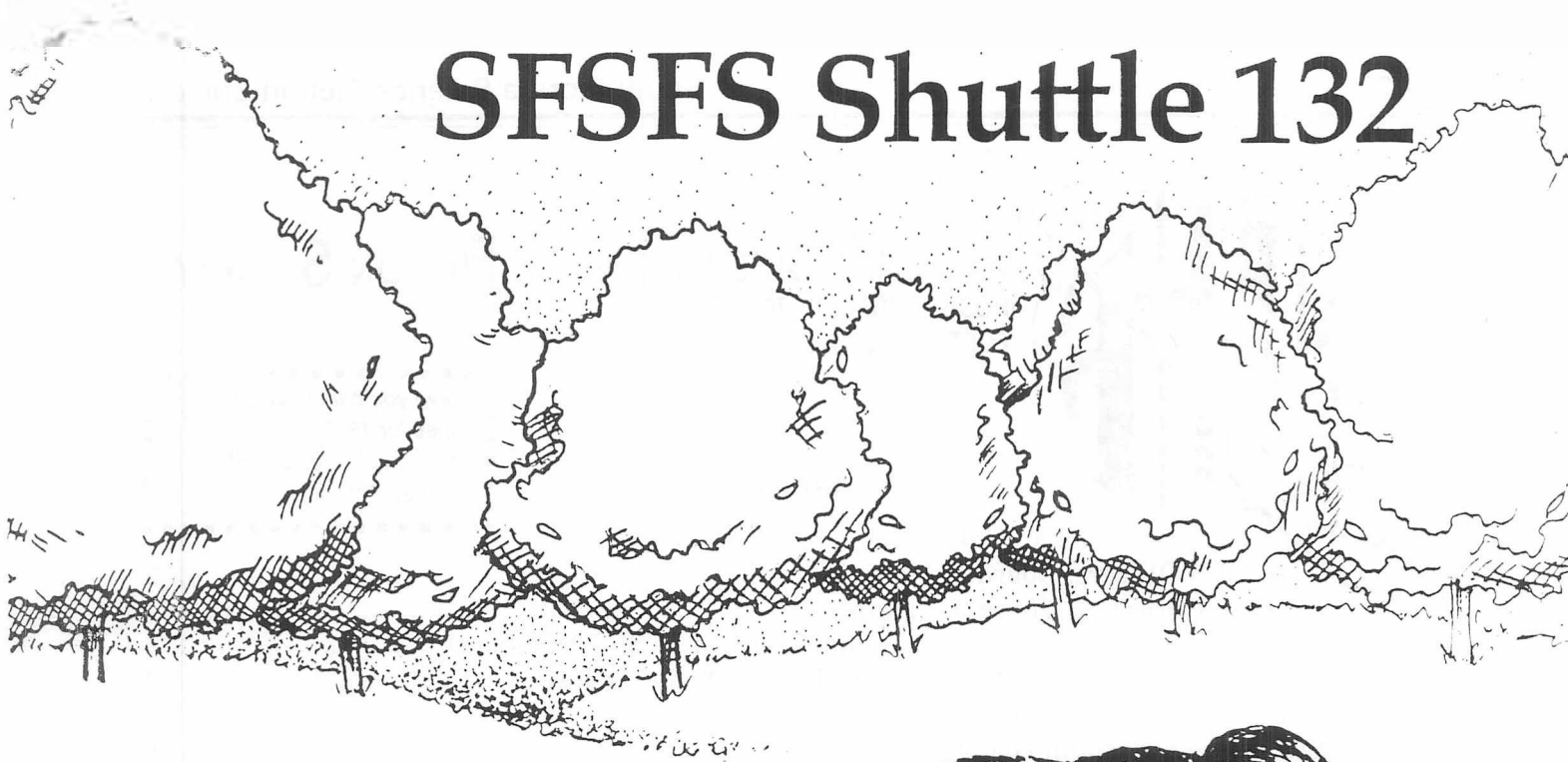


SFSFS Shuttle 132



January
1998





SOUTH FLORIDA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

POST OFFICE BOX 70143
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33307

Shuttle Manifest

Cover by *Ericka Perdew*

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Have you paid your SFSFS
Dues for 1998?
Make checks out to SFSFS. You
can pay at the meeting.

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 September — to be announced
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The SFSFS Shuttle #132 — January, 1998

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South Florida Science Fiction Society
January, 1998 Meeting Notices

SFSFS Board Meeting:

Date/Time: 1/17/98, 12 Noo.

Location: Clubhouse.

Contact: Judi Goodman 305-385-1793.

General Meeting:

Date/Time: 1/17/98, 2:00 PM

Program: **Science Fiction on the Internet**
presented by Carlos Perez and company.

Location: SFSFS Clubhouse.

275 E. Oakland Park Blvd. behind the office
of Mike Block, CPA.

Directions:

- I-95 to Oakland Park Blvd and go east.

- Take the first left after Andrews Ave.

- Then the first right into the alleyway.

(On the corner where you make the left is a
sign for the Petite Lounge.)

Contact: Judi Goodman 305-385-1793.

TROPICON XVII Meeting:

Date/Time: 1/17/98, after General Meeting

Location: Clubhouse.

This year's TROPICON GoH is Neil Gaiman.

Artist GoH is Charles Vess.

Contact: S. Ananayo-Rawlik 561-844-6336.

Book Discussion:

Date/Time: 1/17/98, 8 PM

Location: Clubhouse.

Program: Jules Verne's new book *Paris in the Twentieth Century*
and Harry Turtledove's *The Guns of the South*

Contact: Joe Siclari 561-392-6462.

Writers Workshop:

Date/Time: 1/18/98, 1 PM

Location: Clubhouse.

Bring material to be read.

Contact: Adam-Troy Castro, 954-418-0832

Upcoming:

February	8	1 PM	Budget discussion
		4 PM	Bulk Mail workshop
	15		Ren Faire outing (tentative)
	21	12 Noon	Board meeting
		2 PM	General meeting

Program: Superheroes in prose / Comics to novels

Speakers: Adam-Troy Castro and Judi Goodman

		4 PM	Tropicon XVII meeting
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	22	1 PM	Writers' Workshop
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March Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts

General Meeting Program:

Interview with artist Vincent Di Fate

April General Meeting Program: Bill Wilson presents

Tokyo Stompers and Other Town Totalers

Random Thoughts from Joe:

SFSFS member and Writers' Workshop chairman **Adam-Troy Castro** has made the Preliminary Nebula Ballot in the Novella category for "The Funeral March of the Marionettes" which originally appeared in the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, July, 1997 issues. **Congratulations, Adam!** We have a story by Adam in this *Shuttle* (p.10).

Gerry Adair's paper on Fritz Leiber which he persented at the 1997 Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts has been accepted for publication by *Extrapolation*, the premier academic SF journal. Gerry also "will be teaching Com 101 for a night class on Tuesdays in Wellington" for Palm Beach Community College. Another of Gerry's articles starts on page 6.

Although not SF related, **Edie Stern's** patent relating to variable bandwidth wireless communications technology was one of ten featured in the current (week of Jan. 16) News section of the IBM web site (<http://www.ibm.com>). To see Edie's patent click on "Inventing the Future" and then look at the fourth patent listed or look up:

http://patent.womplex.ibm.com/details?patent_number=5625877

Just this week, Edie has received two more European patents. (*This has been a biased inclusion by her co-editor.*)

Boston for Orlando in 2001!

Some of you may have seen on the nets that the Boston bid for the 2001 Worldcon has been changed. The people are the same but they are now bidding to put the Worldcon in Orlando. Edie and I have joined the committee. I am currently investigating the hotel situation which seems pretty good. We are currently deciding on whether to use the same facilities as **MagiCon** or to move right onto Disney property at the Dolphin and Swan Hotels. If you would like more information, ask us or look at the web site at:

<http://world.std.com/~sbarsky/b2001.html>

Other Florida fen on the committee so far: Dick Spelman, Melanie Herz & Mike Drawdy.

*“A few closing statements from the
Lame Duck Chairman”*

Dear Everyone,

As I write this, the year is rapidly coming to an end, as is my short tenure as SFSFS chairman. It has been a rather eventful year for me and I've seen many changes in both SFSFS and my own personal life.

I believe that everyone will agree with me when I say that the biggest change for SFSFS this past year has been our acquisition of a clubhouse facility. No longer do we rack our brains, wondering where to hold SFSFS functions and meetings ... or who still has garage space to store various items that just could not fit into the former warehouse space. True, the clubhouse facility is not located in the most ideal neighborhood and some people have had interesting stories about how they got lost while trying to find it the first time; but it's a start towards what I hope will be the growth of SFSFS as a club. One of the most exciting things to come with this move has been the increased accessibility to the SFSFS lending library! I hope that you all will take advantage of the diverse collection that is available for your mental consumption.

Within my personal life, I've had three major events occur within the year. The first is my marriage to my best friend, Pete Rawlik, in March. The second was my resignation from the University of Miami (I got tired of the 5 hour round trip commute to and from Coral Gables to West Palm Beach each day). The third was an unexpected pregnancy that turned into an equally unexpected miscarriage. [Ouch, sorry about that zinger at the end. Please don't feel uncomfortable; it's a fact, it happens and we're fine.]

It has been my honor to serve as the SFSFS Chairman this past year. It has been a definite growth experience for me and I hope that I'll be able to take those things I've learned with me as I go on to my next task within SFSFS. What?! You don't know yet? Pete and I are co-chairing Tropicon XVII! Our guests of honor are Neil Gaiman and Charles Vess and — well, I guess you'll find out elsewhere in this issue.

I hope that you all had happy and safe holiday celebrations and I also hope that this new year will hold only the best for you and yours!

Best wishes,

Shirlene Ananayo-Rawlik

Edi(e)torial

Happy New Year! We're at the end of Saturnalia, and the last of the revelers have gone. This year, we took it easy and did not throw a party. Our party calendar has always been pretty much dictated by how successful we've been with managing the incursions of "stuff" into the house. When the garage and the warehouse overflow, or the tides are particularly high, it's senseless to plan for a crowd. Hell, usually, we can't figure out where to eat dinner ourselves, let alone seat a multitude.

We start 1998 with, if not a clean slate, a relatively tidy one. Much of the house is passable, and the garage is resplendent in stacks and file cabinets. We now have a round 21 file cabinets, all chock full of fanzines dating from the thirties to the present. They're not all organized yet, but at least they're out of the cardboard boxes and accessible. Sounds like an excuse for an alphabetizing and ordering party (kind of like collating, but across issues). Unfortunately, every time we try, the working crew tends to be sucked into the zines they're organizing, and the whole thing degenerates into a fanzine reading session. Very messy, with fans stopping wherever they are, sitting and chuckling, or stroking the pages with awe and an incipient catch in their throats. We've also discovered more than one fan who cannot apparently tell what letters and dates come before other letters and dates.

The stacks are particularly satisfying. With bookcases left from Stellar Bookseller, we have added about a thousand feet of shelf space. Most of the books are up (also not yet organized), with especial thanks to wire racks left over from Vince Miranda's bookstore (and his and Sarah Clemen's collection). It's astonishing how many paperbacks can be packed into a couple of cubic yards. Over the years, a lot of the overflow in books has been piecemeal relegated to cardboard boxes. Taking them out for shelving is a little journey through the past. We found *Tros of Samothrace* by Talbot Mundy (and Jimgrim too). We found the 1954 paperback edition of *Brain Wave* by Poul Anderson (getting a little crisp), de Camp and Pratt's *Castle of Iron*, del Rey's *Nerves* and *The Eleventh Commandment*. We found Ballantine fantasies, edited by Lin Carter, from the early 70's like McDonald's *Lilith* and a slew of Lovecraft books. We found Leiber's *The Silver Eggheads*. Of course, we also found John Norman and some Gor. Joe - how'd that get in there?

New years traditionally mean New Year's resolutions. I resolve to find the first pressing of Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*, wherever it is in the house. Dan has been twitching ever since I told him that the record was "here somewhere". I resolve to not let piles of paper build up on flat surfaces, even if it means throwing away perfectly good catalogues for things I'll never buy. I resolve to corral Joe's stacks of mail, magazines, and catalogues, and keep them to one room (preferably not the bedroom). I further resolve to lose weight, work out, do good deeds, and keep within spitting distance of understanding at least some of popular culture.

Who knows what amazing new things will happen in '98? We're now discovering that the light refractive properties of colored mulches can increase crop yields, and affect the taste of tomatoes, cucumbers, and one supposes, everything else. One current geophysical theory has it that the world's water was captured via bombardment of billions of snowball sized comets. Pollution controls are working - the air quality in LA has significantly improved over the last twenty years. Cool beans! (There's that popular culture again).

Saturnalia is much more palatable than Christmas or a Christianized Chanukah to a nice Jewish girl like me, and it's certainly a more ancient tradition than either. I like it. I'm up to about two weeks of it at year's end, and that's probably all a body can take. I resolve to continue to save the end of the year for revelry, relaxation, and recovery. Here's to a healthy, happy, and productive new year for us all.

— Edie Stern

Shakespeare's Robin Goodfellow and Company:

Origins, Interpretations, and Recent Manifestations

by Gerald Adair

During the latter part of the 16th century, people believed in the existence of fairies, changelings, and hobgoblins. This fact is documented in 1584 in Reginald Scot's *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, and emphasized a few years later by King James I in *Daemonologie* (Briggs 347-348). Shakespeare took the raw materials of this belief, mixed it with the popular literary representations of fairies of his time, processed it through his imagination and, via *Midsummer Night's Dream*, created a unique vision of the kingdom of Faerie. This paper will examine how the origins of belief in fairies influenced their portrayal in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and how, in turn, the resulting originality of Shakespeare's text influenced subsequent interpretations of Robin Goodfellow and company.

Bemoaning the insipid and cloying depictions of fairies in the children's literature written at the close of the nineteenth century, Celtic scholar Alfred Nutt returned to what he asserted was the source of the modern literary fairy: Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (MND). After analyzing the eleven characteristics of Shakespeare's fairies compiled by literary critic R. W. Chambers¹, Nutt posited that they owed their genesis to two primary sources: the crude and frequently malevolent "rustic element of the fairy creed", as exemplified by folk-tales of Robin Goodfellow, and the "mediaeval fairy in works of the Arthur cycle" as exemplified by King Oberon, Queen Titania and her fairy consorts (Nutt 176-177).

Pointing out the Celtic roots of the Arthurian romance, Nutt identifies the supernatural figures that populate them as "the dispossessed inmates of an Irish pantheon" known as the Tuatha de Danann (179). Diminished by the advent of Christianity, these one-time Celtic Gods were relegated to second-string hero status in literature and functioned primarily to assist their mortal charges in attaining their heart's desire. Thus we have Oberon, a fairy king so powerful that the intensity of his jealousy can disrupt the seasons of nature until the "mazed world, by their increase, now knows not which is which" (MND. 2.1.115-116), relegated to pairing lovers and blessing the bridal-bed.

Centuries prior to their "demotion" from Gods to heros, the Tuatha de Danann were worshipped by the peasantry via "an organized ritual...of an agricultural sacrificial nature...in return for the increase of flock and herd and vegetable growth" (Nutt 181). These Gods of fertility were earthy, bawdy, capable of shape-shifting, and, in a manner typical of "that shrewd and knavish sprite call'd Robin Goodfellow" (MND. 1.2.33-34.), characterized by acts of mischief that bordered on malevolence. In 1889, noting the Catholic Church's inability to eradicate these mischievous traits while attempting to replace the pagan myth with a Christian one, William Butler Yeats documented the claims of peasants that fairies were not Gods but "fallen angels who were not good

enough to be saved nor bad enough to be lost...because their evil was wholly without malice" (Yeats 11).

Viewed against this background, Puck can be seen as an active representation of the Tuatha de Danann in their prime with the regal Oberon and Titania as his direct lineal descendants. At the end of this continuum, the tiny and essentially nondescript attending fairies represent the fate of forgotten or displaced Gods who, "when no longer worshipped and fed with offerings, dwindled away...and now are only a few spans high" (Yeats 11).

Shakespeare's genius in combining these seemingly disparate aspects of the same Celtic source results in a text in which interpretations of Robin Goodfellow and company can range from simple Disney-esque fairies to "beings of ancient and awful aspect, elemental powers, mighty, capricious, cruel, and benignant, as is Nature herself" (Nutt 188). The only limitation encountered by any artist attempting to depict the Faerie court of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is that of their own imaginations.

In the 1914 British and 1915 American productions of Granville-Barker, imagination seemed to have been in short supply. Apparently relying solely on external appearance instead of text, Mr Barker ensured that the audience could distinguish fairy from mortal by coating his fairies from head to toe in ormolu. The result looked like "something you might buy to set up in the corner of the parlor" (Odell 191) and caused one waggish critic to remark that the "gilded sprites were the creations of a man who did not believe in fairies" (Speaght 189).

Far more creative interpretations of the Faerie court were the hallmarks of theatrical and/or film productions by Peter Hall, Peter Brook and Elijah Moshinsky. Hall's 1959 production (revived in 1962 and 1963) set the action of play in an Elizabethan country house. He adorned Titania and Oberon in cobweb and mist bedecked Elizabethan court clothes, presented Puck as a feral street urchin, and clothed the attending fairies as guardsman. Their costumes may have reflected Elizabethan society but their animalish makeup and stylized stage mannerisms emphasized their link to nature. The resulting contrast was critically acclaimed for the manner in which it "reflected the way in which Shakespeare had drawn on both court and countryside to create the fairies" (Warren 50).

Critics were much more divisive in their response to Peter Brook's radical Stratford production in 1970. Displaying what he called "the hidden play behind the text" (Warren 55), Brook set the action of the play on a multileveled jungle gym enclosed within a white box and, drawing on the other-worldliness of the circus as a visual metaphor for Faerie, offered his fairies as clowns, gymnasts and aerialists. Critic John Russell Brown celebrated the innovative staging of this production "as a transformation of life" (Nightingale 195) but also pointed out that the emphasis on spectacle resulted in a neglect of many important aspects of the text. Although he eschewed the regal lineage of the fairy court and the danger inherent for humans who enter their world, Brook, to his credit strove for the dynamic instead of relying upon the formulaic.

The dark and dangerous aspect of the world of Faerie was very much in evidence in Elijah Moshinsky's 1981 BBC Television production. Using Rembrandt's *Danae*, as a visual touchstone for the mood he wished to establish, the resulting work is a study in contrast of light and dark elements as evidenced by the relationship between the darkhued and somewhat sinister Oberon to the glittering Titania and by the depiction of Puck as a fanged satyr who behaves like a feckless and engaging adolescent.

The success of this production lies in the way Moshinsky ensures that there is always a safe return from darkness to light as evidenced by the way in which the fairies move "from potential (or actual) malevolence to harmony and reconciliation in their dealings with the lovers, with Bottom and with each other" (Warren 70). A power and might, reminiscent of the Tuatha de Danann, is evident in the portrayal of the fairies, but is tempered by their interest in the fate of the humans who've inadvertently stumbled into their domain.

Surprisingly, the most intriguing recent portrayal of Robin Goodfellow and Company can be found, not on film or in a theater but, in the pages of a popular comic book. The World Fantasy award winning chapter of Neal Gaiman's *The Sandman*, entitled "A Midsummer Night's Dream", illustrates how the Lord of Dreams commissioned William Shakespeare to write *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for a royal audience and arranged for the performance to be held, on June 23rd, 1593, at Wendell's mound in Sussex. To the wonder and astonishment of the theatrical troupe, the royalty who arrive to observe the play consist of King Auberon, Queen Titania, Puck and the entire Court of Faerie. When the production concludes, the actors fall into a deep sleep and the royal Court, with the exception of Robin Goodfellow, leave the world of man forever.

The reason *The Sandman* provides for commissioning Shakespeare to write *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is to ensure that the fairies, who have been driven from the world of man, "will be remembered by mortals until this age is gone" (Gaiman 21). As long as creative artists eschew the clichéd to pursue the "what-if", Robin Goodfellow and Company will never truly be exiled from our mundane world. As Gaiman reminds us, "Tales and dreams are the shadow-truths that will endure when mere facts are dust and ashes, and forgot" (21).

Notes:

Footnote 1: (a) They form a community under a king and queen. (b) They are exceedingly small. (c) They move with extreme swiftness. (d) They are elemental *airy* spirits; their brawls incense the wind and the moon, and cause tempests; they take a share in the life of nature; live on fruit; deck the cowslips with dewdrops; war with noxious insects and reptiles; overcast the sky with fog, etc. (e) They dance in orbs upon the green. (f) They sing hymns and carols to the moon. (g) They are invisible and apparently immortal. (h) They come forth mainly at night. (i) They fall in love with mortals. (j) They steal babies and leave changelings. (k) They come to bless the best bride-bed and make the increase thereof fortunate.

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FRIDGE POETRY*

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

Raw skin
Crushed beneath
The enormous iron apparatus
A delicate symphony
Of power

— Ericka Perdew

* Poetry generated on the spot by the inspiration of refrigerator magnet words

FIELD TRIP

BY ADAM TROY-CASTRO

Even the Damned get days off.

It doesn't happen often; not once a week, or even once a decade. But there are days off, several times a century, and the management scrupulously keeps the tormented souls informed just how long they have to wait until the next one arrives.

Alas, the only form of entertainment when Hell shuts down is climb out of the tar or the slime or the boiling maggots and file into the charter buses.

Today, Bus #47,322 was taking one shell-shocked collection of Damned through the deserts of New Mexico.

The demon acting as tour guide and bus driver spent the entire five-hour duration of the trip leading his troops in song: segueing from the greatest hits of Abba to the collected oeuvre of Andrew Lloyd Webber. Those Damned who'd died before the heyday of said artists — or who merely didn't know the words — had been handed dittoed songbooks so they could follow along. Most of their voices were indistinguishable from piteous wailing, but then they'd all been piteously wailing for so long that it was the only sound most of them knew how to make.

Not that the demon minded.

In the fifth hour of the drive he got on the public address system and said, "Okay, kids, I know you must all be anxious to get off this bus — and in a few seconds you're all going to get your chance!"

The Damned emitted the obligatory, if understandably dispirited, yippee.

The bus slowed and pulled off the road into a dusty lot occupied by a silvery metallic house trailer at least three decades old, and, behind it, an area hidden from view by a twenty-foot wooden fence. The trailer bore a battered and faded sign reading:

WORLD'S BIGGEST BALL OF STRING!!

8TH WONDER OF THE WORLD!!

PICTURES! SOUVENIRS! COKE!

(MANAGER'S OFFICE).

As the bus slowed to a stop, the trailer's screen door swung open and a leathery old woman with straggly, unkempt white hair stepped out and waved.

Somewhere near the back of the bus, Ted Bundy made the kind of noise made only by the terminally appalled. "String!?!?" he said. "They took us to see String!?!?"

"Not just string," said the demon. "The world's biggest ball of string. Come on, people. I want everybody to form two lines, sticking by their buddy."

"But...string!?!?"

"Precisely. And if you persist in this attitude you're just going to ruin it for the rest of us."

The Damned filed off the bus, shuffling their feet in the manner of bored and listless schoolchildren just barely tolerating the class trip to the art museum. As they passed the old woman — who seemed perfectly at ease with their mad eyes, their soot-streaked jaws, and the steam that still rose in waves from their skin — she stamped the backs of their wrists with red ink from a pad. It was a slow and pointless process, since this was the only tour group seeking admittance today, but she still made sure she stamped everybody.

Then she opened the gate, and the Damned shuffled in.

It was a ball of string twenty feet high. As the Damned lined up, the old woman came in via a separate entrance, stood next to the string to establish a sense of scale, and recited: "This, here, is the world's largest ball of string. It was compiled out of over one hundred thousand separate pieces of string, collected and catalogued by my late husband, Cecil Hardgrove, over a period of forty years. In 1978, it was declared the world's largest ball of string by the Book of World Records, and, with the exception of a two-year period in the late 1980's when another string-collector in Arizona fraudulently disputed our claim, has remained a unique slice of Americana ever since. For copyright reasons we must ask you not to take pictures. Thank you for visiting the world's largest ball of string, and please — stop in our gift shop."

"No, thank you," said the demon politely. "We must be getting back. Hurry along, kids."

They filed back on the bus and took their seats for the five-hour drive back into Hell. The demon paid up, got a receipt, and returned to the driver's seat.

Naturally, he made them sing "Kumbaya" all the way back.

Rubbing Your Stomach While Patting Your Head or How to walk and chew gum at the same time

Edie Stern thinks aloud

“Four score and ten” may sound good when you’re young and callow, but as you start thinking fondly of those first two score (hey — no drug humor), it begins to sound as if you won’t ever have enough time to do the things you want to do when you find them. [Be warned - my CD ROM player is doing double duty as a CD player]. Anyway, I’ve spent my whole life trying to get the most out of my hours, even when it means trying to do two things at once.

Of course, we all do two things at once. We walk, and chew. We talk and think (well, most of us). We even talk out of both sides of our mouths at the same time. There are some things that just BEG to be done simultaneously, or at least interleaved, with the rest of reality.

Take reading. When do you read? Do you read in the bathroom, while otherwise occupied? I do. Do you read while watching TV? I do. Do you read while watching TV, and talking on the phone at the same time? Of course.

Those of us who are particularly “advanced” have tried other dodges. For instance, I used to read while walking. I still read while walking sometimes. I also used to read while riding my bicycle across campus as a graduate student. I had a fairly long ride from Wells Hall, home of the MSU Mathematics Department, to my 1/6 of a student commune. You can get a couple of pages a mile if you’re fast. I was very careful; I used to look up at every paragraph, or every few lines of type if I was reading Thomas Mann. My reading, and riding, and rhythmic (that’s the singing along part) career came to an abrupt end one day when I very nearly flattened a little old lady near the bell tower. It was too late to avoid disaster, so I took the noble expedient of crashing into the brush rather than hitting the pedestrian. Book held high to protect it, I executed a snazzy falling sideways maneuver that was very detrimental to my jeans, my dignity, and all

exposed skin. The little old lady didn't even stop to inquire if I was ok.

So, let us not even discuss those of you who read while you are driving. You know who you are, and don't think that looking at maps only doesn't count as inherently very dangerous. Sixty miles an hour is far more risky than anything an 18 year old can do going up a hill on a one speed balloon tire bomber of a bicycle.

I've had fair success at other multi-tasking operations. For instance, there is one I can do that involves a car. My route to visit my dad has a stretch of traffic lights, all of which are cleverly timed to forbid any car to travel more than two blocks without stopping. So, I crochet at stoplights. I drive a flashy red Firebird, and I crochet at stoplights. I have received many appalled looks from studly young men lusting after my car. Fie upon them. I can get two rows of afghan stitch done between I-95 and A1A.

Work is another fertile ground for such practices. Everyone is familiar with the world wide wait (*aka* the world wide web). I am becoming expert at doing several things at the same time, as I wait for a screen or graphic to complete its download. I have a desktop machine at work, and a laptop I use via dialup connection. Ofttimes, I get them both to going, with multiple browser windows, and research three or four items at the same time. For a while, I was doing some hands-on software testing that way. I ran test cases in parallel with real work all day long. Found bugs too.

Conference calls are especially choice. For focus, I've been known to play mindless games like Minesweeper during conference calls. Think of it as the nineties equivalent of staring off into the distance as you think. Of course, doing e-mail during conference calls is endemic. If there were fewer conference calls, perhaps there would be less e-mail, and therefore less e-mail to read and respond to, and therefore.... Another vicious spiral. I also eat during conference calls, as I am sure many others do. Sometimes, that thoughtful pause on the other end of the line represents someone trying to choke down a pretzel without making noise or doing Mama Cass impressions.

My best trick though is to disconnect my hands and eyes from my ears and mouth. I can retype copy while having a real, content-full two way telephone conversation. If Adam's story elsewhere in this issue reads a little funny, it's because I was working on something with my boss on the telephone at the same time I was retyping it.

So how do you guys do it? How do you live in web years? Or dog years? Have you tapped into a parallel universe? In parallel? Heck, I even try to get the most out of sleeping. Joe says I am a fine source of radiant heat and drool, as I sleep and snore and save the universe in my dreams all at the same time.

The Ghost From Fandom Past:

Terry Carr's reprint this is one that I particularly like. Terry was known for writing fannish pastiches of well-known works. His Carl Brandon pieces have received wide recognition. Most of those, however, are longer pieces. In pieces of that length it is nearly impossible to not occasionally fall down in the story while keeping up the homage. This piece is short but captures the *ennui* and the melancholic essence of Philip K. Dick.

It's been a little over ten years since Terry died. With the approval of Carol Carr, I am compiling a collection of Terry's fannish writings and a *festchrift* from his friends. Contributors so far include Lee Hoffman, Ted White, Robert Lichtman and George Willick. Several others have promised material. Suggestions for reprints and comments are welcomed. If you would like to contribute a story or reminiscence about Terry, please get in touch with me. (Contact information is on page 2.)

— Joe Siclari

The Fan Who Never Grew Young

by Terry Carr

Maot is becoming fakefannish. Often towards evening, she puts down her *Amazing* and reads John Fox, Jr.

But I sit by the mimeo and listen to the Planets Suite.

It isn't that she's growing young. She is wearying of stf. I have seen it coming; for many years the magazines have been becoming fewer, the stories more and more simple. No more the complicated internal conflicts; now it's all simple trips to the moon, or invasions from other worlds.

Why do I cling to the more complicated stf? — I, who have seen Campbell in power in the 40's, and in the '30's gradually fade from the scene!

I often wonder why I never grow young. I envy those who do — I yearn for the forgetting. The return of the feeling of wonder in stf before the end. But I remain a beanie fan of thirty-odd, and it seems to me I have always been this way. Why, I cannot even remember my own ungafiation, and everyone remembers that.

There are no neofen among us anymore. All of them pass from the scene and forget stf and fandom so soon. Even hoary young fans like Tucker and Bloch are no longer with us ... they too have forgotten all.

I remember the first ungafiation I witnessed. There was a fan named Hoffman who appeared on the scene in a short FAPazine saying that she was tired of fandom. After that she put out various fanzines until at last she slowed down and contented herself with brief appearances in FAPA. But a little later she began publishing a fanzine called *Quandry*, limited to a select sublist. Soon she let everyone subscribe who wanted, and her fanzine became more regular. But gradually, after her Quannish, the popularity of her fanzine diminished, and one by one her columnists left her, until finally she was a neofan and put out *Quandry*#1 and disappeared.

My first memories are difficult to interpret. They begin in turmoil. I am in fandom, but we do not know which one, and we argue about it more and more. Soon there are no fanzines that print anything else but discussions of this. Everyone says that they are tired of the subject, but they argue in the vain hope that the question will be solved.

For months that seem eternities we argue about what fandom we are in. Then, miraculously, the arguing lessens and Bob Silverberg writes an article which ends the discussion. Now we are in Sixth Fandom.

But soon we are in Fifth Fandom, as a popular member of SAPS puts out a subzine and everyone rallies round. It is not too long before he, too, fades from the scene, and we are in Fourth Fandom.

And so on.

I sometimes think (I must hold on to this) that time once flowed in the opposite direction, and that, in revulsion from the arguments about what fannish era it was, time turned back on itself and began to retrace its former course. That our present lives are but an unwinding, a great retreat.

In that case, time may turn again. We may yet have another chance to be trufans.

But no ...

All my life is a forgetting. At first there are many great stories, many hilarious fanarticles ... then there is a narrowing in that not all fen have read them. Then there comes a great author, and the editors get these stories to him, and he puts each page into his typewriter and erases the words.

I have seen Bradbury unwrite the great stories. I have watched Burbee undrink the Golden Treachery. I have seen Moskowitz unsell books at auctions.

There was once a book that seemed eternal. Each time I saw it, it was in mint condition, as if about to be unpublished. But for a long time it remained that way. One day Wandrei and Derleth got together and unpublished it at last.

It is the same in all we do. Our mimeos grow new and we take them to the store and sell them, haggling so we can get a low price. Our beanies grow new and we put them off.

All the fans are gone now. Only I and Maot linger.

I had not realized it would be so soon. Now that we are near the end, time seems to hurry.

Ours is a sad world, a backward world. Moskowitz writes a book and years and years later the things it describes happen. There are fewer and fewer prozines every year...until in the early 40's, many spring up, and others are revived. But soon they, too, die. Ray Palmer leaves *Amazing* and T. O'Connor Sloane takes over. *Spaceways* is published for awhile, but soon it too reaches the first issue and disappears.

Once I thought the tide has turned. A printed fanzine was published called *Fantasy Magazine* ... it lasted for many issues, when almost all of the others were gone. But it is gone now.

If there is a turning point, it will not come until the fan is one with the non-fan.

I read the second issue of *Amazing*. It is now put out by the grand young man of science fiction, Hugo Gernsback. He too is failing — he is forced to print stories by Verne and Wells, mere upstarts. The old stf writers are gone. Only Poe, who once collaborated with Robert Bloch is around now.

Soon *Amazing* must vanish, and then *Weird Tales* must go.

But I will go on.

Battling the Paper Blob

by Mal Barker

I'm running behind schedule, but what else is new? This is what happens when you receive tons of zines. Of course we are very thankful for these, so we are not complaining. Like everything else that doesn't work quite right we can blame this on El Niño. Addresses for all the zines are listed at the end.

Memphen #235. Edited by Tim Gatewood, with Barbara Gatewood. This is the semi-official publication of the Memphis Science Fiction Association. This issue contains more talk of their web page at <http://www.netten.net/~msfa/> (This is buried somewhere in the fine print. You might want to post it prominently, what with the Internet craze about these days).

PFSFS News 10/97. Club news, minutes and so forth. Their guest this month is James Patrick Kelly, to whom they devote their front page. I keep meaning to go back and reread *Freedom Beach* some day. As usual, they have a section of science fiction books for the current month.

De Profundis #305. Sad to say, some science fiction fan in the postal system saw fit to remove the guts of this issue. All we received was the outside page. The dinosaur stamp they used is pretty cool. I read a letter by Harry Warner Jr. about chair throwing. I'll have to go back and figure out what issue he is talking about. The discussion of rubber tips for chairs sounds interesting as well. His letter does point out one thing. The club minutes are often interesting reading in this publication. No doubt the secretary of SFSFS should make note of this and do minutes in a similar vein. The type is incredibly small as usual. I think this time around it's almost too small for the reproduction system they are using, with the ink almost bleeding the letters together. Maybe it's the festive, Halloween-colored papers' fault. Or did that SF fan in the post office make the ink run by passing her sweaty hands over it one too many times before gutting it? [Mal says: I sent them a postcard thanking them for sending us issues of *De Profundis* and telling them what happened to this issue. They were kind enough to replace them for us. Thanks!]

Survivor Volume 8, Number 7. This is a collage zine. I like these. I started out in the amazing world of zines receiving scads of these so they always have a place in my heart. Back in those days you could get all manner of collage zines for merely a stamp or request. This one seems to have some Subgenius influences. Inside you'll find more collages and advertisements for various things. A couple of pages are devoted to diatribes on how owning a gun has proven to be a positive experience and helped keep the scum of the earth at bay. A fantasy football draft sheet is included. Information on Terra Libra and so on. There is even a wanted poster for alien abductors.

Idea 11. I've got *Idea* 10 around here somewhere that needs reviewing, as well. We'll deal with *Idea* 11 at this point. All I can say is Wow, who'da thunk a mimeograph could do cool stuff like this. If you want to see a great sample of what we lost when we moved from mimeo to Xerox check out *Idea*. The opening editorial is about cars and having large amounts of "stuff". Other articles include "I yelled at Yanni" by Barb Jensen. Learn the terrible secret that lurks in the Acropolis which few if any tourist books are willing to even hint at. There's also Dave Langford's GOH talk from Intervention that lives up to his ever-high standards of laughs and silliness. Read about famous authors who never read any of those famous books all SF people are supposed to be familiar with. Then there's letters and few other articles. Do you need more? Great stuff, all in all. *Get yourself a copy.*

The Insider #207. The Saint Louis Science Fiction Society zine. This issue includes talk of the Hugos. They had a couple of short bits on LonestarCon 2 that I found interesting. They even included the list of the Hugu and Black Hole Award winners. This issue is bigger than some of the others I've seen, coming out to 32 pages. Much of this issue seems to be material from the Internet, either in the form of e-mail from various folks or bits of silliness. I'm no fan of the internet silliness because I am bombarded by it on line. It seems to partially lose its charm when put onto paper. If you are not familiar with how Internet communications tend to work this issue might prove of interest to you. It strongly reminds me of someone taking a month's worth of material off of the mailing list and publishing it. Club stuff, various

letters, schedules of events, con advertisements. There's notice of www.conan.com. It's a web site pushing a new Conan TV show which seems to be the same money-making shuck as Hercules or Zena. I'm a fan of Robert E. Howard and it makes me sick to see this happening. They have this oh-so-wonderful list of Conan books where the authors are listed as Robert E. Howard and etc. Are they turning REH into a house name? Looks like Conan has reached the level of franchisement similar to the Star Trek universe. Very sad.

Ansible 124: November 1997. Read the last issue of the *Shuttle*. I can't say enough about this little gem. You can find it on the Internet so there is no excuse for not reading it. This issue contains talk of bursting bladders and Martian war machine memorials. You can't beat this short but wonderful zine with its astounding cast of characters. As I said last time, you may have to read a few. Once you get up to speed you'll look forward to each issue. In fact you'll go back though the older issues pawing for embarrassing tidbits from past years. As usual, scattered here and there are incredibly funny bits. Get this.

Derogatory Reference 87. Sort of a personal zine I guess. Very well written. Bits on William S. Burroughs and how *Naked Lunch* was his **one** book with all his other books being permutations of it. NY*SFS being drummed out of McDonalds. Article commending *The Realist*. Confessions of Tackiness like *The Carpetbaggers* by Harold Robbins and other assorted books of this ilk. (You can never watch the movie of *The Carpetbaggers* in quite the same way again after viewing a few episodes of *The A-Team*.) Stuff on Kornbluth and *His Share of the Glory*. Zine reviews and letters. Each piece is well written and thought provoking (to use a cliché). I enjoyed each one. Here's another zine you should try to get ahold of.

The Geis Letter # 42. This one happens to be the 200th piece of correspondence SFSFS received this year. (Yes it's all in a database. Scary ain't it?) The more of these I read the more I like them. As with many zines they tend to grow on you. This one I especially like, among other reasons, for Geis' review of *Starship Troopers*. We've received other reviews of this movie and I've heard first hand comments but this is the only one I've seen so far which I agree with. That's probably because it's contrary to all the other reviews. I don't think *Starship Troopers* did the book justice nor did it do a very good job of conveying what Heinlein was trying to say. It's mostly a bread and circus movie. Or "dumbing down" as Geis calls it. It's a special effects show with little else to offer, unless you like multigender shower scenes. This is the one reason I have always liked Geis' material. Often his reviews hit the nail on the head—at least in my book. Besides this, there are more views and more talk of TWA 800 along with letters and such. Also included are comments on the Oregon vote about assisted suicide. Check this one out.

Nasfa Shuttle November 1997. This issue among other things has a several page Con+Stellation by Randy B. Cleary, the guest artist. A good letters section where they discuss *Perry Rhodan* and why it has not become big in America. *Perry Rhodan* is equally as bad, or as good for that matter, as any of the Sci-fi money-making shucks they have on TV these days. In fact, in some ways it's better, because they fly around in spherical ships (To win my heart over, you just can't beat ship designs out of E.E. "Doc" Smith. If you've never read one of his books you should give it a shot, though several books are required to get up to speed. The plots, technology, and even Pucky the Space Beaver far outshine anything in the *Star Trek* Universe). Anyway as usual, the *Nasfa Shuttle* is worth checking out. It's small, but in all the issues I've come across, I've yet to see it not have something worth reading about. Oh yes. It has a filk song.

Memphen #238. This issue contains club news and minutes (something which this *Shuttle* will no doubt lack again, due to omissions of the Secretary. Oh, SFSFS has minutes somewhere. They just don't make it into the *Shuttle*. The official reason for this is we have way too much fun at our meetings. If the world could catch an eyeful of these minutes they'd promptly join SFSFS and we'd have to stack people like cordwood at the Clubhouse, not that we don't already have to do that sometimes). Some book reviews. Mention of *Monsters of Memphis*—which I'm guessing is some locally done book. Everyone seems quite excited about it. Might be worth looking at. (SFSFS should do a book called *I-95: Tales of Supernatural Terror* with first hand accounts of actual witnesses.) Also there's a review of *Starship Troopers* which I did not agree with, but most of the folks I know of out there will. The cover art is by Randy B. Cleary and so is some of the inside stuff. (I just had to deal with that blasted *Sun Sentinel* telemarketer again and had to tell them once more to take me off their list and never darken my telephone again. We'll not get into the *Sun Sentinel* -someone else can review that.)

PSFS News November/December 1997: The interview subject of this month's program is James Morrow.

Usual club stuff with summaries of various meetings. As with other issues this one includes two pages of very dense typed reviews and comments on upcoming books for November and December — which is a great resource, since all the information is there and you don't have to plow through miles of stuff. Also included are tiny pictures of the covers of the books that may prove helpful in spotting these books on the shelf.

OASFIS Event Horizon December 1997. Club stuff from the Orlando Area Science Fiction Society, along with "Curse of 34th Street" by Jim Harris, the latter being an SF-related Christmas story.

Fosfax November 1997. Huge as usual, with lots of small, possibly eye-straining type. If you can deal with that and you either enjoy politics or can at least handle wading through them, you'll find something of interest. Much of this issue is taken up by con reports from Lonestarcon. If you missed this worldcon you can experience it secondhand through these reports There's part two of Joseph T. Major's commentary on *Space Viking* by H. Beam Piper. This is as in-depth and detailed as the ones on Heinlein he's done, which I've mentioned before. I think I read *Space Viking* ages ago but do not remember much of it. This commentary didn't grab me the same way the Heinlein material did. Perhaps it's because I came in on part two, or because I'm not anywhere near as familiar with *Space Viking* as I am with Heinlein. Still, I'll not criticize, because this is pretty cool stuff. It's not often one sees an article which goes in-depth into one single piece of SF. Most times you'll see a review and a plot summary. These comments delve down to the bare bones and ideas of the material. As usual, half the issue is devoted to letters and there are the other bits we have all come to expect from *Fosfax*.

De Profundis 307. Yes, out of order again, but this one arrived in the mail while I was still trying to edit this monster. This one contains the usual stuff, plus a few other things. The front page has a complex set of rules for the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society gift exchange. Reading it over, one can detect a few rules that must have been added here and there to insure previous events from not happening again. I especially like the special bit about excluding the Hubbard Dectology from being a real gift. There's also an exciting ink exchange over several pages—the ink goes from black to blue. Hidden among the meeting minutes are a few puns as well.

The Reluctant Famulus 50. We've been receiving these for a number of issues and they are always great. This issue and the previous issue blew me away because of their appearance. They are so clean and fresh looking with color headings here and there along with good illustrations that enhance the reading enjoyment. This issue has all manner of cool stuff like Terry Jeeves' continuing tales of WWII. This is a series filled with assorted oddball and funny events illustrated by the author. Another article that struck me was *Revising a Queen* by Ben P. Indick about visiting the Queen Mary—which he originally sailed on during WWII (My mother sailed on the Queen Mary. As we wandered though it, she told stories about her trip across, making the whole thing come alive). Should I go on? How about *Space Pizza* by E. B. Frohvet, on what exactly it would take to make a pizza in an orbital space station. How, pray tell, does one grow olives for oil in space? People in SFSFS should check out an issue of this to see what we are getting.

Visions of Paradise #74. One is fairly large, seeing as Robert Sabella has decided to stop putting out *Gradient* and is instead combining it with *Visions of Paradise*. As with the previous issues, much of it is devoted to journal entries of the editor's life. This one includes a trip to Disney World (When you've lived in Florida for awhile, it's interesting to see how others perceive it, especially Disney World. We haven't been for a few years. The last time we went we were bemoaning the fact that the Carousel of Progress was no more and they had removed Mission to Mars. When we went on it some poor woman and a crying baby were trapped on it, and spent the entire ride trying to pry the door open. I thought this added extra realism to the ride. Surely there would be at least one person who'd go space crazy on a trip to Mars, like they always do in the movies). On top of this there's a reproduction of a Pamphlet on the Nanking Massacre when Japan occupied China. This time there's also an extensive letters section carried over from *Gradient* with talk of Superman and his secret identity Clark Kent, rather than the other way around which is what most Superheroes have. Another good read all around.

File 770 119 and 121. We probably have 120 somewhere but I'm not finding it at the moment. If you need to know what the latest news is about fandom, this is the zine for you. The last issues have had a string of furry fandom-type covers by Taral. Well worth getting. Yes, yes, I'm rushing here to get things done. My mind is going! (Take my word for it, or read my last review.) If you want to be able to schmooze with

others in fandom, read an issue or two of this and start dropping the names you see. People will look up to you with awe and respect, thinking you must be some sort of secret master.

Mimosa 21. This one sports a Worldcon-inspired wrap-around cover by Julia Morgan-Scott. Inside you'll find scads of articles—most devoted to fandom's past. If you want to know what is going on in Fandom's present, read *File 770*. If you want to know what happened in Fandom's past read *Mimosa*. As usual, there are assortments of articles by luminaries of fandom, many of which are continuations from last time. This issue Forry Ackerman talks about Bela Lugosi and Fritz Lang. Jack Chalker continues his history of Baltimore Fandom, and so on. You get the idea. If you are interested in learning about Fandom's past and why it got where it is today, check this out. Have I pounded this into your head yet? I think this issue is one of the more enjoyable ones I've seen today. I read it from cover to cover, saying to myself that I really shouldn't try to review it here, but once I picked it up I couldn't put it down. No wonder it tends to collect Hugos in a manner similar to Dave Langford.

Twink #7. Special *Gormenghast* issue. There's only one article on *Gormenghast*. I've never read the books, but from reading the article it sounds interesting. There's also an interview with Lois McMaster Bujold. Assorted other reviews and articles. I haven't read this for a while and can't spend the time rereading it. Hey it's New Year's day. I should be leaping over candles and telling my future or something equally exciting, but here I am, slaving over this. Of the three *Twinks* I've seen, this one is the weakest. Don't get me wrong it's not junk or anything, and still worth reading, as were the other two. It just didn't have the impact on me the other two had.

Westwind November 1997. Cover of a robotic pilgrim after shooting a turkey. Inside, part two of an interview with Dr. Stephen Baxter, who tells of almost killing Stephen Hawking. Also a copy of the Spider Robinson letter which originally got published on alt.callahans. Included are a schedule of events and other club stuff.

Here's the portion of this column where I find the pile of stuff I've not put in here and quickly list them with maybe a comment or two. I tried to clean up my office (read: room where everything in our house that does not belong elsewhere goes.) and made a pile of things that need reviewing. This following list is not complete, but what I managed to scare up as of this typing.

Scavenger's #162, monthly marketletter for SF/Fantasy/Horror/Mystery writers and artists with an interest in small press. Mostly listings of various small press publications with summaries. *The Reluctant Famulus* layout is great with internal color headings. As good as the one reviewed above or better. *Oasfis Event Horizon* October 1997, this one also contains a short story. *Instant Message* 613, 614, 615, 618. *The Geis Letter* #40 talking about Princess Di's funeral among other things and #41. *Memphen* 233, 236 with *Mars Attacks* fellow on the cover. *Fosfax* 187. *Ansible* 123, *Nasfa Shuttle* October 1997. *De Profundis* 305, 306. *Westwind* Issue 221, 223. *Reluctant Famulus* #49.

Contact Information:

File 770; Mike Glyer; PO Box 1056; Sierra Madre, CA 91025. News, artwork, arranged trades, \$8 for 5 issues. \$15 for 10.

PSFS News; Philadelphia Science Fiction Society; P.O. Box 8303; Philadelphia, PA 19101

OASFIS Event Horizon; OASFIS; P.O. Box 940992; Maitland, FL 32794-0092

Westwind; Northwest Science Fiction Society; PO Box 24207; Seattle, WA 98124

Ansible. Janice Murray, USA agent for Dave Langford; P.O. Box 75684; Seattle, WA 98125-0684. Available for SSAE, a Voorish Sign, or the powder of Ibn Ghazi.

Memphen; Barbara & Tim; Gatewood; ; 3125 S. Mendenhall #353; Memphis, TN 38115-2808

De Profundis; c/o The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society; 11513 Burbank Blvd; North Hollywood, CA 91601

Instant Message; NESFA; P.O. Box 809; Framingham, MA 01701-0203

Mimosa; Nicki & Richard; Lynch; P.O. Box 3120; Gaithersburg, MD 20885. \$4, LOCS, trade fanzines.

NASFA Shuttle; NASFA; P.O. Box 4857; Huntsville, AL 35815-4857. \$1.50 each. \$10/year.

The Geis Letter; Richard E. Geis; ; P.O. Box 11408; Portland, OR 97211-0408. \$2 per issue.

FOSFAX; c/o FOSFA; Post Office Box 37281; Louisville, KY 40233-7281. \$3, editorial whim or the usual.

Twink; 4725 Dorsey Hall Drive; Suite A, Box 700; Ellicott City, MD 21042. contributions, LOC's trade, editorial whim.

Visions of Paradise; Robert Sabella; 24 Cedar Manor Court; Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023

Reluctant Famulus; Sadler; 422 W. Maple Avenue; Adrian, MI 49221-1627. The Usual, written materail and artwork, a big hug, compliments, sbright shiny objects, neat electronic gadgets, a shy smile, \$2.00 cash, The Meaning of Life, interesting and worthwhile software, and Editorial Whim.

Scavenger's; Janet Fox; 519 Ellinwood; Osage City, KS 66523-1329. \$2.50 \$17/yr bulk. \$21/yr first.

Idea; Geri Sullivan; Toad Hall; 3444 Blaisdell Ave. S.; Minneapolis, MN 55408-4315 The usual.

Survivor; c/o Thomas Evans, 11-15 45 Ave., #2E, Long Island City, NY 11101

Insider, St. Louis SF Society, P. O. Box 1058, St. Louis, MO 63188-1058

Derogatory Reference, Arthur D. Hlavaty, 206 Valentine St., Yonkers, NY 10704, the usual.

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Silly Paper Contest Winners

annual dinner report by Shirlene Ananayo-Rawlik

This year's SFSFS Annual Dinner was held on the 20th of December at the Roadhouse Grill on Commercial Blvd. As usual, there were several contests that were foisted upon the participants by yours truly, the outgoing SFSFS Chairman. Most of them rose to the challenge and the following are the winners of the contests. We can all thank Ahava Drazin for giving us the *Oi, Robot*: the competitions and cartoons from *Fantasy and Science Fiction*; as that is where we keep getting this zany stuff. All entries were read masterfully by Ericka Barker and myself. Winners were chosen by me (who said being a benevolent dictator-in-training would not be fun?) and awarded with spiffy little certificates that were "hot off the printer" (take notes, Judi...you've got a lot to do and remember for next year!)

Time Travel 201. The first contest involved writing a description of a course that one could imagine being offered within "an imaginary college dept. of science fiction. The two winners were:

Genetic Engineering 2x2 (Prof. Dolly): cloning around the lab. Pre-requisite: To be beside yourself. [submitted by the team of Ahava Drazin/Alex Lyman/Shellie Leoni]

TROPICON Deconstruction (Prof. Shirlene): A con-

tinuing series of meetings analyzing the food in the con suite, competing con bid parties, best buys in the dealer rooms, and who was supposed to do what but didn't. [submitted by Joe "Hairy Joe" Schaumberger]

"If you can read this, you're sterile" or bumper stickers we all would love to have. The second contest is pretty self-explanatory. The two winners:

Horried Parent of an Honor Student at Miskatonic U. [submitted by George Peterson]

I DON'T CARE IF I'M A LEMMING, I'M NOT GOING! [submitted by Ericka Barker]

What's-the-Question SF Jokes. This was the most challenging contest. People had to come up with the sf/fh-related answer and the silly question that might produce the aforementioned answer. The two winners were:

A. And Then There Were None

Q. How many Godiva chocolates are left after 10 fans get into the box? [submitted by Edie Stern]

A. Bible Stories For Adults

Q. What does the Reverend Jimmy Swaggert tell his hookers? [submitted by Christina Santiago]

Special Tropicon Offer!

The special "at-con" rate of \$18 is good until 18 Feb 1998 (you must have been a Tropicon XVI member for this rate)

Special Tropicon Rates with SFSFS renewal

(offer also expires 18 FEB 98):

General (\$15) & Tcon XVII (\$15) memberships: \$30

Regular (\$20) & Tcon XVII (\$15) memberships: \$35

The normal 3-day membership rates are:

\$20 until Jan 31st, 1998

\$23 until May 31st, 1998

\$25 until Oct 31st, 1998

\$28 thereafter

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ ZIP: _____

Make all checks payable to SFSFS. I have enclosed a check for \$_____ for:

_____ General renewal & Tcon XVII _____ Regular renewal & Tcon XVII

_____ Tropicon XVII membership(s)

Mail to: Tropicon XVII Special Offer; c/o The Rawliks, 539 37th St. W. Palm Beach, FL 33407

For more information contact:

Pete or Shirlene

Rawlik 561-844-6336

e-mail to

Prawlik@concentric.net

for up to the minute

information, visit our

website at <http://scifi.squawk.com/tropicon.html>

SFSFS Mailing address:

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

SFSFS Information numbers:

Dade County: Judi Goodman, 305-382-3330
Broward County: George Peterson, 954-739-4376
Palm Beach County (south): Peter Barker, 561-883-5126
Palm Beach County (north): Shirlene Ananayo-Rawlik, 561-844-6336



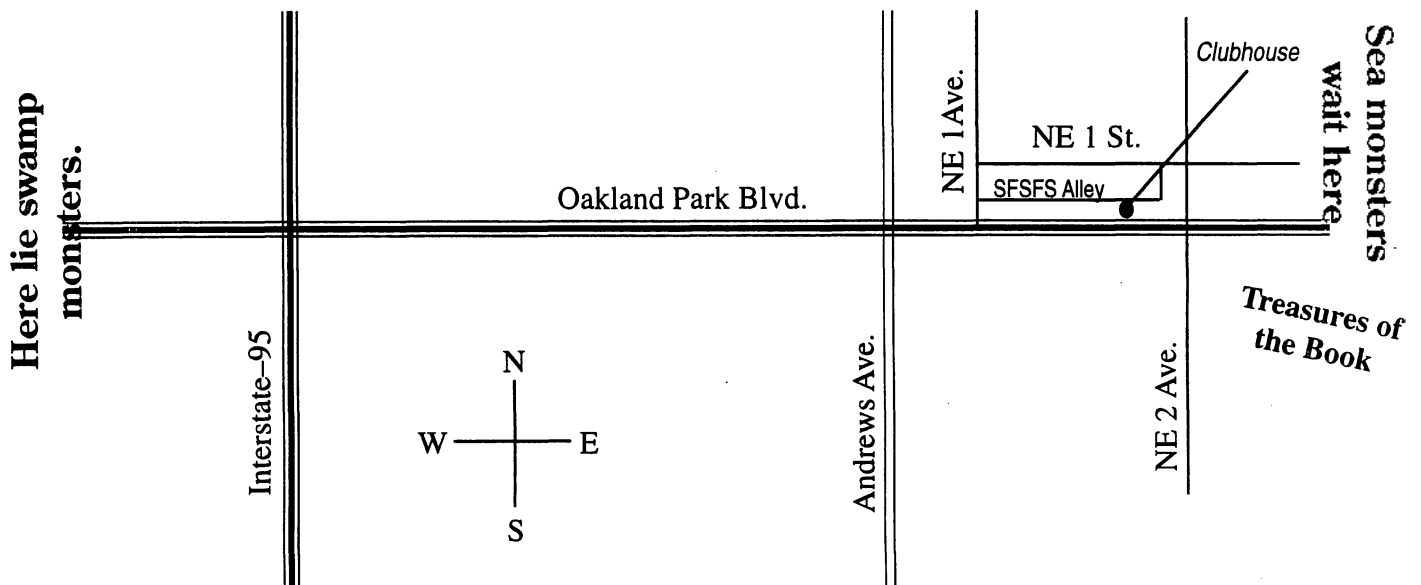
All monthly SFSFS meetings and most of the special interest meetings are held at the clubhouse. Check the *SFSFS Shuttle* or the SFSFS web page (<http://scifi.squawk.com/sfsfs.htm>) for meeting schedules.

SFSFS Clubhouse address:

The SFSFS Clubhouse is located at the back of the offices of Michael Block, C. P. A., 275 East Oakland Park Blvd., Oakland Park, FL 33334-1155.

Clubhouse Directions:

- Take Interstate-95 to the Oakland Park exit.
- Go east to NE 1 Ave. (that is a very short block east of Andrews Ave.)
- Turn left onto NE 1st Ave.
- Immediately turn right into an alley.
- The SFSFS Clubhouse is located near the end of the alley. We have a sign on our door.



LIBRARY QUESTIONNAIRE

We need to define the mission of our library more closely due lack of unlimited space, even with the new clubhouse. Also, we often receive either non-genre or duplicate books: we would like to extract them from the collection (with the intention of selling them to help supplement the rent). By filling out this questionnaire, you will be helping to set guidelines as to what you, as a member of SFSFS, would like to see/have/keep in the club's library. Fold it and secure it so that the return address is clearly visible, add postage and send it back. Or, bring it to the clubhouse and place it in the box labeled for that purpose. Thank You!

1) Are you currently a member of SFSFS?

YES _____ NO _____

2) We are currently keeping in the library only those books that are science fiction, fantasy, horror or reference material for the above.

A) Do you agree with this policy?

___ Agree (sell non-genre books)

___ Disagree (keep em all)

B) How strictly do we apply the above criteria? (Is Sherlock Holmes something we want in our library? Is *Flowers in the Attic* a horror novel?)

___ 1-Very strictly

___ 2-Strictly but with exception made for special topics such as Sherlock Holmes

___ 3-Loosely (if it even hints of the future or the supernatural, keep it)

C) Do we keep non-genre books by genre authors (Azimov's limerick book or *1968* by Joe Haldeman)?

YES _____ NO _____

3) At present, we are only keeping one copy of each book:

A) Do you:

___ agree

___ disagree

B) If we have both a hardcover and a paperback edition do we keep:

___ one of each

___ hardcover only

___ paperback only

C) Should we keep extra copies of Hugo or other award winners or nominees?

YES _____ NO _____

D) We currently have several copies of some of the oldest pro-zines published, do we:

___ Keep em all

___ Keep just one of each

4) We have a collection of fanzines for trade that we have received through the mail. How many years back should we keep them? _____

5) If we have a book that we know is valuable, for example a signed first edition worth \$50 and

A) we have a normal copy as well, do we:

___ 1-sell it

___ 2-put it in plastic and keep it in a special non-lending collection

B) if the only copy we have and its out of print do we:

___ 1-sell it

___ 2- only sell it if we can find a less valuable replacement

___ 3- Lend it out on the provision that if it is not returned in good condition and on time the borrower will be charged for the full value (this is our current policy)

___ 4- put it in plastic and keep it in a special non-lending collection

C) Should all signed copies or first editions be treated differently?

___ 1- no

___ 2- extra charges for loss or damage

___ 3- put in a special collection and not lent out

6) Should SFSFS invest in the special non-acidic plastic wraps and store books in them?

YES _____ NO _____

7) Should SFSFS have a policy for the use of the library by non-members?

A) in general: YES _____ NO _____

B) who are doing academic research:

YES _____ NO _____

8) Should the following be: 1-immediately put up for sale

2-available for use in the club house only

3-Treated the same as books i.e. lent out

___ Videos

___ SFSFS and/or Tropicon Videos or tapes

___ Games or Gaming materials

___ Art work

___ Music

9) Do you view the library as:

___ 1-purely a lending library

___ 2-an archive resource for SF history

put tape here

put tape here

----- fold here second -----

From: _____

put
stamp
here

CINDY WARMUTH, SFSFS LIBRARIAN
3242 ARTHUR TERRACE
HOLLYWOOD, FL 33021-3018

----- fold here first -----

questionnaire, continued

9) Comments: _____

10) It has been suggested that some genre books are simply not good enough to keep in our library. Do you

A) Agree _____ Disagree _____

B) If you agree, what criteria would you use to exclude a genre book? _____

C) Comments: _____

Any further questions or comments regarding the library: _____