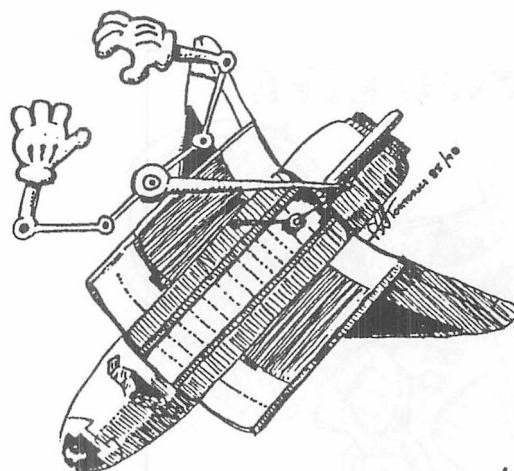


# SFSFS SHUTTLE



**JULY 1990**

**# 64**

## The Official SFSFS Newsletter

### GENERAL MEETING

**DATE:** Sunday July 22nd at 2:30 pm.

**LOC:** Buehler Planetarium  
Central Campus of Broward  
Community College in Davie  
475-6681

**COST:** \$3.00 per person  
(\$2 if more than 20)

#### PROGRAM:

"Skylore From Planet Earth:  
Mythological Stories From  
Around The World."

The usual business meeting will  
follow the presentation.

### TROPICON 9 STAFF MEETING

**DATE:** Thursday July 19th  
at 7:30 PM

**LOC:** Bill Wilson's  
3242 Arthur Terrace  
Hollywood  
(305) 983-0749

See page 4 for more details.

### FILK MEETING

**DATE:** Saturday September 15th

**LOC:** To Be Announced.

For those who must Filk, or  
perish, don't miss the Filk at the  
Fete. Carmen Miranda's brother,  
Vince, will lead a chorus of  
obscene Sea Chanties concerning  
the exploits of a Mr. Barnacle  
Bill the Sailor. AAARRGGGHH!!

### CREATIVE WRITING GROUP

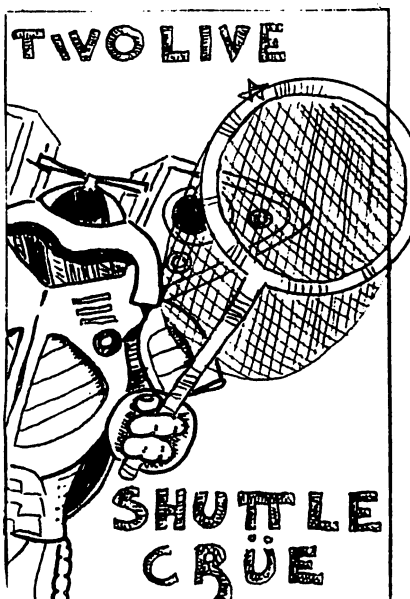
**DATE:** Sunday August 5th  
at 2:00 pm.

**LOC:** Carol Gibson's  
3685 Coral Springs Dr  
Coral Springs  
(305) 345-9326

Having a work-in -progress is not  
a necessity. Drop on by

### AUGUST SHUTTLE DEADLINE

All submissions, comments, poetry,  
reviews, etc. must be received no  
later than **July 25th!**



**EDITOR:** Gerry Adair

**CONTRIBUTORS:**

Edie Stern, Gregory L. Zentz  
& Waldo Lydecker

**ART:** Phil Tortorici

**LOGO:** Phil Tortorici

**SFSFS LOGO:** Gail Bennett

**LONG-SUFFERING SPOUSE:**

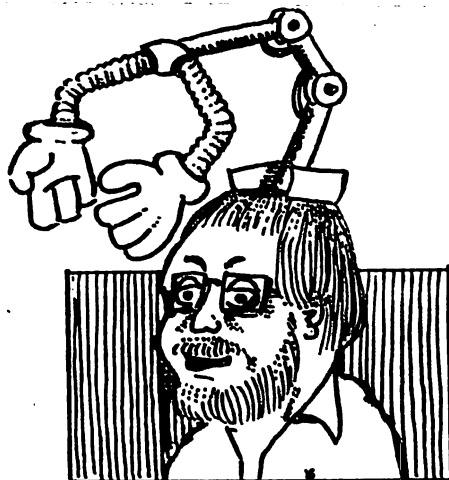
Marion Lean

Send art, poetry, fiction  
reviews, LoC's etc to:

Gerry Adair  
1131 Harmony Way  
Royal Palm Beach, Fl 33411  
(407) 793-7581  
Fax #: (407) 833-0646

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**The SFSFS SHUTTLE July 1990 # 64**

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 (\$1 for children). Subscribing membership is \$1 per issue. The views and opinions expressed in the SFSFS SHUTTLE are those of the authors and artists and not necessarily those of the publisher. And so it goes...

**SEMPER SURSUM**

## THE RETURN OF THE VORPAL SWORD

### SMOKE GETS IN YOUR RIGHTS

"Common Sense is not so common." - Voltaire

In my OASIS III report last issue I consciously chose not to comment about the rather heavy-handed way I felt the Con chairman escalated a minor rules infraction into the most talked about event of the weekend. It was essentially a non-issue; one of those minor "live and learn experiences" that may pop up in fan conversations for a brief time subsequent to an event but, by and large, prove ultimately forgettable. However, after reading Rembert Parker's page and a half account of the "unfortunate incident" in the June issue of the OASFIS EVENT HORIZON, I feel compelled to offer an alternative point of view.

For those blissfully unaware with the event in question, allow me to offer a capsule summary.

While exiting the Art Auction, Rembert encountered someone smoking in the adjacent solarium and asked him to confine his habit to the parking lot. A few moments later, he repeated his request to the apparently inattentive and/or defiant smoker adding, "...this will be the last time that I ask you nicely." Again, receiving no response (other than "Sue me."), Rembert slapped or forcefully removed (depending on the 2 differing accounts) the offending cigarette from the smoker's mouth. The smoker responded by slugging him.

That was it in a nutshell gang. Not exactly what you would call the height of diplomacy or, even a duel of the titans, but I think you get the picture.

At this point, Rembert's written account gets a tad self-indulgent. In an emotional flashback, worthy of Sidney Sheldon at the top of his form, he recounts a string of auto accidents that befell him in '76, '77 & '81 that transformed his body into an ambulating "Glass Jaw". As a result, the smoker's punch had him seeing stars (a la Roger Rabbit) and dancing with his old friend, and one time constant companion, "Pain" until the next day.

"What was a Con chair to do?", he lamented; pointing out that, without his intervention, the "insensitive" smoker might not have been content to confine his smoking to the virtually empty solarium but may have chosen to brazenly smoke right there in the art show or, horrors, in the presence of the GOH! His conclusion, justifying the rightness of his actions, was "...in the final analysis, all we have to fall back on is force - the force of public humiliation just isn't enough sometimes."

Now there's an approach to immortalize in a SMOFcon manual for chairing cons; if you come across a rules violator, smack the offensive, despicable vermin but only after your attempts to publicly humiliate him prove fruitless.

What was the alternative? Well, the "pinhead" as Rembert referred to the smoker, had effectively removed himself from the art auction to the Solarium so that: a) He wouldn't offend or incur the wrath of non-smoking attendees, and b) still be able to enjoy the art show his attending membership entitled him to by peering through the door. Western Civilization, as we know it, would not have ended if he'd been left in peace in much the same manner as those smokers who were banished to the hallways were left in peace.

Rembert's use of force, instead of his head, to assert his authority as Con chair was a bad judgement call. No more, no less. That should

## THE RETURN OF THE VORPAL SWORD

have been the end of the matter. His attempt, however, to portray himself as the helpless victim of an assault by a crazed insensitive tobacco fiend is not only ludicrous; but, in my opinion, tends to diminish the enormous amount of positive leadership, energy and time he personally contributed to OASIS III that made it such an enjoyable time.

As for Rembert's final encounter with the unrepentant smoker the next day... Well, I personally witnessed that little encounter and was frankly impressed that the smoker didn't knock him to his knees a second time.

If someone I perceived as having assaulted me less than 24 hours ago took two quick angry steps towards me when I was only three steps beyond him, I believe I would respond with appropriate force to protect myself. To my amazement, the "pinhead" didn't flinch.

Bottom Line: Don't go for your gun unless you're willing to pull the trigger. And after you come to, don't bitch because the other guy fired back at you... Or the sun was in your eyes.... Or you really didn't draw the gun, it just fell out of your holster.... Or your socks were too tight... Or...

'Till next month, I'll see you on the Dark side,



### BIRTHDAYS

Otis Adelbert Kline 7/1/91;  
Hannes Bok 7/2/14; E. Hoffman  
Price 7/3/1898; Guy Endore  
7/4/1900; Nathaniel Hawthorne  
7/4/1804; Robert Heinlein 7/7/07;  
Mervyn Peake 7/9/11; Dean R Koontz  
7/9/45; John Wyndham 7/10/03; Carl  
Jacobi 7/10/08  
Cordwainer Smith 7/11/13; Hugh B  
Cave 7/11/10; James Gunn 7/12/23;  
Carl Lundgren 7/12/47; Alexei  
Panshin 7/14/40; T.E.D. Klein  
7/15/47; Robert Sheckley 7/16/28;  
James Hilton 7/25/48.  
M. P. Shiel 7/21/65; Davis Grubb  
7/13/19; Cyril Kornbluth 7/23/22;  
Virgil Finlay 7/23/14; Gardner  
Dozois 7/23/47; E. F. Benson  
7/24/1867; Lord Dunsany 7/24/78;  
Lee Brown Coye 7/24/07; Barry N  
Malzberg 7/24/39; John D MacDonald  
7/24/16; Brian Stableford 7/25/48

### TROPICON 9 NEWS

Judy Benis & Tony Parker have requested input from the various divisions to go into a Progress Report. This information will be due at the July 19th Tropicon Meeting at Bill Wilson's. The target date for a bulk mailing of the Progress Report will be in mid to late August.

The Tropicon Banquet rate has been set and stands at \$21.00.

**VOLUNTEERS**, as always are desperately needed. A number of key positions still need to be staffed. If you would like to become an integral and highly valued member of the collective insanity that we call Tropicon, please get in touch with Judy or Tony at (407) 391-4380.

It the July 19th meeting date is a problem for any of the key Committee members, Judy & Tony would appreciate hearing from you ASAP.

## RANDOM NEWS

Fort Walton Beach resident Ray Aldridge has a new short story in the August issue of **FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION**. "We Were Butterflies" is a chilling speculation as to just how far the "War on Drugs" can be extended. It should be required reading for those who feel drug usage must be eradicated at any cost.

If you're one of the fortunate souls planning to attend **CONFiction** in August, and would like to volunteer your services in one capacity or another, Martin Easterbrook would like to hear from you. Martin is coordinating volunteer recruitment and would appreciate hearing from you. Drop him a line, ASAP, at:

Martin Easterbrook  
43 Saddleback Rd,  
Shaw,  
Swindon,  
Wilts.  
SN5 9ST  
UK.

### HELP WANTED!!!

Your humble editor beseeches your assistance with two Shuttle features:

1) **Space/Science Column**. Thanks to friends in high places, we've been placed on the NASA mailing list. The assistance of a club member who would enjoy sifting through this fascinating info and consolidating it into a monthly column would be greatly appreciated by the editor and the readership.

2) **REVIEWS**. Baen Books has begun forwarding books for Review. Other publishers are expected to follow suit. The assistance of capable & reliable reviewers to help with the growing surplus is needed. See me at the General Meeting.

Peggy Dolan received some info from Sheryl Birkhead on how to purchase those great 25 cent hologram envelopes. "To order the hologram envelopes - ask your local P.O. for the order blank for the Philatelic Office - it is under stationery @ 30 cents each. Some places here had/have them - but my last philatelic order hasn't come yet and I'm not sure exactly why..."

**OMNICON '91** has moved it's location north to Orlando (Sounds like a Johnny Horton song title) and will now be held on February 1, 2 & 3, 1991 at the Ramada Hotel & Resort Florida Center (formerly the Hilton) on 7400 International Drive. For room reservations, call Toll-free within Florida at (800)-332-4600, or outside of Florida at (800) 327-1363.

Confirmed GOH's include **Sylvester McCoy** and **Tom Baker**. The artist GOH will be Ninja Turtle animator **Ken Mitchroney**. **David Kyle** will serve as Toastmaster.

The Banquet will be a Hawaiian Luau Buffet that will cost a mere \$27. Reservations are requested ASAP in order to provide the hotel with a head-count.

A three-day advance ticket membership is \$25 until 7/15/90, then goes up to \$35 until 11/1/90, and rises to \$45 until 1/15/91. Attendance will be limited so advance memberships are a good idea. Extra-Special limited events with the Guest Stars include a private Friday Night Cocktail party (included in all 3 day memberships, 1st come - 1st served until a limited capacity is reached) and a Sunday afternoon British Tea at \$6.

For more info, write:

**OMNICON, INC**  
c/o C.M. Gibson  
3685 Coral Springs Drive  
Coral Springs, FL 33065

REQUIEM  
by Gregory L. Zentz

Chantal didn't think she was eleven years old. How could she be a child when everyone else, some a lot older than her, was so mean and stupid - except Grandminum? Kneeling at the family shrine in her Grandminum's hut, wearing her only wool skirt, soiled and torn, she picked up and reverently fondled the icon. It looked a lot like a million other icons had looked; long, cylindrical, and tapered at the top with a tube on either side. It had sharp, triangular fins at the bottom, like a fish, sort of. It fit into an adult hand comfortably - she had to use two. Yes, it looked like a million other icons, except that this one was over five hundred years old. It's thin coating of gold was almost worn off and it had recently lost all it's value as an original artifact. She stared blankly at her dull reflection in the side of the artifact. Seeing some charcoal dust on her cheek, she rubbed it against her shoulder, smearing it even more - she fought a tear. She apologized to the icon for being so dirty.

Chantal closed her eyes, pursed her lips and tried to recall the family litany - handed down orally through nearly fifteen generations. She could only remember parts of it, by heart, but she knew the overall story anyhow. Her many-times great granddada had been the leader of The Ship, The Great Hope it was called, and his name was Star-Ship Lord Captain Winslow - so their tradition went. The Great Hope was the first and last of it's kind. It was magic, and divine; humanity's last hope. The patriarch, Star-Ship Lord Captain Winslow, lead thousands of men and women - D'uncle Bastian had said a million - even children. Chantal warmed at a flashing fantasy, then shivered at the damp cold. It was on a quest that would last five centuries. It musta been a really big ship, she thought - with just a little pride and a goosebump.

Because they lived real long in the past, he would come back, hardly older at all. Grandminum had said it was really because they moved so fast that they wouldn't age much, but Chantal had watched a lot of people working in the fields, real fast, and they didn't live very long. He would bring back, from the twinkling lights, the stars; machines and magical boxes that would make everybody warm again, and the air fresh to breathe, and nobody would ever have to work again, and the children could play outside; and he would make the sun shine every day - like it used to; and nobody would ever get The Red Bubos, or Puss Demons, or Blood-Sweat, or never, ever die again.

The elders said The Great Hope was gonna reappear back about the time of the last demon passover, in the middle of a real long plaque, five years ago. It didn't, and slowly, finally, everybody stopped believing. They threw out their icons, and then things got lots worse. Her family used to be respected and honored, being from tribe Winslow, but they soon became taboo and had to move to a different village. The water tasted different there. Dada and Minum died in the next plaque but Grandminum kept teaching her the faith - and she believed. With all her little heart, she believed. Her many times Great Granddada, Star-Ship Lord Captain Winslow (she mouthed these words, savoring them) would return in THE GREAT HOPE and help everybody, even the ones who threw out their statues. She heard the cold rain plaster the thatch above; she coughed and scratched absently at a little red bump on her left forearm. She kept repeating the words, "Star-Ship Lord Captain Winslow deliver us..."



# The 3rd Annual **Travelling Fête**

The Movable, Tropical, Florida Relaxacon

*Guest of Honor*

**Charles L. Fontenay**

July 27 – 29, 1990

**Econo Lodge/South Central, St. Petersburg, Florida**

*A tropical festival to enjoy the sun; fan by the pool; have a drink with our Guest; and, of course, relax with your friends.*

We don't schedule many items but you won't want to miss them!

On Saturday evening enjoy *the Movable Feast*, a special banquet featuring the Guest of Honor Speech. And don't miss the BATTLE OF THE AUTHORS. We also plan a field trip to the Salvador Dali museum, housing the largest Dali collection in the United States and one of the largest in the world. And, as there won't be a huckster room, you might want to join in our bookstore crawl.

Of course, our *Everlasting Consuite* will be open virtually all weekend with tropical specialties. And don't forget your inflatable dinosaur, or whatever, for the pool party.

**Registration: only \$15.00 until June 15, 1990.**

**Room rates: only \$35.00 single thru quad**

Econo Lodge/South Central, 3000 34th St. S., St. Petersburg, FL 33711; (813) 867-1111

***The Movable Feast*: only \$18.00 for our Guest of Honor banquet.**

**Make checks for registration and banquet payable to: South Florida Science Fiction Society.**

Mail to: Fête Treasurer, SFSFS, P.O. Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307.

Peggy A. Dolan, Chairman

Sponsored by the South Florida Science Fiction Society [a 501(c)(3) & Florida non-profit corporation]



**GUEST OF HONOR** This year, *Travelling Fête* visits **Charles L. Fontenay**, who has returned to writing science fiction after a series of fascinating detours. From 1954 to 1964, he authored three SF novels: *Twice Upon a Time*; *Rebels of the Red Planet*; and *The Day the Oceans Overflowed*, along with a number of short stories. His themes run from space opera (with a "hard science" basis) to experiments in fantasy, horror, and humor; with the emphasis on the ideas and the people. After 1964, Fontenay pursued other interests and careers. Among the items in his lengthy resume are: award-winning journalist, biographer, philosopher, and black belt in karate. Since resuming his earlier career, he has been working on several SF stories and novels. His recent published work includes: "Fredeya" in *Barbarians II* (edited by Robert Adams; Signet); "The Silk and the Song" reprinted in *Cosmic Critiques: How & Why Ten Science Fiction Stories Work*, by Asimov & Greenberg; (Writer's Digest), and "Savior" in *Subtropical Speculations* (edited by Rick Wilbur; Pineapple Press - August, 1990). Be sure to get your ticket for the *Movable Feast* with your seat for the Guest of Honor speech. Charles Fontenay's varied careers, interests, and experiences provide him with a wealth of material for his role as an accomplished *raconteur*.

#### PROGRAM

*Fête* is a relaxacon, so there is no formal programming. Tradition (now in its third year) requires that the Guest of Honor make plans to entertain and/or enlighten his visitors. Joe Green took us to see the place where he works. (!!!) Joe Haldeman planned tours in the Gainesville area and of the stars. (The clouds were planned elsewhere.) At *Fête III*, Charles Fontenay presents "THE BATTLE OF THE AUTHORS". If that sounds to you like the clever title of a panel you have already seen a few times, you're in for a surprise. In response to a special request (from Dan Siclari), our GoH and Florida author/artist Sarah Clemens will don their black belts, bow politely, and show us the real thing! If you survive that, a visit to the Salvador Dali museum (largest collection in the world), and raids on the local well-stocked used book stores are also on tap.

#### PARTY POOL

*Fêters* to be found fielding the inflatables this year will include past *TROPICON/Fête* guests. Confirmed to date are Lee Hoffman and Joe and Patrice Green. We also expect this year's OASIS Fan GoH to put in an appearance. As the evening wears on, keep your eyes and ears open for Vince Miranda and some of his filking buddies. Be prepared

to immerse yourself in the *Fête* Filk. We have word from a reliable, highly-placed source that a new and different filk song may be introduced. Don't miss it!

#### CON SUITE

As usual, an assortment of tropical treats and beverages will be available to sustain *Fête* members while they chat with each other and with our Guest of Honor.

#### HOTEL

The Econo-Lodge (South) is located on 34th St. South (aka US 19). Look for it on your right if you arrive via the Sunshine Skyway, or on your left if you head south on US 19 from the Clearwater-Tampa area. Rooms are \$35 a night (plus tax) single through quad. Call (813) 867-1111 to make your reservation while the hotel is still holding rooms for us. Tell them you are with the con.

#### MOVABLE FEAST

The Saturday night (live!) banquet will be buffet style, featuring a variety of dishes so that you can choose something you like. There will be a cash bar open before the banquet. Tickets are \$18. and can be purchased from the *Fête* Treasurer. Be sure to get a front-row seat for the Guest of Honor speech following the meal.



# 1990 AWARD NOMINEES

1

Compiled by Edie Stern

Provided by Stellar Bookseller

4834 NW 2 Ave., Boca Raton, FL 33432, Phone: (407) 241-1483

## NEBULA AWARD NOMINEES

### BEST NOVEL:

*Boat of a Million Years* by Poul Anderson  
*Prentice Alvin* by Orson Scott Card  
*Good News From Outer Space* by John Kessel  
*Ivory: A Legend of Past and Future* by Mike Resnick  
*The Healer's War* by Elizabeth Ann Scarborough  
*Sister Light, Sister Dark* by Jane Yolen

### BEST NOVELLA:

"Mountains of Mourning" by Lois McMaster Bujold (*May Analog, Border of Infinity*)  
"Great Work of Time" by John Crowley (*Novelty*, \*)  
"Marid Changes His Mind" by George Alec Effinger (*May Asimov's*, part of *Fire in the Sun*)  
"A Touch of Lavender" by \Lindholm (*Nov Asimov's*)  
"Tiny Tango" by Judith Moffett (*Feb Asimov's*, \*)  
"A Dozen Tough Jobs" by Howard Waldrop (*Mark Zeising*)

### BEST NOVELETTE:

"Sisters" by Greg Bear (*Tangents*)  
"Silver Lady and the Fortyish Man" by Megan Lindholm (*Jan Asimov's*, \*)  
"For I Have Touched the Sky" by Mike Resnick (*Dec F&SF*, \*)  
"Fast Cars" by Kristine Kathryn Rusch (*Oct Asimov's*)  
"Enter a Soldier. Later: Enter Another" by Robert Silverberg (*Jun Asimov's*, \*)  
"At the Rialto" by Connie Willis (*Oct Omni*, \*)  
BEST SHORT STORY:  
"The Adinkra Cloth" by Mary C. Aldridge (*Winter MZB*)  
"The Ommatidium Miniatures" by Michael Bishop (*Microverse*)  
"Lost Boys" by Orson Scott Card (*Oct F&SF*)  
"Boobs" by Suzy McKee Charnas (*Jul Asimov's* \*)  
"Ripples in the Dirac Sea" by Geoffrey A. Landis (*Oct 88 Asimov's*)  
"Dori Bangs" by Bruce Sterling (*Sept Asimov's*, \*)

## HUGO AWARD NOMINEES

### BEST NOVEL:

*Boat of a Million Years* by Poul Anderson  
*Prentice Alvin* by Orson Scott Card  
*A Fire in the Sun* by George Alec Effinger  
*Hyperion* by Dan Simmons  
*Grass* by Sherri S. Tepper  
No Award

### BEST NOVELLA:

"The Mountains of Mourning" by Lois McMaster Bujold (*May Analog, Border of Infinity*)  
"A Touch of Lavender" by Megan Lindholm (*Nov Asimov's*)  
"Tiny Tango" by Judith Moffett (*Feb Asimov's*, \*)  
"The Father of Stones" by Lucius Shepard (*Sept Asimov's, The Father of Stones*)  
"Time-Out" by Connie Willis (*Jul Asimov's*)  
No Award

### BEST NOVELETTE:

"Dogwalker" by Orson Scott Card (*Nov Asimov's*)  
"Everything But Honor" by George Alec Effinger (*Feb Asimov's, What Might Have Been*)  
"The Price of Oranges" by Nancy Kress (*Apr Asimov's*, \*)  
"For I have Touched the Sky" by Mike Resnick (*Dec F&SF*, \*)  
"Enter a Soldier. Later: Enter Another" by Robert Silverberg (*Jun Asimov's*, \*)  
"At the Rialto" by Connie Willis (*Oct Omni*, \*)  
No Award

### BEST SHORT STORY:

"Lost Boys" by Orson Scott Card (*Oct F&SF*)

"Boobs" by Suzy McKee Charnas (*Jul Asimov*)  
"Computer Friendly" by Eileen Gunn (*Jun Asimov's*)  
"The Return of William Proxmire" by Larry Niven (*What Might Have Been, Vol 1*)

"Dori Bangs" by Bruce Sterling (*Sept Asimov's*, \*)  
"The Edge of the World" by Michael Swanwick (*Full Spectrum II*)

No Award

### BEST NONFICTION BOOK:

*Astounding Days* by Arthur C. Clarke  
*Harlan Ellison's Watching* by Harlan Ellison  
*Grumbles From the Grave* by Robert A. Heinlein, ed. by Virginia Heinlein  
*Dancing at the Edge of the World* by Ursula K. LeGuin  
*World Beyond the Hill* by Alexei and Cory Panshin  
*Noreascon II Souvenir Book* by Greg Thokar

No Award

### BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION:

*The Abyss*  
*The Adventures of Baron Munchhausen*  
*Batman*  
*Field of Dreams*  
*Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*  
No Award

## BRAM STOKER AWARD NOMINATIONS

### BEST NOVEL:

*Carrion Comfort* by Dan Simmons  
*Geek Love* by Katherine Dunn  
*In A Dark Dream* by Charles L. Grant  
*Midnight* by Dean R. Koontz  
*The Wolf's Hour* by Robert McCammon

### FIRST NOVEL:

*The Dwelling* by Tom Eliot  
*Goat Dance* by Douglas Clegg  
*Laying the Music to Rest* by Dean Wesley Smith  
*The Lilith Factor* by Jean Paiva  
*Sunglasses After Dark* by Nancy A. Collins

### NOVELETTE:

"At First Just Ghostly" by Karl Edward Wagner (*Fall, Weird Tales*)  
"The Confessions of St. James" by Chet Williamson (*Night Visions 7*)  
"On the Far Side of the Cadillac Desert with Dead Folks" by Joe R. Lansdale (*Book of the Dead*)

"Phantom" by Kristine Kathryn Rusch (*Jun F&SF*)

### SHORT STORY:

"A Last Sad Love at the Diner of the Damned" by Ed Bryant (*Book of the Dead*)  
"Bodies and Heads" by Steve Rasnic Tem (*Book of the Dead*)  
"Each Night, Each Year" by Kathryn Ptacek (*Post Mortem*)  
"Eat Me" by Robert R. McCammon (*Book of the Dead*)  
"Yore Skin's Jes's Soft and Purty, He Said" by Chet Williamson (*Razored Saddles*)

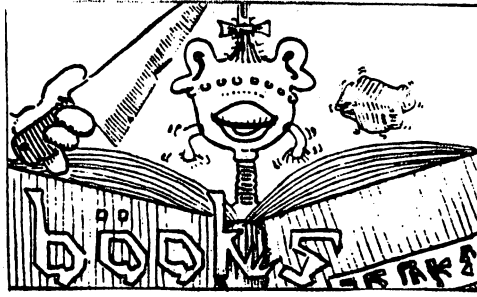
### COLLECTION:

*Blue World* by Robert R. McCammon  
*By Bizarre Hands* by Joe R. Lansdale  
*Collected Stories* by Richard Matheson  
*Patterns* by Pat Cadigan  
*Soft and Others* by F. Paul Wilson

### NON-FICTION:

*American Vampires* by Norine Dresser  
*Harlan Ellison's Watching* by Harlan Ellison  
*Horror: A Connoisseur's Guide* by Leonard Wolf  
*Horror: The 100 Best Books* by Steve Jones and Kim Newman  
*H.P. Lovecraft* by Peter Cannon

\* indicates a story that is in Gardner Dozois' Year's Best SF - 7th Annual Edition  
Boldface indicates winning story, if already selected.



**SOFT AND OTHERS** - F. Paul Wilson  
Tor 1st Mass Market pb. July '90  
\$4.95 306 pp.

The 16 short stories (15 previously published; 1 original to this collection) in F. Paul Wilson's **SOFT AND OTHERS** provide an excellent 17 year overview of the development of one of horror's most consistently satisfying authors.

Some of the earlier works, ("The Cleaning Machine" - a vignette about the ultimate vacuum cleaner; "Ratman" - an interstellar espionage piece featuring an agent with a most peculiar "cover"; "Lipidleqqin'" - a futuristic tale of the possible ramifications of a Government run National Health Insurance program; and "Green Winter" a science fiction tale of Genetic Engineering) although not totally satisfying, clearly show the author's initial attempts to discover his own literary voice.

His obvious love for, and knowledge of, the roots of Rock 'n Roll provide the background for "The Last "One Mo' Golden Oldies Revival" in which an amoral, manipulative record producer incurs the wrath and vengeance of the Rock-God "Doolanq" (ya gotta love it!) and "The Year The Music Died" - a chilling account of a conspiratorialist's paranoid expose of what really caused the rash of tragedies that nearly halted the development of American rock music.

In his tales of vengeance (perhaps one of the most recurring themes in much of his work and, particularly evident in **THE TOMB**) Wilson really shines. "Doc Johnson", the town physician of Horror's Shared World "Greystone Bay", has just the right prescription for an abusive, philandering husband. "Traps" depicts the results of a father's attempts to deal with the "rodent" problem in his home (and is humorously underscored, in a rather macabre way, by the family's plans to visit Mickey in Disney World). If "Cuts", a voodoo tale of the extremes an author goes in order to to avenge the mutilation of his novel by an auteur director, doesn't raise the hair on the back of your neck, you better check your pulse.

For sheer cold sweat fright, I particularly recommend "Muscles" - a gothic tale of possession; "Soft" - the story of a hideous global epidemic that serves as a reminder of the way in which the public and the medical community initially viewed the current AIDS crisis; and, the collection's only original work, "Buckets" - an unblinking tour-de-force view of abortion.

Those who've read **THE TOUCH** and Wilson's current novel, **REBORN**, are directed to "Dat-Tay-Vao", the peripheral Vietnam Tale of how the gift/curse of healing made it's way to America.

A fine collection, worthy of it's Bram award nomination.

Those interested in more recent short works of F. Paul Wilson are directed to the following anthologies: **RAZORED SADDLES** ("The Tenth Toe"); **THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE JOKER** (The excellent "Definitive Therapy") and **DICK TRACY: THE SECRET FILES** ("Rockabilly").

- Gerry Adair

## BOOK REVIEWS

### DICK TRACY: THE SECRET FILES

EDITORS: Max Allan Collins & Martin H Greenberg

Tor June '90

\$4.95 310 pages

Here's an amusing anthology sure to please novice Tracy fans as well as the long-term admirers of old "Lantern-Jaw". Max Allan Collins, noted Mystery writer and author of the Dick Tracy strip for the past 13 years, and prolific anthologist Martin H. Greenberg have gathered 17 exploits of America's favorite gumshoe. They collectively span 60 years - from the 30's (in Mike Resnick's clever "Origins") to the 90's (Tracy vs Crack Dealers in Stephen Mertz's "Living Legend").

Standout entries include "Whirlpool, Sizzle and The Juice", in which Ric Meyers introduces 3 new, but distinctly Tracyesque, villains; Ed Gorman's hard-boiled "The Curse"; F. Paul Wilson's "Rockabilly", a 50's tale of murder in the record industry in which "Mumbles" is restored to his full psychotic glory (as opposed to the wimpish portrayal by Dustin Hoffman in the recent film); and Collins' own tale of Tracy's pursuit of a child murderer, "Not A Creature Was Stirring".

A mixed bag that still yields a little something for almost any taste.

- Gerry Adair

### BLOOD LEGACY - Prudence Foster

Pocket Books Oct '89

\$3.95 252 PAGES

#### A Recipe for BLOOD LEGACY:

Take the best plot elements of 2 classic horror flicks (DRACULA, and THE MUMMY'S HAND) and blend well. Season it with some non-fiction vampire lore; a dash of humor; a soupcon of sex and some dark secret ingredients of the author's own making. Bake in the balmy sun of the fictional Florida west coast town of Fort McIntyre for a holiday season. Serve, chilled, on a bone-white plate. Bon Appetit!

Things in Fort McIntyre haven't been the same since bookstore owner Angeliqye Gaudet received an anonymous gift of an ancient grimoire (containing rituals for re-animating the dead) as a birthday gift. Corpses have begun to appear almost simultaneously; the first, just outside her burglarized store. Investigating the disturbance is Homicide Detective, Gil Spencer, who, though initially put off by Angeliqye's defiance of his "take-charge" manner, becomes increasingly infatuated with her.

An apparent rival for her affection is Fort McIntyre's most recent resident, Count Ferencz Nadasady. His forwardness during the reception celebrating the grand opening of his art gallery leaves Angeliqye repelled and yet, strangely mesmerized.

The murders continue until the arrival of Father Janos Ponikenus who gradually convinces the skeptical Spencer that Angeliqye is in deadly peril unless they can prevent Count Nadasady from revealing the Blood Legacy of her lineage.

A well-researched and enjoyable horror/romance that, despite it's traditional framework, still manages to rise above most of the usual

## BOOK REVIEWS

vampire cliches and provide the reader with some truly unexpected twists and turns. The author does not opt for any easy-outs but remains true to the nature of her story, particularly with the story's conclusion. (Film directors, particularly most who pass for horror film directors, should take notes and apply the lesson learned to the conclusions of their own works.)

- Gerry Adair

### TIME GATE

Editor: Bill Fawcett

Baen Books, Dec '89

\$3.95 277 pages

In the year 2130, using technology created but eventually abandoned as flawed by the French, a once-great United States begins to electronically resuscitate historic personalities, via super computer programs, as simulacra in holo-tanks. These personalities are chosen primarily for entertainment value and as invaluable accurate research tools. As with any invention, however, other, more sinister and amoral applications eventually evolve...

**TIME GATE** is a shared-world anthology of 5 stories that explore the development, utilization and abuse of this unique technology. The first tale, Robert Silverberg's Hugo & Nebula nominated "Enter A Soldier. Later: Enter Another.", details the experimental initial application of computer technology to reproduce historic figures capable of independent life and thought. The first simulation, Francisco Pizarro, the paradigm of absolute confidence & purpose, finds himself confronted by the relentlessly probing philosophical questions of Socrates. The rapier-like parry and thrust of their exchanges sparkle with wit and insight.

Robert Sheckley's "The Resurrection Machine" pits Marcus Tullius Cicero, a pillar of statesmanship, against Anarchist Michael Bakunin. Cicero adapts well to his resuscitation and displays great "show-biz" potential. Bakunin on the other hand, reacts in accordance to his nature, putting him at odds with his creators. The programmers decide to simulate torture & exile for him until he becomes more compliant. One conscientious programmer is perplexed: is it moral or ethical to torture a computer simulation?

In Poul Anderson's "Statesman" (my personal favorite in this collection), the Eurovac Alliance and Brazil clandestinely commission re-creations of Frederick The Great and Machiavelli, respectively, to serve as strategic advisors in an escalating conflict between the two factions. In spite of the apprehension & fears of their programmers, the two legendary strategists demand, and receive, the opportunity to confront each other face to face. The results are fascinating.

Gregory Benford's "The Rose And The Scalpel" tells of a planned debate between two political/ideological factions, the Preservers and the Skeptics, to determine whether or not the re-created simulations possess souls. The simulations chosen to represent their causes are Voltaire and Joan Of Arc. The chemistry between the two is electric (sorry!) and the resulting debate has no resemblance at all to what was expected by the observers.

The final, and weakest story of the collection, Pat Murphy's "How I

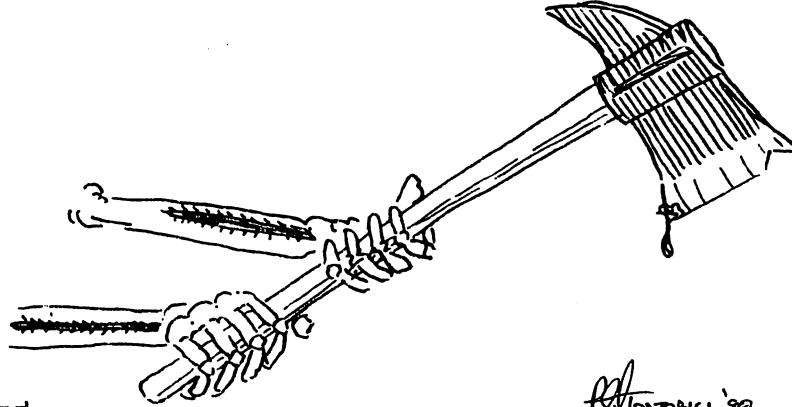


## BOOK REVIEWS

"Spent My Summer Vacation", details a computer-savvy high school student's entrance into the master computer to escape the authority of school and family symbolized by the grandmotherly recreation of Queen Victoria. While in the system, she encounters the renegade Michael Bakunin who meets with Queen Victoria to plead the teen's case.

**TIME GATE** is an interesting, thought provoking anthology. The ideas are clever, the dialogue sparkles but, except for Poul Anderson's story, there is damned little action. Hopefully, future volumes may release the "programs" from the confines of their electronic prisons in one manner or another. The possibilities are limitless.

- Gerry Adair



**HELL BOARD** - Dana Reed  
Leisure Books April '90  
\$3.95 363 pages

There are those ultra-conservative Fundamentalists who would take one look at the cover of **HELL BOARD** (a skeletal hand guiding a bloody planchette across a sinister looking ouija board) and condemn the book outright for glorifying the occult. Actually, they couldn't be farther from the truth. **HELL BOARD** is your basic Cautionary Tale, the purpose of which is to warn the reader "... there are things in the world that are better left alone, and a ouija board is one of them."

Maximillian, Marquis of Death of the First Hierarchy is Lord of the ouija board and uses it to ensnare unsuspecting souls. The board of his most recent target, the popular Nicky Martin, falls into the hands of ugly duckling Peggy Rearden. Alienated from her peers and her mother, Peggy becomes increasingly drawn to communicating with "Max" despite the warnings of classmate Derek Westmore. Derek, you see, is familiar with the malevolent forces that reside in ouija boards; his own father unleashed it years ago with horrific results.

As expected, Peggy and Derek find themselves fighting off an assault by Maximillian and the forces of Hell (including another famous Marquis) before the conclusion.

The novel contains some effective chilling moments (particularly the attack on a High School Class engaged in a Fantasy of The Mind experiment). On the whole, however, I found Maximilian more gross than truly horrific. That's the pitfall with Cautionary Tales, it's hard to maintain the protagonists on that fine line that separates being bigger than life from being cartoonish.

**HELL BOARD** is an effective tale of the allure of the Dark Side that just misses being truly exceptional.

- Gerry Adair

## BOOK REVIEWS

**NIGHT, WINTER AND DEATH** - Lee Hawks  
Ballantine Books May '90  
\$3.95 283 pages.

When 105 year-old Horatio Corley dies, Nursing Home resident Gladys Roberts insists that he be buried immediately in spite of the fact that the ground of Yocum Valley is frozen solid and will remain so until the Spring thaw.

Apparently, in the mid-1700's, the early white settlers of Yocum Valley exterminated their Shawnee neighbors. The tribe's shaman, just before his death by torture, places the curse of the shapeshifter upon the tormentors of his people. The curse (imbuing those afflicted with the stealth and physical attributes of a wolf but the "blood-lust of a man") will pass onto a younger generation via the last living survivor of those who participated in the slaughter. Even though the creature may die, the shapeshifter curse will, again, be carried on by the last survivor of each generation it afflicts. Corley is that man.

That night, as the worst snowfall of the decade approaches Yocum Valley, mortuary security guard Ernie Mulligan makes the acquaintance of the corpse of Horatio Corley and the cycle of death begins anew.

**NIGHT, WINTER AND DEATH** is a relentlessly claustrophobic werewolf tale that abandons the traditional Hollywood trappings of Lycanthropy (silver bullets, the full moon, wolfbane, the pentagram in the palm, etc) and, instead, painfully examines the living hell suffered by Ernie Mulligan and, particularly, new father-to-be, Tim Cline, as their emerging bestial natures begin to slowly eradicate all traces of their humanity.

Lee Hawks is a penname for acclaimed mystery/suspense novelist Dave Pedneau (A.P.B.; D.O.A. and B.O.L.O.). **NIGHT, WINTER AND DEATH** (a reference to an old saying quoted by Guy Endore in **THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS**: "... And the werewolf, whose food is night, winter and death.") is his impressive horror debut.

- Gerry Adair

**THE ERNIE KOVACS PHILE** - David G. Walley  
(Originally published as **NOTHING IN MODERATION** 1975)  
First Fireside edition 1987  
\$8.95 246 pages.

Like most of my peers born in the early 50's, early Television personalities were my baby-sitters. I loved television but, according to my parents, was frightened to death by two of the early medium's most beloved icons: Speedy Alka-Seltzer and Milton Berle. The performer on the CBS show opposite Berle, however, had a very calming effect upon me (again, according to my parents). I would stare at the set, without moving, until the hour was up.

The star of the show was Ernie Kovacs and, to this day, I'm still spellbound by his bizarre sense of humor, and innovative approach to television comedy.

**THE ERNIE KOVACS PHILE** is not a typical biography. How could it be, it's subject is Kovacs. Instead it is a tribute to the spontaneously vital and unharnassable whirlwind that was Ernie; a man, whose comic genius, to this day, is still copied by much better known performers.

## BOOK REVIEWS

(e.g. Ernie's "The Question Man" was stolen outright by the writers of Steve Allen's show. That theft, in turn, was purloined by the writers of the TONIGHT SHOW, where it can be seen today in its most current incarnation: Carson's "Carnack The Magnificent".)

Kovac's shining moment in television history arrived on January 17, 1957. When the comedy team of Martin & Lewis broke up, NBC sensing a rating's coup, offered Lewis an hour and a half segment of its Saturday night **COLOR CARNIVAL** for a prime time comedy special. Lewis agreed to do an hour, leaving NBC desperate to fill the remaining half hour block. Nobody, but nobody, was suicidal enough to follow the debut solo outing of one of the country's hottest comedians.

Nobody except Kovacs.

Not only did Ernie take up the gauntlet. He presented a half hour of silent comedy that followed a character named Eugene as he wandered through a museum where the laws of logic, time, space and even gravity were slightly skewed. The next day stunned viewers were praising "The Silent Show" (as it came to be known) and asking, "Jerry, who?"

**THE ERNIE KOVACS PHILE** is a celebration of Eugene, poet Percy Dovetonsils, horror show host Uncle Gruesome, Wolfgang Sauerbraten, Charlie Clod, J. Walter Puppybreath, The Nairobi Trio, The Simian Orchestra and many other bizarre denizens of Ernie's imagination as well as a freewheeling look at his "nothing in moderation" lifestyle. Pick up a copy and discover a seminal influence on **MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUS**, **THE TONIGHT SHOW**, **SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE** and, even David Letterman.

- Gerry Adair

**THE KILL RIFF** - David J Schow

TOR May 1988

\$17.95 406 pages

Almost any work of horror and/or suspense can frighten a reader if it pushes the right buttons. This little mother will not only frighten you, it will challenge and, possibly, change the way you perceive acts of violence (and the repercussions of those acts) for a long, long time.

When Lucas Ellington's daughter dies, trampled beneath the feet of the crowd rushing the stage at a Heavy Metal rockshow, he vows revenge. One by one, he eliminates the musicians that made up the concert's featured band, Whip Hand, until only lead singer Gabriel Stannard, one of rock's major badass performers, survives.

Since the break-up of Whip Hand, Stannard's career has remained in limbo. He's in dire need of a major media event to propel him back into the limelight. If he can personally waste Lucas Ellington in a big, big way, he just might pull it off.

Schow's first novel is a lean, totally original roller-coaster ride into the hellish prison of obsession. There's not a speck of cereal in this one, folks. Be prepared to be shaken and turned every which way but loose before you arrive, panting, at the climactic confrontation between two men with absolutely nothing left to lose.

A word of advice: Nobody, and I mean nobody, are what they appear to be in **THE KILL RIFF**. Be prepared to be dazzled.

Highly Recommended.

- Gerry Adair

**GLEAMING THE TUBE**  
by Waldo Lydecker

**THE NAVIGATOR: A MEDIAEVAL ODYSSEY**

Rated PG

- Bruce Lyons, Chris Haywood, Hamish McFarlane, Marshall Napier, Noel Appleby

Screenplay: Vincent Ward, Roy Lyons & Geoff Chapple

Music: Davood A. Tabrizi

Director: Vincent Ward

It is the mid 14th century. The Black Plaque has decimated 1/3 of the population of Europe. Young Griffin, a boy plagued by jumbled nightmarish visions, that usually prove true, is awaiting the return of Connor, his travelling brother. Connor returns, and tells the village the carnage is worse than they imagined. The plaque will probably be upon them before the sun rises. They decide that the only way to avoid the plaque is to undertake a pilgrimage to a city far away where they will erect a copper spike on the spire of the city's cathedral as an offering to God.

As their journey begins they find a mechanism for tunneling through rock, just as in one of Griffin's visions. They follow his instructions and use it to tunnel a way through to the city in the boy's dreams. As the last stone barrier breaks, the pilgrims emerge and find themselves on the outskirts of the land the boy envisioned: a 20th century Australian city.

The race against time begins.

**THE NAVIGATOR** is a surrealistic vision of the rituals, beliefs and practices that mankind employs to keep death at bay. It serves well as an allegorical look at the way we currently deal with the AIDS crisis. There is, in fact, a quick reference made to the "plague of AIDS" during a scene in which the pilgrims encounter, and do battle with, a row of television screens.

The black & white cinematography is breathtaking and utilized in a manner reminiscent of David Lynch's **ERASERHEAD**. The use of color (to signify the 20th century) is muted but dream-like leaving the viewer wondering if this is really happening or is it another of Griffin's visions.

The best feature of the film is its unabashed sense of wonder that more than adequately compensates for some of the plot holes. Davood Tabrizi's eerie score (almost completely consisting of what sounds like Gregorian Chants) is a primary factor in keeping that sense of wonder alive throughout the film.

This is a fascinating glimpse at a race against time as young Griffin desperately attempts to navigate his companions through the landscape of his dreams and toward redemption.

Although it has a PG rating, it's a very somber outing and may not hold the interest of children.

**DR JEKYLL & MR HYDE**

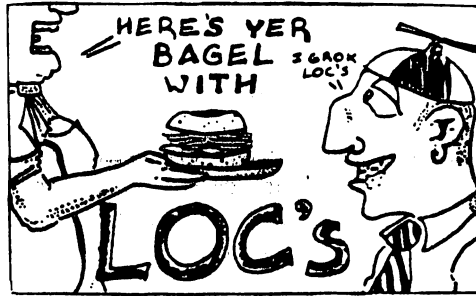
- Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, Rose Hobart

Director: Rouben Mamoulian

There is a God! Turner entertainment has finally released this hard-to-find classic on videotape for a mere \$19.95. It's everything the reference books claim. AND IT'S NOT COLORIZED!!!! Thanks, Ted!



Prudy Taylor Board  
Fort Meyers, Fl



May 30, 1990

Dear Gerry

...Did I tell you what a terrific job I think you're doing with the SFSFS SHUTTLE? If I didn't, consider yourself told. It's interesting. As we discussed Saturday, I loved your comments about Tom Monteleone's comments.

(Prudy is a South Florida writer whose most recent work, **BLOOD LEGACY**, is reviewed in this issue. - Gerry)

Carol Porter  
Hollywood, Fl

June 23, 1990

Dear Gerry:

Warmest regards from down south in Hollywood. You're doing a wonderful job with the Shuttle. I look forward to seeing it in my mailbox even more than when I was working on it. (Maybe someday all the Shuttle's former editors will get together and exchange horror stories about their worst Shuttle or the time when the computer crashed with the only copy that you forgot to save, and such.)

I enjoyed myself at **OASIS III**. The hotel had character. It is the only hotel in which I've gotten lost going to panels (after asking for directions several times and still getting misplaced). I have not been to a hotel with so many varieties of architecture; the building was like some weird mutation. The globe in front of the hotel did not help matters; I expected Atlas to come along and simply carry it away on his shoulders. Or aliens would land in front of the hotel and wonder if that was earth's true appearance. Two of the convention's memorable incidents for me were bumping into transplanted SFSFSer Chris Ceraolo who is a tour guide at one of the studios in Orlando... The second was going out to meet with Charles Fontenay with Vince Miranda, Sarah Clemens, Two of their friends (whose names escape me at the moment) and Mitch Silverman. I am looking forward to the Fete in St Petersburg.

I enjoyed reading the latest in the Hyperion books, except the poetry. I had a problem relating the poems to the plot. I recently had the pleasure to watch a story written by Dan Simmons for the series **MONSTERS**. It was a story about a son's sacrifice for his mother who had been dying of cancer - a well written story with a touching ending. Peter Straub has written a new book called **MYSTERY**, an interesting story about a boy who solves a murder that occurred in the past which still affects the present.. It was not exactly what I expected of him,

but it was enjoyable.

I hope this missile is not too long for publication. Keep up the good work.

(Thanks Carol. I thoroughly enjoyed **MYSTERY** and recommend it to all those interested in the genesis and education of a "Great Detective". I'll keep my eyes open for the episode of **MONSTERS** you mentioned. If anyone out there knows the title of the episode or, even better, has a videotape copy, please get in touch with me. - Gerry)

Greg Zentz  
Jacksonville, Fl

June 25, 1990

Dear Gerry-Bob,

Thanks a lot for the notice about my whereabouts in the last Shuttle. As you so kindly informed everyone, I was **not** in the last Shuttle but rather in Jacksonville, Florida. I'm sure Guido, Mustafa, Bobo and the rest of the Cosmic Banditos will be delighted to know where I am.

Regardless, it is true that your new newsletter would warrant an A+ in Galileo's Leaning Tower mid-terms. I want it understood, however, that your being my brother-in-law, and my wife writing all the checks (except for my personal paranoia accounts which only the I.R.S. knows about - did I mention Sharon was applying for a job with the I.R.S. - true story) had almost absolutely nothing to do with the renewal of my membership in the S.F.S.F.S. Hell, Joe Siclari wasn't even around to shame me into joining up again.

You'll be informed to know that I like Jacksonville. In the six months that I have been living here, I have: fallen down the stairs (a confusing contraption of Caligari design which is anathema to a native South Florida Flatlander) three times [my apologies to Edwin A. Abbott - I live in two dimensions and think in only one - I think - no, that's two, otherwise I wouldn't use contractions]; had a significant difference of opinion with a rotating, high-power, 3/8 inch Black and Decker drill, with chuck key attached; developed an ulcer; swelled up most impressively from the drugs to combat the ulcer (I hate drugs! But at least I found a great doctor - he's an Egyptian named ... uh, well he doesn't have his first name on his cards and his last name is boring but he too was impressed with my swelling - I happened to glance up at his London College Of Surgeons diploma, saw the gleam in his eye, and re-robed; I also filleted my left index finger (on said-same staircase); survived a tornado which capriciously slammed a hundred foot pine tree across the fence in my back yard (I found a big spike in the downed tree that read "To the EARTH FIRST"); picked up my guitar again and learned to play a couple more Simon & Garfunkle songs from the Weenie years (nod to Dave Barry); finished a short story (I can't remember what it was about but surely Ellen Datlow will remind me with a well-deserved kick, and a restraining order, should I see her again (Actually, never have I received such gentle rejection letters); I also finished the rough draft of the book **JUPITER'S GHOST**, for Greenwood Press; sold a new toxic-waste testing laboratory to the King's Bay Naval Submarine Base (where they keep the nuclear wessels [sic]); did my tech-rep stuff at the mineral-sands mining operation in Green Cove

## LoC's

Springs [Those Australians are everywhere aren't they?]); became the head of the fund-raising committee for the new observatory of the North East Florida Astronomical Society; learned a new smell at the Florida and South Georgia Pulp Mills; discovered to my delight, and horror, that people are NOT the same all over (a lesson I actually learned while hitchhiking through Australia twelve years ago, but then again...those Aussies).

Being well versed in the Zen of psycho-babble, you surely see that my adaptation to this booming metropolis has been smooth and self-actualized...

... In any event, keep up the good work (add a page per issue and soon it will hit the ground well before any other Society newsletter in this country, or Pisa, providing you don't change your current leaning - was that a teenage mutant ninja take-out joke there?) Thank's again, Ger.

p.s. F.Y.I. Salesman are now officially less despised than attorneys. That's why I'm trying to write; there isn't enough abuse left in my chosen profession. At least I sell scientific stuff like: beakers, test-tubes, Inductively Coupled Plasma Standards; that way, I lose the respect of a much better educated class of people which is, of course, the reason I am writing the Shuttle.

(Good God Greq, all I asked was "How've ya been?" - Gerry)

Dana Reed  
Bokeelia, Fl

June 27, 1990

Dear Gerry,

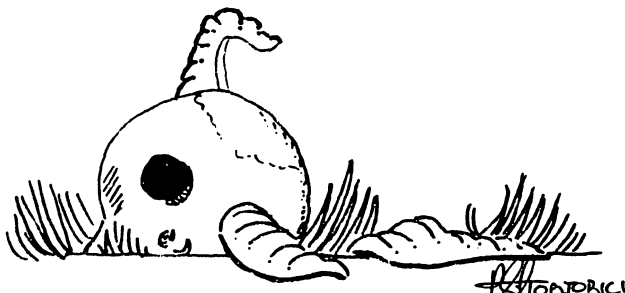
I can't tell you what a pleasure it was meeting you, Joe and Edie and all of the rest at the book signing...

Anyway, I'm writing to tell you I will definitely be there at your Tropicon 9 meeting in late November, early December. I can't thank you enough for inviting me. If all of you guys are an example of the type of people I can expect to meet there - warm, intellectual, outgoing - I can't wait.

Also, thanks for the SFSFS SHUTTLE. I read it from beginning to end and look forward to each new issue. It's a great magazine. It obviously takes work to put it together, and those of you involved in the effort deserve a lot of praise.

Again, thank you for making my day.

(Dana Reed's most recent novel, HELL BOARD, is reviewed this issue.  
- Gerry)



## IT CAME IN THE MAIL!

**BCFSAzine # 205** June '90  
British Columbia Science Fiction Association  
Editor: R Graeme Cameron  
- Hey Stan, **KWAIDAN** (not KWAIDEN)  
was directed by Masaki Kobayashi  
(not Akira Kurosawa).

**DASFAX** - vol 22 # 6 June '90  
Editor: Fred Cleaver & Rose Beetem  
Denver Area Science Fiction Association

**DeProfundis # 220** June '90  
Monthly clubzine of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Association.

**DON-O-SAUR # 58** May 1990  
Personal fanzine of Don C Thompson.  
Sheryl Birkhead logo & Phil Tortorici LoC.

**FosFax # 149** May '90  
Bi-monthly fanzine of the Falls of the Ohio  
Editor: Timothy Lane.  
60 pages, 33 of which are very political LoC's. Tortorici art.

**INSTANT MESSAGE #476, 477 & 478**  
(April, May & June '90)  
Clerk: Pam Freemon  
NESFA clubzine.  
Includes the current NESFA roster.

**Intergalactic Reporter** May '90  
Editor: Carol Smith  
Monthly clubzine of the New Jersey Science Fiction Society

**NASFA Shuttle** Vol 10 # 5 May '90  
Editor: Nelda Kathleen Kennedy  
Clubzine of the North Alabama Science Fiction Association

**OASFIS EVENTS HORIZON # 37**  
Editor: Ray Herz  
The Return of The Vorpall Sword  
(This Shuttle) alludes to Rembert's OASIS III report.

**PENGUIN DIP # 35** June '90  
Personal SF fanzine, Gaming & Postal Diplomacy zine of Stephen H Dornemann  
Sheryl Birkhead art.

**P.S.F.S. NEWS** May '90  
Monthly newsletter of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society.

**PROPER BOSKONIAN # 27** May '90  
Editor: Laurie D. T. Mann  
Semi-annual genzine of the New England Science Fiction Association  
Art by Phil Tortorici and Peggy Ranson. A knock-out cover by Pat Morrissey.  
Includes a transcript of the Kurt Baty roast.

**STONE HILL LAUNCH TIMES** VOL 4 # 6  
June '90  
Newsletter lady: Ann Morris  
Monthly newsletter of the Stone Hill group. (Where do you get those recipies?)

**TRANSMISSIONS** vol 13 # 7  
(303/304)  
Editor: Anne Davenport  
Monthly newsletter of Nova Odysseus  
A great expose' on the CISRZ threat. (Conservative, Intolerant, Self-Righteous Zealots).

**WESTWIND** March/April & May '90  
# 147 & 148.  
Editor: Robert P Suryah  
So slick looking, it's positively aseptic.  
Great art by Alicia Adams

**XENOFIL** vol 1 # 5 Spring '90  
A magazine of Science Fiction & Fantasy published quarterly by Con-version of Calgary Alberta Canada.  
Staff Psychiatrist is listed as Dr Hannibal Lecter



## CON-siderations

### TRAVELLING FETE III Jul 27- 29

Econo Lodge/South Central  
St Petersburg, Fl

GOH: Charles L Fontenay

We'll see you there!

### RiverCon XV, August 3 - 5

Holiday Inn Downtown  
Louisville, KY

GOH: Mike Resnick

FGOH: George Lankowski

TM: George Alec Effinger

MEMB: \$18 until 7/15/90,  
\$25 at the door

INFO: RiverCon

PO BOX 58009

Louisville, Ky 40258

### ConFiction: 48th World Science

Fiction Convention Aug 23-27

Netherlands, Congress Centre

The Hague, Holland

GOH's: Joe Haldeman, Wolfgang  
Jeschke and Harry Harrison

FanGOH: Andrew Porter

TM: Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

MEMB: \$25 until 7/15/90  
Attending US \$70

INFO: David Schlosser

7324 Paso Robles Ave

Van Nuys, CA 91406

### ConStellation IX: Sagittarius

Oct 19 - 21

Sheraton Inn, Huntsville, AL

GOH: Lois McMaster Bujold

MC: C J Cherryh

FGOH: Susan Honeck

MEMB: \$18 through 9/30 and  
\$22 at the door

INFO: Send SASE to

ConStellation IX: Sagittarius

P.O. Box 4857

Huntsville, AL 35815-4857

### NECRONOMICON, 10/26 - 10/28

Holiday Inn, Ashley Plaza

GOH: Jack Haldeman

MEMB: \$15 until 9/15/90  
\$20 at the door

INFO: SHSFA

P.O. Box 2076

Riverview, FL 33569

### TROPICON 9 , Nov 30 - Dec 2

Fort Lauderdale Airport Hilton

Griffin Rd & I-95

Call 305 920-3300 for Reservations

GOH: Hal Clement

FGOH: Bruce Pelz

Attending - Gail Bennett, Prudy

Taylor Board, Richard Lee

Byers, Sarah Clemens, Joseph

Green, Lee Hoffman, Carl

Lundgren, Vince Miranda, Dana

Reed and Gary Alan Ruse.

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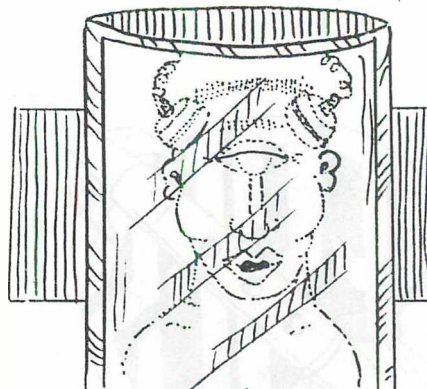
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