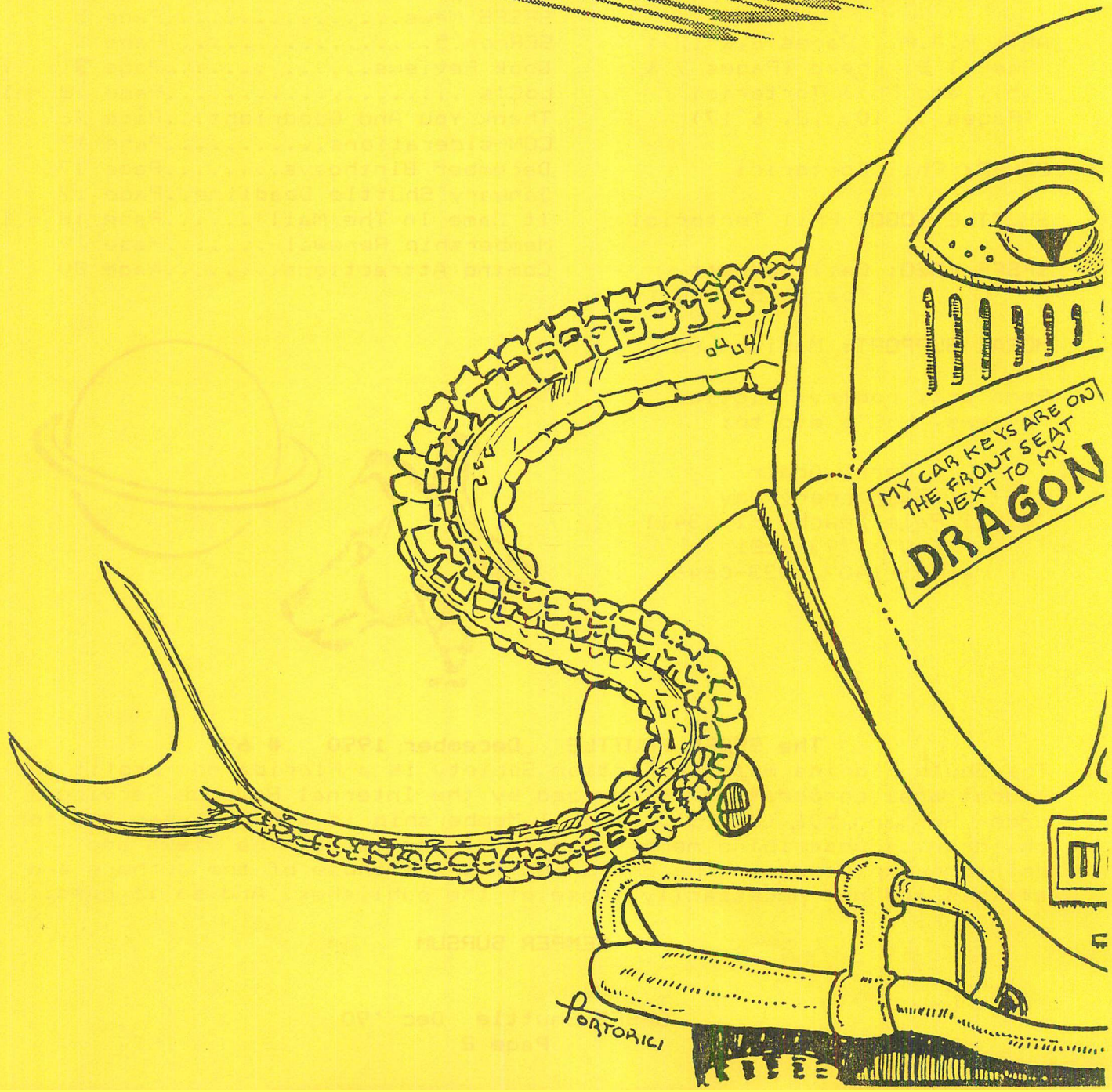


# *SFSFS Shuttle #69*





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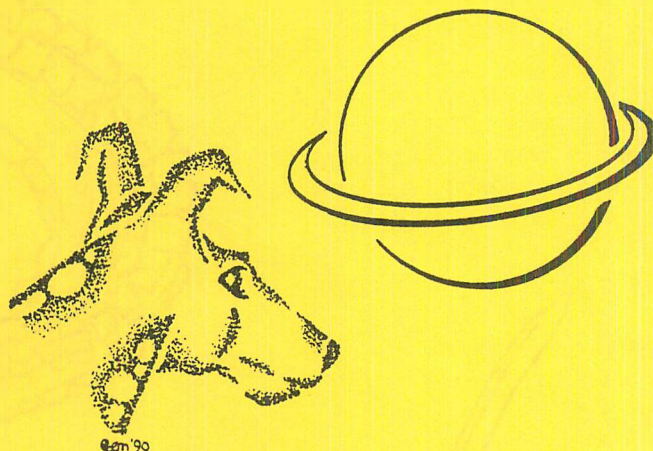
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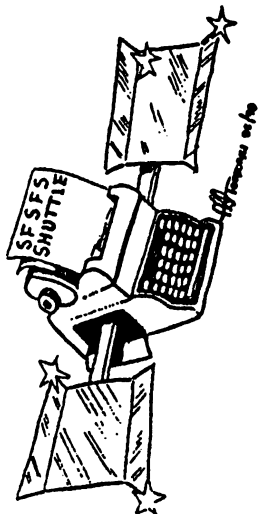
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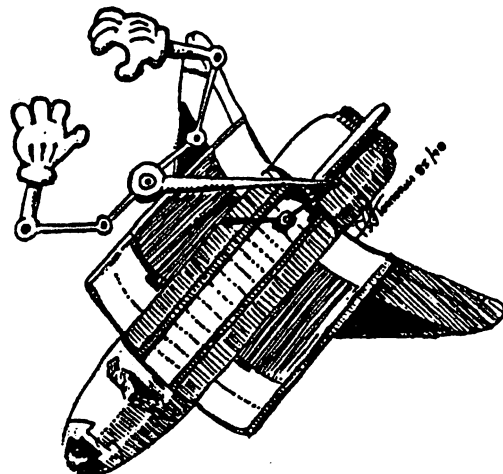
### The SFSFS SHUTTLE December 1990 # 69

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



# SFSFS SHUTTLE



December, 1990

#69

## The Official SFSFS Newsletter

### SFSFS ANNUAL BANQUET

**DATE:** Sunday December 16th  
at 2:00 p.m.

**LOC:** The Flaming Pit  
1150 N Federal Hwy  
Pompano Beach  
(305) 943-3484

The management remembers us from last year but they're letting us return anyway!

The Main Course selections are:  
Broasted chicken or Broiled Sole  
for \$10.50: a 7 oz steak for \$12.  
All meals include salad, veggies &  
desert. Those who attended last  
year will recall that there was  
more than enough food!

**PROGRAM:** Annual elections, an  
educational review of the year and  
some surprise events are in store,  
so sharpen your wits and bring  
them along.

Bill Wilson has been unable to  
weasel any inside info regarding  
this year's brain twisters and  
will not arrive with 17 typed,  
double-spaced pages filled with  
"spontaneous" gems of wisdom.

If attending, please call Joe or  
Edie (407) 241-1483 (day) or (407)  
392-6462 (night) by Dec 14th.

**HEY THERE,  
YOU WITH THE STARS IN YOUR EYES.**

Welcome to **Tropicon 9**, the  
annual convention of the South  
Florida Science Fiction Society.

If this is your first SF con,  
we're particularly pleased that  
you chose to spend it with us.  
To get the most "bang for your  
buck", I suggest that you take a  
few minutes to scan your program  
book and mark the panel, program  
and /or film that you're most  
interested in attending. During  
your "off-time", check out the  
art show or the Dealers room. If  
you get a tad claustrophobic,  
head for the con suite where you  
can make new friends, meet an  
author or two, or just relax.  
Don't forget the banquet or the  
masquerade.

Above all, ask some of the staff  
about **SFSFS**. Chances are, if  
you're interested in this kind of  
a gathering, then our monthly  
club meetings are just what  
you're looking for.

If you're an old friend of  
Tropicon, welcome back. It sure  
is nice when the family gets  
together isn't it?

## DISPATCH FROM THE HELM

"Oh My God... I'm A Fan!"

I'm not quite sure when this happened...

I always thought I was a man of simple needs. All I required from life was a loving family, shelter from the storm, aged single malt scotch, an occasional opportunity to toss an HRS bureaucrat into a live volcano and to meet with literate friends whose faces won't go slack when I mention authors like Lovecraft, Collier, Dunsany, Clark Ashton Smith, Hodgson, Ellison, Leiber, Simmons, Lansdale...

I heard about SFSFS, a literary science fiction club, from Vince Miranda. (\*A WORD ABOUT VINCE MIRANDA\* - 20 minutes after making his acquaintance at a used bookstore he used to run (Second-Hand Prose), he turned to me and said, "Watch the store for me, I'm going to get a coke. You want one too?" leaving a total stranger in charge of his cash register. I figured he was a) A good judge of character, b) Very trusting or c) Very thirsty!). Anyway, I figured any organization that had a member like Vince would, at the very least, never be dull.

At his urging, I attended the occasional Con (Omnicon & Tropicon) and became familiar with some of the SFSFS stalwarts; foremost among them were Joe Siclari & Edie Stern. At a Conference on The Fantastic a few years ago, Joe (aided & abetted by Lee Hoffman) pitched the innumerable benefits that were showered on those holding a SFSFS membership card with such gusto that I drafted a membership check on the spot and joined up for the duration.

I enjoyed the monthly meetings so much that I hated missing them & complained about the tardiness of the meeting schedules in the club newsletter. That, fellow campers, was how I became the editor of the clubzine you are reading. One thing led to another, a few discussion panels here, some volunteering there, upgrade in membership status... but it still hadn't hit me.

Finally, about a week ago, Joe & I were discussing some ideas for Tropicon 10. He used a particularly fannish word I was unfamiliar with and I stopped him in mid-sentence.

"Joe", I said, "You'll have to explain that to me. I'm not a Fan."

"Not a Fan!", he snickered (Siclari is one of the few remaining people on the planet capable of classical snickering), "You've been editing the Shuttle for over a year; you've been in at least 3 educational programs during that time & you're a co-chair for the next con. (A VEERRYYY long pause ensued as he leaned forward.) Not a fan, eh?"

I hate Sherlockian logic, especially when skillfully administered by a smartass!

Somehow I missed the great transformation but the truth was plain. I'm a Fan; a neo-fan, but a fan nonetheless. It's still "just a goddamn hobby" but Crom only knows what next year will bring. (Maybe I should've stayed in the seminary.)

Till next month, I'll See You On The Dark Side.

*Gery*

## FLORIDA AUTHORS

More good news for **Ray Aldridge** fans! Ray writes, that his first Bantam novel is on the official schedule for September '91. The title is: **THE PHAROAH CONTRACT**.

Ray also has a novelet in the January issue of F & SF, called "The Beastbreaker". He describes it as "... sort of a Lassie-with-scales-story." He adds, "Also, I just sold my first big novella to F & SF, a 20,000 word piece called "The Love Farmer". Both of these are set on Dilvermoon", that artificial planet where all the decadence in the universe collects.

For more on Ray, and "Dilvermoon", see this month's LoC's.



**Greg Zentz** is putting together a non-fiction book of stories focusing on things which have occurred to amateur astronomers while they have been out observing the stars. If you have ever had an interesting, unusual or even bizarre experience while scanning the heavens, Greg would like to read it. Please send any stories you might have to:

Greg Zentz  
4348 Windergate Drive  
Jacksonville, FL 32257  
Please include your phone #.

## CLUB NEWS

About 20 SFSFans (and three dogs) braved the threat of bad weather and mosquitos to enjoy an excellent picnic at Markham park.

Thanks to terrific planning and hard work by **Francine Mullen** and **Debbie O'Connor**, a good time was had by all. **Richard Tetrev** slaved over a hot grill most of the afternoon, and produced some fine tasting hot dogs and hamburgers. After several rounds of frisbee and football, we toasted marshmallows for smores, and overall, did exactly what you'd expect.

A short business meeting was held, and nominations for next month's SFSFS election were requested from the floor. None were submitted. A motion to adjourn the business meeting was universally (and rather loudly) approved.

So if you passed by Markham Park and saw a blue medieval canopy edged in red (thanks to Dea), with a SFSFS banner (including pink flamingo-thanks to Fran), you should have stopped.

The SFSFS table at The Miami International Book-festival seemed to be the place to gather. Throughout the weekend, **Ellen Datlow**, **Dan Simmons**, **Nancy Collins** and **Pat Cadigan** dropped by to autograph their works for the fans. Books benefiting SFSFS were sold and we even picked up some new members for SFSFS and Tropicon.

Heartfelt thanks are extended to our good neighbors, The Intellectual Snobs for allowing us to co-opt their space. All concerned feel we should do it again next year!

# SERCON 5

Mar. 15 - 17, 1991

## Featured Guest Bruce Sterling

Fort Lauderdale Airport Hilton  
Griffin Rd. & I-95

There will be the normal serious Programs and Dealers' Room. We are also planning a special Art Exhibit, displays about our Guest, PLUS some surprises!

SerCon 5 is being held in association with the 1991 Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts (Mar. 20 - 24), the largest academic gathering on the field. Some Conference guests and members will also be attending SerCon. If you are interested in attending both, contact us for more information.

**SerCon 5 Registration:**  
only \$35 to Jan. 1, 1991  
\$40 to Mar. 1, 1991  
Join now while the rates are low!

**Rooms:** Fort Lauderdale Airport Hilton  
1870 Griffin Rd., Dania, FL 33004  
\$72 single; \$80 double  
(305) 920-3300

*Make checks payable to: South Florida Science Fiction Society.  
For more info or to register, write to:*  
SERCON Treasurer, P. O. Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307

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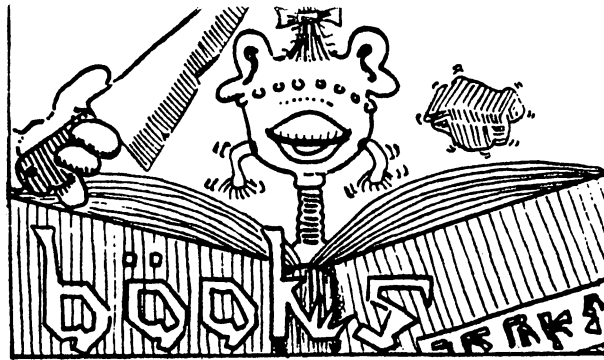
### SERCON 5 Registration Form

Send this completed form along with your check for membership to: SERCON Treasurer, c/o SFSFS, P. O. Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307. *Make checks payable to: South Florida Science Fiction Society.*  
Enclosed please find \$\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ memberships to SerCon 5 for:

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone \_\_\_\_\_

As you register, please take the time to give us your ideas. We are starting to develop programs. We know that those who attend SerCon are knowledgeable about SF literature. Let us know what topics YOU would like to see developed.





**PHULE'S COMPANY** - Robert Asprin  
Ace July 1990 232 pages \$3.95

I picked up **PHULE'S COMPANY** with a great deal of trepidation. Could this be another pun book? Thankfully, it was not. Instead, it was a wonderfully enjoyable read that, while not deep or significant, was traditional SF. No writer likes to be compared to preceding great authors but Asprin's latest work has elements of Heinlein, Anthony, Harrison and Joe Haldeman.

This is a funny book and a fun one. Willard Phule is the "Richy Rich" of the far future, sort of. Ridiculously wealthy, he joins the Space Legion: rather, he buys a commission, presumably for kicks. He promptly screws up and is about to be court martialed. Instead, since he is the heir apparent to the universe's biggest armaments manufacturer, the financially strapped Legion decides to send him to the biggest hell-hole in the galaxy, with a promotion, to lead the Legion's biggest group of misfits. Phule, of course, gets to take along his faithful servant Beeker. (Who is independently wealthy now due to his young employer's largesse but elects to remain anyway for sentimental reasons). Regardless, the company of Legionnaires are a funny, ragtag group of... you get the formula.

Very quickly, we find that Phule is a cagey astute leader who proves that any group can be whipped into shape with the application of "one-minute-business-management" techniques, sophisticated leadership psychology, and a few million dollars from personal funds. (Just slap down your Dilithium Express card and doors will open). The stink hole they find themselves in isn't quite so bad when the whole company is billeted in the planet's only five star hotel for a few weeks while their barracks receive a country club renovation.

The rough and tumble grunts aren't so bad while the aliens they encounter are even less so. Still, in a kind of "Lottery winners 'what if'" fantasy, Asprin weaves a most enjoyable tale.

If nobody dies, and no one is really all that bad, there is room to develop the tale into, you guessed it, a series. As a rule, I dislike series books-who out there thinks that Xanth should have stopped with the third book in the "Infinitology"? Still, I will look forward to the continued adventures of Richy..., uh, Willard Phule in what will hopefully be no more than a half-dozen more volumes.

- Gregory Zentz

#### **HOW I MADE A HUNDRED MOVIES IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEVER LOST A DIME**

- Roger Corman with Jim Jerome  
Random House 1990 237 pages \$18.95

I wouldn't be at all surprised if Roger Corman jotted down 10-12 pages of personal notes on his filmmaking career, compiled a list of

## Book Reviews

the actors, writers, producers, & directors who received their start in films working with him (a heady list: Jack Nicholson, Gale Ann Hurd, Peter Bogdanovich, Jonathan Demme, Martin Scorsese, etc.), handed it all to co-writer Jim Jerome and said, "Here it is. You have 45 days to whip it into my biography. About 240 pages would be nice."

Then, exactly 45 days later, I envision him picking it up, polishing it, adding a few more flourishes of his own and shipping it off to Random House.

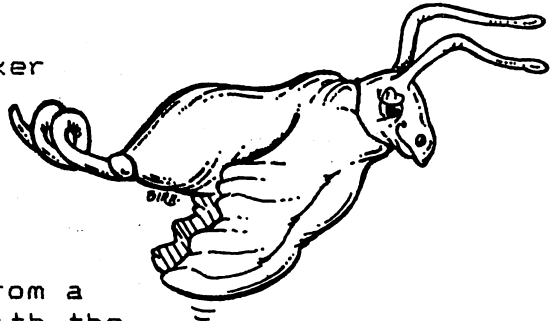
If you've followed Corman's career, or read this book, you'll understand why. As a filmmaker, Corman is the undisputed master of finding the shortest and the most economical route between concept and wrap. In this biography, he relates how he finagled his way into the movie industry from a \$32.50 per week messenger on the 20th Century Fox lot, to a Script analyst (where his uncredited re-write of a western called "The Big Gun" wound up on the Screen as **THE GUNFIGHTER**, a Gregory Peck vehicle) and finally became, as Jonathan Demme calls him, "the greatest independent filmmaker the American film industry has ever seen and will probably ever see."

Mr Corman will be an invited guest at the 1991 International Conference on the Fantastic in Boca Raton. His biography provides a good introduction to his career and his philosophy of filmmaking. An excellent companion volume, which places a bit more emphasis on each of his films, is Ed Naha's **THE FILMS OF ROGER CORMAN: BRILLIANCE ON A BUDGET** (Arco, 1982 \$9.95).

- Gerry Adair

### **THE FOUR LORDS OF THE DIAMOND - Jack Chalker**

Book One: Lilith: A Snake In The Grass  
Book Two: Cerebrus: A Wolf In The Fold  
Book Three: Charon: A Dragon At The Gate  
Book Four: Medusa: A Tiger By The Tail  
Del Rey 1980-1983 \$3.50 each



A robot, completely indistinguishable from a human, has been substituted for a human with the highest security clearance. It manages to infiltrate the very heart of the Federation before being detected. No one knows how many robots are now substituting for humans or what positions they hold. All the Confederacy can be certain of is that they are controlled by an alien intelligence and somehow these aliens are in league with the prison (insane asylum) planets of Warden Worlds.

There are four Warden Worlds, orbiting a single sun in a very odd perfect diamond pattern (hence the name). Once you land on a Warden Planet, a microscopic, symbiotic organism invades your body and you can never leave the diamond again. The only super agent sent in has gone native, for obvious reasons. The problem is not only how to send an agent into worlds controlled by master criminals, expecting an infiltrator, but how to get him out again.

The Confederacy develops a somewhat unreliable system that causes the deaths of many of it's participants. However, since the Confederacy can not tolerate any free-willed individual who resists their perfect order, they view the deaths as no great loss. An unlucky criminal's mind is wiped clean and the mind of the agent (who is in no danger) is



## Book Reviews

imprinted on the blank mind. Essentially they create four copies of their top agent; one for each world. The agent remains in an orbital relay station well out of reach of the Diamond. The copies can never return to the outer world.

On **LILITH**, the Eden of the Diamond, the agent soon discovers a minor problem. Nothing synthetic can exist on the planet and anything that has been constructed (e.g. buildings, wagons, etc.) is maintained by sheer force of mind power. The unseen leader of the planet possesses the planet's most powerful mind. Our hero must determine: a) if the aliens are present on the planet, B) if he is capable of developing the telekinetic power necessary to survive and escape enslavement and C) Who is the unseen leader running the planet?

**CEREBRUS** presents a new problem. The agent suddenly discovers he is inhabiting a female body, but far more than that, it may not be permanent. He finds he can not only exchange bodies with others (with or without their permission) but also attain immortality. How do you track the planet's ruler when he can literally be anyone. Why would you care if you did? Our hero's success will depend on his abilities as a con artist.

**CHARON** is a planet where witchcraft works. It's proximity to the sun makes it a literal Hell - a steaming jungle roamed by strange beasts and outlaw witches determined to take over the planet. The local sorcerors can transform an individual into a half-man, half-beast and many of these creatures go "native"; reveling in their bestial natures. How can our super agent complete his mission after an encounter with an unpleasant sorcerer threatens to unleash the beast within him?

**MEDUSA** is an ice world, a strange parody of the universe from which he comes. It is also a planet in which your birth sex may not necessarily remain the same. The belief that the only habitable areas are in cities, mostly underground, and totally controlled by a government more radically oppressive than any you may imagine is shaken when the agent discovers a rebel alliance. These rebels not only survive outside the cities but believe in a mysterious power that will give them superiority. Is this power the alien intelligence he seeks?

The way Chalker structures his plot twists make it impossible for the reader to guess the endings. His handling of character development is excellent as well. The agent is a qunq-ho company man until each planet chisels away at his beliefs. Finally, the world of **MEDUSA** completely breaks his faith in the Confederacy. The final conclusion is quite a strange one and may have you re-thinking some UFO theories.

- Janice Scott-Reeder

### **FOUR PAST MIDNIGHT - Stephen King**

Viking 1990 763 pages

\$22.95 (Shop around, lots of discounts on this tome)

It's getting pretty Stephen King intensive out there again! Let's see, there was the four hour miniseries of **IT!** (some scary moments but, on the whole, did you really care who survived?), the soon-to-be-released Rob Reiner production of **MISERY** (Can't wait! The book was his best effort in years.), most of the Feb '91 issue of **CINEFANTASTIQUE** (which includes a tantalizing article on **THE SHOTGUNNERS**; an unproduced script of King's that Sam Peckinpah was interested in just prior to his

## Book Reviews

death.) and King's most recent short story collection **FOUR PAST MIDNIGHT**. With all the other hoopla going on, is **FPM** worth your time? You Betcha!!

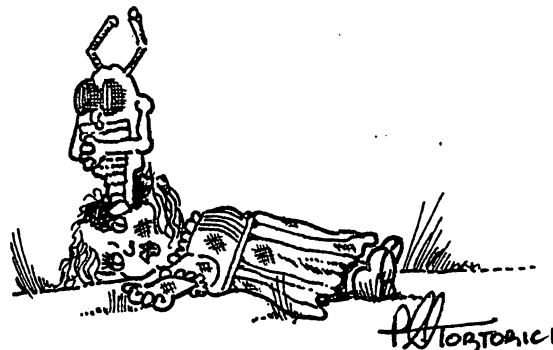
King's opening shot in this four-barreled salvo, "**The Lanqoliers**" is a fasten-your-seatbelt-NOW!! airline flight into oblivion. It concerns the "Odyssey of Flight 29" as it breaches some type of time warp and arrives in the past. Only this particular past is bland, unpopulated, lifeless, and threatening to disincorporate at any moment. It reminded me of a Twilight Zone episode... with teeth.

In "**Secret Window, Secret Garden**" King promises that he's finished saying all he has to say about writers and the craft of writing. It's a dark fable of where stories come from that addresses the relationship between an author and his work much better than he did last year in **THE DARK HALF**.

"**The Library Policeman**" like **IT!**, tells of a malevolent force that takes human shape and preys on children. Just as in **IT!**, the entity goes dormant for awhile ("She waits") but always returns. In my opinion, it works much better than **IT!** and it's a hell of a lot easier to carry.

The final selection, "**The Sun Dog**", is the prologue to King's final Castle Rock story (**NEEDFUL THINGS** due out next year). It tells how Kevin Delevan receives a rather peculiar Sun 660 Polaroid camera for his birthday. The pictures it takes do not capture the subjects Kevin "shoots" but display instead the continuing advance of a very big, very angry dog.

After being disheartened by **THE DARK HALF** and **THE TOMMYKNOCKERS**, I was delightfully surprised by **FOUR PAST MIDNIGHT**. It may not be King's best, but it's head & shoulders above his last few efforts and at least 60-80 % of anything else in the horror field.



- Gerry Adair

### **A CHILD ACROSS THE SKY** - Jonathan Carroll

Doubleday August 1990 215 pages

\$18.95

Critically acclaimed filmmaker Weber Gregston (last seen in Carroll's **BONES OF THE MOON**) finds that his pre-conceived notions of good, evil and even reality itself are slowly destroyed when he investigates the apparent suicide of his best friend, horror film schlock-meister and creator of the 3 cult "Midnight" horror films, Philip Strayhorn. Prior to his death, Strayhorn forwarded 3 videos to Weber that apparently contained his final wishes. The first tape holds a brief message, while the other two are apparently blank. Yet new material is found on the tapes whenever Weber reviews them. If Strayhorn is dead, then how is he able to update the tapes?

In the tapes Weber is asked to complete Strayhorn's final film "Midnight Never Leaves". This request is repeated by a young girl who identifies herself as the angel Pinsleepe. Unless it is completed, and completed in a specific way, she tells him, the germ of true evil that

## Book Reviews

Strayhorn accidentally discovered (and put in motion by filming a scene that has since disappeared) will cause the death of innocent others.

My first brush with Carroll's fiction was in the 1983 Ace edition of **THE LAND OF LAUGHS**. There, I discovered that he was a master of the subtle art of transforming the ordinary into the fantastic and the whimsical into the hellacious. **A CHILD ACROSS THE SKY** continues to reaffirm that mastery. It is a powerful journey into the nature of friendship, art, life, death and ultimately, the self. Required reading for those who think there's nothing new in the fantasy/horror field.

The title refers to the response Pinsleepe gives to Weber when he asks her if his friend is really still alive.

"No. He's dead. But what he **was** is still alive. Do you get it? If we could put all the children we have been across the sky, we'd understand ourselves a lot better."

- Gerry Adair

**TEMPTER** - Nancy A Collins

Onyx September 1990

\$4.50

Back in High School, one of my classmates was held in particular awe by his peers. He spent a weekend in Atlantic City (we're talkin' Pre-Casino, Steel Pier era Atlantic City) where he ran into Janis Joplin. As the legend goes, Ms Joplin took such a liking to him that she "Rock & Rolled" him all weekend long. He returned to North Catholic High School a changed (and extremely tired) man.

Adam Rossiter, the burnt-out rocker in Nancy Collins' latest novel has a similar experience with a thinly disguised, un-named Joplin that serves as the highpoint and last hurrah in his musical career. Years later, on the skids and seeking spiritual enlightenment, he attends a New Orleans voodoo ceremony. There he meets Ti Alice and, even more importantly later discovers an 18th century book in her collection entitled "Aegrisomnia".

The book has been the prison of a malevolent entity identified as the Tempter and Adam Rossiter is about to become it's channel of re-entry into the material world.

As in **SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK**, Collins writes in a gritty, grab-you-by-the-throat style. This is a fine tale of voodoo and revenge that spans 2 centuries. If you enjoy a little full-tilt boogie in your horror fare, this one swaggers and struts.

- Gerry Adair



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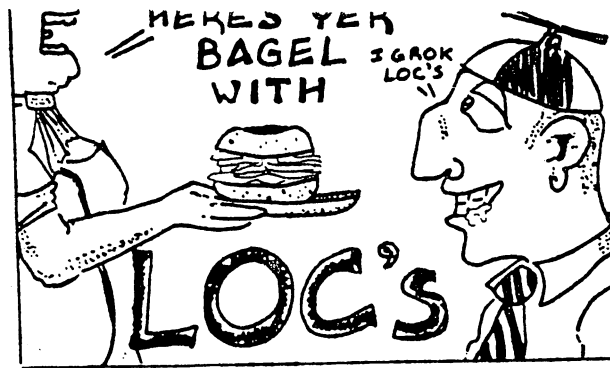
4834 NW 2 Ave.

Boca Raton (Teeca Plaza)

**Directions:** Take I-95 to Yamato Rd. Go east to NW 2 Ave.

SFSFS member discounts: start at 10%; 15% over \$50; 20% over \$125





Teddy Harvia  
P.O. Box 905, Euless TX. 76039

October 15

Dear Gerry

I personally would not have placed my adult-oriented cartoon directly below the news of your preadolescent son's art? I don't mind corrupting the minds of consenting adults with my humor, but I draw the line with impressionable children.

(Teddy. I appreciate your concern. It's refreshing these days. However, Jason is a tad more knowledgeable than most of his peers in the area of sexuality. I think this has a lot to do with the fact I carry a lot of condoms around due to my work with some AIDS groups in Belle Glade. When he asked, I explained what they were created for and that seemed to satisfy him. As an interesting counterpoint, when I asked if it was okay to leave condoms in the con suite at the last fan gathering I attended, the powers that be feared that the adult attendees would use them for water balloons. Now you tell me, who is going to be corrupted by your cartoon? - Gerry).

November 12

Dear Gerry

A more appropriate Hugo loser's button might be "I'M ORNERY JUST BECAUSE I WAS NOMINATED". At Noreascon I wore a button that said "I'M OBNOXIOUS, BUT I'M WORTH IT", but it had nothing to do with the awards.

Great Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle by Jason Lean Adair. Five-year old Matilda became frustrated one evening trying to draw the creatures. I stayed her tears by telling her that she drew great sharks and cats and mermaids. I myself couldn't draw a scribble at her age.

I'm looking forward to the premiere of **ROBOT JOX**. Gay Haldeman dropped me a note about it last month. Either because of her handwriting or my eyesight, I thought the title was **ROBOT JOY**. I couldn't **imagine** what that'd be about. **JOX** makes more sense, especially after seeing the previews on TV.

Harry Warner, Jr  
423 Summit Ave. Hagerstown, Md 21740

November 12

Dear Gerry

I have a lot of explaining to do. You've been patiently sending me copies of the SFSFS Shuttle and you've been getting a large zilch in return. Inadvertently, you've triggered the situation when you began

with the large envelope containing several issues. This instantly activated a peculiar syndrome that has gotten me into fanzine trouble before. I decided several issues simultaneously called for a longer than normal LoC and put off writing that LoC until someday when there was plenty of spare time. Unfortunately, most of my spare time vanished when I retired eight years ago, a rarely mentioned but very awful reversal of all logic which afflicts most retirees. Then another issue came while I delayed and that meant an even longer LoC was in order and a further wait for extraordinary amounts of spare time some day. By now, I wouldn't have the patience to, respectively and infinitely destructively, write and read the gargantuan LoC due you after all these issues.

So suppose I make a pitiful but well-meant gesture by just commenting on the two most recent issues and adding that I enjoyed the older ones immensely and hope fervently there's an alternate universe where I've responded promptly to each and everything you've sent.

In general, then, I like the clear typography, the relaxed atmosphere in the Shuttle, and the evidence it adds to the argument that clubzines are the only real hope of keeping fanzines from slipping into non-existence because it's so difficult and expensive for just one lone fan to produce them nowadays without the help in a financial and cheering section sense of a club.

Your editorial in the October issue reminds me that some wellmeaning people are spoiling the proper attention that should be given to Satanism manifestations. Too many harmless pranks and episodes which don't even qualify as pranks are being mistaken for Satanic rituals and misbehavior. (A recent local episode consisted of someone seeing weirdly dressed youths and an animal they were obviously about to sacrifice, amid weird chants; when police arrived, they turned out to be kids wearing the very latest in fashions, playing records by a rock group, with the pet dog of one of them dashing around excitedly.) As a result, the very genuine and dangerous Satanism manifestations get poohpoohed by liberals, who mistake them for more false alarms.

It's good to know that **DR WHO** will be included on the Sci-Fi channel's programming. I hope it will be scheduled at a reasonable hour. For some reason nobody has ever explained, the public broadcasting stations in this area run it too late at night for most younger kids to be able to enjoy it. The Maryland PBS network puts it on at 11:30 pm, and I believe Washington's PBS station plays it at 11 pm.

However, I fear the chance of my enjoying the Sci Fi Channel is slim. The local cable channel recently added C-Span to it's offerings, and normally doesn't increase it's offerings oftener than once every year or two. The flyer for the Sci Fi Channel looks promising, although I view with alarm the fact that several series will be horror or pure fantasy and I suspect that most of the old movies will fall into that category since there just haven't been that many science fiction movies made before the 1980's. I'd hate to see science fiction dwindle on a channel named for it.



(continued next page)

Alas, you won't be able to run again one name in the birthday list. In case you haven't heard, Donald A. Wollheim died in New York City shortly after the birthday recorded in your October issue. Today's fans know him mostly as an editor and publisher of professional science fiction but he was enormously important in fandom during its formative period.

You have company in the problem you discuss in the editorial for the November issue. In the past couple of years, a judge has been blown up by a mail-bomb in a building one-third of the way down this block, there has been an armed robbery in the basement apartment of the structure immediately north of mine, two buildings up the street experienced a burglary, a woman living directly across the street from me was picked up on drug charges, and there was a major drug raid in a large apartment structure on the other side of the alley that runs behind my house. Not to mention such episodes as the midnight pounding on my door by a semi-hysterical young woman who thought her husband was about to kill her and vandalism around my property. The only way to get relief, as far as I know is to petition highway authorities to move the interstates so they will run as far as possible from larger communities. Look at the FBI crime statistics and you'll find that any town that is close to an interstate has a much larger crime rate than towns at a greater distance from any interstate. Hagerstown is only a couple of miles from the juncture of I-81 and I-70, alas.

I'm that rarity, a fan who has no interest in computers and wouldn't have one in the house. So I don't know if my solution to the computer virus problem would work. If it's possible to measure precisely how much space on a disc is occupied by a program or by stuff the computer user has written, wouldn't it be possible to detect the presence of a virus by the fact that more space is occupied than the amount deposited? Even if the virus is inactive until triggered, it must take up some space.

The review of **ECHOES FROM THE MACABRE** mentions Barnes & Noble as the source of the anthology. I might point out that this firm publishes catalogues regularly for mail order customers and it isn't necessary to place regular orders to stay on the mailing list. I doubt if I buy from B & N more than once a year and new catalogues continue to bob up every month or two. I don't remember seeing this particular title in the most recent listings, but the firm does offer quite a few books of fantasy or science fiction interest, mostly at substantial discounts from the list price. The address is 126 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011.

It's sort of discouraging to know I must try to expand my ROM or whatever the computer trade calls it to cope with yet another Donald Thompson in fandom. Life was so simple back in the 1940's when there was only one Donald Thompson. Now fandom has acquired a new one every six or eight years. I wish they would all get together, figure out the chronological order in which they became fans, and put Roman numerals after their names. Nobody could keep the kings of England and France straight if the Henrys and Louises hadn't numbered themselves in orderly fashion, and with such a royal example before them, I don't think the Don Thompsons would consider such a procedure bureaucratic or degrading.

Among the LoC's in these two issues, I thought Janice Scott-Reeder's was particularly brilliant. She writes wonderfully well in a letter and  
(continued next page)



## LoC's

I suspect you would get equally good results if you could persuade her to do some articles for the Shuttle.

Again, my apologies for such rude silence for so long. If only the rumor that I respond instantly with a LoC to every fanzine that arrives were true! But it's a fallacious canard, undoubtedly spread by Soviet agents as practice assignments for more important rumor mongering during their apprentice days.

(The wait was well worth it, Harry. Many thanks for the kind words - G)

**Ray Aldridge**

389 N Gardner Dr. Ft Walton Beach, Fl 32548

November 13

Dear Gerry,

I just got the new Shuttle--thanks. I always find interesting reading therein, even when you don't mention me.

I'm sorry I didn't get to Necronomicon this year, but it was just impossible. Are you going to Chicago next year for the worldcon? I'm planning to make that one--if the sun doesn't gutter out before then--maybe I'll be able to see a lot of the folks I've met through correspondence the last couple of years. I sure hope so.

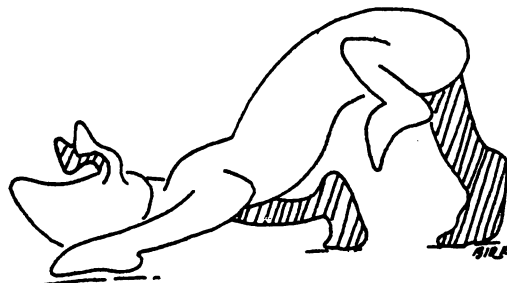
... Have I written since we bought a bigger sailboat? Last spring we went on a fairly lengthy cruise in our little 22 footer, which convinced us that we needed more room. So we mortgaged our souls and got a bigger boat. We like it a lot, except when the payment comes due. Anyway, we named the new boat "Dilvermoon". I assure you: not much decadence is possible (or desirable) on a 27 foot sailboat, but it **is** an artificial world.

(Sorry you didn't make it to "Necro" Ray, a pleasant time was had by all. Which reminds me, have I mentioned that Joe Siclari & I will be co-chairing TROPICON X? You'll be hearing from me **real soon!** - G)

**Sheryl Birkhead**

23629 Woodfield Rd. Gaithersburg, MD 20882.

Nov 13



... Your sideline observation of the bust should have (you seemed to be mighty close to the action!) left you with a "shocky" feeling once it was all over- or wasn't it really THAT "real"? Thank you, but I'd rather observe from a distance. (Ever hear the old joke-- where would you like to be during an atomic blast? Dunno- but somewhere so I could say- what was that?)

Uh- I see the proposed slate- how does the editorship work-- whoever  
(continued next page)

loses... or what? Just curious. You seem to be hitting your stride in cranking this little epistle out. Easy as falling off a..uh...er pickle?

Why don't you see about an outing to go see **ROBOTJOX** from Tropicon? Of course I'm saying that without having even the slightest idea where it's playing...

Sounds as if Chuck and Franny had a good time. It all blurs after a while and I can't remember if I've read other Necronomicon reports.

... I did get up the nerve to write to Bruce - asking for a color copy of my offering (for the Mah Jonng-sp?) - and promptly got a nice reply and the copy-- saying he had been blithely unaware that the copy he sent me a year ago hadn't arrived. I promptly sent him a card to tell him this one **had** made it!

Once again. looking at your **IT CAME IN THE MAIL!** page- I remain humbled in the knowledge that I didn't get anywhere near the number of zines that come out! This time it was 3/12. However, I think I've seen the Piers Anthony newsletter..but didn't pick up a copy.. and I **DO** have a pilfered copy of **FURTHER SOUTH ON PEACHTREE STREET**-- if those count, I've made it all the way up to 5/15---ah, progress! (Yeah, you can prove anything with statistics.-- that is a nonsequiter of some sort).

## THANK YOU AND GOODNIGHT

### DONALD A WOLLHEIM

A seminal SF fan in the 1930's, Wollheim became one the genre's most important editors, publishers and anthologists.

His irregular fictional output debuted in 1934 ("The Man from Ariel") and continued through the juvenile "Mike Mars" series in the 50's & 60's.

His career as an editor began in 1941 when he became editor of **STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES & COSMIC STORIES**. He moved on to Avon where he edited, among other titles, the **AVON FANTASY READER** and **THE AVON SCIENCE FICTION READER**. He served as the SF editor for ACE from 1952 through 1972. In 1972 he started DAW books.

Among his anthologies are: **THE POCKET BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION** (1943); **FLIGHT INTO SPACE** (1950); **THE END OF THE WORLD** (1956); **MEN ON THE MOON** (1958); **MORE ADVENTURES ON OTHER PLANETS** (1963) and **OPERATION: PHANTASY** (1967).

### ROALD DAHL

The author of innumerable light-hearted children's stories and some of the "most startling short stories in the language" died of a heart attack on November 23rd. He was also one of the developers of the Wade-Dahl-Till valve (a non-blocking implant valve to drain fluid from the brain).

His fiction included:

**THE GREMLINS** (1943); **JAMES AND THE GIANT PEACH: THE TWITS** and **DANNY, CHAMPION OF THE WORLD**.

His short story collections include: **SOMEONE LIKE YOU** (1953); **KISS KISS** (1960); **SWITCH, BITCH** (1974); and **THE BEST OF ROALD DAHL** (1978).

Genre Screenplays: "You Only Live Twice" (1967) & "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" (1968). The film "Willie Wonka And The Chocolate Factory" was based on his **CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY**.

Television: **WAY OUT**; **ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS** and the 1979-1981 syndicated series **ROALD DAHL'S TALES OF THE UNEXPECTED**.

## CON-siderations

**OMNICON '91**, Feb 1 - 3, 1991

Ramada Florida Center  
7400 International Drive  
Orlando

**Dr Who** intensive!

**GUESTS:** Ray Harryhausen, Sylvester  
McCoy, Tom Baker, David A Kyle,  
Andre Norton & Ken Mitchroney

**Registration:** \$45 until 1/15/91

**Reservations:**

1-800-332-4600 (in FL)

1-800-327-1363 (USA)

**Boskone XXVIII** Feb 15-17, '91

Sharon Monarch Place and  
Springfield Marriott Hotels,  
Springfield, MA

**GOH:** Mike Resnick

**Official Artist:** Ed Emsh

**Membership:** \$28 through 1/9/91.

**INFO:** Boskone 28

C/O NESFA

Box G, MIT Branch PO

Cambridge, MA 02139-0910.

**WORLD HORROR CONVENTION I**

Feb 28-March 3, 1991

Nashville Hyatt Regency

Nashville, TN

**GOH:** Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

**TM:** David Schow, John Skipp, Craig  
Spector & Richard Christian  
Matheson

**MEMB:** Attending \$65

Supporting \$45

Limited to 1,000 attendants.

**INFO:** SASE to

WORLD HORROR CONVENTION

P.O. Box 22817

Nashville, TN

or call (615) 226-6172

**SERcon 5**, March 15 -17 1991

Ft Lauderdale Airport Hilton

**Guest:** Bruce Sterling

**INFO:** SERcon

P.O. Box 70143

Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307

## DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

Brian Lumley 12/2/37; Jimmy  
Sangster 12/2/27; Leigh Brackett  
12/7/15; George MacDonald  
12/10/1824.

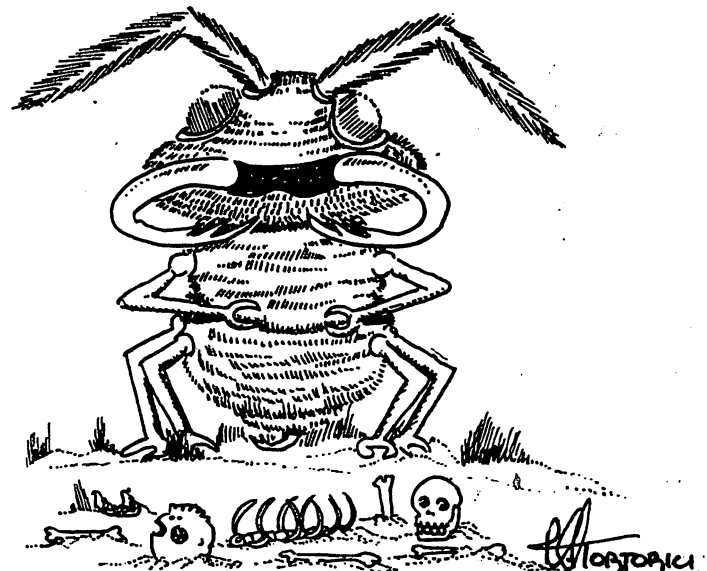
Karl Edward Wagner 12/12/45;  
Shirley Jackson 12/14/19; Arthur  
C Clarke 12/16/17; Philip K Dick  
12/16/28; Jack Chalker 12/17/44;  
Alfred Bester 12/18/13; Michael  
Moorcock 12/18/39; Jack Haldeman  
12/18/41; Steven Spielberg  
12/18/47; Joseph Payne Brennan  
12/20/18.

David H Keller 12/23/1880; Fritz  
Leiber 12/24/10; Rod Serling  
12/25/?; L. P. Hartley 12/30/95;  
Rudyard Kipling 12/30/1865.

Fitz-James O'Brien 12/31/1828.

## JANUARY DEADLINE

Hey, it's the holidays - Cut  
yourselves some slack! If you've  
got something, get it to me by  
December 15th. If not, don't  
sweat it. This will be a rather  
short issue. Oh yeah, HO-HO-HO  
Y'all.





## IT CAME IN THE MAIL!!

**ANVIL # 52** Oct '90. Birmingham SF Club 8325 7th Ave S. Birmingham AL. 35026. Editors: Charlotte Proctor & Richard Spann. Tom Clancy interviewed by Richard Gilliam. Loads of LoC's. 44 pages.

**BCSFazine # 210** Nov '90. Monthly clubzine of the British Columbia Science Fiction Association. P.O. Box 35577, Stn E. Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G9. Editor: R Graeme Cameron. Graeme (God Bless 'im!) reviews the 1959 classic "Attack Of The Giant Leeches". The Restoration of "Fantasia". Archoe-SF-ology examines Cyberpunk.

**DASFAX vol 22 # 10** (Oct '90) & **vol 22 # 11** (Nov '90) Digest sized monthly clubzine of the Denver Area Science Fiction Association (DASFA). C/O Fred Cleaver 153 W Ellsworth Ave. Denver CO 80223-1623 Editors: Fred Cleaver & Rose Bectem. Don C Thompson reviews **RAISING THE STONES** by Sherri S Tepper & Piers Anthony's **FIREFLY**.

**DeProfundis # 224** (Oct '90) & **# 225** (Nov '90). Club minutes of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society. 11513 Burbank Blvd, N Hollywood, CA 91601. Editor: Jeni Burr. Consistently the most entertaining minutes you'll ever read.

**THE INSIDER # 161** (Nov '90). Newsletter of The St Louis Science Fiction Society. P.O. Box 1058, St Louis, MO. Club info. 2 pages.

**INSTANT MESSAGE # 486** (Oct 28, '90) & **# 487** (Nov 14, '90). The New England Science Fiction Association, Inc. Box G, MIT Branch Post Office. Cambridge, MA 02139. Clerk: Luann Vitalis. Boskone Info.

**INTERGALACTIC REPORTER** Nov '90. Newsletter of The New Jersey Science Fiction Society. P.O. Box 65, Paramus, NJ 07653-0065. News & reviews.

**NASFA SHUTTLE vol 10 # 10** (Oct '90) Newsletter of The North Alabama Science Fiction Association, Inc. P.O. Box 4857. Huntsville, AL 35815-4857. Editor: Nelda Kathleen Kennedy.

**OSFS STATEMENT # 160** (Oct '90) & **# 161** (Nov '90). Monthly newsletter of The Ottawa Science Fiction Society. Box 6636 Stn J, Ottawa, Ontario K2A 3Y7. Editor: Lionel Wagner. **# 160** - News & Reviews. **# 161** CONvalescence post-con. Fandom in Czechoslovakia.

**PENGUIN DIP # 39** Nov '90. Gaming & Postal Diplomacy zine of Stephen H Dorneman. 94 Eastern Ave # 1. Malden, MA 02148. Political systems evaluated. The "Slap-Bracelet" crisis.

**PSFS NEWS** Nov '90 Newsletter of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. P.O. Box 8303. Philadelphia, PA 19101. Club news.

**THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS #13** Nov '90 (Second Anniversary ish). Perzine of Thomas D. Sadler 422 W Maple Ave Adrian, Michigan 49221. \$1.50 per ish or the usual. 26 pages chockfull of goodies: exceptional art (including Birkhead, Ranson, Fox [How do I get hold of this guy?] & Harvia). Fiction. An intro To William S Burroughs by John Thiel. Reviews. 10 pages of interesting & articulate LoC's. Recommended!

IT CAME IN THE MAIL!!

**STONE HILL LAUNCH TIMES** vol 4 # 11 (Nov '90). Newsletter of the Stone Hill SF Society. P.O. Box 2076 Riverview, FL 33569. Newsletter lady: Anne Morris. News, Views & Annie's Recipies.

**TRANSMISSIONS** Nov '90. Quarterly newsletter of Nova Odysseus. P.O. Box 1534 Panama City, FL. Editor: Anne Davenport. Club re-organization.

**WESTWIND # 152** Sept/Oct '90 Monthly Newsletter of the Northwest Science Fiction Society. P.O. Box 24207 Seattle, WA. 98124.

Also received:

**B 1/2 X 11zine # 6 7/8.** Personal newsletter of David Thayer (an anagram of Teddy Harvia). P.O. Box 905 Euless, TX 76039. A quick summary of recent events in the life of the editor. A warm 2-pager. I think I like this man.

**SCI-FI CHANNEL NEWSLETTER** vol 1 # 1 Oct '90. 2000 W. Glades Rd, Suite 206 Boca Raton, FL 33431-7318. Phone:(407) 345-7001. Editor: Auriette Hahn. Name The Newsletter contest. Programming updates.

**SOUTH FLORIDA AROID & EXOTIC PLANT SOCIETY** Nov '90 Monthly newsletter of the club. 5431 NW 76 Pl Pompano Beach, FL 33073-3516 Editor: Janice King. For those of you interested in preserving the biosphere.

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**SFSFS ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL**

Memberships expire on December 31st. Please renew early.

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ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ ST: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_ BIRTHDAY (optional): \_\_\_\_\_

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### COMING ATTRACTIONS:

Our very brief Post-Tropicon January issue will feature:

- Some semblance of a Post-Tropicon Report.
- The SFSFS annual banquet.
- Gene Valido's "Across The Spectrum".
- Reviews of: the new Dan Simmons collection ; **LAGOON** by Alison Drake; the **LOVECRAFT'S LEGACY** anthology; **BURSTER** by Michael Capoblanco.

Hey, what else do you want? It's the holidays! Go wassail somebody!

You are receiving this issue of The **SFSFS Shuttle** because:

You are a member Of SFSFS.

You are held in great esteem by SFSFS.

You've sent a LoC.

You've submitted Art.

Trade for your zine.

You don't think Yakov Smirnoff is funny.

It contains a review of possible interest to you.

You are attending Tropicon 9.

The editor demanded it!

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



## First Class Mail