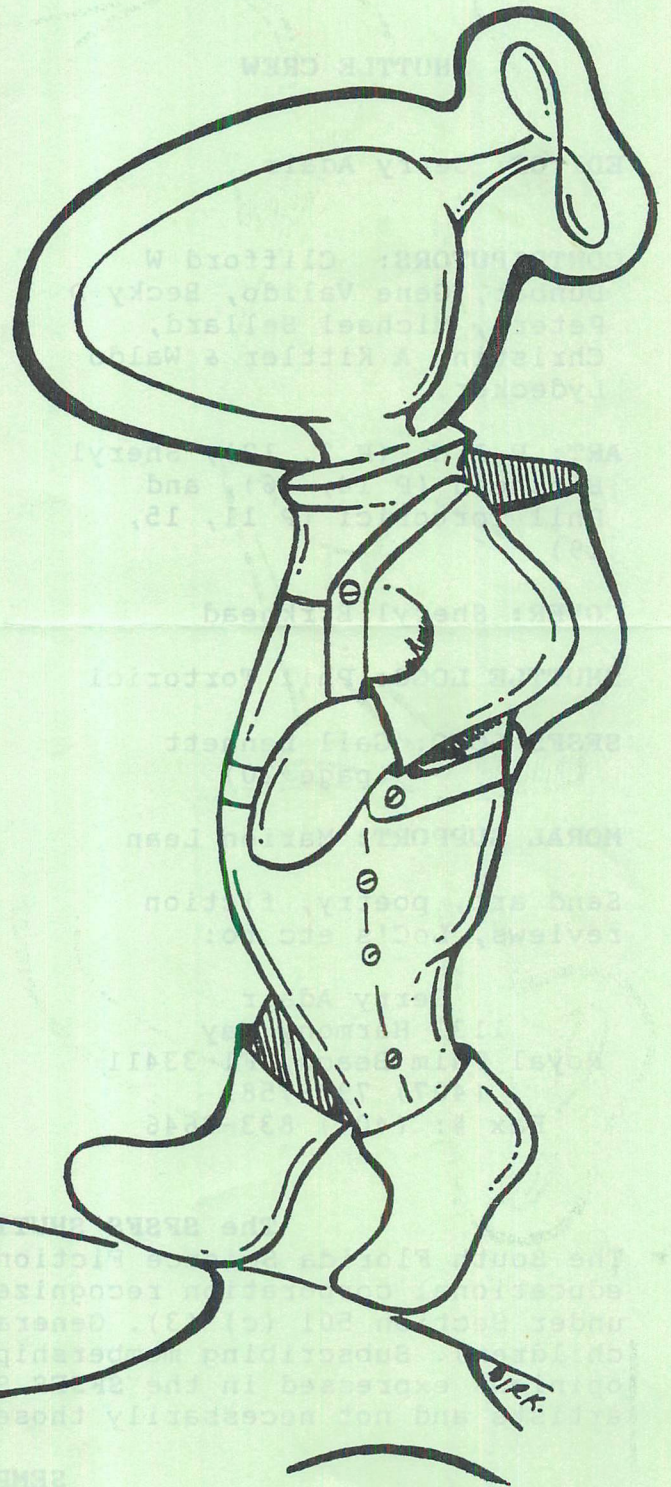


SFSFS Shuttle 74



SEMPER PARVUS

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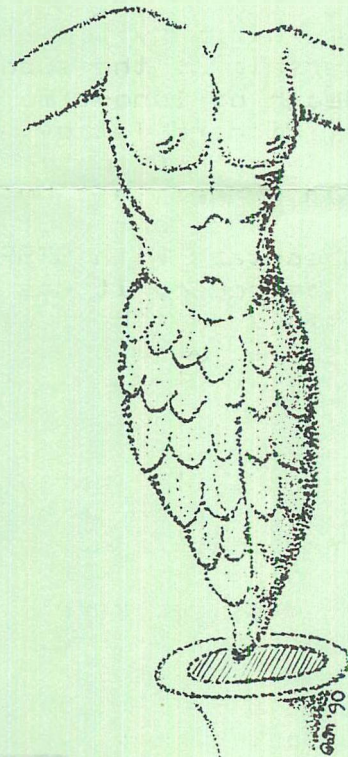
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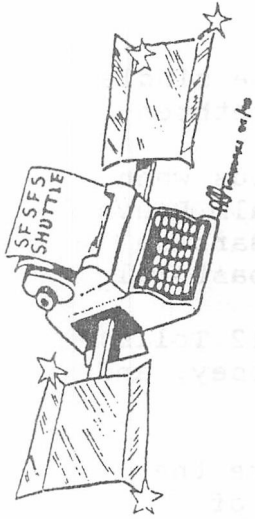
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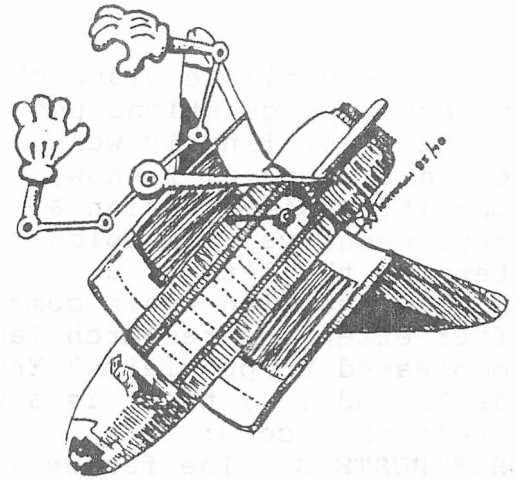
The SFSFS SHUTTLE May 1991 # 74

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



MAY

74

The Official SFSFS Newsletter

IN MEMORIAM RICHARD TETREV

It is my sad duty to report to the membership of the sudden, recent death of long-time SFSFS stalwart, Richard Tetrev.

Just a few short months ago, Richard announced that he'd be leaving the area but would maintain contact with SFSFS whenever he could. It was assumed by many of us that he'd already left the area a few weeks ago. When his mother came down with pneumonia, some family friends went to his apartment to inform him of her hospitalization. He apparently had died in his sleep of a heart attack a day or two before.

A quiet man; you rarely noticed when Richard was around. Yet, whenever work had to be done, he was always there. His tireless contributions of time and effort in organizing Logistics for Tropicons made the workload much easier for the rest of the Con staff.

His sister, Mrs Valerie Kent of Sarasota, will be planning a Memorial Service in the near future. I will ensure that the membership is advised of time, date & location.

GENERAL MEETING

DATE: Tuesday May 14th
at 7:00 pm

LOC: Riverland Library
2710 W Davie Blvd
Fort Lauderdale
(305) 791-1805

Take I-95 to Davie Blvd, Go West to Riverland road. The library is in the SW corner in the shopping center.

Program: "Alien Medical Illustrations"
Artist/Author Sarah Clemens shows how you can combine your work & pleasure!

FILK MEETING

The next Filk gathering will take place sometime in the wee small hours of OASIS III in Orlando (May 18th or 19th). It is alleged by some that the vocals become increasingly more mellifluous in direct proportion to the amount of Single malts the participants consume. Sounds like a wonderful experiment in acoustics!

DISPATCH FROM THE HELM
Universal Studios - Now Open For Business.

For my penultimate Dispatch, I felt a moral duty to answer the single most recurring questions posed to Floridians by our snowbird brethren- "Are the rides finally working at Universal Studios?"

It's a tough gig, I know, but hey, I knew the job was dangerous when I took it. Besides Marion & I really needed to get away from Palm Beach County. Kennedys & Tabloids to the right of us -Exorcisms and Barbara Walters to the left of us... It made me yearn for those quiet pastoral days when the Klan would come to town.

After extensive research (and \$29 admission - \$4 parking - \$12 Tolls) I am pleased to proclaim " Yes, Virginia (and Ohio, and New Jersey, and Rhode Island...), there is a Kong-Frontation!!!"

Here's the scoop:

GHOSTBUSTERS - The facade is the firehouse of the film. Before the show eerie muzak is piped into the lobby & a lame " The Making of Ghostbusters is shown. Finally, audience watches the boys battle the return of Gozer et al, on a mock-up of the 1st film's climactic rooftop battle. 10 minute show. Not too shabby. C+

KONG-FRONTATION - A real crowd pleaser. Be prepared, most of the easily 30 minute wait is concealed behind the facade of a railway station. Great inter-active ride where your gondola is attacked 2x by a mechanical Kong. Fireballs! Helicopters! Lotsa Fun. The ride itself is approx 5 minutes. B+

EARTHQUAKE - An Fx showcase that utilizes a Charlton Heston mini-film that shows how Special Effects are created. Some members of the audience get to participate in a blue-screen re-creation of a segment of the film. The "Big-One" takes place in a subway station and incorporates a flood, a collapsing street and a falling Butane tanker. The ride segment is approx 5 minutes long. B

BACK TO THE FUTURE - We lucked out and were able to participate in a "Tech-Rehearsal" of this soon-to-be-opened ride. Don't Miss it!! Designed and constructed by Douglas Trumbull, it features a wild ride in an 8 passenger DeLorean through Hill Valley, a glacier, the heart of a volcano and the maw of a dinosaur. It also features a great interactive film starring Christopher Lloyd. A real heart-stopper. I don't know how long it took, I just held on! A+

THE HORROR MAKEUP SHOW - Recommended if you're interested in seeing life-masks of horror greats (Lee, Karloff, etc) and some interesting props from **AMERICAN WEREWOLF**, **GHOST STORY** & **THE FLY**. B

HITCHCOCK: THE ART OF MAKING MOVIES - A delight for the Hitchcock buff. Tons of clips including rare 3-d clips from **ANATOMY OF A MURDER** and **THE BIRDS**. A Tony Perkins film and an interactive set illustrate how **PSYCHO**'s shower scene was created. My highlight of the day was being blue matted into **SABOTEUR** and hanging from the hand of the Statue Of Liberty (a la Norman Lloyd). Other interactive sets are from **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN** and **VERTIGO**. A

STUDIO TOUR - Forget it. In-House Hype. D-

Although I wasn't able to ride them, I heard positive reviews for **E.T.**, the **Hanna-Barbera** ride and touring the Nickelodeon studio. My only complaint - no real tribute either to the Classic Universal Monsters or Abbott & Costello: without whom the studio would never have weathered the 30's-40's. As for **JAWS** - Bruce remains broken but a sign proclaims "I'll be back.. in '91."

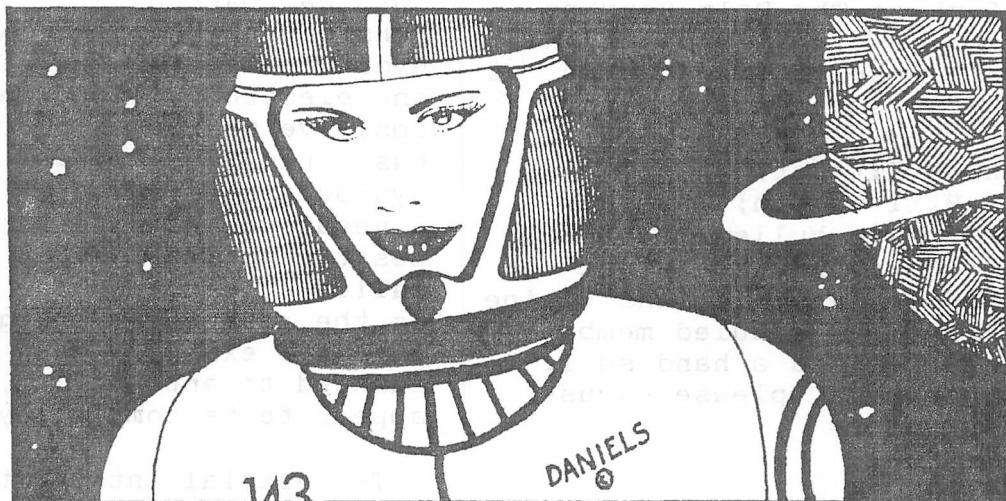
Sounds like a great excuse for a SFSFS field trip!

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



TROPICON X

the South Florida Science Fiction Convention



Guests will be dropping in from all over the galaxy
To celebrate ten years of TROPICON with

Guest Of Honor

ANDRE NORTON

December 6 – 8, 1991

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Guests Of Honor will be returning for the festivities

Confirmed Prior TROPICON Guests Of Honor include:

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Forrest J Ackerman

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Hal Clement

Vincent Di Fate

Lee Hoffman

Other guests so far include:

Authors:

Ginger Curry

Alison Drake

Prudence Foster

Joseph Green

Rob MacGregor

T. J. MacGregor

Filmmakers:

Herschell Gordon Lewis

Sid Pink

Membership: \$18 until July 31, 1991
\$21 until Nov. 1, 1991

Hotel: Fort Lauderdale Airport Hilton
Griffin Road & I-95

Rates: \$61 Single, \$71 Double
Call (305) 920-3300

Make checks payable to: South Florida Science Fiction Society

To register or for more information, write TROPICON X, c/o SFSFS, P.O. Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33140-3039

A special Thank-You is directed to the SFSFS members who worked at Bookfest of The Palm Beaches promoting the club & Tropicon X. Their work resulted in a number of new faces at our April General Meeting. The volunteers were: **Christine A Kittler; Howard Wendall; Bill Wilson; Phil Tortorici; Fran Mullen; Deborah O'Connor; Gerry Adair; Dwight Douglas; Chuck Phillips and Elaine Ashby.** Other unscheduled members dropped by to lend a hand so if I missed your name, please excuse me. Great Work!

Visiting our April General Meeting were: **Vernon Beck, Melanie Holladay & Ed Andino.** All said they learned about us at Bookfest! Welcome, we hope you enjoyed the meeting and the company. If you did, by all means, Join Up!

Speaking of Bookfest, I ran into **Rob and Trish MacGregor** there. The first of Rob's Indiana Jones novels (**Indiana Jones And The Peril At Delphi**) has been well received and **Indiana Jones And The Dance Of The Giants** (Thanks for the advance copy, Rob!) will be released in a few weeks (see this month's reviews). Two more volumes have been completed, one of which will feature a search for Noah's ark. Both Trish & Rob have accepted an invitation to return to **Tropicon X.**

A hearty welcome is extended to some new & returning members: **Ginger Curry, Susan K Allman, Susan C Bergemann and Bridgette Rallo.**

Former SFSFS member **Gary Douglass** will have a story in the revised **AMAZING** magazine. The tale asks "What If THE WAR OF THE WORLDS had been written by Mark Twain?"

The physical makeup of Anti-matter is very similar to the physical makeup of ordinary matter. Consider the Hydrogen Atom. Normal hydrogen consists of one proton and one electron. The former has a positive charge while the latter has a negative charge. Anti-hydrogen consists of a proton with a negative and an electron with a positive charge. It is sometimes called a positron. The difference is the respective charges. If a car, for example, were suddenly changed to anti-matter, it would appear to be completely unchanged.

Terrestrial anti-matter has a very short life expectancy due to the enormous amount of normal matter that it would encounter and trigger it's annihilation. It is believed, however, that space could contain large amounts of Anti-matter. If the rate of mutual destruction could be controlled, it promises to be a huge energy source and Antimatter can be produced on earth by nuclear reactions.



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RANDY

Clifford W. Dunbar

November 28

I suppose I should be glad that Phil returned home today. Certainly I felt relieved to see him, after weeks of not knowing whether he was alive or dead. But some small part of me still resents him for not making it back in time for Thanksgiving, and if this diary serves no other purpose it at least gives me a place to pour out my resentments. And if I thought it would do any good, I would state with every entry that there is no one I feel more resentment toward than Randy.

November 30

Two days have passed since Phil's return, and he does not seem inclined to say much about his latest mission. He's affectionate enough toward me and the kids, though; I suppose I have that to be grateful for. But should I be flattered that he has taken his leave time with his family? Is it something special that a father pays attention to his children and buys them nice presents, or that a husband makes overtures of love to his wife? These are all things that normal people do but something seems lacking. I want more.

Especially here, in a cold foreign country, I need more.

December 1

Today, as in every day since his return, Phil and Randy went to one of the nearby parks to romp in the snow. Randy needs his exercise; else his incipient hyperactivity would make life unbearable for everyone in our house. The children and I did not accompany them. Little Ricky has complained that his father doesn't pay any attention to him when they go for walks with Randy. Marla, very big-sister-like, has tried to reassure her brother that Daddy doesn't mean to ignore him; Randy is just so big and strong that Daddy has to keep a close eye on him so he won't get into trouble. I, too, have long ceased to accompany them, feeling an intruder in a private place: those two have eyes only for each other.

While they were out, I cooked dinner for the family and listened to the radio. After eighteen months of living off-base in Germany, a country which does not celebrate Thanksgiving, I am finally starting to appreciate their music, even if I still lack competency in the language. Too much hanging around with American expatriots, Phil tells me. But that's not true: I don't hang around with anyone.

Phil supplied Randy's dinner, stopping at a butcher's shop on the way home for six kilos of fresh raw beef.

December 2

After getting the kids off to school and Phil off to the PX for groceries I spent most of today contemplating my charcoal sketches, trying to determine which one of them to bring to fruition on canvas. I couldn't help but think about my unknowing participation in several New York City art exhibitions, and the sales I had, unknown to Phil, made over the past year. My friend Monica, with whom I had left many of my paintings before moving overseas, apparently never tired of promoting my work. Now, she is insisting on more.

So, what shall I start with? A surrealistic mountain landscape dominated by my little son's inquiring eyes? My daughter, artistically (and not altogether honestly) transformed into an angel? I have several nice sketches of her, in different positions and from various angles. I have nice sketches of Phil, too--but they seem incomplete without Randy. And I will not paint him.

I don't think I can write any more just now.

December 4

I got a letter from Mom and Dad today. They sent smiling pictures of Ted, Denise, Alison and their spouses and kids. I never thought it would come to this, but I miss my brother and sisters! And I'm jealous of them. The pictures were of their Thanksgiving dinner together. They celebrated it at Mom and Dad's lake place; the whitecaps of Lake Ontario were visible through the large picture window. They look happy; it must have been nice. Even without me.

Plenty of military families live in the States while the husband or wife works abroad, don't they? But not us. Nobody trusts Randy's kind conscious aboard an aircraft; they are routinely drugged. Phil says Randy hates that, and where would my husband spend his leave time then?

December 5

Tonight Phil talked to me about his most recent mission. I knew he had gone somewhere in North Africa and so it came as no surprise that he and Randy had spent most of the past six months in that collection of anarchies that we still euphemistically call Libya, scouting out and reporting hidden terrorist bases. They were also instrumental in breaking up a major heroin-producing operation. As Phil spoke of his time in the field, Randy's eyes lost their relaxed azure color, shifting to an eager, shining amber. When Phil described being spotted, shot at, and nearly killed, Randy's eyes flashed crimson red as he squirmed about nervously on the bed with us, his rapid panting blowing hot breath against our faces, his quivering tail striking and thumping against the covers.

Phil had to adjust the bedside clock; it was running twenty minutes fast by the time he finished his story.

The water in our toilet was threatening to boil over, and my newly-started dreamscape of Ricky's inquisitive eyes was ruined, oils streaking liquidly down the canvas to end up in pools on the floor.

Now they are asleep, and I am writing this in the study.

Perhaps one shouldn't complain about a husband whose work makes the world a safer place for humanity. But what if he fails to create a safe space for his own wife, in their own bedroom?

Hello, SPCA? There's an H-dog on my pillow...

December 7

December 16 is fast approaching.

December 8

Phil spent most of the day at the Base, engaged in the endless debriefings and status reports that the Hermes Project Liason Office there loves so much. Presumably Randy underwent another of his many physicals; he is better cared for than the children and I combined. There was a fierce snowstorm outside for the better part of the day; school closed early in the afternoon so the children could get home before the worst of it. Marla and Ricky played in front of the vidset while the winds howled against the walls of our cozy little house. It was so nice to hear them laughing together; it is heartening to see brother and sister getting along so well.

When Phil returned, they fell silent. Whereas the children had come home shivering under several layers of winter clothing, Phil and Randy strolled into the house as untouched as if the weather outside were no more than a mildly breezy summer day. Phil's light windbreaker, I suspected, was only for show. Randy of course wore nothing but the tatoo marks inside his left ear. His gold and silver pelt was unmarked by the screaming storm outside.

I don't know if they stopped by the park on their way home today for their usual romp. I didn't ask.

What would the neighbors think?

December 9

Even hermesdogs shed, and I get tired of cleaning Randy's hairs off the carpet.

December 10

Phil and I have spent the two weeks since his return conscientiously avoiding the subject which concerns me most: December 16, the end of his term of enlistment. Tomorrow I'll bring it up to him.

December 11

I didn't bring it up to him.

Instead I looked back through my diaries and photo albums, and thoughtfully reminisced about our first years together, and our first encounter in an art class at Niagara Falls Community College. How had such a gentle, understanding man become a soldier? His tiny apartment had been cluttered with brushes and canvas and, most of all, his paintings. Everything from fantasy dreamscapes to mundane portraits of people--and animals--who had caught his attention on the street.

How could he have changed so?

First the draft, a by-product of the escalating tensions of the Third World Wars. Then his selection as a handler for the Hermes Project, the special breeding project that had produced Randy and his fellows. He told me himself: his refined sense of aesthetics and his ability to visualize clearly had put him ahead of most of the other candidates.

Some of the very qualities which had attracted me to him. Qualities which I share. And Randy knows it.

December 12

Of course Phil knows I've been holding back on him, though not the specifics; Randy's training never covered the skirmishes of the art exchange or the battle strategies of what to show when and to whom. And intelligence certainly isn't one of the H-dogs' most notable characteristics. But Phil's H-bond with Randy, inculcated by those fiendish psychobabblers at Camp Williams, Montana, becomes stronger and more refined with the passage of time; whatever Randy picks up via H-sensitivity Phil is immediately aware of.

So we had The Argument again, new variation, this time in the kitchen, to the tune of the dishwasher handling the after-breakfast residues. The Argument really hasn't changed since my descriptions of it twelve years ago, when Phil and I first met. His father is a factory worker, turning the same screw day in and day out; mine is a partner in a prestigious law firm. Sometimes we needed Daddy's money to live. Probably The Argument hasn't changed much since the first Neanderthal clubbed his prospective mate on the head and dragged her by the hair into his cave to do ghastly things to her body. Phil felt slighted, missing out on his college education because of the draft; my constant validation of his worth has proven ineffective in assuaging his male sufferings.

Despite my better judgement, when Phil confronted me this morning, Randy sharing his glare of accusation, I revealed it: our five-figure bank account, thousands of dollars made from the sale of my paintings. Success that Phil had once dreamed of, but was now denied the opportunity of achieving.

He should have been happy about our riches, but he wasn't. His face became icy cold, and at first he said nothing. But Randy's eyes flashed darkly with some deep emotion; I was reduced to deducing my husband's feelings through the manifestations of his H-dog!

Phil, as I have mentioned before, is not the kind of person who would try to keep anyone down; he just has to be better. I tried to tell him that he is always first in my heart. My words had little effect.

Can we ever make this marriage work? As I regarded my husband still seated at the breakfast table, hand resting naturally on his H-dog's neck, it seemed less and less likely.

Perhaps he was thinking the same thing. His voice was tight with emotion as he said, "That's great, Marlene."

Abruptly static burst from the living room, interrupting the meaningless murmur of voices from the vidset. The kids had switched it on and left for school without turning it off. The room glowed with distorted images, but Phil seemed not to notice.

"Maybe you can take that vacation back to the States you've been wanting," he said, struggling for words.

The alarm radio by our bed went off unexpectedly, its sudden eruption of nerve-jarring music startling me.

Dishes crashed in the automatic dishwasher.

"Phil, make him quit!"

Lights flickered throughout the house as circuits choked.

Randy huddled against Phil, trembling, ghost-gray eyes aimed at me, tail pointing down.

"Easy, guy; it's OK," Phil said absently.

Hermes. The Greek god of magic and alchemy. Fine, but not in my house!

I got up angrily to check for fires in the usual places. Why can't we just talk things out like normal people? Why does that damned H-dog always have to interfere?

December 14

There's been considerable pressure on Phil to re-enlist. People who are capable of the H-bond are rare; they aren't casually let go. Can I take two more years of this? Two more years of worry when Phil's not home; two more years of Randy when he is?

I already know the answer to that.

But Phil's going to sign again. He will never leave his beloved H-dog, and Randy will always be US Army property: the one place he can never follow his handler is into civilian life.

It has been well-documented that without their H-bonded partners, the H-dogs become unmanageable. Regulations therefore require that upon the death, disability, incarceration or return of such partners to civilian life, the H-dog in question be drugged and shipped back to Camp Williams for detailed vivisection.

It's that simple. Randy or me.

December 15

Phil re-enlisted today. I held back the tears as best I could.

He spent most of the day at the Base. I spent most of the day on the phone with Mom.

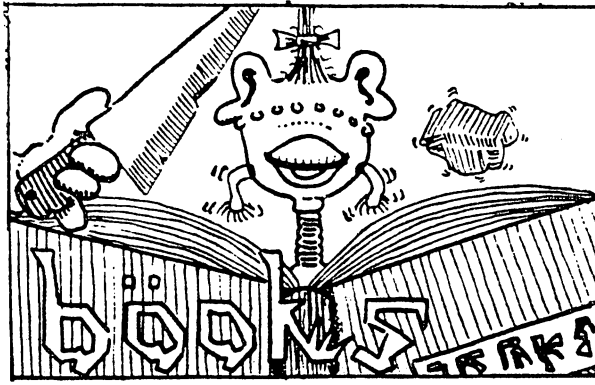
December 17

Phil is off again to God-knows-where. He muttered something about the Suez Canal but he wasn't specific. I kissed him good-bye, but he was too involved with Randy to notice.

December 22

The children and I have spent the last few days packing; our personal belongings are now in suitcases and everything else is ready to be shipped later. We did a quick job because we were in a hurry: tomorrow we have a plane to catch.

With luck, we can be home in time for Christmas.



NIGHT VISIONS 8 Ed- Robert R McCammon
 Dark Harvest \$20.95

The eighth book in the **NIGHT VISIONS** series offers all-original work by **John Farris**, **Stephen Gallagher**, **Joe R Lansdale** and an insightful and clever afterword by **Robert R McCammon**.

John Farris has earned a respected following in the genre with numerous novels and screenplays. The three stories contributed here are certainly entertaining but break no new ground for Farris. In **"Good Morning Daddy"**, Farris sadly settles for the obvious and, while interesting reading, it is blatantly predictable. **"Hairshirt"**, a fitting tale of retribution, and **"More Than Mischief"** work well with both evoking a fairy tale quality.

Stephen Gallagher, the relative newcomer of the group, offers four tales; all but one of which display a keen eye and a sharp wit. Gallagher simply has a good time with his stories, especially **"The Back Of His Hand"**, in which he delivers one of the best closing lines in recent memory. The exception is **"Comparative Anatomy"**, an overlong and dreary tale of two people who embark on a journey with an outcome that is clearly apparent in the first few pages.

Joe R Lansdale supplies the most consistent and disturbing work with the single disappointing entry being **"Incident On And Off A Mountain Road"**.

"Steppin' Out Summer '68" as told in Lansdale's own inimitable style - a sort of warped Mark Twain narrative - is absolutely captivating from beginning to end and easily the most memorable story in the collection. You can almost see the mischievous glint in his eye as he relates the whimsical and tragic misadventures of three youths on a night out in the mythical town of Mudcreek, Texas.

It is the final offering that is undoubtedly the most shocking. **"Drive-In Date"** follows the exploits of two good ol' boys, Merle and Dave, and their unfortunate "date" for the evening. The depiction of these sociopaths is chilling in it's clarity but even more terrifying is the nonchalant way in which the two men discuss murder and rape as if it were a completely necessary and normal function. Lansdale once again reminds us that we need look no further than our own back yards to encounter the real horrors.

If unavailable from your local bookstore, **NIGHTVISIONS 8** can be obtained directly from the publisher, Dark Harvest, P.O. Box 941, Arlington Heights, IL 60006.

Reprinted from The Sun-Sentinel, March 10, 1991 by permission of the author.
 - Michael Sellard

Book reviews

PATTERNS - Pat Cadigan
Ursus Imprints 1989 \$19.95 207 pages

There's an easy way out to describe the work of Pat Cadigan; call her "the female Joe R Lansdale." You may know what I mean - a writer with a highly original voice whose stories come at you like a runaway freight train - cinders flying, smoke billowing, rails screaming- The whole 9 yards. Cadigan is all that and more. But let's get something straight -she doesn't need to be compared to Lansdale, she's a force to be reckoned with all on her own. **PATTERNS** is a collection of her short stories: 13 previously published and one, "The Power And The Passion", original to this collection.

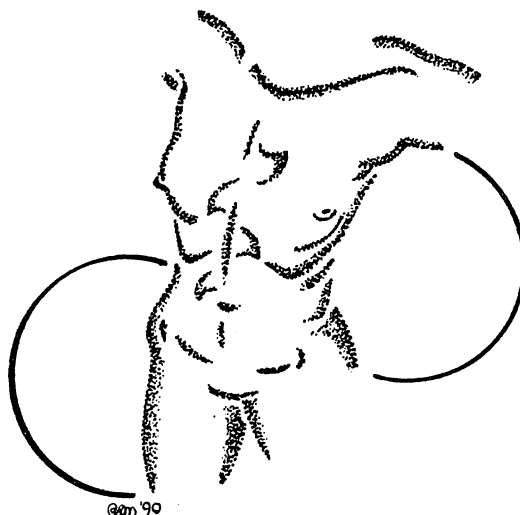
I first discovered her work in Charles L Grant's **SHADOWS 6**. The story, "**Eenie, Meenie, Ipsateenie**", dealt with childhood as a time of "unrelenting terror." and the more sadistic side of Hide and Go Seek. It struck such a familiar chord with me that I've been following her work ever since.

Her stories range from the darkly humorous ("**The Day The Martels Got The Cable**" - which re-defines cable-ready; "**Another One Hits The Road**" which reminds me why Richard Burton lived longer than Jim Fixx and "**Roadside Rescue**" - a sexual tale of one man's meat being another... well, you get the picture) to the positively malevolent ("**The Power And The Passion**" - which illustrates vividly that if vampires are soulless creatures of Hell, than the person who would delight in tracking and killing them must be one truly bent sumbitch!)).

Fans of Cadigan's Cyberpunk stories will find "**Rock On**" and "**Pretty Boy Crossover**" enjoyable. Those who are more partial to her works of horror will be chilled by the steamy New Orleans voodoo ambiance of "**It Was The Heat**."

Above all, Cadigan shines when she deals with the fine lines that are frequently breached between love, co-dependency and obsession. Be prepared to be challenged by "**My Brothers Keeper**"; and "**Angel**" a Hugo Nebula & World Fantasy award nominee and the deserved winner of the 1988 Locus Reader's poll award. Her finest work in this theme is achieved in the exquisite "**Two**".

Now , if you really need a comparison to get a handle on whether or not you want to read Cadigan, let me suggest this - Cadigan is the Bette Davis of the genre and the first page of **PATTERNS** should bear the warning, "Fasten your seatbelts. It's going to be a bumpy ride!" - **Gerry Adair**



CATFANTASTIC: NINE LIVES AND FIFTEEN TALES
CATFANTASTIC II DAW 1991 \$4.50
ed: Andre Norton & martin H Greenberg

DAW 1989 \$3.95

These books should be displayed cover out, since Braldt Brald's work repays examination. The Tabby Housekeeper, fully aware of her (Cont'd)

Book reviews

proper worth, displayed against the backdrop of her office and the Siamese Courtier, showing off his finery in the garden, catch the eye. A few authors have stories in both anthologies, but only Marylois Dunn and Andre Norton carry over their main characters.

The tales (all original to these anthologies) show cats in the past, present and future; as defenders, friends and guardians; interacting with people - whether they are other people-in-fur, humans, or aliens. All are independant, practical, somewhat mystical and inscrutable, occasionally gruff and at least two changed their lives by accident. There are pictures of cat society, the real end of Camelot, how cats adapt to space and other visions of why cats behave as they do. If you are expecting 32 brief synopsis - sorry!

Even if you are allergic to the real thing, these stories will appeal to your sense of adventure, of looking at the world through different eyes. All of the stories are well told and I highly recommend both volumes. many of the authors are known for their novels; I intend to keep checking for those who are not, since these samples of their style have whetted my interest for more.

- Becky D Peters

INDIANA JONES AND THE PERIL AT DELPHI	Bantam (Falcon)	\$3.95
INDIANA JONES AND THE DANCE OF THE GIANTS	Bantam (Falcon)	\$4.50

- Rob MacGregor

There's an obvious inherent difficulty in chronicling the adventures of Indiana Jones. The character was created as a tribute to those wonderful cliffhanging serials of the 40's (With a dash Of C. L. Moore's Northwest Smith - but that's another story) and therefore is better suited to the big silver screen than the printed page. To his credit and skill, Rob MacGregor avoids this trap by focusing more on the major early events and influences in Indiana's life than on the cinematic rapid-fire succession of hair-raising events. And the good news is - it works!

PERIL AT DELPHI chronicles the first archeological expedition of Jones who has just (barely) graduated from the University of Chicago (Class of '20 - Linguistics). He interrupts his pursuit of a Ph.D. in ancient written languages at the Sorbonne to accompany his archeology professor, Dorian Belecamus, to the site of Apollo's Temple in Greece. A crevice caused by an earthquake has exposed a stone tablet that may reveal the source of power of the legendary Delphic Oracle. Soon, Indy finds himself caught between Dorian's transformation into the Delphic Oracle and a plot to assassinate the King of Greece. As a result of this adventure, Jones becomes an archeologist instead of a linguist; a choice that alienates him from his father.

THE DANCE OF THE GIANTS takes place 3 years later. Jones has earned his Ph.D. and has launched his teaching career at the University of London. An expedition to Merlin's Cave in Scotland provides "proof", not only of Merlin's actual existence but his link to the creation of Stonehenge. Indy's experience at the Temple of Apollo proves handy in this well-paced blend of myth, history, political intrigue and adventure.

MacGregors skill at interweaving myth and historical data make both volumes much more than just "pre-packaged" movie tie-ins. Fans of Indiana Jones will be delighted.

- Gerry Adair

Anonymous

March 8

An Open Letter To Rembert Parker

There has been a major change in Florida fandom. You are now safe from danger and dismemberment. No longer need you fear physical abuse nor localized atmospheric disturbances.

You may now return to the Orlando area without worry of retaliation. Following a massive re-plumbing of his air-handling facilities, Tom Hickel has quit smoking! YHOS

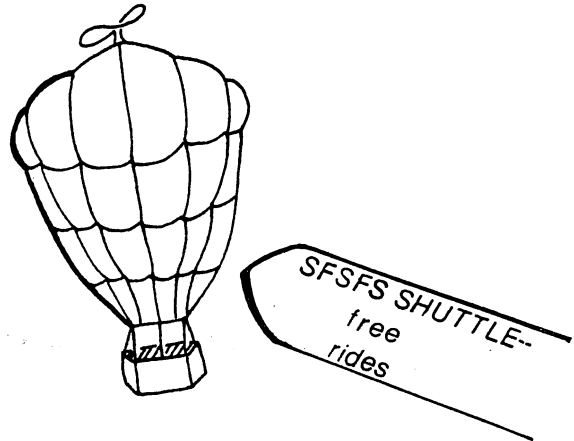
Judy Bemis

1745 NW 4th Ave Boca Raton, FL 33432-1545

March 9th

Congratulations on the production of the 6th anniversary SFSFS Shuttle (#72)! My records show that # 1 was produced by Nancy Atherton who was elected 1st secretary at the meeting that month. In some ways, we've come quite a distance in 6 years.

Having heard it was turned in, I was hoping to see the review of BY THE SWORD in this issue; however running out of space is quite understandable given the things that were in this month's Shuttle. I understand the same reviewer is working on a review of the McCaffery/Moon/Nye Planet Pirates trilogy and **CATFANTASTIC II**, and will look forward to seeing them in the future.



Teddy Harvia

P.O. Box 905, Euless TX 76039

April 10th

Dear Gerry,

I, like Sheryl Birkhead, am amazed at the number of fanzines *I do not* receive. Still that they exist makes me feel good, that in the midst of media hype the written word continues to communicate.

In response to Harry Warner, the popularity of dinosaurs with my daughter Matilda started with *The Land Before Time*. It gave them life and personality.

Beast Wishes

Sheryl Birkhead

23629 Woodfield Road, Gaithersburg MD 20882

April 14th

The SHUTTLE arrived several days ago - love the cover! (Cont'd)

Harvia's work is great. Maybe this year at Chicago...

I'm amazed that Phil didn't illustrate your World Horror Con report. It sounds as if you had a great time and fully intend on a repeat match. Phil's work has been popping up everywhere lately.

Let me see how well I did on the zines this month - 6/19 - just a tiny bit better.

(After seeing the kind of bizarre art Phil can produce sans instruction, I shudder to think what he would have produced for my World Horror Con Report. I find it best to just keep his cage clean and occasionally toss in small wounded animals).

Harry Warner, Jr

423 Summit Ave Hagerstown, MD 21740

April 18

The 73rd Shuttle is to hand, enjoyed and responded to in a more legible degree of black typing. These ribbons would last much longer if there weren't so many fanzines to wear them out.

The World Horror Con Report was entertaining and seems to be quite comprehensive. Are you sure the sponsors didn't arrange for all those scares involving the air flight, just for the sake of putting you into the right mood?

But I'm not sure that I understand how horror fiction "taunts the orthodoxy" for those with religious beliefs. Most of the world's major religions, and particularly those that are most popular in the United states include the existence of evil in their doctrines and most horror fiction depends in one way or another on that very same factor, evil. I know some religious individuals think horror fiction is unsuitable for young persons and for those with any inclinations towards anti-social behavior. But physicians acknowledge the existence of food and at the same time they don't recommend serving chili to six-month-old babies or high salt diets to persons who have had heart attacks.

I'm sorry to learn about the problems Chelsea Yarbrow is having with a misguided "fan". Eventually, Congress or State legislatures will need to come up with legislation that makes it a felony to misbehave as an expression of interest in a celebrity. There have already been murders and severe injuries that have afflicted much more prominent individuals than the science fiction writer, and every time it happens, there's enough publicity in the media to tempt other psychotics to indulge in copycat misdeeds. Mandatory confinement to a mental institution for a specific term is the very least that the courts should be able to prescribe for anyone who seriously (cont'd)



annoys or threatens a celebrity (with exemptions, of course, for fans who pester pros for fanzine material).

FALLEN ANGELS should make quite a stir in fandom when it's published. The first few chapters, which Baen Books has been circulating to some fans and through at least one apa, are intriguing.

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA sounds like a real experience, judging from the review in this issue. However, the \$40 fee for the cheap seats makes me thankful that Hagerstown has no building with the facilities to stage it, removing any temptation I might feel to invest in a ticket to a local performance. Tony Bennett will be in town next month and they're asking \$50 top tickets for him which seems bad enough.

I feel great admiration for ~~Esoteric~~ Simon O. Teric's devotion to duty. Anyone who sits through this particular batch of movies should get an automatic fan writer Hugo nomination for the coming year.

In the fanzine reviews, I believe you misinterpreted Yandro. I'm pretty sure the heart attack material dates back to the creation some years ago to part of the issue that was just recently circulated. As far as I know, Buck has recovered completely from it and hasn't had a recurrence of the problem.

I wonder if I'm the only fan who wonders about the combinations that turn up on the postage stamps used to mail fanzines? For instance, I can't help pondering what Chester Nimitz and Mary Lyon would think if they could know they're side by side on this issue of the Shuttle.

(By taunting the orthodoxy, I felt that Spector was referring to those who steadfastly cling to whatever their religion might proscribe as a matter of "Faith" instead of using (As my mother used to say) "the brains God gave them." Horror, particularly bad horror, makes an easy target for those seeking a "Bogey-Man" instead of seeing the potential for evil that exists in all of us. I wasn't taking a potshot at religion in general but at the particular branches of religion that like their followers complacent and ready to oh.. let's say burn a book simply because one of the imperial poobahs of their little sect decided that the book is morally incorrect or satanic. These are the people I feel that Updike was referring to when he wrote "The world... he tells his son, "Is full of people who never knew what hit them." -Gerry)

JUNE SHUTTLE DEADLINE
May 20th

ROARKE (Fantasy Island)

Your hand, in a tight fist,
Is strong and powerful.
Anger at injustice,
Resolute at fear and weakness,
Subtlety in a world of brashness.
Unfurling as a flower,
Your hand is gentle, kind;
Granting dreams,
Coaxing talents and thoughts.
Things hidden
are clear in your eyes.
Your ears hear music never heard
You, the host of fantasies,
Are eternal.

- Christine A Kittler



BCSFazine # 215 Apr '91. Monthly clubzine of the British Columbia Science Fiction Association. P.O. Box 35577, Stn E. Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G9. Editor: R Graeme Cameron.
Club news & reviews. Mr Science explains why feces are brown.

BRUZZFUZZEL NEWS vol 1 # 65 (Feb/Mar); # 66 (Apr/May) # 67 (Jun/July) '90. - Cover letter announces the temporary cessation of publication due to club re-organization and the resignation of editor Clay Fourrier.

FACTSHEET FIVE # 41 edited by Mike Gunderloy 6 Arizona Ave, Rensselaer, NY 12144-4502. The ultimate reference for finding zines of all kinds. If you wanted a zine that promoted left-handed nostril inhalers that glowed in the dark with a state seal imprinted on it's side, you'd probably find it listed here. 110 awesome pages of zine listings.

FOSFAX # 154 March '91. Bi-monthly of the Falls Of The Ohio Science Fiction and Fantasy Association. ed: Timothy Lane & Janice Moore. Hopefully the last word in the Saret/Schweitzer brouhaha. Con reports (including Philcon), reviews and 29 pages of LoC's.

INSTANT MESSAGE # 493 (Mar '91). NESFA, Box G, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139. Clerk: Luann Vitalis. Twice monthly minutes of the New England Science Fiction Association. Includes the Boskone 28 de-briefing.

NASFA Shuttle vol 11 # 3 March '91. Clubzine of the North Alabama Science Fiction Association. Ed: Nelda Kathleen Kennedy & Mike Kennedy. CONTinuity & World Horror Con I reports.

NIGHTSOUNDS # 3 Nov '90. Fanzine of the USS Nightwing NCC-4025. 7804 N Matanzas Ave, Tampa, FL. 33614 . Trek intensive. Seems like a dedicated group.

OASFIS EVENT HORIZON vol 4 # 11 (#47) Monthly clubzine of the Orlando Area Science Fiction Society, P.O. Box 616469, Orlando, Fl. 32861-6469 Editor: Ray Herz. IT's BULK MAIL TIME!!!! Way to go, Ray! Club news, Kimiye Tipton's always enjoyable "The Suspended Believer" & Rembert's copyrighted column. I recommend OASIS in May (see CON-siderations.) If you smoke, you may consider arming yourself.

PENGUIN DIP # 43 Mar '91. Gaming & Postal Diplomacy zine of Stephen H Dorneman. 94 Eastern Ave # 1. Malden, MA 02148.
More art by Birkhead, Harvia, PaM, Tortorici & B. Ware.

PSFS NEWS Apr '91 Newsletter of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. P.O. Box 8303. Philadelphia, PA 19101. Secretary: Carol Kabakjian. Club news from my favorite city.

PROPER BOSKONIAN Feb '91. Semi-annual genzine of NESFA. Box G MIT Branch PO, Cambridge MA. 02139-0910. ED: Laurie D T Mann. Westercon & CONFiction report. Excellent article entitled "Microprogramming: The Lost Episodes". Well done reviews.

SCI-FI CHANNEL NEWSLETTER Vol 1 # 2 2000 Glades Rd; Suite 206. Boca Raton, FL 33431

The fanzine created to promote a yet to be launched cable channel that will feature 85 % re-runs of SF-Fantasy shows (Dr Who, Dark Shadows, The Prisoner, etc.) and "Horror the whole family can enjoy." All with commercial interruptions. Anyone, other than me, beginning to feel there's something wrong here?

THE SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION BULLETIN # 8 Jan '91 - News and information about the fannish community of the Southeastern United States. ED: P L Carruthers-Montgomery. 2629 Norwood Ave. Anniston, AL 36201-2872. Highly Recommended. Louisville in '94 bid info.

The TEXAS SF INQUIRER # 36 (Dec) & # 37 (Feb) Ed: Alexander R Slate 1847 Babcock St #406; San Antonio, TX 78279. #36 - Carole Nelson Douglas interview. # 37 Katherine Eliska Kimbriel interview. Soonercon report by David Thayer.

TRANSMISSIONS Apr '91. Monthly clubzine of The Panhandle Science Fiction Society (another PSFS!) P.O. Box 1534, Panama City, FL. 32402-1534. Ed: Ann Davenport. Recently changed club name from Nova Odysseus to The Panhandle Science Fiction Society.

Con-siderations

ConGO May 18-19 Denver, CO
Continental Hotel, 2601 Zuni
(303) 433-6677

GOH: Joe R Lansdale

TM: Edward Bryant

Memb: \$20 at door.

INFO: ConGO

P.O. Box 27074

Denver, CO 80227

OASIS 4 May 17-19 Orlando, FL
Gold Key Inn (407) 855-0050
7100 S Orange Blossom Trail

GOH: Robert Asprin

AGOH: Don Maitz

Also: Prudence Foster, Richard

Lee Byers, Lee Hoffman, Andre

Norton, Jack C Haldeman III..

MEMB: \$20 at the door

INFO: OASIS 4

P.O. Box 616469

Orlando, FL 32861-6469

An enjoyable Con! Stop by the
Tropicon X Party and say Hi!

Deep Southcon 29 June 7-9
Knoxville, TN Hilton Inn
(615) 523-2300

GOH: Charles L Grant

AGOH: Doug Chaffee

TM: Andrew J Offutt

Also - Mercedes Lackey & Larry
Dixon

MEMB: \$22 till 6/1; \$25 at door

INFO: SASE to

ConCat III/Deep South Con

C/O Comics, Inc

5415 Kingston Pike, Suite F

Knoxville, TN 37919

(615) 522-3470

ChiCon V Aug 29-Sept 2 '91

Hyatt Regency Chicago, IL

GOH: Hal Clement

AGOH: Richard Powers

EdGOH: Martin H Greenberg

TM: Marta Randall

MEMB: \$105 Attending; \$30

Supporting - \$75 child until
7/15/91

INFO: CHICON V, P.O. BX A3120
Chicago, IL 60690-3120

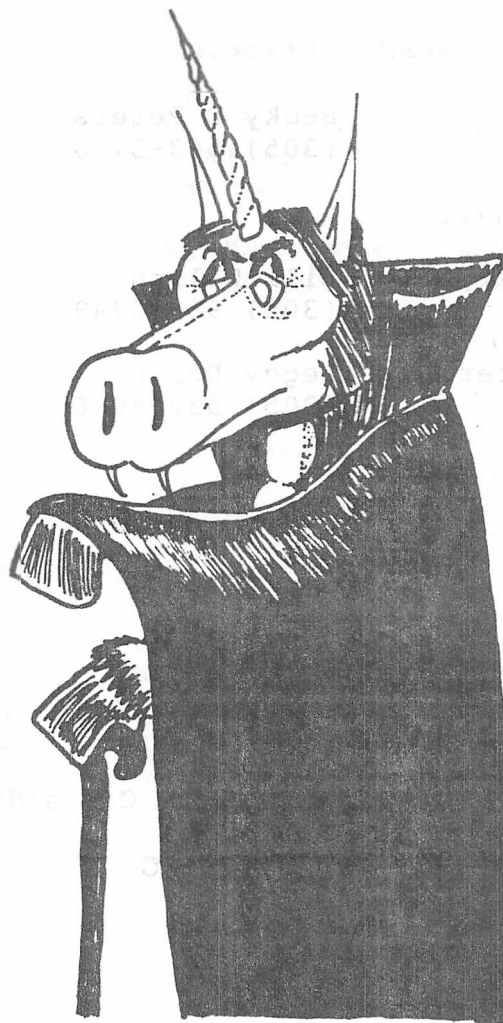
BIRTHDAYS

E.E. "Doc" Smith 5/02/1890;
John Collier 5/03/01; S Lynn
Stokes 5/06/46; Richard
Cowper 5/09/26; H Russell
Wakefield 5/09/1888.

Philip Wylie 5/12/02; Roger
Zelazny 5/13/37; Donald M
Thompson 5/13/29; Daphne du
Maurier 5/13/07; George Lucas
5/14/44; L Frank Baum
5/15/1856; Fred Saberhagen
5/18/30; Edward Lucas White
5/18/1866.

Gardner F Fox 5/20/11;
Manly Wade Wellman 5/21/03;
Arthur Conan Doyle 5/22/1859;
James Blish 5/23/21; Isidore
Haiblum 5/23/35; Edward
Bulwer-Lytton 5/25/1803;
Harlan Ellison 5/27/34; John
Barth 5/27/30; John Kendrick
Bangs 5/27/1862; T H White
5/29/06.

Hal Clement 5/30/22; R
Chetwynd-Hayes 5/30/19.



South Florida Science Fiction Society Membership Application

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

	General	Child*	Regular**
Jan. - Mar.	\$15.00	\$1.00	\$20.00
April - June	\$12.00	\$1.00	\$17.00
July - September	\$9.00	\$1.00	\$14.00
October - December **	\$21.00***	\$1.00	\$26.00***

* Child memberships - 12 years or younger whose parent or legal guardian is a SFSFS member.

** Regular membership requires minimum activity participation as set in the Bylaws.

*** Includes FULL DUES for the following year.

Name _____ Date: _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (home) _____ (work - optional) _____ Birthdate _____ (year optional)

Interests: _____

SFSFS Officers

Chair: Becky D Peters
(305) 563-5788

Vice-Chair:

Secretary: Bill Wilson
(305) 983-0749

Treasurer: Peggy Dolan
(305) 532-8008

You are receiving this issue of
the **SFSFS SHUTTLE** because:

✓ You are a member of SFSFS

✓ You are a potential member of
SFSFS (Here kid, the first
one's free!!).

✓ You are held in great esteem
by SFSFS

You've submitted a LoC,
Poetry, Review, Fiction or
Art.

Trade for your zine.

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

The editor demanded it!



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

Lee Hoffman
401 Sunset Trail NW
Port Charlotte, FL
33952



First Class Mail

