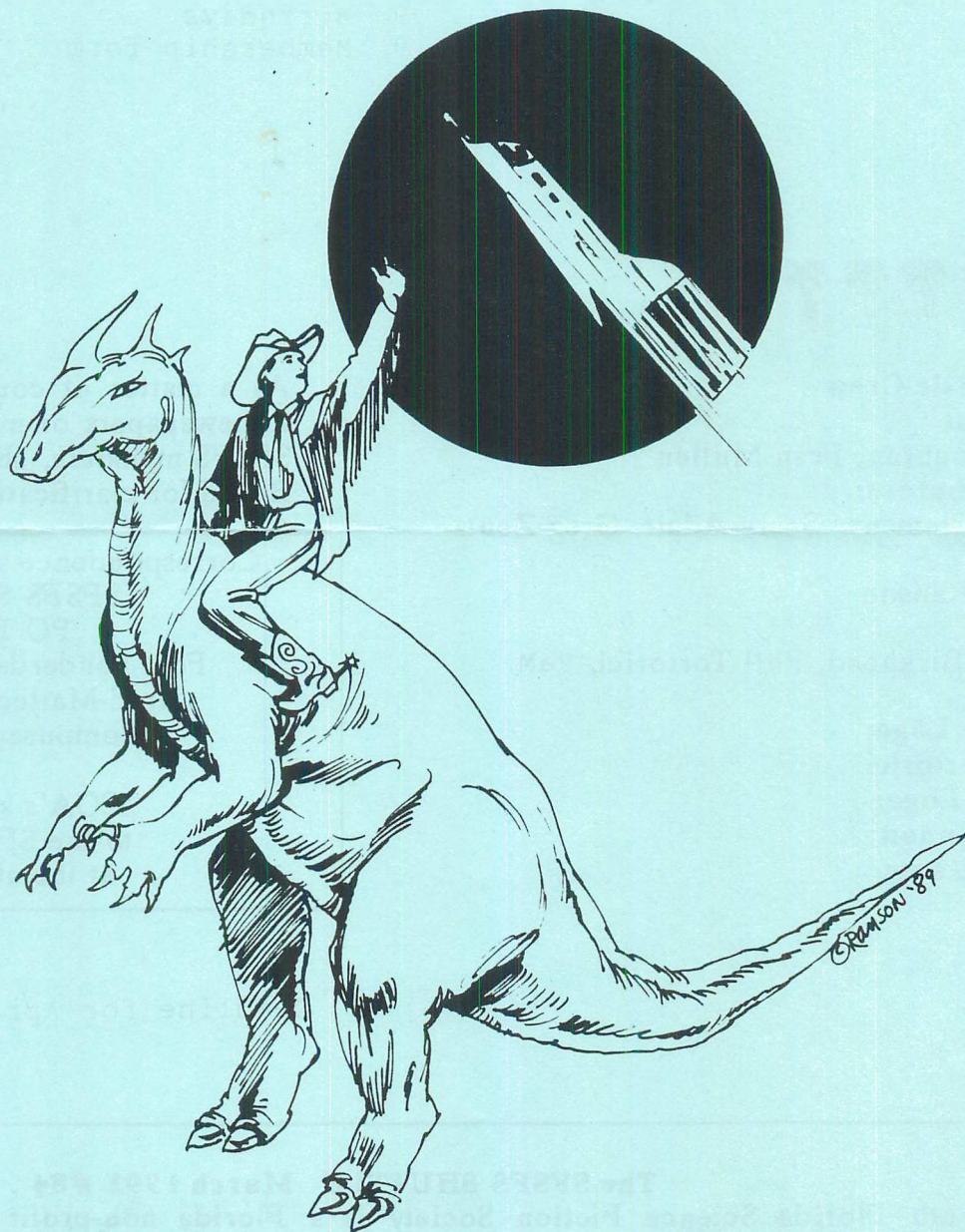
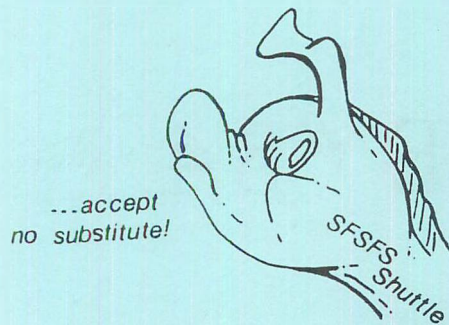


# SFSFS SHUTTLE #84



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As a matter of courtesy, articles submitted to newspapers or magazines about SFSFS or SFSFS members, should be presented to the Board for clarification and proofing.

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Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307-0143

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Compuserve # 76137,3645

COA's should be sent  
to the SFSFS Secretary  
at the above PO Box

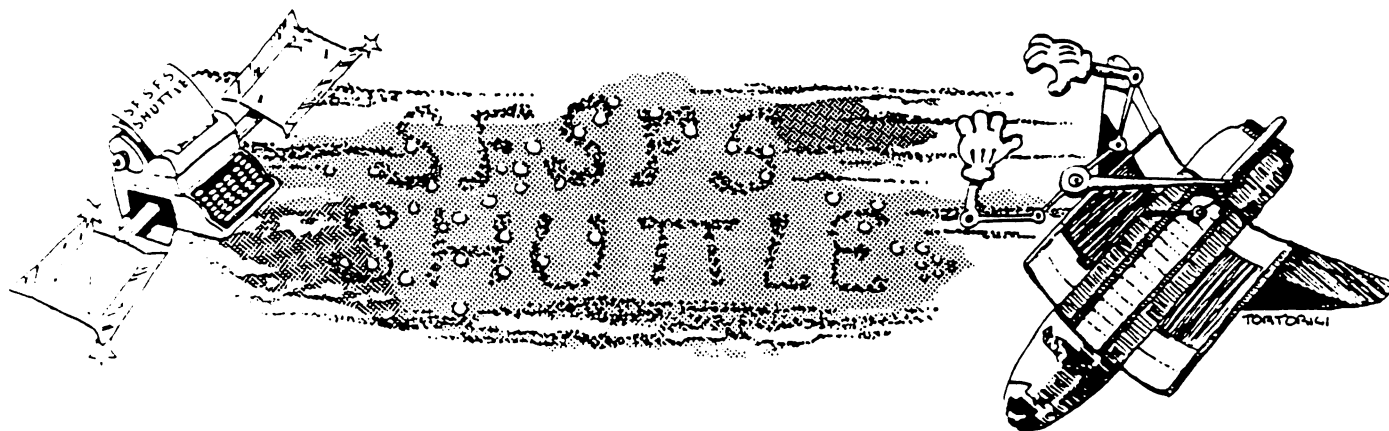
Deadline for April SHUTTLE: March 21

## **The SFSFS SHUTTLE March 1992 #84**

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, reviews, 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**



March 1992 Issue #84

## The Official SFSFS Newsletter

### MARCH MEETING

**WHEN:** Saturday, March 14, 1:00pm

**PLACE:** Markham Park

16001 W. State Road 84

Sunrise, FL 33326

How to get there: From I-95, take I-595 West to S. W. 136th Avenue (also State Rd. 84). Keep driving West to the 2nd traffic signal, the park will be on the right. If you are coming from the South, take your best route to I-75 North. Take the Arvida Parkway exit, go West over the bridge, then right onto Weston Road. Drive North till you drive right into the gate.

Park Phone: (305) 389-2000.

#### PROGRAM:

Bring picnic paraphernalia! We will have our travel trailer and plenty of canopy space for shade (and if it rains). Bring a chair, some food to put on the grill and something to drink. We may or may not have a structured program, depending on our whim. There is plenty to do at the park, from a firing range to a hiking trail to model airplane races on Sunday morning. If you would like to camp out, contact the park at the above number and make your own arrangements. There is a fee for camping, separate from the small charge to enter the park on weekends. Perhaps we can persuade Stu to once again test the smoke alarm in our trailer at Sunday morning breakfast.

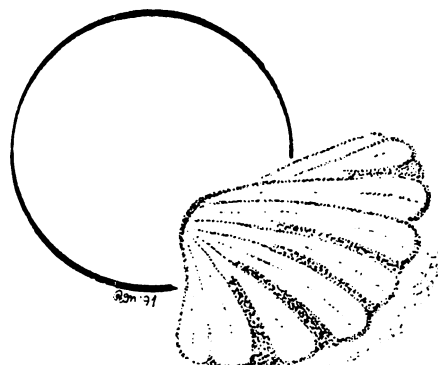
Gerry Adair would like to have the first official Tropicon XI conglom during the picnic. Be there or be square!



The April SFSFS meeting will be at the Miami Museum of Science on Saturday, April 25. Further details and directions will be in the next SHUTTLE.

A Tropicon XI committee meeting will be held at the Palm Beach International Airport Holiday Inn at 7 PM on Thursday, April 23.

Joel Sanet has been voted in as a new general member. Welcome Joel!



---

## F.M. Station

---

Just received a cookbook I ordered a few weeks ago: **The Bakery Men Don't See**. The cookbook is published for the benefit of the James Tiptree, Jr. Memorial Award and contains 70 bread and dessert recipes (with comments and cooking tips) submitted by authors and their families. Just reading through it is a treat (I must try "Idiologically Labile Fruit Crisp" and "Patrick's Orgasmic Pumpkin Bars"). Your editors are, at this sitting, taste-testing Pat Cadigan's recipe for Individual Cheesecakes. The verdict: YUM! Never knew literature could be this much fun. I plan on trying all the recipes, but that may take a while (*I'm sure Chuck won't mind*). If you would like more information, write SF3, PO Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624 (I also have an order form, if you would like a copy). They'll send you info on the Tiptree award as well as info on running a bake sale to benefit the award.

I must apologize to those who may have missed the Cadigan/Datlow meeting due to my bad directions in the last Shuttle. A simple missing comma led many to be misdirected by miles. I had trouble myself until I called the library and listened to their recorded instructions (carphones are handy gadgets). For the MacGregor meeting I called the library before printing the directions. I hope everyone arrived with no problems (*I'm sure someone will let me know*).

This ish will be finished by Don, as I will be in San Francisco part of the final week of February (unfortunately, I will also miss the meeting, so the minutes will be delayed). Most pages have been printed in advance, but the finishing touches will be done by Don, so you can get this on time.

Franny

**Wanted:** Responsible, aggressive individuals willing to spend lots of time working on Tropiccon XI. **Benefits:** enormous egobool and the undying gratitude of those who enjoy Tropiccon. Contact Gerry Adair at (407) 793-7581 evenings before 10:00.

---

## DECLarations

---

I only met Vince Miranda a few times at Tropiccon and SFSFS meetings. His wit and humor will always remain in my memory and I would have liked to know him better. He will be missed.

Don

SFSFS is proud to have within its membership some budding Sherlockians. One of the eleven members of the winning team of the recent Tropic Hunt is our very own Michael Hubschman! Also on the team were former SFSFSn's Betty Hubschman and Marisa Morgan (it is rumored there was another SFSFSn involved and that the team was formed at Tropiccon X!). The first prize was a trip for two to Paris (how they are going to work that out is anyone's guess). Our own Peggy Dolan also participated. Her team figured out all the clues, but didn't quite make it to the deadline on time.

She tells me that it was worth it, if only for the show (watching 20,000 people run all over downtown Coral Gables looking for the answers to zany clues planted there).

Gerry Adair spoke to Marian Pink recently. Movie Producer Sid Pink had bypass surgery the beginning of February. We all hope he is doing well and on his feet soon.

SFSFS member Doug Wu performed in the Open Mike at the First Annual Folk Festival, Saturday, February 1 at Easterlin Park. Good going, Doug!

Dilvermoon fans should check out the March issue of "Fantasy and SF Magazine" for a novella by Florida author Ray Aldridge, titled "The Love Farmer".

The latest flyer handed me for OASIS V, May 15 - 17, 1992 lists Michael Bishop, GOH; Holly Bird, AGOH; Ann & Kendall Morris, FanGoh's; and Special Guest, Andre Norton, with a large list of other confirmed guests. Those who wish to add to their libraries (if they don't already have them) will want to read Bishop's *No Enemy But Time*, *Ancient of Days*, and *Unicorn Mountain*. Then you can take them to be autographed.

PO Box 905  
Eules, TX 76039  
12 February 1992



Dear Don and Fran -

The only title missing from the Rob MacGregor series is "Indiana Jones and the Kitchen Sink". Have Phil Tortorici illustrate it.

Sheryl Birkhead's exotic dancer on your cover is one of the most risque things I've ever seen her do - er, I mean draw. Is she dancing to "Legs" by ZZ Top?

Beast wishes,  
Teddy Harvia

23629 Woodfield Road  
Gaithersburg, MD 20882  
February 11, 1992

Dear Don and Fran - or Fran and Don -  
(not sure, since I presume both read these bits of purple prose)

First off, Fran - THANKS for remembering to send me two copies - I'm not sure why the extra one was requested, but I got her one.

The financial summary makes y'all seem fairly solvent - great!

Nice to see Linda Michael's work in the

Shuttle! Hope that by now everyone has (or is seriously thinking about it) filled in the Hugo nominations - not forgetting the fan categories!

Ah, a little lift of the leg seems appropriate in many circumstances - I kept thinking that the display talked about would turn out to be our "best" defense explosions - which rolled off the aliens' proverbial backs.

I'm slipping in the mail department - this time only getting 40% of those listed. Sigh - seem to be losing ground!

I presume that by now everyone has the Hugo ballot (etc.) from MagiCon. Mine got mungled almost beyond recognition - with the righthand 1/3 gone. It also seems that the SuperHugo ballot has some eligible entries missing - - but since I couldn't read a lot of it anyway (and got it on Feb. 3 - so it was too short to meet the deadline - but they were super - pardon the expression - about it and just sent me a new one - think I'll vote as if I hadn't missed the deadline - - we'll see).

Trivia heard on TV - is it TRUE? The flamingo can only eat with its head upside down?? Just curious.

Well, that seems to be about all the damage I can do for now - need to wrap this up - and I still haven't figured out why I could do what I wanted to do with the cover - - and had to get around it to make a copy for you. Hmm . . . someday I'll figure this all out.

Thanks for a nice ish. Look forward to seeing you same time, same place, same station!

Sheryl Birkhead

### TO VINCENT

I know, yes I know, that you never would want  
To live so impaired in body or mind  
That you could not collect your thoughts as before  
Nor assemble the facts to say what you would;  
To know the frustration of trying to function  
When all of the pieces don't fit as they did.  
Your mind too fine, your wit too keen  
To be anything less than whole, intact.  
And so, I suppose, there is cause to be thankful  
That this you were spared, as were we all,  
Not to see and to share this anguish with you.  
I know, yes, I know this is all very true.  
But still, dearest Vincent,  
I just can't imagine this world without you.

Carol Clemens  
February 6, 1992

## Farewell to a Motley Fool

... I met a fool,  
who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
and rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

A little more than 10 years ago, fed up and embarrassed by my participation in a particularly vile bit of bureaucratic chicanery, I ran away from work. Fortune must have been smiling upon me because I wound up taking refuge in a second hand bookstore managed by Vince Miranda. I spent the next hour and a half trying desperately to hold my own in a freewheeling conversation that covered H. P. Lovecraft, the dearth of decent pizza in Florida, Fritz Lang, Godzilla, surviving parochial school, Frederick Brown, Ennio Morricone, Mongo the Magnificent and a melange of other topics, each as entertaining as they were diverse. My life hasn't been the same since.

I always have claimed that spending time with Vince was as close as one could get to literally experience falling down Lewis Carroll's rabbit hole (Actually, you never simply "fell". It was usually a one and a half gainer - with flourishes). He had this uncanny ability to imbue the most commonplace things with extraordinary significance and, conversely, to make the extraordinary seem as common as death and taxes. Being with Vince was exhilarating, frequently unnerving, but never, ever dull. Anyone who witnessed his unique procedure for wine tasting or heard him read instructions, in what passed for Spanish, on how to use a condom, know what I mean. Reality became a radically new concept when experienced in his company.

His penchant for the finest in cheap, shoddy, physical humor was legendary. No king or queen of stand-up, pulling down six figures or more a pop, could consistently and effortlessly make me laugh as much as he did. Still, Vincent was no mere buffoon and those whose interactions with him were limited to exchanges of snappy banter, puns and schtick, sadly missed experiencing a mind as colorful and multi-faceted as an Appalachian sewing circle quilt. No teacher ever fueled my desire to learn more about literature, music, film, art and the world in general than ol' Vin-Bob.

I maintain that it was no coincidence that Vincent died on the anniversary of the day Rock and Roll lost Buddy Holly, Richie Valens and the Big Bopper. For his family, friends and the academic SF community, his death likewise signified the end of an era of sorts. I'm equally convinced that the coincidental scheduling of his memorial gathering on the anniversary of Jules Verne's birthday would have pleased him to no end!

In my heart is a room crammed from floorboard to rafters with Vincent stories. Some are real, some apocryphal but all of them cherished, wrapped in memory and lovingly locked away. They hurt too much to recall right now but, hopefully, at some future time when the company is pleasing and the scotch is plentiful I'll unlock the door and tell of Vincent and the Midnight showing of Return of the Living Dead or Vincent and the births of my children or Vincent and the establishment of First Pflandom... So many stories, such a brief 10 years.

For now, I'll settle for wearing his Godzilla pin as a reminder of his spirit. It's damn near impossible to take the world seriously while sporting a fire-breathing dinosaur on your lapel. As a matter of fact, I was wearing it last weekend when a surprise inspection team from HRS's Office of Licensure and Certification popped into the clinic. They were armed to the teeth with official forms, surveys, overviews and a measuring tape to determine how high you could jump at their command. I fingered the pin and thought of how Vince would answer a few of their more pointedly inane questions and responded accordingly..

The Philistines never knew what hit 'em.

Thank you for an exciting and stimulating decade, my motley friend. I'll miss you terribly.

... When I did hear  
The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep contemplative,  
And I did laugh sans intermission  
An hour by his dial. O noble Fool:  
A worthy fool: Motley's the only wear.

(As You Like It; Act 2 Scene 7)

- Gerry Adair

## VINCENT MIRANDA

February 4, 1992

The expanding Universe contracted a little this evening; Vincent Miranda died. A man of extraordinary talent and wit, Vincent would have decried such a metaphor for his death. Nonetheless, I offer it.

The recounting of tales of his living are best left for wakes and late night Con parties when the drinks have flowed to excess and mournful moods strike old friends. What I will relate however is that Vincent Miranda was a man who was well and truly an individual. He was a free thinker; and not in the trendy, neo-Bohemian sense so many people with cursory liberal arts diplomas might mean. It is cliché to say that this person or that "meets life on their own terms", so I won't say it of Vincent. I don't think he really had any "terms"; that would have been too restricting.

He didn't do any drugs, or abuse alcohol. He did not tolerate incompetence and pretension in others. He was wonderfully unafraid to loudly and "rudely" point out would-be emperors and dandies who wore no clothes. Yet, when he thought others weren't watching, he could display moments of exquisite tenderness and caring. His politics, if such can be used to describe his outlook, were undiscernible. So, too, were his other beliefs. He was also a classical cynic which is a noble, and difficult, thing to be.

He had a way of filling a room when he entered it and could be devastatingly charming at will; though he was never disingenuous. He had neither time nor patience for posturing.

Mostly, however, I will miss his mind. There was no subject that he couldn't discuss intelligently or ask insightful questions about. He had more and better knowledge of the Classics and that which is noble in the human condition than most people. But he also had first-hand experience of the small that is in people; knowledge of the small man. And that sometimes made him nauseous. He was sensitive to what it means to be human and

was not immune to melancholy.

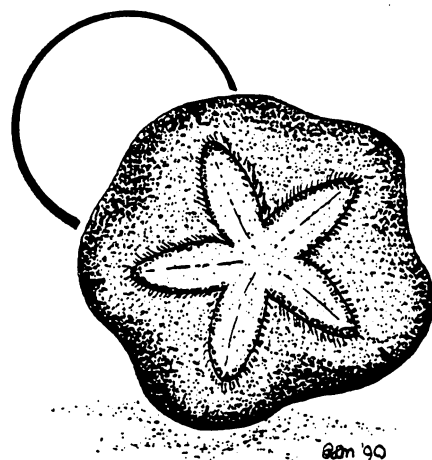
But in all, he refused to be manipulated by systems; political, social, or religious. Existentially, he defined his existence.

Vincent Miranda will be sorely missed; and greatly by many people. I will cry now. Not for Vincent, but for Sarah, great-heart and great-soul together. I will cry for Gerry, and Marion, and Joe, and Edie, and Alan, and the host of hidden friends whom I never met. I will cry for the world which has lost a person whose step was out of sequence with the masses, but was sure-footed. The world needs such people to upset the lock-steps of conformity and the tyranny of the masses; to make the world a freer place; an improving place. Vincent was a person who could go before a judge and fight a ludicrous traffic ticket with a copy of *Leviathan* in his hands and be prepared to speak about it intelligently at the bench.

Mostly, however, I will cry for myself; for my loss. I like to think that Vincent would have appreciated such honesty. I won't rub salt in your own wounds, those of you who knew him, by reminding you of the hopes and dreams he discussed in vignettes of occasional conversation. That would rend and grind at hearts still suffering the shock of his non-existence and the untimely reminder of their own fates.

Vincent was my friend and a friend to many others. He will be missed; and sorely. Good night and clear skies, Vincent.

Greg Zentz



22m 90

1992

# March 1 - April 11

## FANAC

1992

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Mar 1	Mar 2	Mar 3	Mar 4	Mar 5	Mar 6 Dea O'Connor's Birthday	Mar 7 Fran Mullen's Birthday
Mar 8	Mar 9	Mar 10	Mar 11	Mar 12	Mar 13	Mar 14
					Irish Festival at Mullins Pk	
					CRACKERCON - Jacksonville	
Mar 15 CRACKERCON -- Jacksonville Irish Festival at Mullins Pk	Mar 16	Mar 17 St. Patrick's	Mar 18	Mar 19	Mar 20	Mar 21 01:00 SFSFS Picnic at Markham Park
Mar 22	Mar 23 STS-45 Atlantis	Mar 24	Mar 25	Mar 26	Mar 27	Mar 28
					MidSouthCon - Memphis	
					CoastCon - Biloxi	
			Conference on the Fantastic			
Mar 29 Conference on the Fantastic CoastCon - Biloxi MidSouthCon - Memphis	Mar 30	Mar 31	Apr 1 April Fools Day	Apr 2	Apr 3	Apr 4
Apr 5 Daylight Savings-- set ahead 1 hour	Apr 6	Apr 7	Apr 8	Apr 9	Apr 10	Apr 11

Friends don't let friends SMOF

2/20/1992

## MARCH BIRTHDAYS

- 6 L. Gordon Cooper Jr 1927  
10 Theodore Cogswell 1918  
12 Walter M. Schirra Jr 1923  
14 Frank Borman 1928  
Eugene Cernan 1934  
Albert Einstein 1879  
15 Alan Bean 1932  
16 R. Walter Cunningham 1932  
17 James Benson Irwin 1930  
Thomas K. Mattingly II 1936  
22 William Shatner 1931  
25 James A. Lovell Jr 1928  
26 Leonard Nimoy 1931



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SFSFS Treasurer, 4427 Royal Palm Avenue, Miami Beach, FL 33140-3039  
Make check payable to SFSFS.

General Membership - \$15.00

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Request for upgrade from General to Regular - add \$5.00 to General \_\_\_\_\_

Regular Membership - \$20.00 Renewal \_\_\_\_\_

(Regular Membership requires minimum activity participation as set in the Bylaws.)

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\_\_\_\_ Child Membership - \$1.00 (12 years or younger whose parent or legal guardian is a SFSFS member.)

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (home) \_\_\_\_\_ (work - optional) \_\_\_\_\_ Birthdate \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_ (year optional)

Interests \_\_\_\_\_

## TROPICON XI

January 8 - 10, 1993

Guest of Honor - Ramsey Campbell  
Palm Beach International Airport  
Holiday Inn, 1301 Belvedere Road,  
West Palm Beach, FL

Hotel rates - a flat rate of \$65.00 for  
single to quad (less than last year!).

The hotel is located right next to a  
Tri-Rail stop. If coming by car, it is  
adjacent to I-95. Within walking  
distance is a Denny's and a Shoney's.  
By car you can reach a McDonalds, a  
Cuban restaurant and bakery.

Membership: \$18.00 til ?

Make checks payable to:

**South Florida Science Fiction Society**

To register or for more information  
write Tropicon XI, c/o SFSFS

PO Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL  
33307-0143.

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☐ You are a member of SFSFS

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SFSFS

☐ You've submitted a LOC, review or  
art (*please send more ☺*)

☐ Trade for your zine

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

☐ You are ~~libeled~~ mentioned

☐ We needed one more name to  
meet the minimum for bulk rate.

☐ The spirits demand it !

☐ You are a personal friend of the  
editors and have published a  
book

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