

The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin



Volume 7, Number 11
November 2001

Southern Fandom Confederation

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Policies

The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol. 7, No. 11, November 2001, is the official publication of the Southern Fandom Confederation (SFC), a not-for-profit literary organization and information clearinghouse dedicated to the service of Southern Science Fiction and Fantasy Fandom. The SFC Bulletin is edited by Julie Wall and is published at least three times per year. Membership in the SFC is \$15 annually, running from DeepSouthCon to DeepSouthCon. A club or convention membership is \$75 annually. Donations are welcome. All checks should be made payable to the Southern Fandom Confederation.

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The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin is also available for trades, published contributions, and letters of comment.

The editor encourages submission of lengthy written material and art – covers and illos. Contributions and LoCs via electronic means are highly desirable. If you wish to use the Internet, you may send the article as electronic mail or an attachment. If you wish to send the editor computer media, 3.5" floppies, Zip disk, 88/200 MB Syquest, JAZ and CD-ROMs are acceptable. Virtually any file format, IBM compatible or Macintosh, is acceptable. Media will be returned. The Bulletin is laid out in QuarkXPress on a Macintosh. Ink and typewritten submissions also graciously accepted, of course. If you're not sure what all this means, get in touch to work out a solution.

Throughout the Bulletin, you will find comments in italics and enclosed by curly brackets *{like this}*. Those are comments from the editor, Julie Wall, unless otherwise noted.

Ad Rates

Type	Full-Page	Half-Page	1/4 Page
Fan	\$50.00	\$25.00	\$12.50
Pro	\$100.00	\$50.00	\$25.00

SFC Handbooks

This amazing 196 page tome of Southern Fannish lore, edited by T.K.F. Weisskopf, is now available to all comers for \$5, plus a \$2 handling and shipping charge if we have to mail it. The Handbook is also available online, thanks to the efforts of Sam Smith, at <http://www.smithuel.net/sfchb>

T-Shirts

Size	S to XL	2X	3X
Price	\$15.00	\$17.00	\$18.00

Plus \$3 shipping and handling fee if we have to mail it. These are the newer design, on a white shirt. A few of the old "map" shirts have surfaced, the ones on pink and green shirts. Sizes are limited and tend to be small, so contact Julie for details. These are only \$5 plus shipping and handling.

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Off the Wall

by Julie Wall

The world has changed. Scott Patri sent me the cover of this Bulletin a few days after the terrorist attacks of September 11th. It is now mid-October and I have been trying to think what to say here in this column since then.

I am not going to say a lot really. I have decided that the whole thing is getting plenty of coverage elsewhere and will for the foreseeable future – as it should. The *SFC Bulletin* is not necessarily the place for in-depth discussion, although I welcome hearing from people if they wish to write about it. We don't always stick to the main subject here anymore than most fanzines.

It has been topic number one in many of my conversations with people for the last month, of course. Some people want to know how so many Americans can be so naive as to ask "Why?" like on the cover.

This is the way I see it: It's true that many, many Americans didn't know or care about the Middle East – or anywhere outside the U.S. – before September 11th. That was a bad thing. And I think it's safe to say it is changing. But, basically, it does not matter one bit in the context of "Why?" Because nothing that this country ever did in the Middle East or anywhere else justifies what happened here on September 11th. It's that simple. People who would do this sort of thing must be stopped. Everywhere.

I returned from the WorldCon in Philadelphia barely a week before September 11th. I had a good time (No actual report from me, but look for my comments elsewhere in the zine as well as Randy Cleary's illo pictorial of the Hugo Ceremony.) Teddy Harvia commented at a party there that I looked happier than I had when he had seen me last. Both of my hobbies, fandom and ice hockey, involve people from all over the world, and this was certainly evident at WorldCon

where I saw people from many countries and even helped out a little bit at the UK in '05 party one night. My boyfriend, who I spent most of the con with and met through fandom, is Turkish/Canadian. I feel like I knew something about the outside world before, but I definitely know more now.

That world *has* changed. I think the rest of my life will be divided between before and after the horrible events of September 11th. I will never feel as safe, be as carefree as I sometimes was before. I worry about the world that my cherished niece Janie and the Rowan twins will grow up in. But, we've got to go on, even with things as seemingly trivial as fandom. It has become trite in the last month, perhaps, but it's true that if we give up our ways of life, the terrorists win.

Moving on to other, but no less depressing subjects. Meade Frierson III, a leading member of Southern fandom, was lost to us on September 24th to lung cancer. I am sorry to say that I never knew Meade well, even though I was in the same city as he for most of my fannish career. I helped collate one of the last *Bulletins* Meade produced, back in 1981, maybe it was THE last one he did. Then I saw him from time to time at cons and whatnot over the years. We were always cordial and he complimented me on my work on the *Bulletin*, but we never had an in-depth conversation. Although I haven't seen her as much in recent years, I have been much closer to his wife Penny, also a force to be reckoned with in Southern fandom.

I attended Meade's funeral, where Penny's brother spoke and said that Meade could be reserved and not many people knew him well. Still, I regret that I wasn't one of the few, especially since I owe so much of what I have enjoyed in fandom to Meade. As I understand it, not only was he largely responsible for forming the SFC, but was also instrumental in the formation of the Birmingham Science Fiction Club and in its bidding for the first DSC held here in 1977. I wasn't at that first convention, but I was at the next one in 1981 and I chaired the next two Birmingham DSCs in 1994 and 1998. And the Club was a big part of my fannish life for a long time, too.

Meade was, by all accounts, an incredibly intelligent and talented man with varied interests. Since I can't speak to them directly, I have asked others to do so. Perhaps I came too late to Southern fandom, because these several people seemed to have known him pretty well. Their contributions appear after this column.

Next, the much happier event of Guy Lillian and Rose Marie Donovan's wedding is, as promised, documented by Naomi Fisher. Then there are the usual *Bulletin* con reports, articles and other goodies, including the annual Club List. If you notice any corrections that need to be made in the club information, please let me know. I didn't get too many LoCs this time...more are always welcome.



I am writing this last bit after Con*Stellation, where I went and had a good time. Penny Frierson and Charlotte Proctor were in attendance and we had a nice little celebration of Meade on Saturday afternoon. Jim Woosley had a similar event for Jann Melton-Woosley on Friday evening. I had the opportunity to meet the pro guests – John Ringo, David Mattingly, his lovely wife, Cathleen Cogswell and Jack McDevitt – all of whom were all extremely personable, interesting and did an excellent job with their duties. I was very happy to see fan guests of honor Steve and Sue Francis, old friends and winners of this year’s Big Heart award at the WorldCon in Philadelphia. I went to the Masquerade on Saturday night. Con*Stellation, especially for its size, still manages to attract a fair number of entries in this event that has seen participation wane at regional cons all over the country. The show was good, and the “half-time” event while the judges were out making their decisions, was one of the best and most entertaining I’ve ever seen. The charismatic Pat McAdams led us in several Mad Libs – or perhaps they were Bad Libs on this occasion. In any case, the whole convention was quite enjoyable.

News and Notes:

The SFC finally has a web site once more! Thanks to the terrific efforts of Mike Rogers, the site can currently be found at <http://www.smithuel.net/sfc/frameset/home.htm> (thanks, Sam!). We are working out the details of getting it a more quick and descriptive URL, but check it out and let us know what you think. I like it a lot.

The SF world lost another luminary in Poul Anderson on August 1st. From Karen, Astrid and the rest of the Andersons: “We brought Poul home from Alta Bates for terminal hospice care. We gave him Jubilaeum Akvavit, Carlsberg Beer and Boeuf Tartare. We gave him all our love. About midnight, he slipped away.”

Huntsville fan Jim Woosley lost his father on October 22nd due to complications from earlier strokes.

Not an SF writer, but definitely a Southerner and a favorite of mine, Eudora Welty, died on July 23rd at the age of 92. She was the namesake of the Eudora email program. She wrote a story called “Why I Live at the P.O.” which Steve Dorner was alluding to when he named the program. The whole story can be found at <http://www.eudora.com/presskit/background.html#name>

Yuri Mironets did make it to WorldCon. Unfortunately, I never saw him. The WorldCon is a big thing and we were both busy. I believe he had to leave early on Sunday to get back. I did meet Catherine Mintz, however briefly. She writes, “Thank you again for helping with the contribution to bring Yuri to Philadelphia. As you know, since we got to say hello-goodbye, he did come. Apparently he had a good time, but he was moving so fast, I was only able to snag him for a meal or so. Yuri tasted fried oysters for the first time, was photographed with every face I recognized and some I didn’t, and was on several panels. This after traveling twenty-nine hours

to here, and he left to make the journey back – a mere twenty-six hours – still unrelentingly energetic.” So, I’m glad he made it – I hope he writes to us about it and that someone will send me a link to some of those pictures.

Somehow, I managed to leave Tom and Anita Feller off of the Membership Roster last time. A grievous error. Tom is of course a big help to me every single Bulletin, both by contributing and mailing, not to mention a Rebel winner. And Anita is a big mover and shaker up there in Nashville fandom.

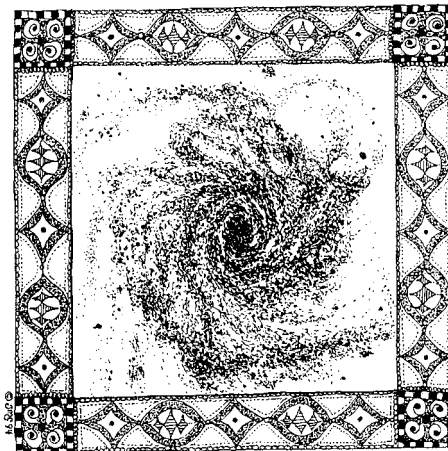
And, I got P.L.’s email address wrong last time. The correct one is plcm@bellsouth.net.

Joy V. Smith writes, “My audiobook, *Sugar Time*, should be out in October.”

One of our most beloved fan artists, Teddy Harvia, has a web site up now, at <http://web2.airmail.net/tharvia/>.

David Pettus, who contributed to the Meade Frierson pages, has a Doc Savage web site that he would like people to see at <http://eagles.usit.net/doc/savage.html>.

Please check your mailing label to see if your dues are up-to-date. ☺



Treasurer’s Report As of 10/22/01	
by Judy Bemis	
<i>Balance as of 7/12/01</i>	\$2,347.03
INCOME	
<i>Memberships & Renewals</i>	\$60.00
<i>Bulletin Ads</i>	\$100.00
TOTAL INCOME	\$160.00
EXPENSES	
<i>Bulletin Vol 7 #10 printing</i>	\$428.64
<i>Foreign Postage</i>	\$46.30
<i>Bulk Mail</i>	\$61.99
TOTAL EXPENSES	\$536.93
BALANCE	\$1,970.10

In Memoriam: Meade Frierson III

1940-2001



Barry Hunter

Fandom in general and Southern fandom in particular has lost a true friend in the passing of Meade Frierson. I, too, have lost a friend of over 25 years and he is one who cannot be replaced easily. Cliff Biggers may have been the person who introduced me to the wide world of fans, but Meade is the one who initiated me into the larger world of fandom.

I first met Meade via his writings in *Myriad*, one of the first apas I joined when introduced to the wide world of fandom by Cliff Biggers in the 1970s. If I remember correctly, Meade was also in the Lovecraftian apa, *The Esoteric Order of Dagon (EOD)*, and created the first apa about those new-fangled video recorders, *apa-vcr*. He had also recently published the massive fanzine about Lovecraft, *HPL*, that brought together many varied fans and professionals and scholars, which would lead to a lot of the research material that is available today.

We had our first face-to-face meeting at CyrCon in Rome in 1976. CyrCon was the second in a series of halfacons that were held halfway between DeepSouthCons. Keith Laumer, Michael Bishop and Jerry Page were the professional guests and Meade furnished 16mm prints of *Doctor Strangelove* and a retrospective on the career of Ernie Kovacs. We had a good time talking about Kubrick films and the comedy mind of Kovacs. Meade's alter ego of the horror writer Ralph Wollstonecraft Hedge also came out for a long discussion on matters Lovecraftian.

A few months later, Meade invited a group of us from Rome to spend a weekend in Birmingham for a meeting with E. Hoffmann Price. Meade opened his home for around fifty or more fans to meet with Price and enjoy the true Southern Hospitality that only fans can supply. We also got to talk about his book and art collection and he gave me tips on some of the things to look for in collecting. I also saw a lot of the source material for the *HPL* volume and other priceless items, at least in my eyes.

We corresponded sporadically over the years and his *Science Fiction on Radio: A Revised Look at 1950-1975* written with James F. Widner remains one of the best volumes on the subject to this date.

I last saw Meade at DeepSouthCon in Birmingham this year. Even though he looked a little tired, he did not mention any health problems to me. He may not have known anything about it then or if he did, he wasn't ready to share it.

Meade was a true Southern Gentleman, a true Southern Fan, a wonderful friend and a darn good lawyer – from what I have heard on other fronts. His family, friends, and fandom will miss him. I will miss him, but all of us who knew him will always have a part of him in our hearts. I raise my glass to you, old friend. Godspeed.

Toni Weisskopf

On September 10th I finished up a submission for a fanzine Dick & Leah Smith are putting together on fans' "first contact" with fandom. Just a few short days later I learned of Meade Frierson's illness and sudden death. I wish he'd had a chance to see that fanzine come out. While I had some close calls up in New York, I attributed my first real involvement with fandom directly to Meade Frierson and the work he did with the SFC. When I was a young teenager, his *Bulletins* introduced me to the wonderful world of fandom, but more than that Meade's attention and personal encouragement personified that special welcoming spirit of Southern fandom. By asking me for reports on the then-nascent fan activity in Huntsville, and then actually publishing what I sent to him, he let me participate in something larger than myself. I was certainly not alone in that-- Meade via his SFC was the force that defined Southern fandom as an entity. And, of course, his *Bulletins* were tremendous fun to read, covering as they did the breadth of science fiction and fandom – what Meade was interested in.

I didn't know Meade before that time, the early 1980s, but I knew he'd been active in fandom and fanzine fandom a long while. I knew vaguely of his legendary work in Lovecraft fandom and about his art and fanzine collection, but that was it. Our paths crossed again almost twenty years later when I moved back down South and to Birmingham. I became Official Editor of the *Southern Fandom Press Alliance* while I was liv-

ing in Birmingham and was able to entice Meade back into the fold by the ease of delivery of fanzines. (Of course, I also made all Birmingham members help me with collating, too – and Meade was always ready to lend a hand.)

Years before, when Hank Reinhardt needed space for more swords, he'd sold off most of his pulp collection and Meade had bought some of it. When I moved to Birmingham, Meade was looking himself to liquidate and I was able to buy back some of the *Planet Stories* Hank had sold Meade. I wanted them for Valentine's Day, and, ever the romantic, Meade was happy to make time for me to view them on short notice. I was also able to finally see Meade's art collection and indeed pick up some pieces for myself, including a Morris Scott Dollens painting that illustrated a story of Hank's that Jerry Page had published in one of his magazines. And I met some of Meade's beloved cats.

Meade, I think, was a quintessential fan. The kind of things he did – compile lists of radio shows, collect pulps and artwork, create the modern Southern Fandom Confederation – these were not the sorts of things that ever make you money. But they are very worthy endeavors, and Meade accomplished them with a completeness, attention to detail and level of scholarship that only a genuine aficionado can bring.

And he was very much a science fiction person. I guess the thing that personifies Meade for me was the article I got to publish in the SFC Handbook & History of 1997. While there was a lot of controversy behind the scenes of the Atlanta Worldcon, for most of the attendees it was a great convention. And I wanted someone to write about the con. Meade sent me the story of his meeting with one of his all time favorite authors, Ray Bradbury (first published in Charlotte Proctor's *Anvil*). It was very sweet, and very moving, and it seems to me the Atlanta Worldcon was worth having just so they could have that meeting.

I was glad to have gotten to know Meade. He was unique and he will be missed.

Deb Hammer-Johnson

For me, thinking about Meade Frierson is like taking a trip with Bullwinkle's Mr. Peabody in the "way-back" machine, back to a time of my life which I now see as either my misspent youth or one of the funnest, most creative times of my life, when I believed myself to be on the Movers and Shakers of Southern Fandom.

I first met Meade at a Birmingham convention, at a party, where bheer in one hand, he greeted me with a firm handshake and a smile. He was wearing his famous vest, and handing out SFC patches. He did not come across as someone pretentious or too big for his britches. He did not lord it over the disheveled masses of fandom that he was an professional lawyer...he was just plain Meade. And he was pleased to meet me.

It's hard to explain Meade's role as the mind behind the creation and existence of the Southern Fandom Confederation -- back in the days before pcs and automation, when membership records, dues, information about apas, conventions, and clubs

were all meticulously kept by one man, usually on a little notepad. I didn't realize what a large (nearly unmanageable!) task this was until Guy Lillian and I took it over after Meade, and exhausted ourselves trying to put out a few issues of the SFC.

Later, I got to know Meade through SFPA. His zines were short, witty, and unelaborate. He came across as a wry observer of everyone else's foibles, and was open about his own shortcomings. I knew he had health problems later on, and he wrote about his struggles in a straightforward, emotionally direct manner. He was always true to himself.

Later I left fandom and lost touch with the SFC, SFPA, and Meade. I was quite saddened to hear of his death, and glad to offer a few words to Julie about my experiences with him. It's highly appropriate that the SFC, his brainchild, should commemorate his passing.

Guy H. Lillian III

On September 24 cancer stole from fandom, and from me, an old and deeply valued buddy. Meade Frierson of Birmingham, Alabama was a founder and early President of the Southern Fandom Confederation for many years. His stud-bedecked denim "SFC jacket" was his preferred garb at DeepSouthCons for many years. The SFC is still keeping Southern fans in touch with one another and with national fandom, 30 years after its founding. He was a member of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance for decades (his major zine was Huitloxopetl); he also founded Apa-VCR back when such devices were new, and Apa-III. He was a preeminent fan of H.P. Lovecraft, and in the early '70s published a magnificent fanzine, HPL, devoted to his genius, featuring the art of Herb Arnold and Dany Frolich, Tim Kirk and others. In 1975 he won a richly deserved Rebel Award at the DeepSouthCon for extraordinary service to fandom in the South. Some years later, his wife Penny, who chaired Confederation, the 1986 worldcon, was likewise honored. By any definition he was the dominant voice of the region in the '70s and remained a steadfast member of the rebel forces throughout his life.

Meade was a graduate of the University of Virginia Law School, a prominent tax lawyer in Birmingham a published poet, an amateur genealogist, who published a history of his family in his later years, a collector of antique SF radio shows, and the father of three sons.

All of these things speak well of Meade Frierson's life and career in SF fandom. His remarkable intelligence, his poetic nature (he was a published poet in his college days at the University of Virginia), his fertile imagination did not mask a genuine friendliness and care for people that endeared him to everyone who knew him. Meade's idea of fandom was of a community where all like-minded souls could gather and rejoice. That's the way he lived his life and that's the perspective he brought to science fiction.

I have personal reasons to grieve for my friend, because that's exactly what he was. He welcomed me when I joined

SFPA in 1971, and was the first member of that august apa whom I met after joining. He encouraged me when I decided to try law school, and wrote a recommendation that helped me win admission. More than that, he and Penny and his sons, Bill, Meade IV and Eric, hosted me many times when I passed through Birmingham. He was a brilliant, relentlessly friendly and supportive pal. And I will never forget those wasted nights at Sammy's. He was my mentor in fandom and a beautiful friend. God speed him.

“And still I dream he treads the lawn
Walking ghostly in the dew
Pierced by our glad singing through.”

Irv Koch

Meade Frierson was a lawyer. Meade Frierson was a poet. It's not a common combination but he REALLY was... both. And a fan publisher. And a gafiater who while long gone from active sf&f fandom kept up one of the two most important national lists of BBSes when BBSes were “the thing” and the internet a toy used only by unix mavens. And one of the big people in the “fandom” or “national users group” of the Timex-Sinclair computer when it was a viable option. And he did a lot of other stuff and was a lot of other things I wonder if we'll ever know about.

The more you learned about Meade, the more surprised you'd be as he was a combination of things you'd never otherwise meet.

David Pettus

I got involved in Southern science fiction fandom 30 years ago, and during the decade of the seventies Southern fandom was standing pretty high and proud. That's because a remarkable fellow by the name of Meade Frierson was organizing, and holding together, what would become the Southern Fandom Confederation. It was an incredible effort on his part, but I believe he did it gladly, and I know he did it in a most graceful, unassuming way, because I was watching pretty closely...

During the mid-seventies I was at work on my master's degree in sociology, and I had determined that my master's thesis would be an examination of science fiction and its active readership. So I was attending conventions and taking note of everything I saw and heard. What I saw was a community of like-minded readers (and yes, fandom seemed to me to be comprised of READERS back in those days- before television and film became so large a part of it) and what I heard was the excitement and enthusiasm that they shared for the literature.

I think Meade saw and heard the same thing. But he did a great deal more than look and listen. He took ACTION. He could see past the individual conventions, and he recognized that there was a regional flavor and style that permeated the atmosphere wherever Southern fans congregated. He recognized that Southern fandom has a character all its own, and that you can't find the patterns of behavior and the ideology that we take

for granted outside the South. You have to understand that all of this was a sort of paradigm shift back in those days; Meade was advocating a “Southern fandom” during an era when no one thought of fandom in geographic terms, and he used the SFC to build that distinction in the minds of fans from other regions of the country, and at the same time, to build Southern awareness. There has always been a Southern fandom, but no one knew it until Meade Frierson organized it and placed it center stage for all to see.

That's quite an achievement. No small accomplishment.

In 1979 I was busy putting together my first fanzine – it would be called FAN PLUS, and it would become a forum for Southern science fiction fandom. I had a lot of big ideas, big plans, and I wanted to dedicate the first issue to Meade. I told him I wanted a photo, and his autograph, to use in FAN PLUS, and I told him why, and I can honestly say that I was moved by his response, when he looked at me in disbelief and said, “Are you serious!?!”.
Meade was a pretty modest guy...

As I remember it, FAN PLUS made its premier at Chattacon in 1980, and it was at a party there, where a group of us Secret Masters of Fandom were passing the time drinking and talking (mostly drinking), when the inevitable subject of Southern pride and regional recognition came up, and Meade picked up a copy of FAN PLUS and proudly said, “look what we've got now!”, smiling widely, with that twinkle in his eyes, and as long as I live, I'll never forget that.

Sad to say, FAN PLUS didn't live up to Meade's expectations, and neither did I. I've lost contact with Southern fandom, but I'll never forget what it did once mean to me. When I heard that Meade had passed, it all came back to me – all the good times and good friends that I had during those years. Meade will be missed, but he did some good work while he was here. He managed to create something that will outlive him, and you, and me.

That's quite an achievement. No small accomplishment. 🐉



Guy Lillian's Wedding – the End is Nigh!

by Naomi Fisher

Guy Lillian has always been the most cynical romantic I know. He's been as fervent and unflinching (though often not Politically Correct) in his admiration for womankind as he's been critical of himself. He's described himself as "Fubbo" and often stated that while love was the highest goal to which any human could aspire, it was one that had obviously passed him by. And having been Guy's friend and fellow apa-hack for over a decade, I'd known of Rose-Marie Green Donovan long before I ever met her. Guy always referred to her as "the incomparable Rosy", with "incomparable" as much a part of her name as an honorific for a deeply respected teacher. When I finally met her, I was delighted to find that she was kind and witty, as well as lovely – it's hard for a paragon to live up to the advance billing.

So when Pat and I received our invitation to Guy and Rosy's wedding in Cocoa, Florida, we immediately marked the June 30th weekend as booked. There was no way we were going to miss this! We rented a car and drove down, to put the miles on something besides our poor Hondas. I'm afraid we'll be blacklisted someday by the rental agencies – we put 1611 miles on our 3 day unlimited mileage Ford Escort before returning it. It was an uneventful trip except for such roadside sights in Georgia as a giant crowned peanut and a Titan missile in a Chevron parking lot.

We arrived in Cocoa several hours early and decided to find the site of the wedding. I was a little uneasy – we'd received one correction to the directions, but what if there were others? We're familiar with Cocoa Beach (nearest community to NASA's Kennedy Space Center), but its inland analog, Cocoa, was unexplored territory full of one way streets and cul-de-sacs. We found ourselves at the designated location, the Porcher House, a beautiful and historic 1916 waterfront mansion, well before the ceremony. However, we also found a large wedding party, none of whom were Guy or Rosy, having pictures taken outside, and a cheerful man walking a diapered monkey on a leash through the grounds. Hello? Are we at the right place? Did I get the day wrong? I went into the Porcher House to ask, and was immediately reassured by the quiet bustle of caterers preparing the buffet tables, and the Mardi Gras theme decorations everywhere. A gentleman helping with setup smiled and told me it was the right place, date, and time, or would be in an hour.

Much relieved, we hurried to the hotel, freshened up and changed, and returned in time to see Guy, in full formally dressed glory, pacing madly back and forth on the porch. His brother Lance, standing for him as Best Man, was trying to keep up with him and make sure he didn't crush his boutonniere as he hugged arriving friends. We said congratulatory words he certainly didn't hear (he responded "Thank you! It's marvelous, isn't it?" when I asked if his truly spectacular sun-

burn was painful), and then went inside to wait for the wedding to start.

While most guests were local friends or Rosy's family, fandom from around the US was also well represented. In addition to us, Peggy Rae Pavlat Sapienza, Suzanne and Steve Hughes, Annie Herbert Winston and Justin Winston, Dick Spelman, and Pat and Roger Sims were in attendance. It was a festive atmosphere as we waited, chatting among ourselves and mixing with the other guests. We sipped wine, admired the creative ways in which doubloons and Mardi Gras beads were worked into the classic décor, and gaped at the astonishing amounts of food the caterers were assembling.

Then it was time to begin. Guy and his brother Lance took their places on the foyer's central staircase and the bride's party came in through the front doors. Rosy was gorgeous, wearing a sweepingly elegant sleeveless gown with a small train. Guy lit up like a Christmas tree when he saw her. It's usual to say that the bride was radiant, but in this case, the groom's joy was incandescent. The ceremony was simple, short, and very moving. I noted that a lady, standing inconspicuously on the gallery above, was simultaneously translating the brief homily and exchange of vows into sign language for one of the family members. That was typical of the thoughtfulness and consideration that had been put into this day – everyone was included. It was lovely.



While Rosy and Guy went outside for photographs, the rest of us snacked off the generous cheese and wine table provided. I slipped outside to take a few pictures myself, and had one mystery solved. The other wedding, full of strangers, that Pat and I had seen on our earlier drive by, was being held at the Community Center next door. They'd been taking advantage of the picturesque Porcher House grounds for their photos (I never did figure out what the man with the monkey was doing). Rosy and Guy exchanged best wishes with the other party, the photography hiatus ended soon, and we adjourned to the reception. As we'd noticed during the buffet setup, the food was plentiful and excellent, though some of us didn't realize that the New Orleans/Mardi Gras theme had been carried over to the carving station. The roast beef and turkey both had Cajun spicing, which ambushed a few unwary diners. Fortunately, the waiters were quick to refill water glasses!

Two singers, with taped accompaniment, provided music for the meal and for the dancing afterwards. They were quite good, and people joined in on such songs as "When the Saints Go Marching In" and "City of New Orleans". They performed old standards and current pop songs, and the dance floor quickly filled. We spectated, as I'm seriously out of practice dancing, and if the song is too fast, well, "I feared lives would be lost". Annie and Justin, though, danced up a storm. They're terrific dancers, and lots of fun to watch! The cake had also been done with Mardi Gras flair, festooned with (chocolate) doubloons, gold ribbons, and purple orchids. Following tradition, charms and trinkets had been hidden inside, attached to gold ribbons. After the cake cutting, female relatives and

friends of Rosy were invited to pull these out, with the charm selected supposedly telling something about their future. The little airplane would seem to indicate an upcoming trip, but we weren't really sure what golf clubs signified.

Rosy tossed her bouquet from the stairwell's landing, and they departed amid a cloud of bubbles, which we blew from little champagne bottle shaped containers. We called it a night soon after that, planning to get on the road early. But we'd been invited to Sunday morning brunch with Rosy, Guy and other guests, at Chowders in Rockledge, and we made a last-minute decision to stay for that. I'd also realized we'd never be able to name the people in my photos later, so we dropped the film off at Walgreen's for one hour development, had double prints made, and brought them along. It turned out to be a good idea, and Nita Green, one of Rosy's charming relatives, was able to identify everyone. It made for entertaining conversation and much laughter – yes, Guy really was that sun-burned! He'd gone to the Delta launch of a space telescope the previous day, and underestimated the Florida sun. Toasts were made to the new couple, and it was a terrific meal.

We gave Rosy a set of prints, and headed back soon afterwards. As we arrived home, well after midnight, we agreed that driving 28 total hours for a wedding may not have been the most sensible thing we've ever done, but also agreed it was worth every minute. It was marvelous to be there to wish Guy and Rosy well, and to see such a lovely, hopeful start to their lives together. We wouldn't have missed it for anything. 🍷

A Shelf Full of Hemingway

by Rich Gutkes

A Gathering of Coincidences

Ernest Hemingway became a centenarian in 1999. Alas, that he is dead and not able to enjoy the feast. He has become Florida's biggest hero. Every newspaper in the state will have the picture of Papa's lookalike who won the annual contest in Key West. Only a dog eaten by a gator or a surfer bitten by a shark gets the same guarantee of instant Sunshine State fame. Still popular, he is appearing in surprising forms on unusual stages, popping up all over. He even has a new book out.

True at First Light is a Hemingway novel about Hemingway being Hemingwayesque in a fictional African memoir. It is also a draft, neither finished nor polished for publication (by him), found by his son and sold by his estate. This is something to keep in mind: it was thrown back in the trunk.

The story is set in the Kenya of colonialism's twilight, although this was not apparent when EH sat down to write. The African and European relationships are brought to life in his prose as much as the hunting scenes describe the kill. Yet at the same time it all seems prehistoric, shocking and redolent

of white man's burden. This is not a book that could be written and published today; it is a long way from modern political correctness. Only a dead Hemingway, on the 100th anniversary of his celebrated life's birthday, could get this in print. We are a different audience.

Yet *First Light* is a good enough book and valid in context. Passages sing off the page. Readers who love EH should seek it out. A life in a tent on safari, the myriad people, the great wily lion coughing in the night, the masculine state of being, these words call out from the page.

One of the manly men from Monty Python, Michael Palin, set out to capture the essence of famous old Papa. He's done this by way of a TV journal, repeated in a coffee table book and condensed on to a web site, all known as *Michael Palin's Hemingway Adventure*. It is an extended magazine capsule, marginally cute, as Palin shows us he is a Hemingway buff. He visits and walks in the long lost, evaporated shadow of the man/celebrity/traveler (but not so much the writer). Visit the web site in an idle moment. His African section is knowledgeable and the airplane crashes there are well documented. You

can get a line on an authentic safari jacket too.

Michael Palin the travelogueer has also crossed paths with science fiction before. He retraced Jules Verne's *Around the World in 80 Days* on camera, coming across as a little bit Phileas Fogg and little bit Passepartout as only an English comedian can be. Some day (we must hope) he will go globe-trotting again in Mark Twain's footsteps. He'd be a natural.

Here Comes the SF

As an icon of literature and adventure, Ernest Hemingway still influences and sometimes even shows up in science fiction. Here are three to seek.

The Crook Factory by Dan Simmons covering EH's life of espionage and antisubmarine warfare in Cuba during World War II. Really. Call it the *X-File*-ization of the past, this is alternate history at its very best. Please read this ASAP.

Paradise by Mike Resnick is set during a native uprising on far off Peponi on the edge of the settled galaxy. It is virtually the same milieu as *First Light's* Mau Mau rebellion. The ivory trade has morphed into poaching the jeweled eyestones of the megafauna. Hemingway isn't mentioned of course, but he is a hovering presence.

Mr. Resnick's evocative writing brings the first arrivals,

then the settlers and ultimately the expatriates to life and through trial and travail, each resonating their common belief that even though we all worked hard to make it better, the lucky ones who came earlier really lived in paradise. This could also be metaphor for our Florida.

The Hemingway Hoax won the 1990 Nebula and the 1991 Hugo novella awards for Joe Haldeman. Like the Simmons work, it is rooted in the historical, but quickly veers off into the fantastic. Beginning with an idea about forging the lost bag of Hemingway's manuscripts that were stolen in 1923, it becomes the story of the scholar who attempts the forgery and ends up finding out about more than he would ever want to know about the consequences of rewriting history. Remember, it was Hemingway who said what doesn't kill you makes you stronger. The story blends in writers, readers, fiction, and EH. It is a fine book, well worth the hunt to locate a copy.

It has been just about two score years since the end came to Ernest Hemingway. He was fame and machismo in life and an icon in death. He remains in literary celestial orbit, like a Jupiter, attracting an ever growing ring of jovian satellites caught in the pull of his enormous gravity. The sky is brighter for his having been there and still he bends the fabric of literary spacetime.☞

Con Reports

by Tom Feller

Libertycon (May 25-27)

That Friday started early for me, because I attended a 7 AM meeting of The Fresh Rashers of Nashville. This is group of Sherlock Holmes fans who meet for breakfast on almost all Friday mornings. We were recently recognized as an Irregular Scion Society of the Baker Street Irregulars. Because of my travel schedule, I can only attend occasionally. The highlight was the viewing of an item one of the members bought for another. You may be familiar with the "Dickens village" set of Victorian style miniature houses. They're quite popular around Christmas time. There's now one for 221 Baker Street that includes figurines of Holmes and Watson. A Hansom cab is sold separately. Although it didn't completely conform to the descriptions of the building in the original stories, it was cute.

After checking our post office box, I returned home and worked for a few hours until it was time to leave. We drove over Monteagle in the sunshine so Anita was calm, but we just missed opening ceremonies. We spent the rest of the evening visiting with people outside in the hotel's courtyard, which is just adjacent to the con suite. The weather cooperated that weekend, except that the temperature dropped quickly after sunset. Then we visited the Con*Stellation party, where Anita overdosed on cheesecake.

There is a park called Camp Jordan behind the hotel, and I walked there for an hour on both Saturday and Sunday

mornings so my blood sugar was under control all weekend. On the other hand, the bed was too hard for Anita, so she slept badly both nights, and her sinuses bothered her because of the temperature fluctuations.

The video program consisted of old serials, which appeared on Channel 8 on the hotel's television system. I watched the first chapter of *Panther Girl of the Kongo* (Republic, 1955) starring Phyllis Coates. You may remember this actress as one of the two who played Lois Lane on the first *Superman* TV series.

At 2 PM Saturday, Chattacon served hot dogs in the hotel courtyard, so that was our lunch. Immediately afterward, we traipsed up to the room of Pat Molloy and Naomi Fisher for the Boston in 2004 dessert party. I had skipped eating the buns with the hot dogs so that I could afford some ice cream. Anita had more cheesecake.

We spent the rest of the afternoon visiting before it was time for the banquet at 5 PM. Unlike like other years when we had to leave the hotel for a nearby seafood restaurant, they held it in the hotel restaurant. Anita and I ate with John Hollis and a fan who used to live in Nashville but never made contract with Nashville fandom. He now lives outside of Atlanta. The guests, David Drake, Gary Ruddell, Debbie Hughes, and Eric Flint, all spoke briefly and emphasized how comfortable a convention Libertycon was. The dessert was cheesecake.

Again, we hung around the consuite until the parties

began. We attended the ones for DeepSouthCon 2002, Baen Books, and Kubla-Khan. At the DeepSouthCon party, we watched the masquerade over channel 8. They had 17 entrants. The Baen party had the most exotic booze. Anita had a fuzzy navel, and I drank two bottles of ale.

Anita didn't feel well Sunday morning, so we didn't hang around long and drove straight back to Nashville. She felt much better after sleeping in her own bed Sunday night.

Crescent City Con (August 3-5)

When Anita found out that I was scheduled to work in Baton Rouge the week before this convention, she decided to fly down to Louisiana rather than me flying home to Nashville that weekend.

Tropical Storm Barry, the second named storm of 2001, made its presence felt, although it did not make landfall in the Florida panhandle until 2 AM on the Monday morning after the convention. New Orleans was on a hurricane watch, however, so we had to check its whereabouts each day in case we would have to change our plans. Anita and our friend Nancy Holland had tickets for the last Southwest flight from New Orleans to Nashville on Sunday night, and I was supposed to drive to Jackson, Mississippi, to work the following week.

Anita and Nancy flew into New Orleans Thursday night via Southwest, and I met them at the airport. I had already checked into the hotel, and we returned there so that Nancy could check into her room as well. Then we drove downtown and found a parking garage near the Canal Street end of Bourbon Street. After we had walked for five minutes, we ran into Mississippi fan Gary Shelton, who accompanied us to dinner. We chose the Cajun Cabin for its food and live music. The food included alligator and crawfish, and the music was furnished by a zydeco band. Their instruments were drums, guitar, bass guitar, accordion, and metal washboard.

After dinner, Gary departed in search of Blues music, and we walked down to Pat O'Brien's. Anita likes to visit there on each trip and drink a Hurricane. Nancy drank one as well, while I had a beer. Then we listened to a Jazz ensemble at Preservation Hall. Their instruments were trombone, trumpet, clarinet, piano, bass, and drums, and they played jazz arrangements of popular songs such as "Ain't She Sweet" and "You are my Sunshine". Each musician played several solos during the set.

We spent Friday at the convention hotel in the N.O. suburb of Metairie. Anita and I went swimming in the hotel pool that morning, but the water was too cold for Anita. Then we registered with the convention. The con suite was not conducive to visiting with the other fans, so we tended to hang out in the hotel lobby. I bought a book about *Stranger in a Strange Land* from Zane Melder in the huckster room.

Writer guests Joe Haldeman and George Alec Effinger appeared on three panels that we attended that weekend. The first was about Joe Haldeman, whom George introduced, in which Joe described his upbringing as the son of an alcoholic

father and a free-spirited mother. Joe grew up in Puerto Rico, Washington, D.C., New Orleans, and Alaska. In the "Future War Fiction" panel, George said he didn't accept the premises of most military science fiction. If there are as many habitable planets as these books assume and if faster-than-light travel is so inexpensive, then people can deal with conflict by moving to another planet. Joe is a Vietnam veteran and commented that *Full Metal Jacket* did not get the combat right. In "Getting the Science Right", George described his experience of attending a meeting about a sci-fi TV show in which all the planets are connected by vines. In response to a question from me, Joe hopes that recent experiments involving the speed of light may drive a wedge into the Special Theory of Relativity. George introduced the other guests at opening ceremonies. Lou Ferrigno (*The Incredible Hulk*, *Pumping Iron*) looked very fit, and Virginia Hey (*The Road Warrior*, *Farscape*) is very beautiful. George, who is partially deaf, praised Ferrigno for overcoming his 80% loss of hearing by becoming a champion body builder.

There were dances on both Friday and Saturday night. The Black Tie, Lingerie, or Toga (BLT) dance took place on Friday night. This year I remembered to bring a suit, so they let us in. Robert Neagle (recently married to Ann Cavitt) was the deejay and played music that Anita, Nancy, and I liked. Unfortunately, the dance was not well attended, and those who did attend did not dance at first. I wondered whether the real motivation of the others was to see and been seen rather than to dance. However, when Robert played "The Time Warp" at Midnight, a lot more people participated. They stayed on the floor as Robert played hits from the Seventies.

The Saturday night dance was hosted by Rocky Unbound, a club devoted to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. They were celebrating their tenth anniversary. A pretty young woman in a Frankfurter costume asked me to dance, and Anita had no objection. They had a screen projector and occasionally played the videos that go with the songs.

The parties consisted most of video rooms hosted by local media clubs. Babylon 504 had the best food and showed *Farscape* videos. (504 is the telephone area code for New Orleans.) Absolutely British, a club devoted to British media, served tea and showed episodes from *The Avengers* and *The Saint*. However, we gravitated to the Rocky Unbound party, because they did not show videos and had the best booze.

Nancy, Anita, and I left the convention on Saturday afternoon to take the Battlefield Cruise. The Creole Queen paddle wheeler left from its dock near Canal Street and steamed past Jackson Square, the French Market, and the New Orleans waterfront toward the Chalmette battlefield where the battle of New Orleans took place in 1815. Anita was especially interested in the plantation house on the grounds that was once owned by a son of Civil War General P.T. Beauregard. It featured columns and a marble floor. At the battlefield's monument, one of the park rangers gave a talk on the battle. Unfortunately, we were on shore for only 45 minutes. We had signed up for lunch, so on the return trip we waited in line for 20 minutes to

be served, but we found the food to be good. Afterward, we spent some brief time in the Riverwalk mall and Harrah's casino. Anita turned \$20 into \$50 before we made her leave to return to the convention.

We had lunch at The Court of Two Sisters in the French Quarter on Sunday. The Jazz Brunch included crawfish, shrimp, bread pudding, and other local delicacies. The Jazz music was provided by a clarinetist, banjo player, and a bass player. We listened to Blues music at two clubs on Bourbon Street before I dropped Anita and Nancy off at the airport and drove to Jackson. Their plane left barely before a thunderstorm arrived, but I had to drive through it.

Millennium Philcon (August 30-September 3)

Transportation—

John Hollis and Ken Moore met us at our apartment, and we rode together to the airport. It was a tight squeeze. Ken had the most baggage, which you would not expect based on the clothes he wears. Although he only wears t-shirts and shorts, he had two carry-on and three checked bags.

U.S. Airways has a direct flight between Nashville and Philadelphia so it was an easy choice for Anita and me, especially since they were also the least expensive of the airlines I checked. However, shortly after we booked our seats, the prices went up, and at least two people from Nashville did not make the trip because ticket prices were too high. This was unfortunate, because neither of our flights was full. We arrived at our gate in Philadelphia about 15 minutes late, which was good considering that we were a holding pattern for part of the flight. Our flight home was delayed by an hour because of some debris on the plane's underside. *{{I had something happen to me that never had before on my U.S. Airways direct flight from Birmingham – when did they stop being USAir, by the way? When we were landing in Philadelphia, we had almost touched down when the pilot pulled up sharply and we circled one more time! Apparently something was in the way on the runway. Incursions I believe they call those.}}*

There were shuttle vans between the airport and the downtown hotels for \$8 a person. The route took us past a naval shipyard with mothballed warships. Art Widner, a member of First Fandom, was on our shuttle from the airport to downtown, and Lawrence Person, editor of *Nova Express*, was on the one going home. Both times the vans were full of fans attending the Worldcon.

Hotel—

We stayed at the Marriott and roomed with Dan Caldwell. Unlike last year's Chicago Hyatt, it did have a coffee maker. Unfortunately, the first morning I discovered that the maid had left only decaffeinated coffee. I had to find a vending machine and buy a Diet Pepsi so that Anita could get her caffeine fix. Otherwise, I made coffee every morning except the last when I met some old friends to take a photo. Neither Anita nor Dan could figure out how to work the coffee maker, so they waited

until I returned.

Anita and I ordered room service several mornings while cleaning up and getting dressed. Each time we split one big breakfast and ordered an extra glass of orange juice.

The fanzine lounge was in the Marriott, but I spent little time there, because there were never any diet sodas.

All the night-time events and parties took place in that hotel. There were two wings, but you could walk down a narrow and twisting corridor between them.

Convention Center—

Formerly the Reading Railroad station, the Pennsylvania Convention Center was more than big enough to host the Worldcon. It was connected to the Marriott via a walk way. The exhibit hall held the art show, dealer's room, autograph sessions, and other exhibits and still had lots of empty space. Most panels took place there, and they had room to host a Christian group on Saturday.

Kaffeeklatsches took place on the third level, where there was a snack bar. I finally met Yuri Mironets, professor of English at Far Eastern University in Vladivostok, Russia, at one. We've been corresponding for years, but had never met. He gave me a pin representing the university where he teaches and candy to give to Anita.

Restaurants—

The Marriott had a little coffee bar in the lobby, where we ate one morning. This was the only time, because they had difficulty taking our order. The cashier would ring up one orange juice when we had ordered two and two rolls when we had ordered one.

We ate in Allie's American Grille, the hotel restaurant, several times, and they usually had a buffet. When we presented our badges, they gave us a 5% discount. On the last day, we both had Philadelphia cheese steak sandwich and realized why we do NOT order it at home. Anita felt there were at least twice as many onions as she cared for.

There was a Hard Rock Cafe on the first floor of the convention center, but we only ate there once as the food was mediocre and the service worse. In contrast, Maggione's was a nearby Italian restaurant that everyone else was recommending. Because we had heard that the portion size was enormous, Anita ordered a half-serving of Calzone and I had half a serving of Swordfish. Even so, the portions were large. The place had a lot of atmosphere with wood paneling, red checker table cloths, and photographs of Italy on the wall. Anita made the joke that it was the type of place that you could imagine someone coming in with a sub-machine gun and shooting people eating spaghetti. Regardless the food was good but rather pricey. The restaurant was full of fans easily distinguishable from the waiters wearing tuxedos and the other patrons wearing suits and dresses.

Parties—

Charlotte in 2004 had the best food, and we used it to eat

dinner on two nights. They served barbeque, potato salad, baked beans, and coleslaw. Boston in 2004 had better desserts, such as almond cookies and petit fours. I thought the quality of the beer was equal. Boston served Sam Adams, while Charlotte served a variety of micro-brewed brands. *{Boston served Woodchuck Cider – three kinds – YAY!}* The SFF.Net party served chocolate fondue. Anita commented on the feeding frenzy whenever they put out a new batch. The Cincinnati Fantasy Group suite had the best overall booze. We danced at the Disco Glam Rock Alien party. At the UK in 2005 party, Anita took 30 minutes to drink a thimble full of Scotch, which she compared to lighter fluid. Toni Weisskopf asked me to bring my laptop to the Baen party to do a one-shot fanzine, which I did. We got over 3 pages of material from various people. Frank and Millie Kalisz hosted the Xerps in 2010 party. As usual, they served skippies, played Cajun music, and extensively decorated with aliens. We believe it was the longest running party of Sunday night.



Programming—

My first panel was on space opera. It included Hal Clement. They compared E.E. “Doc” Smith and John W. Campbell. Campbell was noted for favoring humans in his space operas as well as in the stories he selected for *Astounding*, while Smith tended in treat species equally.

There were some technical difficulties with the skits at Opening Ceremonies, but they probably made them funnier than they would have been otherwise.

The “Greet and Meet the Guests” reception really didn’t come off, as none of the guests attended. We left after 30 minutes and caught the end of a panel on horror and serial killers.

On Friday, Anita attended a panel on Jane Austen that included Connie Willis. Anita sees similarities between Austen and Willis in the use of comic characters. Then she attended a panel on the future of horror. The panelists believe horror is

moving away from splatter and gore toward the more cerebral kind of horror. They cited *The Others*, a recent movie, as an example.

I attended one on alternate histories in which the panelists felt that the difference between an alternate history and something like *Gone With the Wind* is intent. Margaret Mitchell intended to re-create the world of the Civil War era South rather than play with different possibilities such as the South winning.

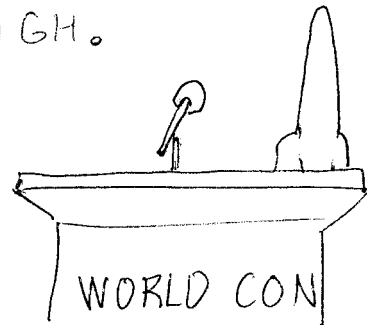
Together we attended Jeff Walker’s Trailer Park, an hour-long presentation of movie and TV previews. They included *Smallville*, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *The Musketeer*, *Rollerball*, and *Lord of the Rings*.

I attended the Poul Anderson Memorial on Saturday. His daughter, Astrid Anderson Bear, and his son-in-law, Greg Bear, hosted it. They invited people to come up and talk about Poul. They included David Brin, Joe Haldeman, Larry Niven, Tom Doherty, and others, including ordinary fans who described how his writing touched them.

Then I went to a panel on science fiction and mysteries in which most of the authors complained about being typecast as either SF or mystery writers. Finally, I attended a panel on Writing on the Web in which they mostly discussed on-line writing workshops. At the same time, Anita went to a radio play of *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy* and a slide show of pictures from the Hubble telescope.

Anita commented that the Masquerade should have been subtitled, “Here there be dragons.” A mechanical dragon with gleaming eyes and wings and a Chinese dragon that went the length of the stage dominated. “Fridays at Ten”, a skit based on *The Twilight Zone*, won the Best in Show award. The half-time entertainment consisted of the Harmonicas, which Anita described as a capella Spice Girls.

AND THE HUGO FOR
MOST RECOGNIZED NAME
GOES TO... YOU GUESSED
IT, SAME AS EVERY YEAR,
SIGH.



While Anita attended the Sunday filk concerts, I attended three panels. The first was on Robert Heinlein, in which one of the panelists said that in recent years Heinlein literary criticism has taken the radical step of actually reading what he wrote. I then went up to the fanzine lounge, where Naomi Fisher, Pat Molloy, Janice Gelb, and Victor Gonzales conducted a panel on the TAFF/DUFF funds. They commented that the trip is the fun part, except for Janice who ran program ops at the Australian Worldcon, and the administrative duties the hard part. Finally, I attended a panel on libertarian SF supposedly with emphasis on Ayn Rand and Robert Heinlein. Actually they didn't talk about them all that much, except for pointing out that in the early Heinlein fiction there are competent, benevolent bureaucrats and that he really did not become libertarian until *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*.

As usual, the Hugo Awards ceremony was too long, especially since they added an award called the Cordwainer Smith Re-Discovery Award for rediscovered writers. The first recipient was Olaf Stapleton. The highlight took place when Dave Kyle presented First Fandom's Big Heart award to Sue and Steve Francis.

Esther Friesner's opening remarks consisted of a rap, and Connie Willis's presentation was overlong, but funny. I don't think any of the awards were undeserved, but it struck me how "safe" the voters went this year. Either they awarded the Hugo to a previous winner, or they went with a choice that was popular outside the field, such as Harry Potter.



Tourist Stuff—

We took a courtesy van from the hotel to the historical district, where we rode a carriage for about an hour. The female driver took us to the various historical sites, which included the Second Bank of the United States, Christ Church, Washington Square, the U.S. Mint, and Carpenter's Hall. Unfortunately, we could not see Betsy Ross's house, because

the street is under construction. The driver pointed out plaques on certain houses that indicated that they had been insured by the first insurance company in American, wrought-iron gates, and twisted stairways designed to show off the dresses of ladies. Several streets were paved by ballast bricks brought over by ships. We noticed that she stopped the horse well before encountering a stop light.

After the tour we visited the Liberty Bell, which is housed in its own pavilion, and Independence Hall where we entered the room where both the Declaration of Independence and the U.S. Constitution were adopted. George Washington's chair is the only piece of original furniture in the room, but the various books lying on the desk reproductions come from that period.

Concerts—

Anita likes to attend filk concerts, and I joined her on several occasions. All of them took place on the fourth floor of the Marriott. Performers included Leslie Fish and Bill Sutton. Thursday night they had a jazz concert consisting of a piano player and a singer. The piano player was good, but on the level of a piano bar player in Nashville. In addition, we had heard some excellent jazz a month before in New Orleans. The best that I can say about the singer was that she was pretty.

There were two rock and roll concerts Friday night. The first, called Venus Moon and the Gas Giants, was late setting up but had an excellent female lead singer. She had a low, husky voice well suited to singing the Blues. Unfortunately, the supporting musicians were not up to her standards. The second band, however, was not to our liking. Called the Red Masque, they dressed in black costumes. I could barely make out the lyrics, but what I could understand sounded nihilistic.

At the Pegasus filk concert on Saturday, they sang all the nominated songs for this year. The Pegasus is the filk equivalent of the Hugo. I found two of the computer songs very funny, one about technical support and another about vampire megabytes.

Summary—

This was the first time in 10 years that I did not do some sort of volunteer work at a Worldcon. It was a lot of intense fun. When we returned home, Anita and I felt we need a quiet vacation to recover from our vacation. 🐼

AND THE "Bob Eggleton"
Hugo for best hair goes
to...



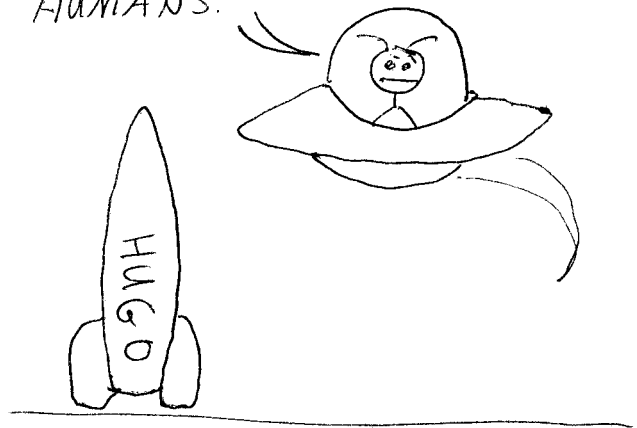
Randy did all the cartoons on this page and elsewhere throughout the zine on a Marriott note pad while watching the Hugos from the Baen suite. I thought Randy was going to kill me when I found Bob Eggleton in the bathroom at Toni's party to show him this one (he was getting a Coke!). But Bob thought it was funny and only suggested that Randy make the Hugo less, er, symbolic...which he says he did for the ASFA newsletter.

ALTERNATE WORLDS

AND THE GERNSBACK FOR
BEST NOVEL GOES TO...



THAT WILL NEVER
GET OF THE GROUND. FOOLISH
HUMANS.



Trinoc*coN Report

by Laura Haywood-Cory

It's too early to know what our final numbers are {{Trinoc*coN was held October 5-7. Laura sent this to me on the 11th. She's good.}}, but it felt like a successful con. The guests that I observed seemed to be enjoying themselves, and I heard that several of them want to come back next year.

I spent most of the con working at Registration, which meant I saw the majority of the people who arrived to attend, but I didn't get to many panels, only saw Vernor Vinge from a distance, and in the rush to get to the hotel on Thursday night forgot our books for him to sign anyway...

I did manage to do the Writers' Workshop, though, which was the main thing I regretted missing last year. I'm really glad I was able to go this year. If you're at all interested in writing fantasy/sf/horror, I highly recommend it. It's led by Allen Wold, and he's ably assisted by several other authors: this year, his co-leaders were Jodie Forrest, Bud Webster, Jack McDevitt and Warren Rochelle.

Friday night's Meet the Guests party went well, and Ian McDowell stole the show in the lead role of the staged reading of Karl Edward Wagner's "Into Whose Hands." We joked with him about changing the name on his badge, even.

I got to Graham Watkins' late night haunted house presentation again on Saturday night; it was just as fascinating as it was last year, and again it was well-attended.

The art show was well done by Troy and Gina Adler, my hat is off to them for doing an excellent job.

And we had an art auction this year that was both fun and profitable, we hope, for the artists. I lightened my wallet by a good bit and ended up with some lovely pieces by Ingrid Nielsen, Mary Hanson Roberts, James Wappel (the most popular artist at the auction) and Mike Moon.

The hotel was pleasant to work with, from my limited perspective. Aside from a glitch at check-in, Paul and I didn't have any difficulties. Their breakfast buffet was well-stocked and delicious, and in a stroke of genius, the hotel provided a

sandwich stand near the gamers' area on the 2nd floor – with inexpensive, fresh, TASTY sandwiches. At \$1.50 a pop, the sandwiches were probably the best deal of the weekend, and the staff wasn't stingy with the meats and toppings.

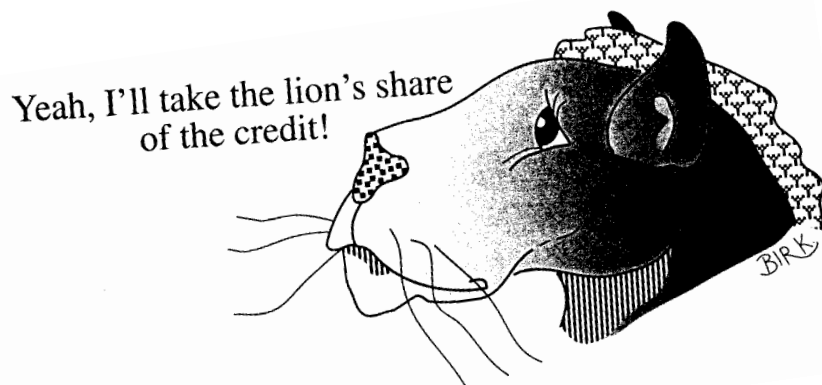
There was no time for me to do any gaming, but every time I walked past the gaming area, it looked full. Gaming guest Steve Long was a real trouper for filling in when Christian Moore had to back out due to post-Sept. 11 travel restrictions put in place by his company.

I did get up to the Dealers' room a time or two. My finds included some books, the prize being the Ursula LeGuin/Susan Seddon Boulet *Buffalo Gals, Won't You ComOut Tonight*. Got some Celtic spiral jewelry, a green and purple fluorite pyramid, and some buttons: "Personifiers Unite! You have nothing to lose but Mr. Dignity." "Strong Like Ox. Smart Like Tractor" (for a friend in our rpg who's playing the fighter). "Somehow I think your spirit animal is a lemming." "I do not feel obliged to believe that the same God who has endowed us with sense, reason and intellect has intended us to forgo their use. – Galileo Galilei." "When the pin is pulled, Mr. Hand Grenade is no longer your friend." And perhaps the bestseller, stolen shamelessly from Capclave in DC the weekend before: "No stupid terrorist is going to ruin my convention." All too relevant, as just after Sunday's art auction we got word that the bombing of Afghanistan had started...

The charity auction pulled in over \$1300 for the Wake County Literacy Council, and the various fundraisers for the Red Cross and other Sept. 11-related organizations seemed to do well, though we don't have final numbers on those yet.

At the end-of-con feedback session we got some great ideas for next year, and we were pleased to have so many new volunteers show up. We also had better attendance at this year's Dead Dog party.

I'm tired but very pleased. 🐶



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Sponsored by NASFA, the North Alabama Science Fiction Association

Rev 3.0c - 01/02/02 by Neil Jones

Annotated Fanzine Listings

by Tom Feller

Please send paper zines for listing to me at PO Box 68203, Nashville, TN 37206. All these zines are available for trade unless noted. Also unless otherwise specified, when writing for a sample issue, send \$1 to cover postage. A SASE is likely to be too small. eZines should be sent to tomfeller@aol.com

Ansible, #'s 169-171, published by Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, UK. Dave's U.S. agent is Janice Murray, PO Box 75684, Seattle, WA 98125-0684. Fannish news. In #169, Dave reports on Finncon and eulogizes Poul Anderson. This zine was #6 in Hugo Award nominations.

The Baker Street Dispatch, Vol. 11, #4, published by Thomas and Janet Biblewski, Box 5503, Toledo, OH 43613. No trades. Available for \$8.50 for six issues. Besides a calendar of Sherlock Holmes events and reviews, an anonymous author, presumably one of the editors, comments on "A Scandal in Bohemia".

CAR-PGA Newsletter, Vol. 10, #'s 8-10, published by the Committee for the Advancement of Role-Playing Games, 1127 Cedar, Bonham, TX 75418. Edited by Paul Cardwell. Available for \$10 annually or 85 cents per copy; no trades. Each issue has a convention calendar. Carsten Obst comments on the failure of GURPS (Generic Universal Role Playing System) in Germany in #8 and the failure of the Dungeons and Dragons movie in #9. John Sellers describes gaming in prison in #9. In #10, KJ Redbeard Godwin-Larson describes a man who claimed to be a werewolf and a woman who claimed to be a vampire, and Paul comments on the events of September 11.

Communications Console, #'s 3&4, newsletter for Allies for Star Trek, 2195 Madison Avenue, Memphis, TN 38104. Edited by James Kacarides. Annual dues: \$12 per year. All issues have club news and reprints of newspaper articles concerning *Star Trek*. Hal Ellis Browder interviews a theoretical physicist in #3, and David Jackson reports on using the episode "The Empath" in a class on healing in #4.

Con-Temporal, Vol. 8, # 9, published by Pegasus Publishing, PO Box 1845, Sherman, TX, 75091-1845. Edited by Scott Merritt. Monthly subscription: \$40 per year; Bi-Monthly subscription: \$30 per year. No trades. This zine has the most comprehensive listing of conventions that I have seen.

De Profundis #'s 343-345, official newszine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS), 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601. Edited by Marty Cantor. Club news, calendar, and meeting minutes. Ted White has a fanzine review column. #343 contains eulogies for Jack Harness.

The District Messenger, newsletter of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London, Mole End 41 Sandford Road, Clelmsford CM2 6DE, UK. Edited by Roger Johnson. Available for \$13 for 12 issues payable to Jean Upton. No trades. Club and Holmes news, including an obituary for Poul Anderson.

Feline Mewsings, #5, published by R-Laurraine Tutihasi, 29217 Stonecrest Road, Rollings Hills Estates, CA 90275-4936. (This is an apazine written for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) and contains Laurraine's mailing comments. However, it is available outside the apa as well.) Laurraine reviews books and movies and

reports on Loscon and Westercon.

File 770, # 139, published by Mike Glycer, 705 Valley View Avenue, Monrovia, CA 91016. Available for \$8 for 5 issues, \$15 for 10. This is fandom's leading newszine, and it has an active letter column. Reports include Keith Stokes on the Tucker Tribute and the Campbell Conference, Leah Zeldes Smith on a trip to Tokyo, Joy Smith on Oasis, and John Hertz on Westercon. Otherwise, Francis Hamit analyzes the Tasini decision on copyright law by the Supreme Court, and Ed Green discusses police chases on Los Angeles freeways. Obituaries include Poul Anderson, Dr. Donald Reed, and Jack Harness. It was this year's Hugo Award winner.

FOSFAX, # 204, published on behalf of the Falls of the Ohio Science Fiction and Fantasy Association, PO Box 37281, Louisville, KY 40233-7281. Edited by Timothy Lane and Elizabeth Garrott. Subscription: \$3 per issue, or \$12 for 6 issues. This issue consists of 72 pages of small print including book, poetry, and movie reviews, long articles, poetry, convention reports, political commentary from a libertarian viewpoint, humor, and long letters. The highlight of this issue is an article by Dale Speirs on the history of mail bombs. Convention reports include Tim on Millennium Philcon, James Dorr on Inconjunction, and Joe Major on Conglomeration.

The Illustrious Client News, Vol. 34, #5, the official newsletter of the Illustrious Clients (Sherlock Holmes), 540 W. Sycamore St., Zionsville, IN 46077. No trades. Edited by Steven T. Doyle. Besides club and Holmes news, Steven and Donald Petkus discuss "The Golden Pince-Nez". There is also a short obituary for Poul Anderson.

Instant Message, #'s 686-692, newsletter of the New England Science Fiction Association, PO Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701-0809. Edited by Rick Katze. Club and Boskone news.

The Knarley Knews, #'s 88-90, published by Henry "Knarley" Welch, 1526 16th Avenue, Grafton, WI 53024-2017. Available for \$1.50 per issue. All three issues contain letters, zine reviews, Charlotte Proctor's reviews of books and movies, and Lysa DeThomas's report on a trip to Israel. In #88, Knarley describes his war with dandelions. In #89, Rodney Leighton reflects on fanzines, and Gene Stewart reviews A.I. In #90, Knarley comments on the events of 9/11

Lagernost, #6, published by Fred Lerner, 81 Worcester Avenue, White River Junction, Vermont 05001. (This is another apazine written for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) and contains Fred's mailing comments. However, it is available outside the apa as well.) Fred reports on a trip to Denmark and Iceland.

NASFA Shuttle, Vol. 21, #'s 7-10, newsletter of the North Alabama Science Fiction Association, PO Box 4857, Huntsville, AL 35815-4857. Edited by Mike Kennedy. Subscription: \$1.50 per issue, or \$10 for 12 issues. Club and Constellation news. In #8, Mike eulogizes Poul Anderson, Pat Brooks reviews *Planet of the Apes*, and Jim Woosley discusses Robert Heinlein's predictions in the essay "Pandora's Box". #9 contains reports on Conglomeration by Sam Smith. Sue Thorn, Tom Feller, and Mark Paulk report on Millennium Philcon in #9 and Randy Cleary reports on it in #10.

On East Broadway, #'s 1, 9, &12, published by Tim Marion, c/o

Kleinbard, 266 East Broadway, Apt. 1201B, New York, NY 10002. This is an apazine for SLANAPA and contains Tim's mailing comments. Besides reviews of movies, videos, comics, and TV shows, Tim discusses old apa mailings in #9 and reports on a museum exhibit of the art of Maxfield Parrish and Lunacon in #1.

Opuntia, #48.1B & 48.5A, published by Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2P 2E7. Almost all issues contain letters and book reviews. #48.1B contains fanzine and mail art listings. Dale describes his emergency gallbladder operation in #48.5A.

Peregrine Nations, #2, published by J. G. Stinson, PO Box 430314, Big Pine Key, FL 33043-0314. Available for the usual or \$1 per issue. Besides locs and zine reviews, J.G. reports on Tropicon and her health and comments on the events of September 11. E. B. Frohvet reviews two books.

Plokta, #24, published by Steve Davies, 52 Westbourne Terrace, Reading, Berks RG30 2RP, Alison Scott, 24 ST Mary Road, Walthamstow, London E17 9RG, and Mike Scott, 9 Jagger House, Rosenau Road, London SW 11 4QY, United Kingdom. Besides letters, Jaine Weddell describes baking bread, Alison reports on mice and pigeons at her house, Alasdair Mackintosh analyzes the 1955 Citroens DS car, Sue Mason comments on lost possessions, and Steven Cain reports on a bicycle trip. This zine was #3 in final Hugo Award voting.

Spirits of Things Past, #3, published by Dick Smith, 410 W. Willow Road, Prospect Heights, IL 60070-1250. A fanzine of progress for ditto 14 and FanHistoriCon 11. Bob Tucker explains the history of The Tucker Hotel and meeting Bert Campbell, and Leah Zeldes Smith writes about Beer Nuts, the No Award vote option in the Hugo Awards, and Seth Johnson's Fanzine Clearing House. Dick reprints a piece of faan fiction by the late Bill Fesselmeyer.

STUPH n.s., #1, published by Sherry "Sherry T" Thompson, 2203 Melson RD #G82, Wilmington, DE 19808. Anne-Marie Menzel describes her dog; Sherry discusses preteen girls, horses, SF, her first convention, and Poul Anderson; and Jack Dunn reflects on SF. There are also book reviews and poems.

Terminal Eyes, # 3, published by Tim Marion, c/o Kleinbard, 266 East Broadway, Apt. 1201B, New York, NY 10002. This is an apazine for FAPA and contains Tim's mailing comments. Tim analyzes the singing group Destiny's Child, reviews TV shows, and discusses a 1965 FAPA mailing.

Three Pipe Problem Plugs and Dottles, newsletter of the Nashville Scholars of the Three Pipe Problem (Sherlock Holmes), July and September 2001. Edited by Gael Stahl, 1763 Needmore Road, Old Hickory, TN 37138. Available for \$7 annually; no trades. Club news, reviews, and discussion of The Canon. Ron Kritter reports on a séance that attempted to contact Arthur Conan Doyle in the July issue and the performance of a humorous skit based on *The Hound of the Baskervilles* in the September one. Also in the September issue, Jim Hawkins lists Sherlock Holmes websites.

Thyme, #'s 131-132, PO Box 222, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, VC 8005, Australia. Edited by Alan Stewart. Subscriptions: \$15 for 6 issues. Checks should be made payable to Mark Olson, 10 Shawmut Terrace, Framingham, MA 01702. This newszine contains fan and SF news, letters, book reviews, and a calendar. In #131, Lyn McConchie discusses global warming, and Alan interviews Robin Hobb aka

Megan Lindholm. In #132, Lyn compares two books by Murray Leinster and John Wyndham, Donna Heenan and Alan Stewart interview Sara Douglass. Convention reports include Edward McArdle on Chicon 2000, Rose Mitchell on Convex, and Edwina Harvey on Nelcon.

Tripe Report, #'s 49-50, postcards from Bruce Pelz, 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills, CA 91344-3951. Short comments with puns from stops on his cruises. #49 is from the Orkney Islands, and #50 is from Dublin.

Twink, #'s 22-23, published by E. B. Frohvet, 4716 Dorsey Hall Drive, #506, Ellicott City, MD 21042. Each issue contains reviews of books and zines and an excellent letter column. In #22, Steve Sneyd discusses the notion of Christ on other worlds, and E.B. analyzes the use of the "stun gun" in science fiction. In #23, E.B. surveys religion in SF, Sheryl Birkhead describes moving to a new house, and Lyn McConchie reports on Wiscon. It was #15 in Hugo Award nominations.

Vanamonde, #'s 408-417, published by John Hertz, 236 South Coronado Street, No. 409, Los Angeles, CA 90057. These 2 page perzines were originally published for APA-L, the weekly apa. They all have John's mailing comments to other members of the apa. #'s 412 & 417 have responses from people outside the apa. John reports on the Chicago Worldcon in #'s 408-413 and June Moffatt's birthday in #415.

Yngvi is a Louse, # 72, published by Toni Weisskopf, 3188 Atlanta Hwy, PMB Box 385, Athens, GA 30606. (This zine was originally intended for the Southern Fandom Press Alliance and includes her mailing comments to the other members.) Charlotte Proctor reviews books, plays, and movies, Jerry Page discusses cats he has known, and Toni expounds on science fiction.

{We also got: the June and July issues of the Atlanta Science Fiction Society's Future Times, #98 of Ethel the Aardvark from the Melbourne SF Club, the fall issue of the SFSFS Shuttle, and the October/November issue of ConNotations from the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society, all of which I neglected to get to Tom in time for this column.}}

Electronic Zines

E-ZOMBIE #72, published by Bob Tucker, wilsonbob37@netzero.net. Bob reports on a party in Bloomington held in his honor. For photos, see <http://www.lib.ndsu.nodak.edu/subjects/lifesci/Tribute.htm>. For a picture of his Retro-Hugo for Science Fiction Newsletter (circa 1948-1953) see <http://www.sff.net/people/sfreader/hugo1.jpg>.

JAMES HOGAN NEWSLETTER, published by James Hogan, newsletter@jameshogan.com. News on book releases and convention appearances.

NO AWARD #10, published by Marty Cantor, louishoohah@netzero.net. (Requires Adobe Acrobat Reader.) Besides letters, Thom Digby provides a history of the word "Plergh" and explains its proper usage, Joe Major reviews the fanzine Niekas, Milt Stevens parodies George R.R. Martin's latest fantasy novel, Ed Green relates his experiences during the Los Angeles Riots, Len Moffatt contributes another installment of his fannish memoirs, and Earl Kemp describes his

dealings with Robert Heinlein, Hugh Hefner, and H.L. Hunt.

THE REVENGE OF HUMP DAY!, published by Tim Bolgeo, tbolgeo@cdc.net. Jokes and fannish news, especially Libertycon.

WOSSNAME, published by Joe Schaumberger, JSCHAUM111@aol.com. Terry Pratchett and Discworld news.

Webzines

ARGENTUS, published by Steven Silver, www.sfsite.com/~silver-ag/argentus.html. Steve comments on the events of September 11, David Truesdale mediates over the state of SF short fiction, Patricia Sayre McCoy relates her experience of selling a story to a fantasy anthology, Rich Horton describes his experience of being a contestant on *Do You Want to be a Millionaire*, Tom Whitmore describes the Worldcon experience, Erik Olson reports on a visit to the Kennedy Space Center, and Mike Resnick ranks the best movies about Africa.

E-FANZINES, published by Bill Burns, <http://www.efanzines.com>. On-line version of fanzines, including No Award, #10, and fanzine reviews by Ted White.

EMERALD CITY, published by Cheryl Morgan, www.emcit.com, published by Cheryl Morgan. Book reviews and fannish news.

KAJIKIT'S CORNER, published by Karen Johnson, <http://Kajikit.netfirms.com/>. Published by Karen Johnson. This personal site has material on last year's Christmas and nice graphics.

REVOLUTION SCIENCE FICTION, published by Shane Ivey, <http://www.revolutionsf.com>. Reviews, articles, message boards, contests, and fiction, including a story by Michael Moorcock.

THE ROYAL SWISS NAVY, published by Garth Spencer, <http://www.vcn.bc.ca/sig/rsn>. Humorous articles by Garth. See also the Canadian Unity Fan Fund information and Garth's personal page at <http://www.vcn.bc.ca/~hrothgar>.

SCI-FI DIMENSIONS, published by John C. Snider, <http://www.scifidimensions.com>. Movie, TV, and book reviews, interviews, fiction, letters, con reports, and articles.

VIDEO VISTA, published by Tony Lee, <http://www.videovista.net>. Video reviews.

THE VISIONARY ART OF FRANZ MIKLIS, <http://www.franzmiklis.com>. Fantasy and Science Fiction art by a leading fan artist. 🐉



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Science Fiction Clubs in the South

ALABAMA

Birmingham: **Birmingham Science Fiction Club**, P.O. Box 43014 Birmingham, AL 35243. Monthly meetings on the second Saturday of each month at 7 PM at the Southside Public Library. Dues: \$10 for one person, \$15 for family, lifetime memberships 10 times the base amount. Officers: President Richard Hyde, Vice-President Don Reynolds, Treasurer Elise Bodenheimer, Minister of Information Sharon Olm. <http://www.bham.net/bisfic/index.html>

Huntsville: **North Alabama Science Fiction Association (NASFA)**, P.O. Box 4857, Huntsville, AL 35815-4857. Monthly meetings on the third Saturday at BookMark, 7500 South Memorial Parkway, Suite #133, the Village Square Shopping Center, phone 256-881-3910. Business portion at 6 PM, program at 7 PM, followed by an after-the-meeting meeting for socializing. Dues: \$15 annually. Subscription to *The NASFA Shuttle*: \$10 annually. Officers: President Mary Ortwerth, Vice-President: Mike Kennedy, Secretary: Samuel A. Smith, Treasurer: Ray Pietruszka, Program Director: Randy Cleary, Publicity Director: Karen Hopkins .
<http://www.con-stellation.org/nasfa/index.html>

FLORIDA

Clearwater: **American Tolkien Society**, Box 901 Clearwater, FL 34617. Newsletter *Minas Tirith Evening-Star*. Contact: Paul S. Ritz.

Fort Lauderdale: **South Florida Science Fiction Society**, P.O. Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307-0143. Regular monthly meetings (location varies) plus media outings, writers workshops, filk gatherings, and other activities. Dues: \$15 annually. Subscription to *SFSFS Shuttle*: \$12 annually. Officers: Chairman Carlos V. Perez, Jr., Vice Chairman George Peterson, Secretary Melanie Herz, Treasurer Bill Wilson, Publications Coordinator Mal Barker. <http://www.sfsfs.org>

Green Cove Springs: **LORE (Legends of Reality Enacted)**, PO Box 717, Green Cove Springs, FL 32043. Live-action role-playing. Monthly meetings and newsletter *Fairy Rad*. Contact: Cindy Sudano.

Lake Mary: **The Guardians of Gallifrey**, 170 Broadmoor Ave, Lake Mary, FL 32746. *Dr. Who* and British SF. Monthly meetings and newsletter *The Gallifrey Guardian*. Contact Julia Langston.

Lantana: **Order of Star Knights**, 513 Greynolds Circle, Lantana, FL 33462. Contact: B.F. Scalley.

Maitland: **Orlando Area Science Fiction Association**, P.O. Box 940992, Maitland, FL 32794-0992.

Panama City: **Panhandle Science Fiction Society**, 3911 Ereno Ct., Panama City, FL 32405

Riverview: **Stone Hill SF Association**, P.O. Box 2076, Riverview, FL 33568-2076. Monthly meetings on the second Sunday. Newsletter *Stone Hill Launch Times*. <http://www.stonehill.org>

GEORGIA

Atlanta: **The Atlanta Science Fiction Society**, PO Box 98308, Atlanta, GA 30359-2008. Meetings on the first Sunday of every month at 2 PM Dues: \$12 annually. President Bob Goodfriend, Vice-President Michael Liebmann, Secretary Lewis Murphy, Treasurer Jayne Rogers,

Publicity Jan Sides, Publications Bill Sides. Newsletter: *ASFS Future Times*. drbills@mediaone.net

KENTUCKY

Bowling Green: **WKU Speculative Fiction Society**, WKU Chem. Dept., #1 Big Red Way, Bowling Green, KY 42101. Weekly meetings during academic year. Contact: Annette Carrico.

Florence: **Old Time Radio Club of Cincinnati**, 10280 Gunpowder Rd, Florence, KY 41042. Monthly meetings and newsletter *Old Time Radio Digest*. Contact: Bob Burchett.

Lexington: **Lexington Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (LexFa)**, 1825 Liberty Road #418, Lexington, KY 40505. lexfa@lexfa.org
<http://www.lexfa.org/>

Louisville: **Falls of Ohio Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (FOSFA)**, P.O. Box 37281, Louisville, KY 40233-7281. Meetings on the second Sunday of each month. Dues: \$18 annually. Subscription to *FOSFAX*: \$12 annually. Officers: President Elizabeth Garrott, Vice President Lisa Major, Secretary Joseph Major, Treasurer Timothy Lane.

Louisville: **Burroughs Bibliophiles**, University of Louisville Library, Louisville, KY 40292. Edgar Rice, not William S., Burroughs. Newsletters *Burroughs Bulletin* and *The Gridley Wave*. Contact: George T. McWhorter.

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge: **Star One Delta**, 10334 Tanwood Avenue, Baton Rouge, LA 70809. Meets the third Sunday of every month at the Mr. Gatti's Pizza on the corner of Essen and Perkins. Dues: \$15 annually, \$7.50 per additional member in the same household. *Star Trek* and other media. Newsletter. Officers: President Karen D. Morton, Vice President Jeff Tircuit, Treasurer Johnnie Johnston, Secretary Sue Smith, Newsletter Editor Michael Scott.

Shreveport: **Science Fiction Xchange**, 279 Atlantic Ave., Shreveport, LA 71105-3026. Meetings are on the second Sunday of each month at the Mr. Gatti's Pizza on Youree Drive at 2 PM. Contact: David D'Amico.

MISSISSIPPI

Jackson: **The Neutral Zone Bar & Grill**, 1518 Dianne Drive, Jackson, MS 39204-5115. Star Trek club. Occasional parties. Officer: Chief Bouncer Carole Miles.

NORTH CAROLINA

Chapel Hill: **Research Triangle Science Fiction Society**, PO Box 90821, Raleigh, NC 27675, rtsfs@yahoo.com. Two meetings monthly. Dues: \$10 annually. President - Margaret Coin, Vice President - Susan Simko, Treasurer - Judy Bemis, Secretary - Shannon Sudderth, Social Coordinator - Diane Kurilecz. <http://rtsfs.org/>

TENNESSEE

Memphis: **Allies for Star Trek**, 2195 Madison Avenue, Memphis, TN 38104. Two meetings monthly: (1) the 4th Saturday of each month at 3 PM at the Main Public Library followed by dinner at a local restaurant, (2) one social gathering at a member's home. Monthly newsletter

The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin, Vol. 7, No. 11

Communications Console. Dues: \$12 US, \$17 elsewhere annually. Officers: President and newsletter editor James T. Kacarides, Vice President Harold Feldman, Secretary Steve Joyce, Treasurer David Jackson.

Memphis: **Memphis Science Fiction Association** (MSFA), P.O. Box 12534, Memphis, TN 38182. Two meetings monthly: (1) the second Monday at 7 PM at the Main Public Library followed by dinner at a local restaurant, (2) the fourth Sunday at a member's house. Monthly newsletter *Memphen*. Dues: \$10 annually. Officers: President Michael Kingsley, Vice President & Secretary Greg Bridges, Treasurer: Sylvia Cox, memscifi@netten.net

Nashville: **Scholars of the Three Pipe Problem**, 1763 Needmore Road, Old Hickory TN 37138. Sherlock Holmes. Bi-monthly meetings. *Newsletter 3 Pipe Problem Plugs and Dottles*. Chief Investigator Billy Fields, Convener David Bradley, Newsletter Editor Gael Stahl, Webmeister Jim Hawkins. <http://www.TheHawk.net>

Nashville: **The Middle Tennessee Science Fiction Society**, C/O Anita Feller, PO Box 68203, Nashville, TN 37206-8203. Meetings at Green Hills Public Library on the second Wednesday of each month followed by a visit to a local restaurant plus additional parties and social activities. Officers: President Anita Feller, Treasurer Ray Jones, Newsletter Editor: Debra Hussey. <http://www.egroups.com/group/MidTennSFF>

TEXAS

Arlington: **Texas Sci-Fi/Horror Society**, PO Box 202495, Arlington, TX 76006. Quarterly meetings. Contact: Douglas Ivins.

Austin: **Fandom Association of Central Texas** (FACT) Box 9612, Austin, TX 78766.

College Station: **MSC Nova**, Box J1, Memorial Student Center, Texas A&M, College Station, TX 77844. RPG, card, and board gaming. Meetings every two weeks. Contact: Clay Hanna.

College Station: **MSC Cepheid Variable**, Hosts of AggieCon, Memorial Student Center Box J-1, College Station, TX 77844 www.ms-sc.tamu.edu/MS/CepheidVariable/
Contact: Juan Munoz, jam3268@unix.tamu.edu

El Paso: **El Paso Science Fiction and Fantasy Alliance**, PO Box 3177, El Paso, TX 79923. Monthly newsletter and meetings. Dues: \$15 annually. Officers: President Anita Ruble, Vice-President Tom Cable, Secretary Muriel van Sweringen, Treasurer Nancy La Rock.

Houston: **Friends of Fandom**, P.O. Box 541822, Houston, TX 77254. Contact: Candace Pulleine. <http://clever.net/cam/sf.html>

San Antonio: **Ursa Major**, PO Box 691448, San Antonio, TX 78269-1448. Meetings on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Tuesdays and the 4th Friday of each month. Newsletter: *Robots & Roadrunners*. Contact: Mary Helm

VIRGINIA

Blacksburg: **SF & Fantasy Club of Virginia Tech**, PO Box 256, Blacksburg, VA 24063. Weekly meetings.

Falls Church: **Animation Art Collectors Club of Washington**, 2972 Yarling Ct, Falls Church, Va 20042. Two meeting per quarter. Contact: Nancy McClellan.

Newport News: **Hampton Roads Science Fiction Association**, HaRoSFA, P. O. Box 9434, Hampton, VA 23670, or contact HaRoSFASec@aol.com. Meetings on the third Tuesday of each month at Sammy & Nick's Restaurant, 2718 W. Mercury Blvd., Hampton ,

VA. "Ask cashier if they put us upstairs or in back." Newsletter *The Liberated Quark*. Contact Mary Gray.

Winchester: **Shenandoah Valley Gamers Guild**, PO Box 1448, Winchester, VA 22604. Semi-monthly meetings and newsletter *The Pages of Lore*. Contact: John Coulter.

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL CLUBS

These are clubs with affiliated clubs and/or members spread through the South. For the chapter nearest you, contact the address listed.

Committee for the Advancement of Role-Playing Games, 1127 Cedar, Bonham, TX 75418. Newsletter *CAR-PGa Newsletter* and other publications. Contact: Paul Cardwell, Jr. <http://members.aol.com/waltonwj/carpga.htm>

DragonWeb, 4122 Tallulah, San Antonio, TX 78218. Pern. Contact: Randall Stukey.

EDC Animation Society, 3352 Broadway Blvd, #470, Garland, TX 75043. Japanese Animation. Newsletters *Nova* and *Whispers of Iscandar*. Contact: Meri Wakefield-Hazlewood.

Federation Marine Corps, 2404 Greenwood Dr., Portsmouth, VA 23702. RPG. Newsletter *Attention All Hands*. Contact: Robert J. Bell.

International Costumers Guild, c/o Jess Miller 7348 Milwood Avenue, #1, Canoga Park CA 91303-3426. <http://www.costume.org>

International Fantasy Gaming Society, PO Box 3577, Boulder, CO 80307. Live-action fantasy role-playing. Contact: Janice Moore.

International Federation of Trekkers, PO Box 84, Groveport, OH 43125-0084. Newsletter *Voyages Magazine*. Contact: Russ Haslage.

Mythopoeic Society, PO Box 6707, Altedena, CA 91003.

National Fantasy Fan Federation, Contact Jennifer MacKay, 970 Main Street, Clifton Park, NY 12065. Newsletters *TNFF* and *Tightbeam*. <http://www.simegen.com/fandom/n3f/>

National Space Society, 600 Pennsylvania Ave SE STE 201, Washington, DC 20003-4316. Newsletter *AD Astra*. <http://www.nss.org/>

North American Discworld Society, 18205 SW 94th Avenue, Miami, FL 33157 or jschaum111@aol.com. Free membership. Newsletter: *WOSSNAME*. Contact: Joe Schaumburger. <http://discworld.imaginary.com/DiscworldSociety/>

Romulan Star Empire, PO Box 3508, Dayton, OH 45401. Newsletters *Star Path* and *Warnings from the Edge*. <http://www.rsempire.org/>

Society for Creative Anachronism, Member Services Office, PO Box 360789, Milpitas, CA 95036-0789

Starfleet, 200 Hiawatha Blvd, Oakland, NJ 07436-3743. <http://www.sfi.org>

United Federation of Planets Internationale, 2445 Stonebridge Dr., Orange Park, FL 32064-5779. Newsletter *The Universal Translator*. Contact: Kaye Downing. ☛

Southern Convention List

Convention listings are as accurate as possible at the time they are published. We can not and do not guarantee the absolute accuracy of any item printed in this section. You should check with the convention organizers to verify that the information is correct and current. E-mail addresses and telephone numbers are given for convenience and should not be used for any other purpose than obtaining convention information. If you know of an upcoming convention or corrected information on any listed convention, contact the editor by one of the methods listed on the colophone.

2001

CONCAT 13 Nov 23-25, Hyatt Regency, Knoxville, TN. Guest: Yvonne Navarro. P.O. Box 1563, Knoxville, TN 37901-1563, chloiea@mailexcite.com, www.vic.com/~chloiea/ConCat.html

UNCOMMONCON Nov 23-25. Wyndham Anatole Hotel, Dallas, TX. 630 Pin Oak Dr., Irving, TX 75060, voicemail: 972-871-0407, info@uncommoncon.com, www.uncommoncon.com/UC2001/index.html

EVECON 19. Dec 28-30. Sheraton Reston Hotel, 11810 Sunrise Valley Dr., Reston, VA 20191. FanTek, 1607 Thomas Rd., Friendly, MD 20744; 301-292-5231; beachlurk@yahoo.com.

2002

GAFILK 2002 Jan 11-13, Clarion Hotel Airport, East Point, GA. Guests: Echo's Children, Randy & Diane Walker, Mike & Marsha Diggs. c/o Irv Koch, 3630 Salem Dr, Lithonia, GA 30038, registration@gafilk.org, http://www.gafilk.org/

MARSCON Jan 11-13, Ramada Inn & Conference Center, Williamsburg, VA. c/o Michelle Morris, P.O. Box 8143, Yorktown, VA 23693, info@marscon.net, www.marscon.net/

CHATTACON XXVII Jan 25-27, Radisson Read House Hotel *{{Date and Hotel change!}}*, Chattanooga TN. Guests: Melanie Rawn, Robert Daniels;, Jack McDevitt, Charles L. Grant, Robert Gerskin. PO Box 23908, Chattanooga TN 37422-3908, 770-578-8461, info@chattacon.org, http://www.chattacon.org/

GALACTICON Mar 22-24, Ramada Inn South, Chattanooga, TN. Guest: Mike Orock. C/O Melvin Baumgardner, Jr., 6636 Shallowford Rd., Chattanooga, TN 37421, galacticon@vei.net, www.thewebfool.com/galacticon/

MIDSOUTHCON 20 Mar 22-24, Holiday Inn Select, Memphis, TN. Guests: C.J. Cherryh, Tom Kidd, Cullen Johnson., PO Box 11446, Memphis, TN 38111, 901-664-6730, 901-664-4320 (fax), info@mid-southcon.org, http://www.midsouthcon.org/

DEEPSOUTHCON 40 Jun 14-16, Huntsville Hilton, Huntsville, AL. Guests: Allen Steele, Connie Willis, Bob Eggleton, Nicki & Rich Lynch. POB 4857, Huntsville, AL 35815-4857, dsc40@con-stellation.org, www.con-stellation.org/dsc40

LIBERTYCON 16 July 26-28, Ramada Inn South, East Ridge (Chattanooga) TN. Guests: S.M. Stirling, Larry Elmore, John Ringo, Darryl Elliot. P.O. Box 695, Hixson, TN 37343-0695, uncltimmy@libertycon.org, http://www.libertycon.org/index.html

CONJOSE/60TH WORLDCON Aug. 29-Sep. 2, McEnery Convention Center, San Jose CA. Guests: Vernor Vinge, David Cherry, Bjo & John Trimble, Ferdinand Feghoot, Tad Williams. ConJosé, POB 61363, Sunnyvale CA 94088-4128; www.sfsf.org/worldcon/Index.htm, ConJose@sfsf.org

BOUCHERCON 2002 Oct 17-20, Austin TX. Guests: Mary Willis Walker, Sparkle Hayther, Bill Crider. POB 27277, Austin TX 78755, 877-607-7223.acs@crimeandspace.com

2003

TORCON 3/61ST WORLDCON Aug 28-Sep 1, Toronto ON. Guests: George R. R. Martin, Frank Kelly Freas, Mike Glycer, Spider Robinson, Robert Bloch. POB 3, Station A, Toronto ON M5W 1A2 Canada, info@torcon3.on.ca, www.torcon3.on.ca

2004 WORLDCON BIDS: Charlotte NC (PMB 2004, 401 Hawthorne Ln., Suite 110, Charlotte, NC 28204, www.scenic-city.com/charlotte2004; charlotte2004@earthling.net);

Boston, MA (POB 1010, Framingham, MA 01701, www.mcfi.org; info@mcfi.org)

2005 WORLDCON BIDS: UK05, Glasgow UK (379 Myrtle, Sheffield, S Yorks S2 3HQ England; kcampbell.cix.co.uk; www.uk2005.org.uk)

I5 in 05 ("a bid for the longest Worldcon"; Sat., Jan. 1, 2005 to Sat., Dec. 31, 2005, Interstate 5, San Diego to Seattle; http://sundry.hsc.usc.edu/I5in05.htm).

2006 WORLDCON BIDS: Dallas TX (www.rubberrodeo.com/dallas2006/).

LosAngeles CA (www.scifiinc.org/)

2007 WORLDCON BID: Japan (www.nippon2007.org)

2008 WORLDCON BID: Los Angeles

2010 WORLDCON BID: Chicago, Xerps (http://members.xoom.com/Xerps2010/)

2012 WORLDCON BID: Chichén Itzá (bungalow@radix.net)

2017 WORLDCON BID: Moscow

2069 WORLDCON BID: Tranquility Base (lunatic@pobox.com; www.pobox.com/~lunatic/TBin2069.html)

2095 WORLDCON BIDS: Mars (welch@msoe.edu)

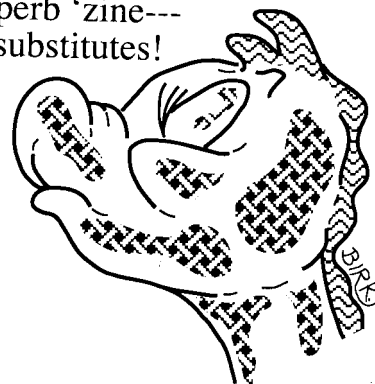
2259 WORLDCON BID: Babylon 5 (rastb5mod@aol.com)

2260 WORLDCON BID: Z'ha'dum (anna@zhadum.com)

23,309 WORLDCON BID: Trantor

1973 WORLDCON BID: Minneapolis in '73 🐼

This is a superb 'zine---
accept no substitutes!



Letters of Comment

October 2: **Pamela Boal**, 4 Westfield Way, Charlton Heights, Wantage, OXON, OX12 7EW, UK

Although we listen to the radio when we are on the boat, except in emergencies (when we use a mobile phone) we are completely out of touch even with friends and families. I was able to phone a friend in this country who was able to e-mail mutual friends in New York and phone me back but that particular set of friends are not fans. I'm hoping no news is good news and that there are no fans directly affected by the terrorist acts in Washington and New York. *{{None that I've heard of.}}*

Indirectly you must all be affected, please accept my sympathy with the shock, sadness and outrage you must all feel.

Sorry I am unable to give a specific LoC of this ish. We are off on what is likely to be our last trip this year and the couple of days home has been so jamb packed I only have time to read but not digest and answer.

August 6: **Mike Rogers**, 3732 Occoneechee Trail, Chattanooga, TN 37415-4333, mleerog@bellsouth.net

One correction for the SFC roster. The phone number listed for me is from my previous employer. Let's change it to my home phone, (423) 877-6154.

I probably would not go to the lengths you describe for getting a ticket to the Stanley Cup Finals or any sporting event. Used to be more fanatic about sports, but as the prices go up and most of the players become more selfish, it isn't worth it anymore. Besides, it's very easy to follow most sports on the web. I have seen a couple of minor league baseball games and one Braves game in person this year. If anyone we know tries to organize an outing to see an NHL game in Atlanta or Nashville this season, I would very much try to get to that. But the childlike sense of wonder for sports is not there anymore.

My hat is off to the Francis for their donation to SFC. They were fine folks when I knew them in the past, and presumably still are. Would hope to see them again at some future convention. *{{You will have at Con*Stellation. And, yes, they are good people.}}*

Don't think I've ever suffered through a banquet meal as bad as the one at Midwestcon. It might be worth calling one of the Cincinnati TV stations to tell them about the situation, since most stations have some kind of consumer reporter. I'd definitely agree with Naomi that Bob Evans would be a major improvement. (Hey, I like Bob Evans! Wish we had more of them down South.)

Somehow, I doubt that any reputable business would deliberately charge more for items than the posted price considering the legal liability such a practice would entail. But never say never. I would have done the same thing you recom-

mended. It's doubtful that Staples will be much different from Office Depot since Staples now owns OD. If memory serves, Office Max is part of the K mart empire.

Frohvet's complaint about postage expense hits home. My most recent *Myriad* effort, at 25 copies of a 20-page zine, cost about \$40 to copy. *{{See? And people wonder why I can't do better with the Bulletin!}}* Can't be spending that much every other month. And that's without having to pay directly for postage since I hand-delivered the zine to the collation. If I ever decided to start a fanzine of my own, it would definitely be of the electronic variety.

September 5: **Joy V. Smith**, 8925 Selph Road, Lakeland, FL 33810, Pagadan@aol.com

I'm impressed by how you persevered in getting your hockey game tickets! What a fan! I hope you enjoyed being at the Worldcon as much. *{{It was different kind of fun, and more so because I got to share it with so many friends.}}*

I enjoyed Randy B. Cleary's Libertycon, Tom Feller's MidSouthCon, Kublakhon, DeepSouthCon, and Naomi Fisher's Midwestcon (What a shame about the MWC catered banquet – Not!) reports.

All the con listings and bids are appreciated too. And thanks for the electronic fanzine, webzine, and southern SF e-mail lists. As always, the letters of comment have interesting tidbits. Good suggestion by Tom Feller about explaining CAR-PGA: Committee for the Advancement of Role-Playing Games. (I didn't have a clue; I thought it was some sort of APA.) *{{Yeah, I forget that everyone doesn't see the zines, etc., all the time.}}*

September 6: **E.B. Frohvet**, 4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506, Ellicott City, MD 21042

Felicitations, however belated, to the lovely Janie and her parents for her successful arrival. As far as I'm concerned, you can print a picture of her in the *Bulletin*. Congratulations also on your re-election as SFC President and editor. I can understand your desire to find a successor; a fanzine takes up a lot of time, and I don't even have your administrative duties to worry about! May the next editor of the *SFCB* do as well as you have. *{{Thanks. I am sure they will. I have mixed feelings about giving it up. It does take up a lot of time, true, but doing the Bulletin is not bad once I get started every few months, and it keeps me active in fandom. It is the admin stuff that really gets to be a drag – the drumming up monies particularly.}}*

People have their interests which do not overlap with fandom. You like ice hockey. I like tennis. Some people like baseball. (Oddly enough I have driven by both the minor league park of the Bowie Baysox, and that of the Frederick Keys –

both in Maryland – but have never attended a game in either.)

Tom Feller: Kublakhian seems to be going through a very bad run of luck. Let's hope their record improves...Should we draw any inference from the absence of the Charlotte 2004 bid from DeepSouthCon? Seems odd that a Southern bid would not turn up at the famous Southern convention...Moving on to your fanzine listings, I note your observation that *File 770* was a 2001 Hugo nominee. *File 770* is a nominee every year. You have *No Award* listed under e-zines; there is a paper version also.

Naomi Fisher: Bad luck with the oven. What was it that frightened your pets? Smoke alarm going off (i.e. noise), smoke (i.e. smell) or were they just reacting to your upset (i.e. telepathy)? Nice account of Midwestcon. Which, exactly, single-malt scotches were served? You should indeed make trouble for the so-called caterer. The only minor "hot tub story" I have was one con where the hot tub was adjacent to the swimming pool. The lifeguard looked over at the several of us in the hot tub and asked if we wanted bar service, so they brought us drinks right to the hot tub.

In my LOC in the lastish, it should have been that Jennifer Capriati was the first *American* woman to win the French Open since Chris Evert. Depending on whether you

want to count Mary Pierce...Actually, Pat Frank was quite a popular writer in the 1950s and had several novels published. The only one still in print is *Alas, Babylon*. The remark about blowing up Alabama was in another book, the title of which I forget at this late date...

Lloyd Penney on literacy: My cousin was telling me about one jurisdiction, don't recall where, which has a high percentage of seniors; and someone petitioned that people who don't have children in school should not have to pay local property taxes, which of course go to support schools – and it nearly passed!

Incidentally, when I went to cash in the \$20 certificate at Staples, I stood there *seven minutes* while three clerks attempted to convince the store computer to accept the certificate. (Their clock, behind the counter.) My comments such as "Technology should serve people and not the other way around," and "Why don't we just call the national headquarters?" were studiously ignored. After all, I'm just a customer; by definition nothing I can say will be important.

September 25: **Sherry Thompson**, 2203 Melson Road G-82, Wilmington, DE 19808, SherryTreeHouse@aol.com

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I received a copy of the SFC Bulletin while I was at WorldCon. Thanks! *{{Pleased to welcome a new loccer! It does pay to lug Bulletins to WorldCon!}}* (Quick comment. If I want to send my LoCs by telepathy, am I out of luck? I mean you really have very few options in methods of response, on the index pages!) *{{'Fraid so.}}*

This is what happened when I stood up at the end of a panel regarding fanzines, and announced that I'd just published my very first ish: Suddenly I'm receiving zines from every which-a-way. It's great, of course, but it also means that I'm about two months behind in LoCing, even though I 'outed' myself only a month ago.

The first comment I'd like to make is regarding Sheryl's cover artwork. At first, I thought the critters were spoo, but then I realized that they were entirely too happy. I've now decided that they're schmoos (as that the correct spelling?), the animal from the (Andy Capp?) comic strip years ago. If I recall correctly, Schmoos could be eaten, turn into articles of clothing, etc. In addition, they had the advantage of -wanting- to be used in those manners. Since they were also great breeders and were plentiful, they rapidly ruined the world economy.

In Randy's LibertyCon report, there's mention of playing BlackJack at the Casino. Taking a while to lose ten dollars is my kind of winning. I'm reminded of my brother, David. He and his roommate would go to Atlantic City with fifty dollars of 'betting money' each. As soon as it was gone, they would leave the casinos and spend the rest of the day feeding French fries to the seagulls. A friend of mine, Richard Law, sets aside three hundred dollars to bet at Delaware Track every season. When he runs out, after one day or two months, that's it for going to the races. Myself? I'm not a gambler, at least when it comes to money.

Re the 'cutting demo' also described by Randy: please tell me that was a first and a last. Ick! I assume the 'remains' weren't used at the banquet? (Perhaps, it was the meat used by the MWC caterer? Or, shouldn't I ask?)

Tom Feller: I loved the story about the reservation snafu at Kublakhan. Thinking it was 'the Ken Moore wedding' may be the strangest screw-up by hotel staff ever. Of course, now that I've written that, people will be writing to the zineds with examples which are far worse or more wonky.

Re the ingredients for Skippies (changing from vodka, beer and limeade to vodka, beer and lemonade): I had intended to write, "Well, there! Doesn't that make all the difference!" But, no! Wait! You're heading in the wrong direction! Well, you're heading in the wrong direction, at least for me. (I've recently discovered the joys of fresh salmon marinated in lime-juice, pepper and olive oil, then grilled on the barbie, and served with a mushroom and lime juice sauce on the side.)

Naomi, you've convinced me even more than I already was, that I have got to get to Midwestcon! Sorry, to be so ill-informed, but what is King's Island? A theme park? *{{Think so - think it was in a Brady Bunch episode long ago.}}* Sorry to hear about the oven fiasco, but that doesn't dissuade me from asking, "And where's my share of Grand Marnier and Swiss chocolate?"

Re the MWC Boston Bid Party, you guys really know how to do it, as I learned up at Philly. Great shrimp and baked goodies! And I'm not even going to go into the 'imported' beer and cider.

Re L.A.'s 2006 "Space Cadets" merit badges, I received one because I pre-supported, and then I bought a couple of extras because they were so funny. I had no idea that their value was cumulative, in the monetary sense. I'm still trying to figure out what to do with the badges themselves, but I think I'll skip the idea of a merit badge sash. *{{If you think of something let me know. I've got 'em all so far.}}*

Finally, I'm grateful for the list of zines. This way I can ask for and receive even more zines, and get even further behind in LoCing.

September 13: **Sheryl Birkhead**, 25509 Jonnie Court, Gaithersburg, MD 20882

Thanks for the notation about my Hugo nomination – after 30 years of doodlings!

It was nice to see the Francis' honored at the Hugo ceremony. I'm sorry that RiverCon has retired, but it had a great run.

Ruth Shields continues to extend her repertoire. Ah – then you have Julia Morgan-Scott and I *really* like that Scott piece. Of course Teddy Harvia's cartoons (congrats to Teddy on another Hugo win!) are ALWAYS enjoyed.

The sympathy notes on page 3 evoke far too fresh thoughts of national tragedies – all too reminiscent of dark SF predictions.

Naomi's con report sounds about par for the course (any-

thing that can...will).

I believe the giraffe on the Con*stellation flyer is by Randy Cleary – I LIKE it. *{{Well, I know the one on the top is...Randy?}}*

I saw in the NASFA Shuttle that Professor Mironets did make it to Philly. I met Naomi and Pat in Philadelphia - during my VERY short visit there. *{{Yes, I heard you were/had been there and in my eagerness to meet you, I embarrassed myself by mistaking Sheila Strickland for you! And I had met Sheila before! Well, it was at Toni's party where I had been partaking of the champagne and you know those badges were awfully hard to read – I personally carried around a Sharpie all week-end to loan people so they could write their names in legible-size letters. Anyway, sorry to have missed you and sorry to Sheila for being such an idiot.}}*

HUGO... SMOOGO...
WHERE'S TONI'S PARTY?
IT'S TIME TO PARTY!



September 21: **Henry L. Welch**, 1525 16th Avenue, Grafton, WI 53024, welch@msoe.edu

My condolences on your reelection.

Thank you for taking the time to introduce me to Toni in Philadelphia. I kind of snuck into the party through an indirect invitation from Dick Smith and was surprised to find so many people I knew. I'd just come from the Hugo Losers party (again as a guest of the Smiths), but no one there seemed to question my presence.

I didn't much care for the Stanley Cup playoffs this year. They seemed entirely too physical with the goal being to mug the opponents as much as possible. Why is it that all the teams seem to change their strategy so that playoff hockey is so fundamentally different from regular season hockey. I look at Pittsburgh and see that two of the most prolific regular season scorers were mostly shut out in the playoffs. If it works in the layoffs why didn't teams do the same during the regular season? *{{I don't know why, exactly, but I have always heard that*

playoff hockey is different. Maybe the players want it more.}}
Midwest Con sounds interesting, but the Sims gave me the impression that there may be no more. Having never been I didn't press for further details, but I wonder if it is due to their move to Florida.

August 15: **Lloyd Penney**, 1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, ON, CANADA M9C 2B2, penneys@attcanada.ca

Congratulations on your re-election, Julie. Sounds like it'll be your last go-round as far as being president goes. A shame about the Birmingham Bulls...but as you say, there are too many minor league teams who have had to travel great distances just to follow the league-set schedule, and few of those teams seem to have any great following. The travel costs, the payroll, the taxes to the city...it all piles up, and many franchises have failed because of huge debts and slight income.

Yvonne and I have decided to go to the Philly Worldcon after all, and we're staying at the Hawthorne Suites. Will there be an SFC fan table anywhere? If so, I would definitely like to buy a copy of the SFC Handbook. I hope I can run into Guy Lillian and finally meet Rose Donovan, and perhaps also meet Yuri Mironets. *{{There was no table, but I could have brought you a Handbook. Alas, I didn't think about it.}}*

Ah, Midwestcon...missed another one. Yvonne and I have been to two of them, but the drive from Toronto to Cincinnati is a very long one. Naomi, you have pet skunks? Aren't they great? Last time I met someone with a pet skunk, the little stinker spent the entire evening cuddling with me on the couch. They are marvellous. With all that Grand Marnier and chocolate, there's got to be some way to combine the two...chocolate and orange together is one of the finest tastes there is. I suspect there'll be some orange chocolate cheese-cakes on the horizon. Some time ago, I tried to reach the LA in 2006 people through Bruce Pelz, but never got a response. I'll have to go and see them in Philly.

Still got that Canadian quarter in the treasury...tell Judy Bemis to bring it to Philly, and I'll exchange it. *{{I exchanged it myself, actually.}}*

E.B. Frohvet is right, fanzine publishing is an expensive hobby. (No "getting to be". It is expensive, and has been for quite a while.) I am contemplating doing a newszine for Canadian fandom, and to get the information out without breaking the bank, I am thinking of doing it as simply as possible, and that's by sending it out as a Word document. John Mansfield does it for his own Canadian convention zine conTract, and it works well.

Naomi Fisher's letter...I'm not Australian, but I sure knew what stubbies were. They're short-necked beer bottles, and Canadian beer was bottled in stubbies until the mid-80s, if I recall properly, when Canadian breweries brought in the long-necks. I'm surprised that Australian breweries still use the stubbies...maybe the Canadian breweries shipped them down?

September 15: **Trinlay Khadro**, P O Box 240934, Brown Deer, WI 53224-0934, trin@dias.net

It's my understanding, despite being a parent – maybe because of it: that cuteness is an aid to survival. Cuteness triggers adult nurturing & helps to mute adult anger/violence.

Teddy Harvia's work is always a hoot!

Naomi: you have pet skunks!! Wow cool! Mustelids are so cute! But, I'm biased, I'm owned by a ferret.

A couple years ago we had to replace the oven, everything came out either raw or burnt...

Monday @ 9:10am one of our ratties, Shan-yu passed away. We cried like babies. He is buried by the sunflowers & is survived by his brothers – MuShu, WuShu & Tika.

Bright Blessings & prayers:

Om Mani Padme Hum--

Om Tare Tutare Ture Soha!

September 12: **Teddy Harvia**, 12341 Band Box Place, Dallas, TX 75244-7001

I enjoyed seeing the two cartoons of mine in print in the last issue of SFC Bulletin.

I was a little distracted yesterday trying to cope with the scope of the tragedy that hit the US. Our business came to a virtual standstill as employees were glued to the TV in the lobby.

Diana wondered if any of our friends in New York or Boston were among the victims. I wondered about you and your Turkish boyfriend. When is he coming back to the states? *{{He came back to Canada from visiting family in Turkey via both big NY airports the Monday after the attacks without any problem, but we were really concerned for a while.}}*

I have more cartoons sketched out and some short deadlines from other fan editors but little enthusiasm to finish them at the moment. But perhaps they'll get my mind off the real world. *{{Thanks very much for the one below.}}*

WAHF: Mark Paulk, who sent a PhilCon report, but I didn't have room for it. 🐾

