

The Texas SF Inquirer

Issue 32

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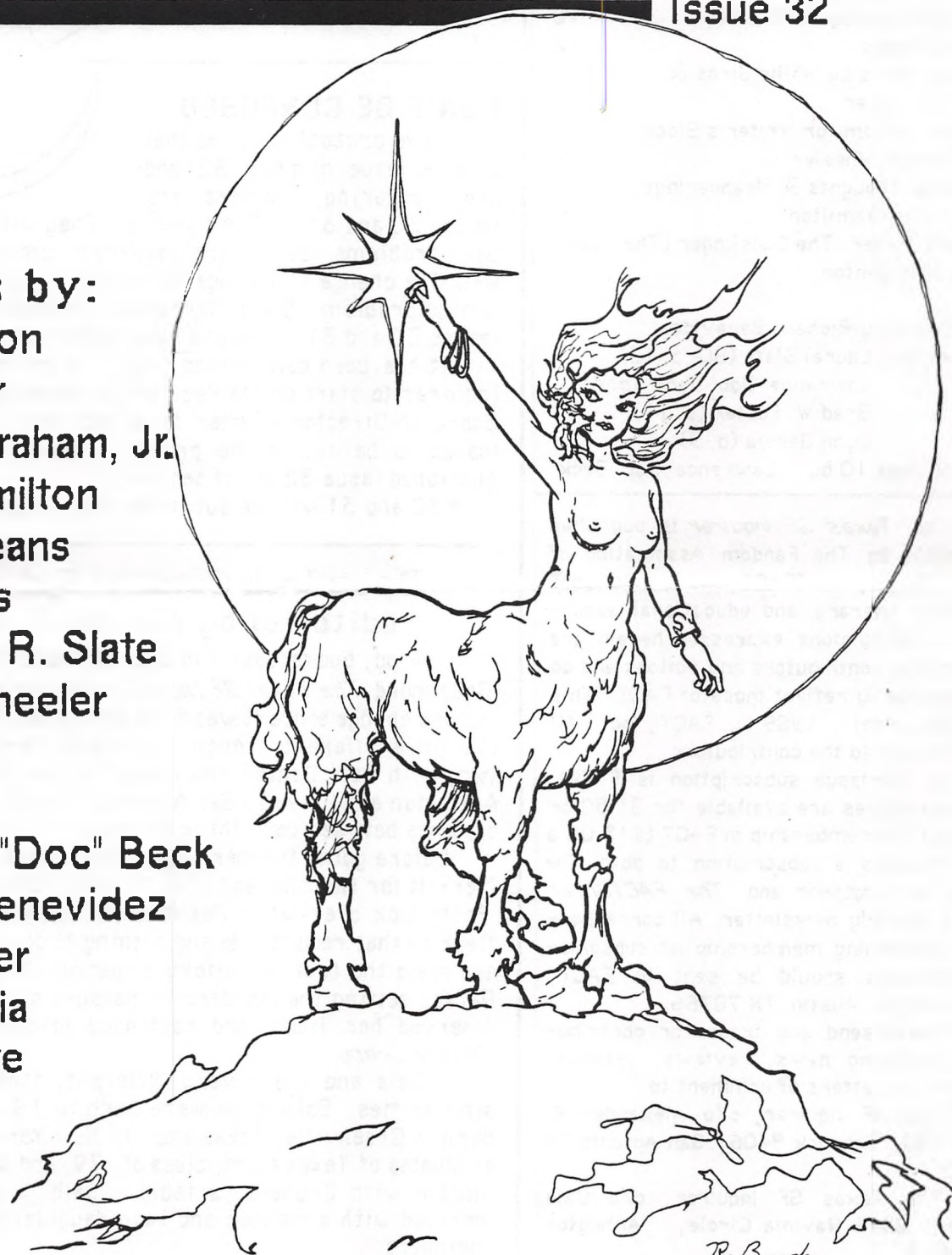
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A New Beginning!

Contents

Table of Contents	2
Editorial	2
Fred Pohl - A Profile by A.R. Slate	4
Convention Report: Archon 13	
by Dennis Means	7
From the Recliner by Edw. A. Graham, Jr.	9
Just the FACTs - Willie Siros	
Interview by A.R. Slate	10
Fanzine Trades	12
WorldCon News by Willie Siros & Mike Glyer	13
Wromper Wroom for Writer's Block	
by Wendy Wheeler	14
Occasional Thoughts & Meanderings	
by Casey Hamilton	16
The Dark Tower: The Gunslinger (The Tape)	
by Dale Denton	16

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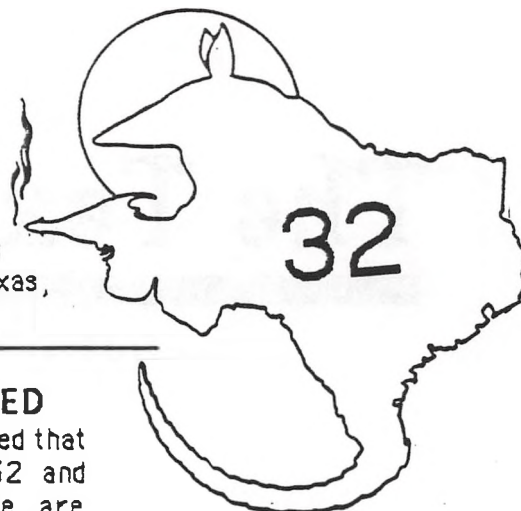
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DON'T BE CONFUSED

You've probably noticed that this is issue number 32 and are wondering, "Where are issues 30 and 31?" Don't worry! They will follow. There has been problems keeping the *Inquirer* coming out on time. And with the change in management (so to speak) there is a small timing problem. Scott Merritt and Monica Stephens are doing issues 30 and 31. Dale and I are editors as of issue 32.

It has been determined that it is more important for the *Inquirer* to start on its regular bi-monthly schedule, per the Board of Director's letter to subscribers, than it is for the issues to be out in the proper order. Therefore, we have published issue 32 out of sequence.

*30 and 31 will be out in the near future.

- Alex

Boondock Central Rides Again

Editorial by Alexander R. Slate

Yahoo, buckaroos! I'm back in the editorial saddle again. Once more *The Texas SF Inquirer* changes editors. This is the second change since it was first published in 1984. This time is a little different, though. Instead of one editor, there will be two, with Dale Denton and I sharing the duties. Dale lives in Arlington and I live in San Antonio. Though there is a physical distance between us, I think things will turn out all right.

Before going further, Dale and I would like to thank Scott Merritt for the time and effort he expended as *Inquirer* editor. Scott took over when Pat Mueller resigned and took a lot of flack on that regard. He and nothing to do with her resignation and made the best of a sticky situation. We also want to thank Pat for setting the standard to measure ourselves by. Pat well deserved her Hugo, and continues to do quality work with *Pirate Jenny*.

Dale and I are very different, though we share some similarities. Both of us were born in 1957; though Dale was born in Greenville, Texas and I in New York City. We are both graduates of Texas A&M, class of '79, and both got our start in fandom with Cepheid Variable. Dale is single, while I am married with a stepson and twin daughters. We both work as engineers.

(Continued on page 17 - Editorial)

ARMADILLOCON XI, AUSTIN'S PREMIERE SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION, OCTOBER 13-15, 1989

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TOASTMASTER: CONNIE WILLIS, Author of *Lincoln's Dreams, Fire Watch and Light Raid*, Hugo and Nebula Winner

ART GUEST OF HONOR: DON IVAN PUNCHATZ



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Fred Pohl - A Profile

by Alexander R. Slate

Some of what you will read in this column you may have read before, in *The Way the Future Was*. Hopefully I will present it in a fresh manner. Much of the information, though, is new.

The Early Days

Frederik G. Pohl, Jr. was born in 1919 in New York City. His parents, Fred G. Pohl and Anna Jane Mason, met when they worked for a steel company in eastern Pennsylvania. His father was a mechanic there, his mother, a secretary.

Fred's father did not remain a mechanic, he would do whatever he had to in order to make money, something necessary in Depression and pre-Depression days.

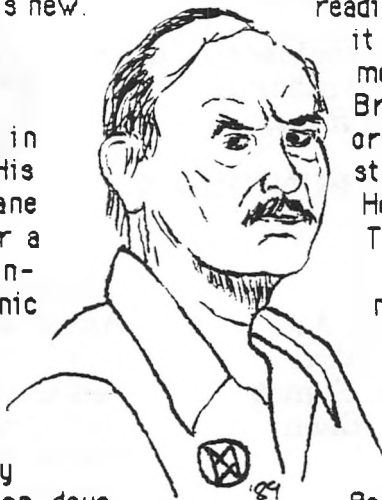
As a result Fred's father would make money and eventually spend it, so that Fred grew up under a variety of circumstances and in a variety of locations. As a child Fred lived (at various times) in expensive hotel suites and in cheap rented rooms. At times the family barely had a roof over their heads.

Though he was born in New York and would return to it when he was 5, Fred spent portions of his childhood in Panama, Texas, New Mexico, and California. But he spent most of his early years in various portions of New York City.

Fred says he didn't have any real hobbies as a child. He played chess and tennis and he skated. But his primary interest and activity was reading. The first book he ever owned was a copy of Emerson's *Essays*, which he has not read to this day. The first book he remembers reading was Voltaire's *Candide* which his mother gave to him thinking it was a fairy tale.

Fred was a voracious reader (and still is today, devouring about a book a day). He had many favorite authors, but the two he remembers best and with the greatest fondness are Edgar Rice Burroughs and E.E. "Doc" Smith.

Fred discovered fandom through Hugo Gernsback's Science Fiction League which was advertised in Gernsback's magazines. Fred was member number 490. He would have joined sooner but not being able to afford to buy the magazines new, he had to wait until he saw the ad in a second-hand magazine.



Fred was not a particularly good student (he was bored most of the time but was able to get As in those courses which interested him), but through reading SF he became interested in science. When it came time to pick a high school he chose the most technical school available to him, Brooklyn Tech, which required a special test in order to get in. Once in, Fred had to choose a study track, he chose Chemical Engineering. He would only complete two years at Brooklyn Tech before quitting school.

After leaving school Fred worked at a number of things. For our purposes, three are the most significant; writer, literary agent, and editor. Let's skip the writing for a bit. As an agent, Fred represented various authors, among them Isaac Asimov, Mark Rothman (a fan writer), and Bob Lowndes.

Fred obtained his first editorial position in the following manner. In 1939, there were ten or twelve SF mags. Two of these were edited by Robert Erisman. One day Fred asked Robert if he wanted an assistant editor. Robert couldn't hire him, but he sent him over to Popular Publishing whose chief, Rogers Terril, was thinking of starting his own SF magazine. Rogers interviewed Fred and liked what he saw. So at age 19, Fred Pohl became the first of his circle to edit a magazine, two of them in fact.

WWII put an end to many of the old pulp magazines, due to the scarcity of paper. That was one of Fred's problems. Fred also had another, slightly more unique problem. In the early 40's the armed services had abolished enlistments, and wanted everyone to enter through the selective service boards. Fred couldn't get into the army. Fred lived in a section of New York called Knickerbocker Village. The selective service board for this area was also the selective service board for Chinatown and their quota was filled for several years ahead.

Finally, in 1943 Fred entered the Army Air Force. The Air Force wasn't his first choice, his first three choices were Field Artillery, Coast Artillery, and Infantry. After basic training in Miami Beach, Fred was sent to Chanute, Illinois for weather observer training. There Fred found a pleasant surprise. Jack Williamson was there. Jack had just completed his training. After Chanute, Fred was shipped to Enid Air Base, in Oklahoma, though he had volunteered for overseas

duty. After a time, Fred discovered that there was a need for Arctic weather observers, so Fred volunteered for that. He was sent to Lowry Field in Colorado for Arctic training, which (according to Fred) consisted primarily of replacing all of his fillings with cold resistant ones. After completing Arctic training Fred got sent to . . . Italy.

When he arrived in Italy he was assigned as weather man for a bomber group. Then when word got to somebody that he had been a magazine editor he was reassigned to headquarters to do public relations.

The SF Professional

But back to being an editor. Fred says that being an editor was the most enjoyable of the three jobs (writer, agent, editor) "because you can have other people carry out your fantasies for you." Being an editor now isn't nearly as much fun because it is too much a big business today. When he edited *Galaxy* it was him and maybe one assistant, so Fred had to do most of the editorial functions himself. His last editorial position was with Bantam (1973-1981) where he found himself spending so much time in meetings during the business day that any actual editing had to be done late at night or on weekends.

A final note on Fred as an editor is his three Hugos for editing *if*.

Fred Pohl as a writer. Most of us are aware of Fred's work, which includes novels such as *Slave Ship* and the Heechee novels. Fred has won Hugo's, for "The Meeting" (ss - with Cyril Kornbluth - 1973), *Gateway* (n - 1978) and "Fermi and Frost" (ss - 1988). He has won Nebulas for *Man Plus* (1976) and *Gateway* (1977). Other awards include the John W. Campbell award for *Gateway* and *The Years of the City*, the American Book Award for *Jem*, and a slew of lesser awards.

Fred's first big sale was *Space Merchants*, which he co-wrote with Cyril Kornbluth. Fred enjoyed working with Cyril. "Cyril was (the) closest thing to a perfect writing machine I've ever known, (I) rarely had to rewrite." Fred and his wife kept a bedroom for Cyril in their house, during the period in which they wrote together. Cyril's own novels have all but disappeared, but some of his shorter works are still around due to having been turned into episodes for different TV shows.

Fred and Cyril had a method for writing together. First they would sit around and get the general idea for what they wanted to write; the characters, the setting, and the situation. Then they would flip a coin and the loser would go upstairs and write the first four pages. When they were complete, the other would write the next four pages, and so on.

Fred would usually do the final rewrite. Fred and Cyril were able to write very quickly in this manner. The longest it ever took them for any one effort was for *Space Merchants*, which took them two months. Had not Cyril died at such a young age (34), what else could they have accomplished?

Fred's latest published novel is *Homegoing*. He has two books finished but not yet published, *The World at the End of Time* and *The Gateway Trip*, a concordance for the Heechee saga which will have illustrations by Frank Kelly Freas. Fred also has a contract for a book collaboration with Jack Williamson called *The Turtles of Time*, which is inspired by Stephen Hawking's *A Brief History of Time*.

I have mentioned that certain Cyril Kornbluth short stories were turned into TV episodes or shows, how about Fred's works? Hollywood has paid Fred "an awful lot of money for very little". There have been various options for various works, but most have died before being completed. Some of Fred's works have made it to the big and little screens in Europe, but not in the US.

Currently, *Man Plus* and *Chernobyl* are being worked on for movies. Fred can't comment on the treatment of his works for TV and the movies, since he has never seen those few which have been shown.

But he does have a good feeling about *Chernobyl*. According to Fred, a good screenwriter by the name of J.P. Miller is working on the adaptation.

and Fandom

Fred is an ex-fanzine editor himself. In those days they were called fanmags, the term fanzine didn't come into use until after WWII. He edited a mag called the *International Observer*, ostensibly published monthly, but actually published 7 or 8 times a year. He also edited several smaller perzines. In one way or another Fred was involved in 15 or 16 different fanmags.

According to Fred, the biggest difference between fanzines then and fanzines now is the technology. It is easier today to produce a better looking fanzine.

Fred was at the very first science fiction convention in Philadelphia, when fans from New York got together with fans from Philadelphia. His first appearance as a convention GoH was LunaCon, sometime in the early '60s. One thing Fred remembers about being GoH is having to pay for a membership to get in the convention.

He still attends quite a number of conventions, anywhere from 10 to 15 a year. This includes 10-12 regular conventions and the World SF, the Science Fiction Writers of America, and the Science Fiction Research Association Conferences. He is

considering cutting back on conventions, to 5-6 a year, because attending so many they tend to get blurred together.

He considers 500-600 people to be the optimum size for a convention. That way you can still meet the majority of the people attending the convention.

What's been the most significant change in the SF field? According to Fred, the word processor has done a lot to writing, though not necessarily for writing. He switched over himself about 5 years ago and is still not sure he made the right decision. Because of the word processor, some changes for the better go undone.

Actually, Fred has not totally switched over, he still does his first drafts with a flair pen and a yellow pad. Then he rewrites; 6 or more rewrites for novels.

The Private Pohl

Fred has been married five times. He has four children from two of those marriages; Anne from his marriage to Judith Merrill, and Karen, Frederik IV, and Kathy from his marriage to Carol Ulf (now Wilson). Kathy, the youngest is 31. Another son, Frederik III died of crib death at the very young age of two weeks. Fred also has two step-children, Cathy and Barbara, from his current marriage and he is a grandfather 6 times over.

Fred and Betty Anne Hull, his current wife, originally met at the Kansas City Worldcon in 1971. They were married on July 1984 and celebrated their fifth anniversary shortly after the Dallas Fantasy Fair.

Betty is a professor of English at William Rainey Harper College in Palatine IL. She is also the current president of the Science Fiction Research Association.

Gunslinger - contd. from page 16

land. However, he doesn't follow this person necessarily to kill him, but to gain information on the Dark Tower. Why he seeks the Dark Tower isn't explained, except that he made a vow to get to it. The Gunslinger travels through desert in the first part of the book. The action is portrayed in a nested series of flashbacks which entail most of this portion of the story.

The three and four-deep flashbacks became slightly disconcerting. Whether it was because of the medium, the fact that I was driving at the time, or just plain confusing, I am not sure, but the realization that you had fallen deeper into flashback sometimes came when emerging into more recent remembrances.

The second part of the book/tape entails the Gunslinger finding a boy at a way station at the far end of the desert. The boy seems to have been left there by the Man in Black, to hinder the Gunslinger. The

Fred's current hobbies are music, travel, reading, and betting on horse races. His favorite music is 19th century romantic violin concertos. Actually, he likes most music, though he is not fond of acid rock, punk rock, or country & western.

He has travelled extensively, having spent at least one night in 45 of the 50 states. His most memorable trips have been to Tahiti, the People's Republic of China, and the USSR. Only Tahiti did not live up to expectations, though Moorea, the island across the straits from Tahiti, made up for it.

As previously mentioned, Fred is a voracious reader. He reads books on whatever happens to interest him at the moment. In particular he is fond of SF (reading about 30 or 40 SF books a year), biographies, and mysteries. One genre he does not like to read is westerns, and in fact he has never written a western either.

Fred Pohl has very few unfulfilled dreams left, he's accomplished most of what he has set out to do. There are a few little silly ones left though, such as spending at least one night in the 5 states he hasn't hit yet, and having a story in *The Saturday Evening Post*. *The Saturday Evening Post*? Yes, when Fred was growing up, *The Saturday Evening Post* was the apex of the business, if you got published in *The Saturday Evening Post* you had really arrived as a writer.

I will finish up with Fred's life philosophy which can be seen in the stories he writes. Betty, his wife, was once asked what common thread ran through Fred's stories. She said that he wishes that everyone would play nicely together. So with that, goodbye, and play nice!

Gunslinger takes the boy in tow and continues following the Man in Black into the mountains which border the desert and through a series of tunnels to finally meet with his quarry.

The action in this section is more in the present, with less flashback (although there still is quite a bit). Parts of the story seem contrived, almost forced; if they had been left out, the portions would not have been missed, as they added little except word count.

All in all, though, the story was enjoyable; certainly better than my other King experiences. While I did tire of reactions to events being told from the point of view of the Gunslinger's genitals, most of the story was worthwhile. I am not a big King fan, and probably never will be, but this is the best that I have read/seen/heard of his works so far.

Convention Report: ARCHON 13

by David Means

After the dullness of OKon, the fun and excitement of Archon 13 (St. Louis, July 21-23) was a breath of fresh air. We had such a good time that we didn't care about the few negatives that intruded on the weekend.

Let me get the negatives out of the way first. The first negative was putting the consuite in the hotel's bar, Club Mala-Kai. The consuite was located there because the hotel screwed up the reservations (A common complaint this year. Ask me to tell you about some of the horror stories I heard.) and had rented the usual location, the Presidential Suite. Unfortunately, the con-com didn't find this out until after the program book had gone to press.

This was a negative because, being a bar it was required by law to close at 1:30 AM. So that during the normal peak usage hours everyone inside was forced to go somewhere else. The hordes either descended on the parties or congregated in large, loud clumps in the lobby, by the pools, or in the hallways. Actually, since it tended to re-mix people and started some interesting conversations, it was not all that bad. Simply a minor annoyance.

The second and stronger negative was the Masquerade. For years Archon has been known in the region for excellence of costumes and presentations. This year they sucked. In fact, they sucked big blocks of limestone. It is one of David's Axioms of Conventions that "the larger the crowd, the shorter your presentation should be." Two minutes is a decent maximum. One minute is better. At Archon, just walking on and off stage strained the audience's patience. Matters were not helped by the over one-hundred people forced to stand in the back because of inadequate seating. These folks talked, carried on, and generally made a lot of noise. A situation partially fueled by the presense of a cash bar.

There were two standout masquerade entries. First, a Farewell Tour appearance by Billy and the Boingers, who were a hit as they lip-synched to George Thorogood's "Bad to the Bone." Second, a short skit based on the *Batman* movie. In a burst of fickleness, the audience cheered the Joker and his goons, and booed as they were taken down by the Caped Crusader.

The final, and (to me) the worst negative was our inability to throw a party. It's a long story, but we were unable to take our party gear and supplies.

Now, on to the positives. First, and foremost, was the dealers' room. Excellent is the only word to describe it. I have only seen better at NASFiCs and WorldCons. It was well laid-out; there was enough room to move freely, but it felt cosy and intimate. The excitement level was high and all the huxsters sold well. It had what every dealers' room should have: a large number of huxsters, a wide variety of merchandise, and a choice of dealers for comparative shopping. To be labeled as a "smaller Archon-style" dealers' room is a compliment.

The programming and the art show tied for second best positives. I participated in two panels and sat in on several others. Everyone I talked to agreed that the panels and panelists (with one or two exceptions) were well chosen. Most of the questions from the audiences were pertinent and perceptive. Barbara Miller-Stewart and her staff did a great job.

The art show was extremely enjoyable and the vast majority of works displayed were of high quality. The artists were all limited to twelve pieces, each, which made them choose their best to hang. [On the other hand, it penalizes artists who work in more than one medium (i.e. painting and sculpture). Still, with space at a premium, limits have to be imposed.] The art was well-displayed and well-lit: two of the highest criteria.

The number of positives far outweighed the number of negatives, though I only chose three of each to talk about. Here are a few final nit-picks, kudos, and stray thoughts. 1) The judges took too long deciding the masquerade winners. 2) The con-comm needs to set up some system so that out-of-town party throwers can get ice. Leonard Bishop made numerous long-distance phone calls to find an ice maker and arrange delivery. It would have been much simpler for a committee member (possibly the con suite chair?) to coordinate ice purchases for all the parties. 3) The music mix for the dance Friday night was terrible. It was mostly "club" stuff that non-clubbers and anti-trendoids (i.e. most fans) aren't familiar with and can't dance to. Thankfully the dance only lasted 2 hours. 4) The dance was short because of the Friday Midnight Laser Tag game. An interesting experiment that could catch on. 5) The late-night pool parties were a good idea and were well attended. 6) The electronic key machine worked

(Contd. on page 17 - Archon 13)

From the Recliner

Reviews by Edw. A. Graham, Jr.

Where has the time gone? I was trying to remember the last time I actually sat down to write and came up blank. This past year has been real crazy for me and my tacky green recliner has been complaining about lack of use. Finally, everything has settled out and I got some time to read. Let me tell you about some of the stuff...

Note: Here's my Handy-Dandy Book Evaluation Scale for a quick reference -

- 5 - Orgasmic
- 4 - Definitely Hugo/Nebula material
- 3 - Not too shabby, a good read
- 2 - Uhh, well...
- 1 - I managed to finish it. Period.
- 0 - File 13 or Half-Price Books (not on MY shelf!)

Orbital Decay by Allen Steele (Ace, paper - probably \$4.50, November 1989) Rating: 4.5

I'm probably gonna get yelled at for such a low rating. Yeah, LOW. I actually got an Honest-to-Ghu review copy of this book and I was first impressed by the message on the back (right, no "blurbs") from Editor-in-Chief Susan Allison and Senior Editor Ginger Buchanan: "The top slot in the Ace list is a coveted one, a position we usually reserve for an author who has proved himself with sales and reviews. This November, for the first time, we're putting a first novel in that highest position." Hell of a teaser, isn't it.

The tale is an intermingling of various viewpoints with a strong "narrator/participant" track to tie it all together. It might be a story of the hard-working, courageous men and women who will ultimately make space habitable and profitable for the people left on earth. It might be a story of the dangerous work of orbital construction. It might be a story of political convictions and conflicts. It might be a story of strong ethics and "doing the right thing."

On the other hand, it might be a story of those crazies translated from the high-rise steel towers of metropolitan cities to have a go at building something bigger in the unforgiving environment of Earth orbit. It's about "hard hats in space."

Steele has created a masterful blend of all of the above elements and combined them with some truly unique characters that he literally brings to life with their foibles and strengths. For example,

"Virgin Bruce" is an ex-biker (well, not too "ex") who has a love for the Grateful Dead, is crazier than a loon (or is he?), and pilots the construction pods as if they were his old Harley. "Popeye" is introduced as an extremely tragic character, hiding out in the orbital construction shacks from a past than cannot escape him nor he it. Sam Sloane, the narrator, is a computer-hacker par excellence, so good that his bosses would probably make messes in their pants if they knew what he was going to be up to before too long. And, of course, Jack Hamilton, the "farmer" (hydroponicist) who gave knew meaning to a "high" orbit.

Whatever you usually look for in a book, you will most likely find it in this one. Adventure, suspense, humor, drama, tragedy, politics, and so on. After reading it, it's no wonder that Ace is pushing the hell out of this book. So am I!

A Fire in the Sun by George Alec Effinger (Doubleday/Foundation, hard - \$18.95, trade - \$7.95) Rating: 3.4

All of the crew (at least those left alive) from the preceeding *When Gravity Fails* are back for another fun time in the Budayeen, if you call the gruesome machinations going on here "fun." Effinger plots like a World-Series pitcher throws in change-ups. Just when Marid Audran, our hero (some hero...) thinks everything is going his way, his benefactor Friedlander Bey asks him to do some work or look into something. Unfortunately, Bey's ideas of a "little favor" turns Marid into a target.

There's a little matter of a killer being set loose just to kill Marid's police partner. Not to mention the child-slaver that keeps slipping out of Marid's fingers. Hookers are being found mutilated and vital organs missing. And there's this little list, the "Phoenix File," with Marid's name near the top! And his mother moves in, too!

Effinger is taking special delight in complicating poor Marid's life with trials and tribulations, almost enough to make him quit popping pills. The solid work shows in the well-crafted environment and the continuing growth of the characters. Best of all, Effinger proves that you don't have to have a happy ending to have a happy ending, just one where most everything turns out acceptable.

Man-Kzin Wars II by Larry Niven with Dean Ing, Jerry Pournelle, and S.M. Stirling (Baen Books, paper - \$3.95) Rating: 3.3

In the spate of the recent opening of celebrated authors' "universes", one would logically expect that Niven's "Known Space", the only interstellar community WITHOUT faster-than-light travel, to be a logical candidate. What the surprise is that the focus of this series is on a certain relationship between humans and the feline-homonids the Kzin: war.

Using one of Niven's stories (reprinted in the first volume), "The Warriors", Niven and his friends are trying to build a coherent structure to a violent, no-holds-barred conflict that spans light-years and lifetimes (due to the sub-light velocities). The Kzin social and cultural backgrounds are slowly coming into focus as we watch the authors expose them more and more to the light of day. Unlike humans in many respects, Kzin culture is rigid and ascribes to a code very similar to "might makes right." The warriors are fierce (and sometimes extremely unimaginative, which makes it very interesting when the humans do something unpredictable), while we wonder where in the hell they've gotten so much advanced technology! They appear to be more users of the hardware instead of the makers.

Dean Ing's story, "Briar Patch," is the continuation of the human Locklear's exploration of the apparent "zoo planet" of the Outsiders. There are several sections of exotic and familiar environments, closed off from each other by force-field walls and vacuum in between. The first story told of Locklear's incarceration, exploration, and conquest (of a sort) of a Kzin environment, complete with ancient (stone-age?) Kzin. This tale picks up as Locklear travels to the next habitat over, one he believes to be a recreation of Earth. Bingo! However, the selection of primitive life-forms also includes not only Homo sapiens but also Neanderthals. The action is slow to pick up, but shows the strength of character of Locklear and some of his Kzin companions as they face dilemmas manufactured by the two races, in both the modern and ancient forms.

Pournelle and Stirling take a more introspective approach in analyzing the changes that an interstellar war and star-flight have on people separated across the light-years. The setup of a

sabotage-assassination of the Kzin general on the newly-conquered Wunderland, orbiting Alpha Centauri (man, that's too close for comfort!) and the subsequent actions of the team sent to do the deed are complicated by the former fighters who have given parole to the conquerors, old loves, and whatnot, who have aged years since the take-over of their planet. In addition, the authors take us into the private life of the high-class Warrior, notably the outstanding Kzin general putting together the next invading fleet to Earth. The amazing thing about the Kzin is that they fully recognize the beastial side of themselves and have evolved a culture that not only allows it to be controlled, but encouraged! Seems like a contradiction? Yes and no. Pournelle and Stirling make it work, very believably.

On a whole, the two books out so far present a more thoughtful and consistent tale of Niven's "Known Space," even though a snap-shot of a specific era, than some of the other playgrounds that authors have allowed to be opened for newcomers. Hell, I'll be specific: it's a damn sight better than Asimov's "Robot City" books and Zelazny's "Alien Speedway."

Well, sports fans, that's all for now. I've still got a stack of books two feet tall to wade through (in my copious spare time). It feels pretty good to be back in the saddle after a year of inactivity, let me tell you. Coming up next time will be a look at TSR's new Buck Rogers, a return to Niven and Barnes' "Dream Park", and some other pickings off the bookshelves. See you at the cons!



You all know that Willie Siros helped create FACT and that he was the first Chairman of its Board of Directors. What else do you know? This is the first in a series of articles on FACT members which will appear from time to time as they are written. Hopefully, they will help FACT members get to know each other a little better.

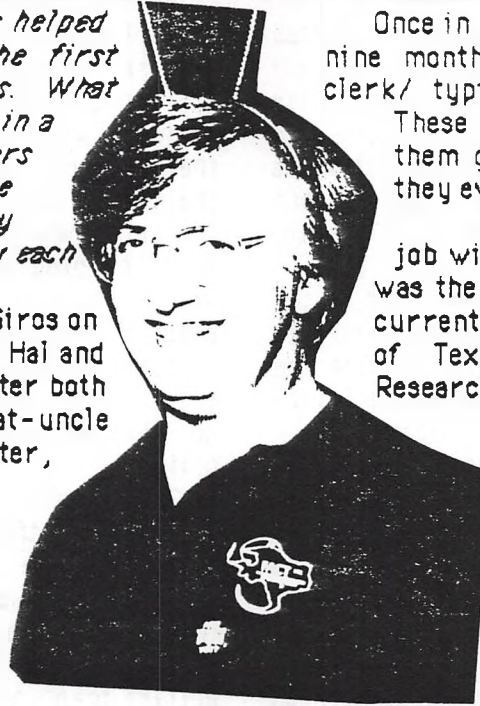
Willie was born William Walter Siros on August 31, 1952 in El Paso, Texas to Hal and Ruthelle Siros. Willie was named after both his grandfather William and his great-uncle Walter. Willie has a younger sister, Nina (also a FACT member), and a younger brother Charles.

Willie's father was a minister for a church in the Disciples of Christ. Specifically, he was in charge of education. From the church in El Paso, Willie's father would move on to churches in Indianapolis, Indiana and Galesburg, Illinois. When Willie was 10, his father moved the family back to El Paso, where he took a job teaching in the El Paso public school system at the Junior High level. Willie's mother also went to work, at a local bank.

In Willie's own words, he "grew up lazy" and was "a notorious underachiever" in school. Since he was never pressed to succeed, he never felt the need to press for it on his own. His interests were scientific things and reading. Willie remembers his first science fiction book as being *Rusty's Spaceship*, by Evelyn Sibley Lampmann. Though he claims not to have read any Tom Swift or Tom Swift, Jr.s, he does remember reading most of the available Hardy Boys and Nancy Drews.

Willie went to the University of Texas at El Paso (UTEP) as a physics major, but as a junior he changed majors. He consulted with advisors to determine his quickest route to graduation. As a result he graduated from UTEP with a Bachelor of Arts in Political Science with a certificate in Soviet and Eastern European studies. He stayed at UTEP to work on his Masters.

During part of his time in college, Willie worked in the college library. While working there he met Christine Pasanen (now married to noted artist Harry O. Morris, Jr.). Together they decided (after Willie had completed a year's work towards his Masters) to move to Austin, a decision based upon the presence of a strong sf literary community there and the Turkey City Writers' Group.



Once in Austin Willie was unemployed for nine months. Christine found a job as a clerk/typist for the highway department. These were not happy times. The two of them grew in different directions, and they eventually broke up.

After 9 months, Willie got a CETA job with the Austin public library. He was there for a year, before he found his current employment with the University of Texas Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center library.

Willie became involved with fandom while in El Paso. In 1973 he helped found an sf club, Newhon, which was built around a group of people who frequented a particular bookstore. After a year a schism developed between those that wanted a literary group and those who wanted an SCA-like

group. Willie went on to help found the UTEP sf club. Also in 1974 he attended his first sf convention, Westercon in Santa Barbara CA, with Robert Taylor. There he ... "... ran into a bad crowd immediately. I fell in with Bruce Pelz (and) John Singer who told me everything there was to know about fandom."

This was ... "Fans do conventions. Fans do fanzines."

Naturally when Willie returned to El Paso he started a fanzine, *Cambion*, which lasted 2 issues, and a convention, Solarcon, which would last for 6 years. Willie would only be there for the first 3.

When Willie got to Austin, the fan community there said "neat! A convention person. You're going to do a convention, right?" Willie eventually bowed to pressure. With Robert Taylor and Ed Scarborough who had also moved to Austin from El Paso, and Scott Cupp whom they met here, the first Armadillocon in 1979 took shape. For Armadillocon 2 they co-opted the UT SF club (and Terry Floyd) for additional workers.

It was about this time that Willie and Scott Cupp have been sharing a dealers' table at conventions. As a business they aren't doing very well, but that was never the purpose anyway. It helps pay their way to the conventions, and it gives folks a place to come hang out with Willie and Scott at the cons.

We now come to the formation of the Fandom Association of Central Texas, Inc. (FACT). It happened like this...

About this time another convention elsewhere in the country had gotten in trouble because of the child labor laws and volunteer workers. In order to protect themselves legally from indemnity, a corporate entity for Armadillocon was needed. With the help of a lawyer, Mark Weiss, who worked for the state of Texas and was also a fan, Willie, Robert Taylor, and Scott Cupp created FACT.

FACT was not the original choice for the group's name. The first choice was the Austin Science Fiction and Fantasy Society. But Mark Weiss thought this was boring, everything was the Austin this or Austin that, and when Willie came up with FACT Mark said that was the only logical choice, so FACT it was. Willie became the first Chairman of the Board of Directors.

The story now moves to the NASFiC. In 1981 at the New York party in Denver the group fell to discussing convention bidding and in particular the the NASFiC. Terry Floyd and Hilton were listening in and thought to themselves that running a NASFiC sounded like a neat idea. The two of them went down and blocked out time and got preliminary contracts drawn up with the convention center, the Sheraton, and the Hyatt for 1985. Then they put up a banner in the Armadillocon 3 con suite surprising just about everybody, and that's how the FACT NASFiC bid came about.

What does Willie think about the what is happening in FACT now? He is both pleased and displeased. If he were still chairman he would be running things differently than Fred is but since he's not the chairman and Fred is, that's the way things should be. Willie is sorry that Steve Jackson found it necessary to leave the Board of Directors the way he did, he thinks that Steve did have some good ideas.

Willie doesn't seem to really regret not being chairman and understands why the change in the FACT leadership came about. Basically it came down to that Willie knew he was not a manager type, he was good at the national politics and personal contacts. And of the two managers, Robert Taylor and Dennis Virzi; Dennis was not re-elected to the board a year before the change, and Robert started getting busy with personal and professional commitments. This, and the fact that the board had sort of fallen into a pattern of behavior that appeared, from the outside, to be insular, were the causes that brought the change about. But that is enough about that.

For close to a year now, Willie has been working with Kurt Baty on *The Whole SF Database*. This is an attempt to put every sf story ever published into a bibliography. Kurt started this as an attempt to

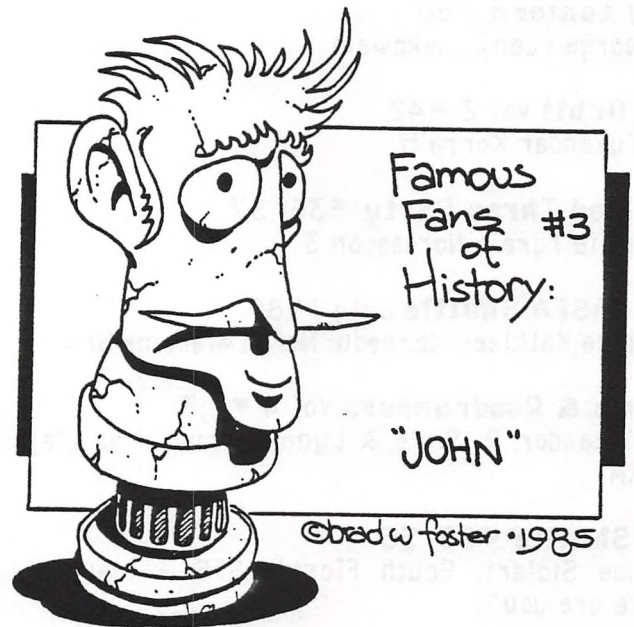
catalog his own collection about 2-1/2 years ago and the project just grew. Willie estimates the database is around 8% complete.

Willie says that he was told once that his life philosophy seems to be 'when in doubt, hesitate.' Willie does not believe in the fast track for himself. One of Willie's dreams used to be to be the first person to chair a Worldcon, a World Fantasy Con, and another major con such as a Westercon or a Deep South Con; but given the type of person Willie is and the type of manager he is, he doesn't view this as too probable.

Willie would prefer not to remain a librarian, he would much rather be a full time bibliographer. Actually, his real dream is to be a behind-the-scenes advisor for a legislator or a president, like Harry Hopkins was for Franklin Roosevelt. Politically, Willie is intensely moderate and he truly resented Reagan's attempt to redefine things so that Willie appeared to be a liberal.

Willie still reads a lot. His current favorite reading material is the big gray area of what is and isn't science fiction. This encompasses writers such as J.G. Ballard, Tom Disch, and John Sladek. His to favorite raves at present are Steve Erikson and Jonathan Carroll.

That completes this profile. I hope you enjoyed it. In the future I intend to profile other FACT members, as I can get around and interview you all. If you see me at a con, stop me and perhaps we'll sit down and do an interview there and then. For no, bye!



Trades Listing

This is a list of fanzines received recently in trade. It is not fanzine reviews. If your fanzine is not listed here do not worry, since all the bugs haven't been ironed out yet. But please make sure that future issues go to the proper address.

One thing that we would like to see is more of the FACT members reading the 'zines we get in trade. Details have yet to be worked out, but if you are interested get in touch with one of the editors.

BCSFazine #194, 195

ed: R. Graeme Cameron: British Columbia SFA

Bruzzfuzzel News Vol 1, #59, 60

ed: Clay Fourrier: Baton Rouge SFL

Cube #39

ed: Spike: Society for the Furtherance & Study of F&SF

Don-O-Saur #52

ed: Don Thompson

FOSFAX #141, 142

ed: Timothy Lane & Janice Moore: Falls of Ohio SFA

Knarley Knews #16

ed: Henry A. Welch (aka Knarley)

Lans Lantern #30

ed: George (Lan) Laskowski

Low Orbit Vol 2 #42

ed: R'ykandar Korra'ti

The Mad Three Party #36, 37

ed: Leslie Turek: Noreascon 3

The NASFA Shuttle July 1989

ed: Nelda Kathleen Kennedy: North Alabama SFA

Robots & Roadrunners Vol 4 #2, 3

ed: Alexander R. Slate & Lynn Garcia: Ursa Major SF&LA

The Shuttle #53, 55

ed: Joe Siclari: South Florida SFS - Issue 54, where are you?



Low Orbit - Review

by Alexander R. Slate

Low Orbit Volume 2, number 42, edited by R'ykandar Korra'ti, is an interesting fanzine. While it really didn't impress me, and while I don't find it a great fanzine, it's an honest effort, and fairly

well done.

Let's talk technical aspects first. For a fanzine, it is slickly produced. It has much of the same look & feel as low end magazines did back when I was a kid in the early '60s (If you don't understand what I mean by this, it is hard to explain further, except face to face.).

It is easy to read, R'ykandar uses a good type-style, with sufficient whitespace. The printer used is probably a dot matrix, but only shows it on the large fonts. The columnation is also well done.

The graphics used as column headers are computer generated, simple in design. Some of them are quite effective, others are not. The other artwork included in this issue all are well executed. I particularly enjoyed "The Plight of the Russian, Orthodox Jewish Dragon" which I found quite witty.

Now, on to the contents, which for lack of any better method I will take in order of appearance, mostly. "Relay Station Alpha" is LoCs which I couldn't really get into, this being the first issue of *Low Orbit* I've seen. "Lost in Space", the editorial, is an open letter to Paramount about how lousy R'ykandar thinks *Star Trek V* is. The editorial is ok, but nothing that stirred any emotions.

There are two pieces of fiction, "Falcon" by Sean M. Dunaway and "The Body Shop" by Karen Boleyn. Both are apprentice efforts, not awful, but very predictable. There is a so-so comic strip, "Captain Thyroid", and a somewhat funnier, though shorter strip, "Holiday Out" by Lail and Truman.

A column, "The Other Stuff: Science Fiction You Should have Read Already" by Scott Estes covers the glories of short fiction, but doesn't do sufficient justice to the books and fanzine he mentions. To act as a foil to that column, though, are the book reviews, done by a number of folk. Not all the books reviewed are new, but the reviews are all well done. A brief plot summary is followed by critique, a seemingly well thought-out critique. The movie reviews are almost, but not quite, as good. I can't get excited about the game column, though.

There is a column on writing by Lawrence Watt-Evans, fairly standard stuff, but L W-E presents it well. There is a tech column on rocket

(contd. on page 17 - fanzine)

(contd. on page 17 - trades)

The Texas SF Inquirer #32



HUGO Winners

FACT would like to congratulate the winners of the awards at Boskone. They are:

BEST NOVEL: *Cyteen* by C.J. Cherryh

BEST NOVELLA: "The Last of the Winnebagos" by Connie Willis

BEST NOVELETTE: "Schrodinger's Kitten" by George Alec Effinger

BEST SHORT STORY: "Kirinyaga" by Mike Resnick

BEST NON-FICTION BOOK: *The Motion of Light in Water* by Samuel R. Delany

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR: Gardner Dozois

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Michael Whelan

BEST SEMIPROZINE: *Locus* (ed. Charles N. Brown)

BEST FANZINE: *File 770* (ed. Mike Glyer)

BEST FAN WRITER: Dave Langford

BEST FAN ARTIST: (Tie) Brad Foster & Diana Gallagher Wu

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION:

Who Framed Roger Rabbit

Other Awards

John W. Campbell Award: Michaela Roessner

Bigheart Award: Arthur Widner

First Fandom Awards: L. Sprague DeCamp, Don Grant, and Fred Pohl

In addition two special awards were given by the committee to: Alex Schomberg and the *SF Lovers' Digest* (Saul Jaffe).

A Gryphon award for best non-published fantasy fiction by a female writer was also given at Boskone by Andre Norton, the GoH. The recipient was Elizabeth Waters. An Honor award was also given to Lee Barwick.

Future Worldcon News

Of course, Orlando won the bid to host the 1992 Worldcon, since they were running unopposed. The Washington D.C. bid's hotel problems are common knowledge.

The 1990 Worldcon will be hosted by Den Haag in The Netherlands.

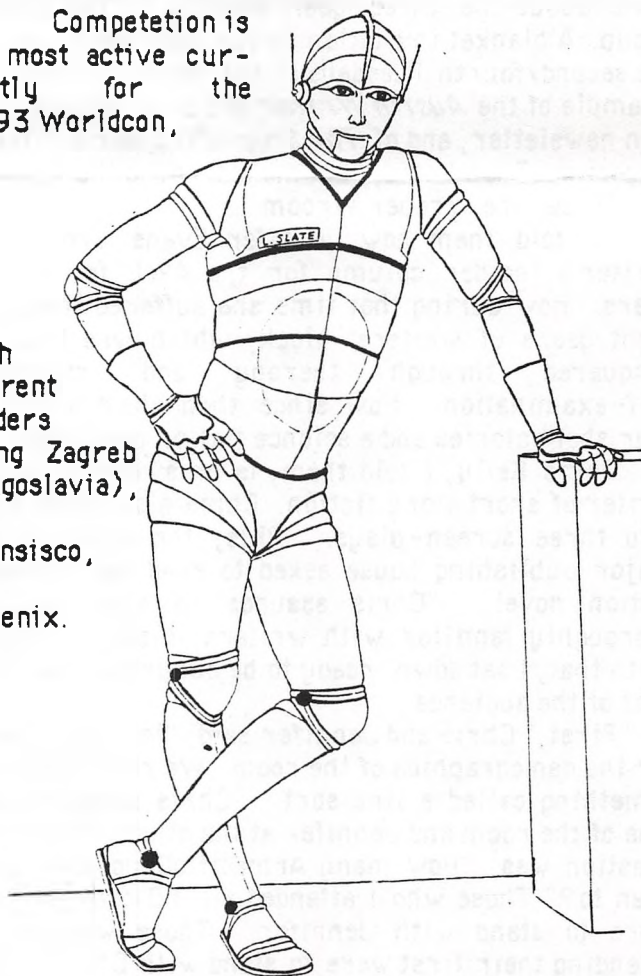
The following items are rumors, both substantiated and non-:

San Antonio seems at present to be unopposed in its bid to host the 1997 Worldcon. Britain changed its bid from 1997 to 1995.

Los Angeles is currently unopposed in its bid to host the 1996 Worldcon.

Competition is most active currently for the 1993 Worldcon,

with current bidders being Zagreb (Yugoslavia), San Francisco, and Phoenix.



Wromper Room For Writer's Block

by Wendy Wheeler

*This being sort of a pre-ArmadilloCon issue, we are pleased to present a column on one of last year's ArmadilloCon activities. This is reprinted from the July 1989 issue of the **Austin Writer**, the newsletter of the Austin Writers' League. If you are interested, look for this year's version of the wromper wroom at ArmadilloCon.*

The posters were up everywhere. No one attending the ArmadilloCon science fiction/fantasy convention held last October in Austin could miss them.

At the appointed hour, somewhere between 35-45 people (a good sized crowd!) filled the small ballroom and waited expectantly. As coordinator of the study group, I had a brief initial role. First, I gave some background; a little about the League, a little about the three-year history of the study group. A blanket invitation to our open meetings on the second/fourth Tuesdays of the month. I held up a sample of the *Austin Writer*, of our study group's own newsletter, and of *The Slug-Zine*, our critique magazine. Then I said, "Let me introduce the women who'll lead the Wromper Wroom."

I told them how Jennifer Evans wrote the Writer's Insider column for the AWL for many years. How during that time she suffered through eight years of writers' block, which was finally conquered through therapy and rigorous self-examination. How since then she'd written four short stories and a science fiction novelette.

Chris Kelly, I told them, is an award winning writer of short story fiction. Chris also wrote and sold three screen-plays. Plus, the editor of a major publishing house asked to read her science fiction novel. "Chris assures us she, too, is thoroughly familiar with writers' block," I said. With that, I sat down, ready to be surprised like the rest of the audience.

"First," Chris and Jennifer said, "let's get a feel for the demographics of the room. We're going to do something called a line sort." Chris stood at one side of the room and Jennifer at the other. The first question was, "How many ArmadilloCons have you been to?" Those who'd attended all 10 conventions were to stand with Jennifer. Those who were attending their first were to stand with Chris. The rest of us were to line ourselves up somewhere in between.

The audience just sat there for a stunned moment. We weren't used to this. Sitting passively while experts pontificated at us from their podiums, now that we were used to. And here they wanted us to move around? We rose wonderingly up from our chairs and positioned ourselves meekly in what turned out to be a lumpy sort of diamond—a thick cluster in the middle that tapered out on either end of the line.

"Now look around," Chris and Jennifer said. "See how you compare to the other people in the room." A moment passed as we checked out the others. "Now the next question is, how much have you written? Those who've written 10 stories or more stand with Jennifer, those who've not written at all stand with Chris." This time the scrambling and reforming was more energetic. The few folks who stood with me almost at Jennifer's side watched smugly as our less-prolific Wromper Wroom members sorted themselves out.

Next question, "Do you write to teach or do you write for money?" Now we laughed and the jostling grew rowdier. People landed at their self-defined spots truculantly, as if daring anyone to disagree with them. "What part of the story is the most important, the beginning, middle, or end?" At this one, brows furrowed and the line sort was slower to form. "Which part of the story is the hardest for you to write, the beginning, middle, or end?" Rueful laughter as people assessed themselves and found their spots. After a few more pithy questions, we had truly gauged ourselves and our fellows.

Then Jennifer and Chris invited us to return to our seats.

"OK, now think of your favorite story idea," said Chris. The audience shrugged and looked around, then someone noticed Jennifer and pointed. Jennifer had her finger to her chin and was looking pensive. "And think of the most important part of that story," continued Chris. At this, we watched as Jennifer nodded and began to set up a table and chair on which to write. "Now write the perfect sentence," said Chris. "It has to be perfect." Jennifer, pen in hand, bent over her page. She bit her lip a long while.

"... has to be perfect," Chris said.

Jennifer made a mark, then crumpled her page and got a fresh one.

"Is the checkbook balanced?" asked Chris. "You really ought to balance that checkbook."

Jennifer sighed and rubbed her forehead.

"You're hungry, aren't you?" said Chris. "You'd better eat something to keep your strength up." She started whistling and doodling on a large flip chart at the side of the room. Jennifer put a hand to her ear as if to shut Chris out.

Finally Jennifer brightened and read aloud as she wrote: "Yolanda awoke on the day she was to be wed . . ."

"The editor of Omni hates characters whose names begin with Y," said Chris.

Jennifer looked at her in consternation. "Mary awoke on the day she was to wed . . ." Chris made a face and shook her head. "Mary awoke on her wedding day . . . ?" "On the day of her marriage, Mary woke up in bed . . . ?" "Mary was sleeping and woke up, remembering it was her wedding day . . . ?"

Chris just looked disgusted and said, "This isn't going anywhere. You've got errands to do. Nobody's gonna publish this anyway." Chris gestured to the audience, and we caught on.

"Put it away 'til you've done more research!" someone cried.

"You'll never make money writing!" called someone else.

"You need to stop and clean this filthy house!"

"Get a real job!"

"Oh, just watch some TV!"

Now Jennifer was laughing. "OK, ok," she said. "I get the point. Enough!" We laughed, too, but caught our breaths as the deceit of those excuses hit us like a gut punch. "Do I ever do that?" "No, not me, not all the time . . ."

So then they explained how we get blocked by putting too much pressure on ourselves, by unreal expectations. Rather than writing "The perfect thing," write anything. You have to write that first thing before you can write the next. And then write for your own delight. Forget about other people and their judgements. Write for fun and because you find it interesting to write. One way to make it interesting is to write about what you're interested in.

"What are y'all interested in?" called Jennifer as Chris stood before a blank page of the flip chart, marker in hand. We tossed words and phrases to the front: Alien languages. Space-faring vehicles. Death and resurrection. Time travel. Expanded mental powers. Finally we had a list of 10, each one of them a 40-carat goldmine. Then three of the phrases were chosen at random. "Combine two or all three of these phrases then list what ideas come to you." Chris told us. "Just have fun with it; go as

far as you want." We all scribbled madly, snickering and guffawing and gasping with surprise. This was fun!

"Now take one of your ideas and write for five minutes. Write a vignette, or a quick outline, or character development. Whatever most appeals to you." At this point, the energy and intensity in the room were almost palpable. Not a single person stared into space, or lolled in his seat sighing. We were all filling pages with words, a sense of mounting excitement building as our stories took shape. And when time was called after five minutes, we groaned as one person in frustration.

"Well, were you doing it?" asked Chris. "Were you writing? You were, weren't you? *That's* how you unblock yourself. Keep it fun. Keep it interesting?"

"How did it feel to be writing?" Jennifer asked. "That's one of the ways I got over my avoidance. I'd debrief myself at the end of each writing session. I'd jot down how long I wrote, what time it was, what it felt like, my attitude at the beginning, during and at the end. I read these later and realized that, all-in-all, it was an enjoyable experience and one I'd like to repeat."

"That's one way to work with yourself," said Chris. "For me, that would be focusing too much on the act. I think sitting down to write is like taking a dive off the high board. Don't think too much about it, just do it. Just do it!"

"That's easy for you to say!" cried Jennifer. Again, we all laughed. "That wouldn't have meant a thing to me. Find whatever works best for you. Whatever it takes to get those words out!" She looked at her watch. "Uh-oh."

The hour was up; the next panel was standing by. The Wromper Wroom had ended too soon for me. I've told several folks about it since then, about the fun, the free 'n easy feeling. But more than that. I'm looking forward to the next wromp.

Fun & Hi-jinx

Saturday at 1:00 p.m.!

WROMPER WROOM for WRITER'S BLOCK

Presented by the Austin Writers' League
Science Fiction/Fantasy Study Group



Occasional Thoughts & Meanderings

by Casey Hamilton

Monday, August 14, 1989-

Right now, lots of people are looking back 20 years, looking back to Woodstock.

I remember Woodstock -- no, I wasn't there. I was a 10-year-old girl growing up in upstate New York, and I desperately wanted to go. The three-day concert was being held just a few hours from the town where my family lived, but (understandably) my mother wouldn't hear of me going.

I remember the media coverage; I remember the special issue of *LIFE* magazine. That dog-eared magazine had a special place of honor with my most important stuff, right along with the color photo of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

When I put that photo on the wall above my bed, it was a child's recognition that the blacks were being "picked on" because they were different in a way they couldn't help, just as I was being picked on at school for being different.

Likewise with Woodstock. Even as a 10-year-old girl, I responded to the sense of love and community that those 500,000 members of the counter-culture exhibited during the three days of Woodstock.

All my mother saw was the drugs, the mud and the nudity. All I saw was the caring and sharing and loving.

I can't speak for all fans. But I knew at a fairly early age that I wasn't "normal", and so did my classmates. I didn't read what everyone else did, and I read all the time. I liked science; I liked math. I didn't like drinking until I threw up or trying to look like the latest Hollywood starlet.

That sense of difference and desire to belong to some sort of community eventually led to me becoming a "Jesus freak" by the time I was in high school. It wasn't because my family had all been "born again".

It was because my friends -- the other ones who didn't fit in -- were doing it.

Unfortunately, I found that religion, especially as it is practiced at Oral Roberts University, is often based on a foundation of hypocrisy.

And it has a price. Religion is more than happy to allow you into the fellowship, into the community, if you are willing to give up who you are and believe as you are told.

One of the first things I discovered about fandom is the strong sense of community. We know that we're different and we're damn proud of it. We look on and pity the mundanes. We are a counter-culture.

When we come together, especially at a convention, there are a lot of hugs, a lot of caring, a lot of love. That is definitely not the case at a mundane convention.

I just had the "opportunity" to work at the annual meeting of the National Conference of State Legislatures, which was held in Tulsa this year. Let me tell you, no gathering of SF writers can hold a candle to the mass of massive egos as can 5,000 state legislators. Not even Niven, Pournelle, Asimov, Spinrad, and Ellison.

At this point, almost a month out, I can't wait to get to Boston and work my butt off at Noreascon Three. I know where I belong.

The Dark Tower: The Gunslinger (The Tape)

The Review by Dale Denton

The tape is the unabridged reading of *The Dark Tower: The Gunslinger*, read by the author, Stephen King. In the introduction, King states it is his belief that while he isn't a professional orator, he is still well suited to do the reading because he can provide a vocal insight to the story which might otherwise be left out. While this is not always the case, Stephen King does a commendable job.

I will admit a certain amount of trepidation at listening to four tapes of King reading his story, even though it would allay the boredom of a twelve-hour

drive. My other experiences with King's books, *If* and *The Eyes Of The Dragon*, were both disappointments. However, I found this considerably better.

First off, this was not horror. The action takes place on an alternate world, although there are apparently methods of travel between this world and the "real" world, as one character originally came from New York. The central character is the "Gunslinger", the last of his race, who is hunting the "Man in Black", who was a friend who betrayed him and his

(Continued on page 6 - *Gunslinger*)

Editorial - contd. from p. 2

Dale has been a member of FACT since 1986. Last year he started editing and publishing a perzine called *Nature to Wander*, and will continue this 'zine while working as an *Inquirer* editor.

I have been a FACT member since 1987. I was the editor of *The FACTSheet* from September 1987 to December 1988, and I have edited *Ursa Major's* (the Bexar County SF Association) fanzine, *Robots & Roadrunners*, since it started in 1985. I also did a one-shot fanzine back in 1982 when I lived in Victoria, with the help of Ed & Cheryl Graham.

But that's enough about us. What do we intend for *The Texas SF Inquirer*? Dale and I will be jointly responsible for layout, reproduction, and distribution. We will publish on a bi-monthly schedule. We will rotate writing the editorials, so you will only be subjected to one editorial a month, not two.

The Texas SF Inquirer is FACT's general purpose fanzine. As such it has to reflect the interests and activities of the entire membership. We intend to cover all facets of fandom that the membership indicates they are interested in. Dale and I do not intend to write all the columns and articles that lie within (this is a hint, see below for details).

Here are the details. We need your help. If this fanzine is to be the the fanzine we hope it will be, and you want it to be, please contribute. There is a need for articles or columns on every aspect of sf, fantasy, and fandom. We will need artwork, poetry, and fiction as well. No statues though, please, they're too hard to reproduce.

If you have any comments on the fanzine, we welcome them. In the meantime, as the two wise men on the TV say, "We thank you for your support."

Archon 13 - contd. from p. 7

all weekend! 7) So did the air conditioning!! (Last year half the A/C in the hotel died during a 106 degree heat wave.) The panel rooms were a bit stuffy, though. 8) Programming/Pro-liason could have been more accesible - it took me several hours to track down Barb and get my badge. 9) Closing the art room for judging was a bad idea. Who says the judges must work in silence without us grubby little fans around? Are their psyches that sensitive? And, if you're going to have professional judges, you should allow the fans to pick their favorites, too. 10) The hotel security people were mostly laid-back and surprisingly tolerant for a bunch of mundane "suits". Have we finally got them trained?

Overall, this was one of the most enjoyable conventions I've ever attended. On that famous ten-point scale, I place Archon 13 between eight and nine. I rank very few at nine or higher. It was well worth the hassle getting there (A long tale hangs from that statement.). Will I go back next year? Of course!

I can sum up my experience with the phrase: "Too many women, not enough sleep."

Until next time, this is Dave, signing off.

fanzine review - contd. from p. 12

fuels. It's a decent column, but contains strictly laymans' material.

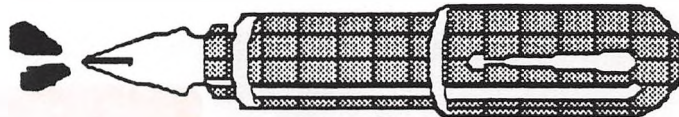
Finally there is "In Conference: Orson Scott Card". This is the text from an on-line conference. The contents are standard interview type of stuff. I did not like the format, though. Because of the multi-person aspect there was often no continuity from part to part. I also disliked the use of the often cutesy on-line names that identified the participants.

That completes the contents of the 'zine reviewed. Overall on my ten point scale I rate *Low Orbit*, Volume 2, number 42:

Technical: 8.0

Contents: 6.5

Interest: 5.5



I think I need to explain one reason why my interest level may have been as low as it was (and I hope I don't sound snooty). Who is Rykandar Korra'ti? This is not the first time I've come across his (her) name before.

Something just automatically turns my off when I come across something I feel is phony. And using fan knicknames continuously strikes me as either immature, or effected. Rykandar, if it is your real name, then I apologize. But, not knowing you personally, that is the impression I get.

Trades - contd. from page 12

Stone Hill Launch Times Vol 3 #7 [**& The Necro-File** Vol 5 #1], #8

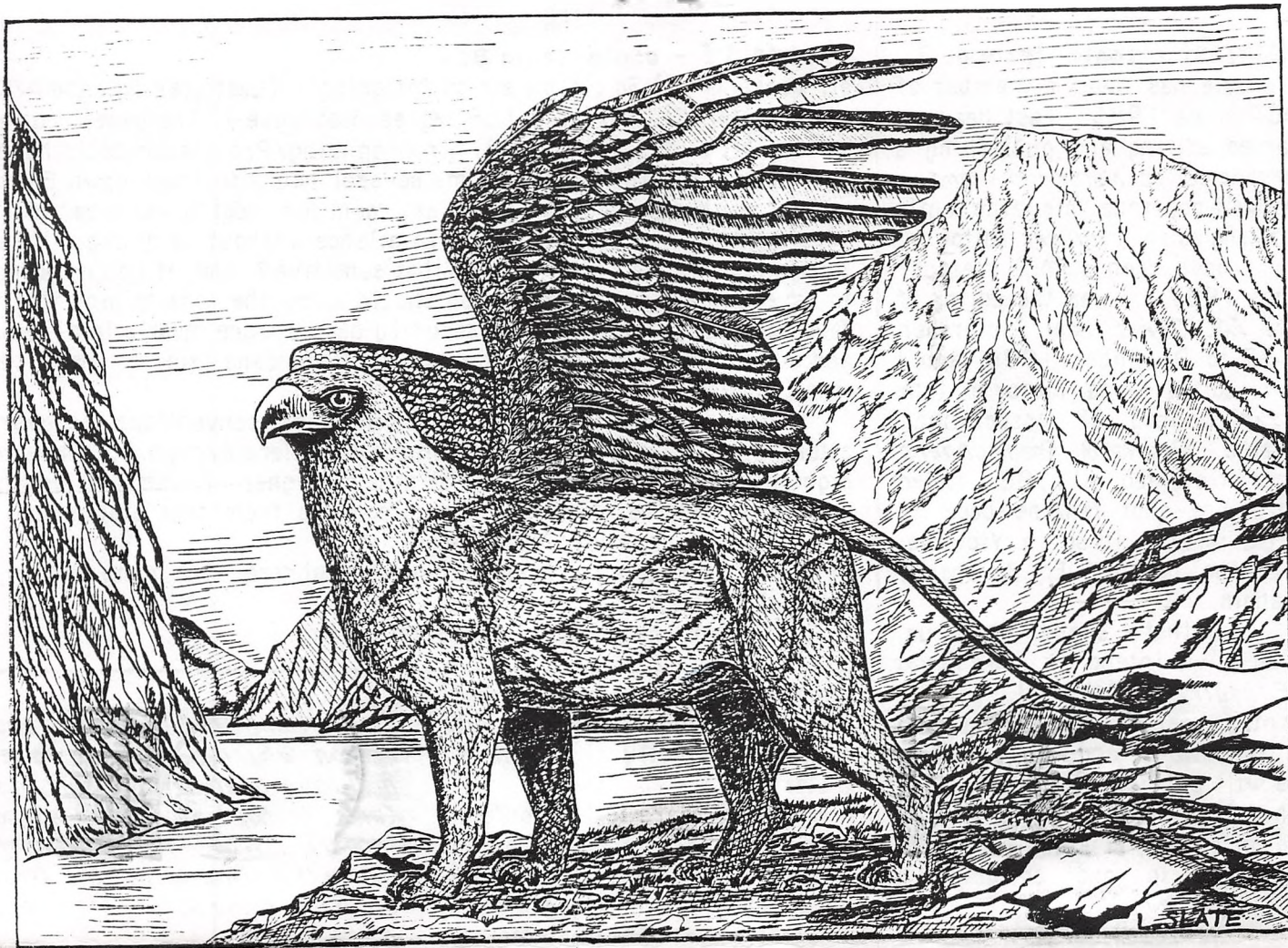
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The Whole Fanzine Catalog #29

ed: Brian Earl Brown



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