

REVENANT #8

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6204 Molino Dr., Baker, LA 70714 (225) 775-7048 sjstrick@concentric.net

It's Wednesday, September 19, as I type this; just over a week since it happened. That terrible day is not something I really want to talk about, but I can't ignore it. September 11 began as a normal Tuesday. I was getting ready for work, listening to "Morning Edition" on NPR. They interrupted the regular news to announce that an airplane had crashed into the World Trade Center. "What a terrible thing," I thought as I continued getting dressed. Then the news that a second plane had hit the other tower---and I realized the implications. At work, we had to carry on; people were coming in just like any normal day. We set up a TV on a small table by the desk, so we could keep track of what was happening. The news got worse and worse. It was a hard day. I did not want to be there checking out books and going on as if nothing had happened. I wanted to be at home. I didn't want to talk about it; I was too numb and shocked. For a couple of days there, I had the TV or radio on constantly though I couldn't look at those horrific images of the planes hitting the buildings. As it was, I had bad dreams for several nights running---of hearing explosions, of seeing an airplane up in the sky burning and about to crash.

Now that the news magazines are beginning to come out with pictures of the devastation, I can look at the scenes briefly before it gets to be too much. I still haven't fully taken in the impact and may never do so. I never saw the World Trade Center buildings in person; now that's one more thing I'll never do. The next time I fly on a plane, no matter what the security, I'm sure I will remember what happened to those four flights and wonder about my fellow passengers. What I'd like most is for someone to come up with a response to those terrorists that doesn't just make more martyrs and inspire more hate-blinded people to retaliate.

For several reasons, this will be a very short zine this time around. The silly frivolous one is, I have several pages of a Toronto trip report on a floppy that I can't open! I don't know what the problem is; but I'll try to consult a local computer whiz and include it in another mailing. There's no WorldCon report because I didn't take notes at the time; and figured I'd just write general comments on it. Which I would have been working on last week---the week it happened. After which I couldn't settle down to do anything. I had mailing comments written, but not typed out, so only a few follow. They're a bit disjointed, but next time I hope to have the rest of them in.

Mailing Comments

Tyndallite: Ct Rich Lynch on Hugos being awarded by sf fandom rather than by WorldCon members. How would it be run? Do you mean that anyone could send a ballot

in? If not, how would you define "science-fiction fandom"? Would you like to see the awards still given at the WorldCon? Or should the awards be administered by a different group?

Ct David Schlosser: your definition of science fiction is probably as good as any. I'm sure someone could come up with something we might consider SF that doesn't fit the description; but there are always exceptions.

New Port News: Ct Hlavaty on there being a lot of Comte de Saint-Germain: "couldn't that have been a title rather than a name? As in the author Lord Dunsany, his name was something else, his title was "Lord Dunsany".

Ct Twygdrasil: I tried to read a book by Catherine Asaro, too; after seeing her at DSC. I managed to read most of it; but didn't finish. Not to my liking, unfortunately; to me it seemed too much like a romance novel. Not that I'm opposed to romance, but the romance needs to be tempered with something more. Too bad, as she seemed a nice lady, and I would have liked to have liked her books.

Ct Trivial Pursuits and bad signal on cable. I discovered that if I watch through my VCR, the signal is better. That is, turn the TV to Channel 3, then turn on the VCR. push the TV/VCR button, and select the station with the VCR remote.

Ct Comments: If you consider the difference between science and magic to be that science uses rules, where does that leave the stories where there are rules to magic?

Ct me: Oh, the banner wasn't on continuous fanfold paper; it came out as several sheets and we had to tape it together.

Twygdrasil: Your wife has quite a task in trying to talk with a dying man. Not an easy thing to do; though I suppose listening is indeed the best.

Ct me about tech support: Well, I suppose I could have called them had I thought about it---never even crossed my mind! I'm not absolutely sure we still have tech support from Creative Writer, though; and our computer division at the library is not necessarily knowledgeable about all the software programs. As it was, I was able to get help from a couple of co-workers for the basics; most of the rest was tweaking it to do exactly what I wanted.

Variations: Nice to have finally officially met you at MilPhil, even though I'm sure our paths did cross at some earlier point.

You mention getting more interested in chorale music---how about opera? When I was growing up, my mother used to always listen to the New York Metropolitan Opera Saturday matinee broadcasts on the radio. I hated it when I was very young, then it finally sunk in (or something like that), and I started to love them. I saw a few on stage at LSU---some of the biggies like Carmen, Magic Flute, and La Boheme. As with seeing Shakespeare performed as opposed to just reading the plays; seeing and hearing was much better than just hearing.

Spiritus Mundi: As briefly as I saw you in Philly, it was longer than I saw a lot of other people. WorldCons are just not the place to meet up casually.

Nice wedding pictures! Congratulations to both of you again.

Ct Ned about mailing **Challenger**: Do you know how much it would be to mail **Challenger** inside Canada? The reason I ask; I do get up to Canada about every year; and if you had one ready to go out shortly before I went....Of course, this assumes you wouldn't have more a few with Canadian addresses---toting a hundred or so of those babies would put a strain on my suitcase (not to mention arms)! I don't know when next I'll be up there, but it's something you could consider.

Ct me: No fireflies in New Orleans? I've seen them around here.

Well, of course Rosy's cat hates you. She/he is having to share her/his human with another person; an interloper who dares to behave as if he is more important than the cat. Not to worry. Everything will be fine as soon as you realize your place in the pecking order!

Dewachen: ct Toni: Good idea, hit the mugger with the purse! I think that comes under the "justifiable force with a deadly weapon" clause. I'm always wondering why mine is so heavy since I don't think I really carry that much.

Avatar Press: One source of home furnishings you might try is Ikea. I'm not sure if they have a store in your area, but they do have on-line sales. I went to an Ikea store while I was in Canada in July and admired the furnishings.

Sounds like a nice trip you had to Florida. I've never been to the Kennedy Space Center. Maybe one day. I'm glad to hear the Huntsville Space Center is a good one; I'm tentatively planning to go see it either before or after DSC next year.

Trivial Pursuits: Sorry I didn't manage to at least say "Hi", during MilPhil; but I never seemed to intersect you. The one panel you were on that I attended, you had to leave early for another item---the Scithers roast, I think. And I went off to another panel that I really really wanted to see.

Ct Jeff Copeland about converting Fahrenheit to Celsius and back. The formula I worked out is that every 10 degrees Celsius is 18 degrees Fahrenheit. At least for above zero temps. Starting with 0 Celsius = 32 Fahrenheit, 10 Celsius is about 50 Fahrenheit, and so on. It's not exact, and it's easier to convert if the Celsius temperature divides by five; but you can get an approximate idea.

June/July Jaunts: You had the joy of being awakened by a lawnmower early one morning; but I had a "delightful" wake-up call myself one day at PhilCon. Monday morning, I think it was, after staying up very late the night before partying. Around 7 A.M it came.: BAM! BAM! BAM! on a door down the hall. "HOUSEKEEPING!!!" Next room: BAM! BAM! BAM! "HOUSEKEEPING!!!" I staggered to the door and intercepted her across the hall to assure her I would let her into my room after breakfast.

If you are "But An Egg" in SFPA, does that make me a stem cell?

A Final Word

Not much of a zine this time around, I'm afraid. Let's hope for a better world by next time.