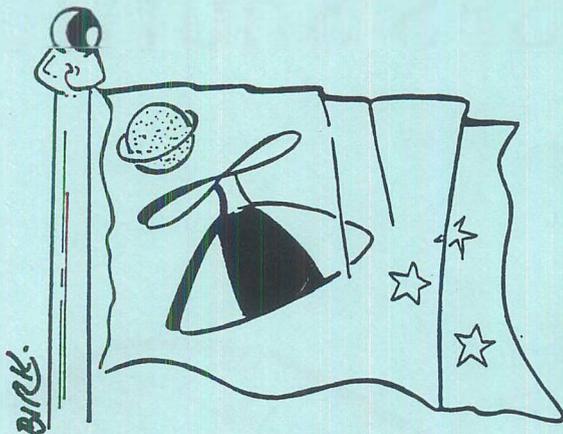


SFSFS Shuttle

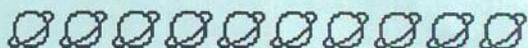


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For information about SFSFS, call Fran at
(305) 435-9572 (if you hear "Orson Wells",
you have the right place)

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COA's should be sent

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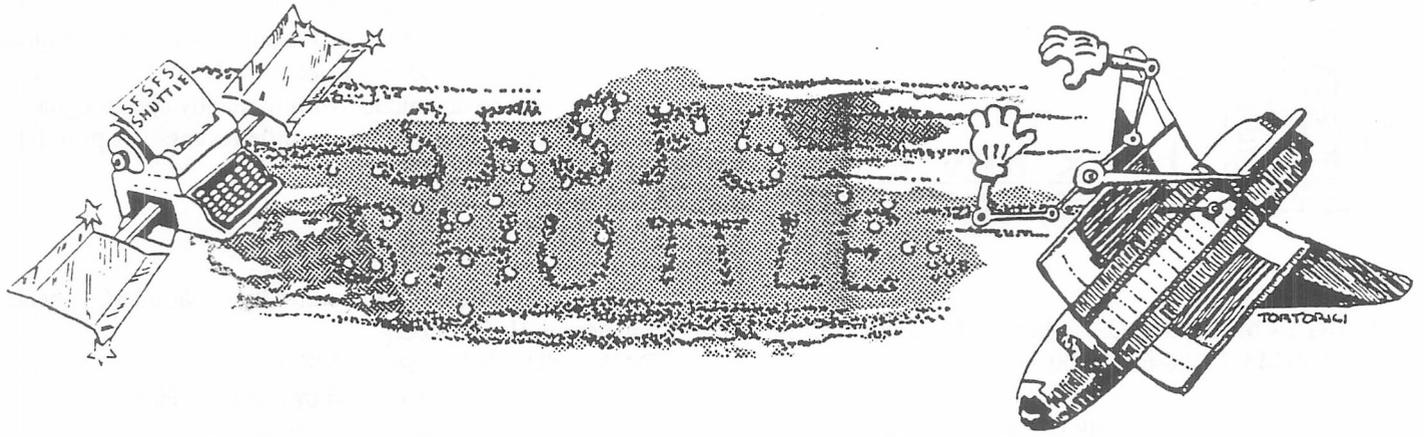
**Deadline for January Shuttle:
Thursday, December 31, 1992**

The SFSFS SHUTTLE December 1992 #93

The South Florida Science Fiction Society is a Florida non-profit educational corporation recognized by the Internal Revenue Service under Section 501 (c) (3). General membership is \$15 per year for adults, \$1 for children (*see form at the back of this issue*). Subscribing membership is \$1 per issue. The views, reviews, and opinions expressed in the SFSFS SHUTTLE are those of the authors and artists and not necessarily those of the publishers.

And so it goes . . .

SEMPER SURSUM



December 1992 Issue #93

The Official SFSFS Newsletter

DECEMBER MEETING

DATE: Wednesday, December 16
TIME: 7:00pm
PLACE: The Flaming Pit
1150 N. Federal Hwy
Pompano Beach
(305) 943-3484

We will assemble at the "Pit" (no pendulum jokes, please) for our yearly feast, and final meeting of the year. The menu is the same as last year:

7 oz. Top Sirloin - \$12.00
Broasted Chicken - \$10.50
Broiled Filet of Sole - \$10.50

Included are soup, salad and dessert bar. The tax and gratuity are included in the cost. We will collect the money (no separate checks, please) and pay the tab in one lump sum, as we did last year.

We will be nominating and electing next year's officers at this meeting, so it is important that we have a good turnout. Please call Franny at (305) 435-9572 (or on CompuServe: 76137,3645 or Genie: F.MULLEN2) and let her know if you can attend. She needs to give the restaurant some idea on attendance, so they will have sufficient food on hand.

January is not set up yet, so please bring your suggestions. The new officers will need ideas for meetings throughout the year. Please be thinking what you would like to do, and also perhaps what program you

could present.

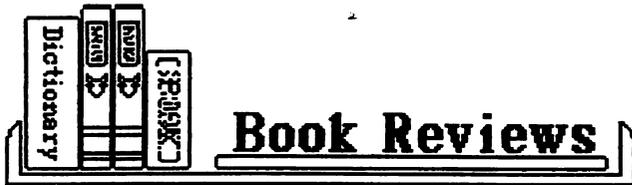
NOMINATING COMMITTEE reports that the proposed slate includes Fran Mullen for President, Carol Gibson or Gerry Adair for Vice President, Peggy Dolan for Treasurer and noone came forward with an interest in the Secretary position.

TROPICON NEWS

Exciting news on the guest front! Dennis Etchison, an extraordinarily fine writer & editor, (**THE DARK COUNTRY**, **THE BLOOD KISS**, **RED PRINT** and the **MASTERS OF DARKNESS** vol s 1 - 3) will be dropping in to participate in panels and "hang-Out" with Ramsey. He's bringing along another friend, Peter Atkins. Atkins is the author of the screenplay for **HELLRAISER III: HELL ON EARTH**. Joe Haldeman will also be dropping by. It's hard to believe, but **TROPICON XI** will mark the first time he's ever been to a Tropiccon.

Martin Nodell, the artist who created the original Golden Age Green Lantern will also be on hand. I'm sure he'll have something to say about the concept behind killing off Krypton's favorite son! Last, but not least, Richard Gilliam will arise from the coma he collapsed into after chairing this year's World fantasy Convention and will return for another Tropiccon.

- Gerry Adair



THE GOBLIN MIRROR, C. J. Cherryh, Ballantine Books, 1992, ISBN 0-345-37278-6, \$19.00

A re-weaving of classic fairy/folk tale motifs: three princes, a simple trip that becomes a nightmare, a coming of age tale, a viewing of the world (where nothing is what it seems), how to cope with magic when its producer is untrained, and of course all the symbolism tied up in mirrors. All of this could easily sink a slight tale, but while this is definitely lighter Cherryh the story holds one's interest all the way. Something evil is in the air, and the two older princes serve as escort for the court wixatd, who wants to go "over the mountains" to check his dreams with his sister. The build-up of tensions, destruction and evil winning the first round are balanced by the adventures of the youngest prince, following after and willy-nilly having to practice every survival skill he has ever been told. There are trolls, goblins, witches and wraiths, evin repaid with evil, and enough twists to totally confuse one's sense of direction.

An entrancing way of spending a few hours. For those waiting for the paperback, borrow this from your local library. It is simply more proof that C. J.'s talents can not be pigeon-holed.

THE PRICE OF STARS, Debra Doyle and James D. MacDonald, Tor, 1992 ISBN 0-812-51704-0

This is book one of the Mageworlds - so you know what you are getting. It is also a bit too long, slightly predictable, and needs to work on its timelines. On the other hand, it is good space opera, has some rousing action sequences, and I will be buying book two for my library.

The focus is on Beka Rosselin-Metadi, unwilling heir to the title of Domina (ruler of a destroyed planet). What she wants to be (since her father first helped her steer a straight course) is a space pilot...so for seven years she has been making her living on the outskirts of the space lanes. After her mother's assassination her father offers her his personal warship in return for a few names, with or without attached bodies.

By book's end both her brothers (one a medic, one a master wizard in all but name) and various other people have all been swept up in the quest which has grown into the foreshadowing of a return of the wars that originally destroyed her mother's planet. The plotters who carried out the assassination made a few major errors, notably that the

Domina and her mate breed true...the old man is still deadly and the three had inherited that deadliness and compounded it. Good old fashioned space opera, with some light touches, lots of blood and destruction with basically appealing heroes out to save their universe after a little revenge. A pleasant way to spend a few hours.

'TIS THE SEASON...

CHRISTMAS BESTIARY edited by Rosalind M. Greenberg and Martin H. Greenberg

DAW, 1992, ISBN 0-88677-528-0, \$4.99

CHRISTMAS STARS edited by David G. Hartwell
TOR, 1992, ISBN 0-812-52286-9, \$4.99

THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS edited by John Silbersack and Christopher Schelling

ROC, 1992, ISBN 0-451-45190-2, \$4.99

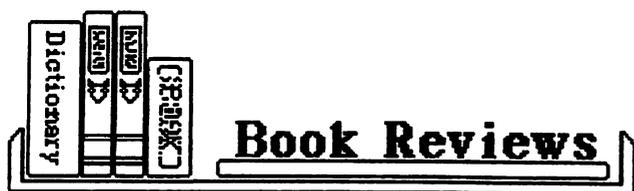
Wow, 31 stories for \$14.97! A bargain since the tales, old and new, are by mostly established authors. C.S. is a collection of 25 reprinted stories and the authors include Bradbury, Arthur C. Clarke, Bova, McCaffrey, 2 by John M. Ford, Pohl among others - definitely the most story for your money.

The other two feature all new stories. M o C, Holiday Stories of Fantasy and Science Fiction, features a ghost story by Andre Norton and Judith Tarr, Christopher Stasheff, Dennis L. McKieran, Gael Baudino, Richard Christian Matheson, and Julian May. Choice reading. C. B. has an introduction explaining the tradition of bestiaries, the best cover, and 19 stories. The authors include Jack Haldeman, Malzberg, Tanya Huff, Jane Yolen and Mike Resnick. Characters include the Golem, mermaids, selkies, the Abominable Snowman, a blue-nosed reindeer...Santa.

This is one of those situations where the reader really can't lose! No matter which one you opt for there are at least a few plums to be found. I grabbed all three...wonder if I should loan them to my minister?

Becky D. Peters





LOST SOULS - Poppy Z. Brite
Delacorte Press/Abyss Oct 1992
\$18.00 Hrbk 384 pages

Like it or not, welcome to the Year of the Vampire.

Thanks to the economic success of Francis Ford Coppola's **BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA**, marketing mavens, low-budget film-makers, toy manufacturers, publishing houses, et al, smell blood in the air and are poised to sink their teeth into the rich vein of revenue created by vampire films, vampire novels, vampire comics, vampire trading cards, vampire bathroom toys, vampire 'jammies, etc. The first volley was fired with the simultaneous paperback release of **BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA: THE NOVELIZATION** (I weep for my species) and the re-release of Bram Stoker's **DRACULA** with a spiffy new romantic cover (care to place a bet as to which one sells the most copies?). ABC has even resurrected it's 1974 made-for-television version of **DRACULA** (with Jack Palance in the title role) in the vanguard position of a "sweeps-week" lineup.

Before the inevitable rush to overkill reaches maximum overload and the field is buried under the avalanche of vampire fiction, allow me to recommend Poppy Z. Brite's **LOST SOULS**; a novel that can hold it's own quite well alongside such distinguished company as Anne Rice's **INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE**, Suzy McKee Charnas's **THE VAMPIRE TAPESTRY** and Dan Simmon's **CARRION COMFORT**.

Christian is a world-weary 385 year old vampire who runs a bar on the fringes of New Orleans's French Quarter. On the last night of Mardi Gras, three "fellow travellers" (Molochai, Twig and Zillah) enter his establishment, impregnate Jessy (a young "vampire wannabe"), briefly alleviate Christian's solitary existence and move on. Nine months later, Jessy dies giving birth to the vampiric offspring of Zillah. Christian leaves the child on a doorstep in a Maryland suburb. A note attached to the infant reads, "His name is Nothing. Care for him and he will bring you luck."

Fifteen year-old Nothing finds the note hidden in a drawer in his mother's dressing table. An outsider to both his family and friends, Nothing heads South with the hope of finding his true family. Intrigued by the music and lyrics of a group

called Lost Souls, he heads for the band's hometown of Missing Mile, North Carolina.

Steve and Ghost, the members of Lost Souls, are unaware of Nothing's interest in them. All Ghost is sure of is that his visionary dreams are becoming increasingly more disturbing and bizarre. Something bad, very bad is about to go down and it's headed in their direction.

Within 48 hours, he'll witness the reunion of Christian, Molochai, Zillah and Twig and find himself in a battle for the lives of his friends and for the soul of a stranger named Nothing.

LOST SOULS is richly baroque and decadent in a manner that recalls the Gothic excesses of Matthew Gregory Lewis's **THE MONK**, yet Brite's masterful handling of atmosphere and setting make what would seem contrived and outlandish, in the hands of a lesser artist, magical, passionate and totally believable. She evokes a New Orleans at once more exotic and yet more realistic than the gentrified, Spanish-moss laced milieu created by Rice. Finally, she has captured, dead-on, the nihilism, casual mechanical sexuality and numbing despair of the South's punked-out suburban youth sub-culture, born of "decades of American children afraid of complacency and stagnation and comfortable death...", and brilliantly juxtaposes it with the dysfunctional lifestyles her vampires sustain in order to tolerate the crushingly tedious day to day courses of immortality.

Sit back with a glass of Chartreuse and immerse your sensibilities in a remarkable first novel that will take you to places you've never been before.

...Places where you would never want to travel alone.

PENANCE - Rick R. Reed
Dell/Abyss January 1993
\$4.99 369 pages.

Sometimes it's hard to spot the monsters. Sometimes they look just like you and me.

A few years ago my youngest sister told me about a man who used to frequent the video store where she worked in Northeast Philadelphia. He would always arrive attended by a young woman who seemed mentally impaired yet strongly devoted to him and quickly responsive to his requests. One day he left the store without her. When she discovered he'd left, she went ballistic and begged the salespeople to help her find her way home. It seems she was unsure of how to get there on her own. My sister checked the man's ID file, called him and asked him to return for his friend. He responded, "You have my address. Stick her in a cab and ship her home." The young lady refused all other offers of assistance and dashed into the cab when it arrived.

A week later my sister recognized a photo of the man in the daily newspaper. A woman he'd abducted had managed to escape from the fully equipped torture chamber and pit in his basement and ran naked into the streets screaming for help. As his horrified neighbors watched in disbelief, the police assisted other victims out.

Then they brought out the remains of those who weren't so fortunate.

This is the type of "monster" I'm talking about. The nondescript fellow down the street who participates in the most heinous and reprehensible activities simply because nobody would dare to believe that such unthinkable acts could possibly be going on within spitting distance of their front door.

Rick R. Reed's Dwight Morris is just such a monster. A devoted father and husband, Dwight is also a pedophile with a psychopathic streak the size of the National Debt. Despite giving lip service to his need for rehabilitation at a sexual addicts therapy group, he thrives on stalking young street hustlers and subjecting them to unconscionable acts of physical, sexual and psychological abuse for daring to tempt a good family man like himself.

Arriving home unexpectedly early, his wife is treated to the spectacle of a bloody and battered 14 year old Jimmy Fels fleeing for his life. This last "little slip" is just too much to bear and with their retarded daughter in tow, she leaves Dwight for good. Whatever modicum of civilized behavior her presence had exerted over his behavior disappears with her and Dwight feels fully justified in cleansing the streets of the scum responsible for destroying his life.

The only hope that Jimmy and his street-wise friends have lie with the compassionate intervention of Father Richard Greb: a member of Dwight's sexual addiction support group. A man of God struggling, sometimes unsuccessfully, with his own obsessive desires.

This stark, gritty depiction of the banality of evil will doubtless offend and challenge the complacency of readers who prefer the relative safety of "Dark Fantasy" to the no-frills headline realism of psychological horror. But then what is horror all about if not an unflinching confrontation with the dark side of the soul.

Reed's tale of a good man pursuing a monster in human form while simultaneously fleeing from his own personal demons, has the noirish feel of a Woolrichian nightmare updated for the 90's. Like pure corn whiskey, it may be a bit too strong for the delicate palate, but it packs a hell of a wallop for the adventurous.

- Gerry Adair

IT CAME IN THE MAIL

Alpha Waves #5
Sector Alpha
USS Nightwing NCC-4025
7804 N. Matanzas Avenue
Tampa, FL 336134

DASFAX v24#11 (Nov 92)
Denver Area SF Association
c/o Fred Cleaver
153 W. Ellsworth Ave.
Denver, CO 89223-1623
Eds: Fred Cleaver & Rose Beetem

De Profundis #247 (Nov 92)
Los Angeles Science Fantasy Soc.
11513 Burbank Blvd.
North Hollywood, CA 91601
Ed: Jeni Burr

FOSFAX #162 (Oct 92)
Falls of the Ohio SF and
Fantasy Association
PO Box 37281
Louisville, Kentucky 40233-7281
Eds: Timothy Lane & Janice Moore

INSTANT MESSAGE
#520 (28 Oct 92) & #521 (11 Nov 92)
New England SF Association
PO Box G, MIT Branch Post Office
Cambridge, MA 02139
Clerk: Tony Lewis

The Mobius Strip
v8#9 (Oct 92) & v9#10 (Nov 92)
El Paso Area SF & Fantasy Alliance

The NASFA SHUTTLE
v12#10 (Oct 92) & v12#11 (Nov 92)
North Alabama SF Association
ROBOTS & Roadrunners v7#2 (Oct 92)
URSA MAJOR
PO Box 691448
San Antonio, TX 78269-1448
Ed: Lynn Garcia

Smart-Ash #52 (Oct 92)
Chimneyville Fantasy & SF Society
Box 13626
Jackson, MS 39236
Ed: Tom Feller

The Texas SF Inquirer #45 (Sep 92)
Fandom Assoc. of Central Texas
PO Box 9612
Austin, TX 78766
Ed: Dale Denton & Alexander R. Slate

West Wind
#171 (Sep/Oct 92) & #172 (Nov 92)
Northwest SF Society

ALSO RECEIVED:
Chattacon Gazette
Dragon Con flyer
Rem (Dreamcon)

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

- 5 Walt Disney 1908
Werner Karl Heisenberg 1901
- 7 Leigh Brackett 1915
- 14 Tycho Brahe 1546
- 16 Arthur C. Clarke 1917
Philip K. Dick 1928
- 17 Jack Chalker 1944
- 18 Alfred Bester 1913
Jack Haldeman 1941
Steven Spielberg 1947
- 24 Fritz Leiber 1919
- 26 Charles Babbage 1792
- 28 Sir Arthur Eddington 1882
- 31 Bob Shaw 1931



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Cecelia Eng

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c/o SFSFS
PO Box 70143
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- You are ~~listed~~ mentioned
- We haven't purged our mailing list yet.
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- You very foolishly asked for information

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