



# THE SFSFS SHUTTLE

*The Official Newszine of the South Florida Science Fiction Society*

## ■ NEXT MEETING

The next general meeting of the South Florida Science Fiction Society will be Oct. 29 at 2 p.m. at the Riverland Branch of the Broward Community College Library, 2710 W. Davie

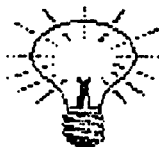
Blvd., phone number-791-8900. Take I-95 North to Davie Blvd. Go west until Riverland Blvd. The library is at the junction of the two streets. Becky Peters will be presenting a program on mythology in science fiction.



## ■ NOMINATIONS??

There will be a nominating committee meeting on Oct. 13 at Becky Peters' residence 1501 E. Broward Blvd. #704 at 6:00 p.m. If you have candidates in mind, please contact members of the nominating committee.

- Make sure you have several candidates in mind. (Now is the time to get up on that soap box!) For more information on the meeting, contact Joe Siclari at (407) 392-6462 who will be very happy to supply you with all the information you could ever need.



Don't be afraid to show up for this meeting; the future of the club could rest in your hands. (How's that for a heavy thought???)

## ■ LAST MEETING NOTES

The last meeting of the South Florida Science Fiction Society was held on Saturday, September 24, at 7:00 p.m. at the Palm Beach Junior College in Lake Worth. Writer Tom Maddox presented a most entertaining and intriguing program on writer Thomas Pynchon, focusing mainly on **Gravity's Rainbow**. Thank you very much, Tom, for the insight into this demanding work of fiction.



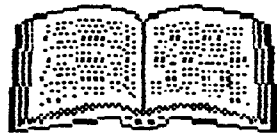
We would also like to congratulate Tom on the upcoming release of his first novel!!!!

## ■ NEW MEMBERS

We would like to welcome the following new people into our organization as of the beginning of the year - Kevin S. Grant, Elizabeth DeSantis, Charles Winnick, Diane Dorick, Hayes Tubbs, Harry Andruschak, Janet L. Sorenson, Ray and Melanie Herz and Donna Riegel. Thanks so much for joining us; we are happy you decided to become a part of our future.

## IN THE READER'S EYE

The next literary discussion meeting will be held Oct. 14, at 7 p.m. at Carol Gibson's home. For directions, contact her at 345-9326, subject to be Robotic SF. Don't forget to bring the munchies and the drinks. What literary bunch can discuss works of art on an empty stomach. Bring new ideas for topics to discuss.



## TROPICON MEETING

Be ready and take note!!! The next Tropicon meeting will be held Oct. 13 at 7:30 p.m. at Becky Peter's residence, 1501 E. Broward Blvd. Apt. 704. If you would like more information on how to join the Tropiconistas who would welcome your help with open arms, please contact the chairman, Edie Stern, at (407) 392-6462 and offer your assistance. Edie would appreciate any help you can offer.

## THE PEN IS MIGHTY

The next writing committee meeting will be November 19 at 2 p.m. at Doug & Kathy Wu's. For directions,

call 989-0290. Bring many copies of your work and don't be afraid to show up if you have work which you feel may not have great literary merit or no work at all. The group wants your input - be it spoken or written.

## HEAR YE HEAR YE!!

(Your editor speaks!!)  
Welcome to yet another edition of our beloved newsletter. Thank you for tuning in. How much longer will you of long faith and determination put up with my nonsense. I hope you are not fickle like my critics.  
The news at the top of my head right now is The Space Shuttle Discovery had a successful flight!! Many congratulations to the patience of the crew at the site and the brave travellers in Discovery. I hope we all have the opportunity to view a shuttle in flight!

Editor: Carol Porter

Press Gang: Tony Parker, Judy Bemis

The South Florida Science Fiction Society is a non-profit organization established for literary and educational purposes. SFSFS also has a tax exempt status 501(c)3 from the Internal Revenue Service. For more information, write: SFSFS, P. O. BOX 70143, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307.



## NEW WORKS

We are pleased and honored to announce that Sarah Clemens has been published for the first time in an anthology of short stories about the evil and nefarious character, Jack the Ripper. The collection is entitled **Ripper** and is available at the bookstores everywhere. Gary Alan Ruse's new book is called **Death Hunt On A Dying Planet** and is out for your collection. Continued success is hoped for our aspiring authors.



## BOOKS NEEDED

The Tropicon book fund is in need of any books (autographed or otherwise.) For more information, please contact Edie Stern at (407) 392-6462. Please note also that the club library would appreciate any donations of books or other materials. Get in touch with Carol Gibson at the next meeting to find out how you can help with this important matter of preservation. (With all these donations going on, I hope I don't lose my personal library which grows bigger by the day.) The club library soon will be available for visitation. Carol



Gibson should be posting a schedule of the library hours very soon.



## SOLSTICE UPDATE !!!!!!!

The issue of **Solstice 2 by 4** is due out by the November meeting under the editorship of Linda Hill. So keep your eyes open to catch this popular collection before it disappears forever.



## ONGOING CONS

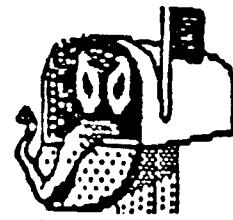
Oct 7-9 Armadillon X Austin Tx  
Oct 7-9 Galaticon II Dy Bch FL  
Oct 14-16 Conclave XIII Southfield, MI  
Oct 21-23 Necronomicon, Tampa FL  
Oct 21-23 Constell VII Hntsvl AL  
Nov 4-6 Philcon'88 Philadelphia PA  
Nov 11-13 Windycon XV Schbrg IL  
Dec 2-4 Tropicon VII Ft Laud FL  
Jan 27-29 Boskone XXV Sprfld MA  
Feb 17-19 Wison 13 Madison WI  
Mar 10-12 Lunacon'89 Tarryton NY  
Jun 8-11 Deepsthn 27 Memphis TN

Noreascon 3 47th World  
Aug 31 -Sep 3 1989 SF Convention  
Boston MA

Aug 23-27 Confiction 48th World  
1990 SF Convention Holland

Aug 30- Condiego 1990 North Am  
Sept 3 1990 SF Con San Diego CA

# It Came in the Mail



PAGE

Oasfis Event Horizon Vol 2 #3 of 4, issues 15 and 16. The newsletter of the Orlando Area Science Fiction Society. Contains information about OASFIS 2, an Orlando Science Fiction Convention to be held May 19-21, 1989. (They also mention Tropicon in their "upcoming conventions" section.

The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol 4 Number 3. This appears to be the best effort yet from a newly revived organization. (Both this zine and FOSFAX of Sept. 1988 have Teddy Harvia covers)

FOSFAX #131, Sept 1988. This Hugo-nominated zine from the Falls of Ohio Science Fiction & Fantasy Association includes four different Nolacon reports with a paragraph or two on the parties in just one of the reviews. The large and active letter column is a plus.

Westwind #132, August 1988. Newsletter from the Northwest Science Fiction Society.

Transmissions, Vol II, issues 13 and 14. This newsletter from the Nova Odysseus, United Gulf Coast fandom continues with a new editor after the departure of Robert Teague.

Instant Message #445 and #446. Newsletter of the New England Science Fiction Association.

The Insider #143, Sept 1988. Newsletter of the St. Louis Science Fiction Society.

The Philadelphia SF Society Newsletter.

Robots & Roadrunners Vol 3, #2, Aug 1988. A substantial clubzine of Ursa Major, the literary science fiction and fantasy society of Bexar county (San Antonio, TX)

BCSFazine, #184, Sept 1988, published by the British Columbia SF Association.

# Discovery

## Green for Go on September 29

by Edie Stern

Although I've lived in Florida for an unconscionably long time, I have never gone up to the Cape to see a launch. Press of school, lack of adulthood, press of work and so on, are my excuses. I've watched all I could from South Florida, making an imperfect spectacle of myself by jumping up and down and yelling silly encouragements to the sky every time conditions allowed me to watch. This time was different.

The week before the launch, Joe Green called, and said that he had won a Car Pass in the NASA employee lottery. Were we still interested? Hah. About five milliseconds later my husband (henceforth known as JoeD) and I said YES!!!!

By a few days before the launch, we had loaded up our van and had a three vehicle caravan set to truck towards the cape the evening before the launch was scheduled. The rest of the South Florida contingent would rendezvous at the Holiday Inn parking lot at 4 AM (about the same time that the gates to the Space Center were to be opened). Peggy Dolan is the compleat space enthusiast - she was able to get two passes! And made sure that they were used by people with genuine interest. Excitement was high. I wasn't the only novice either (okay, okay - besides Dan). Fran Mullen and Chuck Phillips, being recent Floridians, had never had the opportunity to see a launch. Others were like me - long time residents with no proper excuse.

On Wednesday night, we drove up in our van. We had Vince Miranda, Mitch Silverman, and Judy Bemis, as well as me, JoeD, and Dan. In the other cars were Fran Mullen and Chuck Phillips, Becky Peters, Sue Trautman, and some friends of theirs. Becky Peters drove in the center spot, and Fran and Chuck were rear guard. All but Becky had CB radios. We promptly dubbed ourselves, Witness and Waltz, and renamed Becky as Matilda. (What else would follow Waltz?). All the way to Merritt Island, there was radio silliness. Chuck, is it true that the best thing about radios is that you can turn them off when the puns get too stretched?

\*\*\*\*\*  
Interlineation - Funny, people talk about witnessing a launch. And it's not just the result of listening to Leslie Fish's "Witnesses' Waltz" either. At work, when I told people about the launch, that was the phrase most of them used. Not seeing, but witnessing. As if there is something formal, and serious, involving the concept of bearing witness. I like it.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Witness and Waltz made it to Merritt Island at about 10:30 PM, Matilda's carload having dropped out at Melbourne to stay with Melanie and Ray Herz. Joe and Patti Green welcomed us with gracious hospitality, pro-

viding beds, futons, and mattresses to make everyone comfortable. We planned, and plotted, and did rumor control. Joe G. called the Space Center up for latest information on topics such as "Is the Highway Patrol really closing the roads at 6 AM?", "What's the latest on the weather?" and so forth. We poured over maps; we charted our course; we got directions. We exulted, but quietly.

Regardless of late night kibitzing, and midnight cocoa, 4:30 AM was reveille. Patti and Joe had provided breakfast for all, as well as stuff to pack to the beach. Joe says that Patti's response to company is "Boil eggs". With babies to birth, one boils water. With company coming in hordes, boil eggs. It makes a lot of sense. The next time I have a lot of company, that's what I'm going to do. At 5:30 AM, we packed everyone into the van, and took off for Kennedy Space Center.

A few wrong turns, and unkind commentary later, we were tooling down the highway on our way to KSC. It was dark, Mars and Venus were both up, and luckily Vince Miranda had a compass. Science fiction fans are not noticeably reticent about giving advice either. Before or after the fact. Anyway, we came to the KSC gates at about 6 AM, and passed with a sigh of relief, our bright orange car pass taped to the front window. Joe G. had insisted on that the night before, since without the car pass, all was lost. He was right, too.

There were an abundance of gates and checkpoints to be passed. And at every one, our pass was peered at and inspected. Later Joe G. told us that on his way into work, he had seen one poor soul turned back at the last of the checkpoints because his car pass, although in order, did not entitle him to drive through that gate. Apparently all the other inspection points had passed him through.



ART: LEE HOFFMAN

We made our way to the causeway, and drove northwest, trying to pick and choose our parking place. Hah! It didn't work. But we ended up parked very satisfactorily with a lovely, unobstructed view of the pad. We staked out a piece of land on the water (nearly), and set up our chairs, Fran's sleeping bag, and the munchie stash. There is a fifty-two dollar fine for bringing beer on site. It was now about 6:30. Launch was set for 9:59 AM.

The people on the beach were uniformly excited. They sure didn't look uniform in anything else. There were a lot of Green for Go ribbons. There were people that looked like Hell's Angels. There were some that looked like Century Village graduates. There were lots of kids. And license plates from all over the country. There were telescopes and camera lenses that looked like cannon. All of us had something to look through: binoculars, cameras, spyglass. (Vince Miranda had the spyglass - are you surprised?) Everyone settled in to wait. No one seemed impatient. Everyone knew it would be hours, and that the weather might be a problem. Everyone was hoping real hard.

Along the road, there were speakers mounted every 50 yards or so. From the road to the water's edge, where we were, was about 150 feet. When announcements were made, there was a little echo from one to the other. As if the words were falling behind (and the rate of propagation of sound in air is 1100 feet per second). The NASA feed was great; it kept us up to date on the latest weather reports, what the astronauts were doing, and what the latest news was. We waited.

At T-3 hours there was an additional hour hold. It was the winds. There weren't enough of them. The model that the software was built on assumed 80 mile an hour winds at high altitudes, and it was BALMY up there. No high winds anymore. The time to reload the computers is so long that the launch window would pass. These are slightly archaic boxes, designed in the seventies. There was a great cheer when a voice came on and announced that the hold had been removed. We were go for launch.

Waiting for the launch. There were enormous lines in front of the Port-o-pots. Someone said they'd been in line for an hour and a half. Later, I heard from one family to our right, that the mother had been in line for two and a half hours. We had brought a camping toilet and set it up in the van. Highly recommended for those with small bladders.

Waiting for the launch. There were lost children ("A two year old named Mark. If you find him, please take him to

the blue tent next to the Port-o-potties"... ). There was an alligator looking for a place to take the sun (how many missing kids? Nah..). Mullet were jumping in the dawn. Those mullet have been working out. They were high out of the water. Special for launch day, right?

Waiting for the launch. And the dolphins came in. Peggy Dolan had told me that the dolphins come in for every launch. By Ghod she was right. Three of them came to our piece of water, and sported in front of us. They were herding mullet, looking for breakfast. They were sleek and they were beautiful. When we saw them, JoeD raised a cry, and soon everyone was pointing and looking (and taking pictures).

At T-20, minutes, another hold. Not too long. This one was planned, but it was extended a little - a miscommunication with the astronauts among other things. T-9 minutes. Another hold. Picked up at 11:28. My watch has a count down facility. Boy, was I using it. T-2 minutes. T-1 minute. When they got to T-10 seconds the whole beach was counting. Everyone was on their feet. Chuck was on top of our van with a videorecorder mounted on a rooftop tripod. We raised binocs to the eyes. Focused on the shuttle. T-7 seconds. T-6 seconds. Smoke now. T-3. Two. One. Liftoff! More smoke, and rise, and fire and gentle, graceful turn. Fire in the sky, really, like the song says. Half the people on the beach screaming, and shouting GO! GO!! GO!!!, and the other half crying. You can't shout when you're using 12 power binoculars - you lose what's in your field of vision. Some waving their fists at the air. A great vibration, and a great roar. Then everyone real quiet, waiting for the solid fuel tanks to separate. Real quiet. Holding their breath. And then separation and it was ok. It wasn't another Challenger, and everyone started shouting all over again. We watched her until she disappeared, heading towards orbit.

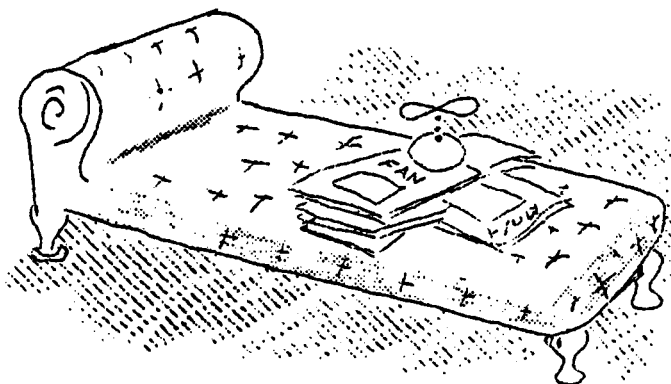
There was no anticlimax. It was more like quietly (well not so quietly) fulfilling. Lots of smiles. I was glad to see so many children caught up in it. We need to make sure the younglings grow up to know what's important. I was glad mine was there to bear witness.

We waited awhile, packed up our gear, got caught in the shuttle exhaust coming down as rain, and went home to Joe Green's house. Joe came home from work early, and pulled out a bottle of champagne. We each had a glass, and toasted "To the launch of Discovery", and to her safe return. Friday, the Miami Herald headline was "BACK TO THE FUTURE".



# WAY OF LIFE

(HYPHEN #17 DEC '56)



The Psychiatrist handed back the bundle of fanzines. "Remarkable," he said. "Remarkable."

"You have read them all?" asked the Fan.

"Every word," affirmed the Psychiatrist.

"And do you agree with the Russell Hypothesis?" asked the Fan eagerly.

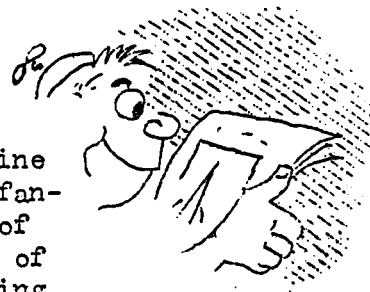
"On the whole, yes," said the Psychiatrist. He got up from his desk and paced the room thoughtfully. "The Russell hypothesis," he went on, "as expressed in Hyphen 10, was that fanning is a form of sexual perversion which might be defined as 'deviation of aim'. That appears to me to be substantially correct. In more technical terms, it is a form of fetichism, or substitution. But what distinguishes it from all known forms of fetichism--" A gleam of enthusiasm lit his countenance. "--such as concentration on secondary sexual characteristics or inanimate objects such as shoes or clothes, is that here the fetichism is directed towards an abstraction. It is therefore an entirely new form of perversion. I have prepared some notes on it for my inaugural address to the Psychiatric Congress next month, and I would be most grateful if you could give me permission to use some of these 'fan biographics' as sample case histories."

"Certainly," said the Fan. "Perhaps you could let me know the gist of your address?"

"By all means," said the Psychiatrist. In fact I owe you at least that much for bringing to my attention this interesting and completely new field of research. I begin my address by describing the nature of 'fanac' and the relationship of the average fan to fandom as a whole. I point out that this relationship is psychologically a sexual one, in that fandom supplies a complete intellectual substitution for the physical sexual relationship. Take, for example," he said, warming to his subject, "the neofan, or virgin. He learns about fandom from hints in magazines or from furtive conversations among his school-fellows. Nervously, he makes his first amorous overtures... a letter to a prozine, a gurveded request for a copy of a fanzine. His desire for closer contact is heightened by this tentative loveplay. His courtship becomes more intimate and strenuous until he can contain his passion no longer. He Goes All The Way. He publishes a fanzine."

"You regard this as the equivalent of the sex act?" asked the Fan.

"Of course," said the Psychiatrist. By publishing a fanzine he, as it were, inserts a portion of himself into the body of fandom, procuring thereby a sense of gratification and discharge of the tension which has been building up inside him. The period of preparation of the fanzine... soliciting contributions, preparing



stencils, the rhythmic manipulation of the mimeograph... these constitute his period of tumescence. The phase of detumescence includes the final collation of the fanzine, the reading of the first finished copy, and culminates in the despatch of the mailing."

"Itself a symbolically suggestive act," offered the Fan.

"Quite so," agreed the Psychiatrist. "The mailbox slot... I also drew attention here to the prevalence of the conventional phallic spaceship on covers and to the significance of the various methods of mailing... in open envelopes, in 'clasp' envelopes, in wrappers, rolled up, and...er...unclothed. These last types offer a particularly fascinating avenue of speculation -- the difference between the care-free or exhibitionistic fanned who sends out his fanzine unfolded with just one securing staple, and the inhibited, fear and guilt-ridden multiple folder and stapler."

"Then the actual act of mailing is the climax?" said the Fan.

"Yes," said the Psychiatrist. "It is the final irrevocable step, the culmination of the fan's act of love towards fandom. Obviously it will be accompanied by a sensation of discharge of vital forces, of relief of tension. This is followed by a feeling of lassitude which, if the energy expended on the fanzine has been excessive, may amount to the trauma known as 'gafia'. The duration of this phase depends primarily on how satisfactory the relationship between the fan and fandom has been for both parties. In a well-adjusted relationship fandom readily responds to the fanned's act of love by overtures of its own, in the form of the titillation of egoboo; this leads normally to the restimulation of the fan's energies and thus to another act. If however the fan has been clumsy or inept, fandom becomes frigid and unresponsive. This in turn may induce frustration in the fan, leading eventually to impotence and sterility."

"The same result may be produced by excessive effort on the part of the fanned," commented the Fan.

"Quite," agreed the Psychiatrist. "He may 'burn himself out'. There are of course many such difficulties in the way of a satisfactory mutual adjustment between the fan and fandom. But on the other hand the rewards of a full fan life are correspondingly great, comprising as they do not only the pleasures of intercourse but the joys of parenthood."

"You mean," said the Fan, "the relationship between the fan and his fanzine?"

"Yes," said the Psychiatrist. "It is quite clear from the fanzines you lent me that the attitude of a normal fan towards criticism of his fanzine can be compared in Nature only to that of a lioness defending her cubs. Not only will the fan go without the necessities of life to provide for his fanzine, he will attack viciously any enemy that approaches it. In serious cases this excessive love of his fanzine can lead to a kind of auto-eroticism which one might term 'self-defence', in which the fan's natural love towards fandom is twisted and turned inwards to his own fanzine exclusively. It may involve him succumbing to actual hallucinations about his fanzine, such as the well-known 'Delusion of Legibility'. He may go to such lengths to preserve his illusions as to send his fanzines only to persons who he knows will praise it. This practice should however not be confused with what one may classify as group marriages, such as FAPA and





OMPA and similar semi-incestuous relationships; though these too may lead to evil effects eventually through inbreeding."

"Your conclusion, then, is that fanac is a form of sex substitution?" asked the Fan.

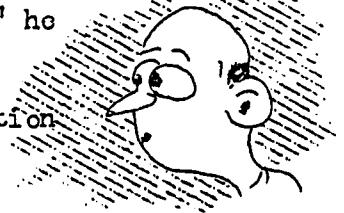
"Definitely," said the Psychiatrist. "One might call it a sublimation, if the nature of it were not, as I have made clear, so quasi-sexual in character. Since, however, it is not in any way criminal or anti-social I hesitate to classify it as a perversion. Yes, on the whole I think 'substitution' is the correct term. I would venture to conclude that fans will normally have low power sex drives on the physical plane."

"I thought you might come to that conclusion," said the Fan, "and I took the liberty of bringing you a further batch of fanzines." He handed them over.



The Psychiatrist took them doubtfully. "What is the difference between this lot and the first one," he asked.

"These," said the Fan, "contain convention reports."



\*

Next day the Fan again called on the Psychiatrist. He found him muttering at his desk, scribbling furiously on scraps of paper.

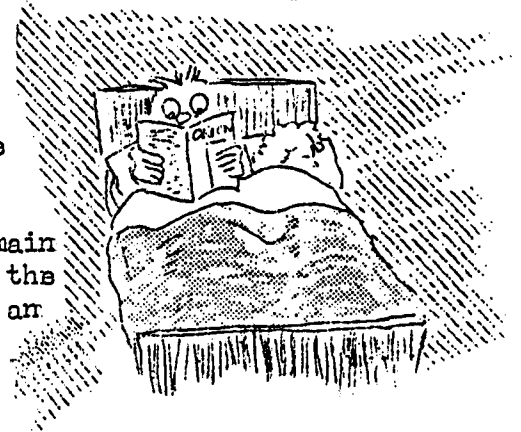
"I take it you have read the second lot of fanzines," said the Fan.

"Yes," said the Psychiatrist ruefully. "They have certainly upset my theories. I cannot understand it. Here is a sexual perversion which appears not at all to detract from the subject's normal libido. In fact," he added, looking at one of the convention reports again, "quite the reverse."

"If I may make a suggestion," said the Fan.

"By all means," said the Psychiatrist. "Please do. I must confess I am rather at a loss."

"Mankind," said the Fan, "is motivated by two main drives -- self-preservation and the preservation of the species. Both are allied and interdependent, since an animal must be alive to perpetuate his kind."



"Granted," said the Psychiatrist.

"Mankind is a social animal," went on the Fan, "and the most important part of his environment, especially now that civilisation has largely conquered the forces of Nature, is his fellow men. The ability to get along with people is therefore the principle survival characteristic of civilised man."

"Adjustment of, or to, environment," muttered the Psychiatrist. "Yes."

"Fanac," continued the Fan, "offers, I suggest, a unique and efficient training and exercise in this ability, a field in which the effect of any particular

aspect of one's behavior is more clearly and rapidly perceived than in the more complex and less candid world of mundane relationships. Fandom is, essentially, a correspondence course in getting along with people, with yearly viva voce examinations. It is therefore, like sex, an expression of a basic survival drive; towards communication and intercourse.

"Your hypothesis is, then," said the Psychiatrist, "that fanac is not a substitute for sex, but a complimentary and allied activity?"

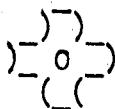
"Exactly," said the Fan. "I might also add that fanac helps not only in the understanding of one's fellow men, but in that of oneself. Being a medium of frank self-expression, and mutual criticism, it offers immense potentialities for curing mental maladjustments of various kinds. For instance....."

\*

Next month the Psychiatrist delivered his address. His commendation of fandom as a means of treating mild personality disorders such as introversion, inferiority and superiority complexes, paranoiac personality, etc., was widely reported in the Press and caused a major sensation in medical circles. Questions were asked in the House. Two months later the Ministry of Health announced the official recognition of fanac as a therapeutic measure in suitable cases, and it was included in the National Health Service. Typewriters, duplicators, stencils and paper were supplied free by stationers' shops on production of a medical prescription. The Post Office delivered fanzines free of charge. Chairs of fanac were established at some of the more progressive universities. Finally, at the beginning of the following year, the Government announced that hotels had been taken over in all the major cities as permanent convention sites.

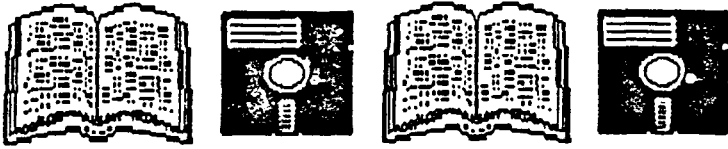
Unfortunately, their luxury was enjoyed only by neofen. The Fan who started it all found to his chagrin that he and his friends still had to pay for their own publishing supplies and conventions. The doctors they went to refused to certify that they needed fanac on medical grounds; obviously, they were in fandom only for fun.

The Fan's noble attempt had, however, one successful aspect. It solved fandom's recruitment problem for all time.....



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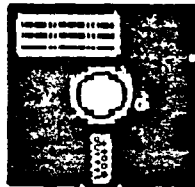


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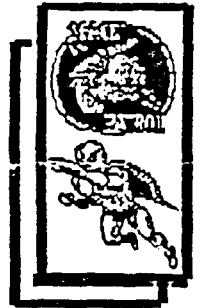
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# AT A GLANCE

- Oct 7-9 Galaticon, Daytona Beach
- Oct 13 Nominating committee meeting, Becky Peters' home. 6 p.m. Call 463-5471 for directions.
- Oct 13 Tropicon Meeting, 7:30 p.m., Becky Peters' House.
- Oct 14 Literary discussion meeting, Carol Gibson's home, 7 p.m. Call 345-9326 for directions. Subject: Robots.
- Oct 22-23 Necronomicon, Tampa
- Oct 29 General Business meeting, 2 p.m., Riverland Branch of Broward Community Library. Call 791-8900 for directions. Topic: Mythology in SF. Speaker: **Becky** Peters.
- Nov 20 Writing committee meeting, 2 p.m., Doug & Kathy Wu's home. Call 737-8028 for directions.
- Dec 2-4 TROPICON VII, FT LAUDERDALE, FL

## Late Breaking News

Additional confirmed guests attending  
*Tropicon*:  
author Robert Adams  
songwriter and performer, Frank Hayes

The South Florida Science Fiction Society  
P. O. Box 70143  
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307-0143



TO:

FIRST CLASS MAIL

