

The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin



Volume 7, Number 7
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Southern Fandom Confederation

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Policies

The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol. 7, No. 7, July 2000, is the official publication of the Southern Fandom Confederation (SFC), a not-for-profit literary organization and information clearinghouse dedicated to the service of Southern Science Fiction and Fantasy Fandom. The SFC Bulletin is edited by Julie Wall and is published at least three times per year. Membership in the SFC is \$15 annually, running from DeepSouthCon to DeepSouthCon. A club or convention membership is \$50 annually. Donations are welcome. All checks should be made payable to the Southern Fandom Confederation.

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

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

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

Ad Rates

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

SFC Handbooks

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

T-Shirts

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

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

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Off the Wall

by Julie Wall

Reminder: SFC Dues (now \$15 per year) are payable each year at the DSC, which was in May this year. At Rich Gutkes suggestion, I have added an expiration date to the mailing labels. If you haven't paid your dues, please send them to Treasurer Judy Bemis at the address at left. Thanks.

Once again, Toni Weisskopf is responsible for the editorial. A while back, she was complaining to me that her boyfriend wouldn't go to New York with her. Although Toni lives in Georgia, she works for Baen Books and has to go up to the Big City periodically to visit the office and get a little face time with various folks (well, until Jim Baen moves the office to North Carolina). Having lived in New York until her family moved to Huntsville when she was a teen, and then gone back there to work for Baen for many years, Toni is something of a NYC aficionado. She loves the town and likes to show it off. But her boyfriend has already been to New York City. Never mind that it was a long time ago and not with her. So, she was lamenting this situation to me on the phone one time and I said, "Well, if he won't go, I will."

I hadn't been to NYC in 20 years, since my family took a detour on the way home from visiting relatives in Delaware. Thus it came to pass that Toni and I went to New York on Easter weekend of this year. Miraculously, both the city and we survived the experience.

The theme of the trip would have to be plans. "The best laid..." and so forth. Toni likes to have plans. She wants to have a schedule, an itinerary. I must admit, I usually do, too. But since I was just visiting, and happy to be there, I decided to just let things happen. I was up for pretty much anything. I had done many of the touristy things as a teenager, like the Empire State Building, World Trade Center and Statue of Liberty. I did want to try to get a ticket to see my favorite NHL team, the New Jersey Devils, in game five of the first round of the Stanley Cup Eastern Conference playoffs – if there were going to be one on the Saturday that we were there. In the weeks leading up to the trip, Toni kept trying to make plans with me, and with the three friends in New York that she wanted to see. This was mostly futile in the end, but it worked out okay.

It didn't start particularly well. We went up on Thursday, she from Atlanta on Delta, me from Birmingham on USAir. Our flights were scheduled to land at LaGuardia within 15 minutes of each other at around noon, so we agreed to meet at the USAir baggage claim area. Inexplicably, I was delayed for more than an hour and a half in Charlotte, so Toni met me at the gate.

The plan had been for Toni to go on up to the Baen office in Riverdale that afternoon, because we didn't have dinner reservations until 9 PM and she had a power lunch in the city scheduled for Friday. Well, because of my flight delay, we didn't get to our hotel, the Lucerne, on the Upper West Side until

about 3 PM, at which time Toni discovered that her lunch had been cancelled due to the person she was to have met being in an accident. This was when the Babysitter Crisis first reared its ugly head, as well.

A quick call home revealed that despite weeks of planning and all of the babysitters for Toni's daughter having signed off on the schedule, somehow, a four-hour period on Saturday night had been left unstaffed. Toni told the current babysitter to see what she could come up with and she would make it worth her time if she had to stay. Thus burdened, we decided Toni would go to the office tomorrow and we would just head out and see what we could see.

The first thing we saw was something I would end up seeing at least three more times during the trip: the inside of a Duane Reade drug store. These are ubiquitous in New York, there's one in every block, it seems. There was one across the street from our hotel, Toni had forgotten her toothbrush, and I was certainly in favor of her having one, so we went there first.

Something else ubiquitous in New York, as everywhere else in America, is The Gap. Coming out of the drug store, I began to notice how cold I was. It was overcast and windy. Having done my homework and gone to the Weather Channel web site before I packed, I had brought my lined raincoat, but I hadn't put it on. I didn't want to go back to the hotel, so we ducked into, yes, The Gap, where my first purchase in NYC was this really neat jean jacket. Yes, I could have gotten it in a mall in Birmingham, but it fit and I liked it and it was very useful then and will be in the future, so what the heck? Plus, I didn't have to pay sales tax, because they've done away with it on clothing in New York. The next thing we saw was this really cool looking bar called the Potion Lounge. It wasn't open yet, so we bookmarked it for later, and walked around the outside of the Museum of Natural History, marveling at the new planetarium. I made plans to come back the next day.

On to some non-ubiquitous shops. A toy store and a place called Maxilla and Mandible, which sold, yes, bones. Lots and lots of bones and fossils and such. We stayed in there quite a while.

As we walked, I admired the streets full of brownstones. They were so interesting, and three hours into my visit, I loved New York, too. The place is so full of energy. I could get a job in New York and move there. I wanted a brownstone. We walked past a real estate office and looked at a display in the window with ads for places for sale. I still want one, but I realize I'd have to win a very big lottery to get one.

Back at the Potion Lounge, the lights in the windows, those tube things that look like rain, were on, and the doors were open, so we went in and sat at the bar. We had a charming bartender named Cesar who kept us entertained while we had a few drinks. At first, I didn't think I was going to get

anything but Coke, because I hadn't brought my ID, but he relented. The bar specialized in, well, potions, that they served in interesting glasses. The bar was designed with lights set into it at intervals so that the potions could be placed on top of them and lit for effect. Toni and I eschewed these in favor of bourbon, but thought we might come back later and try one. Then, I noticed that one of the beer taps had an apple on it, and was actually a cider tap. I love hard cider, and this was one I had never heard of, Widmer Brothers, so I had to try it. Yum. Eventually, we bid Cesar goodbye to go and dress for dinner.

Dinner was one of the plans that went off smashingly. I had helped to choose the restaurant, somewhat reluctantly. I love food. I like to cook and I love to eat out in good restaurants. I have this list that I keep in a notebook in my purse, of restaurants in places that I might visit someday. I compile it on an ongoing basis, mostly by reading foodie magazines. The list of New York restaurants is two pages long. But, since we were going to be meeting people from New York, one of whom Toni called a "food snob," I thought it would be better if they chose a place. Toni demanded the list. So I sent it, and she forwarded it to Eric, the food snob, who consented to Jean-Georges and made a reservation. Even asking several weeks before, the earliest we could get was 9 PM.

It was, by far, the most expensive meal I have ever enjoyed. But enjoy it I did. It was probably the best meal I have ever had, and certainly one of the longest dwelt over and most fun.

We took a cab to the Trump Tower at One Central Park West. Jean-Georges, on the ground floor, is a beautiful restaurant, with floor to ceiling windows overlooking Central Park and a lot of off-white and silver. There were gorgeous bouquets of stargazer lilies on the tables, and a giant chocolate Easter bunny on the bar. Naturally, we went to the bar to wait for the rest of our party. The cocktail napkins were linen. I ordered a champagne-pear cocktail and asked if the bunny was real. It was.

Eric Breitenbach, a college SF club friend of Toni's, was the first to arrive. He was followed by Hank Davis from Baen and David Sundell, also from her college SF club. We were shown to our table and the army of wait staff personnel began its campaign. Our chief waiter (dubbed Henri in later conversation, he wasn't so presumptuous to introduce himself) was solicitous without being intrusive, as were all his minions. They did the thing that I had noted and loved at both of Emeril Lagasse's restaurants in New Orleans that I have visited, where they deliver all the dishes for the table at one time with great flourish. The Sommelier was very helpful and made up for not being French (like Henri) by having a curl on his forehead. We had a wonderful and expensive wine – two bottles. The food was fantastic. I can't remember what all everyone had, but I tasted a lot of it and it was marvelous. Particularly memorable were the asparagus, the fava bean soup, and the white peppercorn creme brulee.

We stayed until 12:30 in the morning. I figured no one

would be getting our table after we left and that they would have to get new flowers for the next day so I took the lilies on ours. They decorated the armoire in our hotel room for the rest of the weekend, giving off a lovely fragrance. In the cab on the way back, we learned that the Devils had won again in Florida, thus sweeping the Panthers and leaving me free Saturday afternoon because there would be no game five at the Meadowlands. They later went on to win the Stanley Cup. Way to go, Devils!

First thing in the morning, the Babysitter Crisis was in full swing. Toni left for Baen very early in the morning, saying that she was going to have to try to change her flight to be back in Athens by 5 PM on Saturday.

My mission, determined at dinner the night before, was to take the bus in the afternoon to the half price Broadway ticket booth in the center of Times Square and get four tickets to a show for that night. There was a ranked list of shows that were acceptable, with some contingencies I had to keep in mind.

When I got up, it was raining like crazy. I went to Duane Reade and bought a huge umbrella. I went to an ATM at a Chase Manhattan branch to get some cash, which turned out to be a good thing, because unbeknownst to me, the ticket booth doesn't take credit cards. I had a light breakfast at a nearby cafe, then trekked to the Museum of Natural History, only to discover that there were at least 2000 other people in town for Easter who had the same idea. There were huge lines out every single entrance. The wind was blowing something fierce, my umbrella turned inside out several times. I felt like Mary Poppins, only not so lucky as to be carried in the direction I wanted to go. I abandoned the museum idea and went back to the Lucerne to dry out and rest up for ticket duty.

I consulted with the concierge about said duty. He told me it would be difficult to get a cab in the rain, but that was okay, because I was supposed to take the bus. He told me where to go and that they started selling tickets at two, but people started lining up at one or before.

At 12:30, I emerged from the hotel to find it pouring even harder than before. The doorman asked me if I wanted a cab. I did. I didn't know where the bus stop was and didn't care to find out. After dinner the night before, cab fare seemed quite piddling. He didn't have any trouble procuring a taxi. I took it to Times Square and was about 40th in line at 20 minutes to one. Toni had advised taking a book, but if I had, it would have just gotten soaked. Instead, I just looked at everything. Since it was dark and rainy, and it was Times Square, with the electronic billboards going up as far as the eye could see beneath the clouds, it was very *Blade Runnerish*.

At 2:30, I had paid cash for four tickets, not for *Kiss Me, Kate*, our first choice, but *Swing!*, our second. This saved me from having to remember the list of contingencies. My feet and my new linen pants were soaked up to the knees. I was also starving. I trudged over to the Crowne Plaza and called Toni to deliver the news.

She had her own news. Every single plane seat to Atlanta

on Saturday was booked. She would have to be at the airport by 8 AM to get on the stand-by list.

I went to the Roxy Deli and had an extremely expensive Reuben sandwich and a milkshake. The service was good, though, and the sandwich and accompaniments were delicious, and would have fed three people easily. I rolled up my pants while I ate so they wouldn't be sogging against my leg. Greatly cheered, I decided to catch the bus back to the hotel as a last ditch economizing measure.

I found a bus stop with the bus number I knew I should take from the planning session with Toni the night before. I got on the bus, and asked the driver how much the fare was. He asked me where I was going, I told him and he told me I was on the right bus, but going the wrong way. His bus was going downtown; I needed to go uptown. He pointed to another bus stop. I must say that this was typical of my experiences in the city. No nasty or rude New Yorkers, everyone was very helpful, or at least polite if they couldn't help.

Unfortunately, I couldn't find the bus stop he had pointed to. All the buses seemed to be going downtown. I wandered Times Square and the surrounding streets in the rain for an hour. I heard people saying, "We'll never get a cab in this rain." I went into Duane Reade and bought an eyeglass repair kit, because I could feel the left lens of my glasses wanting to pop out from all the wiping of the rain. The cashier didn't know where to catch the 104 uptown bus. Neither did some sort of traffic cop I asked. Finally, I came full circle, to the ticket booth, and just as I did, a cab drew up to the curb and disgorged its passengers. I took it back to the Lucerne.

Toni and Hank caught me soaking in a hot bath when they returned to the hotel. I threw on a short red silk robe that Hank seemed quite enamored of, as he mentioned it more than once later. After I changed and Toni made some phone calls, we took a cab to the St. James Theatre where we met Eric and saw *Swing!* It was great fun, highly recommended, even if you aren't a fan of swing dance and music – which I am.

Next was a trip to Chinatown, for dinner at Wo Hop. This is reputed to be a legendary fannish hangout. Eating at Chinese restaurants is always fun for me, because I like to taste everyone else's food all the time anyway, and people are more accustomed to sharing Chinese dishes. The food was great (especially the eggplant) and we had a lot of fun. I finally remembered to take some pictures, which I still haven't got developed. I am very bad about picture taking. I think this is because of my mother, who takes millions of pictures of everything. When we reading our fortunes at the end of the meal, we did the thing where you add, "in bed" to the end of your fortune. I can't remember anyone else's but I kept mine (along with some chopsticks): "You have style and panache."

We all shared a cab and dropped off Eric in Chelsea. He told us how all these new chain businesses were opening up near him. There was a Banana Republic, but since it is Chelsea, it is a Banana Republic - Men. We speculated on the chances of a Starbucks Men or Krispy Kreme Men.

Toni wanted to take me to a New York City grocery store

in the middle of the night, and since she was going to try to go home the next day, it was now or never. This is why our next stop was Fairway at midnight. We drug Hank along. What an awesome grocery store. Being a foodie, of course I like grocery stores, especially ones with a lot of exotic or gourmet items. This one qualified on all counts. The cheese (they even had the famous Chevre from Elkmont, Alabama), the olives, the beer, the produce, the bread! We bought some edible souvenirs before we walked back to the hotel.

Toni was all worried about what I would do with myself since she was leaving early, and had made arrangements at Wo Hop with her friends to take care of me on Saturday. Hank and I were going to get together and go walking in the Village, then later he and I would go with Eric and David to a Belgian restaurant there that Toni had rhapsodized about from a previous visit.

So Toni left at 7 AM to go wait and see if she could get a plane out of Gotham. She said she would call me about 10. When she did, she told me that, due to the weather, several flights had been cancelled, so now there were hundreds of involuntary stand-by passengers, and it was hopeless. She wasn't going to get out. The babysitter would just have to stay. She had had a long-standing appointment to get her hair cut at 11:30 and she wanted to go to it. I was to tell Hank and the both of us were to meet her at the hair stylist's around that time. Then we would all three go and explore the Village.

I told Hank, who said he would meet us there. I dashed over to Duane Reade for some random toiletry I had used up, then took a cab (of course) and arrived at the second floor salon after Toni should have been there. No Toni. Her stylist said that her appointment had been for 11:00, but she would be happy to take her whenever she might arrive. Hank wasn't there. I went to the Deli downstairs and got a bagel, having not had breakfast. I took it up and waited in the salon.

Finally, about 12:15, Toni arrived, dragging her luggage up the flight of stairs. It seems she actually got on an airplane, only to discover that the airline had made a mistake and there were no empty seats. I called her babysitter and told her she would have to deal with it while Toni got her hair cut. Still no Hank. Toni made arrangements to leave her luggage in the salon until it closed at 4 PM. We went down and out and pondered what to do about the missing Hank when a car pulled up across the street and he got out. He, too, had had transportation problems.

We spent an enjoyable afternoon wandering around, looking at shops and open-air markets. I saw Forbidden Planet, though my companions lamented the fact that it mostly had only comics now. I saw the black cube statue that rotates. I took more pictures I haven't seen yet. We went to used CD stores and got some CDs. We went to a kinky lingerie store on St. Marks Place but didn't get anything. I saw the only KMart in Manhattan, which got in on some kind of technicality, apparently. We went to a great antique store and saw the place where Blue Man Group performs, but we weren't able to get tickets, so we hadn't been able to see them like Toni had wanted.

Shortly before 4, we picked up the luggage and took a cab back to the hotel. Toni wanted a nap, and I wanted to try to buy a dancing dress in NYC. So Hank went out with me and we walked all around the neighborhood around the Lucerne. We passed a Filene's Basement early on, but from a cursory glance I had given it during my walk in the rain the day before, I didn't think they'd have the type of dress I was looking for.

Other stores had nice dresses, but they weren't what I was looking for either and they were way too expensive. We went to a great dish store called Fish's Eddy, which had new dishes as well as china, etc., from closed country clubs, or universities and other institutions which apparently had new china made and got rid of their old.

Back to Filene's Basement, where I found the dress, after all. A great dancing dress with a swiny skirt and at an excellent price. The very first dance I wore it to back home, a woman asked me where I got the great dress and I was able to say, "New York."

We woke Toni up at about 5:30. We were supposed to meet the other guys at Cafe Bruxelles at 7. A quick call to the Museum of Natural History to ascertain that it was open until 8, then we were off for the shortest tour ever. I saw most of the dinosaurs and the big whale. More next time.

Dinner was delicious, and fun, again. Thanks to Toni and Eric, I found a couple of beers I actually liked. There were really interesting free postcards in the restroom. After dinner, we went walking some more in the quaint West Village, visiting a used bookstore, a condom store and a housewares store, among others. I saw a great light fixture in an incense store that was closed. I had my only celebrity sighting: Josh Charles of ABC's *Sports Night* was walking down the street, holding hands with a pretty woman. To wrap things up, we had dessert at an Italian bakery before saying our good-byes.

Sunday was uneventful. I didn't go to Duane Reade. We got on our planes and went home. Toni was on a plane with Janet Larson. She wants me to go back with her in November. I'm going to try. So many, many things I'd like to do that I didn't. But I had a wonderful time doing what I did, thanks to Toni and her marvelous friends – now my friends too, I hope – Hank, Eric and David.

News and Notes:

Contrary to the report in the last *Bulletin*, Dean Grennell is still among the living. It was his wife, Jean, who suffered a heart attack in May of 1999 and passed away. My apologies for printing the incorrect information.

Catherine Crook deCamp died on April 9. Rich Gutkes writes, "Please allow me to express my condolences to Mr. deCamp for the loss of his wife Catherine. My first Worldcon was Atlanta's and I attended the neos gathering for first timers. Gay Haldeman was talking and in walked the deCamps. Catherine sat next me. She was gracious and regal and he was courtly. I was just blown away. She was very welcoming and I instantly became tongue tied. Here was someone who went

out of their way to express and practice the idea that fandom was open and accepting to all. Her memory is very vivid to me. I mourn her passing."

Fan artist Joe Mayhew died on June 10, after being hospitalized early in May. I never met Joe, but I have always admired his work and he will be missed throughout fandom, not just in the DC area where he lived and was long a part of the fannish community.

Listings and analyses of the 2000 Hugo Award nominees and Nebula Award winners have appeared in many fanzines I have received lately and are widely available. Since I have no startling insight to add, and lots of other things to print in this issue, I'm not going to list them. I will congratulate the SFC's own Guy Lillian for receiving his first Hugo nomination in the fanzine category for *Challenger*. I do encourage anyone who can vote for the Hugos to do so by the July 31st deadline. See the convention listings elsewhere in this issue for contact info for the WorldCon, the governing body of the Hugos.

Club Notes:

Yes, I know we're due for a full listing of the Clubs, but there's no room in this first issue after the DSC, so I'm moving it to the November *Bulletin*.

Sam Smith, keeper of the *SFC Handbook* web site (thanks again, Sam), received the following message:

"The Nameless Order of R'lyeh lives! It lies dreaming in vast subterranean caverns, awaiting the propitious alignment of the stars to stir, rise, and shamle into the pallid light of the dawn of the millennium! Prepare for the revelation!

"In other words, hi! I'm Betty Stinson, who was (and shall be) president of NOR way back when, about 1970-72. (Great Cthulhu! Has it been thirty years!?) I was glad to see a reference to the NOR and the Murrys in your comprehensive and fun site. Even if I don't move to Raleigh, I will use the NOR in my writing, about which you can read more at <http://hollywoodruff.com>. Reply to: hollywoodruffstar@yahoo.com"

WOSSNAME has a new Editor-in-Chief: Jason Parlevliet. For more information, contact Joe Schaumburger, JSCHAUM111@aol.com.



Hey, all you wonderful fan artists! I'm getting desperate for interior art and covers! Thanks, Randy!

Con Reports

by Tom Feller

ConCave—

There was a big envelope from my office when I got home from traveling Thursday afternoon so I spent Friday morning going through it. It was not as much work as I had feared, and I was finished in time for Anita and me to meet a few of her former co-workers for lunch. We ate at Sitar, an Indian restaurant. Indian food is hot and spicy, so my years of living and working in Louisiana helped me. They brought Anita up to speed on what was happening in her old office. Now that she's retired, Anita doesn't know if she cares.

We visited the post office, where I found some additional paperwork, but I was finished by 3 PM so we were on the road by 3:30. It was a beautiful day for a drive and unseasonably warm. I wore a t-shirt. We arrived by 4:30 and were registered and in the room by five.

Our first priority was to set up for the Charlotte in 2004 room party. Anita had already cooked meatballs and little smokies, and we had gone shopping the previous night for snack food. It didn't take us long, so we visited the con-suite to meet people.

Our party started at 9 PM, and there was a continuous stream of people until past midnight. Not only were we opposite Naomi Fisher's and Pat Molloy's Boston in 2004 party, but in the room next door to them. They had a line to get inside, but we didn't have that problem, unfortunately. Naomi graciously took the time to bring us some stuffed mushrooms that she had cooked herself. Our snacks were store-bought. She commented that someone had picked up a serving tray and proceeded to eat directly off it. We didn't have that problem either. Nonetheless, I got the impression that our party was well received, and we handed out a fair number of flyers.

The following day was more relaxed now that we had fulfilled our duties. In an attempt to keep my blood sugar under control, I went swimming both Saturday morning and afternoon. I only had partial success. Anita joined me in the morning, but declared that the pool temperature was not up to her standards. We also went swimming Sunday morning. By that time, steam was rising off the water, and it was warm enough for her.

We enjoyed the food at lunch banquet, ribs, and discussed religion with Gary and Debbie Rowan. Of the four of us, I was the only one NOT raised in a fundamentalist Christian denomination. Guest of Honor Stephen Boucher disappointed me by not giving a speech. I don't know him, and since the program book bio was subtitled "Three True Things and a Bunch of Lies About Stephen Boucher," I never learned why Gary Robe, the Con-Cave chairperson, picked him.

I bought four books in the dealer's room: the latest book in Harry Turtledove's Worldwar series, a paperback history of science fiction up to 1970, and two Sherlock Holmes books. One is subtitled "A Posthumous Memoir of Mycroft Holmes",

and the other is an analysis of Doyle's four Holmes novels.

The parties began at 5 PM with a joint Parthecon/MidSouthCon effort. They served mimosas (champagne and orange juice), salmon, and other snack food. The Xerps in 2010 and the SFC parties both started at 9 PM. Xerps served skippies (beer, vodka, sour mix, and secret ingredients), and the SFC served pina coladas and fuzzy navels. Anita and I visited other parties as well and stopped by the con suite from time to time. Bob Embler was also barbecuing meats outside. By midnight we were partied out.

The hotel was very hard-nosed about the noon checkout time, so we were out of the room by then and hung around only a short time. Gary Robe was complaining about the hotel, but I understand we are still going back there next year.

MidSouthCon—

Although I had arranged to take a vacation day for the Friday of this con, I did have to run a few errands Friday morning before we left. It took me a couple hours, which gave Anita almost enough time to pack.

We stopped for lunch at The Old Country Store in the Casey Jones Village in Jackson, TN. (Other parts of the village include a museum and a motel.) It features a country buffet, although I went heavily for the salad. Anita noticed that they had "hoecakes". (She isn't sure about the spelling.) These are flour and water pancakes. If the family was poor, they fried the cakes in lard. If the family was more affluent, they used bacon fat. She had one and said the restaurant used bacon fat. When she recommended I have one, it occurred to me that this food was bad for both my diabetes and cholesterol. Most foods are one or the other. Nevertheless, I did have a small one, and it was good.

We arrived at the hotel around 4 PM. We registered with the con first, where we ran into our friend Adrian Washburn. Then I checked into the hotel while Anita talked to Adrian. After we unloaded our stuff, Anita went to the consuite while I visited the exercise room. I had decided to take a proactive approach to my blood sugar levels this weekend.

After pumping for 30 minutes on a recumbent bicycle, cleaning up, and getting dressed, I rejoined Anita in the consuite where we hung out until we went with Tim Gatewood, Jack Jeffers, Cullen Johnson, and Adrian to CeCe's, a buffet pizza restaurant. We had to eat quickly to get back in time for Opening Ceremonies, especially since Cullen was Toastmaster.

At Opening Ceremonies, Cullen introduced the guests and the SCA did a skit. (Someone in the audience stage whispered, "War" throughout the skit.) Anita and I retired to the consuite for beer, and then I returned for "Name that SF Tune". Sylvia Cox played the theme music for 40 SF movies and TV shows. The winner correctly guessed 19 of them. I tied for second with 16. Then I attended Cullen's talk "Hey, Kids, Let's Put

on a Con!", where we discussed the challenges of convention running.

There was no dance or anything else going on, so Anita and I retired for the evening. We didn't sleep well, unfortunately, because the air conditioner was noisy.

The following morning, I again visited the exercise room while Anita hung out in the consuite. When I finished, I checked out programming. The media guest of honor, Lisa Getto, held a question and answer session on her work as an actress. I attended mostly because I had never heard of her, although her credits included *Babylon 5*, *Star Trek: Deep Space 9*, and *The X-Files*. The reason I had never heard of her was that she did not have any speaking roles. So far, she has appeared only in the background. Nevertheless, I found her very interesting. She compared the family atmosphere of *Babylon 5* to the highly regimented *Deep Space 9*. She is an Asian American and commented that it's easier for her to get into SF shows than other ones. She claims there's a subtle racism in Hollywood that relegates Asians to certain roles in mainstream shows.

Later I attended a panel on vampires. It consisted of Fred Saberhagen, the guest of honor, and two local authors who had written vampire novels. Saberhagen has written a series of novels in which Dracula is the main character. In the first one, he retold Bram Stoker's story from Dracula's point of view. He also wrote a Dracula-Sherlock Holmes crossover called *The Holmes-Dracula File*. He considers that Bram Stoker's work is powerful but poorly written. It's unfortunate that he is so polite, however. The other panelists talked more and had less to say.

After the panel I met up with Anita at the Parthecon party. They served mimosas and smoked salmon, although I had my orange juice straight. Then we hung out in the consuite until the banquet started.

The people at our table included Ken Moore, John Hollis, Charles Dickens, Pat Clements, Cullen, and Glen Cook. In the after dinner speeches, Saberhagen told us about his first visit to Tennessee. He had joined the Air Force during the Korean War, and they sent him to Nashville to learn to repair diesel trucks.

We visited the Xerps in 2010 party afterward and then went back down for the Masquerade. We returned to the party, but our poor sleep from the previous night caught up with us and we went to our room, turned off the air conditioner, and crashed.

We didn't think we would make it to Tim's panel on the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F) at 10 AM, but we were awake. Tim commented that the Internet might make the N3F obsolete, because fans can make contacts on the World Wide Web rather than rely on an organization. We also discussed apas, because five members of N'APA, the N3F's APA, were present.

After we checked out, we had lunch with Tim, his wife Barbara, Ruth and Rickey Shields, Adrian, and others at a Chinese restaurant. We were having an excellent discussion of

Lovecraft when Barbara announced she had to get back to the con. Anita and I departed directly for Nashville. When we got home that night, we watched the Academy Awards and ordered pizza. We understood the dominance of *American Beauty*, but were rooting for *The Sixth Sense*.

Parthecon—

I was in charge of programming, so I took a vacation day for the Friday of this convention. I worked on signs in the morning, and then Anita and I went to the airport to pick up GOH James Hogan and his friend Maggie. Their flight was on time, but when we got to the Days Inn-Airport, their room was not ready. Jim expressed an interest in having a glass of Guinness, so I took them to the restaurant on nearby Murfreesboro Road I thought most likely to have it. I guessed wrong. Nonetheless, we did have a pleasant drink together before returning to the hotel.

James, Maggie, Joe and Lisa Major, Anita, and I had dinner in the hotel's restaurant, although I had to leave in the middle to check on the first panel. It was "How to Attend a Convention", and I aimed it toward the first-time con attendee. However, I knew everyone in the audience, and they were all experienced con attendees and organizers. Nonetheless, the panel of Cliff Amos, Charles Williams, and Rick Shelley started telling convention stories so I returned to dinner.

We finished in time for the next panel, because James was on it. It was called "Pros and Cons", and the panel of James, Sharon Green, and David Coe explained why they attended conventions. "Strictly business," they agreed, as David showed his glass of beer from the con-suite and James held up a bottle of Old Bushmill's that Charlie Dickens, the con's co-chairperson, had given him. Andy Offutt joined the fun toward the end, and we went right into Opening Ceremonies. Afterward I helped Irv and Kay Koch with the Charlotte in 2004 party. We served barbecue that they had bought at Whitt's BBQ, a local restaurant. I worked the door and placed stickers on badges.

Since it takes less than 5 minutes to drive from our apartment to the hotel, we decided not to rent a hotel room. Because of my diabetes, I don't drink enough to get legally drunk so that's not a problem. However, since I was unable to slip up to a hotel room to check my blood sugar during the con, I had to guess how I was doing and I guessed badly. When I checked my blood at home, I had high readings both mornings.

We were back at the convention early Saturday, because I wanted to check on the first panel at 10 AM. Cliff Amos and Irv Koch talked about the early history of Tennessee and Kentucky fandom. I wish someone had brought a tape recorder, because they discussed some conventions that I had not read about previously. Debbie Hussey said she would try to reconstruct it in a publishable form.

The "Tour of the Art Show" with Artist GOH Debbie Hughes went well, although Pat Clements, Parthecon's co-chairperson, and I were the only ones on the tour. Debbie

explained what she liked and did not like about the paintings and drawings in the show. She especially liked some pieces by local artist Kevin Ward. I had scheduled a panel to discuss the *Deep Space 9* episode in which Cisco finds himself on the staff of a Fifties SF magazine, but since there were fewer people in the audience than there were panelists, I told them they could retreat to the con-suite. Anita and I then joined Joe, Lisa, Debbie, and Dan Caldwell for lunch at Fat Mo's, a gourmet hamburger restaurant. We discussed several subjects, including the recent movie *U-571*.

Upon returning, I found that a panel on evolution hadn't really come off, although there were plenty of people sitting around and talking about different things. At the next panel about heroes and rebellion, Sharon Green challenged me to come up with a fantasy or SF story in which the hero was not a rebel. All her protagonists were rebels of some kind. I tried several, and she pointed out how they were really rebels in some way. When I mentioned *Rendezvous with Rama*, both she and co-panelist David Coe said they had not read the Arthur C. Clarke novel.

Bob Embler suggested the subject of the next panel, which is how archaeological discoveries were falsifying long-held historical theories. To start it off, he showed a video in which an Egyptologist found traces of cocaine and nicotine in an Egyptian mummy. Both substances were only found in the Western Hemisphere at the time, which is contrary to the widely held belief that there was no interaction between the hemispheres during this period.

Andrew Offut followed with his "An Hour with Uncle Andy" in which he told us about his heart attack and subsequent recovery. He also complimented Joe Major on a humorous piece he had written for *Fosfax*. Andy was also master of ceremonies for the banquet. Parthecon is unusual in that there has always been a concert by the local Irish band Secret Commonwealth. (Their soundman is the son of Charles Dickens, the other Parthecon co-chairperson.) They were up to their usual excellent standards. After the concert, Anita and I visited the Boston in 2004 room party, where I had some of Naomi Fisher's non-dessert food and two bottles of Sam Adams. Naomi admitted that she didn't bake the Boston Cream Pie herself, so it was easier to resist temptation.

I had no programming responsibilities for Sunday, because our one room available for programming was occupied by the art auction and gripe session. I took Jim and Maggie to the airport, where Maggie got her flight home. We hung around the convention until Charles Dickens and Pat Clement took Jim, Cliff, Anita, and me to dinner at the Parkway Cooker. Ironically, this was the one nearby restaurant that served Guinness.

DeepSouthCon—

I worked in north Florida the week before this convention and met Gainesville fan Eve Ackerman and her husband Howard for dinner the Tuesday night before the con. They brought me up to date on Howard's campaign for the Florida

state senate. Since Anita was flying down on Southwest to Jacksonville Thursday night, I arranged to work there that day. There were major thunderstorms in the Midwest that night so Anita's plane was an hour late arriving from Chicago. According to the June 6 issue of the *USA Today*, the storm "had downed power lines, uprooted trees, and peeled back roofs." We took it easy that night by eating an early dinner and watching the season finale of *Frasier*.

Our friends Dan Caldwell and Debbie Hussey flew down on Friday. They also flew on Southwest and were two hours late. (I later found out there were more than 2,000 delayed flights in the United States on both days.) We took them to lunch at Sandy Bottoms Beach Bar and Grill on Fernandina Beach, which is on Amelia Island between Jacksonville Beach and Jekyll Island. It literally was right on the beach, and the seagulls and crows amused us. They were hoping we would feed them. The weather was beautiful, and we had a great view of the Atlantic Ocean.

Then I drove us across the Georgia state line to Jekyll Island, which took us about an hour. After we checked into the hotel, we checked out the beach. I had not realized how much beach erosion had taken place. There is a small beach at low tide, and none at all at high. Fortunately, we arrived shortly after low tide. Dan and I joined our friends Adrian Washburn and Jennie in the water. (It was too cold for Anita.)

We attended opening ceremonies and joined Memphis fan Michael Kingsley for dinner at Blackbeard's, a nearby seafood restaurant with a good view of the beach. Then we returned to visit two room parties: Charlotte in 2004 and Constellation. The room for the Constellation party was on the second floor and had a balcony. On a dare, Dan climbed up the outside. This upset Debbie.

The Jekyll Inn is very spread out. One advantage of having to walk outside while party hopping was that there was a beautiful full moon both nights, especially when you looked at it while it hung over the ocean.

My blood sugar was high the following morning, but usually it comes down to normal levels after I take my medication and go for a walk. It was a very pleasant walk with Eve Ackerman, Janice Gelb, and Jim Cobb, a fan from Columbia, South Carolina. However, my blood sugar stayed high all day, even with an afternoon swim in the ocean, so Anita and I decided to skip the Low Country Boil in favor of a light dinner at Zachary's, another nearby seafood restaurant. The food was better at Zachary's, but they don't have a view.

My volunteer work for the day consisted of relieving Julie Wall at the SFC table while she participated in Toni Weisskopf's one-shot fanzine. I contributed a paragraph after Julie returned. After my afternoon, I visited Toni Weisskopf's suite for a Southern Fandom Press Alliance party, where Janice Gelb explained to Guy Lillian how natural breasts differed from artificial ones. She used pictures of Marilyn Monroe and Whitney Houston.

The awards presentation was unique in that for the first time, someone campaigned for the Rubble Award. If you're

not familiar with it, it goes to the fan who has done the most TO Southern Fandom. This year past winner Naomi Fisher announced her wish to receive it again. Gary Robe accommodated her and justified it because when fans heard she was hosting a party, they skipped the con's banquet.

There were no fewer than five room parties that night: Boston in 2004, Charlotte again, Chattacon, next year's DSC in Birmingham, and Huntsville's bid for the 2002 DSC. Both Chattacon and Huntsville had veggies that I could eat, and Birmingham had a special sugar-free dessert. Paulette

Baker, one of the co-chairpersons, made it especially for me. My one indulgence for the evening was a wheat beer that the Boston party served.

We had business meetings that following morning. Foolish person that I am, I stood for re-election as the SFC secretary. No one was foolish enough to run against me. Huntsville was unopposed for the 2002 DSC. After the meetings, Anita and I had lunch in the hotel restaurant and checked out of the hotel. On our way off the island, we stopped off at a public beach, which had not suffered as much from erosion. ☹

DSC Report

by Gary Rowan

We were moving the week of DSC, so Debbie and I were pretty whipped on Friday afternoon. We threw a few things into the suitcase and headed to the airport. We checked in a little early, but the line built rapidly after we got there. We waited anxiously for Julie and finally she appeared. She was in the last boarding group but we held a place for her on the plane and we all sat together, so if we crashed, we would have someone to talk to while waiting to pass the Pearly Gates.

We had an uneventful flight to Jacksonville. The weather was beautiful and as we turned south after crossing south Georgia, I could see the water tower on Jekyll Island in the blue distance. I wondered what Bill Zielke was doing. Whatever it was, it probably involved having a beer in his hand.

We landed and went to get our car. Hertz has luxury cars available. I told Julie that a real friend would have sprung for the convertible, and a TRUE friend would have gotten the Jag. She made a gesture that indicated that I was #1 in her book.

We made a fast trip to Jekyll. Julie had left the driving directions at home, but the exit is well marked and once we got off the Interstate we had no trouble. The hotel was the same one where DSC was located three years ago. We checked in and got into our room and out of our traveling clothes and into a drink or three. Huntsville DSC bid had a party and we got some food there, having skipped supper. When the Charlotte bid party got going, we went and got some good barbecue, beans and slaw. They also had some Brunswick stew, but I didn't partake. After sating our appetites, we went to the suite that Bill and Linda Zielke were sharing with Pat Gibbs and Felecia McDuffie, where we were joined by Toni Weisskopf, (the female) Charlie Williams, Charlotte Proctor, Leon Hendee and Rebecca Brayman. We had a good long talk session, joined occasionally by other people who I don't really recall, probably because I was so fatigued and also because Toni brought a bottle of Jim Beam that Julie and I and probably some others mostly consumed.

The talk session lasted until midnight or so, and we all went off to bed. The next morning, I got up and went to the consuite. They had breakfast foods, fruits and coffee. As usual, there was a group of folks there talking, which included Eve Ackerman, Janice Gelb, Tom Feller and some others. The big

topic was the recent love bug virus, along with the place to find the best biscuits on Jekyll. Some thought that Cracker Barrel would be a good bet, but I objected on the grounds that their biscuits were actually pretty crappy, and Eve objected because they discriminated against gay people. A good biscuit is probably obtainable in Brunswick, but who wants to drive that far? Janice, if you come to DSC next year, we'll hook you up with some good biscuits, we (the old DSC concom) promise.

After breakfast, I rented a bike from the hotel and went for a ride. It was a beautiful day and the north end of the island is criss-crossed with bike nature trails. The vehicle I rented was a bike in that it had two tires, a seat, and pedals attached to a chain that turned the back wheel. I was out for about two hours and I really enjoyed it. The north end is less developed and is really beautiful in a natural way. One path led through a salt marsh and the path along the west side of the island winds through groves of oaks with lots of Spanish moss. It passes the site of the first brewery on the Georgia coast, which was operated by Major Horton, who commanded the garrison at Fort Frederica for a time. They were a Highland regiment. Ironic, Highlanders colonizing a semitropical marshland. A little further on, I stopped at the ruins of Major Horton's house. It was a beautiful two-story ruin, with walls a foot thick. It was made of tabby, a concretelike building material made of burnt oyster shells and other natural products. I am very familiar with this as many early structures were made of it in my native southwest Florida. This specimen was actually in very good state, even though it was roofless. Tabby tends to deteriorate rapidly if not maintained. I applaud whoever preserved this structure. The colonial period in the Deep South is not very preserved, unlike Virginia and the Carolinas, yet it is also very rich and exciting, with a lot of struggle and bloodshed and clashes of empires.

When I got back to the hotel, I was hungry. Debbie and I went with Bill and Linda to get a hoagie at Zachs, a sandwich shop in the strip mall near the island entrance. Debbie and I split a roast beef and Bill got pizza. All of it was good. We also picked up some Asti at the package store for the ladies.

After we got back to the hotel, we decided to go to Blackbeards for dinner. In the meantime, a group of us gath-

ered around the pool and had a few drinks and did some swimming and talking. Eventually, Julie decided that she had collected enough SFC money and joined us. The cabana bar old various types of frozen drinks. If you bought a drink in a plastic hurricane glass, the refill was cheaper. I had three or four.

Later, Linda, Julie and I went for a walk on the beach, such as it was. Atlantic beaches really suck as compared with Gulf beaches, and the beaches on Jekyll, at least the north end are really nothing but mud. We ran into Susan Hendee and her sons. God, they are really getting big.

We then went back to the room and got ready for supper. The Blackbeards crew was Me, Debbie, Julie, Bill, Linda, Pat, Felecia, Charlotte and Rebecca. Blackbeard's came recommended, and my fish was good, but the potato was only half cooked and I was not the only one with the underdone 'tater. Consensus was that the meal was not the best value for the money.

We returned to the hotel and took a short rest, then attended the Rebel/Phoenix award presentations. Jack McDevitt, the GoH, won the Phoenix and Toni Weisskopf won the Rebel for her efforts with the *SFC Handbook*. Interestingly, neither recipient was in attendance. The recipients got a cool looking carved hardwood dolphin. Toni let us pet hers later.

The parties started off with the Charlotte Worldcon bid part 2. They had much of the same stuff. The main event was the Boston Worldcon bid party catered by Naomi Fisher. She had all of the usual Naomi stuff, cheesecakes, chicken salad sandwiches and a runny lemon meringue pie, the runniness caused by the local water. The sulfur content keeps the lemon

filling from jelling. Nevertheless, it was all very, very good, as usual. She had other good things to eat too, but I mainly wanted a piece of the peanut butter cheesecake and a piece of the runny but excellent lemon pie, both of which I got. The Huntsville DSC bid also had a party as did Chattacon. All of the parties were in the same building, which made things easier. I got to visit with a lot of people I seldom see.

I went off to bed about 1 AM, a concession to the fact we would have to attend the SFC meeting Sunday at 10 AM and then leave immediately for the Jacksonville Airport.

The SFC meeting started more or less on time. Unlike the one last year in New Orleans, it was a much more mellow, calm meeting. The dues and ad rate increases were both rammed though and the meeting then adjourned. The most striking aspect of the meeting concerned Guy Lillian. One, he was very quiet and two, he had an attractive lady with him. Surely a sign and wonder of the end times.

We jumped into the car and sped away, with only one stop at Steak and Shake for some take out and a brief stop for gas. Julie drove like a bat out of hell; luckily Jax Int'l is on the north end of town. Even then, we were so late that we were the last three people allowed on the plane. The flight back to Birmingham was uneventful. Debbie and I got a bite to eat and proceeded to move four more loads of stuff to the new house.

I did not attend any programming, although they had some. The combination of being on a barrier island on a beautiful spring day was just too much. I did go to the art show and dealer room. Both were small, but there was stuff worth seeing. ☸

LibertyCon Report

by Kelly Lockhart

Ahh, LibertyCon.

How many times in fandom have you been told about a great convention and year after year something comes up and you just can't make it - and then when you finally do, you end up mentally (or sometimes even physically) kicking yourself for not attending much sooner?

That is LibertyCon to me.

My first convention was Chattacon in 1989, and even then I heard about this neat little literary con in the summer that had some neat people and some great guests. Year after year, I kept hearing about it. And year after year, something always came up.

Then finally four years ago I had no excuse at all and dragged myself up to Chattanooga to see what all the fuss was about.

I haven't missed one since. In fact, now I'm even on the board. As the Secretary, no less. I may have come to the table late, but I still like the meal a whole lot.

So what makes LibertyCon so special? There are a number of reasons, and since I have only about thirty other major

projects and deadlines facing me here at work, I figure I'll dedicate an entire morning to fanac and enjoy watching my sales staff squirm, holler and sweat.

Besides, suffering is good for the soul, and these folks have been making too much money lately anyway.

Back at that very first Chattacon, as newbie Kelly walked into something called a "consuite" he was introduced to a table of people who made him welcome. That table consisted of Sue Thorn, Bill Payne, Walt Baric, and Helen Pieve. If I had known what kind of trouble these four were going to get me into, I would have run away immediately.

However, I was young and innocent (or reasonably innocent) and knew not what evil fate awaited me. The foursome introduced me around to a motley gathering of strange and interesting people including Uncle Timmy, Uncle Bobby, Bob Tucker, Khen Moore, and so on. In other words, I was getting a crash introduction to late '80s Southern Fandom. Now, the faithful reader may be wondering how this personal history connects with modern day times, but have patience - your curiosity will be sated soon.

It has been said by many fen that the people you met at your first few cons often become the touchstone for all future cons – when they aren't there, the con just doesn't quite seem the same. This is definitely true in my case. And when I finally attended my first LibertyCon it was with delight that I learned that nearly all of the people I had first met years ago not only were at this convention, but that they came every year.

It was very much like a homecoming.

The second reason that I think LibertyCon is special is that as I have gotten older (I was going to use the phrase “grown up” but that is still open to debate and I think I may be losing that argument), my tastes and interests have changed.

The huge crowds, the loud dances, the late night drinking parties, the severe lack of sleep, and the endless chasing of young leather clad women were a lot of fun in my early 20's – but nowadays, as a more mature congoer, I have come to realization that crowds hinder the other pursuits.

Seriously, what interested me in the late '80s is not the same thing that holds my attention here in 2000. I have learned to enjoy good conversation, quiet meals with interesting people, a well-played game of Spades, and the seemingly lost art of sitting around and watching people enjoy themselves.

A convention like LibertyCon provides the perfect environment for my more adult tastes, and one can still get in touch with your inner fan and indulge in the parties, the dances, the drinking, and even the sleep deprivation, but that is one I no longer recommend.

So, with my background taken care of, I can now expound on this years edition. Being that it was my first year as a member of the con-com, I had a tinge of nervousness heading into the weekend. There is a very different mindset in attending a con as “regular joe” than as a member of the con-com. And since it had been about four years since I had last been on a con-com, I was understandably a bit worried that I may forget something drastically important and the con would go down in flames, with hordes of angry fen chasing my down the streets of Chattanooga, burning my body in effigy.

I'm also not good on airplanes, but that is a different story.

As it was, I enjoyed myself more than I ever have before as a con-com member. For simply put, this is one easy con to run. I was charged with Second Shift Operations. At many other cons, this means a lot of running around, putting out small fires, making sure this doesn't get broken, and that gets down, and this door stays locked, and that door stays open, and oh no, who put orange kool-aid in the lobby fountain?

At LibertyCon, this meant I could sit in the lobby and read.

Or play cards. Or chat on the patio.

Problems? What problems? As far as I know, we had no problems, or at least none on my watch. People enjoyed themselves and no one got hurt. Sounds like a success to me.

As for the rest of the time, there was one thing I had to do, and another thing I was trying to get my courage up to try.

The had to do was Casino Night. I love playing blackjack, and tied in with the charity theme and the crowd, this has always been a highlight for me. This year was no exception, as I at one time topped out at a cool half-million (and then subsequently blew it all with unabashed glee).

The other event was one that I have never tried, but after watching and practicing was just barely confident enough to try – entering the Killer Cutthroat Spades Tourney. If you don't know this game, do yourself a favor and never learn. For once you do, it is insidious. I got hooked at Constellation and LibertyCon was my first experience actually entering a tournament.

I lost in the first round, but what makes me feel a lot better is that Uncle Timmy also lost in the first round, so at least I had good company.

The only drawback of LibertyCon is that nearly all of the Charlotte 2004 people present at the con were also on staff, which meant that none of us had the time or energy to throw a party. We were able to do a lot smoffing, and Joe Fleischman did stage a mini-party in his huckster room, but I rather missed my dose of convention barbecue. As it was, Boston had a party staged by the always talented Naomi, Queen of Cheesecake.

Hmm... I like that way that sounds - “Naomi, Queen of Cheesecake”. Someone will have to make her a crown now.

As I read back over this con report, I realize I am sounding like an overly enthusiastic member of a small-town Chamber of Commerce (“Yes, every year we have the Cornbread Festival, you really should come!”), but I really am this enamored with the convention. I have more fun, more good conversations, and less stress at LibertyCon than at any other con.

Up next for me is that near polar opposite of LibertyCon, but one that I have always enjoyed - the 1,200lb gorilla that is DragonCon. I'll try to keep notes for that one and report back in the next issue.☛

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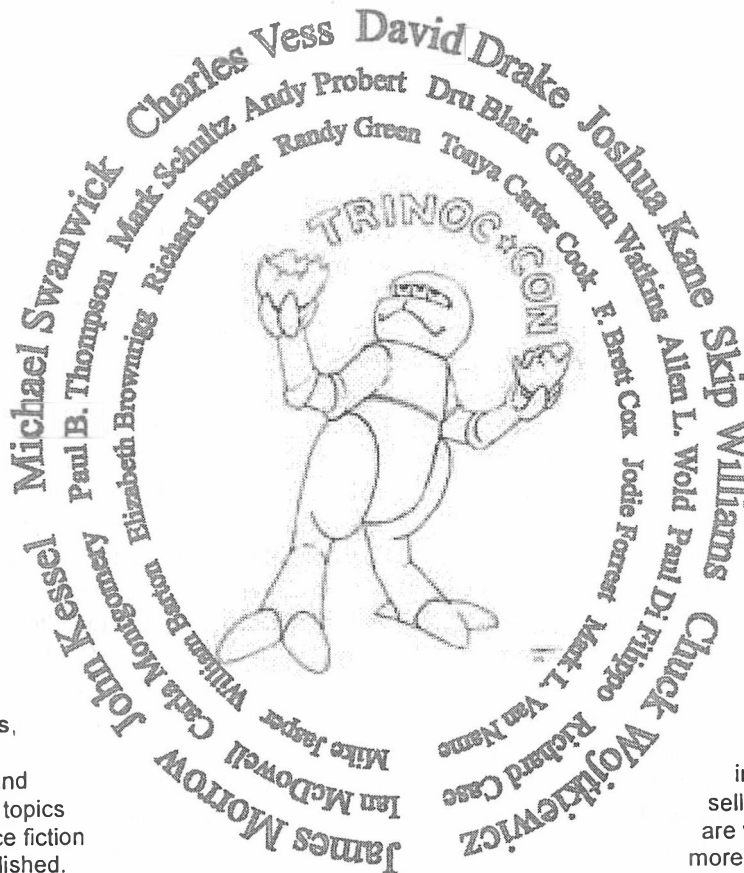
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LibertyCon Report

by Naomi Fisher

Pat and I had made a 5-day weekend of DeepSouthCon 38 (Son of BeachCon) this year. Jekyll Island, GA, isn't exactly near us (about 8 hours drive either way), and, well, how often do you have conventions on a beach? Plus, no matter where it ends up, we always go to DSC, as we think of it as *the* showcase convention for Southern fandom. Unfortunately for us, this year DSC was the weekend before LibertyCon, which we also planned to attend. Our schedule was a little hectic that week.

LibertyCon 14 was held over the Memorial Day weekend, May 26-28, 2000, in East Ridge, TN, just south of Chattanooga. I'd been to LibertyCon before, though not for a few years, but this was the first time Pat had attended. We haven't been able to go the last few years, for the usual sort of reasons (time, money and lack thereof for all the conventions we'd like to attend – I wanna go to Conolulu!). But there are quite a few Worldcon voters there, and being on the Boston in 2004 Worldcon bid committee means going to a lot more conventions than normal, and throwing more parties. This year, we've already hosted 5 parties, and still have at least 7 more conventions to attend. LibertyCon is blessedly close to us, so despite being our third party-hosting con in one month, it was still feasible. And I had good memories of my last Liberty, and have wanted to drag the dignified Mr. Molloy off to one ever since.

Our air conditioning at home conked out the week before, and we couldn't get a repairman in till Thursday morning. I was NOT going to fry chicken wings in the Alabama summer without AC. This put a serious crimp in what to do for the LibertyCon party, until a few things sparked together in my overheated brain. We'd only have two days to get ready. Space would be tight – just what we could bring in a Honda Civic hatchback. It was too hot to cook anything heavy, or to even think about eating “real” foods, and the forecast was for another scorcher of a weekend. *Most* people probably wouldn't want anything too substantial at the con, especially after the all-you-can-eat seafood glut that is LibertyCon's answer to a banquet. Additionally, at Parthecon and DSC, quite a few people joshed Pat and me about being “deserters” from the South, having joined up with the Northern forces of Boston... mmmm. I LIKE dessert! We'll give them dessert! O.K., we have a theme – “Southern Desserters for Boston!”. This also meant we could leave the microwave at home, which made Pat, who loads the car, very happy.

We left after work on Friday, arrived around 7, registered, and headed out to the patio, which opens up from the consuite and function rooms. It's a great place to just hang out and see who's there. Almost the first people we ran into were Tim and Marcia Illingworth, who'd been hugely helpful to us at the DSC Boston party. They try to make it to Liberty when they

can, as Marcia considers it her home convention, even if she does live in England now. We made plans to meet on Saturday to decorate and setup for the Boston party, but they both had other convention commitments as well.

Marcia still heads Handicapped Access there, as well as helping with the art show, and Tim works in Programming.

The convention, as a whole, is hard to describe. It's the fevered brain child of Tim Bolgeo, a.k.a. “Uncle Timmy”, and is really an extended and occasionally strange party for up to 450 people. It feels like a relaxacon, but with excellent guests (this year's included C. J. Cherryh, Jon “Mr. Wonderful” Stadter, Timothy Zahn as the MC and Special Guest Kenneth Waters), two tracks of programming, Art Show, a Hucksters' Alley (not enough function space for a regular Dealers' Room), Masquerade, and most of the other accouterments of a traditional literary convention. A startling number of pros (like David Weber and James Hogan) come on their own each year, since the convention's developed a reputation for being a good place to hang out and party with your friends for a weekend. The concom has also come up with some innovations, on their own or adapted for LibertyCon's purposes, which are a lot of fun for the attendees. The best example is the Friday Meet-and-Mingle Casino Night (an alternative to a Meet the Pros party) which raises money for the J. J. Johnson Memorial Scholarship. Some of you may remember J. J., a terrifically nice guy, and the demented genius who headed up Video Ops at Confederation, the '86 Atlanta Worldcon. His finest fannish hour may well have been when he talked the city of Atlanta into giving him access to the tunnels beneath the streets so he could string vid cable and broadcast the Masquerade to both hotels. He was, tragically, murdered about 10 years ago in a carjacking. The scholarship provides funds in his name each year for a college student in the audiovisual arts. The scholarship moneys come from interest earned, and the amount has been increasing as the principle grows. It's up to about \$1000 yearly now.

LibertyCon subcontracts Casino Night operations to the local Jaycees, who provide blackjack, roulette, and craps tables, and some of the Jaycees run the actual games. You spend real money to buy “Liberty Dollars”, at a rate of \$1 per \$1000 Libertys, which are exchanged for chips at the tables (they don't take cash there). While you can lose all your chips, the odds and rules of play are much more relaxed than an actual casino (“real” dealers, for instance, wouldn't dream of asking someone to go get them another Shiner Bock while still at the table!), and most people end up winning modest amounts. We spent \$10 for L\$10,000, and won about L\$30,000 net. You can't cash out - the point of winning L\$s is to use them later that evening at the charity auction. You can buy extra L\$s (or run a tab, if the staff knows you well

enough) to make good your bid, if you run short or get carried away. And, yes, the bidding gets wild. I think fans just like yelling "I bid \$100,000!", knowing they can actually pay it. Since L\$s are worthless after the auction, people spend them like, well, Monopoly money. You see some unusual things, like people giving L\$s to each other to help win a bid, pooling their funds to obtain a particularly choice item, or shamelessly begging in the aisles for contributions, from anyone, to beat out David Weber, who was also acting as an auctioneer. Sue Thorn tried bribing David with cookies to quit bidding against her, till someone offered him more cookies if he'd keep going. Anna Zahn (Tim's wife) purchased the right to have a character with her name written into David's next book. She then bid (successfully) for separately auctioned decisions on whether her character would live or die, and whether she'd be a villain or not. Autographed book plates, donated by Timmy, and signed by such luminaries as A.E. van Vogt and Catherine and L. Sprague de Camp fetched good prices too. And there was a truly ferocious bidding war for a gorgeous, handmade and decorated, satin-lined velvet cloak. At one point, people were literally throwing L\$s at the bidders of their choice to help them out. I believe it finally went for around L\$ 400,000, but can't say for sure, as all the zeros made my head hurt! At the end of the evening, after the Jaycees were paid (real dollars, that go to their charities), the J.J. Fund had gained \$1107. I think J.J. would have liked being memorialized this way, and would have appreciated that, a decade later, his friends still miss him.

All the usual attendees, and those who read the flyers, know that Casino Night and the auction will run till at least 11 or 12 at night. There are generally no parties Friday night as a result. After the auction finished up, we wandered around chatting with friends, admiring the Bolgeos' brand new grandbaby (said baby's mother, Brandy Spraker, ran Registration), gossiping/smoffing on the patio, drinking the good beer in the con suite (Pat) and questing for chocolate (Naomi). We spent some time chatting with Kelly Lockhart, secretary for the Charlotte in 2004 bid. He wouldn't be hosting a Charlotte party that weekend, though he lives and works in the Chattanooga area, as his duties with LibertyCon conflicted. I thought that a shame, as I would have liked to see what a local would pick as their best BBQ.

Bill and Linda Zielke had joined our little group on the patio. By the way, thank you, Julie, for your Public Service Announcement in the last Bulletin regarding Zielke Parties. I wish someone had warned *me* while I was a wide-eyed neo about Bill's drinks. I'm sorry, but even at my most broadminded, I cannot accept black olives as a fruit that should be in a daiquiri! And you didn't even mention the infamous Sauerkraut Daiquiri Experiment, which exceeded any possible definition of fruit. *{{I didn't know about that one, or if I did, I blocked it out! See, this is why I need LoCs. Though I'll take con reports instead.}}*

Bill mentioned that he'd heard a radio interview with the convention guests that morning, and had been surprised by the

interviewer actually seeming to know something about SF. Kelly responded with, "He should – that was me", which surprised those present who didn't know about his mundane job as a radio talk show host. Having heard far too many interviewers who obviously never read any of the authors' books, it was nice to hear about someone asking informed questions!

We called it a night around 2 AM., though the convention was still going strong. There were people dancing in the side area of the consuite, and the tables on the patio were still fully occupied. Saturday dawned far too early. We did some party decorating, then checked out Hucksters' Alley (we were glad to find both new and used book dealers) and the Art Show. Pat and I head the Art Show at ConCave (Park City, KY, February 23-25, 2001), so we're always interested in seeing how other conventions do theirs. Janet Ward runs Liberty's, and while it was a little smaller than I remembered, it was very choice. In addition to excellent original work by their Special Guest, Kenneth Waters, there were some of the infamous and subversively funny "Volkswarriors" paintings by Artist Guest Jon "Mr. Wonderful" Stadter. I've promised to not buy any more art until I repaint the walls and have somewhere to hang it, but surely, just one little painting... Pat dragged me out of the danger zone.

We spent most of the rest of the afternoon socializing. There was an early evening Chattacon (January 12-14, 2001) party/cookout on the patio, grilling up hot dogs and other goodies. It was torture. It smelled so GOOD, and I was trying so hard to save my appetite for the non-banquet, another LibertyCon tradition. The convention takes over the largest dining room at Tripp's, a nearby seafood restaurant. Your ticket entitles you to all-you-can-eat fried foods and slaw, which is a Southern-style seafood buffet. Dredging things in cornmeal or other batters, and deep-frying them, has been raised to an art form here. We live in the land of deep-fried Thanksgiving turkeys. Fortunately for Pat, who's allergic to seafood, there were also chicken strips and french fries. He went along to humor me, and watched me consume a high percentage of my body mass in fried shrimp, grouper, catfish, french fries and hushpuppies. I gave him all my slaw. Incidentally, when they bill this as all-you-can-eat, they don't kid – the wait staff kept platters full of food coming the entire time.

After the fans were fed into a stupor, the Guest of Honor speeches began. As they were also carbohydrate and deep-fry stunned, this didn't last long. Everyone listened as attentively and politely as we could, considering our true desire was to crawl under the tables and nap. Overall, I'd estimate the non-stop gorge time at about 90 minutes, and the speeches and presentations at 15, max. Following the speeches, we put on our (figurative) Boston bid hats, and made an announcement for the first-ever "Southern Desserters Party", giving a condensed menu. There were some groans, at first ascribed to the pun, until I heard people griping, "Why'd I eat the cobbler? I could have had Key Lime pie!", followed by more cheerful musings of, "Well, it's not for a few more hours – Okay!".

Waddling out, we saw an entire family of stray cats begging for food from exiting diners. Many fans, more familiar with the local terrain than we were, had wrapped chicken strips and shrimp in paper napkins, and smuggled them out for the kitties. The cats were having to defend their meals, though, against the ducks, who'd come up from the large pond that the restaurant overlooks. One kitten was very cutely batting a hushpuppy around, preferring to eat the offerings with protein, till two ducks descended on its new toy and ate it.

Back to the room we went, where we met with Marcia and Tim Illingworth. The four of us finished decorating and setup. Marcia left midway through to work the Art Auction, but came back afterwards to put the final touches on party prep, and get pie. Thanks in large part to her and Tim, we were ready early. We opened promptly at 10, but there was no one there. Huh? This was a novel sensation, but a quick look at the program explained it. The Masquerade was in progress, and would be for another half hour or more. With the delay I had a chance, for once, to take a few pictures of the dessert buffet before the horde arrived. We started to get people in around 10:15, which reassured me, and by 11 we had the usual packed room. It was a good party, cheerful, crowded until closing, and well-fed. About 200 people came through and were stickered over the course of the evening. Folks laughed at our really weird Boston composite poster, which splices the head of a Minuteman, the shoulders of a Red Sox player, the midsection of a bikini clad woman from one of the Bay's beaches, and the legs, um, tail of a lobster. I told them it represented our bid committee, which is at least that diverse, and certainly that strange. How else could you describe a group with FIVE previous Worldcon chairs, all of who work with and for each other without ego wars? We sent Chocolate Chambord Cheesecake to succor the longsuffering Masquerade staff, i.e. Sue Thorn, who'd been sure anything with "chocolate" and "cheesecake" in its name would disappear before she'd get free. She'd dispatched a courier, with pre-arranged password, to ensure it didn't fall into the wrong hands! Most of the desserts were consumed, and all but a couple bottles of the Sam Adams drunk, by the time the party ended. We closed at 4 AM., which seems to be our norm, and shoosed out the stragglers, giving them the last of the strawberry cream pie.

We always try to check out the other parties, when we can get free long enough. Unfortunately, by the time I was able to make it to the Charlotte party, around midnight, they'd already closed. Someone in Huckster's Alley had been found to host it, but undoubtedly had to call it quits early since they'd have to be up and running first thing Sunday morning. Oh well. I was told by folks who came to our party that they'd had sodas, but no BBQ. I did make it to Ken Moore's Swill Party, which he ran to promote the resurrection of Kubla next year. This batch of swill, mixed up in the traditional garbage can, was very tasty indeed, though they really need to serve some sort of munchies as well to soak up the alcohol. In my experience, giving fans too much alcohol to publicize your convention is

self-defeating, as they'll have a great time, but won't remember who hosted the party by the next morning! (Some of my friends tell me of weekends they had to reconstruct entirely from their badge stickers.) And the Memphis folks hosted a MidSouthCon (March 23-25, 2001) party, featuring their trademark cookie pyramid. The pyramid reappeared the next day in the consuite, decked out with Oreos, where it provided welcome early morning chocolate.

Pat and I were pretty busy volunteering this weekend, carrying chairs and tables when rooms were rearranged for the auctions and Dead Dog Party, wiping down counters and tables and putting out tablecloths, schlepping supplies and vegetables about, and (in my case), helping to peel hardboiled eggs and cut up over 50 pounds of potatoes for potato salad. I'd volunteered for consuite duty on Sunday, knowing that's when it's hardest to find people to do the unglamorous work of food prep, and that's when it's most needed in this particular case. As LibertyCon is now on Memorial Day weekend, and almost a third of the con goers stay over till Monday, the Dead Dog is a sit down family-style dinner for everyone who stays. This year, it was marinated grilled chicken, hamburgers, hot dogs, green salad with two dressings, potato salad and desserts. Last year, they did BBQ ribs. Whatever they fix, it's a truly Herculean task for the consuite staff, they do an amazing job, and they really appreciate helpers.

We had to leave before the actual Dead Dog party started (my brother was visiting my family that weekend, and would only be there till Monday evening), but wished we could have stayed to eat the results of our labor. It was a good weekend, and we're looking forward to coming back next year. And next time, we'll stay till Monday!☘



Fanzine Reviews

by Tom Feller

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

Ansible, #'s 151-155, published by Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, UK. Dave's U.S. agent is Janice Murray, PO Box 75684, Seattle, WA 98125-0684. Fannish news. In #151, Dave eulogizes A.E. van Vogt. In #154, he, Claire Brialey, and Mark Plummer report on Eastercon. Dave reports on plokta.com in #155. Both Dave and his zine have been nominated for the Hugo.

Baryon Magazine, Volume 23, #'s 1&2, published by Barry Hunter, PO Box 3314, Rome GA, 30164-3314. Available for \$1 per issue. Book reviews.

CAR-PGa Newsletter, Vol. 9, #'s 2-5, published by the Committee for the Advancement of Role-Playing Games, 1127 Cedar, Bonham, TX 75418. Edited by Paul Cardwell. Available for \$10 annually or 85 cents per copy; no trades. Each issue has a convention calendar. #2 is mostly concerned with a contested election (a rarity in fandom) for chairman. Paul comments on a demographic survey of gamers in #'s 4 and 5.

Challenger, #11, published by Guy Lillian III, PO Box 53092, New Orleans, LA 70153-3092. Available for \$6. This zine has been nominated for the Hugo, which it deserves. The writing, illustrations, and letters are excellent. E.B. Frohvet, Lew Wolkoff, and Marty Cantor describe their experiences with the legal system, Guy witnesses the shooting of the movie *JFK* in New Orleans, Milt Stevens relates a presentation on violent video games, Giani Siri tells us about working with violent criminals, John Berry writes about his experiences as a crime scene investigator, Joe Mayhew writes about his fan cartoonist career, Mike Resnick discusses his favorite meals, Greg Benford explains the relationship between the South and science fiction, and Charlotte and Jerry Proctor write about Y2K

Communications Console, #'s 2 & 3, newsletter for Allies for *Star Trek*, 2195 Madison Avenue, Memphis, TN 38104. Edited by James Kacarides. Annual dues: \$12 per year. All issues have club news and reprints of newspaper articles concerning *Star Trek*. In #3, David Jackson reports on a 1981 Trek convention called WISH Weekend.

Con-Temporal, Vol 7, #3, published by Pegasus Publishing, PO Box 1845, Sherman, TX, 75091-1845. Edited by Scott Merritt. Monthly subscription: \$36 per year; Bi-Monthly subscription: \$25 per year. No trades. This zine has the most comprehensive listing of conventions that I have seen.

Covert Communications From Zeta Corvi, #5, published by Andrew Murdoch, 508 - 6800 Westminster Highway,

Richmond, BC, Canada V7C 1C5. Gene Stewart asks, "How Many Worlds Can Science Fiction Save?" Otherwise, Andrew provides fannish news, reviews other zines, and prints letters.

De Profundis #'s 327 & 328, official newszine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601. #327 was edited by Scott Beckstead and #328 by Marty Cantor. Club news, calendar, and meeting minutes.

Derogatory Reference #94, published by Arthur D. Hlavaty, 206 Valentine Street, Yonkers, NY 10704-1814. Available for \$1. Arthur comments on his life and current events and prints 5 pages worth of witty quotes.

File 770 # 134, published by Mike Glycer, 705 Valley View Avenue, Monrovia, CA 91016. Available for \$8 for 5 issues, \$15 for 10. This is fandom's leading newszine and has an active letter column. In this issue, David Bratman reports on Potlatch, Janice Gelb on Corflu, Steve and Sue Francis on Aussiecon (a reprint of their report that appeared in the *SFC Bulletin*), Mike writes about creating a Web version of this zine, Bill Bowers lists fannish Web sites, John Hertz eulogizes A.E. van Vogt, and Steven Silver relates his audition for *Jeopardy*. Both Mike and his zine have been nominated for the Hugo.

FOSFAX, #'s 198, published on behalf of the Falls of the Ohio Science Fiction and Fantasy Association, PO Box 37281, Louisville, KY 40233-7281. Edited by Timothy Lane and Elizabeth Garrott. Subscription: \$3 per issue, or \$12 for 6 issues. These 84 pages of small print include book, poetry, and movie reviews, long articles, poetry, convention reports, political commentary from a libertarian viewpoint, and long letters. In this issue, Joe Major analyzes Heinlein's *The Door Into Summer* and Wells' *When the Sleeper Wakes*, Dale Speirs provides us with a "History of Copying Documents", Alexis Gilliland meditates on "The End of Science?", and Tim speculates on an alternative World War I.

Ides of IRL/Spring at Last, published by Ned Brooks, 4817 Dean Lane, Lilburn, GA 30047-4720. Apazines for Slanapa.

Instant Message, # 659-667, newsletter of the New England Science Fiction Association, PO Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701-0809. Edited by Pam Fremon. Club and Boskone news. #661 included issues of Helmuth, Boskone's daily zine.

It Goes on the Shelf #21, published by Ned Brooks, 4817 Dean Lane, Lilburn GA 30047-4720. Ned comments on books and zines.

The Knarley Knews, #'s 80 & 81, published by Henry Welch, 1526 16th Avenue, Grafton, WI 53024-2017. Available for \$1.50 per issue. Both issues contain articles, zine reviews, and letters. In #80, Henry talks about work and *Lord of the Dance*, Charlotte Proctor reviews movies, and E.R. Stewart discusses

writers and their fans. In #81, Alexander Bouchard discusses his recent surgery and Henry writes about credit card abuse.

Lofgeornost, #'s 58 & 59, published by Fred Lerner, 81 Worcester Avenue, White River Junction, Vermont 05001. (This zine is Fred's apazine for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. It contains his mailing comments, but also responses from people outside the apa.) In #58, Fred discusses biographies of U.S. presidents, a quick trip to Holland, the legal status of homosexual partnerships, and Robert Heinlein. His wife Elizabeth reports on a trip to Inner Mongolia. In #59, he imagines how the voter representation in Heinlein's *Double Star* would work in Vermont and discusses his upcoming trip to Estonia.

Mimosa, #25, published by Dick and Nicki Lynch, PO Box 3120, Gaithersburg, MD 20885. Available for \$4 per issue. This zine concentrates of fan history, and the contents are excellent, as usual. Dick and Nicki report on the Melbourne Worldcon, John Berry remembers the late Walt Willis, Mike Resnick reports on past Worldcons, Forrest Ackerman describes a trip to Sweden, Ron Bennett relates a solar eclipse in Cornwall, Eve Ackerman also reports on the Worldcon, Nicki describes going to the movies with fans, Joe Mayhew writes about his first encounter fandom, John Foyster profiles some notable Australian fans from the Sixties, Dave Kyle explains the Hydra Club, Harry Warner discusses the various people who have visited him in Hagerstown, Richard describes his Eastern European travels, and Joyce Scrivener remembers Walt Willis and Bob Shaw. They reprint Willis's report on the 1952 Chicon, and the letters are plentiful and interesting. This zine has been nominated for the Hugo.
<http://www.jophan.org/mimosa>

NASFA Shuttle, Vol 20, #'s 2-6, newsletter of the North Alabama Science Fiction Association, PO Box 4857, Huntsville, AL 35815-4857. Edited by Mike Kennedy. Subscription: \$1.50 per issue, or \$10 for 12 issues. Club news, book and fanzine reviews, and locs. In #2, Randy Cleary reports on Chattacon and Jim Woolsey provides a brief history of Lois McMaster-Bujold's Barrayar series and reviews the latest book in the series, *A Civil Campaign*. In #5, Mike comments on the Hugo nominations. #6 contains Mike's report on DeepSouthCon and Jack Lundy's account of "An Evening with Ray Bradbury".

No Award, #7, published by Marty Cantor, 11825 Gilmore Street, North Hollywood, CA 91606. Subscription: \$5 per issue. Marty prints letters and compiles some remarks from Thom Digby's APA-L zine, Milt Stevens discusses sin, Joe Major reviews *Twink*, Len Moffat recalls LASFS in the Forties, Ed describes his experiences in the Los Angeles riots of the Nineties, and Ann Green expounds on packrats.

Omegazine, #'s 117-120, Journal of the Omega Society, 3415 Silverwood Drive, Pine Hills, Florida, 32808. Edited by John Martello. Available for \$10 annually. Club news and *The Commander*, a continuing comic story by John. In #118, John

reviews the movies *Pitch Black* and *Mission to Mars*.

Opuntia, # 44.1B, 44.1C, 44.1D, 45 & 45.1, published by Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2P 2E7. Almost all issues contains letters. 44.1B and 45.1 review zines and books, 44.1C reviews some non-fiction ones, and 44.1D reviews zines. In #45, Garth Spencer reviews conrunning materials.

PhiloSFy #14, published by Alexander Slate, 8603 Shallow Ridge Drive, San Antonio, TX 78239-4022. Available for \$1 per issue. Alex writes about his life and reviews books and zines. In this issue, Alex discusses medical ethics.

Robbery With Violets, published by Ken Cheslin 29 Kestrel Road, Halesowen, W. Midlands B63 2PH, United Kingdom. Compilation of John Berry's Little Snittering stories with illustration by Arthur Thompson (ATom).

The Royal Swiss Navy Gazette, #5, published by Garth Spencer, PO Box 15335, VMPO, Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 5B1. Garth reports on Vcon and Canvention, proposes some silly ideas (example: Alien Civil Liberties Union), and reviews zines.

SFSFS Shuttle, #'s 140 & 141, published by the South Florida Science Fiction Society, PO Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307-0143. Edited by Carlos Perez. Subscription: \$12 annually. Club news, letters, and reviews. #140 contains an A.E. van Vogt obituary and an article by E.B. Frohvet.

Steam Engine Time, #1, published by Paul Kinkaid, Bruce Gillespie, 59 Keele St, Collingwood, VIC 3066, Australia, and Maureen Kincaid Speller, 60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, Kent CT19 5AZ, UK. Subscription: \$35 for 5 issues. David Seed analyzes the work of Cordwainer Smith; Ron Drummond, Tom Whitmore, Jerry Kaufman, Paul, and Kate Schaefer each list the "essential" SF and fantasy stories and novels of the last 20 years (there's little overlap among the lists); Paul discusses SF; Maureen reviews books; Bruce expounds on Olaf Stapleton; and Elaine Cochrane describes the pleasures of reading R.A. Lafferty.

Stet #9: The Old Fan's Almanac, published by Dick and Leah Zeldes Smith, 410 W. Willow Road, Prospect Heights, IL 60070-1250. The pages of the zine have holes so that it can be mounted as a calendar, which it includes. Several articles predict the events of the 21st Century: Mike Resnick handles the major events of the next 100 years, while Laura Resnick adds ten more about romance, and Jon Stopa predicts the weather. Otherwise, Mike Glyer comments on the current state of fandom, Guy Wicker discusses poisons, Leah talks about her fantasy garden and appreciates Jack Speer, Elst Weinstein casts horoscopes based on the Herbangelist Zodiac, George Flynn analyzes Hugo Award voting, and Bill Higgins informs us about craters on the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, and Deimos that are named for SF writers. If this wasn't enough, there are also lists of fan fund winners, birthdays, conventions, Worldcons, Worldcon site selection voting results, Hugo

Awards, fannish terms, and the principal fannish ghods.

Thyme, # 128, PO Box 222, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, VC 8005, Australia. Edited by Alan Stewart. Subscriptions: \$15 for 6 issues. Checks should be made payable to Mark Olson, 10 Shawmut Terrace, Framingham, MA 01702. This newszine contains fan and SF news, letters, book reviews, and a calendar. This issue contains Bruce Gillespie's Aussiecon 3 Fan Guest of Honor speech and Edward McArdle's "Musings on the Hugos."

Three Pipe Problem Plugs and Dottles, newsletter of the Nashville Scholars of the Three Pipe Problem (Sherlock Holmes), March and May, 2000. Edited by Gael Stahl, 1763 Needmore Road, Old Hickory, TN 37138. Available for \$7 annually; no trades. Club news, book reviews, and discussion of The Canon. In the March issue, Gael and Billy Fields report on the Baskerville Bash in New York, Bill Mason argues that some fans spend too much time trying to determine the chronology of the stories, and Ron Kritter imagines the content of the letters between Irene Adler and the King and Bohemia. In May, Gael interviews Holmes BNF Paul Smedegaard and Bill Mason discusses Holmes collecting.

Twink, #16, published by E. B. Frohvet, 4716 Dorsey Hall Drive, #506, Ellicott City, MD 21042. The theme of this issue is the art of writing: Frohvet describes a writer's workshop, Lyn McConchie warns us about publishing swindles, Janine Stinson discusses electronic writer's workshop, and Gene Stewart advises writers to read about subjects that excite them. Otherwise, there are book and zine reviews and plentiful letters.

Vanamonde, #'s 328-357, published by John Hertz, 236 South Coronado Street, No. 409, Los Angeles, CA 90057. These 2

page perzines were originally published for APA-L, the weekly apa. They all have John's mailing comments to other members of the apa. In #340, he discusses Gregory Benford and Walter Brooks' Freddy the Pig books; reports on Len Moffatt's 76th birthday party in #341 and Loscon in #'s 355 & 356; comments on *File 770* in # 349; and eulogizes Patrick O'Brian and Marion Zimmer Bradley in #350, A.E. Van Vogt in #351, and Charles Schulz in #353. #'s 342, 347, 352 and 357 print excerpts from locs from people outside the apa.

Visions of Paradise, #83, published by Robert Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Court, Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023. No subscription price. This issue includes Robert's daily diary, Fei Fei's (a former student of Robert's) account of experiences in Tibet, and book reviews. Locs come in a separate zine called *Halcyon Days*.

Xenolith #44, published by Bill Bowers, 4651 Glenway Avenue, Cincinnati, OH 45238-4503. (This is another apazine, originally intended for FAPA, but also distributed to people outside the apa.) Bill discusses numerology in relation to fandom, describes living on Social Security disability, and prints locs.

Yngvi is a Louse, #'s 58, 64, & 65, published by T.K.F. Weisskopf, 3188 Atlanta Hwy, PMB Box 385, Athens, GA 30606. (This zine was originally intended for the Southern Fandom Press Alliance for which Toni is the Official Editor and includes her mailing comments to the other members.) In both issues, Charlotte Proctor reviews books and movies and there are letters from the usual suspects. In #58, Jerry Page discusses Zane Grey. In #65, Toni reports on DSC, and Hank Reinhardt defends gun ownership.☞

Play Review

by Rich Gutkes

The world premiere of F. Paul Wilson and Matthew J. Costello's science fiction mystery play *Syzygy* took place March 3rd in St. Augustine, Florida, to good reviews and popular acclaim. The local troupe, St. Augustine Community Theatre, staged it as the inaugural production in their new facility. Garrett Peck, of the Horror Writers Association, was director and the unstoppable guiding force.

Syzygy opens as a software tycoon murder mystery. It closes with a *Twilight Zone* type surprise ending. It is twisty, well paced and apocalyptic. Concoms would find it makes an excellent choice for entertainment at a convention.

Wilson and his family were able to appear for the week-end opening and also squeezed in a book signing at the local Barnes & Noble. Matt Costello had originally planned to be present but was unable to make it. Authors Steven Spruill, Ann Kennedy, Jeff VanderMeer and John J. Urbancik did attend.

Originally announced for 1998, the play was first forced to cancel when director/impresario Garrett Peck had a leg crushing motorcycle accident that cost 2 inches of bone. A second attempt was made but never pulled together. The third time was the lucky roll and he and the play made it to the stage for its scheduled six-show run.

Director Peck is also the narrator on the collector's audio CD dramatization of F. Paul Wilson's *Conspiracies*. It is now on the Stoker ballot for superior achievement in other media. When he isn't busy with drama and physical therapy, he is doing book reviews for *Gauntlet*, contributing to several other outlets in the horror vein, co-editing an anthology and writing fiction for fun and profit. He has previously directed *Extremities*; Clive Barker's *Crazyface* and the (somewhat controversially titled) *Vampire Lesbians of Sodom*. ☞

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Book Reviews by Patrick Gibbs, Critic in Residence

Whatever happened to hard science fiction? This is just an impression, but I would swear that there are fewer writers attempting to write SF that speculates about the human condition, the universe and the science of the future. Anyone who wants to improve the situation, by writing a hard SF short story or novel, should get to their favorite bookseller and buy *Borderlands of Science* by Charles Sheffield (Baen Books, 367 pp., \$22.00, November 1999). Dr. Sheffield is both a mathematician and a physicist and currently serves as the chief scientist of the Earth Satellite Corporation. I seem to recall his writing a science column for one of the science fiction magazines back in the '80s.

SF fans who have no interest in writing their own fiction, but have a curiosity about the cutting edge of modern science, should get this book. It covers the four basic scientific disciplines: astronomy, physics, chemistry and biology. Space flight, interplanetary and interstellar, gets a couple of chapters. Computers get their own chapter entitled, *Deus Ex Machina*. The purpose of the book is expressed in the title: map out the borders of current scientific knowledge to show where any speculation must start.

Sheffield does not confine himself to traditional fields of science. He devotes an entire chapter to explaining chaos theory and its possible significance in future science and for SF writers. He writes, "Today, we are in that ideal time for writers, where what can be speculated in chaos theory far exceeds what is known."

Borderlands is a great book just to open to a section that intrigues you (all of them are numbered and shown in the table of contents). You can find out why solar power satellites or space colonies at L-5 are not ever likely to be built. The reasons are related to real world considerations. Sheffield does not forget that intelligent speculation in SF, or elsewhere, deals with worlds that are believable, internally consistent and related to the present world.

Dr. Sheffield has been practicing what he preaches in his short story collection *The Compleat McAndrew* (Baen Books 396 pp., \$6.99, April 2000). For over twenty years Sheffield has been using the stories of Arthur McAndrew and Jeanie Roker, the pilot for McAndrew's journeys throughout the solar system and a few places between here and Alpha Centauri, to explore one of the hot issues in current science – one of those "borderland" questions.

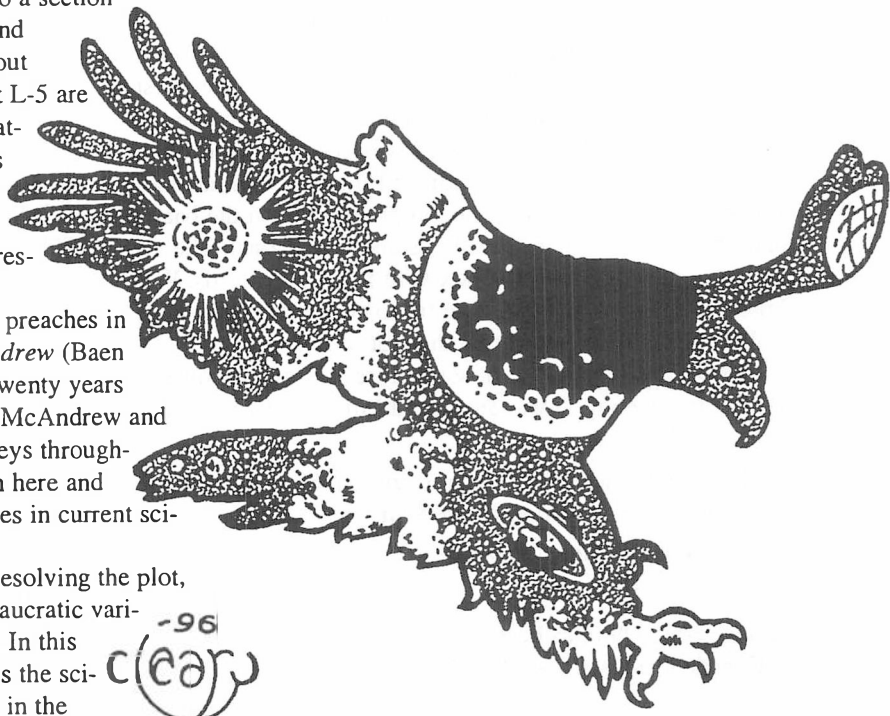
Often it turns out to be a pivot point for resolving the plot, a plot where some villain (usually of the bureaucratic variety) is trying to kill Jeanie and/or McAndrew. In this collection he has added an appendix to discuss the science involved in the nine stories. As he states in the Introduction, "Whenever I become interested in something,

especially when that something involves physics and astronomy, a McAndrew story is likely to emerge from my hind-brain." His intellectual curiosity is contagious and the discussions in the Appendix of the science behind the stories are almost worth the price of admission by themselves.

Saying all that about the science, I do not mean to take away from how much fun the stories are. Jeanie Roker, a free-spirited space/star ship captain, is the point of view character and narrator. She usually makes up for McAndrew's preoccupied unworldliness with a healthy skepticism of her fellow humans and an intelligent fear of new, and barely understood, physical phenomena, which McAndrew is frequently discovering. I find it particularly gratifying when Sheffield has McAndrew utilize the phenomenon to extract himself and Jeanie out of the danger which provides the story's suspense, often with poetic (and fatal) justice to the story's villain.

Since the stories build upon each other, with recurrent supporting characters, the book provides the entertainment of a great television mini-series that will never be made. With very few exceptions (*Babylon 5* comes to mind) good, original, science fiction never makes it to television. So here is an opportunity to create your own, using your mind's eye.

Insatiable curiosity about the universe has brought many readers to science fiction. When we find books like Sheffield's, we are returning to our roots. In this day of cotton candy media SF and sentimental fantasy stories, it is a welcome relief. ☼



Minutes of the SFC Meeting

May 21, 2000

Jekyll Island, Georgia

DeepSouthCon 38

10:08 AM. President Julie Wall called the meeting to order. She decided not to wait for Guy Lillian to arrive. Treasurer-Archivist Judy Bemis discussed including her archivist report in the meeting minutes. Mike Cothran made a motion to dispense with the reading of the minutes. Motion was approved by a voice vote.

Archivist Report:

I set up the archive in June 1998 with the fanzines Tim Gatewood had collected as trades, plus any Bulletins that had been kept. I supplemented this ruthlessly from my own collection, and Steve Francis kindly let me copy missing ones from his collection, as far as he had them. I supplemented the trades from my own collection as well. In September 1998, I received a package from Irv Koch containing copies of some very early pre-Bulletins (4/1969 and 2/1970 by Glen Brock) and some of Meade Frierson's early Bulletins. This package also included some documentation on how the bylaws were written. In February 1999, I picked up an almost complete set of Rivercon program books at Concave, and Steve Francis later sent me the few that weren't there plus a partial set of pocket programs. I also now have program books from Confederation, Nolacon II, MagiCon, Dragoncon/NASFIC, and Lonestarcon 2.

Among the items sent by Irv are a roster supplement dated 8/6/71 which does not claim to be a particular bulletin number, but which falls between 2 and 4. Still missing are Meade's Vol 1 #1 (a ballot issue?), 3 (if the roster supplement is not 3), and Vol 2 #3. It has been suggested that the earliest bulletins might have been published in Southern Fandom Press Alliance (SFPA), but I don't have access to those, either. The archive physically is an organized file box with fanzines grouped by state and then name, program books at the back (1 folder for Rivercon, 1 for NASFICs and Worldcons). The Bulletins are in a second file box with financial records. We should probably in the long term try to collect DSC program books too. But I haven't started that yet.

1999-2000 update. No new progress was made; however at the 2000 meeting, it was suggested I discuss it with Ned Brooks. – Judy Bemis

10:11 AM: Judy made her treasurer's report. She reported a deficit for the second consecutive year.

SFC Annual Financial Report

8/5/1999 – 5/15/2000

Balance 8/5/1999 (checkbook = \$895.71, cashbox = \$28.75 + .25Canadian) \$924.46 + .25CDN

Income

Memberships and Renewals	\$730.00
Club/Con Memberships	\$150.00
(Mobicon, MidSouthCon, Memphis SF Assn.)	
Donations	\$65.00
Bulletin Ads	\$100.00
Handbooks	\$10.00
Patches	\$5.00
Old map shirts	\$10.00
Total Income	\$1070.00

Expenses

Mailing to expiring SFC members	\$30.36
Bulletin Vol 7 #5	
Printing	\$444.72
Foreign Postage	\$46.74
Ship to Tom Feller	\$22.10
Bulk Mail	\$61.34
Total Vol 7 #5	\$574.90
Bulletin Vol 7 #6	
Printing	\$464.34
Foreign Postage	\$38.00
Bulk Mail	\$56.17
Total Vol 7 #6	\$558.51
Bank Fees (5 months)	\$42.00
Total Expenses	\$1205.77
Reconciliation:	\$924.46
	+1070.00
	=1994.46
	- 1205.77
	=788.69

Balance 5/15/2000 (checkbook = \$759.94, cashbox = \$28.75 + .25CDN) \$788.69 + .25CDN

10:13 AM: Julie brought up the subject of raising the membership dues from the current \$10 per year and recognized Gary Rowan. Gary Rowan calculated that in the time since the last membership rate increase in 1979, it would cost over \$17 to buy the goods and services equal to \$10 then. Mike Cothran recommended raising the membership rate to \$18. Tom Feller made a comment that raising the rate too high would discourage new memberships and renewals and not necessarily result in an increase in revenue. Adrian Washburn recommended \$15. Mike Kennedy came up to the front and donated \$100 to the SFC. Pat Molloy asked about advertising rates in the bulletin. Discussion ensued that indicated that the current rates were too low. Irv Koch raised a motion to raise the membership rate to \$15 annually. It was seconded and passed. Pat Molloy moved to double the ad rates. It was seconded and passed.

10:17 AM: Guy Lillian walked in and raised the issue of printing costs. Julie said her only options in Birmingham *{{besides the local shop where I usually have it done called Pete's}}* are

Office Max and Kinko's, which are expensive. Irv Koch recommended Staples and Office Depot. Julie promised to shop around for the best deal, but explained that she could not always take the *Bulletin* to the absolute lowest priced copy-shop because of the inconvenience. *{{And lack of quality control.}}*

10:25 AM: Discussion of the web site. P.L. declined to maintain it because of illness. Sam Smith has offered site space but did not want to maintain it. Debbie Hussey said she would be willing to maintain it, and her offer was accepted. *{{So, Debbie, Sam, any progress there? Now that it's not my fault, I can cajole with impunity.}}*

10:29 AM: Several people came up to the front and donated money and others came up to renew memberships.

10:33 AM: Naomi Fisher moved to hold election of officers. Debbie Rowan seconded. Secretary Tom Feller, Treasurer Judy Bemis, Vice-President Bill Francis, and President Julie Wall were re-elected by acclamation.

10:35 AM: Guy Lillian shamelessly plugged his fanzine *Challenger* for the Hugo.

10:36 AM: Meeting was adjourned. ☸

Treasurer's Report As of 6/14/00

by Judy Bemis

Balance as of 2/5/00\$1,061.49

INCOME

Memberships & Renewals\$560.00
Club/Con Memberships\$75.00
Donations\$225.00
Bulletin Ads\$100.00
Handbooks\$30.00
Patches\$10.00
Old T-shirts\$5.00
Tote Bags\$10.00
New T-shirts\$15.00
TOTAL INCOME\$1030.00

EXPENSES

Bulletin Vol 7 #6\$558.51
Bank Service Fees\$24.00
Advance-Bulletin Vol 7 #7\$460.00

TOTAL EXPENSES\$1042.51

BALANCE\$1048.98

Southern Convention List

compiled by W. Andrew York

Convention listings are as accurate as possible at the time they are submitted for publication. We can not and do not guarantee the absolute accuracy of any item printed in this section. You should check with the convention organizers to verify that the information is correct and current. E-mail addresses and telephone numbers are given for convenience and should not be used for any other purpose than obtaining convention information. If you know of an upcoming convention or corrected information on any listed convention, contact: W Andrew York; POB 201117; Austin TX 78720-1117 or wandrew@compuserve.com

2000

SHORE LEAVE 22 July 7-9, Baltimore, MD. Guests: Claudia Christian, Marjean Holden. POB 6809, Towson MD 21285-6809, www.shore-leave.com

CREATION [SF] July 8-9, Radisson, Houston TX. Guests: Bruce Campbell, Tim Russ, Grace Lee Whitney, Ted Raimi. 100 W Broadway #1200, Glendale CA 91210, 818-409-0960, www.creationent.com

CREATION [SF] July 8-9, Marriott, Memphis TN. Guests: Tim Russ (Sat only), Grace Lee Whitney, Hudson Leick (Sun only). 100 W Broadway #1200, Glendale CA 91210, 818-409-0960, www.creationent.com

CONESTOGA 2000 July 14-16, Sheraton, Tulsa OK. Guests: David Weber, Nancy Pickard, Lubov, Roger Tener, Tim & Kimber Chessmore. POB 54037, Tulsa OK 74155-4037, wentworthkd@centum.utulsa.edu, www.ionet.net/~rlmorgan/kon, 918-836-5463

RIVERCON XXV July 28-30, Executive Inn West, Louisville KY. Guests: Dick & Nicki Lynch, Pat & Roger Sims, Bob Tucker, Mike & Carol Resnick, Frank Kelly Freas, Andy & Jodie Offut. POB 58009, Louisville KY 40268-0009, RiverConSF@aol.com, members.aol.com/rivercon

CRESCENT CITY CON July 28-30, New Orleans, LA. Guest: Wayne Alexander. POB 52622, New Orleans LA 70150-2622, www.fatsnake.com/cc, cccno@aol.com.

CREATION [SF] Aug 12-13, Delta Resort, Orlando FL. Guests: tba. 100 W Broadway #1200, Glendale CA 91210, 818-409-0960, www.creationent.com

ARMADILLOCON 22 Aug. 18-20, Omni Southpark, Austin TX. Guests: Catherine Asaro, Mary Doria Russell, Betsy Mitchell, Adam "Mojo" Lebowitz, Robet Taylor. POB 27277, Austin TX 78755

JOPHAN FAMILY REUNION Aug 18-20, Holiday Inn, Oxford, AL. Guest: Mike Kennedy. 256-236-2854, BiSFic@juno.com

CREATION [ST] Aug 26-27, Sheraton Riverwalk, San Antonio TX. Guest: tba. 100 W Broadway #1200, Glendale CA 91210, 818-409-0960, www.creationent.com

CHICON 2000/58TH WORLDCON August 31-September 4, Hyatt Regency, Chicago IL. Guests of Honor: Ben Bova, Bob Eggleton, Jim Baen, Bob & Anne Passovoy, Harry Turtledove. Chicon 2000, POB 642057, Chicago IL 60664, chi2000@chicon.org, www.chicon.org/

MTAC II Sep 2-3, Clarion Hotel, Nashville, TN. Middle Tennessee Anime Convention. www.olac.org/mtac/index2.htm

CREATION [SF] Sep 2-3, Hyatt, Richmond VA. Guests: Bruce

Campbell. 100 W Broadway #1200, Glendale CA 91210, 818-409-0960, www.creationent.com

OUTSIDE CON 12 Sep 8-10, Camp Marymount, Fairview, TN.
www.telalink.net/~badger/outside.html

CREATION [Fangoria Weekend of Horrors] Sep 9-10, Delta Resort, Orlando FL. Guests: Angus Scrimm, Clint Howard, Tom Savini, Kane Hodder, Tony Timpone. 100 W Broadway #1200, Glendale CA 91210, 818-409-0960, www.creationent.com

TRINOC*CON Sept. 29-Oct. 1, Marriott, Durham NC. Guests: Michael Swanwick, John Kessel, Graham Watkins, Paul B Thompson, Allen L Wold, Andy Duncan, William Barton, Tonya Carter, F Brett Cox, Charles Vess, Mark Schultz, Andrew Pepoy, Randy Green, Mike Wieringo, Chuck Wojtkiewicz, Richard Case. POB 10633, Raleigh NC, lghaywoo@email.unc.edu, www.trinoc-con.org

CON*STELLATION XIX: VIRGO Oct 13-15, Sheraton Four Points Airport, Huntsville, AL. Guests: Debra Doyle, James D Macdonald, Julie Wall. POB 4857, Huntsville, AL 35815-4857, constell@con-stellation.org, www.con-stellation.org

GAYLAXICON Oct. 13-15, Arlington VA. Gaylaxicon 2000, 517 N Ripley St, Alexandria VA 22304-2713; 703-567-8530; www.lamb-dasf.org/g2k.

WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION Oct. 26-29, Omni Bayfront, Corpus Christi TX. Guests: K. W. Jeter, John Crowley, Joe R Lansdale. POB 27277, Austin TX 78755, 512-835-9304, fduartejr@aol.com

TROPICON 19 Nov. 10-12, Clarion Hotel, Hollywood FL. Guests: Vernor Vinge, David Cherry, David Langford, Hal Clement, Kathleen Ann Goonan, Joseph Green, Mike Resnick. POB 70143, Ft. Lauderdale FL 33309, sfsfs.org/Tropicon

SMOFCON 18 Dec 1-3, Holiday Inn Cocoa Beach Oceanfront Resort, Cocoa Beach, FL. South Florida Science Fiction Society, P.O. Box 70143, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33309, jsiclari@gate.net

2001

GA FILK Jan 5-7, Ramada Inn Atlanta Airport - South, Atlanta, GA. Guests: Tom Smith, Robert Cooke, www.gafilk.org/

CHATTACON XXVI Jan 12-14, Clarion Hotel, Chattanooga, TN. Guests: David Brin, S.M. Stirling, Jill Bauman, James Patrick Kelly, Charles L. Grant, David Matthews, www.chattacon.org

2001: A MARSCON ODYSSEY Jan 12-14, Ramada Inn Historic, Williamsburg, VA. marscon@erols.com, www.angelfire.com/va/marscon

CONCAVE 22 Feb 23-25, Park Mammoth Resort, Park City, KY. Guest: Janice Gelb. POB 3221, Kingsport, TN 37664, grrobe@preferred.com

MIDSOUTHCON 19 Mar 23-25, Holiday Inn Select (tentative), Memphis, TN. Guests: Laurell K Hamilton, Alan Clark, Cullen Johnson. POB 11446 Memphis, TN 38111, 901-274-7355, www.midsouthcon.org

DEEPSOUTHCON 39/TENACITY 1 May 4-6, 2001, Radisson, Birmingham AL. Guests: Sharon Green, Allen Hammack, Lee Shackelford, Bobby Jackson, Tim Spinosi. 279 Cheshire Rd, Harpersville, AL 35078, paulette.baker@mindspring.com

MILLENNIUM PHILCON/59TH WORLDCON Aug 30-Sep 3, 2001, Convention Center/Marriott, Philadelphia PA. Guests: Greg Bear, Stephen Youll, Gardner Dozois, George Scithers, Esther Friesner. 402 Huntingdon Pike #2001, Rockledge PA 19046,

phil2000@netaxs.com, www.netaxs.com/~phil2001

2002

CONJOSE/60TH WORLDCON Aug. 29-Sep. 2, 2002, McEnery Convention Center, San Jose CA. Guests: Vernor Vinge, David Cherry, Bjo & John Trimble, Ferdinand Feghoot, Tad Williams. ConJosé, POB 61363, Sunnyvale CA 94088-4128; www.sfsf.org/worldcon/Index.htm, ConJose@sfsf.org

2003 WORLDCON BIDS: Toronto ON (POB 3, Station A, Toronto ON M5W 1A2 CANADA, info@torcon3.on.ca, ww.torcon3.on.ca);

ConCancún, Cancún MEXICO (POB 905, Euless TX 76039; artemis@cyberramp.net; world.std.com/~sbarsky/concancun.html); Berlin GERMANY.

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

New York City *{{I have heard this bid has been postponed.}}*;

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

2005 WORLDCON BIDS: UK05, [undecided] UK (379 Myrtle, Sheffield, S Yorks S2 3HQ England; kcampbell.cix.co.uk; www.panix.com/~gokce/nextuk/);

IS in 05 ("a bid for the longest Worldcon"; Sat., Jan. 1, 2005 to Sat., Dec. 31, 2005, Interstate 5, San Diego to Seattle; <http://sundry.hsc.usc.edu/ISin05.htm>).

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

2007 WORLDCON BID: Baltimore, Australia (?)

2008 WORLDCON BID: Los Angeles

2010 WORLDCON BID: Chicago

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

2017 WORLDCON BID: Moscow

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


2095 WORLDCON BIDS: Mars (welch@admin.msos.edu)

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

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

23,309 WORLDCON BID: Trantor

1973 WORLDCON BID: Minneapolis in '73 ☸



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Letters of Comment

{{I'm opening the LoCs with a plea from Laura Haywood-Cory, who wants advice on handling the invasion of a commercial Star Trek Convention three weeks before her organization hosts its very first fannish con...}}

February 20: **Laura Haywood-Cory**, 201-10 Conner Drive, Chapel Hill, NC 27514-7016, laurahcory@yahoo.com

I have received word that Slanted Fedora, a professional promoter, is bringing a "Trek Fest" to the downtown Durham Marriott & Civic Center on September 8-10. YES, they are at the same hotel that Trinoc-coN will be in. YES, they are just three weeks before Trinoc-coN.

Just to be clear, Trinoc-coN is not associated in any way with Slanted Fedora and their professional "show". We are an entirely volunteer-run and supported 501(c)3 non-profit organization. We aren't trying to ~~bill~~ make a profit off the fans;

we're fans ourselves. We sell memberships, not tickets, because fan-run sf cons are participatory events (but y'all know that already).

So if you hear someone talking about the *Trek* con (with Leonard Nimoy, no less) in Durham and thinking that it's us, you are now one of the many fans "in the know" who can set the record straight.

If any of you have experience with these pro shows blowing into town right on top of your con dates, please let me know. You all run cons; I'm sure you can see the potential lost attendees and dealers, not to mention the damage to OUR reputation if THEY trash the hotel. Granted, we're primarily literary while they're purely media, but the hotel isn't going to make that fine a distinction, and neither are some proto-fen, some of whom are on tight budgets and will have to choose between us and the BIG SHOW with Spock.

March 20: **Harry Warner, Jr.**, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, MD 21740

The new issue of the SFC Bulletin arrived safely the other day in excellent condition. It was particularly welcome because of the current fanzine-publishing slump. Tom Feller's excellent fanzine review section in this issue covers 28 titles, and only 15 of them are general circulation fanzines, not clubzines or publications principally aimed at members of an apa. Several of the 15 are so specialized in their contents that they hardly count as general interest fanzines, and one or two of the others seem in imminent danger of folding. So I'm grateful to the apa and club zines that have me on their mailing list; without them, I'd find myself receiving only four or five titles per month, a far cry from the way it used to be. I suspect that the expense of traveling to Australia has been the cause for failure of some general circulation fanzines to appear recently, however.

As a teetotaler, I can't add anything to your silly drink discussion that starts off this issue. But I can continue to sympathize with the *SFC Bulletin's* continuing expense problem. Are you sure you've explored all the nooks and corners of Birmingham's stores for a possible extra-cheap copying service? The one I use in Hagerstown is tucked away into one obscure corner of a fairly large grocery-drug store. It's never advertised so most people around here don't know of its existence, but it has by far the lowest rates for copying I know about in this city, and almost always, it can do the work while you wait.

I'd read some of Tom's convention report section already, but I believe the Con-Nuptial portion was new to me, or at least I wasn't awake when I read it the first time. It's nice to know there's still a young couple out there who use classical music for their wedding.

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I hope Rodney Leighton will be inspired by reading these books by C.F. Kennedy to partake of more science fiction volumes. There is still a smattering of good ones on the news-stands, despite the inundation of non-science fiction into the science fiction sections.

There is good news for me in the report from Paulette Baker about a shift in venue for DSC 39. I must write to the Radisson's sales director at once, because he boasts about having enough furnaces in his establishment to heat more than the city of Birmingham. I might be able to strike a deal with him to supply some of it to my furnace at a lower rate than I'm paying to my current supplier for fuel oil, which costs just about the same as gasoline just now.

The Atlanta Braves' telecasts certainly make it sound as if traffic in Atlanta has greater problems than anywhere else in the nation. The announcers usually claim that every highway in the vicinity of Atlanta is torn up simultaneously. There will be a bid for the 2012 Olympics from a Baltimore-Washington coalition and Hagerstown has been warned that it will need to prepare for the event if the bid wins, because it will be needed to provide motel accommodations and practice fields. But my impression is that by 2012 the main road from Hagerstown to those two cities, Interstate 70, will have bumper to bumper

traffic 18 hours per day the entire distance. Anyone renting a room in Hagerstown will need to leave it a week before the opening ceremonies to get to the stadium in time to see everything.

Those high rates for hockey and basketball pro games seem to be having some effect on attendance. I've noticed attendance figures in cities that used to have sellouts for every game are running from 1,000 to 5,000 below capacity this winter. But sports events are still bargains compared to the cost of going to the opera in a big city: \$300 or thereabouts per seat for prestige events like the Salzburg and Vienna opera houses.

My biggest problem with a foreign language on the telephone was sort of opposite to those Marty Cantor describes. I couldn't find a pre-recorded videotape I wanted badly in local stores or advertisements in music publications, so I telephoned the distributor. The person who answered ordered me: "Plis spik Hungarian."

Somewhere I read that the illiteracy rate in this country is 17%. This includes those who can't read at all and those whose reading skill is too minute to be of any use at all. I don't think the problem is that the United States can't educate people, but rather that people don't want to be educated. There are all sorts of remedial reading programs in public schools for those who don't learn anything from the regular reading instruction and free special classes for those who still can't read properly after a dozen years of education. The percentage of those who fail to learn is probably close to the percentage of those who become severely addicted to some substance and those who are habitual criminals. The majority of people benefit from school and lead decent lives, which seems to indicate that a minority just doesn't care what happens to their lives.

March 24: **Catherine Mintz**, 1810 South Rittenhouse Square #1708, Philadelphia, PA 19103-5837

I enjoyed the silly drinks editorial, but somebody must have had several sturdy silly drinks before they thought up the black olive daiquiri. If you run out of ideas, I have a few silly drinks, beginning with the chocolate daiquiri, plus variations, plus assorted garnishes. Also, I'm told one can buy sacks of fruit pulp from exotic fruits in any bodega – two dollars the sack – which could open horizons for you and your blender. But maybe you know them already.

The being a writer thing is starting to get interesting. If it is to be your destiny, the writing thing is always, or almost always, interesting. But one's first encounter with a publisher followed by your agent's saying not to be surprised is something for the coded part of the diary. I'd heard stories, of course, but it had never dawned on me that *Weird Tales* from the Industry – and believe me, it is an industry – weren't just diverting exceptions from the norm. No Ma'am.

I know it wasn't funny for Marty, but I got a good laugh out of his encounter with the salesman who thought Cantor was Spanish. I'm always very obliging when annoyed with this stuff. I offer random phrases in French and Chinese, the

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debris of old recitations mostly forgotten. My personal fury is reserved for the automatic dialing machines, which I swear know the very moment I sit down in the tub. They must be invading my privacy, but how?

Out, in theory, in June, *First Light*, a short story collection, and *Unicorn Battle*, a poetry collection. Both, I think, worth a look to see if they are to your taste. One day they'll pry the Seal of Silence from my lips and I can tell just how they came to be. I will, of course, announce it is fiction. There are only five major publishers left in the US, and four of them are German. The exception is Random House.

March 18: **E.B. Frohvet**, 4716 Dorsey Hall Drive #506, Ellicott City, MD 21042

A new *Bulletin* is always a pleasure.

The explanation of a "hot brown" is appreciated. Sounds quite tasty, actually. Ah, the joys of "Southron" cuisine: cat-fish, hush puppies, jambalaya. I still recall the occasion in Fayetteville NC. It was in a predominantly African-American part of town, but there were several white patrons other than my friend and myself. An elderly black man deposited a plate before me. I looked at it and inquired, "What's that?" The old fellow looked at me as if I was an idiot. "Them's ribs, boy!" I actually thought my next question was reasonable in the circumstances, but it drew a general laugh: "Ribs of what?"

DO SOMETHING WITH THE BALL, YOU HALFWIT, THE SHOT CLOCK IS DOWN TO FOUR SECONDS!

Umm, sorry, writing this letter at the same time as watching the NCAA basketball tournament.

Silly fannish beverages: an apt topic. As noted elsewhere, I have what I believe to be the only surviving recipe for Fuming Purple Simolean Fog-Cutter, which I don't think has been served for years. I could possibly be persuaded to share this with a polite concomm. You do have a source of dry ice, right?

Interesting that Boston is bidding 2004 for, of all places, Boston – apparently they have settled their differences with the Hyatt and the Hynes Center; however I would prefer the Charlotte bid. Presumably others have observed that the supposed Baltimore bid for 2007 would be prohibited under the 500-mile rule (revised Section 4.7) no matter which bid won for 2004.

With regard to Marty Cantor's objection about people who don't speak English: self-correcting problem if you take the long view. Consider the case of Dat Nguyen, the young man who was a star linebacker for Texas A&M. He was born in a refugee camp of Vietnamese immigrants. His parents do not speak English and when he was a child, they prohibited him from socializing with anyone except other Vietnamese immigrants. He learned to speak English in school and took up athletics. Mr. Nguyen speaks English fluently. His children will think of themselves as Americans; English will be their first language, and they'll speak Vietnamese haltingly if at all. They will probably marry outside the Vietnamese-American

community. By the third generation there will be no problem. It may take a little longer for certain groups, but assimilation is the goal.

March 22: **Ned Brooks**, 4817 Dean Lane, Lilburn, GA 30047, nedbrooks@sprynet.com

Good job with the *Bulletin*. The silly drinks were fun. I never got to try Swill, but the original silly drink in fandom was Blog. I made Dragon's Blood Blog for a party in the '60s - it was red and served over dry ice. Everyone seemed to like it, but I have forgotten the formula.

A science-fiction fan should be ashamed to misspell "Jekyll", as in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" – I hope no one tries to find "Jeckyll Island" on the map...{{Consider me chastised.}}

Pay no attention to Harry Warner, your margins are fine. You might reduce weight by using lighter paper – I'm told some of the copy shops now use 16# instead of 20#. You might do all but the last page on #16 lb and use 24# for the last page, which has to survive the efforts of Post Awful.

March 9: **Tom Feller**, P.O. Box 68203, Nashville, TN 37206, TomFeller@aol.com

Your discussion of special drinks reminded me that I went to the doctor this morning, and he reduced my blood sugar medication by half. All the work I've done watching what I eat, exercising, and avoiding those special drinks paid off. I still enjoy the parties even when I can't eat or drink anything.

I found Rodney Leighton's book reviews to be rather iron-



ic. He claims to normally not read science fiction so when he actually reads and reviews one, he sends the review to a fanzine that normally does not print reviews. *{{Only because nobody ever submitted them, until recently.}}* I've read copies of C.F. Kennedy's zine *DRIFT*, which are excellent.

Reducing the size of the zine by trimming the margins or using smaller fonts would help on the printing costs. However, we already get the Basic Letter Presorted postage rate of 23.5 cents per copy. #6 came in at 2.6 ounces which is well under the 3.3 ounce limit for that rate. The only way to get a lower rate is to invest in the software to print the carrier routes and/or bar codes on the label. The mailing list is too small and geographically diverse to qualify for saturation or high density rates. The postage cost is not the problem.

April 12: **Henry Welch**, 1525 16th Avenue, Grafton, WI 53024, welch@msoe.edu

...Speaking of Mars in 2095 I can't believe that you would have omitted the various Martian drinks from your discussion of silly drinks. If you'd like I can try to track down The Martian Bartender's Guide that we sold as a fund raiser at ChiCon in 1991. *{{Yes, I'd like.}}*

March 15: **Lloyd Penney**, 1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, Ontario, CANADA, M9C 2B2, penneys@netcom.ca

Here I am with Vol. 7, #6 of the *SFC Bulletin*. This is the second time I've written this letter...the first time I did, the disk I saved it to had nothing on it. So, time to re-write. Who knows, I might come up with a better loc this time!

Silly drinks in fandom...quite a legitimate editorial idea. I've enjoyed some of those drinks myself. The little things do mean a lot, especially in fandom. Our own local convention here, Ad Astra, used to serve a drink in the con suite...it was called the Pear Ardua. It consisted of pear schnapps and alcohol, and it was devastating. Yvonne and I ran the con suite for Maplecon, the old convention in Ottawa, for a couple of years, and we served a Maple Alexander, made from maple brandy liqueur and light cream. Yum. Is anyone serving Fuzzy Navels in Chicago this Labour Day? If so, I'll be there!

Hello, Tom...being the FanGoH is a very good thing. Yvonne and I were the FanGoHs at our own local Ad Astra this year, and the committee treated us very well indeed. We were busy with committee stuff, GoH stuff, the 2003 bid table and staging a 2003 party in our room. If we could have been busier, I can't think how right now. Coming up in May, around Memorial Day, we'll be FanGoHs at V-Con 25 in Vancouver on the west coast.

One thing this issue is doing for me...allowing me to do some comparisons between the Charlotte and Boston 2004 bids. Granted, I had a great time at the last Boston Worldcon in 1989, but I've never been to Charlotte. The Nieuw Amsterdam/New York bid, I'm not sure about. Chicon 2000 will allow me to catch up with my pre-supports.

The last Rivercon...I would love nothing better than to be there. But as always, money and time get in the way. Mike Glicksohn and Hope Leibowitz will be going from Toronto, and I hope they will pass on our good wishes to the Francises.

The Worldcon bid list...I believe you can add Australia to the 2007 slot. Already, something is afoot to make Aussiecon IV come about. Also, I may soon have word about a Japanese Worldcon bid...I'll let you know as soon as I have some word.

Mike Rogers talk about hockey...the Leafs aren't top of the league any more, but they are still in first place in their division. After all those years in the basement, it's a treat to see them do so well. Of course, right now, we're all concerned about that horrible eye injury to defenseman Bryan Berard, but there seems to be more hope every day.

Tom...your comments about a conversation with Dale Speirs are a little in error...the Worldcon that year was in Winnipeg. Dale lives in Calgary.

I think that when Catherine Mintz says that 25% of Americans are functionally illiterate, she's not exaggerating. That figure doesn't take into account all those who can read, but couldn't be bothered, or don't like to read. More and more, literacy is in danger. I've seen kids laugh at others because they've got a paperback in their hands, and we all know the power of peer pressure, especially when we're young.

Time to wrap...it's tired, and I'm late. Or something like that. I look forward to the next issue, and after that, it's Chicon time. See you then! *{{Yes, I hope to see and meet in person many of the Bulletin's loccers in Chicago.}}*

March 20: **Joy V. Smith**, 8925 Selph Road, Lakeland, FL 33810, Pagadan@aol.com

Enjoyed Tom Feller's con reports, including the con-nuptial one, and as usual the fanzine reviews, con listings (I plan to go to Oasis 13) and updates, LOCs, and artwork, especially the cartoon on p 25.

Btw, I have interviews with various writers/editors running periodically on the AOL SF column, "Worlds Without End," in case anyone has AOL for an ISP.

WAHF: Pamela Boal, who is suffering from RSI, Ann Gabele, who reports the demise of the Bajoran Alliance, Richard Lynch, who corrected me about Dean Grennell, Rodney Leighton, and Michael Hailstone, who was commenting (very nastily) on an issue from Tom's Editorship, so I thought it would only confuse things to include it. ☹

Thanks to everyone who helped with the production of this issue! You know who you are!



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