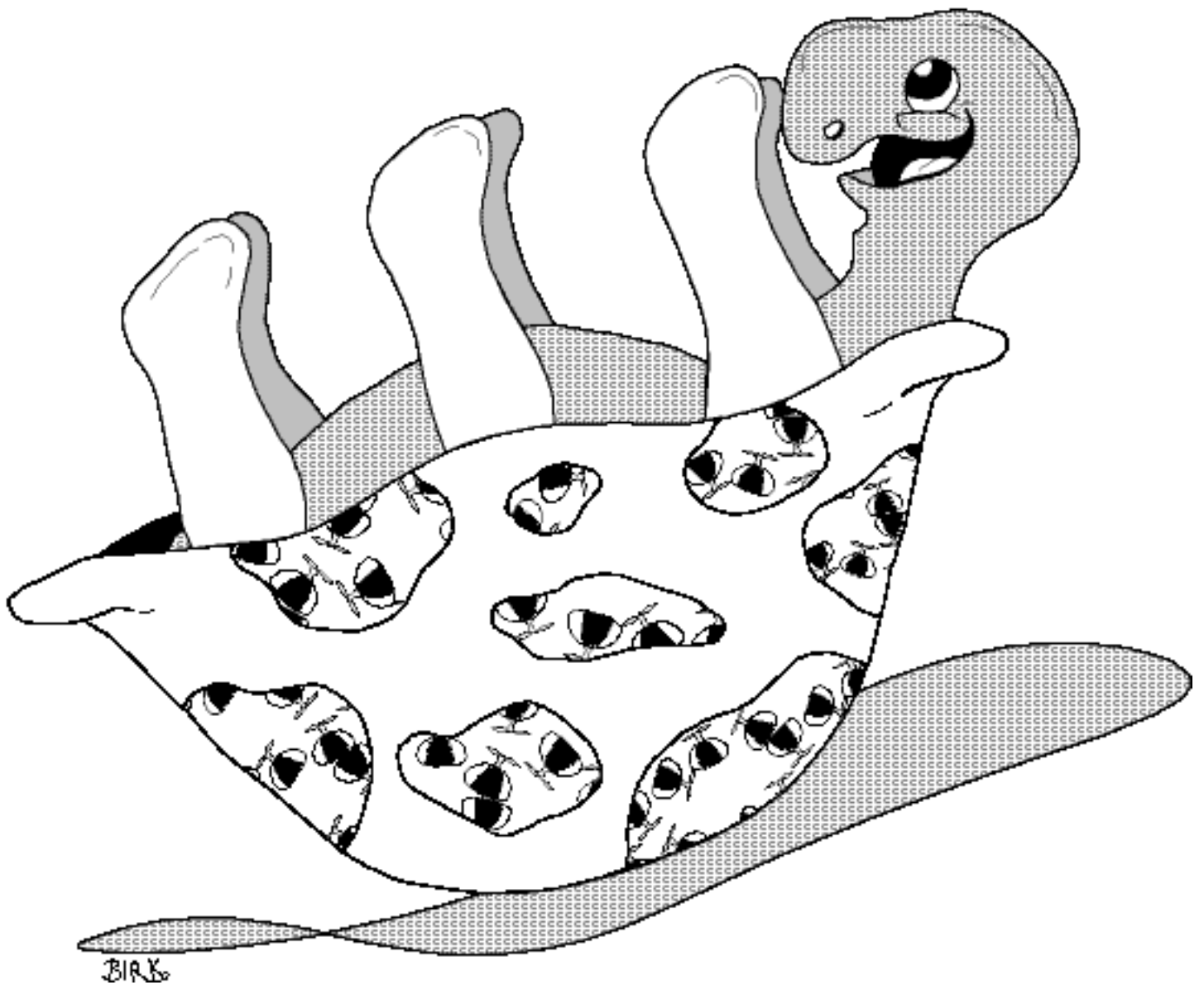


The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin



Volume 7, Number 12
March 2002

Southern Fandom Confederation

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Policies

The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol. 7, No. 12, March 2002, 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 \$75 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 3X
Price \$10 *{{Reduced!}}*

Plus \$3 shipping and handling fee if we have to mail it.

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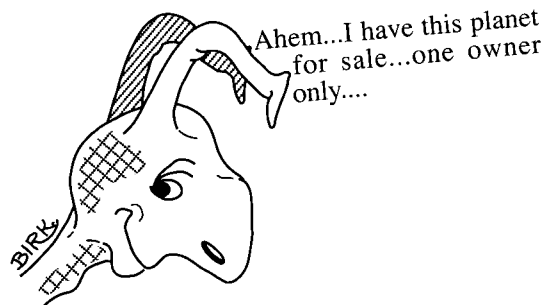
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Off the Wall

by Julie Wall

This is my penultimate editorial column for the *Bulletin*. As previously stated, I plan to step down as the SFC's President/Editor at the DSC in Huntsville in June. With our current publishing schedule (three times a year) that would ordinarily make this my last *Bulletin*, but I want to do one more in June, right before the DSC. I have a (probably perverse) desire to make number 13 my last issue.

I wish people would contact me and tell me some good stuff to nominate for Hugos. Nominations close on March 31st and I don't have a clue. Despite impressions you may have received from this column, I DO read science fiction. Not so much fantasy, but SF, yes. But I don't usually read it in a timely fashion. I don't subscribe to any of the magazines or buy books when they come out. Can't afford it and don't have time to read all of them anyway.

But I don't want Harry Potter to get another Hugo. Don't get me wrong, I have nothing against Harry Potter, even given that I don't generally care for fantasy. I have read the first book (see how far behind I am?) and seen the movie. I liked them both. But it's not science fiction. It's not even spectacular or ground-breaking fantasy.

So I want you all to help me, and possibly others, out. I am going to try to nominate some stuff in categories other than the fan ones, and vote in the Hugos, too. But I need some recommendations about work to nominate and vote for. Not to worry, I will read anything that is suggested before I go voting for it. I will make time. After the first of March, things should slow down around here, anyway.

I have kept myself pretty busy since the last *Bulletin*. I notice that a lot of folks have taken to nesting activities since the atrocities of September 11th. I had some work done to my house, as well. There has been the constant battle with the leak in my roof/chimney, but I think that is almost over. I painted my den. I had a visitor from Canada over Thanksgiving.

In early December, my subscription to the Harry Connick Jr. fan club finally paid off as he visited Birmingham again and I got front row center tickets for myself, Charlotte, Debbie Rowan and my friend Julianna. It was quite a treat, despite the drunken heckler in the second row.

I spent Christmas with the rest of my immediate family in Denver. It was a nice trip, visiting the Coors brewery, going to my first hockey game in a long time (had to pretend to be scalpers to get tickets), and spending time with my beautiful niece, who just turned one year old on January 27th – while I was at Chattacon..

Chattacon in 1981 was my first science fiction convention – I turned 16 there – and I have been to many since then. It usually is the weekend closest to my birthday, which is nice.

I haven't been all that regularly for a while, because I hate the Clarion Hotel where it was held for the last six years. Ironically, that's the hotel that hosted that very first Chattacon

for me. But Chattacon has grown a lot since then and that hotel is too small. I believe it moved to the Read House in 1982 and stayed there until the infamous Toxic Waste Incident seven years ago. I love the Read House; I spent many a wonderful Chattacon there in the past. There was a very large party the year I turned 21.

This year, the Powers That Be at the Clarion decided to renovate the hotel during January and the Powers That Be have changed at the Read House, so Chattacon returned there. They had to go a weekend later, to the 25th-27th.

The Read House needs renovating, too, I must say. Most of the public areas are fine, but a lot of the rooms, particularly in the "new" part of the hotel, need work. And the plumbing needs to be upgraded in the new section, too. Our room was there, and neither Saturday nor Sunday morning did we have hot water. Saturday, I borrowed Bill and Linda Zielke's shower in the old part of the hotel. Sunday, I went without until leaving the hotel. There seemed to be hot water the rest of the time, but it ran out in the mornings. Very bad if you close down the dance at 3:30 in the morning, crash for 6 hours and then want to wash off that funky music.

The con suite room, too, is pretty bad. Back when it was actually a bar, it was much better. It was comfortably appointed and there was something on the walls and ceiling to absorb some of the noise. Now it's just a big room with concrete floors and no ceiling. The noise is usually deafening. I wish the hotel would keep the big room, but do something with it.

The other complaint I have about the con suite was the beverage regulation. Chattacon does still serve beer in their consuite, and although I don't drink beer, I appreciate that. Of course, they also have fountain soft drinks – Coca Cola brands, thank Ghu. Now, although I'm not clear on the reason why, I can see that they probably don't want people carrying beer out of the consuite. There is no reason, however, why people shouldn't be able to carry a soft drink out of there, particularly during the dance, when there weren't even water pitchers set up. Friday night this wasn't a problem, but suddenly, Saturday night, it was. I heard that somebody was pouring their beer into a Coke cup and trying to leave. Well, okay, that's stupid and bad, but don't penalize everyone for that.

Regular readers of my ersatz con reports will know that I used to room with Gary and Debbie Rowan at conventions lot. Necessarily, because of the recent additions to their family, that won't be the case for the foreseeable future. The Rowans do plan to make the DSC in Huntsville this year the twins' first con, where they will celebrate their first birthday.

Although I originally was by myself on the reservation at the Read House, the week of Chattacon, I ended up with two roommates, which was fun and helped with the expenses. First, the week before the con, I was emailing frequent *Bulletin* artist (and future SFC presidential candidate) Randy

Clearly about something else and I closed with, "See you next week." Randy wrote back, saying "I'm not going to Chattacon this year." What?!? I thought Randy always went to Chattacon. I said as much in my response. "Yeah, but I couldn't get a room at the Read House and I don't want to stay in the overflow hotel." "Well, I have a room with two beds." So, one roommate. He says in his Chattacon report in the *NASFA Shuttle* that there was heavy arm twisting involved, but I have the email record.

Then, Thursday night before the con, Charlotte Proctor sent me an email about something else, but knew I was going. She closed with, "Have fun at Chattacon. Wish I was going too." I got this email Friday morning at work. I called her, "Why *don't* you come?" "It's too late." "No it's not, I haven't left yet." So, two roommates.

As usual, I didn't attend much programming, other than the dances both nights. Randy says there wasn't as much as there used to be. All three roomies did make it to the Meet-the-Guests reception in the Silver Ballroom on Friday evening. The Silver Ballroom is lovely. There was a buffet with some real food on it, which was nice as I hadn't eaten dinner. There was some decent wine, as well. Charlotte and I spoke to Jack McDevitt, whom we had met at Con*Stellation the previous year. Charlotte spoke to Elizabeth Moon. So we did actually meet some of the guests. We also chatted with con chair Andy Hendee, who was pleased with registration, at that point almost 1200.

The dances were very well attended both nights, and well run. I had been to many good parties (played Twister in a full-length dress at one), and sampled their beverages, by the time I went to the dance on Friday night, so I was feeling very good. I danced with a lot of people, including roomie Randy. We closed it down that night, at 3:30 AM. Saturday night, I decided to not have any alcohol at the many more good parties, which makes me not as uninhibited on the dance floor. I wish that weren't so, because I have such a good time when I let loose dancing, but there it is. I still had a good time, dancing again with Randy, and Tom Feller (Anita asked me to! She was too tired to dance at that moment, though I did see her out there later) and a couple of other fellows I didn't know. I only stayed until about 2 on Saturday. The single complaint I would have about the dances was that I don't think the DJ played any slow songs at all. Even if your significant other isn't around, or you don't have one, it's nice to be able to slow down occasionally.

The art show was very nice. Ann Robards always does a great job. I got my mom one of those denim shirts embroidered with a dragon by Robert Gerskin because she always lusts after the one I have. She collects dragons and flamingos.

The con committee graciously set up a table for me in the sunroom area on Saturday (thanks Leon!) so I could do a little hawking for the SFC. Mike Rogers helped man it for a while. We didn't do too much business, but we weren't really out there very long and every little bit helps.

Randy and I discussed the changing face of Chattacon.

We both had a good time, but noticed a LOT of people who weren't necessarily fans. It seems that Chattacon suffers somewhat from DragonCon North syndrome. There are a lot of people who go to DragonCon who are not really fans, but just like to dress up in weird costumes and party. They hear about Chattacon and don't have anything else to do in the middle of winter, so they come up. It seems like they don't come back, either, according to registration trends at Chattacon.

All in all, I had a good time. I did see several people that I hadn't seen in a while, and that's what con fandom is all about for me.

News and Notes:

It seems lately that I always open this part of the column with sad news: Jack Haldeman died on New Year's Day. His wife Barbara Delaplace and brother Joe Haldeman have requested that memorials be sent to Hospice of North Central Florida, 4200 NW 90th Blvd., Gainesville, FL 32606.

Kelly Lockhart and Star Roberts were engaged on Christmas Day. Congratulations to them both.

Erin Barton is also engaged to be married this year. Apparently she has been for a while, though they broke the news to Rebecca and Frank Brayman around Christmas time.

Joshua David Kennedy was born on November 30 of last year, making parents of Jim and Tracey Kennedy and an uncle of Mike Kennedy. I just heard, too, that Naomi Fisher will be an aunt this year. I love being an aunt. It's so much fun. I just wish my niece was closer.

While at Chattacon, I discovered from Leon Hendee that old B'hamster Jim Cobb and his wife Debbie had a baby girl, Jessica Lauren, about four months ago! What wonderful news.

Don't forget about the new SFC web site! It can now be accessed at <http://www.southernfandom.com>. Yes, that's different from the URL I gave last time. Thanks to Steve Hughes, who has graciously lent us the use of the southernfandom domain name. It is a little easier to remember. Sam Smith is still hosting the site, and the old URL still works, too. Thanks again to Mike Rogers for designing the site and keeping it updated.

Bob Eggleton had to cancel as Artist Guest of Honor for the upcoming DSC in Huntsville, but they were able to secure an excellent replacement – Vincent DiFate! Also, for the first time, DSC will be combined with FanHistoricon. See the ad elsewhere in this for more details.

I have heard, and it says on their web site, that a fan group in Charlotte, NC, ConCarolinas, plans to bid for DSC in 2004. That's good news. They will be holding a sort of proto-con the first weekend in June of this year. For more info, see the Convention Listings elsewhere in this issue.

Update for the Club Listings: Allies for Star Trek, 2195 Madison Avenue, Memphis, TN 38104. One Meeting monthly: 3rd Saturday of each month at 2:30 PM. Popular-White Station Library followed by dinner at a local restaurant. Bi-Monthly newsletter: Communications Console. Dues: \$12 USA, \$17 elsewhere, annually. Officers: President and Newsletter Editor James T. Kacarides, Vice-President Harold

DeepSouthCon 40 & FanHistoricon 12

H
DSC
V
2002

Guest of Honor *Toastmistress*
Allen Steele Connie Willis

Artist Guest of Honor
Vincent Di Fate

Fan Guests of Honor
Nicki and Rich Lynch

Huntsville Hilton
Huntsville Alabama
14-16 June 2002

ALSO ATTENDING GUESTS
INCLUDE: ROBERT DANIELS,
ERIC FLINT, GUY GORDON,
SHARON GREEN,
DEBBIE HUGHES,
DAVID KOPASKA-MERKEL,
T. K. F. WEISSKOPF

The Huntsville DSC 40 in 2002 plans to feature many of your favorite writers and artists as also attending guests; check our web site for breaking news, updates to our flyers and general information.
<http://www.con-stellation.org/dsc40>
or email us at

Dsc40@con-stellation.org

Call Sam at 256-883-4493,
no collect calls please,
for more information.

Memberships:
\$30 through
31 May 2002

To Request Information About
DSC 40 Write to (Please Include
a Self-Addressed Stamped
Envelope):

DeepSouthCon 40 & FHC12
P.O. Box 4857
Huntsville AL 35815-4857



Huntsville, AL June 14-16, 2002

Feldman, Secretary Hal Ellis Browder, Treasurer David Jackson.

I left somebody else off the SFC roster. I don't know what happened with my database, but Darrell Richardson, Phoenix winner in 1995, should have been there. His address is 1960 N Parkway Apt. 406, Memphis, TN 38112-5052

Joy V. Smith writes, "Re: my audiobook {{Sugar Time}}. Last I heard, it hadn't even been cast. Sigh. You'd think I'd have learned by now not to mention something until it actually was published."

I gave the incorrect email address for David Pettus in the contributors list last issue – for some reason I copied and pasted Irv's. The correct one is spaceman@lorettotel.net

Thanks to Gary Robe for paying convention dues for ConCave while we were there. Yes, I went to ConCave and had a great time, as usual. More on that next ish. I had hoped to finish this zine before ConCave, but the best laid plans and all...

Please check your mailing label to see if your dues are up-to-date. Memberships are renewable every year at DSC, so I hope to see many of you there. 🐼

Treasurer's Report As of 2/26/02

by Judy Bemis

Balance as of 10/22/01	\$1,970.10
INCOME		
Indiv. Memberships & Renewals	\$225.00
Group Membership (ConCave)	\$50.00
Donation	\$5.00
Handbook	\$7.00
TOTAL INCOME	\$287.00
EXPENSES		
Bulletin Vol 7 #11 printing	\$366.24
Postage (Foreign & bulk)	\$111.01
TOTAL EXPENSES	\$477.25
BALANCE	\$1,779.85

Con*Stellation Report

by Tom Feller

We were not sure how our first convention after September 11 would go. It took place in a Sheraton Four Points hotel inside the Huntsville, Alabama, airport terminal. Fortunately, our fears did not materialize. While security was much more visible than in previous years, the guards were not excessively zealous. Fortunately, the con already had a policy of no weapons except during the costume contest or inside the dealer's room. While security did close down a party that was not on the designated party floor, there were still an abundance of them. They did tell the disc jockey at the dance to lower the volume, but he only increased it and they never bothered him again. Airport security was strict about unattended cars and luggage, but we did not find that to be an onerous demand. In previous years, fans would walk down to the gates to eat at the airport's fast food court, but that was prohibited, because you now have to show a boarding pass to get through security.

That Friday started early for me, because I attended a 7 AM meeting of The Fresh Rashers of Nashville. This is group of Sherlock Holmes fans who meet for breakfast on almost all Friday mornings at a diner. We were recently recognized as an Irregular Scion Society of the Baker Street Irregulars. Because of my travel schedule, I can only attend occasionally.

After checking our post office box, I returned home and worked for a few hours before Anita and I drove to Huntsville. After a stop at the Shady Lawn Truck Stop for some apple cobbler, we arrived in plenty of time for opening ceremonies, where the con committee honored Mike Kennedy for 20 years of service to Huntsville Fandom. They awarded him a sword.

We visited with people at the Meet the Guests party after-

ward. They included MC Jack McDevitt, Artist GOH David Mattingly, and Fan GOHS Steve and Sue Francis. I asked Steve and Sue whether they knew they were going to receive First Fandom's Big Heart award at WorldCon. They said they knew something was up, because Dave Kyle repeatedly told them to attend the Hugo Award ceremonies. We found the music at the dance that night to be very uneven, so we didn't stay long.

Anita spent most of Saturday in the con suite talking to people, while I wandered around more. I watched Toni Weisskopf's slide show of upcoming Baen Books releases. I was mostly interested in their reprints of Keith Laumer and Andre Norton titles. Mike Rogers interviewed me for the Southern Fandom Confederation web site and then we attended a wake for Meade Frierson. Meade died a few weeks before the convention and was the first president of the SFC. At the wake, his widow Penny told us about the last few weeks of his life in which he found it increasingly hard to breathe.

After the guest of honor speeches in which Mattingly mentioned that he works exclusively on the computer these days, Anita and I joined a group of people for dinner in the hotel lounge. (The restaurant is not open on Saturday nights.) Then we hung around the con suite before it was time for the Costume Contest. Afterward we visited room parties, which included the Charlotte in 2004 DeepSouthCon bid and Kublakhan.

Sunday we hung around the con suite until it was time to get on the road. I wanted to watch the Green Bay Packers play at 3:15 that afternoon. We made it home in time, but the Packers lost. 🐼

Weisskopf/Reinhardt Wedding – the End is Nigh! Part II

by Julie Wall, photos by Randy Cleary, Suzanne Hughes & Gary Rowan

The last issue of the *Bulletin* documented the event that no one could have predicted – the wedding of Guy Lillian and Rose Marie Donovan. This time we have another amazing set of nuptials.

Your intrepid editor actually made it to this union, indeed, was involved in the planning and execution. Since the engagement was announced, there had been long phone conversations about colors and decorations. The wedding had originally been planned for last October, but that proved untenable and was finally set for February 16th, 2002. Early on, Toni named a bunch of girlfriends to the Hostess Committee and I was on that list. On a trip to Athens in early December, I got to see the venue, which was the lovely Magnolia Hall in Social Circle, GA. Come last Christmas, I was buying 40 sets of twinkly white lights on sale for 49¢ each at CVS. January 15th came the first “Tentative Wedding Schedule” email from Toni – at that point only two pages long.

My wedding weekend began on Monday, when I got an email from Charlotte Proctor, asking if her husband Jerry (both of whom have known the groom even longer than the bride) could ride with me to the hotel in Covington GA on Thursday. She and Jerry had originally planned to both go on Thursday, but some family complications had interfered and she didn’t think she would be able to leave that early. I said sure.

On Tuesday night Toni called and asked if I could drop Jerry off at Hank’s house instead of the motel for Thursday night and if we could pick up Ruth Judkowitz (old SFFA buddy) at the Atlanta airport at 10 PM on the way over. I said sure, and asked about tulle. We were planning on wrapping all those twinkly lights in tulle to soften them as part of the decorations. Toni had looked at tulle, but not bought any because it seemed awfully expensive at the fabric store, where it came by the yard in what seemed like very wide widths for our purposes.

Wednesday, I looked for tulle on the web and found a place to order it pretty cheap by the yard in a six inch width, but they required a business name to place an order. So I invented Toni’s Wedding and ordered 12 spools of tulle and a couple of rolls of white satin ribbon delivered 2nd Day to myself at Toni’s Wedding at Hank’s address. The latest revision of the wedding schedule arrived, now three pages long.

I worked all day Thursday, then went home and packed my car with millions of lights and other items I thought we might need (duct tape, push pins, scissors, twist-ties, etc.), plus my clothes. Jerry came over with his stuff and we managed to get it all in with room for another passenger to spare, but I hoped Ruth wouldn’t have much luggage. We left

Birmingham about 6 PM.

The trip over was uneventful, although I missed the exit I usually use directly off of I-20 to the airport. No problem because I just took I-285 when it came up and that worked fine. Then I went into the wrong lot to park, so had to wait about 15 minutes to get out of it. Luckily, we were early.

We found a good parking place in the correct lot, then went inside and parked ourselves outside the South terminal baggage claim to wait for Ruth. Since we had never met her before, I had made a sign with her name on it. It wasn’t long before she emerged and we went to retrieve her single small bag – whew! We think Ruth, coming from Los Angeles, won the prize for the person coming the farthest for the wedding.

On to Hank’s house, where we took a quick tour and dropped off Jerry. I took Jerry’s suit bag with me since he would be coming to the motel the next night anyway. My box of tulle and ribbon had already arrived as well, so I took that, too.

We used the night window at the Jameson Inn to check me in and find out for Ruth where her roomie, JoAnn Montalbano, was. We parted company briefly so I could put my stuff in my room, where I found the decorative and tasty chocolate rose and list of numbers, directions and instructions that Toni had left for those of us staying at the motel. Then I went down to their room and found George Wells there, too. We four sat up and talked until about 1:30, when I had to get some sleep. We agreed to try to meet around 9 for breakfast.

I got up at 8:30 and got dressed, but when I called down to Ruth and JoAnn’s room at nine, I woke them up. Seems George hadn’t left them until closer to 2:30. I went down to the hotel lobby and found both George and his wife Jill. We chatted for a while, and were soon joined by Alex Weisskopf, Toni’s brother, and his three young sons. Alex fed them some



of the motel's breakfast buffet, and we all got to talk and play with the boys a little. Finally, Jo Ann and Ruth appeared and we all went to the Waffle House for our breakfast.

After that, we three girls drove to Toni's house in Athens. I became defacto chauffeur for JoAnn and Ruth because they were carless. Of course we got lost. I usually get lost when going to Athens. This is in part because although Toni is a wonderful and talented person, giving directions is not her strong suit. It is also because the alleged Highway 10 Loop in Athens and I do not get along. We used my cell phone to call Toni and she talked us in to her new house.

There we found Toni, her mom Vera, the other Ruth (Feingold) and her boyfriend, Jeff, and Marsha Asquith. Ruth F. is a college friend. She and Jeff also brought their three dogs from Virginia to visit with Toni's dog Maggie. Marsha is a high school friend of Toni's and was to play French horn during the ceremony. JoAnn was immediately put to work, typesetting the signage for the wedding. The rest of us took stuff out to cars and looked at the new house and the wedding dress and generally milled about. I showed Toni the box of tulle and ribbon addressed to me at "Toni's Wedding." She immediately seized on this as a business opportunity. If you're too busy to plan your own wedding, call us and you can have Toni's wedding! We'll provide everything but the groom!

After a while, the checklist of things to do before leaving Toni's house was completed and we all started leaving. Jeff took Toni's car for an oil change and tire rotation (and had an adventure of his own, being stopped by the cops when he didn't recognize a funeral procession), Ruth and Vera took their cars to Magnolia Hall. Marsha took her car and I took my car with Toni,

JoAnn and Ruth to Kinko's. Marsha had some music to copy, and we had to get the signage blown up to poster size. Toni was of the opinion that a wedding program would be overkill, but still wanted people to know the particulars of who was participating in the ceremony and the music that was being played. So JoAnn made

two beautiful signs from the letter size copies she had done at Toni's. Marsha didn't have as much luck with her copies, but decided to press on to the wedding hall while we went next to the bank.

We four girls were having a lot of fun in the car, telling stories and singing songs: "Going to the Chapel" and "Love Shack," since we *were* headed down the Atlanta Highway. After the bank, and a drive-thru visit to Sonny's BBQ, the four of us finally made our way to Magnolia Hall. Toni spent a lot of time discussing things with the manager there and the bartender. The rest of us got busy decorating.

Magnolia Hall is a gorgeous antebellum-style mansion. You can see it on the web at <http://www.magnoliahallevnts.com/>. The house has been decorated in period style and all of the original rooms are beautiful. There is also a back porch that was enclosed to offer more indoor party space, and a patio that a tent was erected on for our purposes, to add more tables and a dance floor. Outside, to one side of the formal gardens, a second tent had been set up to provide the chapel. The main rooms were so nicely decorated that we decided anything we could do would be merely gilding the lily, so we left them be, leaving the florist to do her thing and that would be enough. They've done a pretty good job with the enclosed porch, but the patio tent and chapel needed a lot of work.

Charlotte Proctor showed up, hoping we had finished, but no such luck. We ended up not using the tulle in the way originally planned, but Charlotte found a beautiful use for some of it, just sort of wadded up in front of the twinkly lights that JoAnn had put on a ledge over the windows in the enclosed porch room. We set up chairs to create a curved aisle and an



The Bride and her court:

*Back Row, left to right: Ruth J., Ruth F., JoAnn, Julie, Charlotte
Front Row: Marsha, Toni, Randy*

archway in the chapel tent and hung lights on the patio while trying to decide what else to do to the chapel. The wedding rehearsal started sometime after four, and after that Toni and her mom went to the motel to check in. Some of the others left earlier because of other chores, but JoAnn, Ruth J., Charlotte and I lighted and tulle away. We also made a list of things we would need for the next day. The funniest exchange of the day came when JoAnn and

Ruth J. were stringing lights on the outside porch tent. Ruth was having a hard time with them, fumbling a little. Finally in exasperation, JoAnn asked, "For God's sake, woman, you're 50-something years old! Haven't you ever hung Christmas lights?" Ruth answers, "No! I'm Jewish!" We finally left about seven PM.

After a brief stop at the motel to shower and change, we went to Hank's house for the party happening there. Gary and Debbie Rowan and their twins were following me as I "knew where I was going." So, it turned out, was Eric Breitenbach (college friend of Toni's from NYC, previously mentioned in Vol. 7, #7 during Julie's adventures in the Big Apple) – although I didn't realize he was following us until later. The problem was, I decided to take the back route that Toni described in the note that had been left in our rooms. It was all fine until at the point where Toni said Route 142 should "merge into" 81, there was actually the choice of going left or right. I went right, because the sign pointed to Oxford being that way and Hank's address is in Oxford. When I saw the landmark CircleK coming up on the left (whereas it is on the right if you are coming from exit 90 off of I-20), I realized my error and took a u-turn detour through the Circle K. I saw Debbie and Gary follow me and a third red car do the same.

The party was in full swing by the time we arrived, and it was a very nice, well-attended party, too. They had brought in some excellent cabbage, potato soup, beef goulash & spaetzle from a nearby Hungarian restaurant and there were tons of desserts and such. All yummy. I visited with lots of people, including Eric, whom I was very happy to see again. He teased me about misleading the convoy from the motel – it was him in the red car – but I blamed it all on Toni. Other fan-ish peoples in attendance were Ned Brooks, Pat Gibbs, Irv and Kay Koch, Frank Brayman, and I'm sure others that I am forgetting. Randy Cleary was there, too, and I convinced him that a) he needed to come help us decorate the next day and b) he needed to get his motel room for Saturday night, too. He was under the impression that he would want to drive home after Toni's wedding, but I didn't think so. I was right. There were lots of family members of the bride and groom and co-workers of Hank's there, too.

I was pretty tired from not getting much sleep the night before and working hard much of the day. We had already decided that we had to get up pretty early on Saturday to finish all that needed to be done at the wedding venue. JoAnn was with me, so we left about 10:30. Ruth opted to stay a while longer, after securing a ride back with George and Jill Wells.

I went to sleep fairly easily, but was awoken a little later and then had a hard time going back to sleep. Then I woke up for good at six. About 7:30 I called down to Ruth and JoAnn's room. There was a lot of confusion about whether Toni was going with us to Magnolia Hall – we didn't want to wake her up if not because she was already way behind on sleep for the last few days – and whether we would be able to get in this early. I called Charlotte,

then went down to her and Jerry's room to deliver his suit bag. Then I went to the lobby where I had told Randy to meet us, and ran into Toni. She had woken up at 5! Yes, she was going with us. We all went to JoAnn and Ruth's room to plan. In the end, Ruth elected not to go this morning, so the rest of us left to go to the bridal breakfast at – you guessed it – Waffle House. We ran into Charlotte, who was just returning from Waffle House, but she went back with us to have another cup of coffee.

We made sure Toni had a nice, big breakfast, which was good because there wouldn't be much eating after that until the reception. The word of the day at Waffle House was to "watch your meat pulls."

From the Waffle House, Charlotte and JoAnn went to Wal-Mart to get the list of things we needed for decorating. Randy and I took Toni back to the motel so she could get her car and get Jerry Proctor and take him to Hank's, where she had more stuff to pick up for the wedding. Men (and women if they wanted) in town for the wedding had been invited to Hank's for the morning to do manly men things like shooting or throwing axes, but Eric told us later that it consisted mainly of sitting on the deck and drinking coffee. Randy and I joined Charlotte and JoAnn at the Wal-Mart because Randy forgot to pack dress socks. Then we took both cars to the Magnolia Hall. I had to stop for gas on the way. There was a sign at the BP for Tha Kut – the newest, freshest Hip Hop club in Covington. We speculated on how many other Hip Hop clubs there might be in Covington, and decided to keep it in mind in case the wedding let out early. We also spotted the Herbal Viagra and Passion Stimulator at the cash register, and decided that Toni and Hank needed some for their wedding night.

Back at the Magnolia Hall, we started decorating again in





earnest. More lights and tulle and ribbons and gauzy fabric in the chapel tent and on the staircase leading down to it. Tealights outside. Toni's sister-in-law Wendy (the mother of the three boys) showed up to help. Due to all the work put in the day before, we finished pretty quickly and got to see the arrival of the beautiful castle

bride and groom's cakes (Ruth Feingold didn't know what a groom's cake was. I guess it's a Southern thing.). But then it was time to start on Toni's hair and makeup, because the photographer was coming at 1 PM to start taking pictures. We hadn't planned this part very well – or communicated it – because JoAnn was doing most of the helping here (she had told Toni to stop cutting her hair as soon as she found out about the wedding), but didn't realize we wouldn't be going back to the motel. She hadn't brought her supplies from the Jameson, although the plan called for Toni to be dressing upstairs at Magnolia Hall. Charlotte the tulle woman had left after the tulling was done, so Randy and I couldn't leave until JoAnn had done her magic on Toni. It was just as well I didn't leave, because I ended up going to the little grocery store in downtown Social Circle twice, once for hair spray and once for bobby pins – both of which were back at the motel. That became our catchphrase for the day. "It's back at the motel." It was better than "watch your meat pulls." Luckily, one of the babysitters (supermodel/babysitters according to Randy and other males who saw them throughout the festivities) who came with Katie had a curling iron, so I didn't have to buy that. Vera and Marsha had makeup. It all worked out. Toni is lovely anyway, and JoAnn did a fabulous job to make her absolutely stunning for her wedding. At 2:30, as soon as she finished with the hair and makeup, JoAnn and Randy and I were out of there because after all, we had to go get beautiful, too. I have to thank Randy for being so patient while we girls were in bride-support mode. Especially since he could have skipped the whole thing and gone and done manly men stuff (or sipped coffee on the deck) at Hank's.

The wedding was supposed to start at 4 PM. JoAnn and I originally wanted to be back at the Hall by 3, but that wasn't going to happen, so as I sped us back to the Jameson, she suggested that we try for 3:30. With some quick-change artistry, we managed it. Toni was on the front porch of the Hall when we returned, resplendent in the white, fur-lined cape that she

had to hide the dress from Hank until the ceremony. It was very Anna Karenina. We got some pictures with her, and then it was our job to start herding the other guests back to the chapel tent outside.

Toni and her Mom went upstairs to take off the big cape and put on the diaphanous wrap that would cover her shoulders, since the full formal dress was strapless. I went up there, too, ran into Vera, who was coming down looking for Charlotte. Toni wanted help with the wrap. She looked so beautiful and happy. I almost cried. I was glad I had stuffed some tissue into my bra because I knew I would cry during the ceremony (not because I need any help filling my bra).

Vera came back with Charlotte and we got the wrap on straight. We fluffed Toni's hair and did a lipstick check. (Later, Debbie Rowan would dub us Toni's fluffers.) The preacher lady, Reverend Balof, came up and told us it was time to go downstairs. Charlotte and I followed them down. We were going to go take our seats in the tent outside, but the preacher hadn't gotten Hank down there yet, so we and Vera had to form a human wall so he couldn't see her from where he and the preacher were standing at the top of the stairs leading down to the tent.

The procession of the wedding was supposed to be: Reverend Balof, Hank and Bill, the best man, go stand up at the altar. Hannah, Hank's granddaughter, spreads rose petals on her way up. Vera, the matron of honor, pushes Katie in her stroller and Katie tosses rose petals, too. Then Toni is escorted by her father. In other words, no masses of attendants.

Although it was never our intention, Charlotte and I ended up insinuating ourselves in the processional! Accidental Bridesmaids! We really had no choice if we wanted to get down there and see things, so we snuck out between Hannah and Vera. Well, not snuck, exactly, since everyone was looking. Charlotte whispered to me, as we tried to gracefully take a seat, "You go wide, I'll go long." She went to sit with her husband Jerry, who had saved her a seat half-way down the aisle, while I snagged an empty chair on the back row.

It was a lovely ceremony, I used my tissue extensively. It lasted about 20 minutes. Toni had remarked earlier that she couldn't believe anyone would



write and try to remember their own vows, it was going to be nerve-wracking enough to remember to say, "I do." But she did, in a strong, clear voice. Hank even jumped the gun once, saying "I do" before the preacher had finished reciting the vows. It was very touching. Toni says people were giggling, but not me.

Then it was party time. We arranged a receiving line at the bottom of the staircase indoors (where Randy and I presented the items we had picked up early in the day at the BP), and the guests started on the hors d'oeuvre and put the bartender to work. I availed myself of his services quite a bit. I was a little nervous that Toni would be mad at Charlotte and me for messing up the processional, but to our relief, she was so happy that it didn't faze her. As Charlotte said later, "There's always one thing at a wedding that doesn't go as planned, I'm just not usually that thing!"

The reception was a lot of fun, visiting with folks, drinking and eating. There was a castle backdrop set up on the dance floor and Suzanne Hughes was taking pictures and printing them out on a color printer. The DJ played a wide selection of songs from the '40s to the oughts, some funny, some romantic, some just danceable. Dinner was served at about a quarter 'til six and the party went on.

Before the cakes were cut, champagne was served and toasts were offered by the best man and matron of honor, and the bride and groom. The photographer wanted to take pictures of course, so JoAnn rushed up to fix Toni's hair. Bill had a towel on hand to buff Hank's head. I thought Hank's toast was the best. He told the story of how, five years earlier, at his daughter's wedding, he and Greg Phillips had wrestled for the garter. (That, and how it ended up on *America's Funniest Home Videos* is another tale, and this report is long enough as it is.) His toast ended with, "If I had known then that this is what that would lead to, a thousand men couldn't have taken that garter from me."

The cakes were delicious. A while later, Toni threw her bouquet, with Ruth Feingold being the lucky catcher. Greg wrestled for the garter with Andrew, the British boyfriend of one of Toni's friends. Not long after that, the blissful couple took their leave of us.

Most of the other people started to leave then, so the Hostess committee started taking down decorations. I decided to have a room party back in my room at the motel, and directed Eric to take the four boxes of booze that the bartender had left. Once all the indoor decorations had been removed and the presents had been secured into Ruth F. and Jeff's vehicle, Ruth J. drove my car with me and JoAnn and Randy in it back to the motel (I told you that I had availed myself of the bartender's services).

We had a good party back at the Jameson, with all the fannish types who were staying there, plus Eric, Vera and Marsha. Gary and Debbie even brought the babies up for a while. Randy and Eric and I were the last ones left at about 2 AM, got one of those crazy urges that happen when you're up in the middle of the night and decided to go to Atlanta and get

something to eat! Randy drove because he was sober and had lived in Atlanta for a year a while back. Eric suggested barbecue. I didn't realize it at the time, but Gary told me later that Eric had told him at the reception that he had never had barbecue! How can this be?!? Something must be done. But, we weren't able to do anything about it that night, because we couldn't find an open barbecue joint at 3 AM in the part of Atlanta we visited – mostly Randy's old stomping ground in and around Buckhead. So, we went to The Atlanta Diner and Eric got fried chicken, which is certainly southern as well.

We got back to Covington a little after 5 AM and then all went our separate ways to get some sleep. Toni woke me at 10, trying to get her mother, next door. Randy, bless him, showed up at 10:30 with a Diet Coke for me. I arranged to extend my checkout until 1 PM and called Toni back and asked her if she could come pick up the booze (still most of four boxes). She said sure, after her mom came over to drop off the stuff in her car. So I hugged Vera goodbye. Randy and I said goodbye to Eric, who had to leave to try to get to the Raleigh Durham airport by 6 PM. (He wasn't able to find a reasonably priced flight to Atlanta. He claimed that flying to Raleigh, renting a car and driving 450 miles to Covington was cheaper by the time he got around to booking the flight. We were worried about him making it, but he did.) I hugged Randy goodbye and he left for Huntsville. I packed up my stuff, checked out and lugged the booze boxes downstairs to wait for Toni and Hank. They showed up a little after one, still all smiles from their big day. We loaded the liquor boxes and boxes of decorations from my trunk and I hugged them goodbye and hit the road.

I had to stop at the Alabama Welcome Center and take a cat nap because I was dangerously close to falling asleep at the wheel, but after that I made it fine. I think that by that point, I was rivaling the bride for lack of sleep. I took a much longer nap when I got home and still slept very well that night.

It was a wonderful experience to see two such great people united in a romantic and fun event and I was honored to help them prepare for it. Toni has been a very good friend to me, especially when it comes to relationships, so it made me very happy to see her so blissed out. Toni and Hank give me hope. I wish them all the best. 🍷



Open Letter to ConComs

by Hank Reinhardt

Hank Reinhardt sent a version of this letter to the convention committee of Con*Stellation in Huntsville, expressing concern about their restrictive "no weapons" policy and explaining why he felt such a policy was detrimental to fandom now and contrary to fandom's history. He also explained he would not attend the convention if this policy were continued. They made him no reply, but Hank and I suspect this policy is widespread enough that we've asked Julie to run this as an open letter to all convention organizers. We both welcome any reasoned responses to Hank's points, either directly to us, or via the Bulletin.--T.K.F. Weisskopf
tweisskopf@mindspring.com

Dear Convention Committee,

I recently received the mailing for Con*Stellation. In reading it I was dismayed to see that you have a "No Weapons Policy."

I would ask that you reconsider this, as I believe that it is not only detrimental to fandom, but it is also insulting to fans in general.

Let me explain. I have been involved with science fiction since 1943, and with fandom since 1949. I have been attending conventions in the South since the 1965 DSC. Since the very first Worldcon in the 1930s, the wearing of hall costumes has been a tradition in fandom. And most hall costumes require a weapon to be worn. Whether it's a Buck Rogers raygun from 1941, or a plastic blaster, or a sword--real or plastic--weapons are a necessary part of any costume.

Despite all of the urban legends, the wearing of costumes and weapons does not present a safety hazard nor is it forbidden by the insurance companies. I was a safety engineer for over 20 years, working with many insurance companies, and frankly they could care less if the attendees are wearing a sword or raygun. This tired old excuse has been trotted out a

lot, and it is pure nonsense. I would point out the large number of gun shows that are insured with no problem.

In the past few years of attending conventions I have noticed the definite lack of young fans. More and more of the conventions are filled with older fans, and with fewer and fewer young ones. This was very evident at the recent Worldcon in Philly. Now, while I do not say that not allowing costumes and weapons is the main cause, I do think it is a strong contributing factor. Why should a young fan attend a convention where he or she is not allowed to wear a weapon, when they can go to Dragoncon, the SCA, the Rennfair, or any

of the other events where it is permitted or even encouraged? They simply won't, and then they fail to enter fandom.

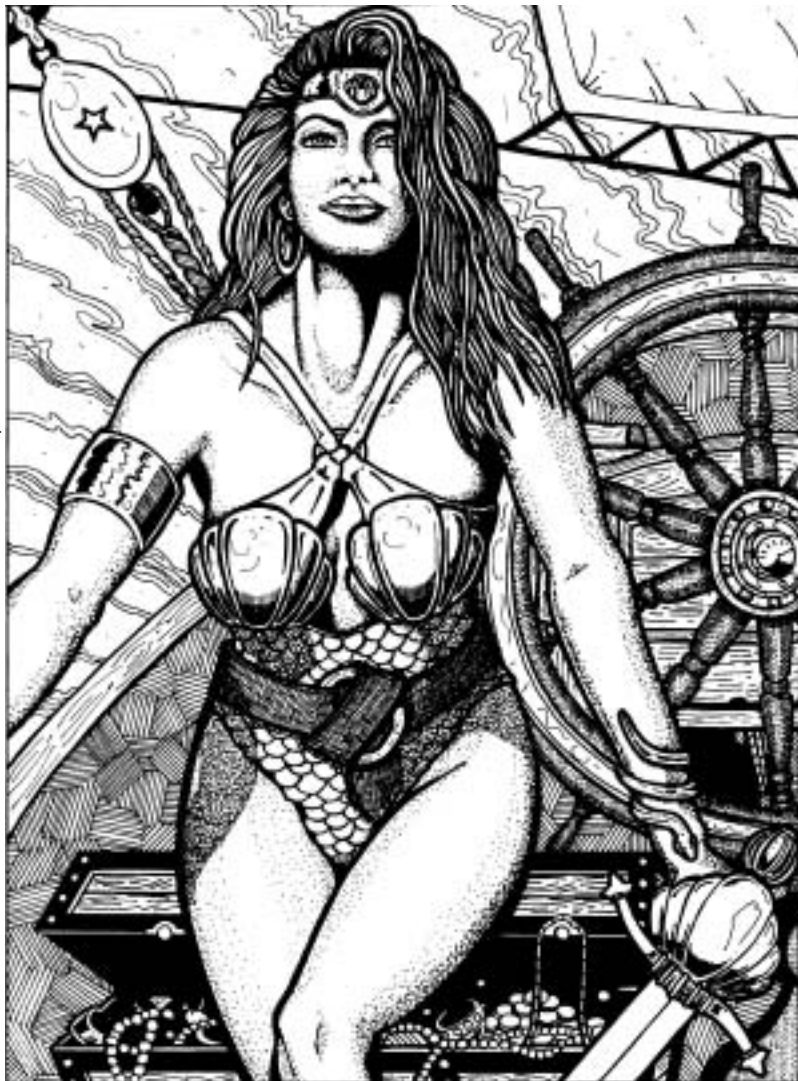
I must also state that there is a certain hypocrisy in your flyer, since you show a woman wearing a dagger and holding a sword and shield, but the attendees are not allowed to dress this way.

No one was ever offended by the requirement to "peacebond" the weapon. But the banning of them is positively insulting. It would appear that you consider all fans to be so immature and unstable that they cannot be trusted at all!

With this policy in place I will not

attend the convention. I have been in fandom too long to suffer such nonsense.

Hank Reinhardt
hankfin@prodigy.net



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Southern Convention List

Convention listings are as accurate as possible at the time they are published. 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 the editor by one of the methods listed on the colophone. Also, this list is not exhaustive. It contains conventions in the South that your editor has been to or heard of or have made themselves known to her. For a more complete list, go see Kelly Lockhart's web site, the Southern Fandom Resource Guide: <http://www.scenic-city.com/sfrg/calendar.htm>

2002

GALACTICON Mar 22-24, Ramada Inn South, Chattanooga, TN. Guest: Mike Orock. C/O Melvin Baumgardner, Jr., 6636 Shallowford Rd., Chattanooga, TN 37421, galacticon@vei.net, www.thewebfool.com/galacticon/

MIDSOUTHCON 20 Mar 22-24, Holiday Inn Select, Memphis, TN. Guests: C.J. Cherryh, Tom Kidd, Cullen Johnson., PO Box 11446, Memphis, TN 38111, 901-664-6730, 901-664-4320 (fax), info@mid-southcon.org, <http://www.midsouthcon.org/>

AGGIECON 33 Mar 21-24, Memorial Student Center, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX. Guests: Neil Gaiman, Charles Keegan. Memorial Student Center, Box J-1, Texas A&M University, TAMUS 1237, College Station, TX 77844-1237, YaruGL@tamu.edu, YaruGL@tamu.edu

KUBLAKHAN 30, Apr 19-21, Days Inn Airport, Nashville, TN. Guests: Fred Pohl, Ron Miller, Andrew J. Offutt. P.O.Box 68203, Nashville, TN 37206, www.telalink.net/badger/khubla30.html

OASIS 15 May 24-26, Radisson Plaza Orlando, Orlando, FL. Guests: Ben Bova, Mike Conrad, Michael Longcor. P.O. Box 940992, Maitland, FL 32794, VMail 407-263-5822, www.oasfis.org/oasis15.html

CONCAROLINAS June 1-2, Marriott Executive Park, Charlotte, NC. PMB 2004, 401 Hawthorne Ln., Suite 110, Charlotte, NC 28204, VMail: 336-294-8041, concarolinas@yahoo.com, www.secfi.org/con-carolinas

DEEPSOUTHCON 40/FANHISTORICON 12 Jun 14-16, Huntsville Hilton, Huntsville, AL. Guests: Allen Steele, Connie Willis, Vincent DiFate, Nicki & Rich Lynch. POB 4857, Huntsville, AL 35815-4857, dsc40@con-stellation.org, www.con-stellation.org/dsc40

LIBERTYCON 16 July 26-28, Ramada Inn South, East Ridge (Chattanooga) TN. Guests: S.M. Stirling, Larry Elmore, John Ringo, Darryl Elliot. P.O. Box 695, Hixson, TN 37343-0695, uncletimmy@libertycon.org, <http://www.libertycon.org/index.html>

CRESCENT CITY CON XVII Aug 9-11, Best Western Landmark Hotel, Metairie, LA. Guests: Virginia Hey, Gregory Benford, Sharon Green, George Alec Effinger, Jack Stocker, Ted Nasmith, David and Janice Liang. P.O. Box 52622, New Orleans, LA, 70152-2622, 504-488-0489, CCNO@AOL.COM, www.crescentcitycon.com.

CONJOSE/60TH WORLDCON Aug 29-Sep. 2, 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.sfsc.org/worldcon/Index.htm, ConJose@sfsc.org

DRAGON•CON Aug 30-Sep 2, Hyatt Regency and Marriott Marquis, Atlanta, GA. PO Box 16459, Atlanta, GA 30321-9998, dragoncon@dragoncon.org, www.dragoncon.org.

TRINOC•CON 3, Oct 4-6, Downtown Durham Marriott, Durham, NC. Guests: Lois McMaster Bujold, Dave Arneson, Fred Chappell. P.O. Box 10633, Raleigh, NC 27605-0633, info@trinoc-con.org, www.trinoc-con.org

BOUCHERCON 2002 Oct 17-20, Austin TX. Guests: Mary Willis Walker, Sparkle Hayther, Bill Crider. POB 27277, Austin TX 78755, 877-607-7223.acs@crimeandspace.com

CON•STELLATION XXI: PAVO Oct 18-20, Tom Beville Center, Huntsville, AL. P.O. Box 4857, Huntsville AL 35815-4857, constell@con-stellation.org, www.con-stellation.org/

2003 and On

TORCON 3/61ST WORLDCON Aug 28-Sep 1, Metro Toronto Convention Centre, Toronto ON, Canada. Guests: George R. R. Martin, Frank Kelly Freas, Mike Glyer, Spider Robinson, Robert Bloch. POB 3, Station A, Toronto ON M5W 1A2 Canada, info@torcon3.on.ca, www.torcon3.on.ca

NOREASCON 4/62nd WORLDCON: Sep 2-6, 2004, Hynes Convention Center, Boston, MA. Guests: Terry Pratchett, William Tenn, Jack Speer, Peter Weston. POB 1010, Framingham, MA 01701, info@mcfi.org, www.noreascon.org

2005 WORLDCON BIDS: UK05, Glasgow UK (379 Myrtle, Sheffield, S Yorks S2 3HQ England; kcampbell.cix.co.uk; www.uk2005.org.uk)

I5 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/I5in05.htm>).

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

Los Angeles CA (www.scifiinc.org/)

2007 WORLDCON BID: Japan (www.nippon2007.org)

2008 WORLDCON BID: Los Angeles

2010 WORLDCON BID: Chicago, Xerps, (<http://members.xoom.com/Xerps2010/>), North Pole

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@msoe.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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Annotated Fanzine Listings

by Tom Feller

Please send paper 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. eZines should be sent to tomfeller@aol.com

Anglophile Monthly, #114, published by William P. King, PO Box 33515, Decatur, GA 30033. No trades. Available for \$15 for 12 issues. British entertainment news.

Anime Sacramento Newsletter, October-November 2001, newsletter of Anime Sacramento, 5422 Colusay Way, Sacramento, CA 95841-2304. Edited by Laurine White. Club and Anime news.

Ansible, #'s 172-174, 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.

Aztec Blue, #5, published by Murray Moore, 1065 Henley Road, Mississauga, ON L4Y 1C8, Canada. Howard Devore writes about his experiences as a printer, Robert Lichtman and Curt Phillips appreciate the late Boyd Raeburn, and Murray reprints an article by Boyd.

CAR-PGa Newsletter, Vol. 10, #'s 11-12, & Vol. 11, #'s 1-2, 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. In #11, Carsten Obst describes the reactions of German fans to a proposed Perry Rhodan TV show there, and Paul reviews a book on centaurs. In #12, Paul reports on his efforts to get solid information about a murder in which Dungeons and Dragons is allegedly involved.

Challenger, #'s 14 & 15, published by Guy Lillian, PO Box 53092, New Orleans, LA 70153-3092. Available for \$6 per issue. In #14, Gregory Benford describes meeting Chesley Bonestell, Gary Brown talks about collecting comic books, Richard Dengrove discusses the science fiction of Cyrano de Bergerac, Mike Resnick reports on Chicon 2000 and contributes a transcription of his 1988 Hugo Award emcee comments, John Berry contributes a story from his career as a fingerprint expert, Gene Stewart compares print zines to electronic publishing, Robert Kennedy gives an account of jury duty, Roger Sims provides us with his version of the Room 770 party at the first Nolacon, and Charles Williams Jr. & Charles Williams III describe going to the 1986 Sugar Bowl. In #15, Guy, Tim Marion, Tamim Ansary, Joe Major, and Robert Whitaker Sirignano reflect on the events of 9/11, Guy eulogizes Poul Anderson, describes a court case, and reviews A.I., Gregory Benford remembers Fred Hoyle and compares John Varley and Jules Verne, Terry Jeeves describes his cartooning experiences, Ben Indick appreciates Edd Cartier, Mike Resnick reports on Millennium Philcon, As an added bonus, #15 includes pictures from Guy's marriage to Rose-Marie Donovan and from Millennium Philcon.

Communications Console, #'s 5&6, 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. #5 observes the 10th anniversary of Gene Roddenberry's death.

Con-Temporal, Vol. 8, #'s 11 & 12 and Vol. 9 #1, published by Pegasus Publishing, PO Box 1845, Sherman, TX, 75091-1845. Edited by Scott Merritt. Monthly subscription: \$40 per year; Bi-Monthly subscription: \$30 per year. No trades. This zine has the most comprehensive listing of conventions that I have seen.

Covert Communications From Zeta Corvi, #8, published by Andrew Murdoch, 508 - 6800 Westminster Highway, Richmond, BC, Canada V7C 1C5. Besides reviews and locs, Andrew writes about obtaining an electronic copy of Stephen King's "Riding the Bullet" and reports on V-Con.

De Profundis #'s 346-349, official newszine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS), 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601. Edited by Marty Cantor. Club news, calendar, and meeting minutes. Ted White has a fanzine review column. In #349, Len Moffatt eulogizes John Stanley Woolston.

File 770, # 139, 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 it has an active letter column. Mike, Ed Green, and Tim Marion discuss the events of September 11; David Kyle appreciates the late Milt Rothman; and Mike reports on Millennium Philcon.

Feline Mewsings, #6, published by R-Laurraine Tutihasi, 29217 Stonecrest Road, Rollings Hills Estates, CA 90275-4936. (This is an apazine written for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) and contains Laurraine's mailing comments. However, it is available outside the apa as well.) Laurraine reports on Millennium Philcon.

The Holmes & Watson Report, Vol. 5, #5, published by Brad Keefauver, 4009 N. Chelsea Place, Peoria, IL 61614. No trades. Subscriptions: \$16 per year for North America, \$22 for other continents. Besides Sherlockian articles and poetry, Stu Shiffman compares Holmes and the Silver Age Flash. Stu's cover is a Sherlockian rendition of Carmine Infantino's "Flash of Two Worlds".

The Illustrious Client News, Vol. 34, #6, the official newsletter of the Illustrious Clients (Sherlock Holmes), 540 W. Sycamore St., Zionsville, IN 46077. No trades. Edited by Steven T. Doyle. Besides club and Holmes news, several articles analyze *The Hound of the Baskervilles*.

Instant Message, #'s 686-696, newsletter of the New England Science Fiction Association, PO Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701-0809. Edited by Rick Katze. Club and Boskone news.

It Goes On the Shelf, #23, published by Ned Brooks, 4817 Dean Lane, Lilburn GA 30047-4720. Ned describes books and other items that he collects.

The Knarley Knews, # 91, published by Henry "Knarley" Welch, 1526 16th Avenue, Grafton, WI 53024-2017. Available for \$1.50 per issue. Besides letters and book reviews, Rodney Leighton reviews the zines *No Award* and *Twink*.

Lofgeornost, #65, published by Fred Lerner, 81 Worcester Avenue, White River Junction, Vermont 05001. (This is another apazine written for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) and contains Fred's mailing comments. However, it is available outside the apa as

well.) Fred reflects on the conflict between Islam and Western Civilization.

Mimosa, #27, published by Rich and Nikki Lynch, PO Box 3120, Gaithersburg, MD 20885. Available for \$4 per issue. Ron Bennett reports on the 2050 Worldcon, Eve Ackerman describes electronic publishing, Robert Madle remembers his experiences in fandom in the Thirties and Forties, Fred Smith compares space travel as imagined in science fiction and what actually happened, Mike Resnick discusses what he would put in a time capsule, Fred Lerner writes about Sixties Diplomacy gaming, Alexis Gilliland describes 2001: A Space Opera, Sharon Farber discusses how *Star Trek* jargon is now part of medical terminology, Esther Cole reports on the 1952 Worldcon in Chicago, Dave Kyle Appreciates Arthur C. Clarke, Earl Kemp describes the pornography publishing world in the Sixties, Forrest Ackerman appreciates Boris Karloff, Steven Lopata describes his work with tigers, and Bruce Pelz describes a visit to Robert Heinlein's house.

NASFA Shuttle, Vol. 21, #'s 11-12 and Vol.22, #1, 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 and Constellation news. Mike reports on this year's Constellation in #12 and eulogizes Jack Haldeman in #1.

Opuntia, #'s 48.5B, 49, 50, & 50.1A, published by Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2P 2E7. Almost all issues contain letters and book reviews. Dale describes his activities on 9/11 in #48.5, reports on Con-Version in #49, writes about junk and lunatic mail in #50, and reviews zines and mail art in #50.1A. Of interest to fan-historians, Cliff Samuels provides a brief history of Con-Version in #49.

Peregrine Nation: Halloween Special, #3, published by J. G. Stinson, PO Box 430314, Big Pine Key, FL 33043-0314. Available for \$1. Besides letters, zine reviews, and book reviews, there is a discussion of the events of September 11 and a description of "Life in the Modern American Newsroom" by J.G.

Scopus: 3007, #11, published by Alexander and Megan Bouchard, PO Box 573, Hazel Park, MI 48030-0573. Alex reflects on the death of his uncle and the events of 9/11.

SF Commentary, #77, published by Bruce Gillespie, 59 Keefe Street, Collingwood, VIC 3066, Australia. \$30 for five issues. Besides many book reviews and letters, Bruce reprints a long article by the late John Sladek analyzing the writing of Thomas Disch. Bruce also exchanges ideas on fanzine publishing in a series of e-mail with Robert Lichtman.

The Spermacti Press, July 2001, published by Peter Blau, 3900 Tunlaw Road NW #119, Washington, DC 20007-4830. Sherlock Holmes news. No trades.

Spirits of Things Past, #'s 4-5, published by Dick Smith, 410 W. Willow Road, Prospect Heights, IL 60070-1250. A fanzine of progress for ditto 14 and FanHistoriCon 11. #4 is a collection of recollections by fans about how they found fandom. #5 is the actual program book.

Terminal Eyes, # 4, published by Tim Marion, c/o Kleinbard, 266 East Broadway, Apt. 1201B, New York, NY 10002. This is an apazine for FAPA and contains Tim's mailing comments. Tim and

others write about the events of September 11, and Tim reprints a remembrance of Hannes Bok by Avram Davidson.

Three Pipe Problem Plugs and Dottles, newsletter of the Nashville Scholars of the Three Pipe Problem (Sherlock Holmes), November 2001 and January 2002. Edited by Gael Stahl, 1763 Needmore Road, Old Hickory, TN 37138. Available for \$7 annually; no trades. Club news, reviews, and discussion of The Canon. Gael reports on the Southern Festival of Books, Dean Richardson reviews the DVD of the 1923 version of The Lost World, and Davice Sharpe reports on Footprints of the Hound (a Sherlock Holmes con in Toronto).

Tripe Report, # 51, postcards from Bruce Pelz, 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills, CA 91344-3951. Short comments with puns from stops on his cruises. #51 is from Grand Cayman Island.

Twink, # 24, published by E. B. Frohvet, 4716 Dorsey Hall Drive, #506, Ellicott City, MD 21042. Besides reviews of books, TV shows, and zines and a letter column, E.B. discusses children characters in science fiction and reports on Capclave.

Vanamonde, #'s 418-437, 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. John reviews Conrad Hilton's autobiography and a play about Richard Feynman in #420 and eulogizes Hank Ketchum (creator of Dennis the Menace) in #421 and Poul Anderson in #430. #'s 422, 427, 432, & 437 contain responses from people outside the apa.

Visions of Paradise, #89, published by Robert Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Court, Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023. Robert prints his diary for April through August and reviews books and zines.

The Whaling News, Vol. 13, #'s 8 & 10 and Vol. 14, #1, a publication of the Harpooners of the Sea Unicorn, a Scion Society of the Baker Street Irregulars, PO Box 256, St. Charles, MO 63302-0256. Edited by Michael Bragg. No trades. Club news and Sherlock Holmes articles.

Yngvi is a Louse, #'s 73-74, published by Toni Weisskopf, 3188 Atlanta Hwy, PMB Box 385, Athens, GA 30606. (This zine was originally intended for the Southern Fandom Press Alliance and includes her mailing comments to the other members.) In #73, Toni describes where she was on 9/11 and reflects on the events. In #74, she describes the experience of being in the Atlanta airport when it was shut down one day in November because of a security breach. Charlotte Proctor reviews books, plays, and movies in both issues.

Electronic Zines

District Messenger, #'s 215-218, newsletter of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London. Edited by Roger Johnson, roger_johnson@hotmail.com. Sherlock Holmes news.

Emerald City, #'s 74-77, published by Cheryl Morgan, cheryl@emcit.com. Requires Adobe Acrobat Reader. Besides detailed book reviews, Cheryl reports on Silicon and Shadow.con in #74, discusses the Hugo Awards in #75 and a controversy regarding Whitley Streiber fans in #76, and comments on the Celts in #77.

James Hogan Newsletter, published by James Hogan, newsletter@jamesphogan.com. Information about the author and

upcoming books and convention appearances.

THE REVENGE OF HUMP DAY!, published by Tim Bolgeo, tbolgeo@att.net. Fannish news, especially Libertycon, and jokes.

WOSSNAME, Newsletter of the Klatchian Foreign Legion. Published by Joseph Schaumburger, JSCHAUM111@aol.com. Terry Pratchett and Discworld news.

Web Sites

Efanzines.com at <http://efanzines.com/>. Published by Bill Burns. This site contains downloadable electronic versions of zines by Andy Hooper, Victor Gonzales, Arnie and Joyce Worley Katz, Earl Kemp, Michael Lowry, Bill Bowers, Marty Cantor, Alexander Bouchard, and others. There are also zine reviews by Ted White and links to other fanzine sites.

Last year's **Ditto/Fanhistoricon** at <http://www.kcsciencefiction.org/01ditto01.htm>. Compiled by Keith

Stokes. Photos of Bob Tucker, Leah Zeldes and Dick Smith, Jack Speer, Art Widner, Steve Francis, Joe Siclari, Edie Stern, Mark Olson, Alex and Phyllis Einsenstein, Roger Sims, Dan Caldwell, Naomi Fisher, Pat Molloy, Forrest Ackerman, and other fans.

Gegenschein at <http://www.ericlindsay.com/sf/geg91.htm>. Published by Eric Lindsay. Eric comments on subjects ranging from A to Z (literally) and reviews books.

Scifi Dimensions at <http://www.scifidimensions.com>. Published by John C. Snider. Reviews, fiction, con reports, interviews, fiction, and commentary.

Scholars of the Three Pipe Problem at <http://www.nashvillescholars.net>. Published by Jim Hawkins. Sherlock Holmes and club news, interviews with prominent Sherlockians, calendar of events, and the Nashville club's newsletter.

VideoVista at <http://www.videovista.net>. Published by Tony Lee. Video reviews. 🐱

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Letters of Comment

November 7: **Harry Warner, Jr.** 423 Summit Avenue,
Hagerstown, MD 21740

Penitent again I am as I finally thank you for continued arrival of *The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin*. I haven't been well in recent months but I should write locs even on evenings when I don't feel well enough to do so. That was how I used to keep going.

I could have sworn that a new *Bulletin* arrived just a few days ago. But I can't find it in my register of mail received and it isn't near the top of one of the two stacks of unlocced fanzines. If it exists, I'll attend to it as soon as possible, and meanwhile confine myself in this letter to the August issue which has been awaiting attention for two months and one week.

There's not much chance that Hagerstown will have a minor league ice hockey franchise in the immediate future. Ice rinks are a sore topic in this area. At the urging of many persons who like to skate and even more persons who had enjoyed skating competition on Olympics telecasts, the city fathers decided to finance construction of a rink at the old abandoned fairgrounds property. Projections showed that it would pay for itself pretty soon. It opened in August 1997. It has had since then six managers who have either quit abruptly or been fired, it is finishing in the red by \$134,500 annually, patronage has been dropping the past couple of years, and there are constant complaints from the local public about rowdy behavior and about the lack of time when the local public can skate there because out-of-town youth leagues have been holding games almost daily. But I admire your endurance of so many problems to enjoy a Stanley Cup playoff game.

All the material reporting on this and that con was very well written and informative about matters which I hadn't seen chronicled elsewhere in fanzines. The Midwestcon report was particularly specific and detailed. But I imagine that this particular con would be the worst of them all for a total newcomer to fandom to attend, unless he or she was in the company of an annual visitor to this con who would prevent the newcomer from feeling as if he had crashed a party where he knew neither the attending fans nor the traditional aspects of the event.

It is indeed alarming how many persons scheduled to be guests of honor or toastmaster at a large con never live to carry out their role. I honestly believe that if this ever came to the attention of the insurance companies, it might raise the life insurance premiums for those who admitted to undertaking these obligations. And perhaps there could be a tenuous connection in some of the deaths because of the stress a major role at a large con imposes on an individual, particularly an older one. Bob Tucker obviously has a smart physician who told him he'd better stay away from cons, and just think, Bob is only a few years older than me. To be sure, whenever my

death comes, nobody can blame it on my going to cons.

It seems strange to read about the high water suffered by Pamela Boal not too long ago, because Hagerstown has become as dry as it was when the Volstead Act was put into effect. My front porch roof had been leaking for years, and previous spending to have a coating put over it didn't do much to solve the problem. Finally in August I contracted to have a much more expensive remedy put into effect, a tough rubbery substance placed over the leaking metal. Since the work was done, there hasn't been anything better than a light shower that wasn't sufficient to have cause the leaking in any event. The final payment for the work is due, and I hesitate to send the check for fear I'll finally learn that the roof still leaks when a hard rain finally comes. *{{Oh, Harry! Don't get me started about leaks. I have had a leaking roof and/or chimney for the last six months, which has cost me a lot of money and twice as much aggravation. I'm still not sure it's completely fixed, and two rooms of my house have been in disarray the whole time!}}*

E.B. Frohvet puzzles me with his statement that no woman won a French Open tennis championship between 1985 and this year. Were the winners in all the intervening years specimens of the mysterious half-man, half-woman described in a book that was advertised year after year in the prozines? I never sent off for a copy but I kept looking for such people every time the advertisement was repeated and I never could be sure if I'd spotted one of them.

Staples has done my apazine copying for the past six months. The store that had been doing my copying for years and years closed down and it was an awful jolt to find my bills so much higher than its rates had been. Staples charges only about twice as much as the closed establishment charged, a big improvement over a couple of other places I tried. I also am pleased with the cardboard boxes in which they place my



order, because it is useful for other purposes in my home. I've been meaning to visit the OfficeMax branch that opened in the Hagerstown area about a year ago. Occasionally its advertising circular that comes with the Sunday newspaper contains a coupon good for a hundred or so free copies but as luck would have it, I never have anything to be copied at those times.

Naomi's letter could easily have held up as a separate article under a title and byline. She writes so glowingly about Australia that even Eric Lindsay might be motivated by the letter to spend some time there instead of commuting almost monthly to other parts of the world.

December 2: **Pamela Boal**, 4 Westfield Way, Charlton Heights, Wantage, OXON, OX12 7EW, United Kingdom

As ever I received the Bulletin with interest and pleasure. My fannish activity had not been in the right place or at the right time for me to come across Meade Frierson, my loss, because the tributes to him made it clear that he was the best type of fan. A complete person who chose fandom but did not need it.

Tom Feller as ever provides not only an interesting Con report but seasons it with his personal experiences of the times and place. That broader picture is what makes for me the best zines.

Liked the Guy and Rosy wedding report. One gets to know a person through their zines but such articles in other folks zines really puts flesh on the bones.

Well with five grandchildren plus a great niece and nephew to think about the festive season is rushing upon me. No time to sit and natter, wishing you and yours and Southern Fandom all the best of the season's wishes.

December 27: **Mike Rogers**, 3732 Occonechee Trail, Chattanooga, TN 37415-4333, mleerog@bellsouth.net

Thanks for the coverage of Meade Frierson's passing. It was a shock. It was especially good to read comments from Deb Hammer-Johnson. It's a shame we could not entice her to remain in fandom. She was always one of the liveliest people in the room anywhere she went. I should make a minor correction to Guy Lillian's piece. Penny Frierson was co-Chairman of ConFederation with Ron Zukowski of Atlanta, not sole Chairman. Ron is still a very close friend (I lived with him for about a year in the late '80s before returning to Tennessee). He is not active in fandom but stays in touch.

As I told Guy in a letter to *Challenger*, it's always a joyous occasion when two people find each other and even more so when it happens later in life. May they enjoy nothing but happiness.

If Tom and Anita and I ever end up at a New Orleans convention, I must tag along with the group as they search out the jazz clubs. When I visited a couple of times in recent years, I did not find as much jazz as one might have expected. Some but not a lot. Maybe I was not looking in the right places. Did

find a club called Snug Harbour or something similar that was pretty good.

Since I often feel like a refugee from an older time, black tie would have been the choice for the BLT party. Nowadays even a coat and tie is overdressed for most occasions. And it used to be that it was always better to dress up than dress down. Not anymore. Instead of assuming that you're a slob if you dress down, they think you're a dork if you dress up. But like most fans, I've always felt a bit like a stranger in a strange land.

Frohvet's speaking of fans with sports interests leads me to ask: am I the only SF fan who is also a NASCAR fan? I know one fannish type who is more of a road racing fan. Also on his letter, I would count Mary Pierce as American despite her French background and fluency in the language. Don't know where she lives now, but suspect more of the childhood influences were American.

One advantage of middle age is that you catch a few of the references that youngsters miss. Schmoos come from the L'il Abner strip, not Andy Capp. Sheryl was thinking of the cartoonist Al Capp who drew L'il Abner and Mammy Yoakum and Daisy Mae and all the other characters of Dogpatch. At least the syndicate did not try to continue the strip after Capp's demise. Some things should be left alone.

Maybe a true expert on ice hockey should answer the question about playoff hockey vs. the regular season, but most announcers tell you the difference is that everyone plays much tighter defense in the playoffs. You'll see that level of intensity from time to time during the regular season, but not regularly because it would take much too much energy. Remember that the regular season alone is 80+ games. Add a possible 28 games in the playoffs (four rounds of up to seven games each) and the physical grind will wear down even the best conditioned player. Veteran players learn it makes sense to save some gas for the end of the season instead of burning it up early.

I would like to encourage everyone to check out the SFC Web site for even more information about Southern fandom, as well as previous issues of the *Bulletin* and other goodies. During 2002 I hope to become much more knowledgeable about the current state of Southern fandom by traveling to conventions and club meetings as circumstances allow. Don't be surprised if the blue Dodge Caravan shows up at a meeting near you!

December 18: **Joy V. Smith**, 8925 Selph Road, Lakeland, FL 33810, Pagadan@aol.com

Poignant cover. Reminds me of the day I watched them come down.

Re: editorial. The loss of so many good people should remind us to appreciate the ones we have left. I'm glad to hear the SFC has a web site again. I'll check it out, also the Doc Savage one you mentioned.

A memorial (Meade Frierson III) with so many contributors gives a wonderful perspective on a person's contributions.

I loved Naomi Fisher's report on Guy Lillian's wedding--done with such Mardi Gras flair! All the best to him and Rosy.

The Hemingway article by Rich Gutkes was very interesting. I enjoyed the con reports, especially the sayings from the buttons. Also the Annotated Fanzine Listings, the SF Clubs in the South, the Southern convention list, the LOCs, and the cartoons and illos, especially Teddy Harvia's cartoon on p 25. (Gotta remember that line.)

January 6: **E.B. Frohvet**, 4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506, Ellicott City, MD 21042

I regret that I never knew Meade Frierson. It was always one of those names that one heard of as a Big Name Fan, yet his path in fandom never crossed mine. Condolences to his family and many friends.

I note your observation that you "know more" about the outside world after 11 September. The problem is what to do with that knowledge? The truth is that the world has always been a violent and scary place – most Americans have simply been shielded from that reality. It is the old lesson of the playground: you will get the shit kicked out of you unless you kick back. Those who say, "Violence never solved anything" have no grasp of realpolitik.

Thanks to Naomi Fisher for her short but charming account of the Rose-Marie Donovan/Guy Lillian III wedding. Guy's own account in Challenger demonstrated, as you observe, that he was so blindsided by the occasion as to be incapable of describing it. I had the honor of meeting the happy pair at the Chicago Worldcon; if anyone deserves happiness, it is these two.

Tom Feller writes, "We drove over Monteaagle in the sunshine so Anita was calm..." Is the lady distressed by driving in bad weather? Last September on a trip to Pennsylvania the skies opened, and I drove for nearly an hour, seldom in excess of 35 MPH, in a driving downpour. It was not the conditions that bothered me, but the fact that everyone else in the vehicle found it necessary to comment on the weather roughly every 30 seconds.

I fail to grasp why Anita did not care for the Philly cheese steak. There is no such thing as too many onions. (Oddly, the best Philly cheese steak I ever had was in a Lebanese-run sandwich shop in Baltimore...)

Laura Haywood's report on Trinoc*Con has the virtue of brevity—perhaps too much so. She devotes an entire paragraph to button slogans but does not articulate what it was she found informative/entertaining about either the Writers' Workshop or the "late night haunted house presentation". Was a ghost brought in specially to haunt the hotel for the occasion?

Mike Rogers and Lloyd Penney both comment on the expense of publishing a paperzine. Mike says he paid \$40 for 25 copies of a 20-page zine. I'm doing roughly 100 collated/stapled copies of a 30+-page zine and that's just the

copying. It costs me \$1 to mail each US copy, \$1.35 each to Canada, and \$3.50 each outside North America. That's not counting envelopes (\$4.99/100). Why am I doing this? Someone remind me, I know there must be a reason.

One assumes the next issue will be your last issue, Julie, and someone else will take over with a new "volume". Any likely candidates? *{{Actually, as I said in my editorial column, I plan for this to be my next-to-last. I will do one more in June. I have bamboozled frequent Bulletin artist Randy Cleary into running for President, although anyone else who would like to take a turn is also welcome to become a candidate.}}*

December 28: **Sheryl Birkhead**, 25509 Jonnie Court, Gaithersburg, MD 20882

My sympathy to the extended family of Southern Fandom on the loss of Meade.

Thank you for the report and image of Guy and Rosie's wedding.

Wow – I don't get 15 of the zines listed. That's high for me, but good for pubbing. I think the Al Capp characters were Smoos, but I could also have the wrong spelling.

I surprised myself when I recounted how many people actually met during my short whirlwind visit to Philadelphia—10 while just at the Hugo ceremony. OKAY We're "even". While in the convention center Monday morning I THOUGHT I saw Art Widner, whom I met about ten years ago. I had to make a quick decision, do I say hi, or quickly sneak past? I decided to, uncharacteristically, say hi, which I did. But, just got a glare and a quick "No, he's much older than I am." Gulp, sorree. Okay, don't do that again.

Seeing Teddy Harvia's Wingnut cartoon on page 25 reminds me that Wingnuts is the name of the Production Company of ... uh, was it *LOTR* or *Harry Potter*? ... well, one of them. Sorry, I'm not a media fan.

In just a few days it will be time to start reconsidering Hugo nomination. One of these years I will actually feel good about the nominations I put in the categories I know. Usually I send in the form and THEN remember a myriad of other possible nominees.

I imagine both *LOTR* and *Harry Potter* will show up on the ballot, but I'm curious to see what fans feel about them—especially any who manager to see all the movies without have read the books. After the JRR Tolkien special last week, I changed my expectations for *LOTR* – knowing it is not a trilogy but IS one book split into three chunks. That means that neither of the first two was meant to stand alone—i.e. no resolution of the central theme should be expected. Then the print I saw of *Harry Potter* was a very poor one. Again, I'll be interested to see what fans



have to say.

A peaceful 2002 to us all.

December 27: **Henry L. Welch**, 1525 16th Avenue, Grafton, WI 53024, welch@msoe.edu

The bubble thing (mentioned in regard to Guy Lillian's wedding) seems to be becoming a popular replacement for bird seed which replaced rice. I believe the original intent was a gesture to fertility, but who knows what it means any more. The bubbles will probably last until someone realizes that it can slightly stain carpet and that the glycerine is poisonous to some mite or other.

November 23: **Lloyd Penney**, 1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, ON, CANADA M9C 2B2, penneys@attcanada.ca

As Scott Patri's incisive cover illustrates, the questions are simple. They may have complex answers, if they have answers at all. If the goal was to change the West irrevocably, then the goal has been met. Now, it is up to us to get things back to normal while still thinking of the 3500+ people who died on September 11 and subsequently. Those horrific images are still so fresh in my mind... It would still be good to understand those who did these things, and ask why they felt such deeds had to be done.

A Turkish/Canadian boyfriend? Is that Neyir Cenk Gökçe in Ottawa? Lucky guy! (Yes, everyone, I can agree with the Wingnuts, Julie is definitely cute. And that reddish glow in the southern skies is Julie blushing. Awww...) *{{Indeed! Yes, it is Cenk. In fact, he was visiting when your LoC arrived.}}* My condolences to everyone in the SFC over the death of Meade Frierson. I think I met Meade only once at a Worldcon. There's never enough time to get to know all the people you meet at a Worldcon. And I only saw Guy and Rosy once in Philadelphia, rushing off to something...Philly was a good time, but there are occasions when five days just isn't enough. (And most times, it's too much...) Because of the horrific exchange rates (they've gotten worse since), we were there for only three days total.

Toronto also marked Ernest Hemingway's centenary in 1999. He spent some of his working days here, and was a foreign correspondent for the *Toronto Star*, especially during the Spanish civil war. He was a big man, but smaller than his reputation, and smaller yet than the picture he painted of himself in his writing. Lou Ferrigno is another person who spent a little time in Toronto...at one time, Lou tried out for the position of quarterback of the Canadian Football League's Toronto Argonauts. He didn't get the position, and unfortunately, his deafness was held against him. He went on to much greater things...

I've written a lot already about my Philadelphia Worldcon, so I won't repeat myself, except to say that as did Tom, I had no real responsibilities except to enjoy myself, and I did just that. And, except for seeing you there, Julie, I don't think I ran

into anyone from the SFC, unless it was Steve and Sue at the CFG lounge, always an island of good friends and hospitality. The Hugos were a lot of fun, I sold some CUFF trip reports in the fanzine lounge, we partied far too much, and we ran into lots of old friends, especially Johannes Berg from Norway. I placed well in the Best Fan Writer Hugo, tied with Guy Lillian again, and just off the ballot by a handful of nominations, and as we all did, we got our exercise from walking that cavernous convention centre.

Photocopying...Staples is buying up everything in sight. Here, there were two major chains, Business Depot and Office Depot. BD is now Staples Business Depot, and most Office Depots here have disappeared. It's looking more and more like a monopoly here. Usually, I need lots of various coloured paper, so if I want some quality photocopying, I go to Kinko's. There's five or six of them here now.

My letter...I have indeed gotten in touch with Craig Miller and the LA in 2006 folks, and we are now distributing bid flyers across Canada, with the addition that the 2006 Worldcon will be chosen at Torcon 3. We've also volunteered our services to Noreascon 4. They don't need a Canadian agent, so perhaps we can do something on site.

Time to fold up and fire this into the ether. Many thanks for another interesting issue. I imagine you're feeling some relief in that your term as editor will soon be done...is next issue your last one? Is there another candidate on the horizon? No matter...thank you for your good work. We'll see you next issue.

January 5: **Trinlay Khadro** P O Box 240934, Brown Deer, WI 53224-0934, trin@dias.net

Hey! You have a boyfriend! Good! Of course he doesn't like turkey, he's a Turk. (how punny!) I had a Turkish doctor a while back, he's since retired, he was great... always suggesting that I should put ON weight. (He was right!)

The cranes *{{Trin sent me an origami Christmas crane, which I hung on my tiny Norfolk Island Pine tree for the season. It was great to have another lightweight ornament, because the Norfolk Island has pretty delicate branches.}}* have been such a big hit, I'm wondering how I'll top them next year.

My daughter has grown up so fast it's actually a shock. I'm not nearly old enough to have a high school student daughter!

We've been playing video games and watching DVDs on her PS2, which she got from my parents and uncle. Some of the DVDs have some wonderful extras. (Like picking between dubbed or subtitle on foreign films...)

Recently, my uncle has been frightened by odd noises in his house at night. I went around the house and told the house "don't scare Allen anymore please" and last night it was quiet. If there ARE ghosts, they're probably relatives, Grandma, her brother or the other uncle. I might be scared of the ghost of a stranger, but not a relative.

Thanks for the great zine with the wedding report, and I think I would have enjoyed Meade...

At a fannish household locally, we spent New Year's Eve with a house full of faanish friends. Beneath the X-mas tree, a train, a Victorian village... and Godzilla marching through it.

KT has, for a few years now, referred to the trendy "popular" girls and their clones as "Lemmings". With my distractibility (especially while shopping) she compares me to our pet ferret. "Ooooh, lookit that..."

Since my last loc the remaining ratties have passed away. We don't yet know if we'll replace them, but we've sure enjoyed their friendship and intelligence.

December 12: **David Pettus** 811 Daniel Drive
Lawrenceburg, TN 38464, spaceman@lorettotel.net

Got the *Bulletin* today, and it really looks good – you're doing a fine job with it!

I'm grateful for the opportunity to appear there, though I was a little disappointed when I discovered that you didn't put my email address (spaceman@lorettotel.net) in the zine, nor did you mention my Doc Savage web site (<http://eagles.usit.net/doc/savage.html>), and actually, I was hoping that maybe I'd hear from some of my old friends if they had access to one or both addresses.

I was moved by comments from other fans who knew Meade, and who understood and appreciated his efforts to organize and energize southern fandom. I was also impressed with your own observations regarding the September 11th attacks – indeed, if we give up our way of life, the terrorists win. You're so right, Julie, and I agree that it's our duty to move on, but we must do it with caution, and a new determination, and a full realization the our world is different, and that it will never be the same again.

I can't believe Guy Lillian is a married man!!

{{I had to write back to Dave and apologize about the email address, but point out where I had put in a reference to the Doc Smith site in my editorial. So he wrote me back.}}

You're right!! I have no idea how I missed the mention of my Doc Savage web site – so, I stand corrected... and while I'm at it, I'll also mention that you taught me something there – I had no idea that Ms. Welty was the "namesake" for the Eudora email program – and hey, that's the program that I use!

I didn't really meet her, but I was in attendance at one of Nashville's Southern Festival of Books events some years ago, and I saw her there. A remarkable woman....

November 23 **Scott Thomas** P.O. Box 4088, Lexington, KY, 40544

Thanks for the August *Bulletin*. There's not a lot going on here, really. I went to ConGlomeration in the not too distant past. It was the first con I'd been to in quite a while and I enjoyed it. Well, not really the last con. I attended Lexfa's Archiecon, named after Archie Harper, who sets the whole

thing up. It's Lexfa's Halloween party, despite the fact it's always held the first Saturday of November (long story). It's a true minicon, with an attendance of somewhere between 25 and 40 souls. A 20 year (so far) tradition that's always fun. Minirelaxacon best describes it.

A friend of mine sent me an article which stated people aren't as social as they used to be – they don't get out and mingle with other people as much as they did in the past. I tend to believe this. As the present leader of Lexfa (the Lexington Science Fiction and Fantasy Association), I've found it's difficult to get new people to actually show up – though our email list has a thriving membership. Nothing stays the same, but I still like to get out and meet people face to face. Computers are wonderful tools, but that's all they are – tools. They're not replacements for getting together face to face. Oh well, maybe it's just me. *{{No, I would have to agree with you there.}}*

It's actually sort of fun heading up a small corner of fandom. I try to keep it local and interesting. Difficult at times, but a challenge. I give out small freebies at our monthly meetings (or try to, anyway), usually small items I can pick up in quantity cheap, from flea markets and surplus stores and such like. One of the many great things about fandom is the willingness to work together. If, for some reason or another, I can't make it

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to a meeting, it goes on regardless – others are willing to pitch in and help without being asked. Wish I could say that about places I've worked in the past.

December 3 **Tom Feller** P.O. Box 68203, Nashville, TN 37206, tomfeller@aol.com

I was not close to Meade either, although we always had cordial relations. I really liked the appreciations.

I list NO AWARD as an electronic zine, because that's the way I receive it. Since E.B. Frohvet has never printed an e-mail address in his zine, I guess he is one of those who receives physical copies.

December 19: **Timothy C. Marion** c/o Kleinbard, 266 East Broadway Apt. 1201B, NY, NY 10002

Thank you so much both for your editorial (“Off the Wall”) and all the memorials you printed to Meade Frierson. You're right—fandom, and Southern Fandom in particular, owes an insurmountable debt to that man. I like the way you put it, “...not many people knew him well...I regret that I wasn't one of the few, especially since I owe so much of what I have enjoyed in fandom to Meade.” Meade Frierson III was the first fan to print my name (and address!) in a fanzine, which I suspect was his very first *SFC Bulletin*, way back in the fall of 1970. Not only did that serve to introduce me to Southern Fandom as an entity; it also introduced me to the wonderful art of Steve Fabian, of whom I soon afterwards became a collector (Fabian's pontilistic illos were sprinkled throughout that digest-sized, offset issue). Although I never knew him well, and, to be honest, we had moments of misunderstanding, the few times I saw Meade and spoke with him, he was cordial enough to make me feel like an old friend. Meade performed an enormous labor of love and with those first *SFC Bulletins*, and I feel that you are doing a very good job following in his footsteps, so to speak (and I hope that doesn't sound condescending!). *{Not at all, Tim. Thanks very much. I have enjoyed my tenure as President/Editor, despite my occasional grouching. I'm just ready to let someone else have a turn.}*

Thanks to you and Tom Feller, too, for mentioning *Terminal Eyes* – it's appreciated. Also, I wanted to add that it took a moment or two to “get” the cover, but that's intentional, I think. Very moving.

November 25: **Yuri A. Mironets** Oktyabrskaya St. 2, Apt. 15, Vladivostok, 690000, Russia

Many thanks for sending me *The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin. Number 11* was especially interesting to me, as there were descriptions of WorldCon in Philadelphia at which I was present. I was able to attend Millennium Philcon only thanks to the generous contributions of many fans and SF writers. I want to express my deepest gratitude to all of them, because they helped to realize my lifetime dream. My

cherished desire was to attend at least one WorldCon in my life, and now my dream came true!

Catherine Mintz played a key role in my coming to WorldCon. And Catherine's husband Max met me in Philadelphia airport and showed me the historical part of the city. Max was a perfect guide (actually the best guide I ever met), and he managed to show me most of the places of interest in Philadelphia during those few hours we had at our disposal.

The days at WorldCon packed my head tightly with impressions and even now I'm still unwinding them. So many wonderful people to meet and to talk (to)! It was simply physically impossible to meet all the people I wanted to meet, but at least I met and talked briefly (or at least exchanged a couple of phrases) with most of them, and got photographed with them. When I show the students at my lectures on American Science Fiction the photos of famous SF writers, the students look at me with awe, as though I show and tell them something incredible. Such things increase their interest in science fiction immensely.

Life in Vladivostok is mostly routine, but there's certainly something queer with the weather – the autumn was unusually warm for Vladivostok, and even now the temperature in the open air is well above zero. A few months ago we elected a new governor of our region, and the first thing he promised to do was “to abolish winter”. It was, of course, a joke, but now it seems to (have) come true.

Well, that's about all of my news. Again I want to thank all the members of The Southern Fandom Confederation who helped me to get to WorldCon. I was very glad to meet there a former President of the SFC, Tom Feller, and we had quite an extensive talk about many things. Later, at the Masquerade he introduced me to his charming wife Anita. I made a whole album of photos at WorldCon, and the picture of Tom Feller with myself is among the most treasured.

Maybe there will be another chance somewhere in the future to meet my American friends whom I haven't met yet – who knows? Meanwhile, my best wishes to all the members of SFC and everything good in the last days of this year 2001.

November 12: **Joseph Nicholas** 15 Jansons Road, Tottenham, London N15 4JU, United Kingdom

Thank you for *SFCB Volume 7 Number 11* (and for the previous issues you've sent). I want to respond in particular to your comments about the attack on the World Trade centre in your editorial remarks.

“The world has changed” you say in response to this attack, echoing the comments of almost everyone else who's spoken about them. I disagree—I don't think the world has changed much if at all. Here are a few of the reasons why:

- The WTO continues to pursue its goal of an international trading system constructed by and for the benefit of the developed North (a bloc which includes North America and the EU as well as Japan), brusquely ignoring Majority World com-

plaints (most recently in Doha, Qatar earlier this month) about the non-implementation of measures agreed in previous negotiating rounds (for example, the maintenance of tariff barriers against their exports, in blatant contradiction of the “free trade” part of free trade);

- The IMF continues to impose “structural adjustment” programmes on Majority World countries which in the name of assisting them to meet their debt repayments require them to levy user fees on their citizens for water, education and health-care to substitute for now-prohibited state expenditure in these areas, destroying yet more of their fragile economies and thus reinforcing the immiseration of the world’s poorest people;

- The World Bank continues to finance so-called development projects such as large dams and forest clearances in the Majority World, supposedly in the name of building their infrastructure but in practice degrading their physical environments and thus their carrying capacity for future generations;

- Governments of the North continue to proclaim their commitment to democracy and their human rights while exporting taxpayer-subsidized weapons to regimes notable for internal repression of their citizens (Saudi Arabia, Indonesia) and rigged elections to secure the return of North-favoured politicians (Algeria, Egypt) – the long and ignoble history of governments overthrown, dictators installed and proxy wars pursued over the last fifty years is eloquent testament to the North’s fundamental contempt for the real needs of the Majority World; and

- An estimated 24,000 children under five in the Majority World continue to die every day of hunger, adding to the 6000 carried off each day by diarrhoea and the 2700 taken by preventable diseases like measles.

While such equalities remain, so will the desire to attack the perceived causes—which in essence, is what the 11 September assaults were: an attack on global inequality, and on the North’s enforcement of it.

Nevertheless, it would be hypocritical for us to flagellate ourselves too much—we are citizens of the North; we have routine access to the socio-economic benefits it offers; there is in consequence a disjuncture between what we think (certainly what I think) and the way we live. But we really do need to ask ourselves why we reacted as we did to the 11 September attack while not reacting at all to (for example) the 5000-odd raped, maimed and murdered when the Revolutionary United Front entered Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, on 6 January 1999, or (another example) the 800,000 Tutsis exterminated in the month beginning 6 April 1994, the start of the genocide in Rwanda (a per capita per day rate of execution which incidentally exceeded anything the Nazis managed during the Holocaust). If we’re going to claim that the murder of 5000 people in Manhattan (although I see that recent estimates now place the figure at 3000 and declining) required massed B52 strikes against one of the poorest countries in the world (it would be interesting to know how many of those now trumpeting about the Taliban’s treatment of women gave a damn about the issue before 11 September) then shouldn’t we have bombed

the RUF and the Hutu Interahamwe into oblivion as well? That we didn’t merely confirms that nothing’s changed: that we reacted as we did because we could watch the attack on the World Trade Center over and over again on television replays, while seeing nothing of what was happening elsewhere. Were a Majority World agitator (bearing in mind that one man’s terrorist is another’s freedom fighter) to argue that this demonstrated that the lives of Majority World peasants are considered less valuable than our own, it would be difficult to refute.

And you can be sure that if matters continue as they are, then there will be other attacks in future. The potential will be eliminated only if global integrity is eliminated: if the North at last begins to practice what it preaches. It could begin by writing off world debt, ceasing to sell weapons to Majority World despots, pumping money into health, education, housing, sanitation and transport programmes for the Majority World, funding good governance and anti-corruption programmes, initiating technology transfers to bring Majority World countries up to the same level of development—but you and I know that it won’t. The inevitable result will be continued poverty and inequality, continued resentment against the developed North—and continued terrorism. As Richard Holbrooke, Clinton’s enforcer in the former Yugoslavia remarked in an interview with *The Guardian* yesterday, the next attack is likely to be nuclear, simply because the perpetrators of each new terrorist attack will feel themselves under peer pressure to outdo the previous one.

*{{Well, Joseph, I suppose I should be glad that there was finally something in the **Bulletin** that you thought was worthy of comment. Even if it was something that you evidently found stupid and naive enough to give you a chance to lecture us about how terrible we are. I do agree with some small part of what you say, but I don’t care to discuss it here. Others are welcome to. Obviously, as most people recognized when reading my editorial last issue, I meant that **my** personal world – or world view – had changed. I think, however, the world has changed for the people of Afghanistan now, too – and probably not for the worse. And I know of a number of publications (even usually frothy “women’s magazines”) that were decrying the plight of women under the Taliban – and under other repressive Islamic fundamentalist regimes – long before September 11th. How else the world may change as a result of the “War on Terrorism” remains to be seen, but any changes that do occur will be the direct result of the atrocities of September 11th.}}*

January 1: **Paul Cardwell** 1127 Cedar, Bonham TX 75418

I have something for you this time (getting it off fast so I don’t forget like in the past). Covering 7.11, November 2001.

Joy V. Smith: *CAR-PGA* as an APA. On the other hand, we welcome articles for the *Newsletter* (with about a two page at 10 point type limit) on RPG. There is a discussion list at <egroups.com/group/car-pga> where similar contributions are welcome. Several members contribute to various APAs from

time to time, although the last one involving a member as editor was the *Lamented Pallas Podium*, an APA for women gamers, which had almost half the participants CAR-PGA members. If anyone would be interested in starting such an APA, I would certainly contribute (assuming you let a few token males in).

Lloyd Penney: Stubbies as ex-Canadian. I have always felt that the five-quart ice cream buckets were made from Imperial Gallon molds made obsolete by Canadian metrication. Longnecks have always been the tradition in Texas, despite their convenience as a weapon (the reason for stubbies in the first place).

Trinlay Khadro: Cuteness as a survival method. There was an article in *Scientific American* about a decade or so ago (too long ago for me to research the precise issue citation) on that very subject, and why cartoons exhibit neotany (the proportions of infants – big heads, short limbs, etc.) even in anthropomorphic animals. It didn't discuss the point, but I suspect that is why cartoon animals tend to have human dentation, even in carnivores – no menacing canines.

Anyone: I have a question that experienced fans should be able to answer. Uncommoncon canceled their second try at the last minute. The first one was good except for the inevitable teething snafus. While they did mention other unspecified problems, they lay most of the blame on the venue hotel. According to them, they could not make the minimum bookings as required in their contract because the same rooms could be obtained online, etc. outside the convention channels for a significantly lower price. Are they scapegoating or is this a real problem with conventions? If true, it would seem that the solution would be to boycott the hotels and hold conventions in municipal convention centers, colleges, churches, etc. with some information in the publicity literature concerning nearest hotels to the venue (and how to get the cheapest rates).

The Dallas-Fort Worth area is still one of the largest without a major game convention (or much else in the fan category). Granted, there is a certain chicken-and-egg situation there

in that one needs the fans for a convention, but a convention breeds fans. There was an attempt three years ago to get a game convention going. It first met in a church (that messed up some stereotypes—role-playing in a church) and the next year at a municipal convention center. Then Uncommoncon came on the scene after it was demonstrated that there was a base for game conventions (adding comics) so DFWCon bowed out (as their original purpose was simply to get cons restarted). Now Uncommoncon has abandoned the idea and we are back with another group of amateurs trying to fill the need.

If anyone has experience in starting conventions in areas without that particular form of con, I would be interested in any tips and suggestions. If the current attempt to start a game convention ex nihilo doesn't work, I will try to get the DFWCon group prodded back into action.

January 26: **John Hertz** 236 S. Coronado St., No. 409, Los Angeles, CA 90057

I did not know Meade well but had some interactions in fanzines over the years. I miss him and wish Penny the best.

Guy at his wedding must have been incandescent even without a sunburn.

I didn't notice the lack of soft drinks in the Worldcon Fanzine Lounge, but indeed that's serious. The huge blow-ups of classiczine covers were good, conversation, too.

We masquerade judges thought the dragons were cool but we saw lots more. You can read my report in *SF Chronicle* 220 (January 2002).

November 7: **Dr. Jack Stocker** 918 Gallier Drive, New Orleans LA 70126

As usual, I enjoyed my most recent issue of the SFC Bulletin but I would still like to see more SF material and fewer social notes. *{{Uh, oh. Guess you won't be all that happy with this one then.}}*

What provokes this letter, however, is a necessary response to the Letter of Comment from E.B. Frohvet which referred to a 1946 novel by Pat Frank (*Mr. Adam*) that placed an exploded nuclear reactor in Alabama rather than the author's choice of Mississippi. (Which should upset the citizens of the former state, at the least!) For those unfamiliar with the book—which certainly deserves reprinting, the first national nuclear reactor was sited in Mississippi because everyone agreed that state would be the least missed if an "accident" occurred. The accident did occur and resulted in the sterilization of every male in the world (except one). Note that this view of Mississippi may well have been the view of much of the country and its collective view of the Deep South (that's us, remember!) during the nineteen forties. The book deals with the subsequent social and political consequences. *{{Unfortunately, that stereotyping exists to this day, as well.}}*



This letter also included a further (ungrammatical) (Editorial?) comment that Frank only wrote one novel, *Alas Babylon*. I own yet a third novel, *Forbidden Area*; he may have written others as well. All three of these novels are excellent; his tongue-in-cheek humor in *Mr. Adam* is particularly splendid. *{{Yep. I was all wrong about that}}*

{{We began with a Harry Warner Jr. LoC, and now we'll finish with one}} December 26: **Harry Warner, Jr.**

It's so tiresome to begin every loc with a long apology for having fallen so far behind in comments on this particular fanzine. Tonight I feel in a daredevil mood and so I'm going to skip this preliminary, because the November issue of *SFC Bulletin* arrived only four days ago.

Almost all the material about Meade Frierson was excellent, in good taste, and illustrative of what a fine person he was. I don't believe I ever met him but we were APA associates for a while, and I seem to have a dim memory of having been on the mailing list of his fanzine with the Aztec-sounding title many years ago. The photograph caused him to look like any number of important good people who lived in the 19th century, war heroes and popular writers and poets, for instance.

Everyone must still be wondering why about the events of September 11. All I can suggest is that such tragedies have happened as long as there have been literate persons living in North America. The recent shootings in schools by students are dwarfed in size by the time a couple of centuries ago when Indians butchered more than a dozen students and the teacher in a small rural school about 15 miles north of Hagerstown. (One small boy was scalped but somehow survived to tell the story.) The town in which I was born, 22 miles north of here, was burned down by the Confederate army during the Civil War with more than 300 houses reduced to ashes. About 15 miles south of Hagerstown, there was a carnage called the Battle of Antietam in September 1862 which makes the terrorist attack seem small scale. Whole families, parents and children, lost their lives in Hagerstown during the influenza epidemic in the winter of 1918-19. And every weekday, more human lives are violently terminated in abortion clinics in the United States than the loss of life this autumn in New York and Washington.

I hope someone had a video camera running all through the festivities as the Guy/Rose-Marie wedding. It must have been the most spectacular do of this kind in the entire history of fandom.

Alas, I can't share Rick Gutkes' enthusiasm for Hemingway either as a man or as a writer. I must have read over the years most of his novels and some of his short stories and I've never reacted with enthusiasm to any of them. The problem is probably the fact that I don't like even to think about war, killing birds, killing animals, killing fish, and being an alcoholic. Those are dominant in almost all of Hemingway's works.

All the convention coverage made interesting reading. It also has fan history value. Ideally, there should be a publication like *SFC Bulletin* for every other major region in the United States large enough to provide more lineage on important events in their areas as you do for Southern fandom. It is obviously impossible for the existing newszines to give coverage as extensive for events big and little as such regional publications could accomplish.

I felt happy when I saw Tom Feller's mention of "Ain't She Sweet?" in his report on Crescent City Con. That old song is sacred in memory because my father used to tell us how it was the very first transmission he heard over the radio he had constructed himself from parts back in the 1920s. He wound the coils, ran a ground wire all the way through the house and buried one end in the back yard, and did all the other esoteric things that were required to pick up distant stations back in the years when it was just becoming popular in the nation's homes.

One small correction for the fanzine review section: Fred Lerner's publication is entitled *Lofgeornost* rather than *Lagernost*. And I was surprised to see how few "fanzines" Tom could find that are distributed through computers. It must be at least ten years since certain fans began to predict that printed fanzines would soon be obsolete in favor of electronic "publications" and there are only about ten publications listed here that seem not to have paper incarnations as well as electronic ingredients.

I share the waning interest in sports that Mike Rogers writes about, with one exception. I'm more infatuated with baseball than I ever was, after following it locally and nationally for seventy years. Meanwhile, my interest in pro football has gone down to zero and I pay any attention to the college games only at bowl times. I haven't watched or read about pro basketball for at least a dozen years. Once in a while I'll watch a period of a hockey game on television but my attention span isn't longer than that. Every few years, I get all excited about the Olympics, decide to videotape much of the television coverage, and about an hour into the opening days, I lose interest because the networks show so little actual competition and instead fill up the hours with personality pieces, endless chatter about controversial happenings, reruns of stuff that happened days or years ago, and so on. *{{I didn't have time to watch as much of it as I would have liked this year, but I have heard that NBC did a better job on that for this just past Winter Olympics. It certainly seemed that way to me for the events I did watch. I also thought it was great that they could spread the coverage over their three networks to get more of it live.}}*

Meanwhile, I hope against hope that you'll reconsider your intention to retire as *SFC Bulletin* editor. Changes of any kind confuse me now that I'm so terribly old. *{{You're terribly sweet, Harry, but it's time for me to pass the torch.}}*

WAHF: Karen Johnson, who sent a Christmas card, and Darrell Richardson, because I inadvertently left his name off the roster in August! Sorry, Darrell, I fixed it in my database. 🐞

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