

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN

PRODUCED BY THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION
CELEBRATING OUR 70TH YEAR



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The National Fantasy Fan, Vol. 70, No. 1: The Official Organ of the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F). This issue was completed May 7, 2011. The editor was Heath Row. The editor for the next issue is Heath Row, 438 N. Stanley Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90036; kalel@well.com. Please send submissions and questions to him or the editorial cabal advisor. All opinions herein are those of the writers and do not reflect the opinions of other members of the N3F except where so noted. Submission deadline for the next issue is May 15, 2011. This zine is to be published quarterly in March, June, September, and December through volunteer effort. All material in this issue was contributed for one-time use only, and the copyright is retained by the contributor. Reproduction in any media of any portion of this publication is prohibited without official permission of the current president and directorate or the individual contributor. "The Kanamit were not very pretty, it's true."

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Letter from the President

This issue we recognize the 70th anniversary of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, which was founded in 1941. The first issue of the club's fanzine, *Bonfire*, was also published in 1941, so this issue of *The National Fantasy Fan* marks 70 years of N3F publications.

To help celebrate, *Fan* editor Heath Row asked N3F members to share why they belong to the club and what they get out of membership. Please send your N3F memories and stories for future issues. Here's mine: I've been interested in science fiction almost all my life, starting when my grandfather read the *Buck Rogers* comic strip to me before I could read myself. I collected the stamps of Buck and his friends—and enemies—that were part of the strip, pasting them in a notebook, which I still have. When I could read myself, I read science fiction-oriented comic books and Big Little Books—and then read and collected *Astounding Science Fiction*, (later *Analog*). As a teenager, I read and collected sf paperbacks.

Later, as an adult with more money to spend, I read and collected hardcover science fiction books, other prozines, and fanzines. The N3F was mentioned in many

of those fanzines, and I joined the club. My experiences with the club have been pleasant, and I've enjoyed being a member very much. Participating has allowed me to write book reviews, historical vignettes, and even the club's recent *Fandbook* on pseudonyms. I've also been able to contribute to *N'APA* and *Fan Dominion*, one of our Web sites. I have also been privileged to serve as reviews editor, club historian, a member of the Directorate, and—since January 2010—president.

As president, one of my tasks is to select the winners of the Franson Award, formerly the President's Award, which is given annually to a club member—or members—who significantly helped the president in carrying out his duties. The winners for 2010 are Heath Row and R-Lauraine Tutihasi, both for their excellent editorial work on *The Fan* and *N'APA*, respectively. The club is fortunate to have two such accomplished and hard-working people as editors. The Franson Award consists of a year's free membership and a commemorative certificate.

Happy anniversary, Neffers. Let the celebration begin!

—Jon D. Swartz

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The National Fantasy Fan Submission Guidelines

The Fan is the official clubzine for the N3F. It is published quarterly in March, June, September, and December. Deadlines are the 15th day of the month before the publication month (e.g. May 15 for the June issue). When submitting, paper copies are fine, but electronic formats are preferred. Paper submissions won't be returned without an SASE. Submissions can be made to the current editor

or the advisor; query first. Send art to the art editor; send reviews to the reviews editor. Art—covers and illustrations—is always needed. Please send only copies of your work, not originals. If you've never submitted an article to a zine and aren't totally comfortable with writing, please consider writing a letter of comment. All submissions will be edited.

Tightbeam: Letters of Comment

I'm not sure that Michael Varbanov is still a member of the N3F, but he was for years. He was online for awhile, but he hasn't been for a couple of years at least. I hadn't heard from him for a year, but I heard from him again this Christmas. His new address is 29 Glenhaven Drive, Buffalo, NY 14228-1875. He loves sending cards and receiving them. I bet he would like to hear from other old friends.—Susan Van Schuyver

I'm a fairly new member, so I don't have any memories to share for the 70th anniversary. I started reading sf and fantasy at about the age of 10 (and that's not counting fairy tales or *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*), so I have been a fan for a very long time. I just didn't hear about this group until a few years ago.

I haven't been a very active member of the N3F, either. That's because I've been spending most of my spare time writing, editing, and studying how to make my writing and editing better. I've had several feature stories published in a local magazine, and I have a couple of short stories now with publishers. Part of my urban fantasy novel was requested by a small publisher late last year, but I haven't heard back from them yet. In the meantime, I'm editing my paranormal novelette, the first of a trilogy.

So I apologize for basically lurking instead of contributing, but I want you to know how much I appreciate the group and enjoy reading your newsletters.—Angela Myers

TV has changed. Years ago (say, the original *Star Trek*) each episode stood on its own. *ST* was almost as much an anthology show as *Outer Limits*, once you knew the overall premise. Only soap operas continued the same story over from one day to the next. Gradually, that has changed. First there two-part stories, then mini-series, and now season-long arcs full of subplots (*House* is a good example)—and shows with continuous main storylines not only through a season, but for the entire run of the show (*Lost* is the prime example, and *Fringe* also falls into this category). There is no resolution!

I want to see the story *end*. I want to see the villain get his comeuppance, and the hero ride off into the sunset with the damsel (until next week). I want to be able to jump in at any episode and not spend most of the show wondering what went on before to explain what's going on right now. I don't want to miss the nuances of some bit of action or dialogue because it refers to something I wasn't even aware of from a previous episode.

And worst of all, woe betide me if a show gets canceled before its planned final season! It's like buying a novel from a second-hand store and reading it only to find that the last chapter has been torn out! No, it's worse than that, because with the book I can at least go to the library and read the ending in another copy.—Owen Lorion

I got the new issue of *The Fan*, and it's extra cool. It's nice to win the fan of the year award. Yep!—Patricia Williams-King

Except maybe for a few of us sf and fantasy fans who really love Edgar Allen Poe's work, most people don't know that many of Poe's stories were science fiction. You can read more about Poe's science fiction stories in my article at <http://exm.nr/fDrw10>.

Also, the article asks that you sign a petition to help save the father of American horror literature's house, now the Poe House and Museum in Baltimore. You can help save a piece of American sf and fantasy literary history!—Steven Rose, Jr.

Sorry I've missed so much of 2010, but I was hospitalized for seven months. I've been back out and about since November, and have been hibernating at home for the winter. I would enjoy helping Jefferson with the short story contest again, as I had fun and got to help other writers with this before.

It will be nice to once again hear from all of you, and I'll be just as peculiar to communicate with as ever. Stay safe and well, everyone. And many thanks for all you do.—Jeff Redmond

Happy New Year to all! I have a new email address: captbilly@frontier.com. The old Verizon address is no longer any good. I am a bit behind in my correspondence because I had cardiac surgery (double bypass) in October. I am on the mend, am back at work, and am trying to get caught up with everything. The old ISP, Verizon, was supposed to forward all my old email to the new ISP, Frontier, but I suspect that not all of it has made it over. If anyone has sent me email in the last month or so and I haven't replied, it is possible that it wasn't forwarded. If it's something important you might want to resend it to the new address.—William Center

The first time I joined the N3F, it was because I wasn't yet well connected to fandom. This was back in the late '70s, I think. This time it was mainly because of *N'APA*, which I ended up running.—R-Laurraine Tutihasi

I'm officially a member! I finished *Nova Science Fiction* #26 for Loscon; #27 is scheduled for May. Would any N3F members be able to locate story writers I've lost track of? I recently had a situation where a writer moved without leaving a forwarding address. I haven't been able to pay him as a result. I was also told that Lawrence Dagstine has been passing off published stories as new stories. Does anyone know if those rumors are true?—Wesley Kawato

A Brief History of the N3F

By Jon D. Swartz

In the beginning of science fiction fandom in the United States in the late 1920s and early 1930s, fans contacted and kept in touch with each other mainly by means of the letter columns in the professional magazines, later known in fandom as promags—and still later as prozines.

That process formally began with the appearance of readers' letters in the "Discussions" column of *Amazing Stories* in the late '20s, although some fans communicated with each other earlier via letters to the fantasy magazine *Weird Tales*, which began publication in 1923. That pioneering pulp magazine, though emphasizing fantasy and supernatural stories, was a training ground for science fiction writers and published such stories over the years.

In those letter columns, readers commented on and compared their favorite—and not-so-favorite—stories, authors, artists, and other fans. That communication via letters to the prozines continues in various forms even today. In the '20s and '30s, however, such correspondence led to the formation of local science fiction clubs (some of which were more *science* clubs than science fiction clubs); the publication of amateur magazines and newsletters (later called fanmags, and then fanzines); and the organization of local, regional, and even national conventions. Some of those early clubs were sponsored by the science fiction prozines. Moreover, a new generation of writers, artists, editors, critics, agents, dealers, and at least one publisher emerged out of those clubs.

In 1940, science fiction fan—and neophyte artist/author—Damon Knight suggested that it was time for a *national* organization of science fiction and fantasy fans: "I sincerely believe that a successful national fantasy association is possible, that it could offer a needed service to every fan, and that it could be established today." Subsequently, the National Fantasy Fan Federation was organized by members of The Stranger Club of Boston, together with nine Futurians from New York and an assortment of other fans from New England.

They were stimulated by Knight's article, "Unite—Or Die!", that had appeared in the October 1940 issue of Art Widner's fanzine *Fanfare*. Knight was respected in fandom at the time, being a member of the Futurians and known throughout the country. He subsequently became famous as an author, critic, editor, and teacher.

Fans responded to his suggestion, and in 1941 The National Fantasy Fan Federation—abbreviated as NFFF, and later N3F—was the result, with 64 charter members (see "Members Spotlight," below). Other prime movers in founding this now *international* science fiction club were Widner and Louis Russell Chauvenet, who was credited with creating the term "fanzine" as the accepted term for fan magazines instead of "fanmags."

Knight, although one of the charter members, soon lost interest in the project, and left the subsequent development of the club to Widner, Chauvenet, and others. Chauvenet

became the first president. Over the years the club became known for its many constitution changes and its many publications, including its club fanzine. The club's zine was originally titled *Bonfire*, a name conceived by Chauvenet, who was deaf, from the phrase "Bulletin of the National Fantasy Fan Federation." The club's letterzine, *Tightbeam*, was originally called *Hyperspace Tightbeam* and was edited by club member and, later, science fiction author Marion Zimmer Bradley. At one time, the letterzine also published fan fiction. Both of those functions have now been taken over by the club's quarterly fanzine, *The National Fantasy Fan*, or *The Fan*.

Of the many publications in which the club has been involved, some were entirely published by the N3F and others were sponsored by the club in some way. Those that were published by the club included one hardcover book, David H. Keller's 1948 utopian fantasy novel *The Sign of the Burning Hart: A Tale of Arcadia*. Because of that book, the club has been listed in such reference works as *The Index to Science-Fantasy Publishers*.

Other noteworthy club publications included a series of "Fandbooks," including the most recent Fandbook—the fifth in the series—published in 2010, *Pseudonyms of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Authors*. Other club publications have included cookbooks; indexes to science fiction illustrators such as Virgil Finlay and Hannes Bok; a collection of fan writing that included fiction, articles, and poetry; a booklet on science fiction title changes; and a giant mass of fanzines.

Currently the club is a vital science fiction and fantasy club with enthusiastic members, hard-working editors, and dedicated Directorate and Bureau members. We publish a quarterly fanzine, *The Fan*, and a handbook for new members. *Tightbeam*, the letterzine, is now a part of *The Fan*. Other publications include the bimonthly *N'APA*, the annual *The Mangaverse*, and a planned membership directory, as well as more Fandbooks.

At present, we have about 50 members. The number of dues-paying members has varied considerably over the past 70 years, ranging from one to more than 300. Whatever the number of official members, however, the club has always been able to function and serve the needs of its members. The official membership in 2011 is close to the original number of charter members who founded the club in 1941, testifying to the club's enduring nature.

What is necessary for the continued prosperity of the N3F? Whatever the number, large or small, members must participate! True Neffers contribute material to *The Fan*, *N'APA*, and *Fan Dominion*, one of the club websites. They also join round robins, enter the annual short story contest, run for office, participate in the bureaus, vote in the Neffy Awards, and volunteer to help with club business. By doing those things, members ensure that the club will continue to prosper beyond its 70th birthday, being celebrated this year.

Historical Vignette: *Bonfire* #1

By Jon D. Swartz

In honor of the National Fantasy Fan Federation's 70th anniversary, this issue's vignette covers the first issue of the first fanzine ever published by the N3F, *Bonfire* #1, dated June 1941.

The contents of this mimeographed issue, 10 pages plus a cover, are memorable. The first article is a draft of the proposed N3F constitution, a project that seems to have taken up much of the original members' time. The two-page draft was submitted by Art Widner, Jr., and dated May 8, 1941. Widner took four-plus more pages to explain the statements in the draft. It makes for interesting reading, showing how hard it was to get a large number of active fans to agree.

The most unique section was a sample test for prospective members. The questions were as follows:

1. What was the first magazine to publish science fiction exclusively?
2. What was the date of the first issue of the above magazine?
3. Who is generally conceded to be the No. 1 fan in the US?
4. Name three prominent British fans.
5. Name the editors of the following pro magazines: *Comet*, *Unknown*, *Weird Tales*, *Future Fiction*, *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*.
6. Name the editors of the following fanmags: *Spaceways*, *Voice of the Imagination*, *Fantasy Fiction Field*, *Comet*, *Snide*.
7. Who is the author of the Jules De Grandin series?
8. Name the "Skylark" trilogy and the author.
9. Under what pseudonym did John W. Campbell, Jr. write many stories?
10. Name five stf or fantasy artists now illustrating.

It was not stated what score was necessary to gain membership, but partial credit was to be allowed on the questions with multiple answers. It is easy to see that in the beginning, gaining membership was not simple.

Other contents of this issue included quotes from letters received from Paul Klingbiel, director of the Frontier Society, and E. Everett Evans, chief communications officer for the Galactic Roamers; a list of the club's 64 charter members; platforms for people running for president and vice president (including Tom Wright, Bob Studley, and Louis Russell Chauvenet—who eventually became the first president of the club), and a note from Damon Knight, who started it all:

The seed from which NFFF happened to germinate was my article, "Unite or Die!", which was published in the

Oct., 1940 *Fanfare*. It might have been any one of a hundred other notions of the same sort, for my idea was not original or even well-expressed. But my article fell upon fertile soil; and so, here is NFFF.

The important thing, I think, is that this was bound to happen. If we had not begun it when we did, somebody else would have, sooner or later,

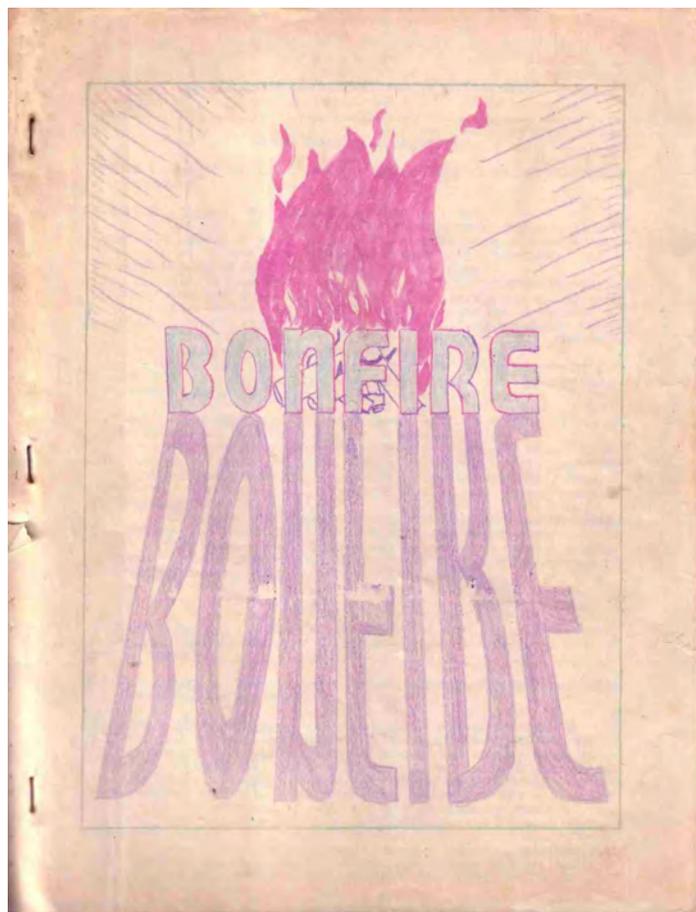
Fandom is continually evolving. No one who knows anything of the history of fandom in the last ten years can doubt that that is so. First came letter-writing, then local clubs, then fanzines, then national clubs and conventions. Now, it may be, we are standing on the threshold of a new era, at whose possibilities we can only guess. It may be that fandom is only now coming of age.

And it may be that in this coming of age the National Fantasy Fan Federation will play an important part. At any rate, this much we know: NFFF is a step in the right direction.

It may be that now we shall have for keeps the things we have wanted, most of us, for years: a united front towards the outside world: an active voice in the improvement of professional fantasy; internal harmony and co-operation.

And certainly these things can be, if only enough of us want them sufficiently to work for them together.

Quite a statement from our founder, a forward-thinking but very modest man.



From the collection of Jon D. Swartz

Members Spotlight: N3F Founders

By Jon D. Swartz

When the National Fantasy Fan Federation launched in 1941, there were 64 members. This issue's Member Spotlight is in fact a *Members*

- | | | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Forrest J Ackerman | 17. Jack Gillespie | 33. Louis Kuslan | 49. Clarissa M. Smith |
| 2. Henry A. Ackermann | 18. Lou Goldstone | 34. David Kyle | 50. Edward E. Smith |
| 3. Charles A. Beling | 19. Mary C. Gray | 35. Robert W. Lowndes | 51. Jack Speer |
| 4. Ray D. Bradbury | 20. Charles Hansen | 36. Robert A. Madle | 52. Robert Studley |
| 5. Donn Brazier | 21. Earle Barr Hanson | 37. Lew Martin | 53. Robert D. Swisher |
| 6. Lynn Bridges | 22. Fred Hurter | 38. John Michel | 54. Charles R. Tanner |
| 7. Phil Bronson | 23. Harry Jenkins | 39. John L. Millard | 55. Dale Tarr |
| 8. James Bush | 24. Robert Jones | 40. Chris E. Mulrain | 56. Donald B. Thompson |
| 9. Louis Russell Chauvenet | 25. Robert Jordan | 41. Francis Paro | 57. Hyman Tiger |
| 10. Edwin F. Counts | 26. Eugene Jorgensen | 42. Elmer Perdue | 58. Bob Tucker |
| 11. E. Everett Evans | 27. Nicholas E. Kenealy | 43. George Robson | 59. Julius Unger |
| 12. Larry B. Farsaci | 28. Damon F. Knight | 44. Ross Rocklynn | 60. Harry Warner, Jr. |
| 13. Scott Feldman | 29. H. C. Koenig | 45. Milton A. Rothman | 61. Art Widner, Jr. |
| 14. Jack Fields | 30. Cyril Kornbluth | 46. Phil Schumann | 62. Richard Wilson |
| 15. Joseph Fortier | 31. Richard J. Kuhn | 47. Arthur Sehnert | 63. Donald A. Wollheim |
| 16. Joseph Gilbert | 32. Gertrude Kuslan | 48. Ray J. Sienkiewicz | 64. Thomas Wright |

A very distinguished group of science fiction enthusiasts began the N3F, as evidenced by the above list. From New York—Wollheim and the other Futurians—to California—Ackerman and the other LASFS members—and prominent fans from states in between (Evans, Speer, Tucker, Warner, Widner), fandom across the United States was well represented by the group. While many of the early fans are unknown today, others became famous in science fiction as authors, editors, publishers, dealers, and agents.

A few professional authors, including E. E. “Doc” Smith, along with his daughter Clarissa, were charter members. Smith had been interested in fandom for some time, and was the guest of honor at Chicon in 1940. Many of the other charter members were budding writers, and some went on to become important authors in the field—including several of the Futurians—either publishing under their own names or using pseudonyms.

Some other comments seem in order. Of special interest to those of us who were involved with comic book fandom in the early 1960s is that Hastings, Minnesota, fan (later a resident of California) Phil Bronson was one of the club's charter members. In 1940 Bronson put out two issues of a fanzine titled *Scienti-Comics*—a full 20 years before Jerry Bails “started” comic book fandom. Apparently, the contents of the two issues were mostly science fiction comic strips, and the zine failed to receive much support. Of even more interest to current club members, however, is that Damon Knight provided the art for the back cover of the second issue! In addition, that same issue reprinted a story by Robert Lowndes, “When Sthaneer Wakes,” that Bronson illustrated. Lowndes, another charter member, was one of the more prominent Futurians at the time.

Only three of the charter members were women, but this was about par for science fiction fandom in the early 1940s, when only the sisters, wives, and girlfriends of male members joined the various clubs. A possible exception to this generalization is Mary Gray. She was known as Patti or

Spotlight, as we consider the charter members, their role in the club, and their impact on science fiction fandom.

The charter members included:

Pogo to her friends in Los Angeles and was a cousin of Morojo (Myrtle R. Douglas), Forrest J Ackerman's long-time girlfriend. Gray was active in fandom for a number of years before she became the wife of Russ Wood, who later helped her edit the fanzine of the Harbor Fantasy League, a club whose membership consisted of married couples living just outside of Los Angeles.

Perhaps of even more interest are the notable science fiction personalities *not* on the list. At the time the N3F was formed, Sam Moskowitz was arguably the most well-known sf fan on the east coast. His fanzines were influential, his feuds with Wollheim and the other Futurians were highly publicized, and he chaired the first Worldcon in 1939. Another notable science fiction personality not on the list was Hugo Gernsback, the “father of magazine science fiction” and one of the early supporters of fandom—although he could be excused on the grounds that he was more a professional than a fan. On the other hand, E. E. Smith was definitely more of a professional than a fan, and he was a charter member. Not surprisingly, Moskowitz and Gernsback later joined.

Current members of the N3F are in good company with such a storied group of charter members. I encourage members to take this list as inspiration to do two things.

One, if you're not active in the N3F, become more active. It's easy to participate online or through the clubzine, and we'd welcome your involvement. If you'd like to get more involved in fandom, check out local sf clubs, conventions, and online. If you'd like extra copies of *The Fan* to distribute to your local club or at cons, just ask.

And two, the N3F is a club of writers and editors. Consider using the club as a test bed and launch pad for your writing. Writers can engage with others in *The Fan*, *N'APA*, the Writers Exchange, and the short story contest.

Thank you to all past, present, and future members of the N3F. You make the club what it is. And what it is is up to us.

A Tribute to Len Moffatt

By Jon D. Swartz

Leonard James Moffatt, a former member of the N3F who once served on the club's Directorate, died on Nov. 30, 2010, at the age of 87, from complications following an operation to repair a herniated colon. Len was born in Arizona on Nov. 20, 1923. During World War II, he joined the Navy and served as a hospital corpsman in the Marines.

He credited two uncles with starting him on the road to being a writer. By the time he was in high school he had discovered science fiction fandom and was writing letters, articles, and reviews for various fanzines. Len used the pseudonym Pike Pickens for some of his fan writings.

At one time or another, Len was also a member of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society, Fantasy Amateur Press Association, Western Pennsylvania Science Fictioneers, the Fantasy Foundation, the Outlander Society, First Fandom, the Portland Science Fiction Society, and he was one of the original members of the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance (CAPA). His first fanzine, titled *Moonshine*, was distributed by FAPA. Another of his science fiction zines was *Stellar Tales*.

"Len's Den" was the personal page heading he used in the apas to which he belonged. His separate publications over the years included *The Moffatt House Abroad*, *Shadow Mailing*, *The Selected Writings of Rick Sneary*, *Science Fiction Parade*, *Button-Tack*, and the 1950 *Fan Directory*.

Len edited the *Fan Directory*, the publication of which was sponsored by the National Fantasy Fan Federation and the Fantasy Foundation. That publication was the subject of an historical vignette by Len and me in *The Fan* in March 2008. He and I planned another such vignette on *The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund*, the title of a 1963 Fandbook written by Len and Ron Ellik.

Once married to science fiction fan Anna Sinclair Moffatt, after their divorce, Len then married June Konigsberg, whom he described to me in a letter as his favorite editor. In a 1961 publication, *Who's Who in Science Fiction Fandom*, Len reported a variety of interests outside of fandom, including the business world, history, politics, and show business. His favorite reading included those subjects as well as whodunits, science fiction, travel,

adventure, and biographical material.

He published some science fiction stories in the early 1950s, one in the comic-insert pulp magazine *Out of This World Adventures* #2. He also had a story in the May 1952 *Weird Tales* ("Father's Vampire") with Alvin Taylor—who sold Len the idea for the story but did none of the writing. That story has been reprinted in genre anthologies, including *100 Creepy Little Creature Stories* (1994). In addition to genre fiction, Len published mainstream stories and poetry. He and June were also mystery fans and members of a mystery apa. They contributed an article, "How the Bouchercons Began," to the 1994 Bouchercon 25 program booklet *Remembering Anthony Boucher*. Their other mystery publications included 26 issues (plus bulletins and special reports) of *The JDM Bibliophile* (1965-1980) and *The JDM Master Checklist*. They also published *Edward D. Hoch (1930-2008) Bibliography*, compiled by June with the help of Francis Nevins, Jr. Len wrote an obituary for Hoch in the March 2008 issue of *Locus* and had a poem about Sherlock Holmes in the November 2008 issue of *Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine*. His last sales were to the *Sherlock Holmes Mystery Magazine*.

He and June were given many genre awards, including the following:

- 1981: LOSCON (Fan Guests of Honor)
- 1985: BoucherCon (Fan Guests of Honor)
- 1991: BoucherCon (Chairs)
- 1994: Evans-Freehafer Award (for outstanding contributions to LASFS and science fiction)
- 1999: Anthony Award (for Lifetime Achievement)
- 2004: The Forry Award (for Lifetime Achievement in Science Fiction)
- 2010: The Sandstrom Award (for Literary Achievement in Mystery Fandom)

Since 2006, I've been privileged to be a member of CAPA, the apa Len helped found in 1961. In the four years that we both were members, the monthly contributions of Len were all first rate, demonstrating his wit, creativity, and charm over and over.

Len will be greatly missed by his family, his friends, and the members of two fandoms.

Remembering Sally Syrjala

By R-Laurraine Tutihasi

I met Sally in LASFAPA, an apa then based in Los Angeles. Back then, it was very healthy with something upwards of 75 members, if I recall correctly, with a waitlist. I believe I joined in 1975 or '76. Sally joined in January 1978. She stayed in through the end of 1984, returned briefly in 1989, and later participated in a couple of reunion collations.

I met her in person when I attended Noreascon 2, the Worldcon in Boston in 1980. She roomed with another fan I met through LASFAPA. As far as I know, this was the only convention she ever attended.

She mostly participated in fandom from a distance, such as in the N3F. She received some of the same fanzines I did, and I used to see locs from her. I remet her fannishly when I rejoined the N3F a few years ago.

She was married most of her life to Ike, who,

unfortunately, died before her. She busied herself after his death taking care of his father until he passed on. She inherited his house, which she cleaned up and moved into and became quite active in gardening on the property.

After Sally left LASFAPA (I also left off and on), she and I corresponded for many years, first on paper and later by email. Sally had lots of allergies and other medical problems. I also have allergies, so we had a lot of notes to compare. She was fairly active in her church (Lutheran) and became moreso toward the end of her life. She had a lot of family in the area of Cape Cod where she lived. She also did a fair amount of volunteer work. She was active in local politics and wrote letters and articles for her local newspapers and other periodicals. We shared similar views

Kurt Vonnegut: Mere Science Fiction

By Jeffrey Redmond

In April 2007, four years ago, the literary world lost a truly great man with Kurt Vonnegut, and a famed writer often compared with Mark Twain. One of Vonnegut's favorite expressions was "So it goes," which he frequently included in many of his best selling novels. So much of his own life was so fully reflected in his works.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., was born on Armistice Day on Nov. 11, 1922, in Indianapolis, Indiana. He was the son of a successful architect, Kurt, Sr., and his wife, Edith Sophia. Edith was the daughter of millionaire and Indianapolis brewer Albert Lieber. The junior Kurt's great-grandfather, Clemens Vonnegut, was the founder of the Vonnegut's Hardware Store chain.

Vonnegut was raised along with his sister, Alice, and brother Bernard (whom he spoke of frequently in his works). Fourth-generation Germans, the children were never exposed to their heritage because of the anti-German attitudes that had spread throughout the United States after World War I.

During the Great Depression, the Vonneguts lost most of their wealth, and the household was never the same. Vonnegut's father fell into a severe depression, and his mother died after overdosing on sleeping pills the night before Mother's Day. That attainment and loss of the "American Dream" would become the theme of many of Vonnegut's writings.

Kurt, Jr., went to Shortridge High School, where he was editor of the *Echo*, the daily student newspaper. It was at Shortridge in Indianapolis where Vonnegut gained his first writing experience. During his last two years there, the *Shortridge Daily Echo* was the first high school daily newspaper in the country. At that young age, Vonnegut learned to write for a wide audience that would give him immediate feedback, rather than just writing for an audience of one in any teacher.

After graduating from Shortridge in 1940, Vonnegut headed for Cornell University. His father wanted him to study something that was solid and dependable, like science, so Vonnegut began his college career as a chemistry and biology major, following in the footsteps of

on the environment. I kept the clippings she sent me. She also became quite interested in photography, which is also an interest of mine, and shared many photos with me. Some were published in local publications. She also dabbled in decorative arts and sent me a number of home-made cards that I kept.

The last letter I have from her is dated October 2008. I believe she sent a small Christmas gift that year. There may have been a few emails after that.

But then I didn't hear from her. We were in the habit of exchanging Christmas cards, though, so I sent one last year. That was when a friend of hers wrote back to tell me about her passing last summer. The friend inherited a cat from Sally. Cats were another interest we shared.

his older brother, Bernard, who was to eventually be the discoverer of cloud seeding to produce rain. While Vonnegut struggled in his chemistry and biology studies, he excelled as a columnist and managing editor for *The Cornell Daily Sun*.

By this point, Vonnegut's parents had given up on life, being unable to adjust to or accept the fact that they were no longer wealthy, world travelers. On May 14, 1944, his mother committed suicide. His father was to remain a fairly isolated man the rest of his days, in full retreat from life, content to be in his own little world until his death on Oct. 1, 1957.

In 1943, Vonnegut was going to be expelled from Cornell because of his below average academic performance. He quit college, enlisted in the army, and was sent to France as a part of the U.S. 106th Infantry Division. This new unit was stationed along a supposedly quiet part of the lines, in the Ardennes region of Belgium. Its ranks were filled with school dropouts, parolees, and whatever else the draft boards could find by 1944.

World War II and its many major battles were occurring throughout Europe, Asia, and North Africa. The Allies were especially fighting against the powerful forces of Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan. After the Allied invasion of Normandy and liberation of France, it seemed as if Hitler would be easily beaten. However, the sudden German counter-offensive in December caught the Allies completely by surprise.

On Dec. 14, 1944, Vonnegut became a German prisoner of war after being captured in the Battle of the Bulge. He was sent to Dresden, an open city that produced no war machinery. Thus it was off limits to allied bombing. He and his fellow POWs were to work in a vitamin syrup factory. On Feb. 13, 1945, however, Allied air forces bombed Dresden, killing 135,000 unprotected civilians. Vonnegut and the other POWs survived the bombing as they waited it out deep in the cellar of a slaughterhouse, where they were quartered.

Vonnegut was freed by Soviet troops and repatriated on May 22, 1945. Dresden was virtually destroyed by the intense Allied bombing campaign, ordered by the British air commander Harris (as a retaliation for the Nazi Luftwaffe's

destruction of Coventry in England). Vonnegut would later write about the experience in what many consider his masterpiece, *Slaughterhouse Five*.

Vonnegut was honorably discharged and returned to the United States in 1945. On Sept. 1 of that year he married Jane Marie Cox, a friend since kindergarten, for he thought, "Who but a wife would sleep with me?"

He spent the next two years in Chicago, attending the University of Chicago as a graduate student of anthropology, and working for the Chicago City News Bureau as a police reporter. When his master's thesis was rejected, he moved to Schenectady, New York, in 1947, to work in public relations for General Electric. It was there that his fiction career began. On Feb. 11, 1950, *Collier's* published Vonnegut's first short story, "Report on the Barnhouse Effect." By the next year he was making enough money writing to quit his job at GE, and move his family to West Barnstable, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, in 1951.

He worked full time on his writing. *Player Piano*, Vonnegut's first novel was published in 1952, but was dismissed by critics as mere science fiction. It was not until *Cat's Cradle* in 1963 that Vonnegut's work reached a large audience. Vonnegut published several novels throughout the 1950s and 1960s, beginning with *Player Piano* in 1952. *Player Piano* depicts a fictional city called Ilium in which the people have given control of their lives to a computer humorously named EPICAC, after a substance that causes vomiting.

The Sirens of Titan (1959) takes place on several different planets, including a thoroughly militarized Mars, where the inhabitants are electronically controlled. The fantastic settings of these works serve primarily as a metaphor (comparison) for modern society, which Vonnegut views as absurd to the point of being surreal (irrational and dreamlike), and as a backdrop for Vonnegut's central focus. The hapless human beings who inhabit these bizarre worlds and struggle with both their environments and themselves.

By the time *The Sirens of Titan* was in print, he'd also had dozens of short stories published. Vonnegut had also worked as an English teacher at a school for emotionally disturbed students, and run a Saab automobile dealership. He'd seen his father die, and witnessed the death of his 41-year-old sister, Alice, due to cancer. This had occurred less than 48 hours after her husband had died in a train accident. Vonnegut adopted three of Alice's four children to add to his own three offspring.

The '60s were filled by the publications of four more novels, a collection of short stories, and a two-year residency at the famous University of Iowa Writers' Workshop. The decade culminated with the publication of Vonnegut's sixth, and still best, novel, *Slaughterhouse Five*, in 1968. This particular work was finished in Iowa City, when Vonnegut taught at the writers' workshop between 1966-68. By 1969, after *Slaughterhouse Five* had become a best seller, Vonnegut gained national attention and respect.

The early '70s were an interesting and hectic time for Vonnegut. Much in demand as the voice of the college-

aged generation, he spent time teaching creative writing at Harvard. He wrote a mildly successful off-Broadway play, got divorced, and saw his son Mark suffer a schizophrenic breakdown. By the time *Breakfast of Champions* was published in 1973, Vonnegut's life was starting to slow down just a bit as he dropped from his pinnacle in the national spotlight. The critically attacked *Slapstick* appeared in 1976, which was followed by 1979's *Jailbird*.

Vonnegut combined science fiction, social satire, and black comedy in his novels, which won a wide following during the 1960s. His themes spring from his contemplation of 20th century horrors: dehumanization in a technological society in *Player Piano* (1952) and *Cat's Cradle* (1963), and the random destructiveness of modern war in *Slaughterhouse Five* (1969; film 1972). He especially focused on the role of technology in human society in *Cat's Cradle* (1963), widely considered one of his best.

More recent works include *Galapagos* (1985), *Bluebeard* (1987), and the autobiographical *Fates Worse than Death* (1991). Although his work has been criticized as simplistic, it has equally often been praised for its comic creativity.

Kurt Vonnegut will remain one of the most influential writers of his generation. Known for his dark humor, pessimism, and sharp edge, he was the author of 14 novels and other works of fiction and nonfiction. His stories of human folly and cruelty have been assigned reading for at least two decades in college literature classes around the world.

On July 9, 1999, he was honored by the Indiana Historical Society as an Indiana Living Legend. He was 75 when *Timequake* was published in 1997, and he stated it would be his last novel. In May 2000, he was named to a teaching position at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts.

Vonnegut had married Jane Cox, a childhood sweetheart, in 1945. But they separated in 1970 and were divorced in 1979. In November 1979, Vonnegut married photographer Jill Krementz. In 1991, Vonnegut and Krementz filed for divorce, but the petition was later withdrawn. He had seven children, three from his first marriage and three of his nephews and nieces. He and Krementz also adopted a daughter.

Vonnegut's Works

Novels:

- *Player Piano* 1952
- *The Sirens of Titan* 1959
- *Mother Night* 1961
- *Cat's Cradle* 1963
- *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* 1965
- *Slaughterhouse Five* 1969
- *Breakfast of Champions* 1973
- *Slapstick* 1976
- *Jailbird* 1979
- *Deadeye Dick* 1982
- *Galapagos* 1985
- *Bluebeard* 1987
- *Hocus Pocus* 1990

- *Timequake* 1999

Short Fiction and Essays:

- *Canary in a Cathouse* 1961
- *Welcome to the Monkey House* 1968
- *Wampeters, Foma and Granfaloons* 1974
- *Palm Sunday* 1981
- *Fates Worse than Death: An Autobiographical Collage of the 1980s* 1991

In *Mother Night* (1961) there is a serious study of the dark and sinister side of Nazism, and the effects by the war on the psychology of the survivors. An American journalist infiltrates the German propaganda radio program, while secretly being a spy for the Allies. He discovers that all of his broadcasts mistakenly prolonged the war by encouraging the German people to continue fighting.

The American journalist even encounters Adolf Eichmann, the Nazi official in charge of transporting all Jews to extermination camps, in an Israeli prison after the war. *Mother Night* ends with the journalist unable to live any longer with his trauma and guilt, and hanging himself with (of all things) his typewriter ribbon.

His 1963 novel *Cat's Cradle* recounts the discovery of ice-nine, which is solid at a much lower temperature than normal ice and is capable of solidifying all water on Earth. Ice-nine symbolizes the enormous destructive potential of technology, particularly when developed or used without regard for the welfare of humanity.

Vonnegut's reputation was greatly enhanced in 1969 with the publication of *Slaughterhouse Five*. It was an antiwar novel that appeared during the peak of protest against American involvement in the Vietnam War.

Vonnegut described *Slaughterhouse Five* as a novel he was compelled to write, since it is based on one of the most extraordinary and significant events of his life. One of the few to survive the destruction of Dresden, Vonnegut was ordered by his captors to aid in the grisly task of digging bodies from the rubble and destroying them in huge bonfires.

Because the city of Dresden had been filled with German refugees fleeing the Soviets, and was of little military value, its destruction went nearly unnoticed in the press. *Slaughterhouse Five* is Vonnegut's attempt to both document and criticize this event.

Like Vonnegut, the main character of *Slaughterhouse Five*, named Billy Pilgrim, is deeply affected by the horrible experience. His feelings develop into spiritual uncertainty that results in a nervous breakdown. In addition, he suffers from a peculiar condition, of being "unstuck in time," meaning that he randomly experiences events from his past, present, and future. The novel is therefore a complex, non-chronological (in no order of time) narrative in which images of suffering and loss prevail.

After the publication of *Slaughterhouse Five*, Vonnegut entered a period of depression during which he vowed, at one point, never to write another novel. He concentrated, instead, on lecturing, teaching, and finishing a play, *Happy Birthday, Wanda June*, that he had begun several years earlier. The play, which ran off Broadway from October

1970 to March 1971, received mixed reviews. Perhaps because it was somewhat too "unusual" for its time.

In it, a Hemingway-like macho writer returns to visit his wife, along with one of the men who flew an atomic bombing mission against Japan. She believes her writer husband to be dead, and is engaged to marry a symphony musician (who lives in the same building with his mother). The entire tale is narrated by a little girl named Wanda June, who got killed in a car accident. She lives up in heaven with many dead soldiers, including a former Nazi SS officer, himself killed by the macho writer during WW II. There's even her birthday cake, no longer needed, and hence the title of the play.

There were several factors which could be interpreted as the cause of Vonnegut's period of depression, including, as he admitted, the approach of his 50th birthday and the fact that his children had begun to leave home. Many critics believe that, having at last come to terms with Dresden, he lost the major inspiration for much of his work. Others feel that *Slaughterhouse Five* may have been the single great novel that Vonnegut was capable of writing. Whatever the cause, *Breakfast of Champions* marked the end of his depression and a return to the novel.

In *Breakfast of Champions*, as in most of Vonnegut's work, there are very clear autobiographical elements. In this novel however, the author seems to be even more wrapped up in his characters than usual. He appears as Philboyd Sludge, the writer of the book, which stars Dwayne Hoover, a Pontiac dealer (Vonnegut once ran a Saab dealership) who goes berserk after reading a novel by Kilgore Trout, who also represents Vonnegut. Toward the end of the book, Vonnegut arranges a meeting between himself and Trout, whom Robert Merrill calls his "most famous creation," in which he casts the character loose forever. By this time the previously unsuccessful Trout has become rich and famous, and is finally able to stand on his own.

Breakfast of Champions and *Slapstick or Lonesome No More!* (1976) examine the widespread feelings of despair and loneliness that result from the loss of traditional culture in the United States. *Jailbird* (1979) recounts the story of a fictitious participant in the Watergate scandal of the Richard Nixon (1913-1994) administration, a scandal which ultimately led to the resignation of the president. *Galapagos* (1985) predicts the consequences of environmental pollution. And *Hocus-Pocus, or What's the Hurry, Son?* (1990) deals with the implications and aftermath of the war in Vietnam.

In the 1990s, he also published *Fates Worse than Death* (1991) and *Timequake* (1997). Before its release Vonnegut noted that *Timequake* would be his last novel. Although many of these works are highly regarded, critics frequently argue that in his later works Vonnegut tends to reiterate themes presented more compellingly in earlier works. Nevertheless, Vonnegut remains one of the most beloved of American writers.

As the author of at least 19 novels, many of them best-sellers, as well as dozens of short stories, essays and plays, Vonnegut relished the role of a social critic. Indianapolis, his hometown, declared 2007 as "The Year of

Vonnegut," an announcement he said left him "thunderstruck."

He lectured regularly, exhorting audiences to think for themselves and delighting in barbed commentary against the institutions he felt were dehumanizing people.

"I will say anything to be funny, often in the most horrible situations," Vonnegut once told a gathering of psychiatrists.

A self-described religious skeptic and freethinking humanist, Vonnegut used protagonists such as Billy Pilgrim and Eliot Rosewater as transparent vehicles for his points of view. He also filled his novels with satirical commentary and even drawings that were only loosely connected to the plot. In *Slaughterhouse Five*, he drew a headstone with the epitaph: "Everything was beautiful, and nothing hurt."

But much in his life was traumatic, and left him in pain. Despite his commercial success, Vonnegut battled depression throughout his life. In 1984 he attempted suicide with pills and alcohol, joking later about how he botched the job.

"I think he was a man who combined a wicked sense of humor and sort of steady moral compass, who was always sort of looking at the big picture of the things that were most important," said Joel Bleifuss, editor of *In These Times*, a liberal magazine based in Chicago that featured Vonnegut articles.

"The firebombing of Dresden explains absolutely nothing about why I write what I write and am what I am," Vonnegut wrote in *Fates Worse than Death*, his 1991 autobiography of sorts. But he spent 23 years struggling to write about the ordeal, which he survived by huddling with other POWs inside an underground meat locker labeled *Slaughterhouse Five* (Schlachthaus Fünf in German).

The novel, in which Billy Pilgrim is transported from Dresden by time-traveling aliens from the planet Tralfamadore, was published at the height of the Vietnam War and solidified his reputation as an iconoclast.

"He was sort of like nobody else," said Gore Vidal, who noted that he, Vonnegut, and Norman Mailer were among the last writers around who served in World War II.

"He was imaginative; our generation of writers didn't go in for imagination very much. Literary realism was the general style. Those of us who came out of the war in the 1940s made it sort of the official American prose, and it was often a bit on the dull side. Kurt was never dull."

Critics ignored him at first, then denigrated his deliberately bizarre stories and disjointed plots as haphazardly written science fiction. But his novels became cult classics, especially *Cat's Cradle* in 1963, in which scientists create ice-nine, a crystal that turns water solid and destroys the earth.

Many of his novels were best-sellers. Some also were

banned and burned for suspected obscenity. Vonnegut took on censorship as an active member of the PEN writers' aid group and the American Civil Liberties Union. The American Humanist Association, which promotes individual freedom, rational thought and scientific skepticism, made him its honorary president.

His characters tended to be miserable anti-heroes with little control over their fate. Vonnegut explained that the villains in his books were never individuals, but culture, society and history, which he protested were making a mess of the planet.

"We probably could have saved ourselves, but we were too damned lazy to try very hard... and too damn cheap," he once suggested carving into a wall on the Grand Canyon, as a message for flying-saucer creatures.

He retired from novel writing in his later years, but continued to publish short articles. He had a best-seller in 2005 with *A Man Without a Country*, a collection of his nonfiction work, including jabs at the Bush administration ("upper-crust C-students who know no history or geography") and the uncertain future of the planet. He called the book's success "a nice glass of champagne at the end of a life."

In recent years, Vonnegut worked as a senior editor and columnist at *In These Times*. Bleifuss said he tried to get Vonnegut to write something more for the magazine, but was unsuccessful. "He would just say he's too old and that he had nothing more to say. He realized, I think, he was at the end of his life," Bleifuss remembered.

Vonnegut said that "Of all the ways to die, I would prefer to go out in an airplane crash on the peak of Mount Kilimanjaro." He joked about the difficulties of old age. "When Hemingway killed himself he put a period at the end of his life; old age is more like a semicolon," Vonnegut told the Associated Press in 2005. "My father, like Hemingway, was a gun nut and was very unhappy late in life. But he was proud of not committing suicide. And I'll do the same, so as not to set a bad example for my children."

Vonnegut also taught advanced writing classes at Smith College, and in November of 2000, he was named the State Author of New York.

Vonnegut was critically injured in a fire at his New York City brownstone Jan. 30, 2000. He often marveled that he had lived so long despite his lifelong smoking habit, also suffered brain injuries after a fall at his Manhattan apartment home in March 2007.

The satirical novelist who captured the absurdity of war, and questioned the advances of science in darkly humorous works, died on Wednesday April 11, 2007. He was 84. Oh, Kurt Vonnegut.

We will miss you, old warrior. Rest in peace. And so it goes.

Neffers Travelogue: Scotland

By Angela Myers

If someone asked me to give my impression of Scotland in two words, I'd say water and rocks.

First, it rained every day. That sounds a lot worse than it was, because usually it was just an intermittent mist interspersed with rainbows. However, there were a few days on Orkney....

With sea on three sides of the mainland, Scotland also includes many islands and is split in half by long, deep, mysterious lochs. Hundreds of waterfalls tumble down its barren, beautiful mountains, which include some of the oldest rocks on earth.

I selected this particular Road Scholar tour because my husband, Ron, and I tend to prefer culture, geology, and history to cities. Our headquarters was Aigas Field Centre, near the village of Beaulieu west of Inverness. Our group stayed in comfortable cabins on the grounds, but took most of our meals in the manor's dining hall with Sir John and Lady Lucy.

We saw Urquhart Castle on Loch Ness (but didn't see the monster). We saw Culloden on a day much like the day of the battle—rainy, grey and windy. Then we went on to Clava Cairns, the site of 4,000-year-old burial chambers, which was very peaceful after the strange, heavy feel of Culloden. And that in spite of the sudden downpour of rain and sleet. We saw Cawdor Castle and graveyard, which date from 1380. (It actually wasn't built until after Macbeth's time, but that didn't keep Shakespeare from using it in the play.)

On the way to the Isle of Skye, we stopped at Loch Carron Weavers, and I found the tartan of my Scottish ancestors, the MacKeys. We stopped for tea in Plockton, where the British TV series *Hamish Macbeth* was filmed.

I felt very at home on Skye and loved the mountainous Black Cuillins and the Quirang. Before leaving the island, we visited the grave of Jenny Campbell, who rescued Prince Charlie after Culloden, and Brock Telv, an Iron Age structure possibly built for defense and an amazing example of stonework. We stopped for tea at Eilean Donan, one of the most photographed castles in Scotland, though it's actually just a replica built for the tourist trade.

On the way to the Orkney Islands, we learned about the Highland Clearances when thousands of poor crofters were thrown off their farms to make way for sheep. Many of them eventually made their way across the Atlantic, greatly influencing the national character of the U.S.

The ferry to Orkney was unlike any ferry I'd ever ridden before, but I'd never been ferried across the ocean before, either. It included a restaurant, a gift shop, a play area, and rows of comfortably upholstered seats.

In Kirkwall, I realized that the T-shirt, sweatshirt, Polartek jacket, and windbreaker I was wearing were not going to keep me warm or dry. I used free time to shop for a "hill-walker" jacket (hill walking being their euphemism for mountain climbing) and a stocking cap. I still didn't stay warm or dry, but I was warmer and drier than I would have been without them as we trekked through persistent cold rain and strong wind.

On Orkney (the island we were on is called The Mainland) we saw 5,000-year-old ruins, including Maes Howe and Skara Brae. Maes Howe, probably used for burials, made me uncomfortable, but I loved the stone age village of Skara Brae. At roughly noon on the Autumnal Equinox, we entered the Ring of Brodgar with some 36 stones still standing. It seemed very lonely, but nothing magical happened—unless you count horizontal rain.

On our last day, we explored the ruins of Beaulieu Priory where Mary Queen of Scots once sheltered. A bagpiper piped us in to our last Aigas dinner before our return to Glasgow and flight to Heathrow, then home.

This trip fulfilled my long-standing desire to visit Scotland and the Hebrides, and while I can't recommend the plane ride, I'd go again in a heartbeat. My husband, less impressed than I was, says he won't go along.

I'll miss him.

Sidebar: Scottish Science Fiction Authors

By Heath Row

The Neffer Travelogue in this issue of *The Fan* (above) inspired me to research the state of science fiction in Scotland. Turns out there are several notable Scottish sf authors actively writing who Neffers might be interested in checking out.

Iain Banks

Writing science fiction under the name Iain M. Banks—he also writes mainstream fiction as Iain Banks—Banks is primarily known for his *The Culture* novels. Since 1987, he's published eight novels in that series, most recently *Surface Detail* in 2010. A collection of short stories published in 1991 includes three stories also set in the Culture universe. An undercurrent of progressive politics runs throughout his writing.

Ken MacLeod

Like Banks, the writing of MacLeod touches on progressive politics. Somewhat of a techno-utopian socialist, his writing addresses themes of socialism, communism, and anarchism. Most of his work falls under the Fall Revolution

series (four novels between 1995 and 1998) and the *Engines of Light* trilogy (between 2000 and 2002). His novel *The Night Sessions* won the British Science Fiction Association's Best Novel award in 2008.

Charles Stross

Stross's novel *Accelerando* won the 2006 Locus Award Best Novel, and "The Concrete Jungle," included in *The Atrocity Archives*, won the Hugo Award for best novella in 2005. His novella "Palimpsest," from *Wireless*, won that same award last year. Five novels and novelettes make up the Bob Howard—Laundry series, the Merchant Princes series comprises six novels.

In May 2010, Alan MacGillivray presented a paper at the Association for Scottish Literary Studies Annual Conference entitled "Genres in Scottish Writing: Science Fiction." It compares the work of Banks and MacLeod and is well worth checking out; the talk is available online at <http://bit.ly/g1eH8I>. The Fall 2010 edition of *The Bottle Imp*, that society's journal, also focused on Scottish science fiction. It's available at <http://bit.ly/fUsG5r>.

WonderCon 2011: Comic Books and Beyond

By Steven Rose, Jr.

Earlier this year was the 25th annual WonderCon, the Bay Area's comic book convention held at San Francisco's Moscone Center and "one of the nation's largest comics conventions", according to the program book. But if you think WonderCon is just for the hardcore comic book geeks, this year's convention proved to transcend that niche more than those of past years.

A WonderCon 2011 program book contributor anticipated, "Besides the fact that every major comics publisher will be at WonderCon this year, programming will feature some of the most diverse professionals and experts in all areas of comics and popular art." Friday, opening day, already started fulfilling those words. Besides panels and other events focusing on the comic book industry, such as a panel about DC Comics' upcoming productions and the first few sessions of the Comic Arts Conference series which ran through the weekend, Friday kicked off with panels concerning other areas of speculative fiction and culture. Some of these were panels on video games including "Nerds! The Secret Origins of Game Designers" and "The MMORPG Industry" which focused on multiplayer online role-playing games, a workshop on mixing colors in art, and even a panel about other cons particularly of the science fiction genre—"Back to Space-Con: The Story of the 1970s Sci-Fi Conventions".

Saturday included panels that interviewed guests such as novelist Paul Wilson who refers to himself as a "genre-hopper" and so who's stories span such speculative genres as science fiction, horror, mystery, and medical thriller and even non-speculative genres such as romance all more or less within a single story! This has been especially so with his latest series of novels, Repair Man Jack. In the latter half of the afternoon, a world premiere teaser trailer of Tarsem Singh's *Immortals*, due for release in theaters this November, thundered from a state-of-the-art sound system in the Esplanade Ball Room quaking the floor. It was as if the very deities themselves were providing these special audio effects for this cinematic retelling of an ancient Greek myth! A question-and-answer discussion immediately followed. The discussion included Singh and starring actors Henry Cavill who plays the main hero, Theseus (and who is to star in the upcoming *Superman* film) and Isabel Lucas who plays the goddess Athena.

The exhibit hall—consisting of vendors' booths, artists' displays, and celebrity signing stalls—was as diverse as much as it was overwhelmingly immense in contents. Three days of the con was hardly enough time to visit all the booths and displays. Not only were there comic book vendors, big name comic publishers such as Marvel, DC, and Dark Horse, as well as independent publishers, there were also movie and game producers. Yours truly even had the pleasure of catching Sacramento native Mr. Lobo, TV horror movie host and producer of nationally syndicated *Cinema Insomnia*. He was actually on his way out to return

to Virginia to continue filming the remake of Ed Wood's *Plan 9 from Outer Space*. Mr. Lobo had been promoting the film at the con in his Amazing Criswell attire, Criswell being a character Lobo plays in the movie.

That evening's focal point was the masquerade, which had a line of people waiting to be let in, a line that one would think was even longer than any for a *Star Wars* premiere! The event started with a pre-masquerade activity: a series of trailers of current and upcoming movies and TV series. Those not only included adaptations of super hero comic book epics such as *Captain America*, *Thor*, and the upcoming *X-Men* prequel, *X-Men First Class*, but also the conspiracy science fiction thriller *Source Code*, and producers Steven Spielberg and J.J. Abrams' new film, *Super 8*, involving some kids' encounter with a mysterious and destructive force. There was also some surprise footage of the soon-to-come zombie movie, *Dylan Dog: Dead of Night*.

The masquerade costume judging itself was introduced by steampunk novelists Phil and Kaja Foglio. The contestants included those impersonating comic book characters (such as a team of junior Batman villains) as well as those impersonating non-comic book characters (such as a team of *Raving Rabbids* video game characters). The downside of the show was that several contestants did not show up.

One of the best events of Sunday was the panel on Asian-American pop culture. This panel included discussions on Asian Americans' work in the anime, film, rock music, and comic book industries and the struggle for Asian Americans to play significant and pronounced roles in them. The height of the discussion was the movie adaptation of the manga series and anime film *Akira* and the debate over whether using Asian-American actors over non-Asian ones would be more politically and culturally correct.

The exhibit hall on Sunday seemed as packed as it was on Saturday, Saturday being a day that traditionally brings the largest crowds to any pop cultural convention. Perhaps this was due to last minute collectibles shoppers, celebrity signature collectors and original art collectors? Whatever the reason, the hall was nearly packed wall to wall all the way to the close of the con when everyone filed out in a continuous mass. As hard as such crowd volume makes it to get around a con, there is one significantly good thing about it: the evidence that no geek is alone in the world, and WonderCon—like any other geeky pop cultural con whether it caters to comic books, science fiction, fantasy or gaming—is an event where fans of speculative culture can gather and share common interests.

This conference report was originally published in slightly different form on <http://www.examiner.com>. It is reprinted with the permission of the author.

Convention Brief: ConDor 2011

By Jefferson P. Swycaffer

Greg Benford was our guest of honor, and was fun to chat with. We had rain—ConDor has been rained on more years than not! There was some water damage to some of the dealers' stock in the dealers' room. Fortunately, the art show was spared. Out behind the hotel, the river rose up over its banks and started flowing through the parking lot. Fortunately for me, someone warned me about that in time for me to move my car!

At one point, I asked Larry Niven if there was ever any talk about doing a *Ringworld* movie. He said, yes, there had been lots of talk. Lots and *lots* of it. But as for ever actually making a movie—he looked at me slyly (Larry Niven is one of the world's great masters at sly looks) and

Bugkilla 48

Fiction by Jim Munroe

The spaceship exploded above our heads, buffeting us with a gust of acrid air.

"Nice job," I told Johnny, and Johnny just stared at the sky.

We got to the perimeter by noon and broke camp. There were an even dozen of us, no losses, and we were in a good mood, jostling and joking with each other as we readied the tubes. Johnny usually sank himself first thing, so I could tell by the way he was watching people set up that he was in a weird mood. When you work with people in blacksuits all the time, you learn body language.

"This ain't so bad," he said, the voicebox further neutralizing Johnny's already toneless speech.

"This dust rock? Hell man, you got funny tastes. My readings tell me that I'm gonna have to sink a klick more than usually cause of radiation and heat levels." I locked the hole into place and thumped it with my open hand. There was a slight tremor as the hole sunk its shaft deep into the planet.

"Naw, I mean the Previous Occupants. They're a lot easier to take than the last bunch." The last bunch had been a race of simian bipeds, passive and uncannily like children. They carried around tiny bears that appeared to be pets, but these actually were the young.

And since they were primitive technologically, they were spread out and had to be evicted by hand. It wasn't a pleasant thing, scraping bloody fur off your boots at the end of a day, but then, there are few pleasant things about this job other than the pay.

"I like this much better," Johnny said, but there was something in his voice that made me think he was trying to convince himself. Not that he was wrong—this job was way better. This planet's PO's were bugs, huge nasty, highly intelligent critters that were approaching space travel just a

said, "It's OK to start holding your breath." So... I am!

I learned that there is going to be an *Atlas Shrugged* movie—or series of movies—and this (strangely) makes me quite happy. I'm one of the very, very few people I know who quite likes the book—and disagrees with it, too! Lots of people love it for its message and for its expression of Rand's "objectivist" philosophy. Far more people hate the book and consider it an unreadable mass! But I found it wholly readable, chock full of interesting people doing and saying interesting things. Even John Galt's 100-page (!) lecture was readable. I didn't agree with a single word of it, but I read it with entire interest. And I marked up the pages with notes on where I thought it was wrong, and why. It is very rare for me to write in the margins of a book, but this one was one of the proper exceptions.)

little too late. We needed the planet now, in fact there were barges of new residents already in orbit. Anyway, it turns out that they eat their old folk, so it makes good copy for the broadcasts—and if our patrol gets good ratings, then we all get a nice bonus.

Thinking about that, I hammed it up for the recordings. "Yeah. Looking forward to another good day of bug blatin' tomorrow!"

Johnny didn't say anything, just thumped his hole.

"See ya on the inside," I said, and slipped into my shaft.

They started using the holes for tactical reasons—even our people would have problems getting at someone buried a kilometer deep, especially since it's only for the four-hour downtime that us blacksuits need.

Originally they had problems with them, sensory blackouts coupled with being buried alive caused some flipouts. But a simple VR addition to the blacksuit means that nowadays, I can go home to a delicious meal with my wife on Earth.

I popped out of the tube and into my moving easy chair, which sped along through the bright and cheery recreation of my home. Through the living room, where little Elroy plays with his dog Astro....

"Dad!"

...Through the study, where Judy does her homework. "Hi, Daddy!"

...And into the dining room, where it comes to rest at the head of the table. My wife Jane, carrying a golden platter, floats in from the kitchen. I lean over to kiss her apple cheek as she places the dish in front of me.

"Hello darling," she says, smiling as she removes the lid. A roast suckling pig, glazed and apple stuffed, looks back.

"Looks great," I murmur, and she calls the kids. "It's too bad I can't serve some of the bug meat I fried today, though," I say, this time for Elroy's benefit

Judy wrinkles her nose, and Jane smiles tolerantly. Elroy beams. "I'd have some, Dad!"
"I'll bet you would."

The meal was delicious—I have it timed so my blacksuit nutrients dissolve into my bloodstream simultaneously, so that if I don't exactly "eat" with my family, I do "take sustenance" with them.

I found my mind wandering back to Johnny, and his uneasy ways. "Would you mind, Jane, if I had a friend over? I know it's usually our time together, but he seems quite troubled."

She saw the worried lines in my face, and responded sympathetically. "Of course not, dear. Is it someone from work?"

I nodded and walked over to the vidphone, and established a connection with The Landlords, a VR pub where active blacksuits from various planets and patrols would meet during downtime.

I could see it was as raucous as always, and felt Jane's eyes scan the scene as I asked the bartender if Johnny had been by. "Nope. Haven't seen him in a few cycles, actually. Heard he's deep into the white stuff."

I thanked him and disconnected.

"That's the quiet little place where you discuss work?" Jane said archly, her lips smiling.

I shrugged, trying to get a more direct line to Johnny himself. Suddenly I was connected, the screen was bright white and the only blemish was a tiny, rotating figure in the center of it all. It was Johnny, naked and foetal.

Jane tutted disapprovingly. "Johnny," I said sharply. I couldn't see his face from this distance but he had stopped rotating. "Jane and I were hoping you'd join us for dessert." I mostly succeeded in keeping a critical edge off of my voice.

"It's peach cobbler," Jane said cheerfully.

"All right," Johnny said, his tired voice sounding surprisingly close given the tiny figure on the screen.

I nodded and snapped off the vidscreen. I looked back, and Jane's eyes were troubled and distant. "He's just got the Mopup Blues," I said. "Little bit of companionship will do him a world of good."

I heard the pfft of a visitor entering the environment. Another easy chair, same as mine but with a lower back, would now be propelling Johnny through the house.

I popped off into the kitchen to grab the cobbler. Naturally, Jane had already punched in the correct code, so I just pressed the Start button—even I can do that—and leaned back to wait.

It dinged after a few seconds, and as I took it out I thought it odd that Elroy or Judy hadn't called out to Johnny as he went by. It was then I heard the crash.

Peach cobbler in hand, I burst out into the living room. Slumped on the chair was Johnny—in full blacksuit, gleaming and anonymous and with an aura of death.

"Dress visitor appropriate to environment," I muttered quickly and angrily. Johnny became clothed in a pale blue bubblesuit with an unflatteringly large collar. I was glad.

I noticed by her half-translucent state that Jane had made herself intangible. She pulled herself together and

started picking up the pieces of the plate she had dropped.

"I-I'm sorry Jane. I don't really know why I did that." He hung his tousled blond head.

"It's rude, is what it is!" Jane said, drawing herself up to full height. "We work to make this place nice, and we don't expect you to barge in here dressed like that any more—any more than we would expect you to come here dressed as you were—or weren't—on the vidphone!"

Jane stormed into the kitchen. I placed the cobbler on the table and fixed him with a stare. I had nothing to add.

She came back, having put her apron away. Her composure was perfect. What a gal!

Johnny came and sat with us and we ate the cobbler in silence. "Wow, this is good," enthused Johnny between mouthfuls.

Jane smiled a little and said, "You could meet someone who had cobbler waiting for you when you got home, Johnny. Instead of using that awful stasis program. Night after night."

"A man's environment is his own," said Johnny, a little defensively. I wondered if we should push it, but given the eye contact he was making—and the fact that he had made himself available for vidphone calls—I felt like he was reaching out.

"A man's home is his castle, is how that phrase used to go," I said, signalling Rhoda for a cigar. She trundled out of her access panel, a boxy robot in a maid's uniform. "And if you can make it a castle, why wouldn't you?" I took the cigars and offered one to Johnny.

"No thanks."

I shrugged and cut the end off, placing it on the tray and taking the match.

"It's fine for you, George, I mean this place is really nicely done up," Johnny said, waving his hand around, "You've really achieved the retro-cartoon—retro—"

"Retro-futurist cartoonism," Jane helped.

"Yeah, but I mean I don't have—I just don't have the mindset to work on assembling something like this when I've been out all day—" he floundered for words, and despair surfaced on his face like a rising tide.

"It's the Kadarra job, isn't it," I said. "Look, you've been abstracted as far as is possible. The Rigger position is as safe and easy—"

"I'm not concerned with safe and easy," spitting the words out, a little fire coming into his eyes. "I just can't get into the—Look, today, when that ship went up, the one I rigged?"

I nodded, remembering.

"Well, all I could smell was burning fur."

"What the hell do these goddamned bugs have to do with the Kadarrians? And what do you mean, smell? Did you set your suit to sendthrough?" Jane was a little taken aback by my ire but she knew it was necessary.

"No. I—I had a hallucination. I can't get the," and he broke down at this point, "the crying babies out of my head."

Jane looked at me. Johnny was worse than I thought.

"The Kadarrians were not crying babies." I made each point firmly and, I felt, reasonably calmly, and waited for his nod. "They were aliens with a slight resemblance to

humanoid children." Nod. Pause. "We had to make way for the next barge, or else the millions aboard would die." Nod. Pause. "Cohabitation and immigration are impossible." Pause. No nod.

"It's impossible, Johnny. Cohabitation inevitably leads to civil unrest. And exile's children always feel a need to 'reclaim' their native planet. In both cases, a bloody protracted war." I hoped I was getting through to him. His eyes showed no sign. "Do you want to condemn your children's children to death? This is not the most beautiful way, but it is the best way." The last was a quote from our trainer.

"You're right. I know you're right." He smiled and let out a small laugh. "My mind's been going all over the place lately." I scraped my match to life. I had been holding it all the while.

"Aw, that's all right, Jawunny," Rosie, the robot maid said in a Brooklyn accent. "Everybody gets their circuits scrambled once in a while."

We all laughed. It was a moment.

"Well, I for one am glad those Kaddarians are gone," said Jane, her voice getting hushed. "Ever since I found out that they—" she mentioned a sexually deviant practice they used in childrearing. "Now where did I hear that? Was it the Action vids?"

The Action vids were blacksuit recordings of evacuations, extremely popular and educational. "No, they never ended up airing those, unfortunately," Evacs of passive humanoids didn't have the drama, and usually generated more controversy than profit. "You must have been in the news beforehand."

"But it looks like your husband's going to be the next Bugkilla," Johnny said to Jane. "He's been cooking more than his fair share..."

Jane was excited. "Really?"

I savored my cigar, letting the smoke fill my lungs. "Well, could be." I knew that there was only one other guy from the crew being recorded, so I figured I had at least a 50-50 chance of being Bugkilla 48 in the Exterminator series. "But don't go telling all your friends about it until we're sure," I admonished. Jane had a talent for gossiping.

"Well, the way you evacked that horde on the eastern sector today, I'd say you're a shoe in." Johnny seemed back to normal, his eyes shining as he remembered the scene. I was pretty great.

"Like I say, kid, just set the visor to heat-target only, max out the aggro stims, and let your cannon do the talking. Some hotshots play around with the stim settings, but they're set like that for a reason."

That reminded me about the crying babies nonsense. "Hey, you didn't have your visuals set to sendthrough, did you? On the Kaddarian job?"

His face fell a little on this reminder. "No."

"Well, how could you tell they were crying?"

"They—their body language. They were heaving. And sort of clutching their little bears—"

"Their spawn."

"Yes, their young."

There was a pause, and the Jane burst out laughing.

"I'll bet they were—" Johnny looked a little bewildered, and Jane squeaked out, "Clutching, that is. Those sick animals."

I was caught mid-inhale and choked out staccato laughter that turned into a fit.

By the end of it, Jane had a tear leaking out of one eye. and Johnny was egging her on, making little clutching motions.

The next day it was back to the same old grind. I set myself to burp a little early, so I'd rack up some kills before the rest of the patrol were up. I was lucky—there was a bunch of bugs scrounging around for us, and I burst to the surface guns-a-blazing. They knew what hit them, but only barely.

As soon as I finished firing, I was told I had a command message waiting.

The sexless voice informed me: "The duty Morale Maintenance has been added to your job description. This is a confidential duty and supersedes but does not replace your other duties. Your Authority Level is now: 1."

I was torn. It meant higher pay—higher than I had ever received—but still not as high as a starring role in Bugkilla 48. I hoped this wouldn't screw up my chances for stardom.

I had never had this duty before, but because it was randomly assigned once morale had dropped below a certain point, it was inevitable that I'd eventually get it.

And I already knew what my first action as Morale Maintenance had to be. Getting rid of the blacksuit with lowest morale would not only prevent him from infecting the others, but also raise the overall average instantly.

Locking him in his shaft was quietest, but would be noticed by the others since there wasn't time to get another blacksuit to the surface as a replacement.

So at 1600, when my teammates exploded to the surface, I gave a friendly nod at Johnny as I set his shields to half of the recommended levels via my authority level.

When a strafing bugship lasered our team, Johnny exploded. I bellowed up at the sky, in what I hoped would come across anguish and rage through a voicebox intended for monotone:

"I'll make them pay, Johnny! I'll make them pay!"

That's what got me the part of Bugkilla 48. Audiences eat that stuff up. And they did pay—enough to get Jane her fur coat, and the whole family a vacation on Mars.

This story previously appeared in slightly different form in Little Engines #1. It is reprinted with the author's permission.

2011 N3F Amateur Short Story Contest

Story Contest Rules and Entry Blank

1. This contest is open to all amateur writers in the field, regardless of whether they're members of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. For the purposes of this contest, we define an amateur as someone who has sold no more than two (2) stories to professional science fiction or fantasy publications.
2. Stories entered in the contest must be original, unpublished, not longer than 8,500 words in length—and must be related to the science fiction, fantasy, or similar genres in the opinion of the judges.
3. Manuscripts should be typed, single sided on 8 1/2"-by-11" white paper, double spaced, with pages numbered. The name of the author should not appear anywhere on the manuscript to ensure impartial judging. Photocopies are acceptable, if they are of good quality. Computer printouts must be legible. Email attachments of Word documents are also acceptable.
4. Contestants can enter any number of stories, provided that each is accompanied by a separate entry blank and fee. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE) if you would like your story returned at the end of the contest. Do not send your only copy in case of accidental loss; we are not responsible for lost manuscripts. Stories will not be returned without an SASE.
5. The entry fee is \$3 per story for N3F members in good standing, and \$5 for non-members. The extra \$2 is for printing and publicity, which will be paid for using N3F funds. The basic \$3 is for judging expenses and prizes.

While N3F members are encouraged to enter the contest, members will *not* receive any preference in judging. Because of a long-standing agreement with the British Science Fiction Association, BSFA members can pay the same fee as N3F members.

6. Cash prizes totaling \$100 will be awarded as follows: First prize is \$50, second \$30, and third \$20. Honorable mentions and semi-finalists will receive a certificate of award.
 7. Send all manuscripts, accompanied by SASEs, entry forms, and fees to the contest manager: Jefferson Swycaffer, P. O. Box 15373, San Diego, CA 92175-5373; n3f.story.contest@gmail.com. Make checks payable to William Center. Well-concealed American cash (dollar bills) is also acceptable. All entries must be received or postmarked no later than Dec. 31, 2011.
 8. The preliminary judge, who will pick the 10 or 12 semi-finalists, will be a knowledgeable member of the N3F. The final judge will be a professionally published writer.
 9. The N3F assumes no publishing rights or obligations. We want to encourage professional sales, not fan publication. All entries will be returned after the contest is over, if accompanied by an SASE. Winners will be notified as soon as the judging is completed. Announcements and notifications of winning entries will be made in March 2012.
- Please take your time and submit your best work. You can resubmit stories previously entered. All entries will be kept confidential and will be judged fairly and anonymously. The deadline for all entries is Dec. 31, 2011. Good luck!

Entry Form

(Detach or photocopy. Must accompany all entries.)

Title of story (for identification): _____

Author's name and address: _____

Author's email address: _____

Author's age: _____

Enclosed is the entry fee of \$5 (for N3F or BSFA members, the fee is \$3). I have read the above rules for the 2011 N3F Amateur Short Story Contest, and I agree to them.

Signature: _____

Date: _____

Mail to: Jefferson Swycaffer, P. O. Box 15373, San Diego, CA 92175-5373

Re: The Review Section

Unless otherwise indicated, the reviews editor compiles and writes the review section. Members of the N3F are invited and encouraged to submit reviews, preferably by email, although postal mail will be accepted. If you send a review by email and do not hear back within a reasonable length of time, please write to check on its status. Publishers: We are especially interested in receiving new books to consider for review. Heath Row, 438 N. Stanley Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90036; kalel@well.com.

Editor: Heath Row (HR). **Contributors:** Sarah Harder (SH), Owen Lorion (OL), Angela Myers (AM), Jack Robins (JR), David Speakman (DS), R-Lauraine Tutihasi (RLT), Keith Walke (KW), and Holly Wilson (HW). **Illustrator:** Ruth R. Davidson.



Books

The Big Stink, by David Lubar (Starscape, 2010)

This is a terrifying book. Let's get that down right away. It is probably the scariest book I've read in my life.

Not that that last statement means much in itself, because I normally steer clear of the horror genre. And this is a book written for kids. Specifically, because the protagonists are about 10 years old give or take a year, the target audience would be those who best identify with that age group because they belong to it themselves. That would be about the age the sainted Mrs. Virginia Hagood, my favorite teacher ever, first introduced me to science fiction through the novel *The Twenty-One Balloons* by William Pène du Bois. With 50 years in between, I don't know that I can fairly compare *The Twenty-One Balloons* with the Nathan Abercrombie, Accidental Zombie series, but I suspect young minds will find that either one sparks the imagination.

I was given *The Big Stink* to review, but as it was the fourth book in the series by David Lubar, I also checked out the first one, *My Rotten Life*, from the library. That turned out to be pleasant but unnecessary, because like all series books should do, the relevant back-story information is skillfully and unobtrusively woven into the narrative. The first book gave it in more detail, but didn't include anything

vital to the fourth one.

The premise of the series, as hinted at by the series title, is that fifth grader Nate Abercrombie has been doused with a serum that has given him many of the attributes of a zombie. Some are good—he doesn't need to breathe or eat. Others are not so good, particularly when it comes to keeping his condition secret—he can't eat or seem to breathe, except with difficulty, and in *The Big Stink*, his skin begins to putrefy stinkily. With his special abilities, he's been recruited by a spy agency (in the second or third volume), which gives greater latitude to the situations he gets involved in, as well as another reason to keep his condition a secret from everyone except the two non-zombified friends who were with him when he got doused.

This is intended as a gross-out book, but while disgusting things are involved (tunneling through a garbage barge, eating a sandwich that's been messily sneezed upon, and I lost count of how many times people vomited) they are never described in enough detail to really disgust me. If I was disgusted by anything, it was that the adults all acted like 10-year-olds. This might not be so evident to the kids reading it, but to me as an adult, it seriously strained my suspension of disbelief. But it was somewhat compensated for by the in-jokes the kids would have no chance of getting, like the two schools being named Borloff and Belgosi. This was mainly a fun book, written for humor and not drama. There were some good suspenseful episodes, but nothing in the story to frighten or give nightmares to even the most suggestible 10 year old.

But wait, didn't I say at the start that this is a frightening book? Well it is, but it's not the story that does it. Oh, no. It's the final four or five pages. The euphemistically titled "Readers Guide." Just the first (of 23!) items:

"At the start of the novel, Nathan and his friends find themselves sitting in a classroom for much smaller kids. Consider how Nathan, Abigail, and Mookie each react to the situation. Try riding a tricycle, wandering around a toddler playground, squeezing into an outgrown jacket, or exploring another object or place that is not sized for you. Write a poem or song lyrics describing your thoughts and feelings about this experience."

If that doesn't make your blood run cold, I can't imagine what would! And unbelievably, they get worse: "...create a PowerPoint presentation...", "...with friends or classmates, make a reading list...", "...role-play a conversation between Nathan and his teammates...", "...write an outline of your plan...", and most chillingly of all, the last one ends "... Do you see any lessons in these connections that might apply to your own life?" After 170 pages of entertainment, just as in the best horror movies, the true terror isn't revealed until the very end. (OL)

"The Brick Moon," by Edward E. Hale (Roberts Brothers, 1885)

All my stffinal life I have been hearing that the concept of satellites orbiting Earth was originated by Arthur C. Clark.

In 1945, while WWII was still waging, he published a short nonfiction article in a popular science magazine, which described such a project in sufficient detail that both the US Army and the USSR began considering it, resulting in Sputnik and all that has progressed from there.

I have just finished reading a 95 page story that predates Clarke's article a bit. Three quarters of a century, in fact. "The Brick Moon," written in 1869 by Edward Everett Hale—and collected in the 1885 *His Level Best and Other Stories*—is a science fiction story about an artificial satellite. (E.E. Hale is best known either for writing "The Man Without A Country" or for giving the keynote two-hour oration at the dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, preceding a few casual remarks by Abe Lincoln.) Most 19th century literature is incredibly turgid compared to today's clippier style, but this is, in fact, a fascinating story, delightfully steampunk and enjoyable even by today's standards. While some of the satire is dated, it's still easy to recognize and appreciate it.

"It all began more than thirty years ago, when we were in college; as most good things begin. We were studying in the book which has gray sides and a green back, and is called *Cambridge Astronomy* because it is translated from the French." Thus are we presented with the narrator's high opinion of the textbooks used in Cambridge, Massachusetts, circa 1840.

Wireless radio had not yet been invented, so the titular moon is not for communications. It is, rather, intended as a GPS—a geo-positioning satellite! The first half of the story is the conception and eventual construction of the little moon. The first proposal is for lath and plaster, but that's nixed because atmospheric friction would burn it up. Metal might be melted. So a surface of baked earthen material is decided upon, as being the most heat resistant. Baked clay, otherwise referred to as "bricks." Holy ceramic tiles! Well, the Space Shuttle was known as the "flying brick." The launching mechanism for the Brick Moon is different from any I've ever heard of, but actually sounds like it might be feasible, as well as cheaper and safer than the explosive means we've used in the 20th century.

The second half of the story takes a different track. Accidentally launched ahead of schedule with human passengers, the concluding pages are about the development by these literal castaways of an idyllic society in their desert island in space. Some terrible liberties are taken with biological science (the 48-day "year" affords frequent growing seasons, "... Darwin ... is all right. We began with lichens and have come as far as palms and hemlocks" [in just 16 Brick Moon years!], and "We have no horses yet, but the Shanghaes [chickens] are coming up into very good dodos and ostriches, quite big enough for a trot for the children."). If the first half was technological sci-fi, the second is psychological sci-fi, with the still-present satire squeezed between a lot of philosophical musing and gender commentary.

"Can it be possible that all human sympathies can thrive, and all human powers be exercised, and all human joys increase, if we live with all our might with the thirty or forty people next to us, ... in a little 'world of our own'?" (OL)

Exchange, by Dale R. Cozort (Stairway Press, 2010)

This is a first published novel by a relatively young author. He has been writing for a number of years, however, and it shows. I've read excerpts of some of his other writing and have found them all interesting and entertaining.

This particular novel takes place on an alternate Earth where portals open up seemingly randomly to another alternate Earth that is radically different from ours. The animal life is different and yet reminiscent of some extinct species here, and man doesn't seem to have evolved.

The main character is a divorced mother of an autistic child who just happens to get caught up in one of the "exchanges." Her ex-husband is a sort of crazy guy who kidnaps their daughter, and much of the action stems from Sharon's search to regain her daughter. The exchanges are apparently random, but enough has been learned about them to enable scientists to predict how long one will last. If you happen to be on the alternate Earth side of an exchange when things revert to normal, you become trapped there with no reassurance of ever being able to get back home.

All this leads to quite a bit of excitement and suspense. In addition, artifacts of yet another alternate Earth are discovered. The author develops his characters well, and I found myself in sympathy with Sharon most of the time. Sometimes she seems a bit slow, and I wanted to slap her upside the head. The plotting was good, and it keeps the reader reading. I eagerly await more work by him. (RLT)

The Eye of the World, by Robert Jordan (Tor, 1990)

Earlier this spring, I was in the mood for an epic fantasy. Robert Jordan's series *The Wheel of Time*, though relatively recently published, seemed to fit the bill. The first book weighs in at more than 800 pages, and there are currently 14 books in the series, with a 15th planned for early 2012. While I'm not sure I need to take a running leap into the 15-book run, I am certainly glad I read this first book—which will inspire me to read at least the second in the series, as well. It took me two passes to make it through the book. The first read, which I began who knows when, my energy and attention petered out about a fifth of the way in. But the second read, completed in early March, didn't languish or lag a bit. That's worth noting, as some of the coolest stuff in the book—the introduction of Loial the Ogier and the use of the Waygates—happens quite late in the book. Loial comes into play on p. 547, and the coolest magical aspect of the book takes place starting on p. 659. That said, the book's not all preamble to spectacle. This first book clearly shows the promise of the rest of Jordan's series. The characters are strong. The world and its history is rich. And the plot has potential. We'll see whether the second novel in the series, *The Great Hunt*, can sustain the standard set in this first book. Regardless, this is a fine fantasy, and if you haven't read it, you should. (HR)

Five Hundred Years After, by Steven Brust (Tor, 1995)

When I requested this book for review, I had no idea what to expect. I was simply curious to see a sample of Brust's writing. Though I don't know him well, I've known him for

many years and have known that he wrote.

I'm not generally interested in fantasy, so I wasn't expecting to like the book a whole lot. I liked the book much better than I expected, not so much because of the story but because of the interesting writing style. Again, because I haven't read anything else by him, I can't compare the style of this book to his other books. It's what I consider a stylized style. Usually, those turn me off, but not this time. I found it very easy to read.

The story he tells is also interesting but not in the usual way. The basic story is about political and other plotting to bring about the downfall of an empire. There are a number of characters that are introduced gradually enough that it doesn't become confusing.

The people in this book live someplace where their life spans are many times our own. So people's ages are in the hundreds and thousands of years range. This may be the reason their behavior seems a bit odd at times. The pacing, for instance, seems relaxed.

The main character, Khaavren, is a soldier who has been featured in at least one other of Brust's works. As a soldier, he tries to adhere strictly to the letter of all his orders. On the other hand, he finds ways around orders that don't seem quite right to him.

I can say this much. If his other books are as well written, then he is certainly an author worthy of reading. (RLT)

A Legacy of Daemons, by Camille Bacon-Smith (DAW, 2010)

One of the difficulties of reviewing a science fiction book is that sometimes the locale is so bizarre, unless the background is described, no one can understand the review. *A Legacy Of Daemons* is such a novel. The book continuously refers to events in a previous book by Bacon-Smith, *Daemon Eyes*, which happens to be a combination of *Eye of the Daemon* and *Eyes of the Empress*.

The author mentions a universe of seven spheres, but in the book, only two are important: the Daemon's and Earth's. In the Daemon's sphere, there are seven princes and all the other inhabitants belong to or in some way are a part of those princes, sort of like cells belong to or are part of the body. Generally, the princes form and reform alliances so that there are always three against three with one prince being neutral. An individual Daemon could be called to the earth by special sacrifices, which is dangerous because a Daemon has the power to kill humans or even destroy the entire planet unless restrained. The Daemons can take human forms and can even change sex if they so wish. Daemons are restrained by pentagrams on the ceiling or on the floor.

The "hero" of the novel is Evan Davis, who is half human and half daemon. How a Daemon could father a semi-human is not made clear, but sex plays an important role among the Daemons. Evan's human mother is only referred to once and never otherwise seen. But his father, Brad (Kevin Bradley), is tied to earth as long as Brad is alive. Brad has a human girlfriend in Singapore and travels there frequently. A third character is the Daemon Lily Ryan who regularly uses Evan for sex. In fact, the author spends

a whole chapter just describing in great detail what goes on in a sex act between Lily and Evan.

In a previous novel, Evan, Brad, and Lily have formed a very profitable private investigation agency in Philadelphia, taking on jobs which no one else would. One day, while Brad is in Singapore and Lily elsewhere, a Daemon, Matt Shields, from a rival Daemon Prince, asks the agency to bid on a box at an auction. Matt somehow is tied to the box and only by his getting the box can he be freed. Matt says that the agency would be well paid. It is up to Evan to make a decision. Evan makes a very strong contract which ties the agency to getting the box. Now Matt's prince and Brad's prince become concerned. Also involved are a group of humans who dabble in the dark arts and want to trap a Daemon to do their bidding and are not above catching and torturing people for these purposes, especially Evan. Meanwhile, there are human detectives who are keeping the agency under investigation. A priest becomes suspicious of Brad and tries to "abolish" Brad with intonations. Before very long things become wild and Evan is in danger of losing his life, Brad and Lily are in trouble with their Prince and even Earth is in danger of being destroyed. (JR)

Love & Rockets, edited by Martin H. Greenberg and Kerrie Hughes (DAW, 2010)

This is a baker's dozen stories of science fiction with a romantic flavor. I thought all the stories were at least good, if not great. Actually there was only one I didn't care for very much. "F Isn't for Freefall," by Donald J. Bingle, was sort of centered on locker room talk, though it was about men in the military as opposed to a sports team or high school. It was also based on a misunderstanding, and it didn't strike me as particularly funny or entertaining. Men may feel differently.

My absolute favorite was "Second Shift" by Brenda Cooper. It is about a long-distance relationship that could only occur in sf, at least for now. I found it very touching.

My second favorite was Steven H. Silver's "In the Night." The story takes place at a multi-species space station. People are constantly coming and going, but some ships make a regular stop there periodically. It isn't easy to develop a relationship.

Four other stories I found almost as good: "Wanted" by Anita Ensal, "An Offer You Couldn't Refuse" by Sylvia Kelso and Lillian Stewart Carl, "The Business of Love" by Kelly Swails, and Jody Lynn Nye's "Dance of Life". "Wanted" was about a woman on the run. The Kelso-Carl piece was about people treading water because of tradition and what it takes for them to break away. "The Business of Love" is about two young people with different backgrounds who are in love. "Dance of Life" involves multiple species and has some interesting concepts. Except for that one, the other three stories really could have taken place anywhere without any sort of sf background. Still, they were entertaining to me.

I found two other stories almost as good. Jay Lake's "The Women Who Ate Stone Squid" has an interesting archaeological theme. "Music in Time" by Dean Wesley Smith has an interesting twist on the unemployment theme.

The rest of the stories were what I'd consider average. "Gateway Night" by Nina Kiriki Hoffman is about a nurse working on a multi-species space hospital. Shannon Page and Jay Lake co-authored "If This Were a Roman," which is sort of a pseudo-romance. Tim Waggoner's "Old Times' Sake" takes place in a future where people can port themselves into new bodies when their original bodies are destroyed. Finally, "Drinking Games" by Kristine Kathryn Rusch is a sort of hired killer story.

The collection overall is fairly entertaining, and the best stories are scattered throughout the collection. I would recommend the book for people who enjoy light sf in small doses. (RLT)

The Mark of Nerath, by Bill Slavicsek (Wizards of the Coast, 2010)

I've recently gotten back into roleplaying gaming, participating in the occasional D&D Encounters night at a local game store and playing D&D with my son, who's now 7. So I thought I'd check out the current crop of RPG-related fantasy novels, specifically the D&D books. When I was younger, the Dragonlance novels, particularly the Chronicles trilogy, absolutely astounded me, providing many, many hours of spellbound reading of fantastic fiction.

This book, my reintroduction to RPG tie-in fiction, falls far, far short of that—and flat. Slavicsek, the author, is the director of research and development for Dungeons & Dragons and book publishing at Wizards of the Coast, which produces D&D these days. While he's an excellent game designer and writer—he cut his chops on the *Star Wars* RPG at West End Games before moving to TSR and then Wizards—that doesn't mean that he's a solid author of fantasy fiction. And this novel, his first, indicates that writing games doesn't necessarily translate to writing fiction.

The book occasionally lapses into RPG shorthand. Rather than introduce or describe a creature that could be fantastic and fearsome, the author just names it and plods on, as though assuming that the reader is a gamer and will look it up in the *Monster Manual* or otherwise know the back story. Similarly, there's a scene in which a character uses the spell Feather Fall. Rather than describing what happens, and how—an excellent opportunity for some fun fantasy writing—he skips on by, expecting the reader to insert their own understanding and perspective of the spell and what it does. It's a strange feeling to see gaming shorthand in a novel.

Despite that, I'm glad Slavicsek tried his hand at fiction—and I encourage him to do so again. Just don't assume we've read your rulebooks, too. (HR)

The Seal of Karga Kul, by Alex Irvine (Wizards of the Coast, 2010)

This is the second RPG tie-in novel I've read in recent months, and I picked it up hot on the heels of *The Mark of Nerath*. It's much better written than Slavicsek's book, which gently challenges my intuition that game writing doesn't translate to fiction; Irvine's previous work has included comic books and the alternate reality games *The Beast* and *I Love Bees*. Both books are set in the current D&D campaign world of the Nentir Vale, and some of the

settings and events in *The Seal of Karga Kul* inspired me to learn more about potential inclusion in my gaming—something that the previous book didn't do.

The coolest things in this book involve the relationships between the characters in the adventuring party, as well as the unknown or dimly known pasts of a couple of key characters. I also enjoyed the author's depictions of the Bridge of Iban Ja, and the Inverted Keep, both of which would make for excellent game locations. Had I only read the previous book—remember, though, that this isn't a series—I might not be keen on checking out other D&D tie-in novels. This book, however, redeems that impression, and I'll gladly read another in the near future. Fun, game-related fantasy. (HR)

Steampunk'd, edited by Jean Rabe and Martin H. Greenberg (DAW, 2010)

The Urban Dictionary online defines "steampunk" as "a subgenre of speculative fiction, usually set in an anachronistic Victorian or quasi-Victorian alternate history setting. It could be described by the slogan "What the past would look like if the future had happened sooner." It includes fiction with science fiction, fantasy or horror themes. "

This collection of steampunk-themed stories introduces the reader to a wide range of possibility. From Egypt to the American West (steam-powered horses, even!). Several of the stories really push the genre in inventive directions. I was really happy to see a story dealing with gender discrimination in a fun and interesting way. There are some stories that bring in actual historical characters and handle them in ways that haven't been considered before.

There were some stories I really liked and others that weren't as appealing to me. That is simply the nature of a collection. For a reader interested in the realm of possibility that exists within this genre, I would recommend it as a good way to get a sense of the genre.

On a very picky note, the brief author bios were uneven and came across as a bit too jokey for my taste. It seemed like perhaps the authors themselves wrote them—personally, I think it would have been smoother to have them written by the editors instead. Yes, that's a persnickety thing to focus on, but I found it distracting and therefore worthy of note. (HW)

A Time of Changes, by Robert Silverberg (Orb, 2009)

I read this for the first time many years ago, probably a few years within its first publication in 1971. I remember not caring for it all that much. I still cannot say it is among my favorites, but I think I have a better understanding of it than I did then. The book takes place many centuries in the future when the human race has spread to many planets. The action takes place on the planet Borthan, where self-concern is a sin. In fact the use of the first person singular is forbidden in most of the cultures on the planet. The one exception is the continent of Sumara Borthan, which lacks the cultural amenities of the other areas of the planet.

The main character, Kinnall Darival, is born to a royal family. However, he is the second son and therefore is in danger once his older brother ascends to the throne.

Because of this, Kinnall flees to a different land, experiencing many ups and downs in his travels. Eventually, after settling down with a wife, he meets an Earthman and starts learning about cultures other than the ones he's somewhat familiar with. From that point his life starts to change radically. He tries to bring about a change in his own culture, but the change is too radical, and he becomes a fugitive. The book is written in first person; and the survival of the manuscript speaks to a change in his culture, though possibly after his own demise.

What do I think? The book certainly gives the reader pause. However I find neither the original Borthan culture or the radical change Kinnall tries to bring about satisfactory. A happy compromise is what I feel most comfortable with. On the other hand, the book makes me think that the radical alternative may be the solution to current problems here on Earth. (RLT)

Touched by an Alien by Gini Koch

I really wanted to like this book. Really, I did. It has a great premise—aliens running a kind of “Men in Black” agency to protect earth—and it starts with a bang when the protagonist, Katherine “Kitty” Katt, kills a monster by using her Mont Blanc pen to stab it.

After an opening like that, the story has to slow down a bit for a while, and this one does. The problem is, it doesn't get interesting again for about 100 pages. When it does, I still haven't learned to care much about Kitty, and I've actually learned to dislike the alien love interest, Jeff. That's probably just me. I don't like men who call their sweethearts “baby.” A baby is an infant. If you think of your lover as a baby, you have big problems. So does she. I also don't like domineering men, and Jeff becomes increasingly so. But Kitty, who by now has become the savior of all mankind—plus aliens—seems to be more than OK with it. I admire her infallibility in battle, though it strains the suspension of disbelief, but I can't respect her.

Then, when the action does pick up again about page 200 of the 400-page book, Kitty is hanging from a cable attached to a hovering Harrier jet. OK, it's a fantasy. I'll try to accept that. But then she takes a Glock out of her purse and has to figure out how to use both hands to take the safety off. The Glock safety is part of the trigger assembly, designed specifically to be operated with one hand. The author should have googled it. When you're writing about going into a stall in a man's restroom and being instantly transported to headquarters, you can make up stuff. But when you're writing about a weapon that actually exists, you have to get your details right.

I didn't hate this book; I just didn't particularly like it. I was especially disappointed because I think the publisher failed the author. Better editing to remove about 100 pages, correct the Glock problem, and maybe tone down some of the wilder details would have made it a much better read. (AM)

Movies

The Burrowers

So far, I've had some pretty good luck with Netflix in that I've found some gems that do not have the broad appeal for wide-release big budget science fiction blockbusters. *The Burrowers* is a science fiction horror movie set in the Custer-era great plains of the U.S.

The story revolves around the grisly discoveries as a group of men folk on horseback try to solve what appears to me to be an Indian massacre of a farm homestead.

Themes touched on are racism, environmentalism and extinction. Here, the alien invaders are humans who unwittingly are dealing with a land's ecology trying to figure out what to do as humans wreak havoc on the local flora and fauna.

This film is not the most subtle with its message, but is well done in the message-movie sf genre, as man moves from being a hunter to coping with being hunted.

I've watched this film twice. The plot holes are scarce and minor, leaving an enjoyable yarn that leaves you thinking about humanity's place in nature.

That's about as high a compliment as I can give an sf film these days. No, Virginia, it's not mindless dreck.

Parental Warning: Gore, blood and death. This is a horror movie—even if it is a thinking person's horror movie. (DS)

Monsters

Every so often you stumble across a little film on Netflix and wonder how you ever managed to miss it when it was out in theaters. *Monsters*, a low-budget independent film from 2010, is such a find. The premise, at first, is not promising at all—life “six years after Earth has suffered an alien invasion.” This is the stuff of countless schlocky sci-fi films that have tarnished the image of science fiction for decades.

The story revolves around an American couple's adventures as they trek through Mexico (where the invasion began) on their way back to the U.S.

At first, *Monsters* follows the expected formula: nasty monsters, human versus killer aliens, boy meets girl, man versus nature, until something magical happens.

Writer/director Gareth Edwards—best known as a documentary filmmaker—*Space Race* (2005) and *Heroes and Villains* (2008)—uses our expectations against us.

This film is actually very smart. Like *District 9*, it uses a contemporary social issue as a jumping off point for a great speculative fiction commentary that challenges our modern society and its cultural egocentrism.

Parental Warning: R-rated for a reason—some sexual situations, scary, gory nastiness and foul language. Not suitable for kids at all as the message of the film is too complex for young minds. (DS)

Splice

Of course, the biggest budget movie of the bunch that I am reviewing is also the worst.

The premise of this film is that of the cautionary tale: what can go wrong when scientists start mucking around with transgenic DNA—especially when they start inserting human DNA in to their experiments.

Sounds like a good idea for a great movie, huh? Well, *Splice* is not that film. Instead, *Splice* is what happens when Hollywood takes a good sf idea and decides to make a “real movie” with the goal to teach the science fiction nerds a lesson in how to make a good film.

Instead, we get an anti-science science fiction film. I do not know how the studio expected to make money from a film that insults the only audience that will be drawn to watch it. This film failed at the box office—and it failed in my home's living room.

Splice is not without its bright points. Its stars, Adrien Brody and Sarah Polley, are very good. But their considerable talents cannot pull this film away from the horrible story that, despite a strong start, falls apart in the third act to the point it's almost impossible to finish watching it.

Parental Warning: Gory and a very un-needed gratuitous and graphic rape scene. (DS)

Television

The Cape

I decided to give the television show *The Cape* a try. It's about a cop who's framed and believed to be dead. He becomes a superhero of sorts and calls himself “the cape” after a comic he used to read to his son. Of course he's trying to clear his name and get his family back. He does not have any actual superpowers but learns tricks and illusions from a group of criminal carnival performers.

I think it has promise and will stick with it for awhile to see where it goes. My husband isn't interested in giving it a chance, however, because “with an unimaginative name like that (meaning the name of the show) what kind of writing can we expect?” What's funny is that there's a scene where our hero saves a convenience store clerk from robbers. The clerk asks him what he's called and when he says, “The Cape,” the clerk replies, “Well, you'll work on it”. (SH)

Outcasts

Although not available yet in the U.S., I've been watching the new BBC series *Outcasts*, which is currently airing in the UK. The premise is by the end of the 21st century, humans have rendered the Earth uninhabitable to the point we've sent deep space ships to the nearest goldilocks planet we could find in hopes of saving the human race and other terrestrial species.

This series is a pioneer story of the first landers and how they intend to rebuild a human civilization.

Part *Lord of the Flies* and part modern-day western in space, the series delves as only the BBC can into subtle darkness of human nature. It's smart writing may be a little too dull for those expecting big action in their science fiction.

The main weakness of this series is its weak science. The travel time from Earth is iffy at best. I believe the writers purposely left its specifics mushy to avoid nit-pickers. But still... Another issue is it gets a little too heavy

handed in its blurring of lines between physics and the paranormal.

The series also decides to tackle human cloning as a survival method—the first TV series to do so since *Space: Above and Beyond* did in the 1990s.

Main themes explored here are crime, political intrigue, survival, adventure, the relative nature of reality, ecology, and technology effects on what it means to be human.

Parental Warning: Violence, realistic deaths, and some sexual situations. Kids are more likely to be bored by its



adult pace than shocked by its adult themes. (DS)

Zines

British Fantasy Society Journal Winter 2010

I must confess that when I created the BFS, I was hoping for a modest companion to the BSFA. But then Steve Jones and his girlfriend turned the society into a small press publishing house. The trend for expensive, infrequent publications has continued unabated. Here the three BFS publications *New Horizons* (fiction), *Prism* (news), and *Dark Horizons* (reviews) are lumped together in an admittedly handsome bound volume. But is it necessary? 17 Pendre Ave., Prestatyn, Denbighshire, LL19 9SH, UK; <http://www.britishfantasy.society.org>. (KW)

brg #67

An amateur press association/genzine that is beautifully produced. Bruce gives us a brief con report on Aussiecon 4 with photos. Colin Steele reports on Adelaide Writers Week. Writer John Litchen continues his “My Life and Science Fiction.” Though the lettercol is really where its at, with locs from a host of fans plus brief responses continuing the conversation. Fanzines as e-books? Must try that. Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard St., Greensborough, VIC 3008, Australia; gandc@pacific.net.au; <http://gillespiecochrane.com.au>. (KW)

Data Dump #154-8

Several information packed issues. Books, poetry, events, music, etc.—little sf- or fantasy-related seems to escape Steve's watchful eye. #154 is devoted to tributes to the late Edwin Morgan, a well-known sf poet. I seem to recall hearing him read from his work at some literary festival or other, and being quite impressed. Those Carcosa-inspired poems sound interesting. Steve Sneyd, 4 Nowell Place, Almondsbury, Huddersfield, HD5 8PB, UK. (KW)

The Doppelganger Broadsheet

Produced in the style of a turn of the 20th century page from *The Strand* magazine, this features short fiction and letters. It could have been written by Arthur Conan Doyle or one of his contemporaries. It's certainly a fun read. jocol.langeveldt@btinternet.com (KW)

A Different Drummer #23

Eric tells us Robert A. Heinlein reckoned there were only three main sf plots: boy meets girl, the little tailor (the little guy who becomes a big shot or vice versa), and the man who learned better. I am sure John Brunner added a fourth, though I can't remember what it was. Of course, one can find other versions, one gives 20 major plots. Eric also includes a piece of short prose poetry. Eric Leif Davin, P.O. Box 90087, Pittsburgh, PA 15224. (KW)

Fadeaway #20

I don't receive many exchange copies of zines in the mail for *The Fan*, so I was quite pleased to get this in the mail. I'm a brand-new reader of *Fadeaway*, so this 26-page issue is very much a first impression. It's a good one. Jennings reports on some end-of-year happenings with his local serials club, the Cliffhangers; Kent McDaniels reports on WindyCon 37; Jennings writes extensively—11 pages—on the December 1940 issue of *Comet*; and there's an excellent lettercol. Correspondents include Frank Mazzarella, Brad W Foster, and Milt Stevens—three letters for three pages. The selection of graphics, including some Foster fan art and reproductions from *Comet*, is excellent, but it's really the writing that stands out. Jennings's comments on the serials he's watched recently makes me want to watch serials: always a good inspiration. McDaniels's five-page conrep is also quite good and comprehensive, although I would have liked more subheads or other entry points for easier skimming. But it's Jennings's piece on *Comet*, titled "Yesterday's World of Tomorrow," that impressed me the most. It's not just a description or review of the first issue of the pulp fiction magazine, it's a look at the success of *Astounding Stories*, the departure of F. Orlin Tremaine, and his launch of *Comet*. After an in-depth analysis of the stories in that first issue, the piece ends with some commentary on challenges that faced the title, as well as Tremaine's later career. Makes me want to read that issue of *Comet*, but even moreso, makes me want to learn more about

Tremaine. An excellent zine. Recommended! Robert Jennings, 29 Whiting Road, Oxford, MA 01540-2035; fabficbks@aol.com. (HR)

It Goes On The Shelf #32

Stacked with reviews of books from all genres, not by any means just sf. There's also an extremely heavily edited lettercol. As you'll gather, this is for anyone who enjoys reading. On your review of *The Gothic Flame*, which I found rather hard going myself, I must confess I have a few of the books mentioned but never seem to get around to reading them. *Mysteries of Udolpho* has defeated me. Ned Brooks, 4817 Dean Lane, Lilburn, GA 30047-4720. (KW)

Journey Planet #8

Nicely produced award winning fannish genzine with a number of articles on what makes a science fiction fan? Of course, no one comes up with the answer, and that's hardly surprising. Claire Briarley ponders on what is the best sf novel you've never read, but then does at least attempt to answer the question herself. David Hardy comes up with an illuminating piece on Werner von Braun. It's a great read. Recommended. James Bacon, 55 Cromwell Road, Croydon, Surrey, CR0 2JZ, UK. (KW)

Knarley Knews #137

A genzine with a strong editorial presence. The heart of a fanzine is its lettercol, and here Knarley explains how he deals with the locs that come in. It's something of an object lesson for potential fanzine editors. Yes, I to struggle with mailing labels. Why do they never print what's on the screen? Even printing envelopes is just as hit and miss. Henry L. Welch, 15290 Upper Ellen Road, Los Gatos, CA 95033. (KW)

Littlebrook #8

Jerry recounts his adventures getting to last year's Corflu, and Suzanne provides a brief conrep. There's also a kind of retro piece: a Conrep from the 1984 Norwescon. But, of course, the lettercol is where most of the action is. To me, the art of fan writing is to make even the most mundane events appear interesting, and these two talented fan writers perhaps make it seem all too easy. Those flight problems...ugh! Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins, P.O. Box 25075, Seattle, WA 98165. (KW)

Bureaus and Activities Reports

Artists Bureau

To help celebrate the 70th anniversary of the N3F, we're holding a contest to design a new logo for the club! David Speakman has submitted this logo idea to help get your creative juices flowing.

You do not need to participate in the artists bureau to submit a design idea, and we encourage all Neffers to send in their ideas! Submitted logos will be printed in *The Fan* and otherwise shared with other members. Send in your submissions to *The Fan*, care of the editor, or via email to artistsbureau@yahoo.com.—Sarah E. Harder



Birthday Cards

Thanks go to Sarah Glasgow Harder for sending me a pile of birthday cards, most of them handmade by Lee and J.J. McFadden. Since the December issue of *The Fan*, I've sent about 13 birthday cards to members. If anyone else would like to be added to the list or make sure he or she is on the list, please contact me at laurraine@mac.com.—R-Laurraine Tutihasi

Convention Coordinator

Heath Row recently volunteered to head the convention bureau. If you plan on attending any upcoming conventions, please let Heath know. He can work with you to distribute fliers and zines at the con, and he will help you write a convention report for *The Fan*! He can also help you identify any other area Neffers you might want to meet as you travel. Email him at kalel@well.com.—Heath Row

Election

You can see the newly elected 2011 officers of the N3F on p. 2 of this issue. Every candidate received 11 votes, and there were no write ins.—Ruth R. Davidson

N3F Bookworms

Last issue, I announced the second selection for discussion: George R.R. Martin's novel *The Armageddon Rag*. Neffers still have time and opportunity to participate. We'll include readers comments and feedback on the book in the September 2011 issue of *The Fan*.

If you'd like to participate, get the book. Email me, post something to *Tightbeam* online, send a message to the N3F mailing list, or write me a letter. Any comments will be considered for inclusion in *The Fan*. Please send material by Aug. 15 to 438 N. Stanley Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90036; kalel@well.com.—Heath Row

The National Fantasy Fan

In honor of the N3F's 70th anniversary, the editor of *The Fan* is returning to the historic numbering of issues, starting this year with the 70th volume. The editors of *The Fan* began using Vol. 1 in 1942, continuing through to Vol. 27 in 1968. A Vol. 28 was also published in 1968, changing the numbering slightly, and that sequence continued through to Vol. 60 in 2000. Janine Stinson restarted the numbering with Vol. 1 in 2001 to mark a new era of the zine, as well as the merger of *The Fan* and *Tightbeam*. Now, 10 years later, we're returning to Vol. 70, which would be the volume number had numbering continued consistently since the early '40s—even without the double volume in 1968. Confused? Don't worry. Just remember that this is the 70th anniversary of the N3F; it's also the 70th volume of our clubzine.—Heath Row

Neffers Amateur Press Alliance (N'APA)

The two most recent editions distributed to participants were #207, which was sent in mid-January, and #208, sent in mid-March. Six participants contributed a total of about 40 pages of material to #207, and as many supplied almost 50 pages to #208. In #207, N3F member Owen Lorion returns with his perzine *Number 13* after more than 20 years; welcome back! That issue of the apa also included personal updates, mailing comments, a 10-page short

story by Jefferson P. Swycaffer, a profile of the neglected genre author Carl H. Claudy, and media reviews.

#208, then, featured more mailing comments, Jefferson P. Swycaffer's conrep on ConDor, the Swycaffer short story "Emeralds Also Glitter," Jon D. Swartz's profile of neglected genre author Sir Hugh Walpole, Jean Lamb's story "Dead Man's Hand," and more. An excellent issue! Members who are interested can receive sample collations of the apa for as long as they want. Contact me at laurraine@mac.com to get on the distribution list.—R-Laurraine Tutihasi

Round Robins

Here is the list of the active round robins as of March 2011:

- Comic Books and Comix
- Darkover
- *Doctor Who*
- Fantasy and Science Fiction in Films
- Harry Potter books and movies
- Horror
- J. R. R. Tolkien and The Lord of the Rings
- Magic and Magick
- Mercedes Lackey
- Mythology
- Science Fiction and Fantasy Television
- *Star Trek: Deep Space 9* and *The Next Generation*
- *Star Trek: Voyager* and *Enterprise*
- Vampires
- Women Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers

Those were started or restarted in January 2011.

Here are the missing-in-action round robins:

- *Babylon 5* (last seen in October)
- Cats in Science Fiction and Fantasy (July)
- Cats in Science Fiction and Fantasy #2 (November)
- Celtic Folklore and Other Folk Tales (September)
- CGI and Animated Film (August)
- C.J. Cherryh (August)
- The Dark and Speculative in Film: *The Matrix*, *Inception*, etc. (December)
- *District 9* (June)
- Dogs and Wolves in Science Fiction and Fantasy (December)
- Dreams
- *Firefly/Serenity* (August)
- Mary Renault and Mary Brown (December)
- Mysticism and Religion in Science Fiction and Fantasy (December)
- Science and Technology in Society (December)
- Sherlock Holmes (October)
- *Star Trek* Classic (December)
- Syfy Channel (November)
- *Thieves' World* (August)
- Time Travel (December)

- *Torchwood* (October)
- Worldwide Folklore (December)

If you have one of those at home and haven't responded or sent it on recently, please do so! (That means you, too, Heath.) You can contact me at 510 Village Court, Nashville, TN 37206 or on Facebook.—Patricia King

Short Story Contest

The 2010 N3F short story contest has concluded.

The winners are:

- First Place: "The Chosen," by Stephanie Lekas, a haunting story of a world where people are disappearing, and where those left behind can only wonder why
- Second Place: "All the Beautiful Lights of Heaven," by Russ Colson, a story of the deepest future, where the cosmos pauses between expansion, and, in the silence, one might even hear the voice of God
- Third Place: "The Probability Machine," by Arthur Doweiko, an ironic "twist ending" story regarding scientific predestination and the limits of free will
- Honorable Mention: "Newest Dragonrider" by Kenneth Hart, a tale of warriors, wizards, dragons, and those brave—or stupid!—enough to ride

We had only five entries this year, although there would have been two more, which seem to have gone astray in the mail! The 2011 contest is now open, and, of course, the sooner you send your stories in, the better.

The stories were, as always, imaginative, clever, witty, and filled with magical miracles, or with scientific marvels, or occasionally with both! The writers were skillful and deft, creating memorable characters and scenes and situations that challenge a reader's sense of wonder. The craft of writing science fiction and fantasy is carried forward by these new writers, and if one of them goes on to a future career in the field, no one should be at all surprised.

This year, by a special invitation, Wesley Kawato, editor of *Nova Magazine*, has asked to see the contest-winning story; this offer was conveyed to the winner, Stephanie Lekas.—Jefferson P. Swycaffer

Welcommittee

David K. Robinson resigned as co-head of the Welcommittee in February because of personal reasons. Heath Row volunteered to replace Robinson, securing the approval of Jon D. Swartz.—Heath Row

Open positions: Blind Services, Computer Gaming, Future Fandom, and Teaching Science Fiction. Contact the president and directorate to learn more if you're interested.

Treasurer's Report

By William Center

Receipts

New members dues (includes reinstatements)	\$54.00
Renewal dues	\$160.00
Short story contest fees	\$28.00
Total receipts	\$242.00

Disbursements

September-December 2010 and Summer 2010 Mangaverse zines printing	\$398.40
PayPal service charge	\$3.64

Short story contest prizes	\$100.00
Total disbursements	\$502.04

March 15, 2011, report

Beginning balance (Aug. 15, 2010)	\$3,651.69
Additions	\$242.00
Subtractions	-\$502.04
Ending balance (March 15, 2011)	\$3,391.65

Send all dues, new or renewal, to Dennis Davis, 25549 Byron St., San Bernardino, CA 92404-6408. Make checks payable to William Center, not the N3F. Canadian and overseas members, please pay in U.S. funds.

Membership Roster

The following is the National Fantasy Fan Federation's membership roster, as reported by Secretary Dennis Davis on Feb. 28, 2010. Please notify him of any changes or corrections via email at n3f_info@yahoo.com. Total memberships on the roster: 49.

Key: GS=good standing, NEW=first time membership,

RN=renewal, and REIN=reinstatement

002 REIN0411 John Andrews, P.O. Box 5681, Santa Rosa, CA 95402-5681

154 NEW1010 Majik Attic, 9618 Quiet Lake, San Antonio, TX 78254

003 RN0211 Joy Beeson, 1700 Park Ave., Winona Lake, IN 46590-1637

005 *GS0510 Bob and Diane Blackwood, 4304 N. Marmora Ave., Chicago, IL 60634-1739

006 REIN1210 Craig and Sherry Boyd, P.O. Box 25631, Little Rock, AR 72221-5631

152 GS0410 Charles Bradley, 504 Heritage Ave., Terrytown, LA 70056-4009

007 EXP0310 Richard Brooks, P.O. Box 834, Angola, IN 46703-0834

010 RN1210 William and Michele Center, 1920 Division St., Murphysboro, IL 62966-2320

011 GS1017 Gar Chen, P.O. Box 1286, New York, NY 10013-1286

156 NEW1010 Rowena Cherry, Bloomfield Township, MI 48302

153 GS0410 Ralan Conley, ralan@ralan.com

013 RN1210 Ruth Davidson, 4807 Capay Drive #2, San Jose, CA 95118

014 RN0411 Dennis Davis, 25549 Byron St., San Bernardino, CA 92404-6403

018 RN1210 Tom Feller, P.O. Box 140937, Nashville, TN 37214-0937

019 REIN0910 Denise Fisk, df_greenrose@hotmail.com

023 RN0511 Sarah Harder, 1574 Notre Dame Ave., Belmont, CA 94002

029 EXP0110 John Jeffers III, 1110 Tate School Road, Huntingdon, TN 38344-6814

032 REIN1210 Patricia King, 510 Village Court, Nashville, TN 37206

035 RN1110 Dorothy Kurtz, 230 Kings Highway East #188, Haddonfield, NJ 08033

104 RN1010 Jean Lamb, 4846 Derby Place, Klamath Falls, OR 97603-8338

038 RN1110 L. A. Vern Loretz, Jr., 8223 Indian Hill Road, Manlius, NY 13104-9705

116 RN0411 Joseph Martino, 905 South Main Ave., Sidney, OH 45365-3212

043 RN1210 Edmund Meskys, 322 Whittier Highway, Moultonborough, NH 03254-3627

044 RN1010 Valerie Mignault, 1584 Scituate Ave., Cranston, RI 02921

155 NEW1010 Angela Myers, P.O. Box 2136, Decatur, IL 62524

139 REIN0411 Ray Nelson, 333 Ramona Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530-3739

141 GSJ1210 Kemse net-Ubasti, 3535 E. Thunderbird Road, Phoenix, AZ 85032

053 RN0411 George Phillies, 48 Hancock Hill Drive, Worcester, MA 01609

054 *GS0610 Jeff Redmond, 1335 Beechwood NE, Grand Rapids, MI 49505-3830

057 RN0910 Jack Robins, 223 Lake Meryl Drive, West Palm Beach, FL 33411-3392

058 REIN0810 David K. Robinson, 88235 Highway 9 #5, Lineville, AL 36266-6944

059 EXP0110 John Robinson, 8 Sagadahoc, Rumford, ME 04276-1534

112 REIN0910 Steven Rose, Jr., steven.rose.jr@sbcglobal.net

151 RN0111 Heath Row, 438 N. Stanley Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90036; kalel@well.com

061 GS0410 David Rubin, 15 Leverett Court, Staten Island, NY 10308-1726

096 RN1110 David Speakman, 501-83 Moorpark Way, Mountain View, CA 94041

096 RN1110 Rich Speakman, 501-83 Moorpark Way, Mountain View, CA 94041

070 REIN1210 Jon Swartz, 12115 Missel Thrush Court, Austin, TX 78750

071 RN0411 Jefferson Swycaffer, P.O. Box 15373, San Diego, CA 92175-5373

149 RN0111 Mick Taylor, P.O. Box 4120 #23061, Portland, OR 97208

143 RN0411 R-Laurraine Tutihasi, P.O. Box 5323, Oracle, AZ 85623

077 REIN1110 Susan Van Schuyver, 1921 Churchill Way, Oklahoma City, OK 73120-1149

078 GS0912 Michael Varbanov, 29 Glenhaven, Amherst, NY 14228

080 *GS0510 William Voharas, 7471 East 29th Place #2004, Denver, CO 80238-0000

097 RN0411 Keith Walker, 6 Vine St., Lancaster, Lancashire, LA1 4UF, UK

081 REIN1110 George Wells, 3939 W. Windwills Blvd. #1130, Chandler, AZ 85226-1398

082 RN1110 William Wharton William, 11 Laurel Drive, Oakdale, CT 06370-1727

0-na special Thomas Whitehead, 1210 W. Berks St., Philadelphia, PA 19122

083 REIN1210 Rikki Winters, 3535 East Thunderbird Road, Phoenix, AZ, 85032

Convention Calendar

The following conventions will occur between this and the next issue of *The Fan*. Not all events can be listed, and con planners should send event listings to the editor for consideration. Please contact organizers before making travel plans.

SheVaCon

March 4-6, 2011, Roanoke, Virginia
"Southwest Virginia's premier sci-fi and fantasy convention"
<http://www.shevacon.org/>

CoastCon 34

March 11-13, 2011, Biloxi, MS
Science fiction, fantasy, and gaming
<http://www.coastcon.org/>

Con-Jour

March 11-13, 2011, Clear Lake, Texas
Science fiction, fantasy, and horror
<http://www.conjour.net/>

FOGcon

March 11-13, 2011, San Francisco
Literary science fiction and fantasy
<http://fogcon.org/>

PAX East 2011

March 11-13, 2011, Boston
Tabletop, videogame, and PC gaming
<http://east.paxsite.com>

International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts

March 16-20, 2011, Orlando, FL
Fantastic literature, film, and art scholarship
<http://www.iafa.org>

All-Con 2011

March 18-20, 2011, Dallas
Science fiction, fantasy, Renaissance, and anime
<http://www.all-con.org>

Keokon

March 18-20, 2011, Keokuk, IA
Science fiction, media, and gaming
<http://www.keokon.com>

LunaCon

March 18-20, 2011, Rye Brook, NY
"New York's oldest science fiction and fantasy convention"
<http://2011.lunacon.org>

Vericon XI

March 18-20, 2011, Cambridge, MA
Harvard's anime, cosplay, and gaming con
<http://www.vericon.org>

Aggiecon

March 25-27, 2011, College Station, Texas
Annual science fiction convention at Texas A&M
<http://aggiecon.tamu.edu/>

MegaConvention

March 25-27, 2011, Orlando, FL
Anime, comics, paranormal, and media
<http://www.megaconvention.com>

MidSouthCon 29

March 25-27, 2011, Memphis, TN
Speculative fiction, anime, paranormal, and comics
<http://www.midsouthcon.org>

FilKONtario

April 1-3, 2011, Mississauga, ON, Canada
"Ontario's science fiction and fantasy music convention"
<http://www.filkontario.ca>

WillyCon

April 1-3, 2011, Wayne, NE
Wayne State College's sf and fantasy convention
<http://www.willycon.com>

Wondercon

April 1-3, 2011, San Francisco
Comic books and pop culture
<http://www.comic-con.org/wc/>

Ad Astra

April 8-10, 2011, Toronto
Speculative fiction
<http://www.ad-astra.org>

Odyssey Con XI

April 8-10, 2011, Madison, WI
Science fiction and fantasy
<http://www.oddcon.com>

RavenCon

April 8-10, 2011, Richmond, VA
Science fiction, fantasy, and gaming
<http://www.ravencon.com>

Core Con

April 15-17, 2011, Moorhead, MN
Science fiction, fantasy, anime, and horror
<http://www.fargocorecon.org>

I-Con 30

April 15-17, 2011, Stony Brook, NY
"The Northeast's largest convention of science fiction, fact, and fantasy"
<http://www.iconsf.org>

JordanCon

April 15-17, 2011, Atlanta
For fans of Robert Jordan's series *The Wheel of Time*
<http://www.ageoflegends.net>

Windy City Pulp and Paper Convention

April 15-17, 2011, Lombard, IL
Pulps, paperbacks, and pop culture
<http://www.windycitypulpandpaper.com>

Sci-Fi on the Rock

April 16-17, 2011, St. John's, NF, Canada

Science fiction and fantasy
<http://www.scifiontherock.com>

Norwescon 34

April 21-24, 2011, SeaTac, WA
Science fiction and fantasy
<http://www.norwescon.org/>

Conglomeration

April 22-24, 2011, Louisville, KY
Multimedia science fiction and fantasy
<http://www.conglomeration.info/>

Minicon 46

April 22-24, 2011, Bloomington, MN
Science fiction, fantasy, and gaming
<http://www.mnstf.org/minicon46>

Sakura-Con 2011

April 22-24, 2011, Seattle
Anime
<http://www.sakuracon.org>

Costume-Con 29

April 29 to May 2, 2011, Hasbrouck Heights, NJ
Reenactors, cosplay, and furrries
<http://www.cc29nj.org>

DemiCon 22

April 29 to May 1, 2011, Des Moines
Science fiction, fantasy, and gaming
<http://www.demicon.org/22>

Penguicon

April 29 to May 1, 2011, Troy, MI
Science fiction and open source software
<http://www.penguicon.org>

Boston Comic Con

April 30 to May 1, 2011, Boston
Comic books
<http://www.bostoncomiccon.com>

LepreCon 37

May 6-8, 2011, Tempe, AZ
Science fiction and fantasy
<http://leprecon.org/lep37>

OutLantaCon

May 13-15, 2011, Atlanta
Gay, bisexual, lesbian, and transgendered fans
<http://www.outlantacon.org>

Starfleet Region One Summit

May 13-15, 2011, Pigeon Forge, TN
Star Trek fandom
<http://sites.beyondweb.com/r1-summit/>

WonderFest

May 14-15, 2011, Louisville, KY
Science fiction, horror, and anime models
<http://www.wonderfest.com>

Granite State ComicCon

May 15, 2011, Manchester, NH
Comic books
<http://granitecon.com>

The Nebula Awards

May 19-22, 2011, Washington, DC
The SFWA's annual awards
<http://www.nebulaawards.com>

Keycon 28

May 20-22, 2011, Winnipeg, MB, Canada
Science fiction and fantasy
<http://www.keycon.org>

Mobicon XIV

May 20-22, 2011, Mobile, AL
Science fiction and fantasy
<http://www.mobicon.org/>

Otafest

May 20-22, 2011, Calgary, AB, Canada
Anime
<http://www.otafest.com>

Fanaticon 2

May 21, 2011, Asheville, NC
Comic books, collectibles, and pop culture
<http://www.fanaticon.org>

WisCon 35

May 26-30, 2011, Madison, WI
"The world's leading feminist science fiction convention"
<http://www.wiscon.info>

BaltiCon

May 27-30, 2011, Baltimore
Science fiction and fantasy
<http://www.balticon.org>

Comicpalooza

May 27-29, 2011, Houston
Comic books, science fiction, and gaming
<http://www.comicpalooza.com>

Florida Battle Con

May 27-29, 2011, Orlando, FL
Tattoos, comic books, and music
<http://floridabattlecon.com>

MisCon 25

May 27-30, 2011, Missoula, MT
"Montana's premier science fiction convention"
<http://www.miscon.org>

Oasis 24

May 27-29, 2011, Orlando, FL
Organized by the Orlando Area SF Society
<http://www.oasfis.org/oasis/>

Timegate 2011

May 27-29, 2011, Atlanta
Dr. Who, Stargate, and other media
<http://www.timegatecon.org>

National Fantasy Fan Federation

Membership Application

New Member Reinstatement Joint Membership Gift Membership

Name (Please Print): _____

Address: _____

City, State, Postal Code, Country: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Occupation: _____ Male: Female: Birthdate: _____

Signature of Applicant: _____ Date: _____

Interests. Please select any and all of the following that you're interested in or would like to get involved in.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> APAs (amateur press associations) | <input type="checkbox"/> Fanzines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art | <input type="checkbox"/> Filk singing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Audio | <input type="checkbox"/> Games and video games |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blogging | <input type="checkbox"/> Movies |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Books | <input type="checkbox"/> Online activities |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning, cartoons, and animation | <input type="checkbox"/> Publishing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Collecting | <input type="checkbox"/> Reading and book clubs |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Comic books | <input type="checkbox"/> Reviewing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Computers and technology | <input type="checkbox"/> Roleplaying games |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Conventions and clubs | <input type="checkbox"/> Round robins (group letters) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Taping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Costuming | <input type="checkbox"/> Teaching science fiction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DVDs and videos | <input type="checkbox"/> Television |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Editing | <input type="checkbox"/> Writing |

Which would you prefer?

A PDF of *The Fan* emailed to you The clubzine printed and mailed to you Both

How long have you been interested in science fiction and fantasy? _____

How long have you been involved in fandom? _____

List any other clubs you are or have been a member of: _____

List any conventions you've attended: _____

What prozines and fanzines do you read, if any? _____

What is your favorite type of sf/f? _____

Who are your favorite sf/f authors: _____

Are you interested in online activities? If yes, what type? _____

Which, if any, of the following would you be willing to help the club with?

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Artwork | <input type="checkbox"/> Recruiting at conventions | <input type="checkbox"/> Writing for club publications |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Organizing activities | <input type="checkbox"/> Corresponding | <input type="checkbox"/> Publishing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Other: _____ | | |

Name of Sponsoring Member (if any): _____

Dues are \$18 per year (\$22 for Joint Memberships) which includes subscriptions to the club's fanzine as well as other activities and benefits. Make checks or money orders payable to William Center (the treasurer). **All payments must be made in U.S. funds.** Mail dues and application to club secretary Dennis Davis, 25549 Byron St., San Bernardino, CA 92404-6403. Please allow at least eight weeks for your first clubzine to arrive. You can also sign up online at <http://n3f.org>.

Send all address corrections
and undeliverable copies to

Dennis L. Davis
25549 Byron Street
San Bernardino, CA
92404-6403

“Outside theology and fantastic literature, few can doubt that the main features of our universe are its dearth of meaning and lack of discernible purpose.”—Alberto Manguel