

The National Fantasy Fan

Vol. 4 No. 3

September 2004

In Remembrance of
David Heath Jr.
Born: December 31, 1952
Died: June 8th, 2004



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☺*President's Message*☺

By Ruth R. Davidson

There are a few announcements this time around, and that makes me feel pretty good. It's a sign that N3F as a whole is progressing. *happy smile*

We are advertising N3F in this year's WorldCon in the Souvenir Book, and we'll be putting up fliers as well. We are also preparing to advertise in Locus Mag and Locus Online at locusmag.com for a three month run! We hope this will prove fruitful in our endeavors to increase our numbers. You too can help us publicize by word of mouth (see Spread the Word Incentive), linking us on your web-sites, and putting up fliers at local colleges and conventions.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS!

— **Online Sign-up and Renewal!** You now have the option of renewing your membership using Paypal (it's a free service, paypal.com). New members can also now fill out and submit their membership form and promptly pay via paypal online. It's fast, easy, and convenient.

— **Editors are still needed!** We need editors for *The Fan* and *The E-Fan*. For more details please read the Editorial Cabal Report.

— **The E-Fan is here.** There is now an electronic form of The Fan. It is essentially the same publication as its printed counterpart *The Fan* (TNFF). If you would prefer to receive *The E-Fan* (published in .PDF) please contact me. For a sample version please visit our web-site nfff.org.

— **Ye Old N3F Fan Shoppe is here!** You can now order online, mugs, bags, t-shirts, and other nifty cool things made 'specially for neffers. The direct URL is <http://www.cafepress.com/n3f>, or you can go to our web-site nfff.org and click on the corresponding link. This is all done through a secure server and by a company whose livelihood depends on customer care and quality. Therefor the problems that were present the last time we tried to have t-shirts will not be there.

— **Cover Art Contest Postponed** in light of David Heath's passing. The Cover Art Contest is now for the December ish. For contest details please refer to the announcement in this ish.

— **Bureau Head changes!** Denise A Fisk has taken over the Birthday Bureau, Jon Swartz is now our Historian and Amy Davidson is reviving N'APA.



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This issue was completed on 8/30/04. The editor for this issue was Ruth R. Davidson. The editor for the next issue is Bob Sabella 24 Cedar Manor Ct. Budd Lake NJ 07828; bsabella@optonline.net. Please send your submissions and questions to him or the Editorial Cabal bureau head. **All opinions herein are those of the writers and do not reflect the opinions of the staff or other members of N3F except where so noted.** SUBMISSION DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT ISSUE IS MAY 15, 2004. E-mail accepted by arrangement only! This zine is to be published quarterly in March, June, and December through volunteer effort.

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Find us on the World Wide Web at <http://www.simegen.com/fandom/n3f>



In Memoriam: David Heath 1952-2004

First, the official facts:

Fanzine editor, artist, and former N3F president and Tigtbeam editor David Heath Jr. died on June 8, 2004 in El Cajon, California from metastasized brain cancer. He was 51.

David was born on New Year's Eve 1952 in Los Angeles, California. He attended Wooster and Hug High Schools in Reno, Nevada and graduated from Leilehua High School in Wahiawa, Hawaii in 1970. He studied pre-law at the University of Hawaii from 1970-72, and earned a political science degree from the University of San Francisco in 1974 where he was also the art director for the USF Foghorn and the San Francisco Quarterly (both USF publications).

He worked as a teacher's aide for the San Francisco Board of Education before being accepting a commission as an Armor officer in the U.S. Army in May 1974. He was assigned to West Germany, the Panama Canal Zone and several U.S. posts before he retired in 1986 at the rank of Captain.

After his military service, David entered the insurance field as a claims examiner, working his way up to senior claims examiner in 2001, when he changed gears and became the director of operations and business development for Lyra Technology Group for about a year. He returned to the insurance field in early 2003 as a senior claims examiner.

He also enjoyed riding motorcycles and was a member of the Bomb-holder Motorcycle Club.

Survivors include his wife, Mary Heath; daughter Tiffany Heath of El Cajon; parents, Lorraine Heath of Palmdale and David Heath of Rohnert Park; Pamela Heath of Palmdale, Tamela Hawley of Largo, Md., and Angela Heath of Hayward, his sisters; brothers Michael Heath of Palmdale and Guy Heath of Suwanee, Ga.; and grandmother Mildred Wilson of Palmdale.

Interment was at Riverside National



Window on the Stars...
David Heath Sr.

Cemetery, 22495 Van Buren Blvd., Riverside. The family requests that donations in David name be made to the American Cancer Society, 2655 Camino del Rio N., Suite 100, San Diego, CA 92108.

Now for the personal notes.

David had drawn cartoons since high school, and he continued his artistic expression in fanzines once he discovered fandom and fanzines. He edited and published his fanzine No Sex from 1973 until the early 1980s. In his Website article on this fanzine's history, he wrote, "It was put out in order to satisfy a need

to create art, story and feature work I liked. It became a forum for fan artists and story tellers to come together and show their wares. It was a lot of fun for me and turned out to be more than I thought it would be... I also loved to get other people's fanzines in trade for mine."

David wasn't too keen on the idea of combining TNFF and Tightbeam into one fanzine, but he did say he liked the way it looked when he saw the first combo issue. His constant request was to see more SF art in the N3F clubzines, and the other N3F artists tried to oblige him after the clubzines were merged. His illo style was quite recognizable; he shared that trait with the late William Rotsler, who was (and still is) one of the most admired and honored SF fanzine artists in the world. David never won a Hugo, but he kept drawing and refining his technique, and I was happy to publish his work in the N3F clubzines that I edited. The most frequent subject in his illos was a character he called his alter ego. [Featured on the cover of this ish —Ed]

Back in the late 1970s, his favorite SF TV show was "The Prisoner," even though he acknowledged that it wasn't the "nuts and bolts" SF that he favored in books.

One of the projects he'd been working on a few years before he was diagnosed with brain cancer was to put all the past issues of Tightbeam and TNFF on CDs. I don't know how far he got with that project, but I hope his family found a good home for that material and all his fannish collection.

A few years ago, David sent me a

videocassette of himself talking about fandom and science fiction. I think I still have it, and when I find it I'll watch it once more, and remember a man who had artistic talent and a deep love for science fiction. He wasn't perfect, but then neither are the rest of us, and that's what makes us human. I'll miss you, David.

— Janine Stinson

It is equally true that David and I met a long while ago and that we never met. He and I joined the N3F at roughly the same time. He immediately became active and that I watched from the sidelines for a few years for fandom was well-known territory to David and entirely new to me. So he was already the art editor with a dozen other projects in mind or on the way when I debuted with a letter or two and a few drawings and he coaxed me into being more active in the club. We both went on to hold a number of positions in the N3F, including being president. When the Worldcon was in Philadelphia in 2001, David sort of, kind of -- David seldom -absolutely- planned to do anything -- was intending to come and I looked forward to it. But he decided to stay in Atlanta, visiting his brother Guy, instead of driving up. And now, despite hundreds, perhaps thousands of letters, postcards, drawings, and messages, years of working together, we never will meet face to face. David was only fifty-one.

— Catherine Mintz

David was one of our most enthusiastic artists. He loved science fiction and it showed



in his work. His art was frequently humorous and David had a unique style all his own. In a zine frequently dominated by fantasy art, David's art was among the few that gave us a refreshing hard science fiction perspective.

— Sarah Glasgow

When asked to say a few words about David for his friends I didn't know what to say. How could I? I was but one voice. I then released that I have my David and you have yours. By the time we are all done we will have a David in our hearts larger than any of us as individuals ever knew.

The first time I met David was about twelve years ago. It was a double date of sorts. David, Mary his wife, his sister Tamela and I. We started out in San Pedro somewhere for dinner and ended up at some club in Inglewood somewhere. Needless to say I was out of my element but David helped me feel at home and part of his family immediately. Through out the years we had many conversations ranging from the mundane to intimate. The one constant he always maintained is be your self, the rest will work out.

I think I can summarize it like this, on my wedding day I watched as he led his sister down the aisle. Before he put her hand in mine he said quietly, "you know what to do, I'm trusting you with my sister. Do right by her."

A man of few words, well spoken and always straight from the heart.

David Heath was my friend.

— Clay Hawley

[David's Brother-In-Law]

I didn't get the chance to really get to know David. What I do know is that he loved being a part of SF Fandom. Last year he had volunteered to be the Editor of TNFF. He was so geared up and ready to go. His enthusiasm was inspiring. Then, suddenly, he stopped checking his email. Now, if anyone here has ever emailed David on a regular basis you know that he's quite prompt. I often expected replies on the same day I sent the original

email! So, when he stopped responding, I knew something was up. What? I had no idea. I even snail mailed him, and nothing again. I assumed he just dropped off the face of the earth and decided to ignore me. I was befuddled, especially since the contrast of silence and his previous enthusiasm were so great. Then I got an email from one of David's buddies telling me that he was in the hospital with brain cancer. I was floored. On one hand I was glad that he didn't decide to just flake out on us, but at the same time I was most unhappy to hear *why* he "disappeared". I hope it was something less. . . . dead. . . . Why am I telling you all this? Because I want to be sure that everyone knows that he didn't flake on us, but that he was suddenly ill. I want people to remember all the good things about him and to remember his enthusiasm.

I viewed his web-site (<http://pages.sbcglobal.net/dheath/> - it's still up), learning a little more about him. I got a better feel for his character from his site and from the memorials here. He seems like such an interesting and fun fellow. I wish I had gotten to know him better. He will be missed. Rest in peace David. May the stars shine brighter where you are.

— Ruth R. Davidson

David Heath As I Knew Him

By Jim Gray (who's never even been to Mars)

Part I - The Early Years

I've always been proud of having been there at the beginning of David Heath's notable presence in fandom; in fact, he often credited me with getting him past the doodling stage.

We first met sometime in 1967, in the ninth grade at Cristobal High School in the Canal Zone. A little background might be illuminating here.

The Canal Zone was a 10 by 50 mile slice down the middle of Panama, at the narrowest point in the Western Hemisphere. The United States took over and completed a failed project, started by the French in the 19th Century, to cut a shorter path between the oceans.

Panama was a province of Colombia trying to break away, and with President (Teddy) Roosevelt's help, a new country was born, with a perpetual lease given to the USA to maintain and occupy a Canal Zone.

The CZ was a very American community, in which everything was run by the US government, down to the stores, swimming pools and movie theaters. Spanish was only spoken as a course in school, or in dealing with Panamanians, and we considered ourselves very fortunate to be Americans, in light of the poverty, corruption and squalor across the border. The existence of the CZ offended many Panamanians, but it would have been impossible to hire and maintain the thousands of Americans needed to run the Canal efficiently without an American government and justice system to protect them from life under the chaos and peril of a corrupt, backward third world administration.

Nearly everyone in the CZ was either a Canal employee or dependent or in the military. I was one of the few civilian kids who knew much about military life, as my mother was a civilian employee of the US Army on the Atlantic side. At the time I met David Heath, his father was a Green Beret stationed at Fort Davis, where my mother ran the post library.

The most misunderstood aspect of the Zone is on the subject of race; leftist critics would rail against the Canal Zone as being a racist institution, in their attempt to persuade our government to give the Canal "back" to Panama. It is indeed true that during the construction years, from 1903 to 1914, American employees were paid in gold, and all other (nonwhite) employees were paid in silver. The US government recruited employees from all over the USA, but only recruited white Americans until perhaps the late 20th Century, so we inhabitants had no choice of neighbors and co-workers. It was not a case of white flight, but simply the circumstances of our parents' employment.

The only black people we knew as children were the West Indians whose ancestors

had been brought over during the construction; they worked in our government stores and other facilities, or as maids in our homes. Nearly every family had a maid, and they were usually an integral part of our households. I'm told that when our maid, Enid, tried to go home in the evening, she had to sneak out so that I would not cry at seeing her leave. I was aware that she was darker than the rest of my family but until a certain age, I just assumed she was related to us.

The point is that we Zone kids grew up very fond of the black people who lived among us, and to this day I cherish that wonderful Caribbean accent. We just didn't have any of the racial hostility that was so common back in the USA, notably in the South. When visiting my father's relatives in Mississippi and Alabama, I was shocked by their constant obsession with "nigras," as they so politely referred to them. At that time, around 1960, desegregation was on everyone's minds in the South and, I suppose, for them it represented the end of civilization. We Zone kids just didn't feel that way, as we knew and dealt with many of the adult Jamaicans every day and had a warm, friendly relationship with them.

I lived in the small town of Gatun, after which the major lake and locks on the Atlantic side were named. As in every other small CZ town, nearly all of my classmates were the children of white middle class civil servants, so I was a bit surprised when I started the Seventh Grade at Cristobal; all of the Atlantic Side kids who'd graduated the small town elementary schools attended, including the military kids, many of whom were black or hispanic. As we had not been raised to hate other races, this was not a problem, but it was a noticeable change, suddenly a wider cultural mix.

All of this is just background to the fact that when I met David Heath, it was not particularly unusual to have a friend of a different race; we usually chose our friends on the basis of common interests. What I noticed, seeing him in the high school chorus (as I played in Band), was a funny kid with a perpetually



missing all of these wonderful TV shows, such as Batman, Green Hornet, The Avengers, Man From U.N.C.L.E. just drove me crazy. As Heath pointed out in his March 2004 interview, I was obsessed with what was going on back in the States and agonized over all I was missing. I can't begin to describe how dull and boring was life in the CZ, unless one lived for the outdoors, and you don't even want to know how dreadful Armed Forces Television was.

I would give David all kinds of story ideas to draw, usually based on my

amused look on his face.

At that time, I had begun noticing these funny drawings of little round characters lying around in the Band room. As a cartoon fanatic, I just had to find out who was drawing these little masterpieces, and I finally traced them to the kid with the funny expression on his face.

It seems that we became friends instantly, that I was excited to meet someone so talented, and he was surprised and complimented by my interest in his doodling. Instead of comic books, his passion was science fiction. We weren't in any of the same classes, but had the same lunch hour, so he'd sit and read *IF* and *Galaxy* magazines at the lunch table, which led me to the conclusion that he was perhaps more intelligent than I, and was certainly reading above my comic book level.

Comic book collecting had broken out as a national hobby only a couple of years before; one could still buy a Superman Number One for less than a hundred dollars. Being stuck overseas was a major frustration for me, as I wanted so badly to be living in the States where I could go to back issue stores and buy all of these treasures. It was also the time of an explosion of Pop Art, and the fact that I was

obsessions with Golden Age characters like the Justice Society and Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers. We would usually sneak out of the cafeteria and go to an empty classroom and look over old comics, and he would then start filling in a notebook with stories, which I eagerly collected and preserved. (I understand that his parents threw away many of his stories, and years later he acknowledged that I, the Heath Archivist, was the only source of his old pre-fandom works.)

David's disinterest in comics was ironic, as he spent all his time drawing stories in comics format. Right after I met him, he tapered off from the full-page scenes and went into drawing stories in those little brown lined notebooks we used in school. His characters, called "globs," were small round faces with arms and legs. I saw a couple of his very early pre-Panama drawings, in which his globs had claws for hands and feet, and he had called them "gremlins." He felt embarrassed in showing me his early works, as his globs were more appealing character designs.

His first issue was called *The Lob*, based on a villain he created, a glob named *The Lob*. I eagerly awaited each issue of *Lob*



Magazine, as he finished each notebook and started the next. As you might imagine, my issues of *The Lob* remain among my most prized possessions, and I hope one day they can be made available to his fans in some form.

His work was not what you'd call commercial; he just drew without regard for spelling, making up plots as he went along, just cranking it out for the sheer joy of drawing. In October 1967 I tried to get him into the school newspaper, as I had visions of a publishing partnership that would harness his talent. The uptight, meddlesome do-gooder who sponsored the paper rejected his work as being too grim, since every one of his "How-2" stories ended in death. She could not grasp the silly, juvenile sense of humor; he was just having a good time. (His "How-2s" would show how to perform some mundane task, such as "How-2 Turn Off The Hallway Light," with each step numbered and labeled, and at the end, the glob would always end up getting killed, with the final panel captioned simply "Death.")

His "cleaned up" stories that made the school paper just weren't funny, as all of the life and spirit had been drained by our authoritarian teacher. He couldn't use a quill pen with India Ink very well, which she required for reproduction, as he only drew in ballpoint. (He didn't discover Rapidographs until the 70s.) Later, I even tried to adapt one of his stories ("The Psychedelic Machine") onto a large Bristol Board regulation comics size page, but he wasn't comfortable with drawing in that large size, and my inking didn't do him justice. Only one page was ever done.

During the two years we were together in school, his style continued to evolve, as his carefully drawn globs became more and more stylized, with shortcuts, such as drawing the eyes and nose together with one stroke. I had preferred his earlier, careful style, and as I'd browbeat him over his quickied work, the other kids in the cafeteria would ask "what are you, his manager?"

And what was David Heath like as a teenager? His unusual, sarcastic personality was in full bloom even then; he would often ridicule my dated, quaint tastes in old comic books, and often mocked me. (Most DC and Marvel editors had come of age in the era of space opera, so their concepts were decades behind what you'd read in SF magazines.)

His favorite gesture, during story conferences, was to tilt his head back and hold his nose like Red Skelton, and if my idea was especially lame, he'd hold his nose with both hands. If I was lucky, he'd merely shake his head, grinning, and say "Negative! Negative!" I was often taken aback by his sarcasm, but he was so funny and intriguing that I just went along with it. His criticisms of me were usually with a twinkle in his eye, and not malicious, so I wasn't deeply offended, but maybe just a bit embarrassed.

The best way to describe David Heath was "unpredictable." During lunch, he would suddenly do some spontaneous thing such as blowing into his soda bottle, deciding he liked the whistle sound it made, then take a sip, blow

again, hear the pitch go lower, and do that several times, while we watched, laughing.

One time, while on an unauthorized walk through the halls (when we were required to stay in the cafeteria), some dumb girl deputized as a hall monitor followed us, hounding us with "I need to see your pass! What teacher said you could be here?" He turned around suddenly and said "I DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH!" and she just fell away, totally nullified.

It's ironic that most people consider me somewhat of a joker and full of odd humor and esoteric tastes, but I felt rather mundane compared to Heath; we were as different as two SF fans could be, much like *The Fox and The Crow*, one of my favorite comics. Compared to him, I was the proper, somewhat naive Fauntleroy Fox, to his wild, clever, imaginative Crawford Crow, except that he wasn't out to take advantage of me. (And speaking of naive, I didn't even pick up on the racial subtext of that series until well into adulthood, and in our case, it's simply a coincidence.)

It was interesting to hear later that Heath's father was not pleased that his son preferred *The Beatles* to *Motown*. David never fit into any stereotype, nor did he feel obligated to conform or pledge allegiance to any particular group, class, ethnicity, or political movement. A few years later, in college in the early 70s, he lamented the difficulty in finding a girl who wasn't all caught up in "The Struggle." And while still in high school, he was annoyed to get a visit from the local Black Panther students asking him about the appropriateness of his being in the Chess Club.

Either in spite of or because of being an "army brat," he had no interest in the military whatsoever, while I was an eager ROTC kid. More than once, seeing me in uniform, he would derisively start marching, slapping himself on the butt with each about-face, imitating the Drill Team's exaggerated marching style. He later told me that I'd struck him as a split personality, being an artist on one hand but a military buff on the other. Ironically, while ROTC cured me of any desire for a military ca-

reer, he ended up a Captain in Armor, as a way of paying for college, and probably to prove to his father that he wasn't a wimp. (He eventually outranked his father, but of course he entered the service in completely different times.)

We never spent any time together outside of school. I had moved to the town of Margarita, miles away from his home in Fort Davis, so we never went to each other's home. He occasionally came into the post library, but my mother would not always recognize him among his brothers and sisters, and later she'd find one of his globs drawn on her notepad, as he'd left his calling card.

I couldn't get him to come visit me because his father would not let him go to someone's home. I don't know a great deal about his family life, but two factors cannot be discounted: his father may have been the product of Special Forces training, which did affect some men very heavily, making some violent or even psychotic. (I'm not suggesting that his father was violent or abusive, but he was definitely strict, like so many military parents.) Another was that military life was pretty unpleasant. The scene in "Blue Skies" where Tommy Lee Jones' wife, played by Jessica Lange, goes berserk with rage upon entering their new, dingy home on the army base rings very true.

The fact is, our enlisted men's families have never been provided a standard of living in keeping with their sacrifice or service to their country; it was probably very difficult raising a large family on a Sergeant's pay. I had the impression that with all they had to deal with, it never occurred to his family that they had a genius in their midst, nor could they have done much to nurture it, with their resources.

And, of course, as a pampered suburban white kid, I can't even begin to know what David's father had gone through growing up. The US military was the first government agency to be integrated (by Truman after World War II) and was allegedly free of discrimination, but I honestly can't even begin to guess what his life could have been like. Having

never walked an inch in his shoes, I'm reluctant to express any opinion. I only spoke to him on the phone a couple of times, and got the impression that he was puzzled by the whole idea of some white kid calling on the phone to talk to one of his kids.

More than once, when I called and asked for David, he'd put down the phone, and then pick it back up and ask "You mean MY SON!?!?" and then do the very same thing again. We'd try to talk, but the atmosphere seemed a bit tense. Another time, when I called, his father said in a low, almost threatening voice, "He can't come to the phone now. He's eating his dinner." I later found out that the two of them had been playing chess and he didn't want any interruptions. (I later memorialized that with a drawing, with which David wasn't particularly amused.)

Not understanding the seriousness of his home life, I drew a page satirizing him being oppressed by his father just for using the phone, and apparently it was just true enough to be uncomfortable. As I had never seen his father, I drew him as a large, beefy white man in a uniform, an image swiped directly from a Will Elder MAD story. I was pleased, however, that David laughed over the way I started the story with myself saying "Guess I'll call Heath..."

Our friendship was always an occasion for laughs, the way we constantly traded insults, and drew highly defamatory stories about

each other. I was amazed to find that I still have the strip where the emissaries from my kingdom go to his planet to demand tribute, only to be given the nose-holding gesture. Naturally, my space fleets destroy his planet. Every single panel of my story was, not surprisingly, swiped directly from Alex Raymond's Flash Gordon strips. (Heath's response when I sent it to him a couple of years ago was "You're right, I died laughing, those were the days.")

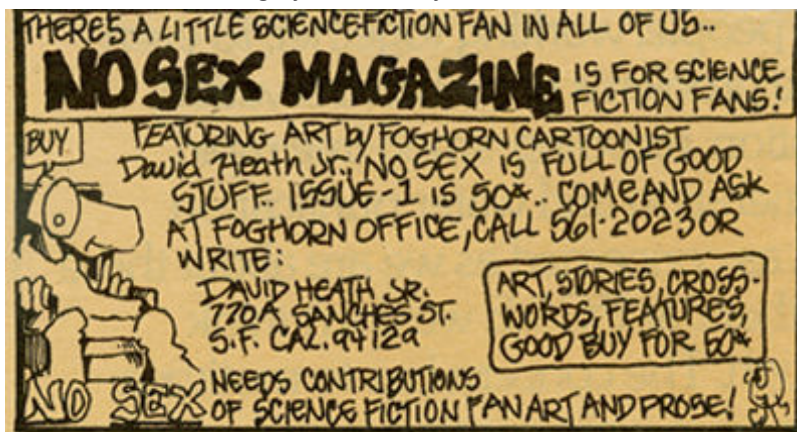
Oftentimes, while walking through the halls near the students' lockers, I would come around the bend to find David with his hand inside some kid's locker, stealing pads of paper for drawing, with an exaggerated guilty expression on his face. Having no money for drawing paper, he had to obtain pens and paper wherever he could. His priceless response was "It's in the interests of science!"

In fact, science was his passion; I've met a number of kids who seemed to go into science (and SF) not only out of fascination, but also as an escape from painful emotions and interaction with others, finding the certainty and logical inquiry of science reassuring. (My escape, of course, was comic books and movies.)

As I hadn't yet become disgusted with psychobabble, I was always trying to analyze David Heath, but he never went into any discussions of "feelings" or said much about his home life. It's my impression that his childhood

was very unhappy, but he'd found ways to keep his mind active and stayed busy with his art. (As Ed McMahon once said of Johnny Carson, Heath "packed a tight suitcase.")

Unlike me, laboring painfully over every drawing, he drew constantly, almost compulsively, as do most of the artists who actually make it. He was certainly the least sentimental person I've ever known, and I only know that he liked





me because we were never out of touch until the last of our thirty-seven years of friendship, when his terminal illness took him out of the loop. I could never keep up with his outpouring of letters and drawings, so he was always annoyed with me for writing less often than he in the early 70s.

Adults, who were hung up on pop psychology in those days, were often dismayed by the constant presence of the word "death" in most of his stories. I could see that it was just a form of juvenile humor, and he was fascinated that "Death" and "Heath" were spelled similarly. I recall my mother leafing through one of his notebooks and saying "a child psychologist would have a field day with this stuff!"

David was also very fascinated with motorcycles, frustrated at being two years too young to drive one. One time, he was laughing about wanting to a matchstick on the end of some handlebars and dipping low enough on a turn to strike the match on the pavement. He often had arguments with his parents about getting a bike, and once, while in the family car, the heated discussion ended suddenly when they all witnessed another Army kid have a bad spill on his motorcycle.

One of my favorite of his stories, "The New Bikes," showed the two of us getting new motorcycles for Christmas, and going out and getting into trouble. Naturally, my mother was outraged at the part where the Heath glob-character looks under the Xmas tree to find "a Death Set!"

While I was what he later called anal

retentive, preserving everything, he saved nothing, drawing constantly and giving or throwing it away. It was a perfect match, him drawing and me grabbing and keeping his work, so that in the end I was the only source of his early works.

For nearly two years, we had as many laughs as we could, until the inevitable occurred: his father got reassigned to another post, and like all military kids, David was separated from his friends in yet another move. All through the school year, he had been known for his funny little drawings on Mr. Norman's blackboard in Biology class, the best of which was "Glob Reproduction," showing one of his globs holding out a can, from which thousands of small globs were pouring out. (Even grouchy Norman liked that one.) But sadly, one day, his blackboard drawing showed a glob standing on a personal UFO, with the caption "I'm going to the States!"

Just before leaving, he showed me two stories he'd been working on: "Riding the Servo-Mechanism" and "Why Fight?" but they were not ready to give me. For years I bugged him to send them to me, as my curiosity was intense, but I think he ended up cutting them into small pieces and making a collage for the cover of one of his notebooks.

It was quite a blow, his moving away, as I really valued our times together, goofing off, doing stories, and listening to his bizarre sense of humor. We corresponded often, and his letters were always a treat, being profusely illustrated and laced with his biting sarcasm. Once he chided me for always wanting to do

stories about heroes "who find, fight and overcome some totalitarian dictator," as of course I was still hung up on Flash Gordon as a model for fiction.

Since one of my favorite comics had been The Hulk (at least the Lee and Kirby version), he loved drawing stories about "The Sulk," ridiculing my comic collecting passion. (The Sulk would turn green and go berserk if deprived of comic books.) The only thing he had ever collected had been bottle caps, and as he told me, one day he simply decided that there was no logical reason to do that, and just quit. Of course, later on he collected Ace Double Novels and the US Army's PS Magazine, which usually featured Will Eisner art.

I don't mean to suggest that he was always unpleasant to me; whenever I actually got a drawing off to him, he was very complimentary and encouraging. It's amusing to hear that in later years, when asked by fans at conventions where he'd gotten his style, he'd tell them "I draw like Jim Gray," which was not true but a funny and complimentary remark, as he did like my style.

If I recall correctly, he first moved to Reno, Nevada, where he saw his favorite film,

2001 A Space Odyssey, then to Hawaii where he finished high school, and after that lived in several places in California. I may one day reconstruct his geographic history when I find the time to go through the large boxes of old letters and packages I've accumulated.

Around 1973, he announced that he would send me a "Living Letter," meaning a spoken letter on cassette. He didn't invent the term, as 3M (Scotch) had tried unsuccessfully to market small open reel tapes in plastic mailers called Living Letters, but I've always credited him with popularizing the term, as several of my friends have exchanged "LLs" with me over the last 3 decades, at least until e-mail made them obsolete.

As usual, I felt humbled by his imagination and humor in his first LL, but it was the start of a long period of audio projects. I now have dozens of them, which someday I hope to turn into a CD of his funniest moments.

My last encounter with him before the No Sex zine era was a stop he made at Atlanta Airport on his way to basic training in Fort Benning, Georgia, in the fall of 1973. We hadn't seen each other in perhaps 5 years, and we sat right down and talked while he drew. As al-

ways, I was trying to "figure him out," probing for some sort of insight; as he was leaving, I asked him what his drawing "meant" to him; he abruptly turned around and said "Jim, I'm very emotional, and it relaxes me," and walked off to board his flight.

With that, I knew there was a great deal going on under the surface, but that I would never really know the entirety of it.



TIGHTBEAM

Letters of Comment (LoC's)

Denise A. Fisk:

Hi Everybody! I hope this summer has been good for you! Seattle has been pretty hot much of July and August. I can't believe that September is just around the corner. I'm looking forward to the cooler temperatures then! Did any of you go to see "Spiderman II?" If so, what did you think? I liked certain aspects of this movie. Mary Jane was finally an accomplished career woman in her own right, in this case, an actress. I was also glad to see that Peter Parker was a college man, though he bumbled about a lot, and couldn't seem to hold a job, even if that job was as a pizza delivery man! Special effects were good. However, the movie seemed darker in tone than the first one. The first film was much more fun and lighter-hearted in certain ways. I didn't much care for Alfred Molina as "Doc Ock." Those arms were pretty gross and didn't add much, if anything, to the story. Just another one-note villain with several sets of "evil arms" that did his bidding. Ho hum. I did like the developing relationship between Mary Jane and Peter Parker, though. She took charge of her destiny and finally -- yeah -- confronted Peter with her feelings. She was brave enough and true enough to herself to leave her fiancée at the altar, and go after what she wanted, which was Peter. I hope that she and Peter get married in "Spiderman III!" And please, producers, no more cheesy gimmicks like Doc Ock's arms!

Ruth: I am so sorry that you've been the recipient of rude comments because you have a child. Toddlers test the limits and get cranky -- that's what toddlers do! Adults should realize this and give you lots of leeway. Sounds like you're a good mom and set healthy boundaries for Hazel. As far as having more children, that again is your business. If you and your husband can afford more children, then that decision is between you and him. Personally, I think a couple having two kids is enough,

what with the population problems we have. If they want more kids, they could adopt. However, I keep those opinions to myself, unless asked! How many children a husband and wife decide on is none of my business. That decision is between them. I am rather appalled at those folks who blurt out their opinions on the matter to you, without being asked! Well, all's I can say is stay true to your dreams, and ignore the nay-sayers!

Carla: Sorry to hear that woman in the Wal-Mart parking lot was rude to you! Some folks just do not have a clue. Your getting irritated does not make you a bitch, however. What it makes you is HUMAN. Any one of us would get mad at such rudeness. However, giving clods a dirty look, in hopes of their getting the picture, often times doesn't work. They're not mind readers and are often oblivious. Maybe you can speak up in the future -- in a kind way, which I know you would do -- and point out the error of that person's way. They'll probably ignore you, but at least you spoke up!

Denny: How are you feeling these days? I hope much better. Glad you're out of the hospital and on the mend. Continue to take good care of yourself! And "hi" to Valerie!

Richard Brooks:

"The road to hell is paved with good intentions," And here I am at last minute (actually the last hour) getting in my letter of comment. The main news isn't good. On May 20th about 3:30 am, I woke up and had to go to the bathroom. Tuned out my legs wouldn't work and I had trouble getting out of bed. Doctors put me through a battery of tests and it turned out that I had a series of minor strokes.

Right now, I'm on my third blood pressure medicine. Finally seems to doing something. My blood pressure went down for two weeks in row, then stayed the same this week. Still too high, but I have hopes, it'll go down. I

use a walker to get around, except in the house. I don't drive anymore.

A little over 15 years ago, A little grey and white stray cat moved in to stay with us. On August 12th, she presented us with 6 kittens. We still have 3 left. All not so little grey and white girls. And all talk like they are part Siamese, especially at mealtimes.

The newest AMAZING is out. And I got a free copy. Was on-line at the right time. The editor offered some "dinged" copies in return for Letters of comment. Since I started LOCing fanzines over 50 years ago, I figured I could handle it. So far, I've read a lot of non-fiction and two of the fiction stories, Not too happy with the latter. But then, SF and I seem to drifted apart in the last 20 years. I'm just an old fogie who feels nearly all the good stuff was written years ago.

Sarah: Yes, nice to have the zines coming regular again. I'm afraid I read the Potter books as they came out. But I still enjoyed the movies. When I was 14, Mother joined the Mystery guild and got 6 Perry Mason mysteries in the mail about noon. By bedtime, I'd read 4 of them. I tested in school as peaking about 1000 words per minute. I understand that President Kennedy could do 10,000 words per minute. I can't see how.

Carla: Can't agree with your pet peeve. By odd coincidence, I walk best when I have a shopping cart ahead of me. So I like having one near where the car is parked. Spinal arthritis has calcified part of my spine and is putting pressure on the sciatic nerve which runs the length of the spine and helps control balance. Been a cold, wet Summer up here (Angola, IN). Good for the cats though.

Ruth: Actually Spotty was a Tom cat. Named him because of a big gray spot on his shoulders and another on his tummy.

Janine: I've been writing letters of comment so long, it's almost automatic.

Sarah Glasgow:

Does anyone have any thoughts on the Spiderman 2 movie? I liked it much better than

the first. I thought there were some priceless moments in it. I don't want to give anything away if you haven't seen it so read on at your own risk! I loved it when Spidey saved the train and the people saved him from falling and brought him in the train, face revealed. I actually liked all the moments when his identity was revealed. I liked the man vs. himself theme – his struggle to come to terms with being Spiderman. His grandmother's wisdom was great, but I loved how Spidey used her words to help the villain take hold of his true, human, self. It's a poignant reminder of the impact our words can have on others. We never know sometimes how what we say can influence another for good and start a chain reaction.

Richard: Very interesting about transistors being made from silicon. Also I found it extremely interesting about the X in X-mas being the Greek letter chi, Christ's initial in Greek. Thank you for sharing this!

Janine: Ruth suggested that I join N'APA if it's ever restarted. I would certainly consider it though time and especially finances are an issue right now.

Denise: Thanks for an excellent review of Troy. I never saw the movie, however, your review gave some great insight and was obviously well thought out. It sounds as if you have read Homer. Did you study it in school or read it on your own?

Ruth R. Davidson:

Richard: "Sailor Moon" is interesting in that it generates a lot of hentai (pornographic) fan art and things. BUT, that's not why our sister goes by Usagi (yes, she likes the anime, but certainly not the icky stuff surrounding it). Our mother had a nickname for all of us. I was "Shining Eyes", I think Sarah's was "Apple Chin" (something to do with apples anyway), and Usagi (Bernadette) was "Honey Bunny". Later Usagi became interested in anime which lead to an interest in Japanese culture. She's currently taking private Japanese lessons (lucky lucky!). Some of us now have Japanese nicknames. I'm just Ruthie-chan (chan is a

term of endearment used by family or really close friends), my sister Jennett Kaerie is Sakana (Fish). My Mom has started learning a few sentences as well. It's quite fun.

About a month ago my husband and I upgraded our computers. We both got 120gig drives so now we have oodles of room on top of our other hard drives. We would like more RAM, but the prices are still way too high, unfortunately.

Sarah: I have *Black Sun Rising*, but I've never read it. Doh.

Helen: I despise moving. It's always a pain. Things break and things get "lost". In my last move I lost the statuette I had on top of my wedding cake. It was of a dancing couple and totally elegant. It was one of those things that you could have out on display.

Carla: I know how you feel. Really, it's the unnecessary laziness that gets to me. Having pet peeves doesn't make you a bistache, it makes you human.

Janine: You'll be happy to notice that N'APA is being revived! YAY!

Ginny Benson

Hello everyone! I thought it was time for me to send an LOC in here to thank those of you who voted for me to win the 2004 Kaymar Award. What a nice surprise to see my name here when I looked through this issue. I'm sure there were and are many others much more deserving of this than I and I appreciate the honor! Thank you all!

Ruth Davidson: Wanted to say that I think you are doing a wonderful job here, and you deserve a pat on the back!! And in your letter here you mentioned about being busy there. I sure know that feeling. It's been like a circus around here for the last 4 or 6 weeks now.; much company and then the garden keeps us busy, and even at my advanced age (ahem!) I still can and freeze stuff. We have had at least three hot dog roasts, two had 8 or 10 people but the big blast had 36. I get slightly crazed beforehand, but once they are under way, I start to relax. So I haven't had a lot of

time for watching SF&F this summer. Do catch some Star Trek on TV upon occasion . We did manage to see Spiderman 2 and I enjoyed it very much. I am becoming a fan of Toby McGuire!

And while I'm here, thought I might say hello to some of my Neffer friends. Helen Davis, what are you up to these days? Haven't heard from you in a long time. Bill and Michele Center, hope you are well, miss hearing from you guys.

Also, I'm sure most everyone has seen the new series, Stargate: Atlantis by now, what do you think of it? I haven't been able to get into it so far, but then am put off by those Wraiths, just do not like them at all.

Again, thank you so much for the Award, you are all such a good bunch to think of me here. Ad Astra.



Reviews

Jon D. Swartz, Reviews Editor

Books

Neverwhere (NY: Harper, 2003) and Stardust (NY: Avon, 1999) by Neil Gaiman

Reviewed by Janine Stinson.

Neverwhere gives us Richard Mayhew, an ordinary Englishman living an ordinary life until he meets a woman named Door, who comes from another world that exists underneath the streets of London. Because Mayhew stops to help her one night, his life is inextricably linked with hers until he can find a way back to his own world. On the way to that goal, he and Door and some of her friends go on a journey to find the person responsible for murdering Door's family. There are some very unsavory characters in Door's world, people one would definitely avoid even in broad daylight. The interesting thing about these characters is that some of them start out as Door's friends, and change sides before the book is done. Some of them go the opposite direction, too. This book has enough surprises to keep even the keenest-minded reader guessing right to the end. A remarkable book, especially if you're bored to tears with the state of the traditional fantasy field these days.

Gaiman mines a different milieu in Stardust, that of a Victorian-era English village called Wall. The reader is not quite sure whether this is a real village in our world, or one from a slightly alternate England in the time of Victoria. It doesn't matter, though, because the story has its own charm and pulls the reader in with the first page. In this novel, a young man promises to bring the woman he loves a fallen star. He's not just any young man, though: Tristran Thorn is the son of a Princess of Faerie, and Wall is right next to an entrance to Faerie. This book is a wonderful adventure full of gentle references to other fantastic tales both recent and ancient, providing a wide spectrum of touchstones for the reader.

Reading it felt a lot like looking through a stained-glass window, seeing the different hues and highlights in each piece of glass as one passes by. There are characters here of great grace and beauty, and characters of evil so nasty that you want to rip out the pages they appear on and burn them, except doing that would ruin the book. It's a thorough delight, and far too much fun to keep to yourself.

Passage by Connie Willis (NY: Bantam, 2001)

Dr. Joanna Lander, a cognitive psychologist, and Dr. Richard Wright, a neurologist, have joined forces at Mercy General Hospital to study the near death experience (NDE). Lander had been investigating the phenomenon from the psychological point of view, and Wright from the biochemical aspect. Then Wright discovers a psychoactive drug that creates a simulation of an NDE, and recruits Lander to serve as an expert interviewer for his project. Despite the meddling of Maurice Mandrake, a religious zealot who wants to control all of the NDE research at the hospital, Wright and Lander begin working with volunteers using the new procedure. When additional experimental subjects are needed, Joanna herself volunteers. Her initial NDEs are fascinating, but subsequent ones produce a growing sense of dread as she keeps experiencing the same familiar events. Joanna finally discovers the significance of NDEs, but is stabbed in the hospital's ER by a teenaged drug addict before she can tell anyone. So her friends and associates combine forces to trace her steps and uncover what she had discovered. Passage was nominated for the Arthur C. Clarke Award for 2001, and won the 2002 Locus Award (Best SF Novel). As a psychologist who has done research in cognition, I thoroughly enjoyed this book and thought it was very well done. Connie Willis is one of the very best SF writers working today, and clearly did her research on the fron-

tiers of cognitive psychology. Brief reviews of two of her earlier award-winning novels follow.

Retro Reviews

Doomsday Book by Connie Willis (NY: Bantam Spectra, 1992)

A time traveler from 2048 is transported back to an English village in the 14th Century. Instead of her planned destination of 1320, however, she mistakenly is sent to 1348, the year the Black Death arrives in England. Kivrin Engle, the female protagonist, is a history student who must cope with the problems of the members of the family who take her in ("the contempts"). To complicate matters even more, her historian peers in the future are fighting among themselves. As they attempt to recover Kivrin before it is too late, they must also cope with a local viral epidemic. Kivrin survives, but only after living through the anguish of the plague and the sufferings and deaths of many of those around her. The characters Willis created for this novel are remarkable, and critics praised both these characterizations and her writing style. *Doomsday Book* won the 1992 Nebula Award and the 1993 Hugo and Locus Awards for best novel.

Lincoln's Dreams by Connie Willis. (NY: Bantam Spectra, 1987)

This contemporary fantasy novel, featuring dreams of the Civil War, is a story of perceived reality and parapsychology. A young Civil War historian, Jeff, is drawn into the dream world of a disturbed young woman, Annie. Annie's dreams mirror, day by day, the events in the life of the Confederate general Robert E. Lee. As Jeff and Annie try to understand their relationship to Lee, Lincoln, and others long dead, the reader is taken on an exciting and tension-filled trip through Civil War battlefields and led to the book's emotional conclusion. *Lincoln's Dreams* won the 1988 John W. Campbell Memorial Award for best novel.

Media Reviews

"King Arthur" (Touchstone Pictures, 2004)

Reviewed by Denise Fisk.

For those Arthurian buffs who expect this movie to be yet another magical rendition of the famous king and his Camelot, think again! This is a straight retelling of King Arthur's exploits, with no magical elements involved, except for a brief scene wherein young Arthur pulls out Excalibur from his father's grave mound, and strange, ominous thunder crackles overhead. As directed by Antoine Fuqua, Arthur (Clive Owen) is portrayed as a half-British, half-Roman warlord who also happens to be in charge of a band of knights, some of whose ancestors are Samaritan, come to Britain ages ago from near the Black Sea. This supposition has some basis in fact, according to David Franzoni, the screenwriter for "Arthur" (and also for "Gladiator"). These young knights are among the best Britain has to offer: skilled with sword and bow alike. Not to mention their tremendous skills when fighting on horseback. Having these young men in one's retinue was very favorable, indeed!

As the movie begins, the young Samaritans are about to get their release papers, after serving as knights for 15 years. However, the presiding bishop gives them one more order: to get a wealthy Romano-British family out from behind enemy lines (the enemy being the invading Saxons). Of course, the Samaritans are quite unhappy at this set of events, but having no choice, they go with Arthur. The camaraderie between Arthur and the knights is very tight and believable. He goes the extra mile for his men, and they in turn go the extra mile for him.

Clive Owen as Arthur has some good moments, such as when he strategizes how to get the invading Saxons out of Britain, or when he's leading his men into battle. Overall, though, he was a bit too serious, and though he had serious tasks to complete, a bit of laughter now and then wouldn't have hurt at all. Owen also seemed a bit old for the part; in re-

ality, Arthur would've been in his late teens/early 20's, and here, Arthur is pushing 40! Not exactly true to form, especially given the fact that mortality was high in Dark Ages Britain, and if a man or woman lived to be 30, he/she was considered old! Another actor would have done a better job as Arthur – like Jude Law – especially if he imbued the part with some more emotion.

Ray Winstone as Bors, one of Arthur's knights, really stole the show! Bors loved women, loved to brawl and was very opinionated to boot. He wielded his sword with expert hands, and could also handle his horse believably during the battle sequences.

Keira Knightly was great as the young Guinevere. She was a member of one of the British tribes, and fought the enemy alongside the tribal men, being very skillful with the bow and arrow. She showed a lot of pluck and cunning throughout. However, there wasn't any chemistry between her and Clive Owen's Arthur. When their big love scene commenced, it was rather contrived. They seemed more good friends than lovers.

Ioan Gruffudd as Lancelot was dressed all in black, more befitting a medieval knight, rather than a Samaritan cavalryman. He was also pouty and sullen throughout. Good grief. One would think that this young man never had a happy moment in his life! As close friends, he and Arthur had some good moments. I found their friendship very believable. By the way, for you out there rooting for a Lancelot and Guinevere romance, they never do fall in love. Instead, they actively disliked each other, which is a rather interesting twist on the usual tale.



ever romance, they never do fall in love. Instead, they actively disliked each other, which is a rather interesting twist on the usual tale.

I

thought the Saxons were fun! Wearing various types of fur and a hodge-podge of armament, they frequently came roaring over the hillside, screaming their battle cries. The conflict between the glowering leader and his equally glowering son added quite a bit of unintentional hilarity to this film.

The movie was filmed on location in Ireland – very gorgeous and lush scenery. I also liked the fact that the set designers built villas with Roman influence, even though the Romans had been gone for a while by the time Arthur came on the scene. For a good, rollicking time, I'd highly recommend "King Arthur." There's something for everybody: well-staged battle spectacles, romance, colorful costumes, and stunning scenery.

"The 60 Greatest Old-Time Radio Shows from Science Fiction", Selected by Ray Bradbury, 2001 (Schiller Park, IL: Radio Spirits, Inc.)

This is an excellent collection of old-time radio (OTR) programs. When I bought it, it also sold for a reasonable price, especially considering the number of shows included. The listener gets 30 hours of 60 different shows all of us oldtimers remember: Dimension X, X Minus One, Suspense, Escape, Lights Out, The Mysterious Traveler, Exploring Tomorrow, The Mercury Theatre of the Air, CBS Radio Workshop, The Sealed Book, and Theatre Royal. Stories included are "The War of the Worlds" (H. G. Wells), "Report on the Barnhouse Effect" (Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.), "Donovan's Brain" (Curt Siodmak), "The Martian Chronicles" (Ray Bradbury), "With Folded Hands" (Jack Williamson), "Earth Abides" (George Stewart), "Nightfall" (Isaac Asimov), "The Defenders" (Philip K. Dick), "First Contact" (Murray Leinster), "Requiem" (Robert Heinlein), "The Embassy" (Donald Wollheim), "Knock" (Fredric Brown), "Frankenstein" (Mary Shelley), "Bad Medicine" (Robert Sheckley), "The Stars Are the Styx" (Theodore Sturgeon), and "Surface Tension" (James Blish), to name only a few.

Directors/producers represented include some OTR greats: William Spier, Arch Oboler, Orson Welles, Norman Macdonnell, Anthony Ellis, William Welch, Van Woodward, William N. Robson, and David Kogan. This is truly a wonderful collection of science fiction on radio.

Mundane Review

Master and Commander by Richard O'Brian (NY: Norton, 1990)

The first book in O'Brian's Aubrey/Maturin Series relates how the men first met in Port Mahon when both were out of work and seeking employment. Aubrey is soon appointed commander of the sloop Sophie, however, and he has Maturin appointed his ship's surgeon. A naturalist and physician, Maturin is also, unknown to Aubrey, a secret intelligence agent. It is the dawn of the 19th Century, and Britain is at war with Napoleon's France. Soon the Sophie is engaged in one thrilling adventure after another, culminating in a clash with a mighty Spanish frigate. The outmanned Sophie is lost, and Aubrey and his officers and crew face a court-martial. The recent movie, starring Russell Crowe as Capt. Jack Aubrey and Paul Bettany as Dr. Stephen Maturin, took its name from the first and tenth books in O'Brian's long series but consisted almost entirely of events from the tenth book: *The Far Side of the World*.

Retro Mundane Reviews

I enjoyed the O'Brian novel so much that I looked through my bookshelves for similar reading fare. I didn't find any other books by O'Brian, but I did find a couple of paperback reprints of C. S. Forester's famous Hornblower novels: *Commodore Hornblower* and *Lord Hornblower*. I had read them both (more than once), but was inspired to read them again because of my enjoyment of O'Brian's *Master and Commander*. They didn't disappoint. Brief summaries of these two books follow.

Commodore Hornblower (NY: Bantam, 1964)

Captain Sir Horatio Hornblower is made a commodore of a small fleet and sent on a daring mission to the Baltic where he engages in both naval warfare and political intrigue. His main task is to keep the several Baltic nations, especially Russia, from going over to Napoleon. In order to maintain England's shaky friendship with Russia he must both romance a countess and make friends with Czar Alexander. The latter becomes extremely difficult when one of Hornblower's own men tries to assassinate the Czar!

Lord Hornblower (NY: Bantam, 1965)

In this, the fifth Hornblower novel, Sir Horatio is called back to duty to quell a mutiny in the British navy. Despite his seasickness and other problems, he is successful. As a consequence of this and other naval and military actions, he becomes Governor of Le Havre in France. His wife Barbara joins him there, and Hornblower receives word that he has been given a peerage. As Lord Hornblower of Smallbridge, he then leads a guerrilla band of Frenchmen in a war behind enemy lines. He is aided in this by his old love Marie and her father-in-law, a French aristocrat. Unfortunately, Hornblower is captured by Napoleon's forces and sentenced to death before a firing squad.

Mundane Mystery/Media Review

The Big Clock by Kenneth Fearing (NY: Mysterious Book Club, 1987)

The plot of this book is one of the best mystery plots I have ever encountered: a man is given the job of tracking down a supposed murderer, who is in fact himself. Circumstances make it impossible for him to refuse the assignment, and he must carry it out while the real murderer and his henchmen watch his every move.

This edition of the book promoted the original film (1948) that starred Ray Milland and Charles Laughton, with Maureen O'Sullivan, Elsa Lancaster, George Macready, Harry Morgan, and other fine actors in supporting

roles. The movie was remade in 1987 as *No Way Out*, starring Kevin Costner and Gene Hackman, with a totally unnecessary “surprise” ending tacked on. Costner and Hackman are both fine actors, but in my opinion neither is significantly better than Milland and/or Laugh-ton, both of whom won Best Actor Academy Awards. Why Hollywood feels it has to remake classic movies, when the highly successful originals are still available for viewing, is beyond me. I read once that so much money is involved in making new movies that few of the big money men will invest in one that doesn’t have some sort of track record. If a remake of a once successful movie is planned, then all sorts of data on the original, including box office figures, are available. I say: Just re-release the original.

Forthcoming books

August 2004:

Catherine Asaro, *Sunrise Alley* (novel, Baen)
 Nancy Farmer, *The Sea of Trolls*
 (young adult novel, Simon & Schuster)
 Jasper Fforde, *Something Rotten*
 (novel, Viking)
 Joe Haldeman, *Camouflage*
 (novel, Ace)
 Greg Keyes, *The Charnel Prince*
 (novel, Ballantine Del Rey)
 Nancy Kress, *Crucible* (novel, Tor)
 Nick Sagan, *Edenborn*
 (novel, Putnam)
 Lucius Shepard, *Viator*
 (novel, Night Shade Books)
 John C. Wright, *The Last Guardian of
 Everness* (novel, Tor)
 Sarah Zettel, *The Firebird’s Vengeance* (
 novel, Tor)

September 2004:

Neal Barrett, Jr., *A Prince of Christler-Coke*
 (novel, Golden Gryphon Press)
 Stephen Baxter, *Exultant*
 (novel, Orion/Gollancz)
 Carol Berg, *Guardians of the Keep*

(novel, Penguin/Roc)
 Nancy A. Collins, *Dead Man’s Hand*
 (collection, White Wolf)
 Storm Constantine, *The Shades of Time and
 Memory* (novel, Tor)
 Rosemary Kirstein, *The Language of Power*
 (novel, Ballantine Del Rey)
 Ursula K. Le Guin, *Gifts*
 (young adult novel, Harcourt)
 Elizabeth A. Lynn, *Dragon’s Treasure*
 (novel, Ace)
 Neal Stephenson, *System of the World*
 (novel, HarperCollins)
 John Varley, *The John Varley Reader*
 (collection, Ace)

October 2004:

Margaret Ball, *Disappearing Act* (novel, Baen)
 Pat Cadigan, *Reality Used to Be a Friend of
 Mine* (novel, Macmillan UK)
 Laurell K. Hamilton, *Incubus Dreams*
 (novel, Berkley)
 Gwyneth Jones, *Life* (novel, Aqueduct Press)
 Henry Kuttner, *Mountain Magic*
 (collection, Baen)
 Frederik Pohl, *The Boy Who Would Live
 Forever* (novel, Tor)
 Terry Pratchett, *Going Postal*
 (novel, HarperCollins)
 Pamela Sargent, *Thumbprints*
 (collection, Golden Gryphon Press)
 Judith Tarr, *Rite of Conquest*
 (novel, Penguin/Roc)
 Liz Williams, *Banner of Souls*
 (novel, Bantam Spectra)

Re Reviewers & Reviewed

Ray Bradbury needs no introduction to N3F members. His latest books are *It Came from Outer Space* and *Bradbury Stories: 100 of His Finest Tales*, collections of his short fiction, and *Let’s All Kill Constance* [a mystery featuring the protagonist from his earlier mysteries], all three books issued in 2003. Another short fiction collection, *The Cat’s Pajamas: New Stories*, is scheduled for publication in 2004.

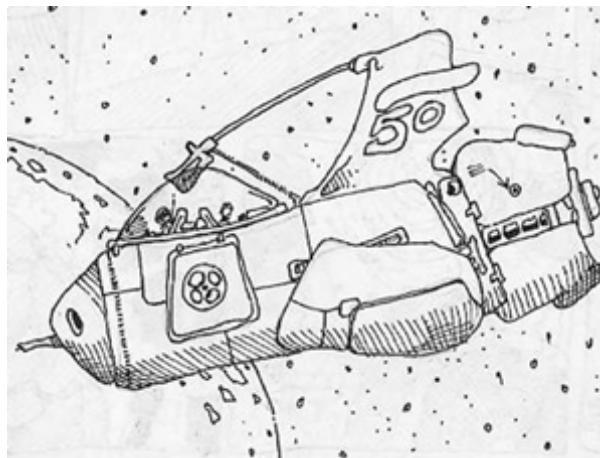
Kenneth Fearing (1902-1961), considered to be a significant poet early in his career, later became known for his novel-length fiction. In addition to *The Big Clock* (1946), he wrote *Dagger of the Mind* (1941), *Clark Gifford's Body* (1942) and *The Loneliest Girl in the World* (1951).

Denise Fisk, a native Seattleite, has been into science-fiction since the 1970s, when she became hooked on "Star Trek" (and will admit to having a crush on Mr. Spock). She enjoys reading SF, fantasy, mysteries, and historical novels. She also likes the occasionally cheesy movie and going for walks. When she's not busy doing that, she admits to looking up at the moon sometimes, wondering if the aliens there will be coming down any time soon to visit us. She recently became head of N3F's Birthday Bureau, and anticipates she'll have a lot of fun doing that!

Neil Gaiman, a British novelist, poet, screenwriter, essayist, and lyricist, has won several literary awards over the past 15 years including multiple awards for his novel *American Gods*, published in 2001. His other recent books include *The Wolves in the Walls* (2003), *Coraline* (2002), and *Angels and Visitation* (1993), the last a collection of his short fiction.

C. S. Forester (1899-1966) was an English novelist, best known as the creator of Horatio Hornblower in a series of novels about the British navy during the Napoleonic Wars. His other successful books included *Payment Deferred*, *The Gun*, *The African Queen*, and *The Last Days of the Bismarck*. Several of his novels were made into movies.

Richard O'Brian (1914-2000) was an English novelist and historian. He is known primarily for his series of books about Captain Jack Aubrey and Dr. Stephen Maturin (an unfinished novel, the twenty-first in the series, is scheduled for publication later this year). All of his books published since 1993 have appeared on national bestseller lists, and his writing has been compared favorably with that of C. S. Forester and Jane Austen.



Janine G. Stinson is a longtime N3F member and a current member of the Directorate. She has served as editor of both *Tightbeam* and *The Fan*, and won a Kaymar Award in 2000.

Connie Willis was born Constance Elaine Trimmer on December 31, 1945, in Denver, Colorado. She was educated at the University of Northern Colorado (BA in English/elementary education, 1967) and married Courtney W. Willis in 1967. Willis is one of SF's most talented writers. She also writes romantic fantasy and supernatural fiction, some of which is lighthearted and humorous. She has won many genre awards, including five Nebulas and six Hugos.

The Reviews Editor is responsible for everything in the Reviews section not attributed to someone else.

Note: Neffers are invited to submit reviews of books, movies, fanzines, radio/TV programs, etc. to the Reviews Editor, either electronically or by snail mail. If you e-mail me, and don't hear back within a reasonable length of time, please mail me your review. It has been pointed out to me that some Internet providers are unable (or unwilling) to communicate with each other. The two addresses are as follows: jon_swartz@hotmail.com and 1704 Vine Street, Georgetown, TX 78626.



ELECTION PLATFORMS

For President

Ruth R. Davidson

Greetings Neffers. As many of you know this will be my third year running for President. During my two years in office the Directorate approved the following motions I put forward: The online store called Ye Olde N3F Fan Shoppe, online sign up and renewal, The e-Fan, and ads in the WorldCon Souvenir book, in Locus, and Locus Online.

It is my desire to continue moving us forward. I hope to add more variety to our shop and to get to the point where we can have TNFF and Tightbeam as two separate publications once more. If I am elected again I will continue my efforts to serve N3F and it's members to the best of my ability.

For Directorate

Dennis Davis

It has been my privilege to have served as one of your N3F Directors this past year.

During this past year I have felt like I have been able to make a difference this past year and I think the N3F is doing better and making progress.

I hope to be able to continue to be one your Directors in the coming year. So I am again a candidate for Director and I am asking for your vote. Please do vote!

Janine Stinson

I have enjoyed serving on the directorate for the past few years, and am willing to continue to do my best to help the N3F become more well-known among those new to fandom. I think the N3F can remain a gateway organization for science fiction and fantasy readers by maintaining ties to all aspects of fandom, and not favoring one over the other. I look forward to working with the other club officers on increasing the club's publications and activities

while keeping the club treasury healthy. Please vote in the next election for your choice of candidates, and participate in how your club is run!

Carla Hall Minor

I feel I can contribute something to the Directorate and the club as a whole. Together we can come up with more ideas on how to attract new members and get our current members more involved. I've been a Director for several terms and would like to continue helping in any way I can.

Sarah Glasgow

I, Sarah Glasgow, am running for re-election on the Directorate. If re-elected I will continue to do my best to serve the club focusing much of my efforts on adding to our numbers and supporting the President in moving the club forward in our modern, vastly changing world.

George Phillies

If elected I will try to serve.

Ask me for a free email copy of my new SF novel 'MinuteGrrrlz'. For a free copy of my gaming fanzine GAME! go to <http://www.gametableonline.com/?url=game>



Art Bureau Report

By Sarah Glasgow

Due to my recent move I was unable to send the letter to all the former N3F artists that I mentioned previously. Due to this delay I am extending the deadline for the Artzine. In the next ish I will give you the new deadline. I hope to get the letter out by the end of September, and will hopefully be able to report back the kind of response I receive. In the meantime please continue to work on your art. Refer to the last ish for guidelines or contact me and I will email/snail mail them to you.

My new address is 289 Tradewinds Dr.

#8, San Jose, CA 95123; email, yseult_sg@yahoo.com.

If anyone would like to donate stamps for the purpose of the above mentioned mailing please send them to the above address. Any help would be greatly appreciated. Thank you!



Computer Games

By Harold Marcum

I've been playing a great action game lately, "Soldier of Fortune", it's a fun shoot 'em up. As with all my games after I play a while I have to track down new strategies and cheat codes. I've found some cool stuff and I hope you can use some of it. If you have a favorite game that you'd like to share with us or need help in locating codes, please let me know.

Soldier of Fortune: Cheat Codes

Load the game with the "sof.exe+set console 1" command line. Then while playing, press ~ to display the console and type "\cheats 1" to enable cheat mode. The following codes may now be entered at the console to activate the corresponding cheat functions.

Result Cheat Code

God Mode/heretic

1st. six weapons/full ammo – elbow

Last six weapons/full ammo – bigelbow

Return to default weapons – defaultweapons

Extra ammo – updateinvfinal

Invisible to enemies – ninja

Kill all enemies – killallmonsters

No clipping mode – phantom

Slow-motion mode – matrix (1-10)

Level select – map(level name)

Spawn indicated object – gimme (item name)

Note: Only one of these codes will be effective at a time

Item names:

Use the following steps to view all items names that can be used with the "gimme

(item name)" code. Press ~ to display the console and type "developer 1", then type "entlist" to display a list of items and objects that can be used with the "Spawn indicated object" code. Some names include the following:

item_weapon_pistol
item_weapon_pistol2
item_weapon_shotgun
item_weapon_sniper_rifle
item_weapon_machinepistol
item_weapon_assault_rifle
item_weapon_machinegun
item_weapon_autoshotgun
item_weapon_rocketlauncher
item_weapon_flamethrower
item_weapon_microwavepulse
item_ammo_sp_pistol
item_ammo_sp_pistol2
item_ammo_sp_shotgun
item_ammo_sp_slug
item_ammo_sp_rocket
item_ammo_sp_gas
item_ammo_sp_battery
item_equip_armor
item_equip_medkit
item_equip_c4
item_equip_flashpack
item_equip_grenade
item_equip_light_goggles
item_equip_claymore

Level names:

trs1	sib2	irq3b
trn1	sib3	ger1
arm1	irq1a	ger2
kos1	irq1b	ger3
kos2	irq2a	ger4
kos3	irq2b	
sib1	irq3a	



Correspondence Report

Greetings fellow Neffers and penpals! I want to say first and foremost that this Bureau

is still here, ready and willing to serve you. However, I've had to explain to the people who've requested penpals that I've matched everyone in N3F to everyone else in N3F. It's nice that we all know each other, but it makes finding *new* penpals rather challenging! There's only so much I can do about this; quite a bit of it is up to you. You can help yourselves and N3F by taking an active role in recruiting new members and keeping up correspondence with the penpals you already have. DO IT! Remember, this club keeps in touch mostly by correspondence. Snail mail is in many ways as important as email, and a lot more elegant in my opinion.

I recently discovered a great little book in the bargain section of the local Barnes and Noble. It's The Art of Thank You, and it's all about how to write thank you notes to anyone for any occasion. Let me remind you all that writing thank you notes is important. It only takes a few minutes and will mean a great deal to whoever you send one to. Sending a one-word "thanx" via email isn't enough; in fact, it's callous, peremptory, and only reminds your benefactor that you are lazy and really doesn't appreciate him/her. The way to show a friend that you're genuinely grateful is to send a handwritten thank you through the mail. Don't you enjoy getting such nice letters of gratitude? Show the same thoughtfulness to people who do you a good turn, small as it may be. Usually I open each letter to a penpal by thanking them for their last letter to me. I urge all writers of taste and good manners to find this book and really read it. It contains thank you notes written by famous and important people through the ages, and gives step by step tips on how to write a thank you note that the recipient will hold on to until their dying day. (How do you think the aforementioned thank you notes were preserved? Someone appreciated and kept them!) When was the last time you really thanked someone for something they did for you? I'll bet that when you pause to truly consider it, you can think of at least three people who deserve to

know you appreciate them. Try writing them a thank you that says "You're special to me. You've always done things that show you care, and I'm honestly grateful." Believe me, they'll love you for it.



Editorial Cabal Report

By Ruth R. Davidson

I am starting my own home business and pretty soon I won't have the time to edit The Fan. So, we need **three more** Editors, and **two more** Online Editors. The online editing takes the least amount of time and effort. Both are simple to learn. This year's March ish was my first editing job and now I'm editing my own zine. All it took was a willingness to learn, reading the help files, and asking questions; in that order.

The Editor does the actual editing, layout and proof reading. The Online Editor merely converts the Editor's job into .PDF format (really easy with a free program called PDFCreator).

You will need a PC computer and an internet connection and an editing program, preferably MSPublisher 98 or above.

I can provide help, in learning and obtaining, with some materials, links, and answers to questions to any interested party's.

If you are wondering why we need that many editors it is so that we will be prepared when the time comes when we can have TNFF and Tightbeam as separate publications again. I know this will happen sometime in the future. One Online Editor for each publication (it really is that easy), and two Editors for each publication. I would act as a back up editor just in case hell broke loose on all the editors at once. Besides, the more editors that are available the less work each editor has to do. (It's nice to have a break every other zine.)

If you have questions, or would like to volunteer, please contact me as soon as possible. Ruthiechan@xarph.net



Fan Clubs
By Harold Marcum

Here's the list of fan clubs that I've checked on lately:

Society for the Futherance and Study of Fantasy & Science Fiction
PO Box 1624
Madison WI 53701

Darkstar
University of California
San Diego
Mail Code 0077 C-46
LaJolle CA 92093

St. Louis Science Fiction Society
1738 San Martin Ct.
Fenton MO 63026

Starward Bound
PO Box 20064
Dayton Ohio 45420

Birmingham Science Fiction Group
Alan Woodford 81, Harrold Road
Rowley Regis Worley
West Midlands B65 ORL

Baltimore Science Fiction Society, Inc.
PO Box 686
Baltimore MD 21203

Science Fiction Fantasy Federation
Box 4 Elliott University Center
UNCG Greensboro NC 27412

The Washington Science Fiction Association
4030 8th. St. South
Arlington VA 22204

Philadelphia Science Fiction Society
PO Box 8303
Philadelphia PA 19101

Birthday Bureau Report
By Denise A. Fisk

Hello One & All! My name is Denise

Fisk, I hail from Seattle, and I'm the new Birthday Bureau Head! Thanks to all of you for sending out cards to your fellow neffers. I really do appreciate that! I especially want to thank Bernadette "Usagi" Glasgow, Ginny Benson, Sally Syrjala and David K. Robinson. Also, donations of stamps and cards to this Bureau would be greatly appreciated, thanks! Please also send any corrections of birthdates and addresses to me. If your birthday isn't listed or is incorrect, please let me know immediately. Please inform me of any Neffers who are ill or are in the hospital, as I'd love to send them a card, too. You can reach me via snail mail at 5528 E. Greenlake Way N., #19, Seattle, WA 98103. Or by e-mail: greenroseofaltair@yahoo.com. I'm looking forward to working with you all on this -- should be fun! Blessings on your way!

October birthdays:

Denise A. Fisk – 10/05/????
Dr. Ira Lee Riddle – 10/02/1946
David Rubin – 10/03/1956
Robert Schreib, Jr. – 10/04/1952
Rikki Winters – 10/25/1960
Allan Rosewarne – 10/02/1954

November birthdays:

Forrest J. Ackerman – 11/24/1916
Bob Blackwood – 11/21/1942
Helen E. Davis – 11/01/1962
Mike Lowrey – 11/25/1953
Jennifer M. Mackay – 11/17/1974
Catherine Mintz – 11/10/1946
Jefferson Swycaffer – 11/11/1956

December birthdays:

Michele Nowak Center – 12/03/1960
Michael Contos – 12/4/1963
Eric Glasgow – 12/29/1984
James Madden – 12/17/1950
Carla Hall Minor – 12/02/1968
Jon D. Swartz – 12/12/1934
David Travis – 12/30/1935
Susan VanSchuyver – 12/17/1952
Patricia Williams King – 12/02/1946



The MANGAVERSE

By Ruth R. Davidson

It has come to my attention that some e-mail clients won't allow attachments that are greater than 1 meg. The best way around this is for me to send you via email a direct link so you can download the current ish of *The MANGAVERSE* instead of sending it as an attachment.

The exciting news is that The MANGAVERSE is already two issues old! The third ish comes out next month in October.

If you are a fan of anime, manga, or comics then this bureau is the place for you! Any fannish material pertaining to these topics are fair game here (no hentai please). If you're not sure you want to be a part of this feel free to download the first issue at The MANGAVERSE website: <http://potato.xarph.net/~ruthiechan/mangaverse.html> or you can snail mail me and request a hard copy.

If you have any questions or would like to be on the mailing and participate please contact me (info on page two of this ish).

The MANGAVERSE's Fanzine of DOOM is now scheduled to be released in the summer of 2005. This zine will make for great summer reading. I also feel that the change in release will help writers give us their best work!

Publishing Format: Primarily in .PDF. (URL will be sent to your email address.) For hard copies a modest fee will apply though the amount will depend on size. TBA.

Submissions: Fan-art and fan-fiction of your favorite anime, manga, or comic.

Word/Page Limits: NONE. (currently)

Deadline: Currently **May 1, 2005.**

So break out your pencils and keyboards and get to crackin! *cheesy grin*

The MANGAVERSE Logo Contest

Rules:

1: Logo must reflect the whole of The MANGAVERSE. a: anime/manga/comic related. b: sci-fi/fantasy based. (not as difficult as it seems. I trust you artists!)

2: Logo must be submitted to me by **November 25th, 2004** Preferably via email, ruthiechan@xarph.net, in .PNG format, .JPG is okay too. Hard copies are accepted. 3540 Swenson St. #172, Las Vegas, NV 89109

3: \$2 fee must accompany logo. Checks, cash, and money orders are acceptable. You may pay via paypal; ruthiechan@xarph.net.

4: Your full name, address, and date are to also accompany logo.

5: Must be a current member of N3F to participate (see "how to join us" for more info).

6: By entering you give permission to The MANGAVERSE to use your logo without reservation. Your logo will **not** be sold or used for non-MANGAVERSE purposes.

7: Color logos are a-ok.

Prizes:

1: One year N3F membership FREE.
2: A manga of your choice (\$15 limit) or \$15 cash.
3: A winning certificate w/logo featured.

Uses:

1: Logo will be put up on The MANGAVERSE website.
2: Logo will be featured on all The MANGAVERSE publications.
Other logo uses for The MANGAVERSE are not yet known.

Youth Bureau Report

By Bernadette "Usagi" Glasgow

No one seems to be interested in a YB publication, so I and the President decided to put up a YB message board. First go to the N3F Official Forums at www.nfff.org, register (sign up) and ask me to add you to the YB forum group. After you're a part of the group, feel free to start a topic and reply to other topics. It's that simple. I hope to see you there!

If you still have ideas feel free to speak up, I want the YB to be something everyone will enjoy (not my own private section). Well, hat's all that's new with the YB, but have you heard of N'APA? *wink*



SPREAD THE WORD INCENTIVE

By Sarah Glasgow

Would you like to see more people join N3F? Would you like to see more Bureaus and Activities? Would you like to see more publications? Then help SPREAD THE WORD about N3F!

All you have to do is talk to people about N3F and/or give/send a flier report back to Sarah E. Glasgow.

What should you report back you ask?

- 1: your name
- 2: name of person(s) talked to. (first name only is fine.)
- 3: level of interest shown
- 4: If they join N3F

Who should you talk to you ask?

- Friends
- Relatives
- Acquaintances
- Neighbors
- Kids (people you know because of your kids i.e. teachers, coaches, etc.)

If you need an extra copy of TNFF and/or some fliers, please ask one of the Directorate members or the President.

For "spreading the word" you will receive a token of appreciation such as a bookmark, club button, or other incentive prize as a THANK YOU for your efforts. In order to receive the prize you must report back to Sarah. The results will be published in The Fan.

A hearty thanks and congrats to Ruth Davidson for earning the Spread the Word Incentive. She has received an N3F button for helping to spread the word. Her efforts have resulted in 2 new joint memberships and 1 new membership.



Treasurer's Report

By William Center

Receipts

New members dues (includes reinstatements)	\$36.00
Renewal dues	\$666.00
Donations	\$7.00
	<hr/>
	\$709.00

Disbursements

The Fan (Dec. 2003) - Printing	\$143.83
The Fan (Dec. 2003) - Mailing	\$52.65
The Fan (Mar. 2004) - Printing	\$165.91
The Fan (Mar. 2004) - Mailing	\$50.59
The Fan (Jun. 2004) - Printing	\$164.52
The Fan (Jun. 2004) - Mailing	\$51.00
Web Site Hosting Fee	\$25.00
Worldcon Program Book Ad	\$75.00
PayPal service charge	\$1.64
=	\$730.14

Beginning Balance (12/17/03)	\$3,383.26
Additions	+ \$709.00
Subtractions	- \$730.14
	<hr/>
Ending Balance (8/15/04)	\$3,362.12

Send all dues, new or renewal to:
Dennis Davis, 25549 Byron Street, San Bernadino, California 92404-6408. Make checks payable to William Center, not the N3F. Canadian and overseas members, please pay in US funds.



COVER ART CONTEST

By Sarah Glasgow

Would you like to see your art on the front cover of TNFF? Well, here's your chance! Send in your Art to Sarah E. Glasgow at yseult_sg@yahoo.com or 289 Tradewinds Dr. #8, San Jose, CA 95123; and we shall see who wins!

Contest details:

- 1: The winner's art is placed on the front cover of the December issue of the Fan.
- 2: Art is due the 15th of October.
- 3: The Art Bureau Head is the judge.
- 4: All art must be sci-fi or fantasy based.

So break out the pencils and ink, and get to crackin'! Send questions to Sarah. Her contact information is given in the first paragraph. Art not chosen will be used in future issues of the Fan.

Submission Guidelines

Publishing Schedule: The zine publishes four times a year (quarterly) in March, June, September, and December.

Deadlines: The 15th day of the month preceding the publication month. As an example, material intended for the June issue should be in the Editor's hands by May 15. *If it doesn't get here in time, it goes in the next issue.* Watch for updates for this information.

What We Publish: The zine is still the official clubzine for N3F, so it includes all the stuff that it has always published. Added to that will be the letter column from *Tightbeam* and whatever else members submit: reviews (book, movie, TV show, game, etc.), con-reports, genre poetry, flash fiction (original short stories under 1000 words), and other fannish texts. Art is always needed; if it can be sent by disk or email please contact the editor for the appropriate format. *Please send only copies of your work, whether it is art or text.* NOTE: All submissions for The Fan will be included in The e-Fan.

Membership Cards

By Ruth R. Davidson

Everyone should now have a membership card. If you do not please contact me and I will send you one after verifying with the Secretary that you should have one. (You may have forgotten to renew.)

How to JOIN US!

If you would like to join N3F please ask our Secretary or President for a member application or join up online at www.nfff.org. We are also available for you to ask questions to.

[Editor's Note: Normally we have on page 31 a membership application, but since we had to stay in the 32 page limit and still do David Heath's Memorial justice I had to leave it out, hence this little section. Enjoy.]

Formats We Will Accept: Paper copies are always welcome. Before you send disk or email files please contact the editor for that issue concerning the format which he/she can accept. Unexpected format files can be eaten by virus checkers.

Not Sure What to Send? For articles, etc: If you've never submitted an article to any zine, and aren't comfortable with writing an article per se, you can always write about something in an LoC and the editor can do a bit of editing to turn it into an article. More than one article started out that way. Bureau reports, articles, LoCs, con-reports, poetry, flash fiction (original short stories under 1000 words), art; are welcome and needed.

Art and Reviews: The formation of the Editorial Cabal helps to spread the work about, hopefully creating a more timely publication of The Fan. In order to facilitate this *Art should be sent to the Art Editor*, Sarah E. Glasgow 3275 Mauricia Avenue, Santa Clara, CA 95051 yseult_sg@yahoo.com. *Reviews should be sent to the Review Editor*, Jon Swartz, 1704 Street, Georgetown, TX 78626.

**2004 NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION (N3F)
AMATEUR SHORT STORY CONTEST**

Story Contest Rules and Entry Blank

- 1: This contest is open to all amateur writers in the field, whether members of N3F or not. We define an amateur as someone who has sold no more than two stories to the professional science fiction or fantasy publications.
- 2: Stories must be original, unpublished, not more than 7500 words in length, and must be science fiction and/or fantasy in the opinion of the judges.
- 3: Manuscripts should be typed on one side of a 8 1/2" x 11" white paper, double spaced, with the title on each page. The name of the author should not appear anywhere on the manuscript to ensure impartial judging. Photo copies are acceptable, if they are of good quality. Computer print outs must be legible.
- 4: Contestants may enter any number of stories, provided each is accompanied by a separate entry blank and fee. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) for the return of the story at the end of the contest. Keep a copy in case of accidental loss. We are not responsible for lost manuscripts.
- 5: Entry fees are \$2 for N3F members in good standing, \$4 for non-members. The extra \$2 is for printing and publicity, paid for by N3F funds. The basic \$2 is for judge's expenses and prizes. Members of N3F are encouraged to enter the contest, but will not receive preference in judging. Due to a long-standing agreement with the British Science Fiction Association, BSFA members pay the same fee as N3F members.
- 6: Cash prizes totaling \$50 will be awarded as follows: First prize is \$25; Second \$15; Third \$10. Honorable mentions and semi-finalists will receive a choice of paperback books available.
- 7: Send all manuscripts, together with SASE's, blanks, and entry fees, to the contest manager: **Elizabeth Caldwell 685 South Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48103-9332**. Checks payable to Elizabeth Caldwell. Dollar bills, or unused stamps (mint, not recycled) are acceptable. All entries must be received or post marked no later than **December 31st 2004**.
- 8: The Preliminary Judge, who will pick the 10 or 12 semi-finalists, will be a knowledgeable N3F member. The Final Judge will be a professional writer.
- 9: The N3F assumes no publishing rights or obligations. We want to encourage pro sales, not fan publication. All entries will be returned after the contest is over. Winners will be notified as soon as the judging is completed. A full report will be made to N3F soon after the first of the year.

ENTRY BLANK

(Detach or not, as you wish, but must accompany story)

Title of Story (for identification): _____

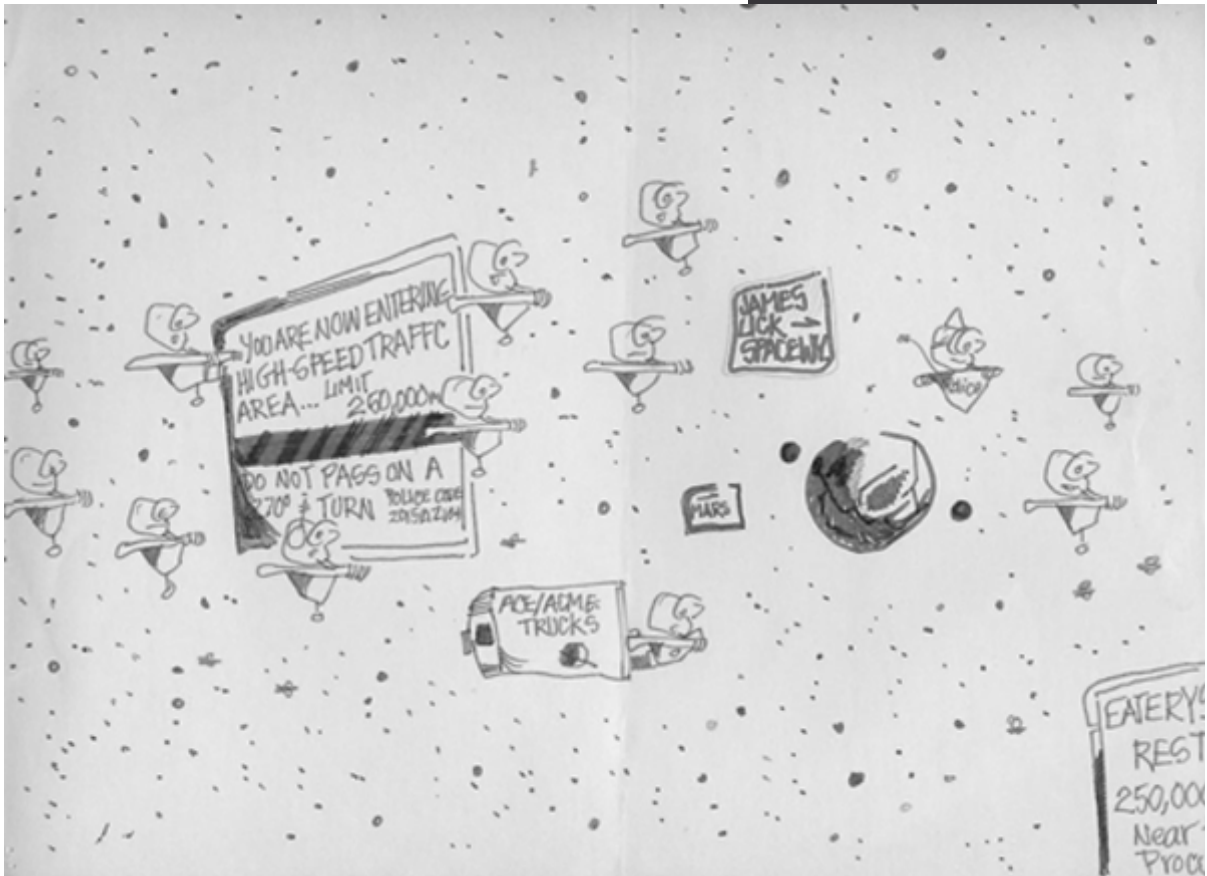
Author's Name & Address: _____

Enclosed is the entry fee of \$4 (N3F or BSFA member \$2)
I have read the rules for the 2004 N3F Amateur Short Story Contest, and agree to them.

Signature: _____ **Date:** _____

Send all address corrections
and undeliverable copies to:

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



ADDRESS LABELS
HERE