



# The WSFA Journal

February 2008

Adrienne Ertman, Secretary Steve Smith, Editor  
Comments? Contributions? Contact editor at wsfa dot org!

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## Minutes

### February 2008, First Friday

WSFA February 1st Friday Minutes (February 1, 2008) by Adrienne Ertman, WSFA Secretary

Meeting called to order at 9:16 PM.

**Treasurer's report:** \$12,628 in checking.

**Capclave Present:** Sam Scheiner reported ad swaps with Ravencon, Lunacon, and Balticon; there needs to be a publicity drive for the next several months. There will be an organizational meeting at Datclave — Sam expected it would take about an hour, and be held on Saturday afternoon — talk to Sam after the meeting or at Datclave to get involved.

**Capclave Future:** Bill Lawhorn announced that Capclave 2009 is locked in for the third weekend in October (the 15th — 17th); the contract isn't finalized, but he's spoken to the

hotel. This is good news, since it means we're getting the same weekend over several years.

**Datclave:** Less than a month to go! Bob McIntosh reported that the hotel's happy - the con has 14 rooms booked. Rooms were still available as of Feb 1st. The relaxacon starts Friday afternoon. Sam Scheiner asked about carpools; Bob had no plans to organize any.

**Entertivities Committee:** Will Frank said that Lee Strong suggested a WSFA movie and dinner; talk to Will for suggestions about what to see and where to eat. Dinner: Impossible on the Food Network featured the Maryland Renaissance Festival the week before First Friday [ed. note: repeats March 1st at 10 PM]. Also, Mythbusters explored the "plane on a conveyor belt" myth. For the sports-oriented, a reminder that the Superbowl would be held the Sunday after First Friday. Sam Lubell reminded WSFAns of the February 7th David Levine dinner: 7 PM at Mandalay, in Silver Spring.

**Publications Committee:** Editor Steve Smith published a new WSFA journal. Paul Haggerty reported that the website overhaul is in progress, but is stalled by real life. Ernest Lilley reported that *Future Washington* is sort of expecting a check at some point, but has no other news.

**Awards Committee:** Sam Scheiner reported 55 nominations so far from publishers, authors, and one WSFAn. Remember that WSFA members can nominate short stories from small presses if they send a readable e-file to wsfasmallpress at yahoo period com. Since the stories are judged anonymously, the file must be in a format that allows the committee to strip identifying information, like the author's name. Sam also announced a brief committee meeting after the business meeting.

Mike Bartman asked about the impact of including a cash prize in the Small Press Award (see January Third Friday minutes for details). Sam Scheiner and Ernest Lilley suggested it will increase the award's prestige more than increasing submissions. Bill Lawhorn asked for a nomination ballot. Another question came up about the number of stories the committee planned to short-list for the club: the committee can nominate between five and ten, but is aiming for a slate of five stories.

**The Committee to Actually Discuss Science Fiction** Planned to discuss the February issue of Asimov's after the business meeting.

**Trustees:** Lee Strong reports that the trustees are working to finalize the trustee's slate for the May elections. On the incorporation front, Lee is waiting to hear from Maryland about our status. Sam Lubell was called by the club's ex-lawyers to pick up club papers.

**Old business:** No old business.

**New business:** No new business. Someone asked about the yahoo mailing list, but club discussion was postponed until after the website has been upgraded.

**New people:** SFA welcomed Jonathan Fellows and Rob McKinney to their first meeting. WSFA also welcomed Christina Abel to her third meeting.

**Announcements:**

- Drew and Cat Bittner saw The Spiderwick Chronicles and liked it; they handed out passes to a February 13th screening at the Gallery Place movie theater.
- Will Frank reminded WSFA members of an upcoming lunar eclipse on the evening of February 20th. On a more personal note, Will announced he's so far received five law school acceptance letters.
- Lydia Ginter quizzed WSFA members on the HP Lexicon legal situation and mentioned she'd be going to Katsucon on February 15th.
- Steve Smith bought the wrong type of memory for his laptop and had two 1 GB modules for sale at price.
- Elizabeth Twitchell received a passing grade on her December professional exam, will be moving to Chicago during the first week of May, and was hammered by this winter's flu strain. She urges WSFA members feeling a bit under the weather to take their vitamins and tylenol.
- Brian Wilson bought a house!
- Bob McIntosh suggests that WSFA members who wish to watch DVDs at Datclave may need to bring a DVD player to do this.
- Lee Strong is retired! After working for 30 years and three months, he can now work on writing full-time.

Meeting unanimously adjourned at 9:57 PM.

**Attendance:** Attendance: Charles Abel, Christina Abel, Mike Bartman, Cat Bittner, Drew Bittner, Gayle Dixon, Adrienne Ertman, Jonathan Fellows, Will Frank, Erica Ginter, Lydia Ginter, Cathy Green, Paul Haggerty, Elspeth Kovar, Bill Lawhorn, Ernest Lilley, Brian Lewis, Sam Lubell, Sandra Marshall, Bob MacIntosh, E. J. McClure, Rob McKinney, Sarah Mitchell, Christopher Neumann, Barry Newton, Judy Newton, Rebecca C. Prather, Dan Prewitt, Judy Scheiner, Sam Scheiner, Alexander Slate, Steve Smith, Lee Strong, Gayle Surette, Elizabeth Twitchell, Michael Walsh, Madeleine Yeh, Ivy Yap.

**February 2008, Third Friday**

WSFA February 3rd Friday Minutes (February 15, 2008) by Adrienne Ertman, WSFA Secretary

Meeting called to order at 9:22 PM. Minutes reading skipped due to secretary mix-up.

**Treasurer's report:** None

**Capclave Past:** Colleen reported that the con owes \$158.80 to WSFA's treasurer, and then Capclave 2007 can close its books

**Capclave Present:** Absent; someone reminded WSFAns that there would be a Capclave Present meeting at Datclave sometime Saturday afternoon.

**Capclave Future:** Lost his dream on his two hour, fifteen minute commute home during Tuesday's ice storm. In more serious news, he's thinking about stuff.

**Datclave:** Still on; the suite will probably open up around 3 PM Friday afternoon.

**Entertivities Committee:** Mike Bartman reminded WSFAns of the upcoming February 20th lunar eclipse. Rich Lynch told WSFAns that there would be a particularly good ISS flyover about 6:30 PM Saturday the 16th.

**Publications Committee:** Had copies of the January WSFA journal. The website had the last journal online, and a prototype of the new website format uploaded as well. Go webmasters! Paul Haggerty reported that the calendar function allowed for proxies, and suggested the secretary use this power judiciously. The Secretary thanked the Webmasters for their efforts at getting the frames off the website.

**Awards Committee:** : Reported 54 stories nominated as of Friday, February 15th. Remember, WSFAns can nominate stories! The nomination deadline is March 1st. A note to committee members: the website to review stories would be up hopefully this weekend.

**The Committee to Actually Discuss Science Fiction** planned to discuss the February issue of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* after the business meeting.

**Trustees:** First announced the election for the 1st Friday in May meeting; as of the February 3rd Friday meeting they were still finalizing the slate, and expected to have it ready for the March 1st Friday business meeting. Second, Lee Strong reported on WSFA's incorporation status.

Currently, WSFA's 501(c)(3) status has lapsed. The club has filed only one personal property tax form since 2001; to get out status back, we must file the forms for 2001 and 2003 — 2007. Mike Bartman asked about moving the club's address to Virginia; Lee would rather square the books with Maryland first. Lee continued: the club must file articles of revival as well, which will cost \$100. Lee made a motion that the club spend \$100 on the articles of revival. Barry Newton proposed a friendly amendment of "\$100" to "any necessary fees". Elizabeth Twitchell proposed a second friendly amendment to hire a professional for, say, \$2,000 to file the appropriate paperwork. Earnest Lilley pointed out that Lee has put a lot of work into exploring and resolving the club's incorporation status, and might have some ideas for the best course of action. Candy Madigan suggested a motion to "have Lee fix this". Barry suggested that Elizabeth's suggestion might be included in the original motion. Steve Smith interjected a historical note: WSFA's corporate situation has been "a joke" since the 1970's, so let's finally fix it. Lee Strong accepted Barry's amendment as friendly and Elizabeth's as an option. The motion was restated: Lee Strong moves that the trustees fix the incorporation status for

WSFA for however much money it costs to do so, with an option to hire professionals to help. The motion passed with nearly unanimous ayes and Bill Lawhorn abstaining (courteously, no doubt).

**Old business:** Barry Newton commented that WSFA's been correctly and legally incorporated "maybe twice", and pointed out that incorporation is a status that has to be kept up. Lee Strong and Steve Smith will talk to Barry about this.

**New business:** Paul Haggerty proposed an amendment from the Small Press Award committee to the Small Press Award rules: that the upper limit for nominees be dropped from 20,001 words to 17,501 words. This would put the award in line with SFWA and WSFS short story / novelette word count guidelines. This change would take effect next year, and would not effect the current nomination / voting cycle. The motion passed with many ayes, no nays, and one abstention.

Steve Smith summarized a message from Jared Davis and a group in Arlington hosting a "Yuri's Night" event to celebrate the first manned space flight by Yuri Gagarin. There will be a number of activities, including burlesque performances. They are interested in associating and possibly donating money to WSFA; Steve wanted to get a sense of the club on this. Colleen noted that this is free publicity for WSFA. Barry Newton asked about the group's legitimacy; Elizabeth noted that one of the people involved is in a burlesque class with her roommate, so that part's legit. It was proposed that Steve get in touch with the Yuri's Night group and get a bit more information. This passed with many ayes and no nays.

**New people:** No new people.

**Announcements:**

- Colleen Cahill announced that What If, the Library of Congress lunchtime SF/F forum, would be hosting David Louis Edelman, author of Infoquake in the future, and Maria V. Snyder on March 4th. Also, Colleen had books, free to good home.
- Madeleine Yeh made hot cross buns for post-meeting socialization.
- Elizabeth Twitchell is off to India next Friday and is off to Palace of Wonders for a burlesque show after the meeting.
- Chris Neumann asked for a brief newbies meeting after the business meeting.

Filthy Pierre (AKA "Erwin Strauss") is looking for a ride to DatClave, but the announcement didn't come with contact info.

Meeting unanimously adjourned at 10:00 PM.

**Attendance:** Charles Abel, Christina Abel, Mike Bartman, Adrienne Ertman, Colleen Cahill, Carolyn Frank, Chris Guildemeister, Paul Haggerty, Bill Lawhorn, Nicki Lynch, Rich Lynch, Candy Madigan, Christopher Neumann, Barry Newton, Judy Newton, Sander Olsen, Evan Philips, Steve Smith, Laura Somerville, Terry Somerville, Lee

Strong (retired), Mike Taylor, Elizabeth Twitchell, Michael Walsh, Madeleine Yeh, Ivy Yap.

## Reviews



### **I Am Legend**

**Warner Brothers and Partners, 2007**

**Based on a short story by Richard Matheson**

**Reviewed by Lee Strong**

While I am generally suspicious of remakes, *I Am Legend* is a quality film that justifies the effort and richly rewards the viewer.

Our story opens brilliantly with a newscast announcing a viral cure for cancer and then jumps forward to our hero Dr. Richard Neville [Will Smith] racing thru the overgrown streets of deserted Manhattan hunting deer and dodging lions. The story of his life unfolds gradually, partly in flashback and partly in primary action, documenting his Robinson Crusoesque present life and bitter memories of the great disaster. As we follow him on his daily rounds, we learn the man to a depth that most science fictional characters never achieve. We learn his livelihood as a scavenger, his self imposed dedication to humanity, his loyal friends, his savage yet cunning enemies and his slow slide towards madness. It seems that the last man on Earth is not alone; he shares his world with vampiric darkseekers of various species. He hunts them, and they return the favor all too effectively.

I found this to be a superior film in all departments. The cinematography is excellent and brilliantly conveys the idea of the undead city of Manhattan in large and small ways. The characters are well drawn and surprisingly subtle. Is the Alpha Male Dark Seeker hunting Neville as a generic threat or is it really personal because Neville's recent test subject was a certain Seeker's girlfriend? In either case, the berserker dark seekers are much more original and better realized than the generic zombies that threaten the world in so many lesser postapocalyptic tales. The plot is a powerful story of the good and the bad of humanity in the face of the ultimate disaster. Some critics have sneered at the quality of Neville's life but the story properly if quickly details the skills and work that he has and applies. Others have criticized the appearance of new characters in the last half of the story but I found their arrival properly foreshadowed. The climax and anti-climax swiftly yet thoughtfully place the legend of Dr. Neville in the future history of humanity.

As stated, this film is a remake, or re-remake, based on a short story by the same name. I have only skimmed a page or so of the original story and therefore can not assess its faithfulness. However, people who have read the original say that it is very true to its source. And, as much as I like Charlton Heston's *The Omega Man*, I like *I Am Legend*

more for its richer color and emotional depth. This film makes a powerful argument that an intelligent remake can add real value to a basic concept.

I rate I Am Legend as 4.0 stars on the 5 star scale because of its solid characterization and storytelling. -- LS



## **The Margarets: A Novel**

**by Sheri Tepper**

**Reviewed by Sam Lubell**

This goes on my Hugo ballot. This is Tepper's best novel in years. While it certainly has political undertones, they don't dominate the story, although they do compel the plot into motion.

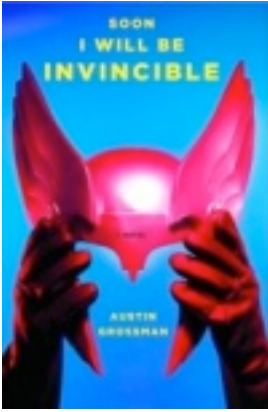
In *The Margarets*, Earth has become greatly over-populated and environmentally ruined. Excess children are sent to colony worlds or into indentured servitude to one of the many alien races. Margaret grows up on Phobos, where she is the only child. So she invents imaginary selves to be playmates — a queen, a warrior, a spy, shaman, telepath, healer, and linguist. At various decision points in her life, she unknowingly splits and one of these alternate selves takes one path while the rest of her goes another way. For most of the novel I thought the lack of explanation for how she splits was a major weakness of the book as a science fiction, as opposed to fantasy, novel, but Tepper does come up with a legitimate rationale.

Since Margaret is one of the few humans trained in alien languages, her selves have unusual contacts with the aliens and gradually uncover a huge conspiracy by several of the aliens to wipe out the human race. But actually, the human race is doing a good job of that ourselves, largely because we have no racial memory the way all the good-guy aliens do. The only solution is to meet the mysterious Keeper and get him to agree to give the humans a racial memory. But the Keeper has long ago shut himself off from the universe. And the only clue is an ancient legend about a being that can walk seven roads at once.

This is a big, exciting, complex novel. Even people who have been turned off by Tepper's other works should give it a try.

Harper Collins/Eos, ISBN: 9780061170652

## Soon I Will Be Invincible



by Austin Grossman.

Reviewed by Sam Lubell

This is essentially a superhero novel. The two viewpoint characters are Doctor Impossible, evil genius who is always trying to rule the world, and Fatale, a new superheroine who has just joined The (New) Champions, her world's only superhero team (an older team existed but had disbanded). This is a fun, quick read, but has only a little more depth than a good comic book. Grossman has fun inventing really weird origins for his characters, not all of which are accurate. And, his world has a history; one of the characters is the daughter of two members of the earlier superteam. The biggest flaw, is even though half the book is narrated by Doctor Impossible, we never get a sense of why he keeps trying to take over the world in such a fashion that regularly gets himself beat up by the heroes and thrown in jail, instead of by patenting his inventions or becoming rich on wall street.

Random House/Pantheon, ISBN: 978-0375424861



## Special Topics in Calamity Physics

by Marisha Pessl

Reviewed by Sam Lubell

I can't rave enough about this book. Special Topics book starts out with a troubled college student, still partially traumatized by the events of her senior high school year. Gradually, she tells the story of moving into a new town, being befriended by a charismatic teacher and the popular crowd. And then events happen, and the teacher dies (not a spoiler, this is mentioned on the second page.) But then Blue investigates and learns what might be the truth that turns everything in the novel upside down (or at least as much as possible in a non-sf/fantasy novel). The best part is the voice of Blue, the main character. She's a supergenius raised by a college professor and is always citing literary references and films (with author and date). Knowing too much about the novel will ruin some of the surprises. But it is very much worth reading. Highly recommended.

Penguin, ISBN 9780670037773



## Short Story

### Peacekeepers

By Charlie Abel and Lee Strong

“Comrade Sergeant Lu. That man is still moving. Shoot him again, this time effectively.”

“Yes, Comrade Captain.” The junior officer aimed carefully – his target was only moving feebly – and fired several shots thru the center of the indicated torso. The target dutifully stopped moving even a little.

The captain nodded grimly and surveyed the scene. Behind him was a hospital catering to the dwellers in a slum with an unpronounceable name on the outskirts of Port au Prince, the squalid capital of Haiti. In front of him was a carpet of stinking corpses, the remains of a mob that had just tried to storm the hospital. The double line of United Nations peacekeepers on either side of him had prevented that. Beyond the corpses stretched the dirt streets, concrete buildings and occasional palm trees of the tropical shantytown. Palm fronds, stirring in the listless wind, were the only things moving. Even his soldiers were still, quietly surveying the scene for any further attackers.

As the echoing gunfire died away, the captain became aware of screaming and shouting behind him as well as an indistinct murmuring sound in the distance. He turned to see the inner line of peacekeepers restraining a knot of hospital workers. Many of the latter were on their knees, weeping into their hands. A few were still standing, gesticulating wildly or pointing at the carpet of human flesh and blood, making inhuman sounds. Two were being sick.

One woman found her voice, shouting in English – the common language of peacekeepers and medical personnel. “Beasts! Savages! Barbarians! Those were *human beings*! All they wanted was food and medicine! *What have you done?!*” Her white coat flapped in the wind.

Irritated by her insults but still professional, the captain scowled and replied. “Com... Madame Doctor. Those ‘human beings’ were a mob, intent on ransacking this hospital for loot and perhaps sex. Your sex, I believe. The People’s Liberation Army has prevented that. You should return to your duties.

“Inside the building,” he clarified stonily.

His icy demeanor had at least some of the effect that he desired. The woman doctor seemed to calm down and focus on her mission rather than her emotions. She breathed deeply several times and said in a ragged voice, “Captain Weng, I will report this incident to the United Nations Peace Force headquarters. Now, if you please, my colleagues and I would like to treat the wounded. If you don’t mind.”

“A waste of effort, Madame Doctor. There are no wounded. However, you....”

“There!” she interrupted loudly, pointing beyond the stone faced officer. “That man is moving. He’s clearly still alive. We may be able to save his life.” She paused and repeated, “If you don’t mind.”

Weng scowled again. “Madame Doctor, that is impossible....”

“Comrade Captain!” interjected Sergeant Lu from behind.

“What is it, Comrade Sergeant Lu?” The captain swung angrily around. The idiot woman was bad enough but Lu’s interruption bordered on insubordination.

“Look! That man *is* alive!” He pointed at his recent target.

Weng looked as directed. To his astonishment, Lu was correct. The Haitian, so recently shot several times under Weng’s direct gaze, was sitting up and looking dazedly about. His blood poured out of multiple wounds and his left arm seemed to be missing. He got up without appearing to notice these inconveniences.

As the Chinese watched, the other members of the mob begin rising. None of the Haitians were intact: all of them had fatal wounds, usually gaping holes in their scrawny chests. But all of them were slowly getting to their feet and facing the line of peacekeepers. Weng was vaguely aware of a drumming sound coming from somewhere, apparently everywhere, around him.

As the mob began shuffling forward, an iron discipline reasserted itself. Weng glanced about, noting that his men were staring at the Haitians in slack jawed awe. “*Attention!*” he screamed at the top of his lungs. At first, his men seemed deaf but his repeated order gradually penetrated their shock. Both lines of peacekeepers came to attention, the mob now only meters away.

“Form two ranks. Front rank kneel. Aim. FIRE!” Weng screamed.

Chinese rifles roared, pouring lead and fire into the oncoming mass of whatever the Haitians had become. Smoke clouded the scene. “Fire! Fire! Fire!” Weng fell into a timed rhythm, slow enough for his men to reload and control their shots, fast enough to devastate any enemy.

Any *human* enemy! Weng’s mind suddenly recalled years of Grandmother Tales of hungry ghosts and vampire-ghouls, all officially banished by Communist enlightenment, all too real to millennia of Chinese belief. He pulled his pistol and added its sharp barks to the rifles’ thunder. Competing with the crack of rifles, another thunder grew louder and louder, a throbbing drumming sound.

The Haitian mass shambled into contact with the Chinese lines. Bodies absorbed bullets, jerking madly but always returning to the advance. Inhuman arms seized rifles away from human arms. Curiously, the Haitians didn't turn the guns on the peacekeepers but began clubbing their oppressors instead. Most of the Chinese responded in kind, maniacally but futilely hacking and stabbing with gun butts and knives. Only a few soldiers in the second rank continued to fire into the swarm. Weng fired his last bullet directly into a dark, ruined face as something once human groped for him. He chopped desperately at the clutching arms. The drums pulsed louder and louder, drowning out almost everything else. Behind him, Weng barely heard Lieutenant Fan screaming into the radio.

Weng and whatever the Haitian was tumbled into the plaza, rolling back and forth, two animals struggling with primitive fury. The thing was scrawny, painfully thin yet strong beyond anything that the soldier had encountered. Nameless fluids splattered them both as they rolled towards the hospital steps, grunting like pigs. If Madame Doctor was still present, neither of the combatants noticed her.

The thing reared above Weng, its hands clenching most of the soldier's uniform shirt. It seemed puzzled not to be holding Chinese skin and bones rather than clothing. Weng saw his chance and folded his right leg up under the thing's stomach. Savagely he kicked it squarely in its smashed torso with all his strength. The Haitian went flying backward into the plaza where it had died earlier.

Weng climbed to his feet. The peacekeepers' lines were utter chaos, with Chinese and Haitians hopelessly entangled, fighting on the ground like so many insane animals. Most of the fighting was hand to hand, with a few Haitians clubbing rifles wildly and some Chinese stabbing frantically with knives and bayonets. Weng kicked a Haitian in the head before it could claw a soldier's eyes out. The head bounced away like a loose soccer ball. The body's arms continued their clawing. Weng kicked again, breaking one arm. The trapped soldier thrust his knife into the thing's abdomen and disemboweled it in one sweeping cut. Internal organs spilled but the torso didn't notice as it ripped at the Chinese face. The drums thundered louder and louder, drowning the human and inhuman grunting and screaming.

A screeching sound cut thru the noise and chaos as a white painted United Nations jeep raced into the plaza, taking corners and braking to a halt seemingly in defiance of the laws of physics. Soldiers with unfamiliar uniforms and the blue berets of peacekeepers piled out of the vehicle. They aimed rifles and shot the now erect Haitian that Captain Weng had kicked into the plaza multiple times. They were no more effective than their Chinese colleagues.

The newcomers' officer gestured wildly but apparently purposefully. His mouth worked, words drowned by the now all encompassing sound of drums. Two of his soldiers broke off and ran off in the direction from which the mob had originally appeared. The other three and their officer slung their rifles over their backs. They formed a line facing the

brutal melee and took a deep breath in unison. Their faces clouded, they crouched and they charged into the fight.

Weng was appalled by the newcomers' savagery. There was nothing of science or skill in their fighting – nothing but butchery. They fought hand to hand, ripping and tearing, flaying flesh, spilling blood and breaking bones. They attacked the Haitians with fist and claw, teeth cutting, elbows smashing, eyes gleaming in delight. If the Haitians had become inhuman things, what were these newcomers but demons?

And yet they were *effective*.

The Chinese had been fighting desperately but ineffectually. The newcomers systematically ripped the inhuman mob apart, scattering pieces across the plaza and hospital steps. One by one, the Haitians were shredded; the Chinese saved.

Suddenly, silence exploded into the plaza. The drums had stopped. In the stillness, rifle shots rang out, once, twice, three times.

The surviving Haitians collapsed. The newcomers tore at the now still bodies briefly before shuddering to a halt. Ragged breathing was very loud in the shocked silence.

Weng pulled himself fully erect and swept the scene with his eyes. "Comrade Lieutenant Fan, rest the men for 10 minutes and then assemble them." Fan, collapsed over the radio, gestured vaguely with a bloody hand. Weng took that as a salute.

Weng walked over to the newcomer officer lying on the ground breathing heavily. In English, he asked, "Sir, do you need assistance? The hospital staff can help you."

The officer smiled thinly, shaking matted hair off his face. His head seemed to be changing as Weng looked on, becoming smoother, rounder, less distorted. *More human?* "Thank you, captain. We'll be all right after a rest. Fighting zombies always takes a great deal of energy... among other things. You need to pour salt in their mouths as soon as you can. From the lack of drumming, my men must have killed their *loa* and his assistants but some other sorcerer could raise them again."

"Salt? 'Zom-beiz'? You know about these... things?" Weng was genuinely puzzled.

The newcomer raised himself to a seated position and gave a short, barking laugh. "I take it you don't have zombies in China. You're lucky. We have altogether too many of them in Transylvania."

## Letters

### From the Editor

Well, that didn't take long! My comment last month about "Fanfic" was out of line. It was pointed out to me that the Journal has published a lot of what could be called "Fanfic" over the years; I don't want to go against Tradition (or, at least too far against). One of the authors of said fanfic was, um, me. We're back to the ever popular "Don't be a jerk", which is probably where we should be.

I am, of course, concerned with intellectual property issues. The legalities of fanfic are far more complex than is usually presented ("The studios own everything."), but I don't want to go there. (Now, if somebody wanted to do an article on the subject ...)

The vast majority of fanfic in the *Journal* is parody or satire, both of which are perfectly OK.

Anyway, in upcoming issues, we have, well, nothing except the minutes. I've deliberately cleared the backlog to make room for the con reports that I'm sure many of you are writing, even now. (Yeah, I'm an optimist.)

— Steve Smith, Editor, *The WSFA Journal*

### Yuri's Night

Dear President and Vice-president, WSFA,

My name is Jared Davis and I am organizing a Yuri's Night event that is going to be held at ArtWhino, in Alexandria VA on April 12th 2008. In case you are not familiar, Yuri's Night celebrates the first human spaceflight by Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin. Unlike many other "hard science" Yuri's Nights, we are attempting to embrace the "less than scientific" side of Space Exploration, in an effort to get the average earthling excited about space. I believe that your organization has a similar mission to ours; promoting speculative/science fiction's ability to inspire and galvanize people towards the possibilities of a bright future in outer space...and to have fun.

We are going to be having an art exhibition of Space themed art, Space themed Burlesque acts (Miss Saturn, Gilded Lilly), selected scenes from "space battles the musical" (it must be called that, so that Lucas will not sue...), (hopefully) a vodka tasting, and a Sci Fi DJ...and a few other things (door prizes, costume contests, etc)

I would like to know if your group is a 501 c(3), because we are looking for a group to donate some of our proceeds toward. Even if your are not, I would still like to invite your group to the event and be part of the celebration (also a listing on your

events section of your website, perhaps?)

You can contact me here at this email: Artbyjared atsign artbyjared period com or on my cell phone (202) 903-4278

I look forward to hearing from you soon,

Jared Davis

hope to see you on 4/12!

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Jared Davis

[www.artbyjared.com](http://www.artbyjared.com)

[I've talked with the Art Whino folks, and they seem really enthusiastic about "Yuri's Night -- Ed. ]

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