

# The Floating Fan

A LETTERZINE

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## PAMELA HAS SOME NEW TOYS

**W**e have talked about getting a scanner for years, they have finally come down in price to the point where buying one became viable for us. So far we have just been having fun with our photographs. Eventually when I have mastered (mistrusted?) the programmes, I hope to scan newspapers, journals and pages of books, enlarge and enhance the words to print out and read at my leisure in comfort. My other toy is the desk top publishing programme I am using for this issue. These new toys have created problems, I can only sit up at the keyboard for a limited time and must admit that when it comes to computer programmes I'm a slow learner. The obvious solution is to combine letter writing with learning. Thus the finished product is likely to be lacking in polish, I hope you will understand and forgive, it was either this or even longer between issues than I intended. When some sixteen years ago my hands and fingers became so stiff and uncoordinated that I was unable to cope with even an electric typewriter, the Amstrad

became a new lease of communicative life for me. True that now deceased friend was little more than a word processor with some crude graphic capabilities but it was a computer that I used with confidence. One would think I would have been prepared for the new, smarter, more versatile, supposedly user friendly computers of today. Not a bit of it.

I am prepared to acknowledge the value of PCs in storage and retrieval of information. That badly trained secretaries will at least send neat and correctly spelled letters, what ever other howlers they might make. I would even state a conviction that computer generated art can ... continued on page two

**To obtain the next issue of Floating Fan, ask for it, send me a copy of your zine or comment on this issue. This is my way of keeping in touch with fellow fen and of thanking them for their publications when I lack time to LoC.**

**I still have vague plans regarding expanding this brief perzine to include any, letters, articles and now that I have a scanner) art work received. Anything you send will be treated with respect and returned if not used. Though as we are away from home for anything up to six months of the year I cannot guaranty that I will be prompt .**

**Grandson in the bushes  
See River Tales**



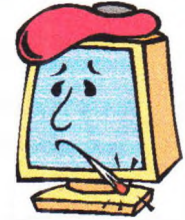
be as creative and valid as any other art form. Even so there is much I find irritating and often distasteful about the headlong rush towards universal computer literacy and usage.

I will spare you my bee in the bonnet ranting and just mention e-mail and my relief that fandom seems to have avoided the major traps. So many organisations I had the pleasure

of belonging to (some for over forty years) have been disrupted by and even collapsed under the pressure of the e-mail haves and have nots.

Rather than a useful tool, e-mail seems to have become a compulsive way of life for so many people. While there is apparently a thriving web and e-mail fandom it has not as I feared caused a great decline in printed fanzines. A few

desertions but on the whole fans seem to be able to live in and communicate in both worlds. Although I have an e-mail address you will have gathered I would rather you did not use it unless you have a compelling reason for so doing.



## RIVER TALES

**Undoubtedly** the weather of 1998 was the worst we have had since we started boating. When flooding and high winds failed to prevent navigation, low temperatures and grey constantly drizzling skies made life uncomfortable. Even so there were good moments, the golden evening pictured below right being one of them. The weather was fair for the week our grandson Gawain cruised with us. Gawain tends to be accident prone, like mother (our daughter) like son, so we couldn't resist setting up the fake photo on page one. We swiftly relented and explained that he had not really crashed in to the bank. **Magic Moments.** Yet another dreary day, I'm sitting quietly with my fishing rod poked through a gap in the canopy which yet again is up against the rain. Time to contemplate the meaning of life and more

the dearth of biting fish, when suddenly, there is a whirring of feathers and a flashing of colours and a kingfisher lands on my rod, perching not two feet from my face. We contemplated each other for only a few moments before it flew away but they were magical moments.

**Sheep Herding** from the deck of a cruiser is not widely practised but we could hardly ignore the anguished cry for help from a farmer gazing at his sheep stranded on a ledge beneath the opposite bank. Fortunately the farmer was both nimble and hardy as the

strong wind prevented us from getting close in to the bank and he had to leap for the prow. To approach the sheep we had to push prow and farmer deep in to the over hanging brambles and thorn trees. Eventually the farmer got the sheep swimming in the right direction and himself back on the correct bank. Naturally the sheep swam in every direction but towards the most accessible bit of bank. It took a great deal of left, no right hand down a bit manoeuvring before we persuaded the beast in to the farmers grasp and back on land.

### GOLDEN EVENING

