

and I will be honest with all y'all, I am most definitely glad she was there that day. In the meantime, my mouth was fully x-rayed on December 19<sup>th</sup>, molds for both sets of dentures (upper and lower) were cast and made, then the week before surgery Modern Dentistry called and said that my new teeth had arrived, and "no food or drink 8 hours prior to the procedure" because I would be completely anesthetized. At least that was a plus. Remember, I had hoped to have all of this done between semesters, but all was shot down by the oral surgeon's schedule. Like I said, this was all happening on a Wednesday morning during the second week of the semester. *\*sigh\** Well, at least it was early in the term, so once the appointment was made I lined up a sub for three days, which eventually needed two more days.

We got there on the appropriate day at the required time, did all the paperwork, and I was brought back to the ~~medieval torture chamber~~ surgical room at about 8:15 AM. Once again, the entire procedure was reviewed, an IV was inserted into my right forearm, Valerie kissed my forehead, left the room, and the next thing I knew I was blinking awake. My mouth was stuffed with five pounds of gauze, so talking was definitely out of the question. Undeterred, I took my cellphone out of my pocket and snapped off a few selfies while still in the dentist's chair. (See the middle picture on the next page.) Soon a dental assistant came in and changed out the thick wad of gauze, by now thoroughly blood-soaked, and with the aid of the dentist inserted the new dentures, packing them in place with another five pounds of gauze. Yes, all this hurt, especially when they pulled my lips back to jam the gauze in place, especially since this was



about the time the Novocain and anesthesia began to wear off. I guess I was lucky that the lower half of my face was completely numb, but I knew that would not last. This would be hell, I knew. If they wanted the information, I would probably have given out a complete diagram to Buckingham palace thanks to their torturous efforts.

Ten minutes or so later the dental assistant removed the second mouthful of packing, and she asked me to say the number fifty. "Fffphiptsthy," I splurtered, a shower of

blood spraying out in the process. Back in went another five pounds of gauze, and was told to say seated. Not a problem. My head felt and looked like I had gone five rounds with Mike Tyson.

Eventually I was deemed recovered enough that Valerie was allowed back in, then I climbed out of the chair and staggered out, looking like a gagged Frankenstein monster.

The worst part of recovery was the first few days. My jaw was massively swollen, I had to keep changing the gauze in my mouth – by Wednesday evening I was down to jamming in less than two pounds of gauze – and couldn't eat or drink a damned thing. Basically I mostly slept the rest of that day and night, which the cats loved. The snuggled on my lap, in the crook of my arms, across the legs, on top of the

pillow... anywhere they found a soft, warm spot. Unlike the abdominal surgery I went through in May of 1999 – see “By the Numbers” in *Challenger #35* (2012) for that story – there was no freshly stitched line of staples for a fat cat to jump on, so the furry feline fellowship was welcome. They kept me company while I cold-packed the swelling, swallowed medication, and waited for the bruising on my face and neck to go away. You can see some of the bruising in the picture on the far right below.

I was finally able to return to work exactly one week after the surgery, and my neck looked like the choke marks on the Atlanta Falcons neck on Sunday evening of February 5, 2017. (Super Bowl joke. Sorry about that. Look up the box score on the Internet.) My students were saying, “Ooh, that looks nasty!” When a colleague saw me later that first day back at work, he didn’t know the story, and asked, “Good heavens! What happened to you?” I followed Curt Phillips’ suggestion and answered, “Fight Club.”

Needless to say I can’t eat a damned thing. Well, sort of. For the immediate future –as I write this, it’s been three weeks since the Morning of Doom – I am on a liquid and soft food diet, which has had a not unexpected weight loss result. This is not a recommended plan for losing weight, understand, but I have lost five pounds in three weeks. On February 20<sup>th</sup> is the follow-up appointment, and I have to admit it is getting a lot easier to pop these new chompers in and out of my mouth, and I’ll probably lose another pound or two by then. But, man, do I miss grilling and eating a masterfully grilled steak, pork chops, ribs, chicken, or something else. These days the smell of a neighbor’s barbecue is sheer torture. *\*sigh\** So it goes. I say this as I morosely gaze at the 3.5 ounce peach yogurt cup before me. *\*double-sigh\**

On the other hand, I am heartened by the thought of being a svelte, dapperly dressed gentleman with a dazzling smile at the Helsinki WorldCon in August. That bodes well for presenting at the Hugo Awards ceremony. You might want to hear sunglasses when I smile.



From this...

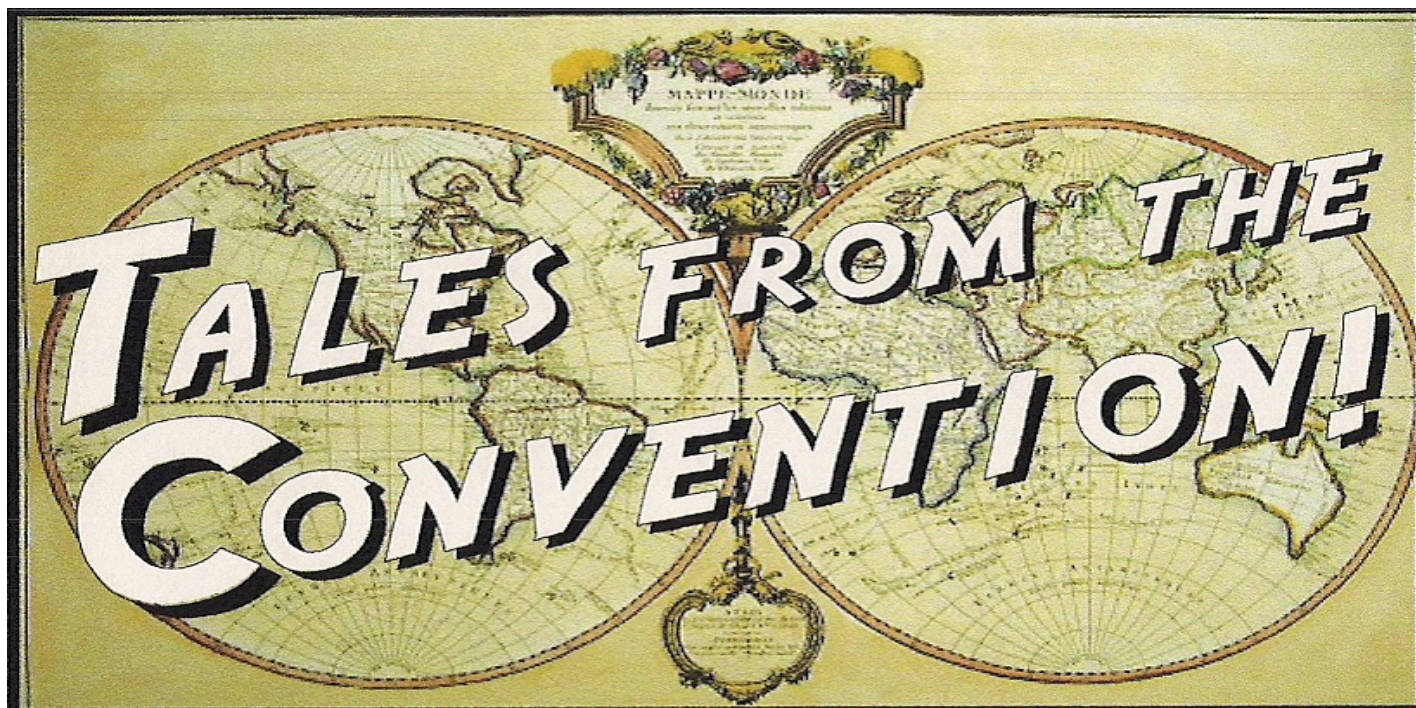


...to this...



...to this.

**Vote John Purcell for TAFF!** Admire his new teeth. Be entranced by his personality.  
Be grateful it didn’t happen to you.



**by Lloyd Penney**

## **# 13 - Our Best Parties Ever**

In 2000, Yvonne and I were on the Toronto in 2003 Worldcon bid committee. We'd been tossing around the idea of a Toronto Worldcon bid since 1987, and now, it was finally organized and happening, and it was exciting.

We'd had various responsibilities on the committee, but our biggest job was coming up fast. We were in charge of the last bid parties at Chicon 2000.

We knew that we had some advantages in the race for the 2003 Worldcon, and one of them was beer. Canadian beer usually has a percentage more alcohol than American beer, and sometimes, a lot more. We were counting on that, so we contacted as many Canadian fans as we could, and asked them to make the Toronto bid a national bid...with that in mind, we asked them to bring a 6, 12 or 24 of their favorite local microbrew to Chicago with them, and donate it to the bid party. Oh, man, did they ever...

We had the equipment and the station wagon to transport it all from Toronto to Chicago. We transported so much beer in the car, we thought there might have been more alcohol in the car than gasoline. After the check-in to an enormous party room, we started setting up, and laying out all our equipment.



One night was deli, and thanks to a young friend who drew on his own lowledge of what a good deli tray looked like, the most beautiful deli trays simply poured out into the party room. (Man, did we ever get good deals from Fay Kerr's, the deli underneath the hotel! Let's say we bought in bulk, and we were suddenly their best customer.) The next night was sweets, and we gave everyone a sugar reaction they never forgot. We also handed out carbonated flavoured waters with gelatin globules that made it look like you were drinking a lava lamp. People never forgot those, either.

Most of all, it was the beer. Our car brought 12 cases, other members of the committee brought more cases, our sponsorship committee got Molson Breweries to donate 13 cases, 23 if we wanted. In the prep room close by, we chilled beer as quickly as we could, and brought it out to the bar in the party room. More and more people arrived, and they brought beer, and more beer, and even more beer. We stacked cases against the wall, and as more beer came in, the stack took on a Fuji-like shape, and grew taller and taller. Eventually, we bowed deeply to Mount Brew as we took in more beer, chilled more beer, and served it at the party.

The third and final party served up more sweets and more deli, and more and more beer. The partiers invaded by the hundreds, and possibly the thousand, but eventually the thirsty throats and porous livers of a Worldcon of fans realized that they could not drink us dry. We gave cases to parties down the hallway. There were Worldcon and NASFiC bidders for other years, and we delivered beer to them. That year saw the first year of bidding for the Japanese fans, and we delivered two cases of beer to them. They bowed deeply, and gave us Kirin and saki in return. (We were using cloth strips with provincial and national flags printed on them as armbands to indicate the person wearing it was working with us...they quickly became headbands to give to the Japanese fans, and we made some close friends that day.)

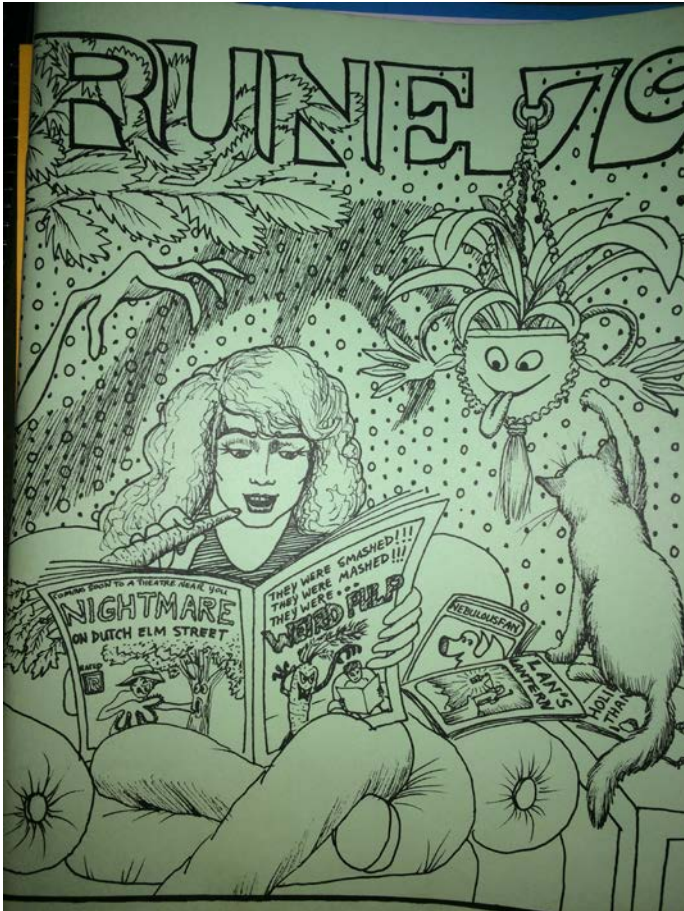
The final party was done, the equipment was being picked up and cleaned, and we consolidated all our leftover beer. We estimated that we received from the committee, our sponsor and our pre-supporters close to 1800, possibly 2000 cans and bottles of assorted beers and other brews from across Canada. And, the crowds left us with nine whole cases leftover. We loaded it all onto our handcart (we brought a lot of equipment along), and trudged off to the con suite. (A nearby party handed us back a case of beer we gave them the previous night, but couldn't hand out. That made ten cases. The con suite was going to get a nice surprise.)

The guy in charge of the con suite at Chicon was named Bear. Our reward for walking in with ten cases of beer was a classic doubletake, and a swig or two from a jug labeled Potcheen. Cleaned out my sinuses, that stuff did...

Those parties were the greatest parties we ever threw, before or since. They ate everything in sight, but they couldn't drink us dry. Our reward for all of that hard work? A Worldcon in Toronto, and the opportunity to tell stories like this one.

- Lloyd Penney

**This fanzine supports New Zealand for 2020.  
And no, I have no plans to run for DUFF that year.  
Yet.**



# FANZINE REVIEWS

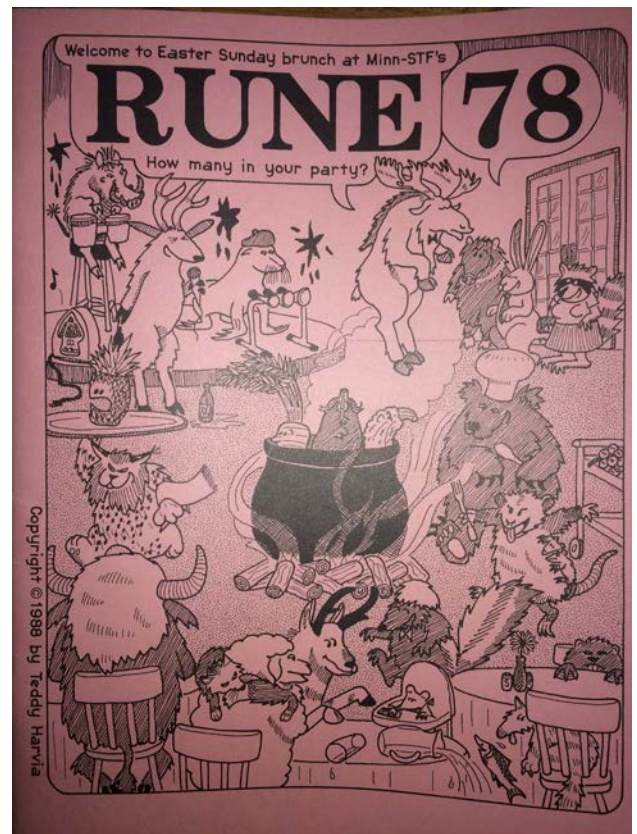
When this particular issue was started I had no idea what I was going to write about in this section. Fortunately, the fhannish ghods have rendered judgement in my favor by presenting a worthy topic for consideration. See, besides receiving the occasional paper fanzine in the mailbox – yes, Virginia, there are still some of us old pharts willing to go through the trouble and expense of producing Dead Tree Fanzines and mailing them out – I received two large mailing envelopes from Baron David Romm in Minneapolis, Minnesota. I knew one of these was coming because on Facebook Dave had mentioned

in the Fan History Group that he was in the process of cleaning out old boxes of fanzines (old as in mid to late 1980s) and offered to send any of these zines to interested parties. Naturally, I said I was very interested to get some of them, and Dave obliged a week later with not just one batch of zines, but two batches. If you're an astute reader and using your critical thinking skills, you have probably now figured out I am going to talk about these fanzines.

The net result of Dave Romm's *largesse* was a string of five consecutive issues of *Rune*, the clubzines of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc. (a.k.a., Minn-stf). Now back in the day – notably the 1970s and 1980s – *Rune* was probably the best-known clubzine being published at that time. It wasn't alone in this regard, due to other well known clubzines in existence, like *de Profundis* and *Shangri-La-Faires* (from the Los Angeles SF Society), *Smart Ash* (the Chimneyville, Arkansas SF club), and of course *Tightbeam* from the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F), plus many others whose names I simply have either forgotten or just don't care to waste time and space listing them all. Trust me: sf clubs publish club-oriented fanzines, hence the proper noun clubzines. But it's time to get back to this batch of *Runes* Dave Romm sent.

This batch is the output of the editorial team of Dave Romm and Jeanne Mealy; together they produced five issues (Volume 13, numbers 1-5, whole numbers 76 to 80) of impeccable reproduction quality. They date from August 1987 to December of 1989, which sounds about right because the Minn-stf Constitution requires that the clubzine's editorial helm is maintained for only two years. Technically, *Rune* was a quarterly zine, but as is always the case with fanzines, the actual publication rate was varied, usually falling on that stand-by schedule of Real Soon Now.

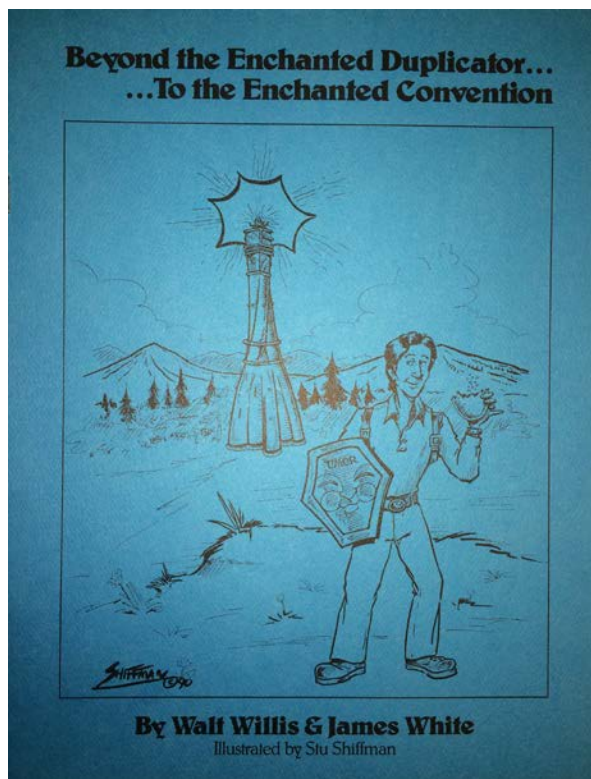
The really good thing that Dave Romm and Jeanne Mealy did while editing *Rune*, which previous editors had championed as well, was to get as many members of the club involved in the production of the club's official publication. Heck, that makes sense. So looking through each of these five issues is like conducting a role call of members. The really incredible thing that I noticed while flipping through these issues with an admittedly nostalgic eye is how many talented artists Minn-stf possessed. For example, club members who produced cover art of the issues I received are Ken Fletcher (#76), David Egge (#77), Kathy Marschall (#79), and I don't know if the cover artist of the 80<sup>th</sup> issue, Robert Pasternak, is or was a member of Minn-stf at that time. The cover artist for the issue of *Rune* #78 pictured here is Teddy Harvia, who is from Texas, but has been tied to *Rune* for so long he might as well be a member.



The contents continue this trend. Contributions are from active members like David Emerson (a former *Rune* editor), Sue Grandys (whose series of "Barbarian Guides" are hilarious reading), club minutes transcribed by Denny Lien, and assorted articles from the likes of Eric Heideman, Nate Bucklin, Val Lies, Chuck Holst (another former editor), Terry Garey, Elise Kuger, Sharon Khan, and so on, including myself (an article I wrote about fanzines produced by Minneapolis fans during the 1980s). It is an interesting cross section of the varied interests of Minn-stf club members, and the tone was usually light-hearted and fun. Perhaps this was an effort to continue the fannish bozoidness of the Fred Haskell and Lee Pelton-Carol Kennedy era *Runes*, but that can be debated. In fact, Dave Romm mentions in the letter column of the 80<sup>th</sup> issue that he had never read any of the Haskell-era *Runes*. I agree with Dave that the issue that he and Jeanne produced should be judged on their own merits, and they are definitely well done. The problem that so many long-term *Rune* readers, including myself, faced is that we were so smitten by the Bozo Bus era *Runes* (from 1973 to 1978, roughly) that we were spoiled. Very simple, I am afraid. Despite that tough act to follow, these five issues of *Rune* that Dave Romm and Jeanne Mealy produced are wonderful, and I am extremely grateful that Dave send these to me. This is a great encapsulation of what Minn-stf was like during the end of the 1980s.

The other fanzine that Dave sent was a special production from the then-Minneapolis fan, Geri Sullivan. This is the sequel to the famed fannish opus by Walt Willis and Bob Shaw, *The Enchanted Duplicator*, first written way the heck back in 1954. This time Geri enlisted the help of one of science fiction's best fan artists, Stu Shiffman, to illustrate *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator...To the Enchanted Convention*, again written by legendary fans Walt Willis and Bob Shaw. This is what I call a work of love. Seriously, it doesn't get any better than this.





At this point it really pays to be honest. I am a dyed-in-the-wool fanzine fan, and I truly enjoy reading the classic fan and faanish literature of the past. Any fanzine fan who is serious about this hobby interest really needs to have read certain publications from our past, among these being *The Enchanted Duplicator*, *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* by Francis Tower Laney, *Up to Now* by Jack Speer, and the fan history books by Harry Warner, Jr., *All Our Yesterdays* and *A Wealth of Fable*, and Sam Moskowitz's *The Immortal Storm*. Except for *The Enchanted Duplicator*, the rest of these are fan histories. However, by reading *TED* and *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator...To the Enchanted Convention*, a fan can appreciate the myth-making that makes up science fiction fandom's past.

For what it is worth, If you can wrangle a copy of this particular labor of love out of Dave Romm, do so. I highly recommend it. This is an example of fanzine writing and

production at its zenith. Kudos to Geri Sullivan, the late great Stu Shiffman, and everyone involved in creating this fanzine. I love it, and I believe most of you will too.

## John Purcell, man of a thousand expressions



John receives a letter of comment



John grieves for the Norwegian Blue



John welcomes you to the fanzine lounge.



John sings you a soulful ballad



John is losing control of the ship



John finds out that Helsinki isn't in Texas.

## From the Hinterlands



*Due to my involvement in this year's TAFF race, destination, the Helsinki, Finland, WorldCon, all fillo art scattered throughout the loccol is comprised of the various TAFF campaign memes created by my "creative team" of Jim Mowatt, Nic Farey, Ro Nagey, and myself. For what it's worth, keep in mind that the voting deadline is fast approaching: midnight of March 4<sup>th</sup>, 2017. So in roughly two weeks or thereabouts the final results shall be revealed. In advance, I thank everybody for their support, and that whomever becomes the TAFF delegate to Helsinki, may that person have a grand time.*



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*November 20, 2016*

I enjoyed Tara Wayne's piece on awards. While I tend to the view that most awards are silly, from the Oscars on down, I still follow what happens with them. The Hugo, and others, help inform us of what is going on in a certain section of the sf world. I'm not a Hugo voter in 2016 Or 2017 but I would have voted for Steve Stiles. A magazine I sometimes write for, *Back Issue*, recently had an article that included some art Steve did for Marvel UK way back. Someone else wrote that, but it may be of interest to some of your readers.

**This fanzine supports the fan funds. Without the support of people like thee and me, TAFF, DUFF, CUFF, GUFF, and FFANZ would disappear. On behalf of everybody involved in these worthy endeavours, I thank you.**



It's a while since I read *Starship Troopers*, but my recollection is that I thought at the time that Heinlein was riffing on ideas from the classical Greek societies of Athens and Sparta for his ideas of citizenship.

## JOHN PURCELL: HE DELIVERS!



You've succeeded in making me curious enough to and check out *Fugghead* as soon as I get the chance.

Sports. Ah. I'm not nationalistic by nature, which given political events this year would seem to place me in the minority, but sports is one outlet where I cheer on team GB/England. Sometimes that has been a dispiriting experience but this summer's Olympics held my attention all the more as the Brits did quite nicely, thank you.

Great art throughout.

Ian

*{Thank you for the kind words about the artwork lastish. (\*) I tend to agree with you*

*about awards in general in that I follow them – sort of – and do follow certain ones of interest more closely, such as the Hugos and the FAAns. This is mostly because I personally know so many people who are nominated in the categories. When it gets personal like that, I think people tend to be more involved with the award process.}*



Richard Dengrove  
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*December 14, 2016*

Once again, my response to *Askance* is very late. The one I am commenting on is *Askance* 36 dated March 2016. Nine months late. I do apologize. I have an excuse, though. I am always busy with the zines I have been commenting on for a long time; and have less time for later correspondents. Made less still because I am obsessive compulsive about the wording I use. If you don't publish my letter, I will very much understand. I will do other reminding as well. I will have to be sure to remind you of the passages I'm talking about in my comments.

Let us go from apologies to the subject of racism, which we shouldn't apologize for. It's a very touchy subject. I'm going to get a lot of flack for my remarks on Mark Oshiro's article. I suspect there is such a thing as being too gung ho about racism. If he is as assiduous in rooting out 'racism' in his daily life as he was in that article, I am sure a lot of people wouldn't want him at their table. Anyway is what he sees as

racism racism? Some of what he sees as racism sounds more like self-indulgence. Certainly that was the case with the woman who wanted to have sex. Other acts he considers racism sound more like ignorance. When you criticize people for words they use, it may be they just haven't kept up. For instance, calling Native Americans Indians. Shouldn't everyone know by now not to refer to Native Americans as Indians? Maybe but maybe not. Apparently, most Native Americans, when polled about the name "Washington Redskins," didn't object to it.

Such is what I have to say about Mark's article. This is what I have to say about Milt Steven's letter. It's no wonder he finds little children cute. Apparently, that's inbred in a lot of people. In fact, somebody I know claimed that nature made little children cute to us; or, otherwise, we would eat them. I cringe at the idea because it sounds more like a praying mantis than human beings. Instead, I would prefer a less extreme scenario: unless children were cute, we wouldn't go to all the trouble of raising them.

Going from little children to extraterrestrials (and maybe the movie E.T. fills the gap between them), I disagree with Lloyd Penney that religion would disappear if extraterrestrials were found. Maybe some change would be made. However, Protestantism, and, to a lesser extent, Catholicism, not only adjusted to the idea of extraterrestrials in the 18th Century; but many divines made their existence an article of faith. No Biblical passages supported this, I don't think. More a wild and woolly mixture of the Ancient Greek philosophers Plato and Epicurus first found in Saint Augustine. On the other hand, the people of the 18th Century generally believed that extraterrestrials would resemble us. That is unless, as many believed then, that they were better than us. To agree more with the Bible, they believed extraterrestrials were without sin; and thus Christ would not have had to save them.

Lloyd, of course, you have a problem more important extraterrestrials: getting another job. Once again, my fingers are crossed for you.

I have to not only disagree with Lloyd but Charles Rector. Maybe disagreement is too strong a word. I didn't know People in Wisconsin joke that the mosquito is their State bird. I associate the mosquito with my home State of New Jersey. I have not seen it associated with the State bird there; however, I've seen it on New Jersey postcards called the New Jersey Air Force. Let's face it, with our swamps, we have the giant mosquitoes needed. Of course, Wisconsin may have the giant mosquitoes too.

One person I agree with, however, is Chuck Connor. The Drake Equation is nonsense. On the other hand, he doesn't have to make fun of the factors, making N symbolize tentacles and F symbolize quarks. The Equation makes fun of itself. With most of the factors Drake used, the answer one in two and one in a zillion are equally valid. The number of planets and the stars has some factual basis. However, the percentage of planets supporting life, the percentage with intelligent life and



the percentage with a galaxy wide culture have to be made up out of whole cloth. I have to admit, though, Drake's Equation is as accurate as the number of tentacles and the percentage of quarks with tentacles.

With that, I wish to end my letter. Is this the right place to end it when I had talked about an exciting subject? Isn't the audience ready for bear? Shouldn't I, instead, have ended with hoping Lloyd got himself hired soon; or my comments to Charles Rector on mosquitoes as the State bird or the State air force? No, I was a librarian and it's still in my blood. I feel what I lose in a let-down of tension near the end; I gain from writing my comments by the sequence of topics in your zine. The better to trace the comments I am writing about.

## Richard Dengrove

*{Richard, I cannot think of a topic more exciting than the Drake Equation. The more logical the execution of a loc, the more enjoyable it is. (\*) I grew up in Minnesota, where a common t-shirt design would read "Minnesota: Land of 10,000 Lakes, 10,000,000,000 mosquitos, and 4 fish."}*

*(\*) On a more serious subject, I think that the discussion regarding Mark Oshiro's take on what happened a couple years ago at ConQuesT has essentially been played out, but my takeaway is that we all need to be a lot more considerate and respectful of each other in our society. Granted, Mark was focused on how he perceived he and others were treated at that convention, and I agree: any kind of racist, misogynistic, bigoted, or just plain rude behavior towards others should not be tolerated at a science fiction convention. Yet this essential humanistic principle needs to be applied on a greater scale: throughout American society and, by extension, the world. As people who are resigned to cohabiting on this chunk of rock floating in space, it behooves us to behave in order to perpetuate the species and ensure our civilization's survival. That makes sense to me. The problem is, of course, that there will always be people who can't help but being an asshole. Some folks are just born that way. End of discussion? I believe so. It is time to move on. And so saying...}*



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*December 9, 2016*

The massive fanzine catch-up continues! This will be a loc on Askance 38, and I do have an issue of *Askew* (maybe two, soon) to respond to as well. I will be caught up with you soon, by the end of the month/year at most. So, let's get started.

Always great artwork from Alan White...the front cover looks vaguely Stargate-ish, and the bacover looks like a steampunk Dorothy arriving in Oz. Might be wrong, but still, marvelous artwork.

Sports do not mean much to me, although I do keep an ear open for anything happening with the Leafs, Blue Jays and Raptors. As I write, tomorrow is the Major League Soccer championship game, with Toronto FC hosting the Seattle Sounders. When I was a journalism student, I took the sports beat and covered Ryerson sports, kept the schedules, and assigned junior students games to report on.



I certainly agree with you on Steve Stiles and Mike Glycer being deserving of their Hugos, and on Taral Wayne getting one next year. Can't keep up with the SF field? I stopped trying a long time ago. You've got to have the time and money to do that, and I have neither. Ah, so much we could do if we didn't have to worry about making a living, paying the mortgage, etc.

Dave Kyle, Joyce Katz, and now, John Glenn, and for me personally, Ottawa fan Donna Balkan, who was enjoying her retirement so much, and an extremely aggressive bone cancer took her away from us all. Please, everyone else, stay horse-healthy as much as you can! Please? This is what makes getting old(er) depressing, losing your friends. Seeing the obituary list in *File:770* and *Ansible* just makes it depressing. I should check Laurie Mann's Dead People Server to see who else has shuffled off their mortal coils. (Or do I really want to?)

I understand Taral's frustrations; always a bridesmaid, but never a bride. I think he's found that while fanzine fandom, mostly an American phenomenon, sees his work in their zines, Canadian fandom does not. Canadian fandom generates few zines, and one or two has ties to fanzine fandom to one degree or another, so there is no real way for Canadian fandom to see and appreciate his work. Also, the current Canadian fans who might nominate and vote on the Aurora Awards are extremely sercon and pro-oriented, so they probably wouldn't see Taral's work, and might not be interested or qualified when it comes to voting on the fan Auroras. I know many years ago, harbouring the hope that I might win one of those silver rockets, and I made to the final ballot one year, 2010. But, I lost to Fred Pohl. Who better to lose to? I have won two Auroras, five FAAns and a handful of other awards, and I am pleased with what achievements I have, but if I had the Hugo vote, Taral, you'd have it. I admit I did not nominate or vote on the Auroras this year, for I had no idea what the field consisted of, but this coming year, I will. I have been appointed Historian and Board Member of the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Association, the parent organization for the Auroras, and my job over the next while will be to research the Auroras to make sure the assorted listing for winners of the past are correct, and to research the Auroras' predecessor, the Caspers, to see who was nominated and who won in those years. I will also look to Canadian fanhistorians to see what should go onto the CSFFA website. (Yes, the chairman of the convention handing out the Auroras won one himself, two, if I recall. There was an effort to prevent this from happening about a decade ago, but one generation either forgets what happened, or the new generation fails to listen.) I have my Hugo nominee pin, and my Aurora pins to wear on my lapel, with some pride. Based on what he's done, I think Taral's put the best face on it...he's been a Maker of Hugo winners. I might hope for the same title for my locs.



I wasn't in fandom early enough to meet Robert Anson Heinlein, although I might have seen him in the distance at one of my early Worldcons, possibly the '83 Worldcon in Baltimore. Many of his novels were part of my early reading, and while I found them strange, I enjoyed the space adventure they provided. Later, I thought they supported a relatively right-wing American readership, with US domination of the stars as the main theme. Fascist? Perhaps. Domination of the stars means control, and the idea that because the aliens you meet aren't human, you don't have to treat them like humans. (Shades of Nazi

**This fanzine supports Dallas-Fort Worth, TX for 2021! Heck, it's driving distance.**

Germany, and your president-elect. Ghods, I hope I am wrong, but...) Will I ever re-read my Heinleins? Probably not. There are more interesting and happier things to read.

Like fanzines, for instance... I did meet Joyce Katz at the single Vegas Corflu I got to. It was very much a relaxicon style of convention, and I helped get pies and other foodstuffs out of their car, and I made sure Ted White had plenty of Diet Pepsi in the smoking con suite.

The loccol...ah, if only I had a time machine...I'd set it back to August of this year, and relive that trip to England. What great fun, and we want to go back. NOW! Al Bouchard is certainly correct in that many conventions do not treat their GoHs properly. Folks, these people you invite are your guests! That's where the G in GoH comes from! So many times, we call ourselves adults, but utterly fail to act like one when it is time to be responsible. Conventions often act as the marketing department for many pros, and it is in their own interests to be visible to as many potential book buyers as possible.

I like the idea of a class fanzine. Many colleges and universities have a literary journal that comes out once a year, but I like the idea of a regular fanzine, or at least a magazine, that can be sent to all students and alumni, with the encouragement to respond in kind, or write a letter of comment. Just an idea...

My loc...I can tell that was a summer loc, and just yesterday, we got our first dusting of snow, so yes, this is a winter loc. We must get the snow tires on the car RSN. We did all the shows listed in my loc, with



the exception of the Etobicoke School of the Arts, who disingenuously said they'd sent all our information to the wrong e-mail address, whoops, sorry! Not impressed. The Bovaird House show was just this past weekend, and sales were spectacular. No comments on the election results, other than to say that democracy and justice will be the first victims. Hmmm, trip report, let's talk further...I have lots of photos to go with it.

Your essay on space reminds me again of John Glenn's passing, plus the old line... If they can send a man to the Moon, why can't they send a man to the Moon today? Very

true. If NASA got a couple more percentage points more from the defence budget, we'd be to Mars already. If any president even dared to cut the defence budget, I suspect there would be veiled threats from the Chiefs of Staff. I gather it's happened before.

The third page! Pretty good. We had to buy a new coffeemaker, and for the ultimate test, I made myself a pot of coffee. And, that was three big mugs' worth. I am fully caffeinated, and have been perkyperky all morning. So, that's probably the real reason I've made it to page three. Also, our building's fire alarm system is being tested, so that's helped me to stay fully awake and alert, too.

The job hunt continues ever onwards...but I have a lead on a job at a local print company, and next Friday, I have a second interview at the offices of Nasdaq Canada downtown, and I think I shall be

working for them in the New Year. Fingers crossed, and wish me luck! It's been 14 months in the making, but I hope it will happen.

I have made it through, so it is now time to wish you and the whole Purcell family a Merry Christmas, and happy and prosperous 2017. Let's hope it is better than 2016; can't be much worse. Let's all endure the Trump era, and hope for recovery and healing soon. Take care, and a loc on two issues of *Askew* soon. Have a great weekend!

## Lloyd Penney

*{ Lloyd, I truly hope your job hunt is productive so that this new year – now a month and a half old – is a much more productive and pleasant year for you and Yvonne. (\*) I agree with your comments about Taral Wayne's article lastish ("Maker of Winners"), especially those about the Aurora awards. Those have always seemed to me to be rather insular and restricted to only Those They Know, and since I'm not really not much In The Know about Canadian Fandom the results rarely surprise me. Good luck to you being the new Historian and Board Member of the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Association. Now that you're on the inside, proper effective changes can be made. Get on it, mate – but don't get caught! }*

*(\*) I would enjoy seeing photos of the various Steampunk festivals you two have been selling your wares at. In fact, an article along those lines might be a fun addition to this fanzine. Come to think of it, Chris Garcia has a new issue of his Steampunk-based fanzine Exhibition Hall coming out in a couple months, so that could be a market for such a piece, too. In the meantime, I always appreciate your "Tales From the Convention" articles. They may be brief, but always fun to read. }*



John Thiel

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November 30, 2016

I read the 38<sup>th</sup> *Askance* with interest, but was especially taken with Robin Bright's article on Starship Troopers (about which I can agree with you, don't go see the movie—a rare observation, but a sensible one). I've read a number of his articles, and as you've not commented on the article you published very much, I'd like to ask you what your opinion is of his presentation of the Futanarian woman and his interpretation of Biblical history? I suppose readers will be giving you feedback on the article in your next issue, and I'm looking forward to reading that, but I would also like to know what you think about the concept. Myself, I'm reserving comments until I see how others take to this concept as well as to Robin's interpretation of Heinlein's novel and of history. I assume he presented this as material toward his doctorate in college, as it is one of his primary concerns as an article writer in the articles I have read by him, and probably it is something which merits discussion. I've had several articles by him in *Surprising Stories*.

## John Thiel

This fanzine is running out of things to support in these bottom-of-the-page text boxes.

Oh, wait – I know! *\*ahem\**

This fanzine supports lederhosen.



(\*) John, I have no idea what to say about the “Futanarian woman,” except maybe that it would be a heckuva time-saver. Yes, I’m being facetious here, but to be serious, when I read things like this I tend to regard them as interesting, but rarely care to comment on them. I remember reading that article Dr. Bright gave you for **Surprising Stories**. Like I said, an interesting topic, but it’s something I would rather not lose sleep over. (\*)

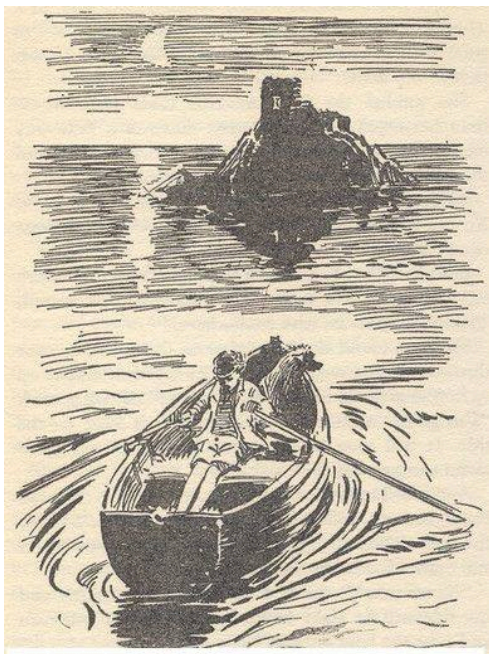


George Phillies  
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November 7, 2016

I contemplate the paragraph...

“As the character, Carmen, in *Starship Troopers*, actress Denise Richards is the pilot of the Rodger Young, a starship that drops its boy sons onto the ‘bug world’, Klendathu, and so suggests ‘biological warfare’ involving poisons and viruses, which is what the men of the car



John Purcell training for the Trans Atlantic voyage should he win Taff

with its carbon monoxide poison gas, and the demon driver’s spreading of its HIV/AIDS contagion through host womb enslavement of the human futanarian species of women in institutionalized homosexuality in pederasty for war against ‘woman’s seed’, is. Carmen’s ‘boy sons’ readying themselves for a ‘drop’ are her ‘poisons’ to be used against the ‘bugs’, because host womb enslavement of the human futanarian species of ‘woman’s seed’ in homosexuality in pederasty for war against her had, by the late 20th century, resulted in the spread of the ‘incurable killer disease’, HIV/AIDS, through men’s mixing of blood, shit and semen in each others’ anuses in rejection of women: ‘Men cursed the God of heaven for their pains and their sores but refused to repent of what they had done.’ (Rev: 16. 11) What they’d done was develop men’s nature as a ‘biological weapon’ against the futanarian human species, which in Heinlein’s *Starship Troopers* is extrapolated into the threat to Earth’s future posed by an eight-limbed ‘bug’ depicted as an eight-limbed arachnoid.”

I am unable to decide whether this is a satire, to see who will believe something this bizarre, or whether the author is differently mentally gifted. It surely cannot be taken seriously as literary analysis. For starters, Heinlein wrote well before anyone had noticed the Human Immunosuppressive Virus.

## GEORGE PHILLIES

{George, I agree with you. Academic writing in general tends to obfuscate argument for the sake of sounding massively pretentious. Still, I do think Dr. Bright’s interpretations are interesting and – most importantly – discuss science fiction in great detail.}