

ASKANAR

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ALAN WHITE

ASKANCE #53

Volume 14, Number 1

Whole Number 53

July 2022

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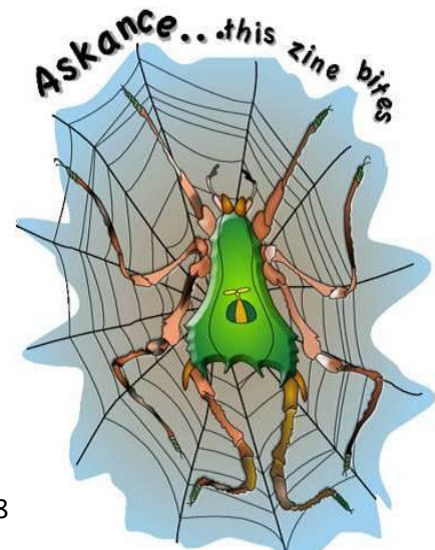
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This issue is dedicated to the memory of Robert Lichtman (1942-2022)

Member: FWA (since 2007!)

Can I Come In From the Out?

During Spring Break this past March we achieved a rare feat: trapping an extended batch of feral cats and taking them all to the Brazos Valley Humane Society to get them all spayed or neutered, get the rabies shot, and chipped. This was achieved over a mere three-day period, which is the most amazing part. These five cats have been hanging around our home for the past year ever since our idiot red-neck next door neighbor simply threw them outside. Now, don't even tell me that Valerie and I should charge him for the cost of getting this done. We know for a fact that he won't: the story behind that isn't worth going into here, so don't bother asking. In any event, the cost of getting them all taken care of was remarkably inexpensive, and we donate to our local Animal Human Society every year. After all, our family is comprised of animal lovers. In fact, Valerie was a Vet Tech for a number of years when she lived up in Apple Valley, Minnesota mumbledly -mumble years ago, and our older daughter Penny works at a Vet Clinic in The Woodlands, Texas (just north of Houston). So we consider this as our ongoing good deed for the neighborhood.

In short, these five cats are a family consisting of the mother - whom we named Marshmallow, and her two offspring, now subsequently named Roly and Poly – plus a completely unrelated feral cat we called Kinky due to the shape of his tail. The fifth cat we discovered was named Bear by the aforementioned asshole's children and had likewise been given the heave ho just because that family is moving (thank Ghu!) in the next couple months, and naturally he has no desire to take care of them. At all. Moving out? Oh, yeah. Can't happen soon enough, says we.

Sadly, Kinky has since disappeared; we fear he wandered off afield and was probably killed by hyenas that roam the fields across the highway from our subdivision. Fortunately, Roly, Poly, and Bear are perfectly content to hang around our house since our Evil Plan is to lure them into complacency and turn them into pets for other, more decent human beings who will love them and hug them and call them George. One household across the street from us wants at least one of them (Poly), and we can always advertise for the other two. As for Marshmallow, pictured here, she is now ours. This is the story of how that came to be.



As mentioned before, we began trapping these feral cats in mid-March of this year during Spring Break. The cost of renting a trap from the Aggieland Humane Society is quite low - \$5 per trap per night – so we figured to get two traps on the chance two of them would get suckered into nibbling on yummy cat food. Nailing one at a time was considered a win, so imagine our surprise that on the first night we caught two: Kinky and Roly! So that morning I dropped them off at the AHS to get spayed/neutered and their rabies shots and retrieved them that afternoon; I brought the traps back home, and that night we reset them. Yup. Two cats were encaged the next morning, although one of them was a

repeat offender from the night before. That was Kinky. Apparently he liked the free overnight buffet. Kinky was released, so this time the only one I brought in was Bear. Same procedures as the previous day, and once again, we caught the last feral cat, Poly.

Our goal was never really to adopt any of these feral cats in the hopes of turning them into house cats, but Marshmallow exhibited signs of trust by starting to wander inside the front door and exploring the living room, eventually progressing around to the left and the laundry hallway leading to the bedrooms. Within a month she became a permanent member of our household. In reality, we did not adopt her, but it was Marshmallow who eventually decided we met her standards. Well, we are not complaining.

How Does Your Garden Grow

The answer for here in a Texas summer is “not very well at all!” In the first week of April we planted zucchini, a blueberry bush, a cherry tomato, lilies, hosta, and a new rose bush, and of them all the only ones that have survived this incredible heatwave that has engulfed the northern hemisphere of planet Earth are the one cherry tomato plant and the rose bush. Even now as I type this section of *Askance* #53 on the evening of July 24, 2022, the outside temperature is 94°F and the forecast for the next week and half is highs in the low 100s. As I wrote in *Askew* #37 (published two weeks ago, available on efanazines.com), this is the longest string of daily triple digit highs in the 21 years we have been living in College Station, Texas. We would love to move back to the much cooler climes of Iowa – highs in the mere 90s – where we can grow whatever we please in that rich, midwestern soil, but it is also a Republican controlled state. Can’t win for losing, eh?

Who’s In This Issue

Besides me, that is. As can be seen on the table of contents, I am reprinting an article I wrote for Marty Cantor’s wonderful and frequently thick fanzine *Holier Than Thou* #25 back in 1987. “My Problems Are All Behind Me” tells the tale of the tail end of my digestive system. If that descriptive phrase doesn’t warn you of its content, do keep in mind that this article was written specifically for Marty’s fanzine because content-wise it fit the general nature of *HTT*. You have most definitely been warned!

Fia Karlsson

This year’s Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund winner hails from Sweden, and Fia was kind enough to let me share her trip itinerary for this month. Hey! It starts in three weeks! Her eventual destination is ChiCon 8 over the September 1st to 5th week, so if any of this zine’s readers are attending, do look her up and enjoy her company. I thoroughly enjoyed meeting Fia at the Helsinki Worldcon five years ago, and firmly believe all y’all will, too.

Geri Sullivan

Besides being the 2019 TAFF Trip winner (Dublin, Ireland), Geri is a longtime fanzine and convention fan, who I first met in Minneapolis fandom shortly after she moved to town in 1980, or something long ago like that. She published her own ish *Idea* for a time and has so much energy that it drains everyone around her. Geri is a dear friend, and she adapted her Facebook tribute to Robert Lichtman, who passed away on July 6th of this year, for publication here in *Askance*. It is an honor to have this special remembrance of Bob in this fanzine. He will be sorely missed.

My Problems Are All Behind Me¹

by John Purcell

One thing that has always annoyed me about the medical profession is its habit of calling things by names that none of us ever use. They employ a completely different language -- I'm not even sure it's Latin, either -- in an attempt to confuse and annoy us mere English-speaking people. In reality, I suspect that most members of the medical field are prudes, or at least they try to be as scientific as possible. To them everything possesses a scientific name: guts are called intestines; breasts are called mammary glands; a penis is known as a penis instead of schlong, dick, hose, or peter; and a piece of shit is referred to as a stool.

This last one really confused me as a child. When I was six years old and -23- our family doctor, William Jefferies, asked to see a stool sample of mine, I couldn't understand why he wanted to examine a piece of household furniture. He then explained to me — as politely as possible — that he meant one of those nasty, smelly things you unload into the toilet. Grossed me out, he did. But, if that's what he wanted to do...well then, fine. Let him. It ain't my nose!

Why they call it a stool is beyond me. After all, you can always step on a stool to reach something in the kitchen, but you don't willingly step on a pile of shit every day. If anything, you go out of your way to avoid it. I guess calling it a stool is about the pleasantest term devised for an essentially rude bodily function. It was one of those "stools" that did me in back in February of 1982. I remember it vividly, as if it happened only four and a half years ago.

Most of you, I am sure, have experienced at least once in your lifetime, a morning when you're sitting on the throne, with this pressing urge to shit like you've never shit before, and suddenly it feels like you have a porcupine stuck up your ass. Your asshole explodes in pain as you grunt and groan, trying to ease this prickly thing out. Then, taking a deep breath, you fire away and blast it out, leaving yourself immensely relieved and you wipe the sweat off your brow. All turds that follow slip easily into the bowl and that's usually that. You wipe and flush, feeling safe and somehow braver for the effort.

But on a frigid winter morning in February of 1982, it didn't end there for me. Just before flushing I noticed blood in the bowl. I freaked. Nothing like that had ever happened before. For the next three days I had perfectly normal shits -- no pain -- but there was always blood in the bowl water. Concerned, I approached Dr. Jefferies and explained the problem. He said come on in and let's check it out. I did, he said, "Drop your pants, John," and then instructed me to bend over while he peered into my anus.

"Well, John," he said while I dressed, "you have a tear in the lining of your rectum. It might heal by itself, but I doubt it. Here's the name of a specialist I recommend you see." The thought of having surgery done on my butt seemed very ludicrous to me, however I didn't want to pass blood every time I went to the bathroom. So I set up an appointment to see Dr. Schottler — a proctologist.

Medical science marches on: the newest breakthrough - hemorrhoid transplants.

¹ First published in *Holier Than Thou* #25 (1987), edited by Marty Cantor

If you have never visited a proctologist, consider yourself fortunate. You do not want to do this. As it turned out, Dr. Schottler, MD, was a very nice man in his forties and quite professional. We talked over my problem, and then for the second time that week I was told to drop my pants -- and for purely medical reasons, too! Turning around to ask the doctor a question, I stopped in horror. Schottler had washed his hands, donned surgical gloves, and was lubricating this "gun" with petroleum jelly. It had a pistol grip with



a screw-handle that opened and closed barrel-like metal jaws. I think it's called a speculum, and it looked like it could do some real damage. Instinctively, I grabbed my butt, knowing fully well what he was going to do with that, that...*thing*!

"Okay, John," he said, brandishing the device like a weapon, "bend over the examining table and spread your legs." I did as commanded and gritted my teeth. His greasy fingers touched and probed my anus... and then I felt cold metal in my rump.

The next thing I knew my asshole was on fire. The pain blew straight through my body and exited from my mouth. "Aaiieecchh!!!!" I screamed, clawing for the ceiling. If I could have reached the walls I surely would have climbed them. Schottler referred to it as "Exquisite pain." Hell, my entire fanny was throbbing. Waves of pain shot through my rump like aftershocks.

Eventually it subsided, and I calmly accepted his prognosis that

minor surgery was needed to patch the hole in my rectal lining. Apparently, one of those ~~porcupines~~ hard, prickly stools tore the lining and left a nice-sized hole behind. Schottler scheduled me for surgery the following Monday, and suddenly I could physically envision my butt in a sling. He told me to check into Admitting at Methodist Hospital at 4:30 in the morning (an ungodly time for anything except convention partying), since I was due in Operating Room #2 at 8:30 am. Which made me feel a little better, knowing that it would be over relatively quickly.

Monday morning I did as instructed, which also meant wearing one of those god-awful hospital gowns that tie in the back. At 7:45 am the prettiest nurse I have ever seen in my life came into my room. Schottler had already been in to tell me that since I was young and healthy he was going to put me completely under anaesthesia. Fine by me; I didn't want to watch them carve up my butt. As part of "prepping" me for the operation, however, the area under construction had to be "clean." And that's why that lovely nurse showed up - her job was to give me an enema. How embarrassing. Hurt like hell, too, but it sure felt good to flush out the old system. Then at 8:20 they came to Take Me Away. I got onto a gurney, and was wheeled onto an elevator and then into O.R. #2.

Five people were in the room. All were clad in baby-blue gowns and masks. I felt as if I was about to die; they stared at me like vultures waiting to feast on my carcass. Christ, I was scared. Then Doc Schottler came in promptly at 8:30, and cracked a joke about the 'rear-end job' he and his 'mechanics' were about to do. Amused, I was not.

Finally the dreaded moment came. They told me to lie still, injected something into my IV tube, and Schottler then said, "Count backwards from 100." This has always puzzled me. Why in the world do they always say "count backwards from 100" when they know damn well you're gonna be out cold in two

seconds?!? It doesn't make any sense. At any rate, I started the countdown: "100...99...98..." Suddenly my arms felt like lead weights and my head separated from my shoulders. The room rotated backwards before my eyes, and my mouth felt like a worn-out overshoe as I attempted to say "gosh-wow!" -- then lapsed into unconsciousness.

□□□□□□□□

Bright lights burned my eyes. For an instant my ears didn't work. Then the post-operation room came into focus. A dozen occupied beds were set around the large room. A busy morning. It then dawned on me that I had survived. I lay there for maybe ten minutes before Schottler appeared. He told me everything went fine, that the graft was stitched neatly in place, and so on. It was the classic 'good news, bad news' schtick: "The good news is the operation was a success. The bad news is you won't be able to take a crap for three days!"

This is exactly what happened. They wouldn't discharge me from the hospital until I had completed "a successful and normal bowel movement." Translation: taken a shit. They pumped me full of the worst hospital food imaginable (guaranteed to make you barf or shit), gave me muscle-relaxant drugs (for the pain), made me drink orange-flavoured Metamucil (do you know how awful that tastes? I'd rather eat refried beans smothered with onions), and *still* I could not take a dump! Visions of the worst kind of hell ran through my mind, like being condemned to an eternity of not being able to empty my bowels. Spending the rest of my life like that, with fecal matter building and building, never to relieve myself. Christ, it was like the most ungodly ending from one of H.P. Lovecraft's worst stories. The thought was unbearable.

Three days after the operation, I felt pressure building at the backdoor. With a whoop I leaped out of bed and rushed to the bathroom. Expectantly, I sat on the toilet waiting for the moment of my dreams. Then, painfully at first (my anus was still very tender from the operation), out came the initial plug. *plunk* It was like a dam bursting from under intense pressure. I must have sat there for forty minutes shitting like a demon. The stench was gut-wrenching, but I didn't care. God-Almighty, but it felt so damn good!

I was so proud. The orderlies had to wear gas masks whenever they came into the room. The silk flowers sent by my co-workers were wilting, and the wall-paper was peeling off in long strips. But I didn't care. I had TAKEN A SHIT and that meant I could now go home!

All did not end there, though. For the next few weeks I could not sit on any kind of chair or couch without pain. So, wherever I went -- to the dinner table, a friend's house, restaurants, and work -- I had to bring along this twelve-inch diameter inflatable donut to sit on. The ridicule I got was incredible. But once I was able to throw the donut away, eventually the bad jokes died out. It was an incredible joy to proudly proclaim that my problems were now all behind me.

John Purcell

“You are marvelously deranged.”

And now, a brief TAFF 2022 Trip Update from Fia Karlsson

I have just bought my plane tickets and the TAFF-itinerary is set. I'm sooooo excited, imagine me jumping up and down and squeeing.

This is my scheduled trip, as it's looking at the moment:

DC August 13-17th

I fly to Washington DC on August 13th, and will be staying at my lovely friend and adoptive Finnish sister [Colette H. Fozard](#)'s home. We have discussed ramen night, and left it at that so far. But expect that I'll want to meet all of you DC fans. And Marvel fans too. Ehum...

NYC August 17th-20th

On the 17th, I'll take the train to NYC, and stay at [Meg Frank](#)'s home. I've talked to Meg, [Moshe Feder](#) and [Gareth Kavanagh](#) about sightseeing trips, pie parties, and possibly a Chinatown group meal.



Toad Hall et al. 20th-24th

The amazing [Geri Sullivan](#) has opted to come and get me in New York, and we'll be travelling to her home in Massachusetts via other fans, and then spend a few days roaming around, seeing Boston, and hopefully a tree house pub that I've seen so much about.

Then me and Geri set out on a road trip via Niagara Falls, with an overnight stay, and then she dumps me in Detroit on her way to Chicago.

Detroit, Michigan, 25th-27th (or possibly 28th)

I've been offered to stay over at [Dave Hogg](#)'s home, and am truly looking forward to meeting Dave in person since we've worked together on the Worldcon 75 Social Media

team. It's finally happening Dave!

Minneapolis, Minnesota 27-28th - 31st

Travelling via plane or train is not sorted out yet, but I'll be housing with [Michael Lee](#), another Worldcon 75 friend, and there has been discussions about going to the American Swedish Institute, the Minnesota State Fair, and Taff-On-A-Stick which sounds hilarious.

Chicago 31st - September 6th And at last, the Worldcon! Hopefully I'll be able to locate the cemetery where my great grandfather is buried as well. Then late in the evening on the 6th, I travel back to Sweden, and arrive home sometime mid-day on the 7th. Now, you're free to squee with me!
EEEEH!



- Fia Karlsson

R.I.P., Friend

by Geri Sullivan

Even when we know it's coming, it's different when it's real.

I've said and written that oh, so many times (way too many times) over the years. It remains true, and I was deeply saddened when I had cause to say it about Robert Lichtman. On Wednesday, July 6, he died. That night, I was in early grief-shock, writing about our friendship after seeing the news on a fannish mailing list we both were subscribed to.



Moshe Feder, Robert Lichtman, and Elaine Stiles at ConFrancisco in 1993.
Photo (c) Andrew Porter.

After Robert was hospitalized with Covid several weeks earlier, Gabriel (one of his sons) had seen a message from John D. Berry while looking through Robert's email. Gabriel contacted John to let him know Robert wasn't doing well, and was likely nearing the end. Robert's sons wanted his friends to know. Weeks passed. Word went out to many old friends. Lucy Huntzinger and Lenny Bailes made plans to visit, and collected messages and good wishes for him. But the morning of the visit came and Robert had taken a turn for the worse. The messages were sent via email. There then seemed to be some good news that he might have some months left. Nope. It was just a few days instead. Covid returned and on top of the cancer he'd been dealing with for years; it was too much.

I mourn. Fanzine fandom mourns. Memories and tributes quickly fill my Facebook feed, my own among them. The following is a mild rewrite of ir.

I met Robert at Corflu 5 in Seattle. It was 1988, the year Minneapolis was selected to host the 1989 Corflu. My first memory is of us walking down the hall between the consuite and the ice machine. I'd gone to get ice; Robert came along to help. We'd just met, and the only thing I remember from that conversation was him saying that he really didn't have much use for hoax Worldcon bids and similar fannish shenanigans, but that he made an exception for Minneapolis in '73. He liked that one. It's not surprising his comment made a lasting impression ... Denny Lien had passed the mantle not long before, naming me the Post-Supporting Chair of the bid.

Robert and I started exchanging fanzines, like you do. Our friendship flourished through the 1990s, then into the 2000s. At first, we exchanged letters. Both of us also received and wrote group letters with dear friends in Northern Ireland, England, and the US. I have computer files for the letters I wrote to Robert,

and those friends, but they're not in a file format I can read, or at least read easily. I'm pretty sure I have most or all of the hard copies in my files. I look forward to digging through those files in my basement Fan Room once something resembling Copius Free Time is again present in my life.

Then we moved over to email. I even know when.

On August 24, 1998, Robert began his first email to me by writing, "This is my first day of being on line, thanks to "work." I didn't have your e-mail address handy, so I used Yahoo to search for it. Gawd, is it easy! Also insidious."

I'm so very grateful I can still easily read all of our email correspondence.

Robert was one of two friends who were deeply distressed when Jeff and I were breaking up. Robert kept on me, encouraging us to to work it out and stay together. As he self-reported at the time, "But then I'm prone to being a pollyanna-ish romantic, so you know..."

Time has long since demonstrated that Jeff and I were able to remain friends through and beyond our break-up. That's never a certainty, but something I always treasure when things can work out that way.

Through those same years, Robert's and my correspondence shifted more to both being participants in a few different fannish email lists and keeping up with each other that way. By the mid-20teens, we were only exchanging a few direct emails a year. That's been true for me with other regular correspondents as well. Hmmm...I joined Facebook in the summer of 2015. That probably has a lot to do with it from my end. One would think that a 40-year letter-writing habit would be harder to break....

While our friendship shifted over the years, I'm confident our warm regard for each other remained. If only there were another trip to Canter's Deli, the Diamond Bakery, Venice Beach, or other destinations near and far. If only there were several such trips. They'd never be enough for a lifetime; each memory remains a gem.

I only visited his and Carol Carr's Oakland home once, back when Robert still lived in Glen Ellen. I greatly cut back travel for financial reasons starting in 2008. That lasted for most of a decade. Then Covid hit shortly after I inherited the means to travel at least somewhat more, though not nearly as much as I did in the decade before 2008. All of which contributed to Robert and I last seeing in each other...in 2013, IIRC. That was at Corflu XXX in Portland, OR. Carol didn't fly and Robert lost all taste for it after 9/11. We lived on different sides of the country. And he developed multiple myeloma. That sucked. Now he's gone. That sucks even more, though I am thankful that he died peacefully and that two of his four sons were with him.

I'll close with what I wrote Wednesday night about Robert immediately after reading the bad news. I first posted it on the mailing list I mentioned above:

Back in the 1990s, Robert started what he called the Fanzine-of-the-Month Club especially for me. Each month, he sent a small bundle of fanzines to me at Toad Hall. Most were photocopies he made of originals in his collection, but he also included some originals that he had duplicates of. They were all classics, hand-selected with me in mind. To the best of my knowledge, I was the sole "subscriber." It was so very kind of him.

I just went down to my fan room in search of at least some of the titles. I thought I had a Fanzine-of-the-Month Club folder in my files, but didn't find one. They may be in their monthly envelopes, still in the boxes of un-filed fanzines that I haven't managed to unpack after living here for 18 years. The Robert Lichtman folders contain issues of *King Biscuit Time*, *Door Knob*, and, of course, *Trap Door*. But no Fanzine-of-the-Month Club selections.

If I'd been more like Robert, I would have kept a record of each month's goodies. His files probably contain such a record; mine don't. As I remember it, the club went on for a year and a half, or thereabouts. It helped fuel my interest in fan history while also making me feel deliciously welcome and special in the community.

Robert was that kind of friend.

- Geri Sullivan

At this point I would like to add some comments of my own about Robert Lichtman.

*First off, we never met in person. Not once. Despite that simple fact I feel as if I have known him for nearly five decades. When I started getting into fanzines in the mid-1970s his name cropped up all the time in them either as an article writer, a letter writer, or one of his fanzines was reviewed. I really got to know Robert much better when we started trading our fanzines back and forth in the 1980s: he would send an issue of *Trap Door* in exchange for either *This House* or *Ennui*, which could not hold a candle to *Trap Door*. But he didn't care. In Bob Lichtman's mind, if you wrote and produced for fanzines, then you were part of the tribe. To him that is all that mattered. Over the years Bob kept badgering me to join FAPA (he was the secretary-treasurer of FAPA since 1986), goading me with lines like, "You can use *Askance* as your apazine, you know." But I never succumbed to that enticement. I held true to my retirement from apahacking, which may have saved my sanity but cost me the chance to better know Bob and all the other denizens of FAPA.*

*Even so, we continued to swap fanzines, and when my letters of comment started to appear in *Trap Door* I felt as if I had finally arrived in *The Big Time*; it was totally mind-blowing to see my name in this wonderful fanzine. There was no question in my mind how much Robert Lichtman meant not only to me, but to fanzine fandom in general. He was such a fixture in fanzine fandom that he was honored at Corflu Heatwave in 2020 with the Lifetime Achievement Award. When he wrote to inform me that his award had arrived, along with all the other Corflu Heatwave publications, his gracious sincerity shone through and warmed my heart. He so deserved that award.*

Unlike Geri Sullivan or countless others, I never had the chance to meet Robert to simply chat fanzines for hours on end. Losing him, while expected, to cancer is still a shock. It sucks to lose a member of our fannish family, but thankfully we have his work, his writings, his fanzines, and, most of all, his humor.

Thank you for being part of our lives, Robert. We will always be grateful. - JP

“Fanzine” Review:

Daangerous Visions, edited by Sandra Bond

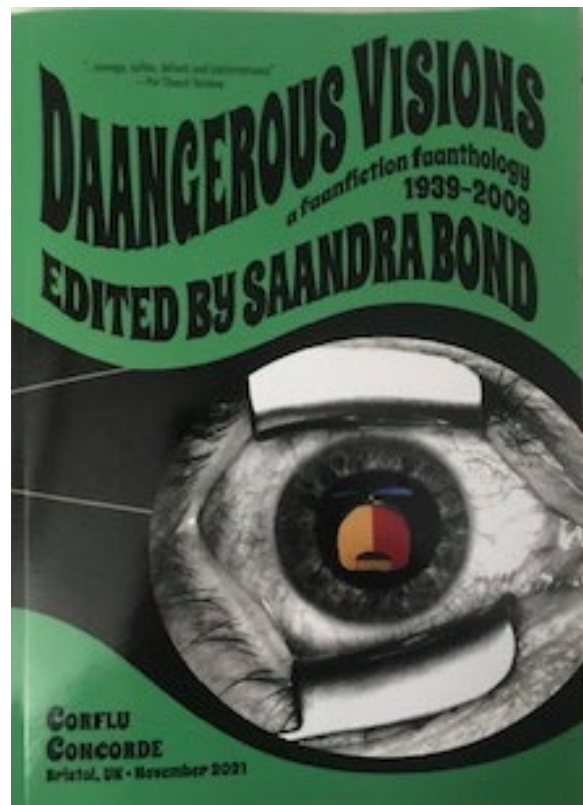
The history of science fiction fanzines is a fascinating stroll down memory lane for longtime fans. Not surprisingly, the history of fandom is meticulously detailed in those pages. I usually acquire old zines at the freebie tables or in auction at the annual fanzine fan’s convention, Corflu.

In recent years this convention has developed a wonderful tradition of collecting the writings of either one specific fan – such as Randy Byers in the FAAn Award winning collection *Thy Life’s a Miracle* (2019) – or compiling a specially assembled issue of a current fanzine (see *Random Jottings* #20 as an example) or an accumulation of past writings of a particular group of fans. Last year’s edition of Corflu, known as Corflu Concorde, was held in Bristol, England, and that convention’s special publication was a collection of fan writings about fans spanning seven decades. For the uninitiated, this type of fan writing is called “faan writing”, which is fans writing about fans in fanzine. Humorous retellings of actual fans indulging in actual fannish activity is labeled “faan writing,” and really must not be confused with “faanfiction,” which editor Sandra Bond explains in this anthology’s introduction: “Faan fiction is, quite simply, the use of science fiction fans – real or fictional – and/or science fiction fandom in stories, written by science fiction fans, and intended to be read by, once again, science fiction fans.” In this spirit, *Daangerous Visions* was compiled.

This is a beautifully produced publication – the cover itself being a wonderfully spot-on pastiche/homage to Harlan Ellison’s landmark science fiction anthology *Dangerous Visions* (1967) – of faanfiction (see above definition) by legendary fans of the past such as Sam Moskowitz, Redd Boggs, Bob Tucker, Charles Burbee, Larry Stark, “Carl Brandon” (Terry Carr), and Terry Jeeves, plus more “recent” practitioners of this art: Terry Jeeves, Lon Atkins, Arnie Katz, Jim Barker and Kevin Smith, John D. Owen, Chris Hughes, Simon Ounsley, Taral Wayne, Ted White, and Nic Farey.

It is impossible to single out any of these selections, they are all so good, but a quick overview of all the writings should provide an idea of the kinds of material within these pages.

First off, the book design and layout were done by Pat Virzi. As can be seen in the above cover image, Pat did a fantastic job on recreating the original cover of Ellison’s book. I believe this definitely sets the tone for the contents.



The arrangement of these faanfiction stories is chronological. They begin with Sam Moskowitz's "The Road Back," which first appeared in Bob Madle's *Fantascience Digest* v2 n1 in 1938, which was one of the earliest stories of faanfiction that actually treated its subject matter – fans and their doings – seriously. The writing style is clunky and may be offputting to modern fannish standards, but this is a solid start to this collection. It is followed by Redd Boggs's "The Craters of the Moon" and "Big Name Fan" by Charles



Burbee, both of which appeared in 1948. The three stories representing the 1950s were written by Bob Tucker, Larry Stark, and Terry Jeeves, and these are all wonderful; Tucker's is notable here for its tongue-firmly-planted-in-cheek tone, but he *was* a master of that.

The decade of the 1960s is represented by the works of "Carl Brandon" (a fakefan pseudonym of the great Terry Carr), Lon Atkins, and Arnie Katz; the astute reader will notice the increasing technical skill of the writers of this decade (Carr, especially) in telling their tales.

The standout piece of the 1970s stories – to me, that is – is the comic strip by Kevin Smith and Jim Barker, "The Captive," and it is absolutely bloody brilliant and hilarious. The cartoon style of Barker has always been one of my all-time favorites, and this selection might even be my favorite of all sixteen pieces in this faanthology.

The 1980s is the most represented decade with four pieces from John D. Owen, Chris Hughes, Simon Ounsley, and Taral Wayne. It should be noted here that Taral is not only a wonderful artist but also a fine writer, and his "Roach Motel" is a great example of his talent.

The 1990s are not represented in this book, and I wonder why, but wraps up with tales from the first decade of this century by Ted White and Nic Farey . I own a copy of the *Science Fiction Five Yearly 12* (2006) Ted White's noir-style gumshoe story ("CASE NO. 770: October 13, 1961") appears in, and it's still a lot of fun to read. Nic's "Barty's History of the World" fittingly ends this faanthology of seventy years of faanfiction.

.Sandra Bond has outdone herself here, and I spent many enjoyable hours reading this marvelous "fanzine." Heck, *Daangerous Visions* does not deserve to be labeled a fanzine. This tome was presented to members of Corflu Concorde in November 2021, and I am not sure if any issues are still available, but for non-USA readers, write to Rob Jackson, Corflu Concorde chair, at robjackson60@gmail.com or to Pat Virzi in the USA at patvirzi@gmail.com for inquiries. If you can get a copy of *Daangerous Visions*, I am sure you will enjoy it not only for its historical importance, but simply for the fun stories. Recommended.

FROM THE HINTERLANDS: LETTERS



*Once again, not much correspondence to choose from for the letter column. That naturally does not mean the quality of these missives is lacking, simply the number of missives is lower than usual. Apparently more thought-provoking or comment-laden material is needed. Well, I do *have ideas* along these lines, so the next issue will reveal one or two of those. You have been warned! At least the two letters herein have some substance to them.*

Richard Dengrove

2651 Arlington Drive #302

Alexandria, VA 22306-3626

25 January 2022

Once again, I get to comment on your great zine *Askance*.

Let's start with a comment on your Burma Shave poem. According to Wikipedia, Burma Shave was started in the 1920s to sell a brushless shaving cream. To advertise its product, the company put up the signs. In 1963, the company was sold, and @took down the signs. That you and I know about it shows how old we are. Also, one bit of Burma doggerel I remember was "Dina doesn't treat him right; but if he shaved, Dina might."

About the fact you are overextended, so am I. I have to answer all zines I get, and publish my own zines, *JOMP* and *JOMP, Jr.* Plus I am in an APA. And am writing a history of the belief in extraterrestrials. Will I ever finish it? Who knows? What all this means is I'm overextended too. If we were wiser, we could plan our lives better. Fat chance. *{I enjoy your zines, Richard, and look forward to your ET history.}*

About covid changing fandom, you bet. However, in July, I went to an old time con, ConGregarate. I had been vaccinated; and, for that reason, I thought I could go around without a mask. Anyway, usually. Knock on wood nothing happened. The big issue there was people, including the con runners, were up in arms about what happened to Toni. Thus, they gave her ten panels to head. There she pined for the old days when politics wasn't so rough. I do too.

In addition, I was part of those Zoom chats you talked about. I agree not a real con but a poor relative. In all honesty, I haven't done any chatting at Zoom cons. I will say, at CapClave, the big DC con, I enjoyed one zoomed panel. While, for us, it took place very late at night, the panel was made up of Australians, and, for them, it may have been near noon. While they were mostly horror short story writers, they were very entertaining. Their technique was to tell what in life inspired their horror stories.

About your fan fiction, fortunately, I was never plagued by Mr. Peabody and Sherman. Instead, I was plagued by "Fractured Fairy Tales." I somehow went to the shoemaker who wanted to make a shoe with a soul. It fit my feet alright. But I occasionally heard screaming from my footwear. Especially in Springtime. The shoemaker tried to tell me that they were shoes with a soul that sang of spring. But it was too much noise for me. I finally decided to go to a less pretentious shoemaker. So, fortunately, we will not be plagued by Mr. Peabody and Sherman or the Pretentious Shoemaker. But we better watch out or we might be plagued by Dudley Do-Right or Snidely Whiplash.

About your picture of Belphegor, that's one I don't have from Teddy. I will add it to my collection. Also, if you want, I will send you the 19th Century French original. I periodically show it in JOMP, Jr.

About Filk, I have several comments, which are so unconnected I better just number them.

1. I have never heard any dirty filk songs. I do remember one called "Gravity." The author said it was a 'heavy' song.
2. That we know the word corflu shows our age. However, I don't actually go back to the age of corflu. The best I can do is a mimeo convention around 1990. By then, corflu was such a thing of the past the head of the convention told me he was going to reproduce the con's zine by photocopying it.
3. I remember Chuck Coulson. I was one of the many people Juanita wrote when he died. I was sad. He was a great correspondent.

About your review of fanzines, you chose some important fanzines – if not the most important ones. However, each tells us about fandom in its own way. *Endeavor* tells it through fantasy and horror as well as science fiction. And by art as well as words. Of course, knowing you, what you love best is the humorous story. It helped that it was written by Eringodes Plostherapababa. It sounds great. As for myself, I probably shouldn't write humor on a large scale. In fact, any humor probably should be dry humor so people don't know I'm making funny.

The next famous fanzine is *Banana Wings*. It seems interested in friends. I imagine the first zine-rs were. They wanted to find out about their fellow fans. Now friends are more important than ever. Otherwise, we fans risk being lost among the current mundanes now that it's alright for them to love science fiction and fantasy.

About your book reviews, you first review a steampunk western. Westerns are dead though not like the dodo. Now the past is still celebrated in romance and fantasy. However, we SF'ers have found a way to fuse the past and future. Maybe it will work out better there than in romance. ...An undead sheriff? No, sexpot he. *{The final book in Jonathan Fesmire's Trilogy, **Bodacious Creed and the San Francisco Syndicate**, will be available Real Soon Now, possibly before Labor Day. It's a great series!}*

About the hinterlands, also known as letter writing, you publish a letter by Lloyd Penney. A good guy if there ever was one. My fingers are crossed that he can get his old gigs back and new gigs. I confess that he mentioned my name encouraged me to write this praise, but I have other reasons to sing his praises as well.

About the regional conventions, I have only random comments; so, as before, I'm going number them even though there are only four. That's how random they are.

1. Too bad Rice University is not having its con, Owl Con. Even in supposedly enlightened DC, we're having cons. Covid is losing its caché.
2. I hear the Rice football team is called the Owls. That's how the students think of themselves. Also I heard the school band once dressed in drag over one issue. I learned these tidbits decades ago from one of the weird articles on the *Wall Street Journal's* front page. Thus, these facts have to be on the up and up.
3. You guys in the Southwest have a full panoply of fannish causes: fuzzies, role-playing, cosplay, feminism, books, etc., etc. Not only do you have cons devoted to the flotsam and jetsam of the old fandom, but you have new mixtures. Maybe eventually a convention will be devoted to hippy stock salesmen and paint gun warriors. One never knows.

I guess I'll end here.

Richard

{I thank you for the lengthy letter, Richard. You touched on many points, which I appreciate. () Conventions and other large gatherings have returned, many requiring masks and in some cases even proof of vaccination. Even so, the Covid-19 pandemic continues and now the Monkey Pox has returned to have its day in the sun. I agree that sf-related conventions have definitely diversified into mixing subgenres to bring in more attendees who are interested in one subgenre and sample other subgenres that might catch their interest. At least that's a good idea and It Just Might Work.}*

Lloyd Penney
1706-24 Eva Rd.
Etobicoke, ON
CANADA M9C 2B2

25 January 2022

And now comes the other zine...I have *Askance* 52 with me now, and while it is getting a little late here, I thought I'd give it a shot before I fall over for the night. The whole thing might even make sense, you never know. *{We shall see.}*

Somewhere in this crowded apartment, I have the history of the Burma-Shave signs. And of course, I have just come back from digging through the shelves looking for it, and I found it. It is called *The Verse by the Side of the Road*, by Frank Rowsome, Jr. One example: "FREE. FREE / A TRIP TO MARS / FOR 900 / EMPTY JARS / Burma Shave." Very much, a fun book, and a story of original advertising. "SPACE IS DEEP / SPACE IS DARK / BUT I STILL CAN'T FIND / A PLACE TO PARK / Burma-Shave"

You can only Pub Your Ish for so long, I guess. Other projects and responsibilities beckon, I guess. I think we are a little more understanding than our predecessors...Pub Your Ish when you can, when you like, and when you are able. Life gets in the way...that's what's been happening to me. I have had to pull out all stops to try to make more cash, so fanzines are pushed aside to edit a book or take some time with one of my gig assignments. I keep a long list of things to do, called Dumb Things I Gotta Do, and I have had that going for many years. It's my own personal secretary. I also keep a weekly list so I can keep track of my responsibilities around the apartment. Between the two, I am actually fairly productive. I think Corflu Pangloss has been postponed to near the end of the year. {Oct. 21-23, 2022}



The local... We are fully vaccinated, but somany won't, demanding their rights, and fighting against what they say is government arrogance. Yes, they all want their rights, but utterly fail to also recognize their responsibilities, as in getting vaccinated so they won't spread it around, or catch it from others. I think most of them are just afraid of the pointy needle – it hurts! Once again, the children in adult bodies grab the headlines. I believe the latest issue, the winter 2022 issue, has been released, but it may be the last for some time. Because of copyright money not paid to publisher Steve Davidson, the magazine has had to go annual. Actually, I finished my latest e-book, a 488-page monster from British author D.J. Holmes. We have verbally agreed to tackle his next book in the series. Should Steve Jeffery or Floyd Pfennig be in the *FanCyclopedia*? Yes! *(Oh, absolutely!)*

I worked on my own convention list earlier today. It is all the conventions I can find approximately a day's drive away from Toronto, which includes the highways between Quebec City and Detroit, with many other highways in between, which might take you to Buffalo and Rochester, or further north to the resort town of Collingwood, or tourist town of Orillia, where I grew up.

All done for the moment...my eyes are slowly closing, and the typos are multiplying while I'm not looking. Enjoy this winter (we've already had temperatures close to -30C), and see you with the next issue.

Lloyd

{I may have to run a sampling of old Burma Shave roadside poems in the next issue. Naturally, there is a website completely devoted to these. The internet is a wondrous ~~waste of time~~ thing.}

I Also Heard From

Leybl Botwinik, Kurt Erichsen, Jonathan Fesmire, Al Jackson, Hope Liebowitz, Ray Palm, Jose Sanchez (artwork), Alan White (art with natter). Than you one and all!

Regional Convention Calendar

Conventions of interest for science fiction, fantasy, horror, comics, anime, and gaming fans in the South Central Region of the United States: Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico. Other major conventions – such as the Worldcon – are also listed. The time-frame for this listing is end of July to the end of the 2022 calendar year.

[AnimeFest GameFest](#)

Convention and Association for fans of Anime, Music, Manga, and Japanese Pop Culture. Plus tabletop & video gaming.

July 29-August 1, 2022

Sheraton Dallas Hotel

400 N Olive St.

Dallas, TX 75201]

(downtown Dallas, Texas area)

AnimeFest is a convention for fans of anime, manga, games and other forms of pop-culture organized by World Fandom. We are a charity organization which relies on membership fees from members to host our annual events. Founded in 1992, we are the third longest running anime convention in the US. We are expecting over 12,000 fans to attend.

[AnimeFest is] “run by a 501c3 non-profit charity with a mission to educate the public about world pop-culture. The event is run entirely by unpaid volunteers. We all have day jobs and do this in our spare time to help expand our mission.

Most conventions are 3-day events from Friday through Sunday. AnimeFest runs from Friday through Monday. This gives us an additional evening for main events and a lot more time for activities.

Art show, autographs, blood drive, charity auction, cosplay, dances, fan panels & workshops, fan video contest, industry panels, library, video theaters and more!



Super Hero Car Show

San Antonio's Premier Pop Culture & Comic Con.

August 4-7, 2022

Freeman Coliseum & Expo Halls

3201 E Houston St

San Antonio, TX 78219

Greater San Antonio, TX area

(Formerly known as Celebrity Fan Fest)

Just like a comic con, the Super Hero Car Show will have Hollywood celebrities, professional wrestlers, and special guests.

An interactive pop culture fan festival providing celebrity appearances, photo ops, celebrity panels, special attractions & more

ArmadilloCon 44

Come Meet the Best in Science Fiction & Fantasy!

August 5-7, 2022

Austin Southpark Hotel

4140 Governors Row

Austin, TX 78744

(Austin, TX area)

Special Guest: Fonda Lee

Special Guest: Ellen Klages

Toastmaster: Cass Morris

Artist Guest: Lauren Raye Snow

Panels, Art Show, Gaming, Charity, Full Day Writer's Workshop, Dealer's Room, and more!

ArmadilloCon is a literary science fiction convention held annually in Austin, with several hundred attendees.

We are a place where the smartest people in the world gather to celebrate their uniqueness and intelligence. Oh, and we talk about books too.

The primary focus of [ArmadilloCon](#) is literary science fiction, but that's not all we do -- we also pay attention to art, animation, science, media, and gaming. Every year, dozens of professional writers, artists and editors attend the convention. We invite you to attend the convention especially if you are a fan of reading, writing, meeting, sighting, feeding, knighting, and all the other things folks do at a sci-f/fantasy convention. Sponsored by the Fandom Association of Central Texas, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization

Magical Girl Day

Anime con.

August 6-7, 2022

Sheraton Houston Brookhollow

3000 N. Loop W.

Houston, Texas 77092

Greater Houston, TX area

Annual grassroots, all volunteer run anime convention focused on all things Magical Girl. Have you always dreamed of having your own magical girl or boy uniform and meet up with other fashionable magical trainees? The Transformation Room is a new feature that will give you the chance to try on, create, and live the fantasy of your perfect magical hero or heroine!

Celebrate the original Sailor Moon Day and all the other wonderful and beautiful Magical Beings!

We'd like to ask for a bit more patience as we've been focused on securing the venue and finalizing the space we will be in for 2022. We will need a little bit of time to revisit badges that have already been purchased, current artists that are confirmed, and everything else that will need to be checked.

Updates will be posted here on our website as well as on our Facebook and Instagram accounts.

If you need to contact the MGD team with an urgent issue, please email info@magicalgirlday.com

Although we welcome cosplayers, this event is intended to be a day to be spent with family and friends in whatever comfortable attire that suits you.

Cosplay and Iron Cosplay Contests, Art Gallery, Dealer's Room, and more! [Note: All Magical Girls & Boys Are Welcome!]

“What? Are you insane?”

“Duh! We met in an asylum.”

Eastern Rim Funny Book & Vintage Con

Comic Book & cosplay con
FREE admission and FREE parking.

August 20-21, 2022

Last held at:

The Gymnasium

Lee College

200 Lee Drive

Baytown, TX 77520

(Greater Houston, TX area)

Cosplay Contest for cash prizes, Vendors, Special Comic Book Guests, Artists, Authors, Cosplayers, Panels (art, comics, cosplay, podcast, etc.), inexpensive food, fun, games, a Silent Auction, and prizes!

For more information, email easternrimcon@gmail.com and/or see our [Facebook page](#).

Comic Conroe Strikes Back!

Montgomery County-area Comic Con.

August 26-28, 2022

Lone Star Convention & Expo Center

9055 Airport Rd.

Conroe, TX 77303

Greater Houston, TX area

Galactic Events is proud to announce that we are bringing the comic, anime, and Sci-fi fans of Montgomery County their very own Comic Con. With help from many Conroe area companies and some very eager volunteers, we will be bringing an exciting and star studded event to the Lone Star Convention Center.

Cosplay Contest, Panels/Workshops, Board Game Gaming, Celebrity Autographs, and a Car Show! See also: [Comic Conroe Facebook page](#)

*Welcome to the third-largest convention, expo and fairgrounds complex in the greater Houston area, behind only George R. Brown Convention Center and Reliant Park. Our location is ideal for easy access: three miles from I-45 in Conroe, TX, 45 miles north of downtown Houston and 25 miles from Bush Intercontinental Airport.

Bubonicon 53

Science Fiction & Fantasy Convention

August 26-28, 2022

Albuquerque Marriott Uptown

2101 Louisiana Blvd NE (Louisiana & I-40)

Albuquerque, NM 87110

Albuquerque, New Mexico area

Co-Guest of Honor: Rae Carson

Co-Guest of Honor: Keith R.A. DeCandido

Toastmaster: A. Lee Martinez

Artist Guest: Chaz Kemp

Science Speaker selection in Summer 2022

Panels, Art Show, Dealers Room, Gaming, Auctions, Film Screenings, Readings, Autographs, Filking, Science Talk, Costume Contest, Green Slime Awards, Fan Programming, and more!

Presented by the NMSF Conference in association with various kind folks of the Albuquerque SF clubs.

Chicon 8: The 80th World Science Fiction Convention

September 1-5, 2022

Hyatt Regency Chicago Hotel: The Worldcon all under one roof

Motto: ChiCon 8: Take to the Stars

151 E Wacker Dr.

Chicago, IL 60601

(downtown Chicago, IL area)

Author GOH: Erle Korshak

Artist GOH: Floyd Norman

Fan GOH: Edie Stern and Joe Siclari

First Fandom GOH: Erle Korshak

Toastmasters: Annalee Newitz and Charlie Jane Anders

Special Guest: Dr. Eve L. Ewing

Special Guest: Gene Ha

Special Guest: Eric Wilkerson

Chicon 8's chair Helen Montgomery provided an update about next year's Worldcon in Chicago [at DisCon III], then took questions. She said, "We will

definitely have a virtual component. We don't entirely know what it's going to look like."

Five days of programming on hundreds of topics from books to media, from art to costuming, from movies to television to anime, from science fiction to science fact, as well as an art show, masquerades, the Hugo Awards ceremony, dealer's rooms, and much more!

ReaperCon

Miniatures & gaming con

September 1-4, 2022

Embassy Suites by Hilton Denton Convention Center

3100 Town Center Trail

Denton, TX 76201

DFW MetroPlex area

4-day convention that is a celebration of the miniatures hobby! Reaper Miniatures brings in some of the best talent in the industry - World-class sculptors, painters and illustrators - and invites you to join us for four days of classes, seminars, games, and fun! Whether you're just learning to paint, or you want that final push to go to the next level, or maybe you just want to play some games and meet cool people, ReaperCon is where it is at!

2020 con had been slated to be held at the Embassy Suites by Hilton Denton Convention Center, 3100 Town Center Tr., Denton, TX 76201 before COVID-19 cancelled in-person events.

San Japan the 13th: Horror/Supernatural

Japanese Anime and Culture Convention

(Presumably September 2022)

Last held at: Henry B. Gonzalez Convention Center

900 E Market St.

San Antonio, TX 78205

San Antonio Grand Hyatt

600 East Market Street

San Antonio, Texas 78205

Marriott Riverwalk
889 East Market Street
San Antonio, Texas 78205

downtown San Antonio, TX area

Dealer's Room, Multiple Panel Rooms, Video/Table Gaming, Artist Alley, 24 Hour Video Room. 2 viewing rooms, gaming (both live action and computer) industry panels, Steampunk Attire Contest and more. Further, trying to emphasize as a cultural convention, we will be bringing you panels, performances, and demonstrations of Martial Arts, Tea Ceremonies, Kabuki, Traditional Japanese games, and more! Come see what it's really all about!

San Japan is a fan-run organization providing an annual anime-focused convention.

FenCon XVIII

A Fan-Operated Science Fiction and
Fantasy Literary and Filk Convention
September 16-18, 2022
Sheraton DFW Airport Hotel
4440 W. John Carpenter Freeway (near
SH 114 at Ester's Road)
Irving, Texas, 75063

(DFW Metroplex area)

GOH: Larry Correia
Music GOH: The Faithful Sidekicks
Fen GOH: Bill Necessary
Artist GOH: The Shiflett Brothers
Art Show & Auction, Dealers Room,
Panels, Concerts, Filking, Writers
Workshop, Children's Programming,
Readings, Gaming, Demos, and lots more!

FenCon is a production of the Dallas Future Society, a not-for-profit organization dedicated to the advancement of science, literature, and music for the future of all mankind.



“Inside that overly manicured exterior there is a warrior!”

Spooky Spectacle

September 24-25, 2022

Lake Granbury Conference Center

621 E Pearl St.

Granbury, TX 76048

Fort Worth, TX area

Ghost hunters! Horror! Sci-Fi! Fantasy! Cosplay! And much more!

\$5 per person per day at the door

CONtraflow X

Science Fiction & Fantasy Literary Convention with a New Orleans Flair

October 7-9, 2022.

Hilton New Orleans Airport

901 Airline Dr.

Kenner, LA 70062

(New Orleans, LA area)

"CONtraflow is a three-day, fan-run, general science fiction convention with a literary focus held annually in the New Orleans metro area dedicated to the genres of science fiction, fantasy, comics, gaming, and anime/manga."

Panels, Dealers Room, Gaming (24-hr game room), Art Show & Auction, Charity Auction, Costume Contest, Room Parties, Cadet (Kids) Lounge, plus much more!

"In fulfillment of CONtraflow's mission to promote all types of Science Fiction and Fantasy literature, the CONtraflow Board of Directors are thrilled to announce that New Orleans Public Library is our convention charity. We hope to not only support the goals of New Orleans Public Library in serving the reading interests of the greater New Orleans area but also in promoting literacy to build a better New Orleans."

Alamo City Furry Invasion: Fire and Furry

Furry Fandom convention.

October 7-9, 2022

Downtown Marriott Plaza (Riverwalk)

555 S. Alamo Street

San Antonio, TX 78205

(San Antonio, TX area)

Dealers Den, Artist Alley, Panels, Dance Contest, and more!

The goal of this convention is to engage members of the community both furry and non, in a fun atmosphere, with activities and educational events for all ages. The convention will strive to provide a positive, family-friendly and safe place for people of all ages, races, creed and backgrounds who are part of the Furry Fandom or are curious. Fursuits, partial or full, are a wonderful part of the furry fandom, however they are not a requirement to attend. We welcome any and all people who are interested in in the wonderful world of furies, with or without a fursuit.

Does Furry Invasion support a charity like other conventions? Yes, although we legally operate a for-profit business, Furry Invasion has chosen a charity within the local community to support: San Antonio Pets Alive (SAPA) is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization created specifically to work in partnership with San Antonio Animal Care Services to reduce the number of adoptable animals euthanized in San Antonio. A+ King Services & Entertainment was formed as an LLC governing organization in the last quarter of 2016 but has been operating since February of 2016. A+ King Services & Entertainment is d.b.a. Alamo City Furry Invasion. Officers were elected, by-laws were documented, and it became an entity in its own right.



Dallas Fan Festival

October 14-16, 2022

Irving Convention Center

500 West Las Colinas Blvd.

Irving, TX 75039

(DFW Metroplex area)

Experience the ultimate playground for Comics, Sci-Fi, Horror, Anime, and Gaming. Three days of citywide events, family-friendly attractions and world-renowned celebrities await you.

Join tens of thousands of fans who are just like you.

“I say, embrace the apocalypse!”

“Viva la’pocalypse!”

Tyler Comic Con

Local comic convention
(Presumably October 2022)
Last held at: The Cascades Country Club
4511 Briarwood Rd.
Tyler, TX 75709
North Texas area)
See also [Tyler Comic Con on Facebook](#)

Retro Palooza

A Celebration of All Things Retro!
October 22-23, 2022
Esports Stadium Arlington & Expo Center
1200 Ballpark Way
Arlington, TX 76011
Arlington Sheraton
1500 Convention Center Dr.
Arlington, TX 76011
DFW Metroplex area

An annual event featuring some of the best YouTube personalities in the universe, free-play console games, contests and competitions, guest panels and over 150 vendor booths.
Kids 12 and under are FREE! That means it's fun for the whole family.
Parking is \$5.00

Oni-Con XVIII

Annual Japanese Pop Culture & Multi-Genre Fan Expo
(Presumably October 2022)
Last held at: Galveston Island Convention Center
5600 Seawall Blvd.
Galveston, TX 77551
Hilton Galveston Island Resort
5400 Seawall Blvd.
Galveston, TX 77551

The San Luis Resort, Spa, & Conference Center
5222 Seawall Blvd.
Galveston, TX 77551
Galveston, TX area

"Best in Japanese pop culture, from J-Rock/J-Pop and anime to cosplay, maid cafes, cutting edge fashion and so much more!"

MillenniumCon XXIV

Texas' Biggest Historical Miniatures Wargame Convention
November 10-13, 2022
Last held at: Wingate Hotel & Convention Center
1209 N Interstate 35 Frontage Rd
Round Rock, TX 78664
(North of Austin, TX.)
Greater Austin, TX area

MillenniumCon is presented by Lone Star Historical Miniatures society. LSHM promotes the miniature wargaming hobby throughout the great state of Texas. The annual Millennium Game Convention in Round Rock, TX is our signature event. MillenniumCon XXIII is a three day convention that supports Tabletop Wargaming with Historical Miniatures.

We provide a unique event to celebrate our passion for playing wargames, crafting the miniatures and terrain used in these games, and researching the historical events that inspire our imagination. While we do focus on games involving historical time periods, our convention caters to many different gaming tastes and styles.

Unlike other conventions that support multiple genres, we don't have one group trying to be all things to all people. There are also a limited number of RPG games but the emphasis is on miniatures games.

Dickens On The Strand

Experience the architecture, sights, and sounds of a Victorian holiday in downtown Galveston.

Attendees in Victorian costume are admitted for half price. NOTE: This has been true in the past. Not sure if the half price discount is still good in 2021.
(Presumably December 2022.)

Galveston, Texas

For 48 years, Galveston Historical Foundation's Dickens on The Strand festival has highlighted downtown Galveston's Victorian-era architecture while providing a one-of-a-kind holiday destination filled with the sights and sounds of Charles Dickens' work. This year's event continues that tradition with new entertainers and events, returning favorites, and family-friendly programming.

The annual holiday street festival, based on 19th-century Victorian London, features parades, non-stop entertainment on multiple stages, strolling carolers, roving musicians, bagpipers, jugglers, and a host of other entertainers. Costumed vendors peddle their wares from street stalls and rolling carts laden with holiday food and drink, Victorian-inspired crafts, clothing, jewelry, holiday decorations, and gift items.

Fan Expo Dallas Holiday Market

(Presumably December 2022)

Last held at Irving Convention Center at Las Colinas

500 West Las Colinas Boulevard

Irving, TX 75039

(DFW MetroPlex area)

Fan Expo Dallas presents a brand new pop-up event to celebrate the holidays, with a geeky twist. Spend time with your fandom-family, shop for amazing gifts for everyone on your list, and capture the best selfies ever at the "Nerd Pole". Tickets will be sold at the door. Stay tuned for more info!

These linos interspersed in this issue are from the series *The Umbrella Academy*, season 3.

p. 7: Reginald Hargreaves, episode 6

p. 20: conversation between Lila and Diego, episode 6

p. 24: Reginald Hargreaves, episode 6

p. 26: conversation between Five and Klaus, episode 8

This was a fun television series, which we binge watched on Netflix a couple months ago, of a "family" that is basically engineered by a wealthy egocentric rich bastard who wanted to genetically engineered superheroes that did just that despite being massively dysfunctional. It may not appeal to everyone's taste, but we really enjoyed it.

What's Next

Well, the 54th issue allegedly shall come out around the end of this year. Before then, though, there are a number of projects that I have lined up to either complete or work on to eat up all the precious free time I will have on my hands during the Fall term.

Yes, I am being facetious. First and foremost, my 2017 TAFF Report is practically all written. This summer has been one of those “dive into and work on it” kind of a thing, which means revising, editing, adding more information, working on the layout with a whole mess of photos of that trip... You know the drill. It is all coming together nicely, and the format being prepared is that of a trade-sized paperback. When I started re-reading all the segments in their sequential order what struck me about them all is that they tell a story of that month and a half long trip. Ergo, I told myself (since I know a smattering of Latin words), why not publish it as a book? So far it seems to be shaping up nicely. It is a challenge, but this has been a fun challenge. How much it will cost me to make print copies has yet to be determined, so once that is established then I will know how to proceed. Stay tuned, my friends, for further details.

Other projects on tap are getting back out onto the local music scene by playing open mic nights, finishing a story or two here and there when the mood hits, and even **gasp** doing housework! You know – cleaning floors, painting, doing the garden, digging the weeds; who could ask for more? The essentials of life that suck your soul out of your life's blood and spit out the dregs.

Then again, that sounds like a fanzine article to me. See all of you later this year!

