

# FANTASY-SCOPE

NOW IN ITS 42<sup>nd</sup> YEAR



THIS TRUE FANTASYSCOPE IS BROUGHT TO YOU THROUGH THE USE OF VAST AMOUNTS OF RESOURCES AND AN INORDINATE AMOUNT OF TIME FOR YOUR ELUCIDATION AND ENJOYMENT. THE EXPENSE FOR WHICH IS BORN WITHOUT RESENTMENT; HOWEVER, A RESPONSE WILL GUARANTEE CONTINUED PERIODICAL ARRIVAL BUT A NON RESPONSE IS NOT A GIVEN FOR REMISSIVENESS. ADDRESS: ROGER SIMS, 34 CREEKWOOD SQ., GLENDALE, OHIO 45246-3811 COMPUSERVE 7373.2247

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 Diana Harlan Stein 29, 36, 41

#### EDITORIAL

On the title page of issue #2 (real number that is) carried a drawing by Barry Kent MacKay. He no longer feels that fandom is worthwhile. However, for info on said currently non-fan see John Millard's letter.

While I'm in the mood I might mention that the smallness of the type for the Cat article was unfortunate. It was my choice, not the publisher's.

I must say that I must plead insanity for not having responded as letters and contributions arrived. Please be assured that I will in the future send if nothing more at least a post card with this legend: Thanks much for your LOC and/or contributions.

This issue is at least a year late and 20 pages too long. Well not too long in the sense that the material is too long but in the sense that it is over budget. It would have been longer but I have decided not to pub all material on hand. This means that the next ish should be in the mail "six months after this one." Some of you will recognize the words in quotes as something Harlan Ellison said many, many times many many years ago.

George Flynn writes that Fantasy-Scope does not qualify for the longest time between issues record. He believes that Fanfare, the clubzine of the Stranger Club, which had some 48/49 years between issues holds the record. Questions he raises are: 1) it was a clubzine and 2) the latest issue had a "new" editor. While it is true that issue 2 was not printed to establish a new record I will fight with interliners and quote cards for the right to the record.

Some day I will stop making promises which I can not keep. In Issue #2, I promised more of the history of Detroit fandom and the beginning of my fannish history. But I guess some day is still in the future since I, in the next item on this page make more promises.

PROPOSED CONTENTS OF THE 4th ISSUE  
 Peggy Rae Pavlat guest of honor speech at a  
                     long ago now CONCAVE

The first published story by a new member of  
                     the CFG

The third chapter of "Our Cats"

The last installment of Detroit Fandom

Cover by Alex Eisenstein.



*I wish I could spend at least two months out of every year for the rest of my life in Kenya with another two to three weeks for other countries on the African Continent. It is possible that the reader might feel that the preceding is an understatement after reading the following 10,644 words!(ed.)*

# OUR AFRICAN ADVENTURE

*by Pat Sims*

## 9/16 (Wednesday)

Our "Great African Adventure" began with a flight from the Cincinnati-Northern Kentucky International Airport in Florence, Kentucky, to London's Gatwick airport.

## 9/17 (Thursday)

To minimize the effects of jet lag and eliminate any problems of transferring to Heathrow in time for the next flight we had decided to stay overnight at a hotel near Heathrow. So during the flight, Roger made plans to go to London Town. But by the time we cleared immigration and customs, bused to Heathrow, checked into our hotel and had lunch it was 2 p.m. Unhappily, Roger accepted the fact that there wasn't sufficient time to shop before the stores closed.

The rest of us, including Roger, then decided that we were just too tired to plan an evening's jaunt to Central London. Instead we had a



pleasant walk in the residential area around Heathrow and a quiet dinner in the hotel coffee shop. It was surprisingly good and not as outlandishly expensive as most London food.

We turned in early and even with the aid of my first sleeping pill (brought along due to past disastrous experiences), I was only able to sleep about four hours. That's the total for the previous two nights, as I also don't sleep on

planes. I had brought a half-dozen prescribed, mild sleeping pills, figuring that after 3-4 nights, I would be OK. However, it was not to be. I quickly ran out of the pills. Besides one only gave me a couple of hours sleep. It was not until Sister, the nurse at the Mt Kenya Safari Club, gave me stronger ones that really knocked me out that I was able to sleep the night through. I think I now know what to do on overseas trips--knock myself out for a couple of nights. Roger was disgusting--he can fall asleep anywhere, any place and anytime--as can Mike. Carol had some problems, but they were not as severe as mine.

## 9/18 (Friday)

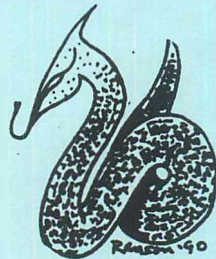
After breakfast at the hotel we wandered around until we left for the airport at noon. The previous day Mike, upon asking, was told that we would be able to enter the International Lounge around midday which we took to mean noon. By 1 p.m. both Roger and Mike were well on the way to a panic attack, because not only were we unable to move into the International departure area, no one would tell us when the move could be made. Now, our flight was not scheduled to leave until 5 p.m., but ... Finally, at 2 p.m. we received the good word. Later we determined that midday meant anytime between noon and 3 p.m. Note: we were the first in line to get our boarding passes.

The plane, which left about a half hour late, was filled to capacity with tourists and Kenyans returning home. For the first time in our experience in traveling on British Airways, the food was awful, except for Carol's specially-ordered cholesterol-free meal of poached salmon. It was so bad, Mike passed it up entirely; Roger and I picked at ours.

## 9/19 (Saturday)

We arrived in Nairobi about 4 a.m. Perry

Mason, our guide, met us and quickly pushed us through immigration and customs. We were impressed by the friendliness of the officials at this hour. It contrasted with the treatment on our previous trip. Tourism, Kenya's largest industry, had dropped dramatically during the Gulf War and still had not, at the time of this trip, recovered. We believe that they hoped that their friendliness would influence us to tell others that it was now OK to travel to Kenya, thus bringing in more Yankee dollars to Kenya. To this we can honestly say, it worked, so "GO



KENYA."

We arrived at the Norfolk Hotel about 5:30 a.m. and checked into our lovely two bedroom cottage, this time #4. Not as nice as #1 (our home during a previous trip) but still fabulous. As always, the staff was most courteous and polite and acted like they were really glad we were there.

We passed the time waiting for the dining room to open at 6:30 a.m. by showering, cleaning up and unpacking. After the last night's meal fiasco, we were starved. So we were among the first to arrive at the daily sumptuous breakfast buffet. The rest of the morning was spent napping. But not me!

Perry picked us up at noon and took us to the house he shares with Vivian, his significant other, in Karen. The house and, especially, the grounds are lovely.

Vivian served an excellent lunch. In addition to our party and our hosts, at lunch were Vivian's 14 year old daughter, Fiona, and their friend Tony, a charter pilot for Abercrombie & Kent. The table talk was interesting, but at the same time it created some discomfort. Their statements made it very obvious that there are three classes of people in Kenya: whites, Indian shopkeepers and natives. There is a vast distance between the first and third groups. The whites are an extremely small minority and in our experience live a paranoid life style with almost armed cars, barred doors, self-imposed restrictions on going out at night, etc. To say the least, race relations are poor and we found it best to just listen and keep our thoughts to ourselves.

We stopped at the grounds of Karen Blixen's estate (Out of Africa) on our way back to the hotel. We viewed both her first home, "Sweda House" and her more well-known home which is called Karen House. After she moved, her manager lived in "Sweda House."

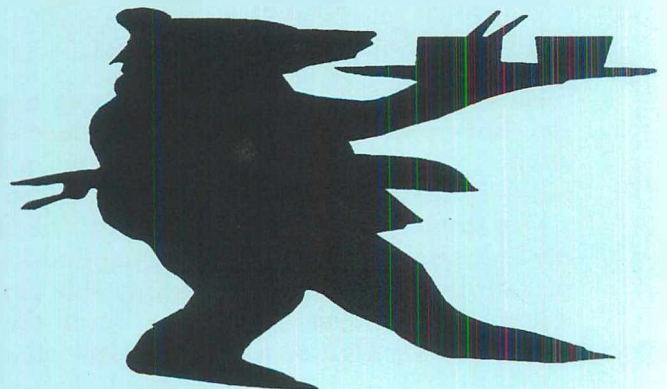
Dinner that night was room service, ordered from the Norfolk's Ibis Grill, probably the best restaurant in Nairobi, and served in the large living room of our cottage. It consisted of just soup and a few appetizers and was more than the four of us could eat.

## 9/20 (Sunday)

In the morning we drove to Thika known for its flame trees made famous by Elspeth Huxley. We stopped at the Blue Post Hotel to look at the Chania Falls. When the Resnicks were last there, the view of the falls was free. However, the new owners have fixed up the place so have imposed a viewing fee to pay for the improvements.

We encountered very few cars or truck traffic as we drove through Nyeri on our way to the Aberdares Range. But the Kikuyu were out in force walking to church. In both Nairobi and here I was impressed by the number of different kinds of churches and missions--Catholic, Moslem, Gospel, etc.

The Aberdares Range was beautiful--lushly green and heavily forested. It was not difficult to see how the Mau Mau were able to hide in the thick bamboo during the Emergency of 1952. It was pleasantly cool and reminded me of NW Washington where I grew up. Somewhere around noon, Perry, looked at his watch, found that it said lunch time, and stopped the Land Rover. We tumbled out of the vehicle and found a convenient mound of dirt to sit on for our lunch by the side of the road. No other vehicle interfered. We watched a herd of about 20 elephants in the distance. One had considerable ivory. We saw three more later on the road, that is if one can call dirt and rocks a





road.

Tea time found us at Sangare Ranch, the home of Perry's friends Mike and Jane Prettijon. Mike is a former white hunter; Jane runs the gift shop at the Aberdares Country Club. The ranch has many buildings and all sorts of domestic animals on 2,000 acres. The animals included whippets, horses (one is a son of the race horse. Olden Times), cows, ducks, chickens, a Siamese cat with two kittens, a half-horse (sire) half-Grevy's zebra (mare) called a Zebroid and a crippled Jack Russell terrier. He was crippled when, as a puppy, a flying creature swooped down and tried to make off with him. Several friends from the area had dropped by for tea and to see Perry. The main topic of conversation was the upcoming camel races at Maralal.

After tea, we drove to their "vacation lodge" which is at the outer edge of the ranch on a man-made lake. The lodge has two buildings: a combination sitting room, dining room and kitchen and a two bedroom cottage, each with its own bathroom with a nice shower-but no electricity. It was very comfortable. The Prettijons had erected a tent for Perry complete with its own bathroom.

Before dinner we sat in front of a bonfire for drinks and watched a flock of sacred ibis while the sun disappeared behind the lake. Dinner consisted of a mushroom appetizer, mutton, lovely carrots, oven-baked potatoes, and individual chocolate souffles. Note: this was all cooked on an outdoor fire! After dinner it was dark and with no electricity, we went to bed. This was not a problem as the activities of the day had tired us out. However, the sacred ibises we had admired earlier on the lake were not tired so squawked all night long! And, of course, Roger slept through the whole thing.

### 9/21 (Monday)

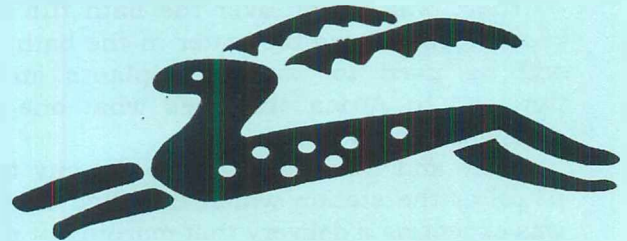
We left the Lodge at 8 a.m. The day's first destination was Solio Ranch. It's privately owned (we got in because Perry knows the owner) by an American who fell in love with Kenya. He bought over 20 square miles and turned it into a rhino preserve. Among the rhinos are two tame black ones that enjoy being petted, fed hard candy and sucking on fingers. Sometimes they even give them back. Roger is very thankful. Oh yes, he reports that their mouths are very tough. On the drive around the grounds we saw white rhinos, cape buffalo, Thompson's Gazelles (tommies), impalas, waterbucks, lots of warthogs and two giraffes.

Next stop was Thompson's Falls. After a long admiring view, we had a fabulous box lunch. It had been packed by the Sangare Ranch: guacamole, cheese, homemade pastry and Scotch eggs.

The hard drive to Lake Baringo began right after lunch. It is on the other side of the Aberdares Range. Traffic continued to be nonexistent. The scenery was lovely during the first hour and a half of the four hour drive. The rest was hot and tiring, but included the progressive-looking large city of Nakuru.

The thirty-room Lake Baringo Club is located in a lovely setting complete with beautiful gardens. As with most of our facilities, the Club was only about half-full. It's a Block Hotel all of which are known for their gardens, flowering plants, trees and colorful birds. Dinner, bed and food were okay. We slept under mosquito netting for the first time in our lives.

### 9/22 (Tuesday)



We drove to Lake Bogoria after breakfast. On the way we saw baboons, Grant's gazelles, and waterbucks. The lake is famous for its flamingos and geysers. Back at the Lake Baringo Club we had a lovely hot and cold lunch buffet. We were joined at lunch by Perry's associate, David Markham (grandnephew of Beryl Markham), having driven in from Nairobi. He was joining us so we would have two vehicles in case of trouble for the trip to the Northern Frontier District.

In the afternoon we took a boat ride among the hippos. They're really big up close. We also saw a crocodile and lots of colorful birds. We encountered our first rain coming in from the boat ride--earlier than usual--and did not realize this was a portent of things to come. The lovely birds we had admired earlier were very noisy and woke us up at dawn.

### 9/23 (Wednesday)

The rains of yesterday made this day cooler. We were dressed and ready to leave by 7 a.m. So after breakfast we left Baringo for Maralal. The road was not as bad as we had been warned. True, it was unpaved and rocky, but not dusty

as expected. Perry said that it was the best he had ever seen it. It would seem that the rains had been good for something! We traveled through miles and miles of barren, desert-like country; it was much like our Southwest. Some of the colorfully dressed Samburu women that we passed on the side of the road were so shy that they ran and hid in the bushes. At one point about five elephants crossed the road ahead of us.

As we traveled further north in Samburu country we saw baboons, zebras and ostriches. It took about 3 1/2 hours to travel a hundred miles.

Accommodations at Maralal were quite nice: a large room with a wood burning fireplace. The lounge at the lodge overlooked a watering hole where zebras, impalas, warthogs, and monkeys come down to drink. The front left foot of one zebra was stuck in a tin can. It had been that way about a month but hadn't interfered with her becoming pregnant.

There was a sign over the bath tub which read, "Please leave the water in the bathtub. It will be used to water the plants and the flowers." In Africa one does what one must during the dry season.

Perry and David went off to the city to buy petrol at the station which they had been told was expecting a delivery that morning. It proved to be an unfounded rumor. However, fortune was on our side as they were able to purchase sufficient gas from the Lodge for the trip to Isiolo, the next known source. Or at least it was at last determination. Buying petrol is something else in the Northern Frontier District.

### 9/24 (Thursday)

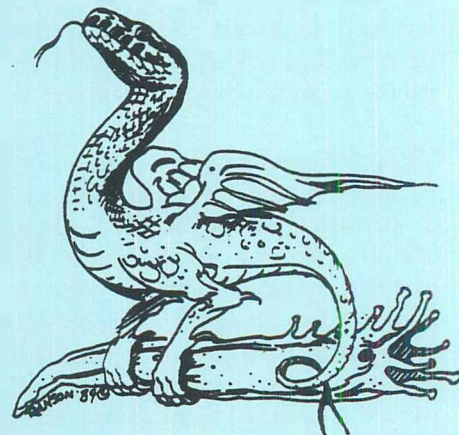
We left at 8:30 a.m. for Wamba on a dirt road that was, according to Perry, in surprisingly good condition. The view of Lerogi Plateau at the top of the Rift Valley was magnificent. After a very short time on the road up the mountain to Kitich Camp in the Mathews Range we learned first hand why Perry decided that a second vehicle was necessary. This "road" which was only 29 kilometers (about 18 miles) was not a road by anyone's definition. Actually it was dry river beds strung together with several fields of what looked and felt like gigantic rocks. The elapsed time for all 29K was one and one half hours! But the trip was well worth it because of the interesting things we saw: elephant droppings (no elephants), lesser kudu (rare) and a family of monkeys (doing nothing).

Kitich Camp is in a lovely glen overlooking a water hole. The camp has ten tents each with two cots on a wood floor. The bathroom is semi-attached with four stone walls but no top. The toilet is a long drop loo. The shower is a canvas bag with a shower head much like grandmother used to dampen clothes before ironing them. There are two chains on the bottom of the bag: an "on chain" (water starter) and an "off chain" (water stopper). One simply told the staff what time one wanted a shower and they brought hot boiling water which had been heated over an open fire and filled the bag. Since it was chilly, one alternated between freezing while soaping and burning while rinsing off.

There are only ten of us in camp, four Germans who do not talk to us and our party of six. Maybe they don't speak English. Roger did not wish to try out his college German.

Toby, the camp manager, is from Dundee, Scotland. All the male members of his family are either now, or were, members of the Black Watch. He decided he wanted to travel instead. Until this job came along, he would work six months and then travel six months. His wife is a native. Neither Perry nor David approve of this arrangement, nor of the way he interacts with his staff who are Samburu. They believe that he will have a lot of trouble in the future because of his "liberal and friendly" attitude toward them. We did not meet his wife as she was off learning English.

Lunch was a very tasty stew over rice and Indian bread. The meat was not identified. It is not wise to ask too many question of this nature in such an out-of-the-way place.



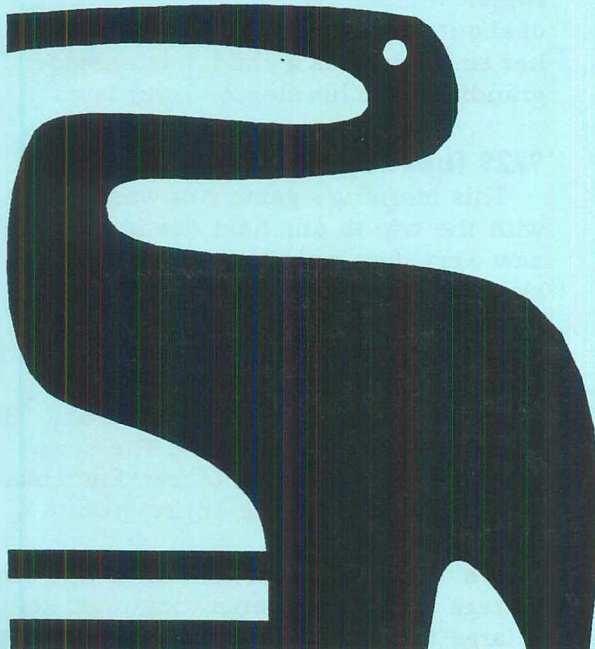
The event of the evening was watching a leopard eating a baited goat leg in a tree across the water hole. He comes about 25 out of 30 days per month. Occasionally females will come by. However, before the main event, two fish eagles had their fill. Then a civet cat had a meal.



However, neither the cat nor the eagles waited around to greet the leopard. After the leopard had his dinner, we had an excellent sit-down one. Then, because there was no electricity, we were off to bed.

### 9/25 (Friday)

The night before we were told that the next day's activity would include a two-hour round trip walk through the forest to a lovely swimming pool. So about 10 a.m. our nine-person patrol assembled. It consisted of a spear-carrying Samburu, Toby, the six of us, and bringing up the rear another spear carrying Samburu. After a while, since all we saw were birds, we decided that the spears were part of their dress. Well, the walk to the pool took two hours. The heat was awful. When we left camp the temperature was pleasant, but at 12:45 p.m., after a much needed 45 minute rest, when we headed back ... Besides, the pool was nothing special--just a hole with water. The Samburus took turns diving into it for a "consideration." Thankfully, the trip back was a shorter path. But during the last 10 minutes (1:20 p.m. to 1:30 p.m.), I first thought I would die of thirst. Later, I started hoping that I would fall down with a heat stroke! I wanted to drop and refuse to go on. Now the dawn came, the real purpose of the Samburus's spears was not to protect us from animals but to prod recalcitrant hikers. After this lovely contemplation I decided that I would wait for Perry, who was recovering from a broken pelvis, to stop first. But no one stopped first. Later, I



learned that the other five felt the same.

After lunch the Resnicks and the Sims looked at the mountain (the other recreational walk) and with one voice said, "Next time!" The evening was a repeat of the night before. Except Roger played Backgammon with David and Toby. The next day he reported that he was able to win only one game.

### 9/26 ( Saturday)

We left camp after breakfast. On the way out we saw elephants, a troop of baboons, dik-diks, gerenuks, and a greater kudu (young buck). On the way down the road didn't seem as bad. Possibly because we were used to it. However, at the steepest point of this so-called road it also sloped to the left. This would not have been a problem except in the path of the left front wheel was a very large rock. Perry did not avoid it. This proved unwise for as the wheel reached the top of the boulder-sized rock, the vehicle leaned in the direction of the slope of the grade. Perry gunned the engine and the back wheels kept us from going over. Roger who was in the front seat looked over at Perry to see what he thought of this development. He later told me that Perry's face went white as a sheet which is not easy for skin tanned for years by the sun. The 29 kilometers down and out took the same amount of time as the trip up and in.

The road to Buffalo Springs was fairly good, through flat, barren, dry, country. It quickly grew very hot. At the turn-off for Isiolo, we said goodbye to David (we no longer needed the second car as we were approaching civilization), as he headed back to Nairobi. It was on this road that we saw our first Somali women. They were dressed in Arab fashion. On the way we passed Archer's Post, a bustling trading post, located on the Easo Nyiro River. The river is the "in place" with people bathing, washing clothes, visiting, etc. The Post and its surrounding town have a decided Arabic flavor.

We arrived at Buffalo Springs Lodge about noon. Our cottage was very comfortable. There's electricity only in the evening but hot running water all the time! And at no added cost, we were able to sit on our cottage porch and watch elephants foraging for food.

After a good buffet lunch and a short rest, we went on an excellent game run on which we spotted warthogs, vervet monkeys, impalas, reticulated giraffes, gerenuks, ostriches, oryxes, zebras and Grant's gazelles, (one had a transmitter collar), dik-diks, Marabou storks, ibises, Kori bustards and tawny eagles. Also we

saw a herd of elephants in the distance. Mike reported that this was the best game run he had ever had in this area. While we were on the run, a herd of bushbucks invaded the valley in front of our cottage.

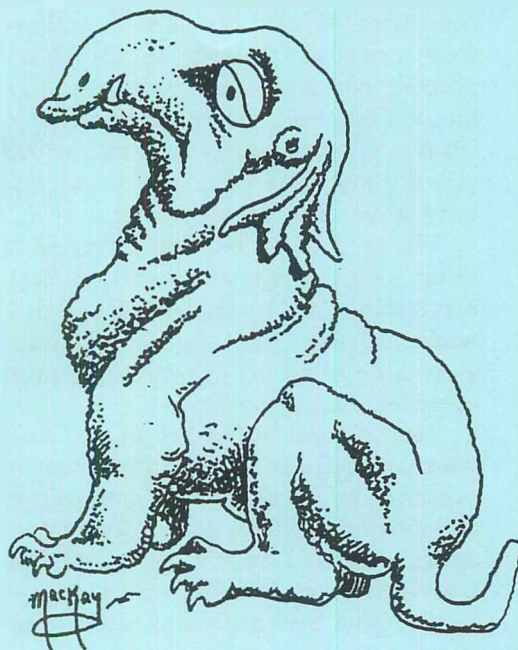
### 9/27 (Sunday)

Our morning game run was in connection with a trip to the Samburu Lodge where we had heard there was petrol. The lodge is beautiful, but very crowded, whereas Buffalo Springs had only eight total guests at dinner Saturday night and we were five of them. Samburu Lodge is one of the popular spots on guided tours. On the game run we saw elephants, giraffes, zebras, oryxes, a crocodile in the river, Goliath heron, and other birds.

We took a side trip to Larsen's Tented camp, which Perry prefers to Buffalo Springs. It is situated on a river and is very lovely--whereas Buffalo Springs is more desert-like. The tents are huge; one even has a queen-size bed. If we do return to Africa, we will take Perry's advice and make this one of the places to stay. The day was very hot.

### 9/28 (Monday)

We left Buffalo Springs about 8:30 a.m., passing several baboons and an oryx on the way out. After about an hour we reached Isiolo and a tarmac road. The road was very crowded and thronged with people. Perry said it was because the Somalis have relocated there. Isiolo looked like a dirty, falling down, border town. We drove by the school where a number of girls were



raped and murdered several years ago by boys from a neighboring boarding school--the general feeling was "boys will be boys." On the route, we drove through the White Highlands located on the slopes of Mt. Kenya. It is beautiful rich farm land mostly owned by Europeans. I know the Highlands figured in the Mau Mau Emergency, but don't remember the details.

Nanyuki is the largest town in the area. It shows signs of having been a lovely town at one time. Perry was stationed here during the Mau Mau uprising. He sort of told Mike a story concerning the police chief (his boss at the time), dismembered hands, and finger prints which he didn't want me to hear because he thinks I have delicate ears.

We arrived at Adnan Khoshoggi's Ol Pejata Lodge about 11:30. It is a beautiful, fabulous estate. We shared a four room guest house with the Resnicks. Our bedroom was furnished in beautiful Kenya and Arab decor with a queen size bed. After a delicious five course lunch we had an afternoon game run on which we saw zebras, tommies, and hartebeests. But the highlight was Morani, their tame black rhino, carefully guarded by young, armed natives.

Game was very dispersed; we saw birds and waterbucks but none of the 16 or so rhinos or any of the elephants reportedly in the area. A tour of the estate and grounds revealed absolutely unbelievable furnishings and opulence. Adnan's bed could have accommodated six or more. We wondered what went on while he live there! Reportedly, he lost the estate in a card game, but that's only a rumor. We met the proprietress, a young woman of about 25. It turned out that Perry had known her since she was a child; having ridden for her grandfather in his steeplechase days.

### 9/29 Tuesday.

This morning's game run was in connection with the trip to our next destination. On it we saw very few animals, all of which seemed skittish. Perry suspected that the area is being hunted.

We arrived at the Mt. Kenya Safari Club about 10:30 a.m.--a lovely place with gorgeous grounds. Ibises, Maribou storks, and Egyptian geese frequent the grounds. The storks will let you get within a couple of feet. Each morning a large crew sweeps the entire ground of guess what.

We have (the four of us) a two bedroom cottage with a common sitting room containing a large fire place which we used every night.



Perry has a permanent room at the main lodge. The view of the grounds from the cottage was magnificent. There were a good number of guests, but it wasn't crowded. Lunch was a fabulous hot and cold buffet. It was possible to taste only a tenth of it! It began to rain during lunch.

Despite a hard rain, the afternoon was spent looking over the grounds. The rain was the first of the season and unexpected this early. Before going to bed we watched the ibises gather in a nearby tree where they spent the night.

Unfortunately, Roger woke up under the weather the next morning. It was either a reaction to last night's dinner with abundant wine and sherry or his turn for "traveler's tummy." Although he ate breakfast and lunch, the thought of dinner was too much so he skipped it and went right to bed. We other three joined Perry for dinner in the members' dining room (he's a member). We had a number of choices for each of the ten courses, but I only ate four! It was beautifully served with tons of silverware. The food equaled any five-star restaurant.

### 9/30 (Wednesday)

Roger woke up this morning feeling somewhat better but Mike who prides himself on never getting sick in Africa woke up ill in the middle of the night. We asked Sister to call on him. Due to Mike's illness and the continuing light rain, we decided to delay the trip up Mt Kenya until the next day. Roger thought about playing golf, but decided to wait, because of the rain, until the next day. Both were big mistakes.

After breakfast we sat on the porch, wrote cards and watched birds. A peacock decided our flower bed was perfect for his dust bath. A sacred ibis and a Maribou stork walked right up to the porch. I suspected that they were looking for handouts. The stork would have walked inside if I hadn't shut the door. He's no fool; he wanted out of the rain.

Sister brought Mike medicine which promptly knocked him out so lunch was just the four of us.

The rain clouds continued to keep the mountain from our view. The day continued to be chilly and overcast, so I just relaxed, catching up on diary and postcards. Roger drove to Nanyuki with Perry to look at a couple of shops. Mike continued to sleep all day. He acted like he had been drugged, which I suspect was an allergic reaction to the

medication. Although he tried, he could not stay awake. He slept right through dinner which was as fabulous as the night before (again in the private dining room) with as many courses. One must learn to say, "No."

### 10/1 (Thursday)

Although Mike got up this morning he was not ready to do much. We decided a drive up the mountain would not tax either of our recovering husbands. It was not a good trip--only saw one bushbuck and a few birds. As we reached 10,000 feet it began to rain. Since water makes dirt slippery, Perry turned back.

Again, the buffet lunch was fabulous. While eating lunch the rains came--a hard downpour until 4 p.m. This shut the door on golf at Mt Kenya. Mike was still pretty much out of it. The power went out for about 15 minutes around 5 p.m. It was a cold, damp, dreary afternoon.

We were, at this point, a tired and cold group. The drizzle, dress requirements, and the thought of the walk to eat vast quantities of food in the members' dining room was just too much. So we ordered from room service. The last night at the Mt Kenya Safari Club was spent dining on delicious food in front of a roaring fire, comfortably attired in our warm Mt Kenya bathrobes. Mike managed to stay awake long enough to eat two chocolate puddings. The only charge was for Carol's wine and a tip. Perry did not dine alone as Vivian had driven up from Nairobi for the evening.

The next morning as we left the Club, we said to the clouds, "Maybe next time you will be above the mountain."

### 10/2 (Friday)

Carol and I were tired of being bounced around in the Land Rover so we opted to return to Nairobi with Vivian in her Mercedes. The trip took two and a half hours! Mike and Roger went with Perry at a far more sensible pace (about 4 1/2 hours).

After lunch at the Horseman we flew to the Maasai Mara. The flight took about 45 minutes. Part of the trip was over the Rift Valley. The sight was awesome!

As we descended, the numerous black dots dissolved into individual wildebeest. The landing strip was a cleared place for landing with wildebeest and zebras all around. We were met by Jacob, who would be our guide and driver for the next couple of days. On the way to Little Governor's Camp we saw baboons, impalas, elephants, topis, Tommies and four sleeping

lions.

The wild game preserve and the air field were on one side of the Mara River and the camp was on the other side. One crossed the river in a rowboat pulled by a singing boatman. Not wanting to put all of our trust in the boatman, we kept a close watch on the hippos who made their home in the river.

The Camp was lovely. Nice roomy tents with attached bathrooms that had hot and cold running water, showers and a flush toilets, but no electricity. But that was all right because by now we were quite used to kerosene lamps and candles.

From our porch we watched a herd of elephants, four adult and one youngster. We also saw waterbucks and one large cape buffalo.

The highlight of the afternoon game run was an old, scarred, stretched out, very full, lion asleep by the side of the road. He didn't move a muscle although we drove up right beside him, almost close enough to reach out and pet him. Also saw a lioness with three cubs all eating her kill, a wildebeest.

Dinner was delicious--cream of celery soup, eggs Florentine, roast turkey, dressing, and cabbage cooked with bacon. However, the dessert, a baked flan, didn't make it. I had my first full night's sleep without pills. Finally!

### 10/3 (Saturday)

Mike told me that the noise I heard during the night was a roaring lion. Tea was placed outside our tent at 6 a.m.

This put us in a good mood for the before breakfast game run during which we drove past endless herds of wildebeest. We also found the remains of a leopard kill in a tree. A few yards away the leopard was just barely visible in thick bush. We also saw several bat-eared foxes and three sleeping lions at the edge of the bush, plus the usual antelope family. I guess we're getting jaded!

Back at the Camp we found that the family of elephants had returned to our front yard. Also giraffe and two secretary birds walked quickly by as we waited for breakfast, which was cooked and served outdoors. Music was supplied by chattering birds in the trees that would come down to the tables whenever they could get away with a morsel, even if we were not through with it.

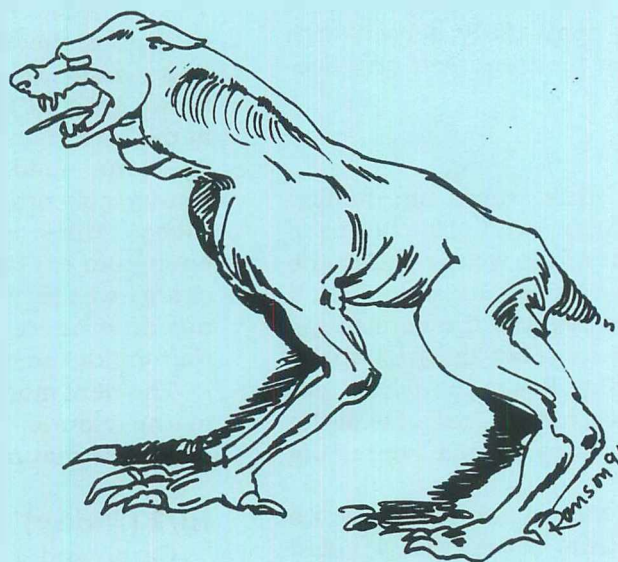
The afternoon game run started out on a very sunny warm afternoon. But as it clouded up the temperature dropped. About 3:30 p. m. it started to rain, but we were able to find the only rhino in the Mara. We also saw a number of lions. Later into the run we stopped and watch a lioness taking her afternoon stroll with slow measured strides looking neither to the left nor to the right even when her path brought her within no more than twelve feet of our van. On

the way back we came across another lioness with three cubs plus two males, one was our sleeping lion of yesterday--still sleeping. We stopped for about fifteen minutes to watch the cubs cavort with each other with sticks and twigs and over the sleeping bodies of the males which resulted in a couple of cuffings when they got too ram-bunctious. We arrived back about 6 p.m. The rain continued throughout the

night. Again, as at Mt. Kenya, the rains were at least two or three weeks earlier than expected. And, while the natives were pleased, we were not. It was dark, gloomy, cold and rainy. Dinner was not so good. The pouring rain did not help. It continued most of night. I slept great. At least the rain was good for something. It was not unlike the old movie scenes of Africa.

### 10/4 (Sunday)

The morning game run was slim due to yesterday's hard rain. The roads (actually paths) were mud ruts and we slipped and slid and "hydroplaned" throughout the run. Jacob is a fabulous driver! The animals were sensible and





had gone for shelter unlike we fools. We did see a pair of lions mating; no foreplay there, just got right down to business. We also saw the leopard kill in a tree, but no leopards. However, we did spot an aardwolf in the distance, a very rare sight. Perry was almost beside himself. It's a nocturnal animal and the dreary dark day must have confused him.

Upon our return to camp for breakfast, a large male elephant was on the path to our tents. Roger took a step toward him. The elephant took one toward Roger! Roger then decided to join the rest of us in a long detour to our tents. Roger, not feeling well, skipped breakfast and went back to bed. During breakfast this same elephant decided to join us. And, following the old story, we moved to allow the elephant to "go anywhere he wants!" Roger ended up skipping lunch, too, and since he was spiking a temperature, I started him on antibiotics. Carol, also went to "sick bay." Apparently she had starting to come down with a cold.

Mike, Perry and I went on the afternoon game run. As we started out it began to sprinkle; but since we could see a clearing in the sky in the direction that we were heading, we pushed on. (Remember the famous song?) About eight miles out, the heavens opened and it poured, accompanied by a lot of thunder and lightning. We saw one old, lame lion running for cover into the hills. At this time, it looked like only us and the thousands of wildebeest were still trying to go someplace. The land was black with them. We spotted only two other Land Rovers on their way back. We did spot a family of bat-eared foxes. We experienced several tense moments on the road, but except for one failed windshield wiper, Jacob managed beautifully. The last half mile to the boat was through deep ruts now full of water. So even though we did some fine sliding, we arrived back in camp safe and sound!

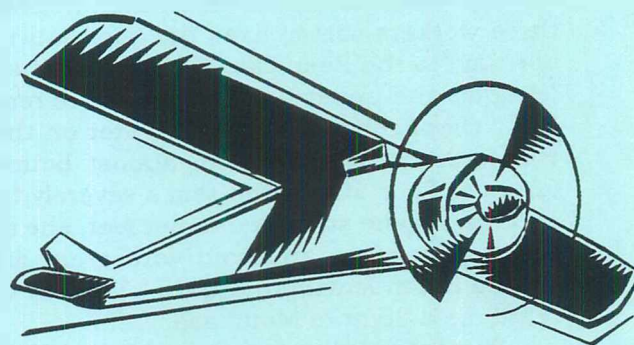
When we got across the river we had to wait in the shelter hut because a herd of Cape buffalo was on our path to the camp. Jacob and the boatman tried to chase them off by throwing rocks at them no luck. So Jacob took us in by the back way! Cape buffalo are very dangerous and you don't want to challenge them.

When I got back to the camp Roger, was up and his temperature was normal. The rain had finally stopped, but there was a chill in the air. Roger went to dinner, but almost immediately began to feel bad again and so returned to the tent. Later he complained of chills, fever and

nausea. However, after he vomited, he went to sleep.

## 10/5 (Monday)

Roger has returned to the land of the living, weak but ready to go on the early morning game run before leaving, while I stayed back to pack. I didn't think there would be time to do both. I was wrong. They reported an exciting game run. They watched a pack of hyenas terrorizing several warthogs. This is the story they told me: Several of their cubs had wandered away from the den and the hyenas were afraid that the warthogs might do them bodily harm. The hyenas had to get the warthogs away from the den in order to get the "wandering ones" back safely.



After breakfast, we returned to the air strip for our return flight to Nairobi. A plane came in, unloaded, turned around empty and took off. We asked Jacob for an explanation, he replied, "I know nothing." Another plane came in. It also left without us--too many passengers. Finally, we boarded the third plane. Since we did not observe any conversation between the plane crews and anyone in charge of the waiting passengers, we even to this day do not know how it was decided who got on what plane and in what order. In fact, we do not even know who, if anyone, was in charge! That's the way it is in Africa.

When we landed in Nairobi, Perry turned us over to Vivian and immediately left for Mombasa where he would meet us in the morning. Someone had to drive the Land Rover. Mike had talked us into taking the Lunatic Express, as it is known, overnight to Mombasa. This was something he had wanted to do since he was a "wee lad." As our story unfolds the reader may think that he knows the reason the train had acquired this name. Actually the name honors the difficulties encountered in building the tracks that it runs on. The train runs through the Nairobi Game Park and Tsavo National Park

during daylight hours, providing excellent animal viewing.

After lunch we went with Vivian to City Centre so Carol might purchase yard goods. Our destination was Bashara street known for its yard goods. The native response was very different from our trip in 1989. This trip, as we walked the half a dozen blocks, we were stared at by unfriendly people and stopped by several beggars. I suspect that the changing political climate had something to do with this new response.

We reached the railroad station about 4 p.m. Vivian led us to our compartments; both were filthy. Our sink had standing water from the time Hector was a pup. The door between the two compartments was broken. The upper berth in the Resnick's compartment had to be locked to keep it from falling down on their heads. After three workers sort of fixed the door between us one said to the Resnicks, "Call the conductor to let down the upper berth when you're ready for bed." Carol collapsed with laughter on the seat which then caused her to almost bounce off onto the floor due to the seat's severely broken springs. As she struggled to her feet, she turned to the rest of us and said with great dignity, "That's it, I'm leaving the train." Then to Vivian, "Find me a flight to Mombasa."

After a brief discussion, we asked Vivian to book rooms for us for the night at the Norfolk Hotel and a plane in the morning for Mombasa. Mike, who was the one who really wanted this train ride, graciously insisted on paying for the plane tickets. (Shortly after our return to Cincinnati, we learned that a trestle had collapsed on the Nairobi-Mombasa run and several people were killed. Now the whole run has been canceled!) As we walked through the train to disembark, we discovered our compartment was the only one without slashed seats; yet the train was full.

At the ticket office, we learned that all morning flights were booked. However, bookings were available for the 8:20 p.m. flight. After booking the flight we returned to Vivian and Perry's house for tea and relaxation before leaving for the airport. Vivian efficiently handled the problem of notifying Perry of our changed itinerary. Although hoping this info would be correctly transmitted to him, we made plans as what to do if he had not appeared at the hotel in what we thought was a reasonable time. We did this because of several past incidents we have had dealing with the "locals."

At 7:30 p.m., we left for the airport. The drive

was uneventful. However, boarding the plane was not. Vivian, not having a ticket, was forced to leave us at the door to the waiting room. So the four of us entered, found seats, and began to wonder about boarding procedures. After a short wait, a gentleman walked passed us and then out a door leading to the outside. The rest of the passengers followed. We look at each other and did the same. When in Rome ... The flight was only partially filled, however, by the time we boarded the plane all of the overhead bins were filled. Roger was at a loss as to where to put our too-large-to-fit-under-the-seat bag. The friendly stewardess pointed to the seat behind us. He strapped the bag in just like it was a person. The stewardess smiled. Roger smiled and sat down next to me.

The excellent accommodations at the Nyali Beach Hotel were a welcomed relief after our long exhausting day. We fell exhausted into an exquisite bed at 10:30 p.m.!

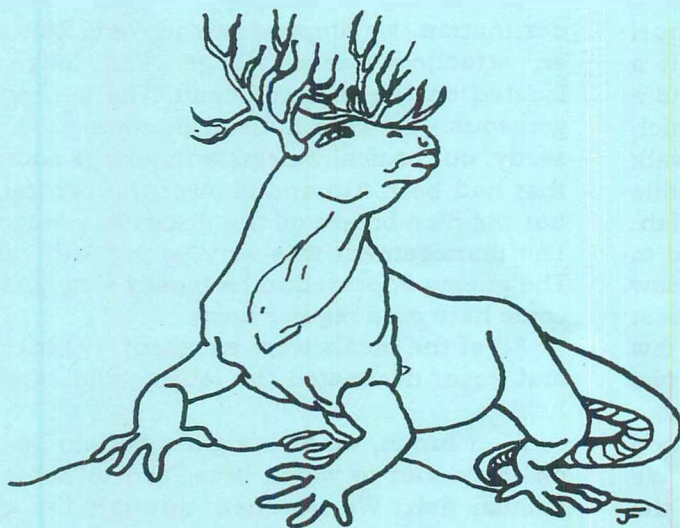
### 10/6 (Tuesday)

I awoke at 6 a.m., washed and dried my hair while relaxing on our private balcony, which overlooked beautiful gardens and the Indian Ocean in the distance. Because of the light eating of the previous day, we really enjoyed the sumptuous breakfast buffet. Perry arrived just as we finished. Since we were already packed, we left almost immediately for Shimba Hills. The drive through Mombasa was fascinating. It's as if we had left Kenya and entered an Arab country. At the south end of Mombasa Island we took a ferry to Likoni. It was filled with humanity. The only white faces were in cars!

Construction of a new parking lot at Shimba Hills forced us into a long walk up to the front door of the lodge. The lodge, built on stilts, was located in the middle of a rain forest overlooking a water hole. Our rooms were spartan, especially after the Nyali Beach Hotel, but clean, each with its own private balcony which over looked the water hole. There were no private bathrooms, but each sex was provided its own bathroom with shower stalls. The women's also had its very own Ugaama Lizard. I was told it was there to keep the bug population down. It must work as we saw no bugs. During lunch we watched a huge Monitor lizard and bush pigs at the baited food box.

There was trouble in la-la country. The management does not believe that we are under full board. Perry using his charm solved the problem, we thought. After lunch, we did the obligatory game run. We find the only herd of





sable in Kenya (30-40) for which Shimba is famous. They are all sizes and Perry reported that one is less than two weeks old. We also saw two giraffes. In addition to the game run, we did a site run which included incredible vistas of hills, valleys, and the Indian Ocean.

During the "cocktail hour" we watched two bushbabies fight over a banana which was put out especially for them only two feet in front of us. I could have reached out and touched them. But the real show started during dinner. A dozen or so elephants came to enjoy the water hole. One, only a week old, was hidden under the adults almost all of the time. A teenage male went into the water where he cavorted. He kept trying to coax the others in but was unsuccessful. Finally, after about a half hour, one of the elephants made an interesting sound. At the end of another ten minutes the same elephant, made a louder, more insistent sound. At this point they lined up and off they went with junior splashing along until he ran out of water and mother really trumpeted as if to say, "Get out now--and I do mean now!" Leaving the water, he joined the rest as they walked majestically off, as only elephants can.

### 10/7 (Friday)

Roger woke up at 5:45 a.m., looked outside and saw a civet cat at the food tray down by the water hole.

The common bathroom was fine with me--Carol was the only person I ran into while in one. Carol reported she kept running into other people not only in the bath room but one older,

doddering lady kept walking into her room by mistake, thinking that it was the bathroom! About the problem with the full board. As we loaded for the trip back to the Nyali Beach Hotel Perry left Roger in charge of the vehicle and went to "talk" with management. The outcome of the conversation was that he paid the "extra" money they wanted and told them that he would apply for a refund upon returning to Nairobi. We think that he did indeed receive a refund because he can be a most persistent person.

We arrived back at Nyali Beach Hotel about 10 a.m., our home for the next couple of days. We settled in and spent the remainder of the morning viewing the lovely grounds (another Block hotel), and observing other guests. A large number of the guests were American MPs stationed in Mombasa to guard the ships and planes bringing in relief supplies for Somalia. We determined that they "guarded" in eight hour shifts, then spent the rest of their time relaxing in the luxurious accommodations, playing water polo in the Olympic sized pool, and fraternizing with the female German and Brit tourists. After lunch, Perry took us for a tour of Old Town. Except for one major street, the streets were all narrow and winding just as they have been for centuries. We toured Fort Jesus which was built in the latter part of the 16th Century.

Across the street from the fort is Big-hearted Ali's store. Mike had told us for years about his favorite huckster and his fabulous store. For this reason we were really looking forward to the visit, especially the second floor. Unfortunately, Ali had sold out and the place now consists of very expensive good stuff and over priced junk! Besides, they told us that the second floor is now a storage area. Mike kept assuring us that it didn't used to be like this.

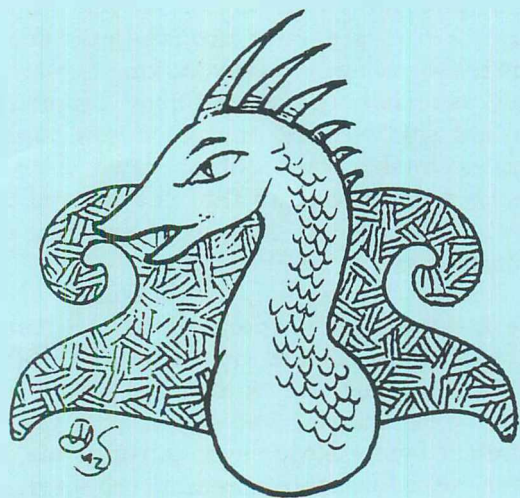
Dinner that night was on a dhow, cruising the Indian Ocean, operated by the Tamarind, listed in the guide books as Kenya's best seafood restaurant. A magical night of good food, great music, bad drink and the finest, smallest oyster Roger ever put into his mouth. After he addressed a remark concerning the oyster to the table, Carol allowed that it was probably contaminated by horrible things. Although Perry assured him he had been eating them for years, Roger worried for several days after, but nothing came of it. Oh, the music we danced and listened to was supplied by a group from the states! It was our best night in Africa.

### 10/8 (Thursday)

## 10/8 (Thursday)

In the morning we drove to the Bambouri Nature Trail which used to be the Bambouri Cement stone quarry. Instead of leaving it a barren, used up land, they are turning it into a lovely nature trail. It was a very nice walk which we took with a well-informed guide. On the walk we saw many different kinds of birds, crocodile pens, and tanks of various size Tilapia fish. Tilapia and the crocs are harvested and sold to raise money to improve the area. We also saw rice paddies, a snake display, and the best weaver nests ever. They also have a few animals: zebras, elands, hartebeests, and two serval cats. While on the walk we heard a constant roar of planes overhead; they were on their way to Somali with relief supplies. We finished the excellent morning with a visit to the Jumba La Mtwana ruins, one of many dotting the coast one encounters traveling north. They were settled by Arabs many centuries ago, and, for generally unknown reasons, abandoned.

That afternoon I took a dip in pool while Roger walked along the beach. That night's entertainment was professional dancers out of Nairobi, interesting but not outstanding. The dances while based in part on ethnic lore were tailored for the tourists. The drummers were more impressive than the dancers.



## 10/9 (Friday)

After the usual sumptuous breakfast, we checked out and drove north to Watama. The trip was not as pretty as hoped. Except for people alongside the road and the thatched roofs, it looked more like a two lane highway

though Florida!

On the way to Ocean Sports Lodge, our next destination, we stopped at the Gedi Ruins and an attached native village. The lodge was located on the Indian Ocean. The setting was gorgeous. We were housed in cottages, a little seedy, but basically clean with a large bathroom that had both tub and shower. No central A/C but the nice breeze off the ocean was sufficient. The management was very young and casual. The guests appeared to be mostly Kenyans who come here on a regular basis.

All of the meals were excellent. I think Mike and Roger decimated the lobster population by half!

After lunch, we took a glass bottom boat out on the ocean to watch bread fed to Zebra and Maasai fish. We watched through the glass, while the boat Captain went underwater and hand fed the fish which came by the thousands. They're obviously well trained.

About 10 p.m., I headed off to bed, leaving the others in the bar. I undressed and started to get into bed, only to discover that my bedding consisted of just a spread--no sheets. I waited awhile for Roger, then gave up, dressed again and trekked down to the bar to explain the situation. I was assured they would take care of it. While visiting with the "crew" at the bar a staff member came up and explained that he had gotten all the way to the room before discovering that he did not have a key to get into the room. Roger and I waited about 15 minutes before heading back to our room. On the way we discovered him lugging a mattress up the front walk to our room. I re-explained that I was missing sheets. Comprehension dawned. We wandered back to the bar to wait for further developments. Looking at the bed as we returned to the room I pronounced that the bed looked fine, but getting into it, I discovered only a bottom sheet! Oh well, at least I didn't have to sleep on a bare mattress. I did say that it was a "casually run" lodge, didn't I?

## 10/10 (Saturday)

After breakfast, we drove to Mida Creek where we boarded a motorized dhow to cruise through a bird sanctuary--one of Carol's special interests. Shortly after leaving the dock, the boat grounded on a sand bar. Perry and the crew went overboard and pushed while we four rocked it from side to side until we floated free. Carol was not disappointed as there were birds aplenty.

After a pleasant swim and, another great



Kitchen, a mini Grand Canyon-like natural formation that Mike had read about and had tried to find on a previous trip. Perry thought he now knew which road led to it. All we had to do was drive along the coast road to the sign for Marafa and turn away from the beach and fairly soon thereafter we would come to it. How difficult could that be? Well, it turned out to be most difficult. We drove for miles, stopping to ask directions several times. Each time, the natives insisted that we were going in the right direction. Their response indicated that not many white faces came visiting. Our last stop was at a very small village at the end of a dirt road. Before we were through talking with the head man, the whole neighborhood came to see the strangers, including bare-breasted women, naked children and scroungy dogs. We were left with the feeling that we had caused more excitement than they had had in years. They were still waving as we pulled out of sight.

The last set of directions were the right ones, although the sign said Devil's Kitchen not Hell's Kitchen. It really does look like a mini Grand Canyon. Very impressive even if it did take two hours to get there.

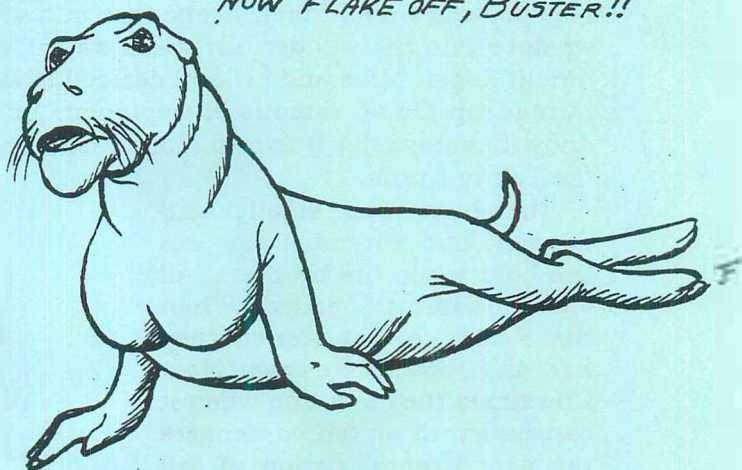
A child, who spoke excellent English, helped Perry (who on the way out became disorientated and lost for the first time since arriving in Kenya some 40 years ago) find the right direction to return to Malindi. The trip took forty minutes. On the way back we found that the reason for our difficulty was the sign to Marafa at the first turn was gone. Probably part of a hut's roof these days!

### 10/11 Sunday

The Resnicks' bad experiences with the regular scheduled airline between Malindi and Lamu (there are no roads), convinced all of us to ask Perry to arrange a charter flight. At the airport we said goodbye to Perry who drove back to Nairobi as we boarded our five-seater for the 45-minute flight to Lamu. Malindi has a tiny little airport, yet this was the only place that security carefully checked our carry-on bags. The agent was especially interested in my large bag of pills (one goes to Africa prepared for every emergency if one is wise), checking them over intensely.

The flight was pleasant and smooth over island-like country, water channels, etc. Well, at least smooth until we landed on the poorly-maintained runway on Manda Island. Lamu Island does not have an airport. It also has only one car belonging to the Governor. The only street wide enough for a car runs along the

*BEAUTY IS AS BEAUTY DOES;  
NOW FLAKE OFF, BUSTER!!*



beach.

The plane blew a tire when it landed. So we were forced to walk about a half mile carrying our luggage to the tiny terminal which was deserted. It's only open when regularly scheduled airplanes arrive. Two men materialized out of nowhere, (remember you're never alone in Africa) to help with the luggage as we walked another half mile, or so, to the dock. A dhow from Peponi's was supposed to meet us, but no dhow. The men, ever resourceful, took off their brightly colored shirts and waved them at Lamu Harbor until someone spotted us stranded on the dock and came to pick us up.

Peponi's (Swahili for Paradise) is a gorgeous resort, with only about half the rooms occupied. The rooms are large and beautifully furnished. Each has its own private balcony overlooking the Indian Ocean. On the balcony were a table, two chairs and a two-person well-padded deck chair yet it was not crowded. This quickly became my favorite spot to watch the world go by. We quickly adapted to the life style, donning the Kanga (female) and Kikoi (male) wraps the hotel provided for our use. The afternoon was spent at leisure watching the water traffic, walking on the beach and swimming in the very warm water.

Dinner was excellent. After our hectic day, we retired early to very comfortable beds beneath mosquito netting. Although we often slept under mosquito netting, I never saw even one mosquito.

### 10/12 (Monday)

After breakfast, we took a relaxing, leisurely stroll on the beach, during which we talked to

locals including a Nairobi couple vacationing with their two year old Jack Russell terrier (a very popular breed here). Every once in a while we dove into the wonderfully warm water. After lunch, Roger, Mike and I (Carol decided to skip) hunted up Omar, famous entrepreneur in the dhow business, for a trip to Manda island and the Takwa Ruins.

The boat was smelly and decrepit but worked. Omar ran the boat while his brothers, Ali and Mohammed, bailed. When the Resnicks last visited they had five boats. However, last Christmas they lost one when it capsized with all ten passengers rescued. A combination of sail and motor got us through the channels until we transferred to a row boat for the last 200 feet or so to the dock. The Takwa Ruins are the most preserved of the three we visited. Omar acted as guide, and he is very knowledgeable. At one point he took us down a path which had formerly been used by the slave trade. It led to the other side of the island where the slave ships sailed to the island to pick up their human cargo. The village that became the ruins was abandoned when the fresh water wells ran out. The inhabitants then moved to Shela, the town where the Peponi hotel is located. The ride back was slower than the ride over due to the lack of wind. We arrived just in time to watch a magnificent sunset over the ocean. Of course, Omar charged more for this sight, but then he needs extra funds as he is as of nine months ago a newly-wed. We noticed he was very thoughtful of his bride, bringing back fruit from the Baobab tree to use as shampoo. He also stopped at the market in Lamu next day to buy vegetables for her.

That evening, we ordered dinner off the a la carte menu for a slight extra charge. It was excellently presented, huge lobster surrounded by a mound of mashed potatoes formed in a star shape, enough for four people. But Roger and Mike finished theirs anyway.

## 10/13 (Tuesday)

Our good friend, Omar, and crew, and their trusty dhow took us to Lamu Town. We had been warned that it was old, unbelievably smelly and overrun by scroungy cats. However, it wasn't that bad and a real effort had been made to clean

it up for the tourists. There are donkeys everywhere, carrying merchandise and people. When they meet at the intersections one group waits patiently for the other to cross. We could not tell which had the right of way. Somehow, the donkeys over the years have worked out their own traffic system. Brits have even set up a donkey hospital to give regular immunizations and take care of orphaned foals. We saw many craftsmen building furniture and a dhow but only 7-8 cats.

Omar knew everybody and took us through the winding streets to visit his shop-owner friends. However, most of the merchandise was cheap and shoddy and thus we bought nothing.

We visited the local museum which details the history of Lamu; it's been around since 1350.

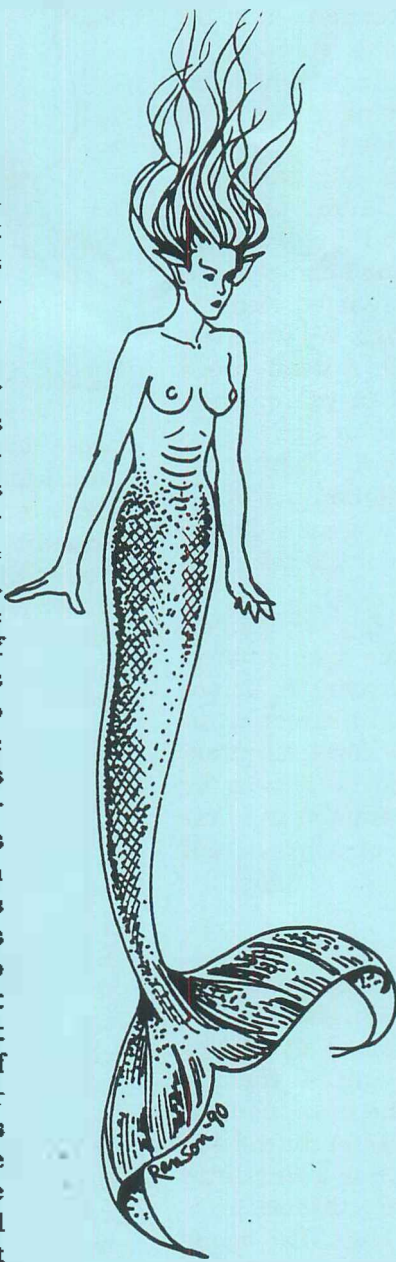
The Kenya Navy, consisting of two 35-foot boats, was in the harbor. Their main activity is guarding against traffic from Somalia which was only about 60 miles away. The dock was full of confiscated material.

We also visited the market square which was busy and bustling. Omar cautioned us to careful not to include policemen or their facilities located in the square in pictures taken by our cameras. The Kenyans are sensitive about their public facilities. Otherwise we would have an excellent picture of an ancient Somolian ship. It looked like something that Columbus might

have rejected.

On the way back Omar played guide, pointing out the interesting sites along the water front between the town and the hotel: homes of two former white hunters, the new hospital--three years old donated by Saudi Arabia--and a fabulous estate, known as the Frenchman's House.

That afternoon, a dhow took us to the airport





on Manda. We waited for our plane on benches under a thatched roof beside the Manda Island Duty Free Shop!

At the airport another of Omar's brothers recognized us (there are six boys and three girls in his family). So when the plane came in, he took our tickets and made sure we were listed on the manifest and saw that we got on the plane. All of the plane's 19 small crowded seats were filled and not very comfortable, but we had lovely views while flying to Nairobi, as the flight was only at about 10,000 feet.

Perry met us at the airport and transported us to the Norfolk Hotel. While the men were checking into cottage #3, I spotted James Earl Jones in the lobby. Actually, I recognized his magnificent voice, first. Mike later ran into him on the grounds and discovered he was there doing the narration for a T.V. special for Richard Leaky. Mike also learned that he reads science fiction.

That evening we finally made it to the famous Carnivore for dinner. Twice before our plans had fallen through. We treated Perry, Vivian, David Markham and his wife, Carolyn, as a special thank you. It was fabulous: wild game of every kind with chicken and ham for the non-adventurous. I tried most everything except crocodile. Roger did and declared it delicious! A lovely way to end the Safari.

### 10/14 (Wednesday)

Perry joined us for breakfast, then drove us to the airport, got us through five various customs and authority stations before we reached the international departure lounge. We spent the last of our Kenyan shillings in the shopping arcade, as you can't leave with more than 200 shillings--about \$10.

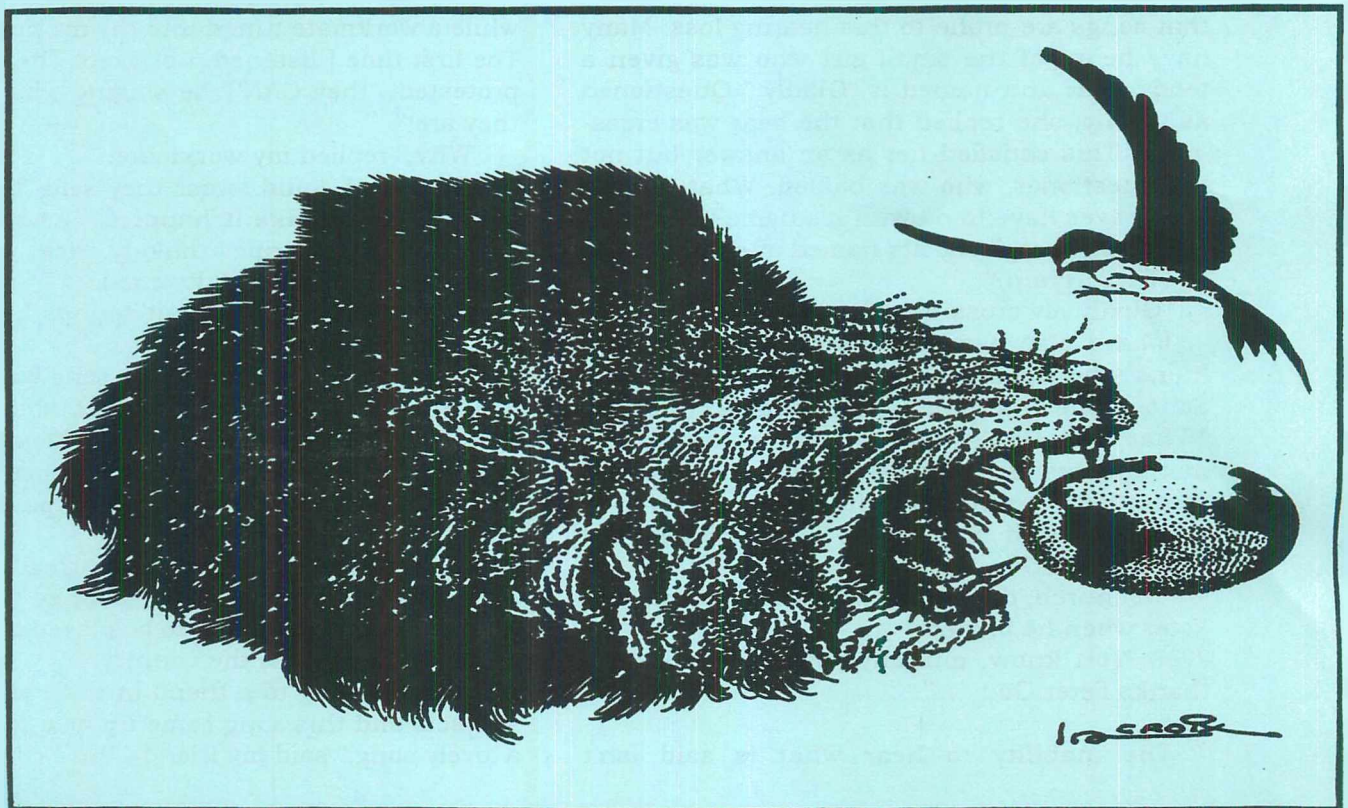
The flight to London was uneventful--no unscheduled stops this time--maybe because, for a change, it was only half-full. Once the Resnicks had stopped in Cyprus, and the last time we went, we stopped at the Rome airport. Both stops were unscheduled and for the same reason: refueling.

The night was spent at the Gatwick Hilton at which, for unexplained reasons, we were placed on the concierge floor. This entitled us to a lovely afternoon tea and breakfast. The tea was so filling we skipped dinner.

### 10/15 (Thursday)

The flight to Cincinnati was fine, except the same awful movie from the previous day's flight from Nairobi followed us to this one! It was so bad that I don't even remember what it was.

Dick Spelman was at the airport to greet us and we quickly had to return to our routine, non-safari life.



Most of my acquaintances in fandom know of my inability to spell, and my limited ability to write in my Native Tongue. Lynn also writes in her Native Tongue. The fact that they are both English makes it necessary for me to say that the spellings and the writing of this article are strongly influenced by the fact that the writer is an inhabitant of New Zealand.

# MISCONCEPTIONS

## by Lyn McCouchie

Things often aren't quite what they seem. When they are, you can still wind up baffled. Back in the middle of last year I was off to a management course. One of the fun things we did, was to play the children's game of whispering a sentence or two to one person. They choose someone else and whisper it to them, finally after the words have gone around everyone, the last one says what they were told. The first person who started the thing off then stands up and says what was actually said.

The differences between the two is startling! Even when you KNOW, YOU had it right, you discover you didn't. Looked at, this game may explain a lot of the trouble between people and nations both. What you heard wasn't what I said!

Over the years I have discovered that songs are prone to this hearing loss. Many have heard of the small girl who was given a teddy bear and named it "Gladly." Questioned as to why, she replied that the bear was cross-eyed. This satisfied her as an answer but not the questioner, who was baffled. What did the bear's eyes have to do with it's name? The child when asked replied, "its named after a hymn."

"What Hymn?"

"Gladly my cross-eyed bear ... "

I have also heard of the child of a friend's friend who upon returning home from Sunday School one afternoon bailed up his mother. "What was God's surname?", he asked. His mother assured him God had no name. He continued, "Yes he does, His name is Peter!"

"Peter?" said his puzzled Parent, "Where did you hear that?"

"In church, the minister said God's name was Peter when he prayed."

???? "You know, mummy, the one that says, thanks Peter God ... "

###

The inability to hear what is said isn't

confined to kids either. Pop songs, possibly because of the loud backing music, tend to be a good area for adult bafflement.

Some songs have been around for years and people still have trouble working out the message. A Radio Station in London did a survey and discovered that ... The song "There It Is" was often taken as "Ferrets Ears. "I Want to

Be Elected" was heard as "I want To Be a lettuce;" "Karma Chamel-eon" was believed to be "I'm a comedian;" While Spandau Ballet's song "I Don't Need This Pressure On" was heard as "I Don't Need This Special Bra."

I can understand this, a year or two back the song "Flash-dance" hit all the radio stations. The first time I heard it, I was working on the accounts at work,

while a workmate tuned into the music session. The first time I listened, I blinked. The second I protested, "they CAN'T be singing what I think they are!"

"Why," replied my workmate.

"Because I could swear they said 'take your pants off and make it happen!'" It was agreed that this was a trifle unlikely. Next time the song came round we all listened.

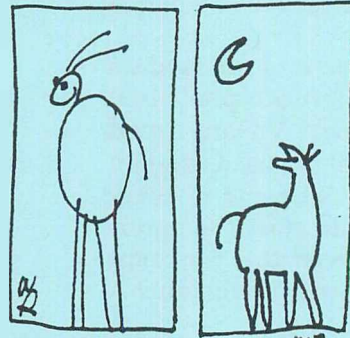
"You know, that's what it sounds like to me too," replied my workmate

"Me as well." Once more the song was sung.

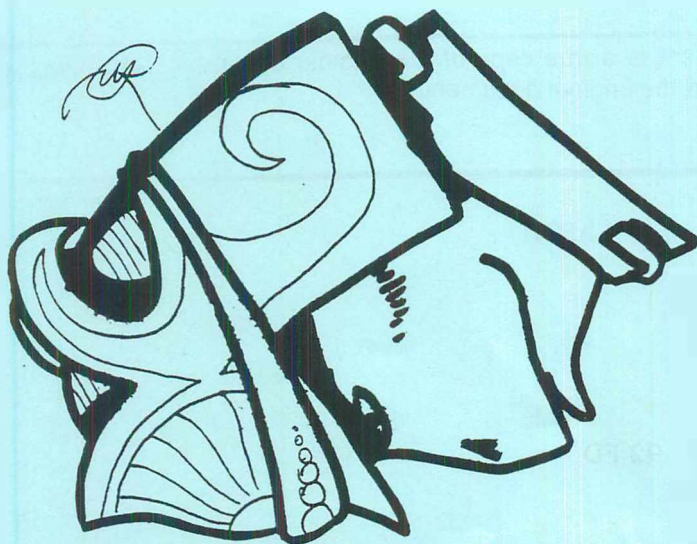
We all said together, "It STILL sounds like that! "But it can't be!" Eventually Alex got hold of a copy of the words and we discovered that the words actually were, "Take your passion and make it happen."

About this time a beautiful song called "Total Eclipse of the Heart" sung by Bonney Tyler also hit the charts and started to be played to infinity on the radios across the country.

I was chatting to a friend in town on several subjects and this song came up as a topic. "It's a lovely song," said my friend, "but I can't figure







out what wigs have got to do with it?"

"What wigs?" I asked.

You know ... where it goes "living in a powdered wig and giving off sparks ..."

I enlightened him that the line was ... living in a power keg and giving off sparks. Mind you, I was able to tell him because I had thought the words to be ... living like a poltergeist ... and had checked up as that didn't sound too likely.

Pop songs do seem to be very prone to this kind of mis-hearing. The song, Cheryl, Moana, Marie sung by John Rowles many years back was another. I heard of someone who was rhapsodizing over the lovely names in the song, (Rowles wrote it for his young sister.) Her daughter looked up and asked what names? The names in the song said her mother, Cheryl Moana Marie. Oh, said daughter surprised. I always thought that was "share all your marbles with me" ... yes well!

###

O.K. So as a race we seem to suffer from hearing trouble, anything else? Yes, indeedy! We form pictures of people based on voice or their books and then are indignantly disappointed when the picture doesn't fit the flesh we finally get to meet.

Given the propensity for humans to form head pictures this is something that seems likely to be source of annoyance to radio actors and writers for a long time to come.

A friend told me of a family story .. her mother as a child had been very fond of the Louisa May Alcott stories, (Little Women, etc.) Alcott was visiting England to give a series of lectures and her mother as a special treat was taken to see her arrive at the lecture hall. Alcott arrived and was pointed out to the child who burst into tears. "I thought she'd look like Jo," she sobbed.

I'm guilty of this myself. I have often without intending to, formed pictures of authors based on reading their books, and have invariably been surprised when I finally did see a photograph.

###

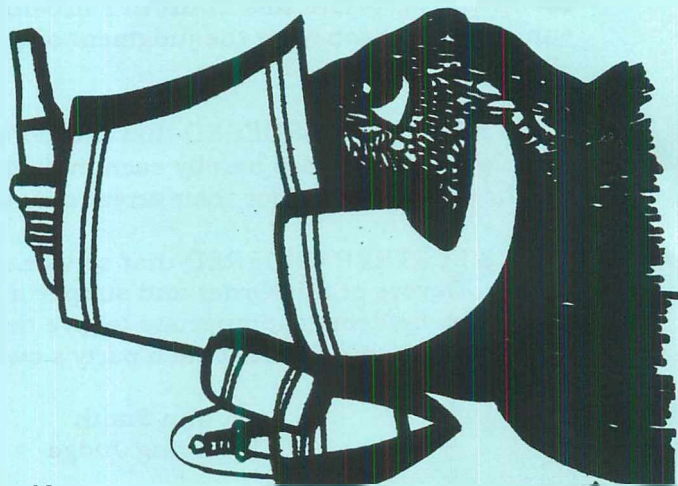
The trouble arises when people act on their misconceptions. The Indian Mutiny is a fine example of that. But still we continue. Blondes are dumb, Italians are panickers, Children are innocent.

Getting to KNOW those we have stereotyped can dispel the cliches though. I worked in a Government Department in Wellington back in 1980. Several of us were parked at long tables correcting computer printouts. The chap I worked with was an old acquaintance. A nice guy, but he loathed homosexuals. A couple of days into the job I realised that one of the other men working with us was gay.

However he was an intelligent person with a love of horrible puns, and a great sense of humour. We always sat with him at morning and afternoon tea, and my homophobe friend became good mates with him. Eventually of course, the secret came out.

This left Johnny in a dilemma. By now he really LIKED the guy. But ... he was that awful thing, a homosexual! After a couple of days nervous twitching he settled back into the original routine. He had resolved the conflict. Homosexual were still loathsome, but Arthur was a friend and this over-rode his habits.

Maybe getting to know other races/sexes dispels misconceptions. Then again, some minds are set in concrete. SF over the years has done a damn good job showing up this kind of thinking. A positive contribution to moving back the frontiers of ignorance. Long may it last! And may none of you listen to what I say, just listen to what I mean!



EARTH

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
IN THE COURT FOR THE SIXTH DISTRICT

MIDWESTERN FANDOM,  
and HOWARD DEVORE,

Plaintiff                      Case No. 00 124 92 FD  
vs                              Judge John Smith

MARTHA BECK,

Defendant

Alan G. Greenberg P 14326  
Attorney for Plaintiff  
5756 Williams Lake Road  
Waterford, MI 48329  
Phone: (313) 674-0986  
\*\*\*\*\*

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

At a session of said Court held in the Courthouse  
in the City of Fairbanks, in said County and State

on \_\_\_\_\_

PRESENT; HONORABLE JOHN SMITH, PRESIDING JUDGE

THIS MATTER having come on upon the Petition of Midwest Fandom made by Howard DeVore, the court being advised that certain parties have advocated that Martha Beck move to the Cincinnati, Ohio, area, the Court being further aware that said parties failed to advocate that Martha Beck move to the Detroit, Michigan, area, and the Court being advised that such actions have violated its Judgment Prohibiting the Removal of Persons and Goods,

NOW, THEREFORE,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Roger and Patricia Sims, Mike, Carol and Laura Resnick, Margaret Ford-Keifer, William and Cokie Cavin, and all dues paying members of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group appear before this Court in Fairbanks, Alaska, to show cause why they should not be punished for disobeying the judgment of this Court as provided in this court's Judgment of January 28, 1992.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that the aforesaid parties shall appear before this Court at said time and place and they are hereby each individually and respectively advised that upon failure to so appear that a warrant for their arrest may be issued.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that service of this Order and supporting motion may be made by Howard Devore of this Order and supporting motion may be made by Howard Devore in such manner as he deems appropriate to give the aforesaid parties sufficient time to obtain passage to appear before this Court at each party's own expense.

(s) John Smith  
Presiding Judge



*This is the first Guest of Honor speech to be pubbed by me. However it is not the first to be received. The first was by Peggy Rae Pavlat. But since Peggy's is already out of date and this one is still almost current, I decided to reverse the order. Peggy don't be mad, next time for sure.*

## FANDOM AND ME

### A SPEECH FOR THE FAN GUEST OF HONOR PANEL AT CONFUSION XX. 1/94

by Leah Zeldes Smith

Well, I see there are more people in the audience than on the panel ... so I guess I have to talk. Not that I have much trouble talking. I did once, though. Those of you who've only known me a short time may not believe this, but I once was a shy, retiring kid. For better or worse, fandom has changed that.

Life is a series of choices and chances, of roads not taken and detours followed, of happenstance and circumstance. I often wonder how different a course my life might have taken if, 20-odd years ago, I had not come across a copy of *Amazing Stories* ... if I had not written to its editor ... if I had not gone to Torcon II ... if I had not found fandom.

Almost every important thing that has happened to me in the time since then I owe to fandom. My friends (and also my enemies), my husband, my career. I learned to write in fandom, about anything and everything, in the pages of fanzines that printed my letters and my articles and gave them an appreciative and critical audience. Journalism school was nothing after almost a decade of that. And so I owe to fandom my living too, such as it is.

Twenty years ago, when I attended A<sup>2</sup> Relax I con, I would never have predicted that fandom

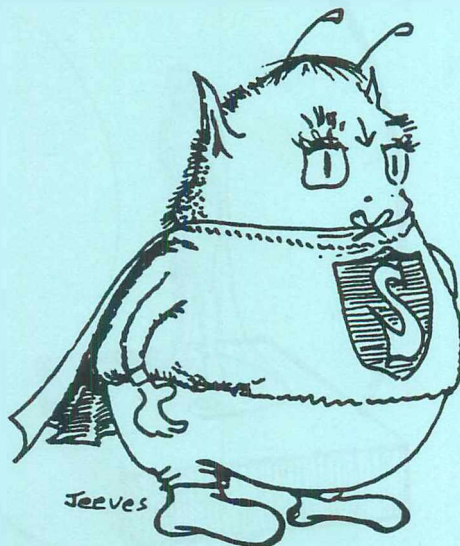
would come to mean so much to me. That was my second convention, and although I enjoyed it much more than my first, I still found it very weird. Eighty-seven people attended that proto-ConFusion, held all in one room of the Michigan Union. I was 14 years old. I don't have a very good memory for the details of events, but one image of that convention I still carry with me -- that of an Ann Arbor local named Stella, dressed for the masquerade as a BEM, with fake fur for bushy eyebrows pasted above naked, bug-eyed breasts.

I never have cared much for masquerades....

Fandom has changed a great deal since those days. Oh, we still have half-naked women in the masquerade (though never again such a one as Stella), but we don't have many 14-year-olds. I don't see any here. Oh, there are probably some at the con, over in the computer gaming room or at the videos, but they aren't experiencing fandom as I did.

Fandom in the early '70s was much smaller, and although it was then, as now, made up of fen who were involved in it all -- traveling to cons, writing letters, publishing fanzines -- as well as those whose main activity was involvement in their local club and local con, the action was clearly with the former group. Today, when many cities have as many as five or six conventions annually within a hundred-mile radius, there are plenty of people who have never been to a con anywhere but their hometown, and don't know anyone except other locals, but still they consider themselves part of fandom. I don't think they know what fandom really is. Yet if any teenagers are finding fandom today, that's the kind they encounter.

It's relatively easy to find out about science fiction conventions these days -- SF magazines carry lists; local newspapers put them in their events calendars -- but paradoxically, it's much harder to find fandom. My fandom anyway -- the fandom that is made up of people who interact with each other all over the world. When



Confusion began, it was the only convention in Michigan, save a very occasional Michicon and a Star Trek con. If you wanted to go to other SF conventions, you had to travel -- and so you met other fans from other cities. And between cons, if you wanted to stay in touch, you wrote letters and traded fanzines or joined apas.

This is not meant to be another discourse on "the graying of fandom" or "where have all the young fans gone?" or "what's wrong with fandom today," but more of a commentary on how fandom has shaped my life. I was part of the last big influx of young fans into what, for lack of a better word, I will call trufandom. Quite a number of us during the '70s found our way to it through "The Clubhouse" column in *Amazing*, and others as a result of the practice prozine lettercols had then of printing their correspondents' addresses and the habit some faneds had of sending out spec copies of their fanzines to promising letter writers. (Buck Coulson sent me the first zine I ever received as a result of my letters in *Amazing*.)

I was, probably, the youngest of that group of neofans. I'm sure I was the youngest girl -- at a time when femmefans of any age were still a minority. A parade of teenaged boys followed me wherever I went, doing great things for my young ego. No boys at school paid me the slightest attention. By the time I was 18, I had had three proposals of marriage ... and a great many more proposals of ... other things. Not bad, for a fat girl.

All of the great loves of my life have been fans, including, of course, my wonderful husband. At Ditto a few years ago, Dick and I were talking with Bob Webber and Sarah Prince and Moshe Feder and Lise Eisenberg about courting. We all had been fans since our teens and, we realized, none of us had any real idea of how mundanes manage it. People don't really meet life partners at singles bars, do they?

At 15, I had a romance conducted entirely through correspondence. I suppose that with computer networks that sort of thing is more common now, but there was some-thing very special about waiting for those letters to come in the mail. I never met the boy until years later, long after he had gafiated.

That's something that's seldom remarked upon nowadays. At the time, the typical fannish "generation" was said to be three years. from neohood to gafia. Fans came in, fanacked furiously, and then left, usually when they graduated from high school or college. Fandom was an always-changing array of fresh faces. I

joked recently that the reason we're not getting many new fans these days is because now the old fharts refuse to leave. (There is something to be said for that theory -- the fact that so many of us have known each other for so long makes it harder for newcomers to break into our circles, and it makes the transition from mere congoer to trufan longer.) But being part of fandom in the old days taught me to meet new people with equanimity and to make fast friendships.

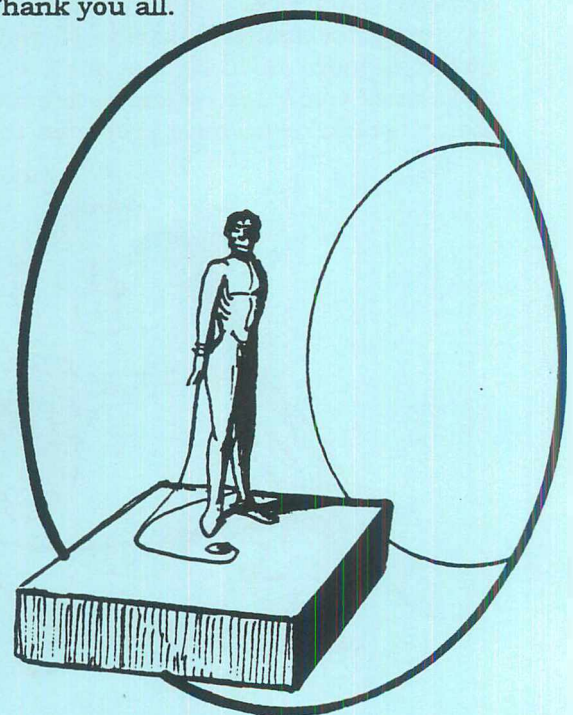
I have a great many friends because of fandom. Friends in places like Slovakia and Argentina and Australia, not to mention those of you right here. I have acquaintances all over the world. STET goes to more than 30 countries, and from all of them we get letters and fanzines. Fandom has also improved my knowledge of geography.

I'm sorry for those who limit themselves to "local" fandom. They will never really experience fandom's rewards.

This has been an especially rewarding year, fannishly speaking. Dick and I won DUFF, were nominated for the Hugo and now I get to be a fan guest of honor, my first time ever. In a year when I was faced with serious family illness and the demolition of my house, it's been especially nice to have those accolades in compensation.

Fandom has been very good to me. It has given me a lot. Now and then, it has made me sad or angry, too, but so will any way of life. My license plates may bear the initials for "Fandom Is Just A Ghod Damn Hobby," but in my heart I know I don't know any other way to live.

Thank you all.





*Another contribution from an Island Kingdom. This one east of the States rather than west. Some of you more knowledgeable fen will recognize some of the more esoteric words as well as the made up ones. The teller of the story as well as the "relater" should also be well known.*

## AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MURKINESS

by H. P. Hatework  
as related to Terry Jeeves

Had I but known to what depths a certain sinister manuscript would have brought me, I would never have ventured into that secluded corner of the Hokitonic University Library to eat my sandwiches. I had but recently arrived in the small town of Ahcam to take up a post as secretary and translator to the learned but exceedingly reclusive doctor Bittof. I had chanced to see a cryptic advertisement in Pig Breeder's Gazette, which ran, "Cthulhuy Calls. One desiring employment in answering is required. Contact Box. 1.4.U." Realizing the true import of the wording, I had duly contacted Box 1.4.U and found it to contain Dr. Bittof (It was a very big box). He had wired me the train fare to Ahcam. There after a short interview, he had slapped me on the back (it is still rather tender), popped a cigar in my mouth, borrowed five dollars and hired me on the spot. He seemed an impulsive man.

My duties were simple, but poorly paid so that my mid-day meal usually consisted of naught but a sandwich or two. On this occasion seeking refuge from a sudden rain shower, I had chosen to partake of it in a seldom used wing of the University Library.

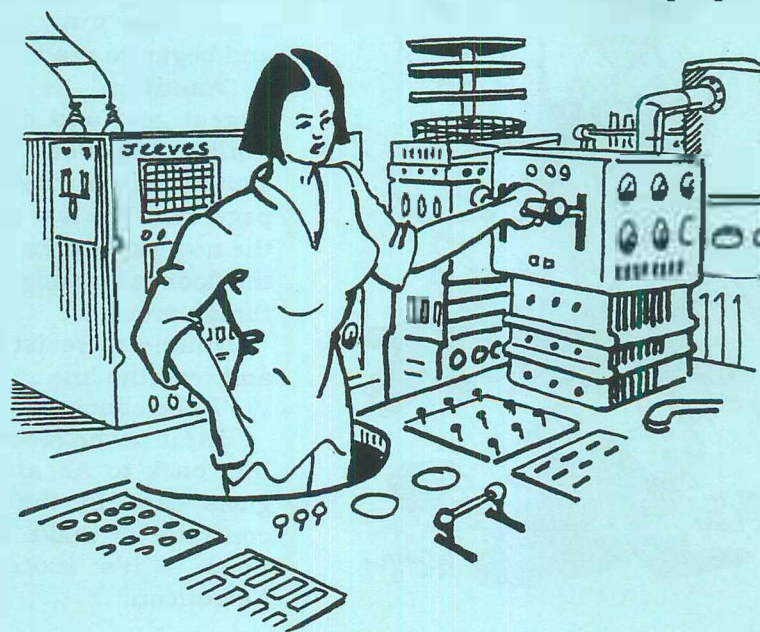
Removing a pile of slowly crumbling books from the bumpy seat of a decrepit chair, I wrestled it into a corner, sat down and opened my sandwiches. Seeking greater comfort than the chair allowed, I wriggled down lower in its confines and it was whilst so doing that my eye chanced upon the

edge of a book thrust far back below the lowest level of the bookshelves which faced me. Its leather-covered spine was almost obscured by dust; a circumstance abhorrent to a scholar such as myself. Without a thought as to what macabre chain of events I was setting in motion, I stooped, withdrew the slim volume and blowing away much of the dust, I gazed in amazement at the title.

All students of the arcane, will be familiar with the Necronomicon written by the mad Arab, Abdul Skavinsky Skavar, but few will have heard of the almost mythical second volume, the Necroticon. That is what I now held in my hands. Eagerly I eased open the covers and began to read ...

It was long after my lunch hour was over that I burst upon an astounded Dr. Bittof and thrust the volume under his nose. This occasioned him a violent fit of sneezing, as it was still very dusty. On recovering, he examined my find as eagerly as I had done, if not more eagerly. A long silence followed, broken only by the rustling of turned pages, an occasional sneeze and a hard rock programme on the Doctor's radio. At last, he

turned to me in Wonder. "This is Amazing, it is Astounding, Astonishing and Startling. We must mount a mission at once." I had never mounted a horse, much less a mission, and had no idea what sort of animal it might be, but his next words eased my worries." I personally shall organize an expedition to the



mysterious 'Mountains of Murkiness' mentioned here. See to the details Hatework, and call me when everything is ready."

In less than six years I had assembled a small band of explorers consisting of Dr. Bittof, myself, the beautiful Norah Boan who would wash, cook and carry the Scrabble board. Apart from we three, we had hired a skeleton crew of but a few score of underfed porters who closely resembled skeletons. A few weeks' marching had brought us to the edge of Antarctica. Here, as instructed, we turned left at the third iceberg and followed the route given on a map in the Necroticon.

Eventually, we reached the hitherto undiscovered Mountains of Murkiness. It was at this point that our porters deserted us in the night, leaving us alone in our tents. Nevertheless, we decided to press on the very next day. That night, Dr. Bittof retired early, Norah took the Necroticon to her tent to study, so I too decided to turn in.

I was awakened from a deep sleep by a hand shaking my shoulder. It was Norah, holding the Necroticon in one slender hand, whilst with the other, she held closed a near-transparent negligee. "I had to wake you," she said waving the book. "I want to show you something really erotic." "Not 'erotic', my dear," I corrected. "You mean 'esoteric'." "Have it your way," she agreed, then dropping the Necroticon and her negligee, Norah slid into bed beside me. It took but a moment for me to realize she had been right in the first place, and we spent a very pleasant night together.



Next morning, we scaled the nearest mountain, reaching a vast plateau on its summit. We could have searched for ages had not a large black cross far out on the plain, drawn our attention. Reaching it, we began to dig. In next to no time, if not sooner, we had uncovered a trap door. I hoisted it up, and ever polite stooped aside and motioned Norah and the Doctor to enter before me. Equally politely, they declined. The matter was eventually settled by sheer intellect. Dr. Bittof and I lifted Norah and lowered her through the hole. Nothing emerged save a few unladylike words, so we ventured after her. By the light of our torches we saw a hideous statue and before it an altar on which lay a dust-covered book, its cover held firmly in the clutches of a skeleton.

Dr. Bittof eased the book from the bony grasp, blew away the dust, opened the cover and began to read.

"Amazing," he cried. "This describes the largest gold and diamond mine in the whole world, and unless I'm mistaken, the next page should tell us where to find it." He turned the page, read the last single line scrawled there by the now skeletal hand, and throwing himself on the floor in an epileptic fit, began to scream and thrash around.

Unable to resist the danger, I leaned over and read the line . . .

"To be concluded in our next issue!"

Bittof never recovered, Norah and I carried him back to Ahcam and installed him in a glass case in the museum. As for us, we continue to make further esoteric investigations - it's more fun than reading the Necroticon.



# POEMS

by

JMM DORR

## WIND-SONG

IN THE CITY OF DEAD MEN  
WIND DANGS WINDOWS,  
HUMS ON ROOFTOPS,  
WHISTLES THROUGH DARK CHIMNEYS'  
RUIN.

#

UNDERGROUND IT  
FILLS UP TUNNELS,  
BUILDING PRESSURE,  
SQUEEZING PAST SHARP  
REED-LIKE TURNINGS,  
BUILDING TO A  
THROATED ROAR.

#

UNDERGROUND IT  
SHAKES THE CORPSES.  
SETS THEM DANCING  
IN THEIR TOMBS.

## THE INSTRUMENT MAKER

It must be done precisely, that's the point  
when drilling bone -- the bore, the finger holes  
must be lined up, of course, for proper tone,  
but also with the player's reach in mind.  
And then the drums, the timpani, the heads  
can only be made from the finest skin  
of abdomen or lower back, while toms  
are stretched from foot-tops, snares from upper thighs,  
and cymbals -- ah, the crashing! shaped with care  
from hollow shoulder blades.

## VAMPIRE THOUGHTS

SHE'D NEVER LIKED TOMBS.  
THE MARBLE WAS CLAMMY,  
THE WOOD OF THE COFFIN ALWAYS HAD SPLINTERS,  
BUT WHAT WAS A PERSON SUPPOSED TO DO  
WHEN DAYS WERE SO HOT,  
AND MILK WHITE COMPLEXIONS PEELED SO  
IN THE SUN?  
AT LEAST MAUSOLEUMS WERE AIRY,  
COOL  
DURING MOST OF THE YEAR, AND,  
ONCE A NEW BOYFRIEND GOT OVER THE SHOCK  
OF DRIVING HIS DATE  
TO A GRAVEYARD ADDRESS,  
THE SEX LIFE WAS OKAY.  
BUT CLEANING UP AFTERWARD,  
THAT WAS WHAT RANKLED --  
HOURS OF WHAT COULD BE THE REST OF HER UN-LIFE  
SPENT BENT OVER TUBS  
SOAKING BLOODSTAINS FROM VELVET,  
SEWING UP FANG MARKS IN  
white linen ties.

Anybody who thinks that typing is divine has a different kind of humor. Well, maybe not so different 'cause I'm not different! How else could I explain my English and spelling? However, here is proof that Dave is more than a drawer of pretty pictures. (see issue #2.)

## TO KEYBOARD IS HUMAN; TO TYPE, DIVINE by Dave Locke

Change is always so unpleasant.

People like to talk about their equipment.

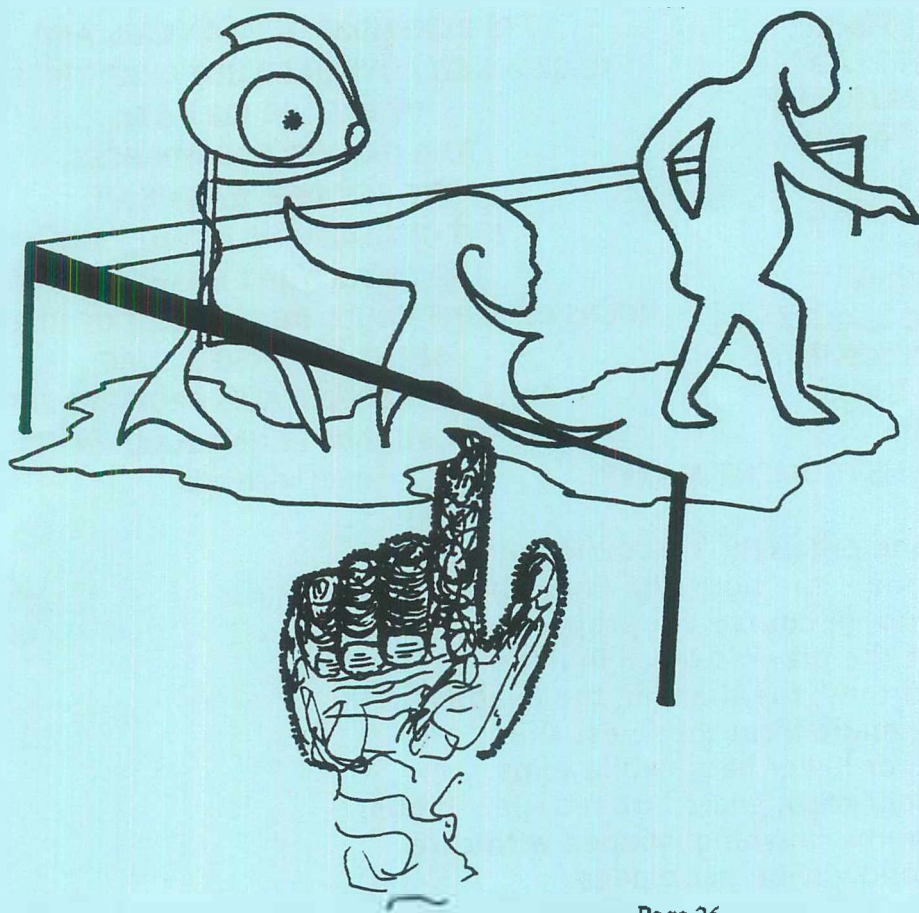
Back in 1958 when I was a freshman in high school, I needed an elective and I signed up for French Class. I attended the first day of it, learned to say "I do not understand you" in French and, because that seemed to be enough, switched to Typing. Of all the classes I ever took in high school, or for that matter even grade school, Typing was far and away the most useful. It was so far and away the most useful that I haven't the vaguest idea what might take second place, and am suspicious as to whether any particular sub-ject proved useful enough to nominate.

It was both good and bad that I switched

from French to Typing. It was good because Typing proved so frequently beneficial. It was bad because I can no longer remember how to say "I do not understand you" in French. I live in mortal fear that a Frenchman will one day approach me, say something in French, and instead of shrugging my shoulders or responding in English I will cast about for a response I learned over thirty years ago and dither to the point where I appear retarded. However, at the moment, I'm glad I switched to Typing. I must have typed several billion words by now, and I'm still waiting for my first visiting French national to greet me in his native tongue.

My first typewriter, which I used until the early Seventies and still possess, was a genuine pre-war portable called a Corona, Jr. This might have been before Smith joined the organization. Typing on it was like typing in a bowl of oatmeal mush. Operation of the shift key did not raise or lower the keys, you see. It raised or lowered the platen (that's the roller of a typewriter, the thingie that rolls the paper around). However, I got used to it.

Somewhere around 1960 my mother bought me a new manual portable typewriter as a present. Unfortunately, it had a script typeface, which she thought might be useful for typing her personal letters when I wasn't using it. It worked so much better than the Corona, Jr. that I actually used it to produce a Fanzine. Everyone on the mailing list who bothered to





respond at all spent at least three paragraphs telling me that I should never do that again. I went back to the Corona, Jr., once more having to work my way past the feeling that I was typing in a bowl of oatmeal mush.

In the early Seventies I went out and bought an electric typewriter from this new company which was called Smith Corona. It looked sleek and new and modern and it used electricity. State of the art. Unfortunately, it bugged me. It hummed when I wasn't doing anything with it. It hummed all the time, actually, but that wasn't apparent when I was typing. It disturbed my thoughts, or what passed for them at the time. After a while, variations in the nature of the hum led me to believe that it was playing an offbeat rendition of the Blue Danube while I tried to compose my thoughts as to what to type next. At one point I remember taking it in to the repair shop. "It makes a strange sound," I told the repairman. "Like what?" "It plays The Blue Danube when I'm typing on it." The expression on his face caused me to stand there with my bare face hanging out, wondering what to do with my hands. The repairman cleaned and oiled it and the problem was resolved. My electric Smith Corona no longer seemed to be playing The Blue Danube. Good man. Now it seemed to be playing Who's Sorry Now.

The electric didn't last very long, although I still have it. Some problem developed and I decided to take a look inside to see if it wasn't a simple matter to correct. The unit was booby trapped. As I disengaged the shell and began

lifting it off, a thousand springs began going twang twang twang twang twang twang twang twang a n d jumping all over the place. After I gathered up all the parts

and locked them and the rest of the typewriter in its case, I put the unit in the back of a closet and then proceeded to move it (so far) seven times over the course of the years between then and now. Presently it resides in the basement storage cabinet, along with other frequently used items, like lawn chairs that need new webbing if we move someplace where we have a patio again.

After the Smith Corona I moved to an IBM Selectric I, then a II, then a Sears electronic which still sees semi-frequent use.

During the period when the electronic saw frequent and heavy use, Jackie bought a computer and began using it for, among other things, her word processing. I was not impressed and studiously ignored her efforts to share it with me. "Look, you can do this and this and this." "I don't do that."

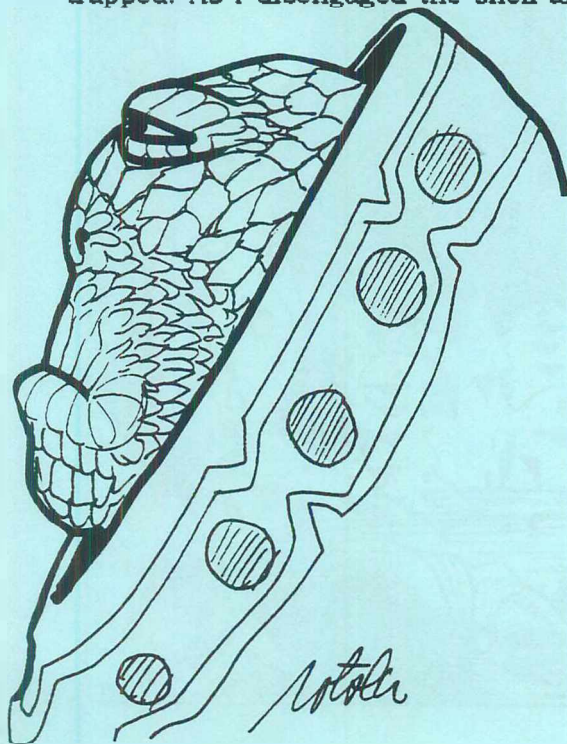
I'm not a technophobe. At work I've used computers since the early 70s and for a variety of tasks, including word processing. At home, it had been many years since I'd felt any overwhelming need to diddle with my words (for that matter, it had always been that way at work), and I'd learned to get it right first crack off the barrel, or at least close enough for fan writing. A computer offered no rewriting advantages that I could use, and a typewriter was faster. Doing a home budget or a checkbook or whatever by computer may be hi-tech, but it's very inefficient. I used Jackie's computer to play the games she had on it.

Then she upgraded to a 486-33. The games became more plentiful and more interesting, but everything else remained the same. Until ....

Three things happened.

I had accumulated eleven correspondents and one apazine and a few requests for material. Not everything was done once and then abandoned to posterity. News and observations overlapped. Bits and pieces could be field-stripped and reassembled elsewhere in other formats for other eyes. I could use word processing for all that.

Miniaturization follows technology. I no longer had to go to a certain spot in the apartment to sit down before a keyboard. With a laptop the keyboard could come to me. With two battery-packs, each with ten hours of juice, the keyboard could come to me anywhere except the shower. So I bought a Smith Corona (brand loyalty, I guess) "personal Word Processor" consisting of a laptop and a stand-alone printer. I also bought a lot of print wheels and ribbons and disks.



This was all great for a while. However, with technology, more complex things break down frequently.

I've lost track of how many times the word processor was in the shop. The original problem was that the ribbon on the printer wouldn't advance. They fixed that to the point where it would advance most of the time. Then they fixed it back to not advancing at all, then to advancing occasionally, and so on. I took the position that it wanted it to advance all of the time, but for some reason they gave the appearance of considering this to be unreasonable. You know you've been at the repair shop too often when everyone there knows you by your first name.

At one point I called the shop to follow up and was informed that they had "sent away for a part," which I correctly interpreted to mean that the unit would be ready at about the time that I had forgotten what the problem was.

This authorized repair facility was across town. During my currently penultimate visit there I incurred mixed emotions when I was given what they called "good news for you." The shop was going to be moving relatively close to my neighborhood. They thought it hilarious when I suggested that it all made sense because, after all, that's where their customer was.



During this three month period of repair commuting I decided to learn enough about Jackie's computer, or at least one of its numerous word processing programs, so that it would serve to fill the gap. It was okay. Certainly my letterheads and logos were fancier, as well as the typefaces, and the printer was a lot faster (at least, it was faster if you didn't take into account that what you saw on the screen wasn't what you got on the printer, until you diddled with the mechanics and reran your work a few times so it looked much closer to what you had created).

Then, when my word processor came back from the shop, I immediately reverted to it. No one else uses it, it's available to me whenever I'm ready, the printer is slow but it gets everything right the first time so long as the ribbon keeps advancing like it's supposed to, and it does everything I really need it to do.

Of course, to use the fancy fonts and logos and the optical scanner, maybe I should consider upgrading to a laptop which is compatible with Jackie's computer.

Nah.

Maybe later.

Change is always so unpleasant.

19th November 1992





*In this installment of the Cat Saga, we learn how Jackson and Fido came to live with us. Jackson arrived sometime during the summer of 1965; Fido followed that fall. After what we felt was an extended visit, but I'm sure they thought was no more than adequate, they both decided to spend the rest of their lives with us. Here then is the first chapter of their life with us ...*

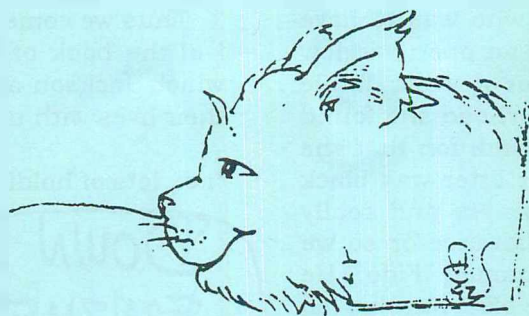
## CHAPTER TWO OF THE SAGA OF OUR CATS

### *by Roger Sims with help from Pat Sims*

The fire that took the life of Koko caused the Sims to move from the West side of Detroit to the East side. The full impact of this statement will not be explained until I write the history of our marriage. But for now, all the reader of this story need understand is that the move meant that my life would be less complicated.

Shortly after we moved, my parents came to visit us from their retirement home in Florida. During their visit, my mother, who had had an antique department in my father's used furniture store, visited a former supplier, Kay. Kay had found a young Siamese male cat wandering in her neighborhood, going from house to house as if looking for a home. Unable to locate the owner, she thought he would make a fine companion for her own resident cat. However, this did not set well with Mr. Resident Cat who was quite a bit older. Knowing that Pat had lost a Siamese cat my mother told Kay that she thought that her daughter-in-law might like the cat, who by this time had been given the name Jackson. Jackson was named after a handyman who worked for her. Apparently, Kay always named her animals after people she knew. The very next day we went to see the cat. After looking us over, Jackson decided he would try us out.

Several days later he somehow removed himself from our house. Pat was highly distraught; how would he ever find his way home? He was lost. Someone would steal him. He would get "runded" over or some other terrible thing would happen. At the time we lived in a Detroit suburb called Grosse Pointe Woods. Not as posh as Grosse Pointe itself but quite nice.



After much consternation and tear drying we consulted the phone book. Finding no direct number for lost cats, we called the Grosse Point Woods Police Station. The person who answered the phone was appropriately sympathetic while taking the cogent info.

The call ended with the person saying, "if some-one calls with a found cat that fits Jackson's description you will be contacted." I should now tell you that at this time Jackson had not been provided a name tag. And that is what the police did two days later. He had been discovered about a block away looking for a way into a house through a door that looked like ours. Bringing Jackson home, we said to each other, "Thank goodness he's back. All is well."

But it wasn't.

About two days after his return, we noticed that the inside of his front right leg was infected. Off to the vet he went. The vet said that he had a very nasty bite from another cat and would have to stay in the hospital for a few days for treatment. He was also to be neutered at this time to prevent more "outside excursions." So we left him to return several days later to retrieve him. The vet warned us that he had been very upset in the hospital, but thought he would be fine once he was in his own home. The first thing he did upon returning home was to walk over to his food and water dishes. After several minutes he walked away without sampling either. This activity continued for the next 24 hours. A frantic call to the vet resulted in the vet telling us he was "having a psychotic episode" (honest, that's what he said) as a result of his separation from us, the hospitalization, and various medical procedures. The Vet's concern

was that he not become dehydrated which required that he have dextrose like feedings (Karo syrup diluted with water) several times a day along with a lot of TLC\*. This meant that trips had to be made home, from work at least twice daily to give him his "solution" by eye dropper for the next 3 to 4 days. The karo syrup and the TLC worked their magic and shortly thereafter this incident did come to a very successful conclusion. We think that it was because Jackson realized that we did indeed love him and sending him to the vet for an extended "visit" was not punishment.

Fido joined us about four months later. His mother, a registered Siamese who was to have been used for breeding found an open window in the basement and went for a walk. While wandering around the neighborhood she found a willing cat who "cured" the condition that she was in at the time. One of her litter was black with white patches in odd places and really looked like a puppy from a distance-or so we were told-and thus, was nicknamed "Fido." He had been promised to someone else, but this fell through. He was about 9 weeks old and although eating regular cat food as the only one left of the litter, mother was still allowing him to nurse. After a short adjustment period (that is Jackson getting over the movement of Fido into the household) he continued to nurse on the only cat in the house which if you have been following the saga was Jackson. Fido was never known for his intelligence and never having seen another cat decided that all cats had a supply of milk just for him. And remember, Jackson, who had been previously diagnosed with a "psychotic episode," let him! Well Jackson's teat was not equipped by mother nature for this attack. So naturally it became inflamed and almost infected. Although we had not noticed Fido nursing, we did notice the effects. After a course of antibiotics and keeping the cats apart when we were not around, Fido decided he was too old for this activity. Our vet explained that Jackson had allowed him to "nurse" because of his unusually gentle, caring nature and he was just trying to make the kitten happy. Actually, Jackson took care of Fido throughout his life. Fido never learned how to enter a room or leave a room with an almost closed door. Instead he would stand at what ever side he was on and make noise until Jackson moved the door.

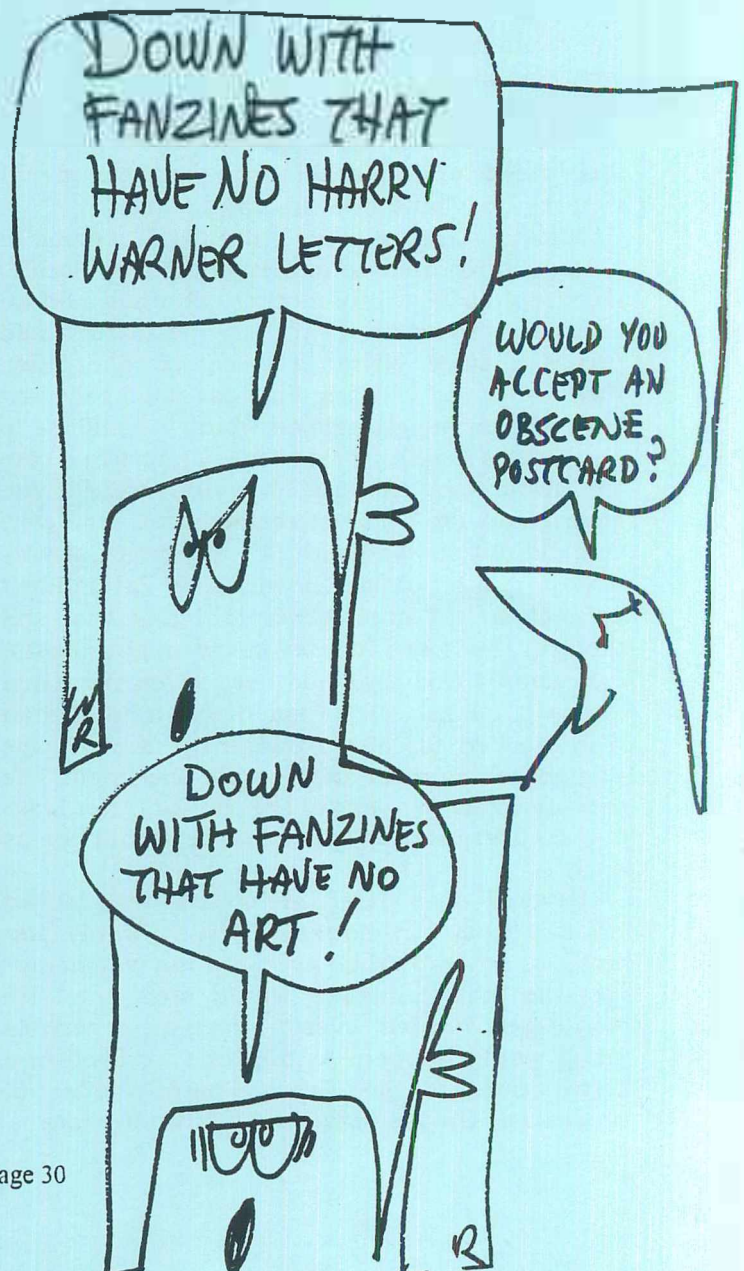
We offer two examples of Fido's inability to deal with life:

#1. We were already to leave for a weekend trip to the Hickman's except putting the cats in the car. Jackson was also ready, he was always ready to go some place. But Fido was no where to be found. Almost an hour later I found him in the attic under some black boxes only because as I walked by he made a noise.

#2. Fido was enjoying an outside moment while on a line tied to the bushes along side the porch. He was hidden from view. A large dog walked by paying no attention to Fido. Fido felt miffed. He said so to the dog. The dog took notice and attacked. Several anxious minutes later they were separated. It was a very nice dog.

Thus we come to the end of Chapter 2 of Part I of the book of Cats. Next time Chapter 3 in which Jackson and Fido Sims spend the rest of their lives with us.

\*i.e., lots of holding and cuddling





*I wonder if this is the first time that a SMOFCON has been reviewed. I'm also interested in hearing if my printing this violates any SMOF doctrine.*

# SMOFCON ELEVEN

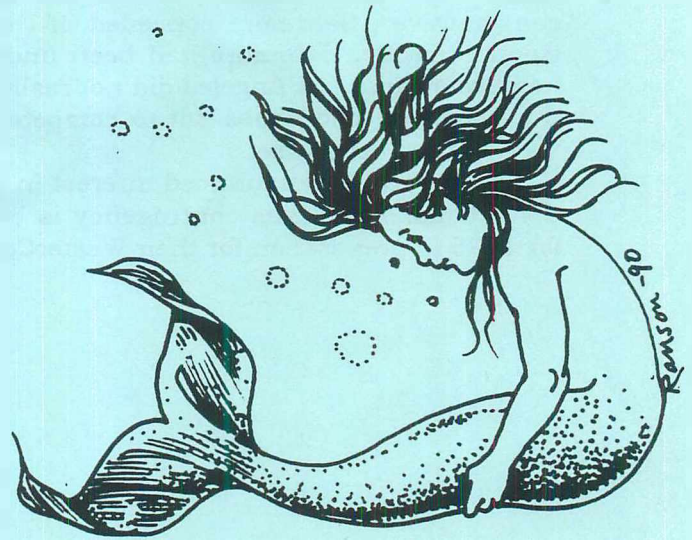
## by Roger Wells

This is one fan's impression of the recent Lexsmof, SMOFcon 11, held 3-5 December in Lexington, Kentucky. It was organized by Jane and Scott Dennis, who do the marvelous buttons at many cons. The theme this year was "Trade-offs."

SMOFCon is not a convention; it is a conference of meeting planners--the group of people whom I insist include, in all but name, those who are among the most skilled professionals in the field. Still, I rate it as one of my favorite conventions. It is a rare opportunity to actual visit with many friends from across the country, even the world, when they are not heavily caught up with running a convention. And, of course, to make new friends.

One reason I particularly like this convention is because it is a meeting of peers. That fact was driven home in the first panel. With about fifteen minutes left, one of the panelists (I seem to recall it was Patty; at least it is a very Patty kind of thing to do) said that, after all, probably anybody in the room was equally qualified to be on the panels. How many of you out there think you could take our place on this panel? AND THEN HELD US TO OUR WORD AND HAD US TAKE THEIR PLACE.

The Program was a combination of panels and workshops. A session started with an introductory panel, then we split into separate workshops, followed by a wrap-up panel. I feel this format worked well. One of the workshops I participated in was "Costing Your Guests." This discussed the full range of options for professional guests, from free memberships, incentives such as bar drinks, to the Bouchercon 25 approach that everybody (except guests of honor) pay. I was pleasantly surprised to note almost universal agreement within the particular group that whatever compensation is given should be given equally to all panelists, authors, outside speakers, and fans alike. I know this is not a universal view (I understand quite different opinions were expressed on a



SMOFCon panel last year) but apparently I am not quite alone.

I also was on a panel that discussed Staffing the Recurring Regional, along with Laurie Mann, John Sapienza, and Richard Wright. There was an interesting cross-section of opinions; many felt it important to allow time to relax and socialize, yet there was the opinion that even parties might be turned into structured work sessions. I was gratified that we got through the entire panel without anyone mentioning "ego-boo"--recognition is certainly important but the concept of "ego-boo" always seems to trivialize our efforts as if we were a group of school children anxious for a gold star from teacher.

The hospitality suite was marked with the now-famous bow tie symbol. On close inspection, it was a plaid bow tie, apparently recalling Benjamin Orange from *Fallen Angels*. ["Orange was garbed in slacks and dress shirt and sported a prominent bow tie in the Black Watch tartan."\*] The suite consisted of several rooms; one room was set up with computers and the ever-important network connections. One particularly effective idea was the Resource Room, set up as library, work area, and lounge.

And, of course, the main hospitality rooms were areas for people to meet informally. I got into a discussion with a couple east coast fans who had noticed that there was practically nobody under 30 at the SMOFcon, a subject that has concerned me of late. I met Roger and Pat Sims, who are active mid-west fans; I now have a copy of the second issue of his fanzine. (The first issue came out around the time I was born; it is not one of your more frequent publication.)

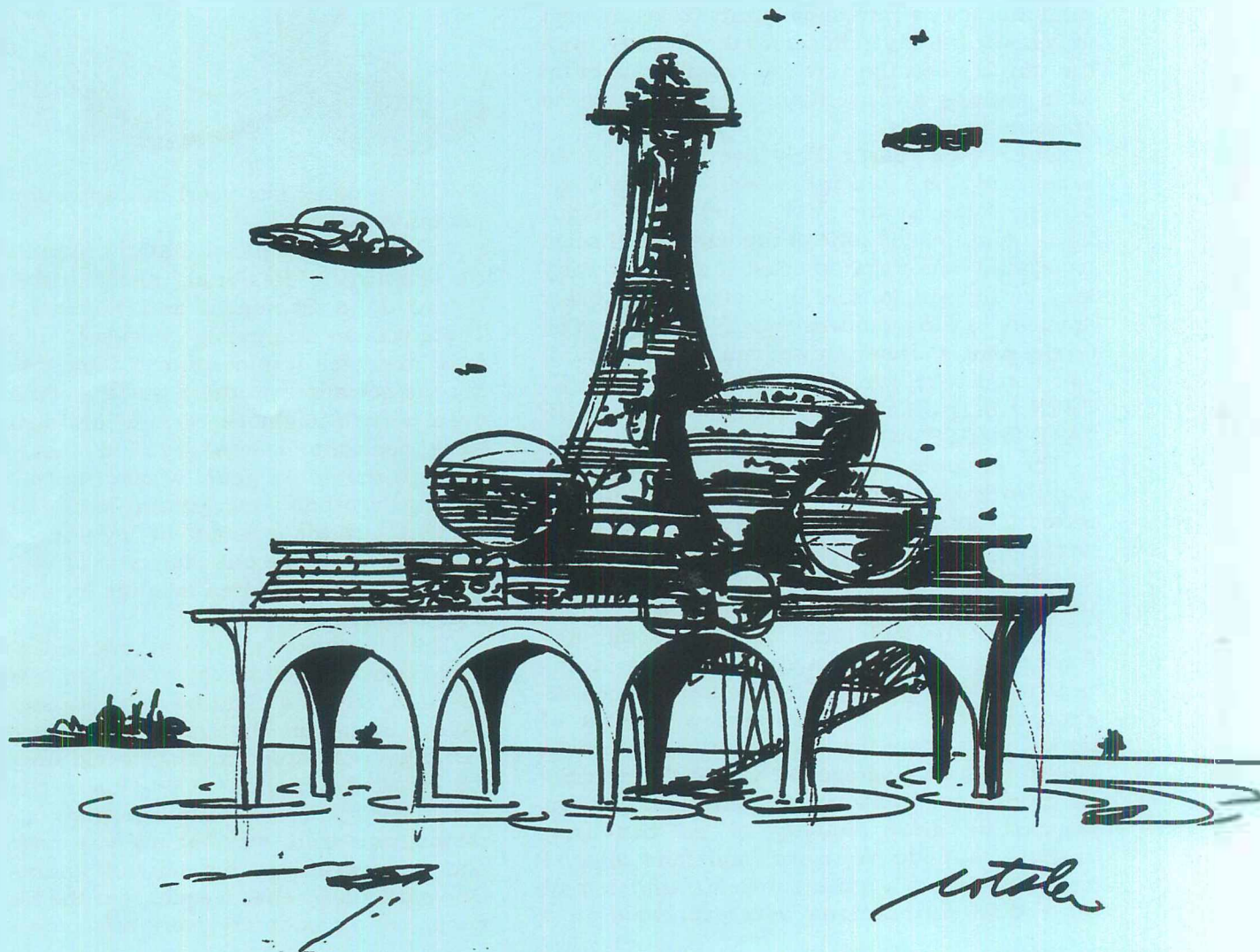
Originally there was a contest between Baltimore and Los Angeles for the 1994 SMOFcon; however, Baltimore conceded. If I understood correctly, Baltimore had been under the impression that Los Angeles did not really want the SMOFcon and chose not to compete when they learned otherwise.

Several groups announced interest in future SMOFcons. The Texas contingency is bidding for 1995 in preparation for their WesterCon and

WorldCon bids. Other groups announcing interest for future years included Colorado Springs, Kevin Standlee and Cricket Fox from the Bay Area, and Richard Wright, Sally Woehrle, E. J. Fadgen, Linda Deneroff and Deb Anderson from Seattle. There was talk about all the 1998 WorldCon bids combining to do a SMOFcon in early 1995, prior to the Glasgow WorldCon (where the 1998 site will be selected). The general consensus was that a two SMOFcons in a year (as happened this year) was "funny once."

That is another thing I like about SMOFcon: someone can toss out the "funny once" reference from Heinlein's MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS and know it will be recognized.

\*Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle, and Michael Flynn, *Fallen Angels*, Rivedale NY: Baen Books, 1991, p. 267.





THIS IS A COMBINED LIST OF DITTO V AND CONTRIBUTORS TO FANTASYSCOPE 3

# Marks a fan who would be listed as a contributor if s/he were not here.

Leah took me to task many, many years ago, well some time ago, for not publishing a list of attendees in the final Dittozine so that fan pubs could update their address files (read mail lists) so then here are the attendees with I hope their current addresses. Since this ish is going to all who attended, maybe this will put me back in Leah's good graces. The first typing of the list was from Pat's master list. This was sent to the Smiths who then sent me an update. Their list contained names I did not and not some names I did. I added what I did not but kept what they did not. I hope all will be happy with this list. If your name is missing or if your address is incorrect please do something.

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#### THE CONTRIBUTORS

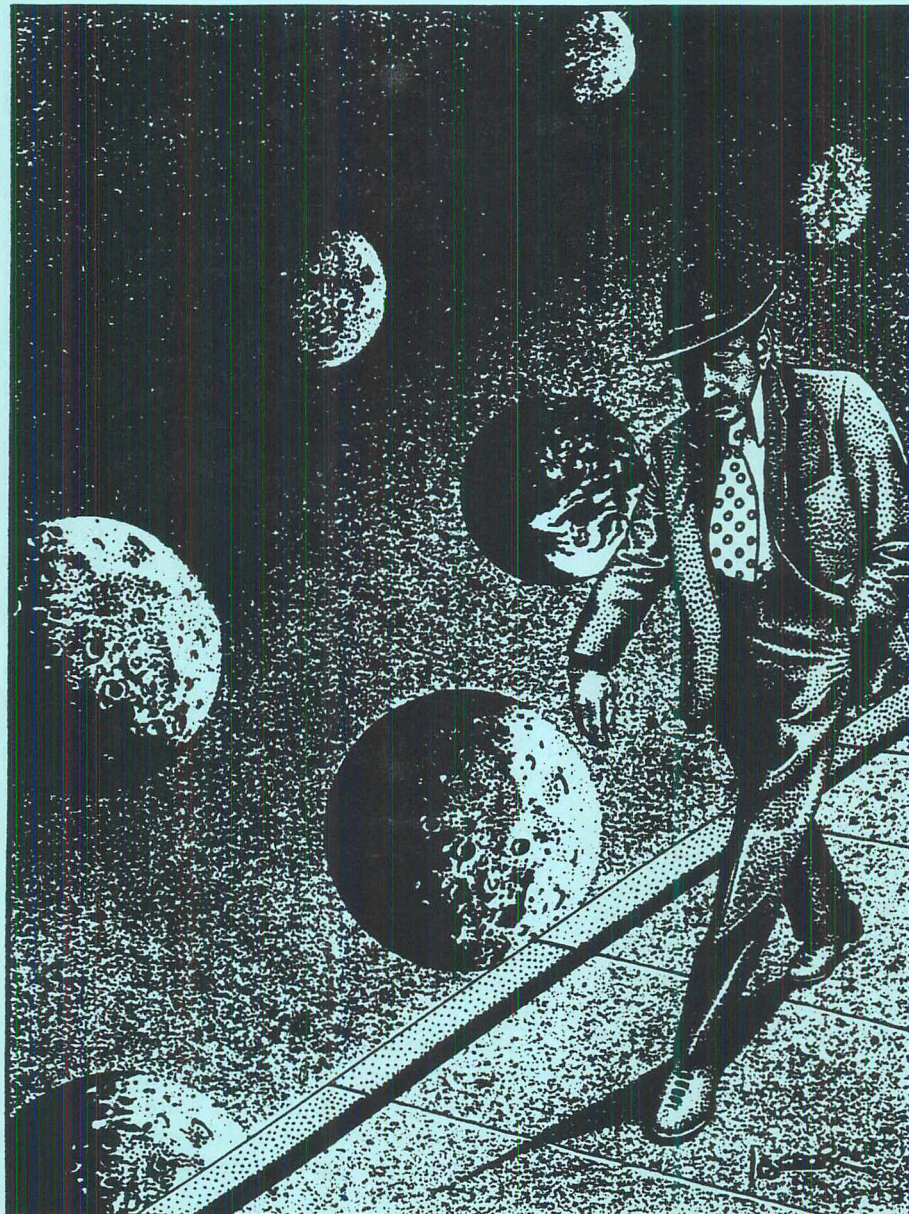
If you name should be here and it is not please check the above list.

#### Annoymous of No Known, Address

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Roger Wells, 3430 Pasific Ave. SE, Olympia, WA, 98501  
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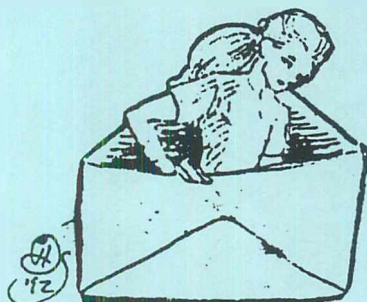


# THE WORLD RESPONDS

*Goodness gracious only my second issue and already I have a letter column. Yes, it is the third issue, but it is my second. The first was in conjunction with Ben Sims and Ben Singer.*

*Several LOC-ers made mention of the first issue, and why don't I do something with it. Yes, I agree the only proper thing would be to burn the remaining copies. That would certainly make Bennett Sims very happy.*

*I am a true Gemini which simply means that I do things differently just to do them differently. Not that I would do it just to put someone off. I don't have a vicious bone in my body. Just the same I have chosen to type all letters received as received.*



HOWARD DEVORE 7/92

Thank you for the latest issue of Fantasy-Scope; actually I thought my subscription might have run out. It appears that the current issue was delayed along with the new issue of Dimensions by Harlan Ellison. (Ha, I see that his is still in the mail.)

However, it really isn't a problem since I have just finished reading the previous issue. Like Harry Warner I make an attempt to comment on each fanzine as soon as I finish it so here's my comments on your previous issue. *((Forty years to read 10 pages of copy? Must have been the repro which caused the delay. Is it possible that your eyes have improved as you grew older?ed.))*

Quite frankly I'm a little disap-

pointed in it. George Young tells me that you are in your sixties and retired from the Michigan Civil Service where your job involved doing something to the unemployed in Michigan. Presumably whatever your policy was it is still in effect since the unemployment rate keeps increasing. I'm sure your former comrades must miss you deeply now that there's a little more room around the coffee pot and water cooler.

As I said, I'm somewhat disappointed in your fanzine, the dittoed appearance gives indications that it was done by a teenager and the writing seems to be of the same caliber. I note that the editorial is by you and your cousin Bennett. I recall Bennett as the little kid with the big glasses and the funny head. Isn't he the one that was interviewed by the FBI concerning sending threatening letters through the mail. I seem to recall that Bennett and his father decided that he was much too busy to devote future time to the affairs of the Michigan Science Fantasy Society.

I also note that Mr. (now "Doctor") Benjamin Singer had a part in the Editorial; he didn't say anything important either. The last I heard, Dr. Singer was teaching abnormal psychology at the University of Western Ontario. I suppose helping you put out a fanzine was part of his studies at the time.

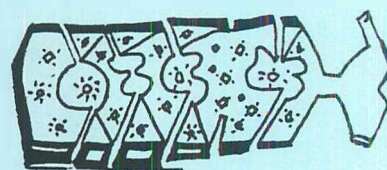
The poem, "Perfect Watchers" by Bennett reached the same level of accomplishment as the other poetry in the issue. "Ode From A Planet" is actually humorous. You'll recall that the author Jerry Gordon was a close friend of Ben Singer.

I liked your gossip column but you didn't supply the answers. Did Claude Degler and the out-state Michigan fans get that Cosmic organization running and did A E

Van Vogt really sell a story to the Saturday Evening Post?

Concerning your schedule of publication: I note that this issue I reviewed was dated May 16th, 1950. It probably isn't necessary to state the day of the month, a simple month and year is probably sufficient, or possible just the decade.

That seems to cover the issue pretty good. I'll mail this in the morning and hope that it gets there in time to appear in your next issue. Meanwhile I'll start reading the new issue. *((Gee, Howard thanks for the kind words. Now to the rest of you Bennett is my first cousin. For more info about this long-GAFITED fan please consult the index pages of A WEALTH OF FABLE by Harry Warner Jr. Also, it is quite possible that some of Howard Devore's remarks are of the tongue-in-the-cheek variety. Of historical value are the facts that we printed about 100 copies. We hoped to make vast sums of money at 5 cents. We sold none but did manage to give two away-one to Howard Devore and one to Martin Alger. It is believed that shortly afterwards Bennett destroyed all that he could get his hands on. The result is that only three copies are known to exist: my two, one of which came from*



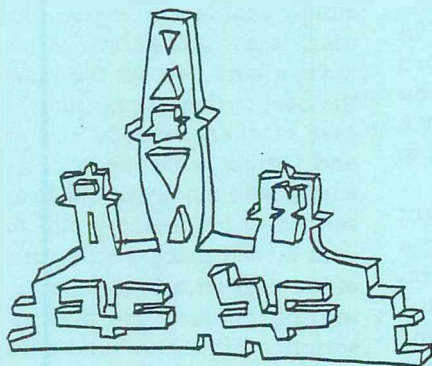
*Martin, and Howard's.ed.))*

HOWARD DEVORE

Thanks for the new issue of Fantasy-Scope, its better than the last issue in many ways. I also note your enclosure where you ask me to send ten bucks for a subscription. *((More of what Howard is best know for.ed.))*



However, I'm going to pass on that. Harlan Ellison worked that scam on me in 1953 and he still owes me three issues of Dimensions. *((For you neofans, Harlan Ellison financed his attendance at worldcons by selling a year's subscription consisting of four issues in his fanzine. Each year he produced the one and only issue that we knew he would.ed.))*



#### BUCK COULSON

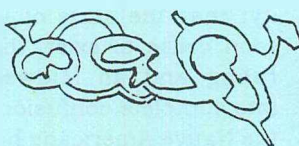
Thanks for the fanzine. I guess I met most of the old Detroit fans, but I can't say I know any of them all that well. I probably knew Mary Southworth better than I did any of the male fans--still do, for that matter, since she comes to several of the Midwest cons.

I guess we have 9 or 10 cats here. Two, Smoke and Soot, are house cats; the rest are barn cats. The barn cats get a sufficient amount of supermarket brand cat food--purchased in 20-pound bags--and a water pan, shared with the dog, and get petted now and then and kicked--gently--out of the way now and then. Dog and cats get along fine, and all hole up in the doghouse during the coldest weather. Oh yes, the barn cats get stepped on now and then, because they insist on getting underfoot when I'm carrying things and especially when I can't see them. The house cats are relatively pampered, getting better food and more attention. They were promoted from barn cat status when our previous house cat died, and one or more barn kittens will become house cats when these die. So far, natural controls have taken care of

population increases among the barn cats, though we did have 22 of them once. I would prefer to not have that many again.

The trip plans produced in me a little--but not too much--envy. I'd have liked to visit Africa about 60 years ago, except that I'd have been 4 years old then and wouldn't have appreciated the trip much. Today I'd still like to visit, but there are a lot of other places I'd rather see first.

Might see you at Contraption. We're going mostly because Wail Songs is paying our expenses; we wouldn't be there otherwise. But once we're there expect to enjoy myself. (It's the going and coming back where I will be cursing the con and Wail Songs and myself for agreeing to make the trip.) We will of course be in the huckster room most of the day, though I think Juanita said we had panels. I wonder if I should do any research on mine ahead of time or just wing it? And whatever I should do, I'll probably not bother with research; the method seems to work okay, and it's a lot easier. Also comes in handy when I arrive at a con and discover that I'm on a panel I didn't know about ahead of time. Week-end after Contraption is Marcon, which I gather is going all out this year; 4-day con and the works. *((Buck's letter was for the longest time in that never never land that missing items are taken to by the little people. After searching my files three times I declared the letter lost and apologized to Buck for losing it. The day I started to type these letters, one of the little people, feeling sorry for me and realizing that I really wanted to print the letter, returned it to me. The truth is the ghod who clouds men's minds allowed me to see the IN after Hartford. All this time I had believed that the only CT had a Hartford. ed.))*



#### JACK CLEMENTS

I can't tell you how happy I was to receive FANTASY-SCOPE ... at least, I can't in the time I have, with deadlines for mundane stuff screaming at me to get this out of my typewriter so it can get in. In addition to the pleasure of getting an honest-to-God fanzine after all these years, it gave me your address. YOU gave me your address at CHICON, when you said you'd tell me where to write Art Rapp if I told YOU where to write ME. Somewhere in this pile of books and papers I call an office is a 3X5 card with that address on it. I've been plowing through it for ... well ... the convention was Labor Day, so that tells you for how long ... and feared by the time I found it (the address ... I'm losing my antecedents here my mind would be gone and I would forget, not who you are, but who I am and how you know me.

Anyway ... it's very kind of you both to remember me and to put me on the mailing list for the regional conventions. Not this time around, but I hope I can attend one soon. My wife and I try to get into Cincinnati for a week in the summer (I still have family and friends there), but I don't think we'll be able to this year, curse the luck.

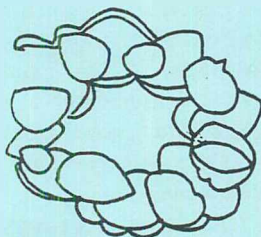
I'm Writing my memoirs ... no big deal; just a record for my progeny ... and I have a lot of notes for when I get to my fandom years. I lived in Madisonville then and I can recall exactly where I bought my first Amazing Stories, where I bought the first magazine with my first published letter, and where I bought the magazine with my LAST one. One of the fanzines I co-edited (with a guy who lived in California) was titled 2000AD ... a date that seemed soooo far in the future them. I think the last fanzine in which my writing appeared was SPACEWARP. I've been able to find a lot of the pulps from those years in which my letters appear, but the fanzines ... alas ... are either dust or filed neatly in Sam Moskowitz's home. He told me he has a com-

plete collection of SPACEWRAP and probably a complete collection of everything else.

Sorry I can't write a little longer ... but now that I've found you I'll write again .. and ... who knows ... I might even write something for FANTASY-SCOPE if there is anyone who cares to hear any stories from those primitive years.

Thanks again. If you're so inclined to write a letter I am joyously inclined to read it.

*(I hope that you will consider FantasyScope when you decide to do something with your stories from those primitive years. Still, I would be most happy to publish anything that you would like to submit.ed.))*



HARRY WARNER, JR.

Many thanks for the second issue of Fantasy-Scope, although it does make my conscience uneasy. I can't remember if I've written a loc yet on your first issue. If not, I'll try to get around to it some day soon.

As far as I know, you do hold the record now for longest gap between issues of a generally available fanzine, unless Art Widner tops you. *(The first time Art saw me after he received #2 he shouted something obscene at me so it would seem that I now have the record. Incidentally several unnamed former editors have threatened to revive their fanzine one of which would then be the new record holder.ed.))* He revived Yhos a few years back after a very long interim but I can't recall the exact dates in his case. Back in 1988, I had some thoughts about publishing a 50th anniversary issue of my first fanzine, Spaceways, which had discontinued publication in 1942, but I never got around to doing it. Obviously, I could top you and Art for this fannish record if my energies were up to my ambitions.

You missed the opportunity to philosophize in this second issue about how things have changed since your first. *(I agree with you that I should have done something on that order. Maybe I will do just that for the fourth issue.ed.))* Obviously, you used computer facilities that didn't exist in 1950 to prepare the typography, and if office copiers existed in that year, I don't think anyone in fandom was using them to duplicate their fanzines. In 1950, you might have found it hard to adjust to the concept that you would pay 75 cents to mail out a copy of a 26-page second issue to an address in the United States.

A year or two ago, you might have talked me into becoming a customer for Ever-Dry, if that firm makes house calls in Maryland. I had some water at the edge of the cellar floor after a couple of hard rains or quick thaw in the winter. Each time, the moisture miraculously halted just inches from some stuff standing on the dry part of the floor and so far the problem hasn't recurred, even when we had more than three inches of rain in a few hours this spring. I'm not sure if the water came from over saturated soil around the house or from overflowing underground water courses (this is limestone countryyyyy). The last word in the preceding sentence is not a subtle fannish allusion but just another mishap resulting from my ability to continue using an electric typewriter as if it were my faithful old non-electric Underwood which doesn't have a repeat key which goes into action when I had no intention of pressing it.)

I enjoyed the restraint order the first time I saw it in another fanzine and I appreciate your speculations at its end in this repeat performance. However, neither you nor the learned judge seems to have thought about one strong probability: that the state of Indiana will soon cease to exist, throwing this ruling and all Midwest Fandom into complete confusion. Now that the Native Americans have failed in

their campaign to force the Atlanta Braves and Washington Redskins to change their nicknames, I'm sure they will turn to a simpler project, that if forcing Indiana to change its name to one less demeaning to the Native Americans They will probably start with Indianapolis and proceed from there.

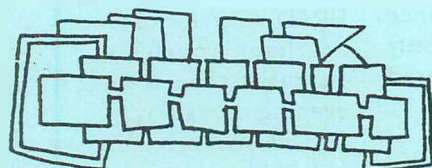
The pages of notes on Detroit fandom were fun to read. It's a shame that Martin Alger, in particular, is so little-known to most of today's fans. He did the most and the best writing for fanzines, of the cast of characters in this article, and I think someone with a lot of energy and money would do a great service to his memory and to fandom by compiling a little anthology of his best fanzine articles, including of course his famous description of how to build a mimeograph from readily available components at next to no cost.

I suppose some fans went involuntarily to Africa just a few years before 1950 as members of the armed forces in World War Two. But at the halfway point of the century hardly any United States fans should have imagined themselves spending an extended vacation on that continent, so here's another example of the change in conditions between issues of your fanzine. I hope you and the rest of your party manage the jaunt despite the reports of unrest. It's very hard to be sure what has happened on the basis of newspaper items. I'll never forget the time some blacks got riled up in Frederick Md., 25 miles from Hagerstown, and some violence occurred on a hot summer night. The Frederick newspapers made the episode seem more serious than the firing on Fort Sumter and the Hagerstown press exaggerated the stories coming out of Frederick. I'd almost forgotten the episode several days later when I drove to Frederick to make the rounds of its second hand stores. I emerged from my car outside the first stop on my rounds and suddenly realized I was right in the middle of the



black neighborhood where the violence had occurred. I didn't see any of the demolished buildings and pools of dried blood the newspapers had led me to expect but then I turned my head and three huge blacks were heading straight at this white visitor and one of them had an even bigger dog which was straining at the rope around its neck to get to me. I just stood there, on the theory that they could run faster than I could. The dog put its paws on my shoulders and started to lick my face, the blacks slapped me on my back with friendly grins, and told me I was the ideal person to adopt the dog they'd just found because he obviously like me at first sight.

Try not to wait 42 years to publish your next issue. There might not be delivery facilities for fanzines where I'll be at that time. *((Very enjoyable letter Harry, I am very much looking forward for the next one.))*



#### JAY KAY KLINE

I was very pleased to get your latest issue of Fantasy Scope. I hadn't realized it was in its 41st year. My, how time flies when you're comatose.

I noted that you are (at that time) making a fortune in water-proofing sales of dirt floors. By this time, you probably have something else on hand. In my case, the Bush gang has decided to try to win its election back to the white house on my back. They've artificially reduced the interest rates, hoping that enough people will borrow money and spend it so the "velocity of flow" of the money will create an illusion of prosperity. It's apparently the only thing they can think of, because as each lowering fails to work (of course), they lower the rate again. What this means is that people like me who rely on interest

payments, as from bank accounts, are seeing our income disappear, and the rate of return fall below combined inflation and taxes.

I hope Mr. Bush someday (day after tomorrow) needs a fetal tissue transplant. To show you the power that people at the top of government can exert, it has been months and months and months, and time after time that statements have been made that revelations will be forthcoming about his extramarital affairs, but everyone promptly clams up.

Oh, well -- back to the real world and fandom.

No doubt you'll be at the world con. I'm coming in early and staying late, so I can go to Disney world without cutting into con time. *((I think I saw you once. It may have been*



*across a crowded room or some other similar song fragment. I'm not sure because a lot of fans faces were obscured by their cameras.ed.))*

#### BRIAN EARL BROWN

Computers are nice toys! Except when they're acting up, of course, but that's not the situation now. Fantasy-Scope is very nice looking, rather better than that fanzine typed out in the back of Martin Alger's Packard on the way to Torcon 1. *((The fanzine that Brian is referring to is United Fandom produced by George Young and Ben Singer September 1949.ed.))* Those desktop publishing systems, tho, can eat up a lot of time. I've been using Pagestream, a nice program for Atari's and Amiga's to print my PEAPS contributions. The results are very nice, even considering that they're printed out on a dot matrix printer instead of a laser printer with Postscript, and even considering that I've set the 24-pin Printer to 180X180 dots per inch instead of the 360X360 dpi that the printer can do. (The printer can do that many dots but my computer,

with only one million bytes of RAM doesn't have enough available memory to calculate that many dots on a page.)

Most of my loccing is done on my Portfolio, which is an entire DOS machine the size of a video-cassette. It has a limited screen display and RAM but both are more than enough for writing letters. In fact I do almost all my fanac on the Portfolio, largely because I can take it to work, where I have the time. It's gotten even better recently when I finally found a spell checker that works with the machine. Previously I've had to down load each file to my Atari (well, I still have to do that), then import the file into the word Processor that has a spell checker, run it through the checker, re-read it to see if it makes sense, reformat it from the narrow column of the Portfolio to the usual width of a letter, all before printing out a copy to send. I often ended up spending all evening going over the couple letters I'd written that day at work. This didn't seem too productive. Now with this spell checker card for the Portfolio I can write and spell check the letter before I get home, can load it into the other word processor, the one that runs real fast but doesn't have spell checking, reformat and send to the printer in the time it takes me to write your name real fast, three times. It's great. (On the other hand, I do like the pause after each page feature on the other, slower word processor since it allows me to turn around each sheet and print on the back.)

None of this, However, I suppose is what you hoped to get by way of LOCs on Fantasy-Scope. *((True, but it is interesting and informative so left it in for others to read.ed.))*

The cover: why do I have the feeling that delphyne captioned that drawing from personal experience? *((The personal experience was mine, delphyne was kind*

enough to create it from my description.ed.))

Strange to hear of all these people who retire only to get part-time jobs right away. Is it that you can't adjust to the idea of not having something to do or is it harder to retire then you realized even a month before you turned in your notice? Personally I don't expect to ever retire. You've got to have some savings in the bank before doing that and at the rate Denise and I are going we'll never get ahead enough to save for our retirement, especially now with Sarah girl. She'll be entering college about the time I'm old enough to retire ... Besides Social Security should be bankrupt by then.

You know, this is terrible. One of the excuses I used to give for not having children was that the environment, world economy and everything was going picks so quickly that after my generation really would come the Deluge. As I've gotten older the end always seems to be a few more years farther into the future but still I have to wonder--what person in their right mind would want to bring a child into the world \*now\*! It's a little late for us to have doubts but geez...

I look forward to the continuation of your saga about cats. I just don't think you should have tried to squeeze it all onto one page. The print, which quite readable is an abrupt change from the 12-14 size type of the rest of the issue while that italics like font (Jenette?) while attractive really needs to be set at a larger than normal size because of its very small size of its lower case characters. *((Might as well apologize here for what I thought was a good idea. Next time I will wipe the egg off my face first!ed.))* It's very hard to read here.

Of course enlarging the print would have caused the article to flow over onto the next page, pushing that back and upsetting the two-page design for Howard's Court Order. But that could be solved by moving, say the Inside back cover to page 5 and run page 5 over pages 6 and 7, and then do

Howard's Court Order on pages 8 and 9.

Any day now I expect to start telling Newsweek how better to lay-out their magazine...*((It is my considered opinion that Newsweek could use your help.ed.))*

I hadn't realized that Pat was your second wife. Well, your marriage has worked out a lot better than your first one did.

Having heard Howard tell me about this Court Order many times I'm glad to finally see it. It really is amazing how tortured lawyers can make the English language. If they banned the use of just "said", except in cases of "he said," the language would be so much easier to read and much more understandable.

I'm glad to see this history of Detroit fandom. Howard tells many stories but rarely thinks to say what has happened to these people. I remember seeing Agnes Harook's name mentioned in your Room 770 article and always wondered what became of her since that bus trip was the one and only time her name has ever appeared in print--as far as I know.

Cy wanted to start a couple of round-robin stories a couple years ago. One apparently made the round of a few stops before disappearing and the other, this one I think, never went anywhere. Reading it you can't help but think -- "Just as well."

Since I do have to work once in a while I'd better bring this to a close. Howard must consider me a friend since he's agreed not to smoke in the Caravan while I'm driving us down to Pulpcon. More than that, he even offered to sit with Denise when she's in the hospital in case I need to run off and so something. Howard doesn't leave the house for just anyone anymore. I'm honored.

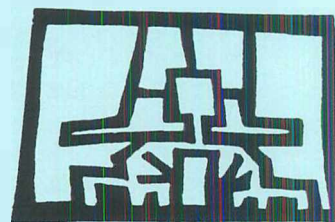
And I'm honored that you were able to help me sell our two worldcon memberships. We really appreciate your effort, and certainly can use the money. Have a good time on your African safari. I look for-

ward to your pictures.



ROBERT BLOCH

Thanks for Fantasy-Scope, which I'd been expecting in the mail for some time! It gives a welcome update on some members of Midwest Fandom, as well as yourself--and I'm now waiting patiently for the next issue. Hoping you are the same.*((Actually now that it is over two years since the last one ...ed.))*



BRAD WESTERVELT

Thank you for Vol 2 No. 1 of Fantasy-Scope. It was an enjoyable evening of reading.

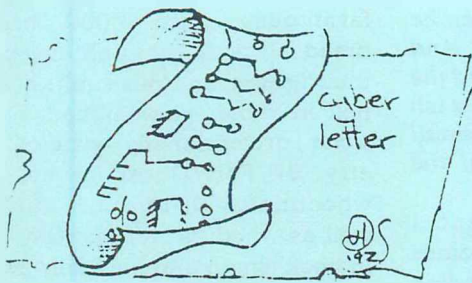
Did you ever finish your Master's?*((Yes and no. My advisor returned my Master's Thesis and I have yet to do the necessary revision. Someday soon as the song goes.ed.))* I do look forward to reading about teaching experiences you hint at in this issue. *((I might do just that in a future issue.ed.))*

A month in Kenya? Sounds like a ten grand trip! I wish you have some of the peak experiences of your lives there. Through the letters were a little hard to follow, I enjoyed them even more than the itinerary. Expect that you'll key your travel report to that itinerary when you return. And you better publish some pictures there too.

Great to see Dave Locke's stuff in print again. Wish he'd get off his duff and publish again (or maybe I'm not on his list?).

Wendy and I look forward to seeing you folks in Orlando. Aloha, Brad W.*((How come I did not see you two?ed.))*

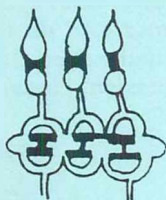




#### CHARLES BURBEE

Found the sagas of cats, Roger Sims and "Africa" a bit dull.

Thank you for thinking of me anyway. *((Hopeful, #3 is more to your liking, please advise.ed.))*



#### PAMELA BOAL

Thank you for Fantasy-Scope Vol 2 number 1. I like the look of it and I'm always grateful to fanzine editor who publishes in good clear print. Delighted to meet your paper self and to be introduced to Pat and your moggies. *((If moggy is the singular of moggies, I am not sure what you are talking about for my dictionary of English slang reports that the meaning of moggy is a badly dressed woman; a guy; a calf.ed.))* Not to mention various fans and fan groups. I was particularly interested in Tom Sadler's article as I was nearly 40 before I found what might be called the wider fannish spectrum (I had found first one and then a couple more fanzines prior to attending my first Con) and like Tom was smitten for life. Though Tom puts me to shame with his degree of commitment to fanish pursuits.

One wonders about the diet of fans, The Clash Of The Toilet Bowl Titans has a decidedly fishy smell to me.

I know Dave Locke has been around and active for a considerable time but this past couple of

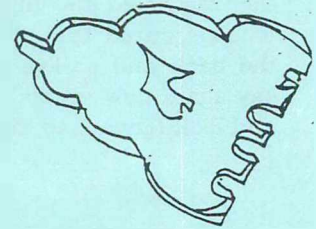
years I seem to be seeing and enjoying far more of his contributions both written and drawn. Ben Fan is a pleasing example of his work.

I do hope you make your fantastic Kenyan trip. I think the British High Commission had the right of it, you are after all doing most of the driving yourselves and going as a group on recommended excursions. It might put things in perspective if I mention over the past few years one English tourist has been killed in Kenya, a girl who went out on her own, three have been killed (and others injured) by street thugs in Florida.

Alas, although I can tolerate flying very well, an hour driving on poor roads or (pushing it a bit) two hours on good straight roads is my limit, thus such a trip could never be more than a dream for me. To be honest, even if I were fit enough such an itinerary would not be for me, I think I would be suffering from a sensory overload within the first couple of days. I would prefer to spend more time in fewer places, really savoring experiences rather than piling them up. Still we all differ and you lucky people will be returning to Ohio with enough memories to last several lifetimes.

On a 41 year schedule I estimate 30 years would be a reasonable deadline for LOCs. However the chances of either of us being alive and compos metis in 30 years time is, to put it mildly, rather slim. In any event I owe you both a thank you for the DITTO 5 mailing. I'm sure you realize the chances of my attending, while not impossible (don't believe in that word) is highly improbable, so it is particularly kind of you to send me DITTO mailings. Definitely the type of Con I really like to hear about. A couple of very dear friends attending and an awful lot of people who's names are so familiar I feel as if I know them and I'm sure I would like them in person. Yes, just from the membership list I know it's going to be good Con. I thought for a moment that you had perfected time travel, the envelope is dated 12

May and the list as of 5/6/92, in England that would be 5th June 1992, before I had time to get too excited I remembered that in America the month comes first. A little learning may or may not be dangerous but it surely is boring.



#### DEREK PICKLES

Interesting that you began working on a Master's in Education in 1965, I gained my Certificate in Education (Teaching) in 1966 and then did a one-year Bachelor of Education (Honours) in 1972 - qualifications for the degree course was being a teacher for 5 years and passing two papers, Education and Main Subject (History in my case), 28 weeks of lectures followed by 8 Final Papers of 3 hours each in 11 days.

Detroit Fandom. Several of the names are familiar to me from the 40's and 50's but I can't refer to anything as I sold all my fanzines about 25 years ago and only have one cardboard box of odds and sods and a set of PHANTAS as mementoes of 8 active years in fandom.

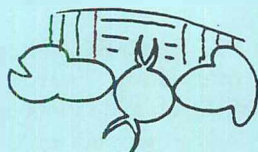
I like Tom Sadler's writing, I receive his fanzine and read it with great enjoyment, liked the piece of tracking down the elusive R. Sims.

"Clash of the TBTitans" - why no illustration of Kathe Koja's unforgettable phrase "who promptly responded with a physical action both illegal and complex."

Fascinating information of Africa, I seem to read more interesting accounts of visits to interesting places in fanzines than I would in National Geographic, although the pictures might not be as illuminating.

The Adventures of Ben Fan are most enjoyable, they have a real bite to them, a little nip at the end.

F-S Vol 2 No 1 arrived on 11th May 1992. Sorry for the delay in replying but I have severe otheo-arthritis and at intervals my back goes, as it did in May, and I'm unable to type or write for a while. On top of that I did so much typing that I got 'Tennis Elbow' which further restricted me. Injections seem to have cured the elbow and rest the back and so I've been able to say again how much I enjoyed F-S and look forward to the next.



#### HARRY ANDRUSCHAK

Thanks for sending FANTASY-SCOPE #2, and apologies for the delay in responding. Like a lot of fans, I have been busy with outside activities, and in addition went on a 9 day vacation, with the usual result of 9 days more of mail awaiting me on my arrival home.

Anyhow, I enclose three fanzines: The Check is in the Mail, and Intermediate Vector Bosns #5 and #6. I have stapled IVB 5/6 together. IVB-6 is a report of what I did on that 9 day vacation.

So where to start? Well, somebody might inform Dave Locke that I have not received, for almost two years, any fanzine devoted to reviews of other fanzines. O sure, a fanzine may include 1 or 2 pages of some sort of review in its pages, but the nothing-but-fanzine-reviews fanzine has not been sighted since the death of Brian Earl Brown's STICKY QUARTERS. At least, I have not sighted any.

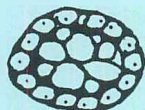
Indeed, the only two fanzines I know that make a habit of publishing a complete list of names and addresses of fanzines that they receive are FOSFAX and LAN'S LANTERN.

Very strange to see a fanzine without a letter from Harry Warner, Jr. (As you saw from Harry Warner

Jr. letter somewhere above even he thought that it was strange. And even thought that he had LOCed the first. The reason for that the first ish was only circulated in one small house of one small block of the large city of Detroit.ed.))

That is all for the moment. I have a huge back log of other zines to answer, and letters, and sending out my own perzine. The mailing list is less than 150, but that still takes up time and money when mail has to go out.

Hope all is well with you, and looking forward to issue #3, even if it does take another 40 years or so.



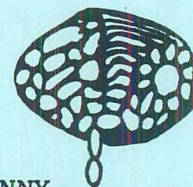
#### LYN MCCOUCHIE

Hummm... so it's taken some time for you to get a second issue out? I quite liked this one, not a lot in it of direct interest but well laid out and printed. I DID like the article about the cats. Having just lost my dearly beloved 15 year old Siamese I always enjoy hearing about other cats instead. (Don't worry, I'll have another by the end of September but until then I can't as I'm away a fair bit.)

I have included some stuff at a venture. If you aren't publishing it for another 40 odd years then it doesn't matter. If you do then I'll do something more up to date next time. This is a reprint of work I did around 1986 in my own perzine here. On the other hand if you don't like/want it, that too is your prerogative--dump it in the round file. OK?

I presume you ran into me via Leah? (If not Leah then it was Eric Lindsey.ed)) (As a mate from the South Island recently wrote ...'you do crop up in some surprising places...' and as I pointed out LAZ isn't THAT surprising.) Anyhow if you are interested, I'm female, 46, crippled, own and run my own small farm, live in a 19th century

farmhouse with 4,000 books, breed black & coloured sheep for their fleeces, and raise quite a lot of hell in rather slow motion. I also write professionally--articles poetry, SF/F/H/Ghost/DF etc and whodunnits all in short stuff as well as whodunit and fantasy now in book length and hopefully awaiting various publishers verdicts. I am laid back, have an awful sense of humor, loathe very cold weather (for obvious reasons,) read a LOT, and spent time last year in America, Canada, England and Wales, (probably for the only time I'll ever be able to afford it.) So - Dum vivimus, vivamus. (It is one of my life long ambitions to re-visit New Zealand and do the South Island. You will notice that I printed your submission. Please send more.ed.))



#### LLOYD PENNY

Many thanks for sending me FANTASY-SCOPE 2. For years, I was always under pressure to pub my ish, and I did, eventually, but the people who pestered me to do this were aged less than 41 years, so I do feel relieved, in a strange sort of way. This also redefines the meaning of Real Soon Now. Never mind, let's loc...

You found an untapped motherlode of fanart! I'd like to find a similar vein. I'm scraping together some art for a future fanzine, and I've even desperate enough to try to draw some of it myself.

I'd like nothing more than to own a cat or two (or have them own me). Unfortunately, both Yvonne and I have mild allergies that make it difficult to live with cats for extended periods of time, like the rest of the cat's life. We readily console ourselves by visiting friends and spoiling their cats rotten. An evening with a cat is fine...a week is suffocating.

A court document?!?! ARRRGH! I work for a law book firm, and I

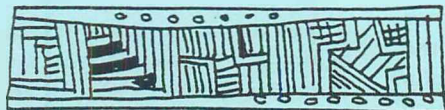


read fanzines to get away from this stuff!

Thanks for the lead on Ben Singer...I have been trying to contact past generations of fans to give them a look at how we're fanning these days. I've found Chan Davis who teaches at the University of Toronto, Ned McKeown, John Millard, Din Hutchinson, and Al Lastovica, who was an original Derelict of Toronto until business led him away to South Africa. ((He's now been to three Ad Astras!)) *((Would you please send me Al's address? ed.))*

Artwork by Barry Kent Mackay...I gather that Barry still lives in Unionville, draws nature a la J. J. Audubon, and studiously avoids fandom as a whole like the plague. I asked him about his fantasy art on a radio phone-in show on which he was a guest, and I was cut off by the seven-second delay. A little touchy, I guess. *((The following is from the Sunday May 17th, 1992 issue of the TORONTO STAR: Barry Kent MacKay is a freelance writer, conservationist and animal protectionist, director of the Animal Alliance of Canada and Zoocheck Canada.ed.))*

I'm extremely happy that you thought of my name in sending out issue 2 of FANTASY-SCOPE ... is a third issue in the wings? I hope so, and I hope you'll give me the pleasure of sending it to me. Thank you! *((Yes, Yes, and Yes. Hope to spend time with you and your wife*



*at Canadian.ed.))*

JOHN L. MILLARD

When I took that large buff envelope from my mail box, with your name and address in the upper left hand corner, I wondered what in the world is Roger up to!! I couldn't have been more surprised a genuine Fanzine!! That is something I don't often see these days, al-

though I believe a goodly number are published every year. Also, you are receiving a LOC from me which is something I don't often do, Being involved with Fandom, attending Worldcons, etc., is not very high on my list of priorities these days. I shy away from getting involved in the issues as they no longer give me the satisfaction they once did.

I have limited my Science Fiction activities to supporting The Merrill Collection of Science Fiction, Speculation and Fantasy, formerly known as the Spaced Out Library. This is a reference collection of the Toronto Public Library, which doesn't circulate, although we now have a collection which does circulate. I was founding Chairman of the "Friends of Merrill Collection." The collection is housed in a small building known as Boys & Girls House, a Children's Library which has been around for many many years, and is very well known in Library circles throughout the world. The building also houses a Children's Reference Library known as The Osbourne Collection of Children Books. This Collection is also very well known among those who have an interest in Children's Literature. We have been working for the past ten years or more for a new building for these collections, which is also to have an adult circulating and reference collection, which the area hasn't had for a godly number of years. I am Co-Chairman of The Building Committee, and it has been a very long and time consuming process. Hopefully, we will see our new building sometime in 1994, as we have now given the go ahead to construct the building as designed by our Architect.

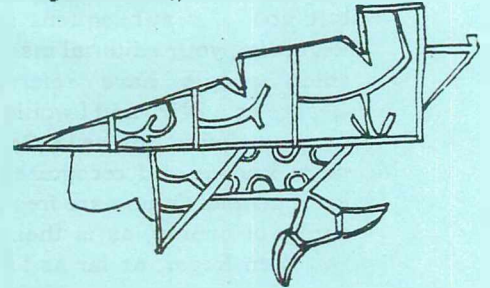
Now to FANTASY-SCOPE #2, or Volume 2 #1 April 1992. I really enjoyed reading it and learning more about Roger Sims and his wife Pat, which I didn't know before, also the history of Detroit Fandom. One small correction with regard to Ben Singer, it's The University of Western Ontario.

You seem to be as Gung Ho on

Africa as Mike, Enjoy!! Enjoy!!

For your interest I have enclosed a copy of one of Barry Kent Mackay nature columns from The Toronto Star.

For future material you might consider reprinting page or two from your first issue, as a trip to yester year or down memory lane, etc. Anyway keep up the good work. *((From the tenor of the column I don't think he belongs to our group any more.ed.))*



TOM SADLER

You did it! You finally published the second issue of your fanzine. Great. When I opened my mail and saw your zine, it made that Monday much better than other Mondays because I had something worthwhile to read. (And the strangely coincidental and synchronistic appearance of Leah Zeldes Smith's STET was another nice touch.)

I thought this second issue was quite good, and I'm sure equal to if not better than the first one (How would I know? I haven't seen the first issue.). I particularly enjoyed your opening comments and was impressed by your inclusion of the Resnick/Africa trip piece. I hope you'll have a long trip report in a future issue of FANTASY-SCOPE. Or, better yet, send the trip report to me and I'll run it in THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS.

The beginning of your--I hope--long series of Detroit Fandom was very interesting but much too short. You'll definitely have to continue it. And the other piece on the cats and your life as well. The first part of the story was very interesting and I can empathize with you since we currently have four cats--three males and one female, all

neutered for their own good--and it seems as if I've always had a cat around all my life so far. My wife loves all sorts of animals, with the exception maybe of hamsters, which she thinks are too much like rats and mice (Forgetting that here is a difference between rats and mice.)

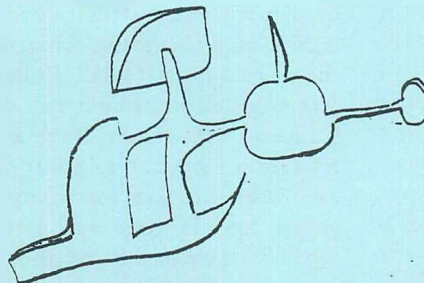
By and large, except for the peculiar ramblings of that guy who wrote about all his troubles meeting you, Issue 2 portends nothing but good for subsequent issues. Regarding your editorial insertion--some people have referred to George as a BNF, and I would think by some definitions he is. Certainly he is known and recognized by a lot of people. Others are free to disagree, of course, as is their right. But then Roger, as far as I'm concerned, you too, are a BNF to me. Maybe not with the status of Tucker, Block or Forry Ackerman but definitely a Name fan. Of course it's possible that being a BNF is all in the eye of the beholder.

And don't be too sure I wouldn't have written something for Issue two anyway even after having seen #1. I think if I had seen #1 and thought it was particularly good I might have wanted to get something into it just to see my name listed among the really important people. But even if I had thought FANTASY-SCOPE #1 had been mediocre--or worse--I might have felt that anything I wrote couldn't do any more harm to the zine. And I'd damned sure the first issue of FANTASY-SCOPE couldn't have been worse than the first issue of my zine.

I'm very much looking forward to Octocon/Ditto this October and visiting with the few fanzine people I already know and maybe making some new friends along the way. I just received a progress report, and while the list of attendees so far is small that's the way I like it. I might even get a chance to chat with you a few minutes. It'll sure be nice to see and visit with Don Fitch again as well as Leah and Dick Smith

and Mike Glicksohn and Bill Bowers. And, if he can be induced to appear, actually spend a couple of minutes with Tucker himself. Hmm . . . I don't suppose you could induce Harlan Ellison to . . . No, I doubt he'd come to something like that.

But I think I've gone on long enough. I really did like the issue of Fantasy-Scope and I want to see you do issue 3 . . . and 4 . . . and 5 . . . *((And to think that I have yet to say anything bad about you. The second issue better than the first? I dare say that if it had not been it would never have seen the light of day.ed))*



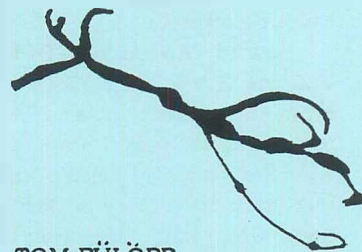
MAE STRELKOV

Good luck with Ditto Five, Fantasy-Scope #2, and the trip to Kenya. I've loved two books by Mike Resnick, "Santiago" and "The Dark Lady" (or Goddess). So evocative and poignant. I sometimes reread them. An old friend from Discon (1974)-times sent them to me.

If Mike is even more fascinating than his books, you'll have a tremendous time.

All the best, Mae

P.S. Enjoyed seeing the names of so many long-ago friends in the Ditto flyer. *((And now you finally have their address. Thanks much for the illos.ed.))*



TOM FÜLÖPP

It gave me much pleasure to find myself among those readers who could enjoy first Fantasy-

Scope after long four decades. Already in the beginning of this my letter I'd like you to know, that FS 2 is one of the best five fanzines I've ever read (meant those two years I know US Zines, enough for a specimen). *((I should be able to say something here but my fingers are speechless. ed.))* It is nice because I know what's a loving pet, how it can change one's life and what does it mean if it's gone. The Saga was written with love and it feels so.

It is wonderful because I'd never assumed I would know a man, who was fellow fan of that genius who invented BEM. (The largest Czechoslovak comics-contest is entitled The Little BEM Prize, but I doubt anyone knows who's author of the nickname.)

It is marvelous because of the guide for a new made by Tom Sadler which so perfectly shows Roger Sims and because of the perfect comedy with exploding toilets by trinity of authors and because of breath-taking schedule of trip to Kenya which may seem boring only to somebody who has read any book of travels into wild Africa and has never planned anything like this in his/her dreams.

Because all of this was interesting and because you know what you're writing about. Because your zine was easy to read and weep and laugh.

Because you also have time enough for doing all of this.

So let me congratulate you.

I'm turning over the leaves once again and I think about the fact, that due to FANTASY-SCOPE the encounters with you are no more "brief and fleeting," as Tom Sadler has written, and even an overseas fan (like me) can enjoy them anytime only by reaching out for your zine.

After all - I do hope both of your families (and Perry, yes) will succeed in the trip to Kenya this September (you may will find also a some Kenya fandom over there, who knows?). I'd be delighted to read the trip report and also con



report from Magicon after your return. I promise sending LOCs, OK? Perhaps you'll even publish an issue till September, the Summer is long enough, isn't it? Anyway, for this moment I thank you again and I'm sending best regards to both of you.

Tom

P.S. I thought about that first issue of Fantasy-Scope, undoubtedly there are no back issues... but could you send me a photocopy of it? I'd found it very thrilling to read a zine made when my father was five! Is it possible? ((Well, Tom, maybe I will and maybe I will not. Some time between now and the end of 94 I come to some sort of conclusion on this. An article from you as a bribe may head be in the direction of a convenient Xerox machine. Hint hint. As soon as I feel that I have atoned for the poor quality of the first issue, I will send you one. However, an article would more than likely make that sooner rather than later.ed.))

### *Also heard from:*

Wendy Council

Sandy Contrell

Bill Donaho

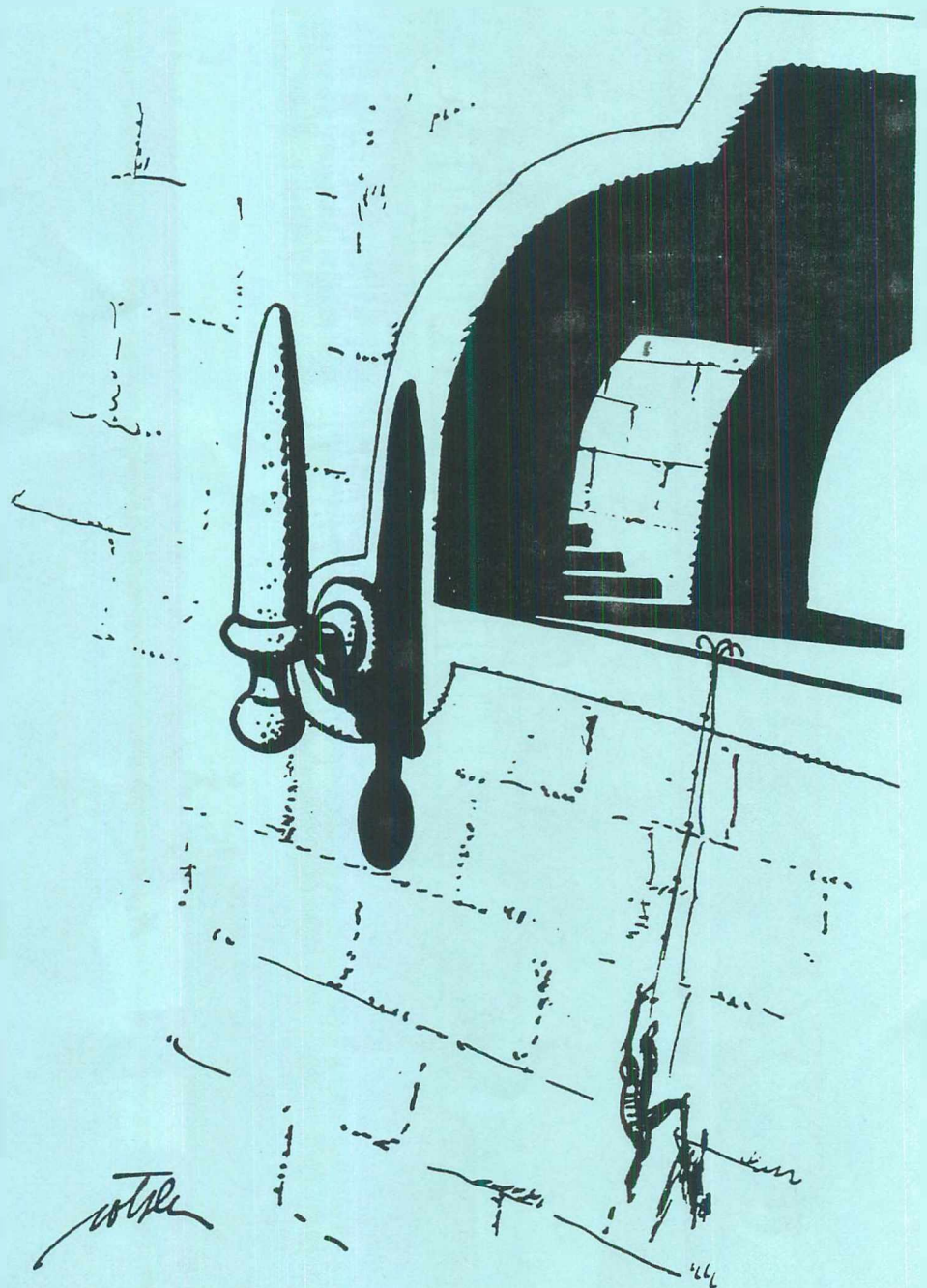
George Flynn

Dave Rike

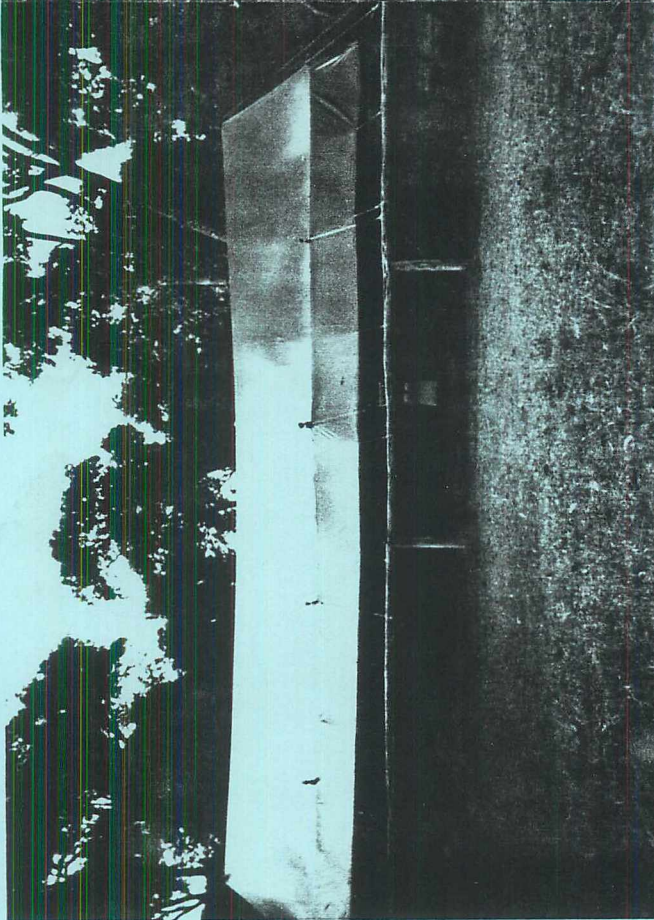
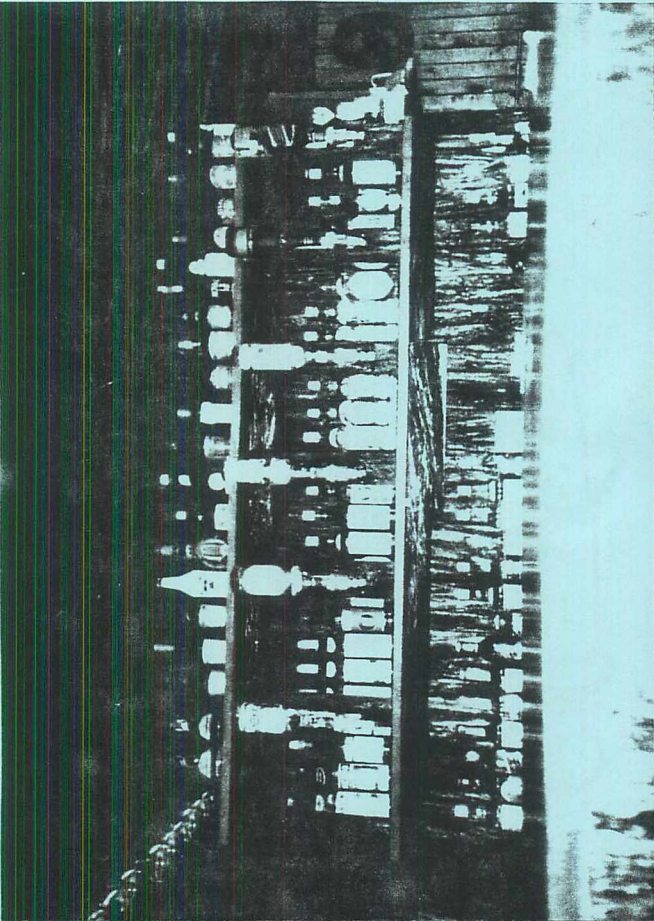
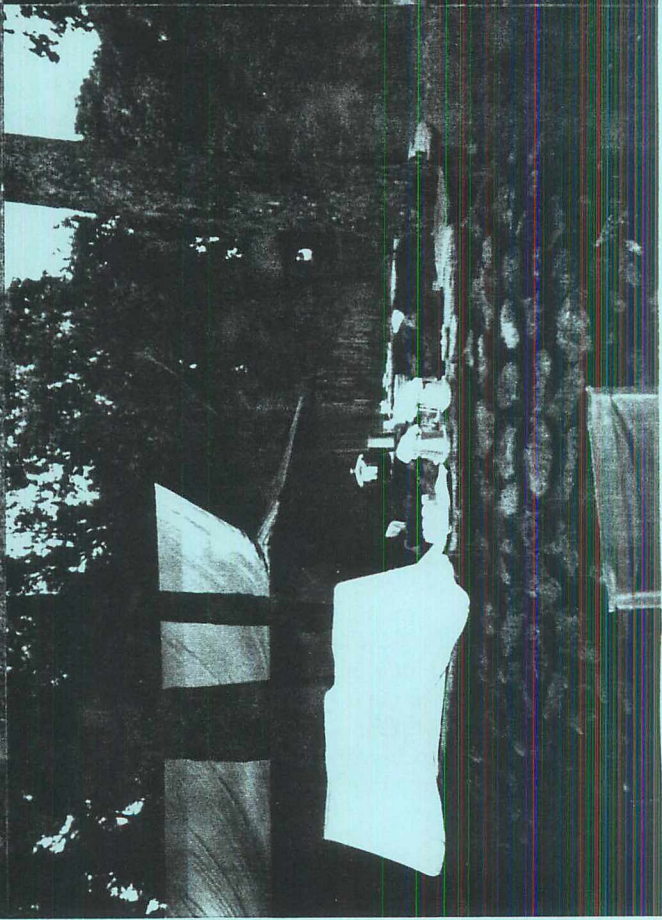
Dave Rowe

### *Final Thoughts*

So we have come to a double end: the end of the letter column as well as the end of issue number three. I hope that the expression "all's well that ends well" is an apt one. I also hope the reader enjoyed the "ride" as much as I did. It's a little bumpy in spots, but I hope to get it right by the 100th. I hungrily await your locs with baited breath.









## CORRECTIONS TO THIS ISSUE

PAGE 14: The last word on page 14 is after; the first word on page 15 is kitchen. The words missing are: ... lunch, we drove to Malindi to find Hell's ...

PAGE 36 COLUMN 3: For GAFITED please read GAFIATED.

PAGE 39 COLUMN 1: For Jay Kay Kline, please read Jay Kay Klein. One is English and the other is German but they are pronounced the same.

PAAGE 44 COLUMN 1: In Tom Sadler's letter for Block please read Bloch.

