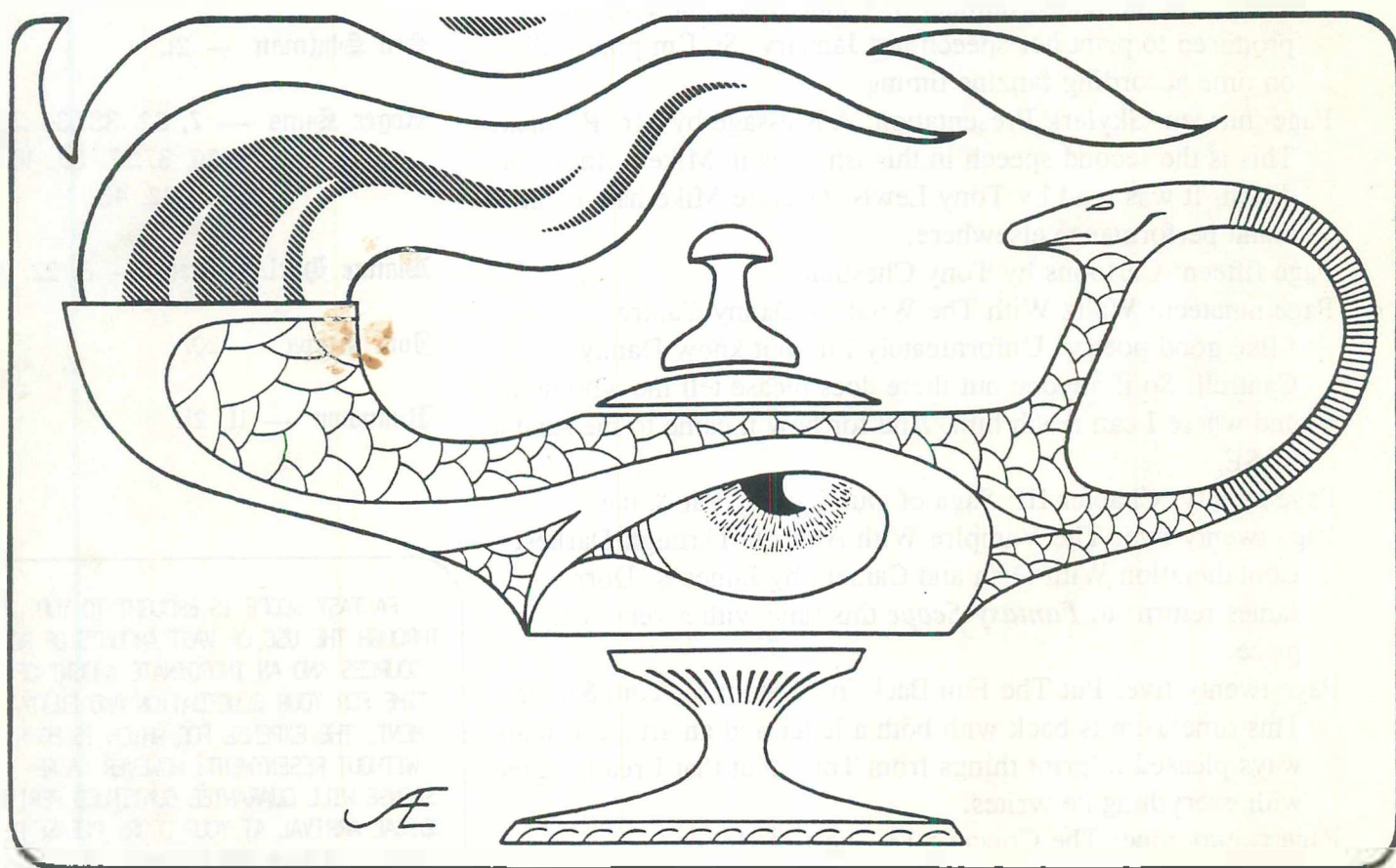


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FANTASY SCOPE

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NOW IN ITS 46th YEAR

THE CONTENTS

Page one: Front Cover by Alex Eisenstein.

Once more F-S bags one of the best!

Page two: Contents by Me.

Some things are meant to be left unsaid!

Page three: Editorial Again by Me and the beginning of the Dave Locke Page by Dave Locke.

Page four: The Contributors by Me and The rest of the Dave Locke Page by Dave Locke.

Page five: The Flight Home by Ernest Stormann.

Many fanzine editors do not print fiction because they believe that if the story were prozine quality it would be accepted by a prozine. And if not then it would not be fanzine quality either. "Flight Home" is I believe prozine quality. Ernie chose to give it me. I am grateful.

Page nine: A Life Of Glamour by Laura Resnick.

This is the first of three speeches and is the reason that I finally have published number 3. I should note here that I promised to print her speech last January. So I'm practically on time according fanzine timing.

Page thirteen: Skylark Presentation: A Message by Mr. Resnick.

This is the second speech in this ish. It is in Mike's finest tradition. It was read by Tony Lewis, because Mike had a command performance elsewhere.

Page fifteen: Cartoons by Tony Chestnut.

Page nineteen: Waltz With The Wind by Danny Cantrell.

I like good poetry! Unfortunately I do not know Danny Cantrell. So if anyone out there does please tell me who he is and where I can reach him. And for how it came to me send a SASE.

Page twenty: Chapter III: Saga of Our Cats by Pat & me.

Page twenty-two: The Vampire With Aids Or Through Darkest Confabulation With Dish and Camera by James S. Dorr.

James returns to *Fantasy-Scope* this time with a very witty piece.

Page twenty five: Put The Fun Back In Fandom by Tom Sadler.

This time Tom is back with both a letter and an article. I'm always pleased to print things from Tom. Not that I really agree with everything he writes.

Page twenty nine: The Concave 13 Guest of Honor Speech.

Given by the Guest of Honor, Peggy Rae Pavlat. As you will see as you read this speech, all of the events have already occurred. However your editor has choosen to print it as if it occurred yesterday.

Page thirty-two LOCs by Fandom's Finest

Once again we have stories, comments and corrections from some of the regulars and a couple new "faces."

Page forty-four: The Back Cover by Doug Rice.

ART CREDITS:

Joe — 13.

Tony Chestnut — 15, 16, 17, 18.

Alex Eisenstein — Cover.

Brad Foster 10, 14.

Dave Locke — 2, 3.

Linda Michaels — 5, 9, 22, 26.

Doug Rice — 44

William Rotsler — 7, 12, 23, 24,
25, 28, 29, 30.

Stu Shifman — 21.

Roger Sims — 7, 32, 33, 34, 35,
36, 37, 37, 39, 40,
41, 42, 43.

Dianne Harlan Stein — 8, 22, 27.

Joni Stopa — 20.

Unknoton — 11, 21.

FANTASY-SCOPE 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 AT YOUR DOOR. PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT A NON RESPONSE IS NOT A GIVEN FOR REMISSIVENESS. HOWEVER A CHECK IN SUFFICIENT FUNDS MIGHT!

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SOMETHING IN THE WAY OF AN EDITORIAL

When we last met in the pages of Fantasy-Scope I was a far different person than the one I am today. Much of this is due to the great passage of time. However, some of the different mind set is due in part to some of the wonderful and not so wonderful things that have happened to me over the past several dozens of months. The singly most wondrous was winning DUFF and the subsequent trip to the land "Down-Under." It was a truly a fantastic trip. Sure, it was our second trip to that great country, but this time we really interacted with Oz fans. Much of this interaction will be detailed in our forth coming DUFF Trip Report. This project has been in hiatus while I completed this ish. It will soon be on the front burner.

NOW TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER

Shortly after the last one went out and the letters started coming in, I learned that I had made some most grievous typos. At least 90% of which had to do with the spellings of the names of fans/pros who I had no business misspelling. To say that I was mortified would be the understatement of the decade, century or maybe even the eon, seeing how all three will end shortly.

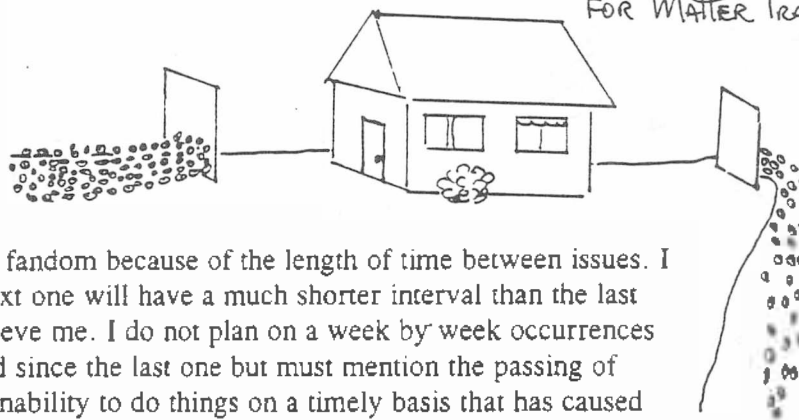
I am indebted to all of you who the took the time to write and tell me of my mistakes. I would not be happy to go through life with the mistaken belief that I had for once produced a zine without mistakes. So I am asking that any reader of this zine finding one or more errors to please write, call, email or tell me in person. For one can only learn from mistakes by being informed of them.

Here then is a personal apology to the following fans/pros I hope are still friends and who I hope will continue to write and to submit their wondrous items are the names that I mangled in the third ish:

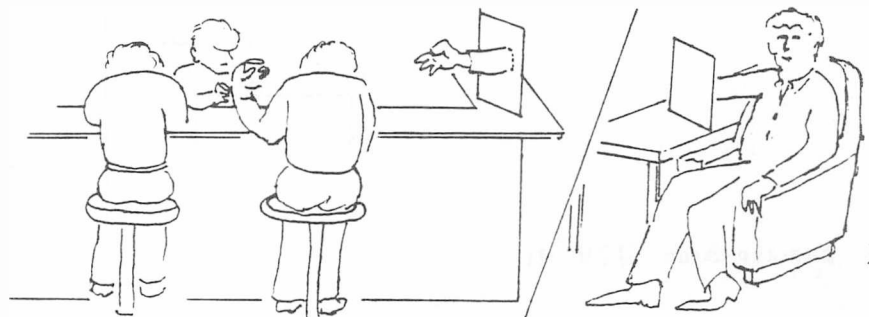
- ◊ Randy Bathurst
- ◊ Bob Bloch
- ◊ Jackie Franke
- ◊ Jay Kay Kline
- ◊ Lyn McConchie
- ◊ Lloyd Penney
- ◊ Peggy Ranson

LEMMING CONTROL FOR CLIFF DUCKERS

A FEW IDEAS ON potential markets
FOR WATER TRANSMITTERS



Much has happened in fandom because of the length of time between issues. I would promise that the next one will have a much shorter interval than the last one but no one would believe me. I do not plan on a week by week occurrences of the events that occurred since the last one but must mention the passing of Charles Burbee. It is my inability to do things on a timely basis that has caused me much pain. Several years ago Charles wrote me a letter asking two questions for Cora. I did not answer the letter and so he will never know that I wrote the answers into the letter column. As a direct result I have initiated a policy of almost answering letters as received. I am proud to say that as of this word processing I am at about 75% of my goal.



ALIEY
COM



DAVE'S DOODLES

BARTENDING

JOE: Unknown.

Danny Cantrell: Unknown.

Tony Chestnut: The Best Street: Anytown. Planet Earth.

James S. Dorr: 1404 East Atwater: Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Alex Eisenstein: 6208 N. Campbell; Chicago, Illinois 60659

Brad Foster: P. O. Box 165246; Irving, Texas 75016.

Dave Locke: 6828 Alpine Avenue, #4; Cincinnati, Ohio 45236.

Linda Michaels: 1356 Niagara Avenue; Niagara Falls New York 14305

Peggy Rae Pavlet: 5709 Goucher Drive, College Park, Maryland 20740

Laura Resnick: 11216 Gideon Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

Mike Resnick: 10547 Tanager Hills Drive; Cincinnati, Ohio 45249.

Doug Rice: Unknown

William Rotsler: 17909 Lull Street; Reseda, California 91335

Tom Sadler: 422 W. Maple Avenue; Adrian, Michigan 49221-1627

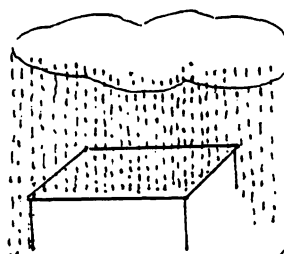
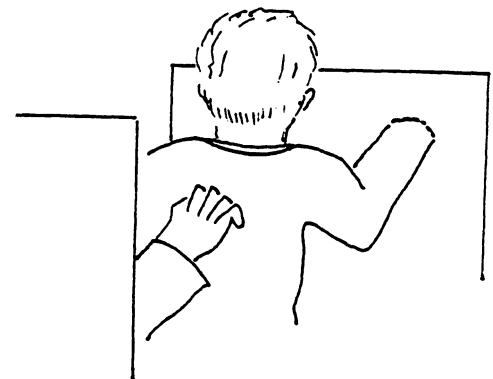
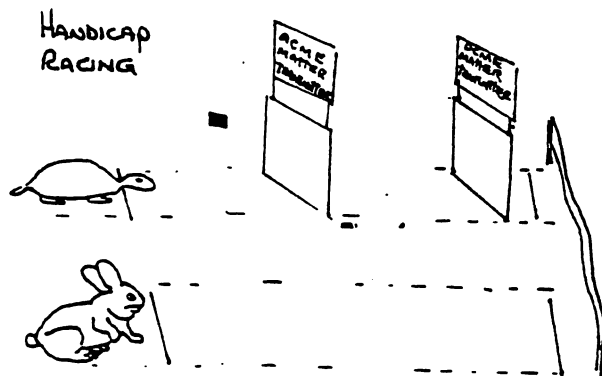
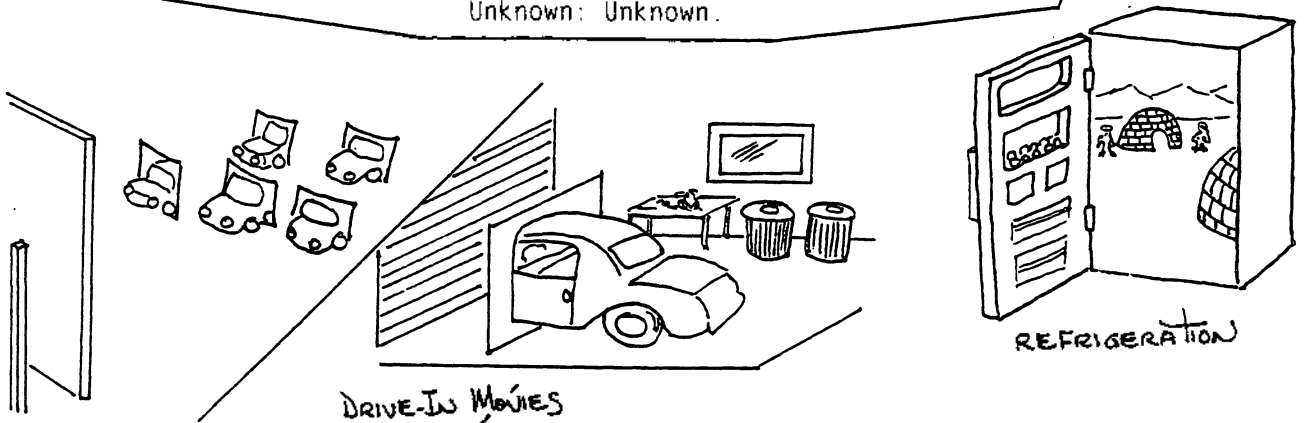
Stu Shifman: C/O Linden Avenue; Seattle, Washington 98103.

Dianne Harlan Stein: 1325 Key West; Troy, Michigan 48083.

Joni Stopa: Box 177; Wilmont, Wisconsin 53192.

Ernest Stormann: 39 Fawn Drive; Fairfield, Ohio 45014.

Unknown: Unknown.



THE FLIGHT HOME by Ernest Stormann

The sun was half an hour from rising. The horizon was just lightening, casting a haze across the pre-dawn sky. The leaves concealing the soldier stood black against the purple sky and stars above. The only sign that he had awakened was a flickering of his eyelids as he searched the surrounding treetops.

His training defended him where his instinct could not. Beneath his unmoving facade, the soldier spun in confusion. His natural reaction was to flee into the sky; take to the safety of the air. But his

training told him motion was fatal, so he froze. His confusion subsided, as it did every morning when his subconscious lost the battle over who he was to his conscious.

Slowly he moved his head, keenly aware of his surroundings. He searched the trees, hoping to see without being seen. Morning dew delicately clung to the surface of his wings as he rose. Only a few drops were disturbed, rolling down his back gathering other drops in a cascade as they fell. A squirrel mon-

key illuminated the dense foliage below, his body heat glaring. Nothing else nearby was warmer than the trees.

He lifted his head above the foliage. The soldier had a clear view of the sky. For several minutes he stood, head cocked to one side listening for the dawn patrol. The intense heat from their jet engines did not mark the sky. The valley was calm and humid, carrying sound well. Unfortunately many of the patrols flew ahead of their sound, giving no audible warning. Active radar was out of the question. It would alert them to his presence, if not his exact location.

Best to move now, before dawn. His still figure leapt into motion. With a snap he unfurled his wings. The wind thrummed



past his wing tips as he increased their speed. His cold wings slowly grew warm, loosening from the morning stiffness, no longer camouflaging his body heat. His beating wings rose a gale. Leaves whipped about on their branches, some tearing free and swirling overhead. The shrill cries of birds filled the air, as they took to wing, disturbed from their rest. The air began to fill with the birds, as their cries spread from tree to tree, a chain reaction of alarm.

The soldier sprang, grabbing air hard with a firm downward stroke. Then another. From amidst the swarming mass of birds, insects, and leaves he rose; a great silhouette against the brightening horizon. The thick humid air felt good. Quietly he climbed. As the raucous cries of the birds faded only the low thrush of his beating wings could be heard.

The west side of the valley was bordered by rising cliffs. The morning sun was just beginning to light the cliffs, warming the air along the face and raising updrafts. The soldier felt carefully for the currents. The sensitive hairs on his wings alerting him to the gentle movements. Stretching wide he caught a current and rode it up along the cliff. Set amidst the cliffs was a cave, carved out by a small stream that poured from its mouth down the face of the cliff. Drawing in his wings, the soldier began to halt his ascent just as he rose level with the mouth of the cave. A quick snap brought him into the opening, landing gently.

He settled himself at the back of the cave, out of sight. He had several minutes before he had to make contact.

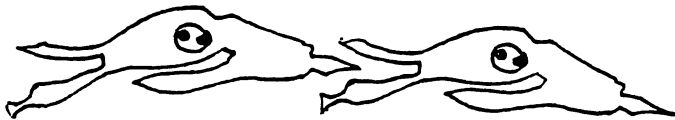
The soldier sat in the blackness of the cave as the sky slowly turned from purple to blue. His mind wandered. He tried to keep alert, going over the lessons he was taught in training. The avoidance maneuvers. The stealth techniques. Enemy force analysis. The fragments that made up his life parade through his mind. Recon was all the soldier knows. His first memories of learning to walk, then learning to fly. His skill was superb, and he learned quickly. He swooped down on targets and dodged the training missiles reflexively. He learned so well, compared to the other recruits. He felt there must have been more to his life than just the Airborne Corps. Images and smells elicited fragments of memories. They scurried in the corners of his mind, dissolving before he could grasp them.

The satellite rose over the horizon; its beacon

snapped him from his thoughts. The irritating tone buzzed in his ear, gaining strength as it climbed the sky. He stood in the mouth of the cave, spreading his wings to receive the faint signal. Shifting his wings, the signal became sharp. He responded with his own tightly focused signal. The satellite's beacon was replaced with a new tone. As he concentrated on the tone, his surroundings faded. As he concentrated on the signal, maps and charts emerged from the void. Moments passed, and the maps dissolved, returning his vision. He realized quickly that his eyes weren't his own, but the eyes of another, flying the route marked on the map. Landmarks were highlighted. He flew on, aware of his velocity and altitude and compass heading, as he would have been in real flight. Before the vision faded a camp came into view. A brief message erupted through his mind, blocking all other thought. It detailed his final destination and goals and defenses. So strong was the thought, he didn't worry that he might forget. The message faded and the beacon returned, growing weak as the satellite fell below the horizon.

With his mission set, the soldier began his pre-mission routine. He sat at the entrance to the cave and relaxed, taking deep even breaths and releasing them slowly. The morning sun was now at eye level, shining into the cave. The light hit his wings. His skin crawled like gooseflesh, turning glassy and sparkling like a hologram, with a thousand colors floating just beneath the surface, fluid like. His bones and capillaries showed through his translucent skin. He imagined the bright blue of the morning sky, and his underside shimmered and became that blue. He imagined the deep forest green of the jungle and his back and outer wing surface darkened green. From above he was the forest. From below he was the sky. Slowly his skin crawls and loses its shine as he regains his non-reflective surface.

He stretched. Still in a mental daze from the effort required for his chameleonic metamorphosis, his wing tips scraped the granite walls, digging a deep groove into the stone. A sharp pain ran across his back from the tips of his wings. Pulling them back in quickly, they hit the ceiling of the cave. Several large rocks dislodged from the ceiling. He shrouded his head and body as the large stones fell. They bounced off the shield of his wings. He could taste the dull pain for several seconds. The membranes sang as they vibrated from the percussion. Craning



his head around to inspect the damage, he saw the wings were fine. The pain was receding quickly, a good sign that nothing was injured. Finding that they were unmarred, he thanked luck that an act of stupidity wouldn't go on his maintenance record. With much greater care he stepped out to the entrance of the cave.

The entrance to the cave has a ledge that juts out a few feet. He stretched out to his full thirty foot span, unencumbered by the constrictive walls of the cave. This mission called for speed. No longer needing or wanting the extended surface area of a wing designed for slow agile maneuvering, he squeezes. Bones slip and collapse. Twenty feet, now fifteen feet. The wingspan collapsed. The inner section of his wings accorded up against his side, the folded skin setting neatly within a ridge along his side. The first joint locked in place next to his head. Only the last section of each wing was exposed. They extend back from the base of his neck at forty five degrees now. He pulled just a bit harder. The strut snaps, firmly locked into position. The exposed surface was immobile, except for the trailing edge, which could barely flex. Spreading his tail wide, it too snaps rigid. Only with great effort do the trailing edges of the wings and tail flex. The new sensations and range of motions took some time to get used to. Breathing slowly, he cleared his mind in preparation for the pre-flight mantra. Slowly tensing and straining, he felt for the out of place point or the loose connection.

The routine was so familiar he went through the motions without thought. His mind drifted. The blur of his first memories, fragmented and unsure; his first mantra and checklist, the first flight, bits and pieces of images. The more he concentrated, the more confused and blurred the memories become. He tried to remember before... and seemed to grasp fragments. The images tumble at random; a flood-gate of memories broke loose. He lost control of his body in a seizure. The room began to fade as he lost his vision. He saw glimpses of people. Not the army instructors in their long white coats, but strangely dressed people in tattered coats over layers of dirty shirts and pants. An old lady flashed to mind. She smells strongly, and sits on the edge of a wooden

bench. He saw the image with a feeling of great joy and anticipation. As consciousness faded, a feeling of great hunger... confusion... darkness.

A sharp pain. Dizziness. He shook his head to clear his thoughts. His wings wouldn't move. A torrent of thought as instinct opposed training. "Panic, flee to safety. Wings are pinned. A cave, I'm standing in a cave. I can't move. My wings are caught. Take a deep breath. No danger, relax, breathe slowly. Calm down, they are supposed to be this way. Regain control."

Slowly the queerness of the position receded. The deafening whirl of blood flowing through his head quieted. He emptied his head of all thoughts in an attempt to regain calm. "Focus on the task at hand. Restart the mantra, concentrating this time," he thought. Again he flexed and strained his body, testing every joint and bone for strength.

The mantra was complete. With a wince he squeezed his abdomen, the sudden pain startled him, although expected. The pressure increased. He flexed his abdomen further. The pressure, like the need to urgently urinate, was almost intolerable. The pain rose, an intense sensation that almost becomes numb pleasure. It's not enough, squeezed harder. Almost there. Finally, the level of pressure was great enough. He opened the gills in his chest and released the pressure.

With a bark and jolt, like a swift kick in the ass, he was forced into the air on column of flame. Air was sucked into his gills with a roar, outmatched by the deeper thunder of the exhaust behind him. His leap into the air was followed by a quick plummet towards the base of the mountain. It was not an accident that he chose a position with a steep drop-off. With only a fraction of his normal wing surface, staying in the air wasn't quite so easy. As his altitude dropped his speed rose. The hairs on his wing trembled in pain, almost ripped from their roots by the violence of the air. The hairs pulled back into their pores, while a thick oil was secreted. He slid through the air even faster. The soldier strained,



pulling up on his trailing edge with all his strength. His descent halted and he began to climb quickly. While the incredible speed was necessary, it came at a price. His wings grew numb from the violent turbulence, but not so numb as to block out the pain from the heat that scorched his leading edges. The ground was a green smear. Ten miles passed in the blink of an eye.

The enemy camp was only a few miles away. It was time to slow and descend. The soldier must stay below the hilltops, slipping along just above the floor of the valley to hide from those whose eyes are better even than his. The canopy of trees slipped by underneath, a blur of green only feet underneath his wings. He headed for a gap between the hills.

Ahead, the shine of metal. A clearing in the trees came into view. As he approached the camp, he climbed quickly to gain altitude, then dove even faster in attack. He fired no bullets; his eyes were his weapon. A jeep glowed red. Five buildings; four were warm. They were probably barracks. Three men in chains looked up and waved. His gaze moved on as a prisoner stumbled, reeling from the whip that cracked across his back. Windows shattered as he flew overhead. One man fired his sidearm at him uselessly. Men were scrambling, kicking and shoving prisoners into deep pits. The camp was behind him. He climbed up into the sky, as if attached to the end of a long pendulum, then reversed his course, regaining speed. At the bottom of his arc he again saw the enemy. All the prisoners were now hidden in the ground under plywood, partly covered with dirt: the perfect camouflage for a camp set in a field of mud. The men were gathered around a huge tarp. From the shape, ammunition crates. No matter, his job here was done.

The ground once again a smear far below. He turned North towards the water; to the carrier waiting offshore. The flight was easier now, with most of his heavy fuel used up.

From the corner of his eye he saw a flash of metal. Adrenaline flooded his system and fuel coursed through his bowels. Dive hard right. Another flash, bright in the infra-red. Missiles. They were coming fast. Nose down, he squeezed his abdomen hard. He pushed till the pressure hurt. He couldn't lose them. He dove for the trees, decelerating hard. He cut the jets and closed up his abdomen, knowing they may be following his heat. Waiting

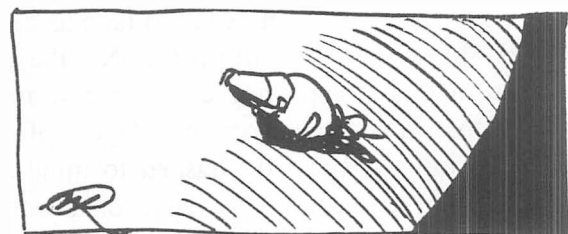
until the last second, he unlocked the first joint of his wings and dropped below the canopy where it was thinnest. Now using his full wing, and its greater surface area, he shed speed violently.

The soldier's wings snapped against the trees as he tried without success to dodge them. The ground slammed into his side as the missiles flew past overhead. One exploded above, sending a shower of metal and tree limbs. The other exploded moments later in the trees far ahead.

Pain. The veins and capillaries in his wings constricted, trying to stop the blood loss. The left wing hung uselessly, the right was a stump, torn just before the first joint. The blood loss stopped, already clotting. With a scream, he expelled his bladder. The explosive fluid flowed across the ground leaving a slick film. His vision grayed when he tried to stand. He lost consciousness.

The world blurred back into focus. A pulsing hum vibrated his head. The rhythmic pain was incredible, but necessary for a rescue team to locate him. His mind was in turmoil. Memories bounced off the inside of his head. Each rebounded with a blinding flash of pain. Visions shifted into focus for an instant, only to be replaced again with fog. Bits emerged, slipping away as he tried to focus on them. The blinding flashes ran together into a numbing fog, less powerful in its familiarity. The images now came unhindered. Trees that dwarfed the skies. City streets. Park benches. The scenes flowed together coherently.

A helicopter came in low from the north. The soldier sighed, ignoring the flash of pain as his diaphragm ground the fragments of his ribcage. It was friendly; A rescue chopper. He fought the pain further as the chopper slowly lowered its sling, thinking how nice it will be to go home. Yes, home. Back to the park. The old lady on the park bench who tossed him bread crumbs. The occasional sunflower seeds. The French fries that fell to the ground around the outdoor cafe. It will be nice to go home.



A LIFE OF GLAMOUR

Laura Resnick

As a third generation writer well qualified to speak on the subject, I thought today I'd tell you a little about the Glamorous Life of a Writer.

When I was a child, I had, like most children, an ever changing list of what I wanted to be when I grew up: a famous movie star, a brilliant astronomer; an international superspy; a thinking rock star; a dashing archaeologist; a fearless lion tamer; and so on. The score of an aptitude test I once took in high school indicated that I should become a race car driver; my best friend's score indicated that she should spend her future binding sticks of wood together with leather thongs. I'm not making this up!

There was one thing, however, that I was absolutely certain I **never** wanted to do: become a writer.

Therefore it might seem a trifle strange that I've sold 16 books and almost 30 short stories. But I can explain!

Now the main reason — indeed the **entire** reason — I didn't ever want to write is because I was raised by a writer. This warps an individual for life, but I was determined to overcome this setback in my destiny, this handicap in my development, this wretched twist of fate, and live a sane life despite my savage beginnings. I saw from an early age what writing does to the psyche, the figure, the eyesight, and the temperament. I knew that was not the life for me, and that I'd rather scrub floors first.

Well, it's funny how fate can act on a person's secret, half-hearted vows, because, my friends, I **did** scrub floors first. I also cleaned houses, handed out leaflets on street corners, worked as a temp, answered phones, washed dishes, cleaned up dog kennels, waited tables, and cashiered in a singles' bar that kept two bouncers by my side at all times. I did all of this, I might add, after I got my cum laude bachelor's degree from a prestigious East coast

university, which is why I have a very limited faith in the role of formal education in our lives.

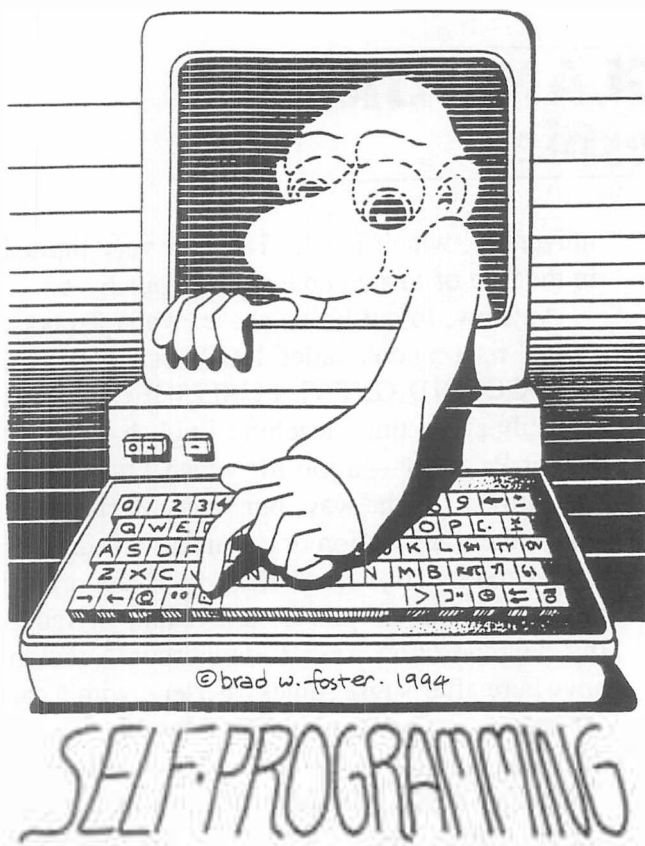
Anyhow, to cut to the chase, when I was twenty-four, I read a book called **HOW TO WRITE A ROMANCE AND GET IT PUBLISHED**. I was living in Sicily at the time, teaching English at the University of Palermo — a job for which I was completely unqualified, by the way, but since we spent so much time either on vacation or on strike, this didn't really matter too much. I lived alone in a vast seven room apartment with no phone, television, or radio, and my neighborhood was so dangerous I couldn't go anywhere after sunset unless a friend with a car (and several stalwart companions) came to pick me up. The piazza, where my apartment building was located, was famous for the brutality of the Mafia executions which took place there. My neighborhood was infested with feral dogs who were, fortunately, too timid to attack the dozen or so donkeys which lived in a bombed-out ruin right outside my front door.

These, then, are the experiences and circumstances which finally drove me to put pen to paper. And I mean that quite literally. When people tell me they're going to write a book just as soon as they get a top-of-the-line computer and a state-of-the-art word processing program (and yes, people **do** tell me this), I don't even bother to hide my sneer. Someone who's going to write a book, **writes** a book. I wrote my first three books by hand, scribbling in notebooks as I sat at my kitchen table in

Palermo, then typed them into manuscript form on a manual typewriter.

One of the questions I'm most frequently asked by people in the science fiction/fantasy field is whether or not I've felt pressure to prove that I don't just get work because I'm Mike Resnick's daughter. The answer is: no. A lot of people in this field don't know it, but before I ever even at-





tempted to write a speculative fiction short story, I had sold eight romance novels — and my thirteenth romance novel is due out next year. That's a genre where no one had ever heard the name Resnick until I broke in. In fact, around the time I sold my fifth book, my editor said to me, "Did you once say your father's a writer? What's his name again? what's he written?" So, no, I didn't feel any pressure to prove my validity as a writer.

Unlike most people who sell their first book, I was ambivalent about suddenly finding that, despite my best intentions, I had become ... a **writer**. It's common all over the Western world that when someone meets you for the first time, they ask what you do for a living. I'd sold four books before I would finally 'fess up and admit that I was ... a **writer**. Before that, I'd usually say I worked in a restaurant or did a little teaching. And then my well-meaning friends would rat on me and say, "Oh, no Laura's just teasing you. Really, she's a **writer**!"

I have made peace with my profession since then, though not quickly or easily. Burned out and fed up after selling a dozen romance novels, I quit writing in 1993 and spent the year traveling across Africa. When I finally came home, a very good literary agent approached me upon hearing that I was back and currently unagented. In our first exchange, I told him that he shouldn't waste his time, because I was

never going to write again. He didn't believe me and said he'd like to sign me anyhow, just in case. I think he knew my destiny better than I did. Since that day, less than two years ago, I've written a novel, a non-fiction book, ten short stories, two novellas, and half a dozen articles, and I'm currently completing the first novel of a fantasy trilogy. My agent occasionally chuckles about his own shrewdness, and I have finally learned to recognize writing not just as a profession I couldn't escape, but also as my vocation and my calling.

Mary Jo Putney, a very successful romance writer and good friend of mine, is fond of saying: "Writing is an obsession and a way of life." Growing up in a writer's house, I knew from the beginning that it was not a thing to undertake lightly. If I may throw another quote at you, one I could have originated myself by the age of seven in my father's house: "Writing is a solitary occupation. Family, friends, and society are the natural enemies of a writer. He must be alone, uninterrupted, and slightly savage if he is to sustain and complete an undertaking." (Lawrence Clark Powell) I ask you: is this any way to live?

So is writing ever not a solitary occupation? Yes; when one writer visits another. When I was about ten years old, science fiction author Phyllis Eisenstein and her husband came to dinner one evening. My father sat at one end of the dining room table, Phyllis at the other, and for the next five days they typed incessantly while Mr. Eisenstein paced between them. My mother kept them fed and dusted. I hid in my room and thought enviously of the families where daddies went away for eight hours a day, five days a week.

Indeed, the writing parent is often a ruthless creature. Although she was a devoted mother, when Sandra Brown began writing, she would nonetheless lock herself in her office and tell her two young children not to disturb her unless it was an emergency. Only two things, she told them, qualified as an emergency: smoke and blood. The strategy paid off, since Sandra is currently one of the most successful writers in the world.

The writing grandparent, while less ruthless than the writing parent, is equally obsessive and eccentric. Grandma and Grandpa Resnick wrote professionally during my childhood, in a room overflowing with books, stacks of paper, and dirty ashtrays.

I remember it well because it was my room, the room I slept in when I stayed with them. While many children remember their grandmothers baking cookies or knitting or kneeling in prayer, I remember Grandma Resnick hunched over a hot typewriter, a pencil stuck behind her ear, cigarette dangling from her lips. She and my grandfather did a lot of work together — which may be where my father got this penchant for inviting dinner guests to sit down and write with him for a week. (The Eisensteins, by the way, only eventually left when our well blew up — but that's another story.) My grandfather is here this weekend, and you may want to pump him about some of his writing exploits with my late grandmother, which included getting a book about Teddy Kennedy and Chappequick on the stands only **two weeks** after it happened.

Now considering the enormous commitment and many sacrifices any writer makes to pursue his art and perfect his craft, and considering how many people would like to become published novelists and never do, you would think — wouldn't you — that a professional, published, paid novelist would get some respect in our society.

Wrong again, Watson.

When I sold my first book, my father warned me that everywhere I went now, I was going to meet people who wanted me to:

- 1 read their manuscripts;
- 2 write their life stories for them;
- 3 write their novel ideas for them and split the proceeds (since any novelist must surely be desperately grateful to be handed someone else's idea); or
- 4 teach them the Secret Handshake, the key to becoming a published — and extravagantly wealthy and internationally famous — writer, the jealously guarded secret which has nothing whatsoever to do with talent, hard work, and persistence in the face of reaction.

Much as I hate to say it, Pop was right, I seem to



meet someone like this almost every time I leave the safety of my house — which is actually a one-room loft with no kitchen and a shower sitting in the corner of the main room. (Are you impressed by the glamour yet?)

As a young, innocent, naive writer, I actually tried to deal rationally at first with such requests and demands. However, I'm not the most patient person in the world, or even in this square ten feet of space, and so I quickly developed stock responses.

1 I'm sorry, my lawyer won't let me read your manuscript. He's very big and mean. take it up with him if you've not satisfied.

2 I'll be happy to write your life story. My rate is \$300 per day, five days per week, payable in advance at the beginning of each week.

3 No, I don't want to write your idea for a novel. it sucks.

4 I can teach you the Secret Handshake... but then I'd have to kill you.

A week ago, I received a regular quarterly newsletter from Barbara Mertz, who is both a friend and one of my favorite writers. Writing Egyptology under her own name, and fiction under the pseudonyms Barbara Michaels and Elizabeth Peters. In one of the articles in her newsletter, she lists the questions she particularly dislikes being asked, and her list is predictably similar to mine. However, she does add one which I forgot: Where do you get your ideas? Barbara's answer: "I order them from a catalogue, or I steal them from my friends."

My father hates it when people ask, "And what name do you write under?" as if they've heard of every writer **except** him. Lawrence Schimel, a young science fiction writer, recently wrote that he can't understand why people always ask, "Have I read anything you've written?" as if he should know what they've read. In his guest of honor speech at WorldCon this year, Samuel R. Delaney said that upon learning that he's a science fiction writer, peo-

ple frequently say, "Oh, I don't read science fiction." as if (a) he had asked them, (b) he cared, and (c) he should now be impressed by their honesty. When was the last time you met a doctor at a party and automatically said, "Oh, I never have surgery?" However, the disrespect most writers encounter is **nothing** compared to what a blonde romance writer endures. Before I started writing non-fiction and speculative fiction, when I used to simply say, "I write romance novels," I couldn't even begin to keep track of the number of people who, with apparently no awareness of their own rudeness, would immediately say, "Oh, you write those really trashy books?"

When was the last time you met a doctor at a party and said, "Oh, so you're a money-grubbing quack with a god complex?"

However, if I was looking for respect, I made a big mistake by going from being a romance writer to being a fantasy writer. Not only do mainstream, horror, mystery, literary, non-fiction, **and** science fiction writers still feel free to sneer at me, but most people outside of writers and genre fans have no idea what a fantasy writer is. I once made the dreadful mistake of saying, "You've heard of Tolkein, right? It's that genre. My interrogator then said, "Oh, good God! You're going to write about **hobbits**," and stalked off to tell this to other people.

Now I suppose some folks associate writers' awards with respect and glamour. Writers pry themselves away from their keyboards and show up at big conventions where a few of them, dressed in tuxedos or evening gowns, collect a shiny trophy in the spotlight, say a few words of acknowledgment, and for a few moments seem like a literate version of a movie star accepting an Oscar.

Well, I seem to have done even this wrong. The first award I ever won was in romance, for being a "best new writer" in the field. However, a famous romance writer had just died, and the convention was being held in his home state, where many people had good, fond, and... frankly long-winded memories of him. A eulogy with a cast of thousands took place after the banquet meal and before the awards ceremony started. By the time I got up to collect my award, the centerpieces were wilted, I had digested dinner and was hungry again. Besides all of the banquet guests were either long gone or quite drunk. I went back to my room to go to sleep — and every

time one of these drunk writer flushed their toilets for the rest of the night, the pipes roared right over my bed.

The second time I won an award, for a particular romance novel this time, I was in Africa, camped on a beach in Nigeria, scrubbing infected sores on my legs with saltwater while pagan refugees from Togo sacrificed goats every night near my tent. I found out about the award two months later, when I reached Nairobi.

I won the Campbell Award later that same year (for best new writer in speculative fiction). I found out one night a few weeks later when I called home from South Africa. I was really pleased, since this is the field I'm moving into and where I feel my future as a writer is.

When I announced this good news to my companions on the road in Africa, they asked what this award meant for me. Money? Fame? Contracts?

I thought it over and answered honestly. "No. But if I had **been** there, someone might have bought me a drink.

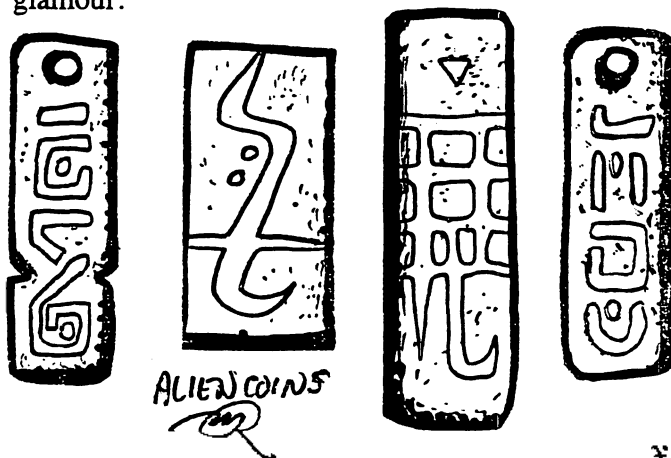
"Nothing else?" someone asked, clearly less impressed than he had been a moment ago.

"Well, if I had timed it right, and if anyone had recognized my name, I **might** have had the signal honor of being thrown out of the Hugo Losers' Party. But," I added quickly, "I might not be important enough for an honor like that."

Disillusioned with the glamorous life of a writer, my companions all turned away and went back to their business.

My 15 minutes were over so fast.

Consequently, I sincerely thank the Context committee for inviting me here, since I can say without false flattery that being their guest here this weekend really is a welcome departure from my usual life of glamour.



SKYLARK PRESENTATION: A MESSAGE FROM MIKE RESNICK Read Aloud by Tony Lewis

It is a long-standing tradition that the most recent winner of the Skylark Award hands it out to the new winner at the Boskone banquet. Obviously that is not going to happen this year. One look at this year's speaker — the receding forehead, the unkempt appearance, the beady little eyes that reflect no spark of intelligence — will convince even the most unobservant among you that the person reading this is not the devilishly handsome and incredibly talented Mike Resnick.

However, while I cannot be with you this weekend, at least I can speak to you through this semi-literate drone and let you know why I am not here to share in the festivities. While you are all enjoying the usual winter sports connected with Boskone — hockey, ice sculpting, and listening to Rick Katze deny that he's secretly plotting to chair Noreascon IV — Carol and I are out here in Hollywood, sweltering in the 72-degree heat and slowly starving to death on a meager daily menu of caviar, pate de fois gras, and pheasant under glass, while being forced to drink gallons of 1953 Dom Perignon. (At least it's from the north slope.)

It seems that, after almost six years of futzing around, they are finally, really and truly, making a movie out of SANTIAGO — (Tony: pause thirty seconds for riotous applause to subside) — and since Carol and I have written the screenplay (in fact, we have written it ten times at last count), they have flown us out for one of a number of what are called story conferences.

Let it be known that this is to be a Major Production that spares no expense. In fact, you can reach us by writing to us in care of the Beverly Hilton.

Well, in care of a Beverly Hilton, anyway. Our producers thoughtfully arranged for us to stay with Beverly, the key grip's aunt, who lives out in the Mojave Desert and offered us an unfinished

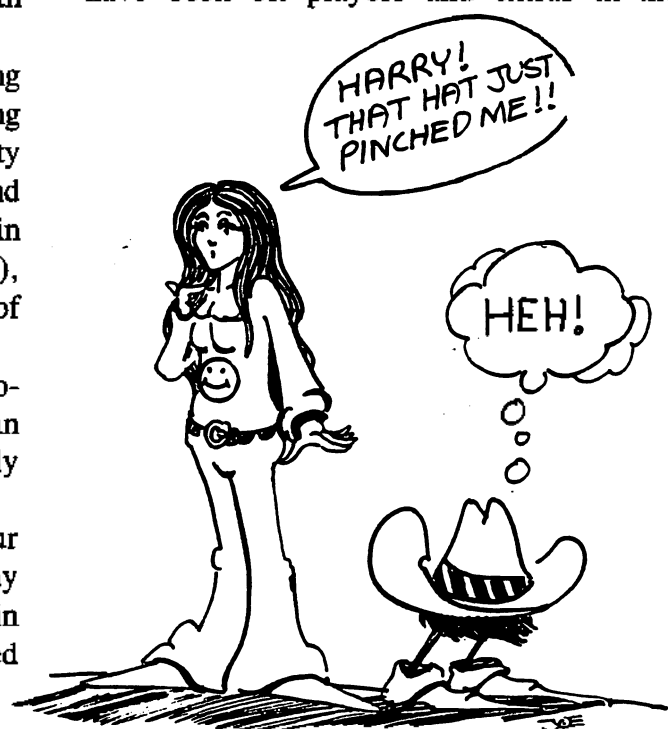
room over her garage.

On the other hand, we have as much clout and input as any screenwriting team in history. Which means slightly less than the producer's nephew's wife's hairdresser, about the same as the men's room attendant, and just a shade more than Dimitre Tiomkin, who hasn't scored a movie in twenty years and has been dead even longer than that.

The story conferences themselves are at least as science fictional as anything ever written by Lois Bujold. My favorite comment from yesterday's session was, "Why *can't* one of the twins be black?"

They haven't cast the film yet. They keep saying they want the biggest, most expensive star around, but we keep holding out for Mel Gibson instead of Michael Jordan.

Anyway, so much for Hollywood. I want you to know that I remain my sweet, humble, lovable self, and no matter how many millions I make and how many Oscars I win, I will always cherish the memory of you totally insignificant people who have been bit players and extras in the rich



tapestry of my life.

(Tony: Pause two minutes until standing ovation has subsided.)

But I digress. We've got a Skylark to present. And the first order of business is to ask why we call it a Skylark, since it is fitted with a Lens and would better be called the Kimball or the Lensman. But after three days of the kind of answers one gets at story conferences — "Sure, we can do the Audrey Hepburn Story, but let's get an Audrey with hooters" — I'm sure as hell not going to be the one to question it.

The Skylark Award goes to the person who best personifies the qualities that made the late E. E. "Doc" Smith beloved of fandom. But since no one has written any Skylark or Lensman books lately, or messed around with doughnut formulae (ask the drone here to explain that reference later), we tend to give it to a pro or a fan who's a kinda sorta nice guy and doesn't vote against NESFA at Worldcon business meetings. I figure I won mine because I've overslept every business meeting since 1963, and after all these years I still can't spell NESFA, WSFA, or BNF.

Nonetheless, I am enormously proud of my own Skylark, and carry it with me everywhere I go. Usually I put it in a window where everyone can see and admire it. Unfortunately, I seem to be running in bad luck these past twelve months, as I have had three hotels, a

Polish laundry, and a pornographic bakery shop go up in flames around me.

I mentioned this to Jane Yolen, who suggested, as usual, that I put the Skylark where the sun never shines. But since I don't know where the New York publishers hide their accounting ledgers, I have not yet been able to do this.

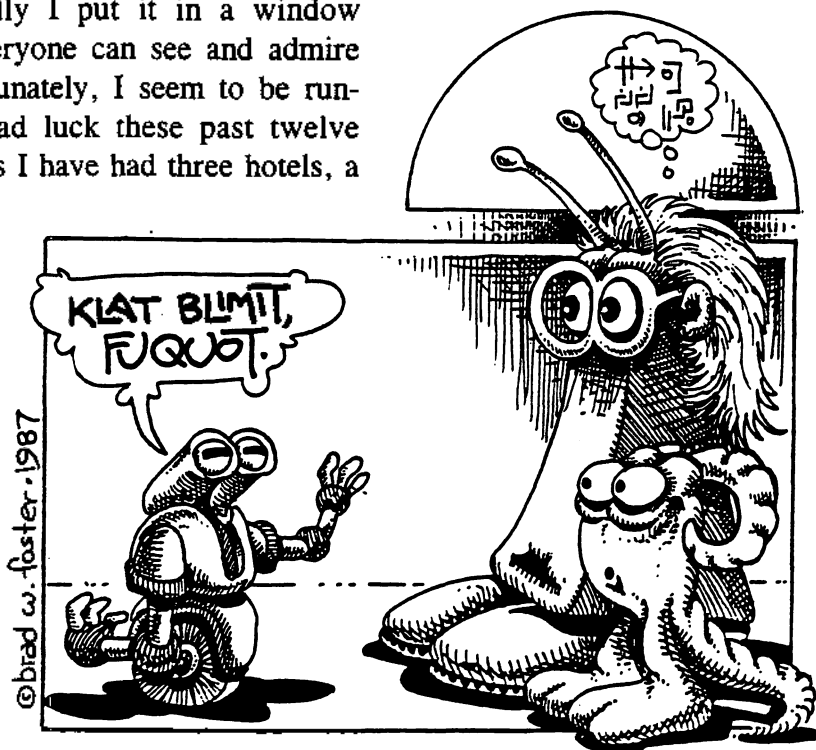
Ah, well, I'm due to judge the Miss Nude Beverly Hills Pageant in a couple of moments, and you must be getting tired of hearing Tony Lewis screw up my priceless prose, so let's get on with it: in this Politically Correct year of 1996, one of the Skylark winners is Gay.

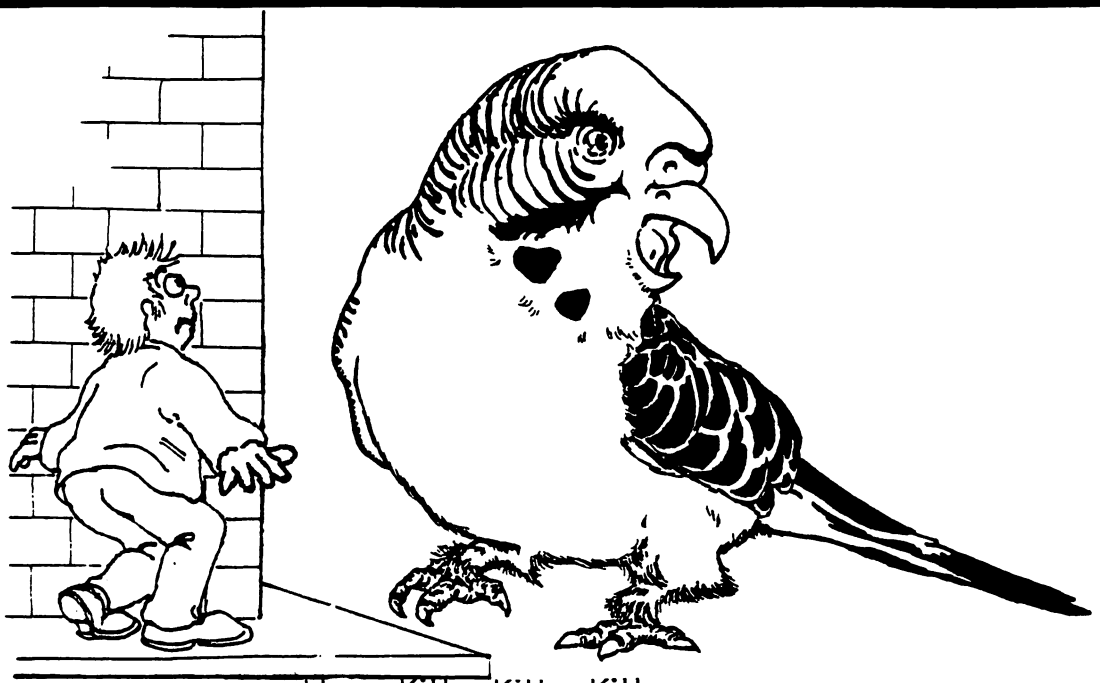
The other is her husband, Joe.

Gay Haldeman is a world traveler, and wherever she goes she brings a little sunlight with her. She has worked, credited and otherwise, on conventions for a third of a century. She has helped more writers than Joe, and more fans than you can shake a stick at. (Well, more than *I* can shake a stick at, anyway — and Teddy Roosevelt and I carry pretty big sticks.)

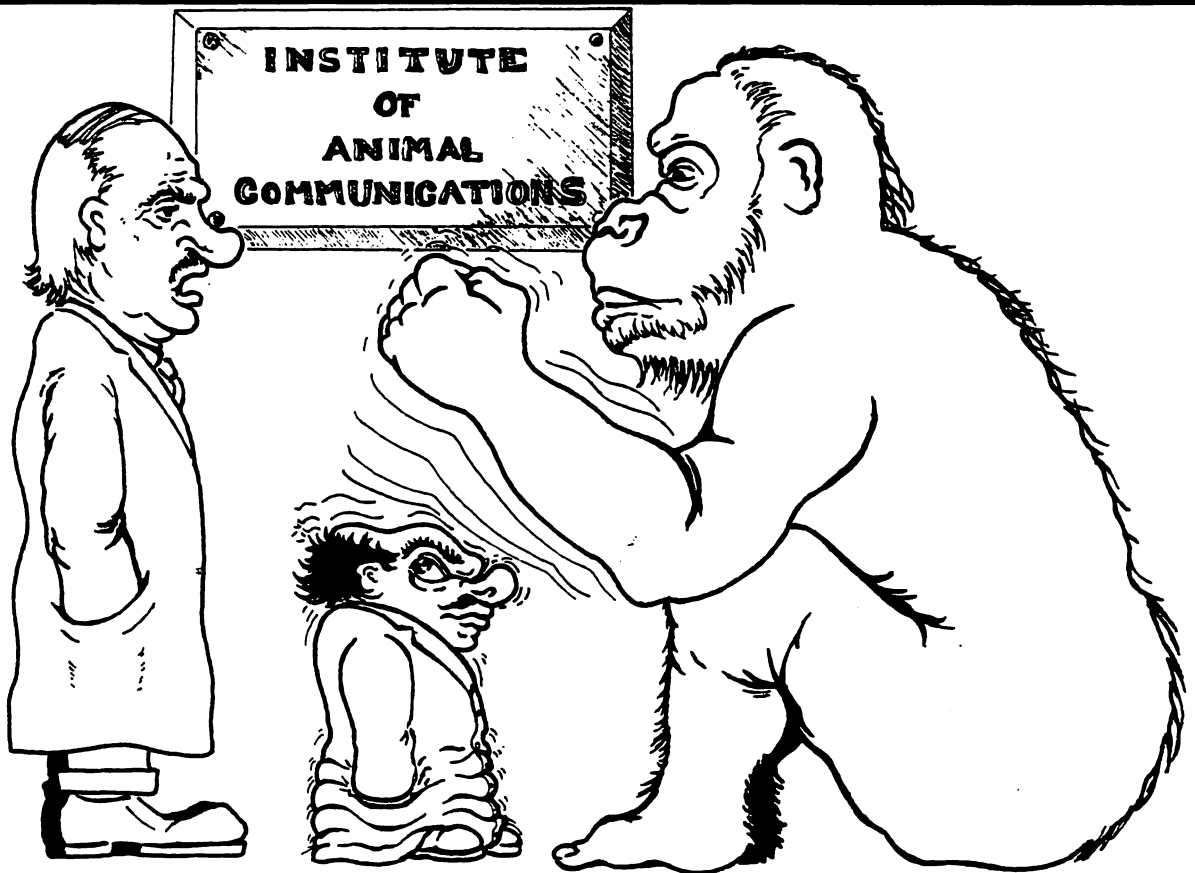
As for Joe, the record speaks for itself: multiple Hugo winner, multiple Nebula winner, past president of SFWA, screenwriter, filksinger, and one of the more dangerous poker players around.

I congratulate Gay and Joe Haldeman, the very worthy winners of the 1996 Skylark Award for lifetime achievement in science fiction.





Here Kitty, Kitty, Kitty.



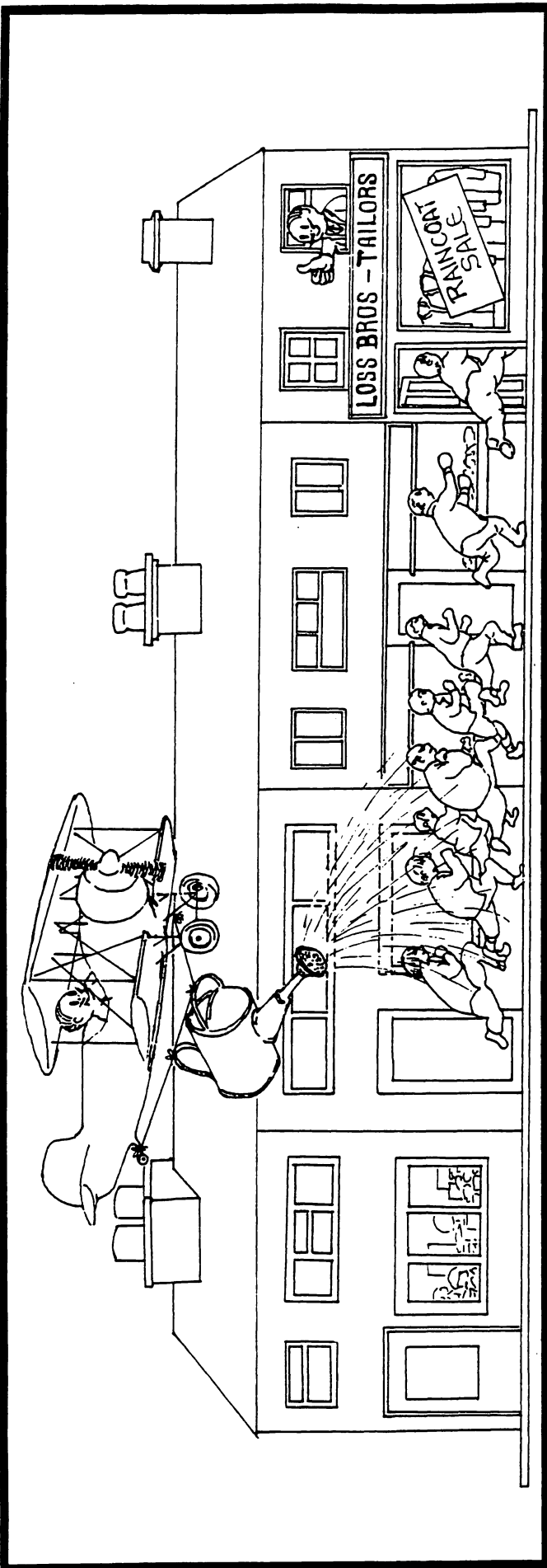
We don't seem to be getting through to him, do we, Professor?



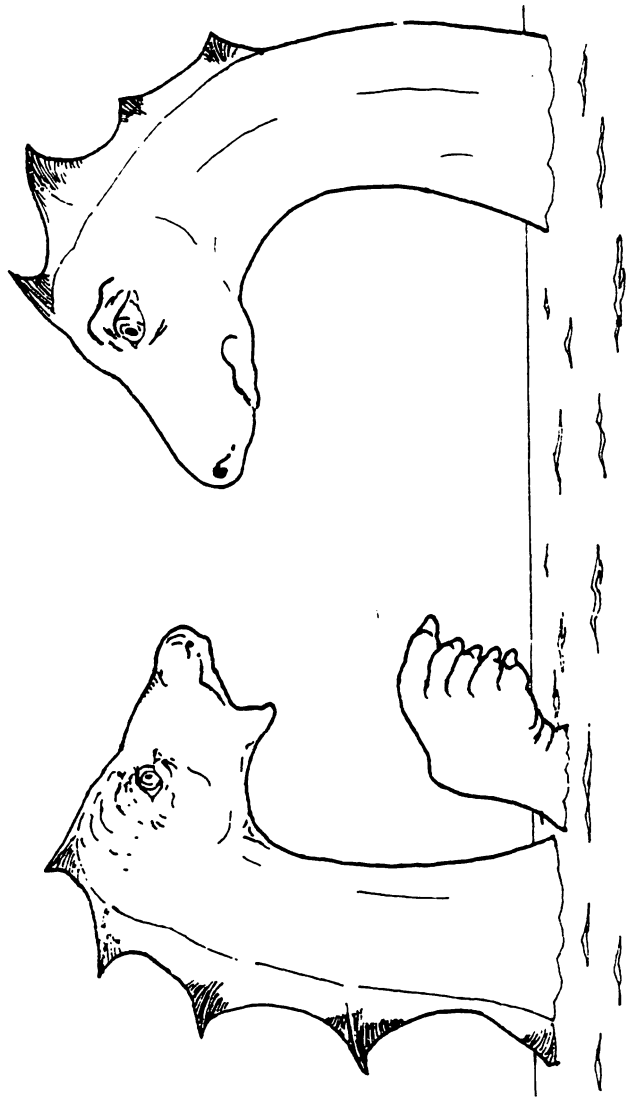
Well, if you won't shout timber!! What are you going to shout?



Thanks for your suggestion, Sonny, but I doubt very much if the Orbital trajectory Navigation Unit has a faulty Astro-Galvanometer.



Of course there are such things as
Flying Saucers, but you have to be
Sixteen or over to drive one.





Hey, Gabriel, I've found what started those Flying Saucer reports!

Waltz With The Wind

Outside my window,
the eternal wind waltzes
with autumn's first fallen leaves.

Spry are their steps
as effortlessly they whirl
over green grass not yet browned.

In rustling voices
the golden oranges and browns
speak of the sweet freedom
age hath wrought.

Beckoned wind throughout
leaves' infancy, "Come dance and play."
"Not yet" replied leaves,
"For here, for purpose we must stay."

Through summer's swelter
wind was less insistent,
but imploring breezes offered still.

Then, with autumn's consenting call
leaves were released from ties that had bound,
and were lowered by the loving wind
onto the waiting ground.

Unchanged, this wind and these leaves
since first, as a child, from self same still
by which this old body stands,
I watched their sublime celebration.

In spirit, I am their kin.
Like the dry leaves,
I still dance in the wind.

Like the leaves of every autumn fall,
I will live unchanged within,
forever the spry, youthful dancer,
Till I, too, crumble and wither
to join the dust whence I came.

danny canntrill August 1993

CHAPTER III: SAGA OF OUR CATS PAT & ROGER SIMS

As our saga continues we find that Fido is no longer in need of nursing. This means that Jackson's teats are well on their way back to the shape that they were prior to the coming of Fido and his need to still do the kitten thing.

For the next several years, both acted like normal male cats who had been altered. Except for one day while the two of us were at work. Or it is possible that the altering caused the following incident.

Opening the front door and walking in to the living- room, we discovered a very neat pile of socks in the middle of the dining room floor. When we had left that morning the socks were in a pile on the floor of an upstairs closet with the door closed! Somehow, one or both cats had opened the door of the closet and decided that the socks would be better off in the dining room!

Then there was the time with the first Xmas tree. We were married in August and the cats arrived before the next winter. So about a week before Xmas Pat says to me, "It's time to buy a tree." Not thinking of anything that might go wrong we went to the tree store and bought one. Bringing it home we set it up in the northwest corner of the living room in a stand that to be almost honest was not cat proof!

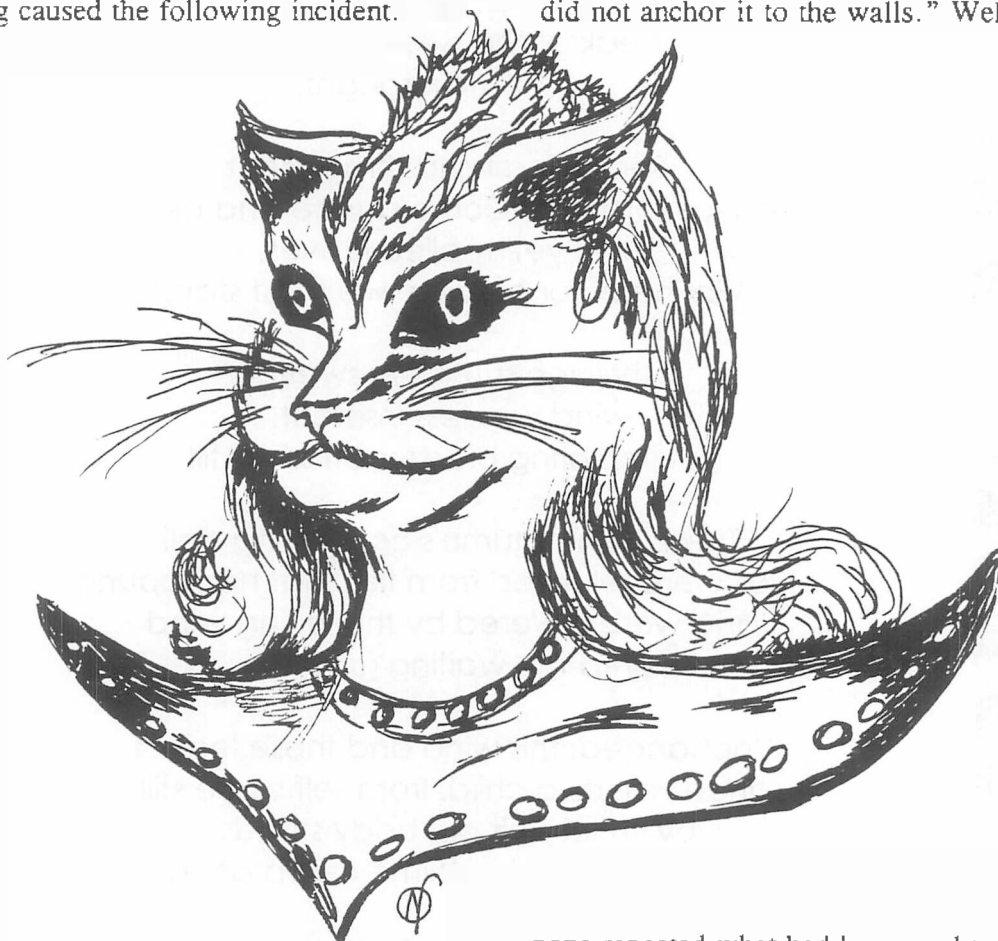
I need not tell the cat lovers who are reading this that what we did verged on the ridiculous if not on

the criminal. After setting up the tree we went up to the attic to fetch the lights and ornaments. Before we could wend our way down, a loud crash came up to our ears and we did not need a rocket scientist to tell us what had happen. As I ran downstairs I caught a glimpse of Fido disappearing around the corner and Jackson with a look on his face which read, "I told you not to climb that tree. Those people we live with did not anchor it to the walls." Well, I did not need

anything else to fall on my head or even for the tree to fall again the next time with fragile stuff on it, so I did just that with two heavy wires. One was attached to the west wall and the other was attached to the north wall! I can honestly say that although Fido did occasionally test the lower branches of subsequent trees,

none repeated what had happened to the first one.

Both Jackson and Fido liked to travel. As many of you may be able to attest, having seen them at many Midwestcons and Octocons during the twenty year period from 1965 to 1985. But travelling with them was not all peaches and cream, as the next three stories will attest. But first I should tell the readers that on all trips the cats were free to find their own place to be in the car. The only thing that we did after the first trip, which was a short one to the vet, was provide a kitty litter box. I should not have to explain why, especially to cat owners reading this! I





might add here that Fido's very favorite sleeping spot was between my foot and the brake pedal.

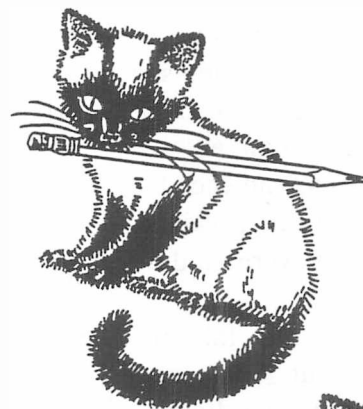
Around 1967 we drove to Tampa, Florida to spend two weeks around Xmas with my parents. The cats were with us because my mother said that it was OK. I knew that she liked cats because at the time she was feeding at least eight neighborhood cats. We had a lovely stay and soon it was over.

On the way back we made a pit stop for us and a cleaning out of the kitty litter pan for the cats. I, at the same time, opened the door and looked for Fido. This was a mistake. I should have looked for Fido, then opened the door. I never made that mistake again. For as I opened the door there was a streak of fur across my eyes and Fido was free! Well at least he was free until I caught him. It may be that while he was on some level wanting to be caught, he was not ready to do so at the point that I caught him. As I held him in my arms with his face facing mine, another thing I never did again, he hit each side of my head with his two front paws. It rang my bell! And made me decide that no future cat in our household would have front claws!

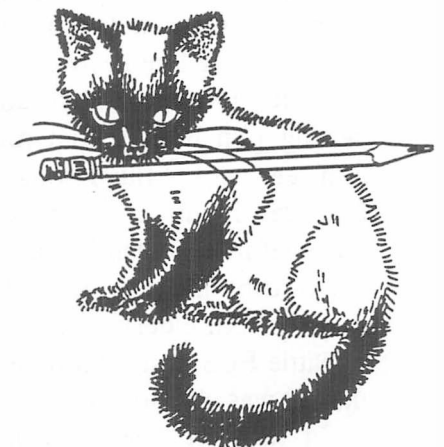
The second visit that we made to Tampa with the cats was by airplane with Jackson and Fido each in his own cardboard carrying box which had been

supplied by the airline. All was well on the trip there, but the trip back caused problems. Jackson made such terrible noises that the Steward told us to take him out and hold him on our laps. When we did this we discovered that he had, in an attempt to escape the box, torn one of his nails completely off. Fortunately it grew back. Fido was completely traumatized by the whole trip. He said nothing and did not move once placed in the box. He did not even move after the box was placed on the back seat of the car for the trip home from the airport. Even with the top opened! In fact he had to be lifted out and carried into the house. He did not recover until the next day. That was their last trip to Florida because what I did not know and only found out when it was time to leave after their second visit was that my mother thought that we should have found a place for them to stay because she did not think it was proper to have cats in her house.

The third trip evolved a lot of things. An ice storm, no electricity in the house, a hole punched in the transmission oil pan, a broken key, a forgotten purse, and a borrowed car. But all I wish to say here is the car was so loaded to the top with stuff, cats, and us that Jackson could not find the kitty litter pan.

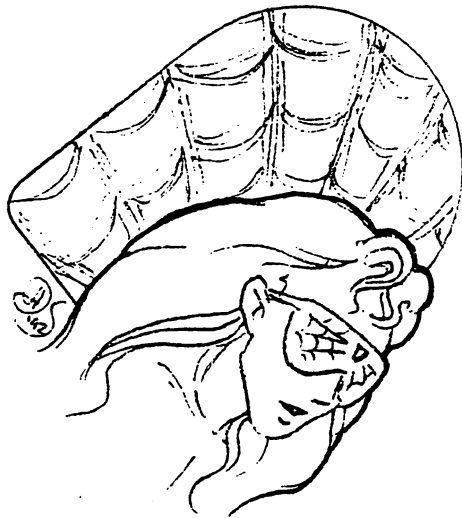


Uym '12



So he found the only free space to wet. Somehow we got the smell and stain out of the carpet so that the person from whom we had borrowed the car knew nothing.

But not unfortunately the last of his accidents. For in later life he developed feline urinary syndrome which caused him to be somewhat



incontinent. Generally these episodes occurred at night while we were sleeping and the first indication of one was a warm feeling on my side as he lay sleeping in close proximity to me.

Shortly after the plane ride to Florida we acquired a house and cat sitter. It was our next door neighbor's oldest daughter. After she married and left home the middle one took over. Later other family members were involved as were individuals they recommended. Suffice to say, we almost never had to board our cats while they were on the scene!

One morning during the fall of 1984 Fido who was about 19 human years old was standing in the dining room looking like he was not entirely with it. I knelt down and began petting him hoping that might help him feel better. But it was not to be for after about three strokes he fell over and was gone before his head hit the floor. We buried him in the yard by the side door. Thus Jackson became an only cat. An elderly gentleman of 20, he continued to battle FUS, but each time he became seriously ill, the vet was able to stabilize him.

In May of 1985 our house/cat sitting family

started feeding a stray who wondered into their garage. A few days later, she was observed crossing the street with a tiny kitten in her mouth which she deposited in the garage. She was observed repeating this process three more times. She knew she had found a good thing! The babies and mother were brought into the house and placed in their basement for greater security. The next day we were invited over to view the new family and were told that the tiger striped one was to be our replacement for Fido! Well, remembering how well Jackson took to Fido we thought that might work out. We firmly believed and still do that a two cat household is far better than a one cat household.

Several weeks later we were scheduled to attend the IAPES Convention in Omaha. It was agreed that the kitten, now old enough to leave his mother, would be introduced to Jackson by the sitter while we were away. The understanding was that if the kitten seemed to upset Jackson he was to be returned posthaste.

Saturday, the day we were to leave, it was noted that Jackson was not his usual self, so we asked the sitter to watch him closely and be prepared to take him to the vet Monday if he had not improved.

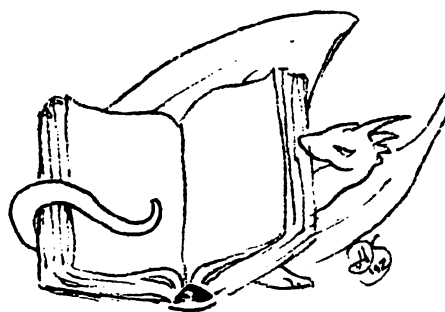
We called on Sunday and was informed that the kitten was brought over. Jackson was curled upon the couch, sleeping. The kitten crawled up to see the creature, Jackson reportedly gave him several licks and went back to sleep. The kitten curled up with Jackson and went to sleep as well.

The sitter took Jackson to the vet the next day. Unfortunately, his kidneys were failing, nothing more could be done for him and he was put down. The vet placed Jackson in the freezer and when we returned home we collected him and buried him in the yard,

several steps from Fido.

We like to believe that they enjoyed their lives with us as much as we enjoyed having them as part of ours.

Thus we come to the end of Book One on the Saga of our cats. Next time we will tell of the tale of how El Tigre was introduced to his new companion and why we will never have a male cat again.



THE VAMPIRE WITH AIDS OR THROUGH DARKEST CONFABULATION WITH DISH AND CAMERA JAMES S. DORR

So know it now. The pro guest of honor at CONFABULATION 5 was Mike Resnick who, among other things, gave a one hour video presentation Africa. Thus the subtitle — part of it anyway. As for the dish, on Friday night, Programming Coordinator Dan Fox took me aside and led me to an upper story hotel window. Below us on the ground outside was a satellite dish.

"Well, what do you think?" Fox asked, or words to that effect.

"Un," I ventured, "it seems like a very nice satellite dish."

Only later did I learn that that was not the hotel's dish, as I had assumed, but one that Dan had trucked in himself from Bloomington and set up with his own hands (and others too, I suppose, but mostly his — perhaps the adventure will be told at next year's "Confabulating" panel of which, for this year, see the next paragraph or so) so that, as an extra added attraction, we had continuous SciFi Channel programming on the Con Suite TV.

So why not then call it CON-TV-ULATION or something, or, just what does "confabulation" mean anyway? The second part of that is what panelists Matt Sohlstrom, Arvil Bowmer (left over, more or less, from an under attended "Researching Costumes for *Star Trek*" panel scheduled the hour before — his allowed us to give our audience a choice of topics), and I demanded to know of moderator John Railing at Friday Evening's traditional "Confabulating" panel. As a result, I'm still not sure I know. But we figured, maybe, it would be something like telling stories.

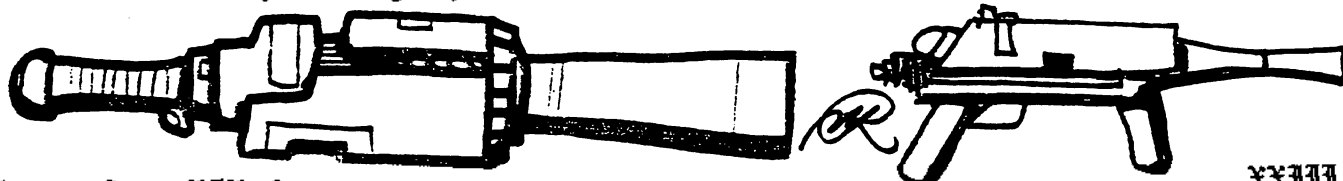
So I, somewhat by default, opened with the story of how I got drafted onto the first ever Confabulating panel (with Buck Coulson and Michael Longcor — "But I don't know any stories," I'd said — "Make them up then," Linda had answered) back in nineteen-ought-eighty-nine. Then, somehow, we got onto stories about my ex-wife, which may not have been the healthiest topic, so I gently steered us to

stories about an old MIT classmate of mine, Ewin "Filthy Pierre" Strauss. And so it went on. We talked about music for awhile and filker Sohlstrom told Juanita Coulson stories. We talked about RIVERCON and calliopes, bringing us back to Filthy Pierre. In general, though, the tone seemed to be, as Railing defined it, one of advancing an oral history of fandom.

Well, some of the tone. Railing explained that fandom has not written its history and so it must depend on oral transmission. To which the rest of us disagreed. ("There are any number of books purporting to be histories of fandom advertised in LOCUS and elsewhere. The problem isn't finding accounts that are written down — especially when one considers fanzines as local and even personal histories. Rather, the problem, if one wants a definitive history, is finding an editor.")

So there. I had agreed to be on the panel, thus breaking a tradition of adamantly refusing every year since the first CONFABULATION (where I had been drafted ... oh ... you've heard that already?), because, after all, I was getting in free and getting all I could eat at the ConSuite and it seemed like I ought to do something in return.

I did do the poetry workshop, of course — another tradition which was not broken. But my other scheduled panel, "Reworking Other Cultures in SF," in which I was to sit between Mike Resnick and Juanita Coulson — along with Roger Sims, friend of Resnick and editor of *Fantasy-Scope*, as moderator — turned out to be, as I had expected, one in which I wasn't really expected to have to say very much at all. For which, perhaps, it was all the more interesting (I did say a little about some stories I've set in China — see, e.g., "Bitter Perfume" in the Winter issue of *Figment* — *PLUG*) to just sit back and hear the old pro and old fan talk, first about the topic, and then for the last fifteen minutes or of about getting one's work translated and published in other cultures (for instance, cover illustrations can



sometimes be especially strange). Of the topic, in brief (other reviewers may have more detailed accounts), Resnick set the tone by suggesting that if we should go to the stars, we will colonize and, eventually, will run into another colonizing race. So one interest in Africa for him is that it can be taken as a laboratory — or more precisely, a number of laboratories — of what happens to both the colonized and those who do the colonizing.

Other panels included “Stonehenge and Other Megalithic Monuments” (the new hotel, the con having moved from its earlier Brown County Inn location, is called the Stonehenge Lodge — get it? It also, apparently, doesn’t have its own satellite TV) which I got to part of. Ask Auntie Frida — Frida Westford — to tell you the story about Prince Charles and The Telephone Company. The interesting part of it for me was discussion of the “others” as Stonehenge itself is, as it were, only the glitzier of a great number of stone circles built all over Britain (Juanita Coulson likened it to the Stone Age equivalent of Disneyland). Also the notion that various theories of What Stonehenge is All About may reveal more of the culture of those doing the theorizing than that of the builders.

And then, of course, the aforementioned “Open Poetry Workshop,” which I moderated, with Frida Westford, Roger Sims, and David Szent-Gyorgyi attending, and which, I thought, may have been the best session we’ve had at CONFABULATION to date. We concentrated mostly on reading, with the individual poets introducing and describing works as they read, then taking comments and answering questions. General talk of poetry thus became focused on specific examples (e.g., metrics was discussed in terms of the meter chosen — and why it was chosen — for *this* individual poem), with the one exception being, at the very beginning, a short introduction by me on resources for getting poetry published.

CONFABULATION is, consistently, a small but good convention. There were, yes, movies (the SciFi Channel, on the other hand, didn’t attract me all that much). And dinner Saturday night at Stoll’s Restaurant (“Amish” style smorgasbord — plain, and generally overcooked, but all you can eat for under \$9.00) with enough of the rest of the Con populace that one wondered who was minding the store back at “Stonehenge.”

Friday night’s traditional dinner and the movies featured a comedy this year, the funny but ultimately forgettable Stay Tuned. This was followed by a curious 1921 docu-dramatic look at Witchcraft Through the Ages (the major thesis: that symptoms put down to witchcraft would “now” be recognized as pertaining to psychological disorders). Also seen were, to be sure, the traditional The Forbidden Zone, Saturday evening’s Buffy the Vampire Slayer (or why a keen fashion sense is one of the most important weapons in the vampire hunter’s arsenal — much better than expected, actually), the first part of The Mask Sunday morning (1961, in partial 3-D — I had to leave before it was over, but I kept the red-green glasses, subsequently donating them to a local optometry clinic), and late-late-late Saturday night/Sunday morning, the very, very, very curious Wax, or, the Discovery of Television Among the Bees (dated 1991; almost all the production values of this film seem rotten — poor black and white filming, static scenes, repetitious and deadpan narration — yet the end result is surreal and fascinating. This is one that probably needs to be seen once or twice more to really appreciate.) And more ConSuite food. And friends. And schoosing.

Maybe this is what’s really meant by confabulating — such things as Sunday morning’s breakfast conversation that brought up the problem of the Vampire with AIDS. Consider: In that the Vampire is (un)dead itself, it won’t be personally affected, but oh what a carrier it will be. Thus if it wants to preserve its ... um ... feedstock (i.e., that portion of humanity that it thinks of more as lunch than potential recruits — thus to be kept healthy for subsequent feeding opportunities, much in the way a farmer will strive to keep his milk cows healthy), in the absence of an effective mouth condom, it could find itself a major disaster.

And so it went. Vampires and VD. I even got to tell my gonorrhea joke (if you see me at INCONJUNCTION, ask me — better yet, don’t). Hey, I never said that CONFABULATION was in good taste! Only that it’s good. Also, albeit after the fact, I believe I’ve solved the Vampire’s problem. As this is running long as it is, I won’t go into details except to note that it involves a paper punch and two straws.



PUT THE FUN BACK IN FANDOM

by Tom Sadler

When I saw Roger at DITTO back in November, one of the first things he said to me was, "If you want to LoC the next *Fantasy-Scope* you'd better get it in. The deadline is January.¹" Caught somewhat off balance, I said, "Uh — would you take an article? Because my letter in the last *Fantasy-Scope* made me sound like a blithering idiot."

He caught me off guard again and said, "Sure."

"Any particular subject?" I countered.

"No. Anything at all."

"Because some writers like to have a certain subject to write about."

"Anything at all," Roger said. I nodded.

"Fine, because I don't mind being given free reign."

So, with absolutely no idea what to write about², I had committed myself to doing an article for *Fantasy-Scope*.

Sometime after I returned home from the con, I began trying to think up ideas for an article and from which angle to approach whatever idea finally occurred to me. After several days, it began to look grim. I'm not a fast writer, and I do — believe it or not! — like to go back over what I've written, to see what needs to be changed and smoothed out, and so I require some time to do whatever rewriting is necessary.

Then an idea came to me and I sat down at my computer to begin composing the rough draft. After a while, I got to thinking, "Damn! This will never do. It's just not working. The whole thing is too dull

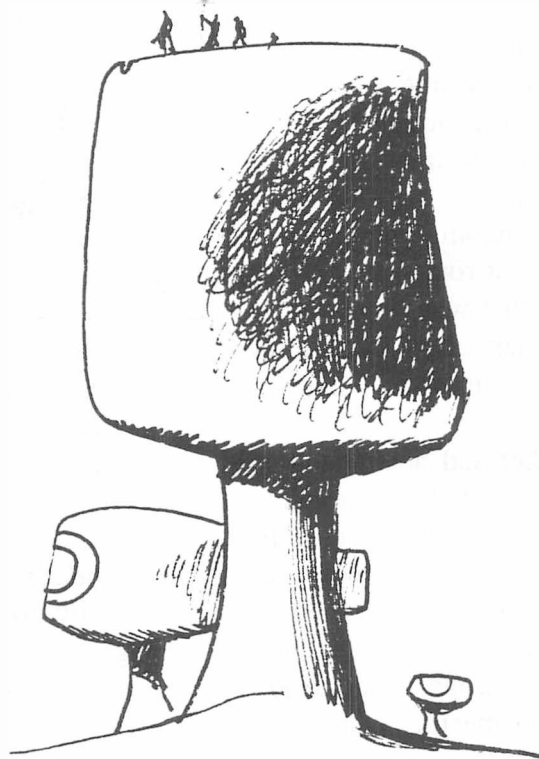
and boring. I'm going to have to start all over again. Double damn."

Then I got to thinking about it again. Maybe I was looking at the article in the wrong light. (So I printed up a copy and took it outside. Nope. It didn't improve, even on a good, sunny day.) But I thought about it one more time. Why not go ahead and complete it? After all, if Roger doesn't like it, he won't print it. And if he does print it, well then my article will make the rest of the contents of *Fantasy-Scope* look much better (Not that they need to of course.), and all the readers will write in and remark on how fine and sparkling and

witty and clever the writing is for the most part, which will make the other contributors look even better than they already are.

Taken in that way, I would be doing a great service to both Roger and his other contributors by providing a horrible counter point. So here is my article. Take it as you will — and remember, it was done out of kindness and consideration for the other writers, to show that they really are good.

Fans are a peculiar lot³ in some ways. There are plenty of so-called mundanes who could put us fans to shame in that category. (But who wants to be lumped in with the likes of Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, John Wayne Gacey, Charles Manson, Jeffrey Dahmer, or the average politician in Washington, D.C.?) We are all notable for our alleged interest in and love for science fiction as well as a wide variety of interests and fondness for all sorts of interesting, obscure, erudite and frequently useless infor-



¹The Conversation didn't go exactly that way, I'm sure, but it's the best my memory can manage and is essentially correct, in spirit at least.

²Why should a minor detail like that stop me?

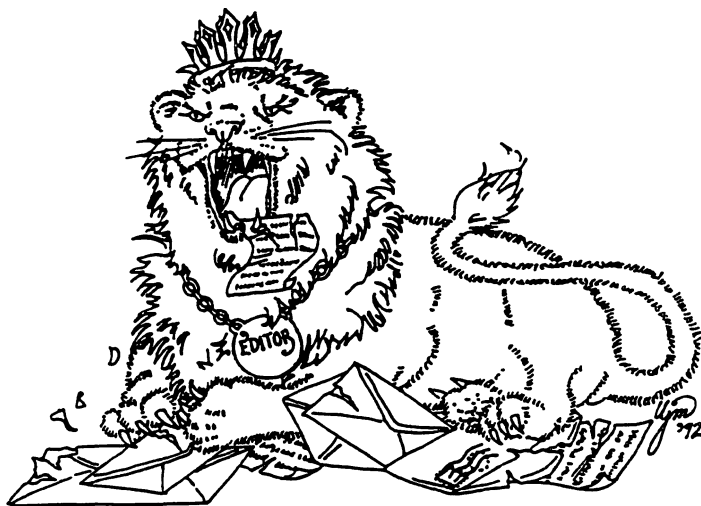
³Oh yeah! Speak for yourself, fella!

mation. Some of us even actually still read SF and aren't afraid to admit it. Others have an interest in fan history.⁴

I'm one of those apparently rare creatures: a fan who is interested in fan history, where and how it all began, and why. There are, of course, many others who find fan history about as interesting as watching grass grow or milk sour. Be that as it may, I do enjoy reading about all the crazy, absurd, foolish and nonsensical things fans used to do all those many years ago. The early days of fandom, when it was a lonely place to be, sounds almost romantic⁵ in some ways. Fans back then proved that when fans get together almost anything could happen — and usually did. The early days of fandom sound grand and glorious indeed.

And that's why I feel rather sad about fandom today. Certainly fandom is still alive and certainly there are clubs holding meetings and putting on cons so fans can get together and be themselves. But something is missing besides the sense of being so apart from the rest of the world, the feeling that it is "a proud and lonely thing to be a fan" and the joy one feels upon discovering and meeting others just like one's self. It's the irreverence, the spirit of playfulness, the letting go and being silly and foolish that's missing; the light-hearted give and take between and among fans; the feuding (Mostly done good-naturally, unlike some I've witnessed in recent times which became quite nasty, mean and spiteful.); the pranks and the hoaxes. I know: most fans these days are much older, grey, and with a multitude of obligations and responsibilities to careers and families. But didn't fans back then also have obligations and responsibilities? Sure they did, Meyer.

Of course, this is the 90's and things are a lot different than they used to be.... Allegedly. But does that mean fans don't and can't have the same sort of fun these days? Does that mean that because our hair is grey and we have a little extra baggage to carry around that our brains have stopped working? Does



that mean we "more mature" fans are now all too set in our ways and such sober and well-established citizens that we can't poke a little fun at something and indulge in some whimsy and maybe devise a hoax or ten?

Personally, I think it is still possible to do that even given the current climate of "political correctness" and sensitivity to minority concerns. All it takes is a change of attitude (Is that all? Ghod what a tall order for some of the people in fandom.) and the willingness to come down off our self-constructed pedestals or descend from our Olympian Heights (*Sounds like a mythological housing project. "Come live in beautiful, scenic Olympian Heights!" Treat yourself like a god!*) and loosen up, shrug off our mantles of responsibility and smile at the gives and the japes, crack a joke or two and remind ourselves we're in it for the fun of it.

At DITTO, I again listened to some of Howard Devore's anecdotes about Detroit Fandom in the fifties and laughed at some of the crazy things they did. The Misfits, they called themselves, and they had fun. Fun. People keep saying, "Fandom is supposed to be fun, and if it isn't fun it's time to get out." Well it still is fun in some ways and yet it isn't.

On certain almost magical occasions at specific cons where the confluence of events and personalities come together just right, there are some undeniably fine and fun times.⁷ I for one, would like to see more

⁴Wasn't it Harry Warner, Jr. who said, "those who ignore the lessons of The Fannish past are doomed to repeat them?" Well, if he didn't he should have. Or somebody should have.

⁵Yeah. Right. About as romantic as being lost in a large broom closet in the dark and trying to find your way out before you need to go to the bathroom. (BTW, that's Romantic in the sense of Verne, Wells, etc., meaning adventurous. Not hugging and kissing and breathing heavenly and big-bosomed young women and men with long blond hair.)

⁶Did that come out of me?

of them, both during cons and in between when most of us are compelled by reality to return to the Mundane. I intend to try to do my part, small though it may be.

In the past couple or three issues of my own fanzine (And particularly in the 7th annish⁸) I've tried to inject a little bit more humor and lightness and gaiety here and there. The sometimes rambling (and prolix) introductions were never intended to be taken seriously, and I hope to continue in that manner and, somehow, make it even more obvious. It's going to take me time of course because I'm out of practice owing to all sorts of personal, financial and family problems which have occupied my time and mind over the past few years but which — I hope! — will all be behind me.

At one time I could be very silly, foolish and almost outrageous. Irreverent, a couple of my high school friends would say. Looking over some of the stuff I wrote a long time ago, I see my sense of humor was rather . . . bizarre, offbeat, peculiar or whatever. Anyway, there were, I think, some pretty funny things I had produced and I'm trying to figure out how to recycle them (After all, these days recycling is **The Thing**.) I realize that some of it — maybe even most — won't work, but I'm willing to risk failure, especially if the result is someone saying something like "What the hell! I can be a lot funnier than **him!**"

But that's off the track. Let's try to get the freight engine back on the main line⁹ if at all possible.

The problem with humor is, as many a pro comedian has observed, it's a serious business. Good successful humor is a challenge to create, and sometimes humor is purely subjective: offensive to some, innocuous to others. But it is still possible to do funny things no matter how old a person may be. Look at Jonathan Winters, one of my favorite comedians, who is still screamingly funny in his late sixties. Or George Carlin (When he's not doing that stupid weakly [intentional wordplay] TV show of his.) who is older than I but still retains his humorous and irreverent outlook on life.

Hey, if the old-timers in Mundania can do it, so

can we graybeards (grey heads, in the case of those of us who are smooth shaven — or female). Life can still be funny and so can fandom. We've been there before; we can, to a certain extent, go there again. I like the idea of enlivening fandom with a good joke or ten or a prank or a hoax. Actually, now, more than ever, we need a good version of the "Staple Wars" or the "Bheer Can Tower", and other fannish pastimes.¹⁰

I know this has been a rather rambling piece. I can't help it. That's the way I am sometimes. There is, believe it or not, a point to all this. The point concerns something Leah Smith wrote in one of her columns in *ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY* and which Dale Speirs and Lloyd Penney brought up in letters to me, which regarded fan history and the apparent state of fandom today.

Basically they and I — and Buck Coulson — contend that it is all well and good to study fan history and to pay appropriate respects to those who have gone before and what they have done but we shouldn't dwell too much on the past and instead strive to create and establish new and contemporary traditions for those who come after to read about and enjoy. (But let's not start a tradition of humongous sentences like the preceding one!) For what little my opinion is worth, I think that's a good idea.

It is all well and good to be somewhat serious about one's various pursuits, but we should try to

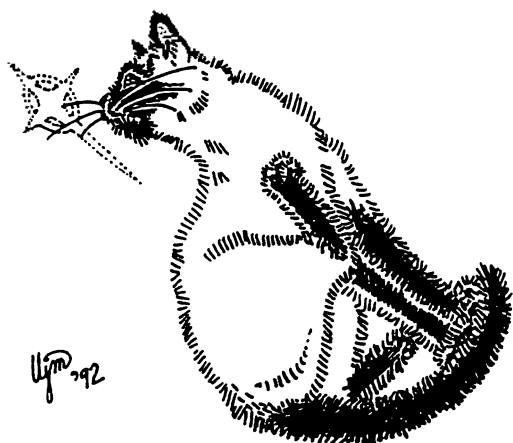


⁷The frightening thing is, some real estate developer somewhere may already have thought of that and started such a project.

⁸And seems to have escaped the notice of most people who received that issue. Shucks.

⁹A metaphor Bob Tucker should appreciate, I think, he being somewhat of a train buff, like me.

¹⁰Well, maybe not Claude Degler: there should be certain limits.



put such seriousness in perspective and not allow it to overshadow what we do. What we need to do is take lessons from such fan groups as The Misfits and The Insurgents and from earlier fanzines such as HYPHEN and Le ZOMBIE and lighten up. We need to bring back some of the fun and the irreverence practiced by earlier generations of fans, to have fun but to do so in a creative and imaginative way and not just use fandom and cons as an excuse simply to party. (Who needs an excuse to party anyway?) Hell, everybody parties; mundanes of all kinds do it all the time. The problem is, too often such partying results in mindless drunkenness and, occasionally, destruction of property. Sure, let's have fun, but let's see if we can find a way to do it differently from mundanes, in a fannish manner.

Also — and this may be more difficult — I think we should try to eliminate the creeping elitism from fandom. At least the sort where one fan group seems to think it's better than some other and allow only certain, chosen people to participate.

While fandom may now be too large to be considered a "large family", it seems to me fandom doesn't need to be so fragmented, so Balkanized, such a collection of small enclaves each asserting that it is better than all the others. I'd like to be able to travel to, say, L.A. or Las Vegas, or Atlanta, or Chicago, or Boston, or wherever, and feel like a part of the fan group there. The same thing goes for fanzines. I'd like to be able to read through any fanzine and not feel as if I've stumbled onto some insular little country where one needs a passport or visa, that I'm not

welcome there and should quietly go away.

Sure, we all have our differences and disagreements; that's only normal and natural. It seems to me they shouldn't be allowed to descend to the level of pettiness, spitefulness, acrimony and childishness¹¹ (and puerile name-calling) I've seen some fans display in print¹². It was bad enough to have had a Francis Towner Laney become so disenchanted with fandom that he would write a denunciation of it called "Ah! Sweet Idiocy!" If fans are better than mundanes, as some claim, then we should prove it by not acting like idiots. (Well, at least not disagreeable idiots. Ones like the Three Stooges or the lead characters in the movie *Dumb and Dumber* are more acceptable because they are, for the most part, well-meaning if misguided simpletons who pose no real threat.) Again, we should quit taking ourselves and fandom so seriously and break down and have fun. I recall reading, in MIMOSA, I think it was, about the *Ancient And Honourable Order of St. Fanthony*, and thinking something like, "That's an interesting tradition of fandom." It would be nice to revive that group. Perhaps it could be updated and called something like "The New Ancient and Honorable Order of St. Fanthony", with revised ceremonies reflecting and befitting the 90s. It wouldn't have to be anything elaborate and complicated, but yet it could be pleasant and lighthearted. (In these Politically Correct Times, it's dangerous to employ the once-innocent word "gay". A real shame, that.)

I'm sure there are a lot of other ways we could make fandom a fun place if we thought about it hard enough. Surely we could come up with some clever and funny hoaxes and jokes to revitalize fandom. We do see some of that playfulness now and again; just not enough of it. Somehow, we need to make fandom an intelligent, humorous, relaxed and fun place to be. I think it can be done. It's something to contemplate, anyway.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I want to go off to a quiet spot to work out the details of this little plot (nothing harmful, you understand) I have in mind



¹¹Pettiness, Spitefulness, Acrimony and Childishness" Hmm. It almost sounds like a law firm. I sure wouldn't want to deal with them!

¹²What? Where? When? Who says? You're dreaming. You must be.

THE CONCAVE 13 GUEST OF HONOR SPEECH RECORDED 2-29-92 PEGGY RAE PAVLAT

GARY ROBE'S INTRODUCTION

It would seem to me that the perfect guest of honor at a relaxacon would be someone who invented the word schmoozing, which I believe she's defined as a relaxed get-together with the specific purpose of meeting people and trading ideas. A perfect description of CONCAVE. However, the addition of changing money by chance might be added. That is why the UpperSouthClave board approved Peggy Rae to be the Guest of Honor at Concave 13 and UpperSouthClave XXII Convention.

If this were not enough, she has brought us our largest total registration (281); she has sold out the hotel; she has brought us fantastic weather, bright sunny warm days and rain at night.

THE SPEECH

Peggy stands: Greetings, she walks around in front of the head table and sort of leans back against it.

I'm going to perch up here. First of all I want to say how much fun I have had here. It is quite an honor to be invited down here to be with all of you. I've been told I am the first fan from out of the area to be awarded this honor.

I've been in fandom a long time, since about age

three. I lucked out. My parents were fans and part of the Philadelphia Science Fiction group. This is really nice; thank you for inviting me.

Gary told me that I should make a few comments but I should keep it to two hours or less.

(Gary: I'll start timing now.)

John can I have my notes. *(She shows two inches of notes to the audience.)* See, there aren't too many.

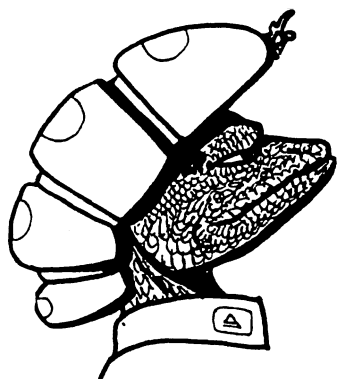
A funny thing happened at ConFiction in Holland in 1990. I went to set up the Retrospective Exhibits — I will talk about that in a minute — and wound up being asked to be the Vice-Chair of the Convention being voted on that year. I'd put a lot of time aside for the 1993 Worldcon because I knew that Hawaii was going to win.

Besides I'd never Vice-Chaired a Worldcon before, so I said yes. I live in Maryland. Most of you know enough geography to figure out that this is a little distance away. I thought 3,000 miles away should produce some trying times. But I have had a lot of fun with the group. We have been doing a lot of thinking and problem solving so most of the problems associated with large cons won't occur. Even so, we will screw up some stuff. I have never seen a perfect con and do not expect one will happen in my lifetime. But you should know that ConFrancisco's trying to do a good job. A number of you will, I am sure, wind up helping me. If I don't ask you, please ask me.

(Steve Francis yells out: Dick Spelman will help you. he'll tell everyone, watch out for her, she has her shanghai hat on.)

This is a very, very special day for ConFrancisco. Do all of you science fiction fans know what "turn around day" is? No? How many of you have read Gateway by Fred Pohl? Think about it, when did they know that they were going to make it back home; that they were safe? They had six months supplies on board. If they got to their destination by 93 days they would be able to get there and back. Well, this happens to be the 29th of February and its our turn around day. We have gone half of the time between the winning of the bid for San Francisco





and the WorldCon called ConFrancisco.

One of the things that I have been interested in for some years is the history of our field. In 1989, Fred Isaacs and my assignment for Noreascon III was to transform a great big ugly hall and make it into some place where fans wanted to congregate. One of the tricks was to figure out what would be interesting while helping people meet fans that they didn't already know.

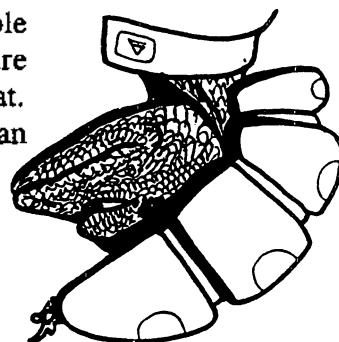
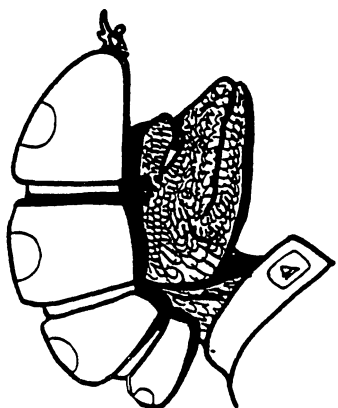
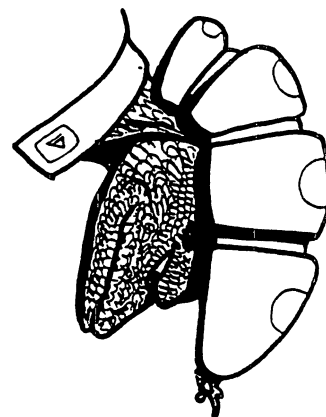
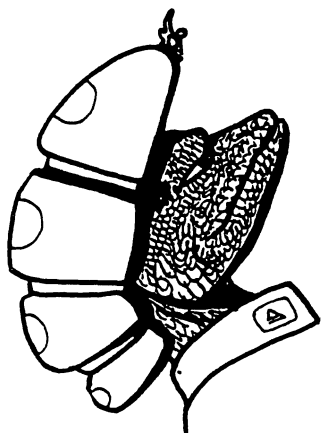
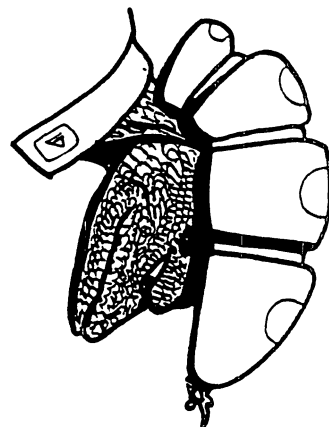
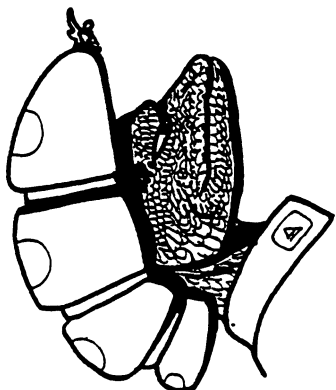
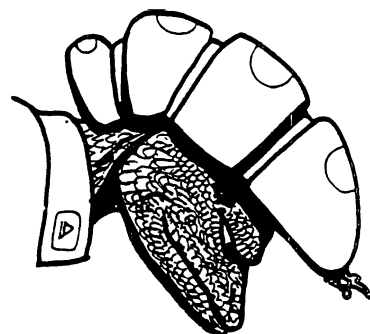
I decided that it was time to start working with the *History of Fandom*. And so I asked Bruce Pelz to do a *History of Worldcons*; Nancy Atherton to do a *History of Fanzines*; Joe Siclari to do a *History of Worldcon Bidding*; and Christine Valada to do a *Portrait Gallery of Science Fiction Pros*. I also asked Gary and Janet Wilson Anderson to do a *History of Masquerade Costumes*. There was also a World-Wide fannish exhibit with scenes and items from a number of countries including Czechoslovakia, Holland, Russia, Australia, Canada, and England.

Since Noreascon III was the 50th anniversary of the first worldcon and 1992 is the 50th Worldcon, I proposed to each of the four cons that we display the same retrospective exhibits. So that's what we have been doing.

Those of you who have fannish things in your house that you have had for many many years may not know why you are keeping them. I urge you to start a history of Concave, complete with program books, name tags, and any flyers that you have used. You'd be astonished at what other fans think of these same items. People go 'gosh wow boy-o-boy' when they look at the exhibits that contain exactly these kinds of things which you've been keeping in your basement for the past twenty years!

Eventually I will go back to being an attendee at worldcons and spending four hours during the con doing registration or helping set up the art show or whatever. That is my message to you: do something to help when you are an attendee. Not a huge thing. It doesn't have to be your life or take up the whole convention but accomplish something. There are many people in this room that are already doing that. It's our world and our family that we chose rather than our family that comes by chance.

Thank you for being part of my family!



EARTH
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
IN THE COURT FOR THE 6TH DISTRICT
ALAN G. GREENBERG
Plaintiff Case No. 00 124 92 FD
vs Judge John Smith
ROGER SIMS AND PATRICIA SIMS
HIS WIFE, JOINTLY AND SEVERALLY
Defendant

Alan G. Greenberg P 14326
Attorney At Law
In Pro Per
5746 Williams Lake Road
Waterford, MI 48329

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

At a session of said Court Held in the Courthouse
in said City, County and State on the 9th day of
November, 1994,

PRESENT; HONORABLE JOHN SMITH, PRESIDING JUDGE

THIS MATTER having come on upon the complaint of Alan G. Greenberg, Plaintiff herein, against Roger Sims and Patricia Sims, his wife, jointly and severally, defendants herein, said complaint having alleged that Roger Sims has coerced Alan G. Greenberg to write for Fantasy-Scope, said complaint having further alleged that Roger and Patricia Sims published an order to show cause without using their appropriate editorial discretion to correct by removal the excess verbage contained in the last paragraph of said order, said plaintiff further having alleged that both defendants allowed the publication of letters that were derogatory in tone, content, or thought to lawyers, NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Roger Sims and Patricia Sims appear at ConFusion, or such other appropriate Michigan Science Fiction Convention as determined by plaintiff, to show cause why they should not be punished for the aforestated offenses.

IS FURTHER ORDERED that both defendants shall show cause why Roger Sims should not be ordered to play poker for at least two hours with plaintiff and/or such other fans who wish to join the game at the next convention where all parties attend.

IS FURTHER ORDERED that defendant Patricia Sims should show cause why she should not allow defendant Roger Sims to play in the aforesaid Poker game. (SINCE YOU HAVE USED AN INCORRECT FORM OF MY WIFE'S NAME IT'S IS BELIEVED THAT THIS DOES NOT APPLY TO HER) IS FURTHER ORDERED that defendants Roger Sims and Patricia Sims shall appear at the aforesaid convention and they are each individually advised that upon their failure to appear, that a warrant directing Mike Resnick to pick up their respective bodies and bring them to said Convention may be issued.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that service of this Order may be made by Plaintiff Alan G. Greenberg, by First Class Mail, on Roger and Patricia Sims. John Smith /s/

John Smith /s/

Honorable John Smith
Presiding Judge
TRUE COPY

agg.con

THE LETTERS KEEP COMING AND THEY MAKE ME HAPPY!!!

This is as good a place as any to vent my soul. The troubles that I had with the last issue almost made me decide that I was not cut out for editing a genzine. But your letters and face to face comments have changed my mind. I promise to mind my p's and q's that is only type a "p" when a "p" is called for and a "q" when a "q" is called for. However, I'm sure that somewhere along the way a typo or two will slip by me and my proof reader.

And now a word to all the loccers who corrected the spelling of several names of well known fans/pros: Thank you! Now to the pros/fans whose names I misspelled: I'm sorry!

And now the last word before the letters. Much stuff has gone over the damn since I started this ish. Therefore many comments are not necessarily germane. However I have decided that I will not change any wording that might be involved. However, I have taken liberty to add comments that I feel are needed. Typed by hand June 23rd, 1996.

Lloyd Penney

412-4 Lisa Street
Brampton, On L6T 4B6
CANADA

Perhaps like man, the birthplace of fandom lies somewhere in Africa. Ever since the Resnicks visited the continent, other fans have made the same decision. Maybe I should brave Africa, too. I know fans in Johannesburg; perhaps I can rough it by staying in one of their homes and helping to edit an issue of Probe.

Your guide Perry Mason — is that his real name, or did he look like Raymond Burr? I remember Burr played many Great White Hunter-type nasties in old Tarzan movies, and that's what made me wonder. *{His family name is Mason; Perry may/may may not be his middle name. ed.}*

Lyn McConchie's article on not rightly hearing what was said may apply to not rightly reading what is printed. *{I can relate to that. ed.}*

The fandom that Leah Smith found is still around, but you have to look. A few, like myself, got the same start as all the others who started with no idea of fandom outside the city. I started as a Trekfan, but started to ask what else there was, and eventually, I got answers, or discovered what else was happening for myself. I have tried to be a fan on local, regional, national and international levels, dabbling here and there, and the rewards are indicated by my fat address book, and

many fond memories that bring smiles from time to time.

In my final year of high school. Grade 13 (because Ontario still had it at the time), I dropped French and took up typing. No regrets there. It is near to impossible to keep what French you learn unless you have the opportunity to practise it, and in largely Anglophone Ontario, there's nearly none, unless you live further north than I do, or live near the Quebec border. Now I'm married to a French-Canadian of Acadian (Cajun!) and royal French lineage who is also fluently bilingual. I figure I should be at least sesquilingual (1-1/2), or one language and part of another) by the time I'm 65.

A SMOFcon review; what a remarkable event! Let me give you a pocket review of SMOFcon 6, which I chaired in Toronto in 1989. It was cold and snowy, and people took great delight in making the usual remarks about Canadian winters, except for those people who arrived late because they were snowbound ... in Philadelphia. We discussed a lot of good things, we came up with some great ideas, the con suite was unsurpassed and the committee member who was in charge of making sure the notes from each panel were gathered and transcribed lost the lot in a move. Cold but fun. and end of review. (As an aside, I was informed about Smofcon 7, and nothing since. I get the feeling people were miffed about how

we ran the con, and they've showed their displeasure with us by taking us off the mailing list.)

From one Gemini to another, here's comments on the comments... now that I know that Dr. Ben Singer teaches at UWO, I should pass this along to folks who run cons in this province. *{Has the great man been in contact with you? ed.}*

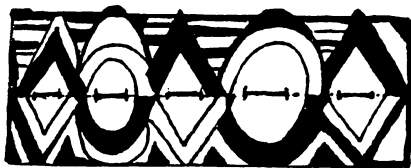
Lovely typo at the top of page 38 — SPACEWRAP for SPACEWARP. guess it keeps its seal, even in a vacuum, hm?

Just lately, some of the fanzines I pick up for correspondence contain a LoC. from Bloch. I had heard about Robert Bloch's imminent death at WorldCon in Winnipeg, and even The Globe and Mail, which bills itself as Canada's National Newspaper, ran a stirring obituary. Fandom still feels the loss.

Moggies are British slang for cats. I know a horrible little song about a dead cat on the side of the road called Nobody's Moggy. *{It's not nice to pique my curiosity. Please send at least the words. ed. Also, I was surprised to learn on a recent "Jeopardy" that in this country Moggies is a term used to described dogs. According to the "question" cats of the same nature are correctly labeled mix breeds. ed.}*

I work for Interactive Media Group, the largest operator of interactive voice response systems (dating telephone lines, etc.) on the continent. Head office is in Toronto, and I work

for their publishing division, a magazine called Express. I'm the magazine's copy editor, assignment editor and subscription manager. FYI, Al Lastovica's address is 31 Silverlea Rd., Wynberg, Cape Town, 7800 South Africa. Al is also on email at ethleen@sao.ac.za. (Ethleen is his wife. If you do talk to him, say hello to him for me, and let him know that the letters he wrote to me c/o Ad AD ASTRA in May were only given to me last month. Many thanks.) I wish you and Pat and Yvonne and I could have spent more time at ConAdian, but the fanzine lounge kept us fairly busy. Our efforts seem to have been appreciated ... we had a good time doing the room, so we volunteered our services to the Los Angeles and San Antonio Worldcons, and they accepted us readily. Already, the wheels are turning to make the L.A.ConIII fanzine lounge better than the room in Winnipeg. *{It is my found hope to be able to spend many a happy hour there. ed.}* To go with John Millard's letter ... apparently, the Merrill Collection in Toronto is in danger of being shut down, stored or sold off, and this has brought about a new group called the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Foundation, a reinforcing group for the Friends of the Merrill Collection, which is designed to help fund petitions to keep it going.



Sheryl Birkhead

23629 Woodfield Road
Gaithersburg, Maryland 20882

First off, thanks for *Fantasy-Scope* V3N1. It is always a big occasion when a new zine drops into the mailbox. I don't know if you have read of my mailbox exploits, but I'll nutshellize it into saying it is shaky (and I'm being kind) and lists at about a 30 degree angle off the vertical. Each day I fully expect that the mail carrier will have pulled it down when he reaches

up to open it — as he has already almost destroyed the little flag on it. Anyhow, the load of zines doesn't help the matter any and one day I imagine I'll come home and the mailbox will have breathed its last (even though it is the new one I put up late last winter — that didn't help either — I couldn't dig a hole for the pole and now that the existing hole is filled with mud — and stays that way for some strange reason — just keep pushing in littlestones and small rocks to convince it to stay off the horizontal.).

I figure I got this ish due to some tenuous connection with DITTO — thanks.

Just glancing at your Art Credits shows me several names I haven't seen in a while, Randy Bathurst and Barry Kent MacKay. Roger's little ... um ... I think the term is geometric designs, but I'm not sure on that ... fill up space nicely — should spread those around a bit to other zines. *{Anyone wanting one to a thousand has only to ask ... ! ed.}*

My father's specialty was African economics and he spent a lot of time there. After hearing all his stories and seeing all his slides, I have never had any interest in visiting there. I attribute the Dark Continent with having a hand in keeping me from smoking. When I was about 11 (making my brother about 16 and my sister too young to have been involved in this), my father brought home some African cigars... made from green tobacco. He said he would give either (or both) of us a quarter if we could inhale, take it down into our lungs and let the smoke out the nose. My brother turned green but I actually got sick and that was the last time I tried smoking.

Those who visit Africa seem to write such interesting reports that I wonder where my father actually went since the two venues seem to have absolutely nothing in common. *{It's all a plot to make sure that the maximum number of fans have the opportunity to enjoy Africa. Or maybe*

he told those awful stories to convince your mother that he really tried to get out of going but couldn't. ed} I want to read the trip report leisurely and in depth, but if I wait to type this until then, it may never get done, so I'll make the concession to read it fully, later (forgive me?!). *{Sure! ed.}*

I Believe there is a book of farm pieces by Lyn McConchie in print. But since I haven't read it, I don't know if all are farm oriented or not. She is a very entertaining writer. I specifically remember the bath, book, cat, running au naturelle story. But get her to repeat it for you. *{Lyn has become an excellent prolific pro since you wrote this letter, however it is to be hoped that this will persuade her to do yet another writing for Fantasy-Scope. ed.}*

SECOND LETTER

I'm (very slowly) zipping through the African doings. I'm perceiving that the main difference between the Africa you saw and the one my father saw is that he dealt with the natives and governments ... He got out and spent his time looking at fields, methods of farming/reaping etc.

Really like Jackie's illo on page 13! (and 15) Pierre LaCroix (esp. page 17 — NICE.

Did I miss a mention or wasn't there a designated photographer this trip? Stills or moving? *{Mike did the video thing and Carol, Pat and myself did the still thing. ed.}*

What types of domestic small animals did you see? I presume dogs, any noticeable breeds other than the mentioned Jack Russell? — any cats? *{I do not remember seeing other dogs than the two Jack Russells. As for cats only the ones on the farm and Lamu are left in my memory banks. Which only means that after several years some of the information gathered has left the banks. ed.}* I'd guess it is hard enough to make a living without adding a frill only (i.e. non-working) addition such as a feline.

Somewhere I have a malachite egg, numerous carvings and a few rings that

my father brought back. The rings are interesting in that he brought the cut stones back and had them placed in simple gold settings (one type fits all; three for my sister — two for me). The cost of the settings was many times the stone's cost!

I'd imagine a few of the things are now a no no such as one pin which has a very small horn which I presume came from a very small antelope. I've never taken that one out of its box.

He also spent a lot of time in India, but I have no idea where the things are from those trips. (Never wanted to visit India either).

Your digs and travel seemed quite a lot more luxurious than those of the tales I heard. It reads as if you had a great time — and that's what its all about!

Page 20, at first I thought it was that circulation information disclosure that shows up in "real" publications, but I realized (I'm fast this way) that *Fantasy-Scope* is not required to run that. Then I read it. I haven't had much experience in reading legal documents, but it looks pretty convincing to me.

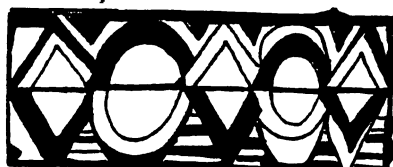
Fandom is like any family and Leah talks a bit about the more pleasant family matters. It still irritates me a bit that fen are so stingy with praise and appreciation (hey-it's free-use it). I expect to see some mentions of this with Bob Bloch's death — appreciate others while they can hear it.

I was trying to determine where time warps were in effect in the letter-col, sometimes a date makes tongue-in-cheek more easy to identify without benefit of a "vis-a-vis" discussion.

Any feline story is of interest to me (I'm currently fighting a losing battle with a feline only (no-kill — unless hopeless) SPCA facility — no one listens to me and serious illnesses continue to be a BIG problem — ah, but I digress yet again) I guess I should be used to that.

I couldn't find either a date or a pubbing schedule — wise move! So I can also assume that this isn't "late"

since I have absolutely no idea what timely would be. {*The reason you do not is quite simply because I do not. However, now that the bug bite has taken I might consider doing 3 to 4 issues a year.* Now the question is, given my track record, "who believes me?" ed.}



James Dorr

A short note to thank you for *Fantasy-Scope* V3N1 and for a very nice display of my poetry. Also much fun, having seen Mike Resnick's presentation at COFABULATION, a wonderfully detailed account of your African Odyssey. {*Actually, the video is a compilation of all of his trips. What might be called "The Best of the Best."* ed.} Interestingly, I had just seen a similar slide show of a trip Stanley Schmidt had taken to I believe more or less the same area at this year's CONTEXT, which made for a nice reminder of the earlier presentation. All in all, most enjoyable.

I also enjoyed the letter column, in part in the recognition of so many names from a time when I was more involved in fandom. I speak of decades in the past, although, of course. I'm not so uninvolved that I don't still run across the occasional Harry Warner letter here and there. It was sad, through, to run across the Robert Bloch paragraph at just about the time I had heard of his death. Though I had never met him in person, he was one of the giants of the field, and somehow the juxtaposition reminded me of the passing of another of the giants (who I had met) not that long back, Fritz Leiber, and my learning of that from Dawn Dunn at CONTEXT two autumns ago.

For a tad of news about me, I've had two long poems published just last month in the White Wolf Fiction anthologies ELRIC: TALES OF THE WHITE WOLF and DARK DESTINY (both edited by Edward E.

Kramer — these are in hardback with, I understand, soft cover editions. I don't remember if the DARK DESTINY poem, "Dreaming Saturn," was the one I read at the poetry session at CONFABULATION or if the one I read was "Dagda," which was in the GRAILS anthology (it, in turn, was reissued this summer [June 1994] in the ROC Books softcover GRAILS: QUESTS OF THE DAWN, as volume one of a two-volume set).



Brad W. Foster

I must say I feel very lucky to have been a recipient of *Fantasy-Scope* Vol.3; No. 1, specifically because I see a list here of what looks like around 111 names you are sending this to, and my name is nowhere to be seen there. So, getting a copy even after that massive a fannish mailing-pretty nifty! {*I should be able to tell you the distribution or even the print run, but I can't. The reason for this is I am not proud of the way I handled the typing or the reproduction of V3N1.* ed.} It's nice to see a fanzine so full of artwork just for it's own sake. I hope the humble offerings you'll find in here from me — two older ones, two new ones — might find their way onto future pages. (I'm being very optimistic on this "future issues" matter!!) {*I have not as yet determined how one obtains illos for a specific item. Do you receive manuscripts to illustrate? Could I send one(s) to you?* ed.}

I know it's just my imagination, but it seems that any fanzine travel story I've read recently that wasn't within the continent seems to be a trip to Africa. Maybe we just need to have one huge, three thousand page collection of all these tales, and we'd cover every inch of the continent! {*I believe that there were a number of reports of trips in Europe after Confederation.* ed.}

Loved "At the Mountains of Murkiness," but then I'm a sucker for hu-

morous Lovecraft riffs. Do more! Do more! {*Calling Terry J., Calling Terry J. Please contact.* ed.}

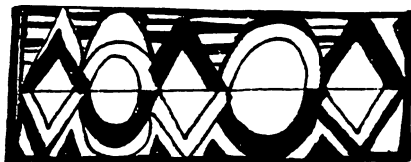
Oh, heck, enjoyed it all. (As you can tell, I don't write the most scintillating LoC, so have to let my fillos keep on the "usual" mail trade if I'm lucky!) {*My zine for your illos would be a great trade from my point of view.* ed.} Do another one! Do another one! {*I wii, I will!* ed.}



L. Srague De Camp

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Plano, Texas 75025

Thanks for *Fantasy Scope* V31. I suspect that the picture of a sign about elephants is a photo from Sri Lanka, where it would be quite plausible. {*I take that the elephants in Sri Lanka are of the Indian type and therefore able to read if not write. But the simple truth is that the sign really was in Africa!* ed.}

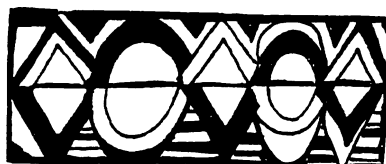


Jeanne Bowman

P. O. Box 982
Glen Ellen, California 95442-0982

Thanks for sending *Fantasy Scope*. V3N1. But, if you are going to protest Martha Beck leaving town by sending all to Alaska (I know it's Howard's idea). How about pulling the feebly kicking and screaming Mr. Bowers back into a zine? Make him write about "Smarmy Girl Mystery's I Swore I'd Never Read, but Really Like" A column for the "I Am Too a Fan; Not GAFIATED, Just Reading a Lot." crowd. Let's send him to Bouchercon in Nottingham. {*Mr. Bowers is a singularly compound-complex person. He is on the mend and is waiting on the weather to break before continuing his fannish ways. He has been gainfully employed for over six months*

with no end in sight. I plan on showing your letter and my response prior to publication for his reaction. Stay tuned for further revolting developments. ed.}



Michael D. Glicksohn

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Toronto, ON M6S 3L5
CANADA

I promised you in Winnipeg that I'd LoC the *Fantasy-Scope* V3N1 and as you well know, a Canadian's word is his bond. (Or is it "a Canadian's bottled in bond"? I always get confused on that.) {*Maybe you should drink less bonded stuff and play more bondage stuff!* ed.} Anyway, here's that promised response ...

Overall, this is a solid fanzine. (Hell, after 42 years of practice I should hope so!) It contains minor flaws of carelessness that could have (and perhaps should have) been spotted and eliminated but I can forgive such minor quibbles in a fan as old and tired as you must be! {*Well, unfortunately, it has not been 42 years of practice but many years of gaffitation from pubbing interspersed with several SAPSazines.* ed.}

Cute cover. A less astute fan than I might assume that the slight tilt of "42nd" was deliberately intended to represent the dropping {*elephant?* ed.} energies of the editor but of course I won't give you that much credit. Not since you told me you didn't notice it until after the cover was printed. (You see, Roger, you should have kept your mouth shut. Then I'd have credited you with far more editorial acumen than you possess. Of such subtleties are fannish reputations made — and lost. Believe me, I know whereof I speak!) {*But then you might not have noticed it and*

both jokes would have been lost. ed.} I'm not sure, though, how many elephants would have been able to read that amusing sign so it may have been placed there to titillate tourists ...

I'd say George's arguments against your having the record for the longest time between issues were somewhat specious. Carrying his thoughts to an illogical extreme, I could publish an issue of a fanzine, title it "The Time Traveller" and claim the record for the longest time between issues since the original fanzine appeared in 1932, albeit with a different editor. No, you are probably it, Roger: and congratulations on an amazing niche in the history of fanzine fandom! {*What to say? I don't know. But the truth is that I do not give a tinker's damn about the record. Nor am I particularly disturbed by the fact that Art Widner was and may still be upset. The wonderment of it all is that several former fan editors are contemplating doing another issue to take the record for themselves. It seems to me that this would be the height of silliness. But on the other hand [she had warts], isn't that what fanzine fandom is all about? Now for the truth of the matter. While I was one of the three fans involved with the very first Fantasy-Scope, I was not the principle edito, if indeed Bennett Sims and I were considered co-editors by Ben! That distinction belongs to Ben Singer!* ed.}

Pat's article about your trip to Africa was most enjoyable to read. (It needed a little bit of editing, though, as she was sloppy in her use of tenses of many occasions, something a good editor would have cleaned up while transcribing the article for publication. Hint, hint.) {*I cannot comment on that last thought because I value my relationship with my wife!* ed.} It would also have clarified things more if she'd identified your travelling companions at the start of the article. Unless you know for a fact that no-one who doesn't know both you guys, the Resnicks, and your close friendship will ever read a copy of this issue?

I'm sure you had an absolutely fabulous vacation (and I believe your opening blurb with its evidence of your love for Kenya) but the actual trip report itself would not convince me to spend the sort of money I know you spent to take the trip. There were too many disappointments, down

times, screw-ups and things-that-didn't-live-up-to-expectations as far as I read. Undoubtedly you were prepared for the problems inherent in a holiday to a place like Kenya and were able to overlook the negatives and enjoy the positives but, typically, it's the things that **didn't** succeed that stand out in the report and for the cost of such a trip I'd want **everything** to be perfect!

As a case in point, I notice Pat's comment about biting your tongues and accepting racial discrimination as a fact of life there. That's not something I'd feel comfortable doing and I strongly suspect you weren't comfortable with it either. Didn't that cast somewhat of a pall over parts of the trip? Or did you eventually just stop noticing it? *{For how another traveler handled this same problem, please see Laura Resnick's letter. ed.}*

I suspect, though, that my main difficulty with enjoying a holiday in Africa would be the simple fact that, as Pat found her first Sunday there, the great outdoors is simply **filled** with things I prefer to stay **indoors** to avoid! Insects and birds and wild animals have their place, of course: it's just that I don't want **their** place to also be **my** place! I'm pretty sure the most sumptuous lobster dinner in all of Africa wouldn't enable me to sleep through a night of bird calls, lion coughs or insect drones. Better to save my money and see it all at the IMAX theatre at five bucks a throw! *{The IMAX movie of the Serengeti did not do it justice in my mind's eye! ed.}*

But thanks for writing it all up, Pat; warthogs and all. By describing both what worked and what didn't work you gave me a better idea of whether or not such a vacation would be for me. Right now it wouldn't be. But who knows what the future might bring?

Nice article by Ms. McConchie. She touched on many of my favorite misinterpretation tales (the major omission being "Round John Virgin" and his portly appearance in nativity scenes) and tied them nicely to my frequent failure to deduce what people

should look like from the way they write (my most spectacular failure being imagining the young and stunningly beautiful Sandra Miesel as a frumpy middle-aged housewife. Sigh.) I could even relate to her comments about rationalizing stereotypes ... especially after I discovered my beloved wife was a closet Trekkie!

I was there when Leah gave her CONFUSION GoH speech but it probably meant more to actually see it in print and "hear"/read it again. It would be interesting to speculate on how many people on the *Fantasy-Scope* mailing list might have said pretty much the same thing (if not necessarily as eloquently) if asked to give a speech at a fannish convention. I'm pretty sure I wouldn't be the only one ...

I read the Lovecraft parody. From my limited knowledge it seemed well done. But it did little for me. Ditto the poetry. And while Dave Locke's piece was slight it was well-crafted enough to be entertaining reading. Even jejune Locke is better than most other fanwriting!

I skipped the article about cats. There are some depths I won't stoop to even out of friendship and reading about cats is seven them.

Which bring me to the locs...

Howard's loc on your first issue was a masterpiece! He must have been quite a pistol in the old days. (Hell, even **finding** the issue to comment on rates as some sort of fannish miracle!) However, the currently fashionable fannish cant is "gafiate"/"gafiated" so let's fill that spell-checker with the proper usage, eh?

I see Mary Southworth several times a year. Probably more often now than I did when she was still occasionally attending Midwest conventions. She and Carl *{Olsen. ed.}* own a mystery/horror/sf bookstore just a few miles from the Adult Home my mother-in-law resides at so each time The Wife and I visit her mother we try to drop in on Mary. Her recommendations on mystery writers I

haven't enjoyed are almost always spot on. (I didn't read what Buck had to say about his cats either: just so you don't feel discriminated against.)

Do you think SaM has both a complete set of SPACEWARP and a complete set of SPACEWRAP? Boy, that's one impressive collection! *{True, but then one of the two publications exists only in an alternate universe! ed.}*

There's a certain gloomy satisfaction in discovering that Brian Earl Brown is as equally convinced as I am that our countries will run out of money before either of us can draw a pension. Of course, I have my vast collection of HYPHEN and *Fantasy-Scope* to finance my retirement so I needn't worry about the imminent world-wide economic collapse. (If I ever discover a way to make money from empty scotch bottles I could retire tomorrow!)

I am deeply, deeply saddened to think that Robert Bloch probably never got to see your third issue. *{You are right he did not. ed.}* I can think of no finer gentleman, pro or fan or both, that I've met in my nearly thirty years as an active fan. I expect and I hope that many fanzines will be dedicated to the memory of this wonderful man in the months to come.

If I hadn't seen Brad (for the first time in a few years) in Ann Arbor this past summer I'd have been absolutely amazed at seeing a letter from him in a fanzine. As it is, since I saw Brad in Ann Arbor this summer (for the first time in years) I am completely astonished at seeing a letter from him in a fanzine. Your letter column is, to say the least, rather atypical of modern fanzines. Even modern fanzines that are revenants.

DITTO may well be the only the only other convention I attend this year. In Ann Arbor, in November. I'll look forward to seeing you there, a fellow fanzine fan toiling in the vineyards. I'll even buy you a drink if you actually show up!

It's really a shame that Barry Kent Mackay has soured on fandom. I published a lot of his work in my fanzines

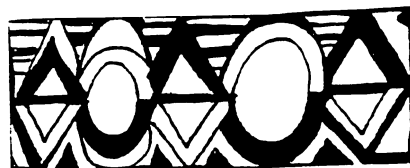
twenty years or more ago and while much of his stuff was a bit crude his best drawings were very fine indeed. I liked Barry but he was never all that fannish, being too committed to problems of the real world that he thought he could help with. Personally I think he'd be a happier person if he'd been able to lighten up a bit and integrate the real and fannish worlds but I'm not all that surprised that he chose not to do so. (On the other hand, I'm not sure I ever published a letter from John Millard — although I still see him occasionally at Library functions — so you're one up on me in that regard.)

Tom Sadler is right, of course, "BNF" is in the eyes of the beholder. In some fandoms, Lan is a BNF; in others, he is barely recognized as being a fan at all. A long time ago, in a fandom far, far away, it might have been possible for all of fandom to agree on who was a BNF and who wasn't. With the fragmentation of modern fandom, though, one fan's BNF is another fan's "Who?" And thus will it ever be, I suspect, since I don't foresee fandom ever collapsing back into its compact heterogeneous former self. *{From the beginning of fandom until the end of the fifties, there was only one fandom and in fact only one kind of science-fiction. Today there are not only many false fandoms but prodrom stuff dealing with fantasy, horror and vampires that some would consider part of science-fiction. I, for one, do not! ed.}*

The back cover must have been produced by Jim Beam Piper: it was definitely a little fuzzy. But if that indistinct shot of a well-stocked bar is actually a picture of single-malt scotches then maybe Ill reconsider my thoughts about never visiting Africa! *{I might plead that I was under the influence at the time I made up the copy of pictures, but the truth is that had I scanned the pictures into a computer and then printed them out on a laser printer, all would have been perfect. ed.}*

Thanks for an enjoyable fanzine. I look forward to another issue and to

more enjoyable times spent with you and Pat at conventions.



Jean Lamb

4846 Derby Place

Klamath Falls, Oregon

I enjoyed reading "Our African Adventure." I like safaris, as long as I'm not on them (my idea of outdoor life is pool side service at Puerto Valarta, or dancing on the beach during a full moon at the Paradise Cove on Oahu — long live their Mai Tais!). However, I definitely understand Pat's problems adjusting her sleep schedule. I have trouble with only a couple of hours' difference (or why they have the midnight track at cons. It's for us Pacific Time zoners, not just for the natural vampires). I generally adjust to the new time zone the day before we leave. As for husbands who sleep through small wars, I have one too.

"Misconceptions" by Lyn McConchie was quite accurate. (I never listen to rock and roll lyrics anyway, except for those by Weird Al, but I understand how it works. I misheard the theme to "All in the Family" as "Wasn't old Sal Rand great" for years). *{I have a need to say here that I saw Miss Rand twice. First at the Old Howard, an establishment in Boston's Sculley Square. Second in Martha Beck's room at MidAmerica-Con. She was at the con because she graduated high school with Robert Heinlein. She was in the Martha's room because she was her husband's half-sister. ed.}* But SF either helps (or possible hinders, depending on how well you hear some of the people at the filksinging).

I really liked "Fandom and Me" by Leah Smith. Now folks swap email instead of printed fanzines (though there are still too many fanzines for ordinary folk to read and LoC every month), but the reaching-out is the

same, really. Of course, I met my life partner at fencing class. Because we'd both read GLORY ROAD that summer. He specifically sought out lefties to practice on because of the advice given in that book, and I trained myself as a lefty for pretty much the same reason. He was an Asimov fan, I was a Heinlein fan, and we compromised on our first date by going to see 2001. Neutral territory, as it were. Anyway, it's fun to hear Leah's experiences, too (by the way, it's also quite easy for females to get dates at Air Force Officer Clubs, but I expect that's a different deal. — and it's all quite true what they say about fighter pilots. No finessence at ALL). *{And sailors and marines and ... ed.}*

"At the Mountains of Murkiness" as related to Terry Jeeves was a delightful Hatework pastiche. Terry does intend to complete this — doesn't he?

I loved "Vampire Thoughts." "The Instrument Maker" was nifty gory, while "Wind Song" was all right.

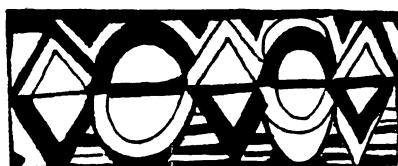
"To Keyboard is Human; To Type, Divine" by Dave Locke was quite nice. We all love our toys and do our best to justify their existence by proving their efficiency and productivity (then we start playing Solitaire or Local Area Dungeons again which throws that theory out the Windows.) *{DOS or MAC? ed.}* Personally, I'm considering upgrading to a double-speed CD-ROM, since my single-speed won't play DOOM, or at least not very well. But I've gotten quite a bit of use out of my sheet-feed scanner (especially when I was converting old typed manuscript to text, or when I was typesetting for SAMIZDAT BARRAYAR, the Lois McMaster Bujold zine (BLATANT PLUG!) Interested parties who wish to belong to Miles' Minions or Mark Pierre's Masterminds, contact Patricia Shaw Mathews at 2800 Vail SE, #143, Albuquerque, NM 87106).

I had fun with the saga of the cats. But how can you tell if a cat is having a psychotic episode or just a roaring snit? *{I'm not sure I understand how to tell the difference, but we were prone to accept the word of the vet. ed.}*

"Smofcon Eleven" by Roger Wells was a pretty neat convention report. Or whatever. Such a Whatever would be very helpful to any fool contemplating organizing a con, that's for sure. One reason there was probably nobody under 30 at the Smofcon might be that to be a convention organizer, one must have had extensive contact with both fandom and reality. A person under 30 who is very good at reality probably isn't in fandom, while someone under 30 is who very good at fandom may not have had that much contact with reality. Also, it does take maturity to deal with hotel staff (a gold VISA probably doesn't hurt, either!). It also takes a great deal of time, none of which many students, new parents, or people trying desperately to hang onto their entry-level jobs have. Also, many experienced fans are happiest with their own, already-established circle and don't spend that much time talking to the neos that do show up. I remember doing some over the phone training for a new fanzine editor, but how often does this happen? But people are getting better at this sort of thing. *{One of the reasons that "old time" fans do not take up with neos is that in the past we have developed strong relationships with neos who after a short time have disappeared leaving a hole in our fan-nish lives. We do not like holes there, so we wait for such neos to become non-neos before we open up! ed.}*

It was sad, in a way, to see Robert Bloch's letter in your column (I do hope he got this issue before his recent death). He will be missed, not just by the horror community, but by all of us (especially the makers of shower curtains).

"Moggy" is Brit slang for cats, especially for ones that are somewhat decrepit-looking. At least this is what I figured out from the context when Terry Pratchett used the term in one of his Discworld books. I think it was either MORT or REAPER MAN.



Laura Resnick

Thanks for giving me *Fantasy-Scope* V3N1. It's quite humbling to receive a fanzine started before I was born! Possibly the next one will be ready before the next millennium? Congratulations on getting so many contributors of great fanzine art and writing, as well as so many letters. I have a question about one of those letters, though. When Charles Burbee wrote that he "found the sagas of cats, Roger Sims and 'Africa' a bit dull," was he making an arcane joke that I didn't understand, or is he really an ill-mannered boor? *{Fans as a group are considered by the rest of society to be ill-mannered. But boorishly, I think not. For the most part fans, I included, do not have a mean, boorish bone in our collective body. What we are for the most part are sarcastic punsters who revel in great feuds. The idea is to somehow get the other person's goat so as to reduce him to a whimpering twit. This then can be laughed at or hopefully with for years to come. Remember the true fan does not forget or get mad, s/he gets even. ed.}*

My attention was particularly caught by the section of Pat's trip diary dated 9/19, where she talks about feeling uncomfortable with the conversation at a luncheon with whites in Kenya, friends and intimates of their guide, Perry Mason. A year ago, I found myself in that same situation — with those very same people, no less. And I experienced uneasiness similar to Pat's.

While I was in Nairobi for a week last year, Perry and Vivian very kindly invited me to spend the weekend at their lovely and comfortable house in Karen. It was extremely hospitable of them, since Perry had only met me a couple of times via my father, and Vivian didn't know me at all. While I was there, they did everything they possibly could to make me feel comfortable and welcome, and that's part of the more appealing side of "colonials" in Africa.

Vivian hosted a luncheon party of

about a dozen people while I was there. And while listening to the conversation, I found that I felt as foreign and confused among these people as I had felt during the past five months of crossing Africa overland (I had come from Morocco and was heading toward Cape Town).

The open and blunt racism I encountered among Perry's white Kenyan guests stunned me. The sentiments alone seemed surprising, since these people live in a black society (albeit in an isolated white enclave in a black society). But what really shocked me was the apparent attempt of one of the guests to be amusing. While we've all heard the word "nigger" and — in some cases — also heard vulgar sexual jokes about black men, I had never before heard this rubbish spoken by someone with a cultured, educated accent in an elegant garden-party setting, in mixed company, and with black servants milling back and forth. Nor was this a single, isolated incident in the conversation. While most comments about Africans were less vulgar, they were no less racist.

I kept my mouth shut, though. Certainly, this was partly out of respect for my hosts. Mostly, though, I realized how foreign I was. Though they were white and spoke English, these people were not North American, nor even European, not even if they'd been born overseas. They were White Kenyan now; and, in their own way, as different from me as the Dogon and Masai and Berber people I had encountered. I don't know or understand their culture, communities, and lives.

So, like Pat, I, too, found it best to listen and keep my thoughts to myself.



Leland Sapiro

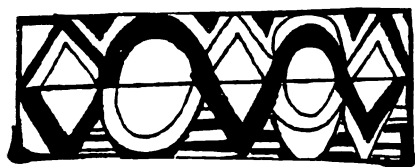
P. O. Box 958

Big Sandy, Texas 75755

Mag looks great, but there's one thing that bothers me concerning the cover-sign warning that: "ELEPHANTS

ARE... REQUESTED TO CROSS TWO AT A TIME ONLY!" The question is: Suppose the elephants can't read? What happens then? *{What happens then is the bridge is re-built. As we drove over it, I think that I detected several new planks among the old ones. Could be ... ed.}* I admire your courage in camping out in those African jungles.

Like Dave Locke, I found that typing was my most useful high school course, & like him I found that Smith Corona is an unreliable company; they simply don't back up their own guarantees.



Buck Coulson

2677W-500N

Hartford City, Indiana 47348

The Kenya article was very interesting. There is some excuse for the whites being paranoid; a lot of them probably remember the Mau Mau, and the time when it was dangerous to be a white. The fact that they mostly brought it on themselves has no bearing on fear; emotions aren't readily amenable to logic. You did make me envious. Using used bath water to water plants sounds quite logical; there are areas in this country where it could be profitable initiated. Unfortunately, the world being the way it is, Toby may have trouble because of his liberal attitudes. Virtue is seldom rewarded in real life. He has my admiration, anyway, which is worth absolutely nothing to him. *The Lunatic Express*, by Charles Miller (Ballantine, 1973) is a fascinating account of the building of that railroad. Nice to know it's still running.

I seldom listen to pop songs — never, if I can avoid it — but I can see why the lyrics might be confusing. Frankly, "Take your pants off and make it happen" sounds to me like it quite well might be included in pop lyrics. But nobody enunciates anymore. (One of these days I'll show up

at a con with an ear trumpet and go around saying "Eh? What say?" at the top of my voice — my hearing is declining, even though Juanita insists that most of my trouble is not paying attention.) *{Must be a guy thing for Pat says the same of me and I wear two hearing aids! ed.}* I occasionally have trouble with the songs I do listen to, but that's partly because some of them are in a foreign language, like Irish. You can't tell me that some of those people are singing in English ... I think I've conquered most of my stereotyping, but some of it may creep back when I'm not looking.

I can agree with Leah's comment about meeting life partners at singles bars, but I sometimes wonder if anyone outside of fandom has life partners anymore. Oh, the local papers have 50th wedding anniversary announcements, but those people got married in the 1940s, when expectations were different. The same paper carries a large column of singles ads, filled with 25-word bios of young people looking for romance, and apparently not able to find it at work, or on vacation, or much of anywhere else. There are also lots of mentions of so-and-so, divorced, or separated, having done something newsworthy. (Such as removing her husband's prick with a butcher knife ... I did a folksong about one, and hope to soon finish a science fiction story based on the incident.)

Gee, I started typing on a Corona portable, too. I don't remember whether the shift key lowered the keyboard or raised the platen, though the latter action sounds vaguely familiar. I do remember that the entire carriage folded down over the keyboard for carrying, I haven't changed as much in my writing equipment as Dave has; this is being typed on a Remington upright with a 21" carriage, which comes in handy for typing on 9 X 12 envelopes.

But Howard never mentioned whether or not Hal Shapiro got out of the Anderson, IN, pokey! I'm disappointed. *{Hal is out of the pokey.}*

Since his release he has married and had been appointed a vice-president of First Fandom. ed.}

Like Jack Clements, I'm off and on writing my memoirs, for my granddaughter. With luck, I'll be done by the time she's a teenager and allowed to read them. At least, for everything after 1954 I can refer her to YANDO.

Pamela Boal is quite correct; Kenya is a lot safer for tourists than Miami, according to newspapers. I've never been to either locale, so I can't say from first-hand experience. I think Kenya would be a lot more fun to visit than Miami, too.



Dr. Henry L. Welch

5538 N Shasta Drive

Glendale, Wisconsin 53209-4925

The Kenyan trip report was interesting but by the time I have the choice to go to Africa I'll long since have forgotten your advice and observations. I tried responding to your email address but compuserve bounced the posting (with-out returning the message). I suspect you left off a digit from your account #. *{The number that I left off is the middle 4 of the first group. ed.}*



Gary Deindorfer

447 Bellevue Avenue, #9-B

Trenton, New Jersey 08618

You are now the recipients of a Deindorfer loc. *{The reason that Gary wrote "recipients" is because his letter was addressed to both Pat and I. ed.}* I don't want to toot my own horn overly much, but one thing I am known for in fanzine fandom is my LoCs. I may not be up there with Harry Warner or the loc output of "smilin'" Mike Glicksohn in his wondrous heyday, but I think I rank right after them. So praise the Lord and pass the ammunition and

welcome to your first but hopefully not last Gary Deindorfer LoC (patent pending)! And re Mike Glicksohn, one of my all-time favorite faans, a great witty writer and just a helluva nice, unpretentious guy, please note that Ben Zuhl has just revived his old fanzine BEN'ZINE. I got a copy of the 4th issue the other day and it features a funny (typically) Glicksohn article. I hope you both are on Ben's mlg. list. {We did indeed receive the zines and enjoyed them immensely. ed.} I know I have never met the two of you. After all, I am kind of a fannish recluse. My last in-person contact with any fans whatsoever was at the 1980 Philcon. But I am pleased to make in-print contact and acquaintance with you. You are people I have of course heard of before, and now there is a link forged between you two and me that did not previously (exist). This, fandom has become that much more interesting and friendly and warm to me than it was before. I mean, the smoffing is fun, but, after all, fandom is first and foremost about the making of these in-print and finally in-person acquaintanceships and eventually, perhaps, friendships, dontcha think?

I like *Fantasy-Scope*. A good, meaty fanzine. Since I am a carnivore and (politically incorrectly, to some people) like to consume meat, this makes your zine right up my alley, and a pretty seedy looking alley it is, but after all, this is Trenton, NJ, not the French Riviera. Actually, Trenton is improving lately. We have a dynamic new mayor and he is Making Things Happen. Maybe he can bring this town back to what it was like in the 50s, when the downtown shopping district was much nicer than it has been since, like so many other cities. I mean, it is unfortunate there have to be homeless people in a country as basically rich and prosperous as the USA is; but you'll have to admit that they give the center cities of our nation a lousy appearance, not to mention the fact that they are allah time bugging working people for dollars and sometimes even go to the lengths of insulting them and threatening them. In other words, I

used to feel sorry for homeless people, being a bleeding heart on the issue, but in the last couple of years I have come to regard them as a Big Pain in the Ass. I will say, tho, that there should not be homeless children. I think that is a outrage.

{Mostly homeless people are persons who have been "put out" of mental institutions and then not provided the services local city fathers promised. ed.}

The cover is intriguing. I love the photo of the rhinoceros. It is a great pity that they are an endangered species, like so many other animal and plant species in Africa, in the Amazon, and in the rest of the world. Mankind (manunkind) the voracious, rapacious predator. I have always been fascinated by the magnificent rhinoceros, but would not want to confront one in the wild deciding whether and when to charge. {The four rhinos that we saw on this trip were no threat at all. The first first three were tame ones, two at Solio, one at Ol Petaja. It was at Solio that when one of the two rhinos put his horn and mouth through the large hole in the wire fence that he/she was behind, I decided to find out how the inside of his mouth felt. The other, at Ol Petaja was standing off in a field being guarded by two young men. All four of us took turns petting and being photoed. The fourth was the only one left in the Mara. And as such had more important things on his mind. However, on our previous trip, the one in which we visited Ngorongoro crater one did charge our vehicle, s/he stopped several feet from it after s/he decided that only some of our parts were animal. ed.}

"Our African Adventure" is written in a clear, vivid prose style. It conjures up the scenes you describe most atmospherically in my mind's eye. I learned things I did not know before. I would definitely consider taking a vacation in Kenya someday. As for Karen Blixen, as Isaak Dinesen she has got to be one of the finest story tellers and prose stylists of the twentieth century. An acutely percep-

tive, warm, witty and wise writer and person. I must rent "Out of Africa" some time. I have never seen it. I also recommend the decadent and funny movie "White Mischief" about wife swapping erotic goings-on of the white ruling class in old-time Africa. A movie you would not forget.

The illoes for your African adventure are evocative and well drawn. They add much to your account.

Re "Misconceptions" you both have probably by now formed a picture of me based upon my writing style, as I have of you. Now if we meet someday we can note the discrepancy between written voice and spoken voice and that either they are not at all like their written personas or just like them. For instance, old friend and one-time hyperfan, Terry Hughes, talks just the way he writes, warm and funny and sarcastic, much to the delight of those who know him in-person. I wish he would degafiate. {One might say of me that, "he writes like he talks." But since I am short and almost normal weight and yet write at great lengths about nothing, I don't think so! ed.}

Leah Smith's speech has some good insights. But then I would expect that from somebody as perceptive as Leah. I notice that there hasn't been a STET in quite a while. I hope we will be treated to a new one soon, hopefully with the return of that fantastically interesting, mammoth letter column. I missed its absence in the last STET.

Terry "Jeeves" turns in a typically amusing "effort" this time. I will say, tho, that I hear Dr. Bittorf once went by his full aristocratic Old Country name which he has since shortened for American convenience. I refer, of course, to Dr. Bittorf More-Than-He-Can-Chew. {Then there was Iven Bit Her...off, but that a story of a different color. ed.} About Terry Jeeves in general, I admire him for having the courage to vote Tory in a British fandom that contains so many seeming closet-communists and radicals of all sorts. I myself am a liberal and not a conservative, but I will defend (almost but not quite) to the death) Mr.

Jeeves's right to vote as he chooses.

I like Jim Dorr's poems, especially the thankfully gruesome "Vampire Thoughts." Mind you, I don't usually like fanzine poetry, but Dorr's is at least not arty-farty and pretentious. In other words, he's content to give us unashamed Jim Dorr, and not warmed over T. S. Eliot or Robert Frost.

Good to see something from my teenaged penpal Dave Locke. That's right: in the late 50s when both of us were trembling neofans, Dave from Indian Lake, New York and I from Yardley, Pennsylvania corresponded thick and fast. Of course, since then he has grown greatly as man and fanwriter, and I hope I have too. I have always admired and respected Dave Locke for his maturity as a human being and fanwriter in a fandom filled with so many overaged adolescents.

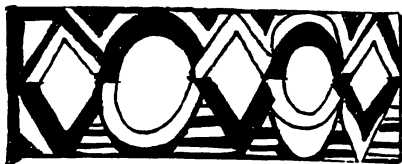
Nice to hear about your cats. Too bad about little Koko. I have my own cat, Butch, since 1982. He is big and orange and fat, looking very much like a small lion, and with the bearing of one too. I think of him as the Lion King.

Smofcon sounds like a good one, as far as cons go. I say this as one who keeps finding reasons every year not even to attend Corflu. Maybe it is my halitosis, hunchback, clubfoot and awful body odor that make me the fannish recluse I am. *{But I thought that we were all like that! ed.}* Okay, those are my reasons; now, what are Harry Warner's reasons?

I love the mysterious drawing on page 35. Kudos to LaCroix!

Not inspired to comment on any of the LoCs this issue, but I enjoyed them. Nice photos on bacover.

"That's it" for now; and another terrible brief loc from GD, written one day after rec'g your zine. Keep 'em coming!



Chester D. Cuthbert

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Winnipeg, Manitoba R3M 1J5
CANADA

When David Blair insisted on having me join First Fandom, I did not suspect the overwhelming correspondence and fanzines its members would provide me. Surely I am one especially favored since my name does not appear in *Fantasy-Scope*, V3N1.

I do not like travel, but this has surely deprived me of the kind of experience outlined in "Our African Adventure." Have you read any of Stewart Edward White's book about Africa? *{No, but about age 12 or so I read, I MARRIED ADVENTURE by Osa Johnson. It was this book that convinced me that I wanted to visit Africa. But never in my wildest dreams did I see myself doing just that. ed.}*

Leah Smith has accomplished more for fandom in a relatively few years than I have in sixty.

I'm not yet fully acquainted with this typerwriter, so Dave Locke's article gave me some pointers. His writing is excellent; and I'm sure he could make even old age interesting.

Many years ago our family cat scratched the spines of my Argosy All Story Weekly magazines. This accounts for my not having any cats in my own home after I was married.

Your fanzine has brought a welcome offer of friendship, and you will find enclosed a copy of a memorandum of my recent doings which I hope will convey a bit about myself.

The stamps on your envelope were not cancelled, and you will find them enclosed. Postage rates are so excessive that I hope you will re-use these. *{Thanks! ed.}*

I shall be pleased to hear further from you at any time.



C. E. Burbee, Jr.

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Temecula, California 92593

A word of warning, don't let any more Europeans into Africa. They will bring civilization which means that they will slaughter all native animals the way they slaughtered the American buffalo and the prairie dog.

Also, my wife Socorro would like a brief description of African guacamole. She, being of Mexican decent, is interested in what they add to the avocados in order to call it "guacamole." She says that this dish is extremely versatile. It can be used as a dip, a topping for meat, burritos and tacos, it can be a side dish or a main dish. It can contain chiles to make it hot, or not. It can have tomatillos, tomatoes, sour cream, mayonnaise, lemon juice and also garlic, onions and chopped cilantro. different combos make a variety of guacamoles. So, what do Africans do? *{Pat says that they added some of the very same things delineated above. ed.}* Another question ... What are Scotch eggs? *{The following examples can be found in Larousse's GASTRONOMIQUE: "Arrange the eggs on puff pastry croûtes covered with Salmon puree. Cover with Shrimp sauce. Decorate each egg with a sliver of truffle" and "Make a force meat using finely minced cooked ham, 2-3 pounded anchovy fillets and enough fresh breadcrumbs to give the force meat 'body'. Season with salt, pepper and mixed spices, bind with raw egg and blend well. Shell some hard boiled eggs and coat each one with the forcemeat. Dip in egg and breadcrumbs and deep fry in hot fat."}*

I liked "MISCONCEPTIONS," and Leah Smith's "Fan Guest of Honor at Confusion XX 1/94," very much. My fan GoH speech was pubbed by my wife in a One-Shot for FAPA in September of 1975. I delivered that speech at Westercon 27 in Goleta, CA in July of 1974. It seems like only yesterday.

Also enjoyed the Terry Jeeves article. It was altogether an enjoyable

zine. {I have a need to say something here; but for the life of me I do not know what. This is the second zine in a row that contains a letter from a great fan who is no longer a part of our family. I miss him! ed.}



Lynn Hickman

413 Ottokee Street
Wauseon, Ohio 43567

Just a little letter to say that I think you did an outstanding job of layout and typing *Fantasy-Scope* V3N1. You've really been working with the Deil haven't you. I'm still trying to learn, but it isn't going too fast. I keep playing with what I know instead of reading ahead and learning more. I may have to take a class to force myself to take the time to learn the whole system.

Since I just got the mailing yesterday, I haven't had a chance to read it all yet. BUT, it certainly looks like an interesting issue. Will let you know more when I see you next weekend.

Tom Sadler

You'd better watch it, Roger. With issues coming out so close together, people will start to expect an issue of *Fantasy-Scope* every couple of years. You don't want to get on such a regular schedule. After all, you've got more important things to do with your time. If not another trip to Africa, then some other part of the world. (Like maybe Glasgow?) {Yes, we did go. ed.} But enough of that. On to the latest issue at hand (In hand? Whatever.) of *Fantasy-Scope*.

Pat's "Our African Adventure" definitely sounds like one of those once-in-a-lifetime experiences, unless you're fortunate enough to be Mike Resnick. At least you had some good and knowledgeable guides and hospitable travelling companions. I see the trip wasn't without its problems. Still and all, they weren't major ones and didn't seem to detract from your enjoyment.

Lyn McConchie's article on misconceptions again points out the all too true fact that the things people say — and, surprisingly, write — are too frequently misinterpreted. If only we all would learn to listen more closely and smart (And read more closely, as well.) maybe there would be less confusion in the world and fewer misunderstandings and hard/hurt feelings. But I fear that may be too much to expect.

Although I had heard Leah's speech at Confusion, it was good to read it and remember all over again some of what went on at the con. Since I wasn't everywhere at once, I can't possibly recall all of it.

As for "At the Mountains of Murkinness", by H. P. Hatework, well, what can one say? Once again Terry Jeeves has created a parody which captured the essence of the original without being too derivative.

I liked Dave Locke's article but must disagree with him on one point. For me, using a computer for word processing has proven much more convenient and editing and rewriting are much easier to accomplish.

Part Two of your cat saga was good reading. Other peoples' cats always seem more interesting and prone to curious behavior and antics than our four. {Maybe that's because we lie good. Better? ed.} About the only thing of note is the fact that they learned how to open kitchen cupboard doors and so I had to install some of those "child-proof" latches. It's just as well. With a grandson around who is now a toddler and everywhere, the child-proof cupboards were inevitable.

The article on Smofcon Eleven didn't do much for me, but then I've never been interested in that aspect of cons.

And that brings me finally to a couple of comments to two of the letter writers.

First to **Pamela Boal**: Commitment? Well there are probably some who feel I should be committed

somewhere. I suppose in some ways I am dedicated to fannish pursuits. There have been many times I've said to myself, "Damn, why didn't I get into fandom when I was in my 'olden age' (i.e., 12)?" By now I could have been one of the nearly legendary Old Pharts of Fandom. Let's see ... that would have made it, at my current age, 36 years a fan if I had started out at that tender "golden age". Hmm. Maybe it's better this way. I was only about a year older than you (41) when I went to my first con, though I had known about them and fandom in a dim way probably since I was about 12. Once I finally did get in, I wanted to stay. — and make up for lost time. Starting up my own fanzine shortly after was one way of jumping in (Fool that I was.) But please don't allow yourself to be put to shame. Your name has featured prominently here and there and so I'm sure you are more involved than you're letting on.

Last to **Derek Pickles**: Thank you, sir, for your kind comments. I had fun writing that article for and about Roger. In person he is indeed a fine person and a good one to know. I'm glad to have made his acquaintance and happy to see him on the occasions when our paths cross. In reference to your question about "no illustrations" for Kathy Kojas's unforgettable phrase: now that I think of it, that would have generated amost interesting image.



Harry Warner, Jr.

423 Summit Avenue,
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

This is really quite terrible. Tonight I discovered *Fantasy-scope* V3N1, as unloded as the day it was printed, in a paleolithic strata of the stacks of fanzines that need attention. I'm sorry about the months and months of delay. I really wasn't trying to become your peer by matching your record for time elapsed between fanzine issues with a new status for

the longest delay in writing a loc. {*I tend to think that Howard DeVore already has that record.* ed.}

It was a very good issue, as you've undoubtedly been told over and over again as the seasons have come and gone since you published it. {*You need not rub it in, I know that it has been too looong since the last issue!* ed.} Perhaps the finest thing in it was Pat's description of your African trip. It caused Africa to regain to some extent the image it had in my boyish mind when I was small and a stamp collector and admired all those lovely postage stamps issued for the French and British colonies in that continent. The stamps made the natives seem so happy and the scenery so gorgeous that I've read in various books and magazine articles. For instance, until I read this issue of *Fantasy-Scope*, I'd been led to believe that Africa has lost all its animals except for two or three cats and several mice. It brightened up my long ago day when I read that article to know that a visitor to Africa can still see a respectable quantity of many types of animals who could have been descended from those who posed for artists who created the old postage stamps.

Incidentally, has Pat ever tried the most simple and oldest remedy for sleeplessness, aspirin? It has been used to combat insomnia in many British novels published early in this century, so I can't claim to have discovered this use for the Bayer pills. But I haven't taken a sleeping tablet for at least a dozen years. I never trusted them even when I occasionally resorted to one, because I was afraid sleeping pills would cause me to fail to wake up if a Boeing airplane should fall down onto my house or should Gabriel blow his trumpet. When I retired, I knew it really didn't matter if I couldn't sleep because I wouldn't need to get up at 7 a.m. to go to the office. Since then, I have trouble getting to sleep perhaps three or four times a year, and after this happens, I take two aspirin with some water and they do the trick promptly. {*Pat speaking here:* Yes, I've tried aspirin, hot milk, relaxation exercises, etc, but without success!

ed.}

Lyn McConchie's article is constructed beautifully: it entertains throughout but gradually builds up significance and makes an important point at the end. I've had more and more trouble understanding the lyrics of a song since my hearing has gradually deteriorated. One odd experience involved a Glen Campbell record which this area's radio station played every 15 minutes for three or four years. "Rhinstone Cowboy." I thought one line of it contained a modern idiom which I hadn't encountered elsewhere, one vivid enough to make me wonder why I hadn't heard it elsewhere. It described how the singer couldn't get away from his work even when away from his office, when he sang "And office coming over the phone." After perhaps 386 hearings of that record, I finally heard it differently: "And offers coming over the phone." Lyn is right, of course, about the need to be sure of understanding properly either the words of songs or other people. This is particularly significant in the United States because integration came so abruptly. It didn't end racial prejudice as many people hoped, because for the first time lots of blacks had a close up knowledge of what slob many whites are, and lots of whites got too close a look at the bad guys who are black. People still need to understand that a particular representative of a race isn't necessarily typical of that race.

My relationship with keyboards has gone differently from the tortuous path described by Dave Locke. I've reverted to a manual typewriter. The electric machine on which I typed that previous LoC to you began developing one mechanical problem after another and I never had been able to attain on it anything approaching my typing speed on non-electric machines. So I dug out this tiny Royal portable that had once belonged to an aunt and hadn't been used for forty years or longer. It worked perfectly and I never want to change back to electronic methods of writing fanac.

The Fanzine Index lists December,

1943, as the date of the last issue of Fanfare as published by Boston area fans. However, there was another fanzine called Fanfare published in the 1950s by W. Paul Ganley, which I think had no connection with the Stranger publication except in name. The title has been in use for a couple of decades by a professional magazine devoted to classical music.

I think the current situation is the best for bringing children into the world since the century began. Most of the diseases that used to make the mortality rate so high for babies and children have been either exterminated or reduced to minor problems. We're enjoying the longest span of years without a war between major nations since major nations began to emerge. The baby born today has a much longer life expectancy than the world has ever known. Unless some sort of natural disaster occurs, science should make further contributions to the well being of the average person in the decades to come. AIDS is no problem if individuals behave themselves. {*I must interject a note of realism: I wonder what the woman who died of AIDS after treatment by a dentist would have said to that statement that you just made?* ed.} Buying power of the average employee is greater than at any time in the nation's history. Opportunities for travel, entertainment, and education are the greatest in history. Working hours for most jobs are shorter than ever before. Isn't all this much better than the way things were a few generation back?

Also heard from:
TeddyHarvia
and
George Flynn



So now we have come to the end of another Fantasy-Scope! All that is left is the back cover, which if you will not turn the page you will see it!

I could add that if you plan on seeing a letter in print from you in the next 4th, you should not hesitate! That is because it will do one more in 1996! And if all goes well at least three for 1997! However I will not be upset if you do not believe me.

THIS IS THE BACK COVER



DOUG RICE

THE END. SEE 'YA NEXT TIME!