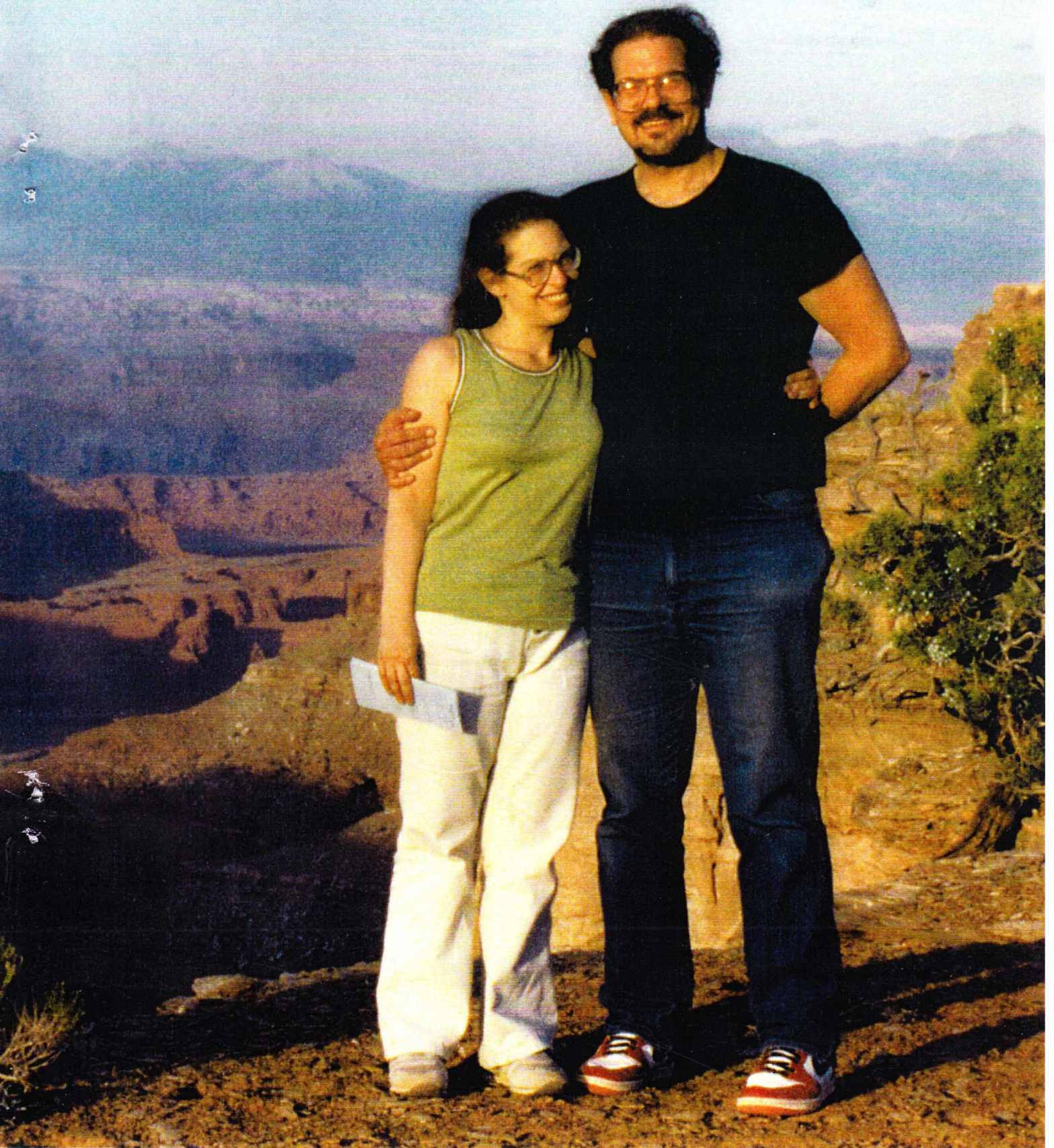
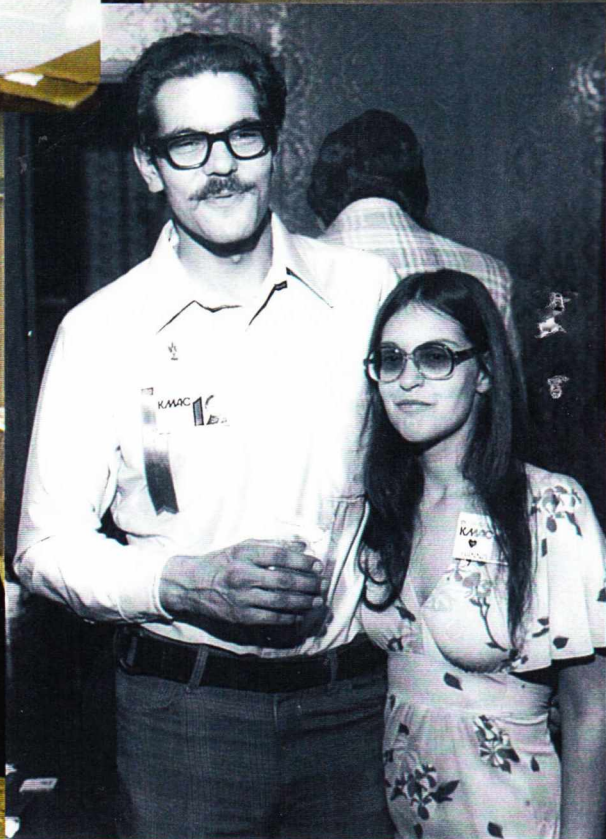
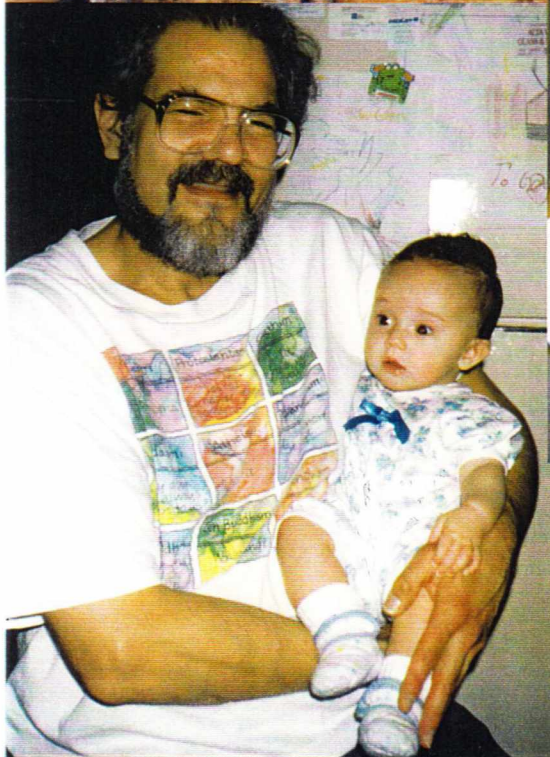
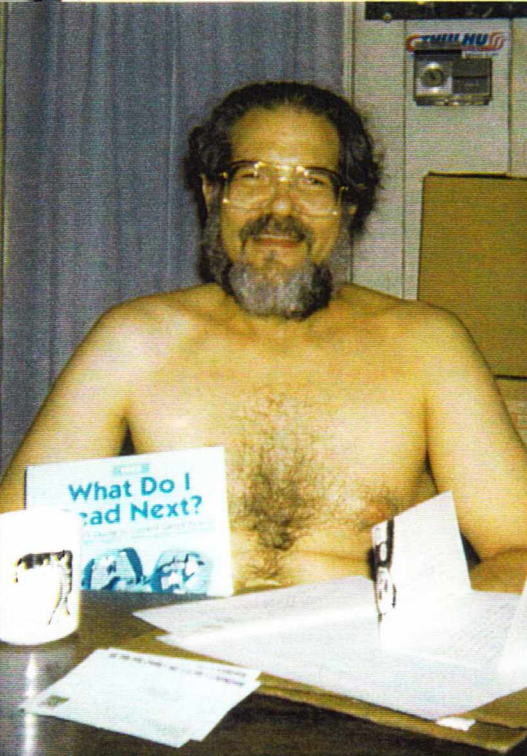
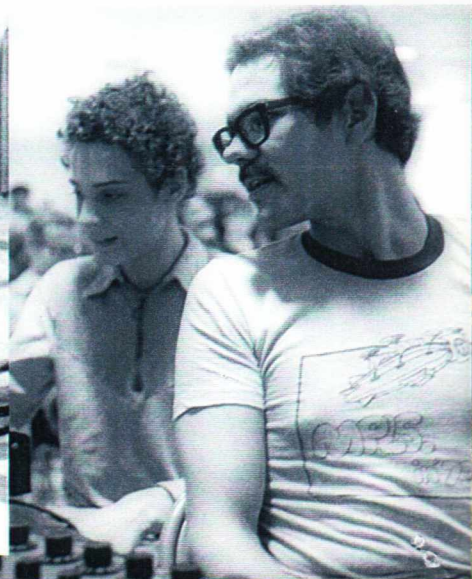
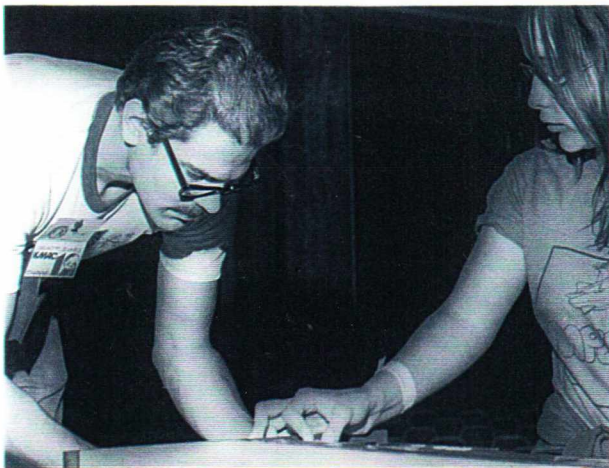


**Rune 86**

March 2002









# RUNE

**Number 86**  
**Volume 14, No. 6**  
**March 2002**

**dedicated to the late Scott K. Imes**  
**May 19, 1949 - December 11, 2001**

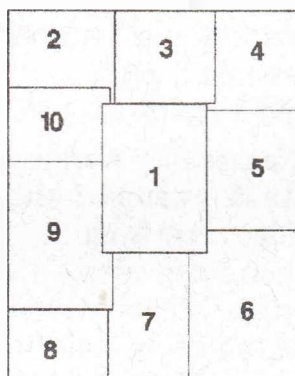


Photo key inside front cover:

1. Scott c. 1994, 2. Scott & Erica Stark, videoboard training at MidAmeriCon (1976 Worldcon,) 3. Scott, 4. Ben Lessinger & Scott, 5. Margie at Armadillocon, 6. Scott & Margie at MidAmeriCon, 7. Scott & Judith Merrill at Conadian, 8. Scott gets an autograph from Pamela Dean-Dyer Bennet, Jan Applebaum looks on, 9. Proud Uncle Scott with nephew Gage, c. 1991, 10. Thanksgiving c. 1988

color photos by Scott & Margie, black & whites by David Dyer-bennet

Jeff Schalles, Editor

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P.O. Box 8297, Lake Street Station

Minneapolis, MN 55408

rune@mnstf.org

MNStf Hotline: 612-824-5559



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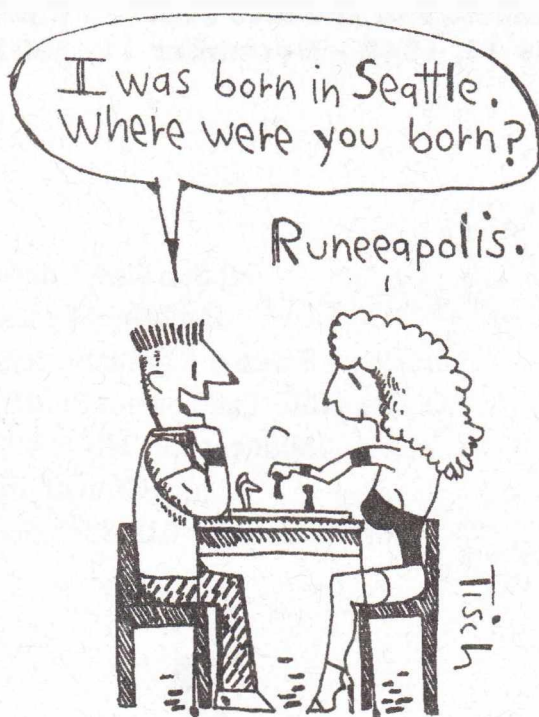
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Art Credits: Larry Becker: 16; Ken Fletcher: 5, 10; Scott Imes: front & back cover; William Rotsler: 15, 19, 24; Laramie Sasseville: 7; Jeff Schalles: 3, 22; Cesar Ricardo T. Silva: 21; Taral: 12; Glenn Tenhoff: 8; Tisch: 2, 18, 26; Reed Waller: 25

## Beyond The Twiltone Event Horizon

*by Jeff Schalles*

You could talk about pretty much anything with Scott Imes. We often talked about photography. Not so much gear or technique (I can be a gearhead, though I've grown tired of the topic in recent years) but more the impulse, the locations, and, in our respective cases, being busy with lots of things all the time, the difficulty in finding time to print up our work. Scott always seemed to get a lot more done than me.

I remember visiting Scott and Margie quite soon after the Winnipeg Worldcon and being handed an already-put-together album of Scott's Worldcon photos and other convention memorabilia. Some of those photos are in the montages on the inside covers of this issue. It was important to me, when I got involved with this resurrected Rune, to make sure that Scott's photography played a significant part.

I was at the Kansas City Worldcon, MidAmericon, in 1976. I watched with some amusement the video crew from Minneapolis busily working away — this was my third Worldcon and I'd never seen anything quite like this being done before. But it certainly seemed like a good idea. Document everything and sort it out later, that's what I say. I know I met Scott then, and chatted a bit about what they were up to, but that was a while ago. By the time we met again it was 1989 and I'd just moved up here to this fan fairyland on the prairie.

But what happens when there is no... later... to get everything sorted out. I haven't seen Scott's photo archive, but I suspect it's fairly organized and mostly labeled, if not extensively captioned. My negatives are in archival sleeves, dates and locations written on the sleeves, which are, in turn, in marked manila folders grouped either by date or subject. But very few of

them get printed these days. And the captions are all in my head. That's always something I'll get around to... later. The years I shot a lot of photos at cons and sold them to Locus are probably the most organized and complete. The available light candids I've been doing in recent years are probably more interesting. Someday I hope to print (or scan) them and find out...

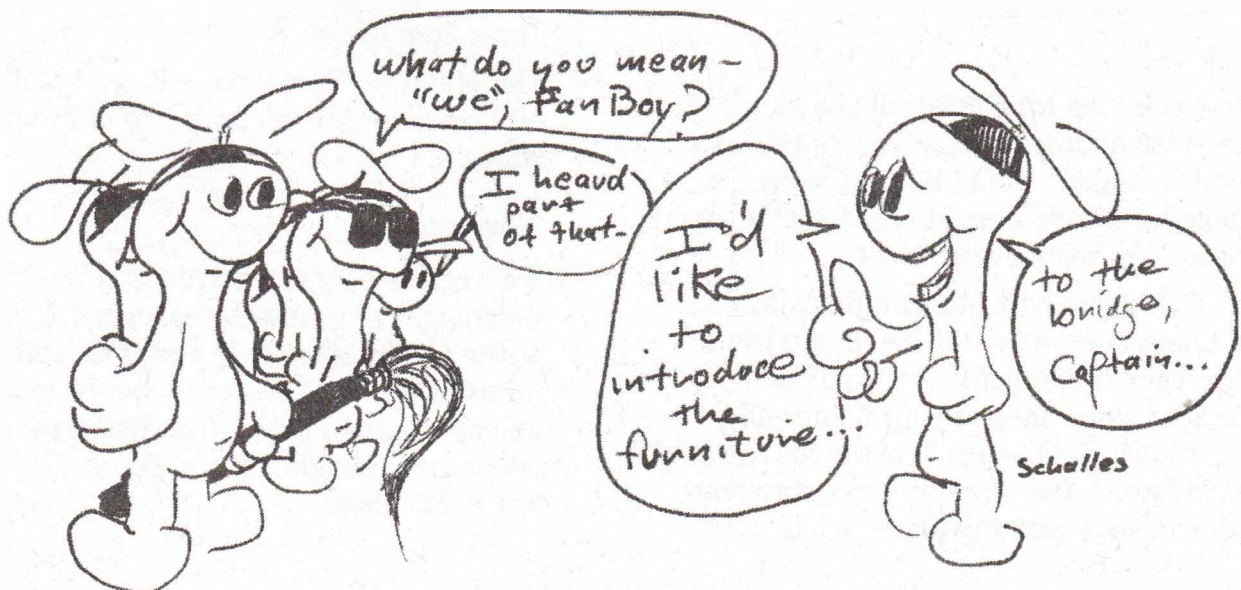
Scott. Gone. How can this be. In the back of my head I hear Luke Skywalker near the end of the original Star Wars movie, maneuvering down that deadly trench on the deathstar, suddenly crying out, "We've lost R2!" There is time to pause for sadness at this point in the battle, but there's also a fiercely reinvigorated determination to stay on target. Stay. On. Target.

Meanwhile, here we are back at the Rune. Last thing anyone heard, around 1995, there were four of us editing the clubzine on a rotating basis. Well... Ken dropped out first, I believe, apologetically, for lack of time. Garth drifted away next, lack of time, plus a lack of personal fulfillment, I think, though he's still hanging around behind the scenes — he arranged to have the printing done on this issue's covers. Tom was the last one still trying to keep the flag flying. He worked up an issue — the lost Rune 86 that was to have been printed on the rented

mimeo at Minicon 33 — but that didn't work out quite the way we expected. It never got printed, though some of the art and the lettercolumn have resurfaced here in this version. Think of this as Rune v. 86.1

A couple of years ago Minstf bought its own copyprinter — a modern Ricoh mimeograph. It looks just like a photocopier, but inside is a silkscreen duplicating drum. It scans the original, holds it in memory, wraps a sheet of stencil around the drum and cuts the stencil with a laser beam. One big advantage is the cost of the ink versus the cost of toner cartridges. Ink is far cheaper. Another advantage is simplicity and reliability. Copiers use a very hot roller to melt the plastic toner bits into the paper. Lots more parts, lots more electricity, lots more stuff to go out of adjustment. There are a lot of these modern mimeos around, actually, they sell a lot of them to schools and churches and such. The same places where we used to sneak around running off our 'zines when nobody was looking...

Rune 87? Write something! Draw stuff! I've been pitching my vision of a smaller, more frequent Rune for the last several years, and have this crazy idea that maybe, just maybe, we can reignite that Our Gang-like spark (Hey, my uncle has a barn! Let's put on a show!) that leads to an active clubzine.



4/30/95 Minicon 30 Post Mortem



## **We Remember Scott Imes**

**A compilation of memories, some written for Rune, some posted to natter@minnstf.org, minicon@yahoogroups.com, rec.arts.sf.fandom**

*Compiled and edited by Sharon Kahn and Jeff Schalles*

### **From the natter & minicon lists:**

#### **Kay Drache (via Laurel Krahn)**

You may have already heard that Scott Imes passed away yesterday, December 11. Margie tried to call him at Uncle Hugo's sometime after 10 a.m., and he wasn't there, so Ken Fletcher went to check the house and then picked Margie up from work and took her home, where she found him. Apparently he suffered either another seizure and/or a massive heart attack. Hennepin County requires an autopsy so perhaps there will be a definite answer.

Margie is staying at Cat's for a few days, and I will be there as much as possible as well. The word from Cat is that they have spoken about holding a wake sometime in the next two weeks, but no plans have been made yet. If you want to call, please remember that they are late night and not morning people!

*(more from Kay later:)*

Hello All.

I had this idea for a little tribute to Scott. His email address was, in part "sfreader", and I thought it would be cool to have a whole lot of sfreaders at Minicon this year. I know Scott would be tickled!

I checked with Minicon Registration, and here is Fred's response. If you want to have your badge name (in large) be sfreader, you can, and your name will be in the smaller field — or I'll bet if you ask you could have it the other way too, with your name in large and sfreader in small.

#### **Fred A. Levy Haskell**

Kay, I absolutely can and will (and just did! <g>) put sfreader in your badge name, and your name in the smaller name field. Please =do= get the word out that I/we can do this for people and I am, in fact, more than happy to do it. Preregistered folks who want this done should send email to:

registration@minicon.mnstf.org

asking that it be done; previously unregistered folks can fill out their forms as appropriate. The sooner I/we hear from people, the easier this all is — tell 'em to do it soon! Do it often! Oops. Just do it soon.

#### **Scott Raun**

The memorial for Scott Imes will be held concurrent with (but not actually at) the Minn-stf pool party. They have reserved two adjacent poolside cabanas at the Radisson South. There will be signs posted at the hotel.

Date: Saturday, 12/29/01

Time: 3pm to 8pm

The Minn-StF Pool Party will be 2 p.m.-? on December 29. We have two of the parlor suites (115 & 215, IIRC).

#### **Jeff Schalles**

We were tossing around ideas in the hope they might grow into actual concepts down at the clubhouse, and it was suggested that a fresh issue of Rune would be a thoughtful and appropriate place to gather together everyone's thoughts and memories of the late Scott Imes.

The Board has approved a budget, I'm willing to dust off my layout tools and do the production. We don't have an actual editor — or any actual material, for that matter — but we would still like to maybe have it come together in time for the upcoming Minicon. Maybe even mimeo and collate it at the con — fannish as all get out, you know?

We're looking for stories, memories, drawings, poems, photos, anything we can run through the club mimeo. For that matter, I hope to have a small offset printed insert for photos of — and by — Scott.

### Joel Rosenberg

One of the things that everybody seems to have seen in Scott — me, too; I'm part of everybody — is the attitude of, to put it clumsily, "as long as we're in the same place, is there something reasonably small that I can do to make your life a little better?"

I've been trying to find a way to put that better — it looks like I think he was being stingy or something, and I don't — because, IMHO, it was way cool, and some of the testimonials I've been reading suggest that that little thing sometimes turned out to be a big thing for the person on the other end, and even when it wasn't, if you stack up a little chip of good here, and another one there, and you do it twenty or thirty times a day for a few decades, it adds up to a whole heap of good deeds.

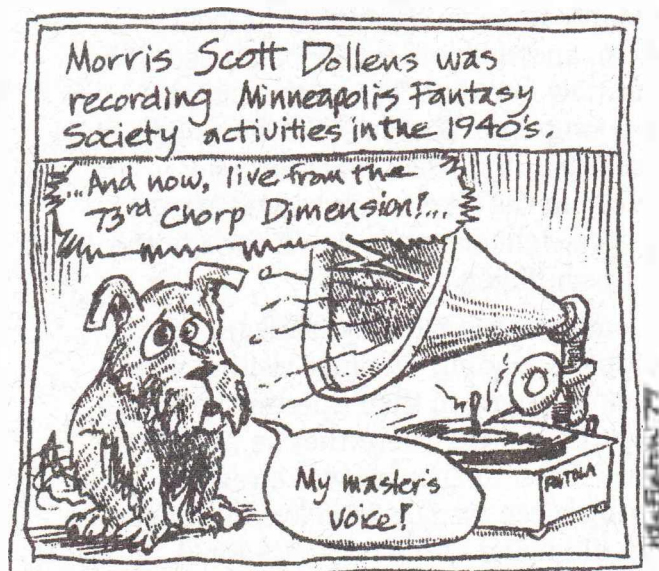
That was, certainly, part of his professional chops — in the context of recommending books, that was one of the reasons that he was such a good bookseller — but it was also very much part of his personality.

I think I would have said something about that to him — I hope so — but I didn't notice it until now. It was just always Scott to be interested, and for the interest to be both idiosyncratic and personal, and I didn't think to step back and take a look at the whole picture.

### Pamela Dean Dyer-Bennet

What I think of first when I think of Scott is how kind he always was, from first being introduced to me when I was a quivering inarticulate new fan, to the last time he asked me how the writing was going. He had passionate opinions about — well, about many things, but when he talked to me it was the ones about publishing that got aired. He collected wonderful stories about Stupid Publisher Tricks, whether he got them first hand from working in a specialty store or second-hand from authors. When my third book came out after a considerable delay and the publisher neglected to put the other two in the series back into the catalog (instead sending an errata sheet, which, Scott said, most people who worked in bookstores never had time to look at anyway), he gave me catalogs, errata sheet, and all, just in case I ever wanted to wave it in their faces.

He was judgmental about fiction but would eagerly collect opinions completely opposed to his, as data for best serving other people with opinions completely opposed to his. What he really wanted was for people to read science fiction. And if they were doing so or showed any sign that they might start doing so, even his most judgmental opinions were spoken softly and



with a tremendous readiness for argument, correction, or alteration.

### **Laramie Sasseville**

I've been taking daily walks lately — I find that walking out under the open sky, among tall trees, has a very calming effect on my nerves.

This morning I walked around Powderhorn Lake as usual. The weather is warm for early December — there is no snow on the ground, and only some remnants of ice on the lake. This morning the sky was overcast, the air moist with scattered drizzle; there was a mist on the lake. The ducks came eagerly to meet me, as I was bringing my usual gift of feed-corn. A ten pound bag (it's pleasing to know that this costs the same as the small packages of dried, cubed bread that I fed them at first.) The grayness and mist of the morning suited my sad mood. When I checked my email this morning I learned on the Natter list that Scott Imes died yesterday.

The lively bustle of the feeding ducks distracted me for a little while, but when I had scattered all my corn and proceeded on my walk, I thought of Scott. I never knew Scott very closely, but I always admired his intelligence and respected him for his soft-spoken manner and his good sense. He was a good influence on the civility of local Fandom, and that will surely be missed. If I didn't know him closely, I knew him for quite a long time. Since 1979, when I first started attending Mnstf meetings and Minicons, in the days when he and Margie were my neighbors while we all lived in the Bozo Bus building.

Scott was the building manager. I remember spending evenings visiting with them, and others, in their apartment, before they got the house where they've lived more recently. Their apartment was a regular gathering place for fans who lived in The Boze. I did many of the drawings for 'A

Discordian Coloring Book' while quietly enjoying the good company there. They created an atmosphere of friendly chaos, where there was intelligent conversation among creative people, the noise of television or music, a profusion of plants, people, and dog all gathered together in the small space. In later years, I'd see Scott at Minicon, always doing something to make the con work a little more smoothly, and with something sensible to add to discussions. I'd see him at Uncle Hugo's when I'd stop in to buy books and he'd always have a friendly word. He was such a fixture there and in local fandom that it's hard now to believe he can be gone.

I don't want it to be true. Of course he is in the hearts of those of us who knew him, but it makes the world a sadder place to know there will be no more opportunity to further our acquaintance or exchange that friendly word.

### **Floyd Henderson**

Being far away at a time like this is hard. Thanks to both Elizabeth LaVelle and Geri Sullivan for calling me last night with the news. I am so saddened. I can't even begin to express how much I am going to miss Scott's presence.

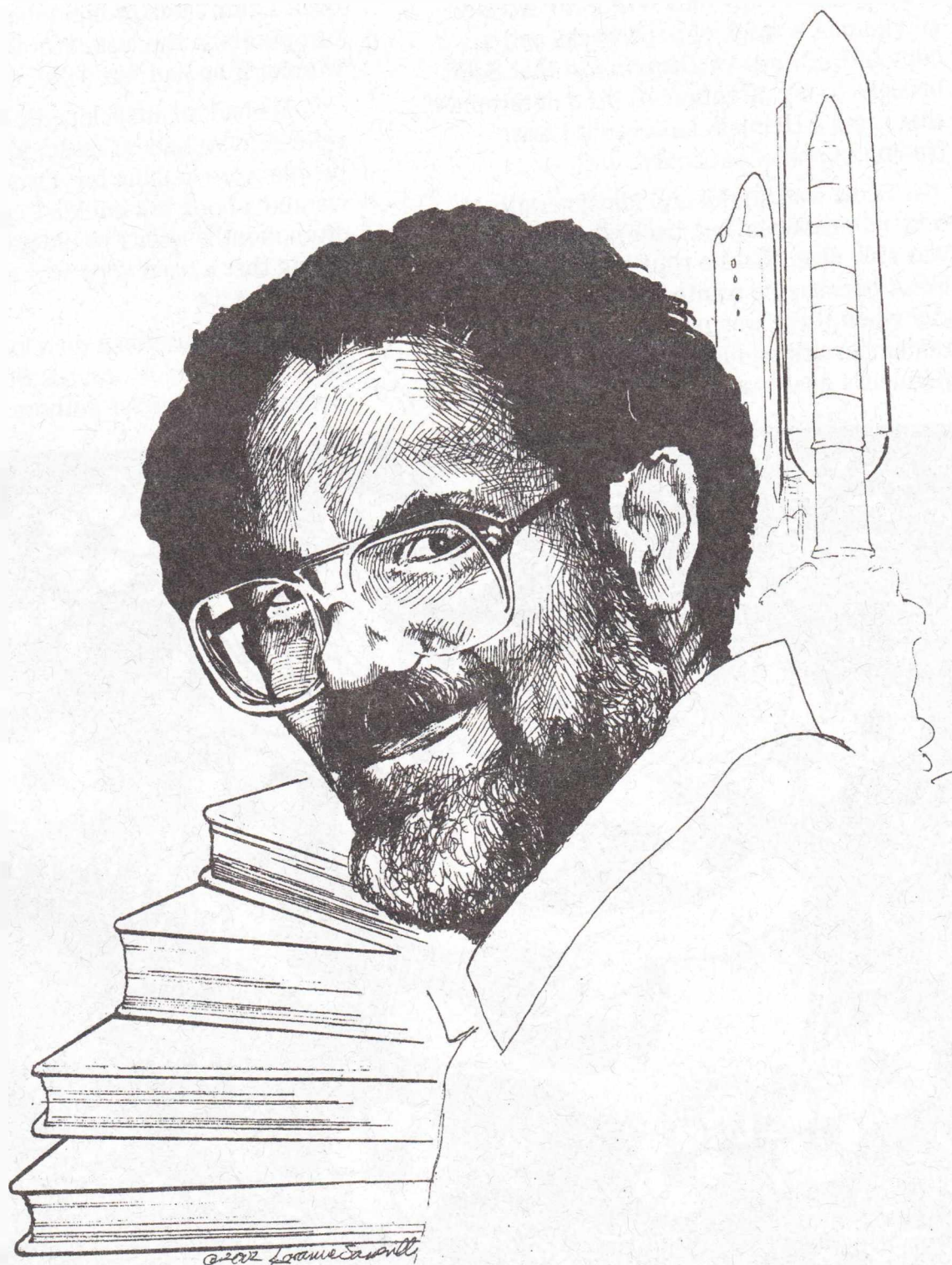
I can only wish I were more articulate. My love and sympathies go out to everyone who knew and loved Scott. I wish I could be there with you all to share our mutual loss and celebrate his life. His existence is definitely worth celebrating.

Goodbye, Scott....

### **Chef Anthony von Krag ACF retired**

I had just spoken to Scott on Monday about some books I wanted the Uncles to look for. It's so damn hard to believe that piddling little conversation was the last I'll ever have with him. I'll miss him so very much, Margie. My best to you and the rest of the family. RIP Scott, you're one of the best.







## Beth Friedman

Scott was probably the first fan I met in Minneapolis, possibly even before I met DD-B and Jonathan Adams at Carleton. In 1974 or so I made the trek from Carleton up to Minneapolis, to go to Uncle Hugo's. I traded in a duplicate copy of *I Will Fear No Evil* and bought a stack of paperbacks and a copy of *Heinlein in Dimension* that Scott brought to my attention after he determined that I was a Heinlein fan even if I was trading in one of his books.

Scott was quirky and idiosyncratic. I remember him saying, back when Heinlein was still alive, that he refused to read *Glory Road* because he wanted to save it for some day when there was no new Heinlein. I remember asking him about it after Heinlein's death, and I think he objected to

the fantasy trappings of the story. Later, he talked about buying a computer, and saying that he didn't want to do so unless he could get someone to custom-design an operating system for him. He wasn't happy with the idea of an OS that he didn't have control over. I didn't talk to him much about computers in the last several years; I wonder if he had fun with Linux.

He had an encyclopedic memory (or reference system, at least) for books that people were looking for; I would say I wanted a book but couldn't afford it, and often months later I would get a phone call saying that a used copy was available, and did I want it?

When I was going on a long trip, I would go to Hugo's and ask Scott for recommendations for authors I wasn't





familiar with and might like their books. That's how I discovered Nina Kiriki Hoffmann and Elizabeth Willey, among others.

He called me a couple of nights ago. He was trying to track down a reference, and since he knew I liked the Callahan's Bar books, I might know it. The drink was a Busted Kneecap — some straight spirit and dry ice — that got stronger over time as the water ice froze out. I didn't recognize it, but I told him it might be in the later books that I wasn't as familiar with. I said I'd see him in a few days, looking for book recommendations.

And now I never will.

### **Carol Kennedy**

Scott was the very first person I ever talked to about Minn-Stf, when I first stopped in at Uncle Hugo's some 25 years ago. Since Minn-Stf is where Jonathan and I met, Scott had a hand in deciding the course of a huge part of my life.

Over the past 18+ years, every single time I saw Scott, without fail, he asked about my kids. Not only that, but he actually listened to my response, and more than once offered a helpful observation. He was the first person to suggest that perhaps Rachel wasn't just an impossibly lively child, but actually might have clinical ADHD—and he turned out to be right.

If going to Uncle Hugo's will never again be the same for me, I can only imagine what a hole his passing will leave in the lives of those closer to him. To those of you who were his good friends and loved ones, I offer my deepest sympathy.

If anyone learns about any kind of memorial, please post it to the list.

### **Lydia Nickerson**

Scott was a man of parts, as someone in an O'Brien book might say. He had many varied

interests. One of them was Tibetan religious art. Scott insisted that he was not interested in the religion (though he did say that he thought it would be a good thing if more people converted to Buddhism as it was a pacifist religion). He had a large collection of Tibetan drawings. He had been working on identifying the figures depicted for many years.

Some time ago, a restaurant in downtown St. Paul had a fund-raiser for the Tibetan community. There was a "performance" of Tibetan chant. Several of us, including Neil Rest, me, Scott, and Margie went. Before the changing, the abbot announced that they were also selling t-shirts and you could have one autographed in Tibetan script, by the monk of your choice. I still have my t-shirt, signed by the abbot, I think.

If you know of Scott's passion for autographs, you might be able to guess what happened next. Scott proceeded to get autographs from each of the monks in turn. After working at this very diligently, he discovered that there was one more monk in the room than he had signatures. It was difficult to keep track of who had signed and who hadn't. It would have been difficult if they had written in English; very few of the monks spoke any English at all.

Scott went to talk to the abbot to ask if the abbot could point out the monk whose signature he had not yet obtained. The abbot spoke very little English, and Scott no Tibetan at all. It was a long conversation, of the type that I have no patience for and which embarrass me dreadfully. Neither Scott nor the abbot looked embarrassed or distressed. They both looked as if they were having a good time. Eventually, the abbot understood what Scott was asking. He called the other monks over, and they all huddled around the t-shirt, trying to sort out who had and hadn't autographed it. Eventually, the missing signature was obtained. Scott

was like that. Pleasantly obsessed, interested in detail, polite without being obsequious, and forceful without being hurtful.

Scott had a mission from God: to bring people to the reading of science fiction. I can't remember the number of times a hapless mother came in just to buy her son the latest Star Trek book. It was a rare occasion that she didn't walk out with at least one book for herself, and often additional (better) science fiction for her kid. The depth of Scott's knowledge of the field is hard to describe. He could make recommendations depending on any number of criteria: theme, writing style, plot format, scientific accuracy, and more. He always asked if you were reading something good, and remembered that to pass on to other people. For years, I read what Scott told me to. :-) He was an especial fan of Cordwainer Smith, and he was the one who first gave me Smith to read.

It'll be a strange world without Scott Imes. He was a force for good. He was a man of many parts.

### Joyce Scrivner

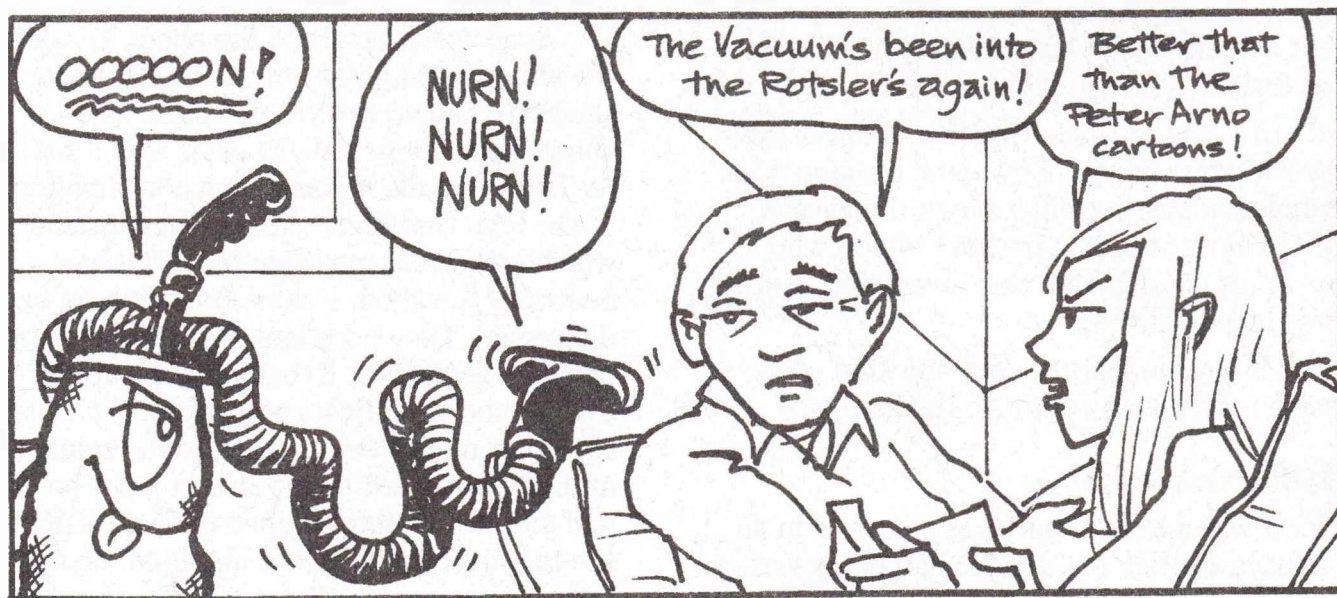
I've been reflecting on all the times I remember Scott — his calling me over a

book I'd been missing, his work with the post office to get the Minicon/MinnStf cancellation, the pleasure in meeting him at conventions, etc.

The one I remember best was the first year I brought my nephew Shae to a Minicon. Shea had never been to a convention and his enthusiasm and energy were wild to the extent that at least one party offered him the option of leaving through a window or the door. I was working on the convention in some guise and I didn't follow everything Shae did with as much concern as I wanted. At some point late on Saturday Scott told me I shouldn't worry so much and both Shae and I would be fine as proto-parent and proto-grownup.

### Tom Hardy

I've been going to Uncle Hugo's for more than 25 years, and have always ended up in a discussion with Scott about something; books, publishing, current events, whatever. One time, it was the seven volume *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. Another time, it was Gorbachev — he thought Gorbachev had died, and I thought he was doing fine, so he got on the phone to his secret consultant. Turns out he was thinking of Raisa



Ken Fletcher '92



Gorbachev, who had died a couple of years before. I had forgotten.

A couple of months ago I set my usual \$30-40 worth of books on the counter. At issue as usual was whether to buy the discount card, because I get into the store 4-5 times a year. He went straight into his pitch, telling me that I could save hundreds of dollars if only I played my cards right.

### **Michael Lee**

I didn't know Scott outside of his role as a bookseller, but he was without a doubt one of the best. As has been mentioned, he'd ask everyone what they were reading, and if it was good. I never had as good of a response to that question as I'd have liked. (I'm sure that if it comes up in conversation with people that don't recognize his name, it's sufficient to say he was the "guy-at-Uncle-Hugos-who-always-asked-if-you-were-reading-anything-wonderful.") And he was interested when I'd bring out-of-town (and out-of-country) friends to the Twin Cities, and that spread the reputation of the store around the world.

My sympathies to his friends & family.

### **Jeremy Stomberg**

The Minnesota Society for Interest in Science Fiction & Fantasy (MISFITS) is happy to announce the new name of the top award in the annual MISFITS Writing Contest: The Scott Imes Award.

MISFITS is proud to honor Imes, a major force in the Twin City's science fiction reading and writing community who worked for over two decades at Uncle Hugo's Science Fiction Bookstore, and whose recommendations served those far beyond its confines. He passed away December 12, 2001.

The first Scott Imes Award will be presented by Scott's life partner, Margie Lessinger, at Opening Ceremonies of this year's CONvergence science fiction con-

vention taking place July 5-7, 2002, at the Radisson South Hotel in Bloomington, MN.

For further information, please visit <http://www.misfit.org> or <http://www.convergence-con.org>, or call 651-MISFITS (651-647-3487)

### **From RASFF:**

#### **Geri Sullivan**

When I first got involved with Minn-stf in the 1980s, Scott was a perennial member of the Board of Directors and the Minicon Exec. More recently, he pulled together the video portion of the extensive history display at Chicon 2000, where he ran tapes he'd made and collected from Worldcons past of GoH speeches and other fascinating programming.

Scott was also the editor of the Science Fiction *What Do I Read Next?* database maintained by the Gale Group, and, I believe, one or two other *What Do I Read Next?* works.

Scott was interested in *everything* and was both informed and informative about most if not all of it. And now he's gone.

Damn.

Condolences to his loved ones and his wide, wide network of friends and colleagues.

#### **Gary Farber**

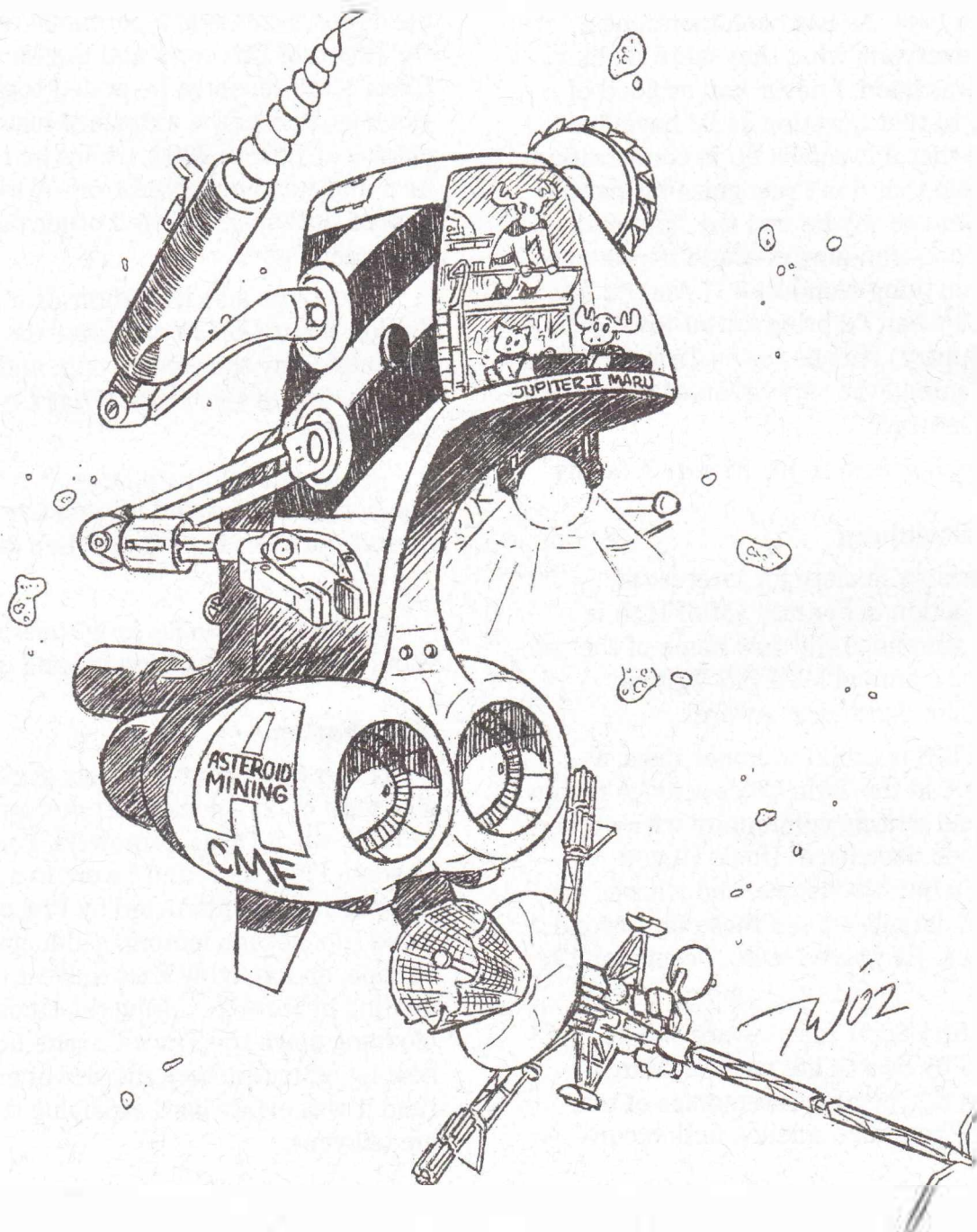
I only met Scott comparatively glancingly, on a handful of occasions. Most memorable was in 1976, when Diane Drutowski, Patrick Hayden, Phil Paine, and I were in a van partially hand-constructed by Phil out of wood (no, not the motor), gadding about Canada, on a roughly East to West tour, starting in Toronto, during the summer, plodding down the Trans-Canada highway, beating off mosquitoes the size of muskrats (and it was plenty hard satisfying them, let me tell you).

After a few weeks, we dropped down into Minneapolis/St. Paul, the fabled Mipple-Stipple hotbed of fandom and unique Mn-stf fannishness, a pointillist sensibility with dots coming equally from Ken Fletcher, Reed Wailer, Jim Young, Jon Singer, Fred Haskell, Denny Lien, and many other terminally demented people.

It was a typical experience that not long after we arrived, we suddenly found it explained to us that it was \*necessary\*, for the \*good\* \*of\* \*FANDOM\*, for us to be in Scott's

video skits he was preparing for MidAmericon, the upcoming Worldcon in Kansas City, which was one of the most revolutionary Worldcons ever, for better, for worse.

It was par for the course to suddenly have a broom thrust into one's hand, and be instructed that "you're sweeping the Killer Lime Jello back into the timeline, to keep it from invading the Dr. Dodd Clegler Institute of Trans-Temporal Fannish Studies! . . . and . . . \*action\*!"





Or something like that. I'm sure that constant messing with the timeline has created a multitude of variant resulting tapes.

The key, for us, of course, as ever, was Method Acting.

I also saw Scott in calmer moments. At Uncle Hugo's, doing what he's been described doing: loving sf, and selling that love, as much or more as he sold books. Having quiet conversations. Being a Nice Guy.

I can't say I really knew him. But every kind word I've read here about him jibes with what I saw of him in my limited experience. And I can't always say that when one of us dies, and I read remembrances of them here. My condolences to those who lost a friend, or more.

### **Sarah Prince**

I'm glad to have found a batch of remembrances here by people who knew Scott; I read the barest news on TIMEBINDERS and got the newspaper obit link from a NESFA list, but it caused barely a ripple either place. I didn't have an interesting enough two cents to feel I should make waves.

In a certain past life Scott & Margie were like family to me. I still have figures of speech, like "dogness" now that I in turn have a monstrous loving dependent, that I got from him. The last time I saw him, some years ago, he seemed eerily less large than I remembered — I had the gumption to ask something eventually that yielded an assurance he had intentionally lost weight on doctors' recommendations.

There are many people, some of you, whom I wish I'd kept contact with, but at least I called Scott at Uncle's once a year or so to ask book questions and buy more than I meant to. I checked with Joyce Scrivner whether I remembered Margie's address, and indeed I had dredged it up nearly intact....

### **Ken Keller**

*Scott Imes (1949-2001)*

*A look back & some final thoughts*

An old fannish friend has passed, and the final paragraph to one chapter in Kansas City's 31-year fannish history has now been written. I'm depressed. Another one of us, one of the old MidAmeriCon committee, is gone. It's just too soon. He was a year younger than me.

We first met, thanks to Don Blyly, at the '75 MiniCon where Scott was almost single-handedly video taping Minicon's official program. He was using professional video gear—3/4" Beta, just like the big boys employed at local TV stations. What a concept in fandom! (Video was not yet a part of the fannish lexicon.) It turned out that Scott was not only a fan but was also an audio-visual professional, working for Bloomberg Photo-Sound in Minneapolis. We hit it off immediately, and the germ of a revolutionary new idea began to form at that Minicon while we were hanging out...

Before he became such an integral part of Uncle Hugo's SF Bookstore in Minneapolis, Scott, at the beginning of his fannish career, was a major department head for the KC Worldcon, running MidAmeriCon's entire audio-visual division, a brand new creation for the Worldcon. We worked closely together on MAC for almost two years developing this new, important Worldcon innovation. But it was mostly Scott's brainchild, and thanks to him and his dogged dedication and professionalism, Worldcon entered the Video Age. In fact, without him and his hard-working volunteers, MidAmeriCon wouldn't have had this new capability at all. The Worldcon was advanced because of Scott's efforts.

I remember how he trained the large MAC a/v staff through several weekend long "CommuniCons" during MidAmeriCon's organizing period. When MAC finally arrived

on Labor Day weekend, 1976, KMAC Channel 12 was ready to go live, the first ever closed-circuit Worldcon broadcast channel. I remember when a large semi, driven by Scott, with more than a million bucks of video gear on board—miles of video cable, cameras, recorders, and lots of equipment I didn't recognize—pulled up at the side entrance of the Muehlebach Hotel. I and other fans watched, amazed, by the sheer bulk of all the equipment being unloaded. "Welcome to the future," I thought to myself. Thanks to Scott's hard work, MidAmeriCon's a/v crew were a well-oiled machine when they arrived in Kansas City, ultimately compiling some 40+ hours of video history of the 34th Worldcon—a first in fandom. I know he worked harder than I did, the chair, at the KC Worldcon, and that's saying quite a lot!

I last saw him (and Margie Lessinger, his longtime life companion) at the Mid-AmeriCon 20th Anniversary reunion in 1996, which was part of ConQuesT 27 here in KC. He was the con's special guest. Immediately following that ConQuesT, we hung out at the house for another day while their car's radiator was repaired. It gave us a chance to catch up on a whole host of things since it had been almost a decade since we had seen each other. The three of us had a great time together, talking about the glory days of MAC, talking about science fiction, talking about life. I'm now very glad we had that time together.

I just can't believe he's gone. It's just too soon. Just what is it about us, boomer generation fandom, that makes so many pass on so prematurely (shaking head in dismay)?

## David Dyer-Bennet

>Ken Keller writes:

> We first met at the '75 MiniCon where he  
> was single-handedly taping a lot of the  
> program using professional video gear. He  
> was a/v professional and was

\*Really\* single-handedly? I'd have thought at least one of Ken Hoyme, Ben Lessinger and I would have been involved by then. I remember the first Minicon Scott showed up at, where his goal was to make the \*sound\* tolerable. He did pretty well at that. I think he started bringing in video the next year, and I worked with him on either that or the next Minicon. I got up early, went around his Blumberg delivery rounds with him, then helped plunder pretty much everything else of any interest they had left to haul over to Minicon. But I can't remember exactly \*which\* Minicon that was. (I bring it up not to quibble over your memories, but to try to pin down dates for some of my own through outside references.)

I was scanning MidAmeriCon pictures a few months ago for various uses (none yet completed naturally, though the photos are on my snapshot album web page at least), and remembering that project. I also just found my KMAC-12 badge (and MAC name badge; I don't seem to have saved the arm band though) in the old con badge collection.

I was the guy in the ceiling of the theater that they were giving light setup directions to over the PA at one point (rather later than it really should have been done; most of the seating was full I believe).

Now I have to go find the rest of the good Scott pictures; a good thing to do, but I'd really rather not be doing it because we've lost Scott, dammit.



## Contributed to Rune (but not posted:)

### Garth Danielson

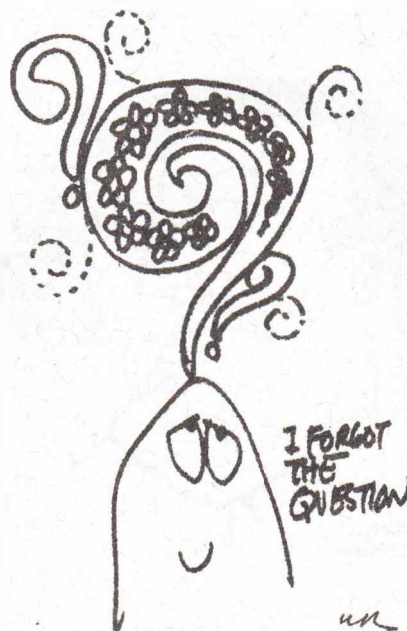
*"The light that burns twice as bright  
burns half as long — and you have  
burned so very, very brightly, Roy."*

—Eldon Tyrell to Roy Batty  
in Blade Runner.

The first time I met Scott Ines was at an AutoClave in Detroit in 1977. A quick hello in the elevator lobby at the hotel. Talking some more, later at a party, and in the con suite. Talking when meeting on the interstate, twice, on the way from Detroit to Minneapolis. I was driving with Randy Reichardt and James Hall, we were going to meet up with some more of Decadent Winnipeg Fandom at the Andrews Hotel that evening, stay the night and continue on to Winnipeg. Scott suggested that we stay with him at the Bozo Bus Building for the night. We did, we never left for a week, and there was continuous talk about "staying for the duration". There was a slight change in the "we" after the first night, we exchanged Randy for Mike Hall, who is no relation to James Hall, even though they both have the same last name. None of us had to be back anywhere for another week, which is how long we stayed. It was very hard to leave. "Why don't you stay another day?" "Okay". "Why not stay until the Mnstf meeting Saturday?" "Okay." That stay in his apartment with the Halls was mind-altering for some simple boys from Winnipeg. Scott introduced me to waterbeds. He threw us a party.

I can't remember if Scott was the caretaker of the Bozo Bus Building then, but I suspect he was. The building was filling up with fans, there were so many in the area. He was filling the Bozo with fans back then. Soon there would be nearly a full house. The social obligation was enormous.

Scott was continuously recruiting fans to move to Minneapolis. He was responsible for Karen Trego moving to Minneapolis. She was thinking of moving out of Chicago after she had quit her long time government job. Scott made up her mind for her by renting 3A for her. Since Karen was on a European vacation and wouldn't be back for three months there was problem with the rent. No problem, he organized a rent party and raised the rent for the first month, and there was some partying there until Sarah Prince moved in for the two months prior to Karen's arrival. Since there was an apartment already for her, Karen decided that she was moving to Minneapolis. After she moved in and we became an item I got a chance to again live in the Bozo, and I was there for the transformation to the Boz, and its subsequent demise. But that's another candle, and nothing to do with Scott.



There was a small party going on down in 1B one night, when the doorbell rang. Instead of fresh party guests it was a drunk, bleeding, pregnant Indian woman. Not being capable of dealing with this, I called Scott. "Yah sure." "Hi, it's Garth. There is a bunch of electric people down here in 1A and there is a drunk, bleeding, pregnant Indian woman

lying on the steps. She rang the bell, but I don't think we're capable of dealing with this." All he said was, "I understand. Get a blanket and I'll be right there." By the time someone had gotten a blanket and went back out into the hall, he was there, "the police were coming and you should stay in." We did.

It was this kind of thing that endeared Scott to so many people. He was a good friend, and if he could help you he would. He was the most wonderful liaison between the straight fans and the heads. He was interesting to talk to. I rather enjoyed the conversations we had in the last couple of hours on a quiet night at Uncle Hugo's. I only wish I had seen him more often the last couple of years, but you know you make your own bed and there you go. You can't change the past, you only have your memories, and I have some good ones.



## Dave Romm

### *Scott Imes: First Contact*

This is the middle of a much longer story.

Back in 1978, I found myself living in Detroit for a few months. I had a great job: market researcher. One of those people who

call up farmers and ask them how many acres of soybeans they're planning to plant. No sales. We got paid by the completed survey, and I was very good at completing them. We had a lot of political surveys related to the 1978 election. We were tracking elections all over the country, and I called the Minnesota races within a few percentage points. As the election neared, the surveys got shorter and therefore more lucrative. I pulled a lot of double shifts, and had enough money to move on.

The company used real WATS lines, where you just paid for a telephone line and had unlimited use of them; a practice now gone. I asked the supervisor if I could make calls after the last shift. He said sure, for as long as he was there, generally around a half hour. I called all over the country, and had pretty much decided to move to San Francisco. I have relatives there, and always liked the city. The fans there all agreed that SF was a great place that I'd like, "but the rents are high and you can't stay here".

The last week and a half I worked for the market research company, I discovered that they not only had WATS lines, but 3 Way Calling on those lines! Fulfilling a promise, I called up Joe Wesson, a Detroit fan who later moved to Minneapolis. "Who do you want to talk to. Anybody in the country."

Joe replied, "Scott Imes". Scott and I wound up doing most of the talking. He was caretaker of the Bozo Bus Bldg. You'd like Mpls, said Scott, and the rents are reasonable and there's an apartment in the building that's open. Hmm...

The next day, I called up Karen Trego, a Chicago fan who later moved to Mpls. "Who do you want to talk to. Anybody in the country."

Karen replied, "Margie Lessinger". So the first two phone calls I made to Mpls were to the same number. Margie also recommended Mpls.



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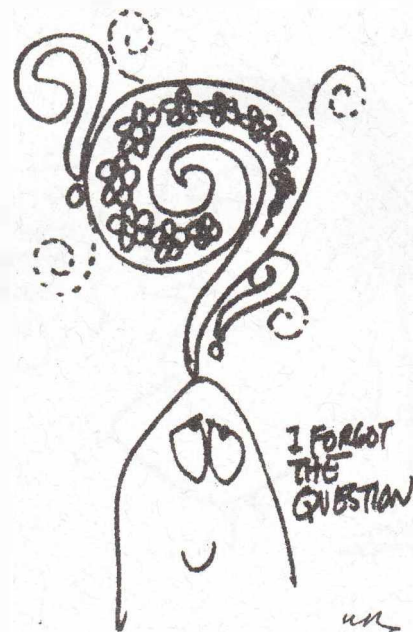
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Well, I won't go into the details of the move from Detroit to Mpls, but suffice it to say that I wound up living in the basement of the Bozo Bus Building for several years, and spent many happy hours with Scott and Margie, playing Bridge or giving Margie a massage or discussing science fiction or politics or... \* sigh \* I'm going to miss Scott.

### **Rick Gellman**

#### *Scott Imes, My Fannish Friend*

Scott was a friend, a fan, an SF expert...and an irreplaceable resource in all those roles. I mean that in a positive, not a usatory sense.

Scott was the guy to call when you wanted to know something about SF and sometimes fandom. As manager of Uncle Hugo's Science Fiction Bookstore he was in contact with lots of people and an information conduit about SF.

That's how I found out he had died. The day he died I phoned Uncle Hugo's to ask Scott a question about a forthcoming SF movie and the story it was based on. Ken Fletcher answered the phone. I asked if Scott was there. He said no. I asked when he would be back. That's when Ken told me he had been found dead a couple of hours ago.

It was a stunning shock.

Scott was too alive and too vital and too enthusiastic, and, well, dammit, too young to be dead. It just goes to show that death has no sense or regard for what's right.

After the initial shock, and questions about what happened and how was Margie and such, and after I hung up the phone, one of my first irrelevant thoughts was: what a shame Scott had died when he did, just before the release of *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring* movie. It was something Scott would have been looking forward to seeing, hoping they had done it right.

An irrelevant thought. Scott was my friend. I was looking forward to it with anticipation. The clips from the movie on TV looked good. I was hopeful. I was saddened. Scott wouldn't have the opportunity to enjoy it.

Flashback to 1977! Louie and I had been out on the road to cons for weeks running *Imagination Unlimited*, our fannish business, and ticket for getting to cons. *Star Wars* had just come out. Fans kept telling us about it and talking about it at cons. We didn't have the time to see it. We were living in "The Boz" (The Bozo Bus Building — which Scott was managing for Jerry Baer and Arlene, its owners). So we saw Scott and Margie when we dragged in from the road. Scott wanted to know if we had seen the movie yet. We said no, but we had heard good things about it. Scott was enthused. He had seen it a number of times.

He dragged us to a theater the next day, and we not fully recuperated yet, to see it IMMEDIATELY. Wow! Was he ever right! It was the science fiction movie I'd been waiting to see my whole life. It was out in space. It had aliens. It had robots. It had high tech stuff. It even had the seedy spaceport bar...and it had it right!

I can remember Scott laughing at our pleasure in seeing it. He was happy to see it yet again. Thanks again, Scott.

So I wanted him to enjoy *LotR*.

I don't remember exactly when and where I met him. I'm sure it wasn't too long after he moved to the Twin Cities. It was before I moved here. I was going to a lot of cons and coming to Minneapolis a few times a year in those days.

Scott got me an apartment in the Boz when I moved here.

He suggested new books and writers to me.

He was fun and interesting to talk to, to converse with, and to debate with. He had oodles of thoughts, knowledge, and ideas.



## Letters Of Comment on Rune 85

*[pithy editorial comments in square brackets and italics are Jeff's. Normally we would try to honor the old fannish tradition of including the writers' addresses (if Hugo Gernsback hadn't done this in Amazing none of us might be here now), but I fear that too much time has passed, and that our mailing list is no longer unreliable.]*

### Ray Allard

Perhaps it is ironic, that on this, a couple days after Itzac Rabine was assassinated, I should learn of the death of an old friend. Even more ironic is that I should learn he died of AIDS, when I am trudging through the grim and alarming book "The Coming Plague". All this is to say that it stirred up a few memories that might find a comfortable home in Rune.

I first met Lee Pelton when he was working at the 6th Street Shinders store. Like myself, he was opinionated, argumentative, and a helluva lot of fun to disagree with. Many hours we would talk over the magazine racks, late on Saturday nights, myself fresh from some movie at the Skyway, and his store was rather empty.

Somewhere around the same time, (and you can understand how memory can be hazy,) we were meeting in the MinnStf circles, too. There was a period of time when he visited my home, and both Geri and I have strong memories of that. He asked, and I contributed, drawings to his "Private Heat" fanzine.

Somewhere along the line Minneapolis fandom and I parted company. It wasn't a serious severance, more of a drift. But I lost touch with several people, one of whom was Lee. I have too many things to do to pursue fandom-as-a-way-of-life. Still, I've tried to keep in touch with friends back in the Twin Towns. And I do retain good memories of convention events, and some good faces. Some of those memories include Lee.



One of the detriments of being a fringe fan is that news such as this reaches me later. And I always thought I would run into Lee again some day, casually, like such things always happened. Whatever else can be said of him, I counted Lee Pelton as a friend. May his ongoing assignment continue to be interesting. I will miss him.

### Teddy Harvia

How can I not remember Lee Pelton and be saddened by his passing? He and Carol Kennedy were the first, outside myself, to publish my fan art. Their kindness to my cartoon creatures has lead me to a life of frivolity and dissipation. The world needs more such role models.

### Sheryl Birkhead

Dear Runyons (ah yes—never read any of...his...writings, but it sounds right.)

Nice Ken Fletcher cover—see far too little of his work in zines these days.

I really like the cover for RUNE 53 (the David Egge one) shown on page 3—looks tremendous. This issue has a somber tone to it, but all the thoughts and comments (Lee and Doll) are so positive and compassionate, that it makes the reminiscences feel like pleasant (albeit painful) memories. I really have trouble picturing Doll Gilliland as depressed. I used to attend some of the WSFA (Washington area) meetings which were chez Gilliland, mainly because no

matter how uncomfortable I feel around groups of fans, I could always go and sit quietly with Doll (as other members of the club would drift past and drop by her Court).

### **Buck Coulson**

Sorry, but my fan type is PF/SC/ZW/J. And your types left out filking, unless it's included in media (and if it is, I disagree.) What the hell, I've edited fanzines, written for fanzines, gone to conventions, written fan fiction, sold fiction and book reviews, been an officer in SFWA, written filksong lyrics, been a guest at filkcons, contributed (not much) to A Wealth of Fable, and huckstered stf books and magazines and filk tapes. Why bother with being one type when you can have it all? (Oh yes, and been recording engineer on two filk tapes; I didn't want to leave out any experiences.) Never been on a concom, though, which is fine with me, though I seem to be on the Chicago in 2000 bid committee. And—thanks to Denny Lien—performed fan marriages. Legal ones.

A marvelous article by Ted Johnstone/David McDaniel. Met him once, as I recall, when he was going across country for some reason. (Met Bjo quite a bit; still hear from her now and then.)

I don't recall if I ever told Ruth Berman, but years ago—at least 25—I had to go to Minneapolis for a Technical Writing conference, since I was the tech writing department for the Wabash IN factory of what was then Minneapolis—Honeywell. Arrived—in February, for God's sake—and was told apologetically that there was no entertainment for the writers that night. I said no problem, I know this girl in town and I'll go see here, meaning Ruth. The "greeter" for the conference looked at me oddly, and asked if I'd ever been in Minneapolis before. "No, but I know this girl..." I did indeed take a taxi out to the Berman residence (the

driver got lost once...) and I received immense respect all through the conference...

### **Lawrence Watt-Evans**

Okay, I got Rune #85 a couple of months ago, while I was rushing through a novel on a short deadline, and I've finally gotten caught up enough to respond. Um... why'd I get it? Did I subscribe or LOC or something, back in the misty depths of the past?

*[We don't know either. When the labels were sorted for Rune 86, there were several hundred new ones we'd never seen before. The workings of the OTML (One True Mailing List) — when it works at all, are largely mysterious.]*

And I also don't know where you found 100 cases of mimeo paper. I'm jealous. I haven't run a mimeo is twenty years, but I love the feel of mimeo paper, and it ran just fine in my last-printer-but-one, and then I couldn't find it any more! Where'd you guys ever find it?

*[The Fiber Tone paper in the Toad Hall basement came from the Hennipen Paper Co. (the actual mill itself), up in Little Falls, MN, during a warehouse sale. They probably still have a few pallets left back in their big old warehouse someplace.]*

### **Andrea K. McKeon**

I, too, have experienced the "Zen Cosmic Sinkhole," written of by Steve Perry. I was up late watching TV one recent summer evening when all the electricity in the neighborhood suddenly flicked off. As I had been channel surfing, the remote was still in my hand, where it remained as I stumbled around the house looking for a candle and calling out to my husband in terror as I frantically tried to see my hand in front of my face. The next morning, I sat in the living room on the end of the ottoman and reached for the remote to facilitate my daily fix of "Montel," "Geraldo," and "The Other



Side," but it was nowhere to be seen. I wandered about the kitchen sink and the refrigerator, and finally found it atop the very same ottoman I had already sat upon and probably passed fix or six times in my search.

But much more upsetting are those times when I am thrilled to find part 3 of a trilogy at a used book sale and rush home to put it on the same shelf as parts 1 and 2, only to discover them missing, or worse yet, that I already had part 3 but needed part 2! Perhaps there is a corollary to the Zen Cosmic Sinkhole applying only to the Biblioverse. Or maybe I should just (horrors!) Get Organized.

I was one of those people who caught the "fannish references" Jeanne Mealy used to work into the classifieds of that alternative newspaper. It was how I found out about Minicon. Thanks, Jeanne! Later, I too worked for that alternative newspaper, which turned out not to be so alternative, more's the pity.

Loved the Tisch cartoon on page 55. Reminded me of my cohabitation days, and how tough it was to find something to call the man who was not yet my husband. "Boyfriend" is a pretty inane term for someone who is in their forties. "Significant Other" made acquaintances wonder whether I was AC or DC, unless I also used his name. And saying, "Bill, my significant other" made me feel like I was saying "Bill, the cat." Of course, some people's significant other is his or her cat, that's their business.

### **Cesar R. T. Silva**

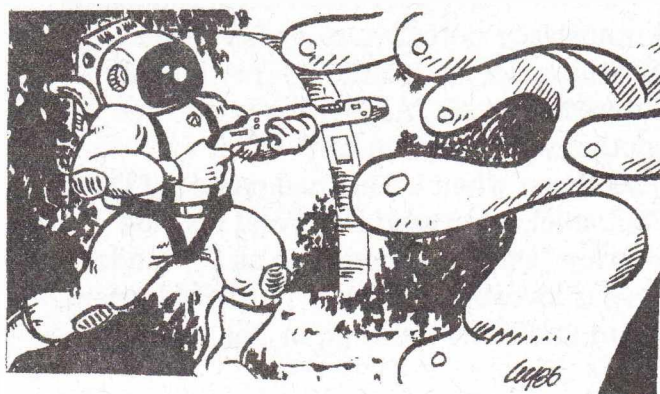
I want to thank for remittance of a Rune edition, that I received some months ago. I'm very happy about my illo is stamped in it.

I selected some illos and I'm sending this for that you use alike your intention. In Brazil, I published a fanzine too, the Hiperespaço, that I send one to you. Thanks about your attention!

### **Lloyd Penney**

A note to Steve Perry...did the epiphanic genological researches of Wayne Krolke ever try to trace related episodes of real life, like where did that extra \$5 bill go, or where do socks go when they're eaten by a washer or dryer, or the document that somehow escapes from one file folder into another? (Actually, I was thinking of paper files. If that last phenomenon was to be taken in a computer sense, it might show signs of AI on a very small scale.)

I've got some memories of Bjo Trimble as well. Bjo was the guest of honour at the 1983 Maplecon in Ottawa, and after talking with her, we said we'd see her again at L.A. Con II next year. "Oh, sure, sure," she said, confident that this was the last she'd seen of us. But, we and Bjo corresponded, Yvonne and I put together a slide show on making costume reproductions (our first Worldcon panel), and a couple of days before L.A. Con II was to start, we showed up at the Trimble's doorstep in North Hollywood, ready to help with a rented car. One of our first tasks was to pick up Japanese fans Takumi and Sachiko Shibano from LAX. They were coming in, not from Tokyo, but from Little Rock, Arkansas, where they'd been guests at a convention. We lunched with the Shibanos in the Trimble's living room, while Bjo, John and the rest of the family were busy getting mannequins painted and repaired, and assembling costume parts. (Bjo was in charge of the



costuming track of programming, and the entire family had been deputized, a fannish family on the move.) We were observing this organized mayhem going on around us, when Takumi leaned over to ask me, "Have you been here before?"

"No, Mr. Shibano, this is my first time here."

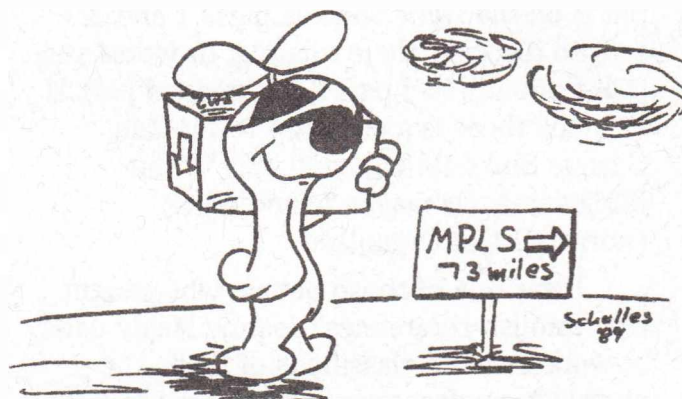
"I have been here many times," Takumi said with a very large smile. "It is ALWAYS like this!"

### Ruth Berman

Ken Fletcher's animal air-crew front cover and Taral's cheerful lost skunk bcover make a nice match-up of comic mood. Also in the animal line, I enjoyed Giovanna Fregni's dragon and less identifiable critters flying their "Minnesota fanzine recovery act dirigible interior" (p. 15). Is that you running the electric fan? Among the serious-mood illos, I especially enjoyed Bill Rotsler's view of machine (and worker?) in orbit (p. 69) — kind of a melancholy mood, with those areas of shading and of solid black.

Actually, it's kind of a melancholy issue, with all those tributes to nice people no longer alive. Even an author paying tribute to the past who is himself no longer among us (Ted Johnstone). Considering the lapse of time, since the events and since the deaths of both TAJ and the Guardian, I think it's appropriate to footnote his account of the Guardian's ridicule of the "Coventry" imaginary-world-game by noting that the Guardian was mostly Dean Dickensheet, an enthusiastic detective story fan (especially Sherlock Holmes), although peripherally interested in sf. TAJ, writing under the alethonym (well, you can't call it a pseudonym when it's his real name) of David McDaniel, later used Dean and his wife Shirley (with their consent) as the models for his loveably villainous THRUSH leaders, Ward and Irene Baldwin, in *The Dagger*

*Affair* (dedicated to the Dickensheets) and others of his Man from Uncle novels. Coventry as a setting for fan-fiction never came back to activity, although I took two of my Coventrian stories and re-wrote them as a single longish fantasy story, "To Ceremark," which appeared in *New Voices in Science Fiction 1* (ed. George R. R. Martin).



### Cy Chauvin

The article I enjoyed the most in this issue is your reprint of Ted Johnstone's LASFS History. I have always enjoyed reading (or listening) to fans "first contact" stories; each one is different, and of course we all bring a sort of stary-eyed enthusiasm to it that it just can't help but be interesting. (I've often thought that a collection of such pieces might make a good Fanthology.) Besides being interesting in and of itself, I thought Ted's story of LASFS echoed many of my own experiences at the Wayne State University SF club in the 1970's—ebbs and flows in club meeting attendance, the personalities, the slanshacks. The trappings and the style may have changed—from mimeo to xerox to electronic—but the substance of the people has not, I think. One thing does worry me a little: are we all developing a little too strong nostalgia for the past? Maybe going to Midwestcon/Fanhistorica did it for me, what's happened to our curiosity for the future? Still, in any case, more reprints from



before 1970 would be a good step. Perhaps, Jeff, you can be the Terry Carr of the 1990's with a new series of "Entropy Reprints."

*[I can never fill Terry's greatly missed shoes, but I totally agree that reprinting old fan material in current fanzines is a Very Good Idea.]*

Lloyd Penny's comment about the high price of sf books reminds me of my total disbelief when someone told me that publishers expected to raise paperback prices up to \$2.50. So much for my keen sfnal ability to predict the future. I am uncertain if prices of books (relative to other things) are any higher today than they ever were, but I must admit that I usually look for a remaindered or used copy of a book first before I buy a new one. I am also amazed that Lloyd Penny was at Discon II—was everyone there?—I rather thought he was one of those rare exceptions, a new fanzine fan who entered fandom in the late 1980's or 1990's, since that is when I first noticed his name in letter columns.

### **Roy Lavender**

I enjoyed "LASFS History, 1955-1961" muchly. We were transferred out for the Apollo Project in July, 1962. LASFS was meeting in a freeby hall in Silverlake Park, slowly recovering from some of the events mentioned. Over the years, we heard various bits and pieces of earlier history, but never in consecutive format. Some of the versions were at odds with Ted Johnstone, but that's fandom. We became well acquainted with Zeke Leppin and spent quite a few evenings at his tiny place, enjoying his spider leg tea and listening to his stories of river boats on the Ohio.

California is one of many states fretting over poor education. Reading in particular. In the local paper, an article, "What the Kids Say About Reading" had a surprising twist. The 12 and 13-year-olds said:

"I really like to read because it makes

my imagination get larger. The more I read, the more my imagination grows."

"It opens up my imagination. TV already shows you pictures of where the setting is. If the book says it's in a forest you can make the trees in different places, or anything. I set the plot, Make up what the characters look like, imagine the sets and everything."

"I like to read because it opens my mind. I can't really watch TV because I can't use my imagination a lot. When I visualize, I can see where the setting takes me or what's happening."

Good writing beats special effects every time, but somehow, I can't picture a studio CEO, dependent on the bottom line for his continued existence, suddenly starting to spend money on good writing instead of special effects.

I can't imagine a stronger statement in favor of reading. It carries the threat most feared by Big Brother: People might start thinking.

### **We Also Heard From:**

Larry Tisch, Brin-Marie McLaughlin, Vicki Rosenzweig, Catherine Mintz, Wayne Hooks, Ernest Mann, Ben Indict, Billy Dinwoodie, Tim Johnson, Ned Brooks, Sharon N. Farber, Cathy Buburuz, Terry Hornsby, Marlin Frenzel, Tony Rohovan, Daniel Fresnot, Sisa Thomas, Harry Cameron Andruschak

# Confessions of a Con Fan

*By Jeanne Mealy*

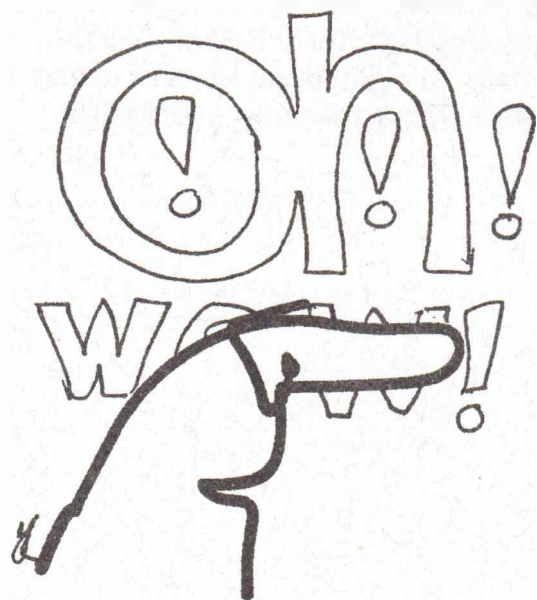
Just for the record, I do like reading science fiction as well as watching it on TV and in movies. I also enjoy heading off to gather with other fans for an entire weekend. While in college, I helped create a club that consisted of high school and college students. It was fun getting together with them and talking about whatever came to mind. However, the real mindblower came when I went to my first convention: Minicon, in 1976. There I met dozens of people who didn't flinch or laugh when I said I liked science fiction. In fact, they had read many of the same stories and books that I had! They also liked science fiction in other forms. I spent hours in the movie room, partly to rest and partly to enjoy what was being shown. What an opportunity! And, sometimes, what great wisecracks were made by audience members. My people.

Wow. I have people!

Now, keep in mind that our group was trying to get by as cheaply as possible. We got two rooms and crammed them with as many sleeping bags as we could, carefully

stashing them when we got up so as not to alert the maid as to just how many people were in there. We ate out exactly once, subsisting the rest of the time on sandwiches and the like in our rooms. Often one of us was inspired by what another person was going to do, and tagged along to check it out. We shared one or two hotel keys for our rooms (for how many people?). You can imagine the slow-motion game of tag that ensued as those wishing to get into the room tracked rumors of who last had a key ("Joel had it; I saw him in the art show half an hour ago."). Hanging out in the room was also a chance to rest and compare notes on our experiences in this strange new world. I had never seen a bathtub full of ice and pop, for instance, let alone the delights of the huckster room. There were lots of books. Art? Clothing? I'm not sure. And, many of the attendees dressed and acted differently than the college students I'd encountered. Some hugged each other in greeting. More than a few were what I'd consider geeks, but proved worth getting to know. I was impressed by the responsible attitude toward drinking: it was just part of the evening, not the sole purpose for being there. People liked talking with each other about all sorts of topics, along with jokes and stories.

The days became a whirl of programming, movies, parties, chatting, and waiting for the elevators, all on too-little sleep. It was all very intoxicating (yes, there was *blog*) and wonderful. I learned about a worldwide network of fans who met for conventions, gaming, costuming, discussing technical topics, putting out these publications called 'zines, and more. Some aspired to become professional writers and artists. Many put out homegrown publications, often available just for the asking and promise of comments, and were willing to consider writing and art from people like me. Heady stuff!





Our little group had some learning experiences and challenges that first weekend. The bed in our room was broken when two club members decided to wrestle. We were terrified that management would discover our illicit numbers and evict us (they didn't). The bathroom door didn't shut all the way. Some of us explored downtown Minneapolis. We were amazed at the wind in the concrete canyons, gaped at the skyscrapers, and even rode the express elevator to the top of the IDS Tower: 53 stories. After staying up all night partying, I was wobbling for awhile after that high-speed experience. We also went to a nearby cafe for breakfast and learned the game of adding an odd word to titles, such as "clam." We laughed ourselves sick over *The Clam* is a Harsh Mistress, for instance. I'm sure Heinlein didn't mind too much. We went on, and on, and on. Under such conditions, it all was funny.

I confess to a poor memory about the end of the weekend. Was that when we attended the dead dog party on Sunday, and visited the (in)famous Bozo Bus Building that housed many fans? And shared a "smooth" with Bob Tucker? If not that year, then the next. I'm sure that we babbled non-stop on the way back to school in a tired sort of way, making plans to attend other midwestern conventions. And, we did. Some of us eventually traveled much beyond our part of the country, because there are plenty of conventions in the U.S. and overseas. These convention trips have included many similar elements: the feeling of community, and making new friends; a jump-start of enthusiasm at being exposed to new ideas, writing, and so on; the lure of the huckster room and art show; the way time blurs, and the outside world fades away... And yes, I too could become involved with this con phenomenon. In fact, assistance was encouraged. That adds yet another dimension. I have had many adventures and misadventures on the way

to cons, as well as when I was there. Any time you want to get a conversation going, ask people about some of the memorable trips they've had, what other groups shared the hotel (Jehovah's Witnesses and weddings, for instance), odd roommates they've had, and if something unusual happened at the convention. One story will lead to another, until you realize that just getting in the car with fans going to a convention is often the start of something special.



Many helpful articles have been written about how to do cons right, mostly revolving around the Golden Rule and taking care of yourself (including personal hygiene). Cons can be done on the cheap, but some things are necessities. Words to live by.

I don't think that any con fan attends as many conventions as they'd like to. I'm down to about three a year: one or two regionals, plus the NASFIC or Worldcon. (The NASFIC is a large convention held in the U.S. when the Worldcon is overseas.) I have been to a number of cities in the U.S. as well as Canada and Australia. Each trip is similar to and different than the others. They all have one thing in common: the carousel slows down, and the real world comes back too quickly. The pain of realizing that your new best friend lives hundreds of miles away is mitigated these days by computers. It also helps to go to a

club gathering, write to a fanzine with a letter of comment, an article, or artwork, or join an apazine.\*

And, start saving for the next convention trip.

\* An apazine is an amateur press association. It can have a topic theme, or not. Contributions are collated and distributed to members. I coordinate Stipple-Apa, an general-interest apazine based in the Twin Cities. New members are welcome. No dues. Contact me at 651-771-7226 or jmealy@t-3.cc for more information and a free issue. The next collation is May 18 in Minneapolis.

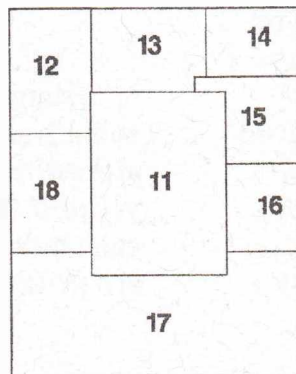
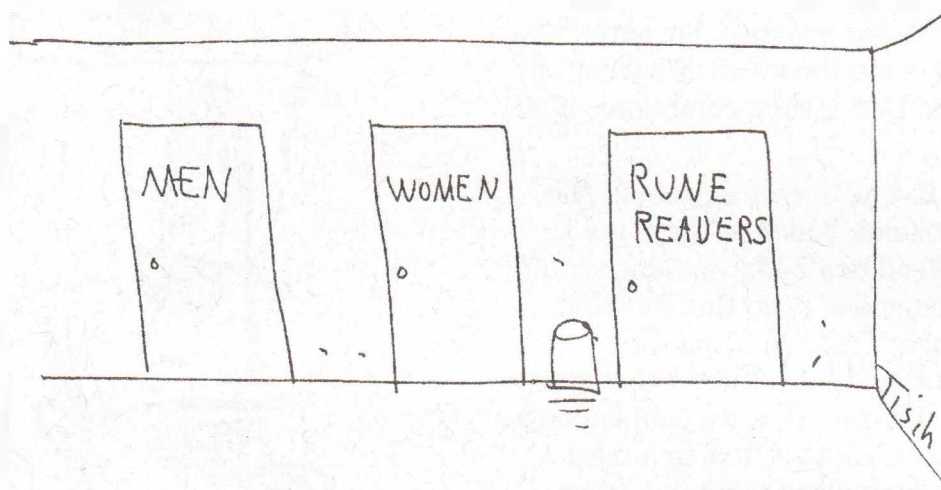


Photo key inside back cover:

11. Harmonic Convergence, Grateful Dead, Telluride, c. 1987, in foreground: Sherri & Margie Lessinger, Joe Miller, Steve Morris, 12. Scott in the garden after mowing, happy it's done, 2001, 13 Margie & Scott, Conadian closing ceremonies, 14. breakdown returning from Conadian, 15. Above Telluride, 1984, 16. Scott on Red Mountain, 1984, 17. Sunset south of Telluride, 18. South of Telluride, before sunset, 1984.



