

# ASKANCE



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Welcome, one and all, to the newest addition to the Purcell Publishing Empire, the first issue of

## Askance

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home page: don't even talk about it. Please – don't.

This fanzine is available for The Usual: expressed interest, trade, contribution (art, article, reviews, etc), letter of comment, or even \*gasp\* money (\$2 per copy). This zine is also available for perusal & downloading at [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com) – an extremely worthwhile site.

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A Post-Modern Publication. Search for the deepest meaning possible in these pages. I dare you. Trust me: you won't find it.

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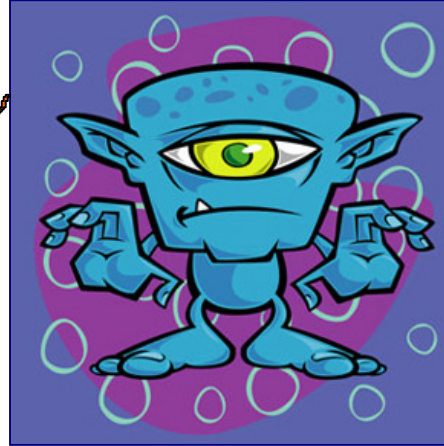
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# Bemused Natterings



## The inaugural editorial

If you are reading this, then allow me to welcome you, one and all, to the debut issue of *Askance*, the fanzine that has a slightly skewed view of the world. Well, alright. Lots of fanzines have this type of world view, but this is the next step in my career as a fan editor. I have long desired to try my hand at a “true” genzine, with contributions from many fine and wonderful fan writers and artists. The result is before you, and it is my devout wish that you will enjoy reading this zine ~~or else~~ as much as I enjoyed producing it.

## Rationale: Why this issue

This subject was covered in the final issue of *In a Prior Lifetime* last month, and discussed at length in person at Corflu 24, but bears repeating for new readers.

Here’s the deal. Since the fall of 2002, I have been nibbling down on my degree plan to earn a doctorate in education, all the while working full time as an instructor first at Texas A&M University, then at Willis High School for two years, and now at Blinn College for the past two years. The end result of taking 2 classes a semester has now gotten me nearly to the end of the line. After this semester, I am completely done with the required coursework for my doctorate. So now I have to get ready for my preliminary exams, and one of the classes this semester, EDCI 690, is designed to have the first three chapters of my dissertation completed: Introduction, Literature Review, and Methods.

This also means that I need to actually *do* the research Real Soon Now – as in next fall – so that I can begin the actual dissertation writing process in earnest. Oh, boy;

research and evaluation of data... My eyes are twitching again...

All of this academic work is going to take a lot of time and effort, meaning it will eat into the fun things that I enjoy in life: family, eating, sleeping, and \*gasp\* fanac! So, after months of debate, I decided that the smart thing to do would be to cease publication of *In a Prior Lifetime* and ...and furthermore. However, I still wanted to maintain contact with fandom because it means so much to me. Writing locs is one way, but I also enjoy producing fanzines. So, I figured I would start up a new zine, but make its publication schedule a “leisurely” bimonthly. In this manner, I could keep my fingers in the pie, so to speak, and still enjoy the sweet taste of fanac.

So that’s my story. Two zines come to an end when they were both going strong. At least they didn’t fizzle out ignominiously like a wet fuse. Those two are done, but now here in your hands is a new fanzine. Out with the old, in with the new, as the old saw goes.

Now, I like continuity, but I also enjoy changing things around a bit. In reality, I like to play with computer graphics and layout formats to see what works and doesn’t work. So as this new zine finds its vision and voice, expect to see some things happening from time to time. Consider this both a warning and an issued challenge.

Come to think of it, this is also a challenge to myself.



## What's in this issue

Features that have been retained from *In a Prior Lifetime* for this continuity factor are the editorial title, but now with sub-sections so I can shift from topic to topic as strikes my fancy. Like any good genzine should, I am continuing fanzine reviews, although from now on that ~~burden~~ task falls to Lloyd Penney, who generously acquiesced when I approached him with this idea. Thank you, Lloyd. Plus, I kept "Figby," the cartoon strip from my good, old college friend and folk-trio mate, Bill Fischer; for yet more continuity. The lettercolumn title and its heading art are likewise the same; and finally, I will continue listing regional conventions as a service for folks who may be out there not knowing all of the fun stfnal-type stuff going on in this neck of the fannish woods.

## Who's in this issue

Lots of good people. In alphabetic order, my contributors are these fine folks:

**Linda Bushyager** - a long-time fan, one-time editor and publisher of *Granfalloon*, a fine fanzine from the late 1960s that ran well into the 1970s. With her permission, I have been given the green light to reprint some of her SNAPS contributions. She lives in Las Vegas, Nevada with her husband Ron, and is quite active in Vegas Fandom. This is a welcome return to fanzines at large for her, and it is my hope that she will grace these pages with many more contributions.

**Teresa Cochran** - This young lady received the FAAn Award for Best New Fan of 2006, presented at this year's Corflu Quire held in Austin, Texas. The piece presented is from her SNAPS zine, "Bat Droppings," and first appeared in the 14<sup>th</sup> distribution of that apa last June. She lives in Las Vegas, and is reputedly beginning to think of producing a personal-zine. Good news for us!

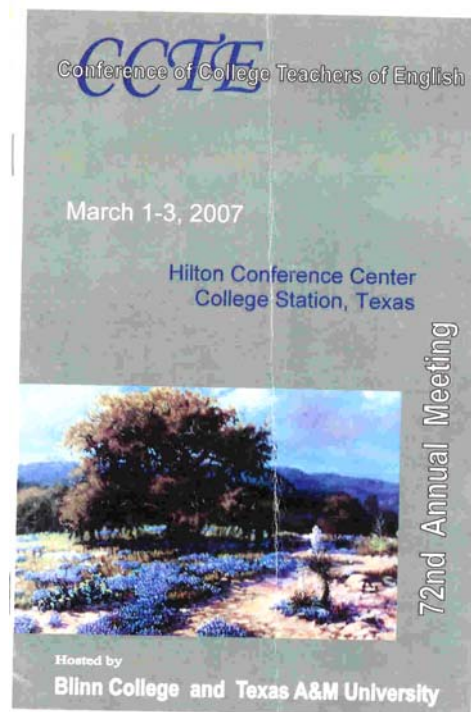
**Bill Fischer** - This dude is the creator and artist of "Figby," one of the more popular features that began in *In a Prior Lifetime* #19. He lives in Farmington, Minnesota, with his wife, and recently took a frigid plunge into a Minnesota lake with a bevy of bikini-clad babes from Hooters. It was for a

good cause, too, being a fund-raiser that raised over \$70,000! Wish I'd been there...

**Roxanne Mills** - Yet another Las Vegas fan, Roxanne is developing into a fine writer. This short contribution comes from the 21<sup>st</sup> distribution of SNAPS, and is a follow-up to an article she wrote about corrective nose surgery she endured last year. Go to *Vegas Fandom Weekly* #88 to read about that surgery to remove her super sense of smell.

**Lloyd Penney** - Recipient of the 2006 Best Letterhack FAAn Award, Lloyd has written locs to probably every single fanzine that he has been able to lay his hands on since 1977. He joins the *Askance* staph - yes, it's deliberate - as its fanzine review columnist.

Also, a special thank you goes to **Brad Foster** for the exquisite cover and other illustrations, plus **Alan White** for contributing a header that will forever be associated with Lloyd Penney's name. Thank you, gentlemen, for your aid.



## Academia strikes again!

The weekend of March 1 - 3, 2007, found me not only attending another academic conference - the 72<sup>nd</sup> Annual Conference of College Teachers of English (CCTE) - but

actually *working* on it. Sort of, that is. Co-hosted by my employer, Blinn College, and that “other” school in town, Texas A&M University, the CCTE is mostly a Southwestern regional conference held every March. This year it was here at the College Station Hilton. When the conference chairpersons, Linda Bow and Ginny Meachem, asked for volunteers for various positions, I offered my services to run the shuttle service to and from the hotel and Easterwood Airport, which many people refer to as Aggie International Airport since it’s basically owned by and exists for the needs of TAMU. Running the shuttle seemed like something that would allow me to get my feet semi-wet (damp?) in the field and garner some peer recognition as well.

My reasons for volunteering to work on a professional conference were precisely that: professional interests. Not only did I get my name in the program booklet – egoboo, me! egoboo! – but this now goes into my Vita. Presenting at and/or working on a professional conference is the stuff that doctoral committee wet dreams are made of. They love it when you do poster or paper presentations, publish articles, and help out with running a conference, no matter how minimal your efforts are. You did it, now put that on your résumé and tout it!

Overall, the conference went very well. My end of things – the airport and campus shuttles – ran very smoothly mainly because I only had three runs out to Easterwood Airport ( which I love to call College Station International Airport, because it’s funny) and went back up to Blinn a couple times each day to get things. So that means I had the chance to take in some paper presentations.

This is always a highlight of a College English Teachers Conference. The titles of some of these papers are always a hoot. Get a load of this brief sampling:

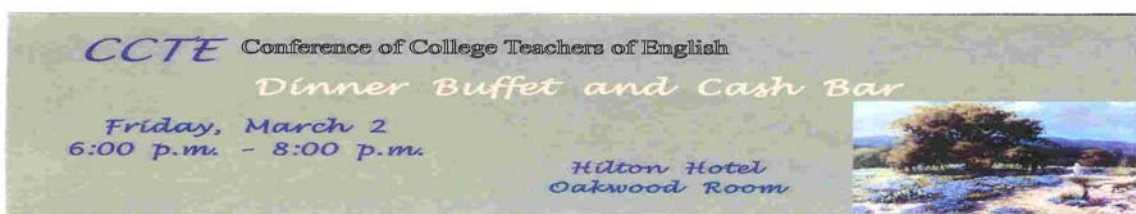
- “*Charlie and the Chocolate Factory: Cravings of the Miniature and the Gigantic Body*”
  - “Tolkien: Where the Dogs Are”
  - “The Politics of Flowers: Liberty of Thought and the Republican Poetry of the People in Wordsworth’s Poems in Two Volumes (1807)”
- and my favorite paper title of the entire weekend:
- “Playing ‘Strip Botticelli’: The Quest for Meaning in Thomas Pynchon’s *The Crying of Lot 49*”

I am telling you folks, the titles alone were worth the price of admission – which was free, by the way. Again, my employer, Blinn College, footed the bill for not only my registration, but also for the Friday night dinner and entertainment (did not include the cash bar, drat it all!) and the Saturday luncheon. Blinn College’s jazz band played for about an hour and half Friday night, and they sounded very nice. It was a bit of a problem carrying on conversations over dinner and the music, but they didn’t play overly loud. They did a very nice rendition of Hoagy Carmichael’s “Stardust” and some classic swing from the 40s.

I enjoyed myself during the conference, mostly by laughing inwardly at the self-imposed pomposity of some of the presenters. The vast majority of the attendees (about 150) were very nice, and we were complimented by the President of the CCTE for hosting one of the nicest, most organized conferences in many years.

Maybe I should include that line on my vita, too. “Worked on a nice conference.”

Nah...



# Corflu 24:

## a full-voiced quire

by John Purcell

Sometimes it really is hard to begin writing a con report. Most of the time these things aren't difficult to do since one can use a chronological approach: going to the con, arriving at the con, meeting so-and-so's at the con, what I did on Friday-Saturday-Sunday at the con, with assorted highlights thrown into the mix to make it a bit more interesting.

There is basically nothing wrong with this tried-and-true con reportage format. It has worked for nearly 70 years now and will continue to work. Unfortunately, there are conventions that a person attends which leave a lasting impression so deep that it requires a whole 'nuther approach to write about that convention. Corflu Quire – the 24<sup>th</sup> edition of the “WorldCon of fanzine fans” – is one such convention that affected me more deeply than I could possibly imagine.

There were ample warnings that this was going to be a weekend that I would never forget, not even if I made a mighty effort to do so. Long before the advent of 2007, there was an excited buzz about Corflu 24. “Are you going to Corflu this year?” or “I’m looking forward to meeting you at Corflu” were two frequently repeated phrases throughout fanzine fandom for the past six months. Perhaps this was because Pat Virzi is known as a capable, rational individual whom everyone trusted to run a fine convention. Or perhaps it was simply because Austin, Texas, was a lot easier to

♪ Oh, pub all ye  
fen-full; corflu's on  
the table....♪



get to than Toronto, Canada. It was probably a mixture of both. Last year's attendance of 24 (!) was more than doubled this year, and the resultant atmosphere reflected the increased numbers.

Am I ashamed to admit that I shared the excitement, the anticipation of this convention? No, I am not ashamed to admit how I felt of this conglomeration of fanzine fans so close to home. Once I found out last May of Corflu 24's location, it was a no-brainer: I was so *there* it was laughable. To not attend never entered my mind. I simply *had* to be there because at that time, I thought the opportunity may never arise again.

The Progress Reports that Pat produced only whetted my appetite ~~for destruction~~ for the convention. Perusing the membership list simply made my convention lust grow alarmingly. Some old friends were going to be in Austin: Hope Leibowitz, Joyce Scrivner, David Bratman, and when that “S” next to Geri Sullivan's name turned into an “A” I was really glad. Hadn't seen any of these folks, well, in *years*. Literally. The listing of attendees that I had never before

met in person was much longer: Ted White, Art Widner, Chris Garcia, Lenny Bailes, Peter Weston, Rob Jackson, Murray Moore, Graham Charnock, Jim Caughran, and I might as well just put *et al* here. It wasn't until Saturday night of the convention itself – February 10<sup>th</sup> – that Pat Virzi informed me that her maiden name was Mueller, which rang bells all over inside my head. Of course! No wonder I didn't recognize the name! Or the face, for that matter. Pat Mueller was a name that I remembered from Minicons, Windycons, Wiscons, and a few other cons from my Upper Midwest conning days of the late 70s and throughout the 1980s. Meeting Pat again after all these years really put my brain into a time-spin.

In any event, by mid-December, 2006, I was running a countdown to QuireFlu – as Chris Garcia, my roommate for the con, was calling it, making it sound more like a virus than a fun time – on my LiveJournal and in my fanzines. It was also during this time (fall of '06) that I finalized my plans to cease both *In a Prior Lifetime* and *...and furthermore* and announce my intentions at the convention itself. Brad Foster agreed to do the first issue's cover and to keep mum about my plans (bless you, Brad!) because I wanted to announce this in Austin. Besides, I wanted to personally hand out *laPL* #20 at Corflu, which would detail everything anyway.



*Chris Garcia and I early Saturday in the consuite. Note the energy level of the guy on the left.*

Plans ran swimmingly along, my anticipation for the convention building until I could nearly stand it no longer. Finally, it was the

weekend of the convention, and I headed off to Austin by 11 AM the Friday of the con.

Truth be told, I could have driven over the night before to meet folks at the pre-con party, but decided not to. After all, Austin is only 119 or 122 miles from College Station, according to MapQuest and Yahoo! maps, respectively, and I could make the drive in less than two hours. Chris wasn't going to arrive until early Friday afternoon anyway, so I tried timing my arrival to his ETA.

Alas, that was not to be. The Powers That Be governing his flights munged up Chris's plans by cancelling two of his flights, which he began chronicling for me Friday morning with a phone call informing me of the first change of plans. Valerie also talked with Chris, telling me afterwards that he sounded like a lunatic and that she'd like to meet him someday. "This can be arranged," I informed her, then finished loading my goodies into the car and headed off for parts westward.

Getting to Austin was a snap. Getting off I-35 southbound to get to the Doubletree was not. There is no exit that connects directly to the hotel. Fortunately, I was able to make visual contact with the Doubletree, took the next exit, and doubled back via the frontage road to the hotel. Mission accomplished. "Lafayette, I am here!" I announced to no-one in particular as I got out of my car. Since it was only 1 PM and Chris wouldn't be hitting the airport until allegedly 3:30 PM, I left my goodies in the car so that we could check in together, then wandered up to the consuite.

There were a few folks already lounging about. I introduced myself to Pat Virzi and Murray Moore in one room, and Pat directed me to the adjoining room and showed me how to "register" attendees. She had it all set up like a serve yourself buffet. So easy to do. I complimented Pat on her efficiency, then she went back to confabbing with Murray about some treachery they were going to foist upon us unsuspecting attendees at opening ceremonies.

So after grabbing my packet, t-shirt, and paying for the shirt, I fell into a conversation with Art Widner, Janet Carrington, and Jim Caughran. A few minutes later, Ted White

wandered in, then James Taylor and Teresa Cochran. Pat produced a dulcimer-in-a-box for Teresa to play, which Tee began tuning and strumming. Pat also had brought along a Casio keyboard with stand for Ted to noodle on. Over the course of the weekend, many a fan, myself included, noodled on the keyboard in the consuite. Ted gleefully noticed that the keys lit up while you played. All of this can be viewed on the Corflu LiveJournal community that Geri Sullivan set up and maintained throughout the weekend for non-attending fans to be linked with those assembled in Austin.

Friday afternoon pretty much set the pattern for the weekend: people would wander in and out of the consuite, which was the heart and soul of the con, mingle, grab a drink, mix, gab, gobble, and so on.

Chris Garcia texted my cell phone with the news that his flight had been changed yet again, and so he would not be there until probably 7 PM, at best. I told Chris that opening ceremonies were at 8:00 PM, which made him feel better. I then told the gathered fen that Chris would be later in arriving than anticipated, which made *them* all feel better.

As with any convention, there are moments that stand out in your memory. I had two such moments Friday afternoon. The first was when Pat Virzi had to leave around 3:30 for the airport – a mere fifteen minute drive from the hotel – in order to pick up Earl Kemp, whose plane was due to arrive at 4:05 PM. I volunteered to hold down the fort, noting that it had a tendency to wobble a little underfoot.

The phone in the con suite bathroom rang at 4:50 PM while Ted White and I were digging through the soft drinks buried in ice in the bathtub. “Should we answer that?” Ted asked me.

“I suppose we should,” I answered, then picked up the phone.

It was Pat. “Is Earl there?” she asked plaintively. Relaying this to Ted, we both shrugged, he looked around a bit, then I relayed the message back that “No, he’s no here. What’s wrong?”

“Well, I can’t find him! I have been up and down and all around the airport four or five times, and there’s no sign of him anywhere. No luggage, either.”

“All I can say is that he’s not here yet. If he does show up, we’ll call you.”

So Ted wrote Pat’s cell number down, I programmed it into my phone, and we went back to the party at hand.

Twenty minutes later Earl Kemp wandered into the consuite, a big smile on his face. I told him, “Pat Virzi’s been at the airport for over an hour looking for you.”

“I never saw her,” Earl replied, a very bemused look on his smiling face. It turned out that he had taken the shuttle van to the hotel.

I immediately called Pat. “Earl just walked into the consuite.” A pause. “He said he took the airport shuttle here.”

The next words Pat spoke will forever live in my memory: “I’m gonna kill him!”

She hung up, and I told Earl that he better be fearful for his life. Pat never did kill him, and Earl never stopped smiling during the entire convention.

The whole weekend was filled with such moments. Lo about six Friday night, Geri Sullivan, a long-ago Minn-stf fan like myself and Joyce Scrivner, another Corflu attendee, finally wandered into the con suite and I waved at her. The biggest smile crossed Geri’s face, and we embraced. Corflu moment No. 2 acquired.

“How are you doing, kid?” I asked. Geri simply looked at me and said, “You are aging very well.” For the rest of the weekend I don’t remember Geri not smiling at all. She looked like she was having a great time. All I knew was that it was awesome to see her again after all these years, and Geri was looking super, too. She’s a wonderful person, and it made my weekend to see her again.

All this had happened before that Garcia kid showed up, too. Once he did arrive – shortly



after 7:00 PM – the energy level of the con was significantly ratcheted up.

For the first time in ages, I actually attended opening ceremonies. Heck, back in the day it was almost like a badge of honor to say that “I haven’t attended a single whit of scheduled programming” at a con. (You could argue that merely being at the con or in the consuite means you’re at a scheduled programming item, but I’m not going to go there right now.) But I really wanted to know if my name was going to be drawn out of the hat for the weekend’s GoH-ship. Driving over, I was composing a GoH speech in my head, but Colin Hinz’s name was drawn, and so he had to worry about the speech thing for Sunday. Murray Moore and Pat handed out “FAAn Award Nominee” buttons to the top five finishers in each category; I was fortunate to receive one for “Best Letterhack,” and proudly wore it for the entire weekend.

That’s when Corflu became a memory jogger. I began remembering Minicons, Windycons, Wiscons, Byobcons, and Worldcons past at various moments throughout the weekend. Neil Kaden, for example, wasn’t attending, but had donated oodles of fanzines to be sold to help offset the cost of running the con. I used to send *This House* to Neil, and kept rummaging through the piles for old issues of my zines. Never found any, but I did find a bunch of other zines with my locs pubbed in them. That most certainly brought back memories.

See, the way I look at things, con reports are mostly collections of sequential memories. By the time Friday night had gotten well underway, my convention memory banks were in full retrieval mode, which didn’t bother me that much at first. Later on, flipping through old fanzines back in the room, I did start feeling a bit maudlin over the names in them, wondering where they were now if they were still alive, or what they were doing, be they gafiated, fafiated, or whatever-iated.

In a way, I was expecting this to happen. For example, a late dinner Friday night after opening ceremonies across the street at Pappadeaux’s reminded me of many dinner



*Me with my Minn-stf ladies, Geri Sullivan (left) and Joyce Scrivner (right). It was so good to see them again after all these years!*

expeditions years ago at Minn-stf meetings and assorted conventions. It served as a prompt to remember the good people I’ve known over the years and how much I missed their company.

Sure, it was wonderful seeing Geri Sullivan and Joyce Scrivner again – also David Bratman, whom I had met while living in Los Angeles with my first wife back in 1986 – but I never really took the chance to sit down and talk with them, like, say, Geri. Our conversations were cursory at best: how do you like living in Massachusetts? When did you move there? Things like that. These were all things I could have learned via e-mail.

This was how a lot of my conversations went over the weekend. Essentially I was a pinball, bouncing from one fan or group of fans to another, trying to take in as much as I possibly could. It was as if I was a neo-fan all over again, full of that “gosh-whow-boy-oh-boy” enthusiasm that Chris Garcia possesses. The weekend was indeed a lot of fun, and I surprised myself at the renewed energy level surging through this old, tired, and fanned body. Corflu Quire definitely seemed like a severely-scaled down MidAmeriCon, my first WorldCon. So much to see, do, and whatever back then in Kansas City. Here in Austin, that attitude was aimed at the people instead, which made for an interesting contrast.

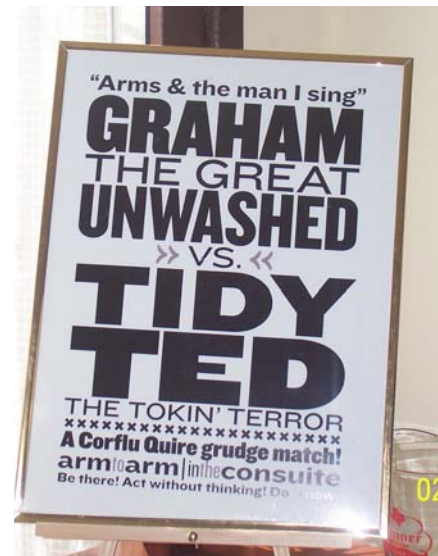
So on Saturday morning, after performing my morning bathroom ritual, it was back to the consuite for a while, then down to Corflu’s programming room.

This was another thing that my brain was assimilating. For some reason, I was expecting multiple rooms with panels, huckster room, art show, etc., but the reality of being at Corflu – the fanzine fan's WorldCon – drove home the differences of then and now. By the time the panel programming began in our "room" my mind was settling down into the smaller, relaxacon mode of an Anokon or Picnic-Con that I was familiar with during my active Minn-stf years. This was key for my enjoyment of the con.

Corflu Quire was also the first time I had actually been *invited* to be on a panel in my entire fannish career. No kidding. There was one time at a Minicon in the early 80s when I participated in a discussion group of Minneapolis Fanzines with Mark Digre, Elise Krueger, John Bartelt, David Stever-Schnoes, Erik Biever, Garth Danielson, Lee Pelton, Carol Kennedy, and a few others. It wasn't even a panel; we were all sitting around talking about our zines, which was a lot of fun. This time, though, Ted White had asked if I'd be willing to be on a panel at Corflu, and I happily accepted. The idea for the panel was mine, too: "The fine art of letterhacking." I sat there with not only Ted as the moderator, but also with Claire Brialey, Rich Coad, and Jerry Kaufman. A really good bunch of people; as long-term fan-eds and writers, we basically discussed what kinds of locs we enjoyed receiving, how to assemble a loccol, why loc in the first place, and so forth. It was grand, and I thought it went over very well.

That was the main thing about Saturday afternoon: the programming. The evening's activities shaped up to be more interesting. Graham Charnock was scheduled to perform some songs in the programming room, followed by an arm-wrestling grudge match between him and Ted White. (Don't ask me why it was a grudge match; I really don't know.) Best of three falls, both contestants tried psyching out their opponent through the use of "foreign objects" that were obviously legitimate weapons. In Graham's case, Ted distracted Graham with a bar of soap, while Graham taunted Ted with a rather large fake marijuana cigarette. The dust settled with Ted's victory yelp of "Seriously?" Apparently,

he had been expecting a much sterner test from Graham.



*Consuite announcement of the Big Match scheduled for Saturday night. The bookies were busy tallying their take all weekend long.*

Of course, the highlight of any convention for me is the convention suite, past or present. This is where the people are. The consuite was, as I said, the heart and soul of Corflu Quire, and my guess is that it always has been. Everyone knows each other, and conversations flowed as freely as the cold beers and soft drinks bobbing in the bathtub filled with ice water. For once, I sort of forgot about consuites of yore and enjoyed talking with Peter Weston, Rob Jackson, Yvonne Rowse, Lenny Bailes, Bill and Mary Burns, and the ever-present Assembled Masses.

The nice thing about Corflu was that there were probably only about 50 people actually there, which meant one could easily meet everyone and chat them up. I still pinballed from conversation to conversation, but not as badly as the night before. To unwind before bed, at 2-ish in the morning, I went back to the room that Chris Garcia and I shared to read old fanzines and enjoy a glass or two of the Cream Sherry I had brought. Chris eventually stumbled back into the room shortly after 3:00, we chatted briefly, then it was lights out because Sunday we really had to be up at a decent hour – 10:00 AM! wotthehell... – to get ready for the banquet at 11:00 AM. Chris and I

snagged a table near the podium (I wanted some good pictures), and collected a couple more fanzines that folks handed out. This ritual had been repeated numerous times during the previous days, and showed no sign of abating. Neither Chris nor I complained, though. This was yet another expectation of the con that was more than adequately met.

The buffet food – chicken and steak fajitas, with all the proper fixin’s – smelled wonderful, and it was quite yummy. I ate my fill, topping it all off with a healthy slice of cheesecake. \*burp\* I was hurting, but it was well worth the pain.

Before the FAAn Awards were handed out, Ted White led the assembled in a moment of silence to remember two of fandom’s best-loved members who had recently passed away, Bob Tucker and Lee Hoffman. Their passing in no way diminished anybody’s enjoyment of the convention, but there were many reminiscences about these two fine people. Geri led some “smoothing” at the dead dog party Sunday night, I understand, in honor of them.

But I’m getting ahead of myself. Funny how memories will bounce around in your head like that, isn’t it?



*Corflu GoH Colin Hinz delivering his speech. I believe that is John D. Berry in the foreground, listening intently on a full stomach, as we all did.*

I won’t bother recapping the FAAn Awards since by now everyone should know who won what – the results are posted on efanzines and have been recapped in zines like *File 770*, *Vegas Fandom Weekly*, and

on Trufen.net – but I was astonished to learn that I had placed **third** in the Best Letterhack category. Of all things. A totally unexpected result. Here was yet another memory to log into the backwash of my brain.

Guest of Honor by Lot Colin Hinz gave a fine little speech, mainly reprising impressions about fandom and fanzines he had made in early issues of his zine, *Novoid*. It was well-received, and I think that if being a Corflu GoH ever befell me, I believe it would be a lot of fun. Colin is a good guy and threatened to resurrect *Novoid* if we weren’t careful. Go ahead, Colin; I dare you to pub your ish...

After Colin’s speech, the “bidding war” for the 2008 Corflu commenced, as James Taylor announced that Las Vegas was bidding for it (read recent issues of *Vegas Fandom Weekly* for the story behind this; it’s interesting). There were no competing bids. Instead, indicative of the mind-set of fanzine fandom, the next four years of Corflu locations fell into place: in 2008, Vegas; 2009, Seattle; 2010, England; and 2011, San Jose. Ah, if only WorldCon site selections could be so harmoniously chosen less fannish blood would be spilled.

But the end of the banquet signaled the end of the con, sad to say. I wasn’t planning on staying much past 5:00 PM since I had class to teach the following Monday morning at 7:30 AM at Anderson-Shiro High School, and I wanted to get back home to re-read the stories the students were to discuss. One of them was “The Fall of the House of Usher” by Edgar Allan Poe, which Teresa Cochran and I talked about Sunday afternoon – among many other things – while she was enjoying a smoke out in the courtyard. I like Teresa; she is so deserving of her Best New Fan Award, wresting it from the grasp of Chris Garcia, who was trying to win it for the second year in a row. (Sorry, Chris! Them’s the breaks.)

After our conversation, I walked Teresa back into the consuite, where James Taylor, her boyfriend, was doing something or other. He looked up as we walked in. “Sorry, James,” I informed him. “She’s mine now.” The look on his face was priceless, unsure

what to make of my pronouncement. He quickly regained his wits, though, and rejoindered with, "We'll see about that." It was possible that another arm wrestling match might commence at that moment, with Teresa Cochran as the prize, but I let it go. After all, I *am* a married man. That, and my rotator cuff impingement suddenly flared again at that precise moment. I am sure it did. Seriously!

Sundays of a con are always a bit of a downer for me, but they can still be lot of fun. For instance, Michael and Linda Moorcock dropped in, and I had the chance to sit and talk with them and Peter Weston for quite a while. Linda gave me some pointers about the dissertation procedure I was about to encounter with my preliminary exams, proposal and all, and she was very interested in my research field. Linda is a delightful lady, and I hope that she and Michael come on over for AggieCon in March. A couple years ago he was the Writer Guest of Honor there. Then, after shaking hands with the Moorcocks, Peter, and getting yet another bear hug from Chris, I made my way around the consuite to say goodbye to folks before heading back to College Station.

And so Corflu Quire settled down to *sotto voce* in my mind as I drove home. I had a great time rekindling old friendships and making new ones. The assembled masses weren't many, and for that I am glad. If there had been over a hundred people present, I may have felt a bit swamped. As it was, I still felt like I had missed out on many chances for good conversations by pinballing around the consuite all weekend. Oh, well. I still had

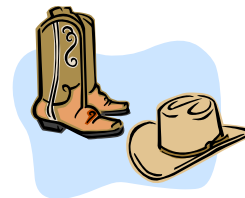
good conversations, meeting wonderful people in the process. It was a fine, fun weekend, and I am very happy I went.

Who knows? Next year in Vegas, I may even let Chris Garcia be my roommate again. Trust me: there might be another article lurking there. It has something to do with his energy level, too.

See you folks next year in Vegas at Corflu Silver.



*Chris Garcia and I Sunday morning before the banquet. Note the energy level of the guy on the left. Photo © 2007 by Geri Sullivan.*



## regional convention calendar, part one

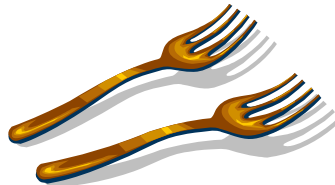
**REVELcon 18:** March 16-18, 2007. Houston, TX // Media-zine convention; adults only (!). Write to - Revelcon 18, c/o E.D. Pearlman, P.O. Box 130602, Houston, TX 77219-0602.

**Dallas All-Con 2007:** March 16-18, 2007. Addison, TX // "We Serve the Fan Community." Multi-genre, multi-purpose convention; Media GoH: Kate Vernon, Luciano Carro, Neil Kaplan; Artist GoH: J.K. Woodward, Jonathan Caustrita. Write to - ALL-CON, LLC, PO Box 177194, Irving, TX 75019-7194



## WHAT DOES A LAS VEGAS HOUSEWIFE MAKE FOR DINNER?

by Linda Bushyager



Many Vegas residents eat out a lot. There are a number of low-cost alternatives, including coffee shops, Chinese, and buffets. And small-time gamblers get a lot of free meals. We play a lot at the Palms Casino, where you get a lot of 2X and 3X and even 5X point days, and all you can use points for is food. Pretty soon you are sitting on thousands or even hundreds of thousands of points. To make it difficult to get rid of the points, they discount the buffet price for gamblers, so we only pay \$3 for a buffet — in comps! You can't beat that eating at home.

Unfortunately, the Palms buffet isn't one of the best in town, but it does have just enough things that we like to make it worthwhile to pop down every week or two. We like the stuffed grape leaves — they have some Greek/Lebanese specialties because the Maloof family, which owns the casino, is from that area. The prime rib isn't too bad, though it seems hard to find good prime rib anywhere nowadays. My sister Mica says that is because the cattle are no longer fed grass. I don't know, but good steaks are hard to come by too. It used to be that "prime" meant just that—a better cut of beef. But now restaurants toss that term out willy-filly. Even the once-renowned-for-its-tenderness Filet Mignon is usually just a tasteless, chewy steak.

Unfortunately the Palms buffet was at its peak when it first opened. Once a week they would have a great Hawaiian buffet, including poi, pig, ahi tuna, more and a couple of hula dancers and singers. We



loved that! But I guess it was too expensive, because they got rid of it after about 6 months. Since then the buffet has really deteriorated. About 2 years ago they closed off half, for remodeling. That left only a little more than half the food selection, for the same price. When they finally opened the "remodeled" half, they'd hardly changed anything—mostly redone the wooden floor. At the same time they opened the "remodeled" half, they closed the other half—and it is still closed. The new floor has now gotten bad again —(hint—don't put a wooden floor under a buffet—it wears out quickly) and we hear they will close the entire buffet soon "for remodeling." What they really need to do is remodel the food selection, which just isn't up to par with other buffets in town, either gourmet or of more regular variety. The Gold Coast across the street has a better buffet at a lower price.

It must be hard for buffets to provide enough food for all the many people they have to serve. We recently sat down at one and I noticed around me people of all sorts of ethnicities: Indian, Chinese, Korean, Latinos, people from the South, Midwesterners, Europeans. That's why the "stations of the world" concept is so popular in Las Vegas: you pretty much always find Italian, Chinese, Mexican, American, Japanese, Seafood, and other "stations." The Palms half-buffet is now pretty-much only American with a smattering of Middle Eastern and Mexican food. The Chinese section is gone, and that is a big loss.

One restaurant that is worth going to at the Palms is Alize — the French restaurant at the top of the hotel. French chef Andre really

knows how to put food together. You know you have good food when the individual ingredients such as beans and beef and sauce all taste good separately, but when you scoop them up together they are even better. The place also has a spectacular view of the strip. We've been there a number of times, thanks to those mountains of comp points, and have seen some interesting sights. One time there was a dust storm below us, and we watched it come in and cover the strip hotels, cloud up below us, and pass away to the mountains to the west. If you arrive at 5pm in the summer you can watch the daylight view, and as you eat (you dine there—often taking 3 hours to eat) eventually it darkens and you get the nighttime view of the Las Vegas valley and the strip and casinos with their lights. Very nice. During Corflu we took out a group of 8 or so fans, including Vegas fan favorite Art Widner, for a comped meal. Art even had some slightly aged Grand Marnier liqueur and loved it. We've taken family members and other visiting fans from out of town, including Dick and Leah Smith, Richard Brandt, Bill Cavin, and so on. Very nice.



One of the problems with the Palms is that it can't make up its mind what kind of a casino it wants to be. Is it a "locals" casino with good games for locals and nice restaurants for families and locals? Or is it for tourists? Or is it for the young crowd, with lots of nightclubs? It tries to be all and doesn't succeed fully in any direction. It recently opened a Playboy Club and plans to open a new huge theater, apparently for current rock/punk type singers/bands. And its tattoo parlor is always packed with "sweet young things" (who maybe aren't all that sweet) (and a few oldsters). So it seems to be aiming more for the young crowd. Certainly it has alienated a lot of the local gamblers by cutting its promotions and eliminating a lot of the good video poker that originally made the Palms stand out compared to other

casinos. One wonders if they can really make more money selling expensive booze in the bars than from gambling, but perhaps so.

A more prosaic restaurant at the Palms is the 24 Seven café—a coffee shop by any name. Some SNAFFU members came with us a couple of times for a free meal after SNAFFU meetings. They have a limited menu of Chinese items. The only major problem with this venue is that it is so noisy. The room is open to the casino, and has little noise baffling. On top of that rock music is pumped *in*. The buffet also suffers from the repetitive, loud music.

Apparently whoever designed the Palms wasn't very acoustically adept. The acclaimed N9ne Restaurant, a steakhouse, is really bad. The music volume is lower, but it has a high ceiling and it always sounds like you are in a warehouse. I found the food so-so, but apparently a lot of movie stars and famous people like it. Some even arrive in Vegas at other hotels and have N9ne ship some vittles over to them at other hotels, especially the corn side dish (sort of a corn soufflé).

The Palms has a food court too, which *is* great if you want to catch a quick bite before or after going to its movie theater. In Vegas, casinos are equivalents of having a local mall, where everyone can hang out. Some casinos have amenities such as ice skating rinks, shopping malls, aquariums, bowling alleys, and more. The whole family can hang out while one or more parents gamble away their paychecks! For me the highlights of the food court are the Ben and Jerry's stand and the Coffee Bean, which has the world's best store-bought cookies.

There's a family-priced Mexican restaurant and now a gourmet Italian restaurant at the Palms too. Food for everyone.

But my favorite restaurant at the Palms is Little Buddha. It has really good, fresh sushi. The "Asian" menu is a *bit* odd, since it lacks some of the classic Chinese dishes that most people want — people are always heard asking the waiters for them—"Where's the cashew chicken?" "Do you have Sweet

and Sour?" But really, all the food on the menu *is* good.

Little Buddha had the World's Best Dessert—ever—too. But you notice, I said *had!* For unknown reasons they started changing the way it was made as they changed chefs, and eventually they eliminated it from the menu. Why, why, why? It was banana and mango in a sauce inside fib puff pastry served with a delicious banana/mango sauce — served warm. With vanilla ice cream. Exquisite) Everyone who ate it loved it. Gone now, extinct as the dodo except in our memories. Sigh. I have no idea why a chef would want to mess with perfection or why a restaurant would want to remove The World's Best Dessert (no kidding!). Arrgh!

Little Buddha has a huge Buddha statute that looms over the room. Sometimes I muse about what would happen if we ever had an earthquake. Yes, Las Vegas does sit on a number of small faults. Fortunately it hasn't had any huge earthquakes in hundreds of years, but it is always possible. I see that big Buddha tumbling down.... That wouldn't be the worst disaster of course, since I have my doubts about how well built some of the new casinos are, and many Vegas houses are little more than plywood boxes, when you come down to it, and the Stratosphere Tower definitely *is* already leaning.

The bad music problem in the Palms unfortunately continues in Buddha, even though it is isolated enough from the rest of the casino so casino "music" (Britney Spears and her contemporaries) doesn't filter in. Instead it supplies *its* own music — a weird mixture of Indian, Italian (!), African, and other music, most of which doesn't sound a bit Asian in origin. It does *give* us something to chat about as we eat: "What is that music? Italian? Greek? Persian? Serbian?"

Actually, Las Vegas rivals big cities like San Francisco or New York for gourmet restaurant choices. And we have restaurants made famous in other cities by famous chefs like Wolfgang Puck. Every time a new casino opens, a famous chef opens a new restaurant. And there are plenty of great

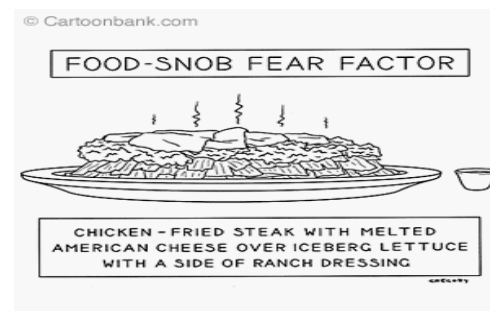
restaurants that are not in casinos. We even have a good, if small, Chinatown.

That's one reason SNAFFU thought it would be a good idea to have a moving dinner meeting at restaurants. So far we have gone to American, Chinese, Thai, Peruvian, Cuban, Italian, Indian, and more. 2007 will see the group heading for Dim Sum, barbeque, Chinese, and a lot more. If you plan to visit Vegas on the 2nd Friday of the month, get in contact with me and join us.

Actually Las Vegas casinos have many really good coffee shops too. We like to go to the nearby Orleans and Gold Coast Casinos, which have inexpensive coffee shops. I've gotten so spoiled by dining out I hardly ever cook anymore. I think I have forgotten how. At these coffee shops you get 2 menus — one American and one Chinese. It doesn't take very much gambling at these "local" casinos to get on their mailing lists, and they send us coupons each month for \$25 worth of free food —just enough to pay for a meal for 2 people. Recently we discovered that the Gold Coast had terrific onion rings, served with ranch dressing. Yum!

The diner in Las Vegas has an additional benefit — portions are large. Often we have some leftovers to take home. If we can't eat all the meal at the restaurant, we'll have a lunch (or even dinner) the next day. Or our 3 kitty cats will be more than happy to eat any leftover chicken or beef. Sometimes one finds oneself picking entrees out more for their ability to withstand next-day microwaving than for their immediate culinary delight.

*So what does a Las Vegas housewife make for dinner? **Reservations.***

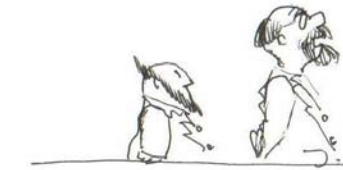


# FIGBY by Bill Fischer

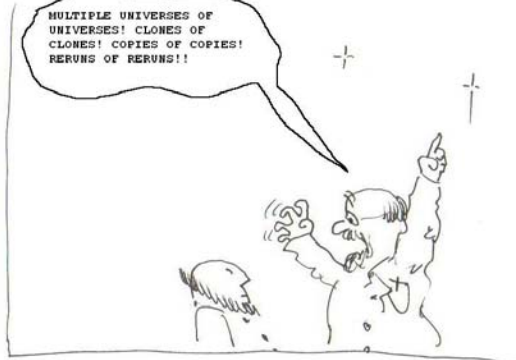
FIGBY

FONDER IT FIGBY: OUR ENTIRE UNIVERSE EMBEDDED IN AN 11-DIMENSIONAL "MEMBRANE" - JUST ONE OF AN INFINITY OF OTHERS - A MULTIVERSE!

THE DOOR IS NOW OPEN FOR EVERYTHING IN EXISTENCE TO BE REPEATED INFINITE TIMES OVER... AND OVER ... AND OVER...!



MULTIPLE UNIVERSES OF UNIVERSES! CLONES OF CLONES! COPIES OF COPIES! RERUNS OF RERUNS!!



ALL OF US SEPARATED BY A ONLY A TEENSY MEMBRANE OF AN 11-DIMENSIONAL SKIN ONLY A HELLHETER AWAY - AND YET: A ZILLION ZILLION LIGHT YEARS! DUPLICATES OF DUPLICATES! OVER AND OVER...!!!



...KNOCK-OFFS OF KNOCK-OFFS! MIMEOGRAPHS OF MIMEOGRAPHS!

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## regional

### convention calendar, part two

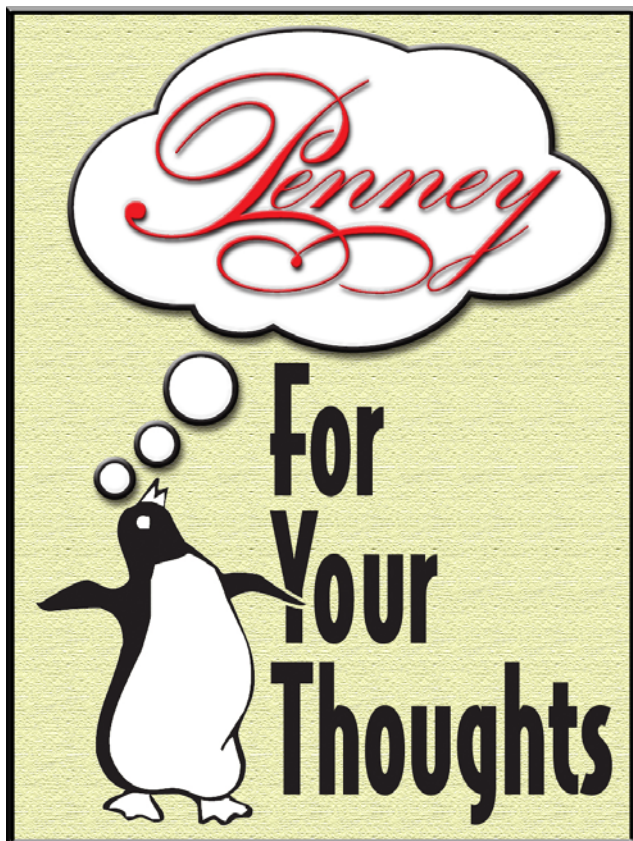
**AggieCon 38:** March 22-25, 2007. College Station, TX. // Oldest and largest student-run SF convention in the USA. Media GoH: Richard Hatch; Comic Artist GoH: James O'Barr; Writer GoH: Allan Cole (note the change here; Gene Wolfe had previously been announced as this GoH); Artist GoH: Ruth Thompson. Write to – AggieCon (958460), P.O. Box 5688, College Station, TX 77844.

**Anime Matsuri 2007:** April 27-29, 2007. Houston, TX // Anime convention, obviously. To be held at the George R. Brown Convention Center, Hilton Americas Houston Hotel, 1001 Avenida de las Americas, Houston, TX 77010. No real contact information given. I guess show up and register at the door.

**A-Kon 18: Giant Robots Attack:** June 1-3, 2007. Dallas, TX // An interesting name. "The Southwest's largest Anime convention." Dealers room, guests, seminars, workshops, video rooms, gaming, et al. write to – Phoenix Entertainment, 3352 Broadway, Suite 470, Garland, TX 75043.

**SoonerCon 2007:** June 8-10, 2007. Oklahoma City, OK // Science fiction, fantasy, and gaming con. GoH: Stephen R. Donaldson; Artist GoH: Keith Birdsong; Toastmaster: Selina Rosen. write to – SoonerCon, 6006 S. Western, Oklahoma City, OK 73139





**by Lloyd Penney**

*Fanzine Reviews, first shot*

It's been a long time since I even attempted fanzine reviews for another fanzine. I might have done some for Torus, the fanzine Keith Soltys and I co-produced more than 20 years ago, and I think I did a few more elsewhere, but it's been a while, so bear with me, and I'll see if I can make some different kind of comments.

I am going to show my bias right from the start, and start with *The Drink Tank*. I remember a story from a WorldCon back in the late 80s. A friend of mine shared an elevator from the lobby to an upper floor of a WorldCon hotel with a number of fans, and author Alan Dean Foster. The friend recognized him as he'd attended a panel with Foster earlier in the weekend, and as the elevator stopped, the friend asked, "Well, Alan, have you written any novels since we left the lobby?" Half the car was aghast at such a remark, while the other

half, including Foster, laughed like fiends. We kid Chris Garcia the same way.

Chris uses amazing graphics in his publication. I've got issue 116 in front of me, and the cover's graphic is striking, with its Monkey House theme. This zine, like most other *Drink Tanks*, is what I might call (let's start new vocabulary) a Mix-zine. It combines perzine, genzine, newszine and general chat through the local. Bits of all. I try to do the same in my locs, so that's one reason why I like the zine.

Part of the attraction of Chris' graphics are the eye candy he generously sprinkles around most issues. (Perhaps we're not as sophisticated as we might think we are; and we're more fanboy than not.) I don't know where he finds the photography (the illos come from various DeviantArt accounts), but they will catch the eye, not to mention other parts of the anatomy.

I'd better clean this up...the zine, most of all, expresses Chris' gigantic enthusiasm. He decides he likes this A LOT!!!, and goes from there. He is opinionated without being overbearing, and that enthusiasm is infectious. We share a love of voice acting, so I want to read more about his adventures, and on-going projects.

This sounds like I just reviewed Chris and not his zine. The *Drink Tank* is a mirror, and that's Chris' face in it.

Now comes one of my favorites, mostly because of its retro-zine look, *Science Fiction Five-Yearly*. I like all zines that come my way, but I still like best the paper-zines that flop through the mail-slot of my front door. *SF5Y* is a big piece of paper, and with its fibertone paper, it not only looks good, it feels good. Not every zine can inspire that observation.

*SF5Y* also has an amazing combination of tradition look and feel through typewriter font and multilayer colour, but still has a few photos in it to make it look modern-day, or combined, something outside of time entirely. Artists within include ATom and Rotsler, plus Steve Stiles, Kip Williams, Harry Bell, and Ken Fletcher, who I haven't

seen in many a day. It's truly a labour of love, and a wonderful project.

The contributors are the usual fannish suspects, including Nalrah Nosille, who needs no introduction, and won't get one here. The rest are valued contributors, like Ted White, Andy Hooper, Claire Brialey and many more. The personal touch is not necessarily from the editors (Geri Sullivan, Randy Byers and Lee Hoffman), but shows the essence of fandom: a deep and shared history, a glance and a wink, and a knowing smile. In some ways, *SF5Y* is the fannish yearbook, or five-yearbook, the best of fandom in regular installments. Adding the neat touches all around are haikus from John Hertz, the one fan I know who should be at the Japanese Worldcon, which would encompass two of his passions.

After these descriptions comes some harsh reality. Lee Hoffman, the founder of this fine fanzine, passed away just before this year's Corflu in Austin, and just a few months after this issue was released. Geri Sullivan has decided that this *SF5Y*, this wonderful project, issue 12, will also be issue last. That is a shame, but it is a fitting tribute to Lee Hoffman and what she inspired. I haven't written a letter of comment on this issue, but I will. Every good fanzine deserves response, and this one most of all. Geri, might you continue some of the features of this zine in future issues of *Idea*? Hmmm, just wonderin'...

One electronic zine I get is the *OSFS Statement*, long-time newsletter of the Ottawa Science Fiction Society. I might have been the one to let fanzine fandom know about this zine, seeing how many times I've mentioned it in various locs over the years. The latest issue is number 346, and seeing this is a monthly publication, with the summers off, you can estimate that this club has recently celebrated its 30th anniversary.

The Ottawa Science Fiction Club has fewer than 50 members, so when this clubzine was a paper publication, I felt bad about receiving it because so few people were financing this monthly gift. One of the benefits of a e-zine for clubs is that they can create as many copies as needed simply by expanding their e-mailing list.

*OSFS* has been around a little longer than I have, so I attended some of the conventions they used to run many years ago, and I have received the *Statement* for probably 20 years. The *Statement* serves the usual club zine/newsletter functions, but it also serves as an outlet to the rest of fandom, if the rest of fandom is interested in what Ottawa fandom is doing.

Issue 346 has a Canadian five-dollar bill on it, with the image of Sir Wilfrid Laurier (Canadian prime minister 1896-1911) converted into that of Mr. Spock with the use of a black marker, and it goes from there. There's a loc from me, space news relayed by Charles Mohapel and others, Guy Lillian III's review of the *Statement* in his *The Zine Dump*, club activity news, news from books, movies and television, an astronomy column by National Research Council astronomer Ken Tapping, a computer column by club member Sheila Alder, and a comics column by club member Janet Hetherington. A club calendar rounds it out. I recommend that clubs and other organizations trade their zines back and forth to get good ideas of how to keep their club activities fresh and new.

I'd recommend getting in touch with *Statement* editor Sandi Marie McLaughlin, and asking for a copy of the zine. You'll find out what's happening in fandom on my side of the border.

Over the years, a number of non-SF zines have been able to cross the divide, and become known factors to our zine fandom. One of them is *For the Clerisy*, a little magazine from Brant Kresovich, from just outside Buffalo, New York.

Brant has lived in other places in the world, like Okinawa and Latvia, so he sees the world from the repatriate's POV. With that in mind, Brant writes about America as seen from outside, and vice versa. With a theme in every issue (in issue 69, it's *Foreigners in Trouble*), there's lots of discussion on books connected with the theme.

Of course, there is a lively letter column at the end, mostly from those who also produce little magazines, but I get in there every so often.

The clerisy is a group of people who enjoy reading, but who don't necessarily live to read. Thanks to Canadian writer Robertson Davies for that interesting word and definition. Give this zine a shot, and join the clerisy, and find out more about books in all genres.

*The Drink Tank*  
Chris Garcia, ed.  
[garcia@computermuseum.org](mailto:garcia@computermuseum.org)

*Science Fiction Five-Yearly*  
Geri Sullivan and Randy Byers, eds.  
[SFFY@toad-hall.com](mailto:SFFY@toad-hall.com)

*The OSFS Statement*  
Sandi Marie McLaughlin, ed.  
[osfs@ncf.ca](mailto:osfs@ncf.ca)

*For the Clerisy*  
Brant Kresovich, ed.  
[biggestfatporker@yahoo.com](mailto:biggestfatporker@yahoo.com)

## FANZINES RECEIVED EITHER VIA THE OLD FASHIONED WAY, THE MAIL, OR READ IN THAT NEW-FANGLED FORMAT, PDF, ON THE INTERNET:

*Ansible # 236, The Banksoniain #11, Challenger #25, Drink Tank #116-120, el # 30, Feline Mewsings #27, File 770 #148-149, The Knarley Knews #122, The Mail Carrier Brought It, MT Void #1430-1432, Peregrine Nations #6.4, Pixel #1, Rasterman Blues #1, Science Fiction in San Francisco #38-40, Taboo Opinions #88-93, Vegas Fandom Weekly #92-94, Visions of Paradise #112-113, The Zine Dump #14.*

## regional convention calendar, part three

**ApolloCon 2007:** June 22-24, 2007. Houston, TX // In its fourth year, this is one of the area's biggies. GoH: C.S. Friedman; Editor GoH: David G. Hartwell; Artist GoH: Jeff Sturgeon; Filk GoH: Graham and Becca Leathers; Fan GoH: A.T. Campbell III. Write to – ApolloCon, P.O. Box 541822, Houston, TX 77254-1822

**San Japan:** July 13-15, 2007. San Antonio, TX // “Japanese Anime and Culture Convention.” No contact info given. Held at The Holiday Inn Select, 77 NE Loop 410, San Antonio, TX 78216.

**Conestoga 11:** July 20-22, 2007. Tulsa, OK // “Oklahoma's largest literary science fiction and fantasy con.” GoH: Laurell K. Hamilton; Artist GoH: John Picacio; Toastmaster: Elizabeth Moon; Fan GoHs: Richard & Michelle Zellich; Special 1632 GoH: Eric Flint. Write to – Conestoga, Inc., P.O. Box 700776, Tulsa, OK 74170-0776

**AtsuiCon:** August 3-5, 2007. Houston, TX // Another Anime con, this time at the Hotel Sofitel, 425 North Sam Houston Parkway East, Houston, TX 77060. No other contact information given.

**ArmadilloCon 29:** August 10-12, 2007. Austin, TX // Austin's major annual convention, site of this year's Corflu. GoH: Louise Marley; Artist GoH: Gary Lippincott; Editor GoH: Sharyn November; Fan GoH: Patty Wells; Toastmaster: Howard Waldrop. Write to – ArmadilloCon 29, P.O. Box 27277, Austin, TX 78755.

**Bubonicon 39:** August 24-26, 2007. Albuquerque, NM // Perhaps the Southwest's longest running con outside of Los Angeles. GoH: Vernor Vinge; Toastmaster: Jane Lindskold; Artist GoH: William Stout. write to – NMSF Conference, P.O. Box 37257, Albuquerque, NM 87176

## Brave New Fan

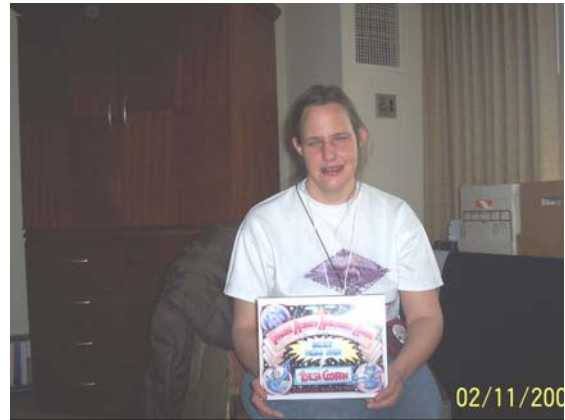
by Teresa Cochran

from SNAPS #14 (June, 2006)

As a fan by the name of Pete Graham has said, "The golden age of science fiction is twelve." This was certainly true for me. I've written in these pages not so long ago that I discovered SF when I got a free subscription to *Galaxy Magazine* through the Library of Congress' National Library Service. I eagerly awaited each issue and read it from cover to cover. I was mystified and fascinated by the mention of something called fanzines. These were print publications that could be ordered through the mail, and I had at least an inkling of understanding that they were published by fans. Many times, I thought of ordering them and having someone sighted read them to me, but I was busy with school, and my siblings were, as well. My mother had her hands full with work. So I shied away from sending in my sticky quarters.

And I wasn't to even so much as think about going to a con until I was an adult. I knew no one else who was interested in written SF. My family was hard-working, simple, practical folk who couldn't even conceive of the idea. This I understood from an early age. I was "the weird one in the family" and that was that. My blindness was a blessing in this way. While other kids had many more chores and learned to drive as teenagers, I had lots of time to read and think.

I spent many years reading short stories in prozines, and the occasional novel when it was dished out to me by the National Library Service. When the Internet came along, I was left stumbling around in a wondrous daze like a starving kid in a candy store. The National Library Service began putting many books on the Internet, and Baen Publishing instituted a free library service <http://www.baen.com/library> for their titles, and low-cost e-books on their site.



*The Smile of a winner! Teresa Cochran with her Best New Fan Award.  
Photo © 2007 by John Purcell*

Suddenly, I was able to choose the books I wanted. This was an entirely new concept to me, and sometimes I would just cry helplessly from sheer joy. Yes, I could request books from the service before the Internet, but they only had a fraction of the total number of books available, and it would take me weeks to get the books I'd requested. With the Internet, there was instant gratification.

I lived in the San Francisco Bay Area for twenty years as an adult, and for whatever reason, I didn't become a part of Bay Area fandom at all. I did work for a nonprofit which distributed art zines, and again, I felt that faint, wistful echo of an affinity with zine writers. I wrote some poetry and read it in cafes at various poetry readings. I thought that if I could see, I'd be publishing one of these art zines. I loved the subculture represented in them, though some of them were a lot better than others. But I was later to realize that these had nothing to do with SF fandom, and I wanted this element in my life somehow.

Once I'd read a fair number of novels, I think I unconsciously considered myself more of an SF fan and had more confidence in myself. I moved to the Las Vegas area two years ago, and at that time, I thought I might try to find some SF fans. Just before I moved, I had gone to a couple of cons, one very small and one larger. I enjoyed both immensely. When I moved to Las Vegas, I had a welcoming committee of online fans



who lived in the area and in Southern California.

But it wasn't until I began attending the formal clubs, and finally, the Vegrants that I really felt I was a fan. I remember being invited to a Vegrants meeting at Joyce and Arnie Katz house. There was a part of me that was expecting an initiation rite of some sort, and I was a little nervous. In my heart of hearts, I was hoping for a chat and some eats and drinks, but I was afraid it was going to be like the formal clubs. If I couldn't get a witty word in edgewise, if I couldn't name all the science-fictional ancestors in chronological order, if I couldn't name all the major cons from East to West, I was not a real fan.

But to my everlasting delight, here were a bunch of friends sitting around talking about all kinds of things, even science fiction. And SF wasn't the main topic, but it wasn't a taboo one either, and it didn't get the usual response: "Oh, *Star Wars* and *Star Trek*; my three-year-old just loves those movies. I used to read the stuff, but grew out of it."

And then there was *The Enchanted Duplicator*, and in its pages, I read about myself and everyone else who was like me. It's the story of the fan who wants to find fandom, and goes on a journey to find it. There I was, in the Glades of Gafia in the Bay Area for twenty years. And here I was, finding the enchanted machine (so in my case it isn't a duplicator; what the hell?).

And here I am, not traveling alone anymore.

oo



## My Other Super-Sense

by Roxanne L. Mills

(from SNAPS #21)



I gather my sense of smell isn't my only "odd" sense, though my other super-sense is probably something shared by many more people than my sense of smell was. I have "mommy ears." I can hear the smallest squeak or the tiniest whine; every little mew and meow; each and every ook and dook from the ferret. Our ferret, Candy Matson, has a small bell on her collar so we know where she is most of the time. I kid you not, I can hear that tiny bell from clear across the house and all the way downstairs. I can be upstairs, in the front of the house, and hear that little jingle bell when the ferret is downstairs and at the back of the house. I can hear the cat meow at the front door when we are in the upstairs studio with the television on.

My super hearing seems to be limited exclusively to higher pitched sounds. The alarm on a digital watch, small children, cats, ferrets, small bells, things that tinkle, whine, ring, jingle, and small insects. I once heard a cricket in Boston while sitting at home in Las Vegas! Seriously. Bill was voice chatting with Jean Marie and I kept hearing this cricket. It was maddening because this was one of those crickets who never took a break... it was just a constant chirp-chirp-chirp-chirp-CHIRP! I kept getting up from my computer and wandering around the house frying to find this damn cricket - without success. I was finally able to narrow it down to being in the same room we were in, but I still couldn't pinpoint the source. It was as though this were a ghost cricket haunting me. Bill couldn't hear it. Did I mention that it was driving me insane?

Finally, I had just about given up when Bill did something with the volume - or maybe the connection was briefly lost — and I realized that the cricket wasn't here. Very

rudely, I butted in to Bill's conversation and asked him to ask Jean Marie if there was a cricket in the room with her. Bill looked at me like I was crazy, but when I insisted and told him it had been driving me mad, he took me seriously and asked the question. There was a long pause (during which I could hear the cricket quite clearly) and finally Jean Marie said "Whhhyy yeesss, as a matter of fact there is, now that you mention it. How did you know?" Bill gaped and shook his head at me. You'd think that after 6-plus years of marriage, he would be used to this sort of thing by now.

(On the other hand, if you put a fan in the room with me, or running water, I go nearly deaf. We have a fan in the hallway here, and if Bill and I are standing on opposite sides of it — even if we are only a yard or so away from each other - I have to ask him to shout, or walk to the other side of the fan, before I can hear him.)

I have always viewed this particular super-sense to be a distinct blessing. I know when the cat wants in, or when the cat is fighting outside somewhere. I can figure out where

the ferret is hiding, or know when she's coming upstairs. I can use a wrist-watch as a wake-up-in-the- morning alarm clock

But lately I've discovered the downside. There is a sound at work I've yet to be able to locate or isolate. It sounds like a small phone ringing constantly, without any break. Maybe the sound of a line test, but there is never any pause. I can only hear it from my desk, and I only noticed it about a week ago. I've been able to shut down all the equipment around me - and the sound is still there - so I know it isn't anything of mine that is causing this noise. Since it seems to be coming from the general direction of the wall behind me, I actually do think it is some sort of noise from a phone line ... I just don't know what to do about it. Most of the time, my office is noisy enough that I can't hear the sound, but when the office gets quiet and there's nothing drowning out that little noise, it makes me crazy. I haven't the foggiest idea what to do about it, other than take some cotton to work to stuff in my ears... I just hope that whatever it is, it goes away soon!

## regional convention calendar, part four

**AnimeFest 2007:** Aug. 31– Sept. 3, 2007. Dallas, TX // Anime and Japanese Pop Culture. Interesting idea. write to – AnimeFest, 12631 Dorchester Dr., Suite 110, Plano TX 75075-6332

**Protocon 9:** Sept., 2007. College Station, TX // Gaming con held on campus of Texas A&M University, with a dealer's room. write to – Gaming Club – 959480, Texas A&M University, Student Organization Finance Center, P.O. Box 5688, Aggieland Station, College Station, TX 77844-9081.

**RealmsCon:** Sept, 2007. Corpus Christie, TX // Anime con. Highlights include Anime music video contest, anime bikini contest, Lisa Furukawa Ray Concert, lingerie, swimwear, and evening gown model walk. I may have to check some of these items out! write to – Realms Con, 4730 Sea Island Drive, Corpus Christie, TX 78413

**FenCon IV:** Sept. 21-23, 2007. Addison, TX // A full-blown SF convention in the North Dallas area. GoH: Connie Willis; Music GoH: Tom Smith; Fen GoH: Kathleen Sloan; Artist GoH: David Mattingly; Special Guest: Toni Weisskopf. Write to – FenCon, P.O. Box 701448, Dallas, TX 75370-1448.

*Down the line:* **OwlCon XXVII**, Feb., 2008, Houston, TX // Held on the campus of Rice University.

**ConDFW 2008:** Feb., 2008. Dallas, TX // write to – ConDFW, 2117 Tulane Dr., Richardson, TX 75081



## *From the Hinterlands*

*Back in the editorial, I commented that I prefer to have a sense of continuity from one zine to the next. Some faneds might like to simply shuck off what has gone before and start afresh. Me, I prefer to look at my zines as a form of growth. With that in mind, at Corflu Quire I handed out the last issue of In a Prior Lifetime, which went into detail about my reasoning for ending that zine and beginning this new one. What follows here are the responses to In a Prior Lifetime #20. I had no idea my intentions would create such a stir! It surprised me. So let's get right into them.*

*First off, here's a missive from a sympathetic ear, Mr. Eric Mayer:*

14 Feb 2007

I have to admire you for undertaking doctorate studies at this point in your life and while working and with a family. I would actually love to be able to return to college but just to monitor classes, for my own enjoyment and enlightenment. I wouldn't be up to the testing, let alone writing a thesis.

A less frequent fanzine is probably a good idea. The trouble with e-pubbing is that as easy and cheap as it is to publish frequently, there is the problem of finding enough material. Frequency is generally seen as a good thing. In the old days frequent fanzines were certainly valued. I don't know where the balance is. Maybe bi-monthly.

Of course you need to make sure that your hobbies don't interfere with other aspects of your life. Heck, I've posted one blog entry in the past two or three weeks and that was explaining that I wasn't posting because I was buried in legal writing work. That's another balancing act -- making sure that hobbies don't move from being fun to being chores.

When I dropped in on fandom a couple years ago my plan was just to say hello to a few folks I knew and some newcomers doing interesting work. I figured I'd be writing maybe a LoC a month. I didn't bargain on the publishing schedules of e-zines or on Dave Burton asking to use my blogs for a column. I ended up becoming far more involved than I had expected.

So you're not the only one looking to slow down!

**ERIC**

*{Compared to what Chris Garcia, Arnie Katz, Earl Kemp, David Burton, and I are doing, you are just e-crawling along, old friend. Which is fine; I have no intentions of pushing you any faster than you want to go. The main thing with fanac is that it is supposed to be fun and not really a Way Of Life. I am much more FIJAGH than FIAWOL, which shouldn't surprise anyone. In my mind, fanac will help to untangle my brain from all the intertwining snags of educational theory and statistical hoo-hah that's beginning to gather inside my head. If you hear a loud scream emanating from Texas, that would be me.}*

*Arnie Katz sent an e-mail shortly after Corflu Quire ended literally demanding to know WTF was going on, offering temptation almost too good to pass up:*

14 Feb 2007

Dear John:

I just got to Bill Burns' post about your final issue, went and retrieved it and read the news for myself.

Much as I will miss the zine, which I have frequently recommended to fans of all, but I think you are making a sensible and mature decision. Your Doctoral studies have to take priority and I am sure all your friends in Fandom understand the situation.

Now that I have saluted you for showing such Great Wisdom, I want to give you a chance to remain connected with us less wise folks. How about you do a column for VFW? It wouldn't have to be every issue (that would be two a month) or even every other issue when you don't have time, but I would like to have you in the rotation as often as practical for you. (I have used the title "Percolations" for your previous contributions, but we could certainly change that if you wish.)

Can I tempt you?

Faanishly,

**ARNIE**

*{You are the first person to ever say that I possess Great Wisdom. What in the world have you been smoking? And can I have some?}*

*Temptation is a good thing sometimes. As I've told you in prior e-mails, you have permission to use some of my SNAPS-zine writings as columnar material. Congratulations, by the way, on the third place Best Fanzine finish for Vegas Fandom Weekly. I would be honored to have some of my natterings appear in your zine. Thank you for the offer.}*

*Claire Brialey, who made her annual appearance at Corflu with her sometimes-better-half, Mark Plummer, had the following*

*to say on the last dangerous issue of In a Prior Lifetime:*

Claire Brialey  
59 Shirley Road  
Croydon, Surrey  
CR0 7ES UK  
*Email: claire.fishlifter@googlemail.com*

15 February 2007

Dear John,

As I also just wrote to Chris Garcia, this is my attempt at a proper letter of comment this time. This means you'll have the chance to see just how poorly I meet my own standards!

We got back from Corflu Quire two days ago and are still on holiday, so are taking advantage of the bolt of fannish energy that I, at least, got from the convention. Mark is sitting in his study writing letters of comment, interspersed with answering emails, and I'm sitting in mine writing letters of comment with occasional breaks to play computer pinball very badly. We are undoubtedly writing to the same fanzines and may be saying some of the same things but, as we discussed on that letterhacking panel at Corflu, that's a challenge for the editors to sort out. We are both figuratively covering our answer papers with our arms and not letting the other one see what we're writing, to make it all more interesting (however, Mark just wandered in to my study, where we keep all of our history and politics books, selected a volume on Roman armies and wandered out again; I now find myself wild to know what he's working on).

It was great to meet you and have the chance to talk a bit at Corflu. I wondered if you had planned it to be your swansong when I saw the words 'final issue' on the cover of #20 of *In A Prior Lifetime*, and I'm sure many other readers will reward you with a similar surprised reaction.

I like the way that you've used this issue not just to reflect on where you've been but also to set out clearly where you want to go with your new title. Selfishly, I also like the idea of a bimonthly fanzine since I can kid myself

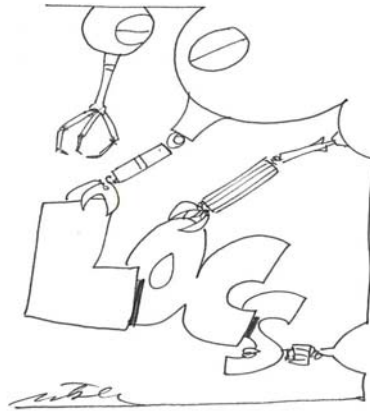


that I'll be better able to keep up, and thus genuinely engage, with that sort of frequency; but overall I think that another medium-sized, regular but frequent, title could add real value to fanzines generally by being well-placed in itself to engage across the rest of the community. This is one of the reasons I'm pleased to hear you're going to be running a fanzine review column, too; it's something I rather regret that we no longer do – and finding someone with the skills and the time to do this effectively, as well as a productive field of fanzines, has been the challenge there – and the more fanzines that can do this, the more it creates a framework for connection and also provides a path into fanzines for anyone encountering their first. Your stated aim of producing 'a genzine with the feel of a personalzine' seems to me to fit that model nicely. So, no pressure for what you could achieve here, especially given your personal reasons for scaling back...

Your letter column prodded me back to efanzines.com to check out the articles in #19 which provoked them; I'm never going to take easily to reading fanzines on-screen but efanzines is a great resource. The time I save in not going upstairs to the fanzine library to find the relevant issue on paper probably balances off against my slower reading on the screen, although I'm more concerned that I don't read attentively when I'm looking at something longer than a screen or two on a computer.

Away from the screen I am not, generally, either reading or re-reading classic science fiction – but then I am not a middle-aged man. I am still reading a lot of new science fiction, with the ongoing twin incentives of wanting to be able to nominate and vote in the British Science Fiction Association awards and wanting to be able to express opinions about the shortlist for the Arthur C Clarke award. I started off reading classic science fiction in the late '70s when my father recommended some of it to me, diverted into (mostly pretty dreadful) fantasy alongside crime/suspense and romance/smut in my teenage years, and only came back to reading SF primarily and seriously about 15 years ago. I have never managed to catch up and fill in the gaps, and now – struggling to read 100 books a year, a particular challenge since I'm

reading modern SF and so many of those novels are so looong – I'm clearly not going to, as well as only feeling able to indulge myself by re-reading if I'm ill and need something familiar to keep me going.



Thank you for including me in those lists of people who can use the techniques you describe as the best of fan writing and which are the rationale for your new title of *Askance*. I don't feel I deserve a place there, and find myself wondering if you're indulging in deep irony, but I guess it still gives me something to aim for! And I look forward to seeing the new title.

Best wishes – and appropriate gestures of egoboo,

**CLAIRE**

*{An appropriate gesture of egoboo back at you, Claire.*

*It is entirely possible that I am deluding myself into thinking that I can maintain a bimonthly fanzine schedule, but I hope not. Delude myself, that is. So far I feel as if I had some breathing room to work on locs, the one zine, and my dissertation proposal. Fanzines have always been a channel of communication for me, and I plan on maintaining such for as long as humanly possible.*

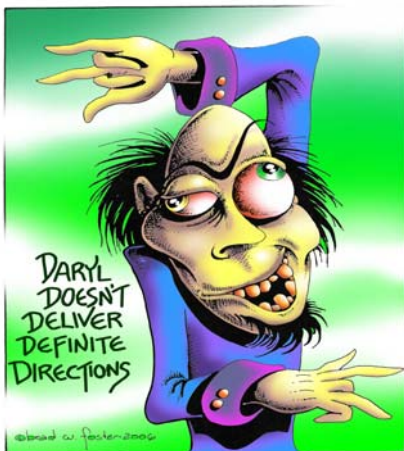
*No, I am not indulging myself in "deep irony" by placing you in such company. I believe that you belong on that list. Let me put it this way: would you rather be on that roster of fan writers, or be on somebody's fecal roster? Your choice.}*

*As Claire noted, she and Mark Plummer were dueling locs from different rooms. The very next day, the following e-loc arrived:*

Date: Fri, 16 Feb 2007  
01:32:19 +0000  
From: Mark Plummer  
<[mark.fishlifter@googlemail.com](mailto:mark.fishlifter@googlemail.com)>  
To: John Purcell <[j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)>  
Subject: The last of the prior lifetimes

John,  
You know, I entirely sympathise with you feeling that other commitments mean you can't maintain a monthly schedule any more, where as a 20-something page bi-monthly remains do-able. I suppose technically Claire and I did manage to produce our own monthly -- two sides of an A4 sheet, a couple of thousands words a time -- and actually to sustain it for (I astonish myself to find) about seven months back in 1999, but no, it all seems a bit Too Much these days. A further reason to admire Dave Langford.

But then I think how feeble I sound by comparison with our fannish forebears. I was just looking at Greg Pickersgill's online archive of Ron Bennett's *Skyrack* newsletter (<http://www.gostak.co.uk/skyrack/>) where Ron was doing at least one and sometimes two issues a month, again of a couple of thousand words a time, but rather than simply watch the thing roll off the laser printer prior to handing out a few copies in a pub, he had to duplicate the damn thing, and then mail it out, and keep track of subscriptions... and he kept it up for seven years. Perhaps we should challenge Chris Garcia to do something like that...



Out of interest, who do you think these fans are who -- according to Robert Sabella -- 'decry online publishing in favour of hard copying'? Granted some people such as, well, me still chose to publish on paper and that's because I can afford it and I actually prefer produce paper fanzines and also to receive them because I find it an altogether preferably reading experience, but I read efanazines too, some on screen and some on prints I make myself, as well as web-logs and other online material. Absolutely literally, yes, I'd personally rather receive *Prior Lifetime* or *el* or *Drink Tank* or *VFW* or *Pixel* on paper through the mail, but equally I understand that it's not gonna happen and I'm not gonna turn my nose up at what you or Earl or Chris or Arnie or Dave do just because your choice is to put it out in PDF form. Actually, I can think of one fan I know who does pretty much ignore efanazines -- doesn't like the medium, doesn't chose to read it -- but only one. I wonder whether Robert's seeing a divide that doesn't really exist.

Out of interest, if it wasn't for the cost differential -- if by some technological miracle it became possible to produce *Askance* on paper and mail it to a reasonable-sized mailing list \*at no cost\* -- and you had the choice, post to efanazines or print and mail a paper fanzine but not both, which would you do?

Nice to see that Chris Garcia gives so much thought to his FAAn Award ballot (not to suggest that usually he doesn't or anything). I do wonder whether, whilst it might have cost a few voters who'd missed the fact that they wouldn't vote at Corflu, the early deadline meant that the ballots got more thought generally rather than being completed on the basis of a snap decision in the con-suite 10 minutes before an at-con deadline.

Can I just note, by the way, that Claire and I are currently ahead of last year in that we found out that the 2006 result had been overturned at 22:45 BST Wednesday 10 May 2006, three days after the decision was announced, so even if we get an email from Murray \*right now\* saying, oops, terribly sorry, should have been *Science-Fiction Five-Yearly* after all, I will not bleat but rather

will take pride in the fact that we managed to hold on to the Award for a full 26½ hour longer than last year.

Just checked. Still no e-mail from Murray...

Best etc,  
**MARK**

*{Hmm... Given a choice, and if it was as affordable as producing an e-zine, I would opt for pubbing a dead tree fanzine, no questions asked. That's what I cut my fannish eye-teeth on back in the day, and also why Askance will have a print run of three dozen: some fans prefer to have a paper zine in their hands, and I do not mind footing a minor postage cost to send my zine to fans that I want to either trade or hear from.*

*It appears that this year the FAAn Award results are much more permanent. So far. }*

*One person that I met for the first time at Corflu was the very tall Tom Becker. A very nice gentleman, he is a welcome addition to the lettercolumn.*

Date: Sat, 17 Feb 2007 10:11:02 -0800  
To: John Purcell <[j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)>  
From: Tom Becker <[twb@fanac.com](mailto:twb@fanac.com)>  
Subject: Re: Corflu letter

I have to confess that before Corflu I had no idea that you existed, much less that you would be so Prolific, or such an all around nice guy (but don't let it get to your head). I'm very glad that we met, and in retrospect I realize that Spike and I scored something of a coup by getting you to join us for dinner...

I'm glad to hear you are thinking of starting up a band. As Brad Denton says, "But middle-aged American men are required to either buy a red sports car or join a rock'n'roll band. It's the law." That quote is from his web page.

For a couple of years Spike and I attended Armadillocon regularly, and I happened to see a couple of Two Headed Baby performances and the Baby Face Nelson performance. Their taste in music (mostly blues rock and R&B) is just the ticket for dancing. I'm not much of a dancer, but it's great to drop all the inhibitions and get on the floor and get loose. Being able to do it

where even the musicians on stage are fellow fans is even more fun...

I'll keep you in mind when we're in Yokohama. I think our hotel will have internet access, so I could post on LJ and upload photos to Flickr.

There's a good chance we'll go to Corflu in Las Vegas. It's not my favorite town, but it's a great group of fans and I'll go there for them.

Thanks again, and I will look forward to seeing you in the future.

Regards,

**TOM**

*{I am going to really try to make it to Armadillocon this coming August 10-12, 2007. If there's a goodly number of fanzine fans present, it should a fun time.*

*As for this year's worldcon in Yokohama, I will keep my eyes open for LiveJournal feeds from there. Say hello to Spike for me, and have a safe journey!}*

*At long last, a loc from across the Pond from a voice unheard for quite a while. Say hello once more to Peter Sullivan:*

Date: Mon, 19 Feb 2007 20:24:02  
+0000  
From: Peter Sullivan  
<[peter@burdonvale.co.uk](mailto:peter@burdonvale.co.uk)>  
To: [j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)  
Subject: Re: In a Prior Lifetime 20

Your rationale for changing the frequency of your fanac sound perfectly reasonable. So, how long before we can all start calling you Doktor Purcell? And changing the title from *In A Prior Lifetime* to *Askance* makes sense, if only to emphasise the change in focus. And after all, it's not as if fanzine titles are rationed, are they? If that were the case, Arnie Katz would have run out long, long ago. Although I seem to remember that *In a Prior Lifetime* was originally meant to be a bi-monthly fanzine as well (or was it even quarterly?), so there you go.

On page 4, you appear to have killed off (or at any rate gaffiated) Dave Langford, by referring to his "past writings" along with the likes of Carr, Willis, Tucker and Hoffman. Don't tell me that you actually \*believe\* that conspiracy theory? You know, the one about how all 21st-century issues of *Ansible* are in fact ghost-written by a small team of captive dwarves in a cave near Reading, mixing obit notices flagged up by Google Alerts with recycled old jokes from 1980s convention reports. Actually, now I think about it...

#### PETER

*{Originally, IaPL had no stated publication schedule. In fact, if you look at the dates of publication of the first five issues, the zine began in the Summer of 2003 and issues popped up sporadically on efanzines.com until October, 2005. The monthly schedule of In a Prior Lifetime was totally unexpected. I had time, and the zine sort of just fell into being a monthly. Go figure.}*

*I have long felt that Langford was a task master of some sort. So you liked the way I pigeon-holed that Ansible fellow into the past? This falls in place with my renaming the Fan Writer Hugo the Dave Langford Memorial Award, even when he STILL wins it mainly because it's fannish.}*

*And now, here's a loc from another foreigner, only this time from north of the border:*

From: "Lloyd Penney"  
<[penneys@allstream.net](mailto:penneys@allstream.net)>  
To: "John Purcell"  
<[j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)>  
Subject: In A Prior Lifetime 20  
Date: Mon, 26 Feb 2007 10:10:14 -0500

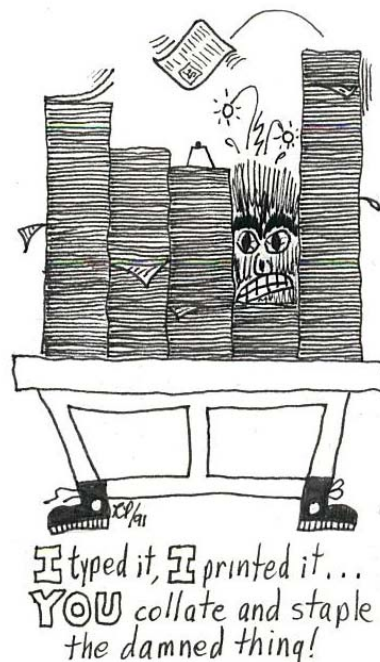
About time I got to the final issue, no. 20, of *IAPL*, so this could be wrapped up, and we patiently await the new title. Looking forward to it! In the meantime...

Still wish I could have been to Corflu 24...sounded great from all reports. Pat Virzi proved that you could run a good con and be a trufan, all at the same time. Yvonne did mention something about possibly scraping up some money for me to get to the Las Vegas Corflu, but I'm not going to hold my breath with that one. She's got a job

interview with a software company coming up, so fingers crossed.

Why go from two Purcellzines down to one? If you'd like to send me issues of *Nukking Futz* *{My SNAPS zine- ed.}*, I could loc that as well, and say hello through frank to the SNAPS membership. Arnie's asked me to join, but there just isn't enough time to take on apas right now. *{Works for me. -ed.}*

Hmmm...you've asked for artwork. I must check my files. Hope has sprung eternal for some time, but I don't think I'll ever get to produce my own zine again. As do many people, I have a file of Rotslers tucked away, and I even have a fillo or two I drew myself. Maybe I can scan them, and pass them to you. . . *{FAUNCH-FAUNCH-FAUNCH!!!! - ed.}*



I'm starting to do what Robert Sabella is doing. I'm sure modern-day SF is very good, but it just doesn't seem to be my cuppa. The good stuff I remember was from the 50s, 60s and 70s, and methinks that's where I'll be reading from now on. Those decades represent my personal Golden Age, and besides, they're a lot cheaper through second hand stores. (I got a passel of silly jokes in my e-mail a while ago, so I immediately passed them on to Robert for his Lighter Side section.)



At the LA Worldcon, the panel on zine creation Geri Sullivan and I were on found a young lady who took to illustrating and writing very well. Can't remember her first name, but her last name was Duff, which gives her fannish street cred right there. I hope her name pops up soon. *{Sarah Duff has now been spotted in Drink Tank.}*

Chris Garcia has secretly been putting people into a website called ZineWiki. I saw mention of it on rassf some time ago, and mentioned it as someone on the Trufen list said we needed a zine wiki, but of course, this ZineWiki was found to be lacking by some. Chris is making up for whatever lack ZineWiki might have, and putting in lots of fannish content. Yvonne is reading Earl Kemp's *Who Killed Science Fiction?* in its *el* version, and she's finding it fascinating. I also relayed it to Robert J. Sawyer. No word from Robert yet, but I'm sure he's digesting it. *{It is a huge publication in more ways than mere size. Even I haven't read all of it yet. I think I may even print it out and bind it to give it some permanence. -ed.}*

I don't mind a fanzine snapping and crackling and popping...just don't pour milk on it, and we're all on the same (not soggy) page.

I did hang out on the Corflu LiveJournal page, and saw at least a little of what was happening. That's how I found out about the FAAn Award winners. At least I got to chat a little via LJ, and got some congratulations from Robert Lichtman, who finished second, just a few points behind me. (And you, John, finished third...congrats on that.)

All for now. We shall all look *Askance* in March. Take care, and see you then.

**Lloyd**

*{I am glad you were able to attend QuireFlu vicariously via Internet. Geri Sullivan told me that Fred Haskell was following the proceedings and passed along Fred's "hello."}*

*Along with the rest of the Usual Gang of Suspects, I really do hope that you and Yvonne will be able to make it to Corflu Silver. I would love to meet you and your'n.}*

*And now, for the responses to the last issue of ...and furthermore, led off by none other than the one and the same previous loccer,*

From: "Lloyd Penney"  
<[penneys@allstream.net](mailto:penneys@allstream.net)>  
To: "John Purcell"  
<[j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)>  
Subject: ...and furthermore 25 & 26  
Date: Sun, 28 Jan 2007 20:58:59 -0500

Dear John:

As always, life is all about keeping up with your surroundings. I'm usually keeping up with fanzines, so fanzines must be my life, QED. (Hey, you told me to get a life... got one, and doing fine, thankyew verra mush.) I have two issues of ...and furthermore to comment on, so guess what?...

25...I've never come even close to any musical talent, so I've never been in a band, but I figure people with the same interest gather together to share the interest and gain some confidence. Fandom, a musical band, doesn't matter. And now, you're gaining confidence in your band, and writing better and better songs...of course, you're going to get better.

It is difficult to move cross-country and get yourself re-established in fandom, but I did it, with a lot of luck. I found fandom in Victoria, British Columbia, and when I moved to Toronto for school, I was very lucky to hook up with local fans. I've been involved in Toronto fandom since 1979, and I find myself going through my own Stages of Fandom. I'll be in fandom 30 years December of this year.

On the 31st, I have an appointment with my operating ophthalmologist to see how well my right has healed, and to determine if it needs more work, and see what needs to be done in my left eye. I'm not out of the woods yet. I may need laser surgery in both eyes, or the worst case scenario is that they may have to operate again. Wish me good luck on this one; the procedure was relatively painless, but I don't want to go through it again. My right eye is still extremely bloodshot from all this, even to this date. I spoke to my lawyer recently, and

he told me he's gone through two detached retinas, cataract surgery and a corneal transplant, so perhaps I shouldn't worry as much as I do.

I've got a good and happy life, but I am underemployed. Actually, writing all those locs in 2006 helped me feel useful and productive. When I wasn't writing locs, I was working about 10 hours a week at the Globe and Mail, and firing off resumes left, right and centre at home. I could watch cartoons all day on TV, but there's better things to do, and I'm doing some of them. As soon as I do find full-time work, my loc production will tail off, but I'm sure I will spend some evenings and weekends hacking away.

When I attended Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in the late 70s- early 80s, there were t-shirts, sweats and polos, and that was about it, for sale in the small bookstore. Now, Ryerson University has a huge bookstore, with a gigantic selection of clothes, including baby clothes. Such is the day and age we're in.



26...I know we all have marvelous and horrendous moments in fandom, and seeing which we have more of usually allows us to decide to stay or leave. Sometimes, we're forced away, and life happens. I've been seeing so many return to claim back some of those marvelous moments, and try to create a few new ones. I know I've considered gafiation once or twice, and some regular parts of my own experience in fandom I've left recently, but there's still good things to have happen, and I'm working to make sure they do.

Hiya, Chris...Elvis Costello's got other things on his mind these days, like a cute wife from Nanaimo, Diana Krall, and a fresh

set of twins. Maybe having two newborns to deal with will give him fresh ideas. Spending some time with the in-laws on Vancouver Island may give him more.

Today was a fun day...tomorrow is the final day of operations for Terminal 2 at Toronto Pearson International Airport, and there was a kind of wake and display and souvenirs of this building's time serving the airport, just up the street from us, really. One of the local TV stations interviewed us, we gave the place one last tour, and bade it a farewell as we drove away. The building will be hollowed out and 85% of it will be recycled in some form or another, and the land it stands on will be absorbed by a massive new terminal that is still being built. Actually, it was fun to wander in areas you couldn't possibly have gone into any other time. It was also amazingly quiet, which is also a rarity at an airport. Time and progress march on, hand in hand.

Yours,  
**LLOYD**

*{There was a time when I was in and out of fandom like a revolving door; in a sense, I couldn't make up my mind how fandom fit into my life (this was in the very early 80s). Time and experience have taught me well, though. There are people herein that I truly care about, and want to hang out with them. So no more will I make grandiose claims or plans. I am simply going to enjoy fanac while I'm involved with it, nothing more.}*

Date: Tue, 23 Jan 2007 11:25:25 -0800

From: "Chris Garcia"

<[garcia@computerhistory.org](mailto:garcia@computerhistory.org)>

To: <[j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)>

...and furthermore #26 arrives and immediately I'm on to the net to drop my words. It's easy because I'm home sick today (nose is not being good) so lots of time to LoC. I've been appropriately warned of the Purcell "No Daughter Touching" policy, John! I can just imagine being chased by you with a pitchfork.

I used to pound the old pots and pans around the house for hours. I always wanted to be a drummer. It might have had something to do with the fact that Ringo was

always my favourite Beatle (and Paul my least favourite). I had a Fisher-Price tape recorder and I used to record my poundings as a part of a variety show I used to do in my room every weekend. It was a lot of fun as I recall. Then again, what did I know? At the time I also liked to sleep in my toy chest!

I've never been much of a churchin' man, myself, though I have a PhD in Comparative Religion from a Fly-by-night college that was set up in the Santa Cruz Mountains. I used to attend WestGate Community Bible Church with some friends once in a while, almost entirely for the music. The bassist of the House Band was formerly the Bassist for The Doobie Brothers, and they made good use of that fact with their awesome music. When I once asked my Dad what his religion was, he replied 'Elvis'. I've always said that there's nothing I believe in more than "God, Elvis and The American Dream."

Don't worry John, I'd already planned on bringin' earplugs to CorFlu...though mostly to deal with my snoring!

#### **CHRIS**

*{Ah, heck; your snoring wasn't THAT bad, Chris. I had a good time, and you're a good egg. A bit scrambled, but good.*

*Way cool about the bassist of the Doobies being in that church band. Richie Furay - Buffalo Springfield, Poco - has been quite successful with his Christian music career, too; last year he played at South-by-Southwest in Austin, which I failed to attend. I am missing out on it this year (March 13-17). Some year I will take in SWxSW.}*

*Just as I was about to panic because I had not received this issue's "Figby" cartoon yet, it came, along with the following comments from the Figby cartoonist, who simply made me non-homesick for Minnesota:*

#### **I ALSO HEARD FROM:**

Jerry Kaufman, Mark Leeper, R-Laurraine Tutihasi, Juliette Woods, Frank Wu.

From: "BILL FISCHER"

<[rbbt6@hotmail.com](mailto:rbbt6@hotmail.com)>

To: [j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)

05 Mar 2007

Hello John.

Or as they say in Russian : Dobri Dyen!

Or as they say in Czech: Dobri Den.

Or as they say in German: Guten Tag, Y'all!

Or as they say in Hungarian: Jo Napot (think Swedish pronunciation)

Or as they say in Mandarin : Wo Shih Shu.

No, wait, that means "I am a book"!

Attached, if the Level 24 LizardMaster Gatekeepers of World of Hotmail III - Attack of the Zarnodz - allow the attachment to pass - is my latest Figby cartoon. I promised I'd try something new instead of the Roomba (we shall return to that later). It is a little more like the vein we used back in '76.

Well, I dug out of our 14 inches here in Farmington and you can see the glaciers starting to retreat. The Dakota county Zamboni operator still makes sure that the streets are polished to a nice glaze and at the tech school they are discussing a Summer colloquium in Aurignacian flint-knapping. Just kidding. They won't be ready to move out of Mousterian technology here for at least another millennium. So much for Frontier Phone service.

Anyway, hope you enjoy the cartoon. Talk at you later. I think the mammoths are into the garbage cans outside again.

- Bill.

*{No, I think I really don't miss springtime in Minnesota, not anymore. My kids would love it, though. Good to hear from you, kind sir, and thank you for the cartoons! I'm telling ya, they're a hit!}*

# What Else?

Now that I'm working on the last page, here's where I think I'll tell you folks what's in store from here on out.

First, I have mentioned that I have been developing a "print copy recipient list," what I am affectionately calling my Dead Tree Roster. This is a listing of fen – writers, editors, loccers, and artists – who have expressed their desire to receive only a paper copy of fanzines. This is their choice, and since I cut my fannish eye-teeth on paper zines in the 70s, I can understand this sentiment. This is the way zines have been produced from the beginning, and it provides a sense of continuity with our fannish heritage that we should all be proud of. I am only too happy to provide paper copies, but, costs being what they are, only in a limited amount. Therefore, the initial print-run of *Askance* is three dozen copies. So far, I have about two-dozen names and addresses compiled of folks on this listing; if you wish your name added, please let me know. Truth be told, I really don't want to print more than three dozen each issue. So if you do get a dead-tree copy, please respond, or your name will be dropped after three issues.

At the same time that those dead tree copies hit the mail, the zine will be posted to [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com). This means that the black-and-white art and photos of the paper version will be available for viewing in all their glorious color. My hope is also to have enough fundage on hand to print out maybe 10 or 12 full-color copies of each issue's cover. The main contributors to that issue will each receive one of those, and there may even be one or two extras left over. As I like to say, mainly because it is only too true about these things, we shall see how this plan goes.

I refuse to hold my breath when money is concerned.



A major thank you goes out to Lloyd Penney for not only contributing a wonderful fanzine review column to kick this zine off, but for sending me a stash of Bill Rotsler art that he has had for a few years. Somehow this zine now feels like a *real fanzine* with Rotsler illoes in it. Lloyd also unloaded some cartoons of his own for me to use, so for sending me all of these illoes, I thank him profusely.

Additional thank you's go to all of the contributors from this issue: Brad Foster for the wonderful cover and other art, and permission from my fellow SNAPS-sters, Linda Bushyager, Teresa Cochran, and Roxanne Mills, to use some of their apa writings in here. They are a good bunch of folks, and it's fun to be in SNAPS with them.

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Next issue will feature my AggieCon 38 report, plus an article again culled from the pages of SNAPS, this time from Charles E. Fuller, Jr. The cover is by Alan White, and that is all I am going to say about that right now. Plus, Lloyd Penney will be back with yet another installment of his fanzine review column, and I do hope many of you will be in these pages as well with your eloquent epistles of enlightenment.

Now it is time for me to sit back and relax. Sort of. My dissertation calls – no, it's **screaming** for my attention. Until next time,

*John Purcell*