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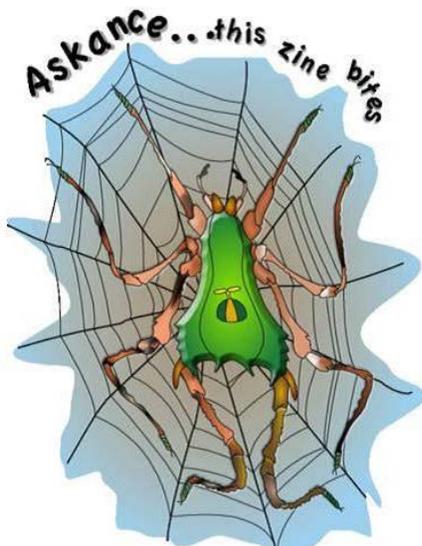
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What you have here in your hands (or on screen) is another Mythical Publication. Copies of this fine, back on a quarterly schedule fanzine can be had for The Usual, which means expressed interest, submission and eventual inclusion of articles and artwork, letters of comment, expressed interest, and cold hard cash in the amount of \$3.00 USD. Bribes are also accepted. Of course, if you send in locs, articles, and artwork, you just earned a life-time free subscription. Consider yourself lucky, indeed.



contents

bemused natterings.....3
News at Eleven, by Taral Wayne.....6
Canine Mathematics, by Jason Burnett.....13
Chat, the 4th Fannish Ghod, by Teddy Harvia.....14
I Have no Teeth, and I Must Eat, by John Purcell.....15
Tales From the Convention, by Lloyd Penney.....18
Fanzine Reviews.....20
From the Hinterlands: letters.....23
Regional Convention Calendar.....35
What's Next.....44

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member: FWA (since 2007!)

benused natterings

The TAFF 2017 race is on!

Indeed it is, and I am one of the three candidates vying to be this year's TAFF (Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund) representative to the 75th World Science Fiction Convention being held in Helsinki, Finland over the extended weekend of August 9-13, 2017. Even though the voting began in December of 2016, I wish to thank my nominators: from North America, David Thayer, Jacqueline Monahan, and Lloyd and Yvonne Penney; from Europe, Ro Nagey (UK - Wales) and Jim Mowatt (UK -England). When I first asked fans on both sides of the Atlantic for nominations, the response floored me: I had to decline almost a dozen people who were willing to do this, and for their support I am grateful and thank them all very, very much. It is quite humbling to get that kind of reaction, especially when I really didn't expect it. Should I get the nod, my hope is be a good little fan and try to meet as many fans in Europe as I possibly can while Valerie and I wend our way up to Helsinki.



At present, our plans are to spend a full month in Europe, flying from Houston to London in mid-July, spend probably two weeks in England (including a stay with Ro Nagy in Wales), then head over to France, Copenhagen, and possibly also Italy and Prague as we meander up to Helsinki. Another potential stop-over is St. Petersburg, Russia, or Tallinn, Estonia, but those depend on time and fundage. We shall see. In any event, the plan is to visit with fans and fan groups, so we have been researching science fiction and Steampunk events in Europe slated for July and August this year. Thus, if I get smacked with the TAFF magic wand, we are definitely going to have a nice European vacation – provided President Trump hasn't declared war on Europe by then.



I Have no Teeth, and I Must Eat

On the morning of January 25, 2017, I underwent major oral surgery to rip out what was left of my decrepit teeth – thanks to my father, I inherited what was called Week Teeth Syndrome, and it's too late to give those genes back – and a new full set of dentures put in. As I write this, that was 24 days ago. Yes, it was quite the ordeal, but as you have probably figured out by now, I survived, and in this issue there is my account of the entire process, complete with illustrations both real and imagined. This was something that had to be done sooner or later, and the upshot of it all is that at least I will have a dazzling smile while presenting the Fan Hugo Awards in Helsinki.

Final Goodbyes

The obituary section of David Langford's fanzine *Ansible* keeps getting longer, it seems. Sadly, this is a consequence of our living longer lives and sharing this world with people we admire, work beside, and love. One thing I have learned over the years – especially since turning 50 – is that a person needs to reach acceptance that all things on this earth have a beginning, middle, and end. I truly do mean everything, too: school, baseball games, the Stanley Cup playoffs, thunderstorms, a beautiful Spring day, a steak dinner, a career, concerts, oral surgery, fanzines, sex, and life itself.

So it also goes in fandom. Two recent deaths have been very personal, and I hope readers don't mind if I share memories of them here.



the other people here – left to right - are Curtis Hoffman, Steven Brust, myself, and Emma Bull.

Sarah Prince (1954-2017)

Hearing of Sarah's sudden death from congestive heart failure was a real shocker, leaving me stunned and incredibly sad. I knew Sarah Prince very well when we both lived in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and were active in Minn-stf from the late 1970s on up through the 1980s. In this picture on the left, taken at a typical Minn-stf gathering, Sarah is standing on the left. FYI,

Her fan activity was across the board: in addition to the local club, Sarah attended conventions, wrote for fanzines, was a member in APAs, and so forth. As an artist, she produced wonderful ceramics and contributed small filler art for my first fanzine, *This House*. She eventually moved to upstate New York, where she was an active member of the community, supporting animal and environmental rights. The Keene Valley, New York, newspaper ran a lovely obituary about Sarah, and there is a page remembering her on Facebook.

I remember Sarah as a quiet yet fun person, possessing a dry wit, and listening to her playing guitar and singing at Minicon and Minn-stf music parties. She was definitely a strong part of the fannish family, and I will miss her terribly. It is so sad to know she is gone.

Peter Weston (1943-2017)

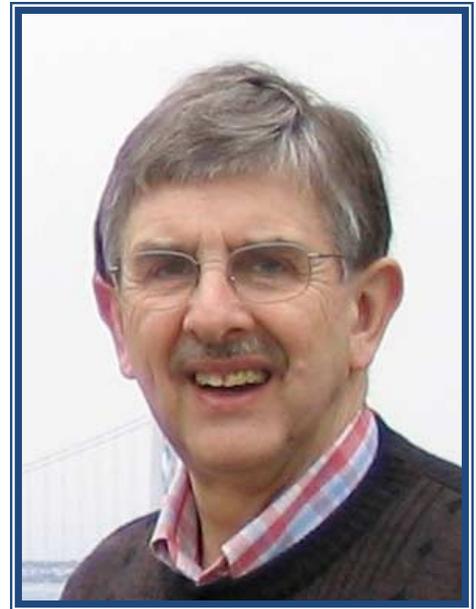
When I attended Corflu Quire ten years ago, there were a lot of British fans in attendance that I had never personally met before, but knew them quite well through their fanzines. After all, this is the fanzine fan's annual convention, and since this particular one was a mere two hour drive from home, I just had to go. So it came to pass that I finally met the noted British fan historian, the eminent Peter Weston.

**Be sure to vote in the various Fan Funds this year!
The TAFF deadline is March 4th; DUFF is March 10th.**

Sadly, Peter passed away on January 5th of this year, leaving behind a legacy both long and noteworthy. I did not know that he had been battling cancer for the last two and a half years, and it should not come as a surprise that the tributes have been appearing all over the fannish realm. This photograph of Peter comes from his Wikipedia entry (dated 2005), and the listing of his awards on that page is extensive.

I have a picture somewhere on my computer at home – haven't found it yet – from Corflu Quire of Peter conversing with Michael Moorcock and myself. I know this photo exists; obviously, this is going to require some serious digging through the photo archives.

The bottom line is that I enjoyed meeting Peter then, and over the years he taught me a lot about the history of British fandom through the pages of his stellar fanzine *Prolapse/Relapse*. Thank you, Sir Peter. We are all going to miss you so much.



Who's in This Issue

A nice variety of material, from serious to silly, from Canada to Texas. Here are the people to blame:

Jason Burnett

A Minneapolis fan, Jason posted his musings about “Canine Mathematics” on his Facebook page, and I thought that this would be a great bit of fun to plunk between articles in *Askance*. So here it is. And just remember: All Knowledge Is Contained In Fanzines.

Teddy Harvia

Teddy lives in the Dallas-Fort Worth area of Texas, usually living inside a closet in David Thayer's house, fed occasionally by their close friend Miranda Thomson. They let him out once in a while to produce installments of “Chat, the 4th Fannish Ghod” for this zine. Good for them.

A.B. Kynock

For quite a few years now A.B. has been perfecting his photo-shopped artwork, and it has been gracing the front covers and interior pages of many fanzines. It is my pleasure to present this issue's matching front and back covers by this fine fan artist.

Lloyd Penney

It has been a long time since one of Lloyd's “Tales from the Convention” has appeared here, so I am glad he offered another installment. When one has been going to SF conventions for decades like he has, stories like this are bound to happen and must be shared. Keep them coming, Lloyd!

Taral Wayne

One of these days Taral – who lives in the Toronto, Canada area like Lloyd – is going to end up on the Hugo ballot in two categories at the same time: best writer and best artist. This issue's lead article is yet another example of why I believe this just might happen. Enjoy!

Back to the Emergency Ward!

*I'm back home, but want to rest first ...
"news at eleven," as they say...*



NEWS AT ELEVEN

Taral Wayne

For ten days, I fell out of touch with the world.

As many surmised at the time, I was rushed away to the hospital again, on what is beginning to seem like an annual pilgrimage.

It was very sudden. I had been growing drowsy on Saturday night, around 11:30, and leaned back in my chair to nod off. When I woke up, more time seemed to have gone by than expected. Also, the computer appeared to be acting odd. In frustration, I logged off to reboot, but to my surprise I discovered that the password prompt was utterly meaningless. Stare at the screen as long as I liked, *nothing* came to mind. I could remember the word all right, but *typing* it into the empty space was beyond my grasp! I picked up pen and paper and wrote out the password in longhand. My handwriting seemed normal, but only as long as it didn't involve a keyboard. If it did, my hands were useless.

With persistence, I brought my left hand to heel, and regained most of the use of the right ... but it would do strange things. Type a word by touch and it *felt* right, but I could see that the fingers of the left hand only repeated the same letter – “d d d d d d” or “s s s s s s,” as though stuttering.

At that point there was no other conclusion but that something was dreadfully wrong with *me* ... not the computer.

I began to pack the things I would need at the hospital and called the social worker's office downstairs for assistance. Within the hour, I was in the emergency clinic at St. Joseph's, where I began a very, very long night. I can't complain about the wait, really. The staff was overwhelmed with the nightly carnage, as usual, and on top of everything else the place was under lockdown because the flu was sweeping the premises.

As soon as time could be found for me, I was subjected to numerous tests. Blood flowed freely. Actually, not so freely. From the beginning, there was difficulty hitting veins in my arms, a persistent theme throughout my stay at St. Joe's. By the time I would be released, my right arm would be

nearly clear of bruises, but my right arm as black and blue as though it had been beaten with a truncheon. Once my blood was on its way to the lab, I was processed through a CAT scanner, and then wired to an ECG to record my cardiac rhythms. Several times that night, I filled out questionnaires about my medications, lifestyle and vile habits several times that night, and saw about 17 doctors ... none more than once or twice. Finally, With nothing more that could be done until a bed was open for me, I was parked in a wheelchair in the hall to spend rest of the night ... and half the next day.

Sometime before daylight, I woke from a doze to discover my friend Steven poking me in the ribs. He had gotten the message through the email trail I had left the previous night, but was unable to respond sooner. Although there was little he could do at that point, he kept me company for much of the following morning, and would play a pivotal role in following days.

After Steven left, my next stop was the examination area where they had a temporary bed for me. I was hooked up to irksome telemetry that had to be removed whenever I needed to use a washroom. The exam room was noisy and lit all night, and I was only separated from other patients by cloth curtains. On one side of me a man intermittently, begged in pain-slurred English, to be forgiven for something ... over and over again, most of the night. A pair of earplugs were offered to me as the only remedy. I waited there for another 12 hours or so, doing my best to veg through the time. By then, I had been without food for a good deal more than 24 hours, except for a turkey sandwich one of the nurses got for me. It's all too blurry to really be sure.

Doctors came and went, each with theories but none with answers. One shift followed another, and to my consternation one of the nurses spied my bedside fan and asked crossly, who said I could have that? I was surprised because St. Joe's is always too hot for comfort – even the nurses say so – and the cooling breeze kept me from slipping into outright despair. No one had ever complained about it until *this* nurse! She stated that such equipment had to be authorized by some shadowy biometrics board first ... I couldn't just plug what I liked into the hospital's highly scientific electrical sockets! She went off in a huff to consult her "board," I guess. But at least she didn't unplug my fan.

Then, finally, I had a room! First things first, I plugged in my fan. Although I had a dozen different nurses watching over me the next few days, not one complained about the fan. In fact, one or two thought it was a great idea, as did one of my fellow inmates, who wanted to know whether he could buy one like it in the gift shop! I guess authority goes to different people's heads differently.

The room was shared by two older men, both of whom turned to be rather noisy, particularly the "Zombie." He sometimes shouted in the middle of the night, "Come here, come here," when he suddenly took a fancy that he shouldn't be in bed, and wished to wander out into the street in the middle of the night in his hospital gown. The other fellow wasn't a real nuisance, since he grasped such fine distinctions as night and day, and winter weather, and mostly kept to himself. But he talked on the phone half the day in a loud voice that had only one vowel – "Huhn." He had consonants, and you could follow his conversation – though I would much rather I couldn't. Reproducing the sound of it would be impossible, but it was a little like, "Nuh... nuh... uh didn't suh thut. I didn't suh thut. Nuh! Nuh lustun tuh muh. Nuh. Nuuhhh!" Judging from how often he said "nuh" in these conversations, he seemed argumentative. Actually, he was rather friendly when we spoke. That was, fortunately, not all that much, since I preferred my privacy to lively chats with perfect strangers. I still had the earplugs, and cherished them during those long, eerie nights when some nameless lost soul was screaming down the hall.

Strange to say, I gradually grew to be quite at home. It's easy to get used to lying around in bed all day, with your meals brought to you, the dishes cleaned up, no need to dress, and reading for long periods between bouts of blameless drowsing. Had the meals been better, I might even have enjoyed it.

But the meals were what they were, unfortunately. Breakfasts were best – I have learned to appreciate crisp breakfast cereal with a minimum of milk, along with scrambled eggs, roll and butter, wedge of Cheddar cheese, fruit cup, juice and hot coffee. Nothing on the breakfast menu is special, I grant. I appreciated the variety, however.

Lunch and dinners were more problematic for some reason, starting with the irrational insistence St. Joe's had about serving me tea. Now, I know some people like tea. I don't *hate* it. But, like most people, I prefer coffee. However, St. Joe's only service tea for lunch and dinner. They said they could change my menu, but they never did. It wasn't that the coffee was good, either – because it wasn't. It was some of the worst swill I've allowed down me gulliver, thank you. Wouldn't you think that, as a matter of principle, the hospital should be serving the more popular coffee twice, and the minority choice, tea, only once? One suspects that the reason is that moldy tea is 14 cents a pound cheaper than stale coffee, or something like that.

Lunch and dinner menus varied. I approached all the over-boiled Birdseye vegetables with a wary eye. The Shepherd's Pie was a surprising treat – I'd never see it made with pureed beef before, but it was rather tasty. The ravioli entry was peculiar, and not at all satisfying. The beef stew was mostly edible, but nearly a quarter of the precious calories allotted to me were a lump of indigestible, rubbery gristle. Nothing I was served, however, actually made my gorge rise except the generic mac and cheese. It wasn't genuine macaroni, baked with real cheese, of course. But it wasn't authentic Kraft Dinner, either. Instead of fluorescent orange, the grub-like pasta lay in a thin sauce of vaguely grey-pinkish colour. That was when I knew that I really had to have a donut, a bag of chips or a pizza as soon as I was allowed out.

By and large, I was reconciled with the vagaries of hospital food – I had been here before. I had eaten in-flight meals, as well, so there was nothing new there.

By far the biggest problem I had during this stay at St. Joe's was probably the telemetry they monitored me with. At least I was not wired directly to the wall, as I was in Emergency, and unable to leave the bed until disconnected by a nurse. In the regular ward, the telemetry was Wi-Fi. It was still a bundle of wires as tangled as a Medusa's head, but they connected to a portable, battery-powered unit that weighed only a couple of pounds. Convenient though that sounds, convenience is a relative matter. When your shackles must lie beside you in bed no matter how you twist or turn, and hang around your neck wherever you go – even into the loo for necessary business – you realize that convenience is a relative judgment. It is *not* especially convenient to hang a two-pound bag around your neck while holding a floppy hospital gown aside and aiming at a toilet! Even so, I got the hang of it after a few day's practice. I learned when it was best to hang the works from my neck or over my shoulder, when to shuck the gown entirely, and when to curse and just let the leads pop off and dangle.

The real problem was that the cables attached to small metal electrodes that stuck to your skin ... but the adhesive pads just would *not* stick! I must have suffered a hundred times from the indignity of the nurse removing pads that were hanging by a single strand of stickum, or had migrated anywhere

from nipple to pubes ... only to have the same damn pad fall off again a minute later. They just would *not* stay on! And yet, each one managed to leave a residue of goo that I was still washing off days later. The odd time when an adhesive pad proved to have some longevity, the clip holding the cable to the metal nipple would simply spring off. I asked again and again if there was any need to go on collecting the same telemetry, day after day, but the doctors kept at it ... and it was as well they did, as it developed. It saved me a nasty procedure in the end.

The electrodes for telemetry were not the only problem during the eight days I stayed at St. Joe's. From the start, the nurses were having trouble finding veins. It is standard procedure to prepare the patient for IV, in case of emergency. This normally consists of a thin, plastic, hypodermic tube inserted into the vein, with a reusable head into which medication can be injected or blood taken. It is a less invasive process than it perhaps sounds, and it was performed on my left arm with near-total success. The nurse only had to probe back and forth to find the vein two or three times ... but from that point, things began to go very wrong.

The next day, when an attempt was made to draw blood from the handy IV that had been installed, nothing happened. No blood. They injected saline fluids, pumped back and forth, bathed the vein in alcohol and massaged it externally, but nothing would draw blood from that god-damned vein ... which, as you can imagine, was becoming more and more sore from all the mistreatment. They finally gave up and began abusing the other arm, which by midweek was also black and blue.

With the failure of the IV, they decided to move that to my right arm, too. It seemed ill-advised to me, but they stuck the needle into a difficult-to-see vein in the back of my hand, then taped it as securely as they could. Unfortunately, the nurse doing the work made the elementary mistake of believing that the more tape, the better it sticks. This is not so. Only that tape that touches your skin actually sticks to you. Tape on top of tape only adds weight, for no added adhesion. When the nurse finished up, I decided that I might as well visit the loo before settling in for another couple of hours dozing or reading.

Everything went well up until the time I finished my business on the john and was reaching down to pull up my hospital gown. I noticed with a start that there was blood spurting, and spotting the blue cotton gown with startling red! There was blood all over the tile floor too, and it was running down my hand from ... from the IV implant that *wasn't there* anymore! I saw it on the ground, half under the soiled gown.

First things first; I wadded up toilet paper, and pressed it hard against the back of my wrist to staunch the flow of blood. Next, I separated my pants from the bloody gown and spattered gore on the floor. I drew my pants up, secured the damn telemetry around my neck and left the bathroom to call a nurse. For once, there was an almost instant response, allowing me to make a an oh-so-casual



statement – “You might want to clean up a bit in there before anyone else uses it.” To drive home the point, I held up a naked right hand where the IV no longer was. As far as I could tell, the IV had not lasted above three minutes. There were no more attempts to fit me with another one.

I believe Steven’s visits went some way to preserving my sanity. As well as that first night and morning, Steven dropped by at least twice, and among other things he loaned me a spare cell phone with some paid time on it. Using the phone, I was able to contact a small number of people who needed to know where I was and what had happened. Steven also agreed to bring me a few items from my apartment that I needed, but which had been overlooked in the rush to get me to Emergency.

Therein lies a story within a story. Steven had a pair of my spare keys, given to him for such emergencies. But as he approached my building and prepared to park, someone on one of the lower floors of 245 Dunn, all the way across the street, began screeching. At first, he didn’t know who the woman was screaming at, but then it sunk in that she was hollering her head off at *him!* She seemed to be accusing him of ramming her parked car, but when he looked around, there was plenty of clearance both behind and front of his Elanta. He hadn’t felt any bumper-to-bumper contact, either. Yet, there was a crazy-lady screaming at him about damaging her car! It didn’t seem likely he’d come off the better for getting into a shouting match with a crazy-lady, so Steven exercised the better part of discretion. Having been unable to fetch my necessities, he made good by stopping off at a convenience store to buy reading glasses, nail clippers, pens and a notebook to write in, and other things I needed.

When Steven told me his story, we speculated that maybe the crazy-lady was trying to chase him from a parking spot she wanted for a visitor. Then again, she may have just been nuts – even though most of the tenants are sedate old grannies with cats, crazy-ladies are not unknown in my building.

I think I was most grateful for the reading glasses. They were a well-made, horn-rimmed model, much nicer than the cheap wire-frame things I buy at Dollarama – so, even though they did make me look more like Buddy Holly than I cared for. I was thankful to have them. I had had the foresight to bring a small library of non-canonical Holmes to re-read, but after nearly two days without correction, my eyes were badly strained. I could not have read much longer without the glasses.

The pens and paper served a quite different purpose. Since I had had a minor stroke, I was concerned about the possibility I had lost some cognitive abilities. So far as I could tell, I had not. But though I could read, talk and write fluently, I had clearly experienced difficulty with a keyboard. I had not been able to put my ability to draw to a satisfactory test before I was hustled off to St. Joe’s emergency ward. The writing pad Steven brought me was not ideal for drawing, but it was large and stiff enough to hold properly while I drew in it. Happily, if my drawing was impaired in any way, I couldn’t see it.

But I was still in the dark as to whether I would face a problem with the computer when I got home. Fat lot of good being able to tell a story or draw a picture if the computer (and the Internet) was now a closed door!

At this point, all that remains of my story are the medical facts and the aftermath of my little “vacation.”

In the past, I have had ECG tests many times, and they had produced no irregularities. As far as my cardiologist could say, there was nothing wrong with heart. Yet there was no question that my heart was the source of the tiny clots that had migrated to my brain over the previous few weeks, causing mischief. The doctors presiding over my case decided in mid-week to insert a cable down my throat and into my stomach, to ultrasound the heart from the inside. But I could not be scheduled for the procedure immediately. I had to wait for an opening in the OR schedule. That meant I would have to fill a bed in room 24M for at least a few *more* days, waiting. The cardiologist said he would recommend full anesthesia, not just putting me half-out as usual. Damn right, I thought! I wasn't looking forward to being half-conscious while something like a garden hose was snaked down my gullet. At the end of the week, however, I was given some unexpected good news.

Although all that telemetry had been a pain in the neck, in the long run it paid off. A couple of hundred hours of recording my heart rhythms finally revealed an intermittent fibrillation.

I somewhat surprised the doctor, I think, but knowing pretty much exactly what this meant. "This valve here," I said, pointing to her sketch, "is not working right, and the disturbed flow of blood damages the red blood cells, which clot and create thromboses?" In a word, yes. So we finally knew what had been the cause of the mini-strokes (yes, there had been others I hadn't known about). This was good news, because it meant I didn't need to have my innards probed and could be allowed home that very afternoon!

About time, too. While I had brought a small library of books to read, they were down to the final whodunnit.

There was nothing to be done about the arrhythmia, or atrial fibrillation, nor was it serious in itself. It was too intermittent to be troubling. However, I would need to take blood thinners from now on. On top of the two I take for Myasthenia gravis, and the three for blood pressure and cholesterol, and the diuretics I had so recently been put on again, that was a lot of prescription medication! Fortunately, I live in a civilized country where lives are more important than every man hoarding for himself. Yet another lucky break was that the blood thinners were mere pills, taken twice a day. In the hospital, they had administered blood thinners with a hypodermic in the abdomen. I preferred that, actually, to the mess they had made of my arms ... but swallowing pills was much to be preferred.

It gets better. In a follow-up appointment with the cardiologist, a week later, she advanced the possibility that all my problems of the last two years or so might be tied together. Now that I take blood thinners, I may see the last of the edema in my legs and suffocating fluids retained in my lungs and around the heart. And in time, I may breathe well enough to sleep on my back again, like a normal person. So, it seems I have not only come through a stroke of sorts with no apparent damage, my life may measurably improve in the future.

I returned home by cab on Saturday, at St. Joseph's expense. When I left home, eight days before, I had been forced to leave my apartment keys with the social workers from the support group downstairs. I hadn't wanted to, but they needed to lock up behind me. At least, so I had thought. In the confusion while I was hoisted onto a gurney, there were two paramedics, the social workers on night shift, and finally a team from the fire department all milling around in the hall. I missed the crucial act of one of the social workers slipping my keys into my bag while my attention was divided. Before coming home, I had, fortunately, borrowed my spare keys back from Steven, so I was able to

get into my apartment. It was 48 hours before I could find someone in the social workers' office who knew where the original set was, with the all-important, nearly irreplaceable digital lobby door and mailbox keys.



Once I had those keys, I was astonished by how much mail had accumulated during my absence. Usually, there is little harvest but junk mail from week to week, but this time I found a bumper crop. There were a couple of late Christmas cards, a fanzine or two, the most recent mailing of *Rowrbrazzle*, a government rebate check for seventy bucks and Bob Wilson's latest novel, *Last Year*. I should get this much mail every week – but usually it's just Bell or Rogers trying to sell me faster Internet service, or cable TV.

The main thing was that I was home, and had made a beginning to sort out the mess left behind by the emergency. The remaining slices of sandwich meat in the fridge had to go right into the garbage, before they applied for resident status, but my Brussels sprouts still looked good. Even the left-over coffee in my pot was still infinitely better than what was served at St. Joe's ... even *eight days cold*. Vitally important, I've discovered my typing skills are restored ... I did have difficulty with the right little finger for a couple of days, but it was always weak, so it seems reasonable that it was the last to fully recover. So it seems my career as a fanzine editor and erstwhile author of non-commercial properties has not been nipped in the bud.

Last, and not least, I overindulged in pizza and junk food at the earliest opportunity ... just to drive the memory of all those boiled vegetables and bland carbs out of my mind, you understand. Some things must be done if a man is to live with himself, even if it kills him. It was amazing, too, how quickly I reverted to nocturnal habits after daylight hours had been forced on me. It took less than 36 hours to accomplish the switchover.

And now everything is back to normal ... not that my "normal" is all it's cracked up to be, but it sure beats breathing through forced-pressure tubes, telemetry dangling from your body, blood fountains and people listening for echoes with a hose down your stomach.

- Taral Wayne

There is a definite trend in fanzines where fans are writing more and more about their medical ailments, which frankly should not be surprising as we all continue to age and become even more decrepit. Sadly, this is how life goes. Being sick and/or infirm in one way or another is our new norm. Along with everybody else reading this fanzine, I am very glad that Taral is back home – again – to share his tales. In the meantime, first a short break, then it's back to yet more medical-type content. - editor

ALL KNOWLEDGE IS CONTAINED IN FANZINES DEPT.:

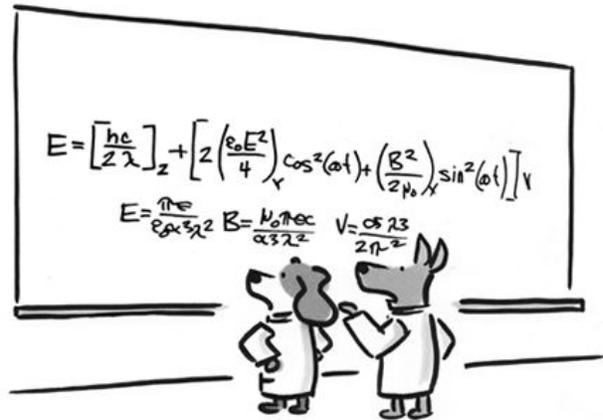
Canine Mathematics

- problem designed

by Jason Burnett

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"There it is. You forgot to convert to dog years."

I have a lot of math geeks among my friends. If you're not one of them - if you're someone who thinks the phrase "recreational mathematics" is an oxymoron - you can stop reading now and you won't miss anything.

Still here? OK. Don't say I didn't warn you.

I spend part of everyday outside, holding on to a leash and waiting for our dog to pee. And I've noticed that it seems like wherever I stand, whatever he finds most interesting will be outside the circle of where he can reach without me moving (other than turning in place). So I started working on a formula to find the radius of the circle my dog could reach without me moving. My first impulse was to add the length of my arm and the length of the leash, but I rapidly realized that this was only a very rough approximation. So I started refining the formula, and re-refining, and recognizing things I'd left out and revising again, and I think I've finally figured it out.

As far as I can tell, the formula for the radius r of the circle a dog can reach without the dog walker moving, other than to turn in place, is determined as follows:

$$r = 1/2w + \text{sqrt}((L1+L2)^2 - (H1-H2)^2)$$

where

w = width of the dog walker's shoulders

$L1$ = length of the dog walker's arm

$L2$ = length of the leash

$H1$ = height of dog walker's shoulder

$H2$ = height of the point of the leash's attachment to the dog's harness

Essentially, as one correspondent noted, this is "pretty much the base of a Pythagorean triangle, plus a little wiggle room." The $1/2w$ is because I'm rotating around the center of my body, not around my shoulder.

{At this point, one of Jason's friends on Facebook decided to weigh in on this matter. Here is the exchange of ideas copy-pasted from there. – editor}

[Miriam Rothermel](#) I was thinking about some of those variables, too. It's also variable if the angle between the arm and body is different from the angle of the leash, but, as they say in the astronomy world, it's a good first degree approximation.

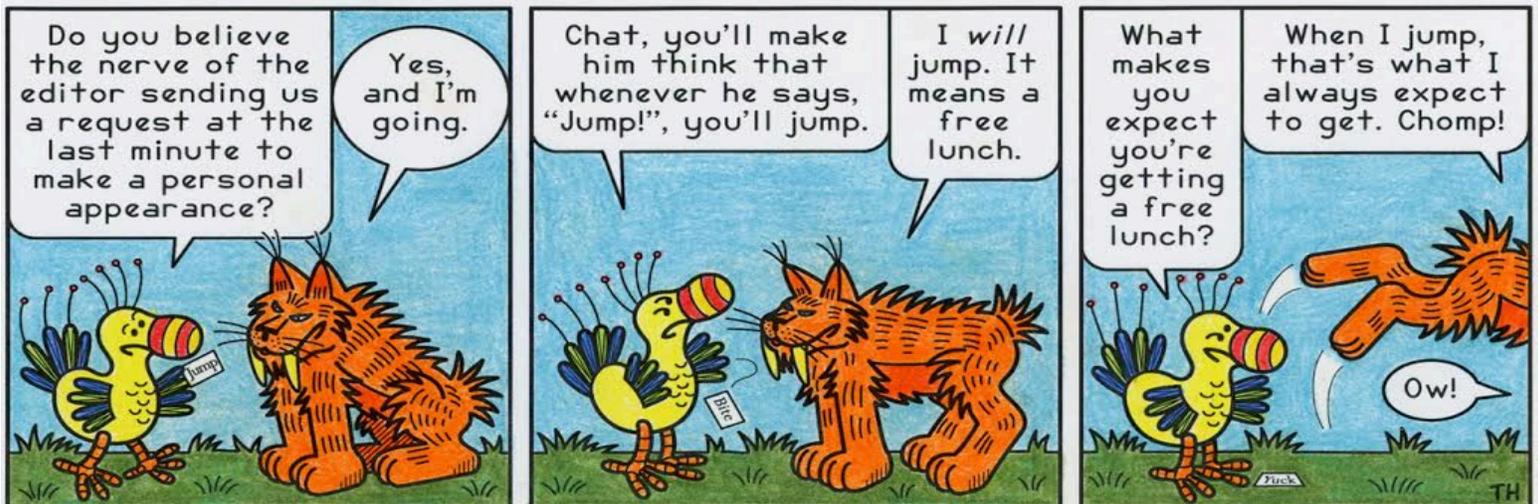
[Jason Burnett](#) When the dog is at the end of the leash because he's decided the Most Interesting Thing in the World is just outside the circle, my arm and the leash are pretty much a straight line. And that's a good point about collar vs harness - I suppose the radius would change some depending on the dog's body positioning.

[Miriam Rothermel](#) Perhaps you could take a couple of sticks with you to mark the maximum and your center. Then you can see how close you are to your calculation. Of course, you could also make things really fun and calculate your margin of error, and see if your actual measurement falls within that (now I'm getting carried away!).

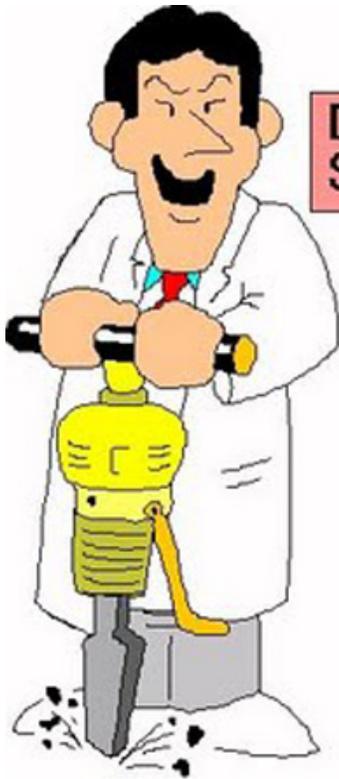
- Jason Burnett

{There is a part of me that is now wondering if some math wizard reading this fanzine will actually try to work this formula and publish the results. Stranger things have happened in fanzines, you know. – editor}

CHAT, the 4th Fannish Ghod by Teddy Harvia



**This fanzine supports Dublin in 2019.
Then again, that really should come as no surprise, since that bid is running unopposed for the World Science Fiction Convention that year.**



I Have no Teeth, and I must Eat

by John Purcell

Like many science fiction fans I am a collector. And like so many of us, books are my primary vice. And like some of us – perhaps quite a few – I have multiple collections, such as old coins, Marvin the Martian collectibles, pulp magazines, and Beatles calendars. Well, everybody needs a hobby. Unfortunately, over the past few years I have been

collecting something that I really am not proud of; in fact, I am downright disgusted and appalled at how thoroughly I have accumulated this particular collection: holes in my mouth.

I do not recommend this as an avocation nor hobby interest. The simple fact is that I inherited bad teeth from my father, and since it is way too late to now return these genes (dad passed away in 1988), I was stuck with teeth that, well, didn't want to stick in my mouth any longer. Shortly before turning 60, my teeth started chipping and cracking and breaking apart into pieces, gradually turning my mouth into the world's smallest golf course. I knew that I would have to grin and bear it because I knew that dentures were the only solution. Dad, after all, had dentures by the time he was in his forties, so I guess I lasted longer than he did due to the improved fluoridation of water supplies and improved dental health care since the 1930s.

And so it came to pass that I finally broke down and went to our new dentist – Modern Dentistry on the south side of College Station, Texas – on Monday, December 19, 2016. The goal was to get the entire shebang taken care of before the next semester began on January 17th, but the earliest the oral surgeon could book my procedure was on Wednesday morning of January 25th. Ugh! The middle of the second week of classes. Oh, well. I had to bite the bullet and book it for 7:30 AM on that day. I was told that the procedure would take about three hours or so total, and that someone had to be there to drive me home afterwards. That honor fell to my darling wife, Valerie,



and I will be honest with all y'all, I am most definitely glad she was there that day. In the meantime, my mouth was fully x-rayed on December 19th, molds for both sets of dentures (upper and lower) were cast and made, then the week before surgery Modern Dentistry called and said that my new teeth had arrived, and "no food or drink 8 hours prior to the procedure" because I would be completely anesthetized. At least that was a plus. Remember, I had hoped to have all of this done between semesters, but all was shot down by the oral surgeon's schedule. Like I said, this was all happening on a Wednesday morning during the second week of the semester. **sigh** Well, at least it was early in the term, so once the appointment was made I lined up a sub for three days, which eventually needed two more days.

We got there on the appropriate day at the required time, did all the paperwork, and I was brought back to the ~~medieval torture chamber~~ surgical room at about 8:15 AM. Once again, the entire procedure was reviewed, an IV was inserted into my right forearm, Valerie kissed my forehead, left the room, and the next thing I knew I was blinking awake. My mouth was stuffed with five pounds of gauze, so talking was definitely out of the question. Undeterred, I took my cellphone out of my pocket and snapped off a few selfies while still in the dentist's chair. (See the middle picture on the next page.) Soon a dental assistant came in and changed out the thick wad of gauze, by now thoroughly blood-soaked, and with the aid of the dentist inserted the new dentures, packing them in place with another five pounds of gauze. Yes, all this hurt, especially when they pulled my lips back to jam the gauze in place, especially since this was



about the time the Novocain and anesthesia began to wear off. I guess I was lucky that the lower half of my face was completely numb, but I knew that would not last. This would be hell, I knew. If they wanted the information, I would probably have given out a complete diagram to Buckingham palace thanks to their torturous efforts.

Ten minutes or so later the dental assistant removed the second mouthful of packing, and she asked me to say the number fifty. "Fffphiptsthy," I splurtered, a shower of

blood spraying out in the process. Back in went another five pounds of gauze, and was told to say seated. Not a problem. My head felt and looked like I had gone five rounds with Mike Tyson.

Eventually I was deemed recovered enough that Valerie was allowed back in, then I climbed out of the chair and staggered out, looking like a gagged Frankenstein monster.

The worst part of recovery was the first few days. My jaw was massively swollen, I had to keep changing the gauze in my mouth – by Wednesday evening I was down to jamming in less than two pounds of gauze – and couldn't eat or drink a damned thing. Basically I mostly slept the rest of that day and night, which the cats loved. The snuggled on my lap, in the crook of my arms, across the legs, on top of the

pillow... anywhere they found a soft, warm spot. Unlike the abdominal surgery I went through in May of 1999 – see “By the Numbers” in *Challenger #35* (2012) for that story – there was no freshly stitched line of staples for a fat cat to jump on, so the furry feline fellowship was welcome. They kept me company while I cold-packed the swelling, swallowed medication, and waited for the bruising on my face and neck to go away. You can see some of the bruising in the picture on the far right below.

I was finally able to return to work exactly one week after the surgery, and my neck looked like the choke marks on the Atlanta Falcons neck on Sunday evening of February 5, 2017. (Super Bowl joke. Sorry about that. Look up the box score on the Internet.) My students were saying, “Ooh, that looks nasty!” When a colleague saw me later that first day back at work, he didn’t know the story, and asked, “Good heavens! What happened to you?” I followed Curt Phillips’ suggestion and answered, “Fight Club.”

Needless to say I can’t eat a damned thing. Well, sort of. For the immediate future –as I write this, it’s been three weeks since the Morning of Doom – I am on a liquid and soft food diet, which has had a not unexpected weight loss result. This is not a recommended plan for losing weight, understand, but I have lost five pounds in three weeks. On February 20th is the follow-up appointment, and I have to admit it is getting a lot easier to pop these new chompers in and out of my mouth, and I’ll probably lose another pound or two by then. But, man, do I miss grilling and eating a masterfully grilled steak, pork chops, ribs, chicken, or something else. These days the smell of a neighbor’s barbecue is sheer torture. **sigh** So it goes. I say this as I morosely gaze at the 3.5 ounce peach yogurt cup before me. **double-sigh**

On the other hand, I am heartened by the thought of being a svelte, dapperly dressed gentleman with a dazzling smile at the Helsinki WorldCon in August. That bodes well for presenting at the Hugo Awards ceremony. You might want to hear sunglasses when I smile.



From this...

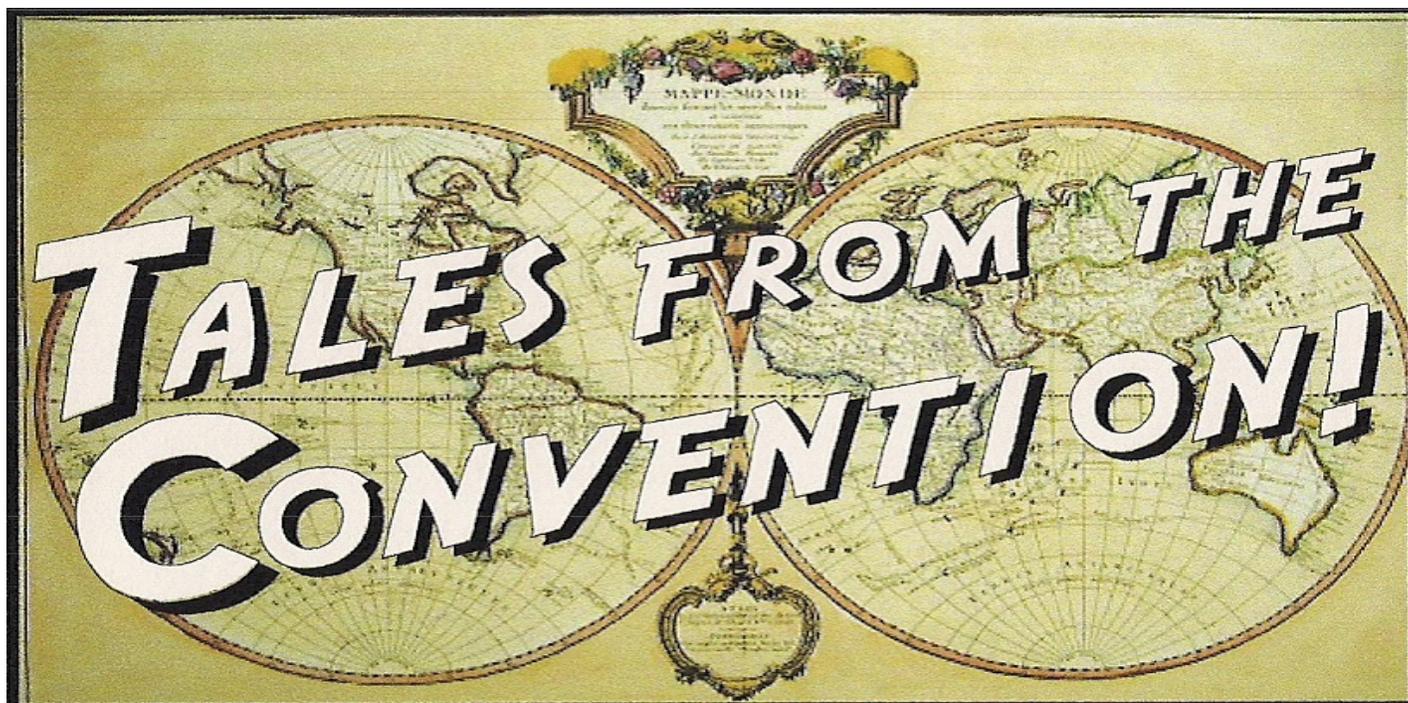


...to this...



...to this.

Vote John Purcell for TAFF! Admire his new teeth. Be entranced by his personality.
Be grateful it didn’t happen to you.



by Lloyd Penney

13 - Our Best Parties Ever

In 2000, Yvonne and I were on the Toronto in 2003 Worldcon bid committee. We'd been tossing around the idea of a Toronto Worldcon bid since 1987, and now, it was finally organized and happening, and it was exciting.

We'd had various responsibilities on the committee, but our biggest job was coming up fast. We were in charge of the last bid parties at Chicon 2000.

We knew that we had some advantages in the race for the 2003 Worldcon, and one of them was beer. Canadian beer usually has a percentage more alcohol than American beer, and sometimes, a lot more. We were counting on that, so we contacted as many Canadian fans as we could, and asked them to make the Toronto bid a national bid...with that in mind, we asked them to bring a 6, 12 or 24 of their favorite local microbrew to Chicago with them, and donate it to the bid party. Oh, man, did they ever...

We had the equipment and the station wagon to transport it all from Toronto to Chicago. We transported so much beer in the car, we thought there might have been more alcohol in the car than gasoline. After the check-in to an enormous party room, we started setting up, and laying out all our equipment.

One night was deli, and thanks to a young friend who drew on his own lowledge of what a good deli tray looked like, the most beautiful deli trays simply poured out into the party room. (Man, did we ever get good deals from Fay Kerr's, the deli underneath the hotel! Let's say we bought in bulk, and we were suddenly their best customer.) The next night was sweets, and we gave everyone a sugar reaction they never forgot. We also handed out carbonated flavoured waters with gelatin globules that made it look like you were drinking a lava lamp. People never forgot those, either.

Most of all, it was the beer. Our car brought 12 cases, other members of the committee brought more cases, our sponsorship committee got Molson Breweries to donate 13 cases, 23 if we wanted. In the prep room close by, we chilled beer as quickly as we could, and brought it out to the bar in the party room. More and more people arrived, and they brought beer, and more beer, and even more beer. We stacked cases against the wall, and as more beer came in, the stack took on a Fuji-like shape, and grew taller and taller. Eventually, we bowed deeply to Mount Brew as we took in more beer, chilled more beer, and served it at the party.

The third and final party served up more sweets and more deli, and more and more beer. The partiers invaded by the hundreds, and possibly the thousand, but eventually the thirsty throats and porous livers of a Worldcon of fans realized that they could not drink us dry. We gave cases to parties down the hallway. There were Worldcon and NASFiC bidders for other years, and we delivered beer to them. That year saw the first year of bidding for the Japanese fans, and we delivered two cases of beer to them. They bowed deeply, and gave us Kirin and saki in return. (We were using cloth strips with provincial and national flags printed on them as armbands to indicate the person wearing it was working with us...they quickly became headbands to give to the Japanese fans, and we made some close friends that day.)

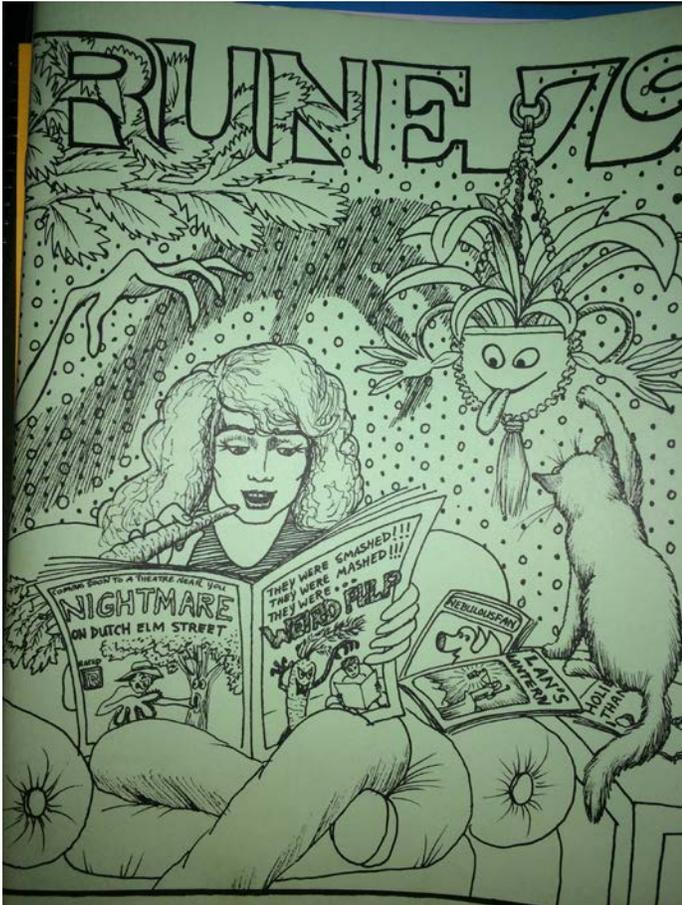
The final party was done, the equipment was being picked up and cleaned, and we consolidated all our leftover beer. We estimated that we received from the committee, our sponsor and our pre-supporters close to 1800, possibly 2000 cans and bottles of assorted beers and other brews from across Canada. And, the crowds left us with nine whole cases leftover. We loaded it all onto our handcart (we brought a lot of equipment along), and trudged off to the con suite. (A nearby party handed us back a case of beer we gave them the previous night, but couldn't hand out. That made ten cases. The con suite was going to get a nice surprise.)

The guy in charge of the con suite at Chicon was named Bear. Our reward for walking in with ten cases of beer was a classic doubletake, and a swig or two from a jug labeled Potcheen. Cleaned out my sinuses, that stuff did...

Those parties were the greatest parties we ever threw, before or since. They ate everything in sight, but they couldn't drink us dry. Our reward for all of that hard work? A Worldcon in Toronto, and the opportunity to tell stories like this one.

- Lloyd Penney

**This fanzine supports New Zealand for 2020.
And no, I have no plans to run for DUFF that year.
Yet.**



FANZINE REVIEWS

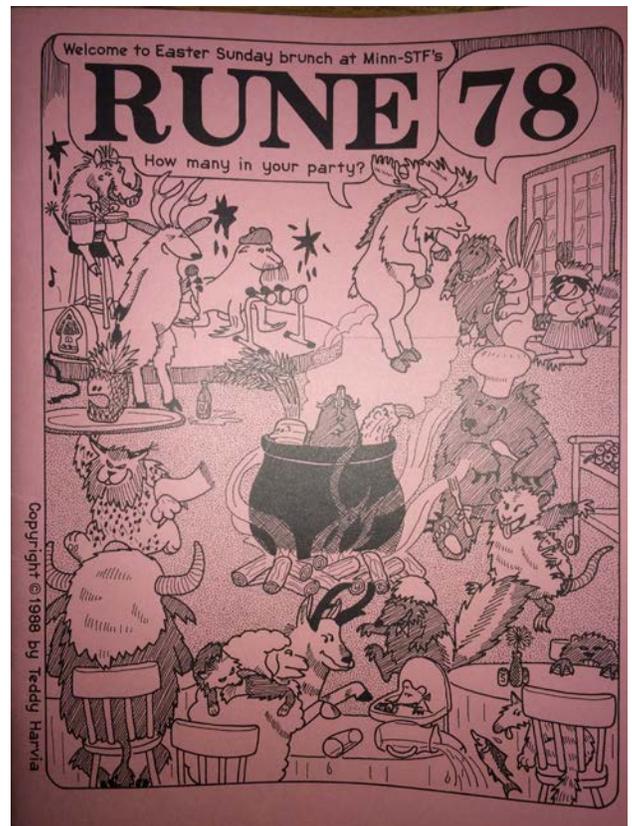
When this particular issue was started I had no idea what I was going to write about in this section. Fortunately, the fhannish ghods have rendered judgement in my favor by presenting a worthy topic for consideration. See, besides receiving the occasional paper fanzine in the mailbox – yes, Virginia, there are still some of us old pharts willing to go through the trouble and expense of producing Dead Tree Fanzines and mailing them out – I received two large mailing envelopes from Baron David Romm in Minneapolis, Minnesota. I knew one of these was coming because on Facebook Dave had mentioned

in the Fan History Group that he was in the process of cleaning out old boxes of fanzines (old as in mid to late 1980s) and offered to send any of these zines to interested parties. Naturally, I said I was very interested to get some of them, and Dave obliged a week later with not just one batch of zines, but two batches. If you're an astute reader and using your critical thinking skills, you have probably now figured out I am going to talk about these fanzines.

The net result of Dave Romm's *largesse* was a string of five consecutive issues of *Rune*, the clubzines of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc. (a.k.a., Minn-stf). Now back in the day – notably the 1970s and 1980s – *Rune* was probably the best-known clubzine being published at that time. It wasn't alone in this regard, due to other well known clubzines in existence, like *de Profundis* and *Shangri-La-Faires* (from the Los Angeles SF Society), *Smart Ash* (the Chimneyville, Arkansas SF club), and of course *Tightbeam* from the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F), plus many others whose names I simply have either forgotten or just don't care to waste time and space listing them all. Trust me: sf clubs publish club-oriented fanzines, hence the proper noun clubzines. But it's time to get back to this batch of *Runes* Dave Romm sent.

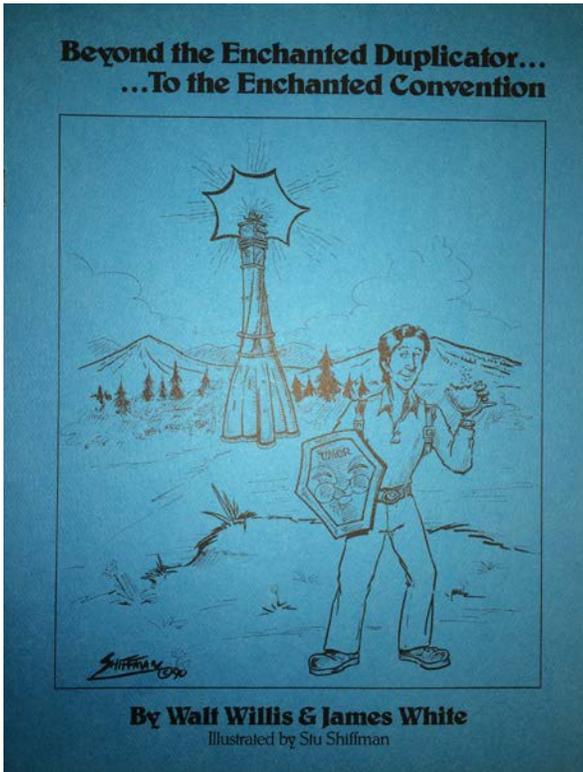
This batch is the output of the editorial team of Dave Romm and Jeanne Mealy; together they produced five issues (Volume 13, numbers 1-5, whole numbers 76 to 80) of impeccable reproduction quality. They date from August 1987 to December of 1989, which sounds about right because the Minn-stf Constitution requires that the clubzine's editorial helm is maintained for only two years. Technically, *Rune* was a quarterly zine, but as is always the case with fanzines, the actual publication rate was varied, usually falling on that stand-by schedule of Real Soon Now.

The really good thing that Dave Romm and Jeanne Mealy did while editing *Rune*, which previous editors had championed as well, was to get as many members of the club involved in the production of the club's official publication. Heck, that makes sense. So looking through each of these five issues is like conducting a role call of members. The really incredible thing that I noticed while flipping through these issues with an admittedly nostalgic eye is how many talented artists Minn-stf possessed. For example, club members who produced cover art of the issues I received are Ken Fletcher (#76), David Egge (#77), Kathy Marschall (#79), and I don't know if the cover artist of the 80th issue, Robert Pasternak, is or was a member of Minn-stf at that time. The cover artist for the issue of *Rune* #78 pictured here is Teddy Harvia, who is from Texas, but has been tied to *Rune* for so long he might as well be a member.



The contents continue this trend. Contributions are from active members like David Emerson (a former *Rune* editor), Sue Grandys (whose series of “Barbarian Guides” are hilarious reading), club minutes transcribed by Denny Lien, and assorted articles from the likes of Eric Heideman, Nate Bucklin, Val Lies, Chuck Holst (another former editor), Terry Garey, Elise Kuger, Sharon Khan, and so on, including myself (an article I wrote about fanzines produced by Minneapolis fans during the 1980s). It is an interesting cross section of the varied interests of Minn-stf club members, and the tone was usually light-hearted and fun. Perhaps this was an effort to continue the fannish bozoidness of the Fred Haskell and Lee Pelton-Carol Kennedy era *Runes*, but that can be debated. In fact, Dave Romm mentions in the letter column of the 80th issue that he had never read any of the Haskell-era *Runes*. I agree with Dave that the issue that he and Jeanne produced should be judged on their own merits, and they are definitely well done. The problem that so many long-term *Rune* readers, including myself, faced is that we were so smitten by the Bozo Bus era *Runes* (from 1973 to 1978, roughly) that we were spoiled. Very simple, I am afraid. Despite that tough act to follow, these five issues of *Rune* that Dave Romm and Jeanne Mealy produced are wonderful, and I am extremely grateful that Dave send these to me. This is a great encapsulation of what Minn-stf was like during the end of the 1980s.

The other fanzine that Dave sent was a special production from the then-Minneapolis fan, Geri Sullivan. This is the sequel to the famed fannish opus by Walt Willis and Bob Shaw, *The Enchanted Duplicator*, first written way the heck back in 1954. This time Geri enlisted the help of one of science fiction's best fan artists, Stu Shiffman, to illustrate *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator...To the Enchanted Convention*, again written by legendary fans Walt Willis and Bob Shaw. This is what I call a work of love. Seriously, it doesn't get any better than this.



At this point it really pays to be honest. I am a dyed-in-the-wool fanzine fan, and I truly enjoy reading the classic fan and faanish literature of the past. Any fanzine fan who is serious about this hobby interest really needs to have read certain publications from our past, among these being *The Enchanted Duplicator*, *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* by Francis Tower Laney, *Up to Now* by Jack Speer, and the fan history books by Harry Warner, Jr., *All Our Yesterdays* and *A Wealth of Fable*, and Sam Moskowitz's *The Immortal Storm*. Except for *The Enchanted Duplicator*, the rest of these are fan histories. However, by reading *TED* and *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator...To the Enchanted Convention*, a fan can appreciate the myth-making that makes up science fiction fandom's past.

For what it is worth, If you can wrangle a copy of this particular labor of love out of Dave Romm, do so. I highly recommend it. This is an example of fanzine writing and

production at its zenith. Kudos to Geri Sullivan, the late great Stu Shiffman, and everyone involved in creating this fanzine. I love it, and I believe most of you will too.

John Purcell, man of a thousand expressions



John receives a letter of comment



John grieves for the Norwegian Blue



John welcomes you to the fanzine lounge.



John sings you a soulful ballad



John is losing control of the ship



John finds out that Helsinki isn't in Texas.

From the Hinterlands



Due to my involvement in this year's TAFF race, destination, the Helsinki, Finland, WorldCon, all fillo art scattered throughout the loccol is comprised of the various TAFF campaign memes created by my "creative team" of Jim Mowatt, Nic Farey, Ro Nagey, and myself. For what it's worth, keep in mind that the voting deadline is fast approaching: midnight of March 4th, 2017. So in roughly two weeks or thereabouts the final results shall be revealed. In advance, I thank everybody for their support, and that whomever becomes the TAFF delegate to Helsinki, may that person have a grand time.



Ian Millsted
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November 20, 2016

I enjoyed Tara Wayne's piece on awards. While I tend to the view that most awards are silly, from the Oscars on down, I still follow what happens with them. The Hugo, and others, help inform us of what is going on in a certain section of the sf world. I'm not a Hugo voter in 2016 or 2017 but I would have voted for Steve Stiles. A magazine I sometimes write for, *Back Issue*, recently had an article that included some art Steve did for Marvel UK way back. Someone else wrote that, but it may be of interest to some of your readers.

This fanzine supports the fan funds. Without the support of people like thee and me, TAFF, DUFF, CUFF, GUFF, and FFANZ would disappear. On behalf of everybody involved in these worthy endeavours, I thank you.

It's a while since I read *Starship Troopers*, but my recollection is that I thought at the time that Heinlein was riffing on ideas from the classical Greek societies of Athens and Sparta for his ideas of citizenship.

JOHN PURCELL: HE DELIVERS!



You've succeeded in making me curious enough to and check out *Fugghead* as soon as I get the chance.

Sports. Ah. I'm not nationalistic by nature, which given political events this year would seem to place me in the minority, but sports is one outlet where I cheer on team GB/England. Sometimes that has been a dispiriting experience but this summer's Olympics held my attention all the more as the Brits did quite nicely, thank you.

Great art throughout.

Ian

{Thank you for the kind words about the artwork lastish. () I tend to agree with you*

about awards in general in that I follow them – sort of – and do follow certain ones of interest more closely, such as the Hugos and the FAAns. This is mostly because I personally know so many people who are nominated in the categories. When it gets personal like that, I think people tend to be more involved with the award process.}



Richard Dengrove
2651 Arlington Drive #302
Alexandria, VA 22306

December 14, 2016

Once again, my response to *Askance* is very late. The one I am commenting on is *Askance* 36 dated March 2016. Nine months late. I do apologize. I have an excuse, though. I am always busy with the zines I have been commenting on for a long time; and have less time for later correspondents. Made less still because I am obsessive compulsive about the wording I use. If you don't publish my letter, I will very much understand. I will do other reminding as well. I will have to be sure to remind you of the passages I'm talking about in my comments.

Let us go from apologies to the subject of racism, which we shouldn't apologize for. It's a very touchy subject. I'm going to get a lot of flack for my remarks on Mark Oshiro's article. I suspect there is such a thing as being too gung ho about racism. If he is as assiduous in rooting out 'racism' in his daily life as he was in that article, I am sure a lot of people wouldn't want him at their table. Anyway is what he sees as

racism racism? Some of what he sees as racism sounds more like self-indulgence. Certainly that was the case with the woman who wanted to have sex. Other acts he considers racism sound more like ignorance. When you criticize people for words they use, it may be they just haven't kept up. For instance, calling Native Americans Indians. Shouldn't everyone know by now not to refer to Native Americans as Indians? Maybe but maybe not. Apparently, most Native Americans, when polled about the name "Washington Redskins," didn't object to it.

Such is what I have to say about Mark's article. This is what I have to say about Milt Steven's letter. It's no wonder he finds little children cute. Apparently, that's inbred in a lot of people. In fact, somebody I know claimed that nature made little children cute to us; or, otherwise, we would eat them. I cringe at the idea because it sounds more like a praying mantis than human beings. Instead, I would prefer a less extreme scenario: unless children were cute, we wouldn't go to all the trouble of raising them.

Going from little children to extraterrestrials (and maybe the movie E.T. fills the gap between them), I disagree with Lloyd Penney that religion would disappear if extraterrestrials were found. Maybe some change would be made. However, Protestantism, and, to a lesser extent, Catholicism, not only adjusted to the idea of extraterrestrials in the 18th Century; but many divines made their existence an article of faith. No Biblical passages supported this, I don't think. More a wild and woolly mixture of the Ancient Greek philosophers Plato and Epicurus first found in Saint Augustine. On the other hand, the people of the 18th Century generally believed that extraterrestrials would resemble us. That is unless, as many believed then, that they were better than us. To agree more with the Bible, they believed extraterrestrials were without sin; and thus Christ would not have had to save them.

Lloyd, of course, you have a problem more important extraterrestrials: getting another job. Once again, my fingers are crossed for you.

I have to not only disagree with Lloyd but Charles Rector. Maybe disagreement is too strong a word. I didn't know People in Wisconsin joke that the mosquito is their State bird. I associate the mosquito with my home State of New Jersey. I have not seen it associated with the State bird there; however, I've seen it on New Jersey postcards called the New Jersey Air Force. Let's face it, with our swamps, we have the giant mosquitoes needed. Of course, Wisconsin may have the giant mosquitoes too.

One person I agree with, however, is Chuck Connor. The Drake Equation is nonsense. On the other hand, he doesn't have to make fun of the factors, making N symbolize tentacles and F symbolize quarks. The Equation makes fun of itself. With most of the factors Drake used, the answer one in two and one in a zillion are equally valid. The number of planets and the stars has some factual basis. However, the percentage of planets supporting life, the percentage with intelligent life and



the percentage with a galaxy wide culture have to be made up out of whole cloth. I have to admit, though, Drake's Equation is as accurate as the number of tentacles and the percentage of quarks with tentacles.

With that, I wish to end my letter. Is this the right place to end it when I had talked about an exciting subject? Isn't the audience ready for bear? Shouldn't I, instead, have ended with hoping Lloyd got himself hired soon; or my comments to Charles Rector on mosquitoes as the State bird or the State air force? No, I was a librarian and it's still in my blood. I feel what I lose in a let-down of tension near the end; I gain from writing my comments by the sequence of topics in your zine. The better to trace the comments I am writing about.

Richard Dengrove

{Richard, I cannot think of a topic more exciting than the Drake Equation. The more logical the execution of a loc, the more enjoyable it is. () I grew up in Minnesota, where a common t-shirt design would read "Minnesota: Land of 10,000 Lakes, 10,000,000,000 mosquitos, and 4 fish."}*

() On a more serious subject, I think that the discussion regarding Mark Oshiro's take on what happened a couple years ago at ConQuesT has essentially been played out, but my takeaway is that we all need to be a lot more considerate and respectful of each other in our society. Granted, Mark was focused on how he perceived he and others were treated at that convention, and I agree: any kind of racist, misogynistic, bigoted, or just plain rude behavior towards others should not be tolerated at a science fiction convention. Yet this essential humanistic principle needs to be applied on a greater scale: throughout American society and, by extension, the world. As people who are resigned to cohabiting on this chunk of rock floating in space, it behooves us to behave in order to perpetuate the species and ensure our civilization's survival. That makes sense to me. The problem is, of course, that there will always be people who can't help but being an asshole. Some folks are just born that way. End of discussion? I believe so. It is time to move on. And so saying...}*



Lloyd Penney
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December 9, 2016

The massive fanzine catch-up continues! This will be a loc on Askance 38, and I do have an issue of *Askew* (maybe two, soon) to respond to as well. I will be caught up with you soon, by the end of the month/year at most. So, let's get started.

Always great artwork from Alan White...the front cover looks vaguely Stargate-ish, and the bacover looks like a steampunk Dorothy arriving in Oz. Might be wrong, but still, marvelous artwork.

Sports do not mean much to me, although I do keep an ear open for anything happening with the Leafs, Blue Jays and Raptors. As I write, tomorrow is the Major League Soccer championship game, with Toronto FC hosting the Seattle Sounders. When I was a journalism student, I took the sports beat and covered Ryerson sports, kept the schedules, and assigned junior students games to report on.

I certainly agree with you on Steve Stiles and Mike Glycer being deserving of their Hugos, and on Taral Wayne getting one next year. Can't keep up with the SF field? I stopped trying a long time ago. You've got to have the time and money to do that, and I have neither. Ah, so much we could do if we didn't have to worry about making a living, paying the mortgage, etc.

Dave Kyle, Joyce Katz, and now, John Glenn, and for me personally, Ottawa fan Donna Balkan, who was enjoying her retirement so much, and an extremely aggressive bone cancer took her away from us all. Please, everyone else, stay horse-healthy as much as you can! Please? This is what makes getting old(er) depressing, losing your friends. Seeing the obituary list in *File:770* and *Ansible* just makes it depressing. I should check Laurie Mann's Dead People Server to see who else has shuffled off their mortal coils. (Or do I really want to?)

I understand Taral's frustrations; always a bridesmaid, but never a bride. I think he's found that while fanzine fandom, mostly an American phenomenon, sees his work in their zines, Canadian fandom does not. Canadian fandom generates few zines, and one or two has ties to fanzine fandom to one degree or another, so there is no real way for Canadian fandom to see and appreciate his work. Also, the current Canadian fans who might nominate and vote on the Aurora Awards are extremely sercon and pro-oriented, so they probably wouldn't see Taral's work, and might not be interested or qualified when it comes to voting on the fan Auroras. I know many years ago, harbouring the hope that I might win one of those silver rockets, and I made to the final ballot one year, 2010. But, I lost to Fred Pohl. Who better to lose to? I have won two Auroras, five FAAns and a handful of other awards, and I am pleased with what achievements I have, but if I had the Hugo vote, Taral, you'd have it. I admit I did not nominate or vote on the Auroras this year, for I had no idea what the field consisted of, but this coming year, I will. I have been appointed Historian and Board Member of the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Association, the parent organization for the Auroras, and my job over the next while will be to research the Auroras to make sure the assorted listing for winners of the past are correct, and to research the Auroras' predecessor, the Caspers, to see who was nominated and who won in those years. I will also look to Canadian fanhistorians to see what should go onto the CSFFA website. (Yes, the chairman of the convention handing out the Auroras won one himself, two, if I recall. There was an effort to prevent this from happening about a decade ago, but one generation either forgets what happened, or the new generation fails to listen.) I have my Hugo nominee pin, and my Aurora pins to wear on my lapel, with some pride. Based on what he's done, I think Taral's put the best face on it...he's been a Maker of Hugo winners. I might hope for the same title for my locs.



I wasn't in fandom early enough to meet Robert Anson Heinlein, although I might have seen him in the distance at one of my early Worldcons, possibly the '83 Worldcon in Baltimore. Many of his novels were part of my early reading, and while I found them strange, I enjoyed the space adventure they provided. Later, I thought they supported a relatively right-wing American readership, with US domination of the stars as the main theme. Fascist? Perhaps. Domination of the stars means control, and the idea that because the aliens you meet aren't human, you don't have to treat them like humans. (Shades of Nazi

This fanzine supports Dallas-Fort Worth, TX for 2021! Heck, it's driving distance.

Germany, and your president-elect. Ghods, I hope I am wrong, but...) Will I ever re-read my Heinleins? Probably not. There are more interesting and happier things to read.

Like fanzines, for instance... I did meet Joyce Katz at the single Vegas Corflu I got to. It was very much a relaxicon style of convention, and I helped get pies and other foodstuffs out of their car, and I made sure Ted White had plenty of Diet Pepsi in the smoking con suite.

The loccol...ah, if only I had a time machine...I'd set it back to August of this year, and relive that trip to England. What great fun, and we want to go back. NOW! Al Bouchard is certainly correct in that many conventions do not treat their GoHs properly. Folks, these people you invite are your guests! That's where the G in GoH comes from! So many times, we call ourselves adults, but utterly fail to act like one when it is time to be responsible. Conventions often act as the marketing department for many pros, and it is in their own interests to be visible to as many potential book buyers as possible.

I like the idea of a class fanzine. Many colleges and universities have a literary journal that comes out once a year, but I like the idea of a regular fanzine, or at least a magazine, that can be sent to all students and alumni, with the encouragement to respond in kind, or write a letter of comment. Just an idea...

My loc...I can tell that was a summer loc, and just yesterday, we got our first dusting of snow, so yes, this is a winter loc. We must get the snow tires on the car RSN. We did all the shows listed in my loc, with



the exception of the Etobicoke School of the Arts, who disingenuously said they'd sent all our information to the wrong e-mail address, whoops, sorry! Not impressed. The Bovaird House show was just this past weekend, and sales were spectacular. No comments on the election results, other than to say that democracy and justice will be the first victims. Hmm, trip report, let's talk further...I have lots of photos to go with it.

Your essay on space reminds me again of John Glenn's passing, plus the old line... If they can send a man to the Moon, why can't they send a man to the Moon today? Very

true. If NASA got a couple more percentage points more from the defence budget, we'd be to Mars already. If any president even dared to cut the defence budget, I suspect there would be veiled threats from the Chiefs of Staff. I gather it's happened before.

The third page! Pretty good. We had to buy a new coffeemaker, and for the ultimate test, I made myself a pot of coffee. And, that was three big mugs' worth. I am fully caffeinated, and have been perkyperky all morning. So, that's probably the real reason I've made it to page three. Also, our building's fire alarm system is being tested, so that's helped me to stay fully awake and alert, too.

The job hunt continues ever onwards...but I have a lead on a job at a local print company, and next Friday, I have a second interview at the offices of Nasdaq Canada downtown, and I think I shall be

working for them in the New Year. Fingers crossed, and wish me luck! It's been 14 months in the making, but I hope it will happen.

I have made it through, so it is now time to wish you and the whole Purcell family a Merry Christmas, and happy and prosperous 2017. Let's hope it is better than 2016; can't be much worse. Let's all endure the Trump era, and hope for recovery and healing soon. Take care, and a loc on two issues of *Askew* soon. Have a great weekend!

Lloyd Penney

{ Lloyd, I truly hope your job hunt is productive so that this new year – now a month and a half old – is a much more productive and pleasant year for you and Yvonne. () I agree with your comments about Taral Wayne's article lastish ("Maker of Winners"), especially those about the Aurora awards. Those have always seemed to me to be rather insular and restricted to only Those They Know, and since I'm not really not much In The Know about Canadian Fandom the results rarely surprise me. Good luck to you being the new Historian and Board Member of the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Association. Now that you're on the inside, proper effective changes can be made. Get on it, mate – but don't get caught!*

() I would enjoy seeing photos of the various Steampunk festivals you two have been selling your wares at. In fact, an article along those lines might be a fun addition to this fanzine. Come to think of it, Chris Garcia has a new issue of his Steampunk-based fanzine Exhibition Hall coming out in a couple months, so that could be a market for such a piece, too. In the meantime, I always appreciate your "Tales From the Convention" articles. They may be brief, but always fun to read.}*



John Thiel

30 N. 19th St.
Lafayette, IN 47904

November 30, 2016

I read the 38th *Askance* with interest, but was especially taken with Robin Bright's article on Starship Troopers (about which I can agree with you, don't go see the movie—a rare observation, but a sensible one). I've read a number of his articles, and as you've not commented on the article you published very much, I'd like to ask you what your opinion is of his presentation of the Futanarian woman and his interpretation of Biblical history? I suppose readers will be giving you feedback on the article in your next issue, and I'm looking forward to reading that, but I would also like to know what you think about the concept. Myself, I'm reserving comments until I see how others take to this concept as well as to Robin's interpretation of Heinlein's novel and of history. I assume he presented this as material toward his doctorate in college, as it is one of his primary concerns as an article writer in the articles I have read by him, and probably it is something which merits discussion. I've had several articles by him in *Surprising Stories*.

John Thiel

This fanzine is running out of things to support in these bottom-of-the-page text boxes.

Oh, wait – I know! **ahem**

This fanzine supports lederhosen.

(*) John, I have no idea what to say about the "Futanarian woman," except maybe that it would be a heckuva time-saver. Yes, I'm being facetious here, but to be serious, when I read things like this I tend to regard them as interesting, but rarely care to comment on them. I remember reading that article Dr. Bright gave you for **Surprising Stories**. Like I said, an interesting topic, but it's something I would rather not lose sleep over. (*)

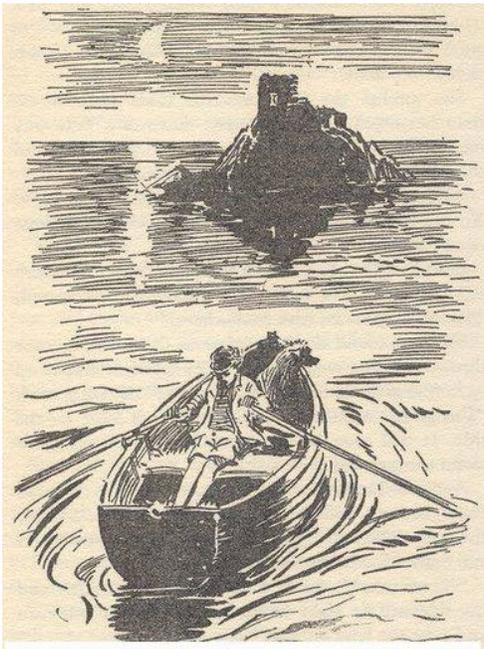


George Phillies
48 Hancock Hill Drive,
Worcester MA 01609

November 7, 2016

I contemplate the paragraph...

"As the character, Carmen, in *Starship Troopers*, actress Denise Richards is the pilot of the Rodger Young, a starship that drops its boy sons onto the `bug world`, Klendathu, and so suggests `biological warfare` involving poisons and viruses, which is what the men of the car



John Purcell training for the Trans Atlantic voyage should he win Taff

with its carbon monoxide poison gas, and the demon driver's spreading of its HIV/AIDS contagion through host womb enslavement of the human futanarian species of women in institutionalized homosexuality in pederasty for war against `woman's seed`, is. Carmen's `boy sons` readying themselves for a `drop` are her `poisons` to be used against the `bugs`, because host womb enslavement of the human futanarian species of `woman's seed` in homosexuality in pederasty for war against her had, by the late 20th century, resulted in the spread of the `incurable killer disease`, HIV/AIDS, through men's mixing of blood, shit and semen in each others' anuses in rejection of women: `Men cursed the God of heaven for their pains and their sores but refused to repent of what they had done.` (Rev: 16. 11) What they'd done was develop men's nature as a `biological weapon` against the futanarian human species, which in Heinlein's *Starship Troopers* is extrapolated into the threat to Earth's future posed by an eight-limbed `bug` depicted as an eight-limbed arachnid."

I am unable to decide whether this is a satire, to see who will believe something this bizarre, or whether the author

is differently mentally gifted. It surely cannot be taken seriously as literary analysis. For starters, Heinlein wrote well before anyone had noticed the Human Immunosuppressive Virus.

GEORGE PHILLIES

{George, I agree with you. Academic writing in general tends to obfuscate argument for the sake of sounding massively pretentious. Still, I do think Dr. Bright's interpretations are interesting and – most importantly – discuss science fiction in great detail.}



Milt Stevens
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miltstevens@earthlink.net
November 5, 2016

Even before reading *Askance #38*, I had heard that some southern states take football quite seriously. In terms of seriousness, the residents of those regions rate it somewhere between world war and jihad. If you were to judge by appearances, you might think the residents of South-Central Los Angeles were even more serious about football. In those parts of town, a football game just wouldn't be a football game without a few casualties. However, appearances can be deceiving. The folks in South-Central don't really care that much about football. They just like shooting people.

I came to a startling realization while reading Taral's article on the Hugos. I think fans spend more time and ink talking about the Hugos than they spend talking about sex or religion. That must say something strange about our priorities. Taral's article also made me think of the movie "On the Waterfront." In that movie, Marlon Brando laments that he could have been a contender. He could have been **SOMEBODY**. Does being a Hugo nominee make you somebody? Does winning the award make you somebody? I rather hope not. If you need a nomination or a win to be somebody, the rest of us must be nobodies. That thought makes me feel so insubstantial.

My regard for the Hugos has changed over the years. I first heard of the Hugos back in the fifties which was before I entered fandom. I thought the awards represented some sort of divinely revealed wisdom. I definitely thought they were important. At the time, I didn't think I would ever actually attend a worldcon. The thought that I might even get to vote on who received the Hugos was beyond my wildest thoughts.



In the early days, I tried to keep informed on all the categories. These days Best Novel is the only category that still gets my full attention. As you may recall, I was the one who submitted the motion to get rid of the fan categories altogether. That obviously didn't work. Despite this year's results, I don't think "real" fanzine fandom has made a permanent come-back. Next year, we will probably have more whodat nominees.

I wonder what would happen if we held a Corflu-like gathering for electronic fanzine fans. As a group, they seem to be far more hostile than paper fanzine fans. Maybe they would kill each other if they actually met face to face. That might be one way of eliminating the competition.

MILT STEVENS

{Well, Milt, it's unlikely that the fan categories of the Hugos will ever be eliminated, especially since certain parties have discovered that they are easy pickings to cop some hardware if you can line up a good number of voters for that particular category since the fan Hugos traditionally garner fewer votes in the first place when compared to the major awards. Ergo, the Fan Hugos will remain.}



Paul Skelton
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Stockport, Cheshire
United Kingdom SK2 6BY

November 3, 2016

I agree wholeheartedly with your *Fugghead* comments, but can't really enlarge on that as it would effectively be LoCing Dan's fanzine in a letter to you. By an amazing coincidence (is there any other sort?) I've recently been reading some copies of the third chapter of Bill Donaho's *Habakkuk* from the 1990s. These featured Ted White's fanzine review column, *The Trenchant Bludgeon* and in the third issue of that iteration (Spring 1994), in a review of Art Widner's *YHOS 53* Ted took issue with something rich brown wrote in his *Totem Pole* column therein. Ted wrote...

'It has two topics. The first is a suggestion with which I agree – that fanzines should talk to and about each other more. There are solid reasons why this should occur – but rich mentions only two: 1. More egoboo and 2. "it would be a simple way to let fans relatively new to the microcosm know... that they (fanzines) form a community."

But that's the long way around. The short reason is that it would make for a better and more solid community. I mean, to the extent that fanzines ignore each other and talk only about themselves, there is not only the **appearance** of greater isolation between them, there **is** greater isolation. Fanzines begin to develop private followings, little coteries, and to share readers less and less. The reducto ad absurdum of this is a *LAN'S LANTERN*, whose readers are largely ignorant of, or hostile to, other fanzines – and who bloc-vote Hugos.



Of course I don't see that last as much of a problem anymore, but I still believe that sense of community is as important as it ever was. So good on you for this piece! Also, practicing what we preach, between us, Ted and I have mentioned three fanzines. Of course you'd need Mr. Peabody's Wayback™ machine to establish anything other than a trans-temporal sense of community with them, but nobody ever promised this fandom stuff would be easy.

Speaking of it not being easy, one thing fandom is good for is keeping your feet on the ground. *Askance 38* for instance has taught me that I am a lot more stupid than I thought I was since I could make neither head nor tail of Dr. Bright's piece. Speaking strictly personally you understand, I couldn't decide whether it was utterly pretentious twaddle or a monumentally straight-faced piss-take (in which latter case of course it would be both). Somewhere on the second page I realised I didn't care either way and simply gave up. In passing it on to you I think Joseph Major definitely got the better part of the deal. This sort of thing is why I stopped reading sercon SF fanzine.

It must be galling to be nominated for so many Hugos, to come so close, yet always to fall tantalisingly short. It must be especially galling to lose to Joe Mayhew who I don't believe has a fraction of Taral's talent, and especially-in-spades when one of the losses was to Teddy Harvia who has always struck me as managing the seemingly impossible task of 'making a living' in fanzines as a fanartist whilst being singularly unable to draw. Kipling wrote that if you can "Meet with Triumph and Disaster, and treat those two impostors just the same" then "Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, and—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!" It must be even harder if you never quite manage to meet with the triumph but sup on a diet of interminable disaster, so in managing this Taral must indeed be a veritable Man among men. I have mentioned to Taral in the past that I thought he suffered by being seen as a Jack of All Trades, very good at them all, but never quite the best in any single one. On further consideration I'm not sure if I wasn't underselling his artistic talent on the basis that I didn't particularly care for his oeuvre of what I termed "Fuckable Squirrels". I was not, however, in any way responsible for him not winning any of the Hugos for which he was nominated, as he wasn't nominated for 1979, which was the only Worldcon of which I've ever been a member, and at which I almost certainly voted for Harry Bell, and simmered with suppressed resentment when Rotsler won it. Mind you that resentment was as nothing to that which almost the whole of UK fandom felt on seeing the brilliant BBC



radio version of *Hitchhiker's Guide* lose out to the empty glitz of *Superman*. I did like the way Taral's article was illustrated with a cartoon in which one of the creatures was reading the *SFWA Bulletin* upside down. Of course I read this on my tablet, which meant I practically had to stand on my head to verify this, given that when I inverted the tablet, the picture re-inverted itself. Of course I could have tried to remember how to reset the setting that does that, but come on. That was over a year ago. Nor am I the only

one who has this sort of memory trouble. You should see Cas get increasingly frustrated and angry as she attempts to reset the extremely user-unfriendly clock on the electric oven. Mind you she does eventually manage it these days, whereas for many years our kitchen spent six months of every year in a different time zone.

Art-wise, the covers were superb, particularly the back cover, and your main *Hinterlands* picture this time was brilliantly evocative of a lush and inviting alien landscape.

SKEL

{As you can see thish's – sounds like I'm speaking without my teeth in - Skel, the main "Hinterlands" picture is opposite of last time's pic. Not so inviting, eh? Unless you're an iguana, scorpion, or some sort of desert creature. () I must say, I like your take on Taral's being "a veritable Man among men." Bet*

he'd like that, too. And this for the guy who draws "fuckable squirrels". I could have voted for the 1979 Hugos, but didn't, and I doubt that if I had cast my vote for Taral Wayne that year, it would not have made a difference because Bill Rotsler won by a large margin. Even so, I think Taral is deserving of a Best Fan Artist Hugo someday. Ah, in a perfect world...

(To me, science fiction fandom is definitely a community. Lots of people describe fandom as an extended family to the point of absurdity, but that makes sense. Your thoughts that fanzine fans are an isolated island in the larger sea of Fandom is another point that rings true, but funny thing, it is on that island where most of my close friends in fandom reside. We share interests, which is good. SF Fandom has become too farging big – it *has* been too big for nearly 40 years now – so it really shouldn't surprise anybody that people of like mind will glom together. There is some overlap here and there, but by and large I think fanzine fans will always hang out with and take care of each other. That probably explains why I have this sneaking suspicion that I'm going to be this year's TAFF delegate. Or maybe not. In a couple weeks we will all find out.)*

i also heard from

As usual, a fair number of folks wrote to me in one way, shape, or form – typically via emails – and these folks are as follows:

Brad Foster – besides conversing in a DNQ fashion, Brad submitted the cover for *Askance #40*, the tenth Annish. Do I need to say anything else here to whet your fannish whistles?

Mark Leeper In response to a throw-away comment on the typos in *Askance #38* (that a fanzine isn't a fanzine without typos and being late), Mark opined, "Sir, you have insulted The MT VOID and its staff."

Murray Moore – Informing all the recipients on his fannish mailing list that the deadline for the FAAn Awards nominating period is close at hand (end of March)

Andrew Porter – Andrew passed along the word of the passing of British fan Mike Dickinson at the of of 69 on January 20, 2017. I am sorry to hear this since I was hoping to meet him later this summer.

Steve Stiles – He is just being Steve Stiles. What a guy.

Felicity Walker - She thanked me for writing a loc on *BCSFazine*, which is one of the longer-running clubzines these days.

Taral Wayne – Once again, he sent an article. Actually, Taral send two; the first one he yanked back and that was just pubbed in the current *Alexiad*, now on efanzines.com.

Alan White – Alan sent a couple TAFF illustrations, used in the issue you are reading.



Regional Convention Calendar

This year may very well go down in history as the year when the surreal became real. As most normal people know, the United States has a new president who did not win the popular vote by a large margin – nearly 3 million votes – and that fact sticks in his craw like a rock wedged in a chicken’s windpipe. Yet despite the lunacy of daily life on this pebble in the sky, science fiction fans continue to plan, host, and attend gatherings of like-minded fen. Once again, here is an edited version of science fiction related events in the Texas-Louisiana-Arkansas-Oklahoma-New Mexico region, with a few others tossed in of a general nature – NASFIC and WorldCon, for example – because they are such major events. I hope to see some of my readers at the cons Valerie and I will be attending.

ConDFW XVI

A Science Fiction & Fantasy Literary Event

February 10-12, 2017

Radisson Hotel Fort Worth Fossil Creek

2540 Meacham Blvd

Fort Worth, TX 76106

DFW Metroplex area

Author GOH: Rachel Caine

Artist GOH: R. Cat Conrad

Literary science fiction & fantasy convention featuring writing/publishing based programming, science programming, an excellent collection of guests, art show, a charity book swap and auction, & a slew of non-traditional activities such as the Sci-Fi Spelling Bee.

Brought to you by the Texas Speculative Fiction Association, a 501(c)(3) organization. 100% volunteer-run.

RevelCon 28

March 10–12, 2017

Houston, Texas

RevelCon is THE only fan-run relax-a-con/zinefest in the Southwest US. It's a fab weekend of vids, panels, art, zines, merchandise, food and frolic! [Note - Revelcon is an adults-only/18-and-over con.]

All-Con the XIIIth

Multi-format convention featuring autographs, gaming, comics, & a burlesque show.

March 16-19, 2017

Crowne Plaza North Dallas-Addison

14315 Midway Rd

Addison, TX 75001

(DFW Metroplex area)

For three days All-Con provides an umbrella of content supporting fans of Science Fiction, Fantasy, Renaissance, Anime, Costuming, Theater / Performing Arts, Mystery, Art, Crafts, Collecting, and Film Making. To help 'give back' there are several charity events at the convention every year.

All-Con is fan organized and built on community participation. We offer a track dedicated entirely to cross promoting clubs, conventions, and events. The best part is you may cross promote as a panelist for FREE as long as we have space and your content is appropriate. Don't forget to bring flyers for the flyer table.

AggieCon 48

Anime, gaming, & cosplay con.

March 24-26, 2017

Brazos County Expo Center

5827 Leonard Rd

Bryan, TX 77807

Bryan/College Station, TX area

We like to call ourselves a "conglom-con." We cater to all fandoms, including Sci-Fi, Fantasy, Gaming, Horror, Anime, and many more.

See also [AggieCon Facebook page](#)

Brought to you by [Cepheid Variable](#)

Furry Fiesta

Texas' only furry convention

March 24-26, 2017

Intercontinental Dallas

15201 Dallas Pkwy

Dallas, TX 75001

(DFW Metroplex area)

Dealer's Den, Artist Alley, Art Show, Video Room, Charity, and more!

Furry Fiesta is produced by the Dallas Regional Anthropomorphic Meeting Association (D.R.A.M.A.), a 501(c)(7) Not For Profit Organization.

FanExpo Dallas

Comics, Sci Fi, Horror, Anime, Gaming.

March 31-April 2, 2017

Dallas Convention Center

650 South Griffin Street

Dallas, TX 75202

(downtown Dallas, TX)

Comics, Celebrity Guests, Artist Alley, Panel discussions, Cosplay/Masquerade, Movies, Comics, Toys, Video Gaming, Games, TV, Horror, Original Art, Collectibles, Anime, Manga & More! Over 60,000 fans in over 600,000 square feet. Presented by Dallas Comic Con.

Anime Matsuri

Anime, Japanese Culture, &

Related Arts Convention

April 7-9, 2017

George R. Brown Convention

Center

1001 Avenida De Las

Americas

Houston, TX 77010

Hilton Americas Houston

Houston, TX

Greater Houston, Texas

metropolitan area

Panels, Gaming, Anime

Theaters, Dealers Room,

Artist Alley, Contests, Club

AM (the ultimate anime dance/rave), and more!



MagCon 9

Mad About Games Convention. Gaming con.

April 1-2, 2017

SAT 9 AM - 2 AM

SUN 9 AM - 7 PM

New Caney ISD Annex

21569 U.S. 59

New Caney, Texas 77357

(Northeast Houston Area / Montgomery County. Northeast up US59 from Greater Houston Area)

Huge, FREE Board Game Library, RPGs, Miniatures, Board Games, Door PRIZES! Plus, it's a SCHOOL FUNDRAISER!

FREE, Convenient PARKING !
The Flea Market!
AFFORDABLE Admission, Concessions, and Hotel
THE SNACK CART!
IT'S A LOT OF FUN!

CyPhaCon

Southwest Louisiana's premier Anime, Gaming and Scifi convention

April 7-9, 2017

Lake Charles Civic Center

900 Lakeshore Drive

Lake Charles, LA 70601

Lake Charles, Louisiana area

Anime Industry Panels, Anime Screenings, Artist Alley, Board Games, Charity Auction, Cosplay Events With Prizes, Dealer Room, General Cosplay All Over, Guest Panels, Live Action Role Playing, Role Playing Games, Video Gaming, Workshops.

Sponsored by the non-profit Future Possibilities Foundation.

South Texas Comic Con

April 28-30, 2017

McAllen Convention Center

McAllen, Texas area

Comics, celebrities, art, collectables, cosplay contests. Plus literacy initiative in conjunction with McAllen Public Library fighting illiteracy in South Texas.

Sponsored by Ka-Boom Comics & Collectibles.

Yellow City Comic Con

Gaming Con

April 28-30, 2017

Courtyard Amarillo Downtown

724 South Polk Street

Amarillo Texas 79101

Amarillo, TX area

Guests, Panels (including fantasy writing), gaming, cosplay, video screenings, and much more!

Official charity: Children's Miracle Network Hospitals

This fanzine supports _____.

(a) smoothies (b) milkshakes (c) chocolate milk (d) dark lager (e) all of the above

WhoFest 4

A fan celebration of everybody's favorite Timelord.

May 5-7, 2017

Westin DFW Airport

4545 West John W Carpenter Freeway (SH 114 at Ester's Road)

Irving, TX 75063

Dallas/Fort Worth MetroPlex

Special Guest: Peter Davison

WhoFest is a production of the Dallas Future Society, a non-profit 501(c)(3) corporation dedicated to the advancement of science, literature, and music for the future of all mankind. This material is published by the Dallas Future Society in furtherance of its literary and educational purposes. The opinions expressed are those of the editors and contributors and do not necessarily reflect the view of the Dallas Future Society, its officers, or directors.

Comic Palooza: Texas' Largest Comic and Pop Culture Event

Comics & gaming con

May 12-14, 2017

George R. Brown Convention Center

1001 Avenida de las Americas

Houston, TX 77010

Two host hotels:

Hilton Americas–Houston

1600 Lamar

Houston, Texas 77010

Hyatt Regency Houston

1200 Louisiana Street

Houston, TX 77002

(downtown Houston, TX)

Comicpalooza's mission is to provide the best and biggest annual multi-format pop culture convention in the southwest region of the United States, serving not only the fans of comics, science fiction, fantasy, video and table top gaming, anime, music and film, but also as a trade show and showcase for the studios, publishers, and manufacturers in those industries.

Largest comic con in Texas. Live Art Event, Comicpalooza Film Festival, industry panel discussions, roller derby games, quidditch matches, live music, dancers, circus performers, and much more. Comicpalooza is also one of the largest art events in Houston, featuring scores of artists as well as numerous writers, celebrities, and performers, and much, much more!



I have no flipping idea what to support in this box. It's your turn!

[Space City Comic Con](#)

Space City Comic Con is the Gulf Coast's fan-culture convention and family entertainment, pop-culture expo for all ages. For fans of comics, sci-fi, fantasy, gaming, literature and art.

(Presumably May 2017)

Greater Houston, TX area

A number of actors, artists, cosplayers, and industry guests.

We love bringing fans together! Your Houston hometown comic con!

[Arkansas Anime Festival](#)

Anime con for Northwest Arkansas.

(Presumably May 2017)

Springdale/Fayetteville Arkansas area

Cosplay, video games, two viewing rooms, tabletop gaming, anime activities, guest panels, Japanese food, displays by local artists, some local vendors, door prizes (we are working on a dance) and much more!

For more information, [send email](#)

Sponsored by [Realms Anime](#) at 2579 N. College Ave. in Fayetteville, AR

[A-Kon 28](#)

The Southwest's Largest Anime Convention

Anime, comics, cosplay, media, & gaming convention

June 1-4, 2017

Hilton Anatole

2201 North Stemmons Freeway

Dallas, Texas 75207

(DFW Metroplex area/ downtown Dallas)

Dealers Room, Guests, Seminars & Workshops, Multiple Video Rooms, Gaming &

Tournaments, Premier Film Showings, Art Show & Auction, Autographs, Banquet, Costume

Contest, Goodie Bags&Freebies, and Musical Concert

A-Kon is the oldest continually running, anime-based convention in N. America.

[Texas Comicon 2017](#)

State's Premier Pop Culture Event(TM). Comics & gaming

June 23-25, 2017

San Antonio Event Center

8111 Meadow Leaf

In cyber-space, no-one can hear you fanac.

San Antonio, TX 78227

San Antonio, TX area

Celebrities, Dealers, Artist Alley, Gaming, Kids' Costume Contest, etc.

Texicon: Where the West Begins

Table-Top Gaming is Educational. Gaming con.
(Presumably June 2017)

Dallas/Fort Worth Metroplex area

Texicon supports all three sections of gaming: Miniatures, Role-Playing, and Board gaming. Each year Texicon will focus on a specific section.

Texicon also hosts seminars that focus on every aspect of gaming. In these seminars, experts will speak about various aspects of games and gaming. Some speakers will be seasoned gamers, others will be industry specialists.

We hope you will be brave enough to try a new game.

See also [Texicon Facebook page](#).

SoonerCon 26: Welcome to the Show

Oklahoma's Greatest Pop Culture Experience
Science Fiction, Fantasy, Gaming Con
June 23–25, 2017

Reed Conference Center

5800 Will Rogers

Midwest City, OK 73110

Oklahoma City, OK area

Literary GOH: Timothy Zahn

Artist GOH: Peri Charlifu

Toastmaster: Selina Rosen

Master of Ceremonies: Peter Pixie

Writers Workshop Clinician: Jody Lynn Nye

Featured Guests: Matt Frank, Larry Nemecek

This incarnation of SoonerCon is deliberately designed to celebrate all aspects of fandom. We don't intend to have a solely "books" or "TV" or "art" emphasis. The emphasis is on FUN.

Events include: Film Festival, Art Show, Gaming, Cosplay and Masquerade. Charity. Panel and Workshops. Video Rooms.

We are very happy to announce the creation of the **Oklahoma Speculative Fiction Hall of Fame**. Beginning in 2013, SoonerCon will induct members into the Hall of Fame, and present them with the newly created "**Nucleon Award**". Members of the Hall of Fame will be Oklahomans (and those originally from Oklahoma) who have contributed significantly to the development of pop culture and speculative fiction in both Oklahoma and the world.



This fanzine supports the American Dental Association.
Actually, my copays do, but you know what I mean.

[NorthAmeriCon '17, the 12th North American Science Fiction Convention](#)

July 6-9, 2017

The Sheraton Puerto Rico Hotel and Casino
200 Convention Boulevard
San Juan, Puerto Rico 00907
United States

San Juan, Puerto Rico area

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

[ArmadilloCon 39](#)

Austin's SF/Fantasy Convention for Readers and Writers

August 4-6, 2017

Omni Austin Hotel South Park
4140 Governors Row
Austin, Texas 78744

Austin, TX area

Guest of Honor: Nisi Shawl

Toastmaster: Don Webb

Fan Guest: A.T. Campbell, III

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

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

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

The primary focus of ArmadilloCon is literary science fiction, but that's not all we do -- we also pay attention to art, animation, science, media, and gaming. Every year, dozens of professional writers, artists and editors attend the convention. We invite you to attend the convention especially if you are a fan of reading, writing, meeting, sighting, feeding, knighting, and all the other things folks do at a sci-f/fantasy convention.

Sponsored by the Fandom Association of Central Texas, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization

[Glitch Con 2017: Across the Stars](#)

"A fandom oriented convention focusing on Sci-Fi, Fantasy, Gaming, and Anime."

August 4-6, 2017

Springdale, Arkansas area

Visit Finland. Enjoy the lovely fjords. My father dated a moose once...

Glitchcon is a multi-genre convention focusing in areas such as Sci-Fi, Anime, Gaming, and Tabletop. We sport some of the best and coolest events in the region with the largest Tabletop Room where you can join in with local gamemasters or host your own game! We offer a full weekend of panels, chances to meeting the guests up close and personal, voice actor lead panels, a cosplay contest with amazing prizes, an amazing artist alleyway as well as vendor room and much much much more!

[WorldCon 75, the 75th World Con](#)

August 9-13, 2017

Messukeskus, Expo and Conference

Centre Helsinki

Messuaukio 1, 00521

Helsinki, Finland

Holiday Inn Messukeskus

GOH: John-Henri Holmberg

GOH: Nalo Hopkinson

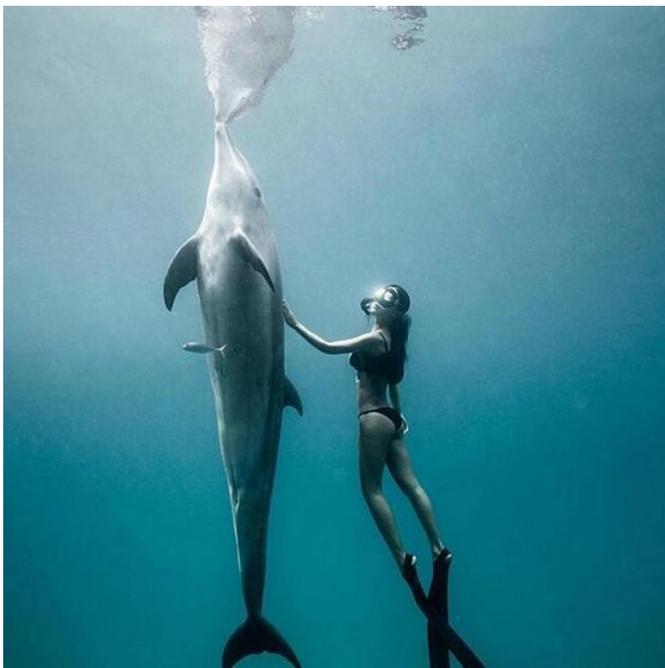
GOH: Johanna Sinisalo

GOH: Claire Wendling

GOH: Walter Jon Williams



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



There were other events planned during this time-frame, but I edited out the vast majority of the role-playing games, cosplay, anime, and miniatures/model gaming for space purposes – not space porpoises: those are different, they stayed (as you can see here). All I can say is that there is plenty of stuff to do in this section of the United States for someone who is interested in some aspect of the science fiction community.

The big local convention, AggieCon 47, is just around the corner, so if anybody will be there, look me up. I hope to see folks that I haven't seen in quite awhile. Onward we go into the wild blue yonder.

WHAT'S NEXT?

This is an easy question to answer. The next issue of *Askance* will be its fortieth. It will also be the tenth anniversary of when this fanzine first appeared back in the Spring of 2007. To bring things around and wrap them up in a neat bow, just like that first issue the fortieth issue will feature a cover by the incomparable Brad Foster. He sent it in in mid-February, well ahead of schedule, and I was blown away. As usual, it is glorious. I can't wait to publish that issue – which will most likely appear in the first week of April, is my guess, but don't hold your breath: after all, the zine you are now reading was originally dated January 2017, but life being what it can be, the publication date was magically changed to February 2017. Well, what can you do? One must be flexible in this fanzine business, you know.

Content-wise, the usual features will be present – editorial natterings, fanzine reviews, con listing, lettercolumn, etc. – plus hopefully *Figby* will return, appearing alongside another installment of Teddy Harvia's "Chat, the 4th Fannish Ghod." Considering the significance of publishing a fanzine for ten years on a sort-of regular basis, I have given myself the old tomato: get my fannish musical done and publish that fershlugginer thing in the tenth annish. Okay. Gauntlet thrown at self, challenge accepted. My goal is to publish the full unexpurgated, unadulterated, unusual text of the fan musical I have been working on intermittently for 25 years or so, *The Sound of Fanac*. It will be complete with song lyrics, stage directions, and dialogue – well, that would help, I suppose – for possible staging at some future convention. Ghods only know which convention would be foolish enough to do so, but hey, that's their albatross to bear. I am just going to write the frigging thing and be done with it once and for all. You Have Been Warned.



And of course, one final mention of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund selection for the Year of our Roscoe, 2017 is in order.

This fanzine is being finished on Saturday, February 18, 2017, exactly two weeks before the voting deadline of this year's TAFF election. If you have not voted already, go to the official TAFF website at www.taff.org.uk and click on the 2017 TAFF ballot link. There is still time to let your voice be heard. Naturally, I hope the people reading this fanzine will vote for me, but the other two folks in the running – Sarah Gulde and Alissa McKersie – are lovely young ladies who are not only well-known in fandom, but probably still have their original teeth. At least, I hope they do. No matter what, support the Fan Funds.

These entities are most worth the effort. We all thank you for that.

