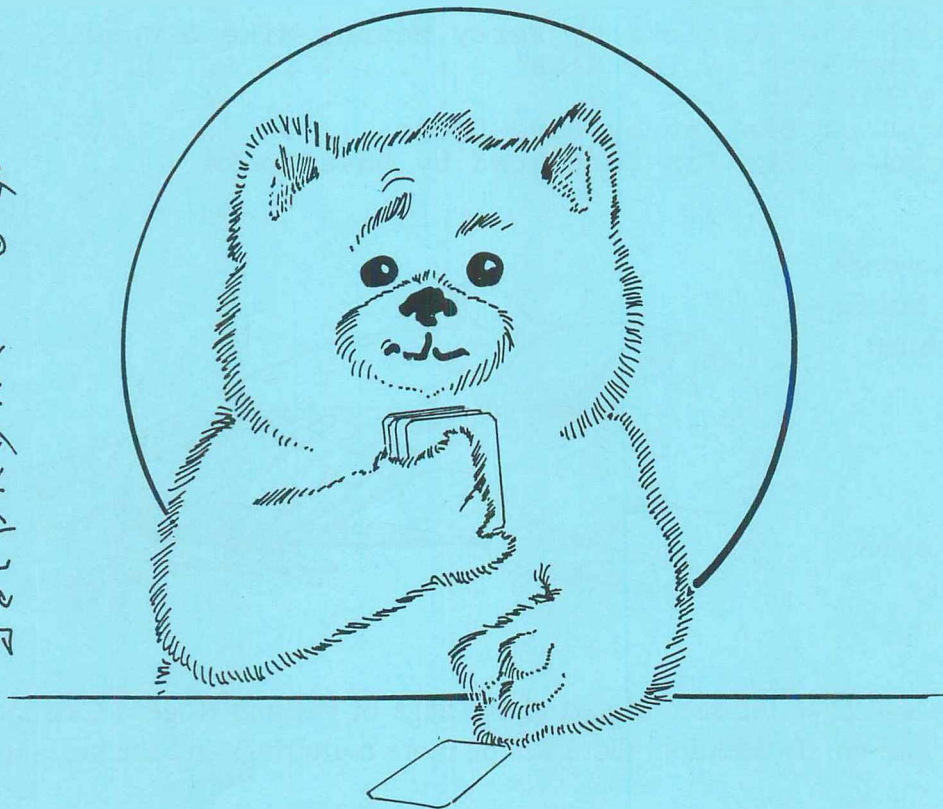


# FANTASY-SCOOP

NOW IN ITS 41st YEAR

delphyns ©'90



oh... was that your ace I just trumped?

# FANTASY-SCOPE NUMBER 2

This, the second issue of Fantasy-Scope, was published on April 1, 1992 and is available at the whim of Roger Sims, the publisher/editor. However all bribes are not only tolerated but encouraged. If you have one in the form of written material or art work please send it to Roger Sims, 34 Creekwood Square, Cincinnati, Ohio 45246. Money in the form of US currency or its equivalent will also work.

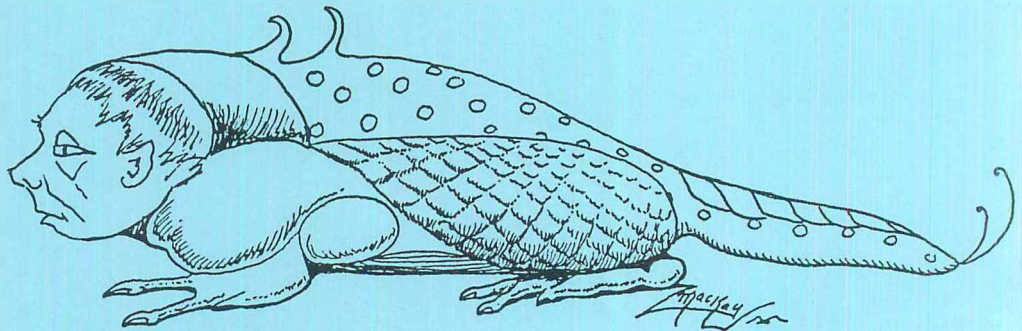
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In the next issue we will have the second part of the Saga of Pat and Roger's Cats and of the History of Detroit Fandom. In addition, there will be more mutterings and the beginning of my fannish history.

ROGER SIMS, EDITOR/PUBLISHER  
34 Creekwood Square  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45246

# MUTTERINGS

How do you start something that has been waiting for 42 years to write and publish? I could start with a year by year account. But I do not think that that would be proper. Besides it might run at least 100 pages and as someone once said only Lan has the right to publish a zine of a hundred pages or more! So I think that I will touch on the highlights and as issues come and go will fill in the days, weeks, and years in between.

## THE HIGHLIGHTS

- 1949: I return from the Navy; enter college; find fandom; and attend my first fan function.
- 1956: I graduate college; move to New York City; NBC rejects me; and I get a job.
- 1958: Detroit wins the world con; I find love; and move back to Detroit.
- 1963: I find love for the second time; am divorced from my first love; and leave teaching.
- 1965: I go to work for Michigan Employment Security Commission (MESC); and begin working on a master's in Education.
- 1985: NolaCon II makes me their Fan Guest of Honor.
- 1988: I retire from MESC.
- 1990: We move to Cincinnati.
- 1992: I publish the second issue of Fantasy-Scope.

Stay tuned to this fanzine for the full story on the above and other lies, falsehoods, half-truths, and exaggerations on the happenings in between these stories.

\*\*\*\*\*

Leah Smith told me that I would find it challenging to find writers willing to submit material for the second issue of a genzine which has had an interval of about 41 years. Well, having believed her, I started writing this issue about eight weeks ago. At the time I had one cover by Joan Hanke Woods and one article that Cy Chauvin was not willing to publish. That was it.

Then as luck would have it, before I even typed the only article on hand, material started to arrive by the bushel full. So much that I now have several pages on hand for the next issue. It is unbelievable. [I must stop here and say that the spell check on this program is A-OK. Because it just informed me that the word unbelievable is spelled correctly. I am sure that those among you who have had to deal with my prose are as astounded as I am.]

And to make matters even better Jackie Causgrove let me go through the large number of illos drawn by her and other artists and which are both published and unpublished. I selected enough to keep me in good shape for some time to come. That does not mean that I cannot use more art work. So please think kindly of me and . . .

This also seems like a good spot to beg for material of the written ilk. Please, please, please.

\*\*\*\*\*

Last December I answered several ads in the Cincinnati Enquirer. All were for part time jobs. The first one was for a counselor for an Agency in Kentucky. Four hours a day, five days a week, \$7.50 an hour. I was not hired. The second was for a cashier/salesperson for Micro Center. This is

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a very large computer store about three miles from the house. I was not hired. The third was a winner. So now I am a shill for Ever-Dry -- a company that waterproofs basements, crawl spaces, slabs, and even dirt floors! My job is to talk people into making an appointment for a free inspection. So far I have worked booths at flea markets, malls, and shows at convention centers. The latter are at this point far and away the best places to work. The pay: \$5.00 an hour; 15 cents a mile; 50 cents for the first scheduled appointment, 60 cents for the first two, and then for each additional appointment they are all worth ten cents more (e.g. eight appointments made in one day would be \$9.60 or \$1.20 per appointment), and if the appointment results in a sale I receive the vast sum of 1/2 of 1 percent of the cost. If this sounds like a lot of money, maybe it is and maybe it isn't. So far all of my appointments have resulted in exactly one sale. Which as of this writing has not been funded. However, if it is, then I will receive a check for \$32.30 for the \$6,460 contract.

I am not the only gainfully employed person in my household; Pat also has found a part time job as a therapist with a mental health clinic which is only 3.2 miles from the house. She is restricted to 20 hours a week but would like to hold it to 15. She makes much more than I do.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Cover states that this publication is now in its 41st year. Sounds impressive. What it really means is that I may now hold the record for longest time period between issues of a genzine. Now it is not my first published zine but it is the first for general distribution. The others were for SAPS and

FLAP. I almost was a member of the CULT but a misunderstanding of what I was suppose to do ended my membership before I made more than the very first mailing. ALPS invited me to join then threw me out because I did not submit anything. Maybe in time I will try again for both the CULT and ALPS. For the near future I will content myself with FLAP

and future issues of FANTASY-SCOPE.

\*\*\*\*\*

I wish to thank everyone who has had a role in helping me produce the second issue of FANTASY-SCOPE. Specifically, Dick Spelman for the use of his computer and his brain which he used frequently to undo what my fingers had done while they were disengaged from my brain. To all the contributors who are represented in these pages. And last but not least thanks to Pat Sims who looks over my shoulder and tells me that you can't say that. And who makes sense of my mutterings.





# THE SAGA OF PAT AND ROGER'S CATS

*While sort of in between marriages a very large cat came into my life. I decided that he should be my pet. After being with me for several days, he decided that he did not want to be part of my life, so he left. It was not until Pat and Koko came into my life that I learned how to care for a cat. So all in all I have been privileged to provide room and board to five cats. Three are no longer part of this world. One died in a fire. One was put down by the vet while we were on vacation and the third literally keeled over while I was petting him and offering as much support as I could knowing that the end of his life was near. Two are still part of our lives.*

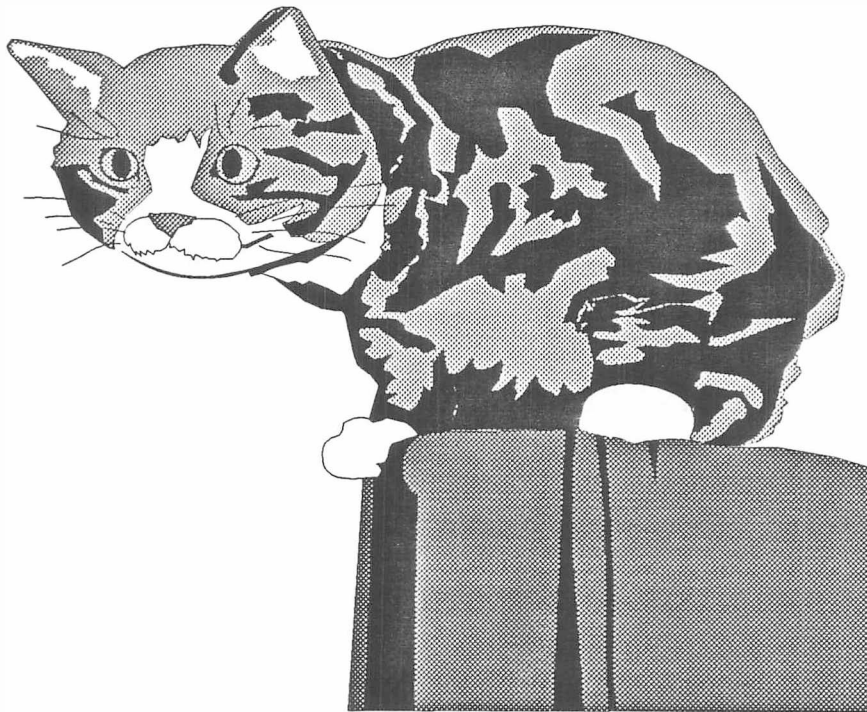
## Chapter 1

*In which Koko Acquires a second person to help her and moves to Detroit and . . .*

Sometime before Pat moved from a nice apartment on the South Side of Chicago to the 21st floor of the 5th Army Headquarters, a Siamese cat that she decided to call Koko thought that Pat would make a good guardian. As this story unfolds, this may not have been the best choice. It all started in 1962 with the end of my first marriage.

In June of 1963, Pat's roommate talked her into attending Midwestcon. This is one of the conventions that I make every effort to hang out at. We met. I decided that she was a kindred spirit. I said, as we took our leave of each other, "See you at Disclave." As I arrived at the hotel in Washington, Pat was in line and I walked up and began talking to her. It was a pleasant weekend. As we were leaving she said to me, "Why don't you come to Chicago and visit me some weekend? Here is my phone number." About a week later I called. During the conversation it was decided that I should drive to Chicago on the coming Saturday. I did so. And found myself visiting Koko for the first time. She allowed me to pet her but beyond that remained aloof.

At the time, I was teaching in the Detroit school system. (Sometime down the pike I plan on writing about my teaching career.) This allowed me to leave Detroit for Chicago around 3:15 pm on Friday and return to Detroit late Sunday night or on more than one occasion early Monday morning.



Shortly after the first trip, Pat and her roommate moved from their South Side apartment to one on the 21st floor of the Fifth Army Headquarters apartment building. My second visit was to there. The evening that I arrived was a windy but mild one. A window was opened and because the apartment was on the 21st floor there were no screens on the windows. Koko smelled the outdoors and went out to investigate. Several time periods later Pat noticed that Koko was not visible inside the apartment. Looking at the window she almost lost it. She thought that the cat was in great danger. But the cat knew that all was well. But just to please her helpmate she came in when called.

May 1964, ten months after we began courting, my divorce became final. I looked back at the past ten months and decided that I was tired of traveling back and forth to Chicago three out of four weekends and said to Pat, "Let me take you and Koko away from this place. Like, why don't you move to Detroit?"

"And, why should I?", she replied.

"Because", I said, "it's better if both parties of the marriage live in the same city."

"Oh"

That is how Koko came to live in the City of Detroit. It would be nice to say that she enjoyed living in that great city. But it wasn't to be because seven months after the move Koko died in a fire in the duplex in which we were living.

Next time I will reveal to the reader the lives and times of the next two cats that came to live with us. Jackson and Fido. But before I close, I must say that these two gentlemen came to our house already named!

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Upon learning that the Becks were planning on moving to Arizona, Howard DeVore said to himself and others who would listen, "we can not let this happen!" Not only did Alan Greenberg listen, he did something about it. This document is the result.

**EARTH**

**UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**

**IN THE COURT FOR THE 6TH DISTRICT**

**MIDWESTERN FANDOM,  
and HOWARD DEVORE**

**Plaintiff**

**Case No. 00 124 92 FD**

**vs**

**Judge John Smith**

**MARTHA BECK**

**Defendant**

\*\*\*\*\*

Alan G. Greenberg P 14326  
Attorney for Plaintiff  
57756 Williams Lake Road  
Waterford, MI 48329  
Phone: (313) 674-0986

\*\*\*\*\*

**JUDGMENT PROHIBITING REMOVAL OF PERSON AND GOODS**

At a session of said Court held in the Courthouse in said  
City, County and State on the 28th day of January, 1992.

**PRESENT; HONORABLE JOHN SMITH, PRESIDING JUDGE**

**THIS MATTER** having come on upon the Petition of Midwest Fandom and various individuals through their attorney, Alan G. Greenberg, who is appearing Pro Bono for this limited purpose, numerous individuals having requested that an Order prohibiting the removal of Martha Beck and/or her personal belongings from the State of Indiana be entered, through their spokesperson, Howard DeVore, and Midwest Fandom having elected Howard DeVore to work with counsel in this matter, and the Court being advised that a certain Martha Beck is planning on vacating the State of Indiana with all of her worldly goods, and the Court being advised that Midwest Fandom and various persons are aggrieved by her vacation of the State of Indiana, and the Court being further advised that irreparable harm would occur to Midwest Fandom and the various parties if Martha Beck leaves the State of Indiana, and the Court feeling that no hearing is necessary because of the outrageous planned conduct of Martha Beck,

## **FANTASY-SCOPE NUMBER 2**

**NOW, THEREFORE,**

**IT IS HEREBY ORDERED** that Martha Beck be and she is hereby restrained from leaving the State of Indiana or removing her person and personal belongings from the State of Indiana on a permanent basis at any time.

**IT IS FURTHER ORDERED** that any person in this world or any other world who assists Martha Beck permanently in removing herself and/or her personal belongings from the State of Indiana shall be found in contempt of this Honorable Court.

**IT IS FURTHER ORDERED THAT** any person, including Martha Beck, who permanently removes Martha Beck from the State of Indiana shall be sentenced to not less than 90 days in the Galaxy prison, transportation time to and from the Galaxy prison, which is not less than ten (10) light years from this planet, not to be included in the aforesaid ninety days.

**IT IS FURTHER ORDERED** that this Order is effective immediately and is binding on everyone **with or without** notice of this Order due to the severity and importance of the matter contained in the actions restrained herein.

John Smith /s/

Honorable John Smith  
Presiding Judge

**TRUE COPY**

When I first read the above judgment, I thought, "Excellent." However, now that I have typed it into the computer, I have re-thought my original thinking. What I thought at first was the result of faulty thinking. If Martha Beck is prohibited from moving out of the State of Indiana, how can she move to the Cincinnati, Ohio area? Clearly she can not!!! So, therefore it behooves me on the behalf of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group (CFG) to petition the court to change its decree to exclude from its ruling the various fan places of the Midwest, specifically any locals which are found within these boundaries: NORTH -- Interstate Highway No. 90; East -- Interstate Highway No. 71 (however, nothing in these lines defining Martha Beck's movements may include the corporate limits of Cleveland or its environs and it may include any and all of Cincinnati and its environs, specifically any territory within Interstate Highway No. 275); SOUTH -- Interstate Highway No. 64 and WEST -- the Mississippi River.

I and the CFG believe that the territory outlined by the parameters above will afford Martha Beck with the ability to choose any one of a number of excellent "hot beds of fandom" to move to so she can live in an environment that will nurture her ambitions in the manner to which she would like during her waning years. At the same time the community so chosen will be enhanced by her well known alacrity, good cooking and bheer making dexterity.(ed.)

# A HISTORY OF DETROIT FANDOM

Sometime during the month of February, Howard DeVore wrote a very long letter to Ben Singer whom some of you older fen will remember was a highly visible fan during the late forties and most of the fifties. He has since left fandom and the USA for London, Ontario where he teaches psychology at the University of Ontario at London. During his career as a Detroit fan, Ben was known for two on the spur remarks. When told a joke which included the phrase "birthday suit," he asked with perfect innocence, "What is a birthday suit?" When asked the question whether or not he was a pansy or a fruit, he replied, "I must be a pansy because of my seeds of wisdom." Ben's fanzine activity included publishing "United Fandom" and co-editing with George Young and myself the first issue of "Fantasy Scope." "United Fandom" was typed in the back seat of Martin Alger's Packard on the way to Torcon I in 1948.

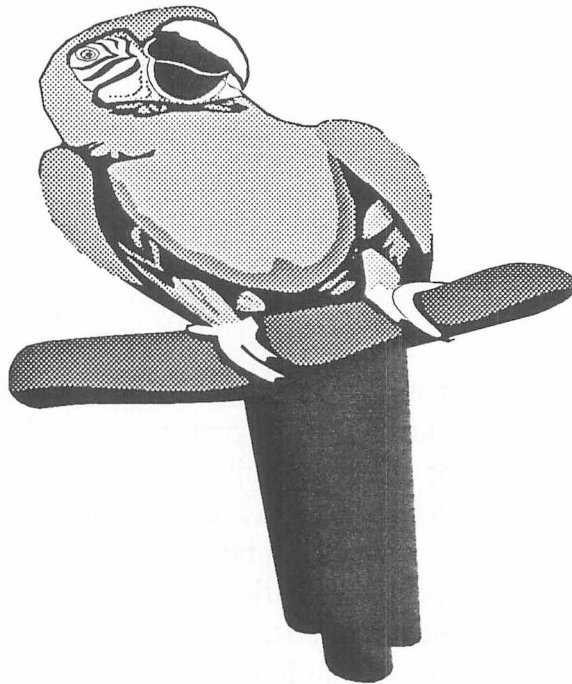
The material for the following article was lifted from a copy of the letter that Howard sent to me.

THE COMING, GOING AND ACTIVITY

## OF DETROIT FANS

by Howard Devore & Roger Sims

Arnim Seilstad. Arnim moved to Washington DC sometime during the early sixties. During his days as a member of Detroit fandom, Arnim was in high school and lived with his parents in an upscale subdivision called Grosse Point Farms. His parents had money. One evening several fans including myself went to his house to do some fan pubbing using the hectograph method of reproduction. After reproducing the first page we took the pan down to the kitchen, melted it and poured it back into the pan. We then went back to Arnim's bedroom to talk up and work on the second page. After some time, enough time for the material in the pan to harden so that page two could be reproduced, we went back to the kitchen to retrieve the pan. Someone had taken a knife and had cut it into a number of equal squares. I should tell the reader at this point that at the same time that we were creating deathless prose, Arnim's parents were hosting a party! One of the guests, seeing the pan filled with some kind of substance and wanting to be helpful, had cut the "fudge" into





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squares, and was waiting for it to cool before sampling. Good thing we went to retrieve the pan when we did!

Some years later Arnim moved to Washington, DC. Six months after this move his parents called Howard to come and buy out Arnim's stuff. Howard could not for some reason do this. He asked me to do it for him. I did. During the move several articles did not make the journey between Arnim's house and Howard's house. (To Howard: Some day I may return some of these items.) To my knowledge he has never been part of the Washington, DC fandom.

Martin Alger. Alger's interest faded in the early sixties and Howard was his only strong contact after that, although he did come to the New Year's parties held at my house until his untimely death between 1968 and 1970. He went into the hospital for surgery to corrective a deviated septum. That night while still in the hospital he had a severe asthma attack and choked to death before anyone could reach him. Three days before he entered the hospital he wrote a will but did not have it witnessed and therefore it was invalid. His executor, a female cousin, told Howard that she would accept any offer that the court did not turn down so he offered a hundred dollars for the lot. Not bad for something that he would have obtained free had the will been executed. The pride of his life was his collection of 1948 Packards. Most of the collection was on land he owned in Mackinaw City, Michigan. Unfortunately the land was swampy. During the spring the steam rising from the land up to the bottom of the cars rusted out all but one of these beautiful cars. Not only did it carry fans to Torcon I but also to Norwestcon in 1950. Martin Alger's claim to fame was the fact that he created the term BEM. He did this after noticing that most of

the monsters had eyes that were about to pop out of their heads; hence the term bug eyed monster or BEM was born.

Agnes Harook Agnes was a member of the club when I joined. She attended a number of conventions and I believe was a member of SAPS. The last contact that I had with her was a chance meeting at an International Relations Show in Detroit. She was with her husband who knew nothing about fandom or even science fiction. As far as I know she decided to leave fandom because she could not interest him in participating. Agnes was on the bus with me when I met Rich Elsberry and Max Kessler who were destined to be, with me, three-fourth of room 770 at NolaCon I.

Ed Kuss Ed was the fourth fan registered in room 770 at NolaCon I. He was a member of the Detroit Fan club at the time I became a member. I believe Ed was the first fan I talked to back in '49. Several years ago Howard learned that Ed had died ten years earlier. This is how Howard tells how he obtained this information in his own words and unique style:

By this time I was handling the bulk mail department for the Dearborn Post Office and had some pull at Ford Motor Company, so I tried to get into the retirees' records and was told that they're run by a fellow that does no favors. Then one Saturday they prepared their mail wrong and all the retiree checks were held up till the mail was reworked.

Then Monday afternoon the retiree in Montana, Arizona,

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S. Carolina doesn't get his check and he calls Ford Motor in Dearborn.

Assuming sufficient phone lines you can generate a thousand calls per hour. I shipped the mail out, slightly illegal and then Monday called the Department head and told him what they had done wrong and that I'd shipped it anyway and now he owed me. ... Twenty minutes later I knew that Ed had died just about ten years earlier.

Fred Prophet Fred has worked for the same hardware store since high school with the exception of a couple of years in the early fifties. The owner is over 85 but still goes to the store six days a week, but not to work. That's what Fred is for. Sometimes the owner hires a part time person to help Fred. But because the pay is only minimum wage the helper never stays very long. Fred makes something more than minimum wage. Which is why he has stayed as long as he has. However it is much less than the owner's children would have to pay someone to watch over him and besides the store does provide some income to pay the salaries in addition to the expenses so therefore it is cheaper to keep the store open rather than hire a baby sitter or worse still to confine him in a nursing home.

For years Fred was 150 pounds overweight. Five years ago he didn't show up for work or call. When the time without contact reached thirty minutes, the old man called the police who pushed in the door and found Fred on the floor with a massive stroke. All evidence of the stroke along with over 100 pounds have now disappeared. However he

still cannot hit a golf ball or bowl as well as before. His high game is 300. He is now 62 and eligible for social security. He talks about taking it and working part time but also says that the old man won't last another six months. But I don't believe it. Another story in Howard's own words:

After the stroke Jack Promo and I got the key and went over to clean out the house before the neighbors did. Hunted up bank books, car payments etc. Fred had just made a car payment but obviously he wasn't going to sign checks for a long time so I handed Jack some cash and told him to make two or three car payments in advance. A week later I stopped to see Fred. Jack was just coming out of the room and said that the doctor had just told Fred that he had another clot and they had to give him blood thinners but that might open up the bleeding ulcer again. He has a 50/50 chance of living another 24 hours and I confessed to Fred later that I wondered if this distant cousin was gonna return my 3-4 hundred bucks when he died? I had a number of reasons for wanting him to get better.

There is much more to the letter and even more that I might add; not only the list of Detroit and Michigan fans but also information about each. But I tire easily at my advanced age. Besides I will need material to print in issue number 3 due out in somewhat less time than the interval between one and two.

# THE ELUSIVE ROGER SIMS

by Tom Sadler

Although, perhaps, peripatetic might be a better word, or ubiquitous, for he seems to be everywhere and nowhere. Well whatever the case, this piece will not, despite the title, be entirely about Mr. Sims although he plays a large part in it, and whether or not anyone else sees these words will depend almost entirely on that gentleman's whims.

The last time I saw Roger, at Hard-wired Confusion, January 24-26, 1992), our initial conversation somehow turned to Roger's single issue fanzine. Once again, he "threatened"--I can't say promised, that would be inaccurate--to publish the second issue. He told me he had a cover, a couple of articles and some artwork, if memory serves. I told him something like, 'that's a start' and all he needed was some more material. Then I said I was going to send him something to use in his second issue.

I don't know if Roger believed that or not--fans do make promises to each other all the time that they unconsciously have no intention of honoring, or if they do just never get around to--but I was serious about contributing something. I really would like to see Issue 2 of his fanzine even though I've never seen the first issue. [And it is a good thing that you haven't. For I am sure had you seen the first issue you would not have written this article for the this the second issue. ED] The result is this collection of ramblings I've committed to paper. And now I'm holding Roger to his promise . . .

The problem, however, is . . . precisely what am I going to write about. Having, as mentioned, never seen the first issue of Roger's zine, I have no idea what sort of tone or personality he was trying to establish. I do suspect, though, that it wasn't all deadly dull and serious. Whatever the case, I'll do my best to write something Roger won't be ashamed to print. Or will print just to embarrass me.

That's assuming, of course, Roger actually produces a second issue of his fanzine.

I am somewhat of an anomaly in fandom--a sub-culture, I suppose, noted for anomalies--in that I became involved in fandom much later in life than most. From my understanding, in general, fans entered fandom when they were teenagers or when they were in college and more or less grew up within that social structure as well as the mundane world. I was 40+ when I attended my first con. (The World Fantasy Convention in Nashville, Tennessee in 1987.) Needless to say, after seeing all those big name (to me) authors whose works I had read and finding I could actually go up and talk to them, I was bitten both by the bug of cons and of fandom in general. (Does this all sound familiar? I would like to think so even though I'm doubtless a case of "arrested development." Or should be arrested before I develop?)

Prior to attending my first convention, I had read and enjoyed science fiction from the age of 10 or 11, a period of around thirty

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years. (Admittedly, I didn't concentrate solely on science fiction reading; I was, like many fans, a nearly omnivorous reader, but sf was one of my main interests.) During those years I was vaguely aware there was such a thing as fandom and cons. But I always sort of assumed fandom consisted of clubs scattered around the country, and as far as I knew there were no local clubs. In any event, I neither knew how to get in touch with any clubs nor did I possess the knowledge, skill or ambition to start my own. So I merely did what so many other fans have done--and still do--enjoyed sf in the privacy of my home and spoke little to others about my interest.

Then through a concatenation of circumstances, fandom and I came together and it has proven to be a most interesting association.

When I finally did join fandom, I established several goals that I hoped to reach. They weren't things I'd sat down and actively thought about and enumerated for a sort of checklist. Rather, they were objectives that occurred to me over time and as I gradually became more knowledgeable about fandom. The most obvious first goal was to attend more cons so I could meet more of the big name pro writers and other fans. That was of course easily accomplished once I discovered the freebie table at that first con (And the second, and the third and . . .).

Another of my unofficial goals was to become more involved in fandom somehow in a way congenial to me. Apas seemed to be the most sensible route. So I joined an apa

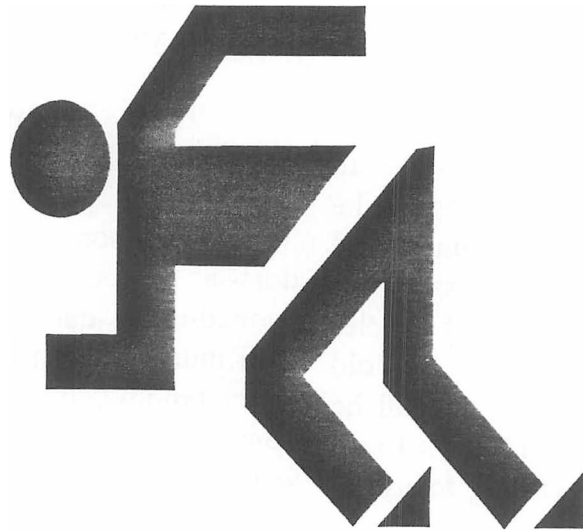
recommended to me by a fan with whom I had become acquainted via the N3F. That proved to be interesting and rewarding but not quite sufficient and I wanted to do little more as well as become acquainted with more fans.

Slowly, I am meeting and becoming acquainted with more and more fans, some of them the current "crop" of BNFs, such as Mike Glicksohn, George "Lan Laskowski, and others. [Who are the others and are the two that he wrote truly BNFs? What is a BNF? Are all BNFs also SMOFs? ed.] That has been gratifying even if I'll never get to become as well acquainted with them as I might like. One of

the things about being a BNF is all the people he/she has wanting to meet him/her. Had I gotten into fandom a couple of decades earlier I might have been a close associate of some BNF. (Though considering my shyness and diffidence, that may not have occurred.) The best I can hope for now, I suppose, is to have all these fans who exist in that high

level recognize me and maybe even remember my name.

The process of meeting other fans (some of whom edit and publish their own fanzines) led to yet another goal: the acquisition of fanzines, of which I had heard bits and pieces. Simple requests, of course, will obtain zines. So will cash, letters of comment, art work and articles. So, too, will trades of fanzines. There was now another goal, to edit and publish my own fanzine as an outlet for my writing and a way of obtaining all those wonderful zines I'd heard about.



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So I requested fanzines and I bought issues of zines to see what they were all about before launching into the production of my own. It seemed easy enough to accomplish, and given the nature of fandom one could launch a new fanzine and no one would mind. So after a short while I began putting out my own fanzine and receiving others in trade and reading the interesting and varied material they contained. Among all those articles were pieces about fan history and the people involved in early fandom.

This led to another, dual, goal: learn more about fan history and the people who contributed to that history. Gradually, I've been acquiring fan histories and of course reading them. I have found it all very interesting and the fan histories have given me a greater appreciation of the beginnings of fandom and the people involved. Inevitably, as I learned more about fan history and notable fans, this provided me with yet another goal--to meet as many of those early notable fans as practicable.

And this segues into the connection with Roger Sims, whose name is in the title of this piece. Reading Harry Warner Jr.'s *ALL OUR YESTERDAYS*, *WARHOON* 28, various articles printed in *MIMOSA* and other fanzines provided me with the names of fans from those early times such as the infamous Claude Degler, Forry Ackerman, Jack Speer, Buck Coulson, Bob Tucker, Harry Warner, Jr., Walter A. Willis, Lee Hoffman, Rusty Hevelin, Howard DeVore, Francis T. Laney, Sam Moskowitz, Robert Block, and a long list of others. And, of course, the ever elusive Roger Sims.

Although most of the BNFs are by and large high profile (How else could they have become thus?) there are others seemingly

more elusive for whatever reasons. Roger Sims is one of those latter. I have seen him. I have even said hello and managed to shake his hand. But since my very first encounter with him, I've found he never seems to be in any one place for very long. Perhaps that's the nature of most fans; I don't know.

At any rate, my subsequent encounters with him have been brief and fleeting indeed. Usually, those encounters consisted of seeing him entering an elevator I've just exited; entering an elevator he has just exited; seeing him headed down a corridor in the opposite direction intent on some distant and important goal; meeting him leaving a panel that had just ended prior to one I was going in to attend or coming out of a panel as he's going in to the next one.

I can tell you it's very frustrating indeed. But at least I know he's real and not created by someone and a nice man and I wish I could get him in one place long enough to have a conversation of more than two minutes' duration. (Provided I don't end up forgetting all the things I want to talk about.) I have of course made that one of my many specific goals though I suspect it's just Roger's nature to be in transit and never stopping for long or talking at any great length.

I think that's a reasonable goal. Roger may not, but that's his privilege. But if I make it to Octocon/Ditto as hoped, I intend to give it a try.

Fortunately, in the interim, I have plenty of other goals to work toward, and those should occupy my fannish time for years to come. Right now, I think I'll concentrate on the goal of seeing Roger Sims put out issue two of his fanzine. So how about it, Roger?



## CLASH OF THE TOILETBOWL TITANS

*Confusion has been one of the conventions that I enjoy attending year after year. The saga that you are about to read is reported to have occurred there some years ago. It seems that at a private room party, two irrepressible fans closeted themselves in the bathroom. Sometime thereafter, a loud crash resounded throughout the party and minutes later two giggling fans erupted from the bathroom followed by a torrent of water...*

### *Part 1 by Cy Chauvin*

It wasn't until she was 39 and long past the age of reason that Nadine Loeb realized that she had superpowers. She had the ability to change the course of lightning and direct it toward herself while in a basement, she could knock out the electricity on an entire block merely by flicking her wrist (to turn on her stove), she could levitate rugs in bathrooms; and now (her latest acquired superpower) she could explode toilets at a distance. If only I could harness these powers to do good instead of evil, she thought as the water dripped from the ceiling into the dining room and onto the many precious garage sale items she had collected. She finally came to the realization (as all superheros eventually do) that what she needed to focus her powers was a superhero costume. She grabbed Bill's credit cards and ran off to Comic Kingdom, where they were having a close-out sale on slightly used superhero costumes.

There in the backroom was a sagging superman outfit, a somewhat stretched out Batman costume, a Captain America costume, an Avenger costume also in good shape (but Nadine didn't like the color), and the left-over rags from two or three She-Hulk transformations. Nadine dithered over the costumes; maybe she would take the purple

tights from this outfit, and match them with that one over here... Oh, wouldn't Bill be surprised!

Meanwhile, in another part of town, Rick Lieder's face broke into a dark raccoon grin. He, too, had discovered he had the power to explode toilets. Only he wanted to use his power for Evil.

*The Saga continues. But this time with a great deal of difference. Read on and become mystified.*

### *Part 2 by Kathe Keja*

Naturally Rick Lieder-- Bill Burroughs impersonator without peer and indisputably the world's funniest man -- wanted to use his exploding toilet power for evil because as we all know evil is usually lots more laughs and gets to wear better clothes. "They think I like to break toilets, do they?" he said to his faithful love slave Kathe, who answered with an erotic gesture unfortunately unprintable even in a story as tasteless as this. "I'll show them broken toilets. Nobody in this town will ever again be able to take a peaceful shit."

Never content to make anything but big trouble, our hero, I mean that awful Rick, fixed his focus on the more-than-normally beleaguered Plymouth Radisson Hotel which was even then experiencing some sort of hi-fi convention and before you could say "Look out for the airborne shit!" every toilet in the hotel, even the ones that were in storage and unconnected to the mains, exploded like a bag of pretzels against Lucius Shepard's forehead. The lucky ones died first; others, less fortunate, were left to crawl through the sticky rubble, pants around their ankles, their gaze the stare of the terminally disgusted, their hands still clutching the useless shreds of

## FANTASY-SCOPE NUMBER 2

industrial-strength bathroom tissue that they had grasped in futile hope as apocalypse overtook them.

In all the chaos no one noticed two figures in black leather radiation suits, watching from a safe distance. "Some encrustation, wasn't it, honey?" Rick said proudly to Kathe, who promptly responded with a physical action both illegal and complex, that pleased Rick very much.

That evening's news to Roseville, from Southfield to St. Clair Shores, the air was black with the detritus of blasted commodes, the landscape itself as tattered as overused toilet paper. The newscaster, who wore the expression of a man forced to smell one too many reeking portajohns, gruffly summed up the disaster: "Whoever this fiend is, he holds our city's sphincter in his grasp," thus causing Rick and Kathe to experience one of the deplorable snickering fits, ultimately culminating in a plan even more heinous and ugly, a plan they called the Joel-Peter Within Collector of Fluids Quick Weight Loss Program.

*(That appears to be the end of Kathe's part in this saga. However, after a number of skipped lines in the manuscript, the following was typed by an unknown typist. ed.)*

Meanwhile, in a long line outside one of the many emergency portajohns, Nadine, her superhero costume still amazingly pristine even after the shocks and excesses of the day, had troubles of her own, besides the fact that the man in front of her was apparently undergoing some sort of spontaneous hostile bowel takeover. His strangled groans, although mildly entertaining, were a distraction for Nadine, who, like everyone else, was pondering the identity of the Untidy Bowl Man (as the press had begun to call our hero, I mean, that darn Rick). Nadine, however, being gifted with special powers of her own, had plans as well.

### Part 3 - "The Real Story" by Steve Hudson

I was down at the Con Suite about three doors down from my room because the party that I was throwing was going well. When I heard a crash, I thought that someone had knocked over a lamp or something like that. I wasn't going to rush down there and do the angry owner of the room routine, so after some time had passed I walked down and deliberately did not take notice at what was happening. Therefore, I really did not notice who was in the hall. However, out of the corner of my eye (the right one), I thought that I saw Cathy Koja and Rick Lieder moving rapidly away from me. And also, it seems, at the same time away from my room. Then all of a sudden the hall was full of fans who had erupted from my room, two of whom were carrying a cooler full of beer. As I walked into the room, a fan appeared in the bathroom door way. He said to me, "It's alright, now I found the cut off valve for the toilet." I looked in the bathroom. Yes there was water on the floor. But it was confined to the bathroom, and yes no more seemed to be coming onto the bathroom floor. Then I looked at the toilet. A sledge hammer could not have done a better job. The lid to the tank was in three pieces. The toilet tank had both a hole and a crack. The bowl had a hole.

A very reliable person reports that from the sound of the crash and spotting the fleeing couple a total of 30 seconds went by. This person would have looked at his/her watch as the crash was heard and then again when the couple came out of the bathroom.

An unreliable source has stated that at the time that the couple bolted from the bathroom and through the hall door it did not appear that their attire was completely in proper order.

# TO AFRICA WITH THE RESNICKS

Mike and Carol Resnick, Roger and Pat Sims and Perry Mason

One of the benefits that we have derived from being in fandom is the friendships that have spilled over into our normal mundane world. Such as taking trips that have nothing to do with fandom. So far we have traveled with Mike and Carol Resnick to England, Egypt and Tanzania. Now we are planning an extensive trip to Kenya.

Both of these trips were very enjoyable and seemed to be effortlessly planned. Well, I was wrong! How wrong you the readers are about to find out. But first here is the itinerary of our next trip. The bold type is from one of the last letters from Perry. What follows in normal type is Mike's interpretations of the day's activities.

**Saturday September 19:** Arrive Jomo Kenyatta Airport, Nairobi, BA 0400 hrs. Transfer to Norfolk Hotel cottage. Visit places of interest as time allows. After a resting period, Roger will play golf while the others visit the East African Wildlife Society, Select Bookshop for autograph sessions, and shop. After lunch at the Norfolk's Lord Delamere Terrace we will take a driving tour through Muthaiga; visit the Nairobi Museum, Snake Park and Karen Blixen's estate/museum. Dinner is at the 5-star Carnivore. We spend the night at the Norfolk hotel.

**September 20:** Drive to Sangare Ranch, Mweiga. Visit 14 Falls and Blue Posts Hotel etc. as time allows. Breakfast at the Norfolk. Pack the box lunch prepared by Norfolk, drive to Fourteen Falls and Chania Falls in Thika, stop for coffee at the Blue Posts Hotel (made famous in THE FLAME TREES OF THIKA), then go through town of Nyeri (passing by the White Rhino Inn, the counter-insurgents' headquarters in the Mau Mau Emergency) into the Aberdare Mountains. Have lunch

in the Aberdares National Park, spend the afternoon in the park, visiting the Gura Falls and Queen's Cave Falls. At sunset check into private camp at Sangare Ranch, where we'll have dinner and spend the night by the lakeshore.

**September 21:** Drive to Lake Baringo Lodge via Solio Ranch. Thomson's Falls (picnic lunch) and Nakuru. We'll have Breakfast at Sangare Ranch, pack a box lunch, stop by Solio Ranch (a private game ranch specializing in rhinos; in late 1991, they had 53 blacks and



30 whites), drive into the Rift Valley, have a picnic lunch at Thomson's Falls, and then drive to Lake Baringo, home of over 450 species of birds, where we'll check into the 3-star Lake Baringo Lodge, which offers camel safaris plus bird walks and boating trips with a resident ornithologist. We'll have dinner and sleep at Lake Baringo Lodge.

**September 22:** Lake Baringo Lodge, visit Lake Bogoria. We'll have all meals at Lake Baringo Lodge. Early morning bird

walk, then drive to Lake Bogoria, home of about two million flamingos, in late morning, lunch at Thomson's Falls, return to Lake Baringo for an afternoon boat trip on the lake. Sleep at Lake Baringo Lodge.

**September 23:** Drive to Maralal Safari Lodge. Breakfast at Lake Baringo Lodge. Drive 3 hours to Maralal, a lovely colonial town in the Northern Frontier District, check in at Maralal Lodge, where we'll stay in two-story chalets. The bar overlooks a private game park, and leopards are baited in mid afternoon, Lunch, dinner and sleep at Maralal Lodge.

**September 24:** Drive to Kitich Camp, Matthews Range. Breakfast at Maralal Lodge, then drive about 2 hours to the Matthews Range, and check in at the 3-star Kitich

## **FANTASY-SCOPE NUMBER 2**

Camp, where we'll have all our meals for the next two days. This totally-off-the-beaten-path camp in a virtually-unknown section of Kenya is on a stream that leads to a forest where all of the Big 5 -- elephant, rhino, buffalo, lion and leopard -- reside (though not in great quantities.) We'll take game walks there, rather than driving, and swim in the best swimming hole in Kenya, where the water is absolutely safe to drink and there are no crocs or hippos. We'll spend the night at Kitich Camp.

**September 25: Kitich Camp.** Morning and afternoon walks in the Matthews Range. All meals and sleep at Kitich Camp.

**September 26: Drive to Buffalo Springs Lodge, Samburu.** Breakfast at Kitich Camp, drive about 3 hours to the Samburu/Buffalo Springs Reserves, home of the Reticulated giraffe, the Grevy's zebra, the geronok, and a high concentration of elephants. Check into the newly-refurbished 3-star Buffalo Springs Camp, Carol's favorite Kenyan location. Lunch. Afternoon game run. Dinner and sleep at Buffalo Springs Camp.

**September 27: Buffalo Springs Lodge, Sumburu Game Reserve.** All three meals and sleep at Buffalo Springs Camp. Morning game run in Buffalo Springs, afternoon game run in Samburu, where we'll stop at the Samburu Lodge to refuel the car and have a drink in their famed Crocodile Bar, overlooking the Oaso Nyrio River.

**September 28: Drive to Ol Pejeta Game Sanctuary, Nanyuki.** Breakfast at Buffalo Springs Camp, drive 3 hours south through the frontier town of Isiolo and the White Highlands to the Mount Kenya countryside, check into the 4-star Ol Petaja Lodge on Adnam Khoshoggi's former 110,000-acre estate, for the best elephant viewing in Kenya. They also have white rhinos. Lunch, dinner and sleep at Ol Petaja Lodge.

**September 29: Drive to the Mt. Kenya Safari Club.** Breakfast and morning game run at Ol Petaja Lodge, then drive around the mountain through the lovely colonial town of Nanyuki and check into the 5-star Mount Kenya Safari Club, the most luxurious hostelry on the East African safari circuit. We'll have a private 2-bedroom cottage, and will eat lunch and dinner there. We'll also see their animal orphanage, shop at their gift shops, and tour their exquisitely-landscaped grounds. They also have a golf course.

**September 30: Mt. Kenya Safari Club, visit Mt. Kenya.** We'll have all three meals at the Mount Kenya Safari Club. After breakfast we'll drive up to the snow line of Kirinyaga itself; we can either pack a picnic lunch and spend the whole day on Kirinyaga, or return to the Mt. Kenya Safari Club for lunch and an afternoon at leisure. We'll have dinner and sleep at the Mount Kenya Safari Club.

**October 1: Mt. Kenya Safari Club, visit Lewa Downs.** Breakfast at the Mount Kenya Safari Club. We'll then take a day trip (including lunch) to Lewa Downs, a private game ranch that has cattle, rhinos, and plains game. We can take game runs in the safari car or by horseback. Dinner and sleep at the Mount Kenya Safari Club.

**October 2: Drive to Nairobi for lunch. Fly p.m. Air Kenya to Little Governor's Camp, Maasai Mara.** Breakfast at the Mount Kenya Safari Club, drive 3 hours to Nairobi, lunch at the 5-star Kentmere Club along the way, leave most of our luggage at Wilson Airport, fly to the Masai Mara (where 2 million wildebeest and zebra will have migrated the previous month from the Serengeti), check into Little Governor's Camp in time for an afternoon game run. Dinner and sleep at Little Governor's Camp.

**October 3: Little Governor's Camp, Maasai Mara.** Morning and afternoon game runs in the Masai Mara. All meals and sleep at Little Governor's Camp.

**October 4: Little Governor's Camp, Maasai Mara.** Morning and afternoon game runs in the Masai Mara. All meals and sleep at Little Governor's Camp.

**October 5: Fly a.m. Air Kenya to Nairobi, train to Mombasa (Perry to drive).** Morning game run and breakfast at Governor's Private Camp, fly to Nairobi, lunch at Nairobi's top-rated Indian restaurant, Minar. Perry will make the long drive to Mombasa by himself. Afternoon at leisure; probably we'll visit the Railway Museum. Take evening train (the "Lunatic Express") to Mombasa, dine on train, spend night in first-class Pullman car.

**October 6: Meet Perry, drive to Shimba Hills Lodge.** Breakfast on train. Meet Perry at the train station in early morning, drive 90 miles to the Shimba Hills Reserve, home of the sable antelope, the greater kudu, and substantial populations of elephant and leopard. Morning and afternoon game runs, lunch, dinner and sleep at the new 4-star Shimba Hills Lodge.

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**October 7: Drive to Nyali Beach Hotel. Visit Mombasa town Jumba la Mtwana. Breakfast at Shimba Hills Lodge, drive 90 minutes north and check into private cottage at the 5-star Nyali Beach Hotel. Spend the day touring Mombasa's shopping center and Old Town, lunch at the Castle Hotel, visit Fort Jesus, the Jain Temple, the Kiva Temple, the Shree Cutch Satsang Temple, the Sikh Temple, and stop by Ali's Curio Shop to shop and visit with our favorite huckster, Big-Hearted Ali. Dinner at the 5-star Tamarind, the best seafood restaurant in East Africa. (The building, overlooking the Old Harbor, formerly housed a Sultan's harem.) Dancing and entertainment at the Nyali Beach Hotel, or visit the nearby Mombasa Inter-Continental for entertainment and gambling. Spend night at Nyali Beach Hotel.**

**October 8: Nyali Beach Hotel. Restaurants etc. Breakfast and lunch at the Nyali Beach Hotel. Visit Jumba la Mtwana ruins and Bambouri Nature Trail in morning. Afternoon at leisure (snorkeling, renting a catamaran) and for scouting out rental properties. Dinner at the 3-star Alibarbour, a restaurant built into a cave that overlooks the Indian Ocean on the South Coast. Dancing and entertainment at the Nyali Beach Hotel, or visit the nearby Mombasa Inter-Continental for entertainment and gambling. Spend night at Nyali Beach Hotel.**

**October 9: Drive to Ocean Sports Hotel, Watumu. Visit Gedi Ruins, Malindi area, Fish etc. Breakfast at Nyali Beach Hotel. Drive north two hours along the Coast, visit the 7-century-old Gedi Ruins near Watumu. Check into the 4-star Ocean Sports Hotel in Watumu. After lunch, visit Carol's favorite dressmaker in Malindi and shop down the main huckster avenue. Dinner and sleep at Ocean Sports Hotel.**

**October 10: Ocean Sports Hotel, Watumu. Breakfast at Ocean Sports Hotel. Drive to Hell's Kitchen, kind of a mini-Grand Canyon. Lunch either at hotel, or, if possible, at Robinson's Island. In afternoon, rent glass-bottom boat from Robinson's Island or Marine National Park and snorkel, or rent deepsea boat and fish for marlin. Pick up any altered clothes at dressmaker's. Dinner and sleep at Ocean Sports Hotel.**

**October 11: Fly to Lamu Island, Peponi Hotel (Perry to drive to Nairobi). Breakfast at Indian Ocean Lodge. Perry will drop us at the airport and drive back to Nairobi with most of our luggage. We will fly a 5-seater from Malindi to Manda Island, where we'll take a dhow**

**to the tiny but luxurious 5-star Peponi's Hotel on Lamu Island, and check into private cabins. We'll have all our meals for the next two days at Peponi's. In the afternoon, we'll take a dhow trip to Lamu Town, a thousand-year-old Muslim city which has only had electricity for 18 years. (Lamu Town is where most of the truly fine Arabic trunks and ivory and ebony carvings were/are made.)**

**October 12: Peponi Hotel. In the morning, we'll take a dhow across the channel to Manda Island and explore the Manda Ruins. In the afternoon, we'll visit a dhow-building plant on the far side of Lamu Island, and take a dhow ride around the entire island.**

**October 13: Fly to Nairobi, meet Perry, transfer to Norfolk Hotel cottage. Breakfast at Peponi's, take a dhow to the airport at Manda Island, fly to Nairobi, meet Perry, check into cottage at the Norfolk Hotel. Spend afternoon sightseeing and shopping. Dinner at the Ibis Grill.**

**October 14: Depart for U.S.A., BA 1045 hrs. Breakfast at the Norfolk Hotel. Fly to London.**

### INTERCONTINENTAL ITINERARY

Leave Cincinnati on Delta Flight #36 departing at 8:40 p.m. on Wednesday, September 16, 1992, and arriving at London/Gatwick at 9:15 a.m. on Thursday, September 17, 1992.

Stay at the Skyline Sheraton in London for the night of Thursday, September 17, 1992.

Leave London/Heathrow on British Flight #069, departing at 5:30 p.m. on Friday, September 18, 1992, and arriving at Nairobi at 4:00 a.m. on Saturday, September 19, 1992.

Leave Nairobi on British Flight #068 departing at 10:45 a.m. on Wednesday, October 14, 1992, and arriving at London/Heathrow at 5:40 p.m. on Wednesday, October 14, 1992.

Stay at the Gatwick Hilton in London for the night of Wednesday, October 14, 1992, arriving about 9:00 p.m.

Leave London/Gatwick on Delta Flight #37, departing at 1:45 p.m. on Thursday, October 15, 1992, and arriving at Cincinnati at 5:20 p.m. on Thursday, October 15, 1992.



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Now that is a trip. If I am not allowed to go I will be a very unhappy person and not fit to be in pleasant company for many years to come. So Pat, if you are reading this, please be advised that I will borrow up to the hilt and sell anything that I have to in order to finance the above trip!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ok, the reader may be exhausted by now. However, I have only begun to tell about the trip and its planning. Because, Mike has graciously allowed me to extract the planning parts of the correspondence between him and Perry that resulted in the above itinerary. I should state at this point that Mike's previous three trips to Kenya and much reading also contributed. However, the final decision on where to go and what to do seems to have rested with Perry.

September 26, 1989

Dear Karamojo (Perry):

We'll be landing in Nairobi on the morning of February 17, 1989, and will stay at the Norfolk on the 17th and 18th; we take off for Tanzania the morning of the 19th. We'll have a party of 7. You could do me a big favor by making a reservation for 7 for the Carnivore for the evening of the 17th for around 8:00 PM.

We have two friends in particular we want you to meet: Pat and Roger Sims of Detroit. They're toying with taking a Kenya safari in a couple of years; if we can press you into service for a drive through the Nairobi Park for a couple of hours, I think you might realize a nice return on your investment.

As for the 18th, we'll probably dine at the Norfolk's Ibis Grill if you're out on safari. However, if you're available, perhaps a reservation at someplace like the Horseman might be best.

We recently were watching a Stewart Granger movie entitled THE LAST SAFARI. It was based on the novel GILLIGAN'S LAST ELEPHANT, and was filmed entirely in Kenya in 1966 and 1967. One of the scenes takes place at a meeting of the Professional Hunters Association. I got the feeling that these were the real members of the association being filmed, rather than a bunch of actors -- and there is one shot in which Carol and I spied someone who looked exactly like you. Were you in the movie, or are we mistaken?

Mike

April 1, 1989

Dear Finch-Hatten:

Our friends Pat and Roger Sims were properly impressed with you, and, depending on your price and their finances, they plan to come back to Kenya with us in September 1991. (We'll probably arrive a week ahead of them or stay a week longer, as there are certain things we want to see and do -- Marsabit [for certain this time], Lake Victoria, Kericho, the Tana River boat ride -- these are not very high on their list of priorities, and since they both retired this year, they're living on a fixed income.)

Mike

16, June 1989

Dear Mike,

Many thanks for PARADISE which arrived safely, I picked it up one evening just to read the credits and the next thing I knew the night had gone, the book was finished and I hadn't been to bed yet! Really great stuff and I thoroughly enjoyed it. It amazes me how much you know about East Africa and how it works (or doesn't work!!!)

As to the E. A. Wildlife Society -- if you remove page ix and as they don't have my cheat sheet I don't think they can object to anything at all, and if they did then they would be missing out on your best story yet.

I have just got my new professional hunter's license -- birds only -- but at least I feel I'm now a little removed from the herd of them who call themselves "safari guides." (I know -- I'm a terrible snob.) So perhaps I won't retire for another couple of weeks yet!

I may get to the States before you come over here so will I look forward to seeing you.

Love to Carol, Best regards,

Perry

October 23, 1989

Dear Pondoro:

Yes, I pity the poordamnfool shifita who's unlucky enough to mess with you and your Magnum. We may worry about the effects of the current publicity

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on your business, but we never worry about our safety when we're with Kenya's answer to John Wayne.

Your descriptions of the Mara Intrepids Club, Che Chale, the Tea Hotel, and the Sunset Hotel doesn't exactly bring joy to my heart. I suppose rather than do all this by mail, we can refine our itinerary when you're here next May.

Mike

March 23, 1990

Dear Jomo:

Got a question for you: what do you know about Lewa Downs? I just read an article about it in a rather obscure publication, and from what I can tell they have a lovely guest house, from which you can ride horseback out among their plains animals and a goodly number of well-guarded rhino. Is it worth considering?

Mike

May 5, 1990

Dear Bror:

Have you been to any of the following, and, if so, what is your opinion of them?

1. Mara Intrepids Club
2. Che Chale (a resort about 12 miles north of Malindi)
3. Adnam Koshoggi's recently repossessed 110,000 acre game ranch at the foot of Mount Kenya
4. The tea Hotel, at Kericho
5. The Sunset Hotel, at Kisumu

Mike

In May of 1990 Perry came to Cincinnati and stayed at the Resnicks. Carol was not there because of an emergency trip to Chicago to be with her father who had had a heart attack. This next letter was written sometime after the two had returned to their respective domiciles.

June, 15, 1990

Dear Lord Greystoke:

After you left and Carol returned, she decided that no one should take their one and only trip to Kenya without spending a night at the Mount Kenya Safari Club, so she convinced Pat and Roger Sims to add another day to the itinerary. (Between you and

Carol, you managed to talk them up from 20 to 27 days; I guess charm has its uses.)

I'm enclosing the new itinerary sheet with this: as you can see, we'll go the Mount Kenya Safari Club on the 5th day, after returning from Samburu, and we'll then go to the game ranch on the 6th day; as you pointed out, we won't get to the ranch in time to take a morning game run anyway.

Other than that, the itinerary is set in stone, with this one exception: Buffalo Springs is still Carol's favorite location in all of Africa, and she says that if at any time during the next year you hear that they've upgraded it again, she would much prefer to stay there than at Larsen's Camp.

We've checked into our convention schedule, and we can arrive in Nairobi anytime during the second week of September, 1991. We'd like to arrange it so that we're not in Nairobi on a Sunday. Please find out what day the Tana River safari begins; according to my brochures, which are admittedly two years old, they seem to always start on a Thursday.

It was very nice having you here for a couple of days, and we look forward to seeing you here again next May, when Carol really ought to have a few less problems to contend with.

Mike

27 June 1990

Dear Mike,

Just put my clients on the plane to Canada - they had a good time and the diesel Land Cruiser behaved just fine on its maiden voyage.

Many thanks for your letter and new itinerary. Well done, Carol! Also many thanks for having me to stay once again, great to see you and hear your good news, sorry Carol was tied up with family problems, hope all is well now.

Perry

22 March, 1991

Dear Mike,

I have just returned from safari, previous to which I tried several times to call you on the telephone but without success -- not even an answering machine. Have you changed your telephone number?

I am sorry to hear that you are not now coming on safari this year. The Sims' certainly seem to be

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something of a spanner in the works. However, I look forward to seeing you all in 1992 - only the Lord knows what the price will be then! Should the Sims' change their mind now that the war is over, do let me know as soon as possible.

Perry

March 27, 1991

Dear Selous:

I've got some questions that perhaps you can answer for me by the time you get here:

1. Do any of the Kenya plane companies stop at Marsabit yet?
2. I also read they were putting a new road through to Marasbit; is it finished yet?
3. Can either Lewa Downs or Solio Ranch be visited during a day trip from the Mount Kenya Safari Club or Sangare Ranch?
4. Is it still worthwhile to stop at the Mount Kenya Safari Lodge (Koshoggi's old hunting lodge)?
5. Is there any airplane company that flies from Nairobi right to the Ngorongoro Crater? We noticed a landing strip near there in 1989, but I don't know who uses it.
6. You mentioned that we would stay in a private camp owned by Governor's when we went to the Mara. I assume that this isn't Little Governor's. Has it a name? I can't seem to find it in any of my guide books -- and I've got, believe it or not, 43 Kenya guide books.
7. You mentioned that if we had to stay at Lake Nakuru for a night, in transit from Mt. Elgon, that we would stay at Lion Hill Camp. None of my guide books seems to say much, good or bad, about either Lion Hill or the Lake Nakuru Lodge. Can you tell me why you chose one rather than the other?
8. Have you ever eaten at Robinson's Island, which I gather is just off the coast about 12 miles north of Malindi? If so, is it worth the effort?
9. Is one still virtually assured of seeing leopard at Maralal? I have seen a grand total of one leopard in four safaris -- the one we saw at Maralal in 1986. I read that

they've "habituated" a couple of leopards in the Mara. Is this true? And if so, are they constantly surrounded by a couple of dozen minibuses?

Mike

29 August 1991

Dear Mike,

Have just returned from a very enjoyable safari with two couples from Arizona. Very nice people; and we saw lots of interesting game. I may be taking some Arabs out bird shooting next month!

Perry

Between this last letter and the next Perry made his annual trip to the States. During the visit he was able to answer all of Mike's questions. The material was then used to produce the last and it is hoped final trip itinerary.

10 June 1991

Dear Mike,

So nice to meet you and Carol once again, very many thanks for having me to stay and looking after me so well.

I hear that the lodge at Marsabit is operating but tends to be the local beer hall. I will try to hitch a lift in an aircraft one day and have a look at it. Also there is time for it to improve.

Once again many thanks for everything. My regards to the Sims and all the very best to yourself and Carol.

Perry

September, 9, 1991

Dear Dr. Livingstone:

Let me know how you enjoyed your bird shooting and your Arabs; my own guess is that you'll love the former and be less than enthralled with the latter.

As things stand now, I think we'll be arriving somewhere between September 17 and 20; the world science fiction convention ends on September 8, and Carol and Pat want at least a week at home to relax and pack and such. Which brings up a question: By

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my count, that puts us in the Mara in the first week of October; will the herds still be there?

Anyway, we're counting the days until we get back to Kenya again, and are especially looking forward to Marsabit and the Matthews Range. I think if Carol could visit anywhere in the world, it would be the Northern Frontier District, and these are two new locations for her. Me, I still like the Aberdares, with or without animals.

Mike

November 21, 1991

Dear Quatermaine:

Well, we finally managed to reserve our airplane seats for the safari.

We will be arriving at 4:00 AM on the morning of Saturday, 19 September. {Maybe I won't be dropped off at the golf course from the airport. Maybe I will want to go to the Hotel for some rest first! ed.} It's not my fault; it's the only flight British had scheduled. We'll be leaving Nairobi at 10:45 AM on the morning of Wednesday, 14 October.

I have absolutely no idea what you will do with us between the time we arrive and the time the Norfolk has our rooms available, but I figure that's Alan Quatermaine's problem, not mine. (The fact that we want a cottage rather than a room may help; they're frequently empty -- or at least they have been whenever I've been there.)

I believe that we may have a problem with the itinerary that you and I worked out when you were here. I finally got a guidebook that gives directions to Kitich Camp in the Matthews Range, and it looks like it's 155 kilometers over not-very-good roads from Isiolo. Now, as you'll notice on the itinerary, we planned to drive from Kitich Camp to Lake Baringo on the morning of the 9th day; we guessed from the map that it would take three to four hours. I have a feeling we grossly underestimated the time involved; I remember the drive from Maralal taking about 3 hours and this one looks like it could easily take 6 or 7.

Both alternatives eliminate Marsabit (which seems the most awkward spot to reach, and which I suspect you'd probably love to eliminate anyway), and break the drive from Kitich Camp to Baringo with an overnight stop in Maralal, which makes for an easier drive and a leisure afternoon there, and gives us one more day to schedule. Roger has always wanted to see Mount Kilimanjoro; personally, I'm not at all enamored with Amboseli, but what the hell, he's a friend,

and I suppose that we can drive there after lunch on 4 October and drive back to Nairobi after a morning game run on 5 October.

You mentioned when you were here that there was some talk of closing Amboseli for a year or two. If that happy event should occur, I have a second suggestion: instead of spending two nights at Mount Kenya, we spend a third night there, and take a day trip up to Lewa Downs, eating lunch at Lewa and returning to the Safari Club for dinner.

I leave the decision in your capable hands, and I'm certainly willing to listen to other suggestions. Please do a little serious thinking and let me know what we are doing.

Mike

26 January, 1992

Dear Mike,

Have just returned from a recce of the northern circuit for our safari in September.

The road between Isiolo and Lake Baringo is generally in pretty good shape, with some maintenance work being carried out to a couple of the bridges and what used to be rough sections.

Carol will be pleased to hear that half the tents at Buffalo Springs Lodge have been rebuilt as cottages in a very nice rustic style, whilst the remaining tents have all been given refurbished bathroom areas. The Manager tells me that the tents themselves, now under newly plaited roofs, are due to be replaced by new ones. The entire sewage system is in the process of reconstruction, and the whole undertaking should be finished by the beginning of March.

It was so nice to sit at sundown, once again, and watch a herd of elephants browse past, whilst after dark we were entertained by the resident crocodile and a visiting civet cat.

From there I drove to Kitich Camp. The last 25 kilometers can safely be termed "adventure motoring!" The camp itself is set beside the river at the foot of two hills in the Matthews Range, and is a fairly basic tented camp. The food is simple but adequate; the showers are of the canvas bucket type which are charged by a dusky hand-maiden as required. We had a herd of some 500 buffalo at the river to drink and graze. This kept away the resident leopard, but we could plainly hear both elephant and lion nearby. Kitich Camp is geared mainly to walking trips, i.e. there is no park to drive round in the vehicle. The walks tend to center around two natural swimming pools where one arranges to arrive for a

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picnic lunch. (I will arrive in the vehicle with the lunch!) It was very pleasant while I was there, as I had the camp to myself. I think it is worth a visit, if only to see Africa as it was 30 years ago.

My next port of call was Maralal Lodge, where I stopped for lunch. This is pretty much unchanged even to the wildlife beside the verandah. The food is much improved due to new management.

I then motored on to Lake Baringo, which is still as good as ever.

Herewith are the distances and driving times which I noted on my trip:

Isiolo to Buffalo Springs . . . 3/5 hr. . . 30 kms.  
Buffalo Springs to Kitich . . . 3 hrs. . . 148 kms.  
Kitich altitude 4,200 ft.  
Kitich to Maralal . . . . . 4 hrs\* . . . 146 kms  
Maralal to Baringo . . . . . 3 hrs . . . 161 kms  
Baringo to Nakuru . . . . . 1/2 hrs . . . 118 kms  
\*Includes 30 minutes for refueling.

To return to your itinerary option No. 2, I have re-arranged the order of visiting the lodges, so as to minimize the driving. You will notice, on the attached itinerary, that having visited Lake Baringo, we do not have to go from Nakuru back to Nanyuki.

Questions:

Will you require me to come to Lamu with you, or will I return to Nairobi on the 23rd with the vehicle, and collect you at Nairobi on the 25th?

There are two hotels that you may like to consider as an alternative to Ocean Sports Lodge:

(1) Hemingway's, which is a classy tourist hotel specializing in deep sea fishing.

(2) Ocean Sports, which is a fairly informal hotel much frequented by Kenyans like myself!

Both are close to the airport at Watumu.

I look forward to receiving your comments at your earliest convenience.

Am already looking forward to the safari. My love to Carol, best regards to yourself and the Sims'.

Perry

February 2, 1992

Dear Perry,

We're delighted that Buffalo Springs meets with your approval again; given Carol's love of the location, that's definitely where we'll stay when in Samburu/Buffalo Springs; she favors the tent over the cottage, but will be guided by your judgment. And

after some of the accommodations we had in Botswana, Kitich Camp will not daunt us in the least; it sounds delightful.

I've researched the Malindi/Watumu accommodations as best I can, and I think we'll go with your suggestion of Ocean Sports. Only one guidebook makes a passing mention of Hemingway's, while they all have nice things to say about Ocean Sports.

We'll do the itinerary in whatever order you think best. I was aware that going to Mt. Kenya after we'd been to the northern circuit and Lake Baringo would necessitate one extra 3-hour drive; I still think it might be worth it, simply because Mt. Kenya is the kind of place one likes to relax at after coming back from the heat and dust of the north...but as I say, we'll go with whatever order you choose.

On our first afternoon in Kenya, I'd like to drive around and give Pat and Roger an overview of the area, as well as going through some of the prettier suburbs of Nairobi, such as Muthaiga and Karen. In the evening, we'd like to eat at the Carnivore.

On Day 2, we'd like to stop at Fourteen Falls and the Blue Posts Hotel/Chania Falls on the way to the Aberdares. I don't know which route you plan to take through the Aberdares to wind up at Sangare for the evening, but we have very fond memories of Gura Falls and Queen's Cave; if they're not too far out of the way, we'd love to see them again.

On our second day at the Mt. Kenya Safari Club, we'll want to drive up the mountain in the morning, as I promised my publisher I'd get them some dust-jacket photos of me with the peak of Kirinyaga in the background. After lunch, we'd like to drive up to Solio Ranch and look at their rhinos.

On our third and final day at Mt. Kenya, we'd like to take a day trip, including lunch, to Lewa Downs, and return to the Safari Club for dinner.

On our second day at Lake Baringo, we'd like to drive to Lake Bogoria early in the morning and see the flamingos, then stop for lunch at Thomson's Falls on the way back.

On the day that we drive from Lake Baringo (or if you go back to the original schedule, from Mt. Kenya) to Nairobi for lunch, prior to flying to the Mara, if it's not too far out of the way we'd like to have lunch at the Kentmore Club, as we've heard very good things about it from a few friends who've been there.

The first day in Mombasa, we'd like to get into the city itself and see the Riva Temple, the Jain Temple, the Sikh Temple, the Shree Cutchy Satsany Temple, Fort Jesus, a drive through the old Town, and perhaps eat lunch at the Castle Hotel.

On the second day in Mombasa, we'd like to see



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the Bambouri Nature Trail and Jumba la Mtwana in the morning...and since we've never seen the South Coast and Diani Beach, we thought it might be fun to go there in the afternoon.

For our two dinners in Mombasa, rather than eat at the hotel, we'd like to go to Alibarbour's and the Tamarind.

We want to stop at the Gedi ruins on the way from Mombasa to Watumu, and perhaps do some shopping in Malindi and see the Vasco do Gama monument/pillar in the afternoon.

I see from my guide books that Ocean Sports does not include lunch in its fee. Since we have to pay for lunch, we might look into the possibility of eating at Robinson's Island north of Malindi; a number of my guide books seem to think it's an interesting experience.

On our second day in the Watumu/Malindi area, I'd like to finally see Hell's Kitchen in the morning. In the afternoon, we can go snorkeling -- or deep sea fishing.

Feeling old and tired yet? Well, in exchange for all these little excursions, I think we can manage to go to Lamu without you and give you a couple of days to recover your strength.

We can obtain our visas without any help, but we could use about 8 or 10 of your personalized Perry Mason luggage tags, plus a pair of applications for Flying Doctors Insurance.

Hope to see you here in May.

Mike.

This was to be the end of this article. But something happened last night (Tuesday, March 17, 1992). A short time after we had returned from our sign language class the phone rang. The following is an approximation of the conversation.

"Hello."

"Hello, this is Mike. Put Pat on and go to another phone." I do this.

"Carol was worried about the various reports coming out of Kenya of attacks on tourists and political discord. She asked me to make some phone calls to find out what is going on in Kenya. So I called our

Embassy in Nairobi and was told that it would not be a good idea to visit Kenya. So then I called the British High Commission and was told that as long as one acts in a prudent manner Kenya is perfectly safe to visit. Then I called Perry and he carefully explained that while yes there was some trouble, he would make sure that we didn't meet any of it."

About a week later the following from Perry arrived.

17 March, 1992

Dear Mike,

Nice talking to you this morning on the phone. I quite understand Carol's concern, but it would appear that what she read was a rehash of incidents that had taken place over a period of many months.

As you know, almost all the mini bus operators hire their buses and drivers from a pool in Nairobi or Mombasa, and so they quite happily send their clients off on safari with a driver whose name they don't even know. My own theory is that some of these drivers are real villains who collude with robbers to meet at a pre-arranged spot in order to rob tourists.

To-date we have not had a single case of a 4 X 4 vehicle driven by a European being bothered, but in any event do rest assured that should there be any reason for alarm, I will personally phone you immediately.

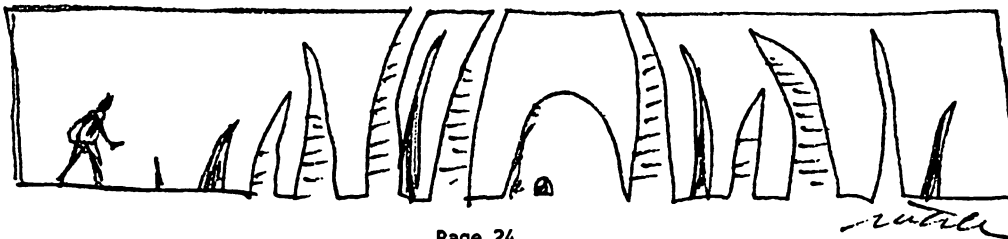
You were lucky to catch me at home; I had just returned from four days at Little Governor's Camp, and tonight I take the train to Mombasa so I will be able to give you an up-date on that as well.

Hope you like the final itinerary. I will go ahead with the booking on my return

Best regards to you all,

Perry

We are still planning on going, however, we are keeping our options open. The latest CONSUMER REPORTS TRAVEL LETTER, Vol. 8, No. 4, dated 1, 1992 includes Kenya in its list of "don't go" countries!



# FANTASY-SCOPE NUMBER 2

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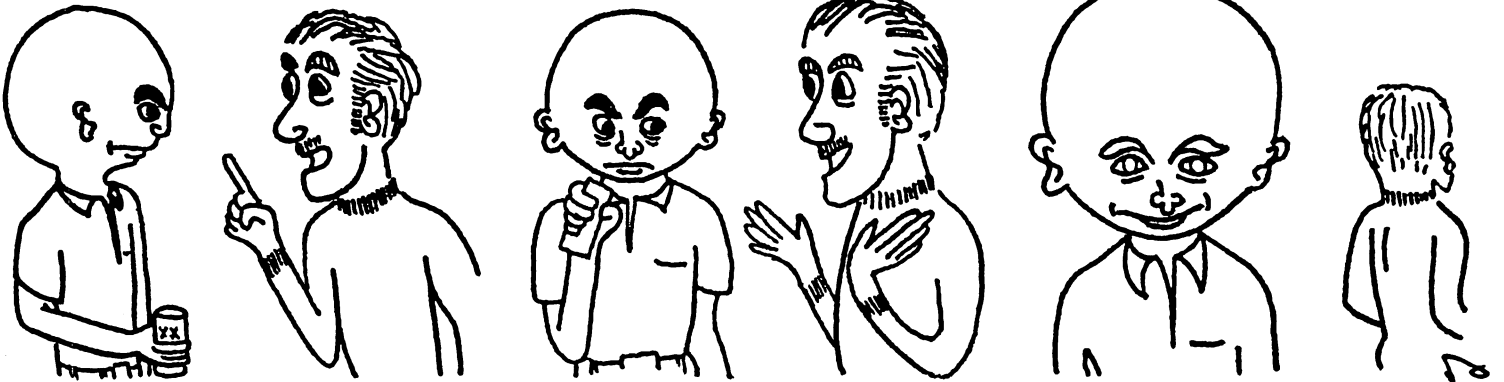
CONTRIBUTORS

## THE ADVENTURES OF BEN FAN

HEY BEN, HARLAN JUST ACCEPTED A STORY OF MINE FOR HIS NEW ANTHOLOGY!

HARLAN THINKS IT'S GREAT! IT'S ABOUT A STUMP SUCKER WHO CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE!

IT'S NICE TO MEET AN AUTHOR WHO KNOWS HOW TO TAILOR HIS SUBJECT MATERIAL FOR THE MARKET.

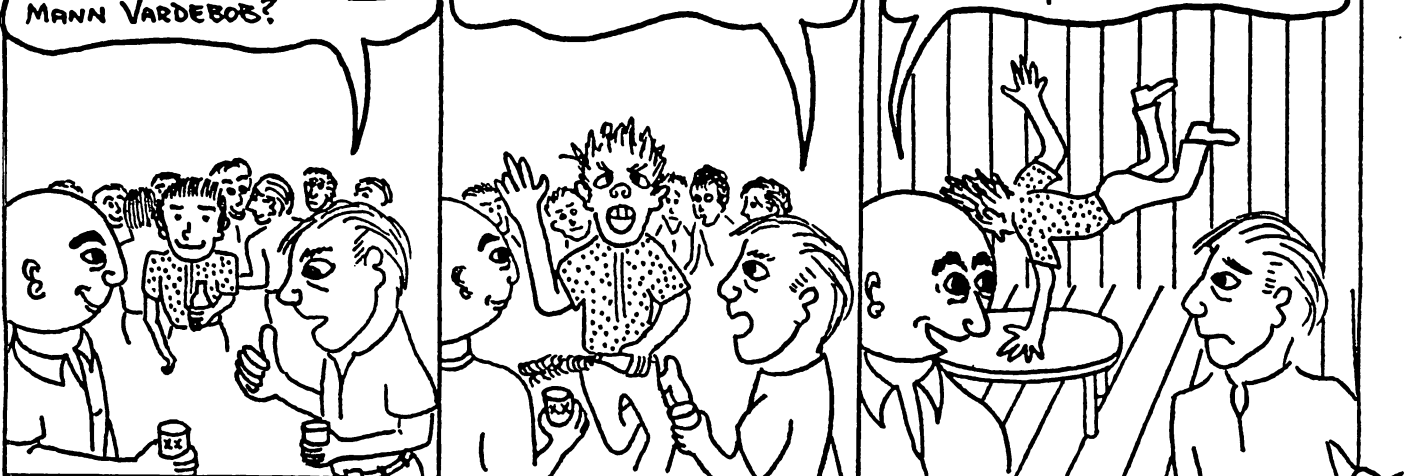


## THE ADVENTURES OF BEN FAN

HEY, BEN. IS THAT NICE, QUIET KID OVER THERE REALLY MANN VARDEBOS?

YE GHODS! IS HE GOING BERSERK?

NO, HE'S EVOLVING INTO HIS WRITING PERSONALITY.



# THE ADVENTURES OF BEN FAN

HEY BEN, THESE WORLDCONS ARE GETTING JUST TOO DAMNED CROWDED

WHAT DO YOU THINK? HOW CAN WE KEEP THEM TO A MORE MANAGEABLE SIZE?

CLOSE DOWN THE BAR



# THE ADVENTURES OF BEN FAN

BEN, THERE ARE TOO MANY FANZINES THAT DO NOTHING EXCEPT REVIEW OTHER FANZINES.

YOU KNOW WHAT THIS WILL EVENTUALLY LEAD TO, DON'T YOU?

YES, A ZINE THAT REVIEWS OTHER FANZINE REVIEW ZINES...

