# Purrsonal Mewsings #96

*Purrsonal Mewsings,* formerly *Feline Journal* and *Feline Mewsings* is a personalzine by R-Laurraine Tutihasi, PO Box 5323, Oracle, AZ 85623-5323; 520-275-6511, Laurraine@mac.com, http://www.weasner.com/. I hope to publish every twelve weeks or so.

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#96 December/March 2025/6

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### Art and Photo Credits

Cover Photo—my Christmas cactus flowers from this past winter.
Title page header—Sheryl Birkhead
Illo—p. 16 by Andrew Porter
Photos—credit for photos embedded in text.

Contributions of art, reviews, articles, fiction, letters, even poetry welcome. Publication not guaranteed, but all submissions will be given due consideration.

[ ] if this box is checked, I need to hear from you if you wish to stay on my mailing list.

If you are reading this electronically and would prefer to receive a printed version, please let me know. Or vice versa.

## * Editorial / Introduction

I need to clarify the status of the metric system in the US. The metric system was adopted in 1876. In 1964 the National Bureau of Standards adopted this. However, the metric system is still not in use universally here. I shall endeavour to to use the metric system.

Despite rather dry weather for most of 2025, there were not a large number of fires in Arizona. Possibly there was not enough fuel because of recent fires. We did have a scare locally; but it was controlled before it got very large, although five homes were lost about five miles away from us.

Continued use of the physical therapy exercises seemed to have only limited effect, so I slowly added other exercises. An acquaintance published on Facebook much information about recommended exercises following physical injury. I found this information highly useful. One was the tai chi walk (information easily available on the web). It's a very slow walk, and you wouldn't expect it have much effect. But it has an outsize effect for the amount of effort it takes. The other is the sun salutation (again information easily found on the web). This is a series of fairly easy yoga exercises.

My eyes have done generally well since the cataract surgeries after a few weeks of some wonky problems. I did discover that Transitions, which is an add-on to eyeglasses that make them darken naturally in the sun, no longer seems to work well. It used to work great for me, but I think my cataracts had already started by the time I started using it. Also I was living in California when I first started using it, and the sun was probably less bright than it is in Arizona. In any case it's no longer of much use and won't be getting it on future eyewear. The part of the glasses for reading still causes problems when I read more than an hour or so, leaving me with double vision for an hour or more. I will be discussing my problems with my optometrist when I see him.

Good rainfall started to impact us in September. I don't mean there wasn't any rain before that, but it usually amounted to less than a half inch per month. That just isn't enough. When we started getting more rain, many plants that should have bloomed earlier finally blossomed. The bees and butterflies that were still around then took advantage of this.

As promised my Seattle trip report is included in this issue. In November I went to Loscon in Los Angeles, and I will report that in a later issue. In addition I attended Gallifrey One, the Doctor Who convention, also in Los Angeles in February.

This issue is a bit late for a variety of reasons. Fall was a very busy time for me. The figure skating competitions start then, and some important ones take place during the second half of October and the first half of November. Because they happened one week after another, my weekends (three days) were filled with almost nothing else but watching them on a streaming service. The theatre and concert seasons also start in fall. I was also packing for and attending Loscon and getting things done for the holidays. In any case that's why this is a combined issue for December and March.

* * *

## * Kritter Korner

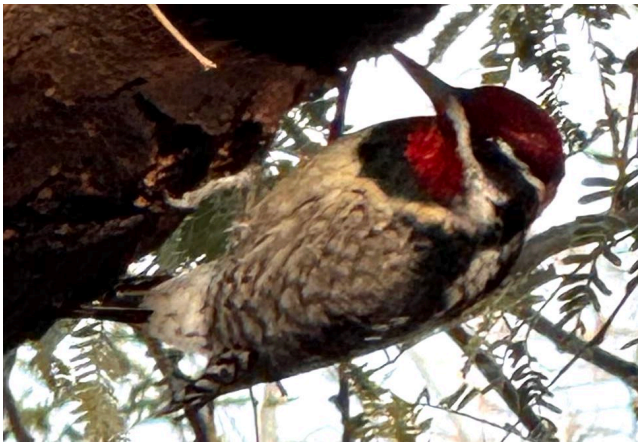
Some people have expressed disappointment at not seeing photos of Cato, so here he is.

And here are two bird photos I took from the master bedroom window.

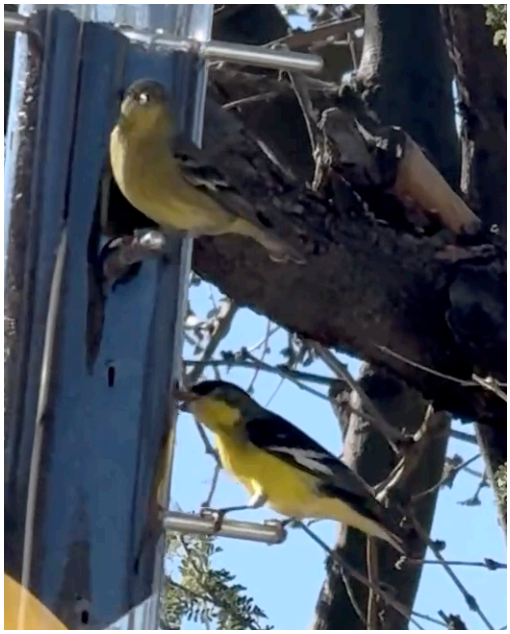
Broad-billed Hummingbird

Verdin

On a birding outing, I saw my first red-naped sapsucker. This is a type of woodpecker that supplements its diet with tree sap. Before this sighting, I wasn't aware of its existence.



I also got a good shot of two lesser goldfinches at my new nyjer seed feeder.



Finally here are three photos from our camera trap.

Cooper's hawk in flight

Harris hawk in birdbath

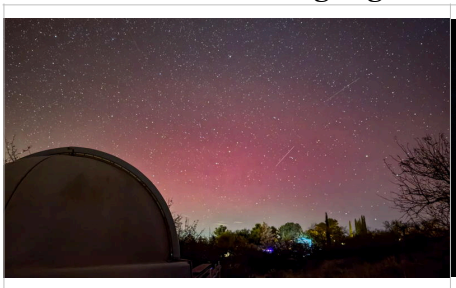
Stellar's jay & gila woodpecker

* * *

## * Astronomy

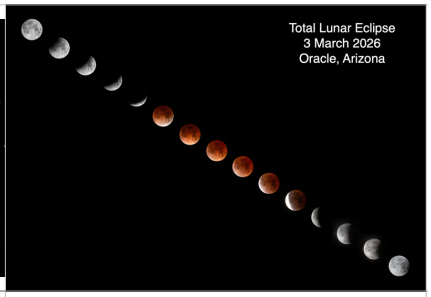
Since my last issue, we've had more cloudy nights than clear. Still Mike managed some good photographs. I'll start with the 2025 montage on the next page.

Next a few of the highlights from late last year and early this.



Aurora from November

Comet Lemmon in November




The recent lunar eclipse

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## * **Thoughts:** My Opinions, Views, Etc. about Books, Plays, Movies, etc.

***Cloud 9***, play by Caryl Churchill.

This was the Rogue Theatre's second play for the 2025-6 season. I saw it in

November. Written in the 1970s, this was a study of gender roles. The first half of the play takes place during Britain's colonial period in Africa. The second half was contemporary when it was written and takes place in London. Realism is not a factor. The family represented in the first half are older but by only a few years. The parents are elderly, and the children are grown. The roles are frequently played by an actor of apparent opposite sex, indicating the character's unhappiness with the sex he/she was born with.

It's done with a lot of humour that keeps the audience entertained, but the play really makes one think about gender roles. As usual it was excellently done.

#

***Peter and the Starcatcher*,** based on the novel by Dave Barry and Ridley Pearson, adapted by Rick Elice, music by Wayne Barker.

I saw this at the Rogue in January. It's the first musical I've seen there. I was very impressed by the musicality of the actors, most of whom I'd seen before in other productions. This is a Peter Pan origin story. In this version Neverland is a island in some undisclosed part of Earth.

I found this the best production I've seen at the Rogue.

* * *

## * Seattle Trip, including Worldcon 2025

Thursday, 7 August 2025, I flew out of the Tucson airport on a nonstop flight to Seattle. The Tucson airport is small and just has one passenger terminal. I read e-mail and chatted with other travellers in the waiting area. Our plane was an E175 (OO); it seems that all my flights to and from Tucson have been on the same type of plane. For a change I didn't have a seat mate; this enabled me to take a few photos out the window. I always sit in an aisle seat, being a frequent bathroom user.

There was not an actual lunch, but we were offered all sorts of snacks, including two kinds that I could eat, and beverages.

We landed more or less on time. Seattle is one of those airports where one must take a train to baggage claim, so that takes a bit of time. I had a Good Samaritan help me retrieve my suitcase from the conveyor belt, where it lay out of reach for me behind other luggage. I texted my sister, Mimi, who was waiting in the cell phone lot. She took me to Safeway on the way back to her place in order to get breakfast food, but they had neither Eggwiches nor Frittatas (both made by Jimmy Dean and sold in my local Safeway); so I bought bacon and eggs.

Mimi made a nice home-cooked dinner for us. The photos at the top of the next page are her cats. Bailey is accustomed to people, and I saw him a lot. Sunny hid most of the time, and I rarely saw him.

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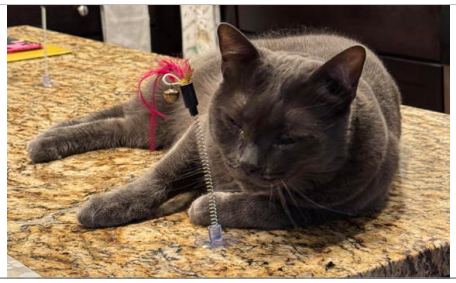
|  | |
| Bailey | Sunny (hiding in closet) |

As often happens we talked until late. I got to bed about 22:45. I slept in Mimi's guest room.

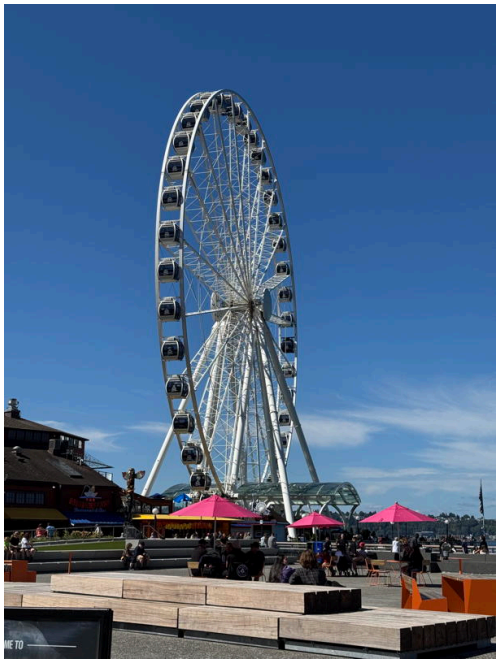
On Friday, 8 August 2025, we left mid-morning for Seattle. Parking near the aquarium was exorbitantly priced, leading Mimi to underestimate the amount of time we should pay for, as we discovered later. We paid our admission to the new wing of the aquarium and toured that (see photo below).

We were hungry after that, and we found a relatively inexpensive restaurant to eat lunch at.

Then we went to ride on the Great Wheel (see photo to below on right) to make up for our previous ride on it when things were clouded over and we couldn't see very far. By the end of that, there was no time remaining to see the old part of the aquarium. I was also pained in the lower back, still recovering from the injury in November. We drove back toward Mimi's house. On the way she topped up her gas tank and stopped at a new Asian store, where I bought some food items. A branch of the store is in Chandler, a suburb of Phoenix, but I have no idea when I'll be up that way.

For dinner we went to the Warthog Barbecue. The food was very good, and we brought a bunch back; their servings were huge. This would be a great place to get food

for a party.



I had a breakfast of leftovers on Saturday, 9 August 2025, from the dinners of the previous two nights.

This was a day at home. After lunch I helped Mimi organize her photos on her computer.

We went to dinner at Pho Tai restaurant. The food was good, but we brought back most of mine, which was a huge soup.

Sunday, 10 August 2025, was a day of rest, at least until we left for a fannish party north of downtown Seattle. Traffic was terrible, so we were a little late arriving. Many people I hadn't expected were there—Astrid Bear, Amy Thomson, Craig Miller, and Genny Dazzo.

The party had promised food, and we got it. I ate a lot of Rainier cherries, a gluten-free hamburger, some fruit salad, and drank a bottle of water.

Eventually Mimi called time, and we found a better way to drive back to her place. We had a very early start the next day, when we were taking the Victoria Clipper to Victoria.

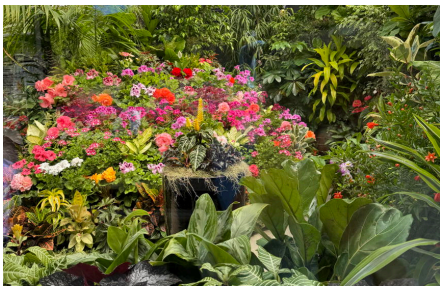
Monday, 11 August 2025, I got up to my alarm at 04:00. We left Mimi's place about 06:00. There were some problems finding the parking garage, but we eventually managed to get parked. The line for boarding the Victoria V was long, but it moved reasonably quickly.

I bought breakfast on the ferry.

A bit later there was a humpback whale sighting, but I only managed catch sight of it as it sank under the waves. Later there was a sighting of orca, but I was unfortunately otherwise engaged. After we reached Victoria, we eventually got on a bus that took us to Butchart Gardens.

We ate a delicious lunch first; I had a gluten free cheeseburger and gluten free chocolate mousse cake with a fizzy fruit drink. It was delicious, to die for.

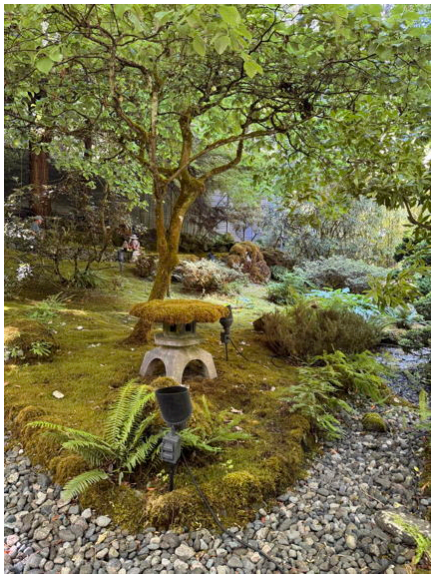
We toured the gardens (see photos), but we had apparently picked the hottest day of the year. The heat and humidity were enervating. After we returned to Victoria, Mimi got her directions wrong; so we ended up walking six extra blocks in search of our hotel. I was so tired we had to stop at a mall with public bathrooms and get a cool drink to refresh us. After that it was just a few blocks to the Best Western Plus Carlton. The check-in person was very nice and recommended a few places for dinner.



We went to dinner at Finn's seafood restaurant a few blocks from the hotel. Service and food were great.

Tuesday morning, 12 August 2025, we got down to

breakfast at the restaurant next to the hotel about 08:15. It was one of the best breakfasts I can remember.



After breakfast we finished packing, checked out, and took a cab to the dock where the ferry lands. After some confusion we found the place to check my carryon with the ferry people. Then we walked to the Royal British Columbia Museum. It has two floors of exhibits. The third floor is cultural and historical. Exhibits about the Japanese, Chinese, and indigenous people were good. The second floor was partly natural history and the rest modern history. We took a break between the two floors to get some refreshments. After looking at the exhibits of interest, we walked back to the waterfront area.

We had a late lunch at a restaurant attached to a Days Inn. I had a tuna poke bowl and cappuccino.

About 16:00 we walked across the street to check in to our ferry. The ferry ride was uneventful.

After we got home, about 19:30, I had leftover pho and fruit for dinner with tea.

Wednesday, 13 August 2025, I got up to my alarm at 05:30. I finished packing my suitcase.

We left Mimi's about 09:00. Traffic was slow in spots. Mimi dropped me off at the Sheraton Grand Seattle for the worldcon; registration went smoothly, but my room was not yet ready. I had to stash my luggage and go back for the room key later. In the meantime I walked to the convention centre, a walk that resembles the path the knight takes in chess. There I attended Brigitte Landry's presentation, "Roving Mars", about the Mars rover programmes. If I'd had time, I would have stayed to talk to her. Unfortunately I needed to go back to the hotel to get my room key and luggage.

I used the occasion to grab a snack bar to eat. That was lunch.

On the way back to the convention centre, I ran into Jim Mann, and he gave me visual cues, which were very useful, to use in finding my way around between the hotel and convention centre. I got back early for the Amy Thomson Table Talk, so I sat down to update my diary. While I was waiting, Jackie Boykin came around; and we talked for a bit. The Amy Thomson talk was interesting and revealing; she had experienced a slump in her publishing experience, probably related to the general change in the publishing industry taking place. She gave away some copies of her books; I got the one title I didn't already own. Then I went to a reading by John Scalzi, who was very entertaining (see photo to right). After that I went to the second half of an interview of Martha Wells.

Then I went to a presentation about George Takei; this mostly covered his difficulties with his sexual preference. It was a good presentation accompanied by a lot of pictures. Sometime during this time period between programme items, I ran into the Dotys, Polly Peterson, and Jeanne Mealy; we hoped to meet up again later, but that proved nearly impossible with everything so spread out over several blocks. After the George Takei talk, I went to Opening Ceremonies. Opening Ceremonies started late, and I left after a short time to attend a reading by David Levine, which was excellent; his reading style is comparable to Harlan Ellison's.

I had what amounted to dinner about 21:00 at Amy Thomson's first night party not too far from my hotel room. I was really tired, and the room as crowded; so I didn't have the best party experience.

Returning to my room, I completed unpacking. I was too tired to do much else, and the pain my left side continued. I got to bed about 23:45.

Thursday, 14 August 2025, I got up to my alarm at 06:30. I washed my hair before I went down to breakfast at the Alder and Ash on the first floor in the hotel (this was where I had all my meals at the hotel).

As I was about to be seated, Amy Thomson and Edd Vick showed up; so we decided to eat together. Edd didn't stay very long; he had errands to run. Amy and I enjoyed a long conversation.

I returned to the hotel room briefly to freshen up. Then I walked to the convention centre. The first programme I attended was "The Legacies of Vonda N. McIntyre" with panellists Benjamin Wallin, Fonda Lee, Eileen Gunn, and Jae Steinbacher. After that I had two free hours, and I spent half of it going through the special exhibits and art show and getting a cappuccino. That was when I found the fanzine lounge, just outside the huge room containing the dealers room, art show, special exhibits, and various tables representing future conventions and other things.

I should have had some sort of lunch then, as my body later told me.

After that I went to a presentation by future worldcon hopefuls. This included Montreal in 2027, Brisbane in 2028, Kigali Rwanda in 2028, Dublin in 2029, and Edmonton in 2030.

Then it was time for the neurodiversity panel I was on. It was a very successful panel,

and I discovered I may be more neurodiverse than I had thought. Neurodiversity covers a lot of ground. It covers autism and related conditions as well as different ways of thinking and behaving. In my case I apparently think differently from the majority of people; I think in pictures, not in words. This is not unusual among visual artists, according to an informal poll I took many years ago. We also discussed such things as difficulty in not blurting out the truth. (photo was taken by someone else and shared—my face is partially obscured by a microphone)

Then I went to the Alexander James Adams's concert, which was great as usual.

By that time I was feeling pretty crappy and walked straight into the Alder and Ash where I'd had breakfast. I ate a shrimp cocktail accompanied by two Cosmos.

After I finished my dinner, I visited with poet Linda Addison at her table nearby. We had a great conversation. She helped me walk to the elevators; I was a bit tipsy. I didn't feel up to any parties. I was in bed by 22:30.

Friday morning, 15 August 2025, once I had breakfast and got my head screwed on right, I walked to the convention centre and attended a Table Talk with Melinda Snodgrass. She talked about her early career, when she tried being a lawyer. She liked the law, but she didn't like being a lawyer. She discussed her experience working on television and her novel writing.

Then I went to a very well-attended reading by Martha Wells. She read from a work of fantasy she is currently writing. Afterward she answered a lot of audience questions, including those about Murderbot, recently released as a very successful TV series. See photo to right.

I had enough time for lunch, so I went down to the restaurant attached to the convention centre. There in line I attached myself to the couple in front of me, who turned out to be Chris Barkley and his lady Juli Marr. And they ended up treating me to lunch! We had a great conversation that extended for quite a while after we finished eating. See photo at left.

There was some extra time, so I did a partial walk around the dealers room. I found Alexander James Adams and, of course, I pre-ordered his next release. There's something magnetic about him. I also learned that Kevin

Standlee is now Kayla Allen Standlee.

After that I went to a Martha Wells interview. I sat next to a really friendly local fan, who is now a Facebook friend. The interview was really great. After that I went to a panel remembering sf people who had passed during the last year. I left that early for a Becky Chambers reading; there was a humongous line waiting to get into a small room. We ended up in a hallway seating area outside the Terrace room. See photo to right. That went on for far longer than the scheduled time. I left because of a call of nature. Then I went to the top floor for the masquerade and was surprised to see the line still proceeding into the room; I was reminded that masquerades often start late. I ate a snack while I waited for the masquerade to start. The masquerade itself was the best I've seen in a long time. (See photos below). During the intermission I went out in the corridor and ran into the Morningstars, and we decided to walk back to the hotel. We got a bit wet,

because it was raining. Janice, who was on a scooter, got wetter than Chip and I.

I found the LA in 2026 party and stayed there until shortly after midnight talking to various people (Genny Dazzo, Linda Deneroff, the Morningstars, Hugh Gregory, Ctein, John Hertz, and probably a few others). I had the second half of dinner there.

The hotel closed the parties down shortly after midnight. I got to bed about 01:00.

After I got to the convention centre on Saturday, 16 August 2025, I attended the first part of the business meeting, which consisted of officially announcing that Montreal won site selection. Then I attended readings by Melinda Snodgrass, David Gerrold, Nancy Kress, and David Brin. Between the Gerrold and Kress readings, I ran down to a lower floor for a StippleAPA photo. Later I went to "Q and A with Martha Wells". Then I attended a reading by Mary Robinette Kowal.

I took a lunch break about 15:45 and had an oat bar.

Then I attended an interview of Brigitte Landry. After that I went to a Table Talk with Craig Miller, but he never showed up; he later explained that he got bogged down in rehearsals for the Hugo Awards ceremony. Two other Table Talk people who had shown up didn't have any followers show up, so I chatted with them for a while. One of them was Terry, a comic shop owner from Chicago; we found we had a lot in common, including bird watching.

I had dinner about 19:00 at the convention centre; my left hip was starting to bother me. I had interesting conversations with people in the tables next to me. The menu seemed to be geared toward sf fans. My cocktail was called "A Hitchhiker's Guide to Rum". I should have taken a photo of the menu.

When I got to the Hugos (see photo of award at right), I found I had to sit in the overflow room. The acetaminophen I had taken during dinner didn't seem to work until after I'd sat down. Unfortunately the pain came back during my walk back to the hotel. I decided to call it a night.

Sunday, 17 August 2025, I got down to breakfast about 07:30 and had a brief conversation with a fellow fan at the next table.

I returned to my room for about half an hour before walking to the convention centre. I picked up a copy of the WOOFzine and spent some time in the dealers room before going to the Feedback session, where I had the opportunity to talk with Bobbi Armbruster, who will also be working next year's worldcon in Anaheim. Then I attended a David Brin Table Talk. Afterward I ran into Kay McCutcheon and David Schlosser and stood around talking for quite a while. I went down to the dealers room briefly. I found out some information about the Montreal worldcon in 2027; eventually I decided not to attend. Then I sat down in the Fanzine Lounge and ended up talking with various fans, including Andy Porter, who drew me a fillo for my fanzine, which he said he enjoyed reading.

While there I ate a snack instead of a full-fledged lunch.

A bunch of us went to closing ceremonies, which turned out to be quite short. Then I walked back to the hotel.

After a while I went down to get dinner. Although I sat alone, eventually a fannish

couple sat at the next table; and I had a fairly interesting conversation with them. On my way out, I conversed briefly with another couple, who found in me a resemblance to their deceased mother.

Back in my room I did as much packing as I could. About 20:00 I went looking for the dead dog party, and found it. I talked to a couple of fans, including Fred Lerner, until I started to get sleepy. Back in my room I did as much more packing as I could. I got to bed about 22:15, as I had a fairly early departure.

Monday, 18 August 2025, I got up to my alarm at 05:00. After I finished packing, I checked out.

I got to breakfast about 06:00 and had the buffet.

The man who drove the cab to the airport was from Ethiopia, and we had an interesting conversation. Things at the airport were complicated and slow, but I reached the gate an hour before boarding. While waiting to board, I spoke to some people who had moved from Kirkland to Tucson, and they said they like Tucson. The flight was uneventful. The man next to me was too self-involved for conversation, so I read and napped a bit. There was a funny-strange smell on the plane. We landed early. Another passenger helped me get my suitcase from the baggage carousel. I didn't have to wait long for Mike to pick me up. Apparently Cato had missed me and was super affectionate for a few days.

* * *

## * Letters to the Editor

The text of letters received will be in brown. My replies to the letters will be enclosed in double parentheses and will be in black. I will also routinely make editorial corrections in punctuation, spelling, and the like. I use Oxford standards of spelling and punctuation.

**John Hertz, 2236 S. Coronado St., #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057**

**9 Jan 2026**

Swell sky photos by Mike in *Purrsonal Mewsings* 95 as ever. Scrub jay and Kritter Korner photos good too.

The father of my late mother's auto mechanic was in Manzanar. It was [mentioned] in my law school classes. You being electronic probably know it has a detailed Wikipedia page.

I just wrote to Fred Lerner about "relevance" in art. So often it means, "Look how right I am". On another tentacle, I try to be sensitive to timelessness in considering what might be an SF classic.

Patience. It can help. A friend who was in the Army says "Patience is a skill."

I'm using a Wm. F. Buckley, Jr., postage stamp because many of my companions on the Left underrate him on account of our differences. His non-fiction was well written and perhaps all the more worthwhile for me since I disagreed' with much of it. I even had a little correspondence with him; he was courteous.

((I have't read anything written by him, but I used to watch a TV show he had. I respected his intelligence and high level of education.))

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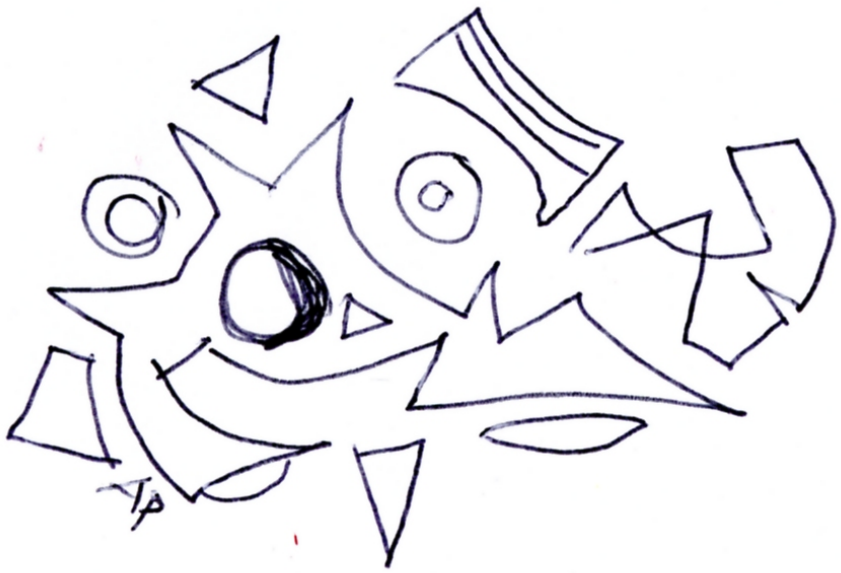

**Rich Dengrove, 8056 Sleepy View Lane, Springfield, VA 22163**
**9 December 2025**

You are a smart woman. When your physician couldn't give you decent seeing, you figured out how to give yourself seeing to some extent. I could never do that. I had to follow my eye doctor to a greater extent than you. On the other hand, I have decent seeing despite myself.

I feel sorry for your husband. He claims to have problems being an astronomer at his age. On the other hand, I have seen his pictures of the sky in this zine, and they were still nice.

You are right in telling us about how, during the World War II, Japanese had their property and businesses confiscated and were put in detention camps during World War II. The attitude of the military toward them in those places was awful. On the other hand, I had a Japanese friend when I was with Department of Agriculture. She agrees with you about the military's rule. However, she claimed that the Japanese were ultimately put under the control of a civilian. Among other things, he figured out how he could free Japanese from detention and allow them jobs, and more freedom, in States other than California. My friend had had a job in another state. In addition, after the war, the civilian who did this came to meetings of a Japanese organization. My friend admired him. I wish I could remember his name. However, I do remember what he did.

((There were certainly Caucasian Americans who were helpful to the Japanese put in internment camps. There was a man in the Seattle area who stored Japanese peoples' belongings while they were incarcerated, so they had property to return to after they were released.))

Good and bad when you decided to go to the SF convention, Tuscon 2024, which was near the Tucson, Arizona, airport. The hotel was freezing—something that usually happens in summer and people like it after coming out of the heat. However, being frozen in the winter is totally unwanted. It helped when the hotel gave people heaters. Nonetheless, you still hurt from the cold left.

On the other hand, hot or cold, you still attracted people better than I can. At the first breakfast, you ate with an author. Maybe that doesn't sound like much, but I'm jealous. I'm sure it helps that you have been more interested in what the writers and artists have to say. Still, what you liked best obviously was the costume show. That obviously had it over everything. Costumes were what you really liked. Thus, because of writers, artists and the costumes, it was too bad that you couldn't go to another convention, Loscon.

**Murray Moore, murrayamoore at gmail dot com 27 November 2025**

Strange but true, B.C. (Before Covid) a pair of red-tailed hawks built a nest in the top of one of three four-storey-tall white pine trees standing in the northwest corner of our back yard.

Strange because we live in southeast Mississauga (pop. 718,000), adjacent to Toronto, both cities part of the GTA (Greater Toronto Area) (pop. 6.2 million).

The past few months we have seen a hawk carrying stalks and branches into the top of the same tree previously a temporary home of hawks.

Ontario's wildlife includes one venomous snake, the massasauga rattlesnake, found only in my province, but not inside the GTA. It is an endangered species.

((Some wildlife have adjusted well to living with people. Others, not so much))

#

**Tom Feller, PO Box 140937, Nashville, TN 37214-0937 5 November 2025**

Thank you for sending *Purrsonal Mewsings* #95

My eye doctor has informed me that cataract surgery is in my future.

I think that all of Ann Leckie's books in the Ancillary Justice series have been nominated for the Hugo, so I have been reading them as part of my Hugo voting process. I liked all of them, although I don't think I made any of them my first choice.

((Some years I do well in reading Hugo nominees, others not so much.))

Sorry you had to cancel you Loscon trip. I've never been to that convention.

#

**Lloyd Penney, penneys at bell dot net 6 November 2025**

Hello!, and thank you for *Purrsonal Mewsings* 95. That's an interesting blue bird on the cover, and we looked up scrub jay. We're so used to the feathery plume on top of a blue jay, so seeing a jay without the plume looks a little odd. More after the cover...

I thought the only countries on the face of the earth who still used Imperial measurements were the USA and Liberia. I am surprised to read that the USA has adopted metric. (And right after that, you write about a fire three miles away...)

((I guess you're not familiar with the Canada Jay. It does not have a crest, and it's not blue. According to the information I found, though, it does not live quite as far south as Toronto, though strangely enough it lives in Northwestern US and in the Rockies.

((WE don't use Imperial measurements. During the academic year I spent in England in 1969-70, I learned that because of buying things like milk. The Imperial pint is larger than the pint in this country. Anyway, I've explained in my intro to this zine about the metric system in this country.))

I know about cataracts, and the heartaches behind them. I have one plastic lens in my right eye, and my left eye has a slight cataract but nothing that obstructs my vision. I have friends who have macular degeneration, which means their sight is poor right in the middle of their field of vision. I pray I will never find out that first-hand.

I used to live in Victoria, and Butchart Gardens is still quite the riot of colour, even to this day. I'm always glad people get to see it in all its glory. Tuscon...Cory Doctorow is always a good guest to bring in. He has insightful opinions that make you think. He's also an old friend, for he used to live in Toronto.

Newest *Amazing Stories* news...the big book we've been working on for a year or more is finally ready to go. The Martian Trilogy by a lot of people, including me, is the story of another Amazing Stories, this one starting in the late 1920s in Black newspapers in the southern USA, with stories of exploration by men of money, science and philosophy, all Black, as they explore other worlds and interact with the alien beings they find. White explorers would interfere with the conflicts, but Black explorers would observe, and offer solutions if they are asked for them. These stories appeared in these papers under the name *Amazing Stories*, unaware of the pulp magazine that had appeared out of New York a few years earlier. This is a new chapter in the history of science fiction, rediscovered by Black scholars, and we are pleased to help present this back to SF readers and fandom.

The above was an unpaid announcement. This is a project that has taken close to two years to get ready, but here it is!

Thank you for this issue, and I always look forward to the next. See you then.

#

**We Also Heard From:** Linda Deneroff, Mary Manchester, Joy V. Smith.

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## * Closing Remarks

One thing I found that kept me busier than ever was buying season tickets for our local concerts. They are enjoyable for the most part, and there is little commute time to get there, but that was apparently the straw that broke the camel's back—one too many things to do.

Maybe someday I will get four issues out annually as I always intend. Upcoming events include another college reunion in June, the worldcon in August in Anaheim, and Loscon in November.

See you all next time.

*Laurraine*