

CAPTAIN FLASHBACK

A fanzine composed for the 396th distribution of the Turbo-Charged Party-Animal Amateur Press Association, from the joint membership of Andy Hooper and Carrie Root, residing at 11032 30th Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125. E-mail Andy at fanmailaph@aol.com, and you may reach Carrie at carrieroot49@yahoo.com. This is a Drag Bunt Press Production, completed on 6/21/2019.

CAPTAIN FLASHBACK is devoted to old fanzines, monster movies, garage bands and other fascinating phenomena of the 20th Century. Issue #7 begins with the last day our recent trip to New York and Maryland, including a visit to Hagerstown and the Antietam National Battlefield Park.

. And after the usual lengthy comments on the previous mailing, the **I REMEMBER ENTROPY** Department presents an article on one memorable program at the first Corflu in January, 1984, published in **THE TWILTONE ZONE '85** #1, and written by Cheryl Cline, one of Corflu's "Founding Mothers." Plus Letters of Comment!

A PERFECT DAY IN THE BLOODY LANE Paying Our Respects in Hagerstown and at the Field of the Antietam by Andy Hooper

For the last several years, Carrie and I have enjoyed a special excursion on the Monday following the end of Corflu, the annual convention for fanzine fans. We shifted our attention to the day after the con following the Richmond, Virginia Corflu in 2014, before which we had visited Monticello and the battlefield at Petersburg. We had a great time, but by flying out the day after the convention, we missed one of our last opportunities to spend a day with the late Art Widner; and when Corflu came to Chicago in 2016, we made sure to be available for museum excursions and other post-convention fun.

After the Los Angeles Corflu in 2016, we had a memorable day at the Huntington Library and Museum in San Marino, including a magical encounter with an exhibit devoted to Octavia Butler. In 2018, The Royal Museum of Ontario in Toronto defeated any attempt to see its exhibits in one day; like the Field Museum in Chicago, it demands multiple visits. This year, we had a unique opportunity, as the convention's site at Rockville Maryland was less than 50 miles away from several of the most important battle sites of the War of Independence, the War of 1812 and the American Civil War. The Civil War sites included two of the biggest monuments, at Gettysburg and Antietam Creek, which is just outside Sharpsburg, Maryland.



Burnside's Bridge, Antietam National Battlefield Park

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Issue #7, June, 2019

At this point I am going to abandon the plot, which already has as many knots as a gill-net..

Comments on Turbo-Apa #395:

Official Business: An “Interim Proposal”

Over ten years ago, I suggested to Hope that she appoint one or more “Assistant OEs,” helpful souls willing to collect zines from a printer, do the physical collation and stapling of the mailing, and take out-of-town copies to the post office, allowing her (and Karl) to concentrate on generating the Official Organ and managing the membership – granting grace, soliciting new readers, that kind of thing. There were a number of reasons why this didn’t seem like a good idea, mostly having to do with H & K’s demanding schedule. I wonder if this idea is worth revisiting? Local members with a car would be the most qualified, but heck, next time I’m in town at the deadline, I’d be delighted to take a turn. Besides submitting earlier – I’m trying, honestly – what can we do to make this less onerous in the short term? Just ask, please!

Oh, and meanwhile, I’m still more than willing to be OE from here. I already have a few potential assistants who could help me keep it a “Madison Apa.”

Covers (Steven Vincent Johnson): A definitive example of the sublime and the ridiculous. As Trump’s election was largely driven by a desire for revenge, I feel like the 60% of the country that hates him is developing a similar hunger for retribution, and fantasies of him being anal probed by Zeta Reticulans is one of the more benign inventions I’ve heard. Meanwhile, the fractal feathers on the front were just lovely, and a bit hypnotic, like a lot of your art.

An Wisconzine, Gregory G. H. Rihn: Firstly, I appreciate the correction regarding the actual source of the semi-quote “Fairy Tales are important, not because they tell us that dragons are real, but because they tell us they can be beaten,” which you point out to be a paraphrase of G.K. Chesterton. I’m not sure what facility I have for correcting the lino key, but everyone appreciates knowing the entire story, however well Neil Gaiman may have summarized it.

Second, appreciated your overview of the film *Tolkien*, as it disappeared in the blink of an eye when released in Seattle. I’m sure I’ll have a chance to see it televised eventually, but was still sorry to see it critically kicked about. The image of the crucifixion in no man’s land is also surely inspired by the legend of the “Crucified Canadian,” an incident alleged to have occurred during the first battle of Ypres in 1915, and adopted by both sides as an example of enemy atrocity. Paul Fussell writes particularly vividly of the spread of this legend in his classic book *The Great War and Modern Memory*, which is one of the best works ever written on war and its image in modern society.

If there is any single image in all of Tolkien’s work that evokes the memory of the First World War, it is the spectral dead men that Sam and Frodo see in the marshes of Dagorland after their departure from the Fellowship. The rain during the Somme offensive flooded many of the British forward trenches and the shell-holes on the battlefield, and left the bodies of the dead, weighed down with boots and equipment, covered with a thin film of muddy water in the depressions where they fell. The pain of that scene is reflected in Frodo’s reaction; he can barely resist reaching out to the specters in the water.

Occam’s Whiskers, Georgie Schnobrich: Another exemplar of fanactivity, the manner in which your Fantasy Book Discussion group led you to contemplate the origins of women of letters was exactly the kind of writing that brought me into fandom 40 years ago. I expect that the Bronte sisters were taught how to read because their church mouse-poor father had no particular hope of marrying them to anyone capable of supporting them, and he saw literacy as vital to their ability to make a way in the world. And the ability to read, understand and love the word of the Lord was critical to the salvation of their immortal souls, an argument which has unlocked reading for many people.

But then, who taught them to be storytellers? Somehow, the Brontes used writing to express

all the things that women, and above all sisters, were not supposed to feel: rivalry, unrequited ambition, the need for revenge, the desire for romantic love, regardless of its propriety – where on Earth did they get the idea that they could *get away* with all that? Clearly, they were their own workshop, each trying to impress the others, and taking their reactions as the highest of criticism.

There is an alternative history I would like to see there: No need to make Charlotte and Emily witches and Anne an empath, or poor Branwell a necromancer; just take away the Tuberculosis from the story, and tell me what happens instead. I would find that irresistible.

After Words #31, Lisa Freitag: There is something sort of hopeful about a sword-cane; that the very understanding that the wielder is a gentleman might cause a proletarian assailant to pause. When I was young, there was a lot of talk about what sort of spring-loaded knives or brass knuckles were most favored by delinquents, and there was much fear of the mere possession of forbidden weapons and explosives. The story of your Mom's anxiety over the sword cane bought that all back to me.

There still seems to be immense difficulty in finding a definition of "us" without having some sort of "them" to push against. Old people have been a convenient source of "them" for all of human history, just as arrogant, dangerous young people also provide us with a never-ending supply of "them." Although my experience is not that different from what they are going through, I don't identify with them; rather, I sympathize with all the dead people who had to put up with me when I was young.

And *Evita!* seems like a very shrewd choice for a revival right now. I take comfort in the inevitable end of all the cults of personality that I know about, and one imagines that a contemporary audience would take great pleasure in the eventual end of the Peronist regime. And the tunes are so catchy! Did you happen to see *The Simpsons'* appropriation of

the show from sometime in the past three or four seasons? It was also a delight.

Sonova Quark, Steven V. Johnson: We're talking about UFOs and abduction lore, Ghu help me. Many contactees/abductees complain of mysterious physical maladies, and among the many doctors whom they consult, one or more will attribute their conditions to radiation or chemical exposure. The key is finding actual medical records that can establish that the symptoms, real or imagined, actually appeared contemporaneously with the reported contact event. In some cases, the physical complaints have been reported for years repeatedly and accurately diagnosed, but with a conclusion that the subject refuses to accept. Other forces must be at work.

This may be on my mind because I have been reading a book about Richard Shaver and the Shaver Mystery of the 1940s by Richard Toronto. In many ways, Shaver was a remarkably high-functioning individual, given the delusions from which he suffered. Whether we believe that he was schizophrenic or believe that he was manipulated by subterranean Deros, he gave a remarkably good account of himself in spite of these influences. The way that his creations, the Deros, the Telaug machine, the Mantong alphabet, all found receptive, "believing" readers, despite their illogical, counter-factual, and simply *mad* qualities suggests an adjunct to Barnum – no matter what you do, you'll fool somebody. Ray Palmer, afflicted all his life with "belief," used this beguiling quality to make war on science and its method as a whole, turning the magazine which created science fiction into an organ that embraced fiction over science.

In summary: I acknowledge that the stories of contactees are compelling beyond any objective assessment of their reality. And there is no point in even trying to refute them. Belief resists argument, coercion, documentation and conclusive refutation; Belief is the true human super power.

[Comments continue next page.]

Invisibility is another subject which used to be standard fare in science fiction, and which has now itself vanished.

It grieves us to announce that we have found the first disloyalty in our organization.

Comments on Turbo-Apa #394, continued:

A Zine of One's Own, Catie Pfeifer: I learned more about guinea pig anatomy and issues with their health that I would ever have known without your account. And so glad that it had a happy ending, and Meera is once again her old self. She's a high-maintenance guinea pig!

So, you know I've been reading through boxes and boxes of old fanzines in the process of selling them on eBay, and finding many different approaches to contributing to APAs. Commenting on other's contributions seems to be one of the central issues for everyone involved; receiving feedback on what you write is indeed one of the principal pleasures of being in an amateur press association, and the guilt associated with NOT providing that feedback is one of the main reasons people drop out.

But here's the thing: It's not actually a rule that you have to write mailing comments. People may put peer pressure on you to comment, but it's supposed to be a completely voluntary thing. If you have too much to do to write comments in time for the deadline, that's a shame, but it should be secondary to the fact that you actually managed to contribute a page of material and kept your membership. Woo hoo, you're alive!

Madison Foursquare #31, Scott Custis & Jeanne Gomoll: Seeing you was certainly the happiest part of Vonda McIntyre's memorial service. (A local fan who has known me for over ten years mistook me for Andy Porter while we were there, but even that was a distant second.) Carrie and I really look forward to your intended "next visit," and having a chance to share a few more of our favorite things about Seattle with you.

I was glad you both enjoyed the reprint of Ginjer Buchanan's meditation on the path to the Hugo Award. There is so much remarkable writing in fanzines that is just waiting to be rediscovered and collected out there, I'm sure I'm just the thin part of a reprinting wedge. Came across Jeanne's article "Something Ineluctably Masculine" in Avedon Carol's THE INVISIBLE FAN #5 just yesterday – you must have a copy

of this, right? 40 years later, the story of James, Raccona and Alice still makes me smile....

Scott, you wrote a comment to me, lamenting that you are a sinker, rather than a swimmer. Swimming is mysterious; buoyancy doesn't necessarily correspond to relative corpulence, and a lot of people find that swimming just seems like burrowing deeper into the water. Carrie has a terrible time with kicking; a regular flutter-kick seems to make her drift backwards in the water, unless she intervenes with her arms to stop it from happening. I thought she ought to have submitted herself to *Mythbusters*.

Grumpy Fluff, Jim & Ruth Nichols: I thought your Amtrak experience sounded very, very good – a two-hour delay for weather is probably below average. And your time in Santa Fe seemed quite idyllic too – I would love to go there and have access to a kitchen. As much as I love New Mexico restaurant and bar food, I think I might like cooking my own food with New Mexican ingredients even more. I'm sorry that the trip seems to have resulted in some illness for you both – Carrie got sick after our recent trip to New York and Maryland, and it seems like an inevitable part of traveling. Maybe we need the goo from Steve Johnson's Brazilian abduction saga before we go.

Your photos were also very good, especially the prairie shot. That rather reminded me of a picture from **NEW MEXICO** magazine, which Carrie still subscribes to, fifty years after she last lived there. We sent a subscription to Steve and Elaine Stiles when they recently shared their ambition to relocate to Albuquerque – I think we want to get in good standing with them so we can go visit them there.

A Turbulent Apa-Rition, F. J. Bergman: Firstly, the William Atheling books have arrived in good order; now I'm briefly gloating in my power before passing them on to a deserving reader. I'm trying to find one under the age of 40, but will not hold out too long.

The Quest-in-the-Mail club sounds like fun. The sword would come with fragmentary log books and blood-stained vellum maps of distant coasts and islands; occasionally, there would be a piece of out-sized jewelry with a masonic seal for you to hang on a chain around your neck.

This really was just about the ideal apazine, F. Jeannie: Fan nerd notes on *Game of Thrones*, comments to what appears to be *everybody*, and three original poems! All three of them were very good, but “Lost Cat Please Call” was the best fit for Turbo. Soft, soft paws, indeed.

Coming to Grips #26, Walter Freitag: Great googlimoogli, your zine was a fanboy fiesta this time! Great generally spoiler-free remarks on recent media, and analysis of the *Dark Phoenix* story, before the movie was even released.

Is Jean Grey a genuinely tragic character? She does have a serious, underlying flaw – she chooses to trust Charles Xavier. Professor X, threat or menace? His arrogant belief in his own abilities and his continuing lapses in judgment make him one step away from a super-villain. If you take into account the experience of his son David, which is just about to be, um, “resolved” on the FX network’s *Legion*, he seems to be the origin point for a huge amount of misery, including Jean Grey’s transformation. A tragic hero’s flaws inter-connect with the failings of the people they care about– and the most tragic mistakes are made for the best reasons, as when Tyrion Lannister betrays his friend Varys on HBO’s version of *Game of Thrones*. He thinks his decision will actually save lives; instead, many thousands more die.

And like you, I read these stories in the comics more than 40 years ago, and was enthralled. To me, it was the first time I began to ask the questions that were eventually answered by Alan Moore’s *Watchmen* series: “Wouldn’t it be pretty horrible if super-heroes were real?” Marvel has always had a weakness for the hero-to-heel and back again story typified by professional wrestling. Marvel writers eagerly examined some of the negative elements of

power and superpower while Mort Weisinger insisted that Superman and his universe avoid any such moral ambiguities.

A larger question is what is the future of the comic book/motion-picture story-telling partnership? The megalomaniac criminal and alien overlord stories have been pretty thoroughly explored, and even the more fey and faerie-oriented stories of the Vertigo universe have been brought to television. *The Magicians* is in that territory. Does Space Opera have a future? Westerns? Stories about Pirates and Gladiators, Timmy? The success of *Game of Thrones* and *Vikings* makes me think that more medieval epics are probably on the way, and that future super-hero movies are more likely to be in the mannerist, *Deadpool* vein than the square-jawed, fourth-wall respecting model of the *Avengers* franchise.

Fandomain TC #30, Patrick Ijima-Washburn: So this was apparently graphic art fanboy month, with you and Walter both talking about comics and my Bill Rotsler reprint. Your interactions with Leiji Matsumoto were just lovely, Patrick, everything I would like fandom to be. I think his pleasure at meeting you was evident in the picture of the two of you.

And you commented to me that you still sometimes daydream about winning a Hugo award. I certainly did too, for many years; and it is a lot of fun to be nominated, no question about that. I would love to be nominated again, now many years since the last time; but I’m not sure if I really want to win as much as I once did. Being nominated and losing elicits nothing but sympathy; winning the award can awaken all kinds of responses, and winners often feel compelled to defend the fact that they won. But in your imaginary acceptance speech, which is more fun to dwell on, thanking family and friends or denouncing your detractors?

Overall: I thought this was a particularly impressive mailing, a lot of fun to look at as well as fun to read. This is a really great APA, and someone out there reading this ought to join it!

The ISA is attempting to seize control of fandom itself

A Key to Linos published in May in CAPTAIN FLASHBACK #6:

Page 2: "Did you see his tie? A single Windsor. The easiest knot to undo."

& Page 3: "Why bother wearing any clothes at all?"

Captain Raymond Holt (Andre Braugher) detects a seductive ruse, *Brooklyn Nine-Nine* S6, Ep7, "The Honeypot."

Page 4: "How would you like to go for a drive in the country tomorrow?" asked Boyd Raeburn. "

& Page 5: "I thought we could go to Fort Erie and find Will Straw"

Susan Wood, "My 2 Cents Worth," *ENERGUMEN* #13, September, 1972

Page 7: "She shops at Tiffany's like other women enter a supermarket."

A bitter line from not-wealthy-enough Jamie Tennyson (Liam Sullivan) *The Twilight Zone*, S. 2, Ep. 25, "The Silence"

Page 8: "I never understood boarding school. It's like prison with cricket, isn't it?"

A typical observation by D. I. Jack Mooney (Ardal O'Hanlon), the most recent lead on the BBC's *Death in Paradise*.

& Page 9: "I've got science for any occasion."

Lyric from the 1989 song "Sounds of Science" by The Beastie Boys.

Page 10: "...having lost the global war to us, the American youth have developed a talent for dissembling. "

A line from the 1967 story "Faith of Our Fathers" by Philip K. Dick.

Page 12: "What you hold in your hands is more than a book.

& Page 13. "If we are lucky it is a revolution"

From a review of *Dangerous Visions* by Algis Budrys. *GALAXY*, April, 1968

Then he turned and headed straight for home, but he took the long way, around the world. "

A line from the 1967 Hugo and Nebula Award-winning story "Gonna Roll the Bones" by Fritz Leiber.

A Perfect Day in the Bloody Lane

[Continued from page one]

The Antietam National Battlefield is also very close to the town of Hagerstown, Maryland, famous in science fiction fandom as the home of the late Harry Warner Jr. (Sep. 19, 1922 – Feb. 17, 2003), who was a fanzine publisher, a fan historian and one of fandom's most faithful and prolific correspondents, sometimes known as "letter-hacks." Harry was a lifetime resident of Hagerstown, a longtime employee of the *Hagerstown Sun* newspaper, and was known for his steadfast refusal to travel to meet the rest of science fiction fandom face to face, always preferring to know us through the mail. The chance to pay a visit to Harry's former home at 423 Summit Avenue made it easy to choose the Antietam over Gettysburg this time, and the select group of convention members interested in a post-convention excursion readily agreed.

The Traveling Giants

I enjoy writing about the day after Corflu, because it is so much easier to keep track of what happens than during the actual con. Corflu is somewhat like a bar fight for me; while it's happening, I am far too busy to make notes or otherwise prepare to write an accurate con report. I spent the first 36 hours preparing for and conducting the fanzine auction this year, and

had conversations with several dozen people, all of them recalled in a dim glitter of fragments. There was also a lot of digital scanning of fanzines going on in the foyer outside the con suite; the line of the weekend was Joe Siclari's observation that the nerve damage suffered from an ill-placed intravenous needle didn't slow him down for scanning fanzines, so he was comfortable with it.

After this glorious 72-hour scrum, I was glad that the cast of characters had been brought down to a sensible seven: Carrie and I had Grant Canfield in our car, while Sandra Bond had Nigel Rowe as her passenger. Geri Sullivan, who planned to drive to some distant location – Minneapolis? Buffalo? Ohio? – immediately after our tour -- was in her own car. And Mark and Priscilla Olson faithfully followed us, despite the understandable inclination to make their drive home while daylight persisted.

I was frankly quite stunned by how close we came to actually meeting in the hotel lobby at 9:30 am, and were indeed on the road to Hagerstown within five or ten minutes of 10:00 am. I think some of those present – Geri and Nigel for certain, and likely Sandra and Carrie too, were feeling some effects of the previous

evening's beverages. But the incredible sunny weather made it difficult to feel too low, after the very soggy conditions which had prevailed for most of the weekend. I had fears that the rain might persist, making all unpaved surfaces a bog; but the sun and light breezes made the day perfect for the exertion of walking, and dried the ground out as we made our way to Hagerstown.

The big, early 20th Century house at 423 Summit Avenue is currently for sale, and signs posted on the front door suggest that it may have been occupied by some unauthorized residents in the years since Harry's death. Harry left his property to his church, and I believe someone rented the home in the years soon after he died. It looked like it might want some work, particularly electrical, before anyone would want to live in it again.

We tried to be discreet, but the fact that the place was empty was emboldening, and we trooped over the front and back porches and around the back yard. I believe Geri had been there before, and commented on how much larger the spaces were without Harry's stuff crammed into them. We could not see the famous attic where Harry did all of his fan activity, but I was struck by the proliferation of porches, upon which fans visiting Harry in the 1940s had slept. I could ask Curt Phillips to ask Bob Madle where he and Art Widner and Milton Rothman and Julius Unger slept during their early stopover on the way to the Denver World SF Convention in the twilight Indian summer of 1941; but I doubt he would recall if it was the wraparound first floor porch at the front and side of the house, or the smaller balconies outside the bedrooms on the back of the house where they grabbed what sleep they could before setting off west in the morning.

The Best Crab Quesadilla in Hagerstown

After no doubt prompting many of the neighbors to wonder what we were up to, we repaired to the Hagerstown Family Diner to fortify ourselves before departing for the Antietam Battlefield. The conversation wove between Harry Warner and his times, and the events of 1862, which led the Union and Confederate

armies to collide in an obscure location in Western Maryland. The food was mostly quite adequate, although what moved three of us to order crab quesadillas is still mysterious to me. The soup was the best part.

I talked a bit about General George McClellan and his effort to make raw Union troops into an actual army, and his frustration in trying to actually use that army on the battlefield in 1862. A new Confederate commander, the dashing Robert E. Lee, was determined to bring the war onto Northern territory, and possibly wrestle the pro-slavery state of Maryland into joining the Confederacy. In September, he marched his army into the quiet farm fields across the Potomac River from Virginia. But appallingly, a dropped copy of his orders for the campaign was discovered wrapped around a pair of cigars by a Union sentry, and within hours, conveyed to McClellan. At last, the General who was never certain of anything knew exactly where his enemy was, and exactly what he was trying to do. Within hours, troops were moving west to meet them. McClellan hoped to catch up with Lee before he finished destroying the Federal armory at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and could concentrate his army in Maryland.

I was worried that my amateur schematic of the campaign was less than coherent, but it turned out that this was just the first of three times we would hear the story of the campaign. When we first arrived at the visitor center, we watched a 30-minute movie narrated by James Earl Jones, which both set up the campaign and explained how aggressive Union tactics and expert defense by the Confederates resulted in the largest loss of American lives in a single day; not exceeded by 9/11, by Pearl Harbor, or any other day in the World Wars of the 20th Century. It is the scale of death that haunts us at the Antietam. 22,717 Americans died, were severely wounded or simply disappeared in a single day, on September 17th, 1862. The total number of deaths from injuries suffered on the 17th is estimated at 7,650, ten times the population of Sharpsburg Maryland in 2010.

Victory has no charms for men when purchased at such cost.

“Danish Gambit” is a story based entirely on chess; ostensibly it is about nothing else.

After the film, we found ourselves listening to another account delivered by a young woman who grew up within sight of the battlefield, and is the third generation of her family to volunteer at the park. She provided a perspective on how the great proliferation of shallow graves literally changed the landscape and threatened the lives of the people who lived there. For decades after the battle, bacteria from rotting bodies poisoned the water table; birds and animals avoided the battle site. By the time normal life began to return to the region, and some majority of the burials had been discovered and transferred to the nearby National cemetery, the Government recognized the unique nature of the ground and acted to preserve it as a Battlefield Park.

This combination of reverence for history and the toxic aftermath of the battle prevented anyone from building much of anything on the field, and with the exception of a few dozen pieces of heroic sculpture, things look a lot like they did in 1862. This is not an accident; while most of the trees present in the 1860's have long since lived their natural lifespans and died, the park service has replanted several stretches of woods and acted to keep them more or less as they appeared in the 19th Century. And the famous Rohrbach Bridge over Antietam creek, where troops of Ambrose Burnside's Corps spent hours trying to cross under fire from Georgia sharpshooters, was taken apart stone by stone, and re-assembled with new mortar. Without this action, it would have collapsed into the stream. They even restored the wooden box railings, which Union soldiers pulled away to fashion into makeshift grave markers.

The Haunted Corn

We decided to tour the field in the order in which the phases of the fight took place: The dawn battle in the cornfield, the morning assault on the Confederate center line, and the afternoon fight at what became known as “Burnside's Bridge,” on the far right of the Confederate position, just outside Sharpsburg.

Most of the Wisconsin soldiers in the Army of the Potomac were in the first Brigade of the first

Division of the Army's first Corps; naturally, the battle began with their pre-dawn assault on Stonewall Jackson's troops, through a head-high field of corn. The field is now generally just allowed to grow hay throughout the summer, and not cut in August or September. It is eerie to imagine so many men shooting at one another in the relatively narrow field, but it is clear what a perfect killing ground it was, just as flat as a concrete floor. Once the Wisconsin and Indiana troops of the “Iron Brigade” made their advance, Jackson sent the Texans of John Bell Hood's Division to stop them. After the battle, Jackson asked Hood where his troops were, and the latter replied “They are lying on the field where you sent them. My Division has been almost wiped out.” These words were almost exactly echoed by General George Pickett to Robert E Lee when his troops were lost in a fruitless attack at Gettysburg, less than 10 months later.

The land owned and worked by farmer D. R. Miller in 1862 may be the only cornfield in the world with its own blog, which may be found at antietamscornfield.com, no lie.

We rolled around the cornfield and the “West Woods” which border it, and then toward the slightly elevated ground to the south, where most of the rest of the Confederate army was lined up on the morning of the 17th. Running along the East edge of the hilltop, a deeply-rutted farm lane looks straight down at the long, gentle slope that the Union XIIth Corps marched up, just a little after 9 am. From the slope below, the road is completely invisible; it formed a natural trench from which the rebels were able to fire as a horde of new Union troops tried to walk straight at them. The toll taken by the Confederates in the sunken lane was ferocious; but when Union troops got to ground above and behind them, their perfect position suddenly became a death trap. After the fight, observers said the ground was soaked red with their blood; and ever since this has been known as the “Bloody Lane.”

We simply sauntered up in the effort to look over the lip of the lane on the slope that the

Union recruits had to climb, but suddenly encountered another example of volunteer interpretation in the park. A former college instructor was giving a battlefield tour to a remarkably varied group of young and old listeners. He was reminding anyone listening that a great many of the troops who were killed trying to reach that road were Irish-Americans, first or second generation immigrants who had joined to do their part to preserve the Union. The great slaughter of the Irish troops at this battle, and Fredericksburg, just three months later, turned Irish voters against the war. And when President Lincoln followed the Union's pyrrhic victory at Antietam with the Emancipation Proclamation, they became convinced he planned to give their jobs to freed slaves, and they turned on him as well, voting 60/40 for his opponent in the 1864 election – who just happened to be George Brinton McClellan, the man who had led their brothers into death along the Antietam.

This bit of irony aside, the professor tried to make the point that tactical events and decisions on the battlefield, had great cultural and social ramifications in Ireland as well as America, since so many disillusioned veterans returned to Ireland to fight for independence there. The Irish resisted the draft, most notoriously in New York City. German immigrants also became targets of nativist animosity, when a Corps composed of German-speaking troops was blamed for the Union disaster at the Battle of Chancellorsville, driving them away from the coalition that put the Republican Party in office in 1860.

Whiskey Bridge

So things looked bleak as we set off for the site of the last act of the battle, the afternoon struggle at the far right of the Confederate position. We didn't intend to follow the professor's group, but when we arrived at the parking lot above the bridge, there he was again, talking about the "two 51sts," the 51st Pennsylvania and 51st New York volunteer regiments, who are given credit for the dash



Volunteer lecture group in the Bloody Lane, Antietam National Battlefield Park, May 6th, 2019

across the bridge that would finally force the troops defending it to withdraw.

The volunteer lecturer took great relish in this part of the story: The 51st New York was a salty outfit, sometimes less than completely obedient or disciplined. Not long before the campaign, their whiskey ration had been suspended for some kind of mischief. Their Colonel was named Edward Ferrero; born in Granada, Spain of Italian parents, he was a pre-war celebrity, one of the world's foremost choreographers and experts on ballroom dance. When a wisecracking sergeant asked if the Colonel would restore the men's whiskey ration if they took the bridge, he replied "Yes, by God, if I have to go to New York City and fetch it myself." The men cheered and set off to take their place in the line. When some of the troops in the 51st NY noticed that sections of the rebel line had stopped firing – because they had run out of cartridges, although no one in the regiment knew that -- they shouted and surged across the bridge and into the suddenly-abandoned trenches on the hill.

I think you mean 'Checkmate.' You really need to learn how to play chess.

You would think he had a great deal more intelligence than he possessed.

Unfortunately, by the time they managed to get up to the top of the hill, and prepared to fall on the Confederate supply wagons and ambulances in Sharpsburg, Confederate General A.P. Hill literally wandered onto the battlefield with his entire Division of troops. Marching north from Harper's Ferry, he had taken a wrong turn and accidentally reached the point where Burnside's troops were about to attack. Now low on ammunition as well, the Union troops withdrew to the edge of the hill as dusk began to come on.

The Confederate invasion of Maryland had been stopped, but Lee was able to get his surviving troops back to Virginia without any effort at pursuit by McClellan, who felt that his army had been just as close to annihilation as Lee's. Within a matter of weeks, he would be relieved of command again, and the job given to Ambrose Burnside, who would shortly walk the army into another buzz-saw at Fredericksburg. The search for a commander with the right temperament to win the war would go on for another year, until Ulysses Grant arrived from the West. The one substantial result of the Maryland campaign was that Lincoln used it as a rationale for the Emancipation Proclamation – not because the Battle of the Antietam was a



The sun shines through the “Burnside Sycamore” at the Antietam National Battlefield Park, May 6h, 2019

great victory, but because it was so terrible that he could not imagine asking the survivors to accept that their sacrifice had not been enough to end slavery.

The volunteer lecturer had even more details to share, but we eventually walked away, and the surviving elements of our expedition – Geri Sullivan and the Olsons had left us after the Bloody Lane – walked quietly across the newly-restored bridge, quite enjoying the fact that absolutely no one was shooting at us. As the sun shone through its spring-green leaves, we admired the so-called “Burnside Sycamore,” a huge tree growing very close to the Union side of the bridge. A very young tree in 1862, it survived the battle, and has watched over visitors – the mournful and the merely curious -- for more than 150 years.

Standing in its shade we agreed we were grateful that it had been allowed to thrive in a place where so many had died and lost everything, even their names. But the process of finding them goes on today – just a few years ago, a visitor found bones disturbed by a woodchuck, and the lost soldier's buttons marked him as belonging to a New York regiment. There were plans to bury him again in the Antietam cemetery, but the State of New York asked if they could bring him home, and he has a new place of honor at the Greenwood National Cemetery.

We parted with a kind of subdued satisfaction – Nigel and Sandra set off for a rendezvous with Ted White in Falls Church, while we headed for a hotel that would put us close to the airport in the morning.

And I wish I could say that was the end of story, but nothing is ever that neat. Edward Ferrero, the Colonel of the heroic 51st New York, would continue to gain promotions and greater responsibility as 1862 became 1863. The IXth Corps was sent west to help U.S. Grant complete the siege of Vicksburg, and Ferrero served with distinction there. But during the siege of Petersburg, Virginia in 1864, he was accused of dishonorable and cowardly conduct, remaining

in a bomb-proof shelter during the notorious Battle of the Crater, while over half of his command was being killed. He was said to have spent the battle trading pulls at a bottle of rum with another officer, although most sources characterize him as a reluctant imbibor at best.

Although put on trial by Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, and accused of similarly timid conduct during battles in Tennessee, Ferrero seems to have survived with his rank intact, and would eventually repair his reputation, serving in high capacities in both the Loyal Legion and the Grand Army of the Republic. He became active in Democratic politics, and although he never held office himself, he was a frequent visitor to Tammany Hall. In fact, he often rented its ballroom for his dances, as he had not resumed his former haunts after returning from the war.

Wanting to set up in a new building, he chose to lease a recently-completed structure uptown, which would soon become world-famous under

the name "Apollo Hall." When he let the lease go in the 1870s, the building was renamed as New York's first "Apollo Theater." 50 years later, when theater owner Sydney Cohen completely reversed the whites-only policy at what had formerly been known as "Hurtig & Seamon's New Burlesque Theater" on West 125th Street, he selected a name with real history, and rechristened it as "The Apollo Theater." Although the location is completely different, the name remains attached to Edward Ferrero and his whiskey ration, Burnside's bridge, the map, the cigars, amateur night and emancipation. Ferrero died at age 68 in December of 1899, and he is also buried in Brooklyn's Greenwood National Cemetery; but his book The History of Dancing is still in print today, under ISBN 1-4179-0695-2.



They came forward with a rush, and how our men did yell, 'Come on, Johnny, come on!'

[This issue's reprint comes from **THE TWILTONE ZONE '85** #1 the first "Progress Report" for Corflu 2, which was held at the Holiday Inn in Napa Valley, California February 1st to 3rd, 1985. The fanzine was mostly composed of two articles about Corflu 1, one written by the convention's chairwoman **Allyn Cadogan** (1947-2013) and this coverage of one particularly popular program by **Cheryl Cline**. – APH]

I REMEMBER ENTROPY DEPARTMENT

"Previously Read Fanzines"

By **Cheryl Cline**

Originally published in **THE TWILTONE ZONE '85** #1, edited by **Elisheva Barsabe** and **Lynne Kuehl**, June, 1984

Just before CORFLU 1, Lynn and I dragged some twenty boxes of fanzines out of the closets and into the living room. After three days of steady sorting during which the apartment became redolent of old mimeo ink (and I suffered sneezing fits from the paper dust) nine boxes went back into the closet and eleven boxes went to CORFLU. After it was all over, four came back.

On Saturday, Lynn turned the CORFLU convention room into a flea market. Scheduled

events were deserted as fans zeroed in on Lynn and his boxes, eager to get their hands on some old twiltone. (Bruce Townley, who hates conventions, and who had only come to CORFLU in the first place because all his friends were there, spent a few minutes watching people shell out good money for bad fanzines and left in disgust, not to return.) After the impromptu flea market, Lynn was left with several boxes of fanzines on his hands, which he donated to CORFLU for auction. In case you're wondering how much fans will pay for unopened boxes of fanzines, one box of miscellaneous zines went for \$20, and a box of apazines went to a good home for \$9. After the auction, there was still a box or two left, which Lynn pawned off on Seth Goldberg, saying, "Look, if you take these boxes I'll give \$3 to CORFLU." Shrewd businessman, Lynn.

The Fanzine of Celestial Insurgency

The whole thing was very enlightening. Spending three days sorting fanzines, making split second decisions about whether to keep a zine or to chuck out another (I admit a lot of zines went into a "maybe" box) and then to watch an eager horde of fanzine fans pawing over the same boxes, making their own quick decisions, made me start thinking about why people keep -- or don't keep -- fanzines.

First you should know the history of those twenty boxes. By no means had all of the fanzines in those boxes been sent directly to Lynn and I. At a Westercon years ago, in the first flush of fannishness, while Lynn was still a "collector," we fell victim to Bruce Pelz and a van load of fanzines. So you see, most of the fanzines sold and given away at CORFLU had already passed through several hands -- and been stored in several closets--before that Saturday free-for-all. A few of them had passed out of the hands of the original owners before either Lynn or I had been born.

All faneditors want their zines to go to an appreciative audience, to people who'll read them, loc them, and then lovingly file them away. It doesn't happen that way. At CORFLU, Ted White, rummaging through a box, suddenly said to Lynn, with a touch of surprise in his voice, "There are copies of PONG in here." He turned over the issue in his hand. "Why this is Cheryl's copy." Lynn, slightly embarrassed, mumbled something about having duplicate copies of a lot of things -- which of course was not the right thing to say, because then Ted is thinking "Who else gets rid of Pong?" (The proper face-saving maneuver is to grab the zine out of Ted's hand, glare at it--the zine, not the hand-- and demand hotly "Cheryl's copy! However did that get in there?")

I do understand Ted's feelings. Shall I tell you how many copies of THE WRETCH TAKES TO WRITING I found while sorting through those twenty boxes, and how many of them bore the names and addresses of prominent fans? Was I hurt? Well, a little. But by now I've realized that not everybody is an "archivist" -- as one of

my correspondents rubberstamps on her letters, it sounds better than "pack rat"--and not everybody thinks my fanzine is so wonderful they want to carry it with them all through their natural life.

There are the Bruce Pelzes and there are the Harry Warners (he responds to it all--does he keep it all? Do you, Harry?). Then there are people like Jeanne Gomoll, who throws almost everything away--after she reads and responds to it, she's a conscientious sort of person.

For myself, I go through pack-rat phases and spring-cleaning phases. When the boxes don't fit in the closets and you start tripping over them in the hallway, it's spring-cleaning time.

So what do I keep after spring cleaning, you want to know. What's in those nine boxes that didn't go to CORFLU? Lucky for us, somebody way back when didn't keep his copies of Hyphen; another closet-cleaner dumped copies of Potlatch, so now they're mine. I'm also grateful to those who let copies of OXYMORON and ABBA-ZABBA out of their hands -- fanzines by friends of mine before they were friends of mine.

As for stuff I get in the mail, that's a little harder. I keep zines by people I know and like, zines by people whose writing I like, most feminist fanzines, fanzines that have reprints of old fannish articles in them... and "good" fanzines.

Thinking about all this, I became curious about what kinds of things other people kept, so I conducted an informal survey among Bay Area fans. The most original answer to the question, "What fanzines do you keep?" was given by one Kent Johnson, who said, "The ones with the dirty stuff." I must investigate his source of fanzines. Everybody else gave me a variation on "I keep fanzines by my friends." Given the nature of fandom, what some people mean by "friends" is correspondents whom they have never met, or met only briefly at conventions, but who's writing they like. But it's also true that fanzines by people you know well have special, intimate quality, even if it's a genzine. Fanzines by friends tend to take on the same sort of

meaning as family photographs--people are just as embarrassed by their neozines as by their baby pictures.

High on the "keep list" are, naturally enough, fanzines one has published oneself (people even keep old stencils). Fanzines in which you have articles, artwork or a letter are also keepers; in fact, most of the fans I surveyed said they kept fanzines by their friends, fanzines that had articles by themselves, in that order, not even mentioning their own zines. But that's probably because they figured that went without saying...

Everybody says they keep "good fanzines." You know, good fanzines. Some of the surveyees were more specific. Good fanzines, according to Rich Coad, show wit, verve, and vivacity.

Loren MacGregor was even more expansive, saying, "I don't get zines, ahem. During the time I did get genzines, the ones I kept were the ones that had something in them that I could re-read in a few years. Fanzines are really...kind of boring. I keep fanzines by people who are interesting in themselves and able to write about what interests them. People who say, 'This fascinates me; I'm going to write about it,' as opposed to 'This is fascinating to others so I'll write about it.' I keep zines by people who know how to edit. But the main thing is, can I read it in another five years?"

Of course, everyone has their own quirks and personal taste, and their own reasons for keeping or not keeping zines. Candi Strecker keeps all mail art zines. "Since they're art, I usually keep them," she says. "Even though some of them are pretty bad." She adds, "If they were fanzines and that bad, I wouldn't keep them."

Other fans keep specialty fanzines. Jim Kennedy likes Lovecraft zines and Oz zines; Mog Decarnin, like me, likes feminist zines and also keeps an eye out for fanzines containing articles about Samuel Delany.

Allyn Cadogan saves lettersubs, perzines, and small zines in a series, such as PONG, indicating she likes fanzines with a personal slant.

Everyone agreed that clubzines were the first to be chucked out. Except for these, fans don't like to actually throw away fanzines; they'd rather sell them or give them away to friends. Most fans only throw out zines under pressure--like having to move in a hurry. If there's a fan nearby, he or she is likely to suddenly acquire a small collection. "I gave a lot of zines to Dan Steffan when I moved," Bruce Townley told me. Fans tend to move a lot and rather than haul sixteen tons of twiltone around with them they will often, like Terry Floyd, leave their collections with their parents, who, unless they live in California, have basements. Leaving your collection in the hands of parents isn't always the best idea, as fans who were active in the forties might remember. Between wartime paper shortages and Patriotic parents, many fanzine and prozine collections came to grief. We won't have to worry about paper shortages in the next world war, but it's always a good idea to keep tabs on the spring-cleaning tendencies of parents in charge of fanzine collections.

For whatever reasons--and remember, fans aren't immortal, they do on occasion die and leave fanzine collections--a goodly number of the fanzines so lovingly mailed end up far from their original destination. That's not such a bad thing. I'm sure the people who bought old fanzines at CORFLU 1 were pleased with their purchases. They were happy to complete their files of PONG or to get a nice fat run of MYTHOLOGIES or even copies of their own early zines. Here was a chance to sample some Australian and British fanzines, and 50¢ a throw isn't too bad at that.

No faned has any real reason to complain about their fanzines showing up in those boxes. Because at least they weren't being stored in someone's closet. They are being read again.



I'm not a girl. I'm a genius.

The Fanzine of Applied Pogo

Fanmail From Some Flounder Department: Letters to CAPTAIN FLASHBACK

Robert Lichtman (robertlichtman@yahoo.com)

Poking through the latest batch while downloading, I ran across a few interesting items. In #4 you wrote:

"One way or another, Elinor Busby is leaving us soon; she was at the Pub Meet on top of the hill last weekend, and her daughter was along. She is trying to get Elinor to come live at a facility closer to her in Oregon. Elinor and Buz and Wally have written a number of memoirs of the early days of Seattle fandom; some of them appeared in the anniversary edition of CRY that Buz published in 1989. I wonder if I actually could get her to talk with me, as she seems to recognize me (and Carrie and others) only intermittently. I would love to get Kristi Austin to come over from Idaho to help, because I think Elinor would still know her immediately. That's one of the things which gave Seattle fandom its character – the kids which most of its more prominent members were raising at the same time as they pubbed their ish and mounted conventions and hosted visitors from across the sea. Hardly a unique achievement in fandom, but it is part of the story that often gets left out."

....Sad, but this confirms what I've been hearing veiled references to in recent years. Elinor is in two of my apas: SAPS and L'Apassemblance. In the latter she hasn't appeared for a long time and she's arrears in dues. No one has made a thing of her absence, other than occasionally hoping she'd favor us with an appearance. But in the April SAPS mailing, OE Burnett Toskey wrote:

"Calling Elinor! It seems as if we have done what we can to keep you involved in SAPS, but we have not heard from you now for lo! these many moons. Somebody has even been paying your dues. More than anything else, we need to know if you have paid *any* attention to the mailings which have been sent to you. If not, it does not seem fair to have people make the extra copy for you and for the treasury to foot the cost of mailing the mailings to you, to say nothing for somebody to pay your dues. Please, please communicate

your interest in SAPS to me or to Wally, or, much as it hurts our little group to lose its only female member, in fairness to all, the next mailing will be your last, unless protests by the members convince me otherwise."

Her last contribution to a mailing was in January 2017. In the last year or so, Wally has done facsimile editions of some of her early SAPSzines to try to entice her to get active, to no avail. Would you please give me permission to send your paragraph above to Burnett and Wally, so they'll have some further sense of what's going on?

[APH - By now you've appraised Wally and Toskey of what I know, and I'm working with Linda Deneroff to help Elinor make a contribution to the July SAPS mailing. We'll see what we can do. No sign of any impending move to Oregon, however. Sorry I don't have room for all your kind remarks this time; more will appear in CF #8.]

William Breiding (wmbreiding@gmail.com)

Just wanted to thank you for posting CAPTAIN FLASHBACK to eFanzines. Have been much enjoying them, particularly the Tom Perry reprint. I was living in some sort of alternate faanish timestream back then, just as I am now. I feel honored, after reading Terry Carr's loc, explaining that he rarely locced, that I received a pocsarced of comment from him on **STARFIRE**. I finally met Terry at Corflu One. I mentioned to Art Widner that I'd never formally met Terry and had always wanted to. Art promptly dragged me over to Terry, who was sitting nearby at a table, and formally introduced us, repeating back to him what I had just said. Much blushing ensued on my part, and a small, quiet smile glowed on Terry's face.

[APH – I'm so glad that my reprint series has served to bring back happy memories, Bill. It is unusual for anyone to reprint the correspondence published in fanzines, but as you know, that is sometimes the most compelling material. I have some even more ancient reprint material coming for issue #8, with a look forward at a convention of 2006, composed in 1954. Watch the pixel skies!]

Original art by Ray Nelson (page 13). Photographs by Andy.
