

# FLAG

This is issue #5 of FLAG, a frequent fanzine published by Andy Hooper, from 11032 30<sup>th</sup> Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125, email to [fanmailaph@aol.com](mailto:fanmailaph@aol.com). Member fwa. This is a Drag Bunt Press Production. First copies were finished on May 31st, 2013. FLAG appears only in printed form, and is available for trade, flying cat cartoons or letters of comment. The next issue will be out in June, 2013. Art Credits: Mark Schirmeister, pages 1, 7 and 10. Page 3 photo: Dave Langford. This fanzine also urges you to vote now for Bill Wright in the current Down Under Fan Fund race. Your vote must be received by June 10<sup>th</sup>!

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**“I felt like Cincinnatus. I dropped my plow and ran to Rome to defend it.”**

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## **Two Fandoms in Flower: The Conventions of May**

Corflu XXX was, as they say, all Desperate Fun. The event began with a Wednesday evening pub dinner for Corflu 50 delegate Rob Hansen, who was making his first trip to the West Coast in 29 years. It ended the next Tuesday with a visit to Stu Shiffman in his room at the Recovery Center on First Hill. The events of the week between are a kind of pleasurable blur. Calendar-quality views of the great Cascade peaks on our trip to Portland. Pulling Lucy Huntzinger’s name from the hat to name her Guest of Honor. Watching her and other founders describe Corflu’s creation 30 years ago. Pawing through boxes of forgotten fanzines, watching with satisfaction as collectors and friends like Sumner Hunnewell and Nigel Rowe snagged little piles of treasure and arcane lore. Winning the FAAn award for Best Fan Writer, and sharing Best Genzine with Randy and Carl for CHUNGA was also surreal, although having tallied the votes, I knew what was coming.



Rob went home on the afternoon of May 7<sup>th</sup>, which then left me 17 days to prepare for my next convention. “Enfilade!” is the annual convention of the Northwest Historical Miniature Gaming Society, and this year’s 21<sup>st</sup> +edition was held from May 24<sup>th</sup> to 26<sup>th</sup> in Olympia, Washington. (Both it and Corflu XXX were held in hotels in the Red Lion chain, adding to the impression of spending the whole month at a con.) In between I also met an APA deadline, worked on editing CHUNGA #21, and began assembling this issue’s colossal Fanzine Countdown column. I vacillated about going this year, but had promised fellow club member Gary Pomeroy, a hopeless fan boy and former VikingCon habitué, to organize a series of ancient battle games based on the plays of Shakespeare, and was thus *obliged* to attend. We organized fights between Greeks and Trojans (*Troilus & Cressida*), Romans and the Volsci (*Coriolanus*), Romans and Goths (*Titus Andronicus*), Romans and Ptolemaic Egyptians (*Antony & Cleopatra*), and Venetian *Condotta* versus Ottoman Turks (*Othello, or The Moor of Venice*). And since that was not enough, and every convention is essentially all about writing to me, I composed ten pages of new rules for a Spanish Civil War skirmish game that started at 10:00 am Sunday morning. To my relief, that too was a notable success. And I have not even mentioned that at 9:05 am on Saturday the 25<sup>th</sup>, Carrie and I celebrated the birth of our first Grand Daughter, Theodora Alexandra Altman. As I write this, Grandma Carrie has flown south to Pasadena to attend the infant Empress and visit with Gwen, Bob and Big Brother Sam. So, yes, in consequence, this commensurately larger issue of FLAG is a few weeks late. Send your complaints to the following address:

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**We still have hopes of reviving you from your mummy-like current state of suspended fanimation.**

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**A Key to the links published in FLAG #4**

**Page 1: “I didn’t steal it...I stole it...to save it from senseless worship.”**

**Page 1: “You crazy monkey! All you criminals can do is stop elevators and break iron hearts.”**

Both page one quotes are from the Firesign Theater’s play *The Tale of The Giant Rat of Sumatra*. Both are delivered by plutocrat Jonas Acme, The Pharaoh of American Industry. The “it” in question is The Zeppelin Tube, a force so great it can only be used for Good or Evil.

**Page 3: “One more weekend of lights and evening faces.”**

Lyric from David Bowie’s 1979 single “DJ.”

**Page 4: “The day she was born the front page of the New York Post showed John Lennon dead on a mortuary slab.”** Fan writer Eric Mayer, in a note on his daughter’s Birthday.

**Page 5: “You cry for progress, I scream for ice cream!”**

Another line from *Giant Rat of Sumatra*, delivered by the shadowy anarchist known as “The Electrician.”

**Page 6: “I’m in the middle of pitching 17 innings, and that’s after a breakfast of chipped beef and Scotch.”** Unnamed 1920s minor-league pitcher, in a recent TV commercial for Barbasol. Yes, *Barbasol*.

**Page 7: “With that triple by Eric Young Jr., we’ve got tacos!”**

Good news from a Colorado Rockies game broadcast.

**Page 8: “You’re the worst storyteller! Where is Maya Angelou when you need him?”**

The very funny Eugene Mirman as middle child Gene Belcher on the Fox animated series *Bob’s Burgers*.

**Page 9: “Lynn Steffan likes Decaying Hollywood Mansions’ photo.”**

A fact which Facebook felt it was important for me to know.

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## **Forgotten Activity Achievement Awards:**

### **More notes on the once and future FAAn Awards**

The 2013 Fan Activity Achievement Awards were duly announced and accepted on May 5th, at Corflu XXX. David Levine and Kate Yule were kind enough to read the results for me, a move taken to partially shield me from the embarrassment of giving myself an award. I was profoundly pleased with this year’s awards, both on the strength of the turnout (60 ballots, up 4 from 2012), and the overdose of egoboo that I and my publishing pals received from the results. These are the winners of the 2013 FAAn Awards:

**Best Website:**

eFanzines.com, Bill Burns

**Best Artist or Cartoonist:**

Dan Steffan

**Best Fan Writer**

Andy Hooper

**Best Single Issue:**

TRAP DOOR #29, Robert Lichtman

**Lifetime Achievement Award:**

Elinor Busby

**Harry Warner Jr. Memorial Award for Best Letterhack:**

Robert Lichtman

**Best Fanzine Cover:**

BANANA WINGS #50, Dan Steffan

**Best Personal Fanzine:**

A MEARA FOR OBSERVERS, Mike Meara

**Best Genzine:**

CHUNGA, Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, and Carl Juarez

**Fan Face #1 (Most votes across all categories):**

Dan Steffan

I’m grateful to everyone who took the time to give some recognition to their friends and correspondents in fanzine fandom. Winning Best Fan Writer was both surprising and delightful; I’ve won three times before, but not since 1997! This was likewise the fourth FAAn award for CHUNGA, and the first win since 2006. Age and guile would appear to have significant advantages over youth and innocence, so far as the FAAn voters are concerned.

Nic Farey has asked me to create the ballots and count the votes again next year, for Corflu 31 in Richmond, Virginia. I'm happy to try and improve on this year's turnout in 2014; after that, someone in the U.K. will probably take the job. I don't know which awards Nic and Ken would like us to present, but I'll strive for some continuity.

**Meanwhile, back in the 1970s:**

My efforts to learn more about the origins and nature of the original FAAn awards have been taken up by Gary Mattingly and Moshe Feder, who struggled to part the mists of time in the following e-mail exchange:

**Gary Mattingly:** "Unfortunately I can't recall very much about the FAAn awards we gave out at Autoclave. I was a co-chair in 1976 for Autoclave 1, vice-chair in 1977 for Autoclave 2, and chair in absentia in 1978 for Autoclave 3 since I moved to San Francisco that year. Anyway, I asked Leah Zeldes what she could remember and she couldn't remember much either. She suggested Cy Chauvin. I contacted Cy but his memory had similar issues. He suggested I contacted Moshe since it seems Moshe was the one actually running the FAAn awards at that time.

**Moshe Feder:** My apologies for the slow reply. I kept thinking I'd be able dig up some answers around here, but I've had no luck in quickly putting my hands on the records for the years I was in charge and lack the time for a major archeological excavation. We definitely gave them out at Autoclave at least once because I brought them with me the one time I attended.

**Gary Mattingly:** Anything you recall about the earliest FAAn awards? I guess the first ones were given out in 1975 at Westercon.

**Moshe Feder:**

I'd forgotten that, but it sounds right. I believe I imposed on Jon Singer to bring them to the con. I'm cc'ing him so he can confirm that. And then they were given out at Autoclave for several years after that. Also I have read emails about the statues Randy Bathurst made for them although few seem to survive. I guess the material with which he made them becomes a bit brittle after a decade or more. The trophies were wonderful, like 3D Bathurst cartoons. They had a bheer can wearing a propeller beanie standing atop a duper, and every one was slightly different. I could have sworn I had a specimen of one around here, but if so, I haven't seen it in years and don't know what's become of it. There must be photos of them around too. You might try asking folks on the various fannish email lists. Another thing to check is whether the Spaced Out Library in Toronto might have inherited the ones Mike Glicksohn won.



Aha! Dave Langford has posted a photo of his at [ansible.co.uk](http://ansible.co.uk).

The one depicted above is different in one respect from the earlier ones, in that the inscription appears to be conventionally engraved. For the first few years, I hand set the information in Letraset (the Hobo font, I think) and then had that photoengraved (using a place Andy Porter probably knew from his magazine production job, although he may have used them on his own zines as well), which gave the nameplates a special look.

It's a shame the sculptures turned out to not to be terribly durable. I hope some survive. Of course, to me, the truly important and distinctive thing about the original FAAn awards was the Oscar-style nominating and voting system, where writers nominated writers and artists nominated artists etc. and then everyone voted in all the categories on the final ballot.

I hope this sketchy response is of some use.

*(Thanks to both Moshe and Gary for their efforts. One more note: I believe Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins still have their FAAn award (won for THE SPANISH INQUISITION in 1977); I'll see if we can get a picture of it.*

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**The unfortunate history of U.S. teleportation is that it has essentially remained a secret.**

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**You don't need to be a porthole collector to appreciate a porthole.**

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**Fanzine Flashback:**

**From *Vinegar Worm* Vol. II, #8, 1965 (?)**

The worm is in chronic need of material, and so a while back I sent out a number of well-known professional and fan writers a request for some high-grade stuff to fill these pages. As an editor with a nice sense of balance and proportion, I had sought for some unifying theme for the issue, and found it in a little *pensee* written by an old friend, a Mrs. Geuse, whom some of the older fans will remember. The verse I chose as a theme runs as follows:

Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet  
Eating her curds and whey  
Along came a spider  
Which sat down beside her  
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

The writers were requested to take this small gem as a text and to produce something stirring and inspirational. They no doubt would have, too, but for various reasons – other work, genzine publishing, death, etc. – they were unable to make our deadline. This put me in something of a spot, since I had already advertised a special, all-star issue, and I could hardly disappoint the public. Fortunately, I discovered a solution: I could just print what they would have written had they been able to do so. This Matter follows”

After Thomas Wolfe: A stone, a leaf, a tuffet; a stone, a leaf, a lonely tuffet. This is where the spider came hungering in his youth, his wild heart aflame for food: for West Virginia ham well-seared in a cast-iron skillet; for buttery lima beans, for a fifteen-cent cone of chocolate ripple ice cream. He hungered for women: For Helen, for Juliet, for Pompadour, for Garbo. He hungered to read every word every written by anybody; by (here refer to The Encyclopedia).

And what was on the tuffet? A frowsy, frumpy, pasty, pimpled, bag-hosed, runny-nosed, slime-lipped, big-eared, imperishably ugly female with an incondite figure and swarthy skin (O lost and by the wind grieved Helen of our youth) who was ravenously and repulsively slobbering her way through a bowl of curds and whey.

After Buck Coulson: SPIDER-WORLD #6: This issue is devoted mainly to the Spider-Muffet feud. I think they're both idiots, and I wish they'd stop sending me their damn fanzines. I don't really care how this fight comes out, and there's already too much of a backlog of reading around here to cope with. RATING: 1

After Philip K. Dick: The Spider's wife was going to leave him, and he trembled continuously as he rushed his aircar toward his favorite tuffet. The fellows at the Paranoids' club all agreed that she was doing him a grave injustice, particularly now, when he hoped to develop something new in the Tinkertoy line, and perhaps improve his status to that of Schizophrenic. If only he could be at the tuffet now, and regain his equilibrium!

And then, when he reached the tuffet, his world collapsed. There was already someone there – someone he recognized! Miss Muffet! And she was carrying the status symbol of the Latent Psychotic class, a bowl of curds and whey. A burst of rage overcame him, and. . .

After Walter Breen: “Speedair et petit Mlle. Muffet” is not Faulbetzer's best opera, but any competent musicologist will tell you that the polyphonic f-sharp transitions in the aria “Les curds et le whey” are analogous – when in a minor key – to the flatted fifths in the Piccighieri sonata.

After Buz Busby: Almost deadline, but it's nice and cool here in the backyard, and this batch of home brew is good. I'll finish off at least this stencil today.

I'm irked by the knuckleheads that have come out in favor of the spider. The rules say pretty plainly that you don't get curds and whey unless you postmail a premailing and file your petition at least seventy-six hours prior to (or

after) a pre- (or post-) mailing, and then only if the postmailing is not premailed, or the premailing postmailed. The spider had no right to the curds and whey, they were Miss Muffet's, and all the nit-picking in the world isn't going to change that.

After Swinburne: Merry, melodious, modest Miss Muffet,  
Splendidly sleek on a soft summer day,  
Sought for a silky and sumptuous tuffet  
Carrying carefully cool curds and whey.  
Suddenly springing there came a great spider,  
Vicious and vile as a viper or ray;  
Haggard with hunger, it sat down beside her,  
Frightening fearful Miss Muffet away.

After John Boardman: Those who blame the spiders for their recent uprising, which was so bravely led by their humanitarian reformist nonviolent contingent of tarantulas and black widows, fail to grasp the fact that the Muffet woman was not actually injured, and that the spiders have for too long been forced to live in tremulous webs, rather than in proper brick houses. The spider only wanted the curds and whey. He was entitled to this. The alleged threatening gestures to gain the curds and whey weigh little against the tons of flit that have been sprayed on the spiders over the years.

After Ayn Rand: The spider would not relinquish its principles: "I am a spider," he said, his hair nobly on end, "and what I have achieved is my own. Muffet has no right to this bowl of curds and why, because I frightened her away, and it is mine by right of achievement. I am a frightener, and what I frighten people away from is mine. If you will look at the matter rationally you will see that Muffet was, in effect, battenning off me, It is time for spiders to stand firm for rapacity."

After Bob Leman: Assuefaction – by repute – meliorates arachnophobia. My own late experience with an intrusive spider, however, (an incident that eventuated wholly without advertence on my part) leads me to submit to you a conclusion to which I have devoted a not inconsiderable amount of lucubration: The validity of the aphorism remains open to question. I was scared away from my curds and whey.

After AMRA: Of all the stories of The Spider, the best is perhaps "Curds and Whey." This is an account in Faulbetzer's middle – and best – style, of The Spider's dangerous encounter with an enormous beast which possessed food at a time when The Spider was seriously in need of nourishment. There is very real excitement in The Spider's stealthy approach to the monster, and in the creature's eventual flight. The Spider was, of course, able to continue on his perilous journey after capturing the food. The capture was accomplished through the use of rapiers, cutlasses, epees, sabers, broadswords, shortswords, longswords, daggers, dirks and paring knives, all of which The Spider handled with superlative skill.

After William Faulkner: And Quentin "because he (the spider) knew while he was saying 'I heard you tell her "I want the curds and whey"' felt (somehow apprehending the ancient evil of the fecund female principle ((there in the dusty breathless gloom)) that stigmatizes the gallant proud unvanquished brave bannered galloping marauders of the Confederacy) that she (Miss Muffet) might well have replied "I am frightened. I will run away."

After Jack Speer: WHEREAS the language of this indenture is vague and indefinite, and WHEREAS the evidence adduced fails to establish either fright on the part of Miss Muffet or intent to harm on the part of the spider; and WHEREAS I counted seventeen typographical errors and six grammatical errors; NOW THEREFORE this court is prayed to return a judgment in the spider's favor in the amount of \$76,978.98.

After Allen Ginsburg: I saw the worst poet of my generation, Spider, hairy and homely and queer as Dick's hatband, Reduced to hanging around tuffets and finding more often than not a nasty woman sitting there eating food. Wild with despair at the screeching times, he could only frighten her away and smoke a stick of pot.

-- Bob Leman (1922 – 2006)

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He now became secretary, propagandist, inspirer and religious leader to Wat Tyler's band of angry men – villeins and villains.

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## His morning breath is scented with notes of saffron and lavender

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### COLOR PARTY:

#### Readers' Letters to FLAG

[Once again, I'm amazed at the breadth of response inspired by this little fanzine. Your letters are presented in Georgia, like this, while my comments, tragically, are executed in Estrangelo Edessa, like this. I'll begin with the correction of some mistakes made in FLAG #4:]

#### Lenny Bailes

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For the benefit of the Robert Lichtman School of Timescapical surveys, I feel impelled to correct a small error in your chronology about Paul Williams, Cindy Lee Berryhill, and the playdates and casts of *Fanotchka*. I'm familiar with this due to having had a similar fuzzy confusion in memory about the dates and casts.

The world premiere of *Fanotchka* happened at the 1996 L.A. Con II Worldcon. Paul and Cindy were not in attendance, to the best of my recollection, but the two fannish leads in the play were very ably performed by Ken and Aileen Forman. The performance of the play was scheduled opposite the Saturday Evening Worldcon masquerade and sparsely attended -- however, we were graced by the presence of Sam Moskowitz, who managed to keep his eyes open for at least the first act. Something I thought reasonable at the time considering his age and general health condition.

Paul and Cindy performed the fannish leads in the revival edition of *Fanotchka* that was delivered at the Walnut Creek Corflu in March 1997, which my brain still wants to tell me took place in 1998, despite the fact of having been audited and corrected by Dean Robert Lichtman, himself on this point. The collected edition of *Fanotchka* that I also serialized in *Whistlestar* contained a photograph taken by Mike McInerney at the Corflu Walnut Creek performance,

If you and I can't be depended upon to keep this straight -- then who will remain -- except for R.L. himself, and possibly Moshe Feder, wearing the tri-corner Timescapic Institute hat and cape as they sail a lonely mission of historical correction?

I did print out and bring with me to the recent San Francisco Memorial for Paul Williams, a paper copy of the *Fanotchka* PDF, and Cindy Lee appeared to be pleased to receive it as another link in the connection

between them and greater fannish fandom. The memorial was a worthy and warming event attended by noteworthy members of the Williams family, Bay Area and Glen Ellen fandoms, and Seattle fandom.

[Wow. I mean, it's a major mistake -- like saying Richard I was at the First Crusade, and the Third was led by Bohemond de Guiscard. And we had this conversation just last year in Las Vegas, and I completely forgot that and made the same mistake less than a year later. Thank goodness my mistake was only made on paper, and will hopefully not be repeated into factuality on the Internet.

The night in Anaheim was indeed the more incandescent of the two, and Aileen Forman and Ken Forman deserve all the credit -- they were both brilliant. The audience was larger and the evening had the excitement of a premiere. Yet, I have this very strong memory of rehearsing with Paul and Cindy Lee on the big couches in a foyer of a little-populated floor of the hotel at the Worldcon -- and of course, that was with Aileen and Ken as well. What would Paul have been doing with us at Worldcon? There were so many people actually involved in SF for him to see that spending so much time in the fan area would seem unlikely. But at Corflu, it was the only chance to perform available, and Cindy Lee and Paul really rose to the occasion. They were reading the parts for the first few times, and their chemistry seemed genuine and spontaneous at the Walnut Creek performance. Anyway, I want to appreciate both experiences properly, so I appreciate your multiple efforts to correct my memory.]

#### Howard Waldrop

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It's been a Spring of deaths and *mono no aware*, starting with Utley back in January.

The same Mexican where I met Banks, Paul Williams had come from Swancon in Perth, Australia, back to SFO, traded his suitcase full of dirty clothes to his wife for one full of clean clothes and got on a plane for Heathrow, (I hadn't seen him since Iguanacon in '78.) We went to a Chinese takeaway place I'd found at lunch, brought food back to his room and were yakking away about everything -- Phil Dick, long lost *Crawdaddy*, etc., when just after delivering a chopstick full of food to his mouth and swallowing it, Paul went to sleep. (He'd been up for 40 hours across 15 time zones.) I took the chopsticks out of his hands (so he wouldn't puncture himself in his sleep) and quietly left the room.

The next day he seemed fine and had a good convention. I hadn't seen him since then.

**Yvonne Rousseau**

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The only Worldcon outside Australia that I've ever attended was L.A.Con III in 1996, where the 'Pocket Guide' attracted me to take in *Fannotchka*: 'The premiere of Andrew Hooper's latest fannish radio drama, telling the story of a young regional convention-runner who falls afoul of a big city club full of fannish hacks, and how they learn to find room for one another in fandom. Heartwarming! Exciting! Pathetic!'

I found this performance enthralling -- pure joy, in fact -- and am delighted to learn from your reply to Murray Moore in the March *Flag* that your *The Albacon Club* is likely to be performed for Jo Walton when she is Guest of Honour at Novacon 43 in Nottingham this November.

Meanwhile (making a WAHF of myself) -- as the February *Flag* testifies, you have read *Among Others* very attentively indeed and will therefore have noticed that its narrator Mori is not 'Morwenna' Phelps Markova (as claimed most of the time in *Among Others* and as also claimed by Potlatch 22's advertisement for *The Albacon Club*) but 'Morganna Rachel' Phelps Markova. Mori admits that she started using the name of her dead twin, Morwenna, and that 'nobody challenged me, though I'm sure Auntie Teg knew, and probably Grampar too. We might have been identical, but we were different people after all.'

No plot crescendo accompanies the confirmation that Mori has taken on Morwenna's name instead of her own. This is a great contrast to traditional stories about magic (especially Western Kabbalistic ceremonial magic), where names matter enormously. In Mori's world: 'Fairies don't go much for names. The ones we knew at home we gave names, and they answered to them or not. They seemed to think they were funny.'

Walton's fairies are lethally powerful, and perhaps most resemble the Elementals described by Paracelsus. Unlike those Elementals, they cannot be governed by human spells and incantations. In Mori's world the fairies simply 'don't use names, the way we do. I might wish it worked the way it does in Earthsea where names have summoning power, but it doesn't, names don't count, only things do.'

When she refrains from a huge fuss about the admission that it is Morganna's diary that we have been reading, I feel that Walton creates a kind of free space which some readers might like to fill with the underlying emotions and occult consequences that a more conventional author would have been building up to. It seems a much blanker kind of space than the one created by Mori's



economy in evoking fairy characteristics: 'They all have eyes, and lots of them have some recognisable sort of head' -- 'most fairies are gnarly and grey or green or brown and there's generally something hairy about them somewhere' -- 'it isn't really a cloak. It isn't as if he could take it off.' (Eek to all of these.)

As you reveal in the February *Flag*, your own first reading of *Among Others* was influenced by your having already agreed 'to create some kind of dramatic adaptation to perform on Saturday night at Potlatch'. Although the revelation of Mori's true name was no use for that, you were in a good position to extend Mori's interactions with fandom. Because you were only about eighteen months older than Mori, your dramatization could insert incidents remembered from your own parallel 'life in that same era'. And (a stroke of genius) you allowed Mori to carry out her plan to travel to Glasgow and attend Albacon, the 31st British Eastercon.

In February's *Flag* you define Mori's taste as 'strongly skewed toward American sf novels of the "New Wave" and the 1970s.' Until I read that, I hadn't noticed that readers of other eras might not be familiar with the books being discussed in *Among Others*, and might not be relating the year when they first read a certain book to the year when Mori read it (as I was), and comparing their circumstances. In general, I found myself deferring to Mori's authority, and reveling in her opinions of such as Thomas Hardy: 'he's too depressing and too trite at the same time. He makes things happen neatly, and sometimes they're horrible things, but they're always very pat. I hate that. He could have learned a lot from Silverberg and Delany.'

As for Walton's fairies: I find her explanation of the fairies' helpfulness more plausible than the idea of binding demons to a human's will by means of Signs and Sigils and Namings and Suchlike. Walton's fairies are steeped in arcane knowledge derived from lengthy experience, but they need human assistance because they are unable to move physical objects. It is credible that they begin lending their own powerful aid to the Phelps-Markova twins because they hope to receive in return 'more power to touch the real world' (as Mori expresses it): 'a way to use the magic that they know.' But they are defeated by a weakness that they share with Walton's ghosts. They cannot bear being close to a living human's physical pain, and Mori's injured hip is effective against them.

Mori's pain is a reminder of Diana Wynne Jones (born in Wales, like Walton) whose *The Merlin Conspiracy* was published in 2003 (more than two decades after Mori used her own pain to send Mor onward into death). The heroine Rhoddy reports receiving the magic of a dead witch: 'as if someone had dealt me a thumping blow, I felt a terrible pain in my right hip. It hurt so that I could hardly stand up.' Centuries ago, the ritually injured witch has looked from her deathbed into her future and chosen Rhoddy as the most suitable recipient for her knowledge. In Rhoddy's own time, the powerfully magical Lady of Governance needs a walking stick, and Rhoddy reflects: 'it was her right hip that was the crippled part of her. It was just like the hurt lady in the ruined village. And I thought, 'Do all women with strong powers have to have a ruined hip then?' I do hope not.

[I've come to accept that *Fannotchka* was my *Enchanted Duplicator* or *Mimeo Man*, the perfect combination of moment and material, unlikely to be replicated. I had high hopes for *His Ghu Friday*, the show I wrote for E Corflu Vitus, but it needed tightening, and maybe a few more rehearsals to do the dialogue justice. I'd still like another pass at it. Your points about *Among Others* are all well-taken; and the faeries were definitely one element I am addressing more directly in the second draft. The business about Mori's true and assumed names has also knocked loose some ideas about names and badges that I want to include. I'll be sure to acknowledge you!]

### **Margaret Hooper-Lofton**

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Thanks so much for the 'zines you sent to me - I enjoyed reading them yesterday during the piano lessons. All except for the terrible news about Iain Banks - man, what a pisser. Gannon was just getting into him, too! It just doesn't seem fair. I can't decide if this is more upsetting than if he died suddenly - is it better to know that he will be able to make a few bucket list items happen, or worse because he is facing some terrible discomfort? I keep thinking of when Octavia Butler died because she was another very favorite of mine.

And then I think of Stevie Ray Vaughn and how that really blew me over since I was such a fan. Suck.

Gannon and I were both tickled to be mentioned in FLAG. He is a fan of various house music, dub step, what have you. I plan to show him the article you wrote about the DJ's since I think he might like them. Right now I'm re-igniting my love of *Everything But The Girl* as I am reading Tracey Thorn's new autobiography. It's kind of cool to read about what she experienced in those early years, and think about what I was doing while she was becoming a pop star.

*[I think you have this Timebinding thing down pat, Margaret. Gannon is also well-immersed in the field through his love of All Things Gorilla, a perfect example of the contemporary phenomenon of real music produced by imaginary bards. And I think people are generally grateful for the chance to say goodbye to Banks, and let him know how much his work has meant to them.... "Better loved ye canna' be - will ye no come back again?"]*

### **John Nielsen Hall**

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Thanks for # 4. I feel like there are so few of us old fannish farts who are interested in modern music, so it was with joy and surprise (really!) that I read your encomium for *Endroducing* and DJ Shadow. While I don't own much in the way of mash-ups myself (well, that's how I see D J Shadow) I am a prolific downloader of trance, chill-out, electronica and so on, and I always admired the classic hip-hop sides- it's strange to think that a lot of that is now getting on for thirty years old. I also listen to a great deal of minimalist "classical" music- Reich, Glass, Nyman, Adams and others. I have tried to spread the gospel, if that's the right way of putting it, by putting out my own mix CD's of stuff, and some of these have been well received, but the majority have not made much impact- but that's probably as much a reflection on my abilities as a mixer or programmer as it is on the inertia of fandom when it comes to music. Anyhow, you inspired me to dig out my copy of *Endroducing*, and thanks very much for that. Keep on keeping your ears open.

[Mix tapes are best appreciated by their creators. I have always found that far more people were willing to read a book or watch a movie on the strength of my recommendation than were willing to take my suggestions regarding music. People who love music have a personal, complicated relationship with it, and often feel it's generally not our business. But it is still remarkable how many SF fans can only be described as "conservative listeners," preferring music written long before they were born to anything from this, or even the previous century. Seeing your positive response - leading you to "dig out your copy of *Endroducing*" is therefore unusually reinforcing. I endorse Doug Bell's central premise, which was that modern electronica, mashed-up and post-sampling music is a kind of science fiction, with both textual references and avant-garde sound that reflects our impressions of the future. Which is now the present, or possibly, as you suggest, 30 years in the past.]

## Bob Jennings

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fabficbks@aol.com

I like a lot of different kinds of music myself, but I could never develop much interest in rap music at all. Even Run-DMC, purportedly the most accessible of rap style bands leaves me cold. On the other hand, by a bizarre twist of fate a guy I knew at a flea market introduced me to a strange CD of reggae rap songs that I found fascinating and which I like a lot. Not so strange, none of my friends can stand the stuff on that CD. But then, they also don't like it when I play ragtime or very early jazz from the early decades of the 20<sup>th</sup> century or garage bands from the 1970s.

I am sort of amazed that you can listen to YouTube music videos at your computer. YouTube music is very useful to me for locating songs I want to hear, or for doing research for programming music radio shows (I help out on a local community station with a show doing retro songs from the entire 20<sup>th</sup> century), but it's a pain to try and use YouTube as a listening experience.

Often there are commercials before the music starts, often the music will not start for five, ten, twenty or thirty seconds after you press the start arrow. Sometimes you get to listen to scratchy groove skips before any music starts, and of course, sometimes the music doesn't start because the artist or the person who posted the music has to say something or post a picture before the song actually begins. As I say, it's a pain.

Ned Brooks' comment about old typewriters reminds me that I still have and occasionally use an old Royal upright typer that my father bought for me back in the late 1950s. He worked for the Tennessee Department of Agriculture, and the machine had given many years of faithful service in their Nashville office, but for some reason the left margin set would no longer work, so they decided to get rid of it, and he snapped it up for me.

I never missed the bad left margin set; I just moved the paper further over to the left and typed away. Most of my early fanzines were produced on that machine, and when I finally switched to a computer in the 1990s I still kept the machine. It worked and continues to work very well. The only maintenance I ever had to do on it was to unclog the keys from time to time, because I was always so cheap I used ribbons until they were literally shredding to pieces, and all that fluff would fall down and start to jam up the key action. Quality products do indeed last a long time.

[There are commercials on radio as well, Bob, but I've never let that stop me from listening to it. I think people become impatient very easily. Groove noise always excites a pleasant nostalgia for me. Hip-hop's origins can't be extricated from Jamaican music, so you have something authentic there.]

## Steve Jeffery

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[srjeffery@aol.com](mailto:srjeffery@aol.com)

I was right about the Bowie quote then. I thought I recognised it, though I haven't heard it in years since most of my singles are in a box in the loft.

Unlike you, I do still have something to play them on, the Garrard 86SB turntable I bought with my first university grant still functioning almost 40 years on, although I suspect the drive belt could do with replacing. Also unlike you, I think we have some form of music player in almost every room in the house, from the stereo in the living room to CD/radios in the office and kitchen and an assortment of DAB, portable and windup radios scattered elsewhere. (The latter proving a godsend when the power went off for a large chunk of the weekend a couple of months back.) YouTube is mainly for discovering and checking out new and interesting stuff, often gleaned from BBC Radio 6 programs such as Stuart Maconie's *The Freak Zone*, but the speed (or lack of) of my AOL broadband connection on an antique PC make this less than satisfactory, so I tend to hit amazon for stuff I want to listen to more than a couple of times.

Our musical tastes, from prog to new wave to electronica, seems fairly aligned, so I'm grateful for the suggestion of a new name to check out in D J Shadow's *Endtroducing*.

Most of the hip-hop/rave/acid house scene passed me by, and I have no idea what the difference is between most increasingly specialised sub genres like garage, jungle or dubstep. (I'm hoping dub step derives from Jamaican dub, which I have loved since John Peel flipped an Augustus Pablo 12" import and played the dub version of 'King Tubby Meets the Rockers Uptown'.)

Trance seems more related to ambient and minimalism than frantic drum and bass riffing, and more my sort of thing. I suspect a large part of this is because I'm fascinated with the idea of algorithmic music, from Terry Riley's 'In C' to the diagrams and notes on the back of Eno's early ambient albums such as *Discreet Music*, and the discovery that with a MIDI keyboard plugged into my PC and a programming environment such as Keykit I can generate my own Enoesque floaty soundscapes. It's far easier (for me anyway) to knock up a Keykit program to generate a sequence of suspended major 9ths than to actually try and play them. Similarly an aspect of minimalism that fascinates me is the gradual transformation of pieces of music, as in Gavin Bryars' 'Sinking of the Titanic', Eno's adaptation of Pachelbel's Canon in D for the Cockpit Orchestra, where the tempos of different parts are slowed down at different rates, or of sound samples, as in Reich's tape loop piece 'It's Gonna Rain' or William Basinski's 'The Disintegration Loops'.



Angrily yours,  
Ray Nelson

[Ray, I don't want to see anyone ripped off. The vast majority of sampled material used today is paid for, and its use frequently leads the listener back to the source, which can translate into new fans and sales for the "real" creators. But "rap" can no more be universally tarred as "stupid," than the Beats could be dismissed as Communist pornographers.]

**John Hertz**  
236 S. Colorado St. #409. Los Angeles, CA 90057

Outside my window, an ice cream truck plays snatches of "I Can't Stop Loving You," "John Brown's Body," "Do-Re-Mi," "Adeste Fidelis," "Red River Valley," Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer and "Rhythm of the Rain." That night, I was *leading* Petrunino, not reading it. "You transcribed "Abgar" more carefully. Petrunino is a dance of Edessa in II/16 rhythm. The version I know is from the village of Promahi up the mountains. In this part of Europe people dance in curved lines, holding hands, belts, or shoulders, mostly anticlockwise, or mostly clockwise: the person at the end is the leader, and may do fancy steps.

Let's not be clothes-ist. You know as well as I how and when men's casual dress left off jackets and ties. Photos of baseball games, like s-f cons, show folks dressed like that. We changed uniforms.

I wish more fans did have catholic reading tastes.

Read books not for the infantile purpose of identifying oneself with the characters, nor for the adolescent purpose of learning to live, nor the academic purpose of indulging in generalization, but for the sake of their form, their visions, their art. We are liable to miss the best of life if we are not able to tingle, if we do not learn to hoist ourselves just a little higher than we generally are in order to sample the rarest and ripest fruit which human thought has to offer. Those aren't my original words, they're Nabokov's of course, but they're true.

[Mash-ups, as you imply, can be found all around us. I believe you have been correcting my misimpressions about Balkan dance for 30 years now. I hope you keep doing it for 30 more.]

**Lloyd Penney**  
1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B6 Canada  
[penneys@bell.net](mailto:penneys@bell.net)

I don't have an iPod either, but I do have a collections of .mp3s, ready for it, if I ever get my hands on one. Most of the music is 60s and 70s rock, plus a few extra cuts that turn our cranks.

As always, a great fanzine list, and I get most of them...if anyone wants to send me a zine, they are most welcome, but I am no longer sending out the sticky quarters...I

This ties in with what you write at the start of the piece that now anyone can be their own musician (even if it's as basic as the iPhone 'Bloom' app, although there is still something relaxing about noodling about on a guitar or keyboard even if you don't aspire to anything further. In fact I was watching a duo on Jools Holland's 'Later' the other night and realised that the keyboard player wasn't in fact playing any actual notes at all, and was essentially just triggering pre-programmed samples and sequences.

I don't think I've heard the name Pekka Pohjola in years. I suspected I was the only person to still remember Finnish prog rock outfit Tasavallan Presidentii.

["Dub" was the original "remix genre," a Jamaican movement based on remixing instrumentals and combining them with new vocals, as championed by Osbourne "King Tubby" Ruddock and Lee "Scratch" Perry. Dubstep is a subgenre of dance music centered on drum and bass lines, often with strong reggae influences. The connection between the two is their shared heritage in the Jamaican sound system scene of both Kingston and South London.]

**Ray Nelson**  
333 Ramona Ct. El Cerrito, CA 94530-7374

Readers of my novel *Virtual Zen* may have noticed that my friends and I are moving in the opposite direction from that of rap music. We don't recognize rap music as music, but as a combination of stupidity & plagiarism, the opposite of real music.

Real music is best represented by "Taps" played on a Boy Scout bugle around bedtime; There is an inverse proportion between the amount of technology involved in a piece of music and the artistic quality of the result. A very important element in the result is the p[erception of economy of means involved. A very important element in the result is the perception that the real composer and real performer are getting a real share of the royalties.

I hope that at least we members of fandom will refuse to be party to the mass rip off called rap.

have more than enough fanzines to read and respond to these days. All I need to do is turn my head, and another four or five zines drop into the IN box or appear on eFanznes.com.

A shame about Iain Banks, but at least he's had the chance to settle his affairs, and say goodbye to his readers. A further shame that he can't be GoH at Loncon...he deserves the accolades, but won't be here to enjoy them. Also, Jon Singer was a GoH at SFContario 3 last year; the committee has impeccable tastes in guests. This year, the FanGoH is Dave Kyle, and multi-Hugo nominee Seanan McGuire is the ProGoH.

[While it is true that Banks is very unlikely to be alive or present at the event, he will still be a Guest of Honor at LonCon 3, and his work will be central to the convention's program. I plan to go on with my program of reading and re-reading his work, and will arrive at the con thoroughly saturated in Banksiania.]

### **Grant Canfield**

15 Scenic Drive, Novato, CA 94949

Thanks for sending me FLAG #3 and #4, which were forwarded to my new address (please note above):

After a 42-year career in architecture, I am now happily retired, living in a seniors-only community and spending most of my time in aloha shirts and cargo pants.

Hoping you are the same...

### **Brad W Foster**

PO Box 165246, Irving, TX 75016  
[bwfoster@juno.com](mailto:bwfoster@juno.com)

From the "Table Manners" piece, when you spoke of no longer having a way to play vinyl records any more, reminded me that one of the things I hate with the death of vinyl is the loss of the wonderful world of album art. Of double-spread fold opens, of cool die cuts and special effects, and of just some amazing artwork. Having that large surface to work on gave room for lots of fun graphics, which is no longer the case on DVD, or, now, just showing up on a tiny video screen. I've decided I need to edit out my own vinyl collection (amazed at how many I have that were purchased to simply have a single song). Am trying to find a more modern version of the music on-line to keep to listen to. Then hopefully will find homes for these with someone who will still love and, more importantly, be able to play these- plus maybe generate a couple of badly-needed bucks. Though there are some I will hold onto because of the album art.

[Like a good fanzine, the popular music album is a fusion of several art forms. They were fun to read, usually fun to listen to, and frequently fun to look at. Particularly Carly Simon albums.]

### **Kim Huett**

P.O. Box 1443 Woden 2606 Australia  
[kim.huett@gmail.com](mailto:kim.huett@gmail.com)

I don't suppose it's any surprise that I prefer fanzine auctions on eBay where I can actually participate to auctions at Corflu where I'm effectively excluded. Well, I suppose I could impose on somebody actually attending to do a whole lot of leg-work for me but even if I could find a willing accomplice it still seems like an unreasonable imposition. Luckily an increasing number of dealers and others are finally examining those fanzines they've had sitting in a box out back and offering them up for auction. Admittedly some of the prices being asked are way more than reasonable but then again nobody is forcing me pay \$20 for an early issue of LOCUS. For that matter nobody is forcing me to pay \$250 for any issue of SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST even though I wouldn't mind having a complete run of that particular fanzine. Like any form of collecting it's all about deciding what a particular item is worth to yourself and then waiting till a suitable offer can be found. Sometimes the search is a long one but that's all part of the collecting game and the waiting does make receiving a fanzine I'm especially curious about fanzine all the more exciting. It's still a bit of a lottery despite my knowledge of fandom and fanzines, especially in regards to the less famous titles. For example I recently received the first three issues of FANTASIA (published by Lou Goldstone in 1941) and found the contents far less interesting than the description had suggested. On the other hand I'm currently reading a 1963 issue of YANDRO in which I've discovered several fascinating (to me at least) snippets I really didn't expect to find in such a stodgy fanzine. It's a voyage of discovery it is.

### **Other Correspondence Received From:**

**Steve Bieler** (My street address is 7667, not 7687); **William Breiding** (All those dead people. Richie Havens, Christina Amphlett, too. Yikes.); **Paul Difilippo** (Seems mortality is too much with our community these days); **Rob Imes** (...it seems to me that anyone could shuffle a random selection of sounds on a digital music player today and call themselves an artist.); **Hope Leibowitz** (Getting old is not for sissies, as I've heard Terry Garey say.); **Marc Ortlieb** (Scouting takes up what spare time teaching and marking leave me.); **John Purcell** (Just last week I was listening to a Jimmy Lunceford record while doing some chores around the old homestead); **Paul Skelton** (Do you have access to Joy Clarke's column in *APORRHETA* #2? An interesting fanhistorical sidelight to some of your early remarks in 'Table Manners.');

**Milt Stevens** (More recently, people who were younger than I was started dying. This seemed like a really bad trend.); **Bruce Townley** (Particularly liked the artwork by Steve Stiles and Bill Rotsler); **David B. Williams** (If I could find one, my bumper sticker would say "I Brake For Rhine Maidens."); and **Pete Young** (I've been adding FLAG to the ISFDB.)

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**“I play to discover the Sixth Tool.”**

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**1.) EKLUNDIA STORIES**, by Gordon Eklund, edited by Robert Lichtman, published by Dan Steffan for Corflu XXX, 2015 NE 50th Ave., Portland, OR 97213. For me to consider any given iteration of Corflu in the upper tier of the class there has to be some sort of memorable publication included in the price of its membership. Dan Steffan and Robert Lichtman collaborated to exceed my expectations with this collection of fan fiction by veteran Northwest fan and pro Gordon Eklund. Eklund's fiction about fandom is the acme of that curious subgenre – consistently funny without being absurd, yet honestly speculative and liberally sprinkled with fantastic devices that make most of our efforts at self-mythology seem labored and too obvious. This would be a nice anthology if I didn't know Gordon from Tolstoy, yet he is a sort of living link between Seattle's Nameless Ones of the early 1960s and more contemporary generations of fanzine publishers in the region. I find it hard to imagine a more perfect gift to give to the members of the 30<sup>th</sup> Corflu. Dan's illustrations, many created for the original appearances of each story, make a substantial and dramatic portfolio in their own right.

**2.) TREASURE #1**, Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard Street, Greensborough, Victoria 3088 Australia, email to [gandc@pacific.net.au](mailto:gandc@pacific.net.au). I've barely had time to come to terms with the end of the paper version of Bruce's brilliant SF COMMENTARY, when this massive, lavish ANZAPA zine arrived in the mail. Bruce can change the title as he likes, but the psychedelic green and gold cover art by Ditmar announces that the basic Gillespie formula of highly-civilized layout and high-end content will be observed inside. But TREASURE is a genuine departure from SFC and \*brg\*, with a selection of pretty exotic travel writing. Dora Levakis details a journey to the Central Asian Republic of Tuva, and Jennifer Bryce provides an account of a trip to India, amply illustrated with a series of photographs. John Litchen continues the autobiography that Bruce began publishing in those earlier titles; I find it striking that this is the fifth chapter in the story, and yet it still covers events that took place between 45 and 50 years ago. Clearly John, like the rest of us, hopes that Bruce goes on publishing a while longer. The letter column, mostly covering material from \*brg\* is frankly inspiring, like the early days of a better letter column.

**3.) THE DRINK TANK #340**, Chris Garcia, c/o efanazines.com, email to Garcia @computerhistory.org. The great weeping shame of Chris Garcia's relentless publishing schedule is that so much good material contained in its pages has inevitably been missed by so much of its potential audience. When this mostly includes Chris' own thoughts on professional wrestlers and Comic Book-based movies, we might be excused for letting a few dozen issues slip by, but TDT often has unique material by other writers that deserve more than cursory attention. In #340, Taral Wayne caps his 100

submissions to the zine with an autobiography that includes insights into his art and imagination that is the best single piece of work by any fan so far in 2013. It is characterized by the kind of escapism that was once the hallmark of fandom – it was once a proud and lonely thing, after all – and Taral closes by assuring us that he wouldn't change anything about his life or his work. On balance, though, the story made me feel rather sad, and wished I might have had more of a chance to get to know Taral's imaginary companions, and the intriguingly different world in which they live.

**4.) NOWHERE FAN**, Christina Lake, 4West Rise, Falmouth, Cornwall TR11 4HJ, United Kingdom email to [christina.l@virgin.net](mailto:christina.l@virgin.net). I think I have established that I have a particular fondness for small personal fanzines composed by a single fan author. Sometimes, five perfect pages by a particularly good writer does more for me than ten or twenty times as much work by a relative throng of equally good correspondents. It's just so much more work to read the bigger zine, y'see.... When a shorter fanzine is just jammed with interesting stuff like this effort from Christina Lake, it is beyond satisfying – it's almost vindicating. Christina considers the early history of the Feminist Utopian novel, the current debased state of London Fandom Pub Meetings, and reacts to a YA Speculative Romance novel about racial prejudice in an alternate Black-dominated Britain, and gloats a bit over the fun that she, Doug Bell, Ian Sorenson, Yvonne Rowse and Lilian Edwards had in Cornwall while not going to Eastercon. Hunting for yellow cars and touring Cornish mine works – it's easy to see how this could be more fun than taking in a slate of gender-balanced programs at the national convention. One expects the beer was better in Falmouth as well.

**5.) BANANA WINGS#52**, Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CRO 7ES United Kingdom, email to [fishlifter@gmail.com](mailto:fishlifter@gmail.com). I admire the seemingly effortless way that BANANA WINGS accommodates such a variety of perspectives and approaches to fanzine writing. Cardinal Cox covers the funerary rituals of fans and other contemporary people without a maudlin note, while James Bacon manages to find melodrama in what is honestly a rather trivial incident from last summer's Chicon. Nic Farey's "Barty Buys a Book" is understated by the standards of most faan fiction, and Jacq Monahan's report on her visit to Croydon on her 2012 TAFF trip was properly touristy and travelogarithmic, although one doubts that many TAFF supporters need to be told what the Domesday Book is. Mark and Claire contribute the usual engrossing editorials, and the letter column could carry three more genzines on its own. But my favorite part is Greg Pickersgill's "Space/Time Story," in which an effort to make some storage space leads to an extended reverie

on an ancient duplicator and the fanzines which issued from it. Life is, at the most essential level, a struggle to keep material culture from growing out of our control. Fanzines that dare to address this problem are, ironically, worth keeping.

**6.) FANSTUFF #35** Arnie Katz, 909 Eugene Cernan, Las Vegas, NV 89145, available at [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com), email to [Crossfire4@cox.net](mailto:Crossfire4@cox.net). There was a pause of more than a month as Arnie prepared this issue of his frequent e-fanzine. I got the sense that he might have something impressive up his sleeve – and Arnie didn’t disappoint me. When I remarked in an earlier review of FANSTUFF that Arnie had failed to explain the difference between an Insurgent fan and a garden-variety fakefan, I hoped it would help inspire Arnie to further thoughts on the general subject of Insurgentism. When he lets himself compose at this length, Arnie’s natural tendency toward generalization is mitigated; here, he even offers some examples to support his conclusions. He explains the principles that inform Insurgentism, and the compromises that allow its adherents to coexist within a fandom largely dominated by Trufannish sensibilities. Among the best things that Arnie has published across the run of the fanzine.

**7.) THE TATTOOED DRAGON LIVES!**, by Bill Rotsler, edited by Dan Steffan for Corflu XXX, 2015 NE 50<sup>th</sup> Ave., Portland, OR 97213. Another very personal project for Corflu XXX chairman Dan Steffan, whose admiration for the late Bill Rotsler is of the highest order. The quality of the printing on this collection is startling – Dan is a real connoisseur of the kind of black found in interstellar space and Mike Mignola drawings, and this anthology is full of it. Bill had a reputation for dashing off cartoons in a matter of seconds, but some of the detail shown in these pieces is truly obsessive. I think fandom will remain fascinated with his art well after anyone who knew Rotsler personally is gone.

**8.) RANDOM JOTTINGS#8.** Michael Dobson, 8042 Park Overlook Drive, Bethesda, MD 20817, email to [Michael@dobsonbooks.com](mailto:Michael@dobsonbooks.com). A truly imposing volume of prose, all devoted to the events connected to the Watergate scandal, Richard Nixon and modern memory. Michael admits that this is a 40-year obsession for him; he even includes a comic book script he wrote for *The Amazing Spiderman* as a teenager, a story full of tapes, conspiracy and dirty tricks, and a good example of how completely Watergate pervaded popular culture in the 1970s. The other noteworthy thing about this issue is that Mike wants it to serve as an example of the kind of affordable self-publishing assets available online now. The product is physically professional, the design a half-step between fanzine and textbook. The potential to update a fanzine so that it eventually includes its own letter column is intriguing, but I think it erodes the definition of an “issue.” It’s more attractive for special projects and Fanthologies than for something like FLAG.

**9.) UNEXPLODED ORDNANCE**, John D. Berry 525 19<sup>th</sup> Ave. E, Seattle, WA 98112, email to [john@johndberry.com](mailto:john@johndberry.com). It has been suggested that John was tempted to name this fanzine GASWORKS #2, but the design similarities between the two fanzines, written a mere 18 years apart, are impossible to miss for anyone who has seen both. Collaborating on the Corflu XXX Progress reports, contributing fanzines to my auctions, poking through boxes of old stuff in his basement – it was all too much for John to resist. The fannish matters fore and aft frame a report on John’s trip to Mexico for Typo9, a professional conference that exposed him to a different world of public art and design. Trips to Armenia, Hong Kong, Iceland and Ireland all had similar visual highlights to recommend them; how lucky for us to have an educated eye like John’s to suss them out for us. His appreciation of Mexico’s Big Name Designers is delightful to read; every field needs a little of this kind of muted gosh-wow now and then. But I really hope we don’t have to wait another 18 years for issue #2.

**10.) MOTORWAY DREAMER #8**, John Nielsen Hall, Coachman’s Cottage, Marringde Hill, Ramsbury, Wiltshire SN8 2HG United Kingdom, email to [rrr564@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:rrr564@yahoo.co.uk). I’ll start by saying that this is a very good fanzine, but it also illustrates one of the paradoxes endemic to hybrid online/paper publications. Printed on some rather thick stock, and spiral bound with a clear plastic cover protector, this is an impressive package. But the contents page features an egregious typo that has been *duplicated from its appearance in issue #7!* The fact that we can correct mistakes with almost no effort (compared to the days of Corflu and Obliterine) doesn’t mean that we will actually take the time to do that. But apart from this disturbing flaw, the fanzine is full of good writing, including Mike Meara’s automotive autobiography, and yet another excellent piece by Taral Wayne, tracing his passion for large scale die cast models. Roy Kettle’s Kentucky travelogue is a nice “straight” article, but John rendered his frequent subheadings in simple italic text, which seems to suggest they are more aside than section title. And printing his replies to the letter column in red is a move calculated to keep me from reading them. I sound critical, but I wish I had this good a zine with problems that easy to fix.

**11.) NO SIN BUT IGNORANCE #52**, Claire Brialey, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES United Kingdom, email to [Claire.fishlifter@gmail.com](mailto:Claire.fishlifter@gmail.com). Claire’s writing is sufficiently illustrative that it would be pleasing if published in tight, unbroken columns of 9-point type. But in recent years, her apazines are all studded with fine color photographs. Given that the subject of this issue is a recent journey to Australia, the photos seem like a critical element in the overall effect. Plus, she provides visual evidence that Damien Warman is still alive, something which some fans in Seattle have come to question in recent years. Also, nice to see Mark Plummer smiling, which it seems he did a lot on this trip.

**12.) FADEAWAY #35**, Robert Jennings, 29 Whiting Rd. Oxford, MA 01540-2035 Email to [fabfichks@aol.com](mailto:fabfichks@aol.com). FADEAWAY has become a real sleeper, a dependable source of unique, topical material presented in a consistently readable format. This issue has the ubiquitous Taral talking about animated cinema, Bob's book reviews, and his excellent survey of famously impractical radio character promotions, just the kind of thing I used to write about at The Collecting Channel. There is even an SF short story by Jeffery Redmond – and it isn't half bad. Lots of art...a big letter column...a rigorous bi-monthly schedule...if you've read this far, you need to find a way to get this fanzine.

**13.) THE ZINE DUMP #30**, Guy Lillian, 5915 River Road, Shreveport, LA 71105, email to [GHLIII@Yahoo.com](mailto:GHLIII@Yahoo.com). Also posted to [eFanzines.com](http://eFanzines.com). Where do I stop? You can see below how many more titles appeared in the past six weeks. I do appreciate the fact that someone out there is trying to review all the fanzines they see, even if Guy occasionally seems to focus on something tangential – or just wrong-headed – in evaluating them. More than anything, THE ZINE DUMP is exhaustive enough that it acts as a rough guide to publishers still interested in trading their zine for yours, obviously a very good and useful thing.

**Also Received or Released:**

**ALEXIAD #68**, Joseph T. & Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Ave. Louisville, KY 40204-4020, email to [jtmajor@iglou.com](mailto:jtmajor@iglou.com)

**ANSIBLE #310**, Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU United Kingdom, or [ansible.co.uk](http://ansible.co.uk)

**ASKEW #4**, John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, TX 77845, [j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)

**AURORAN LIGHTS #8**, R. Graeme Cameron, 13315 104<sup>th</sup> Ave. Surrey, British Columbia V3T 1V5 Canada, email to [rgraeme@shaw.ca](mailto:rgraeme@shaw.ca)

**AUSSIE TRANSPACIFIC**, c/o [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com), Bill Wright, Unit 4, 1 Park Street, St. Kilda West, Victoria 3182 AUSTRALIA

**BCSFA ZINE #480**, edited by Felicity Walker for the BCSFA, c/o [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com), email to [Felicity4711@gmail.com](mailto:Felicity4711@gmail.com)

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