

FLAG

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What if you could alter your appearance with your own in-home radio frequency treatment?

669 Flying Aces: *That's Not Too Many*

This was one of the warmer, sunnier summers that anyone in Seattle can recall, and an excellent season for a visit here. One of the great advantages of having so many former Fan Fund winners in Seattle fandom is that Fund-winning delegates from other countries often make a stop here on their tours of North America. This year, both Transatlantic Fan Fund winner Jim Mowatt and Down-Under Fan Fund recipient Bill Wright made stops here, provoking a wave of parties, pub crawls and excursions to our local attractions. Randy Byers and Denys Howard hosted a party for Jim during his visit prior to Lonestarcon 3, and Bill was able to attend the monthly "Vanguard" party when he passed through on the weekend after the Worldcon.



I only saw Jim at the party in his honor. That week, I was working hard on BRADBURY'S WORLDCON, a fanzine I intended to have bound with this year's "Worldcon Order Of Faneditors," an amateur press association with one distribution per year – made at the World Science Fiction Convention, of course. Because I'm *not* one of those many former Fan Fund winners residing in Seattle, I'm not actually *compelled* to host & escort visiting fans around town, and managed to miss the other events that were organized for Jim's entertainment. We spoke briefly at the party; my part of the conversation was generally gossipy and inane. I tried to beard him gently over the relatively rich response that every issue of FLAG seems to receive, when compared to many worthy fanzines that appear only on the web. But he sensibly pointed out that the same small group of people seemed to respond to both paper and electronic fanzines, and the challenge is to convince the much larger potential audience for web-based fanac to participate in some way. I still think that the receipt of a fanzine in the paper mail is dramatically more likely to inspire a response than seeing something published on the web; unless the latter is explicitly addressed to you, it simply doesn't invite your reply in the same way. I wish I'd had more time when Jim was here; perhaps I'll have a chance to spend more time with him on our trip to Britian next year.

When Bill Wright visited, I was feeling some pangs of regret after watching events in San Antonio from a distance, and told Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins that I wanted to come along on Bill's visit to the Boeing Museum of Flight. I always enjoy seeing the museum; my war-gaming group has a Saturday event on the floor of the main room every fall. We put up tables under the wings of the Lockheed SR-71 "Blackbird," and set out to play "under titanium skies." We picked Bill up at John D. Berry and Eileen Gunn's house on Capitol Hill, and pointed out features of the skyline, Eliot Bay and the Olympic mountain range beyond as we drove south to Boeing Field.

Bill is one of the older Fan Fund winners that I have met, and I occasionally, had mental flashes of the visit we had from our nonagenarian friend Art Widner earlier this year. But more than a week into his trip, Bill's batteries were
[Continued on page 2]

Jairo says he only needs two hours of sleep a night – because he regulates his heart.

A Key to the linos published in FLAG #8

Page 1: “Just allow the mystery gas to do its work.”

The state of the art in car wash anesthesiology; from *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*.

Page 1: “Behold the awesome nonsense of nature!”

Amateur storm-chaser Carl Carlson observes ironic tornado damage in Springfield, on *The Simpsons*.

Page 2: “I don’t like this game – no one likes this game. Even the kids on the box look bored.”

Lisa Simpson indicts a Byzantine-themed board game somewhat reminiscent of *The Settlers of Catan*.

Page 4: “R is one of the most menacing sounds. That’s why they call it “murder” instead of “muckduck.” Wisdom from Dwight Schroote (Rainn Wilson) on the NBC version of *The Office*.

Page 5: “Look out, Terry Wogan, Jim Barker is after your job.”

Jeff Suter reviews Jim Barker’s turn as fan GoH at the 1980 Eastercon; from *PERIPHERY* #2, summer, 1980.

Page 6: “The world is full of incident, and nearly void of understanding.”

From “The Death of the Magus: Two Myths,” a tribute to Avram Davidson by Michael Swanwick, 1994.

Page 7: “They built a Lazy Susan for your nuclear car. That’s something they consider conversation-worthy.”

Stewie Griffin explains to Batman why he has security issues with his workforce; from *Family Guy*.

Page 8: “John Platypus soon became a familiar sight tooling down the thoroughfares of Hobart.”

Lifted from “Platypus Mythos I” by John and Sandra Miesel, published in *DOUBLE-BILL* #21, 1969

669 Flying Aces

[continued from page one]

still going strong. We stopped to eat lunch in the museum’s pleasant little cafeteria before we toured the exhibits, and a few of our exchanges with his hat, his cane, and his data tablet -- which doubled as his camera - felt rather like something Laurel and Hardy might have done for Max Roach. But then we ambled into the main exhibit hall, a great glass-roofed room with vintage aircraft suspended from its beams and parked around the broad, carpeted floor. Both of us instantly reverted to a mental age of eleven, and the next two and a half hours literally disappeared.

We talked about the central part that Boeing and Seattle had played in the creation of America’s heavy bomber force in the mid-20th Century. There is a Boeing B-17F Flying Fortress – the only flying “F” series model in existence – parked right outside the museum’s front door. This inevitably got me talking about my late Uncle Bill Howe, who had served as a radio operator on B-17s and B-24s in the Mediterranean Theater. He participated in very long-range raids on oil-production facilities in Romania, and on the return leg of one of these missions, his aircraft came down in Yugoslavia. Pro-Allied partisans helped my Uncle and his crew-mates to the Adriatic coast, where they were picked up by the Royal Navy. It has probably been 40 years since I heard this story – from my Dad, since my Uncle talked very little about his combat tour – and I wonder which elements I have exaggerated in the intervening decades. But it was a suitable introduction to the many stories of pilots, engineers and designers that filled the museum, and Bill hardly seemed to mind; he just kept brandishing his tablet at everything we saw, tapping out another picture every few seconds. We walked right by a replica of the Wright Brothers original flyer, without even considering that our guest shared the same last name!

Being a fan, Bill naturally wanted to walk through the space flight exhibits, and I marveled at the heat-pitted exterior of a Soyuz descent module, a gift of the Russian Space Agency. I pointed out several reproductions of 1950s *Colliers* magazine covers by Chesley Bonestell; Bill gleefully tablet-snapped them. We crossed the bridge to the annex where several large aircraft were parked including a Concorde, and a Boeing 707 that once served as Air Force One, the President’s official aircraft. The newest attraction is a “Full Fuselage Trainer” used by astronauts and mission specialists to prepare for work on the Space Shuttle. It was a bit anti-climactic to discover that the crew compartment was open for special tour groups only: we were only allowed to climb a stair into the empty payload bay and walk its length to another stairway down. We weren’t even allowed to lie on our backs and pretend we were the Hubble Space Telescope. The large room around the trainer will eventually be full of interactive exhibits and related artifacts, but for right now, it wasn’t really worth consuming so much of Bill’s time and stamina to see it.

We made a short pass through the “Personal Courage” exhibit, which is full of fighter aircraft from both World Wars. They are becoming familiar friends to me now: The Supermarine Spitfire L.F. IXC that was once owned by the actor Cliff Robertson; the olive-drab Russian Yakovlev 9U, the only example on exhibit in the west; and the

gull-winged Chance-Vought Corsair, designed around the enormous 2,250 h.p. Pratt & Whitney “Twin Wasp” engine by Rex Beisel, a graduate of Seattle’s Queen Anne High School. The Corsair in the P.C. exhibit is a veteran of service aboard the U.S.S. *Intrepid* in World War II; after a water-landing, it lay at the bottom of Lake Washington for 33 years, until salvaged and restored in 1983.



The back wall of the room is adorned with a waist-high Lucite box running its length; this protects a superb collection of 1:72nd scale models built from kits by members of the Puget Sound Plastic Modeler’s Association over the past five decades. The object is to include a model of every military aircraft of World War II; however one defines that, it’s a lot of model airplanes, and honestly, I could take a full day just admiring them. I think about the several generations of kit builders and bashers that are represented by that collection, and it gives me a feeling of Timebinding as intense as reading *The Harp Stateside*.

Flight of the Fish Hawk

There was just time enough for a quick pass through the museum shop. Bill was far more restrained than I might have been in his shoes, but then, he had to carry his swag back to Australia. I seized the rare opportunity to pore over a significant selection of aviation books by Osprey Publishing and Squadron/Signal Press. The shop has examples of several of my favorite Osprey series, including the “Aircraft of the Aces,” “Aviation Elite” and “Combat Aircraft” lines. I was delighted to find one of the former series that I didn’t have, ***American Aces against the Kamikazes***, by Edward M. Young, Aircraft of the Aces #109. The beautiful cover painting by Mark Postlethwaite features Corsairs from the U.S.S. *Bunker Hill*, and it was seductive to bring home a copy in brand-new condition, all glossy and unmarred. As a collector, I generally have to settle for used copies in good condition; the expense of a library of “Osprey Books” purchased at retail prices is beyond all but the most plutocratic enthusiast’s budget.

I believe I bought my first Osprey book in Edinburgh in 1978. I think the title was ***Armies of the Crusades*** by Terence Wise, volume #75 in the *Men at Arms* series. As jacket copy on early volumes in the series explained “Each title in this series gives a brief history of a famous fighting unit, with a full description of its dress and accoutrements, illustrated with eight colour plates and many drawings and photographs.” But it also promised that “The series will range widely in time and terrain, with a special effort to include some of the lesser-known armies from other lands.” It’s a statement that might have been made by William Brittain himself. By 1978, the series encompassed subjects from Ancient Egypt to modern NATO armies. And while the *Men at Arms* series has soldiered on to more than 500 volumes (not all still in print), Osprey has launched at least a dozen more series, including the *Campaign*, *Elite*, *Fortress* and *Essential Histories* lines. All of them feature original and period artwork that provides a unique resource for the gamer and miniature painter. Several miniature companies have even cast figures specifically copied from illustrations in the *Men at Arms* line.

Of course, the company’s most effective marketing tool was the inclusion of series numbers on each volume, introducing them in 1976. This simple act provided a powerful suggestion that one might aspire to possess *all* the books in the series, and shelve them in order from #1 (***The American Provincial Corps, 1775 – 84***) to #491 (***Armies of the Volga Bulgars and the Khanate of Khazan***), neither of which are in my current collection.

How many books is too many? Is the question still nonsensical? The book I bought at the Museum of Flight was number 666 (really!) in my collection, exclusive of duplicates (but don’t worry, numbers 667 through 669 have arrived in the mail since then). For years, I concentrated on Ancient and Medieval subjects, which served to keep the collection smaller, but when a local retail store liquidated a few years ago, I plunged into 20th Century subjects, Napoleonica, and most seductive, aviation. Osprey began publishing with a single book about the P-51 Mustang, and military aviation is still the firm’s personal obsession; they have even published a series of books about famous air *fields*. I have been particularly keen on the *Aircraft of the Aces* line: there have been 114 volumes to date and I now have 96 of them, including my museum acquisition. The first were published more than 20 years ago, so many of the books can be found used at a reasonable price, between \$7.00 and \$10.00. But new books now retail for \$25.00 each, making it unlikely I’ll ever “complete” the series as long as new ones continue to be issued.

It’s just an animal tranquilizer gun – you know, from a CD release party.

There is no subtext – only tacos.

The *Aces* line is also one of the few that I have actually shelved in numerical series order. Most are arranged into rough categories like “Pre-20th Century Asia” and “The Rifle and Saber Era,” then arrayed chronologically within them. It’s especially gratifying to see the many complete sub-series, like the 6 titles in the “Rome’s Enemies” sequence, or all seven books in the “Army of the Confederacy” line, shelved together. Others vex me in their incompleteness; it gnaws at me to see 4 books on the German army of World War II, but lack the first title covering the Blitzkrieg campaigns of 1939 and 1940. For years, I have had the second book on the Austrian army on the Napoleonic wars, covering the cavalry, but lacked the first book dealing with the infantry. Some day....

669 science fiction books would only make up a medium- to large-sized collection, maybe enough to fill three book cases. Osprey books consume even less space. They are slim, but dense, printed on heavy, glossy stock and lifting a shelf full of them is like picking up a tree. And to keep track of a list of titles that long, it was essential to create a catalog of my own collection, with the title and series number. I added the names of the author and illustrator for good measure. The catalog file is now 30 pages long, which makes sense; the company’s quarterly sale catalog is as thick as one of their books.

The New Vanguard Series

It was tempting to stay home that night, to read Osprey books and watch monster movies. I declined the offer of dinner out with Bill, Jerry and Suzle. Even though I was in the middle of a three-week span of bachelor life while Carrie taught a class in New Zealand, I always feel odd eating two meals “out” in succession, and chose to make myself a clam roll and a bowl of tomato soup. I was also devouring an account of Iranian air operations in US-built aircraft during the 1980s war with Iraq, and I was curious to see which high-end Soviet or French mercenary fighter planes the Islamic Republic’s pilots would thwart next. But when Jerry called from a pizzeria three blocks away offering to give me a ride to Fremont, I shut off *Lost in Space* and packed a folder of fanzines to hand out at the party.

The first Saturday “Vanguard” party was already several years old when I first attended one in the mid-1980s, and it is pretty much Seattle’s only faannish observance of that era which is still going on today. Another populous and enthusiastic fan community continues to present Norwescon every year, but I last attended it in the 20th Century. We have had a few hiccups as many new fans have offered to host the party in the past few years; it can be challenging to induce the many Old and Tired Fen in question to make their way to an unfamiliar venue. But since Amy Thomson volunteered to become the Boss of Vanguard a few years ago, we have had a dependable rotation of old hosts and new hosts, and sensibly shifted the event to the second Saturday in months when the first conflicted with local or regional conventions. That night’s party was at the Interlake Avenue home of Glenn Hackney and Kate Schaefer in the Fremont neighborhood, the site of my first Vanguard in 1986. I had hopes that some semi-

forgotten characters from Seattle fandom’s racial memory might appear at such a venerable locale (newly repainted in eye-catching yellow and purple) to celebrate Bill Wright’s appearance – someone even more reclusive than John D. Berry, who has been remarkably fanactive all this year.



As always, walking into Kate and Glenn’s house is terribly distracting because of the elaborate engineering projects, made using the “K’nex” toy construction system, that adorn the corners and transoms of the living room. The current installations are compact compared to the 7-foot tall contraption that once dominated the dining area, but I still found myself staring at them over people’s shoulders as they tried to converse with me.

The turnout was good; the dining room table was laden with an impressive selection of goodies, and we made a fine effort at making them disappear as the evening wore

on. Kate had lain new bricks in the ever-changing back yard, and things seemed especially lush and large in the wake of our sunny summer. There was a broad range of ages present; Grace Carlson and John Pearce brought along their adopted kids Joseph and Juliet, who don't total 10 years old between them yet. Jane Hawkins brought along a young student from Asia (Korea?) who is renting a spare room in her house – what might he have made of that motley collection of aging fanboys and girls with a few rambunctious kids mixed in? We probably resemble a particularly scruffy extended family, only we are related by choice, rather than birth.

“New” on the scene were longtime Brooklyn fans Andy Hickmott and Vicki Rosenzweig, who made the bus trip across Lake Washington from their place in Bellevue. They’ve been in the area a bit less than a year, and have discovered the shortcomings of Seattle’s mass transit options when compared to New York. But maybe the extra walking has been good for them; both looked great, and seemed to have energy and good humor to match.

There was some conversation about the Worldcon that had just past, not recognizing anyone who won a Hugo Award, and whether Chris Garcia has jumped the shark-boy, and so forth. But there was a lot more speculation on the surprising win of the Spokane in 2015 bid. While most seemed to think it was a shame about Helsinki, it is intriguing to have a Worldcon within relatively easy driving distance. Having Vonda McIntyre, Spokane’s choice as professional Guest of Honor at the party certainly didn’t hurt. A lot of people were musing on the likelihood that they would be there, and what sort of reunions and encounters might be therefore anticipated. I find it slightly fantastic, but if Spokane can have a World’s Fair, why not a World Science Fiction Convention as well?

As for the forgotten fans of old, I had expected someone like Frank Weyerich or maybe Frank Denton to show up, but I was even more surprised to see Paul Novitski, who was once known to fanzine fans by the pen-name “Alpajpuri.” His hair was a bit thinner and grayer than the last time I saw him, but there was no mistaking him. Paul hosted one of the first fannish parties Carrie and I attended when we moved to Seattle in 1992; I had an excellent time there, but only saw him a few times after that, as he moved into a slightly different arc of the fannish circle. I half expected to hear that he had plunged himself into some gnostic discipline, but he surprised me far more by admitting that much of his time was taken up with raising a pair of five-year-old twins (I might have the age wrong, but I know he said *twins*).

I departed at 11:45 with my ride back to Lake City, leaving a healthy party still locked in conversation in Kate and Glenn’s back yard. Sometimes it’s encouraging to leave the party before it totters to its end; subconsciously, we permit ourselves to speculate that the gathering goes on even now, and if I return to that purple and yellow veranda, my friends will still be talking about George R.R. Martin where I left them. And one of the beauties of fandom is that this fantasy is never quite entirely impossible.

Department of Meatball Surgery

Are you a contributor to The Worldcon Order Of Faneditors (W.O.O.F.) for this year, or did you receive a copy of this year’s distribution in San Antonio? John Purcell is a pretty swell fan and a publishing giant, but the heterogeneous nature of the fanzines submitted to W.O.O.F. seems to have defeated him. The fanzines were “bound” with a single economy-sized staple, passing through the corner of all the submissions, including Chris Garcia’s digest-sized contribution. Now, it isn’t really John’s fault that the rest of fandom seems to have lost any understanding of how to contribute to an apa, but his solution is both impossible to read and inevitably prone to damage and separation. This is how I recommend dealing with the conundrum this year’s W.O.O.F. presents:

First, carefully tear off the tiny corner of Chris Garcia’s fanzine by which it is attached to the whole. It can’t be read if bound with the other fanzines, so I kept my copy loose. Next, note the bottom margin of Alan Stewart’s A4-sized YTTERRBIUM TETROXIDE sticking out of the bottom; odds are, it has already been folded and creased several times, which will make it easy to trim the protruding edge off with a pair of scissors. Now, use a pair of needle-nose pliers to remove the enormous staple. You will inevitably damage the back corner of Nic Farey’s zine in doing this, but we’re going to hide the damage inside our own back cover.

I decided to remove my copy of the OASFiS EVENT HORIZON #105. Despite having three pages each numbered

Lee “Scratch” Perry has used a number of musical pseudonyms, including The Upsetter, Super Ape, and Pipecock Jackson

six and seven, the zine is twelve heavyweight bond pages long, and has its own corner staple to hold it together. I then removed Steven H. Silver's landscape-formatted ARGENTUS obituary special and stapled its 16 pages separately as well. It's just too frustrating to read it in a publication otherwise bound in the portrait format. (This experience has rather crystallized my resentment of fanzines presented in a landscape style; I see all the reasons for doing it, but I just don't like reading the product which results.)

Next, I aligned the remaining fanzines, the official organ and the front cover, with an extra back cover I printed up for the Turbo-Apa earlier this year. Any piece of heavy stock will do, but even a blank sheet of printer paper is better than exposing the back of the last zine in the mailing to smears and Spaghetti-O stains. I used three staples; with the removal of the aforementioned 28 pages, a sturdy 3/8 inch staple should be enough to connect the lot. Of course, I used 1/2 inch staples, but a Seattle collection needs to withstand more intense geophysical forces than a fanzine library in less tectonically active regions.

With these simple steps, you'll be ready to enjoy fanzines like Mark and Claire's BW #6, my own contribution BRADBURY's WORLDCON, Bill Wright's THE WRIGHT STUFF, Jacq Monahan's ALL TAFF'D UP and Jim Mowatt's PIPS 10.5 as Roscoe intended. Oh, and memo to Jim Mowatt: any time you want to pursue a fuller understanding of the American Experience, you're welcome to return and continue your research.



The 'trick,' William Potter, is not *mind*ing that it hurts.

**COLOR PARTY:
Readers Letters to FLAG**

[As is my habitual practice, your letters are presented in Georgia, like this, while my comments, tragically, are executed in Estrangelo Edessa, like this.]

Andrew Porter

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Yes, I really do open those envelopes. Just, sigh, not right away.

I think I should tell people not to send me physical fanzines. About 11 years ago I went through all my fanzines and all the piles of stuff I accumulated everywhere while I was publishing SF CHRONICLE, and ultimately gave about eight bankers-boxes of Stuff to Joe Siclari, for his fannish history files. Edie must have loved me! I still get a few fanzines, but really don't need them. I've been in my apt here on Pineapple Street since 1968 and it's not a pit like so many other fannish apts are. I have a hundred pieces of art (originals, prints, historic stuff) on the walls, lots of bookcases, and, surprisingly, some nice furniture. Dust bunnies, yes, but lots of floor space.

I liked the talk about fanzine auctions. I know there are lots of people who want to get their hands on fanzines for Very Little Money, but this runs into those of us who intend to sell our stuff on eBay or wherever, for as much as we can get. It's not my responsibility to live a life of frugality and getting by (which is what I do, mostly, living on dividends and

interest from the money I got when my Mom died and I invested it all) so that others can have impressive fanzine collections. Except I've never sold anything on eBay, and should start doing it Realsoonnow...

Iain Banks and stuff: I've been compulsively continuing my newszine activities, sending out newslinks and Other Stuff to a list which includes Glycer, Ansible, Publishers Weekly, and a whole bunch of pros and fans. This despite not actually physically publishing a newszine anymore. I've been doing news since I was 14, and had a column in Jimmy Taurasi's SCIENCE FICTION TIMES. Then there was DEGLER!, which became S.F. WEEKLY, then SF CHRONICLE, and now... (What *is* wrong with me???) I have been incredibly fortunate to survive my cancer, while all about are people who have not been as fortunate. It is, frankly, humbling.

Dan Steffan's comment, "The Hippies/counter-culture generation probably brought the biggest surge of people into fandom in all its history. From those folks came movements like comics fandom and Star Trek fandom..." is just so Bizarre and Strange that I can barely imagine what he was thinking.

Really? All those female Star Trek fans were hippies? No. Impossible. If you've seen photos of ST fans from the 1960s, you'll see an awful lot of up-tight girls and women, but absolutely no Hippies among them. They were, in fact, the first media fans. They owe more to Bjo Trimble and her work for Gene Roddenberry than to the counter-culture.

And the comics fans came, to some extent out of SF fandom, aided and abetted by the letter columns in Stan Lee's Marvel Comics, and early offset comics zines (think: ALTER:EGO). But certainly not out of the counter-culture.

Meanwhile, I was thinking about all the really sercon stuff I published in ALGOL, including "The Exorcists of IF" and "The Golden Halls of Mirth" and stuff by lotsa others, including rich brown, Dave Van Arnam, Frank Wilimczyk, etc. But people remember what they want to remember, so ALGOL was always sercon, stuffy, never had any fannish content. Sure.

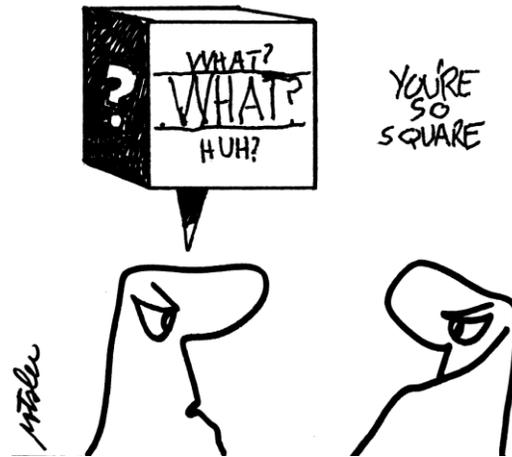
[I sold several copies of ALGOL on eBay last year, and had to page through them to write their descriptions. They had quite a bit more "fannish" content than I had recalled, so perhaps your creeping is justified. One would also have to agree that the average Ensign Mary Sue was not that likely to be Turned On, but I think Dan's freak-o-centric view of fandom also applies to a broad swathe of people who became or were most active in the 1970s. As Candi Strecker once observed, most people actually mean the seventies when they talk about the way things were in the sixties. By the time I entered it, fandom had a reputation for chemical illumination and alternative relationships. Some redneck cheeseheads dubbed the bookish Wiscon "Pervertcon" in its early years, and it has lived up to those expectations only intermittently across its history. But you weren't the only one to question the Hippie Hypothesis.]

Ned Brooks

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Hi Andy - Thanks for the zine. My father seemed to think I should give up fandom and do something useful. He had certainly spent his life being useful - he worked his way through college with Georgia Power, and supervised power installations in the US and several foreign countries. I did become a professional engineer with NASA - just how useful to the world what I did is, I am not sure. But in retirement I am much happier than my father seemed to be - he didn't seem to know what to do with himself, while I have trouble keeping up with letters, fanzines, apas, books, etc.

I joined fandom in 1961 and was at the 1963 Worldcon. But I was not a hippie or involved in "youth culture" - I was 23 and had been reading SF since the 1940s. I was never involved in culture in terms of fashion fads or pop music. But Dan Steffan



is probably right that youth culture contributed to the growth fandom, or at least the size of conventions, what with *Star Trek* and *LotR*. I don't know about comics fandom - growing up in Chile I missed any infection from the comic books of the '40s, and by the '50s it was too late. I do like illustrated books.

Stu Shiffman seems too young to have had a stroke! Glad to hear he is recovering. I always admired his fan art.

Bill Burns

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Thank you once more for FLAG - with what seems like a long gap since I received #7 I was beginning to think that you'd (not unreasonably) struck me off the list, and I'm glad to see it wasn't the case. Perhaps it's just that my timescale is distorted - in the last five months Mary and I have visited England for Eastercon; Portland for Corflu; Vancouver for a non-fannish event followed by a cruise to Alaska; and Rochester (NY) for the annual convention of the Antique Wireless Association, at which I give a talk on submarine cable history each year.

Your story about Stu and Andi's Tenaim brought a tear to my eye. After Corflu Zed Mary and I and Rob Jackson arranged to have Stu stop at the Corflu hotel on his way home from work, and we all then drove in my rental car to his place. It had been quite a while since we last saw Stu, and I'm not sure I'd ever met Andi before, but as usual with fannish friends we fell right into an easy and entertaining conversation.

The Nazis are winning the war, thanks to giant robots that the Allies can't defeat.

So you say there's a race of men in the trees? You're for tough legislation?

We hung out for a while, went out for Thai food, and left them late in the evening and reluctantly, having to get ready for our long trips home the following day. It was such a shock when Stu fell ill, and even just following his arduous road to recovery has not been easy, so I was delighted to hear that he and Andi have taken this step in their pursuit of happiness together.

When I saw the cartoon on page seven I immediately thought: "Wow, neat, a Hoover valve!" Then I remembered what country I was in.

[Your travel schedule – thrilling as it sounds – also had an impact on the flow of fanzines this summer. The "Fanzine Flashdown" in #7 was at least partly necessitated by the gap in fanzine postings at eFanzines.com when you were on the road. Just another reason why you may be the most essential person in our fandom (I reject "core fandom," in favor of "warp core fandom.") at the moment. I share many of your feelings toward Stu Shiffman and Andi Shechter; and I'm crossing all available fingers in the hope that both of them can stay well, and that the actual wedding comes off next summer as planned.]

John Hertz

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The 18th was a good day for Andi & Stu's ceremony of *Te'naim* ("conditions," short for *Te-nai shidukhin* "conditions of the engagement", developed centuries ago to solemnize the event). Before we Jews knew the Arabic numerals (actually they're Hindu – oh, never mind) we used Hebrew letters for counting. We still know 18 is the numerical value of the Hebrew word meaning "life", and give \$18 or \$1800 to a charity or 18 books to a library and like that.

Super-Serum made Steve Rogers into Captain America. But he wasn't competing under a pretence of freedom from enhancement. Should we all swallow steroids? Should we opt for organic food? A friend of mine, asked by a restaurant waiter if he wanted organic food, replied "You have another kind?"

I keep quoting Greg Benford's reply to the Aussiecon III committee. "Certainly. Are you inviting me to be Fan Guest of Honor or Pro Guest of Honor?"

*[It must have been tempting, from a financial standpoint anyway, to answer "Both!" Only a few individuals could have legitimately asked the question. My sloppy wording in the description of the *Te'naim* led some readers to conclude the ceremony was the actual wedding – but we have 9 or 10 months to anticipate that event, so there is still time to shop for something to wear...]*

William Breiding

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As I read your review of Guy Lillian's SPARTACUS #1 I had to wonder if you were polite enough to send him a "you are mentioned" copy, as it seems unlikely that he is on your mailing list. One of the things I admire about you (and Randy in CHUNGA) is your lack of fear of mincing words.

It's been years since I received one of Guy Lillian's zines, so I did something unusual for me after reading your review: I went over to my 82 year old gay friend's apartment and asked if I could use his computer to go to eFanzines and download and print a copy of SPARTACUS. I decided not to share it with Tom, considering.

Guy has a generally brash and adversarial written persona. He likes to poke at people's soft spots to get a response. After reading SPARTACUS, I'm of the opinion that you might have fallen into Guy's set trap and he probably giggled "PC!" if he saw your review. Guy's use of irritating language while supposedly grappling with the issue of homo-sexuality and gay marriage was intentional, which I believe was what set you off. I know it kinds bothered me.

Looking beyond the language, the mind behind it is, however disturbing to me, typical. Guy is typical.

When I was eleven, my family moved to San Francisco. I've been around the openly gay all of my life since, and never felt it to be anything other than natural. What Guy reflects in his piece on marriage equality is that being homophobic is natural, that by being rational about it, by being "open-minded" in discussion with his gay fan friends he is somehow being big-hearted, a sort of genteel libertarian. But somewhere, not too far down in there, he finds the basic notion of being gay repugnant. The patronizing tone and self-satisfaction is what got me.

Distinguishing between Midwescon and Midwestern fandom should be easy, right? Midwescon was iconic from the 50s on, with its own set of regular old guard fans; Midwestern fandom from the late 70s to the early 90s was disparate and fluctuating but cohesive, and included Midwescon as a central idea around which to congregate – at some point most everyone made it to a Midwescon, even my brother Sutton.

I like going to the occasional baseball game, but that's all. I find the monotony, struck by moments of intense activity, enthralling. I love the fans but hate loud, bad music. Gimme a hot dog. The boys of summer are gone.

[First off, I assure you Guy Lillian is on the mailing list for FLAG, and should have seen my review of his fanzine. As you say, his attitude is perhaps more disturbing in its apparent reasonability – the idea that his acquiescence is somehow germane to the right of people to marry whom they choose. But I disagree with your assertion that some of Guy's arguments are composed for effect. I take the man at his word; if it develops that he "set a trap" for the "PC" reader, that won't improve my opinion of the fanzine.]

Robert Lichtman

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Curt Phillips' mention of the USS *Lexington* raised a family flag. My father escaped a dreary home life during the Depression by enlisting in the Navy at age seventeen. Among other boats, he was a crewman on the "old" 'Lady Lex' (CV-2), commissioned in 1927, serving in the galley as one of the ship's cooks. In one of his scrapbooks that I'm too lazy to dig out this morning, he tipped in menus of some of the officers' repast, with items that would not have been out of place at a fancy restaurant on-shore.

About Kent Moomaw Curt writes, "As is all too often the case with teenage suicide, there was no clear answer as to why he'd done what he did. None that answered anyone's questions, anyway." I was freshly active in fandom at the time Kent took his life—contributing to perhaps the very first fanzine/stfnal "Year of the Jackpot" in which Vernon L. McCain, F. Towner Laney, Cyril Kornbluth, E. E. Evans and Henry Kuttner died—and in the report of Kent's death in *Fanac* #28 (October 28, 1958) I remember thoroughly resonating with this paragraph:

"Kent left home at 10:00 a.m. Monday to register with the Selective Service System. When he did not return that night, he was reported missing; he was found the next evening by a Cub Scout Den Mother at the base of a steep embankment near the rear of a ball field."

It seemed to me at the time—and still does today—that Kent couldn't face the possibility of being drafted and wrenched away from his life, and was unable to communicate with his parents or anyone else about his fears. It's sad, but I suspect not unusual. And I had my own concerns along those lines, even though my day of reckoning was still two years in the future.

[Robert, I should pat you on the back. You continually provide the missing element in my fanac. It's remarkable that you have such a personal connection to the Lexington – and that your Dad apparently served on her at the right time! Throughout the 20th Century, US Navy recruiters rightfully claimed their service had the best food. Working in a galley during the Depression was far from the worst job around – at least you knew you'd get to eat.]

Murray Moore

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Your and Bill Breiding's references to Midwest fandom prompts me to share with you my recent as-told-to story about Midwest fandom. On the last day of our road trip to LoneStarCon 3 Mary Ellen and I enjoyed breakfast in Wauseon, Ohio with Mark Hickman in his favourite diner. Mark, if you don't know, is the son of Lynn Hickman. Mark told us that his parents not only did not lock the door of their house, they advertised to fan friends an open door policy. You come to our house, we aren't home, walk in and make yourself at home; sleep in our beds.

So, the year Mark was 10, friends of his parents decided to throw a surprise party for his parents. They invaded 2,000 population Wauseon, 250 of them Mark says, sleeping in the Hickman house and in tents pitched in the yard. The police showed up to investigate this invasion.

The Hickman family came home from a convention to discover that a convention had come to them.

Other Correspondence Received From:

Steve Bieler (*In re the Westerson XLVI daily*) "Give us the deets, man!" *Hey, man, go look at them online.*) **Paul DiFilippo** (Flag #8 conveyed melancholy nostalgia & high-spirited glee in equal measures.), **Nic Farey** (I'd intended to send a note on your review of 'Banana Wings', wryly observing that I'd bet you never thought you'd use "Nic Farey" and "understated" in the same sentence.), **Alexis Gilliland** (Yesterday's *Washington Post* ran a 30-column-inch obituary of the Multi-Hugoe Fred Pohl, who died at 93. We will rely on *Locus* to provide a proper send-off.), **Margaret Hooper Lofton** (I cry at normal happy weddings, I would have been a basket case at this one.), **Steve Jeffery** (Luckily, when you get down to it, the mundane is not quite so mundane as fans like to pretend.), **Jerry Kaufman** (I enjoyed your write-up of Stu and Andi's Tenaim ceremony, and your kind, encouraging words about *Littlebrook*. They made me want to publish another issue, sometime after we get this one mailed.), **Lloyd Penney** (...at least I know who Sir Terry Wogan is, the fabled morning man of BBC Radio 2.), **John Purcell** (I am thrilled to read of Andi and Stu's engagement! Mazel tov, Andi and Stu!), **Garth Spencer** (Yes, I know now that I used the same cover illo for two consecutive issues.), **R-Laurraine Tutihasi** (Thanks for passing along Jon Singer's current whereabouts. He seems to pop in and out of my life.), **Howard Waldrop** (Just back from the Worldcon; reports of my death are greatly exaggerated. (5 stitches in forehead – nose looks like Cauliflower McPugg, etc.)), and **Taral Wayne** (Hardly written anything since BT 20, just crap on Facebook and the like. It means I probably won't loc this issue.) *Thanks, everybody!*

Lu Chang – her brother – he's burning with rage.

1.) BW#6, Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES United Kingdom, email to fishlifter@gmail.com. Oh, hush up and roll your log. Mark and Claire were apparently extraordinarily busy this summer, and they issued three impressive fanzines more or less on top of each other. Why would one choose BW over BANANA WINGS? I might list the easy to read “full-size” layout, the clever editorials untrammelled by other inferior contributors, and a narrative gratifyingly concerned with events in which I took some part, BW seems to me to be the more inviting fanzine. But with the inclusion of a rather choice selection of letters of comment, there is a strong sense of one title boosting interest in and anticipation of the other, which is one reason why so many fans can't be satisfied publishing just *one* brilliant fanzine at a time.

2.) ASKANCE #29, John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, TX 77845, Email to j_purcell54@yahoo.com. A roomy genzine – by Ghru, what I could do with 40 pages – focused on fans and gatherings within fandom. It's funny how thoroughly conventions dominate the fannish record, when they represent such fleeting episodes in the overall story. John was responsible for the Fan Lounge at Lonestarcon 3, as well as collecting and collating the W.O.O.F. mailing, so finishing this issue – early – was a pretty impressive feat. The item I found of most interest was the inescapable Jim Mowatt's article regarding the plans that he and Carrie (Mowatt) are making for the Fan Programme at Loncon 3 next year. As one might expect, Jim has both good and bad ideas (into which category should “a snakes and ladders floor tile game that simulates your progress through fandom” fall?), and would like a bit of help in figuring out how to fill up five days of Worldcon.

3.) FROM ALIEN SHORES #4, Jack Avery, c/o eFanzines.com, email to backnumbers@gmail.com. Busy, populous pulp and adventure media fanzine, studded with photos, maps, and looming blocks of color. Avery professes to be a fan of Pete Young (ZOO NATION, BIG SKY), and while his design is nowhere near as clean as Young's, he has a similar affection for color, and an equally global appreciation of his field of interest. The fanzine covers adventure and fantasy in a variety of media, including TV, movies, heavy metal albums and radio plays! Even more impressive -- I had heard of almost nothing Jack reviews here, and found myself wanting to find and watch at least half of it. I love the little informative sidebars that he creates to illustrate the format, language and country of origin of his subjects – they were like trading cards from some sort of culturally complex version of the board game RISK. 104 pages, covering far too many works to list here, absolutely worth the time to download and skim, even if one's interest doesn't quite extend to the lengths reached here.

4.) PIPS #10.5, Jim Mowatt, 273 The Rowans, Milton, Cambridge CB24 6ZA United Kingdom Email to Jim@umor.co.uk. Yes, it's that man again. Publishing in the middle of your TAFF trip used to be an eccentric stunt; I appreciate the fact that Jim made over 70 paper copies of this fanzine and submitted it to W.O.O.F., rather than just posting the content to the Web. He keeps saying he has neither the skill nor inclination to do a good job laying out his fanac, yet he keeps putsending out perfectly legible fanzines that seem to put

the lie to these assertions. It's hard to leave paper behind when you're still in love with the written word; fandom is full of people with the same dilemma as Jim. I'm interested to see what benefits come from his consultation with other fan programming boffins in San Antonio: I fear Shiner Bock may actually be difficult to get in London....

5.) BANANA WINGS#53, Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES United Kingdom, email to fishlifter@gmail.com. Much here confirms BANANA WINGS and BW have become a binary couplet, locked in each other's gravity well. With most (but not all) of their own accounts of Corflu XXX transferred to BW, there is room here for the second installment of Rob Hansen's trip report (and by the miracle of science, Part One will appear in CHUNGA Real Soon Now). Contributions from provincials Gary Hunnewell and Chris Garcia seem unusually grounded in real events to appear in a fanzine; fortunately David Redd intervenes with an extended appreciation of works published in the 1950s American SF digest *Imagination*, sublime obscurities that only a trufan could love. The black Mercedes-Benz SL of fanzines.

Also Received or Released:

ALEXIAD #70, Joseph T. & Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Ave. Louisville, KY 40204-4020, email to jtmajor@iglou.com
A MEARA FOR OBSERVERS #16, Mike Meara, c/o efanazines.com, email to Meara810@virginmedia.com
ANSIBLE #313, Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU United Kingdom, or ansible.co.uk
ARGENTUS: In Memoriam, Steven H. Silver, 707 Sapling Lane, Deerfield, IL 60015-3969, email to shsilver@sfsite.com
BCSFA ZINE #484, edited by Felicity Walker for the BCSFA, c/o efanazines.com, email to Felicity4711@gmail.com
THE DRINK TANK #353 - 355, Chris Garcia, c/o efanazines.com, email to Garcia @computerhistory.org
THE FFIX #33, Steve Green, 33 Scott Road, Olton, Solihull B92 7LQ UK, email to stevegreen@livejournal.com
LIFE OF RODNEY #5, Rodney Leighton, 11 Branch Road, RR #3, Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0 Canada
THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN Vol. 72, #5, David Speakman, c/o eFanzines.com, email to cabal@n3fmail.com
NO SIN BUT IGNORANCE #53, Claire Brialey, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES United Kingdom, email to Claire.fishlifter@gmail.com.
OPUNTIA #264-265 Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7
SCIENCE FICTION SAN FRANCISCO #144, Jean Martin, et al, c/o efanazines.com, email to SFinSF@gmail.com
THE SOLITARY STAR #1 - #11, Michael Nelson, et al, produced for the members of Lonestarcon 3
TRANSCENDENTAL BASENJI SERMONS AND ENLIGHTENMENT #53 - #56, Garry Dalrymple, Local Post Office Box 4152, Bexley North, NSW 2207 Australia, email to Dalrymplegarry@gmail.com
VANAMONDE #950 (2011), #1056, John Hertz, 236 Coronado St. #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057
THE WRIGHT STUFF, Bill Wright, 1 Park Street, Unit 4, St. Kilda West, Victoria 3182 Australia