

This is issue #10 of FLAG, a frequent fanzine published by Andy Hooper, member fwa, at 11032 30<sup>th</sup> Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125, email to fanmailaph@aol.com. This is a Drag Bunt Press Production. First copies were mailed out on October 31st, 2013. FLAG appears only in printed form, and available for trade, graphic artwork and cartoons or letters of comment. The next issue will be out in November, 2013. Art Credits: Brad Foster (for TAFF): Page 6. Bill Kunkel: Page 12. Ray Nelson: Pages 1, 9, title. Ulrika O'Brien: Page 13. Bill Rotsler: Pages 10, 11. Marc Schirmeister: Page 4. Heroic Publisher for the U.K.: Mark Plummer.

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**'But Doctor,' he wails, 'I am Pagliacci!'**

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### **FANDOM AFTER DARK:**

#### ***Toccata -- Cadenza -- Influenza***

Several months later, I am still struggling to understand the riddle of FLAG #7. If you have forgotten, in that issue I used replies that my readers had sent to the fanzine to create an imaginary party, and gave it the form of a weekend of fannish good cheer set in the evening fan lounge at the 1992 Worldcon in Orlando, Florida. I had created the scene as a flimsy device to frame and disguise an extended reverie with the correspondence that had built up over the early summer, but found that it had an unexpectedly convincing effect on the readers. It was a bit like a moment from a Jorge Luis Borges story, in which a carefully concocted fiction proves so seductive that it quite overwhelms and eventually replaces reality. Or perhaps FLAG #7 was a bit like the Mercury Radio Theater's broadcast of H.G. Wells' *The War of the Worlds*, almost exactly 75 years ago as I write this. It wasn't exactly meant to fool the reader, but nor was it intended *not* to fool them if you will indulge the double negative. The seemingly random descriptions of fanciful events were in fact derived from strong memories of the weekend, and certainly part of the effect was achieved by recalling sensory details that I very specifically associated with Magicon. In essence, I convinced myself that I was there so thoroughly that most of the readers of FLAG were convinced too.



Now I am again confronted by the dual dilemma of a lack of editorial inspiration, and a wealth of replies to previous issues that have been squeezed out of the letter column for lack of space. But if I am completely honest with both of us, dear reader, I am also distracted by curiosity: Could I complete the trick again? Or perhaps more intriguing, could I transport us to a different destination, one with equally vivid and colorful memories to bring it to hallucinatory consciousness?

With only one trial to judge by, the rules governing this crifanatical time-travel were not yet clear. I assumed that I had to choose events that I had really attended. I might be able to enter events that were completely imaginary or that took place before I was born; but would I snap back to my present-day context as effortlessly as I had returned from 1992? A second experiment, using parameters similar to the first, should produce the same results. A point in time not too far removed from 1992, then, and one equally associated with friends and collaborators in fandom, to make it easier to bring those correspondents along with me. And I suspected that I needed an equally specific memory of the physical location to put myself there. Considering other memorable events of the early 1990s, one weekend immediately suggested itself. The 1993 Worldcon at the Moscone Convention Center in San Francisco was something of a fannish peak for me: I supervised the Fanzine Lounge, and also covered the convention as a columnist for *Science Fiction Chronicle*. I'd no illusions about how far that status would take me, but it was fun flashing "press credentials" and getting into the standing-room only masquerade and other popular events. That was a great weekend; revisiting it would be fun!

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**When he eats, he holds his fork like a murderer's knife, gnawing at its skewered payload like a deranged woodland rodent**

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## A Key to the linos published in FLAG #9

**Page 1: “What if you could alter your appearance with your own in-home radio frequency treatment?”** From an all-too-real television infomercial.

**Page 1: “Jairo says he only needs two hours of sleep a night – because he regulates his heart.”**

From *Bob’s Burgers*: Tina Belcher (Dan Mintz) dishes on her latest crush, a Brazilian Capoeira instructor.

**Page 3: “It’s just an animal tranquilizer gun – you know, from a CD release party.”**

Pickles the Drummer (Brendon Small) tries to allay his manager’s concerns, from *Metalocalypse*.

**Page 4: “There is no subtext – only tacos.”**

A particularly minimalist commercial for Old El Paso brand Mexican foods.

**Page 5: “Lee ‘Scratch’ Perry has used a number of musical pseudonyms, including The Upsetter, Super Ape, and Pipecock Jackson.”** Factoid provided by the Reggae Channel of Comcast’s Digital Music service.

**Page 6: “The ‘trick,’ William Potter, is not minding that it hurts.”**

T.E. Lawrence (Peter O’Toole) as quoted in Ridley Scott’s *Prometheus*.

**Page 7: “The Nazis are winning the war, thanks to giant robots that the Allies can’t defeat.”**

From a review by Jack Avery in his fanzine *From Alien Shores #4*

**Page 8: “So you say there’s a race of men in the trees? You’re for tough legislation?”**

**Page 9: “Lu Chang – her brother – he’s burning with rage.”**

Lyrics from Donald Fagen’s 1981 album *The Nightfly*. Page 8 from the title cut, Page 9 from “Green Flower Street.”

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## Fandom After Dark

[continued from page one]

Much as before, I began by focusing very tightly on the physical space I wanted to reach. The Fan Lounge in 1993 was only a rectangle of convention center floor delineated by pipe-and-drape dividers, scattered with folding chairs, tables full of fanzines and a few heavily-used couches. But it also served as my “office,” and the best place to meet up during daylight hours. If I closed my eyes, I could see the blue and gold drapes vividly; in just a few moments, I would step over to the duplicating center and make copies of Abi Frost’s mid-trip fanzine, so she would have something to hand out at parties.

### Arrested Development

As I opened my eyes, I was immediately aware that I was not in the fanzine lounge, and in fact, not even in the Moscone center. I was sitting in a worn wooden chair on a concrete balcony, outside a room in a middle-sized hotel, staring into the foggy distance as some unfamiliar reggae music drifted from a window several floors above. There was a smell of something sweet and reptilian in the air, but the sensation that suddenly gripped me was a feverish ache, and the scratchy, dehydrated murk that comes with the use of over-the-counter decongestants. Familiar figures were clustered around the bed inside the hotel room nearby, and a soft North Virginia drawl drifted out the door as a familiar story reached its climax on the road to a long-past Midwescon. Feeling a familiar lanyard around my neck, I pulled the convention membership badge into my field of view. The badge featured a small square box with the letters “Ti” and the number “22,” looking as if it had been snipped from a periodic table. “Ti,” I recalled with sinking certainty, is the symbol for the element titanium; and in this case, it was doing double duty as the symbol of Corflu Titanium, the 22<sup>nd</sup> edition of the Fanzine Fans convention. I had made it to San Francisco, but had arrived more than 10 years after my intended target date, the last weekend of February, 2005.

I struggled to remember the events of that weekend. I remembered the program, including a retrospective of Dick Lupoff’s XERO, and the performance of my play, *Read And Enjoyed But No Content*. But those memories struggle with much stronger impressions of the Corflu Flu, less popularly known as the Corfluenza, which 90% of the membership contracted before, during or after the event. One unintentional consequence of the Bring Bruce Bayside fund that sent Bruce Gillespie to America that year was that the series of parties celebrating Bruce’s arrival before the convention helped spread the Corflu Flu through Seattle and San Francisco fandom, bringing them to the con with the disease in various stages of incubation. By Saturday at noon, three different hospitality suite supervisors had become ill and left the convention. This was less of a crisis than it might have been if more of the convention had been able to keep anything in their stomachs.

I was woozy, queasy and uneasy; but I recalled that I had gotten sick about 56 hours before departing for the convention, and would likely have been nearly “better” if I had spent the weekend in bed, instead of staying up late talking about Kent Moomaw and Vernon L. McCain. I wanted to get up and go through the softly beeping curtain and into the party in the room; but I now became aware that two half-familiar figures were sitting in chairs nearby, apparently speaking to me. I peered sleepily, and their faces became more familiar. I realized that **Lloyd Penney** was addressing me from beneath a Steampunk top hat and goggles combination, while **Steve Jeffery** perched in amusement nearby. Although I was entering the conversation in the middle, we seemed to be talking about my “Grown Up” editorial in FLAG #8.

“Do we have to grow up?” asked Lloyd. He bobbed his head in mock petulance, rattling the brackets of his goggles. “I don’ *wanna*.”

“I’m doing my best to avoid it,” I agreed. “I mean, I’m here again.”

Steve took a longer perspective: “One of the worst bits of advice from Christian killjoy St. Paul to the Corinthians must have been ‘now I have become a man, I have put away childish things’, although the bible doesn’t mention whether the Corinthians were spending all their time playing tiddlywinks or *Tomb Raider*. Although... the latter might have had a different context at the time Paul penned his admonishment.”

“Less archeology, but the same penchant for miraculous stone-rolling.” I suggested. “Our epistles are probably more numerous and arrive more quickly, but they’re also more likely to be focused on the crawfish enchiladas we just ordered, or our favorite *Battlestar Galactica* characters.”

“If we quote from our favorite shows, or movies, or games, or t-shirts, or buttons,” bubbled Lloyd, “I don’t think that’s a lack of growing up, it’s from having gotten older, and remembering the little things that made us smile or laugh, and make us smile or laugh again.”

“You seem glittery-eyed drunk,” I observed. “Can I entice you into reciting Poe’s *The Bells*?”

He appeared to ignore me: “It also comes down to nostalgia and the realization that fandom isn’t like we remembered it, and perhaps it never was. I’m going through that, and it’s a shame that fandom has changed, or better yet, I’ve aged out of the typical fannish demographic. Newer people are in charge, SF books seem a thing of the past, and it’s mostly *Doctor Who*, and many SF shows I never watched, another symptom of my years.”

I nodded. “People who have grown-up attributes like families and careers can look at these things with some detachment, but those of us who have spent our lives as professional fanboys don’t have those crutches to fall back on. Of course, plenty of those people have found their professional lives equally hollow and less rewarding than promised. But I’ve no idea what you mean by the phrase ‘Schadenfreude.’”

Steve quite reasonably assumed that I was talking about him. ‘Moderation in all things’ said the Buddha, and ‘All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy’ is probably better advice for a world where many of us are caught in a Red Queen’s race of working longer hours for less obvious gain. Our HR department frequently sends out emails advising the importance of maintaining a healthy work-life balance at the same time as reducing the head count and expecting us to do the work of two or three people. I moved departments four years ago and I’m still doing both my old and new job.”

“Not that I’m convinced that what goes on in the workplace can be classed as particularly adult in a lot of cases. More than once I have put the phone down after an exasperating conversation and muttered, ‘I am fed up working with children’. ‘Children’ in this case who are in their mid 20s or 30s but still haven’t come to terms with concepts like meaning what they say (I have given up on people saying what they mean; I usually have to decipher this by a mixture of psychic channeling and reading chicken bones) or taking personal responsibility.”

I rolled my eyes a bit in sympathy, but added “Of course, I begin to think that grown-ups recognize the arrested development cases around them, and temper their expectations accordingly. Or perhaps it is just a personality

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**My son just lost a friend to an overdose of Ayn Rand. Why aren't we trying harder to keep kids off Justified Selfishness?**

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True, the combination of a transsexual lesbian marriage and pot smoking would be out of his comfort zone.

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"YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT..."  
4/12/13

trait, because I've known people who were completely grown-up at age 12, and others who have stayed overgrown children into their retirement."

Both men laughed, then Steve continued: "One of the things I love about my father is his continued devotion, in his mid-late 70s, to Rupert Bear. (Granted Rupert is older still and still hanging round with fairies and dragons). And how do you buy good gifts for people who have no childish interests or hobbies? My personal idea of hell is Christmas shopping for people for whom I have no idea what they like."

My eyes felt shiny. "Wow. Rupert the Bear. I haven't thought of him for a few years. As a first-generation American with relatives in Britain, my Dad and his big sister received at least one or two *Rupert Annuals*, and they were still family treasures when I arrived to enjoy them. We still make jokes about giant mangel-wurzels, because Rupert grew one in the pages of the book."

Lloyd was still having a fine time: "In our youth, we looked forward to the future with optimism and a little sensawunda. Now, as we get ourselves ready to deal with our dotage, perhaps we realize we don't have an enormous amount of personal future left, and the general future doesn't have much in the way of wonderful things coming, so we wax nostalgic, sometimes about a fond past that never existed." He rattled the goggles wrapped around his hat. "Maybe that's the source of my interest in steampunk? Who knows for sure?"

The curtains pushed outward, and the lanky frame of **Robert Lichtman** was standing between us. As he scraped a chair over from the corner, I tried to remember how much time Robert had spent at the "original" Corflu Titanium, but this brought on a surge of that feverish shaking dyspepsia, and I suddenly felt a wave of cold doubt that I would be able to find my way back to 2013. I fought the urge to "wake up," and listened as Robert joined the conversation.

"In my parents' view of me 'growing up' I was supposed to graduate from college with a useful degree, preferably in something financial, and go on to a successful career working at a bank or similar institution, get married, have a house in the suburbs, and of course the then-standard 2.4 children. I've always wondered how that 0.4 child would have turned out. Instead, I dashed their hopes in just about every way while still, over time, managing to work long enough in a civil service job to end up with a comfortable though not cushy "defined benefit" pension—all the while being involved in fannish activities of one sort or another and, along the way, other 'wastes of time.'

I tried to imagine working in a bank. Do I work in a bank? Steve Jeffery replied in defense of his peers, "Luckily, when you get down to it, the mundane is not quite so mundane as fans like to pretend. Your mundane neighbor might not read or recognize a copy of *Hyphen* from 20 paces, but he or she might spend weekends recreating historic battles, singing in a local choir, or he (it's more usually a he) might have a model train layout in the attic that he's built up over the last 20 years."

"Everyone is fannish for something," I theorized, "and real mundanity is the most endangered of species. Perpetual fanboy adolescence is a perfectly viable lifestyle choice."

Robert puffed in approval. "I think we all secretly hoped that by concentrating on fannish activities like reading science fiction, watching it on TV and in movies, publishing fanzines and organizing conventions, we would remain young ourselves, and avoid the limits of a life defined by such mundane details as work, family and 'reality.' I seem to have done both, although I readily admit that if I *had* fallen into that career in finance my parents hoped for perhaps I could have ended up as one of the "one percent" and would be visiting here between

jaunts to foreign shores from my well-located San Francisco Victorian house instead of my basement office in the Oakland hills.”

He paused to let the image of his lost mansion fully mature in our minds, and then declared, “I have no regrets.”

**\*brg\***

I laughed along with Lloyd and Steve, then said I needed a drink and went inside to look for something in the bathtub. In the room, the Litany in progress concerned the Deeds of the Fanoclasts, and the ceremonial incense floated thick in the air. I snagged a can of Diet Coke, then spotted **Bruce Gillespie** at the edge of the crowd, and sidled my way toward him. I decided to just pretend I wasn’t sick; nor did it matter if I talked about SF COMMENTARY #85 or the Special Bob Tucker issue (#79). In either case I would be ignorant of 90% of the material covered in the issue, while deeply admiring every element of it.

But Bruce forestalled me by talking about FLAG: “I keep failing to send you a letter of comment because I keep hoping I will have the time to write a Proper Letter of Comment. I never do. So, to be very improper, let me sound a mere note of appreciation for Number 9 -- but heartfelt.”

I felt the warm embrace of egoboo loosening my limbs and emboldening my heart as I thanked him. The notion that Bruce takes the times to read my fanac is still quite the tonic, and he continued talking as I got drunk on my own brain chemistry:

“Nice to hear what Bill Wright got up to in Seattle. It seems his notes on the journey are in a state of disarray, so he will really appreciate a copy of FLAG #9, to help him fill in the details. Sounds as if he had a great time, and the whole trip has reinstated DUFF in the pantheon of fan funds, after the failure to have a real race in 2012.”

I could only see the entire thing as a happy accident. We would not have had such a lavish time with both Fan Fund delegates this year – which is 2013 – if there had been a successful race in 2012. “So, selfishly, I can only be grateful that DUFF failed to materialize last year.”

Bruce was still cogitating on things that he had read in FLAG a mere 8 years in the future: “I think I failed to thank you for your kind review of *Treasure* 1. Yes, that’s when I was going to send you that full-length loc. I have some copies of *SF Commentary* 85 sitting in a box, but no time to send them yet. I’m finishing a huge paying job, and then I need to collate Anzapa by the end of the week.”

“Which is the last week of October, 2013,” I observed. “You alone seem to have seen through the illusion of our supposed travel to 2005, although Mark Plummer keeps looking at me like he think something’s up.”

Bruce grinned pleasantly. “Don’t feel bad. These narrative devices never fool me for long. Best wishes to all in Seattle -- the home away from home for any Melburnian fan.”

“You’re welcome anytime, Bruce. We’re glad to see you with luggage in hand, or by astral implication.”

But of course, he was gone, and I clattered into the hallway, wondering how I was supposed to follow him. Once outside the Zen Room, there seemed to be no one in the hotel at all. I wandered from the hospitality suite to the program room to the hotel bar. Not only were the convention members missing, but there seemed to be no one in the hotel at all. There were wire coat hangers scattered on the floor outside the catering office, as if the place were abandoned. The silence was complete. I could see cars moving in the street outside, but couldn’t hear them, as if I were watching a TV with the sound off. I had a sense of having crossed through a door marked “Authorized Personnel Only,” and discovered the secret disarray behind it. Uneasily, I retraced my steps, hoping that I could escape the unnatural stillness. Passing through the deserted con suite, I opened the sliding glass door and stepped back onto the balcony. Things there seemed to be as I had left them; the distant Jamaican music still drifted from a floor above, and the strong lizard smell still hung in the air. The group had grown larger now. I recognized **Mark Plummer**, talking to a fan I soon realized was **John Nielsen Hall**. Further along the rail, I could see that

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**No, Rupa’s not that smart – she thought elbow macaroni was made of elbows.**

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**It's run by Communist dictator and University of Phoenix graduate Byung Hyung Sha**

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**Brad Foster** and **Kim Huett** had joined the conversation with Robert, Steve and Lloyd. Still no women in my hallucination, I noted, although I think some of the Zen Enthusiats were femmefans. As I approached, Brad offered his defense of perpetual juvenilia:

“How can I ever grow up and be an adult myself, when I am surrounded by the same kind of people I always have been since I was a kid? That is: readers, writers, drawers, singers, etc. Sure, they all have homes now, families of their own, grown kids, ‘serious’ jobs in the ‘real’ world. But they have also refused to pretend to no longer like those things that they liked as a kid, and they always will. My grown-up role models are still all kids at heart, and that seems to be a good thing! Every time I see some serious, respectable adult show up on a news talk show, and I realize I am actually older than they are, I always wonder what happened to them to turn them into such robots.”

“It certainly doesn’t seem to be dependent on your actual age, that’s for sure,” I agreed. “But I admit that the whole premise in FLAG #8 was slightly less than sincere. As a culture, we venerate remaining “child-like” and retaining a sense of wonder far more than we laud sober maturity. We all still watch cartoons, for Chrissakes.”

Brad snorked a laugh. “You do, at least. I circled the lino at the bottom of page 3 in FLAG #8 -- ‘Even the kids on the box look bored’ – because I liked it so much. Find out in issue 9 it’s from *The Simpsons*. Of course!”

Thinking about the hunt for linos made me smile. “I do my best to cast a wide net, and jot down good candidates for interlineation as I hear them over the course of a month. But I have to admit I get a lot of them from Matt Groening and Seth MacFarlane’s animated sitcoms. It is almost like they compose their scripts with me in mind.”

### Up the Line

John Nielsen Hall sounded only vaguely apologetic as he leaned in to our exchange: “In FLAG #9, I actually spotted that the lino on page 9 was a quote from a Steely Dan lyric – ‘Haitian Divorce’?- and that’s a first. Plainly, your obscurity index slipped a bit there.”

I admit I smirked at him. “You’re so close you deserve the prize,” I said. “But it’s a lyric from a Donald Fagen song, ‘Green Flower Street,’ on his 1981 solo album, *The Nightfly*. And no one else got anywhere near it, so well done.”

A look rather like a man deeply tired of dealing with a small child crossed his countenance. “I may have indicated this before, I dunno, but I *hate* linos. They are like graffiti almost- sometimes interesting or amusing, but always dirtying up what should be an empty space. And you make them into a kind of quiz. Which is worse, because now you make the reader feel inadequate when he or she can’t identify or understand them. Grrr.”



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I believe my mouth literally dropped open. “That is, so far, a unique perspective,” I finally croaked. “I thought that publishing a key to the linos was the only way to avoid perpetually discussing them in the limited space available in the letter column. I suppose they do form a kind of quiz if you read them that closely, which you seem to be doing despite disliking them so much. And if there is one thing that unites all of my published fanac, it is a lack of respect for empty space. I’m always trying to cram way too much text on to every page of my fanzines. And I find adding interlineations is one of the most enjoyable parts of publishing. But, hey” – I gestured toward Mark Plummer – “I could have my UK agent draw through all the linos in your copy with a black magic marker. Or generate a lino-free edition, for white space enthusiasts. Of course there is already extra empty space in the A4 version. Or so I am told; I’ve never actually seen the UK Edition....”

Mark looked a bit sheepish at this, but nodded in assent. “I realise that I almost invariably fail to let you know that, yes, I’ve received the master of FLAG and that, yes, it’s been printed and dispatched to the names on the UK mailing list. I’ve been simply trusting to the flood of erudite, entertaining and engaged emails that you

receive from your UK correspondents to confirm to you that these events have indeed taken place. And now I see what's wrong with this plan. Were it not for Steve Jeffery – and now John Nielsen Hall -- you might now be thinking that all the UK copies of FLAG #8 had ended up in that special sorting office where the Royal Mail has been helpfully storing all the copies of BANANA WINGS mailed to Australia since 2004.”

I shrugged. “Someone usually mentions that they have received it on Facebook – usually Jim Mowatt. Avedon Carol mentioned the piece on Stu and Andi’s engagement, which was the first I’d heard from her.”

“Of course, it goes both ways,” Mark pointed out. “It was reassuring to see that you at least had read the last BW, even if you referred to it twice as number six despite me saying in three places in the preamble and again in the colophon that it’s number seven. The fact that you did it twice made me wonder whether the item that had been included in WOOOF really was BW#6, causing me to get out of bed and dredge back through the sent email just to check that I had indeed forwarded the correct PDF file to John Purcell. But really, I’m not about to complain, not least because we’ve secured the coveted lead spot in your Fanzine Countdown, something I don’t believe we’ve ever achieved before. I thought maybe it had happened with BW#1 in APPARATCHIK #80 in 1997, but on checking I see that we were scooped there by GASWORKS. Not that I’ve been counting or keeping a special log or anything like that, oh no.”

This fact rather amazed me. “You must rest assured that had I continued publishing APPARATCHIK, BW ( and BANANA WINGS) would have been ranked #1 many times. But it’s remarkable that I had *never* listed it first before. Henceforth, I’ll certainly avoid thinking of it as a habitual #1. And I’m sorry about the numbering error on BW #7. I simply copied the title line from the previous review and advanced the number by one, completely ignoring your corrections.”

“And then as far as the U.K. edition goes, I’m very glad to know that you deal with FLAG so swiftly. I’m also happy for you to spread it around to others that might like it. I’m actually kind of keen to add anyone under 60 years of age to my UK mailing list, so advice in that direction is always welcome. The briefest note from anyone would probably be enough to put them on for a year.”

Mark had stayed right with me until I got to the “under 60” line, and that seemed intensely amusing to him. “The under-60 bit might be a problem! We do mail copies of our stuff to a fair few convention/general fan friends in the 30s-50s range and they do tell us they’re interested, although as you can see from our letter column it rarely translates into anything tangible.”

“Correspondence beyond the 140-character limit does seem to be in universal decline,” I noted. “Another reason why FLAG readers are special. I mean, at least three or four of the letters I get each month are printed on *paper* and submitted to me through the postal service. I think a lot of people aren’t quite sure if that’s still legal.”

### **Letter Perfect**

Steve Jeffery had perked up at the mention of his name. “Of course, one of the problems of an ensmalled fanzine is that, unless you can match the standard of loccers like Brooks, Hertz, Lichtman et al., you are more likely to be relegated to a sentence in the WAHF column. Oh well, as it said as a near permanent fixture in my old school reports, ‘Must try harder.’

“You break through pretty frequently, Steve.” I observed. “Guys like you and Lloyd who write so often are probably the only reason that anyone bothers to publish at all. I try to write back to every correspondent when I can, but the monthly schedule makes it pretty challenging.” I gestured toward Robert: “Thank heaven I don’t get as many fanzines as I used to when you were doing your annual count of titles – I know there must still be dozens of them that I haven’t read.”

Robert had been growling about something with Kim Huett again – or maybe it was Kim doing the growling – but now Bob turned toward us: “I receive sufficient numbers of print fanzines that I’m constantly struggling to keep up with reading (or at least skimming) them, and that number pales in comparison to the flood of electronic

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**Your magazine is slightly overinked – I can still read it**

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### They were brutal, savage, unprincipled, uncivilized, treacherous...

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fanzines that turn up on efanazines. Of those, I ignore many (actually, most), download and archive some (and skim them for content, but seldom respond), and print out only the very few that would engage me if they were coming to me on paper.”

“Yet, you’re seen as the state-of-the-art among contemporary letterhacks,” I observed. “I certainly think of you that way, at least.”

He shook his head slowly. “Despite my polling numbers in the FAAn Awards, I respond overall to relatively few fanzines. I just do my best to make my LoCs something that I would like to get on my fanzine.”

His saintly demeanor elicited groans from several in the circle, but I felt like keeping the log rolling. “And people seem to assume a similar attitude in writing to your fanzine. Which is only appropriate. The only criticism I can ever level at TRAP DOOR is that I wish it was easier to read. I’m curious how my piece ‘Bradbury’s Worldcon’ will be received in your pages. I felt like the photographs in the W.O.O.F. version really helped rest the readers’ eye – the long ribbon of text in your version makes me fear that no one will have the stamina to read it all. But we’ll see.”

He nodded in sage indulgence. “I remember back in the '80s when D. West's "Performance" was in TAPPEN and ran about 35 pages. Many complaints about it being so long, and responses from D. & others that people needed to develop a better attention span. I run TRAP DOOR on this theory (along with Boyd Raeburn's "page after page of solid black type"), figuring that being interested should get the reader past the extended text.”

Lloyd and Brad vacated their chairs and slipped inside the room; **Jim Mowatt** and **Bob Jennings** took their spots, although I only recognized Bob by reading his name badge. “It is supposed to be a literary subculture,” muttered someone amid the shuffling and scraping of chairs.

#### Meatball Emergency

Mark Plummer kept trying to buttonhole me above the eye level of the conversation, as when we stood up we seemed to emerge from a fog that hung about five feet above the ground. “I still haven't seen W.O.O.F. -- although John tells me a copy is on its way -- so thanks for the teaser about its contents, and your template for its reconstruction. We'd only contributed to one previous collation, the Randy OE'd bundle from 2011, and when I saw that I felt a little bit guilty because everybody else, including those who were based in countries using metric paper sizes, had printed their contributions on US paper leaving only our very bright green A4 BW#5 poking out the top of the side-stapled letter-sized assemblage.”

Jim Mowatt, who was *there*, felt compelled to explain W.O.O.F., as though the apa were an epidemic or a rail disaster: “W.O.O.F. was indeed a monster of many points and jagged edges. My own copy emerged from its North American sojourn as a raggedy jumble of paper nestling between dirty underwear and a set of knives bearing pictures of naked women (given to me in New Orleans). Guy Lillian was the man who wielded the mighty stapler and forced the many different sizes of contributions into one giant and unwieldy whole.”

Raucous laughter, in which I imagined I detected a distinct Caribbean lilt, drifted from the windows overhead. Someone, apparently thinking they were at the 1969 Worldcon, dropped a paper bag full of water into the parking lot behind the building, where it landed with a wet slap. Jim stopped a moment as the impact resounded off the buildings around us, then continued.

“Carrie, I and Guy all gathered around the APA contributions that had been collected into separate piles by John Purcell and piled them into mounds of stuff that might vaguely represent an apazine. We were confounded by the Garcia contribution which was a vastly different thing to any other of the zines and so it was nailed to the back of the other contributions in a desperate (and forlorn) hope that it might remain attached. I was called away to some panel or other and so left them to their task. Had we been able to import you to the Worldcon fanzine lounge along with your stationery supplies we may have been able to create something rather more splendid looking and readable.”

I found myself rubbing my head like Takashi Shimura in *The Seven Samurai*. “Yeah, John Purcell was trying to take full responsibility for the state of the thing like it was a toxic waste spill. I really think the only piece of equipment you were missing was a stack of large envelopes to put the collected submissions in. I suspect Guy Lillian was the author of the Single Staple Solution, which at least had the virtue of keeping those mounds of stuff from flying away. But hadn’t anyone there ever been a member of FAPA or SAPS, and received an apa-bundle? Like I said, it’s stunning how quickly this knowledge can be lost.”

Robert, who remains intimately familiar with FAPA and SAPS, was also waiting on his W.O.O.F.: “I’m looking forward to the arrival of my copy, not the least to see if I can avoid damaging the back corner of Nic’s zine should I decide to take it apart. Happily, Mark and Claire sent me a separate copy of *BW* #7, Bill Wright gave me a flash drive with *The Wright Stuff* (as well as all the variant editions of the zine he distributed to fans in every city where he landed and spent time), and you of course gave me *Bradbury’s Worldcon*.”



“All of which will make the arrival of the actual mailing somewhat anti-climactic,” I observed.

Robert seemed to agree. “Because I was similarly gifted with freestanding copies of items in last year’s WOOF, I never did disassemble it.”

I picked up and discarded several of the empty Diet Pepsi cans that threatened to cover the balcony floor. “You know, Bill didn’t mention to me that he was publishing a different edition of his fanzine in each city he visited. I only spent the one day with him, which was dominated by our trip to the museum, and I wish I’d had more time than that to talk to him.”

### **Museum Quality**

There was a little pause in the conversation as others joined me in policing the empties from the area, and Bob Jennings stepped into it. “I enjoyed your experiences with Bill at the Boeing Museum of Flight. I’m not that big an air buff but you made it sound quite interesting. Maintaining all those displays and the facility itself must cost a fortune. I don’t recall seeing any mention of whether this was a project maintained by the Boeing Corporation or if it was a public museum.”

“It’s an independent trust heavily subsidized by Boeing, but not dependent on the company’s bottom line,” I explained. “They also collect donations from benefactors all over the Northwest and the aviation industry. Not Paul Allen, though, he has his own airplane museum, as well as a rock and roll museum and a science fiction museum. Seattle is a good museum burg.”

Bob was so eager to reply that he lapsed into fannish shorthand: “My thots immediately collide with the dark reality that if you enjoy these places, you should support them as much as possible. In my area a heritage museum site will be closing at the end of the year. Nobody around here ever thot it would happen, but the Higgins Museum, the only museum in the western hemisphere solely devoted to the collection of arms, armor, and art, primarily ancient and medieval, is going away.”

“That sucks,” I replied. “D & D players will be crushed.”

Jennings was nice enough not to take offense at that, and continued, “John Woodman Higgins made a fortune in the steel business and devoted his life to collecting armor and blades from around the world. In the early 1930s he completed work on a riveted steel and glass Art Deco building to hold his extensive collection and endowed it as a

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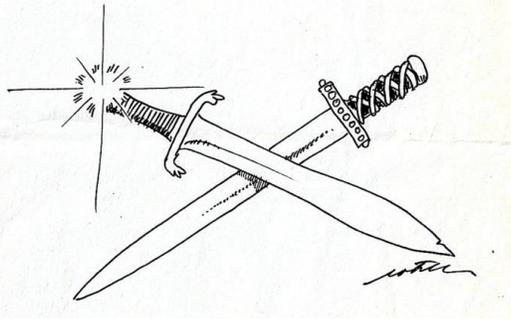
**...in every way splendid examples of homo sapiens, the very flower of humanity.**

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### Let no man forget how menacing we are!

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non-profit museum in the city of Worcester, Mass. The museum gets about 60,000 visitors a year, holds special events every week and is listed on the National Registry of Historic Places.”

“It’s a great place to visit, and it seemed like it would last forever, which is what Higgins intended for it, but it turns out the endowment is running out and the museum will shut its doors forever the end of this year, despite widespread public outcries and efforts to raise more money to keep it going.”

I shook my head sadly. “The amount of money required to maintain some of these collections is truly disheartening. You’re

quite right; the expense of keeping all of those complex historic aircraft in such immaculate condition costs at the Museum of Flight is enormous. That’s why I repeatedly pay full freight to see such a familiar attraction, and always buy a meal in the café and a book from the museum store.”

Bob blinked approvingly. “This is happening around the nation---museums and galleries that seemed viable and well attended are closing up and are forced to sell off their assets piecemeal just to pay off accumulated debts. I guess the point I am making here is that if the Boeing Museum of Flight is even half as interesting as you make it sound, you should make full use of it right now, while it’s still around, and maybe steer even more visitors to the place, because it may not be there forever.”

I could only agree with him. “All kinds of public attractions that once seemed thoroughly permanent have disappeared over the past several decades, like amusement parks, drive-in theaters, even massive pieces of public art. One of our prized possession in the Fremont neighborhood is a 13-foot tall bronze statue of Lenin that once stood in the city of Poprad, Czechoslovakia. And if you’re interested, it’s for sale at an asking price of \$250,000.

Steve Jeffery swanned in at us, having folded a handsome delta-winged paper-airplane from his restaurant guide. It sailed neatly through the gap in the curtains into the Zen Room, where it struck some lounging Toronto fan in the thigh, “Nothing quite brings home the absence of the Cold War, an ever-present background through the childhood and teenage years of my generation (and enshrined in works like Stephen Baxter’s *The H-Bomb Girl*) than learning that the Boeing Museum of Flight not only has a Soyuz descent module but that this was a gift of Russian Space Agency. Which Concorde have you got?”

I struggled to think of a clever or even factual answer, but had not even managed a speculative “um” before several smartphones were snapped into action, and Steve was soon able to answer his own query. “Ah, 214, G-BOAG - Google is our friend. In fact the BMOF website shows that it also has a copy of Sputnik 1, which was launched into orbit that year I was born. Truly, I am a child of the space age...”

“They also display some hard hats and uniform patches, and there are some very old rations they ate in orbit in the 1970s,” I added. “But like any great collection I assume that the great majority of it is in a storage facility somewhere. My collections are the same way; the whole top of one bookshelf is covered with plastic action figures from *The Simpsons*, but we also have three steamer-trunk-sized storage tubs full of additional characters and environments. And the bookshelves in the living room sprawl with a half-century of science fiction, but the burgeoning Osprey collection is chained up in the basement, where it can’t hurt respectable people.”

#### Angus McBride Inside

Steve was just getting wound up now; caffeine and Sudafed seemed to have overtaken many of us. “I can’t match your collection of Osprey military and aviation history, and 666+ books might seem a tad excessive. (But probably not to most fans.) My father was a theatrical costumier for Bermans and Nathans in London (he did the costumes for the film *Waterloo* and others - the last conversation I had with him before he died was about the constantly changing costumes and hairstyles in Ridley Scott’s *The Duelists*) and I kept a couple of his books as keepsakes:

*Military Uniforms of the World*, Preben Kannik, and *Uniforms of Waterloo*, Philip Haythornwaite (both Blandford Press, London).”

I was quite crogged at this; fandom is like one of Philip Jose Farmer’s fanciful family trees. “*Waterloo* and *The Duelists*, both highly dependent on their period wardrobe, were staples of the film program at War games conventions for years. I had a very close war gaming friend who used to exclaim “What is Ney doing?” in imitation of Rod Steiger whenever things began to go pear-shaped. Aren't we due for an epic to celebrate the bicentennial of the battle in two years? Certainly a more attractive prospect than a recreation of the Battle of New Orleans.”

Mark Plummer was equally lost in the mists of time. “I couldn't say when I bought my first Osprey Men-at-Arms book. 1978 does sound about right for me too, but I can say for sure it wasn't in Edinburgh, thus dismissing the possibility of a bizarre co-incidence that sees us both browsing the same revolving rack twenty-five years before we actually met.”

I shivered in mock horripilation at the idea, and pointed a finger at Steve: “Philip Haythornwaite was a prolific Osprey contributor also,” then let Mark continue.

“I only ever owned a handful of the books, and have retained fewer. Our shelves now hold only *Rome's Enemies (3): Parthians and Sassanid Persians* (Angus McBride plates: he was, I think, one of their best artists), *The Wars of the Roses* and *The Spanish Civil War*.”

I interrupted again: “I think Angus McBride's collaborations with David Nicolle were the best in the MAA series.”

Mark said, “I know I once had the notoriously bad early volume on the Russian Army of the Napoleonic Wars, the one that featured a wholly imaginary lemon yellow cuirassier uniform. I also had some of the early hardback editions which my father acquired from somewhere, but I never warmed to them, I think because the basic look and format of the paperbacks was so iconic for me. Even the newer editions, the ones which have merely added a dark blue bar top-and-bottom on the front cover don't quite work; they don't look right. It was probably the same when Penguin switched from vertical to horizontal grids.”

Trying to avoid a rabbit-hole of debate on design, I asked Mark, “I assume your interest ran up and down the historical scale? As I said, I avoided the 20th Century for years, but now the dam has burst.”

Mark and I settled in for an extended model soldier geek-out, and several of the other fans melted back into the interior party. He answered, “Over the years, yes. I guess if I have a home period it's Napoleonic -- something which is probably attributable to Airfix producing a decent range of figures and seeing the film *Waterloo* at the cinema on its release in late 1970 when I was six -- but I was also drawn to the eclecticism of earlier eras and held back mostly by the relative dearth of Airfix figures that could be recruited into pre-eighteenth century armies. I was probably still in primary school when I wrote to Airfix encouraging them to produce English Civil War box-sets. I don't think they replied.”

“Ultimately, and generalising horribly, anything after the seventeenth century is just a lot of blokes with rifles differentiated only by the colour of their jackets. I think I was always attracted to the unusual. I remember looking through one of those Blandford Press books in WH Smith's, *Uniforms of the Napoleonic Wars* or something like that, and seeing a picture of a fusilier with the Neuchatel Battalion and thinking, hey, wow, \*yellow\* jackets, that's different, and going home to immediately



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**Both the best and worst episodes of this show feel like careening down a steep hill in a shopping cart**

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## Thought she was James Dean for a day

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repaint some Airfix Napoleonic French. I fear I was guilty of assembling the sort of armies which were somewhat deficient in regular line infantry and dragoons in favour of their more showy compatriots. It's probably also why the 20th century was less attractive, and also British armies; both were everywhere.

"I had some rainbow Airfix troops," I interjected, "There were Foreign Legionnaires with burgundy pants and mustard-brown coats who were always very stout on the field, and some beloved Highlanders in a tartan composed of black and orange tiger stripes."

### Everybody must get Featherstoned

Mark took a breath. "The magazines I used to read were also hugely formative because I read and re-read them. *Military Modelling* ran a series on the Gordon Relief exhibition and so I became briefly entranced by Naval Battalions and Gardner Guns and the Camel Corps. There was another short lived military history (I think, rather than modelling or gaming) magazine that did a feature on the British war with Argentina in 1806/7 and so I became briefly obsessed with that. It really didn't take much."

I ruefully admitted that I had more than a few half-finished army projects of my own. ranging from plastic Romans to gorgeous lead native American horsemen and U.S. Dragoons, still spoiling for a fight since somewhere around 1850. "Add to that the 5 or 6 years they have spent waiting in storage cases in my basement," I said, "and it's hard not to think I ought to pass them on to someone else. But people have as many different ideas about what figures are worth as they do about vintage sf fanzines. You'll find a wide variety of minimum bids."

This was of course a cue for Kim Huett, who had been listening patiently for eons. "I sold all but two of my remaining vinyl records last January, partly because I haven't owned a device capable of playing them for years, but mostly because that's one less heavy box I have to deal with next time I move."

"The exceptions mentioned above are not surprisingly *Swing In Baroque* with Jef Mike and his Orchestra, which I can't let go until I find a way to make a copy of its magnificent but difficult to obtain contents, and Jeff Wayne's Musical Version of *The War of the Worlds* because really, it's more than just something to listen to, it's an artifact to be admired. The rest I put on the counter of Impact Records and said to the staff, 'Whatever you think they're worth.' That's the only sensible way to approach such matters, you buy your ticket and you take your chances.' As the experts on *Antiques Roadshow* like to say, 'The only way to collect without risk is to do so for the love of it.'

I knew that Kim had many more points to make about value versus expectations, particularly as applied to eBay fanzine auctions, a subject very close to his heart. But I was feeling that feverish panic about getting "home"

from this reverie and still not sure how I was to accomplish it. I looked away from Kim for a deliberate moment, then turned back to see something stuffed and furry, perhaps a koala or a soft toy wallaby, was sitting in the chair where he had been.

Now there was no one left but me and Mark Plummer; and he was looking very intently at me, as though trying to make me remember something without actually mentioning it. "By the way, noodling around online while writing to you on Thursday I saw that Don Featherstone died just a month ago. He was 95. I was explaining to Claire how I remember seeing pictures of him in the early seventies and had this sense of him being middle aged in that way in which I now realise meant he could have been anything from about 28 upwards, but actually he really was middle-aged, mid-fifties or thereabouts. Featherstone -- along with Charles Grant and Terry Wise -- were hugely influential on me



then and reading about his death makes me want to seek out copies of *Advance Wargames* and *Wargames Campaigns* and all those other books which I would borrow again and again from the local library 40 years ago.”

“Forty Years Ago,” I said. “That was forty years ago. When Nixon roamed the Earth.”

I grinned and looked up. There was no one there. I was not on the balcony of a flu-ridden Holiday Inn. I was sitting on the patio outside my own house on a quiet Halloween morning. And I felt perfectly fine; the Corfluenza had stayed back in 2005, where it belonged.

I went back into the house to look up some material on the late Donald Featherstone, one of the most important pioneers of modern miniature wargaming. Into which era of fanzine fandom should I put him, I wondered, and what principles can we use to define the Focal Point Wargame? Your speculations are, as ever, most welcome.

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**This ring is made out of love and commitment and pipe cleaners and human teeth.**

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### Fanzine Flashback:

#### From FAN - DANGO #17, Spring 1948

I knew that I never should have tried to collect the money that Al Ashley owes FAPA, because it made Al Ashley mad to be asked for the dough before the statute of limitations had run its course, and when this rugged individualist loses his vengeance the air is filled with mushroom-shaped clouds. “I’ll undercut you in ways you never dreamed of,” he said.

He was right.

In my wildest moments I have never imagined this dime-store Svengali could jerk my psyche from its fleshy tenement and project me, a startled gob of ectoplasm into Dale Hart’s apartment. In a way, it was interesting, because Dale had a stencil rolled into his typewriter and was staring at it blankly. Not only could I read over his shoulder, with a start I realized I could read the churning maelstrom of his thoughts.

Here we go, with a ghostly transcription:

**SHANGRI LA #5. 10¢ EACH/6 FOR 50¢  
EDITORIAL**

Boy what a job. Here I am, not only stepping into the shoes of the best editor fandom ever produced, but faced with trying to build up the reputation of the LASFS. What a mess. Gonna be tough trying to compete with WILD HEIR too. What to do...Burbee...Laney...Burbee...Laney...queers in fandom...Burbee...Laney. Wonder how it would sound if I built up Burbee and tore down Laney...say, that’s the way to do it! Laney is unpopular anyway, and everybody likes Burbee...solid idea....

CHARLES BURBEE WAS A GOOD EDITOR. HE PUT OUT A GOOD MAGAZINE....I LIKE THE BURB STYLE OF WRITING. I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CALL ME A FAN OF HIS...(and so on for half a page)....

There. I’ve still got to slide over this about his being canned out of the editorship. I’d like to say he was canned on account of Laney’s articles, but I dunno. Fandom mustn’t realize how seriously the LASFS took this indictment...anyway, the club hasn’t got any queers in it to speak of...well maybe it has, but if I recognized the fact I’d have to quit the club and I don’t want to do that....they said they canned him on account of sending Shaggy to *Amazing*. That’s the stuff ... lay the blame on Ackerman, him and his boycott...club boycotts Palmer 100%. Well, of course there was that story that E sent to Palmer...but that the hell, a man’s got to eat. Besides it was a stinker...it wouldn’t have sold. And Wilmoth HAD to send FANTASY ADVERTISER to *Amazing*; golly, he needs all the circulation he can get. So what if he was director of the LASFS when it voted a 100% ban on Palmer. He’s a serious constructive fan, he isn’t like Laney and Burbee.

-- Francis Towner Laney



**1.) JOURNEY PLANET #16**, guest-edited by Peter Young for Chris Garcia and James Bacon, c/o efanazines.com, email to Journeyplanet@gmail.com: Pete Young makes beautiful fanzines. Over time, I have come to at least appreciate competent design, even if I remain personally ungovernable and archaic, and I think I've begun to at least recognize when it becomes worthy of comment in itself. Pete Young's fanzines are always amazing to look at, but this completely commandeered issue of Bacon & Elmo's most sercon fanzine presents content so compelling that I barely remembered to be jealous of the design. Which is heart-breakingly good. Devoted to the life and work of Philip K. Dick, JP #16 includes contributions from Tim Powers, Ted White, Chris Garcia, Chris Lites and numerous others, ranging from very specific and concrete memories of Phil Dick to wild extrapolations on published and cinematic versions of his work. What will completely knock your eyes out is a portfolio of art by Chris Moore, created as covers for Dick's novels. And it finishes with a wonderful appreciation of Paul Williams by Malcolm Edwards. By far the best fanzine of the year, and maybe the best I've ever seen.

**2.) SCIENCE FICTION COMMENTARY #85**, available from eFanzines.com, mail to Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard Street, Greensborough, Victoria 3088 Australia, email to gandc@pacific.net.au: How shall I characterize SFC? Is it the warmest and most personal academic journal on science fiction ever published? Or is the most professional, elegant fanzine ever committed to paper or phosphor dots? This issue is a glorious 92-page omnibus of review, memoir, criticism and appreciation, notably covering things that Bruce read and saw in 2012. What always impresses me most is the quality of response that Bruce inspires – many of his contributors write letters that I would base an entire fanzine around if they were sent to me. And far more than science fiction is considered – Bruce is also very enthusiastic about music, and reviews a lot of it. Far too many contributors to list, on far too many subjects – but the series of letters from Ray Wood, which Bruce has titled “Walking Song” made a particular impression. Under Bruce's encouragement, contributors to SFC make letter-hacking into an art form, always enhanced by his eye for design. SF COMMENTARY is Fanzine Nirvana.

**3.) BREAKING IT ALL DOWN, Vol. 1, #1**, Alexander Case, 9150 SW 4<sup>th</sup> St. Wilsonville, OR 97070, online c/o eFanzines.com. Email to alexander.case@gmail.com: I seem to have completely abandoned my preference for ensmallled fanzines this time around. A strong first issue by SF Fan, gamer and podcaster Alexander Case, who credits an Orycon 33 fanzine panel moderated by Jerry Kaufman for inspiring him to dabble in fan publishing as well. As with many writers unaccustomed to the space restrictions of a bygone age, Alexander indulges his love of anime and retro gaming at spectacular length – I felt like he had given me a detailed introduction to at least one additional fandom, maybe two. And then, he offers his impressions of Alfred Bester's *The Demolished Man*, to demonstrate that he's down with historical SF as well. Good fan writers can

make you share their passions for at least the span of a fanzine article, and Alexander has some chops there.

**4.) GEEK GIRL CRAFTS PODZINE#5**, edited by Jade Falcon & España Sherrif, c/o eFanzines.com: Issue #5 is slightly recursive, as the hobby under consideration appears to be fandom. But I was impressed by Jade Falcon's article “Fan of a Different Color,” which considers race in cosplay, and her piece on knitting costumes for characters as diverse as a Klingon warrior and Wonder Woman are helpfully photo-illustrated. And I think more fanzines should feature recipes. Fandom's red menace Chris Garcia, explains how to publish a fanzine; but offers less advice on how make people read them. Always a charming excursion.

**5.) ORPHEUM #4**, Alan White, c/o smellthefandom.com, or eFanzines.com, email to podmogul@cox.net: What does one call this design? Neon Baroque? Post-Modern Doctor Phibes? Continues to create a sense of great activity in and around fandom in Las Vegas, and Alan's close friendship with Jacq Monahan makes ORPHEUM a virtual auxiliary TAFF newsletter. The coverage of Jim and Carrie Mowatt's recent TAFF-sponsored visit to Vegas is comprehensive; they look better than I would at 107-degree F. Yikes! All kinds of remarkable characters populate ORPHEUM, including MANY photos of the *Siren Strings*, a striking all-female chamber quartet that Alan's camera has a crush on.

**Also Received or Released:**

- ASKEW #6**, John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, TX 77845, Email to j\_purcell54@yahoo.com.
- BCSFA ZINE #485**, edited by Felicity Walker for the BCSFA, c/o efanazines.com, email to Felicity4711@gmail.com
- BROKEN TOYS #21 & #22**, Taral Wayne, 243 Dunn Ave. Apt. 211, Toronto, Ontario M6K 1S6 CANADA, email to taral@teksavvy.com.
- THE DRINK TANK #356 - 359**, Chris Garcia, c/o efanazines.com, email to Garcia @computerhistory.org
- THE EMPHATIC ROUTE**, Guy Lillian III, 5915 River Road, Shreveport, LA 71105. Email to GHLIII@yahoo.com
- EXHIBITION HALL #26**, James Bacon, Chris Garcia & Ariane Wolfe, c/o efanazines.com, email to Journeyplanet@gmail.com
- FADEAWAY #37**, Robert Jennings, 29 Whiting Rd. Oxford, MA 01540-2035 Email to fabficbks@ aol.com.
- FANSTUFF #39** Arnie Katz, 909 Eugene Cernan, Las Vegas, NV 89145, available at efanazines.com, email to Crossfire4@cox.net.
- LAKE GENEVA #1**, Pablo M. A. Vasquez III, c/o eFanzines.com, email to chepablo@gmail.com
- OPUNTIA #267** Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7
- THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS #95**, Tom Sadler, 305 Gill Branch Road, Owenton, KY 40359, email to tomfamulus@hughes.net
- TETRAGRAMMATON FRAGMENTS #230**, Rob Imes, 13510 Cambridge #307, Southgate, MI 48195, email to robimes@yahoo.com
- TIGHTBEAM #268**, David Speakman, c/o eFanzines.com, email to cabal@n3fmail.com