



This is issue #11 of FLAG, a frequent fanzine published by Andy Hooper, member fwa, at 11032 30th Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125, email to fanmailaph@aol.com. This is a Drag Bunt Press Production. First copies were mailed on December 6th, 2013. FLAG appears only in printed form, and available for trade, graphic artwork and cartoons or letters of comment. The next issue will *also* be out in December, 2013. Art Credits: Ray Nelson: Pages 1, 8, title. Heroic Publisher for the U.K.: Mark Plummer. I'm voting Brad and Cindy Foster for TAFF 2014!

It's important to me to make everyone look good...

SPLAT!

Why FLAG didn't get back to the bag

FLAG's monthly schedule finally caught up with me this time, and as November counted down, I found myself sprawled full-length in the base path like a polar bear in a coma or Prince Fielder in a playoff game. Work on CHUNGA #22 finally had to be faced, and Nic Farey needed copy for ALL TOGETHER NOW, the first progress report for Corflu 31. But right when I was ready to crank out 8 pages at the last minute, the Thanksgiving holiday rolled right over us, with grandchildren Sam and Thea (plus Mom Gwen & Dad Bob) all staying with us from Wednesday to (very) early Sunday. Uncle Harlan and Aunt Rachel were lucky enough to stay at the same U-District hotel where Corflu Zed was held, more expensive surroundings, but also free of Thea's requests to be fed in the small hours.



Making the house ready for their visit took five concerted days of effort leading up to Wednesday (and Carrie had been remodeling her closet/office for Sam to sleep in for months), and working on a fanzine was virtually impossible for the duration of the holiday, which may have taken just slightly longer than the First Chaco War. It was great fun playing Hot Wheels with Sam, and Thea is possibly the smiliest baby I've ever met, and they left me quite incapable of further Grampa-activity after they went to bed at night.

I still plan to release a dozen issues of FLAG in 2013, but the next issue will be finished right at the end of the month, and passed around to friends at our New Year's Eve Party, then mailed on January 2nd, 2014. This then, is the Solstice Holiday issue of FLAG, so let me wish all my readers merry celebrations and warm fellowship this month, including those readers in the Southern Hemisphere staring down another hot summer. I hope the distant cheer of our winter festivities are more friendly than incongruous.

Speaking of baseball and heart-breaking denouement, I ought to reveal the results of the Kung Fu Balboni League 2013 Fantasy Baseball season, in which I and Fan Polymath Mike Glyer were the contenders best known to FLAG readers. Mike's **Arcadia Feral Felines** dominated the league until the first week in August, when my own

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...but I never forget that my main job is to make everyone's head fit in the helmet.

The Knicks are the Burning Man of Dumpster Fires.

Madison Blues slipped by him to win our division. This was my first “regular season” pennant in human memory, and I enjoyed it while I could. Because Mike had dropped to the fourth-best record overall, we were called on to face one another in the first round of the playoffs. My pitching, still focused on players from contending teams, carried me through. But in the Championship round, many of my players rode the bench after their “real-world” teams punched their post-season ticket. I was beaten handily, and had to congratulate some guy from Chicago on his victory. What can one say but “Wait ‘til Next Year!”

Better luck to **Transatlantic Fan Fund** candidates **Brad and Cindy Foster**, now standing for the 2014 North America to Europe trip. Brad has been a regular contributor to this and many other fanzines I have published, and I was happy to nominate him and Cindy for the fund. This year’s winner will attend the 2014 World Science Fiction Convention in London, LonCon 3, so it is a particularly good year to win. Brad and Cindy’s opponent, **Curt Philips**, is also an exemplary candidate; either way, “North American Fandom” will be well represented in London next August.

I’m a bit melancholy again at the passing of **Lou Reed**, who died on October 27th, after fighting cancer for several years. Fellow avant-garde musician Laurie Anderson, his wife since 2008, published a memorable obituary and farewell to him at Rollingstone.com on November 6th, which I recommend reading. Even his death was somehow stylish and mysterious; he was the real-life enigma that seemed to resonate in novels like Don DeLillo’s **Great Jones Street** (and Iain Banks’ Scottish echo, **Espedair Street**). Reed was a literary figure to me as well as a musician; he already had a kind of immortality as a character in pieces by his sometime nemesis, the late Lester Bangs, “The Greatest Album Ever Made,” and “Let Us Now Praise Famous Death Dwarves.” Rest in peace, Lou.

A Key to the lino published in FLAG #10

Page 1: “**But Doctor, he wails, I am Pagliacci!**”

Punchline from Rorshach’s Journal, in Alan Moore’s *Watchmen*.

Page 1: “**When he eats, he holds his fork like a murderer’s knife, gnawing at its skewered payload like a deranged woodland rodent.**” Jeff Winger (Joel McHale) on table habits of Ben Chang (Ken Jeong), NBC’s *Community*.

Page 3: “**My son just lost a friend to an overdose of Ayn Rand. Why aren’t we trying harder to keep kids off Justified Selfishness?**” One-time fanzine publisher Janice M. Eisen comments on Facebook.

Page 4: “**True, the combination of a transsexual lesbian marriage and pot smoking would be out of his comfort zone.**” My publishing pal Carl Juarez speculates as to why some regulars did not respond to CHUNGA #21.

Page 5: “**No, Rupa’s not that smart – she thought elbow macaroni was made of elbows.**”

Louise Belcher (Kristin Schaal) speculates on the source of a conspiracy, on *Bob’s Burgers*.

Page 6: “**It’s run by Communist dictator and University of Phoenix graduate Byung Hyung Sha.**”

Director Kove (Kate Mulgrew) briefs agents on the threat from “West Korea,” on *NTSF: SD: SUV*

Page 7: “**Your magazine is slightly overinked – I can still read it.**”

Anonymous “Eavesdropping” from HYPHEN #9, July, 1954.

Page 8: “**They were brutal, savage, unprincipled, uncivilized, treacherous....**”

Page 9: “**...in every way splendid examples of homo sapiens, the very flower of humanity.**”

Page 7 and 8 are Mr. Spock’s (Leonard Nimoy) assessment of Imperial Starfleet personnel in the episode “Mirror, Mirror”

Page 10: “**Let no man forget how menacing we are!**”

Achilles (Brad Pitt) addresses the Myrmidons, in Wolfgang Petersen’s 2004 feature film *Troy*.

Page 11: “**Both the best and worst episodes of this show feel like careening down a steep hill in a shopping cart**” Todd VanDerWerff, *The AV Club*, reviews the FX Network’s *American Horror Story*.

Page 12: “**Thought she was James Dean for a day.**”

Line from *Walk on the Wild Side*, a 1972 song by the late Lou Reed (1942 – 2013).

Page 13: “**This ring is made out of love and commitment and pipe cleaners and human teeth.**”

Prison marriage burlesque, from Seth MacFarlane’s *American Dad*.

**Got My MOJO Workin':
Looking at Four Covermount CDs
from MOJO magazine**

I have to admit at the outset that I was not a regular reader of *MOJO* before beginning to listen to a set of four compact discs presented with four issues of the magazine, a quartet lent to me by one of my most faithful readers, Jerry Kaufman. Back in August, Jerry and Suzle Tompkins came to our place for that month's "Vanguard" fan party, and Jerry left four of the magazine's recent "covermount" audio CDs in my hands. Having had the chance to listen to all four now, I'm certainly intrigued by the collectible potential of the compilations and anthologies offered "free" with each issue of the magazine. I'm not sure how long they will continue to make use of what is now seen as at least a "dying" format if not already a dead one, but with well over a hundred issues in the series already, there is more than enough to hunt for now.

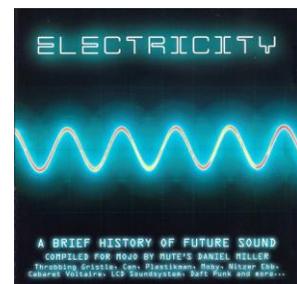
The four "issues" represented here are:

"There Is A Light That Never Goes Out: Indie Classics, 1982 – 1987," issued August, 2012

"Electricity: A Brief History of Future Sound," issued September, 2012

"Echoes: A Compilation of Modern Psychadelia," issued March, 2013

"Action: 15 Cult Movie Classics," issued April 2013



Mojo was constituted to cater to the continuing interest in "Classic" rock and roll music in the contemporary reading audience, and they have mined that Boomer market enthusiastically, featuring Bob Dylan and The Beatles about as often as *Marvel Team-Up* featured Spiderman and The Human Torch. As the editors' definition of "Classic" has wobbled back and forth in time, they have also been enthusiastic champions of certain contemporary acts like The White Stripes. As a UK magazine, there is a tendency to emphasize British acts and music scenes, but acts and artists from all over the world tend to be roped in to the collections, which can contain some justifiable obscurities and ill-advised cover versions along with the forgotten gems. 2013 is the publication's 20th anniversary; at this point, its most salient characteristic is a devotion to the kind of indulgent, lengthy feature articles that have always been the industry standard in rock journalism, since the days of Paul Williams, Greg Shaw and Lester Bangs.

I dove immediately into "Echoes," the title an homage to the Pink Floyd classic, and spent several days floating in a sea of contemporary psychedelic pop. **Tame Impala** were the most famous representatives of this movement when the collection was prepared last December, and they still carry the standard a year later, appearing regularly in automotive TV commercials and other expressions of the human zeitgeist. But **Temple**, a quartet that only formed in 2012, are already hot on their heels, receiving praise from Johnny Marr and Noel Gallagher as the best new band in Britain. Others have been with us for a while: the London-based **Teeth of the Sea** have been at it since 2006, and list Brian Eno and Ennio Morricone among their influences, but I found their track "A.C.R.O.N.Y.M." to be pure Alan Parsons Project. British veterans **Mugstar** have intriguing Washington state connections, having issued a split LP with Seattle band **Mudhoney**, and titling their fifth album *Centralia*. I was personally fascinated by the mysterious, self-publishing history of **Unknown Mortal Orchestra**, a dreamy trio with roots in Portland, Oregon and Auckland, New Zealand.

My delighted impression from listening to these and 9 more bands on "Echoes" is that psychadelia is more than alive and well; there may in fact be more successful psychedelic bands working now than there were in 1967!

My second choice was last September's summary of electronica, "Electricity." This was less successful in defining its genre, probably because it tries to summarize such a long period of musical development. The cultural environment in which **Can** released "Oh Yeah" in 1971 bears little resemblance to the world in which **Moby** released "Honey" in 1999. Are the use of synthesizers and other electronic instruments and techniques enough to unite artists working at such

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Runaway technology is creating a need for new superstitions

Her beloved Manhattan library, where her father taught her to smell books, is set to be demolished.

Got My MOJO Workin'

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different points in musical evolution? But although it didn't impress me much as history, the CD is surprisingly fun to listen to. The prankster, hacker sensibility of bands like **DAF** and **Daft Punk** bears aloft the ancestral banner of the phone phreaks and freelance illuminati, when computers could enslave the world, but could barely whistle "Go Tell Aunt Rhode" after a thousand man-hours of programming.

I was much less confident that I understood the theme underlying "There Is A Light That Never Goes Out," released with the August 2012 issue. The introduction talks about **The Smiths** and **Margaret Thatcher**, and a general atmosphere of artists participating in social resistance but I found it hard to keep hold of that thread through this collection of lesser-known "indie" Britpop songs from 1982 to 1987. Even after listening to it twice, I'm not sure what **The Weather Prophets** (London, 1986), **The Nightingales** (Birmingham, 1979) and **The Go-Betweens** (Brisbane, 1977) are all doing on the same compilation. It's not like the collection fully embraces a spare, roots-rock sound, as in **The La's** "Open Your Heart" and "Completely and Utterly" by **The Chesterfields**; **Billy Bragg's** lush, gorgeous "Levi Stubbs Tears" could have been arranged by Nelson Riddle. In America, bands like **The Woodentops**, **The Flatmates** and **Television Personalities** were strictly found on college radio stations in the dim, pre-Internet wilderness of the 1980s; but they were still *heard*, in a million dorm rooms and local clubs, remixed and reissued on increasingly exotic vinyl, and eventually forming their own "Alternative" universe, while hair metal and hip-hop conquered the real world around them.

Truth is told, I think the early 1980s were actually an exciting time to listen to music, with subgenres like hardcore, second-wave ska, rockabilly revival and synth-pop all taking a turn in the spotlight. Disco was staked out in the sun like Dracula, only to return as the remixed backbone of Club and House music a decade later. We had mass market pop stars like **Michael Jackson**, but most everyone else started out as part of an "indie" scene. People forget that a 1980s icon like **Prince** began as a dance club cult-figure in a G-string and a trench coat, long before he began playing with puppets and pretending to ride a motorcycle in feature films. Up-tempo songs with glum lyrics seemed to fit the Thatcher years remarkably well; at least it seems to make some sense in hindsight, while many other theses of the era have become increasingly ludicrous with the passage of time.

Finally, the "Action!" collection is an eccentric journey through sixty years of hot brass, mellow marimba, bad poetry and twangy guitar riffs, presented by master purveyors like **Curtis Mayfield**, **Bobby Womack** and **Ricky Nelson**. The "cult" around most of these songs is particularly small and obscure; a well-known composer like **Ennio Morricone** offers the lesser-known but perfectly representative "Mucchio Salvaggio," lifted from the soundtrack of the 1973 Henry Fonda/Terence Stamp Western **My Name is Nobody**. It's a bit like picking a few random songs from Quentin Tarantino's record collection. Some cuts, like **Billy Green's** "Stone is a Trip" sample dialogue and trailer voiceovers (stock-in-trade to the modern DJ), while more "period-authentic" numbers like **Don Gere's** "Werewolves on Wheels" rely on a menu of exotic percussion and production effects to bring out the full suggestion of Weird Cinema. The music also reflects some of the experimental sounds created by avant-garde and "academic" composers of the mid-to-late 20th Century, which used nontraditional forms and tones to create a sense of alienation, absent any of the images present in the psychotronic cinema. No wonder these sounds can have such a lasting impression on us, even when attached to amateurish and poorly-realized imagery. Compositions like John Barry's main title theme for the 1960 exploitation picture **Beat Girl** (American title **Wild For Kicks**) are capable of telling us everything about the movie just by listening to them. By the time we reach **David Lynch** and **Alan R. Splet's** rendition of Peter Ivers' "In Heaven (The Lady in the Radiator Song)" from the soundtrack of Lynch's 1977 movie **Eraserhead**, we reach a territory where the sounds and the anxieties they inspire are fused into a single emotion. It isn't what I would honestly call "pleasurable" listening, but it offers quite the intense experience for the adventurous ear.

Now I find myself checking a fan website with a full catalog of all the "Covermount" CDs, and wondering what it takes to find one outside of its original context. Some of them sound so dissonant that I am doubly interested in knowing what they are like, such as the two part collection of covers of **The Beatles'** legendary "White Album." Do I really want to hear **Big Linda's** rendition of "Glass Onion," or **Derwood Andrews'** interpretation of "Helter Skelter" badly enough to hunt them down on eBay? Probably not, but neither am I likely to "unlearn" of the series' existence, and I predict more of them will cross my path, now that I know they are out there. For those of us who have tried to publish fanzines or apas with a flexi-disc or a cassette tape attached inside a Ziploc bag, these collections are a kind of dream come true. Turn it up!



The Trades of Paul Di Filippo

Ever since I began publishing this fanzine in January, 2013, each new issue has been met with a delightful variety of replies from people on several continents. But no one has set as creative and generous a standard of response than science fiction writer, critic, editor and fan Paul Di Filippo, who has responded to each issue with some sort of generous trade, delivered to my door in a unique mailing envelope decorated with a collage of images and captions reassembled into entertaining and incongruous new forms. Many of these are cartoons by artists that I recognize from *Boy's Life* or *Playboy* and other “men’s magazines” of the 1960s and 1970s, conveying sensibility I can best characterize as “Swingin’ Dada.”

Entirely apart from the pleasure of deciphering and carefully dissecting the packaging, Paul encloses some sort of stfnal or faanish treasure inside each package, along with a sentence or two of encouragement perfectly suited for quotation in the WAHF list. The enclosures have included periodicals, like the January, 1965 issue of *Mr.* magazine (“Wife Swapping on a Government Subsidy”) and issue #3 of *Batman '66*, a brand new DC comic series inspired by the TV treatment starring Adam West as the Caped Crusader. Joe Quinones’ art, colored by Maris Wicks, is delightfully detailed, and captures the classic villains as portrayed by the likes of Cesar Romero and Vincent Price. The campy cadences of five decades past are at least a temporary antidote for those battered by visions of a Batman whose every conflict becomes a battle to the death. The idea that mere name-calling might help deter crime (“You. Fanatical. Felon. You lured us with the pretense of helping a charity -- have you no scruples?”) seems almost magical now.

Paul has also sent issues of several science fiction digests, including the July, 2008 issue of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, which included Paul’s comic speculation on increasingly desperate marketing ploys undertaken by mystery publishers, and the February, 1976 issue of the Ted White-edited *Fantastic*, featuring Gordon Eklund’s novelette “The Locust Descending.” Other contributors included Grania Davis, Lin Carter, Marvin Kaye and Robert Thurston. Ted’s editorial suggests that the increasing complexity and planned obsolescence of 1976 technology was driving people to take up fantasy in increasing numbers. If your feelings about 1976 tech were that overwhelming, getting off at that point was probably a good idea.

However, the most striking of these is the March, 1968 issue of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, decorated with a cover by the irrepressible Gahan Wilson. Contents include stories by Sterling Lanier and Robert Sheckley; and who can resist a column like L. Sprague DeCamp’s “Dinosaurs in Today’s World?”

Paul’s trades included books as well. The first to arrive was an oddly-sized anthology by Italian writer Claudio Chillemi, *Amidst the Ripples of a Fleeting Moment and other stories*, translated by Vincent Simonetti. It is one of only 20 sample copies printed by Edizioni Della Vigna for distribution at Chicon 7 in 2012. As Paul says in the back cover blurb, “I vaguely retail (sic) something similar in Jack Vance’s ‘To Live Forever’ But that was Sixty years ago! Time for a new master to handle the trope!”

Another package contained a pair of paperbacks: *Sometimes God Has a Kid’s Face*, by Sister Mary Rose McGeady for Covenant House. Over one million copies are in print, so why shouldn’t I have one? And in the same package was an Ace Double from 1972, featuring *Time Thieves* by Dean R. Koontz, and *Against Arcturus* by Susan K. Putney (“Alien Versus Telepath!”). By way of biography, the second page offers: “DEAN R. KOONTZ, a Pennsylvanian, has gained considerable recognition with his writings. Among them is an Ace Double book in which two Koontz novels are back to back: *DARK OF THE WOODS* and *SOFT COME THE DRAGONS*, #13793, 75¢”

But most delicious was a luxurious hardcover copy of Joe R, Landsdale’s 2004 *noir* novel *Sunset and Sawdust*, discarded by the Free Library of Block Island, Rhode Island, prematurely, one must opine. Joe is a favorite writer from

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Fan Mail from some Flounder

I guess rich people’s greed can be cured by the sight of adorable Christmas trees.

Hell, I even thought I was dead. Then I found out I was just in Nebraska.

The Trades of Paul Di Filippo

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a generation of speculative “punks” who applied their talents to horror, mystery, crime, suspense, Westerns, American fabulism and Modern fantasy, stabbing repeatedly around the supine form of science fiction without ever actually skewering it. *Sunset and Sawdust* is a murder mystery set in the East Texas lumber town of Camp Rapture during the Great Depression. I thought I got echoes of Steinbeck along with a stiff belt of James M. Cain from the storyline, but neither of them ever wrote an opening line like: “On the afternoon it rained frogs, sun perch and minnows, Sunset discovered she could take a beating good as Three-Fingered Jack.” Even when Lansdale keeps his narrative resolutely realistic and concrete, his previous disposition toward revenant corpses and bayou sorcery put the knowledgeable reader permanently on edge. An odyssey among moonshine stills and hobo camps, it feels like an authentic vision of the period, with no Capraesque sentimentality, and little of the mythic glee of the Coen/Waldrop saga *O Brother, Where Art Thou*. You fall hard for his heroine, but you feel an impulse to take an antibiotic as you do so.

At some point, I believe Paul also sent a package of interesting post cards, but I’m having trouble remembering which ones came from him, and which came from the other deltiologist on my mailing list, Steven Bryan Bieler. The turn-of-the-20th-Century view of the battleship *USS Oregon* is definitely from Steve, but I can recall which of them sent the cards with the covers of early Harlan Ellison exploitation novels. I think they can safely share the credit.

I’ve no idea how Paul will respond to having his generosity made public – perhaps I was supposed to keep this creative exchange a secret? If so, maybe someone else will step into the role of quizzical benefactor. Getting these mystery packages is a major factor in wanting to do another issue every month. And they illustrate most eloquently that response to a fanzine can take many forms other than letters of comment or similar fanzines in trade. If you dig FLAG, there are so many ways you can reply – you can do an appreciative Apache dance, or bake me a Nesselrode pie.

COLOR PARTY: Readers’ Letters to FLAG

[Remarkably, there were still some remaining letters not acknowledged in FLAG #10, and I’ll lead with a few of them this time. As is now habitual practice, your letters are presented in Georgia, like this, while my comments are executed in Estrangelo Edossa, like this.]

John Hertz

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Thanks for the fine report of DUFF delegate Bill Wright’s visit. Jacq “the Knack” Monahan put another in *Orpheum*, which even I contrived to see. Jerry Pournelle’s costume as a Colonel of 1st Hussars, King’s German Legion, was built consulting an Osprey book.

Your contribution to WOOF was much appreciated by all I heard. Garcia’s inventive notions of form indeed defeated not only Purcell but high-class help. However, as one of my law-school professors said, there’s a sense in which a genius can’t be wrong. He was talking about Macaulay’s *History of England* which as a conservative he hated but, as a *literato*, had to applaud.

Remembering I used to write machine language I wish you hadn’t disavowed considering Bill Burns as essential to core fandom.

[Wellington would have seen Pournelle as a Dangerous Thinker, but the K&L seems like a good place for him. One feels Chris Garcia has been indicted sufficiently for the crime

of publishing a digest-sized fanzine; future collators can circumvent such conundrums by bringing along an envelope to contain the disty.]

Murray Moore

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I was able to meet Jim Mowatt in Toronto, at a pub meeting, and again was able to talk to Jim during Worldcon. Mary Ellen and (Jim’s) Carrie went to an evening ghost walk around your Alamo. We ate twice during Worldcon with Bill Wright, once by chance and once by arrangement.

But Bill was more than a week into his fannish odyssey in Seattle: had he not been to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Las Vegas, and San Antonio?

Bill navigated Worldcon in a mobie. He lost his trip notes during or before the Fan Funds Auction. I hope he found them but regardless I am confident that Bill will write an entertaining report.

My connection to World War 2 aircraft is the book sitting near on the coffee table, Buz Sawyer 1: The War in the Pacific. An uncle joined the Royal Canadian Air Force but he was still in Canada when World War II ended. A high school teacher in Midland, where we lived from 1982 through 1998, flew a Spitfire in the war. One of the world’s two flying Lancaster bombers is near, in Hamilton, Ontario. I have seen it in the sky several times, I keep meaning to visit the museum...

Huh. Our library has 85 results for Osprey Publishing, most of them what I expect from your description, but also e-books by SF writer Madeline Ashby.

I was a minimal writer of LoCs in the very late 1960s and 1970s. My first SF fmzns were the issue of ODD with a Bode cover and a thick issue of NIEKAS. I knew no one; did not attend conventions. I was a member of what Dale Speirs calls the papernet, a sender of sticky quarters. In internet terms I was a lurker.

In the early 1990s I got the urge to re-connect with fanzine fandom which led me to seek fanzines and to become an occasional writer of LoCs, and to attend the Ditto in Ann Arbor (1994) and Octocon/Ditto in Cincinnati (1997) and Ditto in Newport (1998).

Two, three years ago, I made, and have kept, the New Year's Resolution to write a LoC on every paper fanzine mailed, and handed, to me; a resolution which I have kept, more than in 95 per cent of cases. I can't see, examining my path to my present serious involvement of time with fanzines, an answer to the puzzle of faneds getting response from readers of non-paper published fanzines. In my case, I wanted to become part of the community.

[Murray, you are among the most scrupulous fanzine fans I know, but I would think that writing to every other issue of a monthly fanzine would be quite heroic enough.]

William Breiding

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You must have quite a mailing list. What is the ratio of issues/copies sent to responses? I suppose I could just count the WAHFs and letters pubbed. Duh.

[As it happens, I am pretty proud of my mailing list; but I don't know how you make conclusions by counting the replies without knowing how many copies are distributed. I am up to 115 US recipients, 35 in Great Britain, and 21 in the rest of the world. I get a very good rate of response, but nevertheless some who have not replied to any of this year's issues may not receive FLAG next year.]

John Purcell

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Well, a few comments on this (FLAG #10) are in order.

First off, I think it's well written, and finding myself mentioned therein was an interesting touch. You are correct, in your surmising, Andy, that I do shoulder the blame for the WOOF 2013 debacle; after all, I was the de facto OE, so it's my responsibility. Guy Lillian did, in fact, do the stapling, but during collation those of us circling the tables were discussing putting the whole bugger together. On Monday, while I was in the teaching SF workshop, Guy wielded the mighty stapler and effected the deed, but using a single staple in one corner was a collective decision, and not his alone. If I had known that previous WOOFs had been put into large envelopes, I would have brought enough of those to the collation. Oh, well. Live and learn. Time to put this matter to rest once and for all-- especially since the last few recipients will be getting their disties mailed out this coming week. Late, I know, but read *Askew #7*, which is almost completed, for the explanation. (hint: it ain't the postage, but time)

You know, I think I like the con suite conversational tone of this issue-long article. It rambles just like fans do during the wee hours of a con, covering a lot of different topics, so I'm impressed. Nicely done. One of these years I may dabble in writing faan fiction again.

I agree with your assessment of *Journey Planet #16*; it is definitely one of the best fanzines published in 2013. It won't win the Hugo for best fanzine, but who cares? WE like it, and that's all that really matters.

[Being responsible and being at fault are two different things; there are certainly examples of W.O.O.F. distributions less worth reading than this year's, so let us simply thank you for dealing with its vagaries. And your egaboo is, as ever, sublime.]

Robert Lichtman

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Just finished reading *Flag #10*, and it occurred to me partway through that you've reinvented the "Derelicti Derogation" form that Boyd Raeburn used to do in his fanzine *À Bas* back in the '50. Boyd's method was to take excerpts from people's writing in fanzines and incorporate them into a dialogue with fictional elements tying it all together. You do the same here with letters received in response to recent issues of *Flag* with much the same effect. Bravo!

Some specific comments: On page 4 you wrote of trying "to remember how much time [I] spent at the 'original' Corflu Titanium." I recall that I was there a lot -- and Carol was with me some of the time -- but

I don't wanna lose my job...that's where I go every day.

Battlefield Earth should have been a Tyler Perry movie!

that I/we commuted from Oakland rather than stay at the hotel (or did we stay there one night?). Due in part to Carol's influence, I spent more time than usual in the hotel bar—something we reprised in Portland last May. What both occasions have in common is the presence of Michael Dobson and the creation of Unusual Drinks. A final personal note on Corflu Titanium: neither Carol nor I contracted the Dread CorFluenza.

In your conversation with Mark Plummer you note that “at least three or four of the letters I get every 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.” I don't know about that last point, but I confess to having thought in *Flag's* early days that it would be somehow fitting and proper to respond to a print-only fanzine with a paper letter of comment. Then I thought about how in these latter days I much prefer getting responses to *Trap Door* electronically, especially when sent as a word processor file rather than an e-mail so I don't have to go through removing the hard returns in reformatting it. I still get some, though—checking just now, I see that of the 35 letters received on the last issue seven of them came through the mails.

[It's nice to receive a handful of letters in the post every month, and certainly don't want to discourage anyone from writing me that way. But I expect the charm and novelty of postal mail is more appealing to parties who are not already preparing more than a hundred pieces for the post every month. I appreciate knowing that I am following a trail blazed by Boyd Raeburn - I always prefer to steal from the best.]

Kate Yule

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Re FLAG #8: The reassurance in your colophon is welcome, because I honestly don't like baseball so much. But it also remains true that you can make me enjoy reading about it. Much rather your musings about the Super Serum of Summer than meta-recursive analysis of reviews of opinions on fannish history, actually. “...seen enough future...imagining more changes begins to seem like overkill.” Yes! Exactly.

Mark Plummer

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I was going to drop you a line as soon as we got back from Novacon, but somehow over a week has slipped

by. I have no clear explanation for how that happened but I'm sure I can't have used all the time fighting my way into the thoroughly sellotaped copy of *Rune* #89 that was waiting for us on our return. That can't have taken more than a couple of days max. I met Matt Strait at the Reno Worldcon a couple of years ago and he seems like a nice guy an' all but... oh, I don't know, this mailing method stirs some previously untapped spirit of entrepreneurship within me and makes me wonder whether I could make big bucks by introducing the concept of the envelope to Minnesota.

You ask, “American copies were printed on bright orange paper -- are the U.K. editions just white, or do you choose a shade at random as I have?”

UK copies are printed on dull and conventional white paper, I'm afraid, that being what we have kicking around my office. For some reason both the British civil service and legal system are conservative like that. Personally, I would have thought that some of our documentation would be much improved by being printed on bright orange paper but unaccountably they don't let me make policy decisions like that.

Milt Stevens

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In *Flag* #10, you talk about creating a fictional con suite and populating it with your letter writers. That certainly seems like the fannish thing to do. We start in this field by reading fiction. Then we join fandom and get involved with fanzines. When we first encounter ourselves described in a fanzine it's as if we wandered into the fiction.

Efforts at faan fiction have ranged from amusing to horrendous. The Ballard Chronicles were fun. One of them was even made into an amateur movie. Coventry started out well, but wasn't so much fun by the end.

I was murdered at a fictional Worldcon. It's the sort of thing a guy remembers. The murders at the fictional Worldcon were part of the program at a real Worldcon. The suspects and victims were assembled on the last day of the real Worldcon. After five days of Worldcon, it's hard to tell if you are supposed to be dead or not.

The author/moderator opened an envelope and inspected the contents. He intoned “The killer is...”

And the lights went out.

Taral Wayne

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While I have long cherished toy soldiers, I never got into serious modeling. My models were all military vehicles ... planes, ships, armour ... and also cars, dinosaurs, monsters, anatomical displays like the Visible Man and Visible Head. But for some reason I never got into painting figurines. The closest I came were the 1/35 soldiers that came with some tanks or artillery. They weren't generally very accurate and were sometimes sculpted downright amateurishly. If they were painted red and white and green, they might almost pass as something from Dr. Seuss.

When Airfix came out with its soft plastic 1/72 soldiers, I collected as many as I could find. I didn't paint them or regard them as displays of any kind. I had them to fight wars on the living room carpet with. The tiny scale wasn't ideal for that landscape, either. It was hard to stand the tiny, 1 cm. figures upright on loom that was almost the same size. Worse, the thick bases had casting ridges on the bottom, so the figures didn't often stand very upright even on a hard surface.

The 1/35 figures that came out later were much better in every way. Some series were relatively simplistic, but later issues had very sharp detail for soft plastic. I eventually bought 12 or 15 different kinds – German paratroopers, US 7th Cavalry, British SAS, Medieval Foot Soldiers, Aussies, Afrika Korps and others that I'd have to search in the closet to name. I rarely have them out anymore. In fact ... I'm pretty sure I would part with them if anyone was willing to pay for the shipping of a banker's box full. The original boxes are gone ... only the painted covers of the boxes are left.

I too wrote to Airfix with a suggestion. I got a nice note back saying they would take my idea under suggestion, but I suspect that it got no farther than the circular file next to somebody's secretary's desk. It was 1975 when I wrote to them, I think, and I thought a set of ARVN South Vietnamese regulars and another of NVA and Viet Cong would be a natural. Was it too soon?

While I've known of the Osprey books for a long time, I never owned one until recently. The prices on new copies were frankly obscene. And my interest in early 19th century Hussars is pretty low. But the used bookstore in my neighborhood recently got in a large assortment at prices I could absorb. Only three took my fancy at the time. One was *Rome's Enemies (3)*, another was *Gladiators 100 BC to AD 200*. Most important to me, though, was *The Roman Army From Caesar to Trajan*. There were others from this era

listed in the backs, but unfortunately the used bookstore didn't have any of them. I would love *Rome's Enemies (1) and (2)*, for example, and *Armies of the Carthaginian Wars*. I guess I'll have to remain satisfied with having coins relating to the times instead.

Growing up, by the way, is childish.

[I admit I don't buy a lot of Osprey Pubs new - the fact that 35 years of used copies are out there make them much more appealing to collect. Your Airfix figures of old cried out for some kind of basing - you find them mounted on a square of cardstock or a penny painted green. Many of the figure lines you and Mark Plummer longed for were eventually released by Esai or Revell - including the Viet Cong.]

Lloyd Penney

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Fully agree with you on *Journey Planet 16* and *SF Commentary 85*. Beautiful publications, and even when it is perhaps not as colourful or detailed as others, *SF Commentary* is still a pleasure to read, look through or even hold if you are lucky enough to score a paper copy. (Which I did. *SF Commentary 85* arrived in my mailbox this very day.)

Other Correspondence Received From:

Paul Di Filippo (FLAG #10 was another great "world that shoulda been."); **Brad W Foster** (You mention that "...the strong lizard smell still hung in the air..." as you stepped on to the balcony you had placed me at in this story. Which brings up an uncomfortable question: how did you know I was actually one of the secret alien lizard overlords, hidden among you humans on this planet, and working to take over control of all your affairs?); **John Nielsen Hall** (I must also confess to a great antipathy towards model soldiers.); **Kim Huett** (Sorry but I found the main part of this issue too incoherent to read let alone frame a reply to); **Bob Jennings** (The whole enterprise seemed to sound a lot less like "The Canterbury Tales," or even "The Decameron" and a lot more like "The Feast In the Time of the Plague," only without Cesar Cui's great music.); **Jerry Kaufman** (Your second experiment in time-travel and mental crifanac was a success in terms of pleasure, but I don't find myself with many comments. Except that I do like the linos, and feel smug if I recognize one - "Thought she was James Dean for a day" is a good example. That song seemed to me to apply to my Seattle adventures more than my New York ones.) and **Howard Waldrop** (Eye Surgery now scheduled for December 9th.) Hey, finish the year off with a letter of comment! Always room for one more!

Like slavery and apartheid, poverty is not natural.

FANZINE COUNTDOWN: October 30th to December 4th, 2013

1.) NOWHERE FAN #2, Christina Lake, 4West Rise, Falmouth, Cornwall TR11 4HJ, United Kingdom email to christina.l@virgin.net: Ensmallled fanzines benefit from a certain economy of narrative; it doesn't help to expend inches on how you are saying things with your mouth or explaining the look on your sensitive fannish face. Christina gets at her subjects with a minimum of preamble, and swirls through them like a "quasi-British type of tornado." In ten pages, she covers recent fannish travels and time apart from her Doug, continues her musing on Utopian impulses in contemporary fandom, and includes pieces by Doug Bell (reviewing *The Carhullian Army* by Sarah Hall) and Lilian Edwards (continuing her quest to reinvent fandom with a report on Geekfest 2013), as well as letters on NOWHERE FAN #1. A model of economy, energy and unaffected enthusiasm, this is one of my favorite new titles of 2013.

2.) REFRACTION #1, by Gary Wilkinson, c/o eFanzines.com, email to gary.wilkinson@gmail.com: This year's "Novacon Bump" in the fanzine stream was barely discernable, but this new online personal fanzine from Gary Wilkinson includes an account of events at Novacon 42 that at least confirms the con took place as advertised. The large photo of Anders Bellis, seemingly little changed from his appearance in 1987, compliments the strong feelings of déjà vu that the author seems to share with me. Like me, Gary counted Iain M. Banks (1954 – 2013) as his favorite writer, and undertook the fanzine out of appreciation for him. He intertwines a walking tour of London locations that recapitulated one of the plot threads in Banks' novel *Walking on Glass* with an appreciation of his last work, *The Quarry*. He also covers two recent horror films, *American Mary* and *A Field in England*, and shares his opinions of *Game of Thrones* (he likes the TV show more than the books). Wilkinson also created the front and back cover art, took the photos of Novacon, and manipulated several other photographic images in the fanzine. An unusually encompassing set of talents on display.

3.) A TALE FROM THE WHITE HART, Ron Gemmell, 8 Kinsale Drive, Locking Stumps, Warrington, Cheshire WA3 6BX United Kingdom, email to ron.gemmell@btinternet.com: Some fanzines succeed best in context with their contemporaries, and this account of Iain Banks' last gathering with fandom at the White Hart Pub in May of 2013 seems like a critical piece in the memorial mosaic that fanzine editors have built to mark the Scottish writer's passing. The occasion also seems to have inspired some introspection on the tyrannies of age and the slow replacement of friends by strangers, something far from being confined to fandom. Brad Foster's front page illo, with a heart-shaped vacancy in the center of a baroque frame was perfect for the venue, and Roz Kaveny's poem is also quite touching. A lot packed into six pages.

4.) COUNTER-CLOCK #16, Wolf von Wittig, Via Dei Banduzzi 6/4, 33050 Bagnaria Arsi (Ud), Italy, email to wolfram1764@yahoo.se: Wolf notes that this is a much more personal issue than usual; I thought that the inclusion of memoirs partly inspired by the loss of his brother Dieter made this one of the most interesting issues of CC to date. Includes a calendar of European conventions and other events, but most of the fanzine is pure Timebinding. The standout there is a report on the 1956 Wetzcon by the then-15-year-old Greg

Benford, reprinted from VOID #5. The zine is also full of vintage illos by the likes of ATOM and Bo Stenfors. Wolf laments that his computer has grown old and frail, just like the typers and mimeoscopes of yore; but hopefully web-publishing is more permanent & flexible than working on stencil.

5.) VANAMONDE #533-537 (2003), #918-922 (2011), John Hertz, 236 Coronado St. #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057: So, John *intended* me to wait three years to read that sheaf of five VANAMONDES from 2011, but I doubt he wanted me to wait *ten* years to read the cluster of five issues from 2003. I rediscovered them in a pile of zines and letters from 2006 while I was cleaning before a Thanksgiving visit from family. Does the fact that I derived virtually the same enjoyment from both speak well or ill of these weekly messages from a land of taste and intelligence? Certainly the lengthening of context has had no deleterious effect on the entries in the Nippon in 2007 Haiku contest that John shared in #533, Notes received from lost friends like the late Anna Vargo increase the sense of separation; still, this is probably the best 1,000+ episode one-sided conversation extent in fandom. It feels like having the best room party of the year perpetually at the edge of hearing, which some short-sighted fans would find vexing.

Also Received or Released:

ALEXIAD #71, Joseph T. & Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Ave. Louisville, KY 40204-4020, email to jtmajor@iglou.com
BCSFA ZINE #486, edited by Felicity Walker for the BCSFA, c/o eFanzines.com, email to Felicity4711@gmail.com

BEAM #7, edited by Nic Farey (3342 Cape Cod Drive, Las Vegas, NV 89122) (Note change of street number) & Jim Mowatt (273 The Rowans, Milton, Cambridge CB24 6ZA United Kingdom), c/o eFanzines.com

BROKEN TOYS #23, Taral Wayne, 243 Dunn Ave. Apt. 211, Toronto, Ontario M6K 1S6 CANADA, email to taral@teksavvy.com.

THE DRINK TANK #360 - 361, Chris Garcia, c/o eFanzines.com, email to Garcia@computerhistory.org

FANSTUFF #40 Arnie Katz, 909 Eugene Cernan, Las Vegas, NV 89145, available at eFanzines.com, email to Crossfire4@cox.net.

IT GOES ON THE SHELF #35, Ned Brooks, 4817 Dean Lane, Lilburn, GA 30047-4720, email to nedbrooks@sprynet.com.

MOBIUS, *The Journal of Social Change*, Winter. 2013 issue edited by Fred Schepartz, online at MobiusMagazine.com

LAKE GENEVA #2, Pablo M. A. Vasquez III, c/o eFanzines.com, email to chepablo@gmail.com

OPUNTIA #268 & #269 Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7

PRIME MATERIAL #5, and **THREE ROCKS #3 & #4**, Rogers Cadenhead, 135 Jenkins St., Suite 105B, @224, St, Augustine, FL 32086, email to Cadenhead@gmail.com

SCIENCE FICTION SAN FRANCISCO #146 & 147, Jean Martin, et al, c/o eFanzines.com, email to SFinSF@gmail.com

SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION BULLETIN, Vol. 10, #1, Jennifer Liang, et al, co eFanzines.com.

SPACE CADET #23, R. Graeme Cameron, 13315 104th Ave. Surrey, British Columbia V3T 1V5 Canada, email to rgraeme@shaw.ca

TAFFASTIC #1, TAFF newsletter from Jacq Monahan and Jim Mowatt, c/o eFanzines.com

Synesthetic? Scrofulous? Polyatomic? Write to 11032 30th Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125, or email fanmailaph@aol.com.