

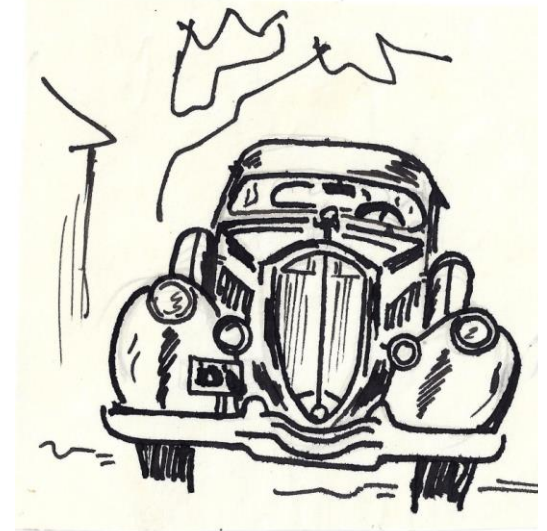


This is issue #14 of FLAG, a frequent fanzine published by Andy Hooper, member fwa, at 11032 30th Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125, email to fanmailaph@aol.com. This is a Drag Bunt Press Production. First copies mailed on March 18th, 2014. FLAG appears only in printed form, and is available for trade, graphic artwork and cartoons or letters of comment. The next issue will be out in May, 2014. Art Credits: Ray Nelson: Title, Page 3. Brad Foster: Page 5. George Metzger: Page 1. Bill Rotsler: Page 7. Heroic Publisher for the U.K.: Mark Plummer. Vote Brad and Cindy Foster for TAFF by April 22nd, and submit your FAAn ballot by April 5th!

That's nothing a little oil won't make as smooth as a Bill Clinton apology.

Many a Name So Fragrant: Spy Bugs, Photo Plates and Grandfather Cops

Call me Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn. Admittedly, I have failed to grow lean as I assail the seasons. But like the protagonist of Edward Arlington Robinson's poem, I sometimes find the burden of living in the present day almost insupportable. Of late, my days are being spent in the foxed and sepia pages of the past, investigating postcards, orphaned photographs and other ephemera, most of it originating from a city 1,924 miles and 22 years away from me. Surprisingly, this descent into the minutiae of correspondence and memory was inspired by that most modern scourge: Facebook. Another transplanted Madison native, Julie McGuff, introduced me to the "Historic Photos of Madison" interest group last fall, and this has led me into a state of perpetual astral projection to Southern Wisconsin – frustrating, because one's Astral Self can't eat bratwurst or sweet corn.



As a semi-closeted deltiologist, the most immediate focus of this free-wheeling research project is my postcard collection, which contains more than 300 images of Madison and its environs. These were formerly organized in roughly chronological clumps and further divided by their supposed publishers, but misidentifications and misfiling abounded. And there was almost no documentation, which, as I have often said, is what separates us from the animals. Many hours were spent studying those cards (and many new arrivals, of course, as I am an end-stage collector) and the glorious galaxy of online deltiology sources now available to computer-using collectors. I appreciate the succulent twist that has me using modern archival technology to drown myself a century in the past, but the fact remains that this investigation has quite elbowed aside all thoughts of robots and space fleets, even as Carrie and I anticipate our great Science Fiction Adventure of later this year. And at the moment, science fiction is the Wellspring of Grumpiness in the world, so who can blame me for trying to pretend it isn't there?

I'm sorely tempted to emulate Dave Langford in the opening of ANSIBLE #320, wherein he addresses the sexism and censorship controversy that has gripped the Science Fiction Writers Association for the past year by admitting "I simply can't bring myself to summarize this here." More immediately, the appointment and resignation of UK TV person Jonathan Ross from the office of 2014 Hugo Award Toastmaster has risen into a storm of invective that seems sure to become this generation's version of the Exclusion Act, the Breendogle, and the TAFF/Wimpy Zone

[Continued on Page 2]

The sleazy Times Square he writes about was a large part of my young teenage years...

A Key to the linos published in FLAG #13

Page 1: "I've said this before, but children are terrible artists. And artists are crooks."

Ron Swanson (Nick Offerman) is a tough critic of elementary school art on *Parks & Recreation*.

Page 1: "Everybody knows there's something wrong with them. They just don't know what it is."

Detective Rust Cohle (Matthew McConaughey) explains his success at interrogation in the HBO series *True Detective*.

Page 3: "This does lead me to wonder, however, what kind of Corflu Guest of Honor Jane Austen would have made." Attributed to Randy Byers by Randy Byers in the letter column of *Banana Wings* #54.

Page 4: "I know it's your bedroom – it smells like clown makeup and spaghetti!" Bobby Bottleservice (Nick Kroll) confronts another resident of *Gigolo House*. (Which is in turn a sketch on Comedy Central's *The Kroll Show*.)

Page 5: "We live in an ugly city of monsters."

New Yorker Ilana Wexler (Ilana Wexler) despairs of finding her purloined cell phone, on Comedy Central's *Broad City*.

Page 6: "Allow me to explain. You were born with your aggressive tendencies unsuppressed."

A line from *The Time Mercenaries* (1968), by Phillip E. High

Page 7: "We always have been, we are, and I hope that we always shall be, detested in France."

Attributed to Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington.

Page 8: "No, don't protect him...he'll work off that cake in the acid mines...."

Homer and Bart run the old birthday cake con, in the 2000 *Simpsons* episode "The Great Money Caper."

Page 9: "And that is the terrible and secret fate of all life."

More bleak philosophy from Rust Cohle, in Nick Pizzolatto's *True Detective*.

Many a Name So Fragrant: Spy Bugs, Photo Plates and Grandfather Cops

[Continued from Page 1]

brouhaha of the 1980s. Many correspondents have spent the beginning of March declaring their intention to avoid the convention, or defending their plans to attend it in spite of their reservations. It's exhausting to penetrate the rhetorical undergrowth around the argument, but the part that is characterized most negatively, the social media posts that drove Ross from his *pro bono* position, are excesses committed out of some progressive or even radical agenda that seems quite familiar to me. It's actually made me slightly more interested in attending the con, which before this eruption appeared to be shaping up to be rather, well, mundane. Now at least I'm interested in meeting Farah Mendelsohn.

I feel an expectant pressure to write about these events, but there's nothing to be gained from it. We'll turn to the last page: the effort to bring gender-parity and some reasonable standard of respect for women back to fandom is the last twitch of the belief in actual human progress and evolution that once characterized our subculture. I guess it's pretty simple after all -- if we actually believe that "women have ruined science fiction," then there is no difference between fandom and mundane society. We should all just buy ComicCon memberships and practice harassing cosplay girls.

The Chronicle of the Capital

So neither can you blame me for wanting to retreat to the Cockpit of American Progressivism, glorying in all the Edwardian hot air that promoted suffrage, temperance

and fair wages. It is such a ridiculously short story – Madison will not be 200 years old until 2037 at the earliest, and official milestones including incorporation as a village, town and city are even further off. Madison's prominent or noisy citizens of 100 years past were struggling to build a modern city while simultaneously working to transform the society of which it was a part. Progressive and Socialist political parties were important and credible organizations, who elected mayors in cities like Milwaukee and Seattle. I don't let the fact that their efforts were doomed by paranoia and Federal harassment lessen my admiration for their industry.

I've found a new group of heroes through this reading and research: the photographers who documented Madison, from the 1850s to the 1960s. I'm fascinated by 19th Century pioneers, men like John S. Fuller and Chauncey A. Johnson, who helped introduce photography to Madison in the 1850s. Johnson arrived in Madison first from Batavia, New York, and opened a studio as early as 1854; he also purchased a small bungalow on Langdon Street, which he called his "Bird Cage in the Bushes." He and Fuller became partners in 1855, and operated together until the building that contained their studio was destroyed by fire. Happily, Johnson had kept his negatives at his home; in just two years, he and Fuller took portraits of nearly every important early citizen of Madison. He moved on to Des Moines, Iowa in 1859, but gave negatives of his Madison work to the nascent State Historical Society.

Another favorite of mine is the Norwegian immigrant Andreas Larsen Dahl (1844 - 1915), who only worked from 1873 to 1879, but left a unique record of fellow Norwegians in South Central Wisconsin. I also admire the work of Dr. Edward A. Bass (1860 – 1916), who, like Dahl, seems to have been fascinated by the small fleet of steamboats that served Madison’s lakes. Early photo-artist Nathaniel P. Jones (1829-1902) was also an avid sailor; he was the Recording Secretary of the Madison Yacht Club at its inception in 1881, and captain of the *Undine* on Lake Mendota’s waters. He also took portraits of early Madison residents, including Mrs. Rosaline Peck, who built the first cabin in what would become the downtown area in 1837. Jones was also a watercolor artist, who painted scenes in early Madison and used his skills to tint his photographs. He provided photos to illustrate Daniel S. Durrie’s 1874 book *A History of Madison*, the first such work to be published.

Another notable photographer who had a long career in Madison was Edward R. Curtiss (1836-1905), not to be confused with the American ethnographer and photographer Edward S. Curtis. He too arrived in Madison in the 1850s; and maintained a studio in the Capital Square on Pinckney Street through the 1890s. His son Fred was also a photographer, who documented Madison until his death in 1942. And the downtown studio was subsequently occupied by other photographers including A.C. Nielson (again, no relation) and Melvin Diemer (1887 - 1961), who was well-known for innovative scientific and nature photography.

Diemer also served for some years as the “Official Photographer” of the University of Wisconsin, an institution which has always provided the opposite pole of an axis anchored on the Capital and the State government. Documenting the University’s history is a huge task; fortunately, the U.W. has a unique and irreplaceable asset in the work of photographers William J. Meuer (1886 – 1965) and Roman Meuer (1890 - 1980). The Meuer brothers maintained an archive of photo negatives depicting University life that extended back to 1888, and kept a catalog of prints in huge black albums that they handed to returning alumni looking for images of their class. The Meuer Photoart House was a State Street institution beginning in 1916, and a descendent business persists today as the Meuer Art and Frame shop.

Reuben Gold Thwaites (1853-1913) was a historian by training, and a President of the American Library Association, but he also took memorable photographs during his residence in Madison, which began at age 13 in 1866. He also made a unique photographic record of a trip down the length of the Ohio River in 1894.

Some appeal to me despite having produced relatively few published pictures. The Nadeau brothers, Oscar and Napoleon, maintained a photographic studio in the 500-block of State Street during the first two decades of the 20th Century. Photography appears to have been Napoleon’s primary occupation at the time, while Oscar was first an engineering student, then studied medicine, taking photographs to support his education. He took some well-known portraits of senior University Professors, including Charles Bardeen, the founding Dean of the Medical School. But Oscar also once gained access to the anatomy lab and posed for a self –timed picture titled “The Medic’s Dream,” which showed him supine on a slab, with skeletons and cadavers poised to dissect him. The photo was very popular, but also led to one of his three expulsions from the University. He may have sardonically recognized his academic trials by stamping his photo postcards “O.E. Nadeu ’10,” in reference to the graduating class he was originally expected to join. He graduated around 1914, after which the Nadeau Photo Studio disappears from city directories. But Oscar became a respected surgeon at the Fletcher and Augustana Hospitals in Chicago, and served as a Lieutenant Colonel in the U.S. Army during World War II.



Help Stamp Out Black Market In Poultry, Duckwitz Urges.

It was made from the pockets of the pocket fox, an animal that only existed for three weeks in the 16th Century.

The Popular Lens

In the 20th Century, Madison's most prolific photographers naturally worked for the city's newspapers, including the *Wisconsin State Journal*, the *Madison Democrat* and the *Capital Times*. Arthur M. Vinje (1888 – 1972) had the gift of being in the right place at the right time to capture famous figures like Babe Ruth, posing with cigar and dressing gown on the back of a railroad car, or a young Muhammad Ali qualifying for the Pan-American games in 1959. But his photos of "average" Madisonians, kids at summer camp, on winter toboggans, workers decorating office Christmas trees, Italian ladies in the "Greenbush" neighborhood making tomato paste, all probably grab at me more.

Angus McVicar (1903-1964) was probably Vinje's closest rival for the title of top news photographer in 20th Century Madison, with a particular genius for capturing Madison at work at commercial institutions and building the city that I knew decades later. McVicar's protégé George Stein (1913-2004) was more single-minded: Stein founded the Photo Copy Service Company in 1938, with profits made duplicating documents for a Federal Antitrust trial held in Madison in 1937. He bought his former employer's equipment in 1942, when McVicar took over his Father's floral business. (But Angus would return to work with Stein a few years later.) Stein also founded the Madison Film Company, which shot motion picture films for newsreels and TV broadcast in the city. The Steins sold their property at 211 W. Mifflin Street to the city in 1963, and it became part of the site of the modern downtown public library.

Of Madison's many commercial photographers, William Wollin (1914-1993) is probably my favorite. He was born in Beloit, Wisconsin and came to Madison as a student in the School of Journalism. In 1945, he and fellow alumnus Burton M. "Max" Smith opened the Smith/Wollin photographic studio, with support from the Arthur Towell Advertising agency and advertising managers for Madison newspapers. With this advantage, the studio became one of the most active in the state. Among Wollin's clients was the architect Frank Lloyd Wright, and Wollin photographed Wright's buildings for the Wright Foundation. In 1949, Bill Wollin married the lovely Darlene Quinn Vernon, who was a well-known jazz accordionist, and would become both a model and stylist for the agency.

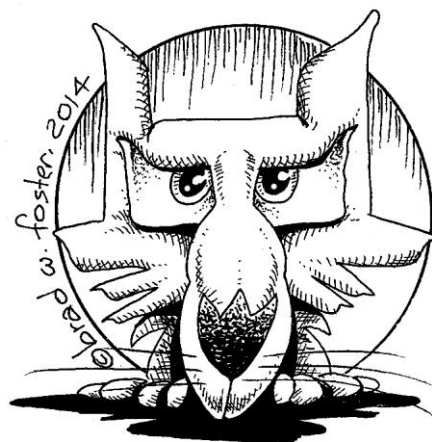
After a long and adventurous career, Wollin sold his agency to a photographer named James Forrestal in 1980. Some months later Forrestal discarded Wollin's negatives, and they were only saved from the landfill because friends of Wollin grabbed them off the curb. The Wollin and McVicar/Stein archives were all saved because George Stein couldn't leave the movies behind, even in retirement. Working at the Point Cinemas as a ticket-taker in 1991, Stein befriended a projectionist named Tim Romano, who had previously worked restoring film for Disney. Stein confided that he was looking for someone who would take the massive library of negatives that he and Angus McVicar and their colleagues had compiled, and Romano used them to found a business he called Historic Photo Services Inc. Bill Wollin became acquainted with the project on one of his frequent trips to Madison from his retirement home in Melbourne, Florida, and turned his catalog over to Romano not long before his death in 1993.

Romano struggled to make the venture profitable in some of the most prosperous years in American history, but eventually concluded the long hours involved in restoring and printing the photos made the business incapable of turning a profit. In 1998, he sold the archive to Historic Madison Inc., a non-profit dedicated to preserving the city's past. Much of the archive is now posted on the Web, in cooperation with the Wisconsin State Historical Society.

Double-Click for Destiny

Researching all these figures from the friendly surroundings of my keyboard is like a dream of the future that I harbored in the stacks of the U.W. Memorial Library some 30 or 40 years ago. Searching in the dim steel shelves for early work on Madison's effigy mounds by Charles E. Brown, or memories of boyhood correspondence with H.P. Lovecraft by Willis Conover, I actively wished for a computer that would gather these works and make it possible to spend more time reading them than I did hunting them down. We've hardly reached the state of glassy and frictionless 3-D access seen in science fiction, but we are slowly ticking off the functions of the wonder-computer that can pilot a theoretical starship, down to the seemingly human personality that will cheerfully summarize information for us on request.

The process was so much pure fun that I almost gleefully transferred \$90 to Madison Newspapers Inc. in order to get access to the archives of the State Journal and the Capital Times for a year. Of course, having acquired this immense archive for the picayune purpose of researching postcard publishers, I immediately began to stumble onto far more fascinating material than my intended subject. And after a few weeks of skipping around in search of lost playgrounds and pleasure drives, I blundered across the key to my own origin story, like some character from Marvel Comics.



My Mother was born in Madison, and so was her dad, Philip Herbert Oakey (1908-1986). But I was born in Lincoln Park, Michigan, a south side suburb of Detroit. This is because my Grandfather moved the Oakey family to Mount Clemens, Michigan in 1955, where he took a job as the Chief of Police, and served as an officer in the US Air Force Reserve. My mother met my father as a student at the University of Michigan, an event which would almost surely have never occurred had her family remained in Madison.

I am given to understand that Phil was never especially interested in police work as a boy; growing up in Madison, where the University was surely the most exalted institution of the town, he naturally aspired to read for an advanced degree. After successful work as an undergraduate, he was accepted to the Medical School in 1930. But the financial panic and deepening depression of 1929 had hit the family hard, and Phil simply didn't have the money to continue his studies. He took a job at the Oscar Mayer Meat Packing Plant, while also serving as a Sergeant in the Wisconsin National Guard. He was a dead shot with a rifle; his name was near or at the top of several categories in results published in the *WSJ* in 1930. He was also noted for having a perfect record of attending every Company drill.

Phil did this for about two years, and then was appointed to the Madison Police Department by Chief William McCormick. In those days, officers were not required to have any prior training in police work before going on the job. The new patrolman was issued a badge, a club and a revolver, and put into a patrol car with an experienced officer, or even more likely, sent with him to follow a beat on foot.

McCormick had an opening on the force after patrolman Ed C. Brendler was dismissed for failing to adequately answer three counts of larceny in the Police Commission Court. My grandfather, healthy, intelligent, experienced in giving and following orders and over six feet tall, was exactly what McCormick was looking for. By 1938, Phil Oakey was a Lieutenant of Patrol, still working Madison's streets, but now supervising other officers. When the United States entered World War II, he received a similar commission in the military police, and was posted at several locations, all in the United States. His brother Robert served in a tank battalion, and was seriously wounded in North Africa.

The Grandfather Cause

When Phil returned to Madison, he basically got his job back, but as the senior officers of the Department were now four years closer to retirement, he advanced quickly in rank. In 1948, he was appointed Police Inspector, essentially the Department's Executive Officer, and second in command to the Chief. When McCormick announced he would be retiring later that year, Phil was a popular choice to replace him. But the decision was made by the five-member Police and Fire Commission, and they represented certain parties that had been rubbed the wrong way by Phil's honesty: He was not known for being willing to look the other way or "play ball." They voted to hire a candidate from outside the Department. Bruce Weatherly had been the Chief of Police in San Antonio Texas, and came with the personal recommendation of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover.

Stengel of Dresden, Knackstedt & Nather of Nancy, and Reinicke & Rubin of Magdeburg

This means that Belgium is actually the *brightest* country on Earth.

Today, most Police Departments routinely look outside themselves for a Chief or Commissioner; it's considered prudent to bring in an executive without established patronage and other local baggage acquired in the daily business of policing a city. But the decision to choose Weatherly was not popular in Madison. The editor of the *Capital Times*, William Evjue, brought a suit against the Commission, pointing out that Madison had a law requiring potential police officers to reside in the city for at least one year before joining the force. The State Supreme Court ruled that the law applied to the rank and file officers, but not to their Chief.

Weatherly, a natural martinet, made few friends within the Department. He issued 21 new rules of conduct in his first week on the job. Some later gave him credit for increasing the professional standards of the Department in his first few years in Madison, but his subsequent degeneration did at least as much to tarnish them. Certain restaurant and bar owners willing to serve him alcohol without restraint found that they could do no wrong. In 1953, a Dane County Deputy stopped him doing 70 mph at night on a country road, but no ticket was issued. In 1956, Dane County Deputy Russell Kiley brought a 13-count complaint against Weatherly to the PFC, charging him with mismanagement, allowing friends to commit crimes, public drunkenness and inappropriate behavior with married female employees of the Department.

By then, my Grandfather had made his move to Michigan, and was busy running a new Department. One imagines professional courtesy probably would have prevented him from testifying to the Commission, even if he were called. But plenty of people showed up; 500 spectators attended the first hearing, prompting the Commission to limit future crowds to 150. People began lining up four hours in advance. But the attorneys representing Weatherly undermined each charge against him, and it was clear that Kiley's representatives were not as well prepared. Weatherly was exonerated, and continued to serve as Chief until he finally had a major accident in a Department patrol car while severely intoxicated. On January 8th, 1959, he consumed between 12 and 14 drinks at the Hoffman House restaurant, then phoned a married female Department secretary who joined him at the lounge and accepted a ride home from him. After leaving her,

Weatherly pulled out in front of a fuel truck, and was badly shaken-up in the wreck that totaled the car.

Officers on the scene confiscated film from freelance photographer Al Joyner (1919-2010), and Weatherly lied under direct questioning from Madison Mayor Ivan Nestingen. But bartenders admitted under oath that they had served Weatherly more than a dozen drinks, and witnessed him summon his female companion to the bar, when Weatherly claimed she had arrived unbidden. The Mayor was furious at being lied to, and now filed charges against the Chief himself. Weatherly was found guilty on all counts on April 13th, 1959. An appeal to the Circuit Court was dismissed with equal alacrity, and Weatherly's 11+ years as Chief were over.

Divorce in Texas

Yet the story becomes even more lurid, more like something from a James Ellroy novel. Soon after Weatherly's dismissal, acting Chief Richard Gruber announced that he had discovered and removed a network of listening devices that covered virtually every room in the new City-County Building, including the room in which the Police and Fire Commission had deliberated Chief Weatherly's fate. With his connections to FBI Director Hoover, Weatherly could have had Federal support for his surveillance program, but it could just as easily have been installed by parties with more explicitly criminal associations. Similar allegations would surely bring attention from the Justice Department today, but in 1960, Weatherly moved on to do security work for North Central Airlines without further accusation. He was admitted to the State Mental Hospital, probably for treatment of alcoholism, and not long after his release, he and his wife Inez returned to their former home in San Antonio.

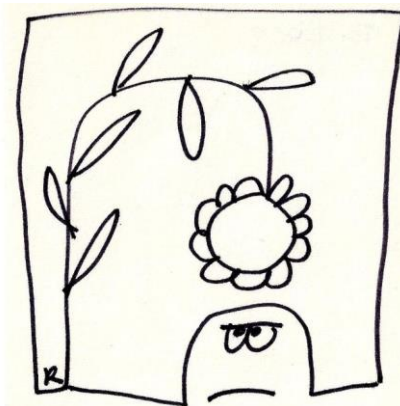
On July 25th, 1962, Inez and the Weatherly's daughter and son-in-law, then staying in her parents' home, heard a loud bump from the second floor. Inez went to investigate, and a single gunshot followed. Inez came back down the stairs to announce "I just shot your Daddy," and handed a gun over to her son-in-law James Maxwell. She told San Antonio police that she had shot her husband because he was drinking heavily and was "sick, sick, sick."

“I couldn’t stand it any longer,” she told them. “May God forgive me.” Prosecutors sought to charge her for capital murder, but a grand jury declined to indict her, and there was never any prosecution in the case. Inez did not remarry, and lived until August 30th, 2001, by all accounts a delightful and caring person.

And I was born on August 14th, 1962. By then, my Uncle Tom was almost a cop too, and there are early snapshots of me with a police hat on my head, or holding a .38 special in my unsteady hand. Some of my earliest memories are sitting behind the wheel of a squad car, while my uncle popped on the sirens and the lights. In later years, there were many stories of mayhem past – I vividly recall characters impaled on sign posts in auto accidents, and young miscreants who blew their own brains out rather than face prosecution. That was just what I thought Grandfathers were like. He still knew everyone in Madison, 25 years after leaving the city. World War II duty in Florida helped inspire a retirement to the Gulf Coast, and my most vivid memories of him involve days spent fishing or touring the natural wonders together with my Grandmother Josephine. I’m presenting only a splinter of the story, by

necessity; but trust me, in 52 years of recitation and remembrance, there was nothing about a Secret Commission or bugged buildings or hindered prosecutions. I had to read about that in the newspaper, like everyone else.

Acknowledgment: Much of this is based on articles that appeared in the *Wisconsin State Journal* and *The Capital Times*, particularly “Hired, fired and murdered: Scandal surrounded former Madison Police Chief Bruce Weatherly” by Mike Miller of *The Capital Times*, June 9th, 2009.



Now get in. We have good deeds to do in quirky small towns all across America.

**The 2014 FAAn Awards:
Now or Never**

I’m publishing this issue only about three weeks after mailing FLAG #13, in the hope that you will receive it a few days before the April 5th voting deadline in the 2014 Fan Activity Achievement (FAAn) Awards. The ballot is available online at Corflu.org, and I’m going to list the categories below, so I’m *not* going to include a separate paper ballot; if you think there is still time to vote by mail, send your choices on any card. But to be safe, you should probably send your choices by email to my familiar address of Fanmailaph@aol.com. Anyone interested in science fiction fanzines is invited to vote.

We will be voting for awards in the same EIGHT categories as in 2013: **Best Fan Artist, Best Fan Writer, Best Website, Best Fanzine Cover, Best Personal Fanzine, Best Genzine, Best Single Issue** and **The Harry Warner Jr. Memorial Award for Best Correspondent**. The one change in procedure is the scoring for your 1st, 2nd and 3rd Place votes. This year, a 1st Place vote is worth 3 points, a 2nd Place vote is worth 2, and a 3rd Place vote is worth 1 point. I agreed with the fans who thought that 3 3rd Place votes ought to have the same weight as one 1st Place. That wasn’t true under the old system that gave 5 points for a 1st Place vote, and only 1 for 3rd. The total number of points scored will go down, but a plurality of 2nd and 3rd Place votes will have more effect on the result.

This will be the last year that I collect these ballots for the immediate future; I’ll be happy to help next year’s administrator beat the bushes for votes, but someone else will have to take the actual title. It may be that there are now just too many categories to vote in; it is lovely to receive a ballot with all **24** blanks filled in, but be assured that relatively few voters can think of three choices in every area. There are a lot of ideas out there in regard to the future of the FAAn Awards; perhaps we will rename them in honor of Larry Tucker, as some fans have suggested. I’m looking forward to being able to express opinions about the field again, maybe even handicapping the awards as I occasionally used to do in years past. I’m comfortable with the way I’ve done things for the past 1,000-odd days, but I’m equally satisfied at the prospect of seeing someone else take them over.

He was built with an economy that was almost repellent.

COLOR PARTY: Readers' Letters to FLAG

[I've only got two pages left to print the correspondence on #13, so there may be some comments held over to FLAG #15, which will be a jumbo Corflu issue. As ever, your letters are presented in Georgia, like this, while my comments are extruded in Estrangelo Edessa, like this.]

Brad Foster

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Enjoyed your long piece on the predictions of Dr. A, but find I have no comments to add, at least of any interest. My own predictions for fifty years hence- things will be much different, though fundamentally the same, with most things going faster than they do now. Old people will complain about young people not being as nice as they were "when I was young", young people will complain that old people "just don't get it" Fashion will be odd, music will change. Oh, and the hidden lizard overlords will arise, admit they've been hanging around waiting for us to get something, anything, right, and have run out of patience and will be leaving the planet. Make sure you put this email somewhere safe, and we'll check it in half a century. (I believe that will be around issue 612 of Flag...)

John D. Berry

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You've got a couple of wonderful turns of phrase in "A Present from the Past": "from carbon paper to the digital cloud" and especially "roadways which propel cars with compressed jets of air like a nationwide air hockey table."

I have nothing useful to say about science fiction as prediction factory; I think that's only an incidental aspect of SF, and not particularly interesting. What does not seem incidental at all about SF is that it gives us a way to think about the future, and about the world as something that we (taken in the aggregate) have a real effect on, rather than as a passive backdrop to the human condition. That, I think, is one of the reasons SF exists at all. I agree with Bob Jennings that life is too short to waste time on a book that doesn't speak to you, but I'm surprised that he'd take 100 pages to reach that conclusion. Perhaps he's fairer to books than I am. On the other hand, I suspect that we'd have very different sets of books that we'd find worth reading to the end; plot is not what I read for these days, much as I may enjoy it.

For the record, Laurraine Tutihasi's characterization of early Trek fans matches my outsider's recollection. They might be nerdy, and they were much more likely to be female than the general run of fans at that time, but I don't

recall anyone you'd describe as "hippie" or even particularly bohemian.

Steve Jeffery

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Hey Andy, I found a Kindle copy of Delany's *The Jewel Hinged Jaw* - a book I thought long unavailable or out of print, except for a prince's ransom from specialist book dealers - for a ridiculously modest £2.99 from Amazon. As it contained SRD's essay "To Read the Dispossessed," I snapped it up, even if I don't actually have a Kindle - though I can read it on the Kindle for PC app.

[I was lucky enough to score a copy when Andi Shechter reduced the books in her and Stu Shiffman's collections.]

Margaret Hooper Lofton

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It's pretty neat that Asimov lived as long as he did. Have you seen the commercial they were showing (during the Olympic coverage mostly, I think) where they played a recording of a speech made by Arthur C. Clarke about writing about the future (or something like that)? Frieda likes that one, and she also like the one where they played a recording of Amelia Earhart. (Again, wish I could travel in time!)

Paul Skelton

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Given that, whilst my copy of FLAG 13 (in which you say the next issue is due out in March) only arrived yesterday, probably zillions of fans have already pointed out that your unattributed quote came from the last sentence of the first paragraph of Richard Dengrove's LoC in TRAPDOOR 30. But...in case they haven't....

I don't see why everyone should agree that it is very quaint that Asimov would think the World's Fair would still be an important institution in 2014. In fact we don't even know that he **did** think that, given that the idea to use that as a structure was suggested to him by the editor... Even if he did think so, it would simply have been an example of his 'First Law of Futurics', in that they had been a big deal prior to 1964, and that it was still a big deal in 1964, so logically would continue to be a big deal into the future. Add to this the fact that he was also postulating a population bored out of its skulls, to which even a World's Fair would be something to be eagerly anticipated.

John Purcell

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Thinking about your opening salvo about Asimov's view of 2014 reminds me that I was ten years old in 1964 and a huge fan of the American space program. Still am, but back then I sat glued to the television for every single rocket launch from Cape Canaveral/Kennedy Space Center. What surprises me the most about looking back over these past 50 years of my life is that technology has made huge strides in making life easier in many ways (communication, mostly) but not in terms of efficient space travel/exploration. Oh, some strides have been made: the earth orbit telescopes are yielding incredible images and information about our galaxy and universe, such as the recent announcement of 715 exoplanets in our galactic neighborhood, some of which might be habitable. As if we'd even get there... Still, discoveries like that are exciting, but as my wife frequently notes, how about exploring our oceans? There is so much more to learn there and to preserve the oceans and their vast eco-systems should be a high priority, too.

Back to the Good Doctor's predictions. Man, he sure blew it on understanding human nature, didn't he? America has socially regressed, especially in the past decade and a half, to the point of resembling Puritan New England with its modern-day witch hunts of political & religious quackery. I don't know about you, Andy, but so far the 21st century doesn't instill much hope in me for humanity's future.

Bob Jennings

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I believe Frederick Pohl said it best when he declared that the job of science fiction literature is to prevent the future, not to predict it.

The problem is that it is impossible to predict the future, even the near future with any degree of accuracy at all because things change in unexpected ways. While I can certainly agree with Asimov's "3 Laws of Futurics", the reality is that things shift in completely unexpected ways due to new technology or new ways to commit crimes. Nobody but nobody was able to predict the sudden advent of desktop computers, or the fact that once they were being manufactured, that they would become so popular with the general public that they would become very affordable and as common as television sets, or that the internet would revolutionize the archiving and dissimulation of information, or that on-line retailing would destroy brick & mortar retailing, or that computers and telephones would suddenly combine and become so small and so adaptable that people would carry them around like pocket watches, or even wear them like wrist watches, or that these tech n innovations would allow confidence racketeers and career criminals to manipulate

the banking and real estate markets to create near global economic collapse, not just once, but four times in a row. Not only is it impossible to predict the future, science fiction generally does a terrible job of predicting anything, including new developments in science and technology. For every lucky shot that mentions atomic bombs, test-tube babies, solar energy, or widespread addiction to narcotics, there are hundreds of stories that herald floating cities, matter transmission, cryogenics, humanoid robots, or universal brotherhood thru a unified world state.

[People seem to characterize the same cases as brilliant predictions or huge failures of vision. I think it's more charitable to see SF as *suggesting* things, rather than **predicting** them.]

Marlin Frenzel

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I met Jeff Reese, bass player of No Alternative while we were both working at a costume jewelry wholesaler...I got free passes to all their shows. They opened for X, Black Flag, the Dead Kennedys, etc. Probably the best live concerts for me were Bob Dylan at White Plains, New York...J. Hendrix and Big Brother and the Holding Company on the same bill in S.F. & Elvis Presley at Madison Square Garden.

Hendrix actually said "Hey, how you doing?" to me...after his set he crawled over and asked the girls sitting next to me for a cigarette – then we were all pushed back to accommodate 3 rows of Hell's Angels when Janice hit the stage with her little bottle of Southern Comfort.

Walter Brecker worked with me at Random House in Times Square, I know he was in a jazz rock fusion band but didn't realize it would become Steely Dan until I saw him get his Lifetime Achievement Award at the Grammys.

Other Correspondence Received From:

William Breiding ("And of course, there is always the Zombie Apocalypse."); **Jason Burnett** [Letters on #8 & #9 to appear in FLAG #15]; **Paul Di Filippo** [Sending in trade *A Palazzo in the Stars*, a special publication for Italcon 38]; **Bruce Gillespie** [Pointing the way to glowing reviews of FLAG #7 and #10 in the editorial of *brg* #62]; **John Nielsen Hall** (If my experience is in any way typical, and of course it may not be, then the whole idea of Delany subjecting Le Guin to critical analysis is shown by the passage of time to have been a monstrous impertinence.); **John Hertz** (None of this alters my joy at the more-than-half-full cup of FLAG.); **Mark Plummer** (I wrote a letter to the last Flag, commenting on a typo, 'I said, 'I wrote a letter to Flag engaging with the argument,' said your CHUNGA co-editor. There we are in a nutshell.); **Milt Stevens** [An excellent letter I want to hold for FLAG #15]; and **R-Laurraine Tutihasi** (I really enjoyed the discussion about Le Guin's *Dispossessed* and Delany's *Triton*. I have put them both on my "to be read" list. Delany's *Triton* appears to be out of print, which is too bad; but I'm sure I can get a copy. [If that proves difficult, let me know and I'll hunt one down for you.]).

I admit there is far too much unquestioning friendliness going about on Facebook for my taste...

FANZINE COUNTDOWN: February 28th to March 17th, 2014

1.) RAUCOUS CAUCUS #3, Pat Charnock, 45 Kimberly Gardens, Harringay, London N4 1LD United Kingdom Email to PatCharnock@gmail.com. Utterly comfortable. Not in the ossified, everything-is-all-right-in-garden way that puts you to sleep; it just features material I immediately wanted to read, and presented in a format that made it effortless to do so. There are many features that I've come to expect from a well-tuned fanzine: an amusing "con report" by Claire Brialey, a front cover (by the Great Dan Steffan) that had me studying each unique character in it, and ghost-written narrative attributed to a house cat. But getting a fanzine article from John D. Berry is quite a coup. And Dan also offers some memories of the 1980 Boston Worldcon, punctuated by cartoons created by a brace of artists active at the time. And my favorite piece was Liz Phillips' "The Day The Earth Stood Still," which starts out to be a standard meditation on bibliophilia, and turns into an ode to her marriage to Curt Phillips. And the entire fanzine is executed in text large enough for me to read without my glasses. It should make you want to be a better fan.

2.) THE DRINK TANK #367, Chris Garcia, c/o efanazines.com, email to Garcia @computerhistory.org. An entire issue devoted to introducing fanzine readers to Celeste Aurora, a fan very prominently involved in costuming and currently standing for the Down Under Fan Fund. I think her candidacy is a challenge to fans who have historically preferred to vote for a delegate whose primary fanactivity is publishing. Celeste documents her activity in ample detail on the Web, and if we want to judge on the basis of words produced in the past year, I think she might beat me. I'm not that sure about her sense of color, but I'm really curious to see what kind of contacts she would make in Australia, and she would probably blog her trip report while still on the road. You find the most interesting people, Chris....

3.) VIBRATOR 2.0, Graham Charnock, 45 Kimberly Gardens, London N4 1LD United Kingdom email to graham#cartiledgeworld.co.uk. Actually released to the world last September, but only mailed along with Pat's new issue in the past few weeks, a traditional UK fanzine practice. One understands this, but honestly Graham, if you want to take the piss out of me, you really need to send me the fanzine in which you do so, or I've no idea that I've been pinked. But point taken, nonetheless: I'm sure that Graham "likes" people every bit as much as I do. Best parts concern his granddaughter Eloise, whom I expect to win a Nebula Award, or at least a Nova, just a few years from now. She will very soon have a baby brother to command, and thus her program of world domination will begin. As for its physical qualities, VIBRATOR looks much like a fanzine Graham would have produced 35 or 40 years ago, only I can read it.

4.) SCIENCE FICTION SAN FRANCISCO #150, Jean Martin, et al, c/o efanazines.com, email to SFinSF@gmail.com. Since Sf clubs are apparently an endangered species, the SF clubzine is inevitably disappearing as well. Jean Martin, Chris Erickson and Tom Becker should be proud they have reached the 150-issue milestone. **SF/SF** is a great window into fascinating things that fans are doing *right now*, and reading it always refreshes my enthusiasm for fandom.

5.) OPUNTIA #272, Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7: There is a curious freedom to publishing a frequent fanzine; to fill up those pitiless pages every month, a writer/editor tends to seize every half-decent idea that comes to them. Even the less-than-decent notions will likely have their turn on the line, because another deadline is always coming over the hill. If a reader is left behind by a given issue, you get another pass at them just a few weeks later. After 272 "whole Number" issues and an unknowable volume of "fractional" ones, Dale just jumps into his subjects with both feet and challenges you to keep up with him. This time, he thoughtfully considers Napoleon Hill's 1937 economic self-help manual *Think and Grow Rich*, and pulled me through 15 half-size pages before I realized it. I'm often at a loss for reply, but I'm always interested to see what Dale will take up next.

6.) VANAMONDE #1074 & 1079, John Hertz, 236 Coronado St. #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057. I always enjoy seeing these single-sheet zines from John, but I'm reconsidering my previous remarks to the effect that I wished I received them closer to their publication date. John's comments to other APA-L members sometimes refer to "current events," but his forays into poetry and tiny essays on art will still be delightful 1,000 years from now.

Also Received or Released:

ALEXIAD #73, Joseph T. & Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Ave. Louisville, KY 40204-4020, email to jtmajor@iglou.com
ANSIBLE #320, Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berks, RG1 5AU United Kingdom, ansible.co.uk
BCSFAZINE #489, edited by Felicity Walker for the BCSFA, c/o efanazines.com, email to Felicity4711@gmail.com
BROKEN TOYS #26 and **LOST TOYS #1**, Taral Wayne, 243 Dunn Ave. Apt. 211, Toronto, Ontario M6K 1S6 CANADA, email to Taral@bell.net
DITKOMANIA #92, Rob Imes, 13510 Cambridge #307, Southgate, MI 48195, email to robimes@yahoo.com (Misplaced in January – interesting correspondence from Dave Sim.)
NUMBER ONE #22, Mike McNerny, 83 Shakespeare St., Daly City, CA 94014, Email to ELANDEM@ATT.Net
SWORDBERSON #2, and **THREE ROCKS #5**, Rogers Cadenhead, 135 Jenkins St., Suite 105B, @224, St. Augustine, FL 32086, email to Cadenhead@gmail.com
TIGHTBEAM #269, David Speakman, c/o eFanzines.com, email to cabal@n3fmail.com

Pataphysical? Epicondylar? Corroborative? Write to 11032 30th Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125, or email fanmailaph@aol.com.