

# FLAG

This is issue #16 of FLAG, a frequent fanzine published by Andy Hooper, member fwa, at 11032 30<sup>th</sup> Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125, email to fanmailaph@aol.com. This is a Drag Bunt Press Production. First copies mailed on August 9th, 2014. FLAG appears primarily in printed form, and is available for trade, graphic artwork and cartoons or letters of comment. The next issue will be out in September, 2014. Art Credits: AToM: Page 8; Bill Rotsler: Page 10; Marc Schirmeister: Page 1, Page 3; Steve Stiles: Page 7. Heroic Publisher for the U.K.: Mark Plummer. If you receive this at the Worldcon in London, pretend you know what it is.

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**Destroy your friends! Upgrade and weaponize!**

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## **Remembering Midlothian: Between Corflu and Worldcon**

The last time I composed an issue of FLAG, some three months ago, I was getting ready to travel to Corflu 31 in Midlothian, a suburb of Richmond, Virginia. I was sweating out the arrival of the plaques that I ordered from an online company, to honor the winners of 2014 FAAn Awards. Scheduled to appear the day before we left for Virginia, they were left in a neighbor's garage by the UPS delivery driver, and she brought them to my attention about two hours before we planned to leave for the airport. Nothing else on the actual trip would be nearly that stressful.

The convention itself is something of a pleasant blur in my memory now. It was smaller; there were a few members from the Eastern half of the country who had not attended the con during its long Western residency, but not as many as we had hoped. With an attending membership in the low 40s, it was comfortable in the single huge suite that had been secured for hospitality, and we struggled to occupy more than a fraction of the large programming room.



Aileen and Ken Forman seldom rested, and so we were amply, sometimes lavishly, supplied with food, drink and entertainment for the duration. One completely unique feature was the electric slot car set that Ken had brought from Arkansas, and set up on the big table in the con suite. I once had a similar set, a prized Christmas gift of the 1970s, and the spring-loaded speed controls felt very familiar in my hand.

There were times when it felt a little absurd presenting so much programming to so small a group of fans, but Nic Farey deserves credit for putting together some interesting events that provoked surprisingly intense conversation. He had the now-brilliant idea of scheduling the fanzine auction as the first item on the program Saturday morning, which drew an enthusiastic audience both in the room and on the Internet. One should consult the post-convention issue of JOIN TOGETHER, the Corflu 31 newsletter, for specifics, but the auction raised more than \$1,000, due in significant part to the generosity of distant bidders like Graham Charnock.

[Continued on Page 2]

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**At least two surviving Deep Ones live in Stockholm. One of them sells aquarium supplies.**

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## A Key to the linos published in FLAG #15

**Page 1: “I’m not being dramatic! I’m just worried that I’ll throw up my heart and my head will fly away like a bird!”** The high-strung Craig Middlebrooks (Billy Eichner) has opening night jitters, NBC’s *Parks and Recreation*.

**Page 1: “He suffered for a while under a bad teacher who barely knew Latin”**

From John Fines’ biography of Aelfric, Abbott of Eynsham, in *Who’s Who in the Middles Ages*.

**Page 3: “My Little League team was the Mittendorf Funeral Home Panthers. Our color was black.”**

Columnist George Will explains what made him the man he is today.

**Page 3: “These days, one of the functions I don’t particularly need on my phone is the phone.”**

Memory suggests this was from a *Banana Wings* editorial by Claire Brialey. Or a Facebook post by Ulrika O’Brien. Or both.

**Page 4: “Why couldn’t we have a Miss Universe beauty contest with contestants from Neptune and Mercury, for example?”** Well, I forgot to record the origin of this one. Is it an old movie or an old fanzine? Your guesses are welcome.

**Page 5: “There’s nothing stupid about a teenaged rabbit teaching good hygiene.”**

Space Ghost (George Lowe) defends his programming development ideas; *Space Ghost Coast to Coast*.

**Page 6: “You’re on thin fucking ice my pedigree chums, and I shall be under it when it breaks.”**

The venomous Brick Top (Alan Ford) means what he says, from Guy Ritchie’s *Snatched*.

**Page 7: “Pitcher throws a duster, the batter don’t duck. Well, hell, that’s his tough luck.”**

From *The Universal Baseball Association Inc., J. Henry Waugh, prop.* By Robert Coover, 1968

**Page 8: “I thought Hippy Joel was my friend, but he hunted me like a dang deer.”**

Dr. Steve Brule (John C. Reilly) of Adult Swim’s *Check it Out!* encounters The Most Dangerous Game.

**Page 9: “The dream of the 90s is alive in Portland!”**

A slogan of remarkable insight, from Fred Armisen and Carrie Brownstein’s *Portlandia*.

**Page 10: “I’d like to apologize to my fans for getting into a fight with Nicki Minaj in the VIP Room.”**

**Page 11: “In my defense, I thought she was a robot from the future sent to terminate me.”**

Pretty Boy Flizzy (Michael B. Jordan) explains himself, episode 1 of the Aaron McGruder-less 4<sup>th</sup> Season of *The Boondocks*.

**Page 12: “The modern objective consciousness will go to any lengths to prove it is not unique in the Cosmos.”**

Walker Percy, *Lost in the Cosmos*, 1983

**Page 12: “The furrries all seem to be universally, almost unbearably, nice...”**

Bryan Talbot, reporting from a Furry Convention, in *Ansible* #321

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## Remembering Midlothian: Between Corflu and Worldcon

[Continued from Page 1]

The next most popular program, as measured by the number of fans taking part, was Ken Forman’s Friday evening event, titled “Who’s Your Daddy?” We were asked to construct a sort of fannish family tree using post-it notes, masking tape and pieces of string. You were to identify the person who had been your mento ror point of contact in fandom, and if you could, you were to think of a fan who introduced *them* to fandom, and someone who introduced *them* to fandom, and so back as many steps as you could. Certain fans, like Forry Ackerman and Bob Tucker, were at center of multiple trees, and the resulting forest of notes and string was dizzying.

Sandra Bond was responsible for the most interesting program of the weekend, which was intended to address the attempt to create “Gender Parity” in programming at the British national SF convention, but which inevitably mutated into a conversation about race, sex and the meritocracy of fandom, with side trips to the SFWA newsletter controversy, the selection and de-selection of comedian Jonathan Ross as this year’s Worldcon Toastmaster, and finally, the universal prevalence of sexual harassment in science fiction fandom. I think everyone was a little surprised by the passionate feelings that some people had on the topic, both on the panel and in the audience. Curt Phillips, in particular, must have

felt ambushed; having expressed his belief that fandom has no prejudices toward race or gender, he found himself the target of exception that verged on excoriation. The exchange threatened to become a recitation of opposing political theories until Pat Virzi, bless her, offered the personal observation that she had experienced something that made her feel harassed, menaced or just plain creeped out at almost every convention she had ever attended. And that included the convention that we were currently attending.

When we returned to Seattle, that conversation seemed to be everywhere. Fallout from the nuclear winter of the LonCon 3 committee continued to drift downward, seriously dampening the enthusiasm with which many had anticipated the event. A few weeks later at Wiscon, writer N. K. Jemison gave a fiery Guest of Honor speech in which she decried a rising tide of bigotry and misogyny in both amateur and professional circles within the sf field. It provoked some pushback from writers reluctant to be tarred with the same reactionary brush, but just as with last year’s sexual harassment crisis, it provoked many others to tell their own stories of encountering prejudice, or being simply dismissed or ignored, seemingly for no compelling reason other than their race or gender. No one wants to believe that fandom,

with its stated values of invention, speculation and acceptance, has become the province of chauvinists and bullies, but we need only take a look around us. We made it a point of honor to accommodate the most iconoclastic, and individualistic thinkers among us, and we paid little attention as their fantasies grew more poisonous and corrosive. Or something like that; this topic seems to sprout florid rhetoric like morning glories from a compost bin.

After Corflu, it was all too easy to let my attention be attracted by my area's annual miniature gaming convention, fannish parties and weddings, and research into more early 20<sup>th</sup> Century events in Madison. I had good intentions to publish and correspond with the people I'd seen in Virginia, but the spark was missing. The truth is, there is nothing wrong with Corflu that couldn't be solved by building an active, responsive fanzine community, such as existed when the convention was founded. In its first dozen years or so, I met fanwriters like Charles Burbee, Avedon Carol, Chuch Harris, Bill Rotsler and Bill Bowers. Now even those veteran fan writers who are still living find it difficult to summon the energy to attend the con. All except Art Widner, of course. We had an excellent conversation at Corflu 31, about his experience in the Civilian Conservation Corps immediately before the 1939 Worldcon. But even Art will miss next year's Corflu in Newcastle, ending a streak of 31 years.

One might reasonably say this is the way of all things, but as those of us who once sat in wide-eyed wonder at the knee of a Mike Glicksohn have grown gray-bearded ourselves, there is no young generation of fan writers waiting to hear our anecdotes of meetings with learned fen. They write tweets about cosplay and pin pictures of their food, and they think that Neil Gaiman was one of the Futurians. What we like and how we like to do it is no more intelligible to fans under 40 than bear-baiting and falconry are to us. I can't liken our situation to rearranging the deck chairs on the RMS *Titanic* – we're such a small subculture that the situation is more like swapping the jump seats on the S.S. *Minnow*.

Taking a year off from Corflu is probably the best answer to this ennui. There was some movement toward holding the convention in the Chicago area in 2016, which would mesh nicely with a visit to my family in Madison. Every time I've missed Corflu, I've wished I could be there when the weekend arrived, and returned the next year with renewed enthusiasm.

And more fanzines! I think there were surely no more than 9 or 10 fanzines distributed on the weekend, and that included three issues of the index-card-sized NINE LINES EACH, and a pair of YHOS reprints from Mr. Widner. I think that as

long as we're going to ask \$85.00 to sit in a hotel room and eat pie for three days, we may as well ask \$100, and offer a \$25 rebate at the door for anyone who shows up with an actual zine.

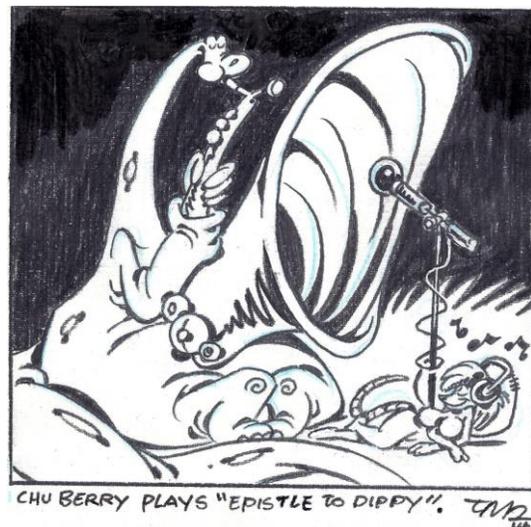
**“There's not enough room in here for all of us”**

I had many conversations at the convention, but not so many I didn't wish for more. I wanted to spend more time talking to you, too, Bill Breiding. After all our semi-elegiac correspondence, I was surprised that you appeared to be significantly younger than me. Is it the Tana leaves?

I think my favorite moment of the weekend may have been the conversation that Ted White and I shared, pretty close to the end of Sunday evening's party. We were both feeling nearly satiated with the weekend's fellowship, but still reluctant to say we'd had enough.

I'm not sure how we came around to music and Charles Mingus, but it never takes much with Ted, and what better cap for a Corflu could there be? I think I'd brought up Michael Dobson's publishing ambitions, and my wish for more paper fanzines at the convention, and this slid into the question of what kind of writing we enjoyed doing the most. The answer came to Ted very easily – it was the work he did over fifty years ago as a young jazz critic living in New York City. His first place in the City had looked out over Cooper Square, and the Five Spot Café was visible from his front window. Given such effortless access to some of the hour's most exciting music in any genre, it was inevitable Ted would write about it with particular enthusiasm.

Verbal excerpts from interviews with Mingus and other musicians followed – I struggled to find an intersection for



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**I tell them that things were better then because cigarettes tasted like burning flesh!**

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## It's time to check out of this dump – and into Hotel Vengeance.

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reply until he mentioned Eric Dolphy. Now I pounced and poured out my own monologue on the work of album cover artist and Franz Zappa collaborator Cal Schenkel, finally reaching the fact that the cover for Frank's album *Burnt Weeny Sandwich* had been created for a project intended to be a memorial to Eric Dolphy, but the producer had rejected it as simply too weird.

"Ah," said Ted. "He was right of course."

The story jogged a particularly pleasant memory for Ted. He and his first wife Sylvia had gone to see Mingus perform. Charlie came up to say hello before the first set. Hearing that Sylvia was a flautist, Mingus promised that he would get the band to work some flute into the evening's music. The show that followed was superb, a memorable night, but there had been no flute-playing. Ted and Sylvia sat enthralled through both sets and the encore, only slightly frustrated that the promised moment had not come. As he emerged from backstage, Mingus saw the two of them at their table, and immediately realized he'd forgotten his promise. So he summoned Eric Dolphy and Yusef Lateef back on stage with their flutes, and asked them to play something for Sylvia.

What they played was not jazz – it bore some resemblance to what is called "Chamber music," simple melodic lines in a disciplined meter – but all improvised on the spot, unique and impossible to reproduce. These were well-known and highly respected musicians at the time – the passage of decades has only increased their standing. Dolphy died of insulin shock in 1964, a needless and enormous loss. Yusef Lateef continued to perform and particularly to teach music at the University of Massachusetts, until he passed away on December 23, 2013 at the age of 94. It must have been glorious to see and hear them perform, and to inspire them to create something together.

The satisfaction of writing about music was immense, but Ted knew the moment was fleeting. He described a gathering in some bar or restaurant, where a gaggle of enthusiastic young music writers were congratulating themselves on their good fortune and perspicacity. Someone – I think it may have been Nat Hentoff, but I'm not sure, so let's call him a Nat Hentoff-like figure, and let Ted write with his corrections – looked at all the earnest, happy little goatees in the room, and shook his head. "You know, I don't think there's room for all of us in here," he said, by which he meant that the field of jazz criticism was already shrinking, and there was no way that all of them could make a living writing in the field. Ted soon reached

the same conclusion, and decided to chase a career in science fiction instead.

"It had more of a future, anyway," I agreed. Far more than Corflu 31 at that moment. We both agreed it was a fine note on which to close the weekend.

As I made my way toward the door, Toronto fan Hope Leibowitz button-holed me briefly to talk about the radio play that we'd presented Saturday night. There was a high school prom going on in the next room during the performance; everyone who had a script seemed to have a great time, but the audience had difficulty hearing us over the strains of "Brick House" pouring in from next door. "Did you ever think of writing a *shorter* play," she queried, "and having people actually *act*?"

Goodnight Corflu, Goodnight.

I've been listening to a nice compact nine-minute version of "Moanin'" with Ronnie Cuber on baritone sax while I wrote this section. And then Yusef Lateef, "Playful Flute," recorded in 1957, and several more of his compositions. Delightful to bring them to life with a brief suggestion to various Internet sources, with only a few insurance-hawking geckos to interrupt the program. I hope we get to talk about sports cars next time.

### Those Wacky FAAn Awards

The Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards are one of the things that I have enjoyed ignoring for the past three months. After months spent flogging everyone in fandom to vote, it was high time to shut up about it. But we're already 8 months into 2014—it will be time to vote again before we know it. Hopefully, among the things we will find out in the first progress report from Tynecon III are the categories for next year's FAAn Awards. After three years of diplomatic silence, I'm eager to endorse the work I'd most like to see win next year.

Having the award plaques, with the winner's name and title cut into a metal plate was nice, and they were not so heavy once we were able to dump them in the trunk of the rental car. They were nothing special compared to the individualized certificates that Dan made for Corflu XXX (Ohh Chicka, etc.), but they're still a unique talisman of some very good work. The design incorporated the Corflu 31 logo, and I thought they looked pretty impressive. Which is lucky, since I ended up with two of them to keep.

### First, Second and Third Place Finishers, 2014 FAAn Awards:

**Best Website:**

1st Place: eFanzines.com  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Place: File770.org  
 3rd Place: Ansible.co.uk

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

1st Place: Robert Lichtman  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Place: Paul Skelton  
 3rd Place: Lloyd Penney

**Best Fanzine Cover**

1st Place: **Inca** #9, by Harry Bell  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Place: **Trap Door** #30, by Dan Steffan  
 3rd Place: **Banana Wings** #53, by D. West

**Best Personal Fanzine**

1st Place: **FLAG** – Andy Hooper  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Place: **Broken Toys** – Taral Wayne  
 3rd Place: **A Meara for Observers** – Mike Meara

**Best Genzine:**

1st Place: **Banana Wings** -- Brialey & Plummer  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Place: **Chunga** -- Byers, Hooper & Juarez  
 3rd Place: **Raucous Caucus**, Pat Charnock

**Best Single Issue:**

1st Place: **Trap Door** #30 – Robert Lichtman  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Place: **Chunga** #21 – Byers, Hooper & Juarez  
 3rd Place: **Raucous Caucus** #2, Pat Charnock

**Best Fan Artist:**

1st Place: Steve Stiles  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Place: Dan Steffan  
 3rd Place: D. West

**Best Fan Writer:**

1st Place: Andy Hooper  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Place: Roy Kettle  
 3rd Place: Claire Brialey

Thank you again to everyone who voted, not forgetting to particularly notice everyone who voted for me. It is a curious thing to give yourself egoboo, but also a fannish tradition.

Before leaving the subject, I also want to congratulate FLAG contributor **Ray Farady Nelson** on receiving the Corflu Lifetime Achievement Award, for his long and remarkably inventive service to our fandom. The popularizer of the propeller beanie, a published pro, a student of Zen, Ray's charming art and writing have appeared in more than a thousand fanzines in a career that has spanned *seven decades*.

I found it completely delightful that Corflu 31 chose to honor him. Ray now joins an august group that includes Elinor Busby, Earl Kemp, Shelby Vick, Ted White & Art Widner. It isn't just a group of accomplished fan writers and creators – most have also been closely connected to Corflu, at different points in its 31-year-history. I don't know if Ray has ever attended the convention in person, but his art has been a frequent part of its landscape – he contributed the cover for this year's program book, and will probably be popping up in these pages in the very near future.

My only regret was choosing to decorate Ray's award with the phrase "Artist – Writer – Beatnik." If I had it to do over again, I'd simplify it to "Beat." As Ted White pointed out, "Beatnik" is a word coined by *LIFE* magazine, that relied on association with the then-recent launch of Sputnik for its relevance. But knowing that also seemed to make the reference slightly more stfnal, so I can live with it. Will Tynecon III add the first British fan to this list in 2015? Keep watching the skies!

**Wedding with Brazilian Terror Bird**

The social event of the summer season in Seattle fandom was the wedding of Andi Shechter and Stu Shiffman on the 18<sup>th</sup> of June, with a ceremony and reception at the University of Washington's Burke Museum. Well over fifty people were there, including fannish and family friends who had come from distant states and cities to wish the couple well. By skipping Potlatch this year, we missed seeing many Bay Area friends, so it was a treat to see Spike, Rich Coad, Deb Notkin and others who were there.

It was also wonderful to see that several of the caregivers who have worked with Stu in the two years since his stroke were also able to come. We are all very grateful to them for the fact Stu is still with us, and that he was doing well enough to go through the whole megillah – so many guests! The music, the documents, the huppah, the tears – it was overwhelming for everyone, and he bore it all with his usual humor and dignity. He needed a bit of mechanical assistance to break the glass at the end of the ceremony, but it was perhaps no more than an appropriately steampunk moment. And not to sell Andi short – she has plenty of challenges of her own, but I completely forgot about that fact for that afternoon, when she seemed to have transformed herself into the World's Strongest Bride.

Given the choice of dates – the 199<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Anglo-Allied victory over Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo – the choice of a natural history and anthropology museum for the event seemed propitious. I kept being distracted by various small exhibits and interpretive displays, and kept asking people to shift their

conversation to the left or right as I tried to read over their shoulders. The center of the room is dominated by the fossilized skeleton of a man-sized flightless bird that stalked the savannah of South America some 22 million years ago. *Paraphysornis brasiliensis*, the “Brazilian Terror-Bird,” thrived at a time when South America had separated from Africa, and was isolated from the rest of the world. Without other apex predators to compete with, South America’s flightless birds became formidable hunters, some growing more than ten feet tall. About 2.5 million years ago, the isthmus of Panama formed a permanent bridge between North and South America, allowing land animals to pass between them. “Terror Birds” made a sudden appearance in the fossil record in Texas and Florida, but there they had to compete with saber-toothed cats and bears, and the mammals clearly won. I found that I kept looking over my shoulder at an axe-shaped beak as big as the plate I was eating from, happy once again that I was not in the Aquitanian Age of the Miocene Epoch.

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**With his background of Rosicrucianism and Dianetics he should be just the man to organize an SF convention.**

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[As I promised in FLAG #15, here is the first piece by another writer to appear in the fanzine outside the letter column. The family history that I shared in #14 inspired Uncle John, financial hero of Corflu 31, to send this; I hope you like it as much as I do.]

## **A HISTORY**

### **By John Nielsen Hall**

Long ago, in a part of Denmark where people spoke German, in a place that was German for a time and Danish at others, and Swedish long before either, a little girl grew up and when she was about eleven years old, her father died. For a woman to survive on her own with children in those times was a tough proposition. It was not long therefore before the little girl’s mother had married another man who became her step-father. At this distance in time, it is impossible to know what happened between the little girl and her new step-father. He may not have abused her, but, not being his child perhaps he wasn’t that warm towards her either. Or perhaps she was an awkward adolescent, unable to accept someone else in her father’s place. Whatever happened, she left home and worked as a servant in a house in a coastal town.

Her employers at the house improved on her education, which they need not have done, and broadened her horizons. The harbour in this town was a place where people left Europe in hope of a better life in America. She must have seen the people -- men, women, children, the elderly as well as babes-in-arms, some with treasured possessions -- boarding the ships. But she needed money for the passage, which she had not got. One day she met a

That plate was filled several times – the food at the reception was one of the best meals we have eaten in recent history, let alone at a catered event like a wedding. The buffet was full of Levantine and Mediterranean delicacies, including perfectly prepared cuts of lamb, delicious dolmas, tabbouleh, and koftas. We ate as much as we could imagine, and there was still a large volume of food left, which we were invited to take home! The leftovers made an equally memorable lunch the next day, so from my stomach’s point of view, this was one of the best weddings ever.

Thanks again to Stu and Andi for sharing their happiness with us, and letting us be there as they begin a new chapter in a story that has already entertained us for years. A good year has more weddings and birthday parties than memorials, and this event was a flash of fireworks in the summer sky.

young man from another part of Europe who also spoke German, who had been offered a job in England. England was not America, but it was a place where prosperity was possible, and had suffered no foreign incursion in hundreds of years, and no domestic armed strife for nearly two hundred years either. It was a whirlwind romance with the young man, and they married the day before they sailed for England. They agreed that if things did not work out, they would save his earnings as much as possible and go on to America.

So it was the pair of them arrived in a smoke filled, filthy part of England, where the sun struggled to shine between the belching chimneys of iron foundries, chain making works, drop forges and -- where her new husband was due to take up his position -- glass makers. Her husband had a skill he had learned in still another part of Europe, where they made fine coloured and shaped glass, much in demand in England. English glass makers needed men like him to make their own product, which would have the same quality as the original “Bohemian” glass, but would be cheaper. He and his wife acquired as much English as they ever needed, and they prospered. They had no less than fourteen children, most of them girls. They never went to America.

All the girls married. One of them married a man whose own parents, before his father died, had sent him out to India, to be part of the army which backed up the the British administration of that vast country. After 1914 much of that army had to be redeployed back to Europe,

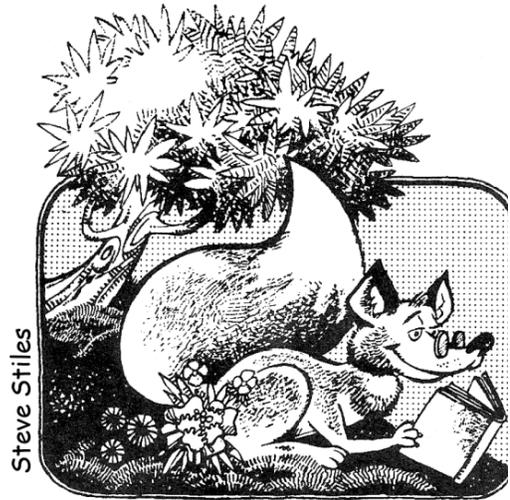
first to the disaster that was Gallipoli in Turkey, and then, to the utter carnage of the Western Front. By blind chance, that young man survived all that, though he had a wounded leg that pained him the rest of his life, and he returned to England. With his new wife and his savings, they started a shop selling hardware and boots and shoes to that community around those dirty streets and factories that his wife's parents had come to live among.

Making a living of any kind, let alone from a shop, was tough by the 1930's and by then they had two daughters of their own. They made a bold decision to buy a car, at huge expense. He had learnt to drive in the army, and with the car he could sell door to door and make deliveries for customers who came to the shop. But then war came again, and the few goods they could sell were rationed. They couldn't get fuel for the car, and their part of England was bombed night after night for weeks. The shop survived but most of its customers lost their homes.

The eldest of the two girls had a boyfriend who was evacuated to Wales, then was called up into the army and sent to the Far East. When the war was over, he finally returned, underweight and ill. Her father was now able to get the car out of the garage where it had been stood all through the bombing and miraculously come through unscathed. He got a good deal off a second hand car dealer desperate for business and sold it and bought another. The "rounds" for the shop covered an ever larger area, as customers from the old days got homes further away from the flattened streets of the old community. The eldest daughter married her boyfriend and they started to have children. The eldest of them is writing this.

My grandparents sold the shop, and retired to Wiltshire where I now live. My grandfather died suddenly in 1958. My grandmother, a powerful stubborn woman who owed much to her mother who had left Denmark all that time ago, lived on to 1988. My mother, her eldest daughter, inherited many of those genes and qualities, but whose legacy I am still, with my grey hairs, trying to come to terms with. In her, stubbornness shaded to obsession. She lived only for my father -- her children were just there; of use at times, and to be ignored when not. After my father died in 2003, nothing her children said could persuade my mother that life was worth living. She connived at her own ill health by neglect, and died in 2006.

How might things have been different? If Great Grandmother had gone to America after all? If my Grandfather had been killed in the Great War or his shop destroyed in 1940? And, of course, if my mother had never met my father, obviously. How might the world have been different if these things had never happened. Who might I have been instead?



## COLOR PARTY: Readers' Letters to FLAG

[Having let three months pass between issues, I'm editing some of the conversation that seems particularly dated now. Your letters are presented in Georgia, like this, while my comments are expressed in Estrangelo Edessa, like this.]

### Kate Yule

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kyule@spiritone.comhide

You said "I would hope that the policy of Gender Parity in programming at the [Eastercon] would attract many more women to participate in the event; if not, what has it accomplished?" I see two ways to interpret "participate", and offer responses to both.

Things such a policy could accomplish, even if it didn't result in more female convention attendees (yet):

- Bring in interesting and competent speakers who get overlooked in the conventional process
- Allow those women who are there, to see themselves represented
- Remind the men who are there that male voices are not the only ones worth hearing
- Give a more complete and thus more accurate view of the world.

With that last point, I'm not talking about "Oh, women are more nurturing and men think of everything in terms of power" blah blah blah. Whether or not inherent, biology-based distinctions exist, we most certainly have made distinctions between what it is to be male and what it is to be female in our society. It is foolish to think that those distinctions would not lead to different perspectives, different priorities, different insights. And to believe that hearing only from Group A is sufficient and universal, is even more foolish.

Things such a policy could accomplish, even if it didn't result in more female panelists/presenters\*:

- Make both concom and members more aware of the disparity.
- Disrupt complacency. Spur continuing change.

\* which it did -- see Simon Bradshaw's blog post "Panel Parity, What We Achieved and How We Did It" on [eightsquaredcon.wordpress.com](http://eightsquaredcon.wordpress.com).

So, all in all, entirely worthwhile.

[There seems to be a wave of consciousness-raising going on all over fandom at the moment, so I simply bow to your logic, Kate.]

### David Redd

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Got intrigued by Greg Benford's take on fictional utopias and particularly his analysis of the regressive mode. He rightly points out that there are alternative modes (mainly USA) including regulation through "gratification of individual needs", but it's the regressive consensus which fascinates me.

Why do his "five regressive ideas" occur often? I'd guess that it's the natural appalled writer's response to government by empire-builders (from warrior kings to high-tech nations) who suborn society to the rulers' acquisition of territory, wealth and power. Anyone staring into the fire or the beer-glass for hours must conclude that for any ideal society to work the average citizen would still need keeping in line. Right. Put in control measures to stop self-interest and greed disrupting the utopia. And the best control figure is the patriarch, the dictator. Heinlein's Competent Man. (I keep thinking, might be worth looking at *Farnham's Freehold* again one day?)

Mustn't get sidetracked. Does utopian fiction have any relevance to the real world, and is commenting on the agenda of such fiction as Greg does here a worthwhile activity? Yes to both, I'm sure. We may have lost most



empire-builders (although the trade is being revived in Russia, just as social philosopher Jeremy Clarkson predicted a decade ago) but in their place we have business systems which act as quasi-organisms and engage in empire-building rather than utopia-building. The "western business model" of civilisation is in fact as greedy and destructive as the old Roman Empire; it is effectively destroying sustainable society in pursuit of immediate profit through gratification of desires. (The purpose of profit is profit?) Whatever, from current experience in the UK I can show you some symptoms of a non-regressive society. Trying to match Greg's five ideas:

- General tolerance of ethnic diversity, with largely non-violent social controls.
- Globalised supply chains wipe out local production of food, etc, deferring or transferring the true costs (externalities) of such production into unquantified future risk – meaning that change is a working tool and will be inevitable.
- Labour-saving devices and "efficient" production methods only operable by adults prevent children from learning traditional life-skills.
- Authority's main aim is to help big successful business keep or regain success, even though a financial squeeze on everyone else stresses-out families and dismantles "unprofitable" provisions in the social fabric.
- Commercial entertainment fills up minds with information irrelevant to living normal lives, and are addictive enough to channel people into game-playing rather than work, politics, etc.

Perhaps I should have pondered for rather longer than just today, but even from these quick mumbles some things do stand out: non-homogenous ethnicity, innovations, no central Moses-figure, sport and entertainment as forces for conformity. So, since the "regressive" utopias clearly don't fit our present society, what about the earlier society they were responses to? To me, the characteristics of many utopias run counter to those "Western European ideals" Greg evidently thinks we should value.

Hitler's "thousand-year Reich" was a homogenising utopian movement. How dismaying to recognise the five Benford factors of idealists in the Nazi new order. If only Norman Spinrad's *The Iron Dream* had re-engaged the reader's intellect at its end, we might have been having this discussion forty years earlier. More recently, in Afghanistan the Taliban, although justly termed "brutally reductionist", have been in effect utopian activists.

Finally, and this is the reason why I think Greg's analysis was worth doing for more than just literary reasons, we are seeing events in the Islamic State of Iraq and Syria (ISIS) which are wholly predictable and explicable from the Benford factors. Here is a translated news item which spurred me to this response and which I quote in full:

"ISIS has issued the following proclamations in Mosul and the province of Nineveh.

1. It is time for an Islamic state.

2. Women should dress decently. They should only leave their homes when absolutely necessary.
3. Shrines and graves should be destroyed.
4. Any gathering or the carrying of any flag (apart from the Isis flag) or carrying weapons is forbidden.
5. The police and soldiers of the unbelievers can repent. We have opened places for you to do this.
6. No drugs, cigarettes or alcohol is permitted.
7. Tribal leaders and sheikhs should not work with the government.
8. We ask all Muslims to pray at the mosque at the correct time.
9. Money we have taken from the government is now for the benefit of the people. Only the Imam of the Muslims may spend it. Thieves will have their hands cut off.
10. We are the soldiers of Islam and we have taken on the responsibility of re-establishing the Islamic caliphate."

So, how utopian is that? USA gun-owners, no more shooting. Go pray at the mosque instead. NHL ice girls, no more exploitation or jiggle tests. Just decent home life. No drugs. Repent. Utopia.

But I still wouldn't want to live there.

I find the five regressive ideas very enlightening. They mean, basically, that we still have no workable sustainable model of human civilisation. Thanks for pointing them out – and for mentioning *Triton* and *Brave New World* as other thought-experiments of interest. I regret having downsized Plato's *Republic* too soon, and that I'll probably never have time to read up on all this sufficiently to write some thought-experiment fiction myself.

[Reading through your points made me reflect that many people define utopia strictly in political terms, while others are more concerned with basic elements of survival, like food, clothing and shelter. In the ISIS model, any situation can be utopian with a sufficiently rigid ideological regimentation. It's been a surprisingly productive concept for something that has ostensibly been dead – as a literary device – for nearly fifty years.]

### Joseph Nicholas

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I did like your response to Greg Benford's comments about the nature of science fictional utopias, remarking that none of the characteristics he identifies are present in Iain Banks's *Culture*. Nor could they be, given that the *Culture* is a utopia of abundance and hedonism; in actual fact, it's a literal communist utopia, where communism is taken as the emancipatory philosophy is was theorised as (where the AIs do most of the work of running the show) rather than the dictatorships which claimed to practice it during the twentieth century (Stalinism, Maoism). Perhaps this is why some US critics seem to have problems in coming to terms with the *Culture*: they recognise that it's not the triumph of capitalism, but balk at openly acknowledging the triumph of an opposing philosophy with the same

initial letter. Anyway, the fact that the *Culture* refuses the characteristics identified by Benford does rather undermine any pretence to their universal application to science fiction utopias, never mind an attempted division between European and US utopias.

Like many of those who responded, I read your piece on old photographs and postcards of Madison with great interest, but couldn't find therein a hook on which I could rest any comments. I don't collect old photographs and postcards myself, although I know a couple of people who do (the identity of one of them might surprise you, given her political backstory) and can see the pleasure to be derived from it (or from collecting anything, really), but for some reason or another collecting (of anything) has never appealed to me. I have mementos of various kinds -- bits of broken coral from some beaches in northern Australia, for instance....fragments of Minoan pottery from Crete....smooth pebbles from Kimmeridge Bay in Purbeck....box sets of Australian stamps from roughly 1980 to 2000 -- but there's nothing there that one would dignify with the term "collection". "Collection" suggests dedication, persistence, focus, evenings devoted to researching price and availability, weekends spent scouring markets and auction houses, whereas all I have is Bits of Stuff. Stuff which, in all likelihood, will be of absolutely no interest or meaning to anyone else in years to come.

[I think that collecting has a bad reputation in many people's eyes because they equate it with obsessive completism, the notion that a collection's purpose is to have every possible example within the chosen set. But in reality, most collections are assembled in a more random fashion, reflecting the life of the collector. Wrangling material culture, giving it emotional meaning beyond its objective value, is an essential part of the modern human experience.]

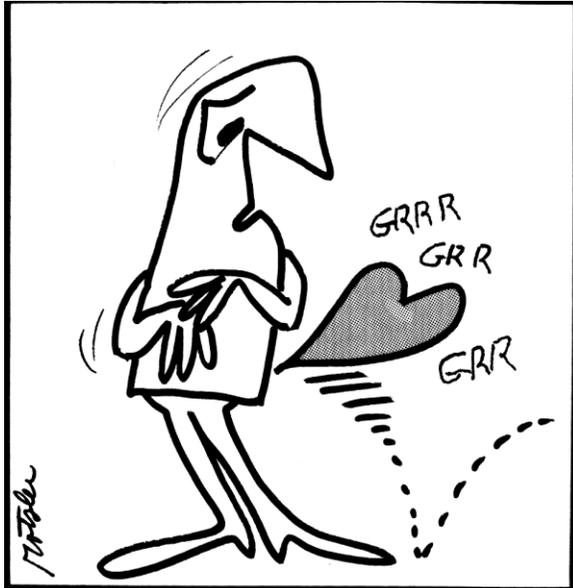
### Steve Jeffery

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Though not directly related, I thought you might appreciate the following quote from Steven Spielberg, which I came across in the Epilogue of film critic Mark Kermode's *The Good, The Bad and the Multiplex* (Arrow 2012, p.299). Spielberg, at 60, is reminiscing about the loss of "heady whiff of celluloid" associated with traditional film making now that all but a few low budget or fiercely independent films have succumbed to digital mastering and distribution.

" An editing room with film [] smells like... well, it's the same smell that King Vidor smelled, and D. W. Griffiths smelled, and Cecil B. DeMille smelled, and John Ford smelled. It's the same smell that Kurosawa smells, and Truffaut smells and Antonioni smells. It's the smell of our medium."

Change a few key words and names and this paean could have appeared in any number of fanzines of the last two or three decades, mourning the lost art of mimeo or hand cranked fanzine duplication.



As I've written elsewhere before, one of my early con highlights was seeing the fanzine room in one of the Mexicons (IV or V), where the con newsletter was being composed, compiled and printed on an array of technology that spanned probably forty or fifty years of fanzine production.

[I can recall some interesting sessions in the 1990s, when fantastically expensive and state of the art laser printers were used to generate copy that was then fitted to the drum of an electro-stenciler in preparation for reproduction on a mimeograph. Glorious, ridiculous fun.]

#### John Hertz

236 S. Coronado St. #409 Los Angeles, CA 90057

Easy to absolve s-f from questions of predictive accuracy. I can as easily absolve myself from questions of Marathon running. It's mundane to think s-f is in the prediction business.

Campbell's masterly "Who Goes There?" certainly is character-driven, to use that unfortunate expression. I led a discussion of "Goes" at Reconstruction (2010 NASFiC) and am scheduled for another at Westercon LXVII. I'm delighted to see it on the Retro-Hugo ballot. The main ballot shows how effective my note in *Banana Wings* 55 was, alas.

*Collecting Science Fiction Books* <[www.collectingsf.com](http://www.collectingsf.com)> is still asleep, and its fate is still unlearned, but meanwhile friends have plans afoot for some electronic locus of my dozen or so 1,500-word book notes there; a few are in my most recent collections *On My Sleeve* (20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's

*Court*) and *Neither Complete Nor Conclusive* (*The End of Eternity*, *Best of F&SF* 13, *Past Master*).

Leibowitz on reciting "Miniver Cheevy" reminds me of the great filkers' wisecrack, which I heard from Nate Bucklin, "We've memorized about half these songs. Usually the first half."

Shechter and Shiffman wed, hurrah. Any moderately well educated Jewish mystic could tell you all our lives are Tetragrammaton fragments.

#### William Breiding

P.O. Box 961 Dellslow, WV 26531

I was hoping to make a more substantial contribution via LOC on #15 of FLAG but nothing comes... great locs from everyone. A rare Rich Coad LoC!

Enjoyed meeting you at Corflu. It was fun watching you during the performance of *Treehouse of Fandom*.

You knew I wanted a copy of *Fancylopedia2*, even a photocopy. Why did I fall for your trick of bidding against me? Ha. Ha. Ha.

#### Other Correspondence Received From:

**Paul Di Filippo** (FLAG #15 was splendid! What great correspondents you have earned. Hope Corflu was a blast! Wish I could be as sanguine as you about the future of fandom.); **Marlin Frenzel** (George Orwell or Philip K. Dick's visions are about all we can expect or deserve. As someone observed, 'History repeats itself...but unfortunately not the lessons of history.');

**Murray Moore** (I have two memories of Asimov from my first big SF convention, Torcon 2 in 1973. An arriving young man, i.e. my age, ascending the escalator in the Royal York Hotel inquiring "Is Isaac Asimov here?" And Asimov on a panel drawing boos from audience members for saying, to control population growth, the number of children allowed a couple would have to be limited.); **R-Laurraine Tutihasi** (I hope you're enjoying your summer. Since my sister lives in Federal Way and I talk with her weekly, I know your weather is much cooler.); and **Howard Waldrop** (My address is now (again) 3213 Barton View Dr. Austin, TX 78735-6934. Now that the COA dust has settled, I can tell you thanks for the review of 1/2 of *Horse of a Different Color* in FLAG. I hope you enjoy the rest of them as well.)

[I certainly did Howard, it's a very fine collection. I'm planning to write a more complete review and will hopefully be able to get it published somewhere with more than 180 readers.

And that brings us to the end of your correspondence for this issue. I apologize if I have ignored or misplaced any postcards or emails during the interminable three-month delay. I plan to publish again only a week or so after returning from LonCon 3, so LoC accordingly!]

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**Basically, I suppose, I stay in fandom because it affords me an audience.**

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## FANZINE COUNTDOWN: April 24<sup>th</sup> to August 9<sup>th</sup>, 2014

1.) **A MEARA FOR OBSERVERS #17**, Mike Meara, c/o efanazines.com, email to amfocontact1@virginmedia.com. Such a charming bagatelle. Mike prefers we not review him (send a LoC instead), so I can't help but put him at the top of the list. I even forgive the landscape design, because he uses it to such good effect here, inserting color photos like a drunken toner salesman on payday. Mike begins with a nod to wine-tasting activities at last year's Corflu before diving into a well-detailed account of travel in Virginia and Maryland with Corflu 31 in the middle. Mike's done a much better job than I of capturing the full ambience of this year's event, so I direct you to his narrative to redeem the lapses in mine. He's also blaring a horn for Nigel Rowe's proposed Chicago Corflu 33, so I suppose I can drop my veil of discretion now. A great issue, a great personal fanzine, always forthcoming, never unctuous.

2.) **VIBRATOR 2.0.3 & 2.0.4**, Graham Charnock, 45 Kimberly Gardens, London N4 1LD United Kingdom email to graham#cartiledgeworld.co.uk. Yes, two of the bloody things! And I don't doubt that another will be passed out to those attending Graham's party after the Worldcon, which I can't go to, because we have to fly out on Tuesday at noon. Graham likes to keep you on your toes – there is little separation between editorial material and letters from Graham's many correspondence, conferring a bristling, stream-of-consciousness to his fanzine. Keeps one awake. Liked the tour of San Francisco's Amoeba Records in 2.0.3. 2.0.4 was 14 gangling pages long, the sort of thing that always used to have the back page torn off by the time it came to you in Graham's heyday. He shares some thoughts on death, not nearly as morbid as he suggests, talks about birds, gardens, being unfriended by Gary Farber. He must be doing something right, Bill Breiding keeps writing to him. What can be more diverting than an eloquent, prolific writer explaining at length why he does not write? The New English Paradox outconfuses its Axis counterpart by a whopping 330%. Casualties were appalling.

3.) **JIAN T #2**, Sandra Bond, 40 Cleveland Park Ave. London E17 7BS United Kingdom email to jiant@ho-street.demon.co.uk. Pretty brawny for an ensmallled fanzine, and there is a lot of punch in these 14 pages – quite a lot of correspondence on issue #1, a humorous anecdote from a fan now not generally heard from (John Dallman), and some timely natter on the Taff race, a proposed Seattle relaxicon before the 2015 Worldcon and more. How sublime a quandary for John Nielsen Hall, to be quoted – but in a hated lino! I applaud Sandra's decision to also distribute JIAN T electronically, but I wonder at the policy of delaying release until paper copies have been replied to – seems like it is difficult enough to get people to click through to your content as it is. But let ensmallment reign: Here's hoping another little JIAN T is waiting for me when I get to London.

4.) **THE DRINK TANK #373**, Chris Garcia, c/o efanazines.com, email to Garcia@computerhistory.org. Having taken so long between my own 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> issues, I have missed about 10 issues of Chris' long-running fanzine. This was my favorite, although a sorrowful issue; Chris gives a very heartfelt farewell to science fiction writer Jay Lake, who passed away just days short of his 50<sup>th</sup> birthday earlier this year. Looking at all the covers of Lake's books which stud the margins of the issue, it hits you just how prolific Jay was – but there is still the feeling that something unforgettable and universally read lay in his future, had cancer not stolen first his attention and finally his life. Chris writes very honestly of how badly he misses him, and one sees again why fandom has embraced this fanzine across its history.

5.) **RANDOM JOTTINGS#9**. Michael Dobson, 8042 Park Overlook Drive, Bethesda, MD 20817, email to Michael@dobsonbooks.com. Publishing anything on an annual basis is more affordable than working on a "frequent" schedule, but the amount of time which Mike devotes to these hefty memoirs is what really ought to stagger us. The fantastic full color cover illustrations by Harry Grant Dart and Dan Steffan are also pretty croggling. This issue is concerned more explicitly with Mike's experiences in fandom, but also features contributions from several other writers, including Earl Kemp (Who offers more Nixonia, in a "supplement" to #8) and Lisa Tuttle. It concludes with a loving facsimilie of RANDOM JOTTINGS #1, from September of 1970. Slews around between things I barely recall to things I remember vividly, like the career of Sharyn McCrumb – thus a distinctly satisfying read. I look forward to seeing what may appear in issue #10.

6.) **SaM #16**, Steve Stiles, 11 8613 Lucerne Road, Randallstown, MD, 21133 email to stevecartoon2001@gmail.com. This fanzine contains what we might call a timebinder bomb – the previous issue was published 31 years ago, for the 1983 Worldcon in Baltimore, Steve hands it to me, and I don't think, wow, what a revenant fossil this is. I think, oh, cool, another issue of SaM, I really liked #15, which came out for ConStellation, and that's a Worldcon I recall vividly because of the coverage in fanzines, so it must be a recent event, right? What? 31 years ago? And indeed, one wishes for another issues slightly sooner, because although Steve is a multiple FAAn-award winning artist and cartoonist, he also writes very entertainingly, and one hates to see him pour his heart out to Facebook when he could be talking to us. You may have eclipsed 70, Steve, but you're still a Wobbly juvenile delinquent to me.

7.) **ASKEW #9**, John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, TX 77845, Email to j\_purcell54@yahoo.com. John talks about the first science fiction book that he read, Jack Williamson's *The Cometeers*. He found it casually stuffed between some Ellery Queen and Rex Stout paperbacks. I wish I

could remember the first SF book that I read – it might have been an illustrated edition of *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*, but it also feels like science fiction just seeped into me, through the combined efforts of Carl Barks, Irwin Allen, and Gene Roddenberry. John also fits some fanzine reviews into his 8 pages. Good lad. But note to Fred Lerner – what do I have to do to get you to send me LOFGORNOST again?

**8.) FADEAWAY #41 & 42**, Robert Jennings, 29 Whiting Rd. Oxford, MA 01540-2035 Email to fabficbks@aol.com. That's right, two for the price of one again! Who else gives you 12 fanzine reviews when the contract only calls for 10? One of Bob's greatest assets is his relentless schedule – let two or three issues pile up and you have enough reading for a four-hour flight. Highlights of #41 include some dire predictions on the future of comics, and an excellent overview of *The Black Cat* magazine, an influential detective pulp that ran from the 890s until 1922. In #42, Robert corrects or modifies some of those dire predictions for comics, and contains a piece of particularly faanish interest, a "History of the Propeller Beanie," by Rich Dengrove, drawn from a fine bibliography of fanzine sources. Great on paper, even better online with numerous color photos and illustrations.

**9.) ASKANCE #31**, John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, TX 77845, Email to j\_purcell54@yahoo.com. John's created a sensible arrangement, where he publishes his small personal fanzine on paper, and generally restricts his larger general interest fanzine to the web. There are other advantages of course, as one can be the bellwether of the other. John makes it into the countdown twice on the strength of Randy Byers piece remembering Lucius Shepard, who was part of the extended fan/writer community in Seattle, and cut a memorable swath through many parties. The times when he felt pugilistic were always so memorable because he was so big – something I know a little about myself. But his writing was even more arresting – Randy mentions his first novel *Green Eyes*, among others, but I always admired him as a short story writer, and felt his best work were more mainstream stories about fighters and cops. In memory, he looms even larger than he did in life, which one would think impossible.

**10.) ORPHEUM #7**, Alan White, 6244 Chinook Way, Las Vegas, NV 89108, online c/o pixelmotel.com, or eFanzines.com, email to alan@pixelmotel.com. Orpheum is the fanzine equivalent of those carbon-fiber supercars that they like to test on Top Gear, the sort that a normal person can't drive without spinning hopelessly over steering and spinning out like a pinwheel. Some really eye-popping art in this issue, some fun writing by Jacq Monahan about the kind of food we enjoyed in days gone by, a gallery of cool old fanzine covers that Alan did back in the day. But there is also some material promoting Galaxycon, which was to be accompanied by a fannish remora titled "Toner 2," and the whole enterprise has been cancelled for the immediate future – as I said, you need someone like The Stig to keep these superfandoms on the track. More costume pictures than an issue of YIPE!

**Also Received or Released:**

**ALEXIAD #74 & 75**, Joseph T. & Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Ave. Louisville, KY 40204-4020, email to [jtmajor@iglou.com](mailto:jtmajor@iglou.com)  
**ANSIBLE #322 - 324**, Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berks, RG1 5AU United Kingdom, [ansible.co.uk](http://ansible.co.uk)  
**BCSFAZINE #492 - 494** edited by Felicity Walker for the BCSFA, c/o efanzines.com, email to [Felicity4711@gmail.com](mailto:Felicity4711@gmail.com)  
**BREAKING IT ALL DOWN, Vol. 1, #3**, Alexander Case, 9150 SW 4<sup>th</sup> St. Wilsonville, OR 97070, online c/o eFanzines.com.

**BROKEN TOYS #28 & 29**, Taral Wayne, 243 Dunn Ave. Apt. 211, Toronto, Ontario M6K 1S6 CANADA, email to [Taral@bell.net](mailto:Taral@bell.net)

**CLAPTRAP #2 - 4** Arnie Katz, 909 Eugene Cernan, Las Vegas, NV 89145, available at efanzines.com, email to [Crossfire4@cox.net](mailto:Crossfire4@cox.net).

**COUNTER-CLOCK #18 & CLOCKWISE 2014**, Wolf von Wittig, Via Dei Banduzzi 6/4, 33050 Bagnaria Arsì (Ud), Italy, email to [wolfram1764@yahoo.se](mailto:wolfram1764@yahoo.se)

**DITKOMANIA #93**, Rob Imes, 13510 Cambridge #307, Southgate, MI 48195, email to [robimes@yahoo.com](mailto:robimes@yahoo.com)

**THE DRINK TANK #370 - 380**, Chris Garcia, c/o efanzines.com, email to [Garcia@computerhistory.org](mailto:Garcia@computerhistory.org).

**ECDYSIS #3**, Jonathan Crowe, online c/o eFanzines.com, email to [ecdysis@mcwetboy.met](mailto:ecdysis@mcwetboy.met)

**eCube Vol. 38, #7**, edited by Jeanne Gomoll for SF3, email to [appdev@aol.com](mailto:appdev@aol.com).

**FANTHOLOGY 2013**, edited by Murray Moore, 1065 Henley Road, Mississauga ON L4Y 1C8 Canada, online at eFanzines.com

**ICONIC BOOKSHOPS IN AUSTRALIA**, Bill Wright, Unit 4, 1 Park Street, St. Kilda West, Victoria 3182 AUSTRALIA, online c/o eFanzines.com.

**KALIEN #88**, James Allen, Melbourne, Australia, c/o eFanzines.com

**LAKE GENEVA #5**, Pablo M. A. Vasquez III, c/o eFanzines.com, email to [chepablo@gmail.com](mailto:chepablo@gmail.com)

**MY BACK PAGES #12**, Rich Lynch, P.O. Box 3120, Gaithersburg, MD 20885, email to [rw\\_lynch@yahoo.com](mailto:rw_lynch@yahoo.com).

**NICE DISTINCTIONS #25**, Arthur Hlavaty, 206 Valentine St., Yonkers, NY 10704-1814 Email to [Hlavaty@panix.com](mailto:Hlavaty@panix.com)

**NINE LINES EACH #82 & 83**, Ken Forman, 397 MC 7077, Flippin, AR 72634

**OPUNTIA #274 - 281**, Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7, now online at eFanzines.com.

**THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS #99 & 100**, Tom Sadler, 305 Gill Branch Road, Owenton, KY 40359, email to [tomfamulus@hughes.net](mailto:tomfamulus@hughes.net)

**RODNEY'S FANAC #1**, Rodney Leighton, 11 Branch Road, RR #3, Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0 Canada

**SCIENCE FICTION SAN FRANCISCO #152 - 154**, Jean Martin, et al, c/o efanzines.com, email to [SFinSF@gmail.com](mailto:SFinSF@gmail.com)

**SPARTACUS #3**, Guy Lillian III, 1390 Holly Ave. Merritt Island, FL 32952. Email [GHLIII@yahoo.com](mailto:GHLIII@yahoo.com)

**TIGHTBEAM #270**, David Speakman, c/o eFanzines.com, email to [cabal@n3fmail.com](mailto:cabal@n3fmail.com)

**VANAMONDE #1086 & 1093**, John Hertz, 236 Coronado St. #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057

**YHOS #69**, Art Widner, P.O. Box 998, Gualala, CA 95445

**THE ZINE DUMP #31**, Guy Lillian III, 1390 Holly Ave. Merritt Island, FL 32952. Email [GHLIII@yahoo.com](mailto:GHLIII@yahoo.com)