

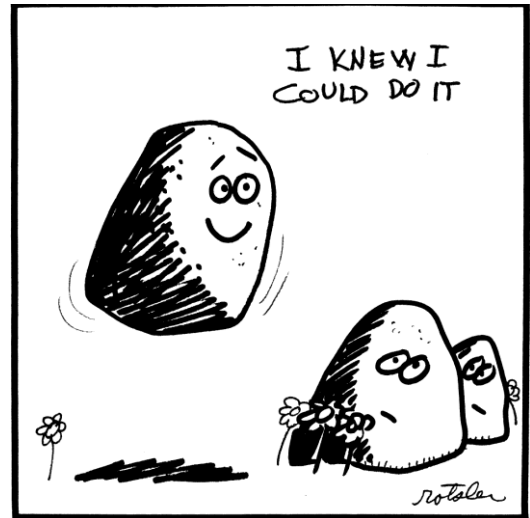


This is issue #19 of FLAG, an occasional fanzine published by Andy Hooper, member fwa, at 11032 30th Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125, email to fanmailaph@aol.com. This is a Drag Bunt Press Production. First copies shared April 28th, 2017. FLAG appears primarily in printed form, and is available for trade, graphic artwork and cartoons or letters of comment. The next issue will be out in June, 2017. Art Credits and Contributions: Grant Canfield: Page 4 [forgive me for using a cartoon from perhaps 38 years ago, but I think it looks great]; Ray Nelson: Title Block, Page 3 illo and "The Way of the Tulpa"; Bill Rotsler: Page 1. Heroic United Kingdom Duplicator and Distributor: Mark Plummer.

So, baby, listen carefully

Lost Horizon: Timebinding for Dollars

Once the composition of fanzines becomes a familiar pastime, or perhaps a maintainable addiction, it really feels as though one is always working on one or more issues at all times, and that it requires only the spark of a deadline to make the finished product appear. But that catalytic moment can be elusive. There were at least three or four occasions in the past four months that I told some local friend that I hoped to have FLAG #19 out in the next week. But other projects - monthly APA contributions, the 64-page bulk of CHUNGA #25, selling old fanzines and collectibles on commission, and the long-percolating book on the 1939 Worldcon - all seemed to bring more immediate deadlines than FLAG #19.



Many times, the arrival of new fanzines excites the monkey-simple desire to make something pretty of my own. In the past four months, new issues of BEAM, THE WHITE NOTEBOOKS, LOFGEORNOST, BANANA WINGS and many others have all argued that some response was simply essential. But I was still difficult to move. I even resorted to writing letters of comment to avoid FLAG -- the three I e-mailed earlier this week were the first in nearly a year. Even our impending trip to Los Angeles for Corflu 34 elicited only vacillation from me. I could put some of my apa-hacking into a new format and share my research into 19th Century Midwestern fraternal societies - surely at least Michael Dobson (and possibly Jay Kinney) would find that entertaining. But the final impetus to publish came from some famous Angelenos of fifty years past, including John and Bjo Trimble, Fred Patten, Ron Ellik and others once involved in the production of the LASFS Official Organ SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES.

I also occasionally feel as though I have been auctioning fanzines through eBay (and before that, Usenet) for fifty years, but it's really a bit shy of half of that. I believe the first time I sold someone else's fanzines for them was in 1993, when I prepared a catalog of some very old titles that had belonged to founding Seattle fan Bill Austin. This was for the benefit of his daughter Kristi, a second-generation bookseller trying to keep her Arkadian Bookstore

[Continued on page 2]

While I sing my comeback song.

A Key to the lines published in FLAG #18:

Page 1: "It's the terror of knowing what this world is about."

Lyric from the song "Under Pressure," recorded by Queen and David Bowie in 1981.

Page 1: "If my life wasn't funny it would just be true and that would be unacceptable."

A "tweet" attributed to the actress Carrie Fisher (1956-2016).

Page 3: "Look, I'm not going to dismantle the pipes and drink from the U-trap - that's what an *animal* does."

Bert Banana (David Cross) struggles with sobriety, from the "Bible Fruits" episode of *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*.

Page 4: "Randy lay there like a slug. It was his only defense."

A line from Jean Shepard's narration of the movie *A Christmas Story* (1983).

Page 5: "Cromwell, why are you such a *person*?"

The Duke of Norfolk (Bernard Hill) asks a question more protagonists should hear, from the BBC series *Wolf Hall*.

Page 6: "Funny how I blind myself, I never knew."

Lyric from the song "It's My Life" by the band Talk Talk (1984).



open. I actually sent the catalog through the mail, and sold the contents at fixed prices, on a first-come, first served basis. I think I kept something like 25% of the profits - nowadays, eBay and Paypal take about 15% in fees on each transaction, so that was probably a bargain, particularly considering how long it took to write the catalog. And I got to see some fanzines from the 1940s that I've never seen again, particularly work by Portland editor Roscoe Wright.

Over the years, I've had such a weight of material handed to me to liquidate that I admit I have been careless at times, even sloppy in composing auction listings. So after a particularly dismal attempt to sell some late 1960s' Tolkien fanzines last summer, I resolved to take more time and care in documenting what I wanted to sell - not only because it gives potential buyers more information to work with, but because it gives the auction description itself some actual

value as an archival data point. I started providing the titles and authors of each significant article or editorial, listing all the correspondents featured in the letter-column, and even started mentioning the identity of interior artists, particularly if their presence would help sell the issue. All of these details required me to really study, if not actually read large sections of each fanzine listed. And I tried to extend the same approach to fanzines being sold in multiple-issue lots, which made some auction listings bang on for more than 1,000 words.

When John D. Berry came to the monthly Vanguard party in April, hosted this time at our house, he brought a new box of treasure from his basement fanzine hoard. Its contents included issues of Bill Bowers' OUTWORLDS, the Seattle club fanzine CRY OF THE NAMELESS, and a thick sheaf of that long-running LASFS organ, SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES

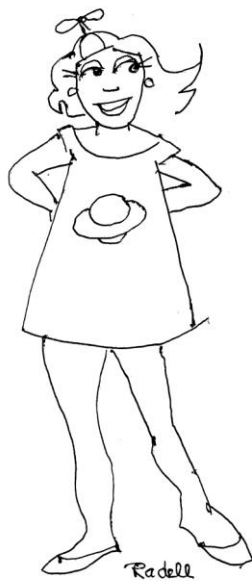
(known informally as SHAGGY). The first issue in the pile, #26, dated from the summer of 1945; the last, #75, had appeared in 1968. There were 14 total issues, most of them scattered from numbers 54 through the 60s. There were a half-dozen editors represented: #26 was edited by Gerald Hewitt, who took over from Charles Burbee when the latter was drafted into the army. #39 was edited by Burbee and Djinn Faine. #54 jumped forward to 1961, after John Trimble had taken over as the editor of the fanzine, and his future wife Betty Jo McCarty, typically known as "Bjo," had become its art editor.

Like so many things in fandom, SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES was founded by Forry Ackerman and Walt Daugherty in March 1940. Conceived from the beginning as a summary of activities of interest to members of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, early issues were published on the "back" of several other titles,

including POLARIS, THE DAMN THING and VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION. Issue #1 had contributions from Ackerman, Ted Carnell, Daugherty, Walter Fleming, Paul Freehafer, Charles Hornig, “Jimmy” Laney, Morajo, Mark Reinsberg, T. Bruce Yerke, and art by caricaturist Fritz Zillig. It is still absolutely recognizable by a contemporary reader as a well-organized science fiction fanzine.

Ackerman gave way after the first six issues, and throughout the war, SHANGRI L’AFFAIRES had a series of editors who produced between 1 and 3 issues, including Arthur Jacquell, Phil Bronson, Daughery, and Francis Towner Laney. Burbee returned after his service and edited SHAGGY through 1947. Over the next decade, issues sometimes appeared sporadically, under the direction of editors including Faine, Audrey and Ed Clinton, Evelyn Leipiar, E. Everett Evans, Rory Faulkner, Freddy Hershey, Al Lewis, Helen Mears, Anna and Len Moffat, Bill Mosleigh, Dave Ossman and Rick Sneary. After Ossman and Mosleigh published their issue in 1953, there was a gap of five years in which none appeared.

Through its first 18 years. the duplication of the fanzine remained an open question, with



different editors using methods ranging from ditto to mimeo to professional offset print. This changed in 1958, when a number of LASFS members raised and pooled money to purchase a new Gestetner mimeograph; this would become one of the most famous such machines in fandom, its handle turned by a succession of noteworthy faneds. The acquisition of the Gestetner began a seven-year run in which SHAGGY frequently appeared on a regular, sometimes almost bi-monthly schedule. When the Trimbles began editing the fanzine in 1961, they also created a focal point for the efforts of columnists including Ron Ellik and Ted Johnstone, and received an encouraging volume of correspondence in

reply. There were occasional contributions by professionals, including Mervyn Peake and Fritz Leiber, whose Westercon speech “Swords and Sorcery,” touched off a discussion the letter column that took a year to subside.

Shared ambitions, like the effort to host the 1964 Worldcon (“Mordor in ‘64”) and Ron Ellik’s 1961 campaign for TAFF (then still frequently referred to as “The Willis Fund”), are traced through their presence in successive issues. Ellik’s successful campaign and his trip to the 1962 Eastercon in Yorkshire was a watershed event for the fund; Ellik was the first TAFF winner who had entered fandom after its creation, and used it to increase his notoriety in fandom, rather than receiving the honor as the climax of a fan career. His victory signaled that a much wider pool of fans might be candidates in the future. Sadly, Ellik had some issues integrating fan-writing with his post-graduate life, and was tragically killed while crossing the street in 1968, very shortly before his planned wedding. Bruce Pelz published his Trip Report, *The Squirrel’s Tale*, in 1969.

John Trimble persisted for two years and eight issues before tiring of the process, and turning

I’m not Scottish, I’m just cross.

In the black church, homosexuality had taken over the music department.

SHAGGY over to a committee headed by Al Lewis, with Fred Patten, Bjo and Ellik, who carried them through the end of 1962. Steve Tolliver stepped in for a few issues in 1963. By 1965, there had been a complete change of staff: Ted Johnstone was now editor, with Owen Hannifen, Jack Harness and Don Simpson in tow. But after #71, there was another three year-gap between issues.

Johnstone apparently had disputes with other members of LASFS about the material he wanted to publish in the fanzine, and evidently responded by not producing any more.

Then in 1968, SHAGGY burst to life again, under the direction of an ambitious new editor named Ken Rudolph, who began to feature ten-page art portfolios in the middle of each issue. #73 had a cover by underground artist Vaughn Bode, as well as the first ten-page chapter of his post-apocalyptic comic strip "Cobalt 60." Rudolph published material from names that were still part of the fanzine scene when I encountered it ten years later, including Ted White, Tom Digby, Lenny Bailes and Bruce Pelz. But he also retained Ted Johnstone's column "Slow Train Through Gondor," and continued the Book Review column, "A Walk Through Infinity," which had featured the work of more than a



dozen fans and pros since Burbee's time.

Issue #74 appeared just two months after #73, and had a really fine wraparound cover by Tim Kirk; it also contained a cartoon collaboration between Kirk and Bill Rotsler, who had been a contributor since the 1940s. Bode produced another eight pages of "Cobalt 60," but this was his last major contribution; Issue #75 published a letter in which he regretfully announced his intention to leave the science fiction field entirely, because he was unable to do the work he wanted to do the way he wanted to do it. Rudolph still had permission to publish Bode's last three spot cartoons, however. #75 also had an art portfolio by Richard Bergeron, and his column, "Fangdom." It also documented the proceedings at the "Future Unlimited Con" or "Funcon," an

event held over the July 4th weekend in 1968, because the Westercon had been folded into Baycon, the 1968 Worldcon in San Francisco. And it ALSO had Lenny Bailes writing about *The Prisoner*, a gorgeous cover by George Barr, book and prozine reviews, and a letter from Harlan Ellison, responding with great pleasure to a positive review in issue #74. I had not recalled 1968 as such an age of good feelings and unrestrained love.

There was also a letter from Milt Stevens, who has developed the program for Corflu 34. Consider your times thoroughly bound, my friends.

That was where John's collection ended. Was there an issue #76? Online sources suggest that Rudolph did not continue to edit the fanzine after 1968. My impression is that SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES was tabled in favor of the more frequent and newsletter-like DE PROFUNDIS, an issue of which Marty Cantor is probably editing even as I type this. I know there was a revival of SHANGRI LA in the late 1980s under editor Charles Lee Jackson, but my impression is that ran for only a few issues. Someone will read this at Corflu, and correct my misimpressions, which will also neatly oblige me to publish the correction in FLAG #20. Ah, the circle of fannish obligation....

I also observe that it is somehow much, much easier to endure the three- and five-year gaps in publication from a distance of five decades than it is to experience such lapses in real time. I am frankly still a poor correspondent after working at it for 35 years; your emails of comment will sometimes remain unopened for days (weeks) and your trades likewise go unread because I'm buried in some other self-indulgent wittering about Mort Weisinger at the 1939 Worldcon.

But it could be worse. I could go back to devoting entire fanzines to baseball. Or boring family stories about disgraced architects and bicycle-racing brick-layers and prosperous dentists who died in hideous fin de siècle theater fires. Lurid! Time-Consuming!

Life in the present is hurtful and mysterious; friends are leaving with disturbing rapidity, and there seems to be no effective way to impede them. But the funny, complicated and tender stories of fans of the past are as vivid as ever

in the pages of their fanzines, where they are forever young and hopeful – or perhaps forever old and tired, as fandom is a way of lifespan. And the passage of time creates a perspective that makes me sympathetic to all sides, even the obvious fuggheads and rascals. Everyone is thus revealed to be a time-traveler, fanning through years as quickly as if they were years. So let fandom be proud, but no longer lonely – we have decades of friends to keep us company. (4-22-2017)

Some things are rushing into existence, other hastening to dissolution

**The Way of the Tulpa
by Ray Nelson**

*Yet when a boy and barefoot
I more than once at Noon
Have passed, I thought, a whip lash
Upbraiding in the Sun*

-- Emily Dickinson

If you want to be a writer, the most important decision you ever make must be made before you write a single word. You must decide who, as a writer, you will be. If you write for yourself alone, I suggest you buy a diary, the kind you can lock and go away. I have nothing to teach you. If you write for others I can help you.

In the excerpt above, Emily Dickinson writes as if she were a young male, yet we know that, when she wrote this, she was neither young nore a male. Still, after all these years, we study her in school. Mark Twain, when he wrote Huckleberry Finn, wrote as if he were a young illiterate male. Well, he was not young and certainly not illiterate, He was, in fact, not a man named Mark Twain. That was only his pen name. For a more contemporary example, when Boris Vlan wrote "I Spit on Your Graves" he wrote as a Black American, but he was neither Black nor an American. He was a French existentialist who had never set foot on American soil.

I leave it to you to list all the women who have written as men. Or all the men who have written as women, and all the writers who have written under one or more pen names. What I want to do here is introduce you to a concept that may be unfamiliar to you, a concept I have borrowed from Tibetan Buddhism.

I want to introduce you to the way of the Tulpa.

A Tulpa is an imaginary person who becomes real.

If you write for others, you by no means have to write as yourself. You can write as absolutely anyone you can imagine.

So how do you select this tulpa, this other self you create?

Look at your bookshelf. What kind of books do you see there? Literary passions? Romances? Science Fiction stories? History? Poetry? Your tulpa will be the sort of person who writes the sort of books you like to read.

Pick an author, someone you admire. Ask yourself what your favorite author would write. Study your role model, paying special attention to matters of style. Does your model write long sentences or short ones? Does your model use long words or short? When ready, begin to write the book you wish your model had written.

Sign it with the name of your tulpa.

I get paid for what most kids get punished for.

COLOR PARTY: Readers' Letters to FLAG

[Once again, space is limited, so no messing about. Your letters are presented in Baskerville Old Face, like this, while my comments are expressed in Monotype Corsiva, like this. We'll start with two of the great letters left over from 2016:]

Jerry Kaufman

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Yes, I was pleased to see the new issue of *Flag* (#17) last night, and I'm afraid I've already read it from Colophon to conclusion. Your Prologue-Sasquan report brought the convention back for me, and added information on programs I didn't see. I especially liked the reportage on the Ossman and Procter conference, because I didn't know about the influence of early computer R&D on their comedy. And your description of Nina's immersion into facetime fandom was charming.

Aside from organizing the fanzine library (which got much more use once it returned here), my biggest contribution to the Lost World Fanzine Lounge was blowing up the inflatable dinosaurs. Its biggest contribution to me was to give me a place to hide in plain sight.

I saw Allen (not Alan) Ginsburg in 1970 or 1971, when he appeared on the Ohio State University campus to perform his poems and music. I don't remember if Peter Orlovsky was with him, but a group of Krishna Consciousness followers were, and we finished the reading with an extended chant and ecstatic dance by everyone in the auditorium. (Some of us may have been stoned.)

[I got the second half of David Levine and Kate Yule's fanzine collection a few days ago, and I'm getting ready to move my own collection into Kate's sturdy Bankers' boxes, so Sasquan keeps echoing 18 months later. You added far more to the fine ambience of the Lost World than you give yourself credit for. Meanwhile, your neglected letter is far from the most delayed comment here:]

Jason Burnett

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I'm finally getting around to reading *Flag* #12 - between books and magazines coming into the house, to say nothing of ebooks and blog posts, I have difficulty keeping stuff in any kind of rational reading order. I hope Carrie's doing well. Is the restriction on raising her arm above 90 degrees a permanent thing, or just during the initial healing phase? At any rate, I hope the pacemaker is sufficient and more radical treatment isn't necessary.

You mention in this issue of *Flag* keeping your AOL email address around for another year. Any further thoughts about when or if it will be retired? I still have an AOL address, but I just let my Gmail check it for me and it's been several years now since I've gotten any legitimate email from it. I'm actually kind of amazed that AOL is still around in any form.

[Jason, Carrie is long recovered from the pacemaker surgery - she says it still "pinches" sometimes, but she has largely adapted to it. Meanwhile, AOL mail keeps ticking along, while I do my best to ignore everything else on the site. It is indeed an undead thing.]

Steve Bieler

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(On a postcard depicting the apartment of Jean Paul Sartre at 42 rue Bonaparte in Paris): J. P. never had fewer than 5 mistresses at the same time. Look at the guy - no wonder they called him "The Love Gun!" Here's wishing us all a happy and successful new year.

Bob Jennings

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Reading over your descriptions of Stu Shiffman's toy and character collection was oddly uplifting and depressing at the same time. He obviously cared a lot about his toys, but will anybody else really give them the love and attention he did? Collections of toys and gadgets and premiums, these are all very personal in nature, and while there is an appreciation of the merchandise devoted to very popular characters such as Batman among other collectors, some of this other material you listed may have limited appeal. I hope you can find good homes for this stuff.

It is interesting that there is such a wide variety of material collected, altho I note that almost everything seems to be from the 1985-2000 time period. I think everybody probably has a mental 'golden age' when gimmicks and statues and toys are very interesting, possibly related to experiences of youth or the discoveries of new sensational entertainment modes and presentations that made a lasting impression on a person's psyche.

So far as fanzines printed on paper, yes, we are a dying breed. Economics is surely the primary factor here, but some people really don't care if they get the publications in paper or pixel format. Due to the horrendous jump in postal rates for sending material to Canada I had to shift all the Canadian readers of *Fadeaway* to PDF format. A few people objected, including Murray Moore who declared he never responded to e-zines, ever; but he's a good guy, even in his grumpy moods, so I keep sending him copies anyway. Then an offer to send the fanzine out to regular

readers in electronic format brought a surprising number of responses; so fifty or so people who used to get the mag on paper thru the mail now get it instantly thru their computers. I suspect this trend will continue in the future.

Murray Moore

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The object I own closest to an action figure is a Joe Carter bobble-head doll, free at one of the few Blue Jays games I have attended. This year I do not expect my Blue Jays will win their division. Two years running my Blue Jays were one of the four best teams of the 30 major league teams, so that's something.

Skipping into the deeper past, i.e. FLAG 17, I can report that I too am becoming more interested in my forebears. My sister has had the bug for decades: thanks to her research, I possess a certificate declaring me a descendant of United Empire Loyalists.

Until last year I was careful to listen to my sister but not show more than polite interest. But last October Mary Ellen and I were attending ILLuXCon in Reading, Pa. and, the following weekend, World Fantasy Convention in Columbus, Ohio. We decided not to go home in the in between. Thus we were near Sadsbury Township, near Lancaster, Pa. I am Canadian because Jeremiah Moore and his family left their home in Sadsbury Township, traveling for two months, stopping in Upper Canada in November, 1788.

I spent maybe five minutes on the telephone with my sister before we left. Unheavily armed with information, we knocked on the door of Jeremiah Moore's grandfather, Andrew Moore. No one was home, midday. I left a note with my address. I have exchanged subsequently several emails with the occupant, another descendant of Andrew Moore. Moore genealogy is easy: there's a book. It's even on-line: Ancestors and Descendants of Andrew Moore: 1612-1897 by John Andrew Moore Passmore.

The line is traced backward through Ireland to Scotland, to the vicinity of Glasgow. I discover the name Moore has multiple spellings in Scotland. But still we might have started in England. A likely reason for my ancestors serially emigrating is that they were Quaker.

In the particular case of my Jeremiah ancestor in Sadsbury Township, I quote from _Andrew Moore: "It is evident Jeremiah had very trying times, and suffered greatly at the hands of the Patriot army. His property was confiscated, and it is related that, on one occasion, some soldiers came to his house, and carried off all their silverware, dishes, etc., even taking the cup from which the baby drank its

milk; drove off his cows, horses and sheep, in fact stripped him of everything, so that he had to depend upon the charity of his neighbors and friends. After struggling a few years in a vain effort to regain position in the community, he decided to remove with his family to Canada."

[Fascinating stuff, Murray. So far, my family seems to have made their border crossings voluntarily, but my command of the 18th Century is still quite hazy.]

Hope Leibowitz

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It was so nice to see another "Flag" in my mailbox. Not a lot of comment hooks with the huge list of Stu's stuff. I had no idea he collected so much. Even though I never got into Sherlock Holmes, I was tempted by the Matryoshka dolls. I always have pronounced it "matrushka", so now I'm wondering if I've been mis-pronouncing it. But I don't need more tchochkas, and I already have a few of those dolls, given to me by an old neighbor here, who moved to Belarus. I used to feed her (unfriendly) cat and she gave me little presents. The only time the cat was friendly was before I fed her.

Kim Huett

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While the items from Stu's collection you list hold some academic interest for me I'm not tempted to bid on anything. I can tell you though that I actually owned one of those die-cast Corgi Batmobiles way back in the sixties. I was reminded of this recently when Taral brought the subject up on Facebook. As far as I can recall it was the slightly later gloss black version and was very cool until years of my playing with it slowly beat everything but the metal body into a pulp. It was good while it lasted though.

However, that, a **Wacky Races** board game, and a partial set of **Combat!** trading cards are the only TV/film tie-ins that I recall owning as a child. That sort of thing wasn't as big in Australia due to the small size of the potential market. Anyway, the first two items were given to me by my parents but the cards had a slightly more mysterious provenance. I was given them by a fellow Chatham High School student by the name of Eggins. (I can't even remember his first name which should tell you something). I have no idea why he had even a partial set of such cards to give me and I wish I had thought to ask, as they had been released in 1963/64 by a company called Scanlens. This company made brittle and very pink sticks of chewing gum with little flavour and none of the elasticity needed to blow bubbles. I assume Scanlens did a deal with the Donruss for the Australian rights to those **Combat!** cards

because without an enclosed trading card there was absolutely no reason to purchase the gum. Where the cards are now I have no idea but that's alright as *Combat* isn't a show I'm as interested in now as I was back then. What I would much rather own now is most likely impossible because I very much doubt Scanlens ever released a set of *Phantom Agent* trading cards (though I do see they did release a set for *The Samurai*, a series I was never keen on).

[The one thing I can say is that the gum was no better in the U.S.]

Joseph Nicholas

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Reading the comments about genealogy in the letter column prompts me to suggest that, for most people, once you get past the great-great-grandparents it's mostly guesswork and wish-fulfilment. The BBC has a long-running series, *Who Do You Think You Are?*, in which various celebrities and not-so-celebrities try to ascertain their line of descent and (often) find that what they were told as children contains many falsehoods; they are also occasional surprises, such a rather thick reality television personality recently finding that he was descended from Charlemagne. But Adam Rutherford, author of *A Brief History of Everyone Who Ever Lived*, cheekily suggested in his talk at last September's New Scientist Live weekend, that 85% of the population of Europe can claim descent from Charlemagne, which simply demonstrates what a promiscuous and unfaithful species we are: So promiscuous and unfaithful that it's less about where we came from than who we slept with on the way.

Charles Levi

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"The Shiffman Characters" was a very interesting meditation on the attempt to find unifying themes in the motivations of collectors - the patterns that emerged were revealing. It also allows me to digress on board games and obsessives. You may have visited Boardgamegeek.com, the go-to megasite for all information on board games. If you did, you might have discovered that the "Bullwinkle and Rocky Roleplaying Party Game" (item #31) is the 10,871st most popular game ever according to the collective rating of the geeks. And, although 235 geeks admit to owning the game, it only has a dozen recorded plays. That's it - 12 plays from the collective geek community in the sixteen years that Boardgamegeek has existed. Certainly a rare pleasure if anyone ever buys this and plays it. I sadly have nowhere to put it or I would have picked it up. Apparently it accommodates between 2 and 10 players, making it also one of the rare games you can play with more than six

people. But the description does make it seem more an improv comedy session than a board game.

[I can recall the game was a tough sell at Pegasus Games back when it was new. Great concept, lousy puppets.]

Other Correspondence Received From: William Breiding

[You gave a general piece of advice from the podium at the Richmond Corflu that I've chosen to heed. Results some time Real Soon Now.] **Bill Burns** [I hope you do well with Stu's diverse assortment of toys. We were sad when he moved away from New York and hadn't seen him for many years after that, but Mary and I and Rob Jackson enjoyed a really good evening with him and Andi after the Seattle Corflu - I'm thankful at least for that.] **Paul DiFilippo:** [FLAG #18 was a lot of fun. You're doing a great thing by helping Stu and Andi.] **David Emerson** [Please note that my PO box address has changed, due to my old post office branch being forced out of its long-time location by greedy landlords bent on redeveloping the building. New address: PO Box 15635 Minneapolis MN 55415] **Nic Farey** [I share your admiration for Pete Young's *The White Notebooks*, and won't be at all surprised to see him scoop the FAAn, in person, as the C50 delegate.] **Martin Frenzel** [New Address: P.O. Box 122002 San Diego, CA 92112-2002. I couldn't take El Centro - too hot, no transportation, and I discovered my hotel manager kept an insured package of dvds and was tossing out the rest of my mail. I had no inkling of proof until he was fired. If you sent a FLAG or other anything else to El Centro, I didn't get it!] **Jay Kinney** [My Gafia continues to march along for reasons I can't quite pin down, but it has something to do with not feeling especially fannish, which is excuse enough.] **Lloyd Penney** [The *Babylon 5* goods do look interesting, but I am also in the position of weeding out a lifetime's collectibles. (I already have the *Bullwinkle and Rocky* game, with a diploma from Wossamatta U.)] **John Purcell** [I would be lying if I said none of these items piqued my interest, but I have my own collection of Marvin the Martian goodies: slippers, alarm clock, shampoo and body wash, toys, a Pez dispenser... you get the idea. Now you've given me an idea for an article in either *Askance* or *Askew*.] **David Redd** [I've seen a slight crossover in fanzines and book catalogues, but never before a personalzine doubling as an auction house descriptive list.] **Paul Skelton** [So, if today isn't Paradise, and tomorrow is scary, where else but some cosy yesterday should we suddenly start seeking for our security-blanket? We may not know where we are going, but we sure as hell know where we came from. However, as any driver will tell you, looking out of your front windscreen is far more important, worth much more attention, than checking out your rear-view mirror.] **Dale Speirs** [I've never agreed with the idea of big-tent SF conventions to bring everyone together. Those are mobs, not family gatherings. It's better to live in a village than a sprawling suburb.]

1.) THE WHITE NOTEBOOKS #7 - #8, Pete Young, 136/200 Emerald Hill Village, Soi 6 Hua Him, Frachuap Khiri Khan 77110 Thailand. Email Peteyoung.uk@gmail.com. Yes, I admit I have a powerful crush on PeteYoung's fanzine right now; TWN has almost every virtue I can imagine in a zine, in both appearance and composition. #8 has a fantastic travel story, involving adventures at the Great Pyramids, to which Pete attempted to add another entry; and a survey of "Eponymous Laws" attributed to Science Fiction writers - Clarke's Law, Sturgeon's Law, etc. But who knew there were six pages of such maxims? And in #7, the elegy for Pete's late father Ashley Young, who died last autumn, made me wish profoundly that I could have known him. And also in #7, "Threads of Memory," written with an unusual voice and perspective, is simply brilliant. Leading with a quote from John Muir is a sure way to enlist me; I grew up walking slopes and shores that Muir knew as a student in Madison.

2.) BEAM #11, Nic Farey and Jim Trash, 3342 Cape Cod Drive, Las Vegas, NV 89122/Email fareynic@gmail.com. This fanzine is like a goddamn clown car, spilling writers and artists into the street as it shudders around another curve on two wheels. As is now the case with virtually every fanzine, there is a lot of memorial material, focusing on Dave Holmes and more on Pete Weston. But there is also something in every issue that nearly defines description - Kev McVeigh's "Adrift on the Sea of Hull" recounts the experience of posing nude, painted completely blue, with hundreds of other similarly decorated people for one of photographer Spencer Tunick's immense tableaux. There is a general focus on fandom and its many moods, but I was quite moved and mystified by Nic's -- faan fiction? alternate memoir? - "Annie and Nicky," which is the most romantic thing I've ever read in a fanzine.

3.) VIBRATOR 2.0 #36-#38, Graham Charnock, 45 Kimberley Cardens. London N4 1LD United Kingdom/Email graham@cartiledgeworld.co.uk One of the more problematic things I have done in my fanzine career is the bifurcation of the FAAn award for Best Fanzine into "Best General Interest Fanzine" and "Best Personal fanzine." The idea was to find a way to give two awards instead of one, and to create some way of judging something like BEAM or TRAP DOOR on different principles than a fanzine like ASKEW or SPARTACUS. But deciding what goes into which category has been a major focus of discontent. I tend to think that a fanzine which is dominated by one editorial voice, which

contributes a majority of the writing in it, is a personal fanzine, even though work by other writers and correspondents may also frequently appear. By that standard, VIBRATOR 2.0 is a personal fanzine; it is a narrative composed by Graham, but occasionally punctuated by articles from others. The discussion of the late Peter Weston in #36 was the best of several such appreciations published since Peter died. Graham acknowledges Weston's acute class consciousness and conservatism, which others have touched on only briefly and which certainly colored my perception of him. For all that, I think we both admired Weston's long commitment to fandom. There is also an account of Weston's memorial service by Mike Meara, "Warm Memories in a Cold Field." Recurring features include Nic Farey's "Tales of a Las Vegas Taxi Driver," and Graham's own "America the Damned," which are like Wikipedia entries with better writing and extra *schadenfreude*.

4.) BANANA WINGS #53-#54, Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES United Kingdom. Email fishlifter@gmail.com. The highlight here is Caroline Mullan's survey of the work of the late Octavia Butler. Octavia was actually one of the first sf writers I ever met, at a long-ago frozen convention in Wisconsin, but my command of her later work was minimal. Mullan's impressions convince me that I need to continue my reading. Mark and Claire seem slightly surprised that Paul Skelton's call for the abolition of the FAAn Awards in #53 didn't quite plunge all fandom into war, but fandom seems to regard the institution as not being important enough to repudiate. That's progress of some kind.

5.) LOFGEORNOST #125-#126, Fred Lerner 81 Worcester Avenue, White River Junction, VT 05001 Email fred@fredlerner.org I have been speaking the virtues of Fred Lerner's brief essays on many subjects for some time, but the secret of LOFGEORNOST is the letter-column; intertwined with short notes on related topics, Fred receives word from a unique selection of correspondents - one doesn't hear too much from Dainis Bisenieks in other zines these days, for just one example.

6.) CLAIMS DEPARTMENT #19, Christopher J. Garcia, 1401 N. Shoreline Blvd. Mountain View, CA 94043/Email journeyplanet@gmail.com. Issues of JOURNEY PLANET and EXHIBITON HALL are also underway, now that Chris is returned from his lengthy paternity leave. But I like the way that his is a major voice in this title, which

FANZINE COUNTDOWN, January 1st to April 23rd, 2017, continued:

always covers things of which he is a real fan. Here we're covering Ninja Turtles, the Brothers Hernandez, Captain Carrot and His Amazing Zoo Crew, and an appreciation of Bernie Wrightson by Derek McCaw. Full of color, and certainly best viewed as a .pdf file on a computer screen.

7.) RUBBER CRAB #6, Graham James/Email
grahamcames@gmail.com

Charming resurrection of a title that saw its first four issues in 1979 and 1980. Now generally handed around at Leeds pub meets (!), but also available online at efanazines.com. This issue is dominated by memories of the late Mike Dickinson, who passed away on January 21st. It includes lots of lovely photos, including some of fans in the 1970s, with a full catalog of creative sideburns. Six contributors apart from Graham, including Roz Kaveny, Geoff Ryman and Tom Shippey. And lo, one of my true favorite fan writers, Simon Ounsley, offers both memories of Mike and an account of the 2016 reappearance of the Leeds Group at their old haunts in the West Riding pub - "that vaguely remembered dark brown cavern." A delightful surprise!

8.) TRAP DOOR #33, Robert Lichtman, 11037 Broadway Terrace, Oakland, CA 94611-1948 Email trapdoor@rocketmail.com. This issue seems honestly overwhelmed by my own very long article on John W. Campbell at the 1939 Worldcon. Robert's layout couldn't include all the headings and photos I had used in publishing it as *Campbell's Worldcon* for W.O.O.F., and without them, I think it is a very long chunk of text. Turn right to Roy Kettle's account of his experiences with the OBE, Gary Hubbard's column, "Cracked Eye," "Stare With Your Ears: A Radio Reminiscence" by John Baxter or "The A Bas Story" by the late Boyd Raeburn, for more impressive features of this very long-running title. Always has one of the best letter columns in fandom, too.

9.) iOTA #4 - #5, Leigh Edmonds, Email
hhandc@hemsleypark.com.au. Leigh calls this a "research tool" for his ongoing project to document the history of Australian Science Fiction fandom from 1956 to 1975. Not surprisingly, Edmonds has found a number of fans interested in preserving the history of their fandom, and iOTA is becoming a miniature version of the focal point created by Pete Weston's RELAPSE. Leigh is emphasizing primary sources, reprinting excerpts from contemporary fanzines to create a narrative of the history of Australian fan activity. There also some of the inevitable black and white photographs of 1870s fans, but these are unusually

clear and scanned at a high resolution. I'm never much of a fan of landscape-format layout in fanzines, but iOTA is easy to read, and one short, wide page just flows into another. I was intrigued by Leigh's effort to identify writing by Australian fans in fanzines from other countries - I know Seattle fans published articles from Australian writers quite frequently in the 1970s and 1980s.

10.) FORNAX #17, Charles Rector, Email
crector@myway.com. There's nothing fancy about this e-mail zine, but I keep finding things that I like in it. In #17, Charles gave an overview of *Chivalry & Sorcery*, which we both regard as the best medieval tabletop fantasy role-playing game of the 1970s. I always felt that it captured the feel of the Middle Ages all too well - the rewards of "adventure" were minimal, and most characters aspired to win land and ultimately become farmers. It was a tough sell when people were wielding Vorpal Blades and beheading Fire Dragons on the next table over. Rector also writes lots of movie reviews, on films scattered across the past five decades.

11.) FADEAWAY #51 - #52, Robert Jennings, 29 Whiting Road, Oxford, MA 01540-2035 Email fabficbks@aol.com. One looks at the volume of interesting material that Bob Jennings continues to publish on a bi-monthly schedule, and must despair of being able to keep up with the field - I can't keep up with this single *title*, which comes to my mailbox in the convenient paper format. He leads #52 with an article/editorial titled "The Perception of Poverty Writing," which points out that a penny per word was at one time a relatively generous rate of compensation, particularly when compared to the wage of the average American factory worker during the Pulp era. What was striking about the comparison to me was the juxtaposition of writing with factory work. The transition of the field away from work that could be turned out like factory pieces is what I've been writing about in my recent work on 1939.

12.) CHUNGA #25, Byers, Hooper and Juarez, 11032 30th Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125 Email fringeFaan@yahoo.com Just as self-serving as my mention of TRAP DOOR, but I honestly think #25 is at least the second-best genzine I've seen in 2017 so far. The material which we excerpted from a letter that the late D. West wrote to Randy is currently my favorite out of everything I have published in the past 35 years, so I hope you'll check it out. Available right now at efanazines.com.