



# The zine dump

No. 33

A zine about zines  
by Guy h. Lillian III

154A Weybridge circle Royal Palm Beach FL 33411  
[GHLiii@yahoo.com](mailto:GHLiii@yahoo.com) \* Ghliii press pub #1168  
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## *Atrocity.*

Several weeks ago, on November 9, 2014, a date which will live in *infamy*, Guy and Rose-Marie Lillian's main computer and associated flash drives were suddenly and viciously attacked by forces of ~~the Empire of Japan~~ a Cryptolocker imitator with a nefarious talent for malware. All of the files on my computer and my back-up drives were criminally encrypted, with the Russian thugs responsible demanding \$500 for the decryption key.

We refused. *Get your blood money from Edward Snowden, Ivan!* Instead, I ran shrieking to my brother in the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, Jeff Copeland – a former Microsoft engineer. (When you leech, leech off the best!) To help us decrypt and restore our files, Copeland approached a friend with interstellar computer cred – *spook-y* stuff, three-lettered *government* stuff. If this *Top Gun* couldn't help us, we were cooked.

We were cooked. 007 reported that his people – *Smiley's* people – had indeed thwarted the original Cryptolocker hackers, but only by physically arresting them and, I suspect, waterboarding the bastards for weeks. These current invaders they did not have in custody and could not torture for the decryption codes. So ESDDDMF, the NSA told GHLIII, you're SOL. (LOL, I *dare* you.)

Over the phone, Jeff and Rosy expunged our computer of viruses and set up a solid defense system, so future files should be safe.

*Future* files, I emphasize. Lost – probably forever – were past *Challengers*, *Spartacuseses*, *Zine Dumps*, SFPazines, trip reports, used and *unused* artwork and much material I'd built up for Sasquan. I was terrified that *Spartacus* no. 5, which I'd only just finished, was also gone – but as I had fortuitously e-sent it to eFanzines.com mere hours before the attack, it sat in my "Sent" file, intact. (Anal retentive that I am, I will *not* have a GHLIII Press Pub missing from the GHLIII Press files. I have *all* of my zines, dating

back to my first issue of *The Barrington Bull* in October, 1969, stashed in a big trunk in Shreveport storage.)

I recreated the SFPazine I'd had in progress – giving it the same GHLIII Press Pub number as the original version, so sue me – started gathering artwork for future use and began again to assemble material for the Sasquan program book (which I've decided to edit myself). Fortunately most of what I had was in my e-mail. Damage fixed as best as possible, I moved on.

Of course, I was and am furious – mostly at myself. I make two, often three backups for all of my fanzine work, on flash drives. But all of my flash drives were plugged in when, like a thief in the night, the malware struck. Had I taken the sane and simple precaution of disconnecting *one* of those drives, or had I turned off the computer before slumber, all would now be well. *Moron*.

So a lesson has been learned. The flash drives come out when not in use. The computer goes off when sleeptime is upon us. I *pay attention*.

The forces of Evil won this round – but the fight goes on.

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In happier news, our congrats to **Sue Mason** for winning the 2014 Rotsler Award for her fan art. Rosy and I worked (long-distance) with Sue putting together a special publication for Interaction in 2005, and at the last Torcon we had the pleasure of presenting her – through an acceptor – with her first Hugo. This is an honor incredibly well-deserved.

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A recent project involving fanzines has brought before my eyes some of the most delightful stuff I've seen in years. While researching past TAFF and DUFF winners for the Sasquan program book, I explored some of the trip reports written by former TAFF delegates. The joy of their journeys still rings true, especially in Ron Ellik's *The Squirrel's Tale*, a mimeoed zine from the sixties. The blotchy printing and the on-stencil art strike a nostalgic note, and Ellik's enthusiasm for his trip and the company remains infectious. I never met Ellik, but I still claim camaraderie with him. As a Berkeley boy I lived in the same co-op dorm as did he (and Terry Carr; they won a Hugo for *FANAC* there), and one of my earliest meetings of the Little Men was saddened by the announcement of his death.

By the way, the following sections of Sasquan's souvenir volume are just about camera-ready: the Hugo listings, the Constitution, "WSFS Business-Carried-Forward", the aforementioned Fan Funds listings, the beginnings of a great appreciation of Tom Smith and Vonda McIntyre – just two of the convention's five GoHs. Lots yet to do: deciding whether we'll have interior color, selling ads, and so forth – but we've made a good start.

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I've never done an issue of this little reviewzine so quickly after its previous number, but I promised several fan-eds that I would get one out. Their publications popped into view shortly after *TZD* #32's appearance before an awed and admiring fandom, and poor fellas (and ladies) – they felt left out. So here we go. As ever, *The Zine Dump* wants to see every science fiction or fandom-oriented zine published in English. Cut-off date for this issue, 1-18-15.

Oh, hell. The malware attack means I've got to retype all these effing addresses ...

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**Alexiad** Vol. 13 No. 5-6 / Joe & Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville KY 40204-2040 / [jtmajor@iglou.com](mailto:jtmajor@iglou.com) / efanazines.com or trade / Were this a just world and a wise fandom, Joe & Lisa would be contending for the Fanzine Hugo every year. Their consistency with *Alexiad* in terms of publication, quality, and variety is simply awesome. Eclecticism rules: within the first three pages of this issue we see discussed horseracing, the Antikytheria Mechanism, arctic explorers (a passion of Joe's), the deaths of "the cipher traitor brothers John and Arthur Walker" (about whom I know nothing; Wikipedia here I come), and reviews of two alternate history novels (one dealing with World War I, another Major obsession). Lisa chats about coffee. Rodford Edmiston continues propounding on real-life rocket belts. Sue Burke's worldcon report shares space with Leigh Kimmel on Archon 38, mostly discussing their sales in the dealers' room (I'd've liked to have heard fallout from the con's rejection of onetime Fan GoH Tim Bolgeo). Joe's list of worldcon bid links has proved valuable to my attempts to sell ads in the Sasquan program book, and the extensive lettercol features a few names – like Sheryl Birkhead's – we've missed of late. The December number reviews a slew of deCamp, the passing of another Antarctic explorer, and mentions the Orion launch (which we should have been able to see from my mother-in-law's front door – but couldn't; NASA HOAX!). I hope Joe doesn't mind my mentioning his employment woes – I share them – and my admiration for his not letting such nonsense drive his exceptional *Alexiad* down.

**Askance** 32 / John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station TX 77845 / [j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com) / trade or whim / The most interesting part of John's latest genzine is a transcribed internet conversation among John and three other college teachers about Marion Zimmer Bradley's concept of feminism as a potential subject for a fanzine article – and a great many other things. I've never read anything quite like it. A "photo-essay" on a steampunk gathering proves that Texas is much more interesting than the haven for Neanderthals Ted Cruz and Rick Perry make it seem. John seems almost apologetic for publishing a poem ("When Zeus Goes Surfing" by David Emerson) but the verse makes much of its funny imagery. Speaking of funny imagery, Purcell's fanzine column is an appreciation of the supernova that is Chris Garcia, about whom much could be said, and is. Purcell wonders if Garcia's pending wedding bells will diminish his fannish energies; I predict not. (One horrified note: John, there is a difference between *prodigy* and *progeny*. Yikes!) The lettercol features a funny drawing by the late Stu Shiffman, eulogized editorially and obviously much missed.

**Askew** #10 / see above / John's perzine chatters about jazz, conventions recently attended (one steampunk, one academic; he's a college teacher, remember), and lays on the LOCs, including a very interesting note on Jack Gaughan from Steve Stiles. Gaughan's thrilling work on the "Dragon Masters" issue of *Galaxy* is forever memorable; so is his being hailed with Hugos for both Fan and Pro art in the 1967 Hugos. Purcell closes by recommending a non-SF zine edited by a colleague. I'm sold!

**Auroran Lights** #14 / R.G. Cameron, Apt. 72G – 13315 104<sup>th</sup> Ave., Surrey, B.C. V3T 1V5 Canada / [rgraeme@shaw.ca](mailto:rgraeme@shaw.ca) / eFanzines and e-mail / "The official e-zine of the Canadian SF&F Association, dedicated to promoting the Prix Aurora Awards" sports a beautiful pen-&-ink Christmas cover by Melissa Mary Duncan and solid contents. Graeme laments the accidental deletion of an earlier edition of this issue: if you'll check out my natter at the end of this zine, you'll see how *TZD* overcame a similar mishap. True to the zine's stated purpose, news of the Prix Aurora leads off the issue, followed by professional news (a new category for the Sunburst Awards), writing contests, reviews, come-ons from various Canadian publications. After editorializing – angrily – about the possible attack on the Chicago furry con (see *Spartacus* 6 for an intriguing take on the matter) Canadian cons are listed. *Auroran Lights* is impressive; it's very cleanly put together and its info would seem indispensable for any writer aiming at publication north of the 49th parallel.

**Babylon Magazine** 129 / Barry R. Hunter, 114 Julia Dr. SW, Rome GA 30165-7999 / [www.baryon-online.com](http://www.baryon-online.com) / Hey, the cover's upside down. But the many reviews – by the editor and the indefatigable

Harriet Klausner – are full and interesting, obviously right-side up. The volumes examined cover a wide range within SF and fantasy, from *The Original Van Gogh's Ear Anthology Vol. 8* (in which Barry has a poem) to a Mike Resnick novel pitting Doc Holliday against dinosaurs. Hunter recently faced multifold health problems, which has delayed his output; just get better, Barry; there will be plenty of genre awaiting you when you get back to 100%.

**Banana Wings #57** / Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES U.K. / [fishlifter@googlemail.com](mailto:fishlifter@googlemail.com) / One thing *BW* always shows is that the secret to good fannish writing is to be able to write entertainingly about *anything*. It doesn't have to be science fictional or even a fannish topic. What's SFnal or fannish about "bats," not "mammals of the order *Chiroptera*" but little signs held up by work supervisors during fire alarms? Plummer, in the "Roadrunner" editorial which opens this issue of the U.K.'s premiere fanzine, makes us care ... or at least enjoy them. A rare trick! Of course, the proper study of fanzines is fans, and most of the material in this issue is determinedly fannish. I think of Dave Langford's Loncon 3 report, another chapter in Ulrika O'Brien's developing TAFF account, Claire's ruminations on filk, Fred Smith's look at an earlier book on his pet subject, *Unknown* (generously, he recommends it), goodfella Alan Stewart's words on a previously untasted stout (I must alert SFPA founder and member Bill Plott, a collector of brews). "An odd collection of topics," as Milt Stevens says in the lettercol of the previous issue, but all well-turned and good reads. Oh yes – another funny cover by the great Steve Stiles. Insert usual call for a Stiles Hugo here.

**Beam 8** / Nic Farey and Jim Trash, 3342 Cape Cod Drive, Las Vegas, NV 89122, email: [fareynic@gmail.com](mailto:fareynic@gmail.com); 273 The Rowans, Milton, Cambridge CB24 6ZA, UK, email: [jimtrash@eggoboo.com](mailto:jimtrash@eggoboo.com) / Excellent contributors stand out in one of the most energetic contemporary zines. After Nic talks Corflu and the FAAn Awards, Jim justifiably boasts on Loncon 3's Fan Funds Casino, Toni Weisskopf discourses (with typical elegance) on fandom's widening disunity and how much we miss Bob Tucker's soothing *smoothing* influence, Ulrika O'Brien contributes a chapter in her TAFF report (centered on Mike Ford's suggestive candle and – a la *Flashman's Lady* – cricket), John Purcell discusses the DAFIA period between fanzine binges (when he worked for a *YIHH* meat-packing plant), Aileen Forman propounds on more civilized foodies, "Auntie" Ro Nagey talks Tucker again, Trash carries on his own TAFF saga ... Get the feeling there's a *lot* here? After noting the lettercol, dominated (in the best sense) by Robert Lichtman's epistle (in which he discourses on every fannish issue you can imagine), I note poetic parodies (including one tweaking "The City of New Orleans", also stolen for the 1988 worldcon bid) and Steve Stiles' inimitable comic cover and illos. That's *Beam*, babe – sprightly, literate, and for a fan-ed, enviably *confident*.

**Broken Toys #34** / Taral Wayne, 245 Dunn Ave. #2111, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5K 1S6 / E-mail [Taral@bell.net](mailto:Taral@bell.net) / E-mail and [eFanzines.com](http://eFanzines.com) / As SF's #1 furry-themed fan artist, Taral had a strong reaction to the alleged chlorine attack on the Chicago furry convention, which landed 19 celebrants in the horse-pistol and sent callous newscasters nationwide into hysterics. Check out his thoughts in *Spartacus* no. 6. Issue 34 of *Broken Toys* is the Christmas issue, and you can imagine what a sentimental softy like Taral makes of the holiday – about what he makes of *me* for my request for art to use in the Sasquan program book. (Hey, it's a great drawing. Pays to pester the best.) He reminisces over his early involvement in gaming fandom before seguing into righteous wrasslin' with the lettercol Chorus, and closes with a Christmas wish list: less *faux*-Christian paranoia, a complete DVD set of Nat Hiken's superb *Car 54 Where Are You?*, and a silver denarius. Isn't that the blonde on *Game of Thrones*?

**Brooklyn! 86** / Fred Argoff, Penthouse L. 1170 Ocean Pkwy., Brooklyn NY 11250-4060 / trade or \$10 for four issues / quarterly / Since Fred improved the photo reproduction in this ever-charming publication (devoted, obviously, to everyone's favorite New York City borough) it's become all but indispensable. You'd think pictures of industrial buildings would soon pall, but this issue – themed on Brooklyn industry – remains diverting throughout. Argoff also throws in tidbits of fascinating

information, such as why Coney Island isn't an island – it isn't, you know – and Hendrik Beikirch's amazing street art.

**Dagon #659** / John Boardman, Room 238, 1910 Rosemont Ave., Frederick MD 21702-9249 / for Apa-Q or trade / Here's excellent news. In his last issue John announced a cap to his long career in zining thanks to his inability to print *Dagon*. Too quickly we spoke of *Dagon*'s demise. The publishing situation has been resolved, and fandom's most defiantly lefty publication booms on. This issue features a chapter in John's ongoing "The Four and a Half Kingdoms" reprinted from his gaming zine, natters on that subject and the Ebola frenzy (like me, he salutes Kaci Hickox, the disease-free nurse who scoffed her way past politically-inspired quarantines), proffers politically- and astrologically-inspired limericks, and wonders if Mark Faber's *The Book of Strange New Things* is as bad as it sounds. (It'd have to go some to undercut *Robocalypse* [sic].) Listing the most-banned novels of 2013, he includes *The Hunger Games*. Huh?

**Dark Matter Zine #9** / Nalini Haynes, PO Box 144, Lynbrook VIC 3975, Australia / [www.darkmatterfanzine.com](http://www.darkmatterfanzine.com) / Says the editor, "On 29 April 2012 Dark Matter's website was launched. Since then, *Dark Matter* has grown to include blogs, vlogs, interviews in MP4 (YouTube) and MP3 (audio only) formats." Except for a happy page by Chris Garcia, Nalini pens the entire text, a celebration of *Dr. Who* and the show's 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary. Best is a neat account of a live orchestral show themed on the show in Melbourne, one of the English-speaking world's truly civilized cities. Early issues of Nalini's zine were of intimidating size, and criticism brought the dear lady an unwelcome glimmer of paranoia, but both seem healed: I like this length and I like this tone for *Dark Matter*.

**The Drink Tank 393-5** / Chris Garcia, [Garcia@computerhistory.org](mailto:Garcia@computerhistory.org) / on eFanzines / I'm going to restrict myself to the last three issues of the last true fanzine to win the Hugo, and if you've ever read *Drink Tank* you know why: Chris and his co-editors have probably published five more by the time this is read. The three zines here noted are not typical, because no edition of *Drink Tank* is ever typical, but they are great fun to read. #393 is an elegant endorsement of the D.C. in 2017 worldcon bid: propaganda by Warren Buff, a paean to Woodley Park by Jared Dashoff, Chris' guide to D.C. genre museums (Garcia works at a computer history museum, remember), a Discon II remembrance by our senior dude, Dave Kyle, an exaltation on stuff to do by Peter Lougee, and an absolutely great piece, with magnificent photos, on the "bronze grandpa" statue of Albert Einstein outside of the National Academy of Sciences, pics by Vanessa, statue by Robert Berks. These photos should be reprinted in the convention souvenir book, should they win. Issue #394 is two whole pages in length, consisting of photos of cats – Chris' new roommates. Both delightful – but #395 is a masterwork: David B. Williams' long, detailed, affectionate and insightful article on the careers of Richard E. Geis, legendary fan editor. I never met Geis, and came into fandom too late for *Psychotic*, but he was generous with trading copies of *Science Fiction Review* for my little New Orleans clubzines and *SFR*'s quality certainly gave me, and every other new fan-ed, something to shoot for. His, uhh, paperbacks ... well ... I, well ... Anyway, *Drink Tank* and Williams give us the chance to know this icon better, and it's a pleasure.

**File 770 #164** / Mike Glycer, 1507 1/2 S. Sixth Ave., Arcadia CA 91006 / [Mikeglyer@cs.com](mailto:Mikeglyer@cs.com) / "news, art, arranged trades, or subscription: \$8 for 5 issues, \$15 for 10 issues, air mail rate is \$2.50." / Steve Stiles' crazy cover is crazy good, befitting this very welcome edition of fandom's "yearbook." Being an annual, the content here is devoted to summing up 2014 (the Brad Foster illo in the awards section is stunning), convention reports (John Hertz on the 4000<sup>th</sup> LASFS meeting and the NASFiC, Martin Morse Wooster on the World Fantasy Con), nostalgia (Rich Lynch on his unsuccessful chess career, the editor on Noreascon 3 – hey, I was there, why doesn't he mention me?), and ongoing controversy (an excellent piece on the WisCon dust-up involving Jim Frenkel and Richard Russell, [tossed out of the committee for objecting to a "People of Color Safe Space" which I hope didn't exclude Caucasians] and the atrocious treatment of Brianna Wu by psychotic gamers]. There are too many pages of obits, too many

heartbreaking photos of lost friends like Frank Robinson and Mike Sinclair. Joel Zakem's account of Mike Glicksohn's memorial and Rich Lynch's eulogy for Dean Grennell are beautifully done. And *much* more – the Retro-Hugo that brought nearly 29 grand at auction (Bradbury's for *Fahrenheit 451*), a solid lettercol, and a depth of attention throughout; there's a virtue in looking back when it's done with such care.

**For the Clerisy** #81-2 / Brant Kresovich, P.O. Box 404, Getzville NY 14068-0404 / [kungbairn@yahoo.com](mailto:kungbairn@yahoo.com) / trade / "Reviews of old or neglected books for people who read for pleasure (i.e., the clerisy)." Brant serves up an especially eclectic batch this issue, including an obscure volume by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a *noir* novel by Charles Williams that sounds utterly delicious, and a collection by Lafcadio Hearn. It's entertaining just to be alerted to the existence of this work. The follow-up issue briefly eulogizes Joe Cocker and reviews old works by Erle Stanley Gardner – who also wrote mysteries wherein the D.A. was the hero – and John LeCarre, plus *Siddhartha*, which I didn't think people read anymore. The sixties live! Friendly names in the short lettercols.

**Half-Life** I-2 / Ryan Speer, [ryspeer@gmail.com](mailto:ryspeer@gmail.com) / Fronted by a strangely beautiful watercolor of a nuclear blast, this is a perzine by a newcomer who, having "tried and failed to participate regularly in a couple of APAs," hopes "that a personal e-zine might last longer." His knowledge of fandom comes from his former work as a collector for the Georgia Tech SF library. He sounds rather tentative about fandom; he has yet to attend a con, having been put off by Dragon\*Con hype, but knows about the D.C. in '17 worldcon bid and states he'll probably show up should that event come to be. Why wait that long? His satiric take on a 1964 nuclear test in Mississippi – an underground detonation, not the event shown on his cover – betrays a promising wit. Beneath a gorgeous, uncredited cover, the second issue discusses John an unpublished (and abandoned) John Steinbeck m.s. dealing with language – of course – and tangentially, SF. A fascinating find. A report, with ratings, of two Heinlein juveniles leads to a full lettercol, which both surprises and delights the editor. Have patience with us and with yourself, Ryan. It takes time to find fanzinedom's cadence, but this krewe (note Mardi Gras spelling) is here to be joined.

**The Insider** #304 / Michelle Zellich, 1738 San Martin Dr., Fenton MO 63026 / [mzellich@csc.com](mailto:mzellich@csc.com) / \$10/year / Richly covering as much of the field as possible for the benefit of the St. Louis club, Michelle's zine is a riot of comic strips (even *Peanuts*), news items (SpaceX's Dragon, Ellison's stroke; Rosetta's comet), upcoming events (today is National Fruitcake Day), zine reviews (by Bob Jennings), and *lots* of color and life. Much material on Mars, for some reason ... Are we going there or something?

**Instant Message** #910-11 / NESFA, P.O. Box 809, Framingham MA 01701-0809 / [info@nesfa.org](mailto:info@nesfa.org) / Reports on Boskone, on the NESFA Press (some of the most beautiful books in SF) – no club in the history of science fiction fandom has been as organized along business lines as the New England group, and each *Instant Message* boggles with how much this amazing group has accomplished and is accomplishing. Accompanied by the annual and invaluable NESFA Roster.

**Journey Planet** 20 / James Bacon, Christopher J Garcia, Helen J. Montgomery, [journeyplanet@gmail.com](mailto:journeyplanet@gmail.com) / Sports issue of the only genuine fanzine to break through the blog barrier and make it to Loncon 3's Hugo ballot. When I tried an athletics theme for a *Challenger*, I found a wee bit of resistance: fans, I was told, are nerds who would rather read a book than watch a game or – it is to laugh! – participate. Nevertheless I found contributors (mostly about baseball) and *JP* has writers who absolutely cover the field. Biggest blast for me is a piece on Julie Schwartz's *Strange Sports Stories* (remember those silhouetted captions?), but Chris deals with professional wrestling (doesn't it figure that Garcia would be a wrestling fan?). Janice Gelb hits on Aussie sports and merging convention-going with game-going, quidditch gets its due from James Hinsey (do real people really play it? How?), Helen chats up fannish betting, James gets in his points on Rugby, Jerry Gilio on hockey ... This zine is a hoot. Only thing missing is a piece on Jimmy Connors. Who do we know who could have written such a thing?

**Lofgeornost** #117 / Fred Lerner, 81 Worcester Ave., White River Junction VT 05001 / [fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu](mailto:fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu) / FAPA or trade / Fred opens his supremely literate FAPAZine with a mention of author Alexander McCall Smith; I bought la belle Rose-Marie the latest No. 1 Ladies Detective Agency novel for Christmas. He uses the author's *oeuvre* as a launchpad for a sharp discussion of Genre, shifting the focus of fictional typing to the reader: it is, he obtains, our expectations that determine our differing reactions to a science fiction novel vs. a mystery. As he quotes someone, genre is a set of instructions for how to read a text. A novel's subjective success depends, therefore, on how well it fills our preconceived mold for its type. Lerner reviews the latest Michael Scott Rohan trilogy, discusses the Holmes canon (Craig Hilton take note), publishes some really fascinating LOCs. Bob Jennings' take on David (never Davy) Crockett is especially neat. He even divulges the meaning of his title, hitherto a mystery to the sub-literate such as I.

**MarkTime** 110 / Mark Strickert, 335 S, Acacia Ave., Rialto CA 92376 / [busnrail@yahoo.com](mailto:busnrail@yahoo.com) / "Over 42 years of service to Metropolitan Zineland." / Mark – a mass transit aficionado – would enjoy Fred Argoff's *other* zine, about the New York transit system; Fred, meet Mark. Here Strickert focuses on personal stuff more than rapid transit, meandering over family natter and trips to SanFran, where he actually does concentrate on buses and trains (and, one imagines, cable cars), and Yosemite. He doesn't mention the Tioga Pass Road just north of the Park; I drove it once, chattering like the chipmunks. I recognize none of the letter writers except Lloyd Penney, who is, of course, everywhere.

**MT Void** Vol. 33 No. 28 (whole no. 1841) / Evelyn C. Leeper, [eleeper@optonline.net](mailto:eleeper@optonline.net) / <http://www.geocities.com/evelynleeper> / free subs through [mtvoid-subscribe@yahoo.groups](mailto:mtvoid-subscribe@yahoo.groups) / Every week Evelyn and Mark publish a literate and enjoyable journal of reviews and natter that spans the genre – and beyond. For instance, Mark reviews *Selma* in this edition, as non-SFnal a film as I can imagine. (I remember the atrocity at the Edmund Pettus Bridge – and have even crossed it. I *wish Selma* was science fiction.) But not all is lost to historical works: Dale Skran reviews *American Horror Story* in a recent number, Mark turns on *Pump*, and links provided include "What to Eat After the Apocalypse", which upsets my gentle digestion. Evelyn's column on this week's reading includes Jorge Luis Borges, so literature gets its due. Greg Benford contributes a LOC criticizing the Rosetta mission, which I still found extremely cool. If none of this is to your taste, be patient: next week will be different.

**Mumblings from Munchkinland** 34 / Chris Nelson, 25 Fuhrman St., Evatt, ACT 2617, Australia / [nelsonleeoz@hotmail.com](mailto:nelsonleeoz@hotmail.com) / A paean to the late Graham Stone, written by a friend and admirer, beautifully-illustrated with photos and magazine covers, an excellent way to memorialize a great SFnal life. Such remembrances are invaluable to anyone who really wants to delve into the spirit of science fiction fandom. We should all aspire to accomplish so much and be remembered as well.

**My Back Pages** #13 / Rich Lynch, P.O. Box 3120, Gaithersburg, Maryland 20885 / [rw\\_lynch@yahoo.com](mailto:rw_lynch@yahoo.com) / trade, whim / Latest in a continuing series of essays and travel reports by the Hugo-winning co-editor of *Mimosa*. Many come from Rich's SFPazine; Rich travels the world on his government job and reports thereupon therein on a bimonthly basis. I'll let Rich describe this 13<sup>th</sup> collection: "Issue #13 is not at all concerned with triskaidekaphobia [though he describes the origins of the "fear of 13"] and has essays involving long airport layovers, hexagonal pavilions, Korean food, hi-tech toilets, mountain tunnels, picture postcards, ragtime music [a very fine appreciation of Scott Joplin], group dinners, old photographs, interplanetary missions, government mindsets, space movies [he hates *Gravity*], big windstorms, slippery slopes, jazz orchestras, art museums, buried treasure, micro universes, famous actors, and some very cold winter weather." He doesn't mention the pieces on Bob Tucker, who is never far from any trufan's mind, and Dean Grennell, sources of special delight for Lynch, a specialist in fan history.

**The NASFA Shuttle** Nov.-Dec. 2014 / Mike Kennedy, P.O. Box 4857, Huntsville AL 35815-4857 / [nasfa-shuttle@con-stellation.org](mailto:nasfa-shuttle@con-stellation.org) / No other fanzine published has more awards news than does the Huntsville clubzine – or did you know about the Pegasus Awards for excellence in filking? The December issue has information about Sasquan that I didn't know. Also within these staples, chapters in an SF novel by PieEyedDragon (a possible pseudonym), a small lettercol (Lloyd Penney and Sheryl Birkhead always featured) and the usual club announcements and minutes. Would you expect a piece on the Canadian Unity Fan Fund in an Alabama zine? Would you or not, it's here.

**OASFiS Event Horizon** Volume 26 No. 7 Issue 325 / Juan Sanmiguel, P.O. Box 323, Goldenrod FL 32733-0323 / [sanmiguel@earthlink.net](mailto:sanmiguel@earthlink.net) / \$12/year, includes club membership / The Orlando clubzine often features con reports and excellent photos by the editor; this issue hits the big time, with Loncon 3. The Brits actually masquerade for the event, something we see little of at American Worldcons. Juan “selfies” with a Retro-Hugo. The club's annual convention, OASIS 27, is coming up in the first days of May.

**Opuntia** 296 / Dale Speirs, [opuntia57@hotmail.com](mailto:opuntia57@hotmail.com) / An evocative image of a flight of geese inside a Calgary shopping mall opens this issue of Canada's senior perzine, always an eclectic read. After the “Cowtown” photos, Dale opines on “the Beringia Dogma,” the “laughable” idea that nobody lived in North America until Cro-Magnon man crossed the Bering Straits on an ice flow. Dale presents evidence that the idea borders on slander against our capable, intelligent ancestors, who could and did live everywhere. He moves on to discuss Discworld, particularly the righteous satires *Moving Pictures* and *Making Money*, and mentions that Canada has laws specifically concerning crimes committed in Earth orbit (a first, he believes – as do I). All is illustrated with cool postage stamps.

**Orpheum** #8 / Alan White “and the Westside Insurgents” / [Alan@PixelMotel.com](mailto:Alan@PixelMotel.com) / “Please Visit PixelMotel.com” / Be sure to visit Alan's website, **Fansite 1**, and gaze upon his exciting art. One of the joys of being on his mailing list is the series of spectacular images – by himself and others – he spreads before you. *Orpheum* is replete with great art, presented by a master of imagery who also happens to excel as a fan writer. This issue's cover and text center on the Burning Man event, a signal for a wild autobiographical spree about the editor's career through Los Angeles horror fandom. His account of the creation of *Flesh Gordon* alone would make for a fascinating zine, but it's only a segue into a memorial paean to “pyrotechnician, art lover, party animal, innovator, monsterkid and friend” Joe Viskocil, with whom Alan was bound for Burning Man, a long and vivid description of the festival itself and Joe's wake, topped by an inimitable memorial photo-collage. Pages of White fanzine covers follow, and have one mentally shouting “Hugo! Now!” I'm honored our *Antipodal Route* and *Challenger* are among them.

**Pablo Lennis** #s 24-5 / John Thiel, 30 N. 19<sup>th</sup> St., Lafayette IN 47904 / \$2@ or trade, if the editor so wishes / Two sizable issues of John's zine of fiction and poetry. I wonder where he finds his contributors. To be honest, it's occasionally challenging to get to the material past John's somewhat *retro* production values, but some are clever – like Eric Pauley's “Unquestioned Alien” and “Saxy Sam and the Christmas Spirit” by Holli Hottwatt (I think) – and some have substance – John Boselli's “Resurrection of Rajah Begun” – and John's editorial ascribing the creation of science fiction to Marconi and the telegraph is not without interest. But John ... *Margins*. *Line spacing*. *A contents*. There are reasons these things exist! Oh, well, *Pablo* is *Pablo*, and what you gotta hand it to Thiel, he hangs it out there.

**Paper Radio** Issue One / Frederick Moe, 36 West Main St., Warner NH 03278 / for AAPA / Here's a small (a single folded 8½ x 11 sheet) but cheery zine devoted to nostalgic radio fandom, specifically to part one of an e-mail interview with Frederick Vobbe, apparently the head of the National Radio Club. A magic memory of my dad pretending to broadcast behind his father's table-sized radio leads to thoughts of a joyful duty at DC Comics: listening to old *Superman* radio shows (starring Bud Collyer) on giant vinyl discs – and they paid me for it!

**Planetary Stories 32 / Pulp Spirit #22 / Wonderlust** / Shelby Vick, Jerry Page, Robert Kennedy, [www.planetarystories.com/Anniversary.html](http://www.planetarystories.com/Anniversary.html) / Spiffy skiffy tales presented with gusto by one of South's senior fans, a wonderful cat who won the region's highest fannish honor, the Rebel Award, at the 50<sup>th</sup> DeepSouthCon. (He also first met his co-editor, Jerry Page, in person there.) *Planetary Stories* is celebrating its tenth anniversary with this issue. I generally don't critique fan-writ fiction, but these items evoke a great deal of affection – projection from the editor, no doubt. Note: ShelVy posts his stuff on eFanzines, but is 'way behind; the last *Planetary* on Bill Burns' majestic site is #23.

**The Pleasure of Ruins Issue #1** / R. Graeme Cameron / [rgraeme\(at\)shaw.ca](mailto:rgraeme@shaw.ca) / "A non-boring non-academic Fanzine devoted to archaeological trivia," says Graeme. "Non-boring" for Cameron obviously means light-hearted and goofy. Scholars be advised: no footnotes in this pub. Graeme leads off with a piece on Roman sex as practiced by "the rapaciously greedy and hopelessly degenerate Senatorial and Knight classes." Apparently the Caesars and their ilk reserved appreciation for procreation as recreation for themselves, imposing a severe and hypocritical morality code on less wealthy and influential citizens. Their rule against soldierly masturbation could have been written by Queen Victoria. Less thrilling – unless you're Joe Major – is Graeme's discussion of the underwater archaeology that brought the Antikytheria Mechanism up from the deep six, and – unless you're me, who has always wanted to go there – a poem allegedly about Stonehenge. My nephew recently got to go there. *I didn't.*

**The Reluctant Famulus 102** / Thomas Sadler, 305 Gill Branch Rd., Owenton KY 40359 / [tomfamulus@hughes.net](mailto:tomfamulus@hughes.net) / t.u. / An ever-reliable read boasting *irresistible* contents. I mean, dinosaurs *and* the Civil War? That's almost unfair! Sadler's stable of regular contributors expands to include Gayle Perry, whose illustrated review of newly discovered dinosaurs will tickle any unrepentant dino-fan. Gene Stewart is here with another "Rat Stew" of opinion, Eric Barraclough reports on moon observations and the wild miscalculations (a bridge on the moon) sometimes extrapolated from them, Matt Howard's paean to Indiana (!) delves into its poetic depths, and Alfred Byrd provides two fine pieces on a famous Kentucky scandal and – star moment for me – a second article on the infamous Civil War raider, Quantrill. These pages focus on his brutal attack on Lawrence, Kansas. As I said last issue, my grandfather knew (as a boy) someone who rode with Quantrill, and I've been attempting fiction based on his story for decades. Nice cover by Sheryl Birkhead – whom I miss – and a strong lettercol.

**SF Commentary 88** / Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard St., Greensborough VIC 3088 Australia / [gandc@pacific.net.au](mailto:gandc@pacific.net.au) / 80-page, 46<sup>th</sup> anniversary edition of the most professional-looking fanzine around. I've been reading and collecting *SFC* since I moved into genzine fandom in 1993, and stand awed before every issue. *Why* isn't Gillespie smothered in awards? Beneath an admirable (and slick) Ditmar cover is a touching tribute to his 20-year friendship with Polly, a cat for the ages. Follow more tributes, to a living man (Murray Moore on Brian Aldiss), an immortal influence (Michael Bishop on Philip K. Dick – prose and verse), a brilliant genre-spanning writer (Patrick McGuire on J.D. Robb/Nora Roberts). All are extensive and of course, well-conveyed. The letter column shines as brightly, with Greg Benford, Darrell Schweitzer, Steve Jeffery, William Breiding and other correspondents adding their depths to this mix. I need to note two photographs that especially tickled, shots depicting Jeffery's awesome library and Robert Heinlein's laser gaze. A special salute to Bruce for mailing forth hard copies of this beautifully-formed publication; the uncompromising quality to which he's committed extends from the pages he writes and edits to their distribution. Those of us who must rely on eFanzines shrink in shame.

**Swill #25** / Neil Jamieson-Williams, [swill.uldunemedia.ca](http://swill.uldunemedia.ca) / The issue dates to last August, but only today blossomed in my e-mailbox. Devoted to "norm violation and attacking sacred cows," according to the editor, this is an "anti-Ellison," as in Harlan Ellison, issue, with further pieces on "Trashing Trufen", "Flogging a Dead Trekkie", and "Pissing on a Pile of Old *Amazings*". Considering the mild flavor of this

issue's fanzines, with little in the way of controversy, this should make *Swill* (founded 1981, it says here) a welcome diversion. Certainly the antique and purposefully blotchy typewriter fonts convey a rebellious, defiantly trashy attitude. Anyway, after an acknowledgment of Harlan's recent poor health and insistence that his recovery makes him again, fair game, Jamieson-Williams does indeed go after him. Despite admiring much of his writing, Neil calls Ellison a misanthrope who thinks all human beings are scum, a "yellow journalist" for not checking his sources adequately, and finally an "arsehole," just on general principles. Moving on to trufen, Neil's article is mostly more Harlan; a sharper jab comes in the lettercol from Lloyd Penney: "You may have to ease up on the trufen these days ... they seem to be mostly in their 70s and 80s, and they are cranky, and they need their meds and their sleep." Amidst the strikeouts, contributor Lester Rainsford is supposed to pee on *Amazing*, but also tries to trash Harlan. I can't figure out what this has to do with *Amazing*. Again taking up the typewriter, Neil ponders genuine feminist SF, admitting that he doesn't know what that means. I feel his pain; I don't know what *Swill* means. Says Neil, "*Swill* has always been very adept at prodding at soft spots and pushing buttons in the past." Balloon-poppers in an oft-pompous venue such as fandom are always welcome, but effective iconoclasy needs specifics to back up the button-punching, and here I mostly see nastiness for its own sake. Well, try me again. [*I'm prejudiced here; I genuinely admire Harlan Ellison and miss those days of **The Glass Teat and Dangerous Visions** (though I yearn for the final volume too) when he was the hope of the field. As for his personality, well, he gave me a boost when I was a kid that I have neither forgotten nor fulfilled, and I number him with Alfred Bester, Julie Schwartz, Fred Chappell, Lillian Hellman, and a zillion people no one's ever heard of as mentors to whom I owe an unpayable debt.*]

**Trap Door** No. 31 / Robert Lichtman, 11037 Broadway Terrace, Oakland CA 94611-1948 / [trapdoor@rocketmail.com](mailto:trapdoor@rocketmail.com) / It's gotten so the part of *Trap Door* that I most look forward to is Robert's introductory editorial, where he often recounts his counterculture experience on The Farm, a communal experiment such as the sixties were supposed to be about. To this issue he welcomes a friend from those days, Rupert Fike, who brings along a poem about those crazy, noble days. I can't catch a common theme in the various offerings this time, but as usual with *Trap Door*, they're all fine reading: Steve Stiles contributes not only the cover and several interiors, but a piece on his career as a bookseller which seems only slightly more successful than mine (it was my first job firing). Lenny Kaye recalls his fanzine career and the commendable fate of his collection: a university library. (I've never seen *Obelisk*.) Greg Benford's anecdote about Bob Toomey's *thrilling* driving and Roy Kettle's struggle to get a novel published (when all else fails, establish your own publishing house) both bring on sweaty palms, but for different reasons. Probably my favorite piece in the issue is John Baxter's reminiscence of film festivals he has known: scams, drunks, epics, and Dennis Hopper's catastrophic *The Last Movie*; I met Hopper twice (and enjoyed him immensely) but never broached that topic. Dan Steffan concludes the issue, and sends readers flying into the ozone, with an explanation of the satire behind *Trap Door*'s last cover that I wish I could believe.

**Treasure 2** / Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard St., Greensborough VIC 3088 Australia / [gandc@pacific.net.au](mailto:gandc@pacific.net.au) / I touched on the third issue of this splendid journal – published for ANZAPA, and superior in appearance and content to almost any other apazine you could name – in my last issue. Bruce seemed miffed that I neglected this number, so here goes. First of all, check out my comments on Bruce's *SF Commentary* for general praise of the zine's outstanding professional appearance; I shouldn't have to repeat myself. Then plunge into *Treasure*, a publication replete with great fannish photos – yes, there's Bill Wright – and beautiful scenery. They illustrate pieces by Gillespie himself on the Australian convention Continuum, and Robyn Whiteley, enjoying Europe from his wheelchair and crisply documenting every moment in a huge and entertaining report. Bruce and Leigh Edmonds exchange letters and opinions on music that shame this tone-deaf pretender. Gad, the energy and the commitment of this man – they're exhausting even to describe.

**Vexed** / Eric Mayer, [groggy.tales@gmail.com](mailto:groggy.tales@gmail.com) / e-mail / “A collection of articles from my apazine for Trufannish Electronic Press Exchange, 2014.” Some very fine and challenging personal writing here: well-wrought anecdotes, serious in tone. I identify with the poor lad who felt driven away from peer parties into the realm of fandom, described in his “Notes from a Cyber Wallflower”, only my hot redheaded adolescent succubus was named J-----, not Allison (I still know her on Facebook). Is this the first mention of John Updike I’ve seen in science fiction fandom? The author’s *Rabbit*, *Run* and *The Centaur* are wonderful, and his obvious use of symbols made him a breeze for high school and college essays, but his purple prose (“Lazily she fellated him while he combed her auburn hair”) at last drove me away. Mayer’s reflections on the gap between climbing Everest and dreaming about it strike a melancholy chord, countered by the tale of the summer vacation when he collected Davy Crockett trading cards, and was gifted with the image that made his collection complete.

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Final words. As usual, thanks for all the zines – please keep them coming. Apologies to any fan-ed whose zine was not noted this time. Did my best. I hit every paperzine sent to me, most of the e-mailed pubs and plowed as deeply into **eFanzines** as my aged wits and stamina could take me. Please don’t be offended; just let me know I missed you and I’ll make sure to hit you next time around. I respond to zines, threats, bad reviews and bribes.

I spotted no common thread to this batch of publications, and as this denotes a dearth of controversy in the ‘dom as of now, that’s probably for the best. Who needs to start the year with flame wars?

Someone recently published some **four-word movie reviews** in SFPA, and I was wondering if that might be possible for fanzines. After all, the best review I ever got for *Challenger* was Donald Franson’s: “From Berkeley to Gettysburg.” He *nailed* it. Me, I don’t have the talent.

What I do have is the world’s most splendid wife. Earlier I lamented a malware attack which encrypted forever a number of my files. Here I lambaste an imbecile who should never be allowed near a keyboard – thinking to save this very file, he instead saved a set of SFPA mailing comments, and was certain that the foregoing fanzine was lost forever. For “he” read “me,” or did you gather that?

I wailed to Rosy. While I gnashed my teeth, rent my garments, and damned my life – or was it “damned my teeth, gnashed my garments, and rent my life”? I dunno – she applied herself to recovering the lost file. Which she did. Well, she recovered an earlier version of the file – about a week old. The changes I’d made in the past 7 days had to be re-done.

But who cares? I got my *Zine Dump* back? *Hail la belle* – *savior of Guykind!*

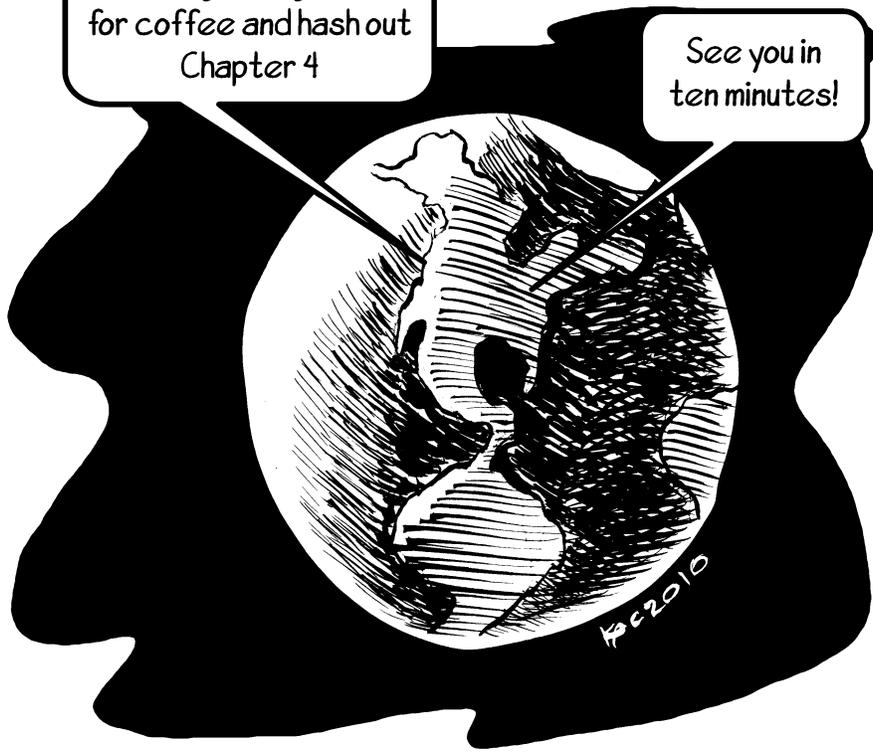
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You may have noted one name mentioned more than all others in the zines herein noted. Since the last *Zine Dump* fandom has observed the 100<sup>th</sup> birthday of **Bob Tucker**, dean of fan-eds. Even though I usually don’t drink, I joined my wife and mother-in-law in a celebratory *smoooooooooth* in his honor. Happy 2015, purveyors of truth and beauty.



Let's get together  
for coffee and hash out  
Chapter 4

See you in  
ten minutes!



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