

THE ZINE DUMP #34

**A fanzine about fanzines
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Please note COA.

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**If we don't do fanzines for
trophies, then why are we all so
upset?**



In a blaze of ... something, the Hugo nominations came forth on the day before Easter Sunday. There was Hell to pay.

I do a zine called *Spartacus* devoted to opinionating, and that's where I've blathered about the general questions raised by the so-called Sad Puppies and their Rabid brethren, whose bloc voting almost completely swamped the Hugo ballot. Here, where fanzines are the guiding topic, I'll simply note that fan writers unknown to me dominate that category; the same could almost be said for Best Fanzine, too – were it not for certain welcome exceptions. *Journey Planet*, a superb journal, is nominated again. Also, I've always enjoyed the company of my fellow Southerner Tim Bolgeo, despite our diametrically opposite politics, and am happy to congratulate him on the nomination for his *Revenge of Hump Day*. (Sweet revenge, indeed, I'm sure, after the insult he bore from Archon – which first invited then disinvited him from its Fan GoHship, for political reasons.) Also recommended to the list by the Sad Puppies was *Tangent*, a title which came within 8 votes of the Hugo at the first San Antonio Worldcon. Remembering it as a quality newszine and editor Dave Truesdale as a good guy, I have no objection to seeing it again on the ballot. *But*.

I have *plenty* of objection to a vindictive, politically-based campaign placing *anything* on the Hugo ballot – especially a campaign allying itself with Gamergate, as “Vox Day”, architect of the Sad Puppies uprising, does in a recent post. Gamergate was party to threats against female members of gaming fandom that can only be described as both bestial and criminal. I hold neither Truesdale nor Bolgeo responsible for this connection, of course, but I'd very much like to see both – in fact, anyone endorsed by Sad Puppies – repudiate it. A simple statement in favor of general fairness and civility would do nicely. Such a declaration would do much to heal fanzine fandom and put this Hugo race back on a righteous track.

If, as we First Amendment types say, the only answer to bad speech is better speech, then the only sane answer to a slate of ugly recommendations is a slate of worthy ones. So here are my votes, and I urge all to consider marking their ballots the same: ***The Three-Body Problem, Interstellar, the Flash pilot, Mike Resnick, Toni Weiskopf, Steve Stiles, Journey Planet.***

Above and beyond that, I simply advise voting, and throughout the year to come, finding favorites and promoting them. The Hugo is more important than any spasm in the body fannish. It can survive if our devotion to its true meaning survives, and that starts and ends with giving a damn.

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Speaking of awards, we note with dismay the demise of Britain's Nova Awards for fanzine activity, cancelled due to "a lack of interest." We feel a touch of defiance, therefore, in sending congrats to the FAAn Award winners presented at the *British* Corflu. Those winners, as listed in *Ansible*: PAST PRESIDENT FWA Graham Charnock. WEBSITE efanzines.com (Bill Burns). SINGLE ISSUE *Trap Door* 31 ed. Robert Lichtman. CORRESPONDENT Paul Skelton. ARTIST Dan Steffan. WRITER Mark Plummer. COVER D West, *Banana Wings* 56. PERSONALZINE *Vibrator* ed. Graham Charnock. GENZINE *Banana Wings* ed. Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer. #1 FAN FACE Steve Stiles. LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT (not a FAAn Award) Peter Weston. I voted for a winner or two. Note: except for Stiles, none of these people got past the Sad Puppies bloc-kade to make the Hugo listing.

Completing the long FAAn Awards ballot – forty spaces or so to fill out – was a challenge for many, and many didn't bother. I submitted my choices just before the deadline and was told that mine was only the 18th ballot received. Andy Hooper maintained on FB recently that more would participate were the ballot less daunting, and that means simplifying the list by culling the vast flood of fanzines still flowing o'er fandom to a handle-able dribble of finalists.

Several suggestions were made: having the Corflu committee make up a final ballot – appointing a committee of a selective range of fanziners to come up with a list – and circulating a preliminary nominating ballot from which the top contenders would be gleaned. As I'm not of the Corflu crowd, I may be overstepping social boundaries, but seems to me that leaving the choices up to the "fanzine fans' convention" would only reinforce malcontents who feel the FAAns to be cliquish and closed. Of course, the same gripe would bedevil an appointed committee, and the question of who would make the appointments would be a sticky wicket. The two-step approach would more than double the work load on the administrators, but I see no better way to open the award to a wider spread of fans, and I'm sure that's the FAAns' reason *d'etre*.

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Here's an item that affects all supporting members of the late 2014 Worldcon. It involves Loncon 3's program book. As editor of Sasquan's program/souvenir tome, and one who collects as well as edits such books, I looked forward to holding the latest volume in my hands and seeing what the Brits did with fandom's annual. But after several months of patience, there'd been no book. Instead, cometh a link from Loncon 3, forwarded by Andy Porter:

> Many of the people on this mailing list attended Loncon 3, so will not be directly affected, however, some of you will have picked up on an absence of Souvenir Books being mailed out to a large proportion of our Supporting and absent Attending members.

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> At the last SMOFcon we reported that uncertainties in our budget due to some unanticipated debtors and our duties under UK law, (not to incur additional spending until all current and legally required spending had been budgeted), had delayed our plan to print and mail a second edition of the Souvenir Book in North-America.

>

> Well the good news is that all our outstanding bills have now been paid and we are confident we will be able to cover all our legally required additional spending. The bad news is that this additional spending is not a fixed cost, and we may not know our available final balance until Sasquan at the earliest - and as a result will not be in a position to know what level of Souvenir Book fulfilment can be achieved until this is resolved.

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> So as an interim measure, after finally being able to resolve some outstanding copyright issues, we are making available an electronic version of the Souvenir Book to our members who have not been mailed a copy. We will therefore shortly be emailing these members a link to a page where they can download the Souvenir Book, along with some other items of interest. Feedback from the email will also hopefully indicate a reduction in demand for the paper copy of the book.

They provided a link for downloading the book and “for rights reasons” asked that the link not be circulated.

Getting past the gobbledegook, Loncon 3 obviously can't afford to send out their program books to non-attending members. Thanks to goodlady Judy Bemis, who shared an extra, we have a copy. Judy is a queen, and the book is beautiful – full-color, glossy stock throughout, well-edited and –written, a classy souvenir. One can certainly see why mailing this book from the U.K. would be an awesome expense: the glossy stock makes it heavier than your average Mini Cooper. Still, I'm miffed. The worldcon with the largest recorded membership – some ten thousand, I understand – should have no problems with ready cash, and should have known their legal duties and anticipated the delay. I hope Loncon squares its corners quickly.

Seguing on, how progress Sasquan's publications? Well, I think. Meredith Bransted has done a spiffy skiffy job on the 4th Sasquan progress report. Washington writer Cherise Kelley seems to be assembling a righteous restaurant guide and gathering a good staff for the twice-daily at-the-con newsletter. As for my job, the program book, I have about most of its scheduled 156 interior pages more-or-less laid out: all the Guest of Honor tributes, the Hugo, fan fund and prior Worldcons' list, the business material (constitution, standing rules, whatnot), and an introduction-*cum*-ongoing-schtick that I hope is as cute as I think it is. The remaining pages must house the staff list, the membership list, the grotesquely huge memorial list, Brad Foster's portfolio, and the ads. Good fan art, excellent GoH tributes ... and thanks to the huge influx of supporting members in the late spring, all in color! Rosy is starting on layout corrections and improvements, at which she is a professional, so ... it could turn out okay.

The best program book I've seen? LACon III's, edited by Joe Siclari and Edie Stern. Awesome foldout cover by James Gurney and impeccable contents and production. Other favorites: Iggy's, MagiCon's, Confederation's, and of course Tom Reamy's breakthrough masterpiece from MidAmeriCon. And much as I recoil from the typos and grunges in *our* three – and the DSC and NASFiC souvenir books we also edited – I love them too.

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Some info about the 2015 WOOF, or Worldcon Order of Fan-Eds, a distribution to be collated and distributed at Sasquan. The deadline for mail submissions is most likely 8/15/15 at Andy Hooper's

address, 11032 30th Ave. NE, Seattle WA 98125, although mailing much earlier would be a very good idea. Copy count is the same as the Worldcon number – 73. There was no WOOF at Loncon 3, so we who contribute will have no “mailing” comments to fill our pages, but having nothing to write about has never stopped a tru-fan-ed, be there such a creature. Show your colors! Zine up!

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New Orleans’ John Guidry scored a massive fanzine treasure at NOLA’s Symphony Book Fair. Rumor has reached Jawn that the collection of a Tulane professor, like Guidry a big Burroughs fan, had donated his collection to the Book Fair. First in line as always, John bought 8 volumes of bound zines, and they were *churce*. Most delightful for Guidry was the first year of ERB-apa, the amateur press association he had himself founded, and which John had lost to the floods of Katrina. Other goodies: *ERBania*, Peter Ogden ed. 1970-1986; *Jasoomian*, Bill Dutcher ed. 1973-74; *Tarzine* #21-55, Bill Ross ed.. beginning in 1984; *The Burroughs Newsletter Annual*, B. Hancer ed., no dates, and *The Collector of Edgar Rice Burroughs*, Michael Conran ed., 1979-1985. He also scored 1970 issues of *Monsters and Heroes* and – coolest of all – the Canaveral Press edition of *Tarzan and the Tarzan Twins with Jad-Bel-Ja the Golden Lion* – rare and uncensored. Come see John at the DeepSouthCon this October – he’s Fan Guest of Honor – and listen to him rave about his great luck.

Ed Meskys' e-mail address has changed to edmeskys@gmail.com.

As ever, *The Zine Dump* wants to see every science fiction or fandom-oriented zine published in English. Cut-off date for this issue, 5-30-15.

Alexiad Vol. 14 No. 1-2 / Joe & Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville KY 40204-2040 / jtmajor@iglou.com / efanzines.com or trade / Facing yet another domestic crisis – the debilitating illness of a friend and tenant – Joe nevertheless puts forth a solid, eclectic, literate and entertaining genzine ... and on a regular schedule, too. Here he opines on the Sad Puppies slate – one of few zines I’ve seen do so – mourns a cat (quite movingly), offers a righteously good piece on the future of movies (focusing on those based on the comics – that’s right, most movies being made today), reviews an old Stephen King (*11/22/63*), a fannish book on Rog Phillips and an alt history based on Rome. Lisa praises coffee, contributor Redford Edmiston discourses on “The Joy of High Tech”, Taral Wayne adds an intriguing comment on two very odd SF films (*Frankenweenie* and *ParaNorman*) – Taral is as entertaining a writer as he is an artist – Leigh Kimmel and Sue Burke review recent conventions. Sue’s was in Espana! The lettercol is long but easy-flowing. No. 2 in this volume is slender, mostly lettercol – *Alexiad*’s readers love reading *Alexiad* – but one paragraph grabs me: Joe’s notices of how few winners of the Victoria Cross from Australia and New Zealand still walk among us. His respect for these heroes says a lot about him.

Argentus 14 / Steven Silver, 707 Sapling Lane, Deerfield IL 60015-3969 / shsilver@sfsite.com / This issue of Steven’s genzine had me gaffed from Jump Street: say “Lafferty” and I’m landed, and the very first sentence of text promises a “tale of two authors,” of which the Cosmic Ray is one. But the claim is misleading. While there is a fine piece on “Lafferty at 100” early in *Argentus*’ 68 pages, the cover and bulk of the issue belongs to Wilson “Bob” Tucker – who also celebrated his centennial of recent. Not everything besides the aforementioned Lafferty squib is Tucker’s – Ken Liu, translator of Cixin Liu’s splendid *Three-Body Problem*, has an essay on translating Chinese SF, and Tom Galloway raises chuckles commenting on the Razzie Awards – Jenny McCarthy may have to answer to God for her opposition to immunization but she must first answer to cinema for *Dirty Love*. James Terman’s question about the continuing relevancy of *Starship Troopers* is well put, Chris Barkley’s musings on the division of the dramatic presentation category – in which he was deeply involved – is historically diverting (I still don’t see the point), and there is much else of interest – but the most space, and the most energy, belongs

to Bob. Bruce Gillespie, Juanita Coulson Tim Bolgeo, Joe and Gay Haldeman, many others contribute analysis of his novels and appreciations of his personality – and has there ever been an SFer whose person was more resonant in our community? It brings much life to *Argentus*' pages. Which are, to shift to a rare critical mode, gray – to a fault. *Argentus* is superb in content, often energetic in editorial inventiveness (I miss Silver's trademark alternate history section this time), but needs a layout editor. All that leaden ten-point type swallows good art by Brad and others and deadens its deserved appeal. Nevertheless, *Argentus* is a major fanzine, a high mark of the first half of 2015.

The Art of Garthness #1 / Garth Spencer, garth.van.spencer@gmail.com / Spencer's perzine retitling coincides with an attack of middle aged angst which has him questioning everything about his life's path – so he does the sensible thing and takes stock. He relates legends from his home club, BCSFA, complete with photos of members various, under the exquisite title "Lore of Our Tribe". He beats drums for Canada's Anarcho-Surrealist Party, including a call for Canadian seizure of whatever Antarctic turf may be revealed by the melting ice cap. More seriously, Garth evokes his inner Spock and discourses intelligently on formal logic. He moves on to religion, explaining his adherence to "Asatru", an ancient Germanic worship system – most involved, dealing with language and agriculture and quite fascinating, actually. He closes with a lament about apathy, among voters and people at large. Much to this perzine, let's see if Garth can keep up this level of introspective wit.

Askance 32 / John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station TX 77845 / j_purcell54@yahoo.com / trade or whim / Great minds ... John's latest genzine features a great cover and a terrific article (by the editor) on the same theme as my latest *Challenger: Monsters!* (Which figures – his piece was meant for *Challenger*, but I published too soon.) Purcell's tastes are eclectic – like me, he has a strange affinity for the oddest "monster" movie of them all, *The Monolith Monsters*, but he admits that his favorite is *Godzilla*. Moving on, he reviews fanzines, including several I've missed and several for which we share admiration (like *Trap Door*). His calendar of regional conventions includes Sasquan in August and the New Orleans DeepSouthCon this coming October, where we will hopefully see him, but also a slew of others. The really fine part of this issue, though, comes at the front – a fine eulogy with a nice photo for Peggy Rae Sapienza. His memorial follows a sad personal mention of the death of his father-in-law, but neither note is in the least maudlin. As usual, John strikes the perfect tone.

Askew #11 / see above / Inspired by Andy Hooper's *Flag*, John's *Askew* is "a paper-only personalzine" devoted to, obviously, his personal observations and anecdotes. He begins this edition contemplating a title change to *Bidet*, which would keep things clean, at least. His reading list reveals that he receives a Claire Brialey perzine I've never seen (I am wounded to the quick) and that, like too few people these days, he's enjoying the works of Poul Anderson. Poul's stuff deserves the same status as E.E. Smith's, a *necessary* classic. A long rumination on *not* being a *Doctor Who* fan appends – I haven't followed the show since Billie Piper left – and a lettercol starring Nic Farey, Rich Dengrove ... and Lloyd Penney, of course.

Banana Wings #58 / Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES U.K. / fishlifter@googlemail.com / The preeminent British genzine almost always opens with "Roadrunner", Mark's exhausting/exhilarating stream-of-consciousness reminiscence/editorial, this time zipping from his current case of sniffles to an involved contemplation of Keats, leading to musings on the used bookstores of his youth, his ambition to read lots of nonfiction Pelican Books and be scholastic and Kindle Books' annoying habit of not giving a tome's original publication date. Break – and then a minor Terry Pratchett anecdote ("hardly knew the bloke") segues into a memorial for a musician friend and thoughts on an obscure *Astounding* writers from the thirties, ending with an appreciation for Sandra Bond's Corflu piece on fanzines – as they are, not as they once were, but still "art." *whew* And then here's Hugo-winner Claire with a Novacon report (she doesn't miss the Nova Awards) and the inimitable James Bacon – savior of many a fanzine, including my *Challenger* – mourning a friend, Mick O'Connor,

through a fine memorial article. D West's "Feature Letter" on Red heritage, keeping what matters and disposing of the dross (exceptional cartoons in this issue), a splendid lettercol, Claire's near-despair at finding herself attending Sasquan despite *not wanting to go* ... Hey, you'll come home with a helluva program book, Claire: look at it that way.

Beam / Nic Farey and Jim Trash, 3342 Cape Cod Drive, Las Vegas, NV 89122, email: fareynic@gmail.com; 273 The Rowans, Milton, Cambridge CB24 6ZA, UK, email: jimtrash@eggoboo

BCSFazine #500-502 / Felicity Walker, Apt. 601 Manhattan Tower, 6601 Cooney Road, Richmond, BC, Canada V6Y 4C5 / felicity4711@gmail.com / Felicity celebrates the British Columbia clubzine's 500th issue with a cool retrospective of covers and contents past, and subsequent lettercols are replete with congratulatory notes. As one correspondent says, "it's all downhill to issue #1000 from here!" John Purcell's theory of fanzine vampires is one that bears serious study, hopefully at a reputable medical facility. In addition to lengthy notes of forthcoming club activities and a fun report on a club meeting, there's a continuing account of VancouFur's Turkey Readings – I don't know, and I'm scared to find out.

Broken Toys #38-39 / Taral Wayne, 245 Dunn Ave. #2111, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5K 1S6 / E-mail Taral@bell.net / e-mail and eFanzines.com / "Do you ever get up in the morning and sense that God is looking down at you, glaring hatred? Do you feel that it is His will that you understand that He is going to take back all His gifts, one by one, until you are a gormless lump of flesh in a bed, left to be washed and fed by uncaring, inattentive nurses who will paw through your bedside drawer for things to steal? Do you sense that your ability to enjoy the one life given to you by a loving Deity is slipping irretrievably away? Welcome to the human race." No, welcome to the laugh riot that is *Broken Toys* #38, the April issue of the personalzine of one of fandom's most talented and original cartoonists, a guy whose writing is at least as piquant and funny as his 'toons – and yet who is perfectly sincere in his cavern-dwelling gloom. Taral's health is the culprit here, not to mention his gloom about a fallen placement in the FAAn Awards (he should complain; I've never even been mentioned). Fortunately there is sunlight in the stygian night, a Bob Wilson book-signing where Wayne could greet old friends and a local comic con within range of "Traveling Matt," his motorized chair, described in the Jack Benny issue. The event brings on a reverie about his favorite age of comics enjoyment (illustrated by some classic covers – *Sgt. Rock* to *Magnus* to *Fox and the Crow* – I once worked for a lawyer who could have modeled for the Fox) – and allows Taral to meet the artist behind *Modest Medusa*, his favorite webcomic. After a Bob Wilson anecdote about a street arrest he witnessed, the zine enjoys a 20-page lettercol, the Chorus reveling in #38's dismay – and undoubtedly alleviating it. Nothing dispels despair like assurance one is Not Alone.

Brooklyn! 87-88 / Fred Argoff, Penthouse L. 1170 Ocean Pkwy., Brooklyn NY 11250-4060 / trade or \$10 for four issues / quarterly / *Brooklyn!* is almost always the first zine I review for each issue of *The Zine Dump*, and why not? Though unconnected with science fiction, it's possibly the zine most passionately devoted to its subject matter, always original, never repeating itself – as if its subject borough could never be uninteresting. #87 centers on Bushwick, which the net describes as "rapidly gentrifying" and "one of the 7 coolest places on Earth." While many decry the influx of Caucasian "yuppies" into a heavily Hispanic neighborhood, its heritage their concern, Fred applauds it. Stating that no 'hood anywhere ever remains wholly static, and gives forth with a historical rundown of "Boswijk" to prove it. As usual, *Brooklyn!* revels in photography – fascinating architecture, unique advertising, facades, parks, elevated trains, even a picture of Bushwick-born musicians. Of course, there's another installment of the Brooklyn lexicon. With the "piano keys" issue (#88, get it?) Fred returns to the earliest form of his fanac, and *typewrites* his text. Makes little difference: the buildings he describes are still fascinating, his love for his borough still compelling (a visit to the site of Vitagraph Studios, for instance); that would come through if he etched issues onto clay tablets in cuneiform. Your readership calls for more themes, Fred: you can find them on any block in Brooklyn.

Cargo Cult: Books and Notions / 2804 Stuart St., Berkeley CA 94705 / CargoCultBooks@aol.com / Extensive catalog for a mail-order house in the home of both my alma mater and my fannish mama. I recently bought a tee reading I MISS BERKELEY, because I do.

Christian New Age Quarterly Vol. 21 No. 4+ / Catherine Groves, P.O. Box 276, Clifton NJ 07015-0276 / 4/year, \$12.50/year / Believe it or not, this zine of and about Christian belief is often SFnal in its themes, and its lettercols includes several names known to these pages. Not so much in this number, but it's still a nice read. After a wise sermonesque piece on avoiding what Catherine calls "you-language," she reprints a 2001 piece, "Confessions of a Christianophobe", with which many SFers could well identify. Its point is to *get* the point and not worry about the trappings and those who pervert belief to their own ends. The *Quarterly* has infinitely more in common with the best among us, even the most atheistic, than with the vipers of the Westboro Baptist Church.

Chunga 23 / Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, carl juarez, 1013 N. 34th St., Seattle WA 98103 / fringefaan@yahoo.com, fanmailaph@aol.com, heurihermilab@gmail.com, respectively / A purple *Prisoner* cover adorns the latest *Chunga*, reminding one of those hearty days of "Schizoid Man", the episode that stood against *2001* for the Hugo. My disappointment that this isn't a #6-oriented issue evaporates immediately upon finding that the bacover, citing a "Sevagram," is clue to this issue's theme. Y'see, the fanzine has awakened to find itself a Kafka story – Gregor Chunga transformed into "a gypsy mutant vacuum cleaner." His tale is envisioned by seven outstanding fan artists. Each of Chunga's permutations grow up to rule the Sevagram, Hindi for *Village* (ah, I get the cover now). In the face of such manic creativity, you'd think normal fanac would fade to fairy dust, but Andy Hooper's appreciation of Frank Zappa – ah, *that's* where the vacuum cleaner comes from! Is that the album with the mud shark? – holds it all down. Nice tribute to Stu Shiffman, a frequent *Chunga* contributor. I wish I could drop by the fanzine lounge at Sasquan, which will be Byers' turf.

CyberCozen Vol. XXVII, No. 05 / Leybl Botwinik, acting editor, leybl_botwinik@yahoo.com for the Israeli Society for Science Fiction and Fantasy – אוגוסט האגודה חדשות / The latest issue of Israel's only English-language fanzine is a tribute to its founder, Aharon Sheer, who has tragically passed away. From earlier issues we glean that Leybl had been brought in to both assist and succeed Aharon, and that Botwinik, now on his own, is feeling a little lost. He has a worthy template to work from. Previous issues of *CyberCozen* touch on the TV and film SF of Robin Williams, science fictional weaponry, in short a wide range of appreciation for the genre – a fine fanzine base on which to build. The occasional blossoms of Hebrew are baffling here, although Aharon and Leybl always translate, but are beautiful on the page.

Dagon #660-664 / John Boardman, 12716 Ginger Wood Lane, Clarksburg MD 20871 NEW ADDRESS / for Apa-Q or trade / John has moved into a large new house with his daughter's family. Leading off the last three published issues are segments of John's article on "The Four and a Half Kingdoms", reprinted from a 1970 fanzine. Those interested in the religious wars befalling the Grand Duchy of Wogatisburg-Schlampenbuttul could find no better read; those ignorant thereupon will enjoy learning. Nice and much appreciated notes on *TZD* and *Spartacus*. Thoughts emerging from the morass involved with moving include horrified reflections on the right's claim that their anti-gay-marriage stance is pro-religious-liberty – John's not fooled, and apparently few are: Boardman's not alone in ascribing the decline in those describing themselves as Christian to winger foolishness. After a truly lamentable comparison of the Boston Marathon murderer to Robert E. Lee, John catches up on Apa-Q mc's, discoursing on matters far more intellectually worthy than LASFAPA's Chart or whether D-- M----- or I was SFPA's biggest paranoid, hot topics of *my* past apa writing.

DASFax May 2015 / TayVon Hageman, 4080 S. Grant St. Englewood, CO 80113 / DASFAEditor@HotMail.com / Monthly newsletter of the Denver SF club, meetings and activities and suchlike (no one wants to host Dead Dog parties anymore!), but remarkable in this issue for Erik von Halle's piece on black holes ("Do Black Hole Donuts have a Center of Light Filling?") and Sourdough Jackson's review of John Brunner's epochal New Wave novel *Stand on Zanzibar*. The discussion takes me 'way back – Brunner won the Hugo for *Zanzibar* at my first Worldcon, and was a charming guest at the 1973 DeepSouthCon – and is insightful stuff, concentrating on Brunner's adaptation of John dos Passo's literary techniques. We both admire the book, and I think we both miss the excitement and hope it and other New Wave milestones (like *Dangerous Visions*) represented for the field.

Data Dump #s 200-205 / Steve Sneyd, 4 Nowell Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire, HD5 8PB / It's taken me a long while, but I've come to see Steve's dense, hand-written zines of folded A4 (no hue recently repeated) as genuine works of art. After all, science fiction poetry is his ongoing topic and passion, and his handwriting so intricate and artfully challenging – dare one say "spidery"? sounds nastier than I'd wish – at least aspires to such status. Here a Suzette Haden Elgin poetic collection is enthusiastically hailed, with a few biographical notes, a bit of Shelley (!) scholarship is tossed out for discussion (it's beyond me, and I have a Masters degree in that stuff), preceded in #204 by an excited headline "First Lunar Steam Engine Byronic?", news that *Carrie: the Musical* will again hit the boards (in the U.K.) – I'd be lying if I said that *DD* is an easy read, but gimme a bright light and a magnifying glass and ibuprofen to soothe my migraines and I'll be all over every issue I see.

De Profundis #508 / Marty Cantor for LASFS, 2 Tyrone Ave., Van Nuys, CA, USA / www.lasfs.org. / \$1 for domestic mail / The unofficial clubzine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society seems damned official to me, containing all the news that's fit to print about the preeminent west coast SF club. Star of every issue is/are the Cream of Menace meeting minutes, where whimsy and lunacy rule, and star of those accounts in this issue is that for March 24, since Harlan Ellison showed up. (Marty gave him a copy of one of his half-century-old fanzines.) Best moment of every meeting comes when "Patron Saints," long-standing LASFSians of repute, are praised – the timebinding experience is awesome. No discussion of the Sad Puppies/Hugo debacle, surprisingly; I'd think LASFS would be all over that mess like ants on spilled sorghum. Must mention the many William Rotsler illos with which Cantor fills space – no, not simply "fills" ... *enriches*.

Enter at Your Own Risk #s 1-2 (also known by *EAYOR*) / Chuck Connor, 85 The Paddocks, Stevenage, SG2 9UF, UK/GB / chuck.connor@gmx.co.uk / Loved Chuck in *The Rifleman*. "[P]icked-over and rewritten pieces" from Chuck's e-Apa zine, *Boopledoggin'* presented in a sideways 8 ½ x 14 format, with covers by Zach Billissimo [sic], an inventive combination of Ralph Steadman and Basil Wolverton. Connor begins, traditionally enough, with his fannish genesis – a great used book store feeding a lust for SF, a first fanzine (in 1979) leading to hundreds more, a painful FAFIA, a rejuvenated if rueful return. From these issues, it seems like his energy is unabated, as he describes job-seeking, partner-wedding (with lookalike Den), age-facing and drug-guzzling (the shudder you felt through these words is sheer reader-recognition) and an exercises he admits to be fruitless, "fanzine"-defining. His words on fanzine awards are wise. That's only the first issue; the second is just as ripe. It centers on the internet, but is dominated by a great personal lettercol, the editor's comments defined in blue. Bottom and basic lines: Connor is a funny and infectious-in-the-best-way fan writer, and *EAYOR* is a risk well worth taking. (No, I reply to his query – I have no objection to electronic transmission.)

File 770 / Mike Glycer, 1507 1/2 S. Sixth Ave., Arcadia CA 91006 / Mikeglyer@cs.com / "news, art, arranged trades, or subscription: \$8 for 5 issues, \$15 for 10 issues, air mail rate is \$2.50." / No review this time, just advice: **read this zine**. It's available on-line.

For the Clerisy #83 / Brant Kresovich, P.O. Box 404, Getzville NY 14068-0404 / kungbairn@yahoo.com / trade / “Reviews of old or neglected books for people who read for pleasure (i.e., the clerisy).” / Not only books, but old movies are the provenance of this very entertaining perzine, and Brant not only notes the works but the creators. He eulogizes, for instance, both author Robert Stone (whose excellent *Dog Soldiers* became the fine Nick Nolte film *Who’ll Stop the Rain?*) and noir actress Lizbeth Scott, and comments on *The Woman in Green* as well as *Oliver Twist*. Most interesting is his take on pre-Code pictures like *Sing, Sinner, Sing* and Buster Keaton’s uncomfortable *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath*. One wonders where movies would have gone had not Hayes gotten in the way. The following issue mentions hockey – not a clerisy-pleasing topic, I’m sure – and mourns *The Big Bang Theory*, which we’ve never watched; the hostility of a Cal Tech friend to a show about nerds was enough to put us off. The most interesting tomes (of many) Brant deals with between these staples involve John Brown and Marlon Brando – odd couple, they, both bring compelling stories to the page. Nice LOC input from zinesters like Fred Lerner, Bob Jennings and Frank Denton, rare visitors to lettercols.

The Insider #305-306 / Michelle Zellich, 1738 San Martin Dr., Fenton MO 63026 / mzellich@csc.com / \$10/year / The light of St. Louis, Archon and the lives of everyone who knows her, Michelle produces an attractive, eclectic pub. You can find anything here: neat comic strip reprints (I live for *B.C.*), SF news (a new Heinlein short story! Gimme that *Galaxy’s Edge*), NASA news, Bob Jennings’ fanzine reviews (he’s ‘way ahead of *TZD*), an extensive and heartfelt tribute to Leonard Nimoy, the eventual Hugo ballot – without commentary; I’d love to heard what Michelle thought of the Pups and the shredded fannish newspaper they left behind. Plus club schedules, birthdays and suchlike.

Instant Message #910-917 / NESFA, P.O. Box 809, Framingham MA 01701-0809 / info@nesfa.org / Reading the minutes of a typical New England Science Fiction Association meeting makes one feel like the rankest of neos whose only contribution to SF has been DVRing the latest episode of *Game of Thrones*. Conventions, audits, committees, one of the best publishing enterprises in SF, fellowships, contests, and game- and movie nights at the clubhouse. Join me in awe.

Journey Planet 22 / James Bacon, Christopher J Garcia, Helen J. Montgomery, journeyplanet@gmail.com / Ah, “superheroes” ... could there be a topic closer to my fannish heart? Conjures up memories from age 10 or 11 of finding an issue of *The Flash* in a stack of old magazines – and being hooked on the literature of imagination forever. Superheroes – my first recognition from an adult (Julie Schwartz, printing my letter in *Flash* #133), my first “fame” (I actually got phone calls from other comics fans – and formed a lifelong friendship with Mike Friedrich), my first job, my love of SF ... it all began there, with superheroes, and this zine is a noble tribute. Its cover photo is based on the fantastic last “Easter Egg” in *The Avengers* – the exhausted heroes having lunch. Its lead editorial by James exults over *JP*’s Hugo nomination (without commenting on Puppygate) and expresses righteous pride over his earlier win. Guest editor Linda Wenzelburger talks about encountering the field through seventies TV shows, and their natural appeal to a costumer. Chuck Serface looks at his hero, Captain America, through books written about Marvel’s senior hero, and later does the same for Wonder Woman. Joel Zakem, a bro attorney, writes well about a hero I saw being drawn in my year at DC: Walt Simonson’s *Manhunter*. (Walt and writer Archie Goodwin: two aces.) Most charming, Bacon’s reminiscence of Irish comics fandom, complete with fanzine covers – just as awful and just as magnificent as any on this side of the pond. Chris’ dream comics company mirrors much of my own, and I mostly approve of Donna Martinez’ “crossover” comics, the best graphic books to lead readers to science fiction. I wish my late, great friend Neal Pozner could see Reid Vanier’s piece on the Legion of Super-Heroes – on which Neal edited *Amazing World of DC Comics* #9. (Actually, Reid writes about the Legion of *Substitute* Heroes, losers who couldn’t make the cut for the A-team.) Two pieces on Andy Warhol and the comics impart info new to me (and I thought I knew everything about *MiracleMan*). Chris writes about superhero RPGs – for me, it was wearing the Supes suit I got for my fifth birthday until holes opened up in the knees. There’s more, of course – it’s a 99-page issue, after all. I’m in it,

through brief answers to a questionnaire – but I’m ashamed that I didn’t contribute more. As I said above, I owe it all – life, wife, friendships, the works – to the super-people in the comics, on the TV, in the movies, in our collective imaginations.

The Ken Chronicles 34-35 / Ken Bausert, 2140 Erma Drive, East Meadow NY 11554 / PassScribe@aol.com / <http://thekenbausertchronicles.blogspot.com> / A righteous perzine though not SF-oriented, *Ken Chronicles* chronicles Ken’s rich and interesting life. He attends car shows (a 1951 Nash Rambler – is that rare?), visits Amish country (but does not help Viggo Mortensen build a barn), reviews books and *Birdman* (positively, as do I), fights with his bank, reviews zines I never see, praises baseball ... and retirement. Who wouldn’t praise retirement such as his? Most of his lettercol seems to emit from SFdom; you don’t have to be a science fiction fan to do a good perzine, obviously, but apparently it helps when you LOC one.

Lofgeornost #118-119 / Fred Lerner, 81 Worcester Ave., White River Junction VT 05001 / fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu / FAPA or trade / Few in fandom could be better qualified than Fred to comment on “Books that Just Barely Failed,” based on a Boskone panel on reads that somehow just failed to satisfy the reader. These are not, Lerner states, books he actively disliked, but books he wanted to like, almost liked ... but finally, could not, because of a character’s failed development, a “distasteful” sociopolitical bias on the author’s part, whatever. At my lesser frequency of wit, I know what he means: I remember merrily bopping along in David Brin’s first novel until I hit on his description of a solar flare as “a wimp.” I put down the book and never finished it. A winter trip to Puerto Rico is celebrated, as is, in the following issue, the binge of museum and literary sites visitations that accompanied Loncon 3. I envy him and Joseph Nicholas their meeting and conversation.

MT Void Vol. 33 No. 28 (whole no. 1861) / Evelyn C. Leeper, eleeper@optonline.net / <http://www.geocities.com/evelynleeper> / free subs through mtvoid-subscribe@yahoo.groups / The Leepers’ e-mail fanzine collects well-formed opinions and observations from across the SF spectrum. This week’s edition is a good example of the zine’s breadth: a review of *Mad Max: Fury Road*, thoughts on the old, tragically unfinished *Brainstorm*, even a review of *Sharknado*, which is unwisely fielding a third installment. (Like Venus on her half-shell, *Sharknado* should remain pure.) Coffee and Cambodia (the Leepers drink the former and recently visited the latter) are also on their docket. I very foolishly deleted my store of previous issues (an accident; I swear); if Mark or Evelyn voiced opinions on the Hugo matter, I would like to see them anew.

The NASFA Shuttle May 2015 / Mike Kennedy, P.O. Box 4857, Huntsville AL 35815-4857 / nasfa-shuttle@con-stellation.org / The Huntsville clubzine, in its 35th year, unique among such publications of my acquaintance in its focus beyond club parameters. The April issue contains a good account of the Sad Puppies/Hugo “kerfuffle” – editor Kennedy understands the power of voting slates righteously well. In May, as ever with the *Shuttle*, we find more awards news than anywhere else in fandom. The Rondo Hatton Awards, the Romantic Times Awards – which features categories devoted not only to SF, but Fantasy, Epic Fantasy and *Urban Fantasy*. Follows a chapter of “PieEyedDragon”’s latest novel. Often the zine closes with letters from loyal readers. But – they’re missing this time. How can I live without Sheryl Birkhead?

Newsletter of the Middle Tennessee Science Fiction Society (aka the Nashville sf club). Issue # 151 / Reece Morehead, skywise@bellsouth.net / E-mailed collection of club news, but mostly links of interests. Too many Nashvilleans are sick – the editor has been ill and Mark Harper is hospitalized with a stroke. Of course we send him our best, with a command to knock it off and get better. Eclecticism rules here – the next item after Mark’s mention is news on the eyesight of the mantis shrimp. In turn, we see an intriguing review of a collection written by – and about – singer Janis Ian, a frequent convention-goer, leads to links that include one to a selection of great reality shows – is *Curse of Oak Island* mentioned?

Dunno – and appreciations of Katherine McLean (the first woman ever nominated for a Hugo? I think so), Chip Delany, robots from *R.U.R.* on, and lots more. I wish Reece would come up with a spiffy skiffy name for this spiffy skiffy zine – perhaps through a contest?

Nice Distinctions 26 / Arthur Hlavaty, 206 Valentine St., Yonkers NY 10704-1814 / hlavaty@panix.com / Arthur's deft and deadly perzine bears no date, but it's the only issue I have so I'm going to assume as still true its note that all members of the Hlavaty/Bosky/Maroney family are okay, which is all right by me. Opening with an intriguing muse on living a subjective life in a world that demands objectivity – other people exist, and that's good – Arthur is off into observations about a certain symbol on the spines of Kurt Vonnegut novels (tempting to say “the *base* of the spine”), learning “the wrong lesson from oppression” (as Yeats wrote, “the beggars have changed places, but the whip goes on”), the minor and mostly-forgotten World Fantasy Award controversy (I too like Bernadette's suggestion of a chimera-shaped award), the death of anti-everything poet Philip Larkin, whose work Hlavaty still loves (invoking the spirit of Auden's lines on Yeats – original version), and several eulogies, some dating far back. Zine's older than it seems.

Nowhere Fan #3 / Christina Lake, christina.l@virgin.net / for Corflu / Christina's occasional perzine (the last issue came out in December '13) has an inviting academic and literary bent, with a fascinating analysis by the editor on Aldous Huxley's *Island* (you see, he only *started* with *Brave New World*) and Sue Thomason's harsh critique of *The Testament of Jessie Lamb*. Ms. Lake's survey of conventions she's recently attended includes Loncon 3, an intense burst of nostalgia and reconnection with old friends. The lettercol is dominated by questions brought up in the last issue, principally “Is fandom utopian?”, the answer to which seems rather sadly evident since the rise of the Sad Puppies.

OASFiS Event Horizon Volume 27 No. 11 Issue 329 / Juan Sanmiguel, P.O. Box 323, Goldenrod FL 32733-0323 / sanmiguel@earthlink.net / \$12/year, includes club membership / The April issue of the Orlando clubzine arrived here – a mere peninsula away – ripped to shreds, not the first time *Event Horizon* has suffered this fate. Lost was a page of photos, a traditional feature of Juan's extensive con reportage, usually quite good. Otherwise, notes on club meetings (“No one saw *Chappie*” – they were lucky) and the like. The club should check out SouthernFandomClassics – much enthusiasm there of late for a DeepSouthCon under the OASFiS helm.

The Occasional Biased & Ignorant Review Magazine of Canadian Speculative Fiction Dedicated to Promoting the Absurd Personal Literary Taste of R. Graeme Cameron (Issue # 1 – April 2015) a.k.a. **Obir Magazine** / R. Graeme Cameron, 13315 104th Ave, Apt 72-G, Surrey, B.C. Canada V3T 1V5 / eFanzines.com / A new zine wherein “The Graeme” plans to review Canadian “SpecFic” – part of his mission, oft expressed in *Auroran Lights*, to promote and discuss science fiction in that great and beautiful – if chilly – land to the north. His 6-tier rating system runs from “Invigorating” to “Abysmal”. He starts off with an anthology, *Fungi*, wailing on each of the stories therein, plus the contents of various magazines, and shows himself to be an entertaining and valuable, if strongly subjective, reviewer. Next up, *Lackington's Magazine*.

Opuntia 309 / Dale Speirs, opuntia57@hotmail.com / Going digital has freed Dale, Canada's most prolific fan-ed, in many ways. Perhaps the best of them is displayed in this latest issue, where brilliant color photographs of the Canadian Rockies glorify the page ... or the screen, or whatever. (He featured posies and manhole covers in issue #308.) Not relying solely on the visual, Dale proffers an account of television's early days, including synopses of TV's use as a science fiction trope in the '30s. Unlike me, he made sense out of *Murder by Television*, a just-post-*Dracula* Bela Lugosi vehicle that when I viewed it, sent me stumbling stupefied into the street. A very entertaining survey of Sherlock Holmes pastiches follows – part 17; there's a lot of “Sherlockiana” out there.

Orpheum #8 / Alan White “and the Westside Insurgents” / Alan@PixelMotel.com / eFanzines / You can always expect extraordinary photo-collage artwork from Alan, and his spooky cover this time does not disappoint. Inside, the tale of his visit to that Mardi Gras of the desert, Burning Man – from the very beginning: Los Angeles monster and FX fandom in the sixties and seventies. The famed names fly from Alan’s “pages” to whap you between the eyes: Donald Reed, Rick Baker, Danny Elfman, Ackerman, Chris Lee, Lon Chaney Jr. and above all, Alan’s BFF Joe Viskocil ... How all this leads to Burning Man is an incredible saga of life and talent. The zine closes – for good, alas – with a collection of White’s zine covers, including, to our pride, several for *Challenger*.

Pablo Lennis #s 329-330 / John Thiel, 30 N. 19th St., Lafayette IN 47904 / \$2@ or trade, if the editor so wishes / Someday John will have to explain where he finds his staff and contributors, both of which seem to be extensive and all of whom obviously enjoy being part of his monthly project. The cover art to John’s latest issue is by “Lar Etn”, and it is either the ugliest thing I’ve seen on a fanzine since I drew a cover myself – or the most compelling. I keep staring at it, finding more grotesque faces, imagining what corner of what medieval fantasy battle it depicts. I often find myself fascinated by the artists displayed in *PL* – they seem to be doodling as much as drawing, and you won’t find a Brad Foster or a Steve Stiles among them, but ... there is *something real*. You can say the same for almost every issue of *Pablo Lennis*, in the amateur stories and poems and art – this is stuff written for love of the field, and some is pretty solid (John Poselli’s “Nightfreaks of Otherwhere”, for example). Yes, I would just *love* it if Thiel would discover margins and layout, maybe another typeface – although I imagine he feels towards his typewriter the way I feel towards my dog Pepper, a faithful companion who hardly ever poops on the rug, and *Pablo* wouldn’t be *Pablo* without it.

Paper Radio 11.2 / Frederick Moe, 36 West Main St., Warner NH 03278 / for AAPA / Received with *Mail Train* no. 11 and *Night Train* *ahem* No. 17. Obviously an older zine, as practically its first line reads “What is the state of radio in 2013?”, but still of interest. “DJ Frederick” opines on starting up an independent radio station – a piece illustrated, for some reason, by a still from *Gilligan’s Island* – and lists 24 of his favorite college radio stations. There, he believes, the Marconi arts can most freely thrive. This issue concludes with a nifty little piece about the telegraph, which Moe calls “the Victorian internet.” (It hurts to imagine Morse porn. *Loonnnnnng short loonnnnnng shortshortshort...*) The aforementioned *Night Train* (full title adds “*to Mundo Fine*”) poses “The Ancient Mystery of the Ever Burning Lamps” ... but no solution!

Purrsonal Mewsings #2 / R-Laurraine Tutihasi, P.O. Box 5323, Oracle AZ 85623-5323 / Laurraine@mac.com / Sporting a new logo by Alexis Gilliland, Laurraine’s perzine concentrates on – surprise! – personal stuff, including an astronomical trip to Kitt Peak and a nature excursion to Sabino Canyon, nicely illustrated with Mike Weasner’s photos. An avid theatregoer, Laurraine also gloms an enviable slate of plays. Not much dry in that desert.

The Reluctant Famulus 103-104 / Thomas Sadler, 305 Gill Branch Rd., Owenton KY 40359 / tomfamulus@hughes.net / t.u. / Witty covers by Brad Foster (#103) and Kurt Erichsen (#104) brings us into these issues of Tom’s reliable genzine. *Famulus* has morphed over time into a reliably readable *historical* fanzine, with a strong emphasis on fascinating bits of American history. Most of the best stuff, usually provided by consistent contributor Alfred Byrd, centers south of the Mason-Dixon, which – even though Sadler is a transplanted Michigan yankee – makes sense: the South bubbles with guilt and sin and retribution and redemption more than any other region or location in this big fat lovable country of ours – it can’t help being fascinating. In #103 Byrd recounts a terrific Civil War tale, and in #104 tells the tale of a Shaker village in Kentucky. (The Shakers were – and are, I understand – an ecstatic religious sect known for their enthusiastic dancing [thus the name] and their gender egalitarianism – there’s a good SF story there!) Gayle Perry’s subject is a bit older – fossils. Gene Stewart’s “Rat Stew” is a constant joy – Gene is more liberal than I am, which is saying something, and more outspoken, too. His treatment of the

silly – and sad – reality show *Curse of Oak Island* comes very close to inspiring me to write a LOC. Michael Jordan critiques the Hugos here – and actually concentrates on the fiction, not the Sad Puppies. *Reluctant Fam* has been around forever – before even *Challenger*, which opened its gates in 1993 – and has never received its due for consistency and quality. All I know is that I welcome each issue.

Rodney's Fanac #4-5 / Rodney Leighton, #11 Branch Road, R.R. #3, Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia, B0K 1V0, Canada / rodney.leighton@gmx.co.uk / “A zine about zines,” Leighton says. Sounds familiar. Apparently Rodney receives most of his fanzines in bundles from Chuck Connor, who prints out paper versions from the internet, a kindness which still annoys Leighton because of the different ways in which he reads stapled zines versus loose pages. Nevertheless he pens some strong responses to various publications – he comments on *Challenger* nos. 39 and 40 – the latter beneath a pretty picture of a snow-covered cemetery, yeeks – and a couple of issues of *Spartacus*. While I salute Connor for his kindness in sending Leighton print-outs, I can see that I could save everybody a lot of hassle by spending the buck to mail him hard copies. Only for you, Rodney...

SAM #17 / Steve Stiles, 8631 Lucerne Road, Randallstown MD 21133 / stevecartoon2001@gmail.com / eFanzines / I usually get annoyed when senior fans wax nostalgic about the good old days, but not so with Stiles; his often-rueful humor is so delightful, and occasionally so familiar, that it can only provoke grins and laughter. His recollections of the NY subway system, for instance – or the scary story from his G.I. days of the whacked-out sergeant waving the .45 – these are great yarns told with the same characteristic verve as Stiles' cartoonery, artwork that should have won him a dozen Hugos by now. Can't believe the guy is 71, but at least that stretch of time provides a wealth of reprintable material, reminiscences about rock'n'roll when it *meant* something, and gives his contemporary musings about cops and civilians the gravamen of experience. This issue was done for the U.K. Corflu; hope Steve doesn't wait till the next one to publish again.

SF Commentary 89 / Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard St., Greensborough VIC 3088 Australia / gandc@pacific.net.au / I'm going to let Bruce do the basic notice here, because he has some important info to impart ...

SF COMMENTARY 89, May 2015, is now available from Bruce Gillespie. See:
portrait edition (magazine style): <http://efanzines.com/SFC/SFC89P.pdf> and the
landscape (widescreen) version from <http://efanzines.com/SFC/SFC89L.pdf> .

From now on, the print edition of *SF Commentary* will be available only to people who have a substantial contribution in an issue; or subscribers. Ever-increasing postage rates are to blame. Sorry about that -- but if everybody downloads, I can afford to keep publishing regularly.

SF COMMENTARY 89, all 75,000 words of it, takes up 76 pages in the Portrait (magazine) edition and 123 pages in the Landscape edition. Feature sections include Bruce Gillespie and Tony Thomas on the novels of Graham Joyce; Michael Bishop on the new edition of 'Who Made Stevie Crye?'; Colin Steele with part 1 of his annual roundup of SF and fantasy book reviews; James Doig's interview with Graham Stone a few years before Graham died; Kim Huett's coverage of the life and work of J. M. Walsh; Bruce Gillespie's 'Genres Work Both Ways'; and long reviews from Gillian Polack and Guy Salvidge. Cover by Carol Kewley.

On a note I found floating amidst my papers: “I've often thought ‘semi-prozine’ should be defined by content rather than income. *SFC* would qualify.” It's in my handwriting, but I now disagree with the latter conclusion. True, *SFC* excels at the sercon side of things, but its fannishness is also remarkable – and occasionally moving. Of this content, I'm cheered to see Michael Bishop contributing and admit to really enjoying Bruce's piece. Time and space constrain me from dealing with this zine – and its predecessor, with its touching eulogy for a lost pet, strong article on Bradbury by Darrell Schweitzer, and epic lettercol – as they deserve. Just keep *SFC* coming, Bruce. We understand well about printing and postage – they're why eFanzines is such an essential part of modern fandom.

Swill #26 / Neil Jamieson-Williams, swill.uldunemedia.ca / Is SF “a literature of ideas”? Not to *Swill*, which labels the idea a “sacred cow” it must slay. Rather than being a genre that confronts big questions and challenges common beliefs without fear, says Neil, science fiction is “a middle-class phenomenon” which conforms to the cultural norms of its target audience and seldom if ever *risks* anything. It’s a perspective reminiscent of Fred Chappell’s “Science Fiction Water Letter to Guy Lillian” in his pivotal poetic cycle, *Midquest*. (Blush, Neil; I just paid you a high compliment.) Following up on a piece by Charles Stross on “cultural estrangement,” Jamieson-Williams opines that technology inevitably changes society unrecognizably – and that SF seldom follows up on this vital theme. Sharp and provocative, this *Swill*, far superior to the snarky-for-its-own-sake impression left by previous numbers. I even find the “dirty typeface with filled-in ‘o’s” tolerable this time.

Taffworld number 3 / Jim Mowatt, jimmowatt@gmail.com / “The Official Newsletter of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund” / Results issue of a two-page TAFF report, giving the close vote totals (46-35), congratulations to the winner, a list of voters from Europe, North America, and the “Rest of the World”, and statements from the contenders, winner Nina Horvath and close runner-up Wolf von Witting, who promises to return to the fray. Nice photo of Nina, a paleontologist and successful writer, who is also amply and delightfully dimpled. (So much for my invitation to Wiscon ...)

Vanamonde No. 1125 / John Hertz, 236 So. Coronado St., No. 409, Los Angeles CA 90057 / Not a particularly current issue of John’s erudite and entertaining zine for Apa-L – this is the latest I have, and it’s dated December 31, 2014. Still, it’s John – in this number disclaiming upon the latest Loscon and its I-can’t-believe-I-missed-it discussions of the best science fiction novel of all time (or so many claim, me among them) *The Stars My Destination*, another aspirant to that distinction, *Skylark Three*, and the first James Bond novel my father let me read, the exceptional *Moonraker*. Seekers of Hertz’ fine haikus must find them in earlier issues, such as that from November 28, 2012. I need to join Apa-L, if only to keep my Hertz fixes current.

Vibrator Nos. 2.0.13, 2.0.14 and 2.0.15 / Graham Charnock, 45 Kimberley Gardens, London, N4 1LD / graham@cartiledgeworld.co.uk / The noble art of the *clerihew* is celebrated throughout the pre-Corflu issues of Graham’s FAAn-honored perzine. A clerihew, we are informed, is a meterless four-line poem with a rhyme scheme of AABB, in which the first line is the name of its subject. Many graceful and disgraceful examples are proffered. The post-Corflu issue cites another clerihew, amongst much else. With the exception of the terrific lettercol, Rich Coad’s moving tribute to Art Widner and Nic Farey’s latest “Taxi-onomy” (a funny piece on cabbies’ jargon), most of the issue is Graham. Someone apparently kvetched at Corflu that the zine hasn’t sported enough of the editor’s own writing, and he here obliges – but he doesn’t seem in the cheeriest of moods. His Corflu report is replete with names and friendships, but carries a touch of irritation. His comparison of *Philadelphia Story* with its high-ceilinged musical “reboot,” *High Society*, flinches from Grace Kelly, a more effective actress in my view than she is here adjudged. He compares dialog from *Game of Thrones* unfavorably with literary lines from Graham Greene – contrasting radishes vs. rutabagas, I’d say. But finally, he centers Theodore Beale in his sights, turning Vox Day’s quotes back against the Rabid Puppies founder, and leaves a grease spot behind. Purpose lends power: Graham and *Vibrator* often sing with humor, but it’s clear there’s steel underneath.

Warp 88-91 / Cathy Palmer-Lister, via MonSFFA, c/o Sylvain St-Pierre, 4456 Boul. Ste-Rose, Laval, Quebec, Canada H7R 1Y6 / cathypl@sympatico.ca / Four issues of the Montreal SF group’s lively clubzine, edited by one of fandom’s most terrific people. Lots of local conventions and local folks. Sylvain St-Pierre and Josee Bellemare cover costume and comic events, Keith Braithwaite pays tribute to Berny Reischl, recently retired club president and muses on old-time matinee movies (*The Thing from Another World* is of course, a classic – but *Night of the Lepus?* James Arness is a bunny suit?). There are colorful reviews of Steampunk graphic novels, Danny Sichel has a nice tribute to Terry Pratchett, and

Barbara Silverman serializes a *Trek* fanfic. I'd say that the Montreal in '17 Worldcon bid has *energized* MonSFFA – were this blur of enthusiasm not typical for this krewe.

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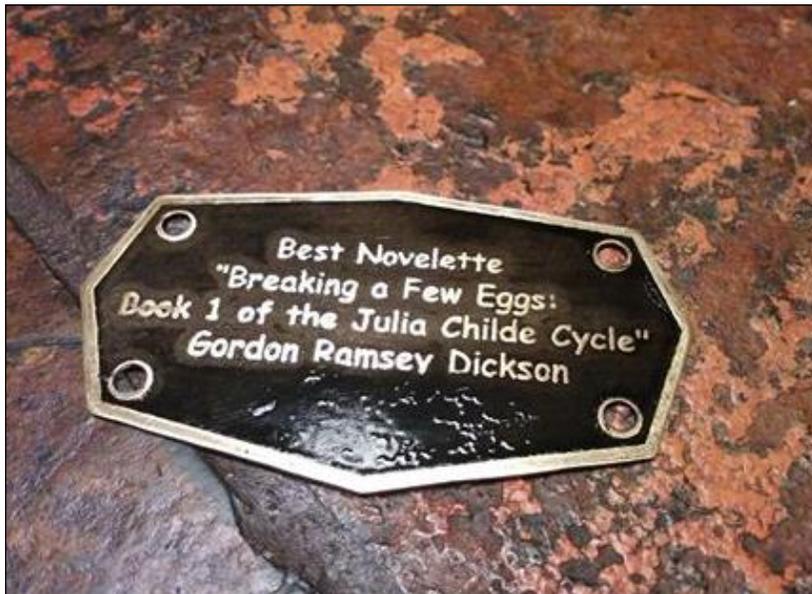
That really must do it. I rend my flesh with anguish at the thought that I've failed to hit a zine I should have. Be you the editor of such a zine, just poke me gently, okay? I'll make up for it next time. Except for Joe Major, Graham Charnock and James Bacon, I found hardly any talk of the Sad Puppies and the Hugo "kerfuffle" in this batch. Nevertheless, it threatens to work whoopee on the Worldcon. Even so, I just hope Rosy and I can be there.

From Facebook, *April 1* (or did you gather that?), 2015.

Sasquan the 73rd World Science Fiction Convention

Hugo announcement:

Sasquan has chosen Comic Sans as the official font of the Hugos. All printed material, including the bases, will be printed in this font as a reflection of the seriousness of the proceedings. Prototype here:



AND we shall see you after Sasquan. Let's hope we're laughing about the Hugos then.

GHLIII