

THE
ZINE
DUMP
#35

A fanzine about
fanzines by
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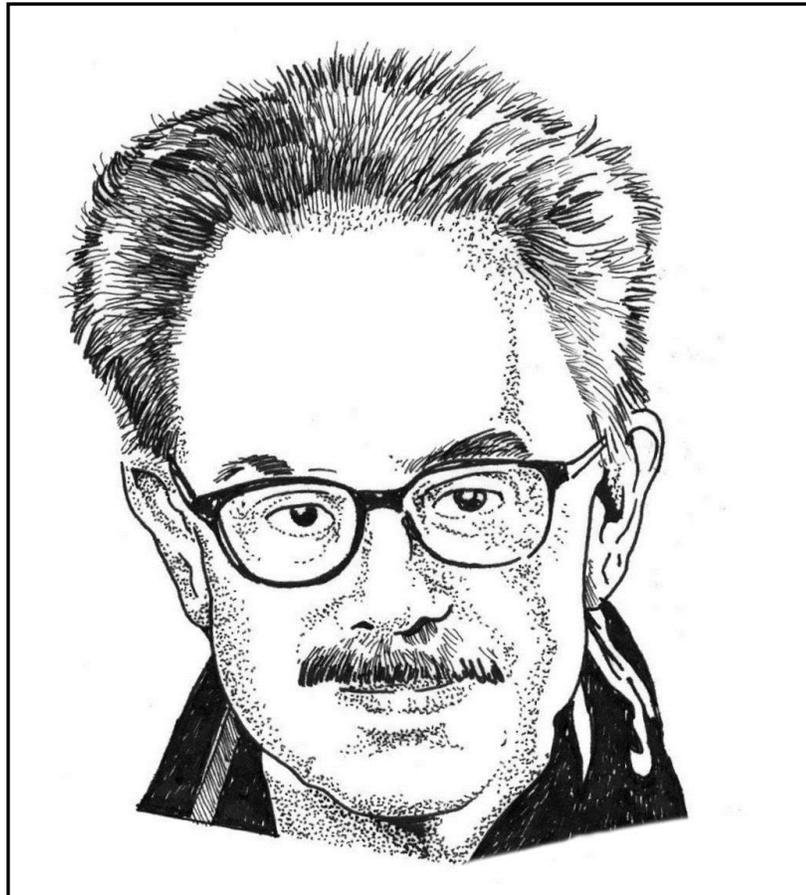
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GHLIII Press

Pub #1184

Sept. 2015



Ned Brooks, senior member of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, dean of Southern SF fandom, enthusiastic fanziner (*It Comes in the Mail*), dedicated collector, passionate liberal, charming raconteur, successful NASA engineer and generous friend, died in late August, 2015, as the result of a fall at his home. Men like Ned are our bulwark in fandom against bullying, against meanness, against cheapness and pettiness and unfairness. He was a great man. This *Zine Dump* is dedicated to his memory and his example.

It's September 5, 2015. I just addressed a few copies of the Sasquan program/souvenir book

for shipment to contributors, along with a copy of this year's WOOF mailing to Steve Stiles. I wish that I was sending him congratulations on a Hugo win, but the victory of a *Lightspeed* artist over a genuine fanzine guy was one of the disappointments of the "Smoke-ane" Worldcon. (Does *Lightspeed* pay its artists? They certainly deserve it. If so, wouldn't it catapult them into the professional category?) But, if Steve will forgive me, his loss was one of the evening's few disappointments. There was much great news, such as the victory of a genuine fanzine – *Journey Planet* – in the best fanzine category. *JP* was high in my personal slate of Hugo favorites, and its triumph, along with that for *The Three-Body Problem*, helped make Sasquan's the best awards ceremony I've attended since forever.

Most of the credit for that, though, must go to host David Gerrold, who along with his co-host, Tananareve Due, kept things lively and positive on stage even as fandom was delivering a harsh thwack to the hindquarters of the Sad Puppies – five No Award decisions in categories Puppy candidates dominated. I applaud the message sent by fandom on Hugo night – an unmistakable declaration for diversity and against bias, and a refusal to having our award hijacked – but I disliked seeing good candidates, devoted to science fiction and its principles, tossed out along with the Puppies' dirty

bathwater. Principal examples: Toni Weisskopf and Mike Resnick, who deserved the editorial awards and instead had to settle for wooden coasters with asterisks cut into them. By the way, Toni has sent me an insightful letter concerning the asterisk bizness, and if she gives permission I'll publish it in the next *Spartacus*. Here, in my zine devoted to other zines, I'll just hail the Hugos that *were* given out – except for Best Fan Artist, a disappointment as I've said – and plunge into the real business at hand.

But first, congrats to Randy Byers, Jerry Kaufman and Co. for their very successful Fanzine Lounge at Sasquan. Comfortable with couches, well-stocked with fanzines, artfully decorated with inflatable dinosaurs, well situated adjacent to Guinan's bar ... a fine ambience matched by the nighttime Lounge at the party hotel, a fine place to rest one's feet after the frenzy of the bids' "Meet'n'Greets." Got to meet Sandra Bond there, of *QuasiQuote* – I miss all those fine British perzines.

Now to the business at hand. *The Zine Dump* wants to see every science fiction or fandom-oriented zine published in English. Approximate range for this issue, 8-1/9-30-15.

Alexiad Vol. 14 No. 3 / Joe & Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville KY 40204-2040 / jtmajor@iglou.com / efanzines.com or trade / As always, *Alexiad* is a literate and reliable genzine. The content is what's reliable: Joe has his interests and each *Alexiad* freshens them for his readership. Political opinions in the front-page editorial and a brief Monarchist Note give way to reviews (a lengthy essay compares *The Martian* to *Apollo 13* and wonders what John W. Campbell, Jr. would have done with it), followed by exultation over American Pharoah's Triple Crown (Lisa is big into horseracing). A rambling but compelling piece on new tech by Rodford Edmiston is followed by Taral Wayne's anguished notes on three bad 'toons (don't see them, he begs, and I have not). Lots of friendly LOCs from names I miss in my own lettercols, like Robert Kennedy and Taras Wolansky; this too is normal fare for *Alexiad*. Finally, as usual, there's a spot of fanfic, a takeoff of sorts on Steve King's *11/22/63* that, I must admit, I don't quite get ... but that's okay, Joe will explain it.

The Art of Garthness #4 / Garth Spencer, garth.van.spencer@gmail.com / Garth's perzine mentions Ned Brooks briefly, then mulls over the variety in fans' public meeting places – bars, libraries, schools. My clubs always met at people's homes. Most of the issue is consumed by a long poem, "The Havaral for New Yawkas", which skillfully evokes the feel of the Apple. Reprinted from somewhere is a list of 100 Life Skills for the complete person, which shows me to be ridiculously incomplete – I mean, change a diaper? Ski? Braid Hair? Spencer reviews some zines – I like this trend – and closes with a call for a common standard of courtesy, another overdue idea.

Askance 34 / John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station TX 77845 / j_purcell54@yahoo.com / trade or whim / John laments the dearth of response he received in a call for contributors, but he received enough to put out a fine issue. On his cover, his cat, lounging atop a stack of SF. Within, "The Shape of Space", a nifty article by Taral Wayne on movie spaceship designs, from flying saucers to the *Enterprise*, with thoughts on the true shape of things to come. John tells the world "Why I Like Steampunk", then opens the zine for Greg Benford's review of *Aurora*, the somewhat controversial novel of space colonization by Kim Stanley Robinson. (I found it beautifully written yet a grimly realistic view of the potential catastrophe such endeavors will face.) Purcell's fanzine reviews are apt and, when it comes to *Spartacus*, quite kind; he's good enough to quote me again in his closing editorial, opining against letting the Puppies turn fandom away from total enjoyment of our genre. I was struck by the breadth of conventions upcoming in John's area – wish he and his had come to Sasquan – and the terrific art, especially his beautemous Ditmar bcover.

Askew #12 / John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station TX 77845 / j_purcell54@yahoo.com / John begins his perzine exulting over his renewed music career; he jams with more than peanut butter these days! He should meet Kent McDaniel. Books he's read recently include a classic Silverberg I, too,

have neglected – *Downward to the Earth*. I owe Bob a scan of his *oeuvre* from the early seventies; he all but dominated the Hugo listings in that time with works like *Dying Inside* and *The Stochastic Man* and this one – none of which I've read. A solid lettercol leads to an eminently reasonable editorial on the Sad Puppies, Orson Scott Card's unpopular opinions and the proposed new restrictiveness of the Hugo rules, with which I completely agree. (I told you it was reasonable.)

Banana Wings #59 / Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES U.K. / fishlifter@googlemail.com / Mark presented me with this latest issue at Sasquan, and both he and Clarie could always be found at the Fanzine Lounge, be it at the Convention Center or the party hotel. I could wonder in person at *BW*'s professional binding, which lends Britain's foremost fannish zine a professional look. The excellent contributors this time include Taral Wayne, whose reminiscence of his boyhood home, and the pain of leaving it, is compelling if melancholy stuff, Jay Kinney, reviewing a book on Nazi influence on Turkey, a personal interest, and David Redd on aesthetic litter (I think he's being fey). But the best work here is, as usual, by the editors. Claire – a Hugo winner, after all – describes a medical incident in cool and cheerful terms that somehow horrify all the more. Her words on the Hugos are sad but wise, as her account a bookselling friend's funeral, which follow, are sad but accepting and rich with kind memories. Mark, for his part, segues from a Proust-esque elaboration of the meaning of white gas vans in his neighborhood to equating the Sad Puppies with the Hubbardites of 1987 to a renewed appreciation of Susan Wood to a bookstore jaunt with friends. Hugos get the headlines but Mark knows what fandom is really all about.

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.com / *I feel like a swine – Nic asked me to contribute to an upcoming **Beam** and I was too swamped to follow through. Please keep me in mind for next time, Nic.*

BCSFAzine #507 / Felicity Walker, Apt. 601 Manhattan Tower, 6601 Cooney Road, Richmond, BC, Canada V6Y 4C5 / felicity4711@gmail.com / Chatty and friendly clubzine of the British Columbia group, as shown by minutes of their July meeting: “Ray saw a *Bojack Horseman* necktie at Norwescon”; “Stew remembered candy cigarettes.” The LOCs mention Perry Rhodan, making me wonder where Dwight Decker is nowadays, and refers those affected by “the Hugofuss” to the Church of the Subgenius. The extensive coming attractions must have mentioned Sasquan, as BC is close to Spokane, but I didn't see Felicity there.

Brooklyn! 89 / Fred Argoff, Penthouse L. 1170 Ocean Pkwy., Brooklyn NY 11250-4060 / trade or \$10 for four issues / quarterly / This is the fourth *Brooklyn!* to address Abandonment – the derelict buildings and busted dreams that abound in any major municipality. The b&w photos and captions which compose the issue carry a special pathos and power – not to mention, a surprising aesthetic. There's beauty in sidetracked. Graffiti-splattered cabooses, ancient factories with rusted gates, forlorn fun arcades padlocked for decades, apartment buildings gawping through glassless windows ... the same sad and terrible beauty I myself found at Two Guns, Arizona and in the Ninth Ward of New Orleans, postKatrina. Thank heaven Fred finds enough living scenes in his home borough to make *Brooklyn!* a normally happy publication. This issue is almost devastatingly evocative of loss and Time.

Cargo Cult: Books and Notions / 2804 Stuart St., Berkeley CA 94705 / CargoCultBooks@aol.com / May catalogue of a bookseller *par excellence*. Lots of goodies.

Christian New Age Quarterly Vol. 21 No. 4+ / Catherine Groves, P.O. Box 276, Clifton NJ 070150276 / 4/year, \$12.50/year / Hardly a fanzine, of course, but an interesting and well-presented journal with good articles, this time, on “the Christian Buddha” and “The Atoning Power of Myth”. The latter is quite involving, dealing with three perspectives of Christianity: Gnosticism, Mystery Cults and hero worship. I

would ignore the ad claiming that NASA's solar observatory recently photographed an angel, but the rest is well worth a read if the term "Christian" doesn't cause you to immediately breathe heavy.

Comics Review June 2015 / Rick Norwood, Manuscript Press, P.O. Box 336, Mountain Home TN 37684 / f.norwood@att.net / \$19.95@ / Not really a fanzine, of course, but deserving of special notice: a vehicle for reprints of some of the best comic strips of all time, ranging from *Krazy Kat* and *Alley Oop* to *Rick O'Shay* and *Modesty Blaise*, *Comics Revue* is beautifully produced, with crisp slick color amidst the black and white artwork. Very highly recommended. Anyone who wants to buy me the *Modesty Blaise* library for Christmas will meet only token resistance here.

CyberCozen Vol. XXVII, No. 09 / Leybl Botwinik, acting editor, leybl_botwinik@yahoo.com / It's a hoot to find a review here, in an Israeli fanzine, by John Purcell; that I agree with his assessment of *The Robots of Dawn* (indeed find it an ugly and somewhat repulsive book) only boosts the giggle. The notice comes as part of a longer spiel on robots/androids/cyborgs that is quite entertaining. A true-science piece on albedo modification – fighting global warming through literal reflection – reminds me of a conversation we had with Greg Benford on that very topic.

Dagon #666-668 / John Boardman, 12716 Ginger Wood Lane, Clarksburg MD 20871 / for Apa-Q or trade / John makes no connection between the number of the earliest issue of this batch and that of the Beast, but instead comes forth with his strongest political stance in years, inspired by the hideous Charleston shootings and the Civil War revisionism that followed. The following issues maintain the same fervor (his pummeling of "Donald Rump" in the latest number is inspiring). Not all here is political; there's personal natter, sports talk, and some esoteric info: I never knew that a Roman slave named Tiro invented shorthand – & the "&"! Still, it's the political outrage that energizes *Dagon*, and even though John is that rarest of *avises*, a fan-ed more liberal than me, it's good to see. *Dagon* is itself again!

DASFax September 2015 / TayVon Hageman, 4080 S. Grant St. Englewood, CO 80113 / DASFAEditor@HotMail.com / Except for opening notes on forthcoming meetings, this entire issue of the Denver clubzine is given over to Sourdough Jackson's involved and comprehensive ruminations on Hugo Award history. Illustrated with photos of the first, Jack McKnight trophy and Noreason's muchmaligned "toilet seat" Hugo base, Jackson covers past slates, design scandals, and of course, the Sad Puppies. Poohpoohing their plaint that the award has become "too literary" of late, Sourdough lays the recent brouhaha to Puppy greed – and avers that fandom has caught on to such scams and will not allow a repeat. It's a good article, but I have to wonder at its hopeful conclusion.

Data Dump #s 206-208 / Steve Sneyd, 4 Nowell Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire, HD5 8PB / These issues of Steve's hand-written, varicolored paean to SF poetry (and music, and other stuff) came with a most welcome letter, in which Steve declaims intelligently about the Puppies (written up in *The Guardian*, for heaven's sakes!) and that "amazing survivor" among fanzines, *Pablo Lennis* (see below). Here Sneyd presents his Tenth Annual *Data Dump* Awards to verse winning his particular notice and reviews gems like Mike Bishop's wonderful "Philip K. Dick is Dead, Alas". He mentions poetry published in many other fanzines, including *SF Commentary*, so Mike Estabrook, send this guy your terrific collection, *Beasts in Our Midst*. As ever, Steve's handwriting brings on migraines, but the content is worth it.

De Profundis #512 / Marty Cantor for LASFS, 2 Tyrone Ave., Van Nuys, CA, USA / www.lasfs.org. / \$1 for domestic mail / This monthly zine for the great Los Angeles Shrunken Frankfurter Society may be unofficial, but it reflects the lively LASFS lunacy perfectly. The key is the Cream of Menace, the inspired and detailed accounts of the weekly meetings. Therein Patron Saints of the club are hailed, most wittily, including David Okamura ("the Director of Plant Parenthood" who

provides many “Moments of Science”) and the great Bjo Trimble (remember “Save *Star Trek*?”). Among the names flashing onto these pages, Jay Freeman, a Berkeley friend now working for SpaceX; among the news items, a wolf pack spotted near Mt. Shasta; among the reported club actions, a committee appointed to deal with Code of Conduct Violations. Even in the land of the lotus-eaters, locusts still linger.

Fanzine Digitization Project FAQ / The university of Iowa Libraries’ Hevelin Collection, libspec@uiowa.edu / Ranging from “What is a fanzine?” to “Who is the Hevelin Collection named for?” (Teacher, teacher, I know, I know!) this pamphlet tries to reassure a terrified public that fanzines are not inherently dangerous and that Rusty Hevelin was a swell guy. The project sounds serious and those involved sound informed, sensitive to fan-ed’s fears (no, your zines won’t go on-line without your permission or be damaged), and witty. They figure it will take two years to get Rusty’s 10,000-zine hoard digitized. Updates available at hevelincollection.tumblr.com. Rich Lynch, didn’t we have lunch in San Antonio with a honcho from this project?

Fornax #5 / Charles Rector, rector@myway.com / eFanzines / “[A] fanzine devoted to history, science fiction & gaming as well as other areas where the editor’s curiosity goes.” Beginning life as a “proGamergate” fanzine, *Fornax* has swung its nose 180 degrees – as this issue’s lead editorial, on the Hugo controversy, shows. Though he avers that the original efforts of the Sad Puppies and their tribe were benign, a simple attempt to open SF’s rocket honors to fans and pros long neglected, the extreme, paranoid and irrational rhetoric of Theodore Beale, Kate Paulk and others became intolerable – and turned him, among many others, wholly against them. His excellent advice to the Pups: read a slew of fanzines – *Alexiad* and *Challenger* among them – and understand the true diversity of fandom. “Truly,” he writes, “the cure of the slates has proven to be even worse than the original disease.” Charles goes on to opine – quite intelligently and entertainingly – on matters divers, including the Americans with Disabilities Act, not an SFnal topic unless one sees our fiction as a mental affliction. His reviews of films, books, and fanzines – *Fadeaway* and *The Reluctant Famulus*, good choices – are quite sharp.

Fraught, with Occasional Peril [The White Notebooks #2] / Pete Young, 136/200 Emerald Hill Village, Sol 6, Hua Min, Prachua Khiri Khan 77110, Thailand / peteyoungkgmail.com / the usual and, he says, eFanzines, though I can’t find it / A mystery solved. Shortly after Rosy and I moved to Merritt Island I found a soggy envelope, *sans* return address, floating in the gutter outside of my father-in-law’s house. Published on A4 paper by inkjet printer, the fanzine within was, of course and alas, mostly washed into illegibility, as was the post-it note affixed to the front page. (The colors were kinda pretty, though.) After drying the thing, I could make out neither title nor colophon. It was not until this second *Fraught* appeared – dry and whole – that I could safely identify the drowned fanzine from a single acknowledgeable word swimming from its ooze: *Thailand*. There, Peter, is why your first number didn’t get its due in my last *Zine Dump*. This issue is chockablock with excellent short essays on any number of topics. It begins with a charming piece about cafes, particularly bookstore cafes, a mark of a civilized society, which segues into an article on Ray Bradbury’s favorite such place, Acres of Books in Long Beach. A study of “Genuine Thai Fake” Verawat Kanokoukroh, whose claims to > a hundred published SF and fantasy titles are easily disproved, and a musical note on SF composer Jay Chattaway lead to a lettercol rich with enthused correspondents – the first being Ned Brooks. Possibly my favorite part of this wry, literate perzine is the section yclept “I Ask the Questions”, where the editor mulls the mysteries of certain Bangkok street signs and the behavior of shower curtains. Please, Peter, re-send issue #1. I promise to keep it dry.

The Insider #308-309 / Michelle Zellich, 1738 San Martin Dr., Fenton MO 63026 / mzellich@csc.com / \$10/year / Didn’t see the Z’s at Sasquan! Here’s the color- and link-filled clubzine for the St. Louis SF Society, edited – as I can never stop saying – by one of fandom’s most wonderful people. It has everything – club news, birthdays, forthcoming events, able and detailed fanzine reviews by Bob Jennings

(including several pubs *TZD* doesn't see; an unacceptable situation), lots of news and science items "shamelessly stolen from the Internet," colorful comic strips, even a eulogy for a beloved family pooch.

Instant Message #919 / NESFA, P.O. Box 809. Framingham MA 01701-0809 / info@nesfa.org / Of course, there have been more issues after this one, but it's representative of the many pies into which the great New England clubs sink its digits: Boskone, the NESFA Press, games days, fiction contests, Hugo recommendations ... here I'm reminded that Tony Lewis has prepared a concordance to the works of one of our mutual favorites, Cordwainer Smith, which I must have. The NESFA Roster, accompanying a recent issue, is an invaluable resource for those in search of others.

Journey Planet 24 / James Bacon, Christopher J Garcia, Helen J. Montgomery, journeyplanet@gmail.com / Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of *Journey Planet*, offering fandom a splendid publication themed on Richard III, as the Hugo winner dares escape science fiction and chase history and literature and philosophy for its purpose. The questions this beautiful zine poses, through art by "featured artist" Autun Purser and articles by Joan Szechtman, Steven Silver, Chuck Serface and many others, are deep ones – not only historical, querying whether the crippled king did indeed drown his bro in a butt of Walmsley or send assassins to slaughter the two princes in the Tower, but indeed philosophical: which is better, the truth or the facts?, does fairness predominate art?, is depicting a king as a great villain a taint on him because of the villainy or praise, due to the greatness? At the end of it all, I'm compelled to hit YouTube and watch Act I Scene I as delivered by Olivier, by McKellan, by Branagh, by a half dozen anonymous actors – and even to recite the lines myself as *I* would have them heard. (A bit bitterly, like Spacey, or wryly, like Sir Laurence ...)

Lofgeornost #120 / Fred Lerner, 81 Worcester Ave., White River Junction VT 05001 / fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu / FAPA or trade / A pleasure to see Fred at John Hertz' Sasquan panel on *Past Master*, and to read his latest *Lofg*, wherein he waxes angrily (or as angrily as such a civilized gent can get) at a clumsy documentary on an art forger, waxes enthusiastically over the local incarnation of Obama's Young African Leaders' Initiative, and waxes excitedly over his intellectual preparations for a trip to Japan this very month. His voluminous correspondence is itself enthused and intellectual – even when the Chorus joins Fred's "quest for the perfect Dr. Watson," as in *Sherlock Holmes*. Personally, I've always envisioned Elmer Fudd in the role: "Shhhh ... be vewy, vewy quiet. We're seawching for that wascawy Mowiwawty hahahaha." (Well, it sounds better than it reads.)

MT Void Vol. 34, No. 13, Whole Number 1877 / Evelyn C. Leeper, eleeper@optonline.net / <http://www.geocities.com/evelynleeper> / free subs through mtvoid-subscribe@yahoo.groups / I don't think I've ever mentioned that the *Void* represents the Mt. Holz Science Fiction Society. The Leepers may be the whole group for all I know. Whatever, this e-zine offers sharp critical pieces on the works and issues of the SF day ... and beyond. In this late September issue, for instance, Mark reviews *The Ghost*, lists his wishes for a TBS series of classic films (who can argue with *The General*?), Evelyn hits *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (SF only if you add a "ul" to "Roman") and a "borderline fantasy," *Blindside*. More to come next week.

The NASFA Shuttle September 2015 / Mike Kennedy, P.O. Box 4857, Huntsville AL 35815-4857 / nasfa-shuttle@con-stellation.org / Far from being solely concerned with the local club he heads in Huntsville – which hosts the excellent annual event, Con*Stellation – Mike's *Shuttle* is probably fandom's most complete news source for SF's many, and multiplying, awards. This issue concentrates on Worldcon's various trophies, with a long section on incomprehensible WSFS business regarding same and the 2017 site selection. There's also news about Steve King's National Medal of Arts – I still don't know what I think of that – and the usual club beeswax.

Newsletter of the Middle Tennessee Science Fiction Society (aka the Nashville sf club). Issue # 155 / Reece Morehead, skywise@bellsouth.net / Sites, sites and more sites ... In addition to internet references to all kinds of SFnal goodies, there's info on OutSideCon, the local event held in a state park (we attended one; rained the whole time), lots of Pluto news (including a 24-second animation of the recent flyby), an academic tome on Harry Potter, and new stuff at the Nashville library. I've always loved Nashville; even joined the Tennessee Bar in vain hopes of getting a job there.

Nice Distinctions 27 / Arthur Hlavaty, 206 Valentine St., Yonkers NY 10704-1814 / hlavaty@panix.com / Short sharp bites by a master fanwriter, beginning this time with his cataract operations (far less horrid than anticipated). Arthur posits hippiedom as a "projective test" for its time, a brilliant perspective, praises Serena Williams while condemning her press, reviews an intriguing tome by Alice Dreger and a biography of Emerson ("every heart vibrates to that iron string"), advocates legalization of group marriage (while recognizing the complications), recoils from various Republican obscenities, admits to failing as a Dirty Old Man – he's attracted to women his own age. And more and more. Hi Bernadette.

Pablo Lennis #332 / John Thiel, 30 N. 19th St., Lafayette IN 47904 / \$2@ or trade, if the editor so wishes / The cover by "Esmiralda" is perplexing and a bit haunting, like many of the sketches scattered throughout John's long-running zine of amateur fiction and poetry. Where's Thiel find his contributors? There are many, and some of the work isn't bad. (A shout-out to Kim Neidigh's "Scheduling Problem", which is quite funny.) Says Steve Sneyd is a letter, "*Pablo Lennis* ... is an amazing survivor. I've been seeing it since 1977, and John Thiel's managed to bring it out monthly most of that time, and keep the outlier eccentricity alive so in all that time it's never got dull/predictable." 332 months = a little less than 28 years, so there's a ten-year gap. Still, Sneyd has a point. Layout from Hell and font from worse notwithstanding, *PL* keeps the faith.

Purrsonal Mewsings #3 / R-Laurraine Tutihasi, P.O. Box 5323, Oracle AZ 85623-5323 / Laurraine@mac.com / Good seeing Laurraine at the Worldcon! The matters discussed in this perzine date back to January; I look forward to her perspective on the convention. She discusses a play about Nixon's five immediate successors as President conversing at his funeral, reviews a slew of recent SF (we agree about *The Three-Body Problem*) and offers photos of a cool local observatory and some desert flora and fauna, including a wicked-looking horny-toad.

The Reluctant Famulus 105-107 / Thomas Sadler, 305 Gill Branch Rd., Owenton KY 40359 / tomfamulus@hughes.net / t.u. / The victory of *Journey Planet* in the Hugo stakes this year shows that recognition can still be had for a traditional, article-driven genzine; if so, *Reluctant Famulus* is among those years overdue for such success. Brad Foster's *Twilight Zone* based cover on the latest issue, #107, fools us a bit – it implies a *TZ*-based issue – but Michael Jordan's excellent review of *Aurora* and the rest of the issue cushion any disappointment. As I've said for *Alexiad*, *TRF* is reliable, consistent, and it's very good. Sadler has assembled a steady krew of contributors who give him and his zine energetic and interesting work: Gene Stewart's "Rat Stew" miscellany, Alfred Byrd's informed perspective on the Civil War, Gayle Perry's "New Ancient Earthlings", up-to-date info on dinosaurs (Nina Horvath take note), Sheryl Birkhead, Michael Jordan ... The loyalty and quality, and the editor's attention to excellence in his layouts and production, put *TRF* on one of fanzinedom's upper shelves. Steve Stiles is often featured on the covers, too.

Sasq-Watch issues 1-9 / Cherise Kelley, c/o Sasquan / Cherise was possibly the great find for Sasquan's Publications Department, super-ably editing the convention's successful restaurant guide and *Sasq-Watch*, its twice-daily newsletter. Credit my boss on the committee, Glenn Glazer; he enlisted her. The content of these zines never changes – party listings, awards results, WSFS notes, a gag issue, and so on, but this year's was well done. Only improvement I would have sought would be the time of delivery,

getting the first issue of the day, with its info, out to the convention earlier. So it goes. Cherise's first Worldcon saw her named as a hero of the event and hailed at closing ceremonies, as was Rose-Marie. Well-merited honors, both.

Swill #28 / Neil Jamieson-Williams, swill.uldunemedia.ca / Reducing the publication frequency of his zine from five times yearly to thrice, Neil blames the pressure of his academic job and a vague sense that his zine isn't fulfilling its mission – pissing off people. Also, since he and his contributor Lester Rainsford have been at it since the 1980s, he feels he's said it all before ... "Is it worth saying again? Are we saying it any better? And does it really fucking matter?" Well, maybe not, but the last question is, of course, purely subjective. For me, I say it does – Neil's article on Canadian SF and society that follows is excellent, challenging even, and Rainsford's nostalgic piece on the state of the field (I join in his praise for Schmitz' wonderful *Witches of Karres*) is funny, and I love that funky font.

Vanamonde 1129, 1133, 1136, 1141 / John Hertz, 236 So. Coronado St., No. 409, Los Angeles CA 90057 / A few scattered issues of John's one-sheet Apa-L zine, dating from last winter and spring. As always with each new year, they're adorned with a new Brad Foster logo – I keep wishing Hertz would collect all he's used someday – and offer, respectively, poetry (assuming that's his verse atop his mailing comments), a mini-essay on the first black MIT grad (from 1892 – does it delight you too that it was so early?), a comic rumination on pi, and a touching, informational memorial to Peggy Rae Sapienza, all sharp, amusing when appropriate, and informed with literacy and care – John's stock in trade. His oneman panel on Lafferty's masterpiece *Past Master* shone at Sasquan.

Vibrator Nos. 2.0.17-18 / Graham Charnock, 45 Kimberley Gardens, London, N4 1LD / graham@cartiledgeworld.co.uk / eFanzines / An especially solid issue of this award-copping perzine, ripe with humor and good British give-and-take, saddened and deepened by a eulogy for Graham's great friend Graham Hall. Graham says that he intended to theme the issue on the issue of prostitution, a topic touched on in Nic Farey's taxi driver reminiscences, but the world's oldest profession can wait. Wit, camaraderie, a sharp poke or two, a terrific letter column, some genuine warmth, *Vibrator* is rich with all.

WOOF 2015 / Andy Hooper, 11032 30th Ave. NE, Seattle WA 98125 / The Worldcon Order of FanEds is an amateur press association collated and distributed at – no surprise – Worldcon; contributors submit umpteen copies (usually the number of the Worldcon, in this case, 73) of their zine, either at the con or ahead of time, the Editor stacks them all together (with help from fan editors in attendance) and hands/mails them out. I recall submitting a zine to W.O.O.F. at Iguanacon in 1978; my *Blue Bejasus* is one of seven entries this time. It's hard to figure out exactly what to say in an annual apa, but people do try: Roger Hill's *Report from Hoople* has been on the contents since Bruce Pelz came up with the silly idea a gazillion years ago, and here assays mailing comments on the last disty, my zine deals with editing the souvenir book, Hooper writes about the late Art Widner's Worldcon experiences, Randy Byers' natter ranges from Loncon to Lothlorien, and Laurraine Tutihasi is here with photos of local wildlife in her area, a starfield and her cat. You never can tell what you'll find in a W.O.O.F.; that's part of its appeal. Who wants to take charge at MAC II?

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There are two reasons why this issue of *TZD* is truncated, and neglects great fanzines like *Broken Toys* and *Opuntia* and several others. First, we are due to leave for DeepSouthCon in New Orleans tomorrow morning, and packing time is upon me. Second, I'm sicker than a kennel full of dogs – dizzy, nauseated, ready to drop. Rosy's going to have a lot of driving on her hands – and I'm going to have a make up issue to complete once we return. Hold me to it!

GHLIII