

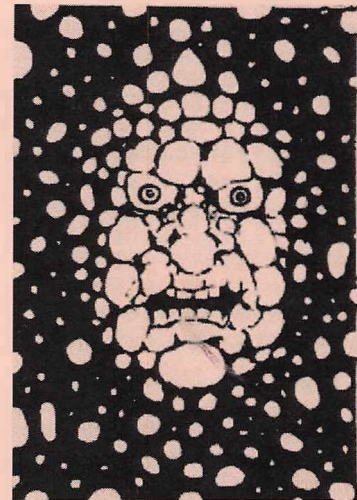
FLAG

This is issue #21 of FLAG, an occasional fanzine published by Andy Hooper, member fwa, at 11032 30th Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125, email to fanmailaph@aol.com. This is a Drag Bunt Press Production. First copies shared May 3rd, 2018. FLAG appears initially in printed form, and is available for trade, graphic artwork and cartoons, written contribution solicited by the editor, and letters of comment. The next issue will also be out in 2018. The large number of contributor credits for this issue has forced me to move their index to Page 28. Heroic UK Duplicator and Distributor: Mark Plummer. Heavy-Gauge Proof-Reading by Carrie Root. Spirit Animal: Frank Denton

Oh Make me Over – I’m All I Wanna Be

The Grove of the Jiants:

Nic Farey invited me to join one of fanzine fandom’s Rites of Spring this year the selection of a Lifetime Achievement Award to cap the 2018 Fan Activity Achievement Awards. “The Jedi Council,” as I thought of it, was composed of current and former Corflu committee members, FAAn award administrators and previous recipients of the award. Although our deliberations must remain private, I can assure the reader that there was a great deal of thought and conversation behind this year’s choice. Despite having rather nebulous ideas about just what we are supposed to honor with the award, we were able to identify between three and five candidates that we all felt deserving of recognition. I think fandom will approve of our final choice.



Meanwhile, were you aware that the award existed, or which fans had been honored with it in the past? The Lifetime Achievement award was introduced by the committee of Corflu Cobalt, held in Winchester, Hampshire (the city of Kings and Priests) in 2010. Ted White was the first recipient. Since then, at least one Lifetime Achievement Award has been issued every year until 2017, when “unforeseen circumstances” kept the Corflu 34 committee from continuing the string. However, because two awards were given in 2012, we’ve not “fallen behind.” These are the honorees to date:

Ted White, Corflu Cobalt, 2010
Art Widner, E Corflu Vitus, 2011
Earl Kemp & Shelby Vick, Corflu Glitter, 2012
Elinor Busby, Corflu XXX, 2013
Ray Nelson, Corflu 31, 2014
Peter Weston, Tynecon III: The Corflu, 2015
John Bangsund, Corflu 34, 2016

Quite an eclectic collection of fans, isn’t it? Some selections have had a touch of “local color,” including Art Widner in Northern California, Elinor Busby in Portland and Peter Weston in the U.K. Australian John Bangsund was not associated with Chicago, but the 2016 con was chaired by Nigel Rowe, who has many connections to fandom in Australia. On the other side, one doesn’t think of either Earl Kemp or Shelby Vick as particularly

[Continued on page 2]

A Walking Study in Demonology

A Key to the lino published in FLAG #20:

Page 1: "We're behaving like human beings, and as long as we continue to do so, we'll survive."

Col. Luke Stone (Ed Nelson) counsels species solidarity, from "Nightmare," S1, Ep 10 of *The Outer Limits*.

Page 1: Freedom & Whiskey Go Together

From "The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer," Robert Burns, 1786

Page 3: "If there's one thing I learned from the week I was married, it's when to walk away."

Calvin Fischoeder (Kevin Kline) leaves the gambling table, from Bob's Burgers S3, Ep20 "The Kids Run the Restaurant."

Page 4: "Tennis balls accumulate filth, and wear through easily."

Copy from a cable TV commercial for "Walker Buddies."

Page 5: "I never met anybody who said when they were a kid, I wanna grow up and be a critic."

Attributed to the actor and comedian Richard Pryor (1940 – 2005).

Page 6: "So you're mining stuff to craft with, and crafting stuff to mine with?"

& Page 7: "Did your Dad write this game?"

Rick Sanchez (Justin Roiland) gives Minecraft a chance, from *Rick & Morty* S3, Ep 10, "The Rickhurian Mortydate."

Page 8: "Mr. Corleone never asks a second favor once he's refused the first, understand?"

Tom Hagen (Robert Duvall) at the dawn of the Michael Cohen school of personal representation, *The Godfather*, (1972).

Page 9: "I really hate to trip, but I got to loc."

Lyrics from the song "Gangsta's Paradise," recorded by Coolio in 1995.

Page 11: "P'raps there are more of them about, and we might make a pie."

The hill trolls contemplate the edibility of Bilbo Baggins, from J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit* (1937).



connected to Las Vegas fandom, and to the best of my knowledge, Ray Nelson has never even been in Richmond, Virginia. Through 2013, there seems to have been an effort to give the award to a person actually attending the convention, but that string was broken in 2014 and has not, as yet, resumed.

As we began discussing this year's award, I looked at this list of previous honorees, and found myself wondering what they have had in common. Art Widner and Peter Weston have left us since their awards, but every recipient was living when their award was announced, and that's an important point. If the door were opened to posthumous honorees, I think it would rapidly evolve into a fanzine Hall of Fame, and living candidates would face terribly stiff competition. A Science Fiction Fanzine Hall of Fame would be an entertaining artifice as well, but it isn't a burden that Corflu committees should assume.

Given that Corflu is the convention for fanzine publishers and enthusiasts, it's obvious that a long and noteworthy record of involvement in science fiction fanzines is also one of the shared traits of the Lifetime Award recipients. For some, this may most

reflect work done several decades in the past; neither Elinor Busby nor Ray Nelson have been particularly active in this century. On the other hand, both Earl Kemp and Peter Weston had returned to fanzine publishing in a big way in the years just prior to their recognition. Some, like Ted White, have been continuously active in fandom for their entire adult lives; some, like Art Widner, had been absent from active fandom for decades at a time.

As one might expect with a Lifetime award, the real point that all the honorees have in common is a long involvement in fandom. I believe all the recipients to date made first contact with fandom either before or shortly after 1960. When I began trying to list potential honorees, I established an informal cutoff point of 1968; so if you haven't been active in fandom for fifty years, you shouldn't come to Corflu thinking you might go home with a Lifetime Achievement Award. I think that once deliberations began, the line for first fanac drifted toward 1970; but all the names to which we gave serious consideration easily met the 50-year standard.

While this felt arbitrary, and seemed to cut off some of the most active and "valuable" fans of the Corflu

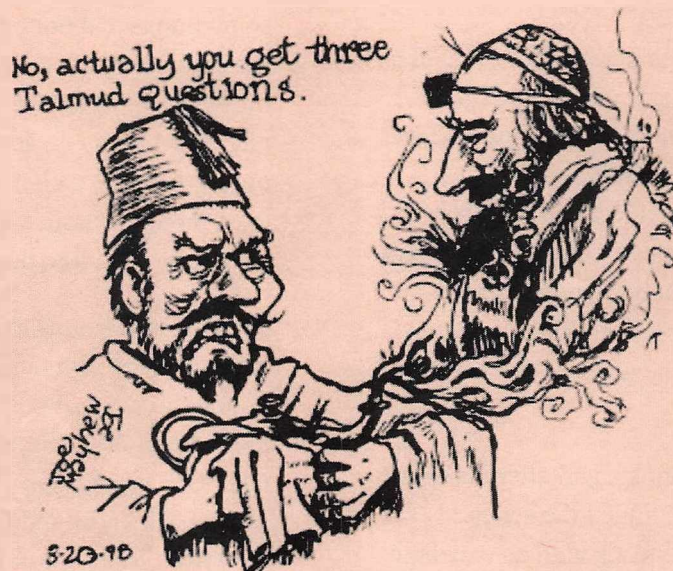
era, I reason that time will soon act to change that. Next year, fans who entered fandom after Apollo 11 landed on the moon would be at that 50 year mark; in ten years, fans whose first contact took place at Iguanacon in 1978 will have five decades of service. There may be a dwindling number of people who know what a fanzine is by then, but there will be no shortage of people who were publishing jians fifty years ago. But again, this was only an informal criterion; future Jedi Councils may make their choice on completely different grounds.

Only one of the honorees to date is a woman, and I certainly hope we will see another female fan join Elinor Busby soon. We're just passing through the 50th anniversary of the original broadcast run of *Star Trek*, which is often credited with bringing an unprecedented number of women into science fiction fandom. Many of the writers that I read most enthusiastically when I discovered fanzine fandom in the late 1970s were women, particularly the sublime Susan Wood, who made sercon academia seem impossibly cool. We lost Susan at an

inexcusably early age, but there were many women who wrote, drew and published work that I admired when I was a young fan, and I want to recognize some of them with this over-arching endorsement of their efforts.

Several times I expressed the wish that we had begun issuing the award just five or ten years earlier, and could have included several people whose lifetime was wholly achieved before we started recognizing them. Also, we've only chosen one fan with a significant amount of graphic art to their credit, the multi-talented Ray Nelson. "Fan art" is such a huge part of what we enjoy about fanzines that someone primarily known for their artwork ought to join our semi-formal "Hall" soon.

What was most encouraging to me was that almost everyone involved had a favorite candidate or two, and was able to form some argument on their behalf. The Lifetime Achievement Award is not an afterthought to the awards for contemporary activity; it's becoming the most intriguing part of the tradition, to me, anyway.



Talking with Paul is like having an Out-of-Brain Experience

The Way of the Tulpa III by Ray Nelson

Somewhere, over the rainbow,
Way up high,
There's a land that I heard of,
Once in a lullaby - -- Yip Harburg

If you want to be a writer, the third most important decision you should make is the selection of the universe in which your tulpas will live. At one extreme, you can find more or less the world we live in. At the other extreme, you can find the world of surrealism where absolutely anything can happen. Every other kind of world can be found somewhere between these extremes. Even factual news stories can be reported as if they happened in different universes, as can be seen by a comparison of the reportage of the right wing Fox network, as opposed to the reportage on the left wing KPFA.

Once selected, a universe can be used for more than one story. Indeed, one universe can be used for a whole series of stories, even an entire writing career. Nobel Prize winner William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County provided a setting for a whole series of fairly realistic novels. Bradbury had his Mars. Asimov had his Robot Universe. H. P. Lovecraft's Elder Gods mythos provided a setting for his own works and for the works of a long list of other writers.

Frank Baum wrote 14 Oz books, and after his death Ruth Plumly Thompson continued the series. Baum's Wizard of Oz presents us with an excellent model of a Tulpa universe, an imaginary universe that has become real, not only here in the United States, but in translation all over the world. It begins with an orphan, Dorothy Gale, trapped in a gray, oppressive Kansas, who is transported to the magical

world of Oz. Note that the author, a male, has chosen a female protagonist. Lewis Carroll, a male, chose Alice, a female, as his protagonist in Wonderland. J. K. Rowling, a female, chose Harry Potter, a male, as her protagonist, and adopted a pen name that concealed her gender. Not the least of the powers of a tulpa is the ability to change your gender without the pain and expense of an operation.

More, we should note that the Oz sub-universe and Kansas sub-universe are presented as being part of one over-universe. In the film, this is shown photographing Kansas in black and white, and Oz in Technicolor. Oz is not a universe where "troubles melt like lemon drops." Typical of tulpa universes, Oz has problems of its own, and these problems can only be solved by courageous action by Dorothy and her magical friends, a scarecrow, a robot and a talking lion. Please note that Baum's Oz is not a place where absolutely anything can happen, not a surrealist universe. It is a place where magic can do some things and not others. At the end we learn that the magical powers of the Wizard are a hoax. In the movie, Oz is a dream, but in the books Oz is a real place. Generally an adventure that turns out to be only a dream is a cliché, to be avoided at all costs, even though classic authors have used it. Indeed, they have used it to death.

My advice to you is to establish, before you write word number 1, what can and what can't happen in your equivalent of Oz. Then stick to your own rules to the bitter end. Are vampires real? Can animals talk? Can spaceships go faster than light? Can we travel backwards and forwards through time? Can men from Mars speak English? Can they read minds? Can a boy like Huckleberry Finn really survive alone in the wilderness? I call this the Balderdash Quotient, and your story should start, proceed and end always with the same amount of balderdash.

Rawhide!

(more by Andy)

What have I done for the four months since FLAG #20 was finished? I've written and worked on several different unfinished projects, including the Nycon book, of course; but the majority of my time has been spent wrangling fanzines – sorting, filing, reading, describing, selling and shipping them. From time to time I take a stab at finishing one of my own, but really, I have spent an unprecedented amount of time just managing the leaning piles of zines that fill an embarrassingly large volume of our house.

The opportunity to auction elements of John D. Berry's collection got me back into the habit of dealing with fanzines almost every day, but over the months I've been working on them, the guilty knowledge of my own collection's shabby condition nibbled at my conscience. I recall sorting almost the entire collection around the time of Corflu Zed, when I sold large chunks of it to finance to convention. No new fanzines had been filed into the collection's boxes in the intervening 9 years; they were sorted into annual heaps and stuffed into upright magazine boxes. Auction purchases were crammed onto the shelves with the Fanthologies and commemorative collections. Finding any given title was a challenge that required me to rummage around in boxes piled up next to the furnace. Treating my own fanzines this way, while selling non-descript 1970s FAPAazines for \$15 to \$20 online, made me feel like a fraud.

To increase the pressure, on one of the last times that Randy Byers came over to our house for a party, the two of us ended up sitting by the fire in the late evening, talking about all subjects under the sun; and in a moment when we had been left alone, he said, "You know I'm hoping that you will take my fanzine collection." He didn't finish with "When I'm gone," as that was hardly necessary, and he pretty

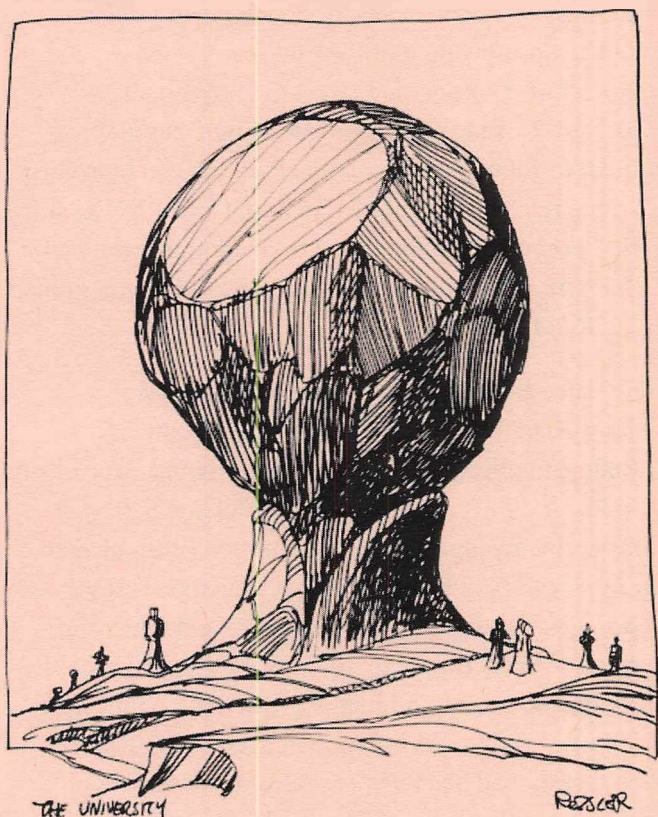
much stopped talking about death at all after the first year of cancer treatment. I knew what he meant, but I still had to roll my eyes, thinking about the fanzines in the garage, in the laundry room, file cabinets -- and said yes, of course. And I went further, promising that I would put my own collection in order, and when they eventually arrived, I would take some of his fanzines and use them to fill holes in my collection, created by selling so many in support of Corflu Zed, Corflu XXX, and two or three Seattle-based TAFF administrators. And the rest would find good homes and support his favorite fan funds.

So came the end of 2017, and I found myself compelled to follow through on my promise. Randy's collection awaited attention in his basement room, and my own sprawled around hopelessly in magazine storage boxes, with no tabs or dividers to identify them. I had an example of a more useful storage system sitting in my garage and under the stairs. After Sasquan in 2015, I had brought back the handsome boxes and hanging file folders that were left after David Levine and Kate Yule's fanzine collection had been 95% scavenged by Worldcon members. Or, that is, 50% of it had been 95% scavenged; about 14 months later, Ulrika O'Brien ferried the other half of the collection up from Portland, and it sat safely in my garage for the following year.

I puzzled over this recycling challenge until it occurred to me; there were eleven Bankers' boxes and over 100 sturdy folders holding David and Kate's remaining fanzines. They were filed by title, while my collection has always been organized by editor, so I'd have to get a bunch of new tabs. And I'd have to move their fanzines out and find someplace else to store them in order to make room for mine. But I liked the idea of reusing the boxes and file folders; it made me feel like something more than the fanzine equivalent of a junkyard operator.

Playing is just about feeling. It isn't necessarily about misery.

Great gathering, Jonas. It's the leaky gazebo all over again.



Box of Rain

So that was the first step; moving the Levine/Yule collection fanzines out of their hereditary boxes, sorting them all by editor, club or convention of origin, and packing them into temporary storage to await further attention. Some things got pulled out immediately; I know several editors who have very few copies of their own work, and I packaged some of their missing fanzines for repatriation. Some titles edited by women went straight to Wisconsin collector Darrah Chavey who is building an archive of feminist science fiction publications. I put a few aside to sell for the benefit of TAFF, DUFF and the Corflu 50 in Toronto, too.

Not all of it was exactly treasure. Kate Yule seems to have saved every fanzine that she and David

received in trade for BENTO, but the boxes also held some trades which the Portland Science Fiction Society had received from other fan clubs. I didn't follow the impulse to recycle them immediately, but I expect that some of them will end up that way. They included some long runs of WESTWIND and BCSFAZINE, so I'm trying to find someone in the region who might want them. One box held a particularly potent wave of déjà vu, as David and Kate and I were all members of the Terrean Amateur Press Society or TAPS, in the early to mid-1980s. They had kept their mailings, about a three-year span, with some of my earliest written fan activity.

Sorting through anything that belonged to a person who has died has the potential to stop us in our tracks, but fanzines can have particularly personal associations. And in the case of David and Kate, I was paging through their marriage as well as the annals of fandom which paralleled it. I have the sense that Kate was the real enthusiast of the two; they printed up pads of post-it notes, with boxes to check indicating which of them had written replies, and whether to remember the contents when making nominations for the Hugo Awards. Kate's name was checked a bit more often than David's; but their collection is riddled with eyetracks and actual margin notes, the place where so many fine letters of comment began. And there were some artifacts that made the hair on the back of my neck stand up: a page torn from the 1990 CONCATENATION, with Neil Gaiman's article "Quorn versus the Microwave Popcorn," reprinted by David and Kate in an early issue of BENTO. I imagined Kate setting the page next to the keyboard as she transcribed it – but heck, maybe David did it. It's worth remembering that plenty of people get rid of their old fanzines long before they expire, which is what he decided to do.

So this was a reasonably exhausting process, but it was only step one. The next act was exhuming all the boxes, plastic bins, and a paper bag full of

VANAMONDE that made up my own fanzine collection, and sorting them into a state where they could be filed. As I expected there were some huge holes – I sold off most of my issues of PULP, IDEA and MIMOSA to help pay for Corflu Zed, to name just three examples. But the volume of fanzines that had been acquired over the same period of time was significantly larger than those that were missing. Although the number of fanzines published on paper has steadily dwindled for the past 30 years, the amount of material I receive continues to be formidable. I made full use of the filing system inherited from David and Kate, then set out to buy a dozen more banker's boxes, and 200 more file folders and tabs. Most fanzines were alphabetized by the name of their primary editor, but I also made boxes for special publications, club zines, and zines connected to conventions or fan funds. I tried to leave at least some room in every box, in the sure anticipation that more material will be added soon.

About halfway through this process, which took something like two weeks to complete, I started getting that goshwow feeling of awe again – what an incredible company of writers and correspondents were represented inside those files. People on 4, possibly 5 continents. People I've known for almost 40 years. People I never knew; people who have been dead for 20, 30, 40 years. Some boxes were a forest of tabs atop narrow folders, others had only a few names, whose prolificacy and generosity were prodigious. I also had moments where I felt like I'd been filing those fanzines my entire life – I had flashes of filing papers for my Dad the Psych professor when I was 16 years old, and the names of science fiction fans seemed to blend with those of Developmental Psychologists of the early 1970s – was I looking for Pamela Boal or Paul Baltes? Was it Brialey and Plummer or Overton and Reese? When such questions began to seem insoluble, it was usually time to go to bed.

When all the carefully balanced and sorted piles had disappeared inside the boxes, I brought them back to the basement, but could not bring myself to jam them into the back room by the furnace again. For the first time, I could think of a title I wanted, or work by a given editor, and actually find it without an hour of searching among the dust and cobwebs. The boxes are still stacked up in two layers around the edges of the room as I write this. The last step in the process will be to make an actual catalog of the collection, an online document or spreadsheet that will make the fanzines a useful resource when I'm done with them. I was about to get started on that index about a month ago, when I had to take a break to bring another dozen boxes of fanzines to the story.

Last Orders

Lonnie Byers, Randy's older brother, is a big man, nearly as big as me; but his features resemble his brother's, and his voice is an even closer match. However, he could never have lived in Randy's basement room; he would have cracked the top of his head on the heating vents, as I did just about every time I came down the stairs.

Lonnie, his wife Terry and their 20-something sons Cody and Ryan came up from Oregon at the end of March to pack up Randy's belongings and eventually clean out his room. They were kind enough to invite me to help sort out Randy's fanzines and fannish papers from the rest of his files; I set up a succession of the ubiquitous Banker's boxes in the laundry room, and gradually filled it with contents of several shelves, filing cabinets and boxes full of fanzines.

I hadn't been in Randy's room since the spring of 2017, when I made a brief visit between Corflu and his trip to Micronesia. When Denys and Randy hosted parties at their house, Randy would open his room for

Of course, Royals wear more hats in general than we Americans.

And mortal me, without a mortal bottle to slake my mortal thirst.

the use of his friends who smoked tobacco and marijuana; if it became oppressive, he would open the big window behind his desk, which could also be used as a handy escape hatch if there were too many people between you and the stairs. Most gatherings would see a rotation of six to eight people stuffed into his office space, filling the modest couches and a pair of chairs in front of the shelves with the stereo and the CD collection. An endless series of interesting tracks would play quietly in the background throughout the party, in a carefully-selected random order. Many early CHUNGA editorial conferences took place there too, with Randy jotting notes on his clipboard while all three of us brainstormed over the next issue.

When I arrived, two or three of the family were already at work; Lonnie ran several errands, including a run for more boxes, more tape, just like any moving party. I'd met them all at a Byers Boys Birthday Bash and family reunion in Corvallis around 2010, but I think we would have felt a similar familiarity even if we were face-to-face for the first time. Randy's relatives are not fannish, per se, but they were of the same strain as Randy, if that makes sense; the men all had a variant of his laugh, and Terry clearly held him in as high regard as anyone in fandom. As I shuttled stacks of fanzines out to my box-base, various items surfaced that required interpretation, and I did my best to explain the provenance of certain things – corflu and Corflu, the Ides of Yngvi, and the origins of the Iron Pig, CHUNGA's porcine letter-column.

There had been another opportunity to memorialize Randy about a month before, when his siblings went to scatter his ashes along the Quilayute river on the Olympic Peninsula, one of his very favorite places on Earth. Geri Sullivan and Ron Drummond came back from the east coast to share the experience, and I was very glad they were there to represent his family in fandom. I might have gone, but it would have meant a four-day car trip, and I just felt reluctant to spend that long with Randy at that point – I was morose enough already. He did not want memorials any more than any other part of death, and I have been reticent to mourn

publicly. But when Geri and Ron came back to Seattle, we had a gathering at Randy's favorite Belgian restaurant (Don't you have...), and got Geri's complete review of the experience, enjoyed as it should have been with lashings of night-colored ale.

Under the Shade of the Trees

The family had to deal with Randy's other data collections – all the movies on DVD, the music on CD, and his book collection – very modest in size, by fannish standards, but incredibly choice. All his paperbacks seemed like collectible antiquities, and the hardcovers were dominated by limited editions, with a healthy scattering of “first firsts.” Of course there were also a few SF Book Club editions, which were also of some sentimental attachment. I can still close my eyes and see their spines on the shelf.

We had to take a few breaks to sit on the front porch and enjoy the spring blossoms in the garden, which I think was mostly Randy's work. The boys showed me some pictures of the plants they were growing back home in Oregon; they were immense “trees” with trunks four inches across at the base! I said I had seldom seen anything like them outside of *High Times* magazine, and thought they only grew that big in New Guinea.

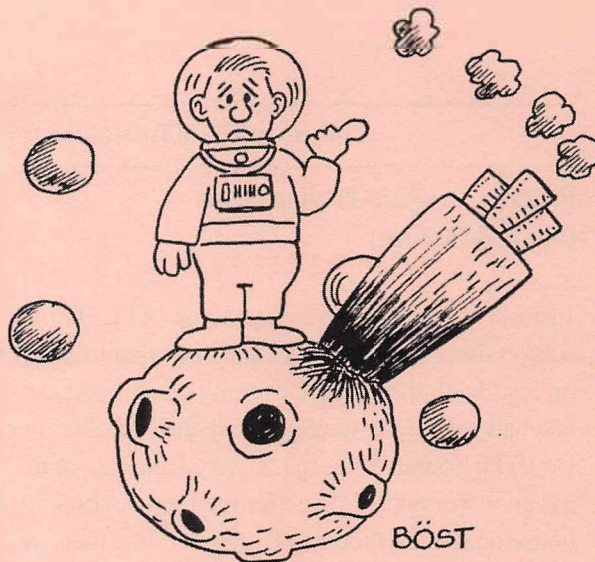
As for the fanzines, Randy's collection was overwhelmingly composed of trades and other titles addressed directly to him – I guess we could call them “primary source” fanzines, as opposed to those purchased at auctions, inherited from other collectors, or picked up on freebie tables, etc. There were scattered examples of older titles, some going back to the 1940s, but I found that I recognized many of them – I had sold them to him myself in one of our many auctions, or at least watched as he won them. But honestly, Randy's fanzine collection was about as compact and modest as the man himself. In his four decades in fandom he worked on relatively few conventions, had belonged to just a few apas and never for very long, and retained only a few small boxes of material donated during his TAFF term. His paper trail

was largely defined by his participation in fanzine fandom – manuscripts and file copies of his own fanzines, and the materials which were sent back in trade for them.

Which is not to say that didn't save certain documents in a compulsive manner. We found a folder with a copy of every car rental, lease or purchase agreement he had ever made, including his first car, bought from his Dad's dealership. And he had a broad file of documents related to his membership in the Committee In Solidarity with the People of El Salvador, a period of activism that was still ongoing when I met him in 1985. But if he kept private correspondence files, they were somewhere I didn't look. Randy's active career as a fan writer roughly corresponded to the age of email, and that's how the great majority of his correspondence was conducted. His Livejournal page, "Dry Ice Factory," also provided a virtual home for a great deal of writing by and in reply to Randy. So that also helped keep our task manageable.

I guess the only real surprise was that most of Randy's collection was no better-organized than mine. He had a file cabinet with orderly ranks of CHUNGA and the fanzines he had printed for other fans. But most of it had been sorted – by title again – when enough had accumulated to fill a box. Certain treasured titles, including a prominent run of BANANA WINGS were on a shelf next to the stereo. But clearly, there had been some plan to eventually combine all those boxes into a coherent filing system, but the time required – and probably the space – had never been available.

We worked for about four hours, then stopped to share some pizza from Pagliacci's, which was always the take-out of choice on the Wallingford side of the hill. We shared stories on the general topic of Randy, of course; I reminisced about living in the neighborhood with Randy and Denys, and how wonderful it had been to be within easy walking distance of each other for my first decade in Seattle. I certainly don't regret getting out of our apartment on Frances Avenue, but I was



sorry to leave our Fremont and Wallingford neighbors behind. Carrie rolled up as we were eating; we had saved her some of her favorite goat cheese pizza, so she joined the group gathered in the living room. Near the end, I grabbed the hand-illustrated FAAn Award which CHUNGA won at Corflu XXX and tucked it inside a box; perhaps I'll make Carl take it home the next time he and Scott come over for a visit. It was observed that Randy's unusually-impressive Hugo Award, won in Japan for his collaboration on SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY #12, was already safely in Oregon, and would likely remain a family treasure.

They knew that Randy considered his Hugo award a fluke, won on Lee Hoffman's departing coat-tails. I assured them that while fandom might have shared that joke with Randy, when he and LeeH and Geri Sullivan won the award, it was the highlight of the year for his fellow fanzine publishers. It was a genuine pleasure to see a fanzine that we admired so much recognized by the Hugo voters. And then everyone helped us load the fanzines into the Subaru – everything fit easily – and we took the boxes back to our living room, where they are still stacked up against the wall. I've been sorting them one box at a time, and have already pulled out a few things to auction for TAFF. I posted one of his stock copies of SFFY #12 a week ago, and got \$14.50 for it – a satisfactory result for all concerned. And it's only the beginning.

...I devote my time to embarrassing our 3 or 4 15-year-old fringe fans who come to discuss *Star Trek*.

The movie is a fantastic trip in a way that totally puts 2001 to shame.

**Fandom, the Role-Playing Game
(For Bill Bodden)**

Just as I was wrestling the last issue of FLAG into submission, we had a small solstice miracle: snow fell on Seattle all through the evening on Christmas Eve, and had just begun to melt off by the end of Christmas Day. Our friends gathered at Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins' place for their annual holiday open house on the afternoon of December 24th, then went out for dinner at the Yu Shan Chinese Restaurant, where conditions were predictably chaotic, but delicious.

At one point during the party, I joined a group lingering near the cookie table, looking for feedback on another curious Daugherty project that had assembled itself in my mind. "So, there have been a number of attempts to create a board or card game based on fandom over the years," I observed.

"Yes," agreed Ulrika 'Brien. "I know that Bruce and Dian Pelz wrote one that was played a few times at the LASFS."

"*The Game of Fandom*," I concurred. "That was one of the most *involved* efforts on the topic. I've seen others that were more satirical in intent, or were derived from *Candyland*."

"But you have something larger in mind," offered Hal O'Brien, leaning on his fashionable new dress cane.

"We've talked about the idea at a dozen parties," I agreed. "A role-playing game setting based on fandom. We used to propose it as a product for Steve Jackson's Generic Universal Role Play System – GURPS Fandom. I thought it should include a chapter where an egotistical game designer steals your club fanzine."

"But it's a lot of work for one joke," opined Ulrika.

"I always came to that conclusion. But the idea of trying to represent fans in role-playing terms – stats and skills and hit points – keeps coming back to me. The first problem is defining and measuring fannish

traits in game terms. I need to come up with six statistical categories, because all – "

"Because all Gaul is divided into six parts?" suggested Hal helpfully. "Because Caesar wrote –"

I punched my way out of a laugh. "No, although that's true, almost all role playing games feature six basic stats that are used to define a character's attributes and chance of success under different conditions. In the classic *Dungeons and Dragons*, the six were Strength, Intelligence, Wisdom, Constitution, Dexterity and Charisma. Most games used some variation of these – they switched "Endurance" for "Constitution," or split "Dexterity" with "Agility," but emphasized the same general categories."

"But all fans have dexterity and endurance scores between 3 and 6," quipped Paul Charpentier, hovering close to the cheesecake. "It's like a prerequisite for the character class."

"So that's my point," I concurred, "Fandom would require different attributes than dungeon-crawling and troll-slaying. Most fan activity requires social and intellectual skills. But physical strength and endurance are still sometimes useful, for things like driving cross-country to conventions, or carrying crates of books up and down stairs. So I measure all those physical capabilities with one statistic – PHYSIQUE. And all fans are supposed to be of above average intelligence, so we measure their relative EDUCATION and GENRE KNOWLEDGE to see how much they know. CHARISMA seems particularly useful in rallying all fandom to your cause, while SOCIALIZATION and TEMPERMENT will determine your ability to face the many psychological challenges fandom presents. At the Midwestcon, Harlan Ellison calls you a Fugghead. Roll your Temperment or less on a 20-sided die, or you throw your beer at him and start a rumble. "

"Would Fugghead be a character class?" queried Hal.

"So, that's where I get bogged down," I elaborated. "I'd like to avoid alignments and character class

altogether, and all the phony restrictions attached to them, like saying a Magic-User can't carry a sword. But I still need a way to differentiate one fan's abilities from another."

"So you give all characters a set of skills that they can improve. Like in RUNEQUEST or GURPS," speculated Paul.

"Or CALL OF CTHULHU," I interjected. "but my other imperative is to make the game work as a solitary pastime. I don't really think people are going to sit down and have role-playing sessions together, where they pretend they're dropping acid at the 1968 Worldcon, and the game-master asks for a saving throw to avoid giggling audibly through Phil Farmer's GoH speech. I need something you can play yourself from a set of tables. Or a decision tree, like a 'Choose your own Adventure' book. Actually, the game that came the closest to what I imagine is Marc Miller's science fiction game TRAVELLER. The conceit there was that the characters had gained their skills through previous experience in some kind of service, from the Space Marines to the Stellar Scouts to a corporation's merchant fleet. And you roll on a series of tables to see what you learned or received from your service. It was often the most entertaining part of the game."

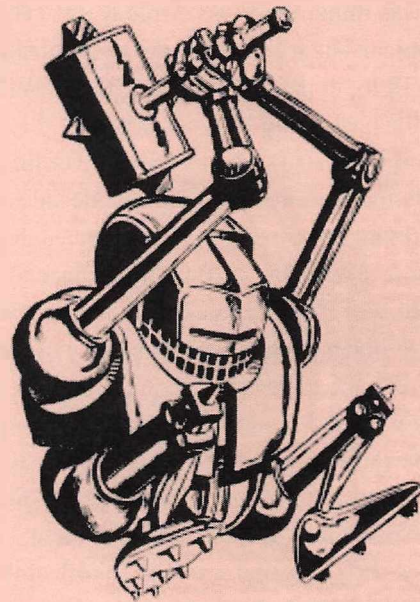
Ignoring the distant, glazed look on my companion's eyes, I continued. "So I'm imagining six analogs for those different branches of service in TRAVELLER. I'd have to give different options for different eras of fandom. For the 1930s and 1940s, I came up with ARTISTS, WRITERS and EDITORS, people principally interested in creating science fiction, either as professionals or amateurs; CLUB & CONVENTION FANS, people mostly interested in gatherings and activities with other fans; COLLECTORS and HUCKSTERS, focused on the trading and acquisition of science fiction; CRITICS and BIBLIOGRAPHERS, devoted to the analysis and understanding of fantastic fiction. The early era would

have a unique population of EXPERIMENTERS and INVENTORS, people who agreed with Will Sykora that science was the point of science fiction. And even in the earliest years, fandom had its INSURGENTS and TRUFEN, people who variably thought that fans were Slans or complete frauds, but either way, they focused their energy on fandom itself, with occasional forays into reading and sharing their thoughts on the genre."

"So you're saying I could be a fifth-level fakefan?" grinned Hal.

"No way. I chortled, "You read way too much science fiction. I, on the other hand, could be the *Secret Master of Fakefandom*." Most of the listeners aggressively drifted away, but I continued to buttonhole Hal. "If you join Fandom after 1950, the EXPERIMENTERS and INVENTORS option disappears, replaced by a chance to join the FILKERS and COSTUMERS. All of these "Branches" of fandom can involve a fan in fanzine-editing, convention-running, small-press publishing – the stuff that fans did and still do."

Ulrika had returned to rescue Hal. "It sounds like a good fanzine article, at the least," she flattered.



It's crazy! Cavemen and doctors and disappearing bloody police boxes!

I don't sort things by color because I'm not a mouse in a European children's book

"Yeah, coincidentally, that's what's haunting me about this," I mused to the shortbread. "There was an article Arnie Katz wrote about 15 or 20 years ago, that sought to divide fans into a set of philosophies. I recall there were at least six of them, of course, and I think there was some overlap with my proposed "Branches" of Fandom. But I haven't been able to track it down yet; the closest I've come is his extensive writing on Insurgentism in his online fanzines. Both of our taxonomic theories seem to apply less perfectly to fandom after 1970; I don't know if I ought to make Comics Fandom and Media Fandom separate Branches, or treat them as an adventure setting, on the theory that Comics fandom has its own Critics, Hucksters and Insurgents...."

"My God, are you still pursuing this conversational device?" brayed Elmer Perdue. "No one in their right mind is still reading this. "

Hexadecimalpractice

And Elmer might be completely right about that, but the question has given me a chance to enjoy the benefits of my marathon fanzine reorganization. The article I was thinking of was Arnie Katz' "The Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory," published in January, 1996, in the first anniversary (#13) of WILD HEIRS, the best of the Vegrant genzines. My admiration for this article has grown over time. As I've learned so much more about the first decade of organized fandom, I've come to appreciate how many events were steered by the broadly differing philosophies of the principle actors. Arnie's account of that period understandably echoes some of Sam Moskowitz' extensive opinion on the subject, but he generally withholds judgement; his purpose is to assess the motives of fans at different points in history, and assign them to one or more of his philosophical schools. Re-reading it, I kept seeing a mental pie chart, with slices shrinking and growing to reflect the changing ideals and ethics of fandom. Even if I might not agree with all of his conclusions, it was a genuinely inventive way of looking at fan history.

So what were Arnie's Six Schools? In the tradition of all such mysteries, there were actually Seven of them. He presents them in this order: **Scientism, Sercon, Communicationism, Trufannish, Insurgentism, Professionalism** and **Commercialism**. I can immediately see where my Branches correlate with at least one of his Philosophies: EXPERIMENTERS and INVENTORS are driven by **Scientism**; CLUB & CONVENTION FANS are moved most by **Communicationist** impulses, while CRITICS and BIBLIOGRAPHERS are even more **Sercon** than con-runners. COLLECTORS and HUCKSTERS are both slaves to **Commercialism**. ARTISTS, WRITERS and EDITORS are all either motivated by **Professionalism** or bending over backward to avoid it. And my view is that TRUFEN and INSURGENTS are united in their extremism, and a focus on fandom as an independent culture and community. Another model that makes sense to me is that the presence of Trufannish and Insurgent values act as a kind of prefix to the other dominant philosophy, so that a serious Filksinger might tend to be a Trufannish Commercialist, while a costumer who wants to show *them* they were wrong about their work might be an Insurgent Professionalist. Just like a Chaotic-Good Half-Elven Magic-User/Thief back in the day, right?

I suppose one serious flaw in this reasoning is the fact that few fans come into fandom with a philosophical approach to it already defined. We come to fandom looking for something, but we inevitably find something else, far different and richer than anticipated. Just as an Imperial Navy ensign might be attached to a planetary defense army in TRAVELLER, a devoted club fan could be seduced into Professionalism, or an Insurgent could cynically turn to Commercialism. Anyway, I appreciate anything that blurs the line between gaming and fan fiction, so you may have to read more about this in the future.



COLOR PARTY: Readers' Letters to FLAG

[A Brief Equatorial Note: Yes, FLAG #21 has become even more of a mutant colossus than #20; and having indulged myself and Ray Nelson for 12 pages, how can I give my generous correspondents any less? Your letters are presented in Mongolian Baiti, like this, while my comments are expressed in Ebrima, like this.]

Kate Schaefer

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Andy, I've been trying to respond to the long essay that makes up the bulk of Flag 20. It must have been painful to write; it is certainly painful to read. It's a brilliant example of the essay method of threading together many small seemingly-unrelated incidents together to show something across time and distance. The "something" in this case is a tangle of personal and public histories, art and privilege, gender and race and class.

I'm about to leave town to visit my sister, so I'm cleaning up stuff I haven't dealt with. I just want you to know that I'm still brooding on this and do still intend to send a substantive response to your article.

[I don't know if I would agree tht it was "painful" to write the editorials in FLAG #20, but I did take several passes, so thank you for noticing. Anything you'd care to add would be welcome. We talk about being a family, and families support one another; but they also sometimes come to a breaking point, and have to go their separate ways.]

Charles Rector

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In FLAG #20, you related your experiences in curating and distributing copies of fanzines from yesteryear. Have you ever thought of making copies of them and then donating them to Mr. Burns of E-Fanzines so that fans can read them online? There are a great many gaps in the collections at E-Fanzines, and it sounds as if your holdings from Mr. Berry would fill some of them up. As for the rest of the fanzine, it must be nice to live in an area where there are a lot of active fans. I have not encountered even so much as a single fan during the past 17 years living here in rural/suburban Northern Illinois. Brings back a lot of the memories of being a fan in Little Rock during the late 1990's. The rest of the fanzine was pretty good.

[Well thank you, Charles! And I am SO open to copying, scanning and transcribing old fanzines – I'm doing some

of it all the time. The fact that these paper copies of fanzines are changing hands doesn't preclude the new owner from doing the same thing. I've yet to find anyone who wants to hoard the actual information in the fanzine – having possession of the artifact is the point, and I get just as many bids on fanzines that have been scanned and posted online. There are several such projects to scan and post old fanzines, including big projects at fanac.org and the University of Iowa Library School. I'm happy to track down things for fellow collectors – just ask Larry Bigman, whom we'll meet shortly – so if you can think of some titles you are interested in, I'd love to hunt them down.]

Jerry Kaufman

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I don't have an internal schedule that dictates when I should expect a new issue of *Flag*, so I didn't expect it before you handed me one. Still, I'm glad to get it whenever you can publish one.

I'm also glad to see that Ray Nelson is still creating his sketchy (in a good sense) cartoons and you're giving them a good home. *Mojo* published a short article last year about Billy Bragg's book on skiffle, the British folk-based music that preceded the British beat groups. They mentioned skiffle fanzines and in a photo illustrating the story, one could easily see a fanzine with a Ray Nelson cover. That publication came out at least 60 years ago, maybe more.

Thanks for your recap of your year past, especially memories of Randy, Corflu, the Octavia Butler exhibit, and so forth. I have to make a few small corrections to your mention of the Clarion Writers Workshop photo. First, the convention was called "Pghlange," not "Pghlangecon." "Phlange" (without the "gh"), along with the more commonly used "hitchie," was a noun-placeholder that Suzle, Ginjer Buchanan, and other WPSFFA members used whenever the correct noun escaped them. Second, Suzle was positive she was at that Pghlange because she was the chair (or possible co-chair with Ginjer - now my memory is lapsing). Third, I didn't remember that George Alec Effinger was a student that year, and checked the photo again (it's findable on line) as well as other references. You're right that he was a student, but I don't believe he's in the photo. (Suzle and I checked with Vonda, and she agrees.)

I've never before heard of *Devil Girl from Mars*, although now I want to see it.

I continued to read your assessment of Wiscon and the Jim Frenkel Challenge. (The challenge, of course, is how to interact with an old friend who has been alleged to have committed crimes, misdemeanors, or jerk moves.) I had a relationship years ago with someone who had



allegedly committed what amounted to embezzlement, and did not know how to interact, or if I should. (Some years later the person gave me a semi-credible explanation; we became friendly again but never close.)

Single-author fan collections are sweet things to have and read; William's *Rose Motel* is a great example. Many years ago, I started to do a series of such collections - one thick one of Susan Woods' writing, and a thin one of Sandra Miesel's humorous work. (Sandra mostly contributed serious items on different writers or religious themes in fantasy or sf.) My intention was to bring more attention to women's fanwriting.

Whenever you publish a new issue, it will be neither too soon nor too late. I'll read it either way.

[I knew that the spurious "con" at the end of "Pghlange" didn't feel right, but I was fighting too hard with my proofreader to keep the g between the p and the h to notice. But thanks for researching more details on the event; you and Suzle were a big part of issue #20.]

Larry Bigman

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Hi, Andy. Thanks very much for the copy of Flag. Initially I thought it was some more Outworlds extras, so was very pleasantly surprised to see a NEW zine! And one that makes reference to me inside, albeit

anonymously. Of course I'm referencing your mention of some deluded fan spending big money on single sheet zines. OK, I'll out myself! Yes, I paid you \$64 each for issues #1 & 2 of Andy Porter's *Algol*. Why did I do that? Aside from possibly having some mild OCD and preferring to have spent less, I, like many others, collect for content and history. So yes, I'm trying to complete the run, and where else was I going to find those first two issues (sheets?)?

I resonate with much of what you cover in Flag re: zines and fan history. And obviously examining primary sources is the best way in to that history.

So, yes, Porter's *Algol*, Gillespie's *SF Commentary*, Laney's *Acolyte*, Geis's *Psychotic*, Hornig's *Fantasy Fan*, and Willis's *Hyphen*, among others all tell us so much of the evolution of the genre of the fantastic in the 20th and 21st Centuries. I find the interwoven and shared threads among the component parts of the genre world fascinating. I suspect you do, too, if only from your Shaggy references.

I've seen various of the Shaggy eras earlier than Rudolph's, but had always wanted his issues for the Bode. I finally got them all in one fell swoop a few years back. They were Ken's file copies, as well as including his correspondence file with Bode letters in his distinctive cartoon script. Again, amazing history!

And speaking of history, I'm very sorry to hear now about the Octavia Butler exhibit. We were in LA then, but I was clueless. I guess I'm one of those outsider men, as I glommed onto her books in the 70s as something different AND good, and still haven't let go. I met her only once in late 2005 when she toured for *Fledgling*. I brought all her first editions and had her sign them. She was impressed and maybe a little chagrined to see this middle-aged white guy with all her books, even the Wilson Clarion pb with her first story. She was quite sweet and signed them to "Larry the Collector." Of course, shockingly she was gone 3 months later. Tragic loss to the arts.

But she wasn't the only SF writer to get a MacArthur genius grant, as long as you consider Jonathan Lethem one. I do, but I know many don't.

I can't go into lots of detail yet, as much is still being negotiated, but I'm in the throes of editing the complete fiction of Joanna Russ with the cooperation of the Estate. Chip Delany has agreed to write the intro, and talks continue with a large publisher. Aside from the novels (most of which are truly novellas), roughly 40% of her 90 stories are either uncollected or unpublished. We are looking at ordering them by date of composition, which gives a whole new perspective on the rapid development

of Russ's writing throughout the 60s. Sadly, health issues stopped her fiction production by the mid 80s, although she lived till 2011. Another sad loss for us all.

But an interesting factoid - when O. E. Butler attended Clarion in 1970, Joanna Russ was one of her teachers. I wish I could have heard their discussions.

And I guess Ray Nelson is still kickin' in El Cerrito, yes? Please let me know, as I've wanted to contact him for years to thank him for his written and drawn work - I've enjoyed it all - but had no info/connection. He still turns out lovely little illos.

So again, Andy, thanks for sending me Flag. And thanks for the semi-public shaming. My wife appreciates not having to be the only one keeping me in line!

[And thank you for the great letter, Larry - anybody out there still publishing fanzines on paper will find a receptive audience at your address. Ray Nelson is at last note still living at 333 Ramona Avenue in El Cerrito, California, 95430, and if my experience is any indication, corresponding with him is rewarding.]

Greg Benford

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Good ish! Your summary of Octavia's career is spot on. I reflect that hers and Phil Dick's postmortem careers I could've never predicted--and didn't. I suppose I should mention that I nominated Octavia for the Macarthur Award, and was surprised when a half year later or so she got it—the only one of my three nominations they ever took. Odd, that "Child Finder" still isn't allegedly published—but a note at Tor.Com indicates that it was released with another cache of unpublished work in 2014.

I'd like to read that Wiscon 4 program book, if it's findable. Agree Wiscon reflects the usual left politics--disputes split them, others abandon the cause, explaining why its attendance has fallen. Is it "a revolutionary organization"? Seems just a subgroup of fandom. Like many such, everybody wants to be in the revolution, nobody much wants to do the work. Hartwell told me 3 years ago he'd not go back, had gone too far.

I like the idea of collecting some older fanwriters into a BEST OF, either together or separately, so they can advise on what to put in. I had Hartwell select my short story BEST OF and he did a great job I could not have.

Appreciate Jim Caughran shedding light on Ron Ellik's death. I heard he was only a day or so away from marrying, too.

[Wiscon is a lot healthier than many other regional conventions, which are dead. It's still a vital event to a community that often feels marginalized at other cons. The parties in trouble are the old Wiscon committee members, who are generally staring death in the face. Being kicked off the Wiscon committee is a secondary problem. And I'll work on a copy of the Wiscon 4 program for you.]

Fred Lerner

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Thanks for FLAG #20, and for your kind words about LOFGEORNOST in that issue. I'm sorry that I never saw the letter of comment you sent me last year. I checked my email backfiles and found nothing there, so I suppose your LoC is floating about somewhere in the æther.

Like you I visited the Huntington Library in fannish company, though it was so long ago that I can't remember who my companions were. As a student of book and library history I naturally considered it a necessary stop on a visit to the Los Angeles area. Huntington believed that "the ownership of a fine library is the surest and swiftest way to immortality", and as long as there are people like you and me around his belief will be justified.

One thing I did not see when I visited the Huntington Library was anything to do with science fiction. This was because I had not yet read Marjorie Hope Nicolson's pioneering (1948) study of VOYAGES TO THE MOON. In her preface she mentions a sabbatical semester in 1937 spent at the Huntington, where she ran across a collection called "Maggs' Aeronautica" that Henry Huntington had bought from Maggs Brothers, the London antiquarian booksellers. Apparently the collection's broad definition of "flying machines" included early books and pamphlets relating to Moon voyages, and these gave Nicolson the idea of exploring fictional accounts of space travel.

One of the books she discusses in VOYAGES TO THE MOON was Margaret Cavendish's THE DESCRIPTION OF A NEW WORLD, CALLED THE BLAZING WORLD, which was published in 1666. "Mad Madge", known more politely as the Duchess of Newcastle, was a well-known eccentric who wrote dramatic and philosophical works and who once crashed a meeting of the Royal Society. Her novel was a long one, "The first part whereof is Romancical; the second Philosophical; and the third is merely Fancy, or (as I may call it)

Fantastical". If her DESCRIPTION OF A NEW WORLD isn't a hallowed ancestor to feminist science fiction it jolly well ought to be, for the explorer whom she sends to the Moon is a young woman.

After one of the Chicago worldcons I stopped by the Newberry Library specifically to see their copy of Margaret Cavendish's novel. Time was short, so I read only the first few pages. If ever I want to read the rest of it, I won't have to travel to Chicago: the Amazon website lists several recent editions. But I think I shall heed Nicolson's warning: "If you wish to journey to the celestial worlds of Margaret of Newcastle, you must go alone with her in the pages of her ponderous tome. I have made those journeys once, and my head – not too good for heights, in spite of my long training – still spins."

I read Nicolson's book while doing research for my doctoral dissertation, a greatly abbreviated account of which I presented at the 1983 Baltimore Worldcon in a talk on "How Science Fiction Became Respectable". From your account of the Octavia Butler exhibit at the Huntington Library it is obvious that science fiction is not only respected but highly regarded in the highest citadels of American culture.

[I can genuinely depend on you to tell me about something completely new to me every time I read anything you've written, Fred. I think it would be incredibly diverting to visit any of the libraries you mention in your company. I'll add some comments on recent issues and resend the missing letter by US Mail, while the option still exists.]

Steven Bryan Bieler
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I don't know why I enjoyed FLAG 20 so much. Look what's in this ish. My friends died, or got very old, women were molested by a man at a con run by women, I understood very little of the fannish stuff because I only understand fandom if it happened in Seattle in the 1980s and I'm not sure I understand that, the locs were all written in the era before Trump when we were living in a golden age and didn't have the wit to see it, and women have abandoned FLAG (possibly because of the high fannish content?) (whatever the reason, thank you for providing a safe space for men in the pages of FLAG).

And then there were all these feuds. Why were there so many feuds in fandom? What is the model? Academia? Can't we all just get along, preferably at the Hospitality Suite about 2 a.m.?

I know one thing that appealed to me: FLAG 20 arrived in the mail. You put a fucking stamp on it. No mail days are sad days, and there are too many sad days these days. This may be a low bar, but at least you cared enough to hurdle it. Though your correspondent Dave Haren would accuse me of being an "effete pansy," and though his assertion that the world was NOT created at 4004 B.C. at 6:30 a.m. has sent shock waves through what he calls my "band of progressives" (Band of Progressives is not quite right for a band name), I was happy to receive this issue. This is my copy, in which I am well-pleased. In 10 years I'll auction it on eBay.

I nominate Dave Haren's letter for the MVP of the Lettercol Award. And all the letters were GOOD, even the ones written by Texicans.

If you ever finish your 1939 Worldcon book (during Trump's second term?), you know I will buy a copy even if I have to sleep overnight in the parking lot outside of Tower Books. I mean Borders. Shorey's. I mean Elliott Bay? Until then, I have your survey of Octavia Butler's work. With you as my guide, I intend to catch up, decades late (as usual).

Requiescat in pace to our departed friends. May their memory be a blessing.

[Steve, I need to work on making your mailbox happy more often. Your responses are worthy of a much sturdier genzine. And look, I'm going to **cut** Dave Haren's letter now, where I let you rave as long as you wanted. The Progressive Conspiracy rolls on!]

Dave Haren
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Freedom and whiskey.

My daddy made whiskey
My granddaddy too
And we ain't paid no whiskey tax
since 1792

I always think of that when such quotes occur. I also think it's interesting to hear all the hype about growing corn to make an alcohol substitute for gasoline. Since one arm of the government has been trying to suppress such activities for years. Caught in the continuous flip flop of public stupid stuck us with the Volstead act and we wound up with an organized criminal class (external to politics). Now the demon weed scourge of youth is being legalized forcing law enforcement to actually spend time on crime. They have overfilled the jails and are still bitching that outlaws are everywhere. Since this does not compute well I detect a massive flaw in the program somewhere. It

was Olde Nixon who created the drug war which should have been flushed into the toilet along with him.

The latest mad scheme is to stop Mexicans from picking the vegetables we eat by fencing them out. I look forward to the day the fields of the central valley are filled with bent over millennials who have to make the day's quota or do without food.

Like Amtrak's mad scheme to use the same track as an oncoming freight; I doubt that building a wall does anything except make the builders look like Stalin wannabees.

[So, as I promised Steve Bieler, I cut your terminal paragraph about the CDC and \$2 bills and the Bill Clinton \$3 bill, because you were doing so well to that point, with the whiskey and excoriating Nixon – almost anybody on my mailing could find something to agree with there.]

Joseph Nicholas

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Many thanks for *Flag* 20, which has arrived only a couple of days before I zoom off to Australia for six weeks (to join Judith, who's been there since late November); in consequence, I haven't had time to read it properly (too many things still to do before I go!). But many thanks for printing the entirety of my previous response.

I was sort of aware that Jon Boden was American by birth, although if he ever had an American accent it's long gone (not surprising, given that he grew up in the UK). You may be interested to learn that he'll be a special guest at this year's Eastercon in Harrogate, Follycon 2018, where he will probably play selections from his recent, dystopic-themed album *Afterglow* -- an album which is perhaps responsible for his invitation, although the fact that fellow folk-fan Alison Scott is the convention chair may have a not insubstantial hand in this. We shall be attending -- our first out-of-London Eastercon (i.e, one to which we will not be commuting daily) for many years. And since it's in Harrogate, we'll be making a week of it, having reserved a self-catering apartment from the Wednesday before to the Wednesday afterwards, giving us the freedom to see the local sites as well as meet up with old friends -- the cathedral city of Ripon, the ruins of Fountains Abbey, the market town of Knaresborough with its Norman castle, the Norman castle of Spofforth, the ditto of Skipton (possibly), and of course



the historic spa town of Harrogate itself. The joys of retirement, not having to rush back to work afterwards. Indeed, as the joke has it, we're so busy in retirement that we wonder how we ever had time to go to work!

John Hertz

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Consider whether publishing FLAG #20 might have been a right and not a ridiculous response to the terrible events in 2017.

I roomed with Harry Andruschack at cons, I never much liked calling him "Dr. Shack the Quack" and don't see why we should dog pile on him now. Or anyone, come to think of it. Sad habit of ours.

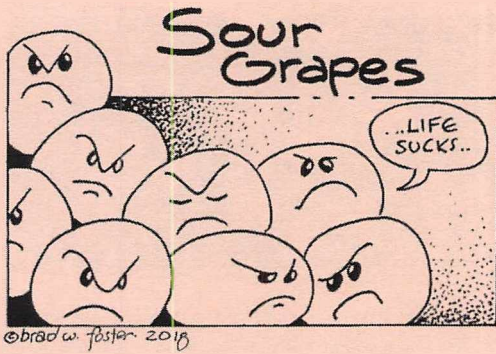
Thanks for your Corflu XXXIV report, and congratulations on your FAAn award. Of course I wish more of us would nominate and vote, about which the best I can say is that it falsifies our excuses for not nominating and voting in the fan-category Hugos.

I note the success of your latest quiz-game, "What's My Derogation?" I gather your questions were hard enough to confirm your strength in not having yielded to temptation and making the game "What's my Lino?"

I'd had loved to see you (and Carrie), and Jerry Kaufman & Suzle, and Ulrika O'Brien, while you remained a few days after the con. Or Randy Byers, who misquoted me in BEAM 12, but that's another story.

Your mention of the Turbo-Charged Party-Animal Amateur Press Association reminds me of Jae Leslie Adams, who brought fine calligraphy to the Torcon III Art show and then finely calligraphed a series of poems I contributed to Science Fiction Five Yearly 12, that stellar example of on-schedule publishing. Randy helped with one of the poems. Being edited well is a pleasure.

[John, Harry Andruschack referred to himself as "Dr. Shack (The Quack)" in correspondence; I thought the nickname evocative of his period of activity, and didn't intend to do much more than that. But I appreciate your caution against casual bullying.]



John Purcell

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Andrew, I do not fault you for being "late" with this issue. Considering what you have had to deal with over the past six to nine months, I would say this issue came out in good time. It is very good to know that you and Carl will still be producing *Chunga* #26 with Randy's account of his trip to Micronesia, which I read parts of not only on his Facebook posts but also in his Livejournal entries. As much as Randy's passing affected everyone - he was so widely admired and respected - those closest to him were undoubtedly forever changed. Take your time in getting that *Chunga* issue out.

For that matter, I can't imagine *Chunga* without Randy's voice. I hope I am not out of line asking you - and, by extension, Carl Juarez, too - if the 26th issue will be its last. It would not be the same without him, but I can understand that you two might want to put closure on the fanzine by running your stash of articles and art until the back-stock is depleted. Just wondering, that's all. You don't have to answer this question if you don't want to; heck, you might have already decided and written an editorial announcing your intentions, as far as I know. *sigh* I need to change the subject.

Your plans on selling fanzines on eBay has certainly make my ears twitch. Since I do not frequent eBay very often, is there a specific location on that site I can find your offerings? I am sure I can simply search for "science fiction fanzines" and check the results, but if there's a shortcut I can use, that would be awesome. I am very interested in seeing what you have for sale out there on the etherwaves.

Thank you for the nice comment about my fanzine productivity while being one of the TAFF Administrators. It is a burden I happily bear. Besides, pubbing my ish is one way to keep up the trip report writing.

[I generally share the feeling that CHUNGA can't really go on without Randy. But Carl and I have already committed to publishing issue #27, with the "second half" of my biographies of the fans who attended Nycon I, and some material by and about Randy. And as we'd want to publish the response, #28 would likely follow. If we actually make it that far, I think it will feel like quite enough.]

Lloyd Penney

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Many thanks for issue 20 of Flag. First of all, our condolences on the passing of Randy Byers. I only met him twice, I think, so I don't know who his closest friends were. I figured you must be very high on that list. I guess we're of the age where this kind of thing is likely to happen. At times, I find myself missing Mike Glicksohn. I hope I can come up with some happier comments on the issue at hand.

I never feel that a fanzine is late, for the publishing schedule is often imposed arbitrarily by the publisher. And seeing the publisher is almost always the editor, well... I figure the editor is always influenced by Real Life, as are we all. The zine will get there when free time allows, and the inspiration catches. I'm just happy when it arrives in my IN box, or at eFanzines. It looks like you have a lot you wish to publish; maybe all that can be done is convert it all the electrons, put it online, and let everyone see it, with some explanation later.

Your adventures around the previous Corflu sounded great; I am often a little envious when I read these trip reports. I have some hopes for this year's Corflu, here in Toronto, and I have purchased a membership. Perhaps I won't be the late night con suite babysitter again.

My loc... Yvonne has indeed retired, and while enjoying it, is looking for a contract job so she can bank cash for another trip to England. We had such a good time there in 2016, we plan to return in 2019. My own job right now was always a part-time job, but it has been reduced to about four hours a week, so the job hunt resumes. We have divested ourselves of about 20% of our collection of books, CDs and other collectibles. It wasn't easy, but it is done, and more may have to go within the next year or so. All of the achievements listed have come, so I will be 59, Yvonne and I mark 35 years, and I have indeed marked 40 years of fandom, and headed forth in no. 41. I hope I keep the interest in fandom to take me to higher numbers.

[It's been quite a while since I had a chance to see you, Lloyd, and thank you for your faithful correspondence in

person. I promise, if you are stuck in the con suite late at night, I'll stay up to close it with you.]

James Bacon

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Many thanks for FLAG 20. I did not realize it was late, and it felt very timely to me, to be honest. I think your research is great stuff and a fine reason to adjust your publishing schedule.

I am sure it has not been a good time with the loss of Randy, and hope you and Carl are doing alright. I do not want to think about losing a co-editor, and I am sorry for the loss of Randy.

This is not so much a LoC but a letter. Sorry about that, but I often am not sure what sort of comment to make. For instance, I picked up the *Kindred* graphic novel in Keplers in one of the San Francisco towns, San Mateo, no, Menlo Park, although to be honest I prefer Feldman's just up the El Camino Real, an amazing second-hand bookstore, where I frequently find interesting items at great prices, all that area, from San Francisco down to San Jose, and then over the other side, Berkeley and Oakland, and all about there, seems to have a profusion of excellent comic and book shops. Second hand bookshops, in this or rather my case, I do not find new bookstores as interesting, unless I am on a mission after something, but the bay area is an incredible place for books, especially Recycle Books on the Alameda in San Jose and Illusive comics in Santa Clara. Although last time I was out there, Chris introduced me to Santa Cruz and more great stores.

I wonder if browsing book and comic shops is an official hobby as I seem to like it an awful lot. Back to *Kindred*, so I have picked it up and it was good value, and I have started it this week, which is good timing, as I am on a couple days off and trying to take it easy, so writing letters but not much else. I will see how it goes, as a comic, I read a lot of comics, I just finished *My Friend Dahmer* and *Thrash*, and have a re-read of *Charlie's War* awaiting me, but I hope it will be good, and by your comments in FLAG I am sure I will find it fascinating.

Dale Speirs

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The fracas about the boorish behaviour of some fans and pros got me thinking about what past conventions might have been like if the Internet trollers were around. Isaac Asimov was well known as a grouper of young women.

Arthur C. Clarke was a pederast who moved to Sri Lanka where the supply of boys was easier and safer to get.

Robert Heinlein was a gentleman from what I have read, but undoubtedly the Social Justice Warriors would have tried to shout him down for his politically incorrect right-wing beliefs. He had weird viewpoints in his novels, and no doubt would be pilloried today by some weeper claiming to feel threatened or uncomfortable.

Re: the death of fanthologies. It all comes down to the usual problem of finding someone who will do the actual work. No one these days. They're all blogging about some pointless scandal in Hollywood. I have been working to get my zines established on several Websites as free pdfs. I'm not going to do it for anyone else, whether fanthologies or zines. The only exception is scanning a few convention programme books or zines of early Calgary fandom and posting them at fanac.org.

Calgary SFdom has long since atomized and seldom do any factions mix. The media fans have 60,000 at Calgary Comic Expo, while the literary fans have 750 at When Words Collide. I have talked to steampunk cosplayers at Beakerfest (techno art) who had no idea there were steampunk novels. As far as I know, I am the last zinester in Canada who regularly publishes a perzine. There are a few clubzines and a couple of apahacks, but everyone else has gone to blogs.

[Heinlein engaged in quite a lot of behavior that I would hesitate to call gentlemanly. But I think he'd listen to the charges of modern activists and laugh. Asimov was roundly criticized for his predilections while they were still an issue; his most cogent defense was to point out that others were often worse. Rhetoric is not oppression; and criticism of male privilege hasn't made it disappear yet. I hope someone reading this will start a Canadian perzine; you shouldn't be the last of your species, Dale.]

Steve Jeffery

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Ah, that explains something. Fred Lerner emailed me copies of LOFGEORNOST 128 and 129 recently, and here's FLAG 20, which arrived here earlier in the week courtesy of Drag Bunt (?*) Press and heroic UK distributor/mailler Mark Plummer, in which I mention not having seen issues of this fanzine before.

William Breiding must have sent out dozens of copies of *Rose Motel* to potentially interested parties in an act of astonishing fannish generosity, and it's good to see such positive reviews coming back, in this issue of FLAG, as

well as those I've seen so far in *Science Fiction Commentary* and *The White Notebooks*.

To be honest, I have no idea what prompted William to send me a copy as well (but if you are reading this - many thanks again) - I don't think we've corresponded directly, and our names probably appeared in the same letter column of only a handful of fanzines (my copy had the box marked "it seemed the fannish thing to do" ticked inside, which is possibly a first amongst any of the other books on my shelves - although Neil Gaiman drew me a fine mouse inside my copy of *Coraline*, and a spider in *Anansi Boys*.)

Possibly because these pieces are not all "fannish" in subject or tone, they work well as a collection, even if some of them - like those about his childhood and strained relationship with his father - make less than comfortable reading. But he writes so well, about subjects that enthuse or mean a lot to him (music, family, friends, relationships, nature) that *Rose Motel* was definitely a high point among books read during 2017.

I also was intrigued by your comment that hotels are sometimes not the best place to talk to and really get to know people and that in William's case this should have taken place on a long hike in the country. Partly through reticence and shyness, I've often found it difficult to talk to people who I don't know well at conventions, whereas it's sometimes easier in a different context such as going out for a meal or a walk to explore the local bookshops.

(* Oh, I shoulda guessed, A softball term for "an in-motion bunt for a base hit usually attempted by a left-handed batter, who starts for first base while trailing the bat to meet the ball, without squaring around, in order to catch the infield by surprise." Which leaves me none the wiser, or possibly even more confused.)

[The term is also used to differentiate from a "push bunt," where the batter, generally right-handed, holds the bat in front of them with both hands and breaks into stride as they meet the ball. A drag bunt typically goes to the left side of the diamond, down the third base line, while push bunts generally travel down the first base line. Neil Gaiman, from what I understand, favors the Bakerloo line.]

Brad Foster

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Your mention of some of the artists in the Wiscon 4 program book has me wondering, and so hope you will print this as a request for info to Flag readers: anyone know what ever happened to Steven Fox? Absolutely amazing artwork, distinctive style, would donate huge amounts of work to zines all over: and then he just

seemed to vanish into thin air. I hope it was just moving on with his art to other things, but have never been able to track him down. Does anyone know what happened? An amazing talent.

Regarding Lloyd Penney's comments on the comfort of a wall of books and such, totally with him. All of our old friends always there, plus I always just liked the visual appeal of such a display in a home. Unfortunately, like many, we have had to start thinning out some of those friends the past few years, with the need for more income to take care of various home and health emergencies overriding the love of having those walls of comfort. Ah well, at least this way, I can kind of control where they go, and hope to get them into the hands of people who will truly love and appreciate them as much as I have.

I'll know things are getting extra-tight when I have to dip into the shelves holding all the books, comics, minis, zines, prints, and whatnot that are the collection of all my work in print. I don't know how many of those would mean much to anyone beyond me, but probably a couple of gems hidden away in there.

Found myself nodding in agreement with Dave Haren's observation of "Most humans are in the trap of the ancient Greeks thinking there was long ago a golden age better than the effete pansies of today." As I like to think of it, the good old days never were that good, and people seem to remember only the nice stuff, not the problems. I want to live in the now, it is much better than the then. (What's that line? "THESE are the good old days.")

[I'm also curious what might have become of Steven A. Fox, one of my favorite fan artists of the era when I entered fandom. Thanks as ever for sending along some of your own art - send something bigger next time, I'll make room!]

David Redd

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Yourself and Caroline Mullan recently have greatly increased my knowledge of Octavia Butler, inspiring me to dig out the magazine containing "Bloodchild" for actual reading at long last. Butler died in 2006 - has she really been gone that long? Still, if someone in *Flag* is only now reading *Behold the Man* it's not just me catching up on unfinished business. Oh dear, will I ever reacquire and continue *The Left Hand of Darkness*, ideally in its Ace Specials format? Not on present form. Little time to read, and periods of slim-down in possessions have left their mark. Only in the last year I finally got a Severn House *Radio Free Albemuth* back in

my hands. (Somehow, resuming the book in a different format would have been satisfying.)

We can reassure Joseph Nicholas that someone else was interested enough in human origins to follow his URL. That Bradshaw timeline/map answered the Patagonian question for me (if not the Ainu question, or the development of "Chinese" faces) and gave a clear view of the basics. I should look up more close-focus detail next. Ideally I'd like an up-to-date overview of all this human deep history, but the science is moving so fast it's a moving target. Also I wonder about other climate incidents affecting humanity generally or locally. (Such as the relatively modern sudden freezes in the Andes or Siberia as the Ice Age gave a last twitch or two, or NW Europe's dampness just before the Black Death.) New research flashes past while I'm not looking. Even the 2003 date on that nice Bradshaw map begins to seem a little old in 2018.

I'm still a little puzzled by your ebay fanzine auctions. With such non-mass-market obscurities, how do people find them? Want lists for specific titles? Searching "fanzine" gives me only music, comics etc; adding "sf" does bring a few but also too many promags and books. Presume you rely on people's "favourite seller" lists? I'll have to think about such things if I ever return to selling old stuff on-line myself.

[David, all my auctions have the prefix [APH], and that will show up for some searches. The closest category to "Sf fanzines" is in the comics tree, which has a "fanzines" subcategory. I try to use the phrase "sf fanzine" in the title line as well, so some combination of these will hopefully find my listings.]

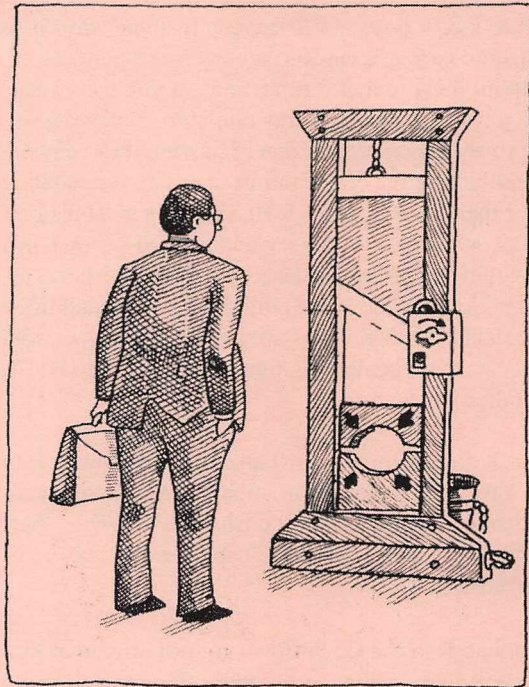
Nic Farey

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I hadn't realized at all that Murray's two-stage process for last year's FAAns was originalist in its conception, and it was nice of you to describe that as "well-managed" by him, even though almost everyone I know who weighed in wasn't enamored of the method, putting it mildly. Administratively, MM was generally sound with the mechanics. In retrospect I think the "Mystery of the Missing Vote" wouldn't have caused such contumely if people hadn't had the arse about that process in the first place.

BEAM #12 review: "The mystery of this immense and invariably lavish fanzine continues to haunt my soul."



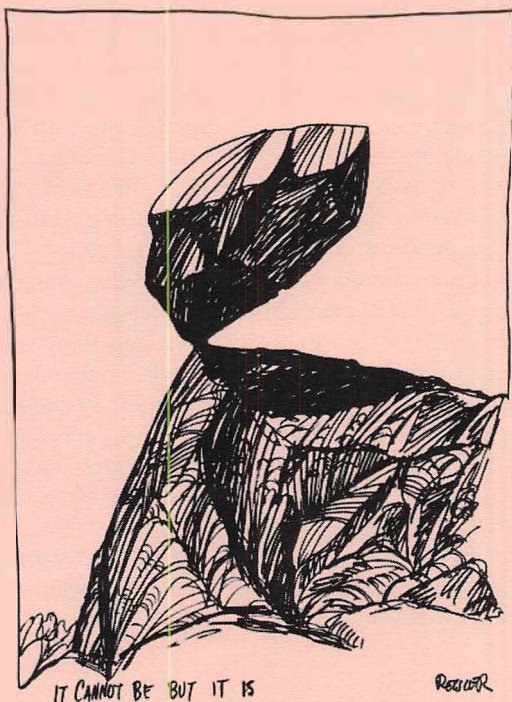
"Good pullquote", as you have self-described, yet I'm unsure as to whether I should exhibit concern or glee over this one. Seriously Andy, what does that even fuckin' *mean*? I look forward to your loc in detail explaining this.

Of course I'm going to thoroughly agree that the addition of Ulrika to the editorial masthead has made the World's Finest Fanzine ((c) Jay Kinney) even better, including layout and composition tweaks (more of those to come, I have been warned). It's easy to become lazy about a format and layout style that, while it works, is still subject to improvement, and fresh eyes and input are always good. I enjoy the collaborative process, and with such a "dog-choking wad o' fanac" (Hooper, A) it almost seems essential to have more hands on deck. Jim Mowatt's co-editorial tenure consisted, by his own choice (I think) to editorial pontification, loccol comment, regular contribution, and importantly both commissioning and finding suitable content. Jim's free to disagree, naturally, especially since fannish gossip had supplied me with a comment from him that he was "fired", though with a joking context. Ulrika, by some measure of contrast, has an opinion on *everything* (as we all know) and will assertively convey her thoughts. I'm certainly liable to that complacency and/or laziness over the layout and sequencing of *BEAM*, so it's good to have one's assumptions challenged. "That's the way we've always done it" isn't a standalone convincing argument, and it can be useful to revisit techniques.

Which leads me to your "because we can" criticism of JoHn & Jacq's *Fornax* #20 review. In some ways it seems churlish to carp at a capsule review by responding at a length inimical to that format, and yet you use (waste?) about a third of your remarks on that one piece. It's a rare thing to see any in-depth zine reviewing these days, and especially with the contributions being two-handed, you'd expect them to be longer. JoHn includes musings on what's considered "worth reviewing" and his own process, then largely focusing on the Robin Bright/Usher contributions, while Jacq (typically) gives equal time to all contents. Their reviews are thorough and, yes, longer, but again, that's something that doesn't seem to be "done" much these days.

A concluding comment on 'Fanzine Countdown': I, too, have long been a fan of Christina Lake's writing, and commented in some long-ago ish of *This Here...* that I thought she's been consistently and inexplicably underrated.

[My opinions in the Countdown are not arrived at through any great deliberation, and I often offer a reaction which is modified by further time with the fanzine. Having had four months to think about it, I acknowledge that Charles Rector has published so much material that some kind of assessment was more than justified. I clearly hold your fanzine in some sort of regard, Nic, as I let you spend over half a page discussing it in mine. The pressure is on now to create a pull-quote so cryptic that not even John Clute can understand it....]



Leigh Edmonds

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A short loc on FLAG 20. Various fans have mentioned it elsewhere so when it turned up on efanzines I thought I'd see if their praise was a statement of fact or just spreading the egoboo around (not that there's anything wrong with that). I reckon their praise is well earned and I read this issue from cover to cover - leaving aside having to attend to the little desires of pensioner cats and that sort of thing.

There was also the business of having to unstack and stack the dishwasher and while I was putting some freshly gleaming knives and forks in their appointed place the word 'eloquent' came to mind as just the right word to describe what I thought of FLAG. This was certainly true of the several essays you began the issue with - in particular the pieces about Octavia Butler and what happened in Wisconsin. The conclusions you draw from that about the exercise of power were very pleasantly worded but had a very hard bite. Where can I get the pills that would give me that perception and subtle use of language?

I agree with you also in your long and very apposite critique of *Rose Motel*. For some reason that completely evades me William favoured me with a copy too. I have it in my back pack so that when I am traveling I always have something almost invariably interesting to read. I don't know that you'd call the writing 'fannish' but it has that kind of willing-to-examine-anything attitude that has worked so well for fanwriters in the past and, judging from some of the fan writing I've seen recently, still works for us. It sometimes occurs to me that we are living through some kind of fabulous Indian Summer of fandom because we seem to be spared the crudzines which once flourished and there is certainly a lot of high quality fan publishing going on, just judging by what turns up on efanzines - although I only read a small fraction of what appears to be available.

I enjoyed Ray Nelson's short piece. I don't know what a 'tulpa' is though the letter column gives some hints. (I guess I should look it up on Google but that may not relate to the way that Ray used it.) I agree about the importance of writing stories, it seems to me that is how we are hard wired to understand the world around us. I'm told, by those who know about such things, that even mathematics can be read as a story after a fashion, but it's a story I can't read. One of the reasons I write history these days is because I am challenged by finding the story in a whole mess of historical evidence and then presenting it so people want to read it. A great egoboost with my history of the Australian Taxation Office was when it was described by one reader as a 'page turner' and a tax layer in Sydney went to the trouble of finding

my telephone number to tell me what a great story he thought it was. So I must be starting to figure out how it is done. I'm tempted by the idea of writing a forward to the history of Australian fandom - a matter of when, not if - which includes all the government agencies and businesses that have hired me to write their histories for letting me practice on them before finally getting it right. The trouble is, I fear, that we sometimes get close but never quite to that state of perfection.

The other little idea that came to me from Ray's item was the idea of heroes of novels being orphans. Of being people without a proper beginning. And it occurred to me that really, fans of the old school - like us - were orphans after a fashion, having biological parents but not spiritual or emotional parents until we discovered a new family in fandom.

[Orphans and neglected children are the bread and butter of both science fiction fandom and international espionage. Ray Nelson's series "The Way of the Tulpa" began in issue #19, which you could also find at eFanzine.com. Sorry about the issues which you had printing from my .pdf - I think reading FLAG onscreen at 200% zoom might be the ideal way to enjoy it.]

Mark Plummer

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Interesting that #19 attracted 22 letters but none from women. I've become semi-obsessive about counting such things, and indeed a few years back I noted in a letter to Trap Door that its #8 had featured seventeen male and ten female correspondents, while the then-just-received #30 had, respectively, twenty and one. BW#67 did a little better than Flag #19 drawing five out of 27, albeit only two were more than brief acknowledgements. Looking at the other three 2018-received fanzines to hand, Enter at Your Own Risk #6 from Chuck Connor has only three letters -- I think because of the time that's elapsed since #5 -- and they're all male writers. Vibrator #47 has seven, also all male. Raucous Caucous has twenty, with six women although again four of those are WAHFs and I assume brief. So if it's any consolation it seems it's not personal.

Just to comment briefly on your kind review of *mdp* #2, it really was a genuine list of what was in the box in the order in which it came out. I do wonder whether I should have included a fictional ringer but really it's hard to conjure something more implausible than the actual contents. I think the more than usually esoteric nature of some of those items is partially because they're

publications and ephemera that don't lend themselves to easy filing. I mean, just where do you file a copy of the Rats v Gannets football match programme? Or for that matter -- not in the box but it's sitting on my desk right now -- an old piece of paper with on one side a picture of the head of a troll or similar while on the back somebody has been attempting to compose scurrilous limericks about John Brunner and Brian Burgess. References to Bristol suggest it might date from the 1967 Eastercon, but I've no idea who composed it. Probably not Gerry Webb as he would have mentioned the bidet.

And as a follow-up I'll mention that while tidying the back study late last year I found another box, same size and equally full of old fanzines although this time my sense is that it leans more towards actual fanzines and less towards ephemera. The most remarkable thing, though, is that in an email in response to *mdp* #2 David Redd said 'If the box had appeared on ebay as a job lot I'd have chanced a tenner, been delighted to find The Ragged-Trousered Pedal-Cyclist (which I always regretted leaving behind for others at Hinckley[at the 2001 Eastercon]), and would have treated the rest as welcome bonuses.' And this second box contained a second copy of The Ragged-Trousered Pedal-Cyclist. I was so surprised that I actually had to fish them both out of their respective boxes and put them on my desk side by side to convince myself that I really had two before sending one to David.

I should point out to Steve Jeffery -- as I point out to everybody who says this -- that Banana Wings is not a 'paper-only fanzine'. We've been producing ecopies alongside the print edition for five years now and about a quarter of the mailing list get copies as PDFs, epub or mobis. We just don't post copies to efanazines is all.

And I should probably say a whole deal more about Flag #20, if nothing else to make this email a bit less about me and my publications. I'll confine myself to noting that while F#20's letter column is deficient in gender balance - hardly your fault -- its balance of sfnal, fandom-centric and personal material makes for about as fine a mix for a personal fanzine as we'll see in this current age, or indeed any age. Really it's only slightly diminished by arriving by email rather than physical post and that's only a product of me distributing the UK copies. Perhaps I'll post a print copy to myself so I can be delighted all over again in a few days time.

[Mark, I'm glad that your first encounter with this issue will be the North American edition, which you should be able to read - well, partly, it's really long - in North America. There is a kind of indescribable thrill to opening a box of

old fanzines or other printed treasures, particularly when you have no idea what to expect inside. Like Christmas Day at the Ackermansion.]

Bob Jennings

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It was good to see *Flag* back, and I think the thicker page count is a good sign. Ten pages always seemed like a cramped format for a guy like you who had as much to say as you do, plus you wanted to squeeze in letters and fanzine reviews as well. So yep, 24 pages is a definite improvement.

I enjoyed all your natter and comments, but I especially liked your long discussion of Octavia Butler, and the exhibit honoring her at the Huntington Mansion in California. (OK, I know it's not called that, officially, but that what the place is no matter what the title). I was more than a bit surprised to learn that the Huntington Trust would deem to honor a science fiction writer of any type, but the fact that Ms Butler was both female and African-American doubtless helped smooth things along.

I echo your comments and endorsement of William Breiding's "Rose Motel" book. Certainly the most disarmingly self-revealing and open work I've read in quite a long time. Of course, the book was a collection of articles that appeared over the course of many years, so he didn't have to reveal all those deep personal secrets and insights at all once, even if that's just the impression one

gets from reading the book as a whole. Still, a remarkably revealing work, material that is not just good writing, but ego-centric writing that is also easy and fun to read, a pretty good accomplishment in its own right. I hope more people will pick the book up.

Comments about paper fanzines, paper apas, and e-zines set me to worrying about the future of SF fandom. There is clearly a dynamic shift from print to the pixel format for most fanzines. The costs involved in producing and mailing a print fanzine is certainly a factor; but on the other side is the clear fact that quite a lot of people seem to prefer the electronic fanzine over the paper version. For one thing you don't have to worry about mimeo ink rubbing off on your hands, or trying to read the faded-to-near-invisibility of those pages from the end of the ditto master run, or the ever-growing stack of crunched-corner fanzines in the corner of the den either.

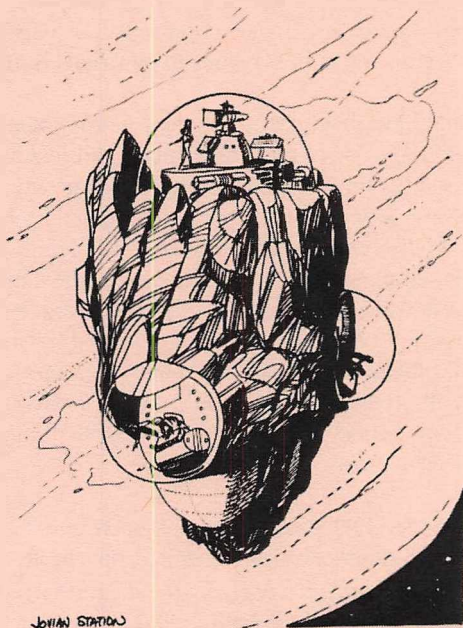
The fact that a considerable number of fanzines new and old are now on display thru Bill Burns' efanzines.com site has certainly helped the situation along. I know a bunch of fans who get all their fanzine exposure exclusively from the efanzines.com site.

This is a situation that worries me. What will happen if Bill suddenly decides to shut down the site, either due to financial problems or personal hardship? I don't know what it costs to maintain that site. I understand internet storage space costs a lot less now than it did even five years ago, but still, there are expenses involved, and since Bill isn't asking anybody for cash contributions, yet, I assume running the site is not a great financial burden for him. As yet.

I don't think most of the fans out there would be willing to suddenly shift back to print fanzines, but at the same time I'm not sure that very many of today's fanzine editors would have a good idea of how to proceed without Bill's central clearing house for e-zines. How many of today's faneds even know how to produce a bulk-email mailing system, let alone assembling the names to make it work? Not very many, I suspect.

These are things we ought to be thinking about.

[So, if eFanzines disappeared overnight, I think we would reconstitute it in a number of ways, through email lists, social media platforms, dropbox and so forth. I'm confident that Bill has some plans in place for the event of his unexpected demise, and there may even be people prepared to take over for him if that happens. But I suspect I should let him answer your queries. Something tells me your answer to these questions might all the the NFFF, but I have an open mind.]



Claire Brialey

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If all fanzines feel late – and I'm not sure that anyone has ever written a truer thought in a fanzine – do all letters of comment feel later, and rushed, and inadequate?

In any case, I'm writing a few LOCs this weekend not just to avoid some foot-shuffling when I see people at Corflu *next* weekend, but rather to get into the Corflu spirit. Instead of relying solely on the boost of fannish discussion and the acquiring of new fanzines to carry me onwards into some sort of renewed activity and engaged response when we get home, I've decided that the beginning of the holiday need not belong only to packing and endless rechecking of airline tickets and itineraries: why not declare that Corflu starts here?

I admired as well as enjoyed your writing throughout this issue of *FLAG*, beginning with Corflu 34 and proceeding through Henry Huntington, Octavia Butler, WisCon 4, Jim Frenkel, and... concluding? Maybe only pausing... with William Breiding's *Rose Motel*. Each piece feels complete in itself but is enhanced by the flow from one section to the next; the growing resonance of connectivity and patterns through these episodes and reflections on your life formed a narrative which strongly suggested that you could not, in fact, have published again until all these things had slotted into their places. It surely makes the question rhetorical whether anyone would be willing to purchase a comprehensive, or at least representative, collection of your own writing. I imagine we would not see that until after the Nycon *Biographical Directory*, at any rate; but I urge you, in your turn, to meanwhile move a step or two further along from daydreaming about the contents of your own collection.

Mind you, your reference to the Jay Kay Klein photo at the start of the Butler exhibition made me wonder briefly who the online caption would have said it featured instead.

Even while you mentioned everyone you have been mourning, I was slightly comforted by seeing the way that SF fandom does not forget. I met Ian Gunn on the night I first met any other science fiction fans, Mark among them, and although we've been missing him for nearly twenty years now it still makes me smile to see his cartoons in a fanzine.



[As your letter arrived the day before I was planning to take the fanzine to the printer, I've had to cut it pretty savagely. No time to get into the high comedy of the captions on the Jay Kay Klein site now – but I'd love an article on the subject from someone. A lot of what I cut was "Wah-I'm-Crap" about how rusty and lazy you are as a letter writer – Childe, *please*.]

William Breiding

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I remember the excitement and grogging inquisitiveness that receiving fanzines brought to me as a rank neofan back in the early 1970s. Receiving fanzines from Ed Cagle, Bill Bowers, and Donn Brazier was as science fictional as you could get, visitations from aliens so strange I hardly knew how to respond, let alone speak their language.

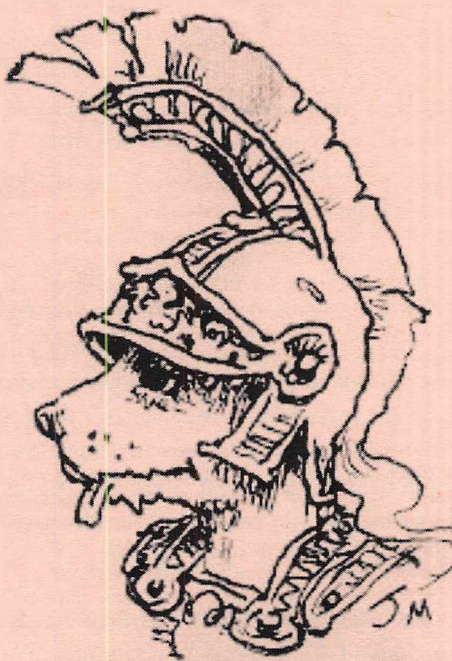
Fanzine fandom was at sharp odds with my daily be-here-now persona. By age 17 (when this was occurring) I was pretty much drug and alcohol free, having already gone through heavy usage of marijuana and psychedelics from ages 13-15, and deciding they weren't for me, and at that age, I getting sick by alcohol before I got drunk. But I was living in the altered state of youth, and the heavy romance of living in a vividly intensified world where everything had to be tactile and experiential.

Fanzines had a surreal quality to them, words on paper ripping me out of the everyday, and into the experiences of others, sometimes so different that I didn't know what

to do with it. It wasn't until I started pubbing my own ish that the integration of my two states of being began, and the tensions that sprung from each eased, just slightly. I say just slightly because I never really did reconcile fanzine fandom with the other aspects of my life, even as it became a larger and larger part of my life. In my editorials I tried to bring the philosophy of the young and dumb into fuzzy, emotional print. My editorial choices ranged from sercon to gonzo humor and back again to memoir, existential pieces, and parables. I was rarely a meta-fan, that self-referential creature, though I adored all things trufan, and the lovingly written hijinks, and turns of minds, that brought into the lexicon of my heart such searching questions as "Who sawed Courtney's boat?"

Brother Sutton always maintained that I was a well-known fan, and that *Starfire* was secure in its place in the hierarchy of seventies: fandom, but I never thought that, ever. I think Mark Plummer's observation in *Banana Wings* 68 that I am a toiler in obscurity (and not just in the U.K.) by far the more accurate assertion. Sutton's view is hubris, perhaps.

Bill Bowers looms large in all of this. Hell, so does Billy Wolfenbarger, whose prose I admired deeply. Bowers prodded me, Billy affected me. It amused Bowers that "the three Bills" would sometimes come together in an



issue of *Outworlds*, and Bill once confessed to me that had he been brought up differently, or had been less fearful, he would have chosen to live a life more like my own, or Billy's. In a way, thank god he didn't. Look at what he did do. *Outworlds* may yet find its place in the legend of fannish icon. What Bill was best at was seeing connection and nuance—not only in writing, but in people—and that was what made him a fan editor of extraordinary, natural talent. Bill could be awkward, shy, and biting, all at the same time, and while he was smiling, then blow you away with a kindness you could never forget. Like all of us, he was complex, nuanced, and full of contradiction.

And, oddly, and in a very roundabout way, this brings me to FLAG #20, a classic example of the kind of fanzine that, back in the seventies, would have elicited that groggling inquisitiveness mentioned above.

The ten pages of your own writing are seamless, with fine turns of phrases on every page. The seeming natter goes deeper and deeper as you go along; deeper into the ambiguities of ethics and personal politics, and deeper into your own past. I am doubting the placement and flow of these interconnected pieces was subconscious. Back when I was seventeen in the seventies I wouldn't have known what to do with all this deeply textured text, being too uncertain of who I really was.

The Jim Frenkel section was handled with sensitivity and logic. It's disappointing; in every aspect that you cover. Since the whole Hollywood thing erupted I think many of us have taken stock of our own behavior throughout our lives. Your admission to "equally or even more unacceptable behavior" than Jim Frenkel is a brave admission, but I wonder. Only you and the women who might have been involved can say for sure. (An ex called recently to ask me about her behavior with me when we got together; I was shy, and little more than a virgin, and had to be manhandled into the act. I had to laugh. No, I wanted to be there, I was just shy and inexperienced, so she was going to have to lead the way.)

We all have moments of bad behavior and the "possibility" of sexual abuse. Women are not excluded from this accusation. Of course, I am a man, and this could be war among the sexes, and anything I might say could be suspect: When I look back on my life in this particular aspect I find nothing that makes me cringe at

my bad behavior, at least with the women with whom I'd not already become involved. But within the context of a relationship it is another matter; that can be admitted, and it has haunted me my entire life, and to the best of my ability, I've tried to make amends. But it must be pointed out that women, within those same boundaries, can, and sometimes do act as badly, and as abusively, as men. We are human.

The larger picture of sexual abuse, as an abuse of power, is pervasive, and always has been. Power itself is an abuse, and will corrupt anyone who has that power. This power structure between women and men has always existed, and it's not pretty. To tell you the truth I am constantly perplexed at how women can even stand men, but they do, and often, have execrable taste in them. But, as I said in my Nick Hornby piece, maybe that's because it's all the choice they have. Gender politics. Huh. (I have some more things to say about all of this sexual abuse stuff, particularly in regards to my dearly departed friend, J. D. Buhl, who was fired from a teaching job because of an accusation of what this woman (a colleague) construed as sexual abuse. I have an educated guess as to what happened, and she was mistaken; but that makes no difference, she felt as she did, so it doesn't get JD off the hook. JD was thrown into a deep crisis by this, and fled across the country to live in a former prof's basement (that would be Pastor Al; JD had a masters in religious philosophy) until he could face himself and the world again. He never fully recovered from this, I think.)

Finally, we get to the big pink elephant in a bowtie that's in the room, standing on his tiptoes, and grinning: your write up of *Rose Motel*. My most succinct, and heartfelt, response is wow, followed by one dozen roses exclamation points!

Regardless of look and feel, I consider *Rose Motel* a fanzine. Technology has made it so that we can now make beautiful books very cheaply. *Rose Motel* is certainly "available for the usual" while my supply lasts; just email me, or send me a note in the post.

One of things I've been fearful of is that the majority of my writing (including the topical) is just too much, too emotional, or over the top. When this project was completed I sat down and addressed every last envelope by hand, then sent them off, holding my breath. Typical of fanzine publishing, *Rose Motel* was received in abject



silence by most of my mailing list. I did receive some amazing (and revealing) responses from unexpected sources, while many of my friends (fannish or otherwise) didn't respond at all—like I said, typical of fanzine publishing.

I've mentioned this before, and I'll do so again. You are far too modest (falsely?) about your own writing, and you really should have a collection of your stuff out there. Ideally, the royal treatment from NESFA Press would be best, but barring that, print on demand is now so cheap that anyone with a few spare bucks can pull it off once you familiarize yourself with the software. Of course, you've been so prolific that I have no envy for you in rereading, and choosing, what to include.

I was amused that you thought "the terribly dramatic" pieces about my relationships might be the hokum. Your wording in this sentence was tricky. I was uncertain if you meant that my relationships had been "less than satisfying" or the writing in the pieces themselves were less than stellar. Regardless, those were all true, if dramatic.

I was floored when you mentioned you'd lived on Tyrone Road, near the old Franciscan monastery. I knew you'd lived in the area, but not out there. My brother Wayne still lives out on Tyrone. My family (excluding my father) were actually friends with the friars at that monastery. They were traditional types, wearing the brown robes with sashes tied at the waist, and quite the cellar full of home brewed alcoholic beverages. They were jolly and

Contributor Credits:

Ben Böst: Page 9

Brad Foster: Page 18

Gil Geier; Page 11

(First Published in A FOREIGN FANZINE)

Shep Kirkbride: Page 1, 14, 17, 25, 27

(First published in RASTUS #2, 1984)

Joe Mayhew: Page 3. 26

(Page 3 first appeared in FILE 770 #135, 2000)

Ray Nelson: "The Way of the Tulpa III"

Bill Rotsler: Page 6, 13, 22, 24

(Originally published by Bill in

VOYAGE #2, 1971)

Greg, Smith: Page 21

(First Published in DEBRIS #3, 1979)

benevolent. They had a meditation garden, and walking paths in the beautiful woods surrounding the monastery.

To answer your query, I know little of my parents' ancestry in the WV/Ohio area. My eldest sister has done some research on my father's side and I don't think the Briedings go back further than a couple of generations; I believe it was the great grandparents that emigrated from Germany.

I appreciated the application of your critical facilities towards my writing. It makes the whole project worthwhile. Thank you, Andy.

Ray Nelson's succinct, beautiful words on successful character was a balm. Regardless of all the genre writing I've devoured, which is all, more or less, plot driven, I am incapable of plotting (hell, I'm incapable of even understanding the mechanics of plotting), but my novel was screaming to get out, so it got written, with a fourth draft going into the computer real soon now.

As ever, your fanzine countdown is a delight. I suspect that Robert Reed, that wonder boy of Lincoln, Nebraska, would like to prove to you that *Algis Budrys* existed, but I doubt very seriously he could prove Larry Shaw's existence. *Thump?* Wasn't that a *Watership Down* fanzine?

I do hope to be able to buy the 1939 book sometime soon. No pressure, though.

[I really can't recall being particularly modest about my writing, William, so it must be a pretty specious modesty. Surely Sutton's opinion of your notoriety in fandom reflected your position in his fannish constellation. I think that a lot of your readers will be interested to have further insights into *The Rose Motel*, since just about all of them appear to have read it. I cut a few of your kinder remarks on #20; I think our literary bromance is obvious enough, as much as I appreciate them. What might I have meant by characterizing the relationships in *TRM* as "less than satisfying? I think I meant that it in some of the stories, it was unclear what you wanted from each other or the relationship, an ambiguity you seemed to feel as well. But it's always hard to psychoanalyze literature.

I can only imagine what Morgantown and Tyrone Road are like today. I visited once in 1988 or so. The little stream that cackled through our back yard had cut a ditch three feet into the clay. I definitely explored the grounds around that monastery as a six-year-old – box turtles, tree frogs, lady slippers. I think we will surely speak of this again. Meanwhile, what led both you and Billy Wolfenbarger into fandom? You're like two sei whales beached at a comic book store.]

Howard Waldrop

5426 Manchaco Road #123 Austin TX 78745

Dear Hoop –

Thanks for the FLAG #20.

Not as full of hope and piss and vinegar as last letter.

Movie money (paid out across 3 years) has gone to rent and payment plan taxes.

Mail better here than at the old place BUT the postman here only takes the OUTGOING mail 1 or 2 days out of 6 in the summer and fall, so I've been schlepping anything that **has** to go out ¼ mile to the box at Cherry Creek Plaza. There are still a few official U.S. Mail boxes in Austin, but they are as hard to find as pay phones these days.

New collection coming from Solstice Press to replace The Search for Tom Perdue -- all originals except for "Til' the Cows Come Home to Roost," coming out in the next *Lady Churchill's Rosebud Wristlet* – I think you heard me read it 20 years ago at the library – the Lew Wallace-Gore Vidal-Truman Capote Ben Hur story, not marketed for 22 years due to extraneous circumstances – now that they're all dead I'm free to proceed. Anyway, the set piece of the collection is a diptych, "The Happy Valley" and "Beneath

the Happy Valley,” set in the same place in Germany in 1801 and 1943. Plus other stories (including the Oppenheimer one) I’ve wanted to write for 30 or 40 years, etc. The reader will be buying a pig in a poke, but what is life for if not to live dan-gerously? Should be as good a book as I can make it.

I’m glad I’m a slow writer and the collection didn’t come out in 2017, when there were collections by Crowley, Bishop, Bill Spencer and Lew Shiner.

The long forgotten fanzine con report I wrote for KOSMIC CITY CAPERS #3, 1971 or so, was called “The Great Americon Novel,” as the convention was called “Americon.” (Sorry my handwriting is so unreadable.)

Hope North Seattle is agreeing with you two these days. (You’ll always be living in the old apartment in my mind.)

Take care of yourselves, yr. OLD pal Howard.

[I admit to drooling a little at the prospect of so many new stories from you...it inspires me to think of finishing “Bonaparte’s Devil,” which has also been percolating since Lew Wallace Truman Capote was writing. I’m **very** glad you are still here to share your hopes and complaints.]

Charles Levi
9 Goddard Street
Toronto, Ontario M3H 5C5 Canada

Dear Andy, It’s been nearly a year to the day since I last commented on Flag #18 – somehow I didn’t find a hook or a letter on #19. But I am pleased to see that you continue your work on the 1939 Worldcon and that this is going to end in a book.

I’ve been sending you notes by email which have received no response but it seems you still read the hardcopy letters, so let me remind you that my research work on F. E. Hardart is coming to an end, and I am certain I have a positive identification on the attendee at the 1939 Worldcon. She was certainly Flossie Elizabeth Hardart (1913-1992), whose full name if she ever wanted to use it would have been Flossie Elizabeth Hardart Currey Murphy Jordan Sheehan. Her identity was camouflaged by four marriages and about 15 states, but she ended up as one of the few working female engineers in academia in the United States.

The work has taken me through a lot of research sources, including the wonderful Hevelin fanzine collection at Digital Iowa. Not sure if you have mentioned this, but a lot of fine people have been transcribing these things over

time on a public portal. Also I have been in touch with Al Durie, who did the first good work on Hardart which I picked up and ran with.

There is still a burning question as to whether Flossie wrote the two stories attributed to F. E. Hardart, but she certainly was a real person and a real fan in 1939.

[One must concede that this was technically business for another fanzine, and we have now re-established our more frequent exchanges, so all is well. I’m still kind of stitching together the evolutionary stages of our understanding of Flossie Hardart, and I think it would be a good article to submit under both our bylines somewhere. Plus this is a great tease for CHUNGA #26. Thanks again for all your work and for being patient with me.]

Marc Schirmeister
1555 Vista Lane Pasadena, CA 91103

Andy – got the latest FLAG. Could you use some fillos for future issues?

[Gosh, yes, Marc. I’ve filled out this issue with art scanned from 40 year old fanzines, the fannish equivalent of grave robbery. Save me from such depravity in the future!]

Other Correspondence Received From: **Bill Burns:** [Nothing like finding a good fanzine in the mailbox on a cold New York winter day!] **Paul DiFilippo:** [Flag #20 was a stellar ish, full of great reading! Your parsing of the Wiscon events particularly interesting!] **Jim Linwood:** [Many thanks for Flag #20 kindly supplied by the Banana Twins.] **Ian Millsted** [Howard Waldrop mentions writing an article on The Rifleman but doesn’t mention where we can find it. I’m curious, at least.] 30 letters on FLAG #20 – you people are actually *gathering speed*, by Roscoe!

TOP LOTS: Top Fanzine Auction Prices

January, 2018:

- 1.) Maril Shrewsbury HECK! #1 1954: \$44.25
- 2.) Minneapolis clubzine RUNE #75 1986: \$34.25
- 3.) THE ANTIPODEAN ANNOUNCER #1 1982: \$34.25

February, 2018

- 1.) PHANTASMICOM #2 Keller/Smith 1970: \$338.00
- 2.) NYCTALOPS #1 Harry Morris 1970: \$89.00
- 3.) Sydney Futurian Society 50th Ann. program 1979: \$48.00

March, 2018

- 1.) St. Louis SF fanzine OSFAN V.2 #10 1970: \$34.00
- 2.) PROCRASTINATION #13 1970: \$26.00
- 3.) RUSTY SPRINGS Fred Haskell Minneapa z1979: \$23.75

April, 2018

- 1.) Fan History Apa #3, 1990, \$64.35
- 2.) AND THE WIND WHISPERS Fred Haskell 1978: \$41.00
- 3.) Toni Weisskopf SFPANTHOLOGY 1991: \$34.00

1.) **SF COMMENTARY #95**, Bruce R. Gillespie, 5 Howard Street, Greensborough, Victoria 3088 AUSTRALIA. Email gandc001@bigpond.com. I was feeling vaguely proud of the massive letter column in FLAG, but then flipped through this treasure, a printed copy of SFC #95. Bruce gets both the best fannish mail and consistently impressive writing on the genre. Dick "Ditmar" Jenson's thoughts on Gustav Klimt were a prequel to the recent restoration of some of the artist's works to the estates of those the Nazis stole them from in the 1930s and 40s. The second half of John Litchen's survey of Mars fiction is just as definitive as the first. Bruce's own thoughts on the late Brian Aldiss were my favorite. The ideal blend of sercon and human.

2.) **FADEAWAY #54**, Robert Jennigs, 29 Whiting Road, Oxford, MA 01540-2035. Email fabficbks@aol.com. Robert contemplates leaving paper behind, for the pleasures of free online color; here's hoping he keeps a toe in the black and white world. Dale Nelson's "Journey Backwards: Libraries I Have Known and Loved ...or not Loved...and Ransacked for Discards" was my favorite of the two major articles in the issue, but I also enjoyed "Sinister Madonna," Jennings' overview of Sax Rohmer.

3.) **RAUCOUS CAUCUS #5**, Pat Charnock, 45 Kimberley Gardens, Harringay, London N4 1LD UK /Email patcharnock@gmail.com. This is Pat's first issue since October, 2015. Probably the most cheerful fanzine ever to feature prose from a recently deceased cat. Rest in Mice, Douglas Charnock. Recent health events have helped make Pat a Fan of the British NHS, which is a refreshing thing to read. But it is a grim thing to see colonoscopy stories with a vivid sense of recognition. Stay out of my bottom, Pat.

4.) **THE WHITE NOTEBOOKS #11**, Pete Young, 136/200 Emerald Hill Village, Soi 6 Hua Him, Frachuap Khiri Khan 77110 Thailand. Email Peteyoung.uk@gmail.com. What Pete does better than me or you this time is eulogize our friend Randy Byers, opens the door to the world of Thai literature again, and pays some much-deserved attention to SF artist Mark Salwowski, who has done covers for some of my favorite books. Nobody writes about living science fiction artists. He even made me enjoy reading more words about George R. R. Martin. Just too cool for ninja school.

5.) **VIBRATOR #47 & #48**, Graham Charnock, 45 Kimberley Gardens, Harringay, London N4 1LD UK /Email graham@cartiledgeworld.co.uk. One can't be surprised that Graham is taking a wee rest after 48 monthly issues, but it was a bit like the last shitty thing about 2017. Really funny and pathetic material by Taral in #48, and he also did a delightful cover for #46. Very sweet memories and goodbye to Randy Byers and good fun with the Zodiac Killer in #47. Come back, Shane.

6.) **JOURNEY PLANET #38 & #39**, James Bacon, Chris Garcia, et al. On the Web at Journeyplanet.weebly.com. They don't seem especially interested in giving an email address for response. Issue #8 is a 40-year history of Glasgow fandom, co-edited by Vince Docherty & Mark Meenan. #39 is a celebration of all things 2000 AD and Judge Dredd. Both were very well done, particularly the explosion of Megacity One denizens in #39. Chris and James have a really good racket going here; each issue brings a new co-editor with an undimmed enthusiasm for the task of publishing. One of the better reasons to be in fandom today.

7.) **SKYLINE #1 & #2**, Alan White, 6244 Chinook Drive, Las Vegas, NV 89108. Online at eFanzines.com. No one else does fanzines that look anything like Alan White's fanzines. He's the love child of Richard Corben and Alphonse Mucha, raised by Dr. Teeth and the Electric Mayhem. He's absolutely attuned to all the things I loved about fandom at the age of 14: Hollywood monsters, cheesecake models in costume, futuristic weapons, vampire babes, fans and pros partying. Looking at this fanzine, who wouldn't want to be a fan? I have a strong sense that Alan's mix of images and hyperlinks are what all fanzines will be like in the future, but for now, it's a pretty unique experience.

8.) **INCA #14**, Rob Jackson, Chinthay, Nightingale Lane, Hambrook, Chichester, West Sussex PO18 0UH United Kingdom Email robjackson60@gmail.com. There are fan editors who were at their best cutting direct to stencil and reproduced on woolly Twilltone; others have bloomed in the desktop publishing era, and I put Rob in the latter group. Inca #14 is stylish, spotted with photographs, and contains good writing by Curt Phillips, Pat Bell and John Purcell. But Rob's chopped and channeled report on the Corflu trip to Los Angeles was my favorite section.