

The Obdurate Eye 32

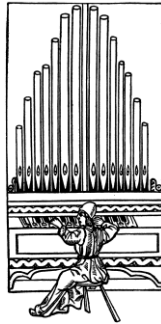
A personalzine by Garth Spencer

October 2023



A satisfied customer

THE OBDURATE EYE #32, October 2023, a personalzine from Garth Spencer, 6960 Doman Street, Vancouver, BC CANADA V5S 3H7, Email garth.van.spencer@gmail.com or hrothgarweems@gmail.com . Garth acknowledges that he does this on the unceded territory of the x^wməθk^wəyəm, səlilwətał, and sk^wxwú7mesh peoples.



The organ of no clique or party

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Art Credits

Denny Marshall	cover
Clip art (from Facebook).....	pp. 1, 2, 4, 7, ##



Thandom Roughts

Things We Say Over and Over and Never Resolved Before

What we say over and over:

Fanzine fandom – and several institutions that sprang from it, such as fan funds and fan awards – are now pretty obscure compared to more popular and well-known fandoms. Go to any contemporary convention and you are likely to see costumers, fans of several kinds of comics or graphic novels, fans of table or role-playing or online games, fans of TV and movie franchises ranging from *Star Trek* to *Firefly* to *Harry Potter* ... you know the deal. Just incidentally, from time to time, you hear mention of Worldcon and the Hugo Awards, or other fan-voted awards that talk sometimes about “fanzine” categories; or mention “fan fund” nominees and delegates; or fundraising auctions for causes ranging from fan funds to a favourite cat’s veterinary bills.

For whatever reason my own first impression of fan activity was based on fanzines – not only the fan news and satirical stories about fans, but also the often hilarious fanwriting they carried. And this in the 1980s, was well after other fandoms grew large enough and popular enough to eclipse the earlier, fanzine-centred fandom I learned about. Curious, I suppose.

It's time to say something new:

In a way, all the foregoing was a natural, even an inevitable process. My guess is that media, gaming and comics fandoms *out-competed* an earlier fandom for the attention, and first impressions, of incoming fans, well before fanzine fans were even aware there *was* a competition. Precisely because rising generations of potential fans were firstly exposed to broadcast media, which reached far more people than potential readers.

So, I ask, is there an unmet need here for a Fannish Promotion or Outreach Bureau? Don't we have our share of fanzine-oriented fans who know their way around websites, blogs, and podcasts? What kind of presence and promotion at conventions and in graphic media can you suggest? Now I ask you.

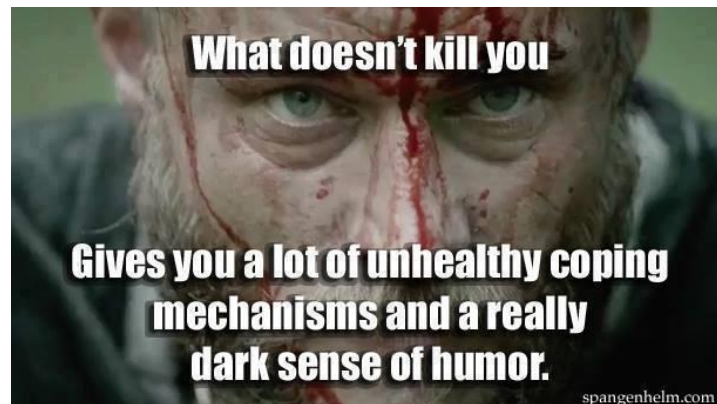
Of course, I am making some assumptions. I tend to identify fanzine fandom with fannish fandom. I tend to identify fannish fandom with a certain approach to reality, just as if we were all emulating Bugs Bunny or Bill Murray or undergraduate pranksters – when faced with any threats, any fannish controversies, or any opportunity to create a satire about fans. You can tell me if I'm off target here.

A Nice Dream

In mid-September I had an unusually nice dream. It started out normally – obsessing about files I had to find and process, forms to fill out, constant interruptions and distractions, being pursued through oddly-shaped corridors by malevolent jocks – and then I was in a post-collapse scenario, hurrying through abandoned but oddly familiar farm structures with my friends, pursued by armed marauding hillbillies. I managed to shut and lock a door against them just in time.

I turned to join my relieved, smiling friends, and the love of my life, and was struck by how much I loved them all. I could have cried.

It must have been a glimpse into what I want most in life, true friends and true love. Nice to dream about that.



Minus Charisma Points

The heathen group I serve as a clerk talked about holding a local coffee meetup, so I tried to organize one. Predictably, nobody showed up. Either they didn't get the word, or nobody could make it, or I didn't advertise effectively.

This sort of thing has happened before and will happen again, so I simply circulated a query as to what place, and what time of month or week, would be more feasible for people to get to. I added a query about how to advertise better? Presumably beyond posting notices on several Facebook and Discord groups.

Just in Time for the National Day of Truth and Reconciliation (Oct. 1 in Canada)

Every so often my email account is flooded with notifications that people have digitally signed the Declaration of Deeds, an anti-racist online declaration for and by pagans and heathens. I guess this couldn't go without saying, as heathenism – which also

goes by Asatru, Forn Sedr, or other names – is dogged by more or less racist groups claiming heathenism for their own. And, let's face it: interest in rediscovering ancient Anglo-Saxon or Germanic or Norse paganism *did* arise during the same period, and *was* easily infected with the same misconceptions, as Victorian racism and Germanic nationalism.

The Declaration of Deeds goes like this:

Declaration of Deeds

We heathens, pagans, followers of the old ways, we are more than the choices that brought us into being; we are more than our orlay. Instead, we are our deeds, we are the choices we make and not those chosen for us. In acknowledgement of this we declare the following points:

I. We endeavor to be better than our forebears. Their society was a product of its time and was often deeply flawed, but their religious belief in the gods we hold to be timeless. We endeavor to reconstruct their religion, not the flaws in their society.

II. Our religion gives no basis for discrimination based on race, ethnicity, or origin; the gods have nothing to say on the matter of race. We maintain that a person's race, ethnicity, or origin does not impede their ability to participate in our religion or our group.

III. Our religion gives no basis for discrimination based on gender, including gender identity, or discrimination based on sex; our religion has divine and powerful goddesses and gods who are themselves complex at best. We maintain that a person's gender or sex does not impede their ability to participate in our religion or our group.

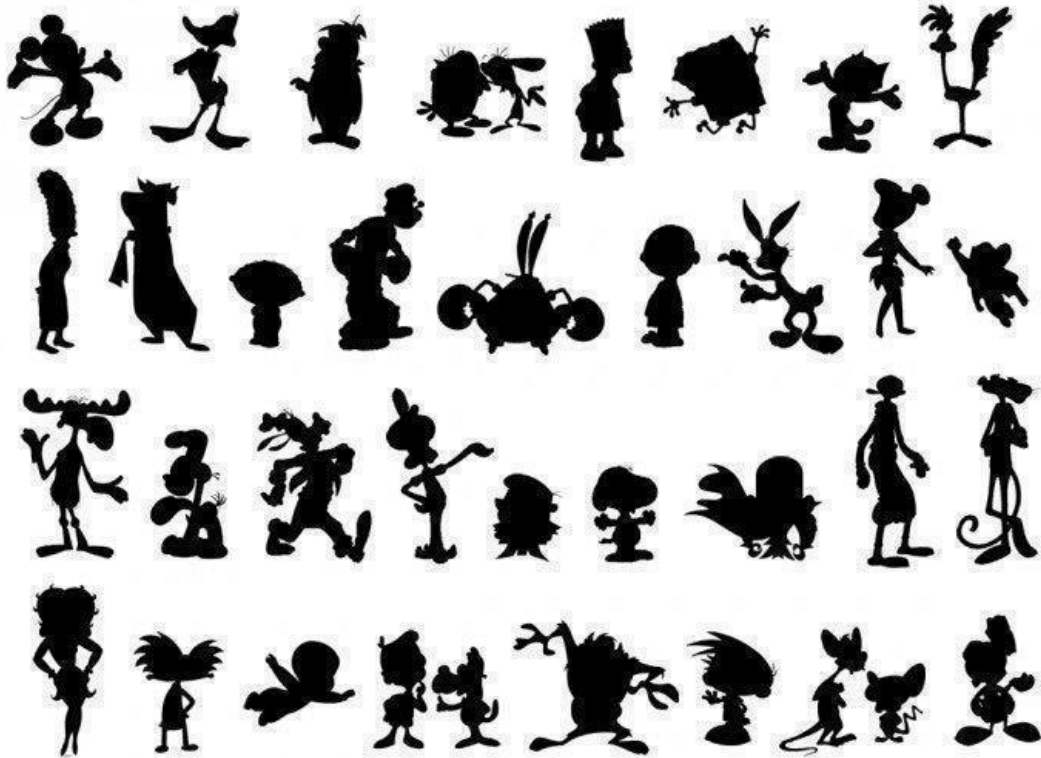
IV. Our religion gives no basis for discrimination based on sexual orientation; the gods we worship do not always conform to one orientation or another and still hold their positions and importance regardless of their sexuality. We maintain that a person's sexual orientation does not impede their ability to participate in our religion or our group.

V. Deeds matter to our communities and to our gods, deeds are the foundations of our reputations. We maintain that the basis we are to be judged on is through our actions and our deeds and not merely through circumstances beyond our control.

We are charged in the *Havamal*¹ to speak out against evil when we see evil; bigotry and discrimination based on the chances of our birth is just such an evil. We heathens, pagans, followers of the old ways; we join our voices in unison with this our Declaration of Deeds, that we may declare that the chances of our birth that are beyond our control have no bearing on our ability to participate in this religion nor to lead full spiritual lives, but rather that in all cases it is our actions and deeds that truly matter.

(<https://declarationofdeeds.com>)

¹ The *Havamal* is a collection of fatherly-advice proverbs in Old Norse, written apparently from Odin's perspective, but attributed to some shmoie named Har. (Odin used a lot of aliases.)



A proposed glossary of personality types

LoCs

Lloyd & Yvonne Penney, 1706 - 24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2, Sept. 11, 2023

I am SO far behind, and I keep remembering, and then forgetting as my workload soars in size. I now have three issues of *The Obdurate Eye*, 29, 30, and 31, and it's high time, so I'll get it done.

#29... No, we didn't get to Pemmi-Con, and I wish we had. Well done, you, and again congrats on being the CUFF rep, again. The paper draft calendars work so well for me and Yvonne, and now, we also draft up a list of weekends to see where we are busy, and where we can devote a weekend to any upcoming commitments.

I am now 64, and I have lost some friends recently to disease. I miss them, and regret their passing, but learned that in order to still have friends, I will have to make some younger ones, and I have, especially through steampunk.

My letter...there are efforts afoot to revive Ad Astra, its actual format, I know not what. There are some who remember a great event for friends to gather at, and with some luck, they will get things going again. We have offered to help them.

I had tried to get in touch with Wolf von Witting, and he reminded me that he has a serious heart issue some time ago. I hope he may heal enough to return. I believe he is still living in Romania.

#30... I had heard of glitches at Pemmi-Con, about someone who made mistakes with the time of panels because s/he was living in another time zone... We did not have memberships, mostly because money is so tight, we really didn't plan for going.

Anything I have to do with AI is with a programme called GPTZero, which hunts out and marks up passages in stories if its programming determines that the passage was created by an AI. I mark them up, and send them to the publisher to publish.

Heath Row is right, fandom is what we make it, and that can still apply, if we really want it to be. That's why we have been still working with the local anime convention. We want things to be the way we remember, and working towards that will be its own reward, if other fans out there agree with it.

I know someone will think it terribly anal and perhaps egotistical, but I do record the letters I have written on my LiveJournal account, for my own records, and for faneds who have lost my locs and can find them there. While I shall not go and count them all, I believe the number of locs I have written over the years is around 6,000 to 7,000. Might be more, but I will not dwell further.

(I am still circulating the rumour that you are the Secret Love Child of Harry Warner Jr. and Georgina "Dutch" Ellis, famous locwriters of yesteryear.)

#31... I will send to you my latest convention list. I am not sure if it will help you. In the past, I have said that if I wanted to go to a general, fannish SF convention, I'd need to go down to Rochester, New York. That's exactly what we are going to do, we are planning to go to Astronomicon 14 in Rochester near the end of October. We have more plans for 2024, and they are starting to look more and more expensive by the day, but we will see what we can do.

A full page for three issues of a fanzine is not a good return on investment, but it is all I can really do that this time. Thank you for these three, and trying to keep up with what I receive is the latest addition to my List of Things to Do. See you with the next.

"Claude Degler," claude.degler@outlook.com, September 30, 2023

Attached to this email is a small fanzine that you will find self-explanatory if you read it. What might not be clear is why I have sent it to you. Well, the story is that having created a fanzine I was intending to post it to efanazines as that seems to be the done thing these days. However, when I studied the efanazines webpage more closely I could not find instructions as to how to upload there. I have sent an email to Bill Burns seeking clarification but as yet have had no reply.

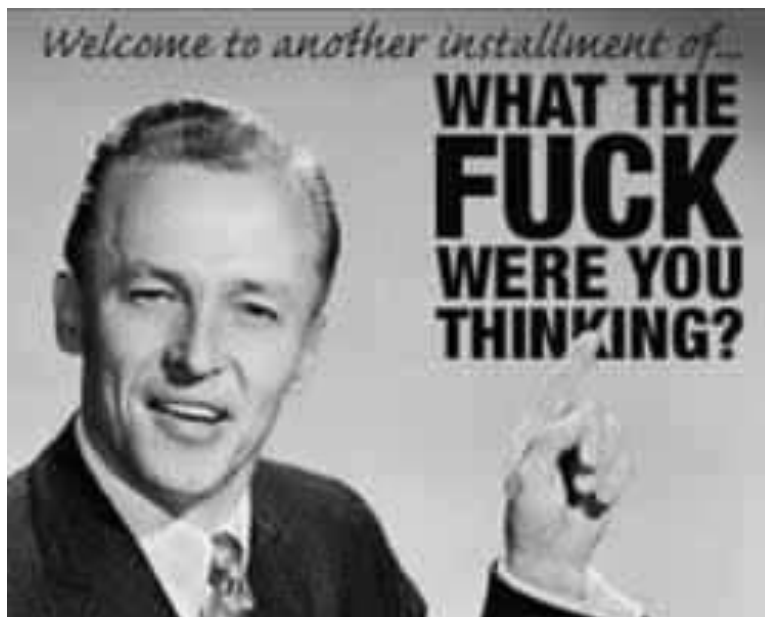
(I just email my stuff to Bill Burns the way you did.)

So while I'm waiting for Bill to get back to me the temptation to distribute this modest effort to a selection of other fanzine creators has proved too much. This has always been a weakness of mine; I've never had the will to hold back any piece once I'm satisfied that it's as polished as it's ever likely to be. For example, I've just realised I forgot to add an email address. However, as the email address for response

is Claude.Degler@outlook.com. Even if the material garners no response I still enjoy knowing that eyeballs other than mine have tracked over my words. Egotistical, no doubt, but still harmless for all that.

And the Winner Is--!

“Wab Kinew, who is now the premier designate of Manitoba after his win yesterday [Oct. 3, 2023], won the Aurora Award for Best YA Novel in 2022 for his book, *Walking in Two Worlds*. This is the first time anyone who has won or been nominated has held such a high office.” (Cliff Samuels, in email, Oct. 4, 2023)



Canadian Racism: The Bodies In The Landfill

Den Valdron (Facebook, Sept. 25, 2023)

As we speak, the Canadian province of Manitoba is going through an election, and for once, racism is one of the major issues, as politicians struggle with the problem of Indigenous women’s bodies buried in a municipal dump.

A little background. The history of racism in Canada is tied to its relationship with its Indigenous people.

Canada never had slavery. Slavery did exist in the British colonies that became Canada up until 1836.

But the reality was that the Canadian climate was unsuited to plantation agriculture and large-scale black slavery (that became so fundamental to the societies and economies of the southern United States, to the point that slavery had to be written into the constitution, and even after the civil war, entire economies were built on racism and exploitation in the U.S.).

There was and is racism against black people in Canada, but the history was quite different.

In Canada the fundamental question of racism related to the Indigenous people, and their presence on and title to lands that white settlers wanted to build a nation on.

There are ugly stories here, ones of systematic disenfranchisement, neglect, cultural genocide and a policy of marginalization and impoverishment that sees one of the richest countries in the world with a segment of its population enduring developing-world standards, suffering for lack of housing, potable water, basic education and medical care.

It is something that Canadians struggle with to this day, trying to find their way to reconciliation and justice.

Which brings us to Winnipeg, the largest city in Manitoba, and the bodies in the landfill. These are the bodies of two, possibly three, women. Morgan Harris, Mercedes Myran, and an unidentified woman, whom community members have named Mashkode Bizhiki'ikwe, or Buffalo Woman.

In addition to these three women, there was a fourth, Rebecca Contois, whose body was recovered in June, 2022 from the Brady landfill a different site.

Thirty-five-year-old Jeremy Skibicki, a violent white supremacist previously known for his hate-filled social media posts, was charged with Contois' murder shortly after her body was found. The investigation into him led to the revelation that Contois was not Skibicki's only victim, and that in fact, he'd murdered three more women and dumped their remains in the privately-run Prairie Green landfill in May, 2022.

So, this isn't ancient history. This is all within the space of a year or so. Police were soon aware sometime after July 2022, that they had a serial killer on their hands, and that there were recent human bodies in a landfill.

And then, everyone dithered.

The upshot was that a feasibility study was commissioned, and after a few months, a report came back that searching the landfill could take as long as three years and cost \$184 million, and that there would be health and safety issues.

The Provincial Government, run by Conservative Premier Heather Stefanson said essentially "Okay, never mind then. Let the corpses of murdered indigenous women killed in naked deliberate racism rot in a landfill."

The *hell* you say?

This leads to inevitable questions:

If the victims had been a single white, blonde twelve-year-old girl, what are the chances that the Landfill would be searched *right now*? Would the Provincial government really be so stubborn with a white victim, or white victims? How much of a part does racism have to play in this decision? Should we really believe that this decision was colour-blind?

There are three women in a landfill. What's the threshold? How many human bodies does a serial killer have to dump in a landfill before you go looking for them? Five? Ten? Fifty?

How long do corpses have to be in a landfill before the powers-that-be decide it's not worth looking for them? A week? Two weeks? A couple of months? Police would have been aware within as little as three or four months that there were three bodies.

These are horrible questions, and I'm sure that the ruling Conservatives [*in Manitoba - Ed.*] don't want to discuss them. I'm sure that polite people would consider them rude.

But to hell with politeness and decorum. The Conservatives have made these questions inevitable. The Conservatives would like to pretend this is not about racism. Well, if that's the case, bite the bullet and have that conversation.

Because the truth is, it's about racism, as awkward as that is.

Although the Province has cited health and safety concerns, they've also publicly said that if the Federal Government wants to do it, they'll certainly allow it; they'll even allow the use of Provincial employees. So clearly, health and safety aren't that big an issue.

What Stefanson [*Heather Stefanson, Conservative premier of Manitoba - Ed.*] and the Conservatives are left with arguing is that it's just too much money. It's not worth it to risk up to 180 million dollars to recover the bodies of these three indigenous women.

After all, the Conservative government wouldn't spend that kind of money on indigenous women when they were alive, so they're hellbound if they spend it on them when they're dead.

Welcome to racism, Canadian style. You see, racism in Canada is really about dollars and cents.

Actually, a lot of racism everywhere – not all of it, but a lot of it – comes down to money. Either you save money by denying rights and services, or you make money by oppression ripping off an underclass, denying opportunities, and so forth. You'd still have oppression without economics; but let's face it, it's a lot harder to motivate people to oppress other people if there's no money in it.

The history of racism in Canada is closely tied to money. Whether that amounts to taking up Indigenous lands, to excluding them from the economic mainstream by actively preventing indigenous farming or businesses, to cockamamie schemes to lighten budgets through genocidal acts, or to save money on residential schools by farming them out to churches, who then farmed them out to pedophile clergy, it always comes down to money.

Indigenous people in Canada are shortchanged in education and healthcare, and suffer for it because Canada needs to nickel and dime. Reserves were denied potable water, because that wasn't in a budget set in Ottawa.

Canada and Canadians are very big on reconciliation and moving forward. We've publicly apologized for the genocidal Residential schools, where the death rate in some of them exceeded Nazi concentration camps. But following up on those apologies with meaningful compensation, or any kind of action? Well, that costs money. Suddenly, it's a different song.

So, it's no surprise that Stefanson and her ilk would object to recovering bodies from a landfill because the price could end up being high. Because that's what racists in

Canada do. They complain about the money. Enlightenment, liberalism, compassion, reconciliation is all very fine. Until it costs something – then the screaming starts.

Now, admittedly, the price tag actually is high – potentially. There's no way to be sure. These are maximum expenses over three years. If the bodies were found within a few months, then it's just a fraction. But it's the principle of the thing, too much money at risk; even a fraction is too much, it seems.

It begs the question whether Stefanson would dig in her heels like this over a pretty little twelve-year-old blonde girl, as we've wondered. Or what the thresholds would be – three bodies, would it be different with five, or fifteen? Or whether the real issue is that these are Indigenous women's bodies.

But as much as Stefanson and her grotesque ilk would like to ignore it, it's not just these three women. There are larger issues.

The reality is that there are a *lot* of missing and murdered aboriginal women in Canada. Women who simply disappear. The indigenous people of Canada are the poorest, the most marginalized people in Canada. And unfortunately, in that constituency, Indigenous women are the least respected, and the least regarded.

In Vancouver, the serial killer Robert Pickton murdered as many as fifty women, mostly Indigenous, and fed their bodies to pigs; and the police literally *ignored* reports about him. The attitude of the police was that these indigenous women, most living on the street, were transient, their lives valueless. Rather than take reports seriously, they just assumed that they'd gone somewhere else, or something.

I imagine that they were pretty red-faced when Pickton was finally caught.

But the attitude remained in police forces across Canada. Indigenous women were murdered, with what felt like impunity. They vanished, and no one but their families seemed to care. It happened to the daughter of a friend of mine – she just disappeared into thin air. It wasn't just the police; it was as if society as a whole simply didn't care. As if society said that these women's lives had no value, so it wasn't concerned with what happened to them.

This was going on for *years*. The RCMP, Canada's national police force, in 2014 estimated 1,200 missing or murdered indigenous women since 1980; indigenous organizations put the real number at 4,000. Despite this, it wasn't until 2015 that the Federal government commissioned an investigation, and not until 2019 that the investigation reported back. Indigenous women are three and a half times more likely to experience violence than white women, they're seven times more likely to be murdered.

In a very real sense, it's not just those three women in a landfill since last year. There's something larger. These three women are symbolic of decades of violence and murder of thousands of women, and decades of social and police neglect and indifference to awful record of suffering.

In Canada, driven by these same Indigenous women, in the last several years there has been a concerted effort to address or at least acknowledge the problem, to bring attention to it, to change minds and attitudes. And, in typical Canadian fashion, the result is lip service, words and sentiments.

But, also in typical Canadian fashion, suddenly, after all that consideration given to thousands of missing and murdered Indigenous Women, decades of suffering and a decade of agitation, when it comes down to three Indigenous women murdered in deliberate racism in a landfill ... suddenly, we can't do it, because it's too expensive.

Plus, there's the even bigger picture beyond that, the picture of residential schools, and CFS [*The Centre of Forensic Sciences in Ontario? – Ed.*] abuse, there's the picture of reserves and people deliberately denied and impoverished, of legacies choked off by nickel and diming. Or marginalization and oppression of an entire people.

Well, there's a hell of a message to every indigenous woman in Canada, to every indigenous person: a blunt statement as to their worth, or their lack of worth, the dollar value their lives don't have.

And it's definitely a message. Stefanson is delivering a message not just to Indigenous women and Indigenous people about their place in the world, or lack thereof. She's also delivering a message to her constituents, both the racist ones and the conservative ones, assuming a difference. She's saying that their dollars are more important than Indigenous people, and that's what they like to hear.

Let's be honest here. Stefanson's being blunt. She doesn't have to be.

Canadians have a long history of equivocation, of being mealy-mouthed, of blithering and dithering, half-measures and tentative steps, of bold sentiments diluted in a sea of verbiage and timidity. She could have agreed with the principle, dragged her feet, played bureaucratic games and killed it slowly in a game of inches.

She's chosen not to, and that's telling. Because her big, bold "Let the bodies lie where they were dumped" statement isn't just a fiscal position, it's an ideological one.

She's not saying, "all lives matter." She's bluntly saying, "Indigenous lives don't matter." Or, at least, not when it comes to money. That's red meat to her constituents, and to racists and racism in Canada.

I think she's a fool.

She's going to leave multiple Indigenous women's bodies, literally freshly killed by a serial killer in a landfill? She's going to ignore the decade of agitation on behalf of missing and murdered indigenous women? She's going to ignore Canada's long painful history of disenfranchisement, theft, genocide and marginalization of its indigenous people? She's going to ignore that, and throw away all consideration of reconciliation and justice? After forty years of Canadians trying to rebuild their relationship with their Indigenous peoples, she's going to take an incredibly powerful symbolic flash point, dig in her heels, and squawk like a fishwife?

Even if she wins, we all lose. The controversy becomes an open, running sore on Canada's conscience. A naked repudiation of everything Canadians have promised and tried to do over forty years. It will amount to an irreparable breach of faith and trust. We, as Canadians, will have shown Indigenous people who we truly are – and it's not pretty. We'll have shown them what our words really mean – nothing.

Sometimes, there are points in life where it's not about the money, where it can't be. Where there is a principle involved, and you have to stand up and do the right thing.

Because if you fail there, there's no going back, there's no do-overs, there's no second chances.

So Stefanson has to lose, and we have to go and find the bodies. Or as a nation, we show that we don't stand for anything, that our words and sentiments are worthless, that we're enlightened only as long as its not inconvenient.

Search the Landfill.



My ancestors' rudimentary totem pole figures

It Came on the Internet

La C'hronicä, August 2023, Talossan government gazette. No contact information! News from Talossa, as if from the government of a country without a place on the map yet.

Perryscope #36, September 2023, is an issue of a personalzine published mostly monthly by Perry Middlemiss, 32 Elphin Grove, Hawthorn, Victoria, AUSTRALIA 3122. E: perry@middlemiss.org

Good cover picture; didn't look like you were grumpy so much as contemplative of the landscape. Perhaps a little reminiscent, perhaps a little judgmental.

Your experience of the seasons in Australia, of course, is reversed from my experience in British Columbia. August and September are still transitional months, though: in six weeks we went from overheated days when it was nearly impossible to sleep at night to chill rainy days when it was nearly impossible to sleep at night, for fear of suffocating due to congested sinuses. Sometimes I wonder where to move to.

Quoting Henry Lawson's 1899 description of urban ignorance of the bush appears as though you suggest it is just as applicable today. Which I presume it is. And it may be

equally applicable here, and across Canada, although I am sufficiently out of touch not to be sure.

Your medical adventures were surprisingly readable. In fact you remind me that I have to monitor my health more closely, as I proceed deeper into the last third of my life. Time to schedule a checkup soon.

Julian Warner's article on fans with hats at first recalled the scene at the Very Big Corporation, in *The Meaning of Life*, in which some corporate character states, "people are not wearing enough hats" and goes on to talk about the development of the soul does not proceed *ab initio* but from a process of introspection ... Or something like that. It dawned upon me eventually that I generally did not wear hats, unless they were woolen toques (a piece of headgear you can't avoid in Canada). Hats are one of those unremarked, arbitrary social norm markers that no one bothers to explain in colloquial culture, but which seem to be important somehow on social occasions.

Your podcast sounds like an enlightening one, and I really must list it when I revamp my website. I seem to be getting serious about doing so this fall; it is about time to document contemporary activities, such as literary and fannish blogs and websites, and not just hoary standard club-and-fanzine-and-convention lists, as if media franchises and the Internet never developed.

Man, your zine offers a lot of comment hooks, doesn't it? I'd better stop here, or else I won't have space in *Obdurate Eye* to comment on other zines.

De Profundis #589 – September 2023. Ed. Heath Row at 4367 Globe Ave., Culver City, CA 90230; via email to kalel@well.com; the newsletter of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. The club's Web site is <http://www.lasfs.org>.

I like the way these club minutes are enlivened by reading amusing or scientific short news pieces, such as the stories about satellites and space dockings and orcas putting the muscle on Spanish boats.

One of the topics that might come up in LASFS business, which may reward future researchers, is how club officers have noticed changes that affect conventions in your area. Some of my correspondents and I have been concerned by the changes in hotel function costs, contractual conditions, and general availability. This may be a twice-told tale to all, but it still may merit some documentation. Or maybe your club officers, and all your correspondents, have talked the subject to death already.

I see you have regular announcements of SF movie nights, but ... are any fans out there holding Mad Science evenings, where people start with random piles of mechanical and electronic parts, and put together Things without a plan that sort of fit together, revolve and roll and flash lights and make sounds, and don't accomplish anything besides expending energy? Or design un-useless inventions that nobody needs? Maybe "Maker" groups are what I'm trying to conceive.

In answer to Jeff Delshad's query: It should be possible to find out more about Charles Sheffield by looking at the kinds of titles he produced, and at least one interview, which I believe *Locus* published in the late 1980s. From the few novels I read, he seemed to specialize in SF based on one or more very speculative maguffins – such as a man recovering from cranial damage by transplanting parts of his twin brother's

brain to replace damaged parts of his own; or a funhouse-mirror version of our world after a nuclear exchange, with each of the continents reorganized as whole nations (except for the Asian wasteland), and a mostly landless tribe of Traders negotiating commerce between them; or a biofeedback technology that allows humans to modify their features, even their anatomy; or investigating the relics of an ancient vanished alien race, some of them still operating and quite dangerous – many of which showed motifs and references alluding to Near Eastern, rather than European or American cultures. Never quite got a handle on Sheffield's background or outlook.

The Stf Amateur – September 2023, a bundlezine published by Heath Row, 4367 Globe Ave., Culver City, CA; kalel@well.com

This is a new idea, piling together one's apazines into a bundle, offering some readers stories and pictures not seen in their own APAs, and from your mailing comments, a view into your other APAs. Seeing how many boxes of fannish papers the late Marty Cantor left, and how exhausted Mr. Smith and Mr. Hubbard were after moving them, was an eye-opener.

One of your apazines reminds me that LASFS and Loscon are not, in fact, run by the same officers. Well, yes, I suppose my last letter read as if I assumed that. I really meant that the same individuals as the club officers ~~if not the same persons~~ had knowledge or opinions about current trends and issues in conrunning.

Maybe I should do as you did, instead of recycling much of my material each month into my apazines and personalzine. Definitely I should make a plan for my own papers, since I'm not getting any younger and I have to find, as George Carlin put it, a place for my stuff.

I'd better end this here, I'm trying not to run on as I usually do.

Menace of the LASFS – September 2023, the Complete and Purgated Minutes of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, published by LASFS scribe Heath "Scribbles" Row, 4367 Globe Ave., Culver City, CA; kalel@well.com.

What I said about *De Profundis*.

Tightbeam 348 – September 2023, Editors George Phillies (phillies@4liberty.net, 48 Hancock Hill Drive, Worcester, MA 01609) and Jon Swartz (judgeswartz@gmail.com).

For a regular club newsletter with club doings, letters, and book and media reviews, *Tightbeam* looks very nearly a professional product. Of course these days, with the miracle of modern word processing applications, many more of us can approach nearly professional appearance and organization – those of us who pay sustained attention to all details, that is, both visual and digital.

I liked seeing Lloyd Penney's familiar writing in the letter column. One quibble: when he mentioned H. Beam Piper and deplored his abruptly truncated career, I have to report that Piper wasn't so much disappointed in his work, or in his reception. He was reduced to desperate circumstances (if Terry Carr is to be relied on) because Piper's

agent died unexpectedly, *had kept everything in his head*, and Piper shot himself while Campbell and other writers were trying to get cheques to him. That tells us something about the requirements agents had to meet at the time.

I was amused by the closing illustration, by Jose Sanchez – captures rather well the contrast between the armoured grotty merc and the itty bitty babby.

*I also received: SF Commentary 112 & 113, Origin September 2023, Alexiad 130, CyberCozen, September 2023, Captain Flashback 58, Space Cowboy's Accretion #1, September 2023, This Here ... #68, **Claude #1** (September 2023) by "Claude Degler," Claude.Degler@outlook.com, The National Fantasy Fan, September 2023, Fan Activity Gazette, September 2023, The N3F Review of Books, September 2023, and MT Void 2286 - 2288. And then the dragons came.*

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13. Do you know the way to San Jose? _____
14. But if you don't like crottled greeps, what did you order them for? _____
15. Are you still there? _____
16. Hello? _____
17. Fine! Let's finish this! _____
18. Considering that we are all made of tiny atoms, which combine into molecular structures, which in even more complex combinations make up our fragile bodies, that give us only a fraction of time on this Earth, which swirls around the Sun, in its turn making an orbit around the Galactic Centre every 230 million years, everything under the contradictory natural laws which we may never fully grasp, all of it seemingly gobsmackingly incomprehensible, what is the meaning of life?

19. **Ignore all points 1 to 19!** You were told to read **everything** first, right! Just write something interesting, click on "Save as PDF" in your word processor and E-mail it to EAPA OE garth.van.spencer@gmail.com and you're in.
