

THE ZINE DUMP no. 32



Guy Lillian / 1390 Holly Ave. / Merritt Island FL 32952

(See close of zine)

GHLIII@yahoo.com / 318 218 2345 / GHLIII Press Pub #1164 / October 2014

(Happy Halloween!)

Kameron Hurley made history at this year's Hugo Awards. Never has one fan so overwhelmed the amateur categories. Her article **We Have Always Fought: Challenging the 'Women, Cattle and Slaves' Narrative** not only won the award for Best Related Work (the first essay to do so), it scored the Best Fan Writer trophy for the author and carried the blog that published it, Aidan Moher's *A Dribble of Ink*, to victory as Best Fanzine [*sic*]. While acknowledging blogs goes against the grain of my little "zine about zines," Hurley's accomplishment is clearly the most intriguing development in current SF fan writing, so before I assay my usual notices of the traditional fanzine crop, I thought to turn "We Have Always Fought" over in my head and see how I reacted.

I probably needn't tell you what I expected. I expected the same rather savage anger Hurley voiced, through a surrogate, when she won one of her Hugos at Loncon 3, a speech replete with, and I quote, *rage*. Instead I read a smart and civilized screed against lazy characterization and story-telling which relegate women and their lives in society to supporting roles. Hurley's use of llamas as a metaphorical device was a bit baffling, true, but by and largely I agreed with it.

In a way, Hurley's plaint reflects the most compelling thing about Ann Leckie's *Ancillary Justice*, the novel which won everything but the lottery last year. Because of the nature of her protagonist (an AI) and the *language* spoken in her galactic civilization, gender played next to no role in the story, in itself, a fascinating critical perspective on *our* civilization. (No wonder the book reminded me of *The Left Hand of Darkness*.)

But I keep remembering that second-person acceptance speech – and the word *rage*. Angry feminists are no stranger to SF, of course, but anger doesn't impress me anymore. In fact, it seems like a clumsy misstatement of what feminists really want to say. Ten years of therapy – with female shrinks – taught me that anger is a *mask* emotion: it covers up *hurt*, a feeling of denial, of being ignored. Thus I think the current insistence on gender parity in convention programming. Thus Hurley's annoyance at the

automatic impulse to think of women as secondary or supporting characters in SF or in society. Inarguable points – but points that need better expression than mere fury.

We always owe our sisters a listen, of course. But we also owe them the respect of argument. In re “We Have Always Fought”, I think, the argument is obvious; I Get It. After all, I was delivered by a female doctor (and as I’ve said, I was the only fella in the room – and I was smuggled in). I was mostly educated by female teachers, some excellent, some not. I’ve practiced with able female lawyers in front of able female judges. I plan on voting for the most qualified presidential candidate in 2016, and she’s female. Hurley’s point is solid. But the rage is not. I can’t help but think of the title character’s words to an angry feminist in *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer*: “Faith moves mountains. Love moves human hearts. If you would conquer us, show us love and not scorn.” Wouldn’t that be something to see?

Let’s get on to zines. I hit every hard copy fanzine I was sent – mostly the latest issues – and many that were e-mailed or posted on **eFanzines.com**, that most generous and magical of websites. Cut-off day: October 31 ... Halloween!

Alexiad Vol. 13 no. 4 / Joe & Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville KY 40204-2040 / jtmajor@iglou.com / Quarterly. \$2@ or an eFanzines / Things have not gone well for my friend Joe in recent months: his job situation is as mercurial as mine. But that doesn’t impede his fannish instincts, which keep *Alexiad* on its quarterly schedule and maintain the exceptional readability and variety of the zine. Although he complains herein that he has found “less to read” of late, Joe speaks of his own interests in a sprightly fashion that can only be described as infectious. He mentions the Antikytheria Mechanism. He proffers “Monarchist Notes”. He reviews non-fiction about World War I (no one in fandom mourned the passage of “Great War” veterans more than Joe) and an Ian Fleming bio written for the Imperial War Museum (Joe’s 007 pastiches have run in every *Challenger* of late). Essays by Taral Wayne and Redford Edmiston (on rocket belts – the real ones) lead to a brief Loncon 3 report by Sue Burke and Leigh Kimmel’s Archon account – which makes no mention of the Tim Bolgeo controversy I deal with in *Spartacus* no. 5. Major lists upcoming worldcon bids (yes, New Orleans has competition for 2018: San Jose) and laments the victory of *The Sword in the Stone* in last year’s retro-Hugos. His lettercol is superb – detailed and articulate discussion of everything from the Hugos to the Ukraine. He closes with Whovian fan fic, and I must note the excellent illos by Marc Schirmeister and Alexis Gilliland, a lift to any zine’s spirits. Whatever Joe’s mundane problems, *Alexiad* remains a complete and riveting genzine, a sterling reflection of the editor and his readers.

Ansible #327 / Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire RG1 5AU, U.K. / U.S. Agent: Janice Murray, P.O. Box 75684, Seattle WA 98125-0684 / Friend or google it. / Web news.ansible.co.uk / Let’s see, 327 months is over 27 years – which is a long time for a newszine to maintain consistent quality of content and wit. For more than a quarter of a century Dave has kept his readership fully abreast of science fiction’s fannish world, ably and humorously charting SF’s rise to domination of the cultural universe, our losses (“R.I.P.”) and our triumphs (a Batman stamp is forthcoming). Lest the field start to take itself too seriously, Langford’s continuing series “How Others See Us” is a sharp reminder of how easily SF is misunderstood by the masses, and his “Thog’s Masterclass” demonstrates, every month, how viciously SF writers can brutalize our language.

Aphelion / Dan Hollifield / www.aphelion-webzine.com / I refer all unsolicited fiction submitted to *Challenger* to Dan’s beautiful on-line magazine. The prospective authors couldn’t ask for better.

Argentus / Steven H Silver, 707 Sapling Lane, Deerfield IL 60015-3969 / shsilver@sfsite.com / t.u. /

As the Crow Flies 12 / Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave. SW, Burien WA 98166 / lodgepole1@msn.com / t.u. / I consider Frank a fanzine mentor; he was a mature and gracious example in – was it SAPS or FAPA? – in the days of my omniapan youth. He remains a steady, if infrequent, voice through this

annual perzine. Here he describes various vacations to various places of beauty and/or interest – the Oregon seashore, Reno, Yellowstone – the ailments that bedeviled him and his en route and afterwards (which makes him sound complaining; he’s anything but), and some of his recent reads – “a budding orientalist,” they mostly concern the far east. I didn’t realize he was also into thoroughbred horseracing; he should talk to Mike Resnick.

Askew / John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station TX 77845 / j_purcell54@yahoo.com / \$2, trade or on eFanzines / *Nothing! C’mon, John, what’s a Zine Dump without a Purcell publication?*

Auroran Lights #12 / R.G. Cameron, Apt 72G – 13315 104th Ave, Surrey, B.C., V3T 1V5 / rgraeme@shaw.ca / eFanzines / “The Fannish E-zine of the Canadian Science Fiction & Fantasy Association, Dedicated to Promoting the Prix Aurora Awards and the history of Canadian Fandom.” A beautiful painting by Jean-Pierre Norman, an “unused VCON 36 program book cover,” opens this 58-page publication. The 2014 awards are celebrated with a “class” picture of the Aurora winners and, a page later, Hall of Fame inductees Spider Robinson and William Gibson. (Gibson began his SF life at 15, an attendee at the second DeepSouthCon.) A new Poe-oriented magazine, *nEvermore!*, is announced with much fanfare, as are several new awards, the Merrill Short Story Contest and a new anthology, *Flashpoint*. News of various Canadian authors abounds. Most exciting to me, for some strange reason, is a new collection of Professor Challenger stories. Robert Sawyer contributes a guest editorial – he’s to be Pro Guest of Honor at the 2015 DSC in New Orleans – and there’s a proud lettercol. Much stirs above the border.

Banana Wings #56 / Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES, U.K. / fishlifter@googlemail.com / August 2014 issue; I must not be up to date. Beneath *brilliant* comic – as in funny – covers by D. West, *Banana Wings* is the UK’s most popular and – I search for the term – *individualized* zine. Fandom, as seen here, deals with the lives of fans, not the trends of the field. Following Mark’s editorial, rambling entertainingly through his life of late, more personal fan writing predominates, and judging by the memories each evoke, it’s all effective. Jay Kinney’s “Reconsidering the Left” addresses the broadest scope; it’s a potent piece of polemic. James Shields’ account of his New Zealand trip makes me recall our DUFF journey and yearn for 2020. Robert Lichtman’s discourse on toilet paper (!) recalls to yhos a revolutionary period in Berkeley when dyed TP was considered an offense to the environment, and one domestic terrorist in my co-op (Barrington Hall, the fabled home of Carr and Ellik’s *FANAC*) stole a box of pastel poop-rag in protest. (His perspective seems to have won out in the, ahh, end – has anyone seen colored Charmin of late?) Roy Kettle’s piece on the death and funeral of his friend Tise is blunt and straightforward, but all the more moving for that: we’ve all lost friends. Even the lettercol, edited by Brialey and replete with familiar fannish names, is quite personal – that word again – and enviable. Odd-ish item: the sticker, uhh, stuck atop a poorly printed ad for Corflu.

Baryon Magazine 127 / Barry R. Hunter, 114 Julia Drive SW, Rome GA 30165 / www.baryon-online.com / free online, \$5@ printed /

BCSFazine #491 / Felicity Walker, #209-3851 Francis Road, Richmond BC, Canada V7C 1J6 / felicity4711@gmail.com / \$3Canadian, \$2US / The cover of this clubzine gives its date as April 1986, but of course it’s this year, still pretty long in the tooth. The cover seems to be a still from *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, and the opening content is a lettercol that itself opens with parodies. Is this an April Fool’s issue? John Purcell and Lloyd Penney seem like genuine correspondents, but – maybe so, maybe not. An extensive calendar of forthcoming BCSFA events, parties, birthdays follows, and minutes of a meeting wherein The Grim Specter of Death and The Concept of Freedom argued matters with The Fifth Doctor and A Fully Armed and Operational Death Star. I’m too old and fat for this. Calls for Aurora Award nominations echo throughout the remainder of the zine.

Broken Toys #31 / Taral Wayne, 245 Dunn Ave. #2111, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5K 1S6 / E-mail Taral@bell.net / E-mail and eFanzines.com / Taral opens this issue with his attendance at a furry convention, where he is a complete wallflower and has a miserable time. This is surprising for the #1 fannish creator of cute anthropomorphic critters, but ascribable to the ever-widening fannish generation gap. The incident leads him to look back over the last few years' portfolios and mull over what might have been. Even a first-tier SF fan artist and onetime worldcon Fan GoH has those feelings. He turns his attention to the works of Roger Zelazny – *Lord of Light* remains an all-time classic, and the man single-handedly revolutionized science fiction novelettes – and expresses a complete loss of interest in the First World War. (Joe Major just freaked out.) Lest it seem that gloom has suffused the entirety of Taral's *oeuvre*, a hilarious *National Enquirer* send-up of Steve Stiles and his "secret Hugo stash" blows the lid off Stiles' vaunted lack of recognition. Exposed! Finally, the original furry ideal, Taral's own Saara, speaks to the world, telling the tale of a lonely boy and his dream companion.

Brooklyn! No. 84 / Fred Argoff, Penthouse L, 1170 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn NY 11230-4060 / \$10 in cash per 4 quarterly issues / Featured in this issue of Fred's long-going study of his native borough, on the cover and within, gargoyles from various Brooklyn edifices, plus shots from block parties, a street production of the 1929 play *Street Scene* (the audience sat in the [closed-off] road), reviews of Brooklyn books, and an installment of the inexhaustible Brooklyn lexicon. Photographic content has improved of late; Argoff must have a new camera. To sum, Fred's joy in his home turf is itself inexhaustible – and contagious; this zine is a favorite.

Christian New Age Quarterly Volume 21, Number 3+ / Catherine Groves, P.O. Box 276, Clifton NJ 07015-0276 / 4/year, \$12.50/year / Catherine points out in a note accompanying this zine that I gave my return address as "Merritt Island NY" on the envelope containing *Spartacus*; I was obviously confusing my father-in-law's addy with my brother's. He lives on *Grand Island*, New York. Again, while some may wax astonished at an overtly religious publication being reviewed in a science fictional zine, the content here is interesting indeed. Catherine mulls the afterlife in an editorial and Dr. Robert M. Price pens a truly fascinating article on "The Christ Myth and the Christian Goddess", a vital and compelling topic. It's a bit disconcerting to find a Christian newsletter discussing "Jesus constructs," cult re-imaginings arising from and in conflict with "the historical" Christ, but if SF has taught us anything, it's not to be afraid of seemingly blasphemous ideas.

Chunga / Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, carl juarez, 1013 N. 36th St., Seattle WA 98103 / Three copies requested in trade / t.u., \$5/single issue, or on eFanzines /

Claptrap #5 / Arnie Katz, 909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas NV 89145 / This zine came out in August, so I was sure I'd missed an issue, but is the latest on eFanzines and in my e-mail. Arnie begins by revealing his age, which is not that much older than yhos, which makes his age-related lament over the demise of his favorite sandwich from the menu of his favorite nosh-house all the more terrifying. A brother Cancer – or "Moon Child," as the hypochondriacs have us re-dubbed – he bespeaks a lack of belief in astrology. Me too, but I still read the column (and Arnie still fills this zine with zodiac-themed illustrations). His piece on the least-respected of competitive sports, roller derby and pro wrestling, is highly informative; one tends to forget that Katz has made his livelihood editing magazines on these subjects. (The piece reminds me of how p.o.ed I still am that Mickey Rourke didn't win the Oscar for breaking my heart in *The Wrestler*.) After a happy letter column, Joyce Katz chimes in with a cool squib on, of all things, uranium mining. I should learn never to be surprised by fanzine contents, especially one from a master of the hobby.

Dagon #658 / John Boardman, Room 238, Montevue, 1910 Rosemont Ave., Frederick MD 21702-8249 / for Apa-Q; others, 10 issues for \$15 / THE LAST ISSUE – and we mourn. John reports that because his daughters can no longer get *Dagon* printed, and he doesn't want to impose on the kindness of the facility where he lives, he must give up the zine, a far-left goad ever since I founded *Challenger*, and was undoubtedly around for many years before that. He fills his swan song with articles on The Four-and-a-

Half-Kingdoms and natter concerning whatever pops into his head – the Scottish separation vote, *Asterix the Gaul* collections, the history of the Disney immortal, Goofy (whose original name was ... ?), and attacks Obama from the left, a very rare thing to see. *Dagon* being an apazine, he lays out one last set of mailing comments for Apa-Q. This hobby won't be the same without that heavy-stapled *Dagon* showing monthly in the post; I hope Boardman finds a reliable publisher and rekindles his fire.

DASFax October 2014 / Tay Von Hageman for the Denver SF club, 4080 S. Grant St., Englewood CO 80113 / DASFAEditor@HotMail.com / <http://www.dasfa.org> / t.u. or DASFA membership / DASFA faces the month of MileHiCon and Halloween. The club is hosting the con suite at the former, Sourdough Jackson pens a very nifty piece on alternate history SF, ranging from Nathaniel Hawthorne (!) to *Lois Lane* to the Civil War tales of Ward Moore and Harry Turtledove (“Must and Shall” should have won the Hugo) to Randall Garrett’s utterly spiffy Lord Darcy series.

De Profundis 501 / Marty Cantor, c/o LASFS, 6012 Tyrone Avenue, Van Nuys CA 91401 / www.lasfsinc.info. / 55¢ in person, \$1.00 by domestic mail, and on-line / Unofficial newszine of the Los Angeles SF Society / Club bizness of the LASFS, with all sorts of notes tossed in by the membership – praise for Marc Schirmeister not only for his cartooning but his gardening, science tidbits such as a new Mars “entry system” and the current lunacy of skydiving from high altitude balloons, a new award being designed by a LASFSian’s father, paeans to great and generous members, and the new policies of the new President, curmudgeonly Karl Lembke. To know the true spirit of LASFS, laid-back journal of the land of the lotus-eaters, you need only check out the Treasurer’s Report: “We have money.” More detail than that you do not need. The “Small [Bill] Rotsler Gallery” which closes the zine evokes memories of L.A. fandom past, present, forever.

The Drink Tank 370 / Chris Garcia, Garcia@computerhistory.org / On eFanzines / Lo and behold, what do I find in my stack of paperzines but an actual *physical* copy of *The Drink Tank*, Chris Garcia’s genzine, which has reached issue #388 online. (That’s only as I write. As you read this, it could be many more.) Anyway, each issue posits a theme, “Fear” in #370, Saturday morning cartoons in #388, and by God Chris gives each his best. The “Fear” issue proffers articles on the *Alien* series and *The Gift of Fear* (by talented other parties), plus a short collection of others’ phobias (yes, Chris, I’m freaked out by rubber balloons). #388 laments the demise of Saturday morning TV (not just cartoons). We’re with him there; Rosy still misses *Sky King* (she admired Penny) and I can still sing the theme to *Texas Rangers*. (That show had the *dumbest* opening.) Chris, instigator of all this spirited lunacy, is getting married soon; will wedding bells slow the onrush of fanac from this overwhelmingly prolific zinemeister? Stay tuned.

The Drink Tank 390 / Chris Garcia, Garcia@computerhistory.org / On eFanzines / Into my e-mail a couple of days before I close this issue comes this special issue of *Drink Tank*, subtitled #*gamergate*. Consisting of editorials by Chris, co-editor James Bacon, Mike Glycer and Esther Maccullum-Stewart, all concerning the current Gamergate scandal in gaming fandom. The pieces are literate, passionate and valuable, giving non-gamers like myself a clear perspective of the misogynistic and patently illegal assaults and threats on women by a certain sordid segment – commonly called Gamergate – of that fandom. Garcia shows a righteous angry side I’ve never seen before, and who can blame him?

Ecdysis nos. 3-4 / Jonathan Crowe, PO Box 473, Shawville QC J0X 2Y0 Canada / ecdysis@mcwetboy.net / On eFanzines / I drop back to issue no. 3 of this very attractive genzine to pick up on its analysis of *Ancillary Justice*. (The sequel, *Ancillary Sword*, rides my Nook as we speak.) The fourth issue features more beautiful illustrations by Jennifer Seely and sharply reproduced photos. Tamara Vardomskaya – I hope she doesn’t mind my saying how attractive she is – discusses Clarion (with a valuable chart on the cost of such workshops). Her reaction to John Chu’s Hugo-winning “The Water that Falls on You from Nowhere” and her ruminations on the work of Lee Killough are elegantly wrought. Jonathan ponders SF’s ultimate barrier, FTL, through a review of Karl Schroeder’s *Lockstep*, and several list the ten books that made lasting impressions on them. (For me, in SF, *A Case of Conscience*, *Canticle for Leibowitz*, Lafferty’s *Past Master* and everything Poul Anderson, Cordwainer

Smith and Phil Dick ever wrote.) Jonathan's praise of Ms. Seely's art is heartfelt; he's married to her and she is actually quite good. So is *Ecdysis*; a thoughtful, intelligent, attractive appreciation for our genre.

EOD Letter (whole no. 29) / Ken Faig, Jr., 2311 Swainwood Dr., Glenwood IL 60025-2741 / varolfraig@comcast.net / Having reached the advanced age of 65, Ken has decided that he has "had his say" on the subject of H. P. Lovecraft and related fiction and is retiring from the great weird-fic amateur press association, the Esoteric Order of Dagon, a membership he has sustained for 40 years. I'm only a fan of some of Lovecraft's writing and have never been in EOD, but I am, like Ken, a lifelong apan (SFPA since 1971) and 65 years old. We're *whelps*, Ken; fie on this retirement nonsense. I'm sure EOD would miss you.

Fadeaway #43 / Bob Jennings, 29 Whiting Rd., Oxford MA 01540-2035 / t.u. or \$15/6 issues, also eFanzines / Bob has been doing fanzines since dinosaurs were in diapers, and his experience shows with his well-wrought genzine. He begs off editorializing this time due to dental problems, yuck, handing over his zine to his exceptional contributors – Brad Foster, with a priceless illo (no surprise), DASFA's Sourdough Jackson, with a splendid article – beautifully illustrated with book and magazine covers – on E.E. Smith, and Bob himself, reviewing books as varied as a Jules Feiffer graphic novel, a tome on IBM, and a bio of the great TV comedienne from our youths, Joan Davis (remember *I Married Joan?*). Great lettercol; the chorus is in fine form, as is Bob in his extensive responses, as are illustrators Marc Schirmeister and Alexis Gilliland, among others. Hey, a new Dan Carroll! Bob's zines used to dance with his art.

Feline Mewsings #51 / R-Laurraine Tutihasi, PO Box 6434, Oracle AZ 85623-5323 / Laurraine@mac.com / Nice Al Sirois cover; both Jim Mowatt and I also sported his nifty art atop our zines this season. Laurraine devotes a goodly percentage of this issue to two convention reports, ConDor (photos show the smiling GoH, Connie Willis) and Corflu. That trip is most fun to share when Laurraine leaves the hotel for the area's gorgeous gardens and parks, well displayed in photos (the Astoria Column is spectacular). Contributors Amy Harlib, Clif Flynt and the inimitable Jonathan vos Post propound on media, cats and the Eaton Conference, respectively; the cat pics in Flynt's touching piece made me think I was on FaceBook. "Anonymous" adds strong reviews, including one on Edgar Pangborn's neglected masterwork *Davy*, which probably should have won the Hugo 50 (!) years ago. (I was 15, too young to appreciate it; that year I supported John Brunner's moving *The Whole Man*. Fritz Leiber's *The Wanderer* won.) Good-sized lettercol with contributors I always love to read – Murray Moore, Brad Foster, Gary Mattingly, among many – but without addresses! A cardinal sin, Laurraine.

File 770 / Mike Glycer, 705 Valley View Ave., Monrovia CA 91016 / Mikeglyer@cs.com /

Flag #s 15-16 / Andy Hooper, 11032 30th Ave. NE, Seattle WA 98125 / t.u. / In these perzines Hooper first anticipates Corflu 31 and then reports on same, with long ruminations on the major issues brought forth there – gender parity and fairness. Stories of harassment and hurt feelings abounded, no. Clearly this topic dominates fannish discourse these seasons. Of course he also laments the dearth of young fanziners, since blogs and cosplay have stolen the souls of our children. To complete the zine, a strong lettercol – Kate Yule's note stands out – leads to *Flag*'s trademark fanzine notices, followed by a long list of WAHFs. I'm sure #17 will take us to Loncon and *its* controversies. I'd hoped to read Hooper's reaction to worldcon, but frankly, he seems ready to write about anything else besides fandom: his last Corflu conversation, with Ted White, elicits a desire to write more about music, and the happiest portion of #16 deals with a jolly Seattle wedding. Hooper daydreams about skipping a Corflu in hopes of restoring his mojo. Come now!

For the Clerisy #80 / Brant Kresovich, P.O. Box 404, Getzville NY 14068-0404 / kresovich@hotmail.com / t.u. / This issue of Brant's zine (aimed at readers, or "the clerisy") sports a

cover of *Jughead* comics and analysis thereof (!) on its first page. I never knew blonde Betty would make a play for Jug, although it figures the clod wouldn't pick up on it. Within, Brant mentions the deaths of Thomas Berger, among the funniest of writers (*Little Big Man*, *Arthur Rex*; the guy could draw a guffaw from the sorriest of souls), rocker Johnny Winter, Archie Andrews (courtesy of my old DC friend Paul Kupperberg) and of course Robin Williams. The "old or neglected" books he reviews include a study of the "skulking" tactics of New England Indians (obscure indeed) and *The Thin Man* (nothing obscure about Dashiell Hammett!). Coolest: truly obscure crime films from the '40s that he reviews. You can never get enough *noir*. Also received from Kresovich, a postcard (mailed in Buffalo, where I went to elementary school) inviting all to hoist a glass to our common health on the summer solstice.

The Insider #303 / Michelle Zellich, 1738 San Martin Dr., Fenton MO 63026 / mzellich@csc.com OR michelle@zellich.com / \$10/year / Colorful, picture- and comic-strewn clubzine of St. Louis' fine fannish band. They put on Archon annually and rock with the best of them. Here is a colorful and variety-rich zine incorporating news and features from the breath of the SF universe, ranging from a long appreciation of Apollo 11 to numerous science stories ("That was definitely the Higgs Boson found at LHC!") to a section of Chinese curses that cause this shy young fellow to blush. Bob Jennings' fanzine reviews are extensive and cover some stuff I don't usually receive. A "Things to Do" calendar covers the entire third quarter of 2014. (How about that? Today is Leo G. Carroll's birthday! All hail Topper! All hail Michelle!)

Instant Message #909 / NESFA, P.O. Box 809, Framingham MA 01701-0809 / info@nesfa.org / <http://www.nesfa.org> / If IBM ran its business with the efficiency that NESFA does, we'd have computers on the Moon ... or something. Crammed with Boskone plans (including a proposal to open the doors gratis for a short time on Friday of the con, apparently to attract more – and younger – potential attendees), meeting minutes and announcement of a forthcoming Gameday, at which one is sure Gamergate will *not* be welcome – *IM* provides a glimpse into the busiest and most efficient SF club on the planet. Nothing about the glorious NESFA Press in this issue, alas.

Journal of Mind Pollution 38 / Rich Dengrove, 2651 Arlington Dr. #302, Alexandria VA 22306 / RichD22426@aol.com / t.u. / This issue of Br'er Dengrove's collection of arcane essays dates back to July, and touches on four topics – conspiracy theories, Fu Manchu and political correctness, the art of the striptease and "slime" TV. The editor's treatment of these subjects is certainly amusing, as he gives a welcome history of conspiracy beliefs (they didn't begin on Dealey Plaza), laments Sax Rohmer's *Jewish* characters while examining why the Fu Manchu novels remain popular (I have a complete pb set), extols the greatness of strippers of old (who made you love the tease) and condemns Maury Povich to a series of Hells. Rich is nothing if not eclectic. A long lettercol sports lively comments from the ubiquitous Lloyd Penney, Brad Foster and others.

The Ken Chronicles No. 30 / Ken Bausert, 2140 Erma Drive, East Meadow NY 11554-1120 / PassScribe@aol.com / \$3@ or t.u. / This is the February issue of a quarterly publication. The lizard on the cover reminds me of the miniature tyrannosaurs that dart about my other-in-law's Florida condominium. Though unconnected with SF fandom, the zine is charming, with a familial touch (it helps that Ken showcases a picture of his grandson practicing karate, and pictures of his new kitchen). He has a cool account of his professional career in cars. He has access to zines and a zine site, WeMakeZines.com, I've never heard of. This site seems – like Ken's zine – aimed at non-SFers, but whatever floats your boat.

Lofgeornost #s 115-6 / Fred Lerner, 81 Worcester Ave., White River Junction VT 05001 / fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu / t.u. / Fred's FAPazine is an entertaining and enlightening perzine. Here the ever-erudite Fred propounds on his trip to Costa Rica last winter (including a journey to the Arenal volcano), discusses mountain man Hugh Glass' legendary battle royal with a grizzly bear and what it tells us about America's vision of "the West," records details of the career of hero-among-heroes Davy (he preferred "David") Crockett, mentions the travails of air travel, reviews *Dangerous Women* and other

tomes, and interweaves correspondence from other members of fandom's intelligentsia into unique and insightful lettercols.

MT Void Vol. 33, #16, whole no. 1828 / Evelyn C. Leeper, eleeper@optonline.net / <http://www.geocities.com/evelynleeper/> / Via e-mail. Subscribe at mtvoid-subscribe@yahoo.com / A strong weekly zine with good critical pieces by Mark R. Leeper. He starts off, this time, discoursing on dinosaurs, or rather the Ray Harryhausen/Steven Spielberg visions of dinosaurs we've grown to know, and reviews an obscure film, *The Decent One*, I now crave to see. Evelyn takes on *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* – I have a story about the cute little boy space-napped at the beginning of that film; he showed up, now a grown man, at a Birmingham DeepSouthCon several years ago, introducing himself as an *alien abductee*. I shied away from him until recognition clicked in my brain. Anyway, the Leepers remarkably maintain a high standard of readability and variety, week to week to week, and as shown by their excellent lettercol, sport a devoted and deserved following.

The NASFA Shuttle Aug-Sept. 2014 / Mike Kennedy, c/o North Alabama SF Association, P.O. Box 4857, Huntsville AL 35815-4857 / nasfa.shuttle@con-stellation.org / \$1.50@, \$10/year / Available electronically. / Late sympathies to Mike, who reports in the August issue the passing of his mother. Later issues include a worldcon report and as complete an "awards roundup" as one can find in fandom. The Mythopoeic Awards, Baen's Fantasy Adventure Awards, the Coyotl Awards (it's for furry fiction) (yes, I said "furry fiction"), the SF Poetry Association Awards, the Pegasus Awards, and two Dragon*Con awards named for two great friends of mine, the Julie [Schwartz] and Hank Reinhardt Awards ... You'll have to check *The Shuttle* to learn what all these honor. Often featured; chapters from the works of PieEyedDragon, a *possibly* pseudonymous member of this terrific Southern club.

Nth Degree #24 / Michael D. Pederson, no colophon. When I asked Michael about it by e-mail, he replied, "Wow. It's always the simplest things that we forget isn't it? Thanks! *Nth Degree* is available online at www.nthzine.com or on eFanzines.com. If you're interested in trading hard copies, zines can be sent to 1219-M Gaskins Road, Henrico, VA 23238." / And it's a good-looking and well-wrought zine, content divided fairly equally between features and fiction, said features including reviews (comics, books, TV shows like *The Flash*, movies), a Confederation reminiscence (mine was in *Challenger* #26, I believe), an interview with the founder of ELPunk, a theatrical lighting group. I like the variety here. Pederson says in an introductory editorial that he wants *Nth Degree* to serve as a bridge between fannish generations in the same way as his Ravencon is designed to span any gap between northern fandom and southern. He wonders, in his editorial, how well *Nth* is doing. Couldn't tell him, but the zine is good. His breadth of material can only forward his ambition.

OASFiS Event Horizon Volume 27 Nos. 4-5, Issue #s 322-3 / Juan SanMiguel, PO Box 592905, Orlando FL 32859-2905 / subs \$12/year / Monthly newsletter of the Orlando SF club, rich with detailed convention reports and sharp photos – mostly of costumes, which figures – by the editor. The club hosts a convention of its own, Oasis, the 27th of which will take place May 1-3, 2015.

Opuntia #286-7 / Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Station D, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2E7 Canada / opuntia57@hotmail.com / eFanzines / Has Dale abandoned his crazy issue numbering scheme after going entirely digital? Who knows – but it's evident from the gorgeous color photos from his hikes through the Rocky Mountains, which would have cost a mint to reproduce, that the change is liberating. Central to the issue: what Speirs calls "counterfactuals," alternate histories in SF (Sourdough Jackson, take note), beginning with the physics of Schrödinger and seguing through Hugh Everett to Chaos Theory to fiction thus based (mostly in entertaining alternate World War II timelines). Dale likes such tales: "the true facts can be dismissed if they get in the way." #287 concentrates on antique typewriters, illustrated by priceless typer ads from the early 20th Century (the secretaries are very cute) and two tales centering on the devices from the same period. (Typewriter collector Ned Brooks, attend!) A cool note: Dale's posted

Opuntia #1 on eFanzines; its typewriter font is joyfully antique, though the questions it addresses on the direction of Canadian SF are, one imagines, ne'er-ending.

Pablo Lennis / John Thiel, 30 N. 19th St., Lafayette IN 47904 / \$2@ / John apparently published an issue in the early fall, but when I asked for a copy, he said he'd run out!

Pips XI / Jim Mowatt, 273 The Rowans, Cambridge CB24 6ZA U.K. / jim@umor.co.uk / A nice Al Sirois cover on TAFF winner Mowatt's Loncon 3 account. Beginning with notes on his running (including the incredible fun-sounding *Zombie Run*), Jim reports the kind of personal detail that makes the experience breathe for his readers. Hauling along Curt Phillips, current West-to-East TAFF delegate, Jim and his wife Carrie dress antequely for the Retro-Hugos (not too antequely; Carrie wore her wedding dress and the Mowatts haven't been hitched for *that* long), attend an epic fanzine panel (45 people in the audience!), run a wonderful presentation of "Fanzines Before Photocopiers" featuring an enormous Gestetner (those good old days of liquid fuel) and instructions on how to cook hectographic jelly. I dare not attempt to describe the Pork Pie Race. Instead I refer you to the zine itself, its excellent photos, and its spirit. Damn, I wish we could've been there.

Report from Hoople #11.738 / Roger Hill, 2661 Bowring Dr., Altadena CA 91001 / rill@siue.edu / WOOF (usually) and Apa-L / Roger prepped this one-sheeter for the Worldcon Order of Fad-Eds, the annual apa collated at the worldcon – but there was no WOOF this year. He had to distribute it through Apa-L, the weekly apa collated at LASFS (neos see *De Profundis*, supra). Thanks to John Hertz for passing it along. Roger gives us news of his Illinois apartment renovation – necessitated by a berserk toilet – and in his comments to my zine from last year's WOOF (*Teat Zombie* – my zine titles, like myself, *exude* class), agrees that the printed zine is dying, long live the blog. Still gives us a "road thingie," as he has in every Hillzine since time immemorial.

The Reluctant Famulus 101 / Thomas D. Sadler, 305 Gill Branch Rd., Owenton, KY 40359 / thomasdsad@copper.net / An outstanding issue of a neglected genzine that has never made a mark on awards ballots nor won its editor the renown in fanzine circles he deserves. There are several reasons this particular number wins my applause – the cute *Futurama*-based Steve Stiles cover, the presence of Ray Nelson mini-poems throughout – not to mention Nelson's clever fillos and a short article on "The Berkeley Coven" (Berkeley life *didn't* begin when I arrived in 1967?! I'm astonished!), pieces by pals Sheryl Birkhead and Rich Lynch, a substantial letter column, and an absolutely thrilling article on – purists beware! – the Civil War desperado, William Quantrill. I have personal reasons for responding so avidly to this subject: in the early years of the 20th Century, my grandfather apparently knew a member of Quantrill's Raiders, a fellow named Colonel Crocker who lived "cross Cypress" from the family cotton farm in Arkansas. I've been working – mentally – on fiction based on that story for decades. Must mention Matt Howard's article on Indianapolis jazz, also fine, and a general approval of the perfect repro on this excellent – and long-running, around at least since I started *Challenger* in 1993 – genzine.

The Revenge of Hump Day / Tim Bolgeo, tbolgeo@comcast.net / Weekly e-zine / I'm going to refer readers to the fifth issue of my *Spartacus*, soon available on eFanzines, for Tim's perspective on the Archon matter. As you recall, he was dis-invited from being Fan GoH when an anonymous grouser complained about some insensitive stuff published in *The Revenge*. I won't dispute the occasional crudity of the awful gags – the winger political commentary is worse – but I think Bolgeo and the members of Archon who invited him were screwed. Fandom should take its time with Guest of Honor invitations, and stick by them once made.

Treasure no. 3 / Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard Street, Greensborough VIC 3088, Australia / gandc@pacific.net.au / On eFanzines. / A beautiful cover by Ditmar, rather different from his other work, fronts this apazine for ANZAPA. Lamenting missed Loncon, Bruce pines for con reports, and

celebrates finding an old friend on FaceBook. (I recently located Steve Sullivan, my first writing partner, the same way.) The discovery leads to an evocative memoir of high school. Bruce eulogizes his friend and fan comrade Graham Joyce – who was younger than either of us when he passed, a shame – and relates the triumph of Nick Stathopoulos and his portrait of Robert Hoge in a Sydney People’s Choice contest. (Nick is a superb portraitist; I almost got pitched out of a museum in 2003 for photographing him in front of one of his works.) William Breiding continues the autobiographical slant through a beautiful, pain- and love-filled article on his first affairs of the heart. John Baxter’s piece on his friend Martin Hibble is likewise moving; we Boomers are losing too many soulmates, too quickly. Continuing *Treasure*’s run of fine personal memoirs, John Litchen gives us Part 6 of his life in SF, citing, as who would not, *A Case of Conscience* and *A Canticle for Leibowitz* among his central influences. The highlight of his thoroughly entertaining story: his accidental incineration of a painting. His pictures from Tahiti in the mid-sixties inspire a rage of envy.

Vanamonde Nos. 1029, 1100, 1109 and **The Cowbird of Wonder** no. 2 / John Hertz, 236 S. Coronado St., No. 409, Los Angeles CA 90057 / One of SF’s truly wise men, John shares that wisdom in weekly issues of Apa-L through *Vanamonde* and, when the odd blank page arises on another’s zine he’s printing, *COW*. Eclecticism rules; in one issue he discourses on Ghalib, pen name of a great Persian poet, the history of WOOF and others’ contributions to Apa-L. Racked by envy, I wish Florida had a nearby SF club where such as we could collude with the like-minded ... Until then, fanzines will do.

The View from Entropy Hall #52 / Ed Meškys, 322 Whittier Hwy, Moultonboro NH 03254 -3627 / edmeskys@roadrunner.com or edmeskys@gmail.com / August 2014 issue for APA Q / I have a friend in New Orleans who recently lost his battle with detached retinas; if they weren’t completely opposite in terms of human acceptability, I’d introduce him to Ed, one of the most courageous guys I know. Delightfully, he spent four months of the last year in North Carolina, beautiful turf I know quite well. He loved it; the people were friendly, there was a National Federation of the Blind chapter which put on a killer Christmas party, he found some tasty Krupnikas in a Raleigh liquor store (“a Lithuanian honey liquor flavored with ginger, cinnamon, orange peel, lemon peel, and other spices”), he endured winter. Alas, at 78 he says he’s feeling like the end is near, that “God forgot me.” Surely not a guy who can respond so skillfully with a full set of apa mailing comments, nor one with as many admirers as Ed.

Vibrator 2.0.1-7 / Graham Charnock, 45 Kimberley Gardens, London N4 1LD.U.K. / graham@cartiledgeworld.co.uk / eFanzines.com / Beginning in September 2013, Graham has revived his natterzine and come forth with frequent issues, the latest this very month. The light-hearted tone – obviously masks a fan of steel; I’d never mess with this guy; his wit could knock over a Yellow Cab. Nevertheless, I am now a dedicated fan of *Vibrator*; I’ve laughed out loud perusing every issue. I.e.: Graham pooh-poohs the stupid Jonathan Ross Hugo-mc’ing affair. Joseph Nicholas pens a wonderful LOC on the nonsense behind fannish in-groups and numbered fandoms and the like, you Stasi scum, and Robert Lichtman’s hyper-reasonably rejoins in the following issue. (This is the Lichtman I know and admire.) In the next number, Charnock adds a rather insightful piece on how we think of Death, then gives us a horribly hilarious look at the gore of Brazilian football, and finally discusses his love affair with San Francisco. As one who spent his most formative years on a Berkeley hillside watching the sun go down over that city and, in the autumn, the Golden Gate, I know perzactitudally what he means. Finally, in the latest *Vibrator*, Graham’s post-Loncon backyard party, Apres Pissed, is depicted through some enjoyable photos. I know some of the folks, but it feels like I should know everyone.

Warp 88 / Cathy Palmer-Lister, c/o Sylvain St-Pierre, 4456 Boul. Ste-Rose. Laval, Québec, Canada H7R 1Y6 / The cover to MONSSFA’s club genzine is enthralling – piles of SF books from their massive library sale. After a quick LOC from (who else?) Lloyd Penney, fan fiction rules, a segment from a *Star Trek: Voyager* novel by Barbara Silverman. Except for the chapter heads, the next piece, “Technologic”, is in French, and I know no French aside from what was taught me by Sister Sledge. After a healthy list

of forthcoming events, *Warp* slides into reviews – the latest Captain America film, the Lego movie, a surprising hit, *Godzilla*, and again in French, *Robocop*. An account of Larry Correia’s attempt to sway the Hugo nominations to include rightist-oriented SF leads to a denunciation of Vox Day (nee Theodorc Beale), who benefited from the effort, as a racist and misogynist. Maybe he is, but I hope I wouldn’t vote against a story based on my disgust with the author. (Doesn’t matter; his entry lost.) Some very nice photos of CostumeCon add color to the zine, and as *Warp* lists the Aurora nominees, at long last I get a close-up look at the trophy. Is pretty nice! An agreeably silly ‘toon spoofing *Dr. Who* and several other SF heroes closes *Warp* ... and these reviews.

Congratulations to **myself** – this October marks the 45th anniversary of the first GHLIII Press Publication, an issue of *The Barrington Bull*, house newsletter of the now defunct Barrington Hall, University Students’ Cooperative Association, UC Berkeley. (See below.) I haven’t gone a month since without adding at least one apa- or gen- or club- or perzine – or flyer – to the Press logs.

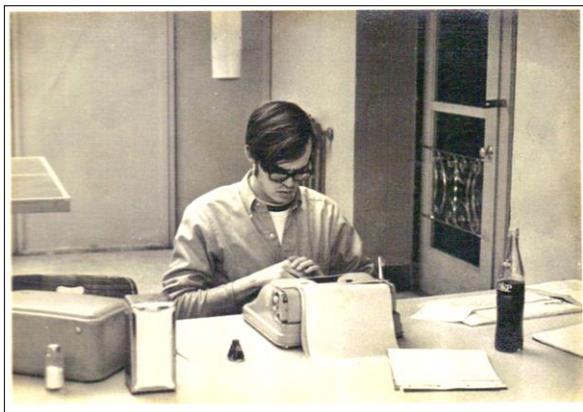
Congratulations also to the noble comics amateur press association **K-a** for achieving its 600th monthly mailing in October! Thanks to longtime K-a Central Mailer, Honorary Member and SFPA Brother **Gary Brown** for alerting me to this milestone (and getting me to do a short issue of my K-a zine *Worm Chowder* to mark the occasion).

Worldcon matters. As Sasquan’s Publications Department Head, it’s my job to find editors for the various convention publications, or was that obvious? Guiding hands have been found for the 2015 progress reports, the restaurant guide and the daily conzine, though staff is needed for the last two items. If you’re interested drop me an e-mail; I’ll direct you to the editors. The major item is the program book, a job I’ve taken on several times in the past. I will be working closely with whomever we find to edit the thing and taking on some of the burden, but I do *not* want to be responsible for the whole magilla. I hope these words fall on ears eager to hear the praises of all, because editing a worldcon program book can be a very very rewarding job. Also needed: sharp proofreaders. Again, contact me.

Note: although I list Merritt Island as our colophon address – as we wish, someday, to settle there, and it’s on all the official papers – it would be more convenient if fan-eds posted dead-tree zines to me at

154A Weybridge Circle, Royal Palm Beach FL 33411.

As always, I hope to see every English-language amateur publication dealing with science fiction and/or fandom. Zines in other languages appreciated, if seldom understood.



Ecce homo ... The boy fan-ed hard at work on an early number from the GHLIII Press. The era is early 1971, the site is Barrington Hall at Berkeley, the Hermes Rocket is borrowed (great typewriters, weren’t they?), and you note the liquid accoutrements of the trufan zinester flanking the machine: corflu in the half-full conical bottle (I obviously made a slew of typos), and Coca-Cola in its large size. Wound over the typewriter platen, a mimeograph stencil. What’s the zine? I dunno – either an issue of *The Barrington Bull*, the house newsletter, or issue #2 of *Spiritus Mundi*, my apazine for SFPA, the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, my home apa.

Look at those horn-rimmed specs. Look at all that hair. Look at that skinny body. Who *was* that kid, anyway?